

# Charlevoix County Herald.

Vol. 19

EAST JORDAN, MICHIGAN, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 13, 1915.

No. 46

## Winners of the Corn Contest

### State Bank of East Jordan Pays \$50.00 in Premiums.

Owing to the backward season, the Corn Contest inaugurated by the State Bank of East Jordan and which was to be decided at the annual meet of the Charlevoix County Agricultural Society was postponed until last week when the exhibits were made at the above bank, eleven contestants entering.

The judges appointed were B. J. Holcomb, agricultural instructor in our public schools, and H. L. Barnum, manager of Breezy Point farm, Ironton. After several hours work of carefully comparing the various exhibits, awards were made as follows:

Stroebel Bros., 1st premium \$20.00  
August Lew, 2nd " 15.00  
Charles Cooper, 3rd " 10.00

The ratings were 73, 69, 67 per cent respectively.

**STROEBEL BROS.**  
Plowing, per acre \$2.00  
Dbl. Discing, twice 2.00  
Harrowing 1.00  
Marking .40  
Planting .40  
Cultivating 4 times 2.50  
Cutting 1.75

Husking per bu., 5c; sorting and storing, 3c; amount planted, 13 1/2 acres; average yield per acre, 60 baskets; team labor estimated at the rate of \$4.00 per day, other labor at \$2.00.

**AUGUST LEW**

My corn was planted in 1/2 acre of heavy, black loam, every inch of which was first thoroughly grubbed except four or five large stumps. Plowed May 27th, harrowed on the 28th, and planted the corn on the 29th, using about 20 lbs. of commercial fertilizer. Corn was planted one and two kernels in each hill 2 ft. 8 in. each way with a table-spoonful of fertilizer to a hill. Cultivated three times with a single horse cultivator and hoed once. Would estimate cost as follows:

Grubbing \$7.00  
Plowing, etc. 2.50  
Cultivating 1.50  
Fertilizer .25

Yield 45 large crates.

**CHARLES COOPER**

I grew 1/2 acre; plowed May 1st; planted 100 per cent tested seed May 10th; cultivated 7 times; used fertilizer; cut it after frost Sept. 26th; husked 31 bu. on Oct. 28th.

The winning exhibits are still on exhibition in the lobby of the State Bank of East Jordan.

## SOME OBSERVATIONS ON THE CORN CONTEST

The corn contest which was conducted by the State Bank of East Jordan and the County Fair Association was closed November 1, and the prizes have been awarded. It is to be hoped, however, that none of the contestants grew corn this year with only the prizes in mind, altho they were generous enough to be ample inducement to excel. A corn contest, or any other contest along the same line, should be entered into by each one with bigger and higher aims than the money prize, else the contest is conducted in vain and fails in its highest purpose. It is my intention to try to show what I believe ought to be the aim and purpose of corn growers in a corn contest and to point out some facts which I observed and which may be useful in widening the scope and increasing the success of next year's contest.

The first aim of a corn contest is plainly to induce the growing of more and better corn. Such an end, however, will only be attained thru the use of better seed and better culture methods. What constitutes better seed and better culture are questions that the young corn growers should surely investigate. The fact that some of the corn was fully mature shows that a few corn growers, at least, have hit upon an early maturing strain of yellow dent corn and by proper culture have been able to secure sound corn in spite of a most unfavorable season. It would be very instructive and interesting if the winners in this contest should give the other corn growers of the section a complete summary of their methods thru the columns of the various county papers. In fact, it should be one of the requirements to be met by contestants that the winners give the rest the benefit of their experience.

Another striking fact was the free-

dom from crossing shown, by several of the entries, indicating the use of pure seed. The use of pure seed from sources outside of this section is to be commended, however, only when the seed is from early maturing stock and adapted to this latitude. One entry, especially, which showed the effect of careful selection and breeding, was too immature to merit consideration in a contest with mature corn. Without forgetting the unfavorable season, we must not overlook the fact that a pronounced lack of maturity, even where good breeding and selection are evident, shows poor adaptation to this section, and entries of such corn can not hope to compete with ripened, tho possibly less perfect, corn.

In view of the facts just stated, my suggestion would be that more seed be carefully selected from corn which has proven its adaptability, altho I would not discourage the trying out of other varieties, as before. In this connection it may be well to add that long ears with big cobs require a longer growing season than shorter and smaller eared varieties.

It would take too long to go into all the details of selecting corn for a contest. It is enough to say that some of the entries showed that the exhibitors had very poor judgment in the matter of selection. This is true in every corn contest, however, and I mention it only to add weight to the contention that more instruction along this line is needed. If the contest can set a standard of perfection and at the same time uncover just such cases of poor judgment as I have in mind, it has done much toward the end desired.

In closing let me suggest for the consideration of the young corn growers of the county a school of corn judging, this school to consist of a day's session in some convenient school house or hall where the work of actual judging, grading and selection of corn can be carried on. If such a venture meets the approval of those interested, I should be glad to hear from them, and it is very likely that Prof. V. M. Shoemaker, or some other corn authority from the Agricultural College, could be secured to conduct the work.

H. L. BARNUM,  
Ironton.

## THE WEEK IN HISTORY

Monday, Nov. 8.—Lincoln re-elected president, 1864.  
Tuesday, Nov. 9.—Captain Waddell surrenders the "Shenandoah" to the British Government. Vessel afterward given to the American consul, 1865.  
Wednesday, Nov. 10.—Captain Wirz executed for cruelty to Federal prisoners at Andersonville, 1865.  
Thursday, Nov. 11.—France orders melting of church bells to make cannon, 1870.  
Friday, Nov. 12.—Commercial panic in England relieved by suspension of bank charter act, 1857.  
Saturday, Nov. 13.—Filain de Persigny, planned insurrection against the French Government, and is banished to America, 1836.  
Sunday, Nov. 14.—Longstreet defeats Burnside, 1863.

## And Along Came Ruth

"Did you ever see such seams in anything as those in Marguerite's chiffon blouse?" asked Ruth's sister, when they had returned from an afternoon party.

"Oh, they are horrible! And they could have been made so straight and nice too, by such a little bit of extra trouble. Somebody told me how to do this sort of seaming last week. You put a strip of paper underneath all soft materials like silk mousseline, chiffon, etc., when sewing them on a machine. You sew through paper and all, and while it does not hurt your fabric in the least, it keeps your seams from puckering and pulling and makes them straight and firm. Then when the seam is completed the paper can be torn away."

"It's a grand thing to have something in one's head beside nonsense," answered the sister, "I think Marges' seams are crooked because of that very thing."

## Old Songs Retwisted

Break, break, break;  
On the cold, grey pave, ah me!  
I am trying to break in a pair of shoes,  
That are rather too small for me.

## Old Poems Re-Writ

She sits alone all through the day  
And reads or knits her time away,  
But when the evening comes, she goes  
To half a dozen movie shows.

## MICHIGAN CROP REPORT

Lansing, Mich., Nov. 6, 1915.  
**WHEAT.**—The final estimated yield of wheat in the State is 19.91, in the southern counties 20.58, in the central counties 18.23, in the northern counties 17.48 and in the Upper Peninsula 21.36 bushels per acre. The estimated total yield for the State is 15,494,517 bushels. The condition of growing wheat as compared with an average per cent. is 83 in the State, 80 in the southern counties, 82 in the central counties, 91 in the northern counties and 88 in the Upper Peninsula.

The total number of bushels of wheat marketed by farmers in October at 78 flouring mills is 187,701 and at 79 elevators and to grain dealers 217,452 of a total of 405,153 bushels. Of this amount 271,859 bushels were marketed in the southern four tiers of counties, 115,573 in the central counties and 17,721 in the northern counties and Upper Peninsula.

The estimated total number of bushels of wheat marketed in the three months August-October is 3,000,000. Forty mills, elevators and grain dealers report no wheat marketed in October.

**CORN.**—The estimated average yield per acre of corn, in bushels, is 26.32 in the State, 23.29 in the southern counties, 22.47 in the central counties, 15.89 in the northern counties and 11.68 in the Upper Peninsula.

**CLOVER SEED.**—The per cent. of acreage of clover seed harvested as compared with average years is 64 in the State, 56 in the southern counties, 71 in the central counties, 68 in the northern counties and 100 in the Upper Peninsula.

The average yield per acre in bushels is 1.41 in the State, 1.18 in the southern counties, 1.50 in the central counties, 2.06 in the northern counties and 3.17 in the Upper Peninsula.

**BEANS.**—The final estimated average yield per acre, in bushels, is 8.66 in the State, 8.61 in the southern counties, 8.79 in the central counties, 8.15 in the northern counties and 8.12 in the Upper Peninsula.

**POTATOES.**—The estimated average yield per acre, in bushels is 54.11 in the State, 52.01 in the southern counties, 57.69 in the central counties, 53.42 in the northern counties and 60.88 in the Upper Peninsula.

**COMMERCIAL FERTILIZERS.**—The per cent. of farmers who have used commercial fertilizers on their wheat this fall is 38 in the State, 40 in the southern and central counties and 18 in the northern counties.

**LIVE STOCK.**—The average condition, in the State of horses, cattle and sheep is 97 and swine 94.

**TABLE I.**—Showing for the State the total yield and yield per acre of the following farm products for the year 1915.

Farm products	Total yield, bushels	Yield per acre, bushels
Wheat	15,494,517	19.91
Corn	50,208,723	26.32
Oats	67,781,363	40.21
Barley	2,236,178	28.27
Rye	5,717,480	14.52
Buckwheat	804,781	14.38
Potatoes	19,681,859	54.11
Beans	3,374,714	8.66
Peas	1,193,170	18.60
Clover seed	155,100	1.41
Apples	10,202,601	44.82
Peaches	2,506,316	107.78
Pears	583,979	64.23
Plums	324,012	87.10
Cherries	1,091,960	143.66
Strawberries	348,071	41.27
Raspberries and strawberries	543,979	59.87
Sugar beets	769,765	9.95
Hay and forage	2,666,030	1.23

The yield of corn is 19 per cent., potatoes 40 per cent., and beans 32 per cent., less than the 10 years' average, from 1905 to 1914 inclusive, and the quality the poorest during this period. Corn did not ripen; potatoes rotted badly and beans were seriously affected by anthracnose and excessive moisture.

OLEMAN C. VAUGHAN,  
Secretary of State.

The door of hope swings both ways. The trouble-hunting season is still open.

Borrowed umbrellas cast the shadow of suspicion. Leap before you look and you will look foolish.

A wise man does his duty; a fool does his friends.

It's easier to inherit trouble than coin of the realm.

The secret of success is a secret that women never tell.

On the ocean of life many people sail under false colors.

Kind words never die, but the unkind live quite long enough.

And some jokes are solemn enough to make an undertaker grin.

## MISS EMMA SEVERANCE PASSES AWAY

### Was a Pioneer School Teacher of East Jordan.

Miss Emma Severance, who had been ill for some time passed away at her home in this city at an early hour last Saturday morning, Nov. 6th.

Deceased was born at Northville, Mich., Nov. 7th, 1842, being seventy-three years of age, lacking one day, at the time of her demise. Following her early school day, she took a course of instruction at the Valparaiso, Ind., college, and then took up her life work as school instructor. She followed this vocation for over thirty years, nineteen of which she was affiliated with the East Jordan Public Schools. About ten years ago her hearing became affected and she withdrew from the work. She has since resided at her home near the high school.

Funeral services were held from her late residence on Monday afternoon conducted by Rev. Robert S. Sidebotham, pastor of the Presbyterian church. Interment at the East Jordan cemetery.

Deceased leaves four brothers to mourn her loss—Frank M. Severance of this city, H. B. and L. E. of Lansing, and Daniel of Northville.

Next to being a "deserving Democrat" the best-paying proposition down South is lending money. Interest charges in Dixie net the banks all the way up to 120 per cent. W. P. G. Harding, one of the Southern and Democratic members of the Federal Reserve Board, is authority for this statement, he having told the Raleigh Chamber of Commerce that there are five national banks in Alabama (Mr. Harding's own state) whose maximum rates of interest average 26 per cent, the rate in one case being 60 per cent and in another 34 per cent. The average rate of interest which one of these banks was charging on all of its loans amounted to 12 per cent and another 10 per cent. In Arkansas one national bank admitted making a loan at a rate as high as 120 per cent, another one at 50 per cent, another at 60 per cent and another at 25 per cent. In Georgia there were eleven banks where the average maximum rate of interest was about 30 per cent. The maximum rate charged by one of these banks was 40 per cent, and the average on all loans was 15 per cent. No bank in South Carolina admitted charging more than 15 per cent. In Texas a number of banks reported rates in excess of 100 per cent. And yet the South pays less income tax than any other portion of the country; and whenever the cotton crop is to be moved, the South lets out a loud roar demanding Federal help.

The American Industrial Education Exposition is the high-sounding name of a show which recently held Madison Square Garden for a week. That it lived up to its name, however, and was there with the goods is shown by this extract from a newspaper report of the affair: "The most daring feature of the show is a chart, in the booth which advocates character-analysis by reading the face, illustrated by a picture of the President of the United States, and saying that Woodrow Wilson's greatest fault is procrastination."

## Of Course, That's Different

"I wuz out a little late 'tother night' remarked the Sage, as he made a deposit in the bank, "an' I wuz surprised at the number of young fellers I seen on th' streets. Warn't doin' nothin', jest loafin'. Why, when I wuz a young feffer we used to be gone somewhere every night, to a spellin' bee or a speakin' society 'er singin' skule 'er somethin' to improve our minds. Warn't none of us layin' 'round on th' streets till late at night tryin' to figure out some devilmint. Young fellers ought tuh have some place to spend their evenin's now-a-days."

"That's just what a number of us have been thinking" was the cashier's reply. "We are raising funds to build a nice Y. M. C. A., where the young men of the town can have clean recreation and amusement any time they want it. I suppose we can count on you for a check to help the work along?"

"No-sir-ee," was the response. "Th' skule house usta be good 'nuff fer us old timers and it's good 'nuff fer young fellers now. 'Sides, if th' young men want somethin' like that they ought tuh pay fer it themselves."

Poverty is one of the crimes for which a man is sentenced to hard labor for an indefinite term.

## "FOREIGNERS FIRST" DEMOCRATIC POLICY

Washington, Nov. 10, (Special Correspondence) It is altogether probable that Democratic leaders in the coming session of Congress will call some of the administrative department heads to account for the manner in which government appropriations have been expended. This administration has thrown itself open to just criticism in so many instances and in such important particulars that Democratic Congressmen will find embarrassment in defending the party record in their 1916 campaigns, and they do not relish the predicament in which they are unwillingly placed.

It is not merely extravagance that has put the Democratic party in bad standing before the country. If the money were merely wasted, doing no body harm, there would be sufficient grounds for criticism, but when the administration uses the money and offices of the American people against the interests of our own countrymen, the situation is one that invites a degree of censure and rebuke that renders the word 'criticism' inadequate.

The recent example of the Department of Commerce issuing a statement to the press boasting that it had aided Swiss manufacturers in securing orders for toys in America is a case in point. While American toy manufacturers are employing salesmen to place their goods in their own home market, the Department lent the aid of Government employes to the marketing of Swiss goods in this country in competition with the American product. As an illustration of the Democratic idea of "America First," this is a shining example that has probably never been surpassed. The nearest approach to it was the removal of the sugar duty at the request of men who openly admitted that they expected such action to drive American producers out of business.

With an administration preaching "America First" and practicing "Switzerland First," the Democratic spell-binder of 1916 is certain to have a sorry time. He will have an embarrassing time of it when some native-born American citizen stands up in the audience and asks the candidate to explain this feature of Democratic administration—a policy maintained at a time when the Department of Labor is sending out bulletins showing a very large number of unemployed in practically every city in the United States.

In these days of organization for mutual cooperation, every city has its Chamber of Commerce or Board of Trade for the purpose of promoting local commercial interests, to encourage the development of local industries and invite new enterprises to begin operations in the local field. All these organizations urge a policy expressed by the phrase, "Patronize Home Industries." Every local merchant, banker, and mechanic preaches the doctrine. Every newspaper gives columns of space to arguments designed to induce its readers to buy from local merchants. It is sound economic sense for the community, for the county, for the state, and for the nation.

Naturally, it is a severe shock to people who have contributed of their hard earned money to build up this sentiment, when they see Government officials using government money to foster Swiss industries. Not that the American people have any prejudice whatever against Swiss toys. Far from it. But the loyal American has an intense prejudice in favor of the American article, whether it be a toy or something in the line of daily necessity. And that same loyal American will not stand for insincerity which preaches "America First" and practices "Foreigners First."

Hence the likelihood that the Department of Commerce will be asked to explain itself.

Among other pipe lines are those written in favor of smoking.

The ex-husband is apt to think that alimony means all the money.

A little candle is as easily blown out as a little salary is blown in.

If it wasn't for our enemies life would be awfully monotonous.

We feel sorry for some men who are compelled to listen to their own talk.

Most of the so called golden opportunities that come our way are only plated.

When a man begins dodging his creditors he realizes how small the world is.

A woman seldom meets her idea man until she has passed the don't-worry age.

## LINCOLN—SIXTY YEARS AFTER.

In 1866, Abraham Lincoln, in a speech delivered at Chicago, said:

"All of us who did not vote for Mr. Buchanan, taken together, are a majority of 400,000. But in the late contest we were divided between Fremont and Fillmore. Can we not come together for the future? Let everyone who really believes and is resolved that free society is not and shall not be a failure, and who can conscientiously declare that in the last contest he has done only what he thought best, let every such one have charity to believe that every other one can say as much. Thus let by-gones be by-gones; let past differences be nothing but; and with steady eye on the real issue let us re-inaugurate the good old 'central idea' of the republic. We can do it."

In 1916, sixty years after these words were spoken, they should come to the men of Lincoln's political faith and of Lincoln's party as both an admonition and an appeal.

All of us who did not vote for Mr. Wilson are a majority of nearly two and a half millions. Those of us who voted as Republicans and Progressives are a majority of nearly a million and a half. If we alone will take Lincoln's counsel we shall "reinaugurate the good old central idea of the republic."

Let us do as Lincoln would have us do.

## School Commissioner's Notes.

Six thousand teachers enrolled at the Saginaw meeting, a program that was worth while and an enthusiasm that will spread thruout the state.

The Walker school is latest on the list of those adopting the Palmer method of Penmanship.

Ex-President Taft believes in strict obedience to the law because it is the law; in respect to authority because it is the authority, in doing away with fads in education, and in making children work for what they learn. The sugar coated education is of little or no value.

When your regular potato vacation is over, your children should be in school at once and be there every day. Prolonged family vacations hurt your county and hurt your school.

School buildings with ideal light have windows at one side only, to the north and to the left of the pupils. Eye specialists will tell you that it pays.

Rock Elm is working faithfully for a "Standard Plate." Many schools have had more in their favor to begin with but it looks as if Rock Elm were going to be a leader. They have moved their school house to a splendid new location, have two acres of ground newly ploughed and graded by volunteers from the district, the best basement in the county, and a spirit that works and dares. Improvements of the near future are new windows to the north, a new furnace and ventilating system.

Four Reading Circle classes are being organized. The Charlevoix class meets Saturday the 20th under the leadership of Miss Himes. Each class will have six meetings, two for each book and members will receive examination credit for regular attendance and active work. Every teacher is welcome whether in city or rural schools. Classes in Boyne Falls, Boyne City and East Jordan will organize later. First book discussed will be "Five Messages to Teachers of Primary Reading by Nettie Alice Sawyer. Complete sets may be obtained from Com'r Chas. Pike, Wyandotte, Mich., price \$2.00.

The Commissioner is making final corrections on directors' reports as required by the state department. If your report has been returned from Lansing, you will receive word to that effect and can make arrangements for correcting the same this month, first Saturday in Boyne Falls at Hotel Marsh second Saturday at the central school in Boyne City, third Saturday, 10-12 at the central school in Charlevoix.

Many inquiries are coming in as to just how the state inspector knows when a school house and its equipment may be endorsed by the state. The score card and possible points to be gained will be printed in this column next week.

It's better to bow your head than break your foot neck.

Many a man's worth is not discovered until his will is read.

Idealize a woman and she doesn't care if she isn't understood.

Fortune is said to knock once at every man's door, but it's difficult to make a man believe it.



## URIC ACID IN MEAT CLOGS THE KIDNEYS

Take a glass of Salts if your back hurts or bladder bothers you—Drink more water.

If you must have your meat every day, eat it, but flush your kidneys with salts occasionally, says a noted authority who tells us that meat forms uric acid which almost paralyzes the kidneys in their efforts to expel it from the blood. They become sluggish and weaker, then you suffer with a dull misery in the kidney region, sharp pains in the back or side, headache, dizziness, your stomach sour, tongue is coated and when the weather is bad you have rheumatic twinges. The urine gets cloudy, full of sediment, the kidneys often get sore and irritated, obliging you to seek relief two or three times during the night.

To neutralize these irritating acids, to cleanse the kidneys and flush off the body's uric waste, get four ounces of Salts from any pharmacy here; take a tablespoonful in a glass of water before breakfast for a few days and your kidneys will then act fine. This famous salts is made from the acid of grapes and lemon juice, combined with lithia, and has been used for generations to flush and stimulate sluggish kidneys, also to neutralize the acids in urine, so it no longer irritates, thus ending bladder weakness.

Salts is inexpensive; cannot injure, and makes a delightful effervescent lithia-water drink.

### THE OLD MAN.

He says, "I'm sixty-five years young, or old, as years are written; I'm sound in mind and limb and lung, and chipper as a kitten. Although my dome of thought is gray, I'm active, strong and sporty; I'm feeling just as young today as when I was but forty."

He stands upon the public square—misses the peepers peep him—and shoots that kind of heated air, and thinks that folks believe him.

"I'm sound and hale, I have no aches," you hear the old man clamor, "and I can whip my weight in snakes, on sprint, or throw the hammer."

But when he to his shanty goes, where friends won't hear his wheezes, he talks for hours about his woes, his troubles and diseases. His wife, a good and patient soul, remarks, "The fire is dwindling, and you had better bring some coal, and split tomorrow's kindling."

"You know quite well," the old man sighs, "I'm quite unfit for working; I have the jaundice in my eyes, my nerves with pain are jerking. I am a bent and feeble man, once stout, in lust and tourney, and death will soon attach the can to me and end my journey. My legs are spavined at the knees, my back bone hurts and tingles, I have the hoof-and-mouth disease, the measles and the shingles. I have the anthrax and the gout, and I am weary-hearted; I see my whiskers falling out, and all my hair's departed."

"The years have put me in the hole, my life with sorrow tinting, and yet you say, 'Bring in some coal,' when I am nearly fainting. 'Split up some kindling,' you exclaim, when all my bones are aching, and every joint throughout my frame is on the point of breaking. I have the headache in my crown, so bad I heard it sizzling, and throughout my system, up and down, the rheumatism is whistling. Along my jaws the toothache jumps, as fireless, as a beaver, I have the whooping cough, and mumps, and croup and scarlet fever. I'm but an 'old and ghostly wreck, a melancholy ruin, and soon I'll cease to tread, by heck, the path I've been pursuing."

"You soon will hear the church bells toll in honor of my passing, and yet you say, 'Bring in some coal, and don't sit there a-gassing!' Beneath the sod they soon will lay this body worn and spinning, and yet you lift your voice and say, 'Fetch in some coal and kindling!'"—By Walt Mason, from Judge.

## BAD STOMACH TROUBLE

Yields to Delicious Vinol

Shreveport, La.—"I had a bad stomach trouble for years and became so weak I could hardly walk or do any work. My appetite was poor, my food would not digest, I bloated and was very weak and nervous. I tried many remedies without help. I saw Vinol advertised and tried it, and now my stomach trouble is completely cured and I am well."—E. L. MARSHALL.

Vinol is guaranteed to tone up the tired, over-taxed and weakened nerves of the stomach and create strength.

W. C. Spring Drug Co.

### 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 or weakened or diseased kidneys. Foley Kidney Pills gave benefited thousands of sufferers.—Hitt's Drug Store.

### Do Not Grip

We have a pleasant laxative that will do just what you want it to do.

**Small Ciderlies**

Small Ciderlies is a better remedy for the bowels. Sold only by us, 10 cents.

W. C. Spring Drug Co.

## MARKETING A COMPLEX SYSTEM

Wholesale Distribution of Fruits and Vegetables Often Appears to Take Circuitous Route—Losses and Wastes Discussed.

The abundance of fresh vegetables and fruits brings with it the perennial necessity for their rapid, economical distribution and for encouraging a generous and steady consumption. The machinery for moving these food products is complex and retail dealers are often accused of not following closely the wholesale market quotations; that in times of glutted markets they do not cut prices severely and aid in a rapid movement from producer to consumer. But the responsibility for slow and uneconomical movement into consumptive channels is difficult to trace. The large class of food distributors known as "middlemen" are often accused of levying, arbitrarily, a heavy tribute on all food stuffs passing from the producer to the consumer. The attention of the public has been frequently directed to increased costs of products rather than service rendered. The new United States department of agriculture bulletin, No. 267, Methods of Wholesale Distribution of Fruits and Vegetables on Large Markets, does not indict the "middlemen" as a class, although it points out some abuses in the trade. As a matter of fact, say the department's specialists, when discussing the present marketing organization, economic laws would not permit the long continued existence of a marketing agency which was solely a parasite.

Several important factors have contributed to the establishment of many middlemen as necessary agents in the present system of marketing. Production during the last decade has increased greatly, and improved methods and facilities for handling the increase have been introduced. Keeping pace with increased production has come the demand of consumers for more elaborate and efficient service. Scarcely is the fact considered that service can become a very expensive luxury. With the widening of the distance between the city and the sources of its fruit and vegetable supplies there has arisen the necessity for special agencies to meet the changed conditions.

The present distributive machinery, with all its strong points and its weaknesses, has been created of necessity, and it has weathered the storm of much adverse criticism. Every part of the country is now enjoying the perishable products of the most remote districts. Any readjustment of present market practices must be based upon the fact that some agency must continue to perform the functions of the present-day middleman. The problems involved in handling goods through a large market differ greatly from those of production. Usually one man or one firm can not handle both production and distribution and succeed at both. The vast volume of business transacted at large market centers makes necessary some special agencies which can devote all their energies to distribution. Especially does the machinery for efficient marketing become necessary when perishable goods are to be handled. Commodities of this sort must be moved rapidly, must be distributed evenly, and from their very nature permit of no weakness in distributive machinery, if they are to be sold at a profit.

With the perishable nature of a large part of the fruits and vegetables marketed there must be some loss. This often totals higher than the farmer realizes. For instance, according to the department's market specialists, the loss on such commodities as strawberries, peaches, and grapes, sometimes amounts to 30 or 40 per cent before they reach the hands of the retail trade. Losses due to spoiling may be the result of the shipper's sending over-ripe or diseased fruit, or failing to give proper attention to packing, to loading, or to bracing the packages in the car. Sometimes the railroad is at fault. Delay in transit, improper ventilation or refrigeration, or unseasonably rough handling of cars may contribute to rapid deterioration of the shipment on arrival.

The lack of proper refrigeration facilities at distributing centers is a cause of much loss. When produce moves slowly, there is often much spoilage before complete sales can be made. Rough handling during unloading or carting is another important cause of loss. As a matter of fact, the opportunities for losses due to the spoiling of commodities are so manifold that it is impossible to enter into a complete discussion of them.

It is always well to bear in mind the really serious side of losses and wastes. The spoiling of a dozen cantaloupes, a basket of grapes, or a crate of strawberries represents an absolute loss to the community. No benefit accrues to producer, distributor or consumer from such a condition. The loss accruing at this point must be borne by both producer and consumer, and in a great many cases the distributor must bear his part of the burden. The department's specialists think in many cases losses and wastes are entirely too heavy a tax on food distribution and that the elimination of unnecessary wastes would do as much toward effecting permanent, substantial economies in marketing

and distributing as any readjustment of present marketing methods could do. The fact that a large percentage of these losses can be avoided by proper grading, packing, and shipping, together with prompt, efficient handling while the goods are in process of distribution, makes it imperative that this subject be given special consideration by those interested in the efficient marketing of farm crops.

A better understanding by the farmer of the complex marketing machinery would enable him to intelligently choose between the many channels through which his fruits and vegetables might be marketed. The new bulletin aims to make clear to the layman the rather intricate machinery of the market and deals with methods of receiving, inspection, rejection, terminal distribution and sales methods, the broker, auction sales, carlot whole sales, commission merchants, jobbing sales, public markets, etc. This bulletin may be had free by those interested upon application to the United States Department of Agriculture, Washington, D. C.

### ABOUT RHODE ISLAND REDS.

As the name indicates Rhode Island Reds were originated in the state of Rhode Island. They are of a rather rich brilliant red color, hence the name; the first part from the state and the second part from the color. In the district of Little Compton, Rhode Island, poultry raising was and is practiced universally. About the year 1844 people in that district became very much interested in a farmer's fowl of red plumage. They bred a fowl noted for both eggs and meat production; this fowl was the Rhode Island Red. Its exact origin is and always will be rather obscure. It is definitely known that farmers of a certain neighborhood were breeding a red fowl and had been breeding it for several years. It was at the time considered one of the most vigorous and hardy chickens. In fact this is one of the prime reasons that it is universally bred in that section.

The Rhode Island Red can correctly be termed a mongrel fowl developed on the farms by promiscuous cross-breeding. It, however, was found to be such a meritorious type that several breeders later took up and bred it year after year with the idea of establishing its peculiar qualities in such a way as to be able to call it a pure breed. It was a mongrel so well bred as to be able to reproduce its characteristics with such certainty as to warrant the American Standard of Perfection classing it as a distinct breed. On account of its obscure origin and its being a farmer's fowl, this breed had more or less of a hard time being admitted to the Standard. Although they were exhibited under their present name as early as 1880, it was not until 1901 that they were admitted to the Standard. If they had been originated by a fancier with a traceable origin they would no doubt have been admitted much sooner, though in reality been no more eligible.

As stated before their exact origin is not known, but the following is generally accepted as the most plausible theory: The offspring of a mating of Rose Comb Brown Leghorns and Red Malays were mated with the offspring of a mating of Buff Cochins and Red Chittagongs. The resulting offspring were mated with Buff Wyandottes, and the offspring from this mating produced a red fowl of oblong shape, compact form and smooth surface plumage. They were later named Rhode Island Reds by Mr. Isaac Wilbur. Some contend that the Red Shanghai Cochins, Red Chittagongs, Black Breasted Red Malays, Red Malays, Brown Leghorns and Buff Wyandottes were used. Probably part or all of these breeds were used in later years.

In the breeding of Rhode Island Reds the ideal is to produce a rich brilliant red, plumage with black in the tails and wings. The under color should be red or salmon, but not white or black. The most difficult part in the breeding of Rhode Island Reds appears to be in the producing of a uniform surface color, proper blending of black with the red, and a uniformly deep under color. What is most desirable is a very uniform brilliant red surface color, excepting where black is specified, with a medium shade of uniformly red under color. The red in the different sections of the bird should match or harmonize. The black should possess a greenish sheen instead of purplish. White in any part of the plumage is a disqualification. Plumage should be free from the characteristic smoky, mealy, shading, ash-gray or black striping.

In shape the Rhode Island Reds are classed as rather oblong, fitting into a rectangle better than into a square. The body is rather long in comparison with most other breeds of the American class. They have a comparatively large and full breast. The tail is rather short and carried equally low. The skin should be a rich yellow as also the shanks. In the latter, however, it is allowable, in fact desirable, to have a line or red pigment follow down the shank on the inside. They should be mounted on two strong legs, set well apart and rather long, at least a trifle more so than in Rocks or Wyandottes.

### Suspected a Mistake.

Stranger—Are you sure it was a marriage license you gave me last month?

Clerk—Certainly, sir. Why?

Stranger—Well, I've led a dog's life ever since.

### TOMATO PULP USEFUL

Comparatively Little Known Form of The Tomato Which Will Be Found Cheap and Convenient.

Tomato pulp is one form in which tomatoes may be used with which the average housewife is not as familiar as with the others. It is however, a convenient and cheap product for use as soup stock, seasoning, and in sauce for meat and fish. The fact that in the past much tomato pulp has been made from inferior material and under unsatisfactory conditions need not deter the purchaser, for a little care in the inspection of the label on the container and of the product itself will enable anyone with a reasonable degree of certainty to select a wholesome and sound brand, although with tomato pulp, as with a number of other food products, the purity of the article in certain cases can be determined conclusively only by a chemical or microscopic examination.

Tomato pulp is made by removing the skins and seeds from the vegetable by putting it through a machine called a cyclone. The resulting pulp is then boiled down to the desired consistency. In common practice the volume of the tomatoes is reduced in the process about one half. Ordinarily, the pulp is packed for household use in No. 1 cans, which hold approximately 10 ounces net.

Although tomato pulp prepared in this way has been on the market for some time, it has not been used in this country as extensively as in Italy and elsewhere in Europe. Many housewives believe apparently that it is of no use, except as a foundation for tomato soup. It can, however, be utilized in many other ways which will readily suggest themselves to any experienced cook. In the past, however, the product has been found to be so varied that a recipe which gives good results at one time may prove most unsatisfactory at another, even though the same brand of pulp is used. This is easily understood when one remembers that before the passage of the Federal Food and Drugs Act there was nothing to prevent the introduction into the product of what is known as canner's waste, the refuse from the tomato peeling tables in tomato-canning establishments. Much of this material was most unsatisfactory from a sanitary standpoint and at best its composition could not be definitely known in advance.

Under the Federal Food and Drugs Act, however, much of what was known as "skin and core" pulp has been eliminated from interstate commerce and has thus left an opening for high grade whole tomato pulp. Under former conditions the manufacturer of this high grade product could not compete with inferior brands because of the low price at which the latter could be sold. Although the consumer usually pays about 5 cents a can for high and low grade pulp alike, there is a great difference in the cost of manufacture. "Skin and core" pulp has sold at wholesale for as little as 16 cents a dozen cans, while good sound pulp from whole tomatoes can scarcely be put out for less than 35 or 40 cents.

Although, as has been said much of the objectionable pulp is no longer on the market, it is well for the customer to bear in mind two points: Pulp that is made not from whole tomatoes but from trimmings, and passes through interstate commerce, must bear upon the label some such expressions as "Made from small tomatoes and trimmings"; "Made from tomatoes and parts thereof"; "Made from pieces of tomatoes and trimmings"; "Made from tomato clippings and whole tomatoes," etc. Tomato pulp of this character is frequently a sound and wholesome product, but when trimmings and clippings are used it is more difficult to put it up in a satisfactory manner than when only whole tomatoes are utilized. The Federal Food and Drugs Act, of course does not apply to food made and sold wholly within the boundaries of a state. Such products are under the control only of state laws and municipal regulations as administered by food officials.

After all, however, the appearance of the pulp itself is the real test. If a can of good pulp is examined, it will show a smooth, even texture, and be practically free from little black spots, many of which come from decayed portions, indicating that tomatoes with black or dry rot had been used. In very low grade products, a peculiar, finely curdled appearance is sometimes found. These are forms of deterioration in tomato pulp, as well as in other food products which can not be detected except by a chemical or microscopic examination, but for all practical purposes a careful scrutiny of the label and the pulp will enable one to judge correctly the product. Under present conditions, however, the housewife who bears these suggestions in mind may effect a considerable saving by a more extensive use of tomato pulp. She will obtain a wholesome product which makes an excellent adjunct in many ways for the table.

Horses on good grass seldom get sick. Which only goes to show how little some of us know about sheltering and feeding.

Promise yourself you will breed the mare to the best horse available. You will be glad in three years.

It is difficult for a man to convince a woman that she is in the wrong when she knows she is.

### DRAWING THE LINE.



Mrs. Waffles—Why won't you stand up a few minutes and let me drape my new skirt on you?  
Mr. Waffles—Look here, my dear, I always said you'd never make a model husband of me.

The ideal wife is one who does not expect her husband to arise from a comfortable couch for the purpose of placing a burned match in the receptacle prepared for it.

Do not complain because people do not do more for you. Be thankful that they do not do more to you.

There are no profane words in the Kickapoo language, but among the aborigines why should there be when every Indian had a serviceable tomahawk?

Isn't it queer that a man never shows his temper until he loses it?

Many a large idea originates in a small head.

### PEPIGRAMS

So many women meet their fate in fat.

Shun the cup if you want to cop.

### PUT CREAM IN NOSE AND STOP CATARRH

Tells How To Open Clogged Nostrils and End Head-Colds.

You feel fine in a few moments. Your cold in head or catarrh will be gone. Your clogged nostrils will open. The air passages of your head will clear and you can breathe freely. No more dullness, headache; no hawking, snuffling, mucous discharges or dryness; no struggling for breath at night.

Tell your druggist you want a small bottle of Ely's Cream Balm. 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, and relief comes instantly. It is just what every cold and catarrh sufferer needs. Don't stay stuffed-up and miserable.

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

## Black Silk Stove Polish

Makes a brilliant, silky polish that does not rub off or dust off, and the shine lasts four times as long as ordinary stove polish. Used on sample stoves and sold by hardware and grocery dealers.

All you ask for is Black Silk Stove Polish. Your dealer's name and your gas range, if you use it in the hood where you cook, are used, your dealer is authorized to refund your money. Insist on Black Silk Stove Polish. Made in liquid or paste—see quality.

Black Silk Stove Polish Works  
Sterling, Illinois

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**A Shine in Every Drop**

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# WHO PAYS?

## For the Commonwealth

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### NINTH STORY

Sid Dodge's place was running full blast. Courteous, obsequious waiters slid soft-footed from table to kitchen and back again, bearing in their miraculous arms dishes adroitly checked for the dissipated palates of epicureans—drinks cunningly mixed by the highest priced experts in the city. No expense was spared at Sid Dodge's place—the stakes were too big to skimp on the details that made for tone.

The room was filled with the strange murmur of many voices, high, low, soft, musical, harsh, droning—all contributing to an incessant mingling drum so meaningless in the abstract—so pregnant with meaning in each individual group. Bright lights made soft by artificial globes hung suspended from the frescoed ceilings by massive linked chains; and mingled their mellowed radiance with the rose-colored glow of the numerous silk-shaded lamps that dotted the tables, and made pale faces seem glowing and warm. Luxurious carpets catered to daintily shod feet; bright silver gleamed in well-groomed hands and clicked an accompaniment to the incessant click of long-stemmed, bubbling glasses.

In one end of the room, from behind a line of spreading palms, rose the rhythmic pulsing, passion-laden strains of Parliacel, and died out in a plaintive wail of cello and viol, as though surfeited with the luxury of its own sweet sadness—died out amid the appreciative applause of subdued clapping and the slightly swelled murmur of approving voices.

No one seemed surprised when a low, artificially constructed door in the wall near the palms swung back on noiseless hinges, and a young man entered in evening dress. Why should they? They had all come in that way—all this well-groomed company of dissipated midnight diners, past the watchful, scrutinizing gaze of the lookout on the silent street, down a flight of dark steps, up another flight that twisted and wound its way to that noiseless door—A foul stem blossoming exotically in that dining room of mingled rose colored lights, soft voices and sweet music.

To the young man who took unnoticed his place at a snug table in a far corner, the artificiality of all this superluxury was immediately evident. The richness of the room so out of keeping with its dark approach—the flushed, eager faces of the diners, the too courteous solicitude of the waiters, pointed unmistakably to some secret vice as yet unseen. He gave his order to a deferential waiter, and again turned his attention to the room and its guests, his deep-set, shadowed eyes and pale, thoughtful, abstracted expression concealing effectively the



The Dancing Girl at Sid Dodge's Place.

fact that he was keenly alive to every move in the room.

The music again started, this time in a brisk, accentuated tarantelle; there was a flash of red from behind the palms, a clicking of castanets, and out on the raised dais flashed a slim wisp of a girl, and flung herself with abandon into the spirited dance of Spain. Her face wore a rapt, set smile as of perpetual pleasure, her every motor betraying how well she loved this rhythmic expression—her expression of the beautiful. The music ceased suddenly, bravely, in a spirited crash mixed with the smart double-stamp of the dancer's heels on the floor, and the thrilling cluck of the castanets—there was again that subdued applause—again the resumption of conversation, and the dancer, panting and flushed beneath her rouge, came down from the dais, and curtsying familiarly, threaded her way between the tables. She stopped at one with a word of familiar greeting on her lips and sat down.

The young man in the corner watched her and her companion as the gliding waiter carefully wiped the bottoms of their liquor glasses and set them down. The girl seemed laughingly to propose a toast that met with the approval of her friend, who laughed heartily. The man she was seated with was a snobby, pink-faced, tipsey individual, his light brown hair combed smoothly back over his head and accentuating a lack of forehead that he had done better to have left covered. The second drink was brought, disposed of in an short order as the first, and the girl again seemed trying to persuade the tiny-eyed man across the table. His wavering was

gradually lessened as she coaxed, and he at length got up and followed her to the wall, alongside that noiseless door. Her fingers seemed fusing with something on the wainscoting, when suddenly the wall slid back as though on a track.

The young man in the far corner of the room had to steady himself exceedingly not to betray his surprise. The room of the other side of the wall was as softly lighted as was the room in which he sat—but it was busy in there, without the subdued restraint of the dining room. The smoke of innumerable cigars and cigarettes made a foggy haze through which was distinguished a high chair on which a man sat spinning a softly running wheel. Around him, with tense, eager faces stood a group of men and women in evening dress watching with fascinated eyes the swiftly rolling ball.

At a low table in the foreground stood a group of men excitedly watching a man in an enormous cravat and gartered shirt sleeves shaking a leather cup out of which rolled clicking transparent dice. All this young man at the table saw at a glance, indistinctly yet comprehensively—saw the young man of the tiny eyes, and the dancing girl, met by a tall stoop-shouldered man of about thirty, who after a few words from the girl and a mute, expressive glance, grasped the young man cordially by the hand and led him toward that high-stooled chair on which the man sat monotonously spinning the wheel. The girl stopped back into the dining room, the panel slid noiselessly into its place and all was as before.

But now some of the diners had arisen and the panel began an endless sliding to and fro as they went to join those in the smoke-hazy room beyond.

The girl walked slowly, smiling to the far end of the room in which the young man sat, hesitated a moment at his table, her head poised questioningly. He arose courteously, and pulling out a chair from the table, said, "Won't you sit down?"

"Thank you."

"Will you have something?"

She smiled her assent and gave her order to the waiter.

"You dance very beautifully, miss."

"Ah, yes, I love to dance. And then, inapropos, 'You care to play?'"

"No, not tonight."

"The playing is high tonight. The bankers are hard pushed. It seems as though luck is with the players tonight. Would you like to try?"

"I don't feel I should win tonight," he answered, laughing. "And," his lips tightened over his slightly parted teeth, "I like to win. I like to clean up. I'll enter the game some other night," he said, a smile turning the corners of his mouth. "I shall come again, probably very soon, and when I do, I guarantee you I'll make a clean sweep of it."

"Yes, of course," she said wearily. She had heard that tone of surety many times before.

He rose and she followed.

"Good night," she said smiling.

"Good night."

He took his things from the waiter, and as he started to go turned and said, "I shall see you again."

She bowed and moved off, as he turned and made his way toward the low door of noiseless hinges.

II.

"It seems almost incredible, I know—especially at a time when the lid is generally supposed to be screwed on tight, Mr. Bell, but there is a gambling joint in this city, right in the heart of the white light district, that is running wide open to those who are in the know." Roulette wheel, dice, cards, everything! I was there myself, last night—saw it all with my own eyes. The police must be fixed or they'd be onto that lookout on the street—they probably get a rake-off. But, I'll start from the beginning so you'll get it straight.

"I was down to a social welfare meeting last night and walked east through Delvin street for a car. I was about midway between Bradley and Histon streets when my attention was attracted by a limousine that drew up to the curb about 30 feet ahead of me. It stopped before a low brick structure that looked as if it might have been used as a private warehouse. There were no steps—no areaway—just an unremarkable old door as an entrance with No. 55 painted on it in letters half washed out by the rain. Two richly dressed people—a man and a woman, alighted from the car. The man gave his chauffeur a quick order. The car sped away, and the two started for that door. There was a big squinty-eyed rough lounging outside it who seemed to know the people, for he smiled and saluted as they passed in. I decided to take a peek for myself, and walked toward the door as though I had it for my destination. The big rough became suddenly very alert, and, walking toward me, shoved his face close up to mine in an effort at recognition. He looked doubtful and I decided to bluff it out. I waved my hand toward the door and raised my eyebrows as though surprised at being stopped.

"That seemed to fetch him, for he stepped back, said 'right,' and walked off a bit as I entered.

"When I got inside, I had to go down a flight of dark steps, through a narrow, twisting passageway, and up another flight of steps—darker, if anything, than the first—until I came smack up against a door. Inside I could hear the murmur of many voices, and a click, that sounded like the click of silver knives on plates, and I smelled food.

"I didn't know what was on the other side—but decided to risk it anyway, so I pushed open the door and walked right into the most magnificent dining room I was ever in in my life." From here on young Mason's narration to the district attorney is familiar to those who read the opening of this story.

When Mason was through, his chief turned slowly around in his chair, his face drawn and tense—his finger tapping positively the coat lapel of the young man before him.

"Mr. Mason, I want you to understand me thoroughly—there are no gambling dives in this city, understand?—no gambling dives running here. Forget it."

"But I—"

"You saw nothing, I tell you. Forget it."

Mason rose, his face burning, his whole figure showing resentment at the all too obvious meaning of his chief's words. He bowed coldly—and opened the door leading to his own office, just as a messenger boy entered with a telegram for Bell.

III.

Ellis Mason sat at his desk, his fine, earnest face puckered in a look of amazed discomfort. So this was politics? This was the field he had entered two years before as an outlet for the splendid political passion—the passion for constructive legislation that had so obsessed him ever since his entrance to college. On his graduation from college he had entered the government service as a clerk in the customs. He had written two books on political economy, had given numerous lectures on "City Government," and had made himself so talked about in the newspapers that he had, a few weeks ago, by popular demand, received the appointment of assistant district attorney under Curtis Bell. Now, two weeks after his appointment he found himself crowded close to the rail by a chief who was shielding the very sort of thing he was elected and sworn to wipe out! He was cut short in his reflections by an office boy with a message from his chief.

"The district attorney wishes to see you immediately in his office, Mr. Mason."

He arose and went to Bell's office.

Bell was standing by his desk, an open telegram in his hand, his face thoughtful but good-humored, as though pleased with something that had recently transpired. He showed no trace of the resentment of a half hour ago, when he had so arbitrarily impressed his assistant with the assurance that "there are no gambling dives running in this city."

"Mr. Mason, I have been called to the capitol by the governor"—indicating the telegram in his hand—"to discuss a political question of urgent importance. I shall return tomorrow. You will act on nothing unless absolutely necessary, and then only if you are forced to act. You understand, fully?"

"Yes, sir," coldly.

"Very well."

The district attorney turned to his papers, indicating with expressive silence that the interview was ended.

Mason hesitated a moment as though unable to restrain the scathing sarcasm striving for utterance on his lips, then with an effort that would have done credit to a much older and more experienced man than he was, controlled the rebellious spirit of him utterly, turned and went back to his office.

When Ellis Mason started for his office next morning, it was without the wonted eagerness of spirit that usually manifested itself in his quick buoyant step.

The keen pleasure he would have felt a few days before at the prospect of playing district attorney, only for a few short hours, was now that the opportunity had come, entirely lacking. Yesterday's warning that he was not to recognize the existence of a gambling hall in that city—and that, after he had made a special detailed report of one—so depressed his fine conscientious spirit that he could not bring himself to view part of his work with the enthusiasm so characteristic of him.

If, he thought, this foul corruption existed in the office of an executive so trusted as the district attorney, what of the courts, judges, lawyers, police department? He felt for the first time since he entered the government service, how small, how ineffectual was his personal power for the good he so wanted to do. How could he fight the gigantic, irresistible machine, fed by the votes of the public, and oiled by the gold of unmentionable vice-plotters who bought and sold chief executives as one might a dancing toy—a toy whose steps were regulated by the mechanism of the controlling party?

When he reached his office the next morning, Mason was surprised to find a young man already there awaiting him. It was the very man, he realized in a flash, who the night before last he had seen sitting and drinking with that dancing girl in the gambling dive he had stumbled on accidentally—the same dissipated, pink-faced, tiny-eyed, low foreheaded individual who had allowed himself to be persuaded by the dancing girl to buck the bank. Mason wondered, fearfully, apprehensively, what this young man of all young

men should want in his office—wondered whether he had been recognized there in spite of the secluded table he had picked to escape observation. Was it possible that this young bouncer had seen him, talking with the dancing girl, and recognizing him from his numerous pictures in the paper, had come up here to be ugly?—possibly with an attempt at intimidation—at blackmail? He was alarmed for the moment, but was quickly reassured as the tiny-eyed one told his story.

"Are you Mr. Bell, the district attorney?"

"No. Mr. Bell has been called suddenly away, and won't be back until the morning. I'm the assistant district attorney—acting district attorney at the present time!—here, Bell's words—'acting district attorney'—name only" flashed across his mind and made his cheeks flush—"My name's Mason—Ellis Mason. Can I help you?"

"Well, you'll do," said the pink-faced one, in a hard patronizing voice. "It's this way—I'm a clerk in Marger & Barnes—mercantile insurance. Green's name—Ralph Green. I don't claim to be an angel. I have my fun like the rest of them—no better, no worse. I don't kick when I lose fair; but I do kick and kick hard when I get buncoed—and I've been buncoed—buncoed for fair."

Here he told Ellis the story, told him the story he already knew, told it from beginning to end, and we shall take it up with Mason where, for us,

it left off on the night that Mason stumbled upon the notorious Sid Dodge's place, running wide open.

"You see," he finished, "if I wasn't sure that whole outfit is as crooked as hell, I wouldn't come up here squealing like a kid. But I'm dead sure those dice were loaded, the wheel was loaded and the cards were marked; and I think that this rotten lot of underhand pirates"—Mason wondered at his qualifying adjective—"should be sent up."

Mason felt it was a strange trick of fate—that that that young loose-mouthed rounder to the district attorney's office at just the time it was possible for him to act. He had been admonished by his chief to "forget it" when he reported that flagrant violation of the law, and it seemed to his highly imaginative mind that this moment had been opportunely selected by an unseen judge to weigh the sincerity of his principles against the material "success" of his career. He knew that his principles were right—that his ideals were noble, aspiring, splendid, true—knew that they would be true no matter how their injunctions were slighted, glossed over, spurned—knew that truth was unalterable, everlasting, infinite. Truth wouldn't be any the less truth or his ideals any the less fine because he failed to stand by them. What good would it be—where was the advantage of his broad conception of what was right and just if he failed to acknowledge it in his actions?

IV.

That night the busy traffic of Sid Dodge's gilded cafe was interrupted in the midst of its feverish play by a squad of police, headed by Ellis Mason, and the entire outfit loaded into a waiting patrol wagon. Clarice Adair, the dancing girl and "guiding spirit" of the place, recognized Mason—as the man who, two nights before, had refused her urgent persuasion to play.

While the police were busy taking charge of the place, he went up to her.

"I'm sorry, but you'll have to be detained. You remember, I said I'd be back soon, when I felt luck to be with me," he laughed; "You see, I've made a clean sweep, as promised."

She looked up at him, all the fierce vindictiveness of her passionate soul finding expression in the concentrated stare of her hate-glowing eyes.

"Yes, you have made a clean sweep of it this time," she said slowly, intensely. "Make the most of it. The banker always wins—in the end."

He turned from her, smilingly, but annoyed at her covert threat, and proceeded in the direction of the men under him.

V.

Charles Gilson was a "pillar of society." Ponderous and portly, he was endowed by nature with a dignified, heavy face, and pompous air that his snow-white hair and ivory-headed cane did a great deal toward making impressive. He was fifty-five years old and seemed sixty-five. His deeply-seamed face and massive jaw were his greatest assets, and would have vouched for him had the rest of his appearance needed endorsement.

His voice, never harsh or strident, had a peculiar booming quality that made his slightest utterance seem fraught with significance, its very tone commanding the respectful audience that many another voice of greater volume and more sincerity tried for in vain.

His Bible class revered that voice and unconsciously acknowledged its influence by an unusual proficiency

in that part of its study relating to the Propriety; his tenants in many a squalid, disease-breeding tenement of the East side feared it, and shrank at its threatening boom. His real estate holdings were enormous and his social influence correspondingly tremendous, his wealth and swing creating a deference to his wishes in the political world that amounted practically to unquestioning obedience.

He sat at breakfast, the morning after Mason's sensational raid, and at his butler's announcement of Sid Dodge and Clarice Adair, allowed his usually impassive face the luxury of an amazed expression at the personae of his early callers. Dodge and Clarice, after a night in a cell, had been released on heavy bail, and had come immediately to Gilson to apprise him of the raid and their arrest.

"Leave this to me. You go about your business; you'll hear from me later." He told them.

Gilson had engineered Bell's election and held the man's political destiny in his check book. He knew that any move from the district attorney's office had first to be sanctioned by Bell, and was at a complete loss to realize the motive that had prompted this astounding break. He wasn't aware that Bell was out of town and found it impossible to reconcile Bell's usual obedient docility with this drastic action. He had descended the front stoop of his magnificent home, and was proceeding in the direction of the district attorney's office when he was hailed by two men approaching from the opposite direction. He recognized them as John Drake and Albert Lesser, active members of the Commonwealth club, of which he was an honorary member. He greeted them in his usual effusive, solicitous booming way, and stood for a moment exchanging with them the commonplace courtesies of the unimpaired acquaintance.

"We were just on our way to visit you," Drake said. "You've heard, of course, of young Mason's highly commendable raid on the gambling den?"

"Yes, indeed, splendid. That young man has a great future"—and then, to himself—"behind him."

"Yes, he certainly justifies our confidence in his ability as a fearless executive. But read this," and he handed Gilson an unsealed letter. "We were just on our way to deliver this to you at your home."

Gilson took the letter, opened and read it quickly.

"My dear Mr. Gilson," it read. "You have been selected chairman of a committee to notify Assistant District Attorney Mason—that this club urges his candidacy for the district attorneyship. We believe that Mr. Mason should accept in the interest of public welfare. Signed, A. C. Beane, secretary of the Commonwealth club."

Gilson finished reading and his face betrayed for a moment the trepidation of his mind. He recovered quickly and spoke with well-feigned enthusiasm. "Certainly, I shall be most happy to inform Mr. Mason. We can go to his office directly, if it is convenient to you."

"We shall be pleased," said Lesser, and together they started for the district attorney's office. Gilson was highly disconcerted, but allowed no evidence of it to escape him. He was the first to greet Mason.

"We feel honored, Mr. Mason, that we have the distinction of being the first to congratulate you." He spoke in his best public meeting voice. "I won't go into a lengthy explanation of the object of our visit. You may read this. It will explain itself." He handed Mason the letter.

Mason read it, his face registering the keen pleasure it gave him. "I thank you, gentlemen; thank you most sincerely. I feel more honored than I find it possible at this moment to express."

"You accept then?" said Lesser, needlessly.

"Accept? I shall be delighted."

"Very well. If you will call at the club tonight, we can discuss the many details attendant on your nomination. Good morning."

They started to go, all but Gilson, who had heard Bell's voice in the outer office. Bell had been apprised by one of the clerks of Mason's raid as soon as he entered, and the voice Gilson heard reflected adequately his reception of the news. The succeeding information that Mason had been offered the candidacy by the Commonwealth club served to restrain his expressed, if not his felt anger, and he bowed coldly to Mason in the outer office as the latter started eagerly for the home of his sweetheart, Marion Decker, to tell her—and her mother of his good fortune.

Gilson approached Bell, and spoke without the formality of a greeting. "You have heard?"

"Yes."

"Well?"

"Come into my office. We have no time to lose."

Together the honorary member of the Commonwealth club, president of the Society for the Abolishment of Child Labor, preceptor of a Bible class and his marionette politician entered the district attorney's private office to discuss the most effective way of assassinating a reputation inconvenient to their "highest" interests. And while Mason was at the home of his sweetheart, telling her the good news, and asking her to be his wife, the other two—Gilson and Bell, were planning a different meeting for that night; a meeting at which the Spanish dancer, the gambling house manager, the smug hypocritical owner, and the recreant district attorney were to plan the details of a vile plot to discredit the young assistant in the eyes of the

world. And now we shall see how the plot worked out.

VI.

The next night Ellis and Marion took a long ride in his motor car. They returned late, and he lingered a few fond minutes before leaving her at her stoop. He came back toward his car, whistling softly, happily to himself, his hands stuck deep in his trousers pockets, his mind lost in the reverie his whistling belied.

A short sharp cry, as if of someone in urgent distress, brought him back to a consciousness of outward things, and he looked up in startled surprise to see a young woman staggering on the sidewalk, as if about to fall.

He rushed up and caught her quickly, half carrying her back to the stoop from which he had come. The woman had a deep black veil on, a veil that entirely concealed her face; but she was otherwise dressed in unrelieved black, so the veil was not provocative of any thought on his part.

"If you will come into this house, miss, we can send for a doctor."

"Oh, I'm all right, thank you," she said weakly. "Just a weak spell. I get them often. I won't trouble you further. You're very kind. I will go home." She started to walk away from him, but again staggered weakly as though about to fall and was again caught and steadied by Mason.

He helped her into his automobile and started for her apartment on the upper West side. She seemed to grow worse as they went along, and when they arrived her seeming plight made it necessary that he carry her up the stairs.

When they arrived at her room after a painful climbing of steps she suddenly recovered sufficiently to rise and take off her hat and veil, and he was shocked and incredulous at recognizing Clarice Adair, dancing girl of the cafe he had raided two nights before. Her recovery was now extraordinarily rapid, and he was suddenly panic-stricken as a realization of what this all meant came upon him. She smiled at him mockingly as she began to take off her outer garments. He had not long to realize, however, for in another moment the door was thrown rudely open, and two men entered.

"You will come with us," one of them said, shortly.

"But, I—"

"We cannot listen to explanations. Besides," looking meaningfully at the half-dressed woman in the corner, "I'm afraid you'd have rather a job of it."

The plot of Gilson and his tools had worked.

VII.

Came the day of trial; the trial of the young assistant district attorney, accused of contributing to the delinquency of a dancing girl. Clarice was the complainant; District Attorney Bell the prosecutor, Sid Dodge, the jury fixer, and Mason, the defendant. What if he did have a good attorney? What if he did get a jury disinterested? His reputation was blackened forever.

Into the surge of his despair came the thought of Marion—his Marion. He turned his footsteps in the direction of her home. When he arrived there the butler barred his entrance,

and the iron entered deeper into his soul.

"Marion," he cried out wildly. "Marion, oh Marion, you don't believe them?"

But the echoes of his mad, despairing cry were the only answer he received.

VIII.

Sid Dodge wrestled madly, fearfully with the woman before him, in the rear room of his cafe. She broke loose once, and with a fierce, wild gesture, took up a great vase, and brought it down with terrific force on his shoulder, just missing his head. He closed with her and took her both soft yielding arms in his gripping fingers and slowly forced her back into a chair.

Slowly the struggling figure in his grasp relaxed, and became limp in the chair. Slowly there pervaded that face a horrible agony of powerless despair. Once her hands raised and tried to cover her face, and her shoulders hunched as she shrank deep into the chair as though trying to separate herself from the dread of her thoughts. Thoughts of the man she had ruined, the girl whose dream of love she had blighted, thoughts of the putrid vileness of her own lying soul! And now the light, and the realization that she would have ever more to pay!

That evening Charles Gilson spoke long and earnestly at a meeting of the Commonwealth club, on the necessity for sincerity in all of life's undertakings.

WHO PAYS?

(End of Ninth Story.)

The next story is "The Pomp of Earth."



The Hypocrite Gilson Congratulating Mason.



Clarice Overcome by Remorse, Attacks Dodge.



# Fashions for Herald Readers

Unless otherwise specified all fashion patterns published in these columns are Ten cents each. Send or leave orders for same at the CHARLEVOIX CO. HERALD.

**A SIMPLE, SERVICEABLE MODEL.**



1471. What housekeeper or Home Worker does not appreciate a "cover-me-all" apron of this kind. It is a simple style, good for gingham, lawn, percale, cambric, denim, cretonne or saten. The fulness may be held over the back by the belt, that may be slipped under the front or may hold the front on the outside. The pattern is cut in 3 sizes: Small, medium and large. It requires 5 1/2 yards of 36 inch material for the medium size. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10c in silver or stamps.

**A POPULAR SUIT FOR THE "LITTLE MAN."**



1195. Boy's Blouse Suit with Straight Trousers and with or without Shield and Collar Facing. Of all the boy's suits there is none so comfortable as the blouse style. The model here portrayed has the skirt portion attached and for simpler neck finish may be made without the collar facing. The left front overlaps the right, in closing. The sleeve is finished at the wrist with box plait. Blue serge with braid trimming or brown velvet bound with braid would be nice for this style. Cheviot, tweed, corduroy, galatae, drill or linen are also good. The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 3, 4, 5, and 6 years. It requires 1 1/2 yards of 44 inch material for a 4 year size. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10c in silver or stamps.

Some men achieve fame, some have forced upon them and some are lucky and escape it entirely. The girl who wins the love of a really good man makes a lucky hit and herself a lucky miss. Flirtation is nature's lure toward young boys. Worry is a bad bedfellow. Kick it

**A NEAT DRESS FOR THE GROWING GIRL.**



1458. As here shown white sarge was combined with black and white checked suiting. The style is nice for galatae, gingham, seersucker, linen, lineose or percale, good for lawn, batiste, poplin or repp, and also suitable for taffeta, velvet, velveteen, corduroy, flannel, novelty and plaid suitings. The right front of the waist is shaped at the closing. The skirt is gored and plaited. The sleeve may be finished in wrist length with a straight cuff, or in elbow length with a jaunty turnback cuff. The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 6, 8, 10 and 12 years. It requires 3 1/2 yards of 4 inch material for a 10 year size. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10c in silver or stamps.

**A STYLISH UP TO DATE MODEL.**



1472. Girl's Dress with Sleeve in Either of Two Lengths. For this neat and becoming model striped galatae was used in blue and white, with white repp for trimming. The dress is a one piece design, with the belt attached to position at raised waistline. The fronts may be slashed and finished with eyelets for laced closing, or, this closing may be simulated. The sleeve in wrist length has a band cuff. The short sleeve is finished with a shaped cuff. The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 4, 6, 8 and 10 years. It requires 3 yards of 36 inch material for a 6 year size. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10c in silver or stamps.

Life is a choice between saving and slaving. A bore is a man without terminal facilities. You can only lead by keeping ahead. Many a smooth proposition is a rough neck. Time is always a faithful servant to a faithful master. Your approach determines whether you're a pinhead or sharp as a tack. Every man realizes that he used to be a chump.

**A JAUNTY SUIT STYLE.**



1494. This attractive combination is splendid for shepherd check, mixed suitings, serge, cheviot and broad cloth, and also nice for silk, velvet, and corduroy. The coat could be finished with or without the strapped plaits and yoke facings. The skirt is a very pleasing model. It has 6 gores, with the fulness disposed of in deep plaits. The pattern is cut in 6 sizes: 12, 14 and 16 years. It requires 6 yards of 36 inch material for a 16 year size. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10c in silver or stamps.

**A CHARMING COMBINATION.**



1428. Ladies' Negligee or Dressing Sack and Cap. This attractive house sack may be developed in silk or cotton crepe, percale, lawn, flannel, cashmere or henrietta, lawn, cross-bar, batiste or dimity. Feather stitching, lace, ribbon or braid binding or embroidery may serve as trimming. The sack is fitted by a belt at the waistline. Its lines are simple, and the poplin is a good style feature. The sleeve is finished with a neat cuff. The pattern is cut in 6 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. It requires 2 3/8 yards of 36 inch material for a 36 inch size. For the cap, 7-8 yard of 27 inch net, all over embroidery, or lawn, percale, dimity, dotted Swiss and silk are suitable. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10c in silver or stamps.

**A STYLISH TOP GARMENT.**



1499. Ladies' Coat. Checked novelty cloaking in black and white is here depicted. The model semi fitting, and is lengthened over the hips by a skirt piece laid in plaits. The sleeve is a two piece model. The coat closes high at the neck edge and its fulness is held by a belt. Velvet, fur, far faced cloth, sabeline, cheviot, broad cloth, serge, corduroy, or silk are all attractive for this style. The pattern is cut in 6 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. It requires 3 1/4 yards of 36 inch material for a 36 inch size. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10c in silver or stamps.

## CHARLEVOIX COUNTY HERALD

G. A. Lisk, Publisher  
ONE DOLLAR PER YEAR

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

### County Normal Notes.

Miss Mildred Eckenger and Miss Iletth Thomas were normal visitors last Monday afternoon. Sadie Blanchard returned to the class Wednesday after spending a few days at her home in Gaylord. She was called home by the illness of her mother. The class are very interested in their work in penmanship. The work of three of the members was sent to the Palmer Method Company for criticism and they are anxiously awaiting their return. Miss Florance Milner was absent from the class three days last week on account of illness. Several of the normal students were doing some practice teaching in the training room last week. The class enjoy the basket ball very much during the beautiful weather. They have not done any team work yet. Miss Whiting and Miss Himes gave very interesting accounts of the Teachers Institute which they attended last week. They told the class about many of the speakers and of what their talks consisted. Catherine Lalonde was absent last Friday on account of illness. School Commissioner May L. Stewart visited the class Monday and led a discussion in regard to certain problems of discipline which arise in the rural schools. It takes more than sunlight to illuminate a shady reputation.

## JUST THE RIGHT PRESENT

Don't take chances in the matter of Christmas presents. You don't want yours, like so many others, to be received with indifference or worse, and ten days after Christmas to be cast aside and forgotten. You take no such chance in giving The Youth's Companion for a year. Did you ever know of a home in which it came amiss, or of one in which it was not conspicuous on the library table or in some one's hands all through the year? It is worth while to make a gift of that sort, and it is worth while to receive it, too, for The Companion illustrates the best traits in American life in its stories and sketches, upholds the best standards in its articles and other contributions, and combines the practical and informing with the entertaining and blood-stirring. If you do not know The Companion as it is to-day, let us send you one or two current issues free, that you may thoroughly test the paper's quality. We will send also the Forecast for 1916. Every new subscriber who sends \$2.00 for the fifty-two weekly issues of 1916 will receive free all the issues for the rest of 1915 and The Companion Home Calendar for 1916. THE YOUTH'S COMPANION, Boston, Mass. New Subscriptions Received at this Office: Never form your opinion of an egg until the lid is off. Follies of youth are drafts on old age the payments of which are imperative. 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.

## SCHOOL NOTES

The fifth grade of the Central school had the highest average attendance during the month of October, the per cent being 98.9. The class in Animal Husbandry made a field trip last Monday afternoon and inspected different breeds of dairy cattle. About 44ty high school boys have enrolled for the new work in manual training and mechanical drawing. The high school enrollment for the year has now passed the two hundred mark. A Thanksgiving program is being planned for the next meeting of the Mother's and Teacher's Club, Nov. 18th. The program will be given by the children of the grades. As a means of raising funds for the coming basketball season the Athletic Association is arranging for a county fair to be held at the gymnasium about Nov. 24. A large number of concessions have already been secured and special attractions are being rehearsed. The literary societies of the high school will be reorganized soon for the winter's work. It is planned to have four societies this year and to secure some debates with other high schools. The high school band is making rapid progress and will be ready for a public appearance in a few weeks. B. J. Holcomb, a graduate of the M. A. C. in 1914, is the new teacher of science and agriculture. Mr. Holcomb was principal of the high school at Manton last year. Miss Leden Stewart is assisting in the superintendent's office. Both the boy's and girl's basketball teams have begun practice. A schedule of games is being arranged, beginning at Bellaire on Dec. 10th. The total enrollment of the schools at the end of October was 656. Mr. V. E. Wyble of Vermontville, Mich., is the new high school assistant and instructor in manual training. Mr. Wyble is a graduate of the Ypsilanti Normal.

## EAST JORDAN LUMBER CO. STORE

### To Be In Fashion

You must fit your waist, and Warner's Rust-proof Corsets

shape beautifully and thoroughly comfortably this new contour.

There is no corset for which we have a higher regard than a Warner's—they are so practical and reliable.

A Warner's Corset may be depended upon to shape the fashionable contour, providing the right type of model is selected for the figure intended.

From the very first day that it is worn to the last, it can be counted upon for its comfortable support and its excellent wearing qualities.

Warner's Rust-Proof Corsets at \$1 are guaranteed as strongly as the highest price.

## East Jordan Lumber Co.



## Briefs of the Week

Mr. and Mrs. E. J. Crossman left Thursday for a week's visit at Detroit. A dance and supper will be held at the Rock Elm Grange hall this Saturday night.

Miss Veronica McCarthy of Grand Rapids is guest of Miss Marjorie Lemieux.

Orrin and Ira Bartlett left Thursday for the upper peninsula on their hunting trip.

Miss Nell Carmen of Norwood is guest at the home of her sister, Mrs. John Reinhart.

Charlevoix County reported forty births and twenty-three deaths during the past month.

Miss Gladys Davis of Chicago, is visiting at the home of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. R. Davis.

Mr. and Mrs. H. L. Kendall and children of Manistee are visiting friends and relatives here.

Mrs. C. Welsh left Wednesday for Grand Rapids, where she was called by the illness of her sister.

Mrs. Dan McDonald and son, Ray, of Central Lake, visited at the home of her son, R. McDonald, Tuesday.

The Everett B. Clark Seed Co. started their bean picking last Monday, with a force of about thirty. Roy Gregory is boss.

Mrs. W. L. French and daughter, Ellagene, spent Sunday and Monday at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Supernaw at Norwood.

M. H. Robertson left Tuesday morning for Battle Creek to attend the State Sunday School Convention which is being held at that city. An effort will be made to bring the convention to Bay View next year.

Mrs. F. H. Roberts and daughter, Miss Mina, of Lookout, California, are guest at the home of Mrs. Robert's aunt, Mrs. Roy E. Webster. Mrs. Roberts and Mrs. Webster have not seen each other in about twenty-five years.

The marriage of Clyde A. McMillan and Tunis M. McCarry, of East Jordan, took place Monday afternoon at four o'clock at the home of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. McCarry, on the West Side. Six o'clock dinner was served to the many guests. Rev. John Clemens, officiated.

W. W. Mitchell, prominent Cadillac lumberman, of the firm of Cobbs & Mitchell, died Monday at the age of 66 years. He was president and treasurer of Cobbs & Mitchell Bros. companies; president of Cadillac Chemical Co.; president of Mitchell-Diggins Iron Co. and Cadillac Handle Co., director of Cadillac State Bank and the Michigan Trust Co.

Frank Schuler, who plead guilty to forging a note at the Central Lake State Bank and released on probation by Judge Mayne, was brought back to the county jail Friday, having violated the terms of his parole. The chances now seem to be that Schuler will draw a prison term when circuit court reconvenes on the 30th of this month. —Bellaire Independent.

Mr. and Mrs. D. E. Goodman were called to Vestaberg, Sunday last by the serious illness of the latter's father, O. F. Scott. Before they had reached there he had passed away. He was taken ill Saturday morning with a stroke of apoplexy. His son, Bert Scott left on Monday for Vestaberg. Mr. Scott was formerly of this city. He was 66 years of age.

Geo. S. McPhee, of Hudson Township was arraigned in Justice Nurko's court Tuesday on a charge of assault and battery preferred by Mrs. Annie Hughey. The complainant claims the defendant struck her over the head with a club knocking her unconscious. Mrs. Hughey is a renter of a farm from Mr. McPhee and there has evidently been bad blood between them for some time. The defendant told a different story but he was convicted and sentenced by Justice Nurko to two weeks at Charlevoix, and fined \$50 and costs. In default of payment he will be sentenced to ninety days. Prosecutor Lewis conducted the case against the defendant. —Boyne Citizen.

Last Sunday afternoon was a Visitation Day in the Presbyterian church. Sixty-eight of the congregation volunteered to go out two by two and visit each family that last spring expressed a preference for this church, and also several families which had given no church preference. Between the hours of two and four about one hundred and seventy families were visited and invited to join in the go-to-church-movement this month. Everywhere the calls were made great interest was shown and all were well pleased with the results of the afternoons work. Sunday evening in a special service, representatives of departments of the church spoke of their activities and aims. This is the beginning of a year's campaign of which further announcement will be made later.

Bert Price of Bay City is in the city this week.

E. Hammond is confined to his bed with illness.

Mrs. J. L. Weisman is assisting at the store this week.

Mrs. P. Collier of Boyne City was in the city Thursday.

Att'y R. Lewis of Charlevoix was in the city, Wednesday.

A. W. Clark is at Petoskey taking treatment for neuritis.

The Helping Hand Club met with Mrs. Wilbur King Thursday.

Mr. and Mrs. James D. Cook left Wednesday for Grand Rapids.

Miss Grace Light returned home from Walton Junction this week.

Mr. and Mrs. John Mollard were guest of Ellsworth friends, Sunday.

Nelson R. Torry of Cadillac was an East Jordan business visitor, Friday.

Archie Menzie left Saturday last for Niles, Mich., where he has a position.

Arthur Ward was a business visitor at Bellaire a couple of days this week.

Mr. and Mrs. E. A. Lewis are receiving a visit from their son, Morgan, of Texas.

Bert Drescher was here from Ellsworth this week having a felon on his hand treated.

Mrs. G. A. Lisk and son, Paul, returned home from a weeks visit at Charlevoix, last Sunday.

Mrs. Wm. Cole of Ellsworth visited at the home of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Mart Sedgeman, Wednesday.

Mr. and Mrs. Ed. Bedell of Manitowac Wis., are visiting at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Eugene Adams.

Mrs. Hennings was guest of her daughters, Mrs. J. Benzer and Miss Mable, at Boyne City over Sunday.

J. H. Milford and Thos. Shepard left Thursday for the upper peninsula on a hunting trip.

W. H. Mather of Traverse City was guest at the home of his son, M. M. Mather, a couple of days this week.

Mrs. Earl Holliday and son, Rolfe, returned home from Traverse City, Thursday, after a visit with relatives there.

Mr. and Mrs. W. L. French visited at the home of Mr. and Mrs. A. D. Supernaw at Traverse City a few days this week.

Mrs. W. P. Porter and nephew, Bruce Dickey, left Thursday for Texas, called there by the illness of the former's sister.

Mrs. John Clemens, with children, returned home Friday from Ann Arbor where she went to have one of the children treated at the hospital.

Mrs. J. H. Milford and two daughters and Hilton Milford spent the latter part of last week at the home of Mr. and Mrs. James Milford at Springvale.

A. B. Meech returned from Ashville, N. C., Thursday.

Will Borne of Fife Lake is visiting his sister, Mrs. R. Grant.

Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Walstad returned from Suttons Bay, Tuesday.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Lanway visited relatives in Charlevoix on Friday.

Bert Scott and his mother, Mrs. O. F. Scott returned to this city Friday from Vestaberg.

Mrs. Ray Hott left first of the week for Marquette where her husband has employment.

Mrs. Ray I. Fox was called to Mullet Lake last Tuesday, by the death of her father, Adam Baler.

Charles Winters of Maple Park, Ill., is guest of his uncle, P. K. Winters, and cousin, Henry L.

Mr. and Mrs. W. Wolfson and L. Marks of Boyne City were guests at the home of Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Weisman Sunday.

Wm. Wilks went to West Branch on Wednesday on a hunting trip. Mrs. Wilks left for Alger on Tuesday to visit her parents.

Mrs. C. Vardon, with Mrs. F. Crowell assisting, will entertain the M. E. Ladies Aid at her home on Second-st., Wednesday, Nov. 17th at 2:30 p. m. sharp. Full attendance desired.

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

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

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.

St. Joseph's Church  
Rev. Timothy Kroboth.

Sunday, Nov. 14.  
8:00 a. m. Low mass. Holy Communion for the Holy Name Societies.  
10:30 a. m. High mass.  
7:00 p. m. Holy Name meeting, Question Box, Sermon, Benediction.

First Methodist Episcopal Church  
Rev. John Clemens, Pastor.

Sunday, Nov. 14, 1915.  
10:30—"Established in the Gospel."  
11:45 a. m.—World's Temperance Lesson.

6:00 p. m.—League—"The Promise of Spiritual Certainty." Leaders, Alfred Blake and Earl Kirkpatrick.

7:00 p. m.—"The Closed Eden, the Opened Heaven."

7:30 p. m.—Thursday-Go-to-Prayer-Meeting Night. All the church members are expected to interest themselves for a record attendance. Everybody welcome.

Tuesday-afternoon and Wednesday are the Sunday School Institute days at Charlevoix.

Friday evening—League Rally Night.

Presbyterian Church Notes  
Robert S. Sidebotham, Pastor.

Sunday, Nov. 14, 1915.  
10:30 a. m.—"What Christianity has done for the World."  
11:45 a. m.—Sabbath School.  
6:15 p. m.—Christian Endeavor.  
7:00 p. m.—"Is Christianity a failure today?"

The evening service is prepared to be of interest in view of the European War.

Last Sunday afternoon 68 people of the congregation visited about 180 homes. We thank those who remained at home to receive the visitors.

Thursday 7:30 p. m.—Prayer-meeting.

ECHO BRIEFS

Quite a number of the farmers of this vicinity are progressing very nicely with their fall-plowing.

The many friends of Mrs. James Myers will be pleased to learn that she has returned from the Harper hospital and is slowly improving.

Mr. and Mrs. Scott Bartholomew and son Carol visited at Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Murray's last Sunday.

The Needlecraft Society will meet with Mrs. Wm. Bennett next Thursday.

Mrs. James Thompson and Mrs. Lucretia Bartholomew visited Mrs. Mary Bartholomew last Wednesday.

Mr. and Mrs. Wright of Canada and Mr. and Mrs. James Murray were guests of Mr. and Mrs. John Carney last week.

The Rev. Wm. Hawkins will conduct services on Sunday, Nov. 21st at the Bennett appointment, every one is cordially invited to attend.

Mrs. John Henning visited her daughter, Mrs. Elmer Murray on Wednesday.

Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Colter were guests at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Martin Ruhling on Sunday last.

## Ricardi Fadettes Next Attraction

Famous Ladies Orchestra  
Appears Tuesday Evening.

The Ricardi Fadettes Ladies Orchestra will appear at the Temple Theatre next Tuesday evening, Nov. 16, in the first concert on the Citizen's Entertainment Course. This number promises to be one of the best musical numbers ever given on a lyceum course in this city. The orchestra is composed of eight ladies all accomplished in concert work and is directed by Mrs. Ricardi Lewis, who has been a leader in lyceum concert work for several years.

There are several individual stars in the company, the violinist, Miss Janet McIlroy, being especially commended for her technique and expression. The Nordhauser Tageblatt, Germany, gave her a very flattering press notice after her appearance in concert there and her American press notices are equally as flattering.

No one who likes good music should fail to hear this company. The program will not comprise classical music alone and should please all tastes. Course tickets may be secured at 75 cents for the remaining four numbers.

When Rubbers Become Necessary  
and your shoes pinch, use Allen's Foot Ease, the Antiseptic powder to be shaken into the shoes. For Dancing parties and Breaking in New Shoes it is just the thing. It gives rest and comfort to tired, swollen, aching feet. Sold everywhere, 25c.

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.

Come to our  
**Opening Sale**  
where you will find bargains  
abounding in every department

Our New Store—a few doors south of our former location—affords us ample room and light to properly display our mammoth stock. Come in and visit us—we will make your coming worth while.

**L. WEISMAN**

### BOLTS WANTED.

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

Laughter is the sunny side of a man's existence.

Wise men make mistakes, but fools repeat them.

As a matter of fact, the divorce suit of one of her friends usually interests a woman more than her own married life does.

The most difficult thing for some people to remember is the poor!

Happy is he who lets himself owe no man and lets no man owe him.

If some men were to lose their self-conceit there'd be nothing left.

At the sound of a dinner bell great minds run in the same channel.

Citrolax  
CITRO-LAX

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 CITROEAX.—Hite's Drug Store.

## Late Fall Offerings:

Ladies—Our Dress Goods  
Department is Complete

In Serges we have them from 50c to \$1.50  
Poplins at \$1.00.

Guaranteed Silks, Taffetas and Messalines  
from 85c to \$1.50.

Fashion has decreed that we dress up,  
and we offer for your inspection elegant  
marquiesettes, chiffons and georgette crepes  
for evening wear that will appeal to you.

Corduroys and Velvets 85c to \$1.00.  
Come in and see these pretty goods.

FOR THE LITTLE TOTS, Sweaters and Mittens 50c to \$1.50  
Our line of Ladies' SWEATERS is better than ever—\$4.00 to \$7.00.

### Rare Bargains in Ladies' Coats

Two White Chinchilli Coats  
values \$18.00 and \$25.00 **Now \$5.00**

Five White Coats with black velvet  
trimmings values \$12.50 to \$15.00 **Now \$9.50**

They will not last long at these prices so come in early.

10c Outings now 8c

Our new stock of Madame Grace  
Corsets with the nipped in waist effects, give you  
the desired lines.

1-3 off on all Millinery

**M. E. ASHLEY & CO.**

The Store That Sells Wooltex  
Coats Hats Skirts

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# "TIZ" GLADDENS SORE, TIRED FEET

"TIZ" makes sore, burning, tired feet fairly dance with delight. Away go the aches and pains, the corns, callouses, blisters and bunions.



"TIZ" draws out the acids and poisons that puff up your feet. No matter how hard you work, how long you dance, how far you walk, or how long you remain on your feet, "TIZ" brings restful foot comfort. "TIZ" is wonderful for tired, aching, swollen, smarting feet. Your feet just tingle for joy; shoes never hurt or seem tight.

Get a 25 cent box of "TIZ" now from any druggist or department store. End foot torture forever—wear smaller shoes, keep your feet fresh, sweet and happy.

# SOLDIERS LIKE THEIR TRENCHES

WILL FIGHT MORE STUBBORNLY TO HOLD ONES THEY HAVE MADE OR IMPROVED

## HAVE A SENSE OF OWNERSHIP

Officers Now Allow Men to Stay as Long as Possible in Own Quarters

London.—How British troops become attached to the trenches which they have constructed or improved during occupancy to make them home-like to such a degree that a company permanently assigned to a certain trench will fight much more stubbornly to retain it against an assault than will temporary inhabitants has been recognized by the higher officers. Consequently it is now the policy, so far as is possible to allow each division to remain in its own quarters indefinitely.

A correspondent attached to the British headquarters writes of this interesting feature.

"One thinks of a west country battalion—experts with the pick and spade, which is famed, and justly famed, for the character of its trenches. It recks little of other things, lives with graves of trench mud to its bare knees—and above them; measures existence in terms of pits and revetments, and develops a sense of ownership in its labyrinth as acute as that of any squatter upon the land.

The value of this latter peculiarity has of late been realized by those in authority. It was observed that where a part of the line was held in rapid succession by various brigades there was an observable lack of certain qualities which distinguished trenches which had been held by the same troops for some time. It was an illustration, in fact, of the different treatment accorded to his tenement by the owner and the tenant.

"It had not occurred to anyone that men could become attached to a certain set of trenches—narrow, slimy, smelly trenches—just as they become attached to a cottage wreathed with roses or the castle of their clan. Yet so it was. No one likes trenches, no one could like trenches; yet when you have to live in trenches you may like the trenches which owe to you their being better than other trenches, in which you have no lot or part. Soldiers have to obey orders, and if a trench has to be faced with netting or given a brick floor the work is done. But the work is quite differently done if the doers, and not some unknown reliefs, are to profit by it.

"Witness the modern garden city, well known out here, on which a certain division spent so much thought and labor and tenderness and blood during the months they held it, handing it over with a proud inscription attached; which declared that of all that had been given to them to guard they had lost nothing, and made, it might have added, a happy and habitable village out of a morass.

"And this place, though the most notable example, did not stand alone in proof of the advantages attached to security of tenure. Nor was it at all together a question of making neat brick floors, or well netted trenches, or adequate soak holes. The British soldier is notoriously careless and absent minded, and he is certainly not the less careless when making provision for others instead of himself. It was found that if he could count on a certain length of tenancy he would pay proper attention to head cover, make decently adequate funk holes and dug outs, and do his pumping with conscious rectitude."

Salt Lake City, Utah, stands third in the United States in amount per capita expended on its public schools.

The tasks of the African elephant sometimes weigh as much as 100 pounds each, and reach a length of eight or nine feet.

Rabbit fur is said to be supplanting wool in felt hat making in Australia, where thirty-two factories are in operation. The fur is considered much superior to the finest Merino for this purpose, and millions of rabbit skins are used annually.

The butterfly, like the bat, invariably goes to sleep head downward, its eyes looking straight down the stem of grass on which it rests. It folds its wings to the utmost and thus protects its body from the cold.

The more a man thinks the more he will be thought of.

Pity the man who is riding a hobby and is thrown on his own resources.

Some men no doubt sow wild oats with the idea of making the waste places glad.

When a woman is sorry she married a man she is sure to regret that she had such a hard time getting him.

Many a man has considered himself a shining light just because he was burning the candle at both ends.

The reason why some people can't find a thing when they want it is because they didn't think they would want it again.—From Judge.

Sometimes a man wakes up and discovers that he has a boss wife—and they live happily ever after.

# SAGE TEA DARKENS HAIR TO ANY SHADE

Don't stay gray! Here's a simple recipe that anybody can apply with a hair brush.

The use of Sage and Sulphur for restoring faded, gray hair to its natural color dates back to grandmother's time. She used it to keep her hair beautifully dark, glossy and abundant. Whenever her hair fell out or took on that dull, faded or streaked appearance, this simple mixture was applied with wonderful effect.

But brewing at home is messy and out-of-date. Nowadays, by asking at any drug store for a 50 cent bottle of "Weyth's Sage and Sulphur Compound," you will get this famous old recipe which can be depended upon to restore natural color and beauty to the hair and is splendid for dandruff, dry, feverish, itchy scalp and falling hair.

A well-known downtown druggist says, "It darkens the hair so naturally and evenly that nobody can tell it has been applied." You simply dampen a sponge or soft brush with it and draw this through your hair, taking one strand at a time. By morning the gray hair disappears, and after another application (two), it becomes beautifully dark, glossy, soft and abundant.

# SOLDIER GHOST

Crowds Gather to View Luminous Spectre That Salutes With Transparent Arm

New Orleans, La.—Under the trees in Carrollton Avenue, between Maple and Burthe streets, a ghostly, shimmering half tangible shape stood one night this week. The shadows around lent a weird, eerie atmosphere to the place. At times the shape moved slightly from its position, and then moved back into the shadows again where it was only half discernable.

A half luminous, half transparent apparition dressed as a soldier, booted and hatted with a spectre rifle slung across its shoulders, it seemed a half real, yet half unnatural something that no mortal dare encounter. A man came down the street jauntily whistling. He was between Maple and Burthe streets. Suddenly from its place beside a tree the ghost glided menacingly onto the banquette. It halted—stood silent. No sound did it utter; there was no rustle of cloth as one long arm went up in seeming salute to the barrel of the spectre rifle. It was just something that stood there The man saw. He could not be mistaken. And before the spectre's arm had finished the half circle of its slow salute, the man was there no longer. The tap-tap of his fleeing feet quickly died away in the distance.

Then the news spread: A ghost was haunting Carrollton avenue. Thomas Cleary in front of whose house the spectre had taken up its stand, was notified by phone. Cleary came to his front porch and looked streetward. For a while he stared in to the darkness. Then slowly, very slowly, seemingly growing out of the dark that lent a background to the sombre thing, the shape reappeared. It looked as it had been described—the likeness of a soldier on guard, yet only half discernible and illusive, even as a shadow might seem if viewed with a dim light behind it.

In the unaccountable way that news travels, others heard of the apparition. Crowds of people who didn't generally pass that way at that time of night thronged the street cars going past. Crowds viewed the apparition in the shadow. The jitneys did a big ghost seeing business. Nevertheless hundreds can give voice to the apparitions authenticity.

Further investigation will be made and the findings submitted to the professor of physics at Tulane University. According to the tale told by one street car motorman, he saw the dim shape standing there at dusk, but thought possibly it was only a figment of his imagination as his car sped swiftly past.

It was not until nightfall that anything that might be construed as tangible was observed, and from then on it was viewed by hundreds.

# FLIGHT OF TIME RETARDED

Pigeons Enjoy Rides on Hands of Big Tower Clock

Seattle, Wash.—Joyriding by pigeons on the minute hands of the four big clocks in the tower of the Kings street station has occasioned considerable annoyance to the station masters of the Great Northern and the Northern Pacific for several weeks and they say it must stop.

Almost every night between 7 and 9 o'clock, the pigeons alight on the minute hands of the clock while they are on their upward journey from the half hour point to the hour, thereby retarding the movement of the machinery. After the minute hands pass the hour point the birds desert their perch and wait until the half hour station is reached again and then go aboard.

# FEELS WELL RECOMPENSED

Man Falls Into Creek and Comes Up With Six Pound Turtle

Connersville, Ind.—David Disselweil fell from his log wagon when one wheel fell into hole in a bridge over Garrison Creek and he plunged eight feet downward into shallow water. He came up smiling, unharmed, and with a six-pound soft shelled turtle clutched in his hands.

He felt the turtle writhe as his hands encountered it, deep in the sand, he said, and immediately reasoned that fate had recompensed him for the momentary embarrassment of his fall.

# "NO WOMEN IN HEAVEN"

Cleveland, O.—"Feminine personality does not exist in heaven," is the belief of Mrs. D. D. Butcher, teacher of individual science, which aims at the perfection of true mating. Mrs. Butcher says:

"When one goes to heaven after death but becomes a part of man.

"The theory involved in individual science is that the sun as male, is the true mate of the earth, as female. The earth is the producer. Without the sun there would be no progeny. "On earth men and women must become perfect before perfection of spiritual body can be obtained.

Woman was created in Adam and in the reflection of him. Man and woman unite in forming the spiritual body. They retain their identity, but remain as one."

Mrs. Butcher doesn't believe woman subordinates to men. She says, each has a separate duty to perform. She selects as her pupils girls and young women.

A muffler which can be fastened inside an overcoat collar and put on or off with the latter garment has been patented by a Minnesota man.

# Short Sermons FOR A Sunday Half-Hour

## THE MAGIC HORN.

BY REV. GUY ARTHUR JAMIESON.

They shall dwell in their own land.—Jeremiah, xxiii, 8.

The text suggests the truth that, sooner or later, every man will "get what he deserves," "come into his own," "dwell in his own land." That in a spiritual sense at least no man can get away from himself; that certain attitudes of mind and heart will inevitably produce certain results in spite of mere physical conditions and adventitious circumstances.

Wealth is not necessary to the feeling of generosity nor intellectual attainment to honesty nor power or influence to the spirit of charity and love. Men can be great in character in the most humble spheres. That is what we mean when we say every man shall dwell in his own land, come into his own—that he will be his real satisfaction and reward.

Material circumstances play less part in the development of character than perhaps we think. We hear people say, "If I were rich it would be so easy to be good, generous and just." But riches do not necessarily develop these virtues. If we have not already the motive and impulse in our poverty, riches would not develop them. More often the tendency is in the other direction—"The poor have more temptations than the rich," we sometimes hear. Not more, but different. Good men will be good, rich or poor; and the evil ones will be evil—"they shall dwell in their own land." They shall live with their own soul, and what it is will be the measure of their real worth, usefulness, happiness.

Hans Andersen has a story of a magic horn which when blown drove every one to his right place. The rich who did not deserve his riches was degraded, and the poor who was worthy was promoted. It is a suggestive story, and perhaps would appeal to the poor as right, but it is not good in principle. It considers only material values when in fact spiritual are more vital. If the magic horn when blown made the rich man worthy of his riches and the poor man worthy of his poverty that is, give to each a character that would enable him to be useful and happy in his own state—it would be more striking. But we do not need a magic horn. Men inevitably come into their own.

The optimist believes in himself, in his fellow, in his God. He meets life with a smile, and life smiles back at him. He makes friends; circumstances seem to favor him; he attains what he believes he can attain, because the attitude of his mind sets in action certain forces within himself that influence outward circumstances favorable to the attainment of his desires. On the other hand the pessimist questions himself, his fellow, his God. He meets life with a groan and a grievance, and life gives back to him no more than he expects of it—doubts, disappointments, failures.

Thus man, after all, makes the land in which he must dwell. There is no escaping ourselves. We make our soul's habitat, and in the end, whatever it be, we come to dwell in our own land.

# Fishers of Men.

"I will make you fishers of men." What a promise, and how aptly descriptive of all forms of Christian work is that word, "fishers!" Some may use nets and get a draught. Most of us are anglers merely. We get men by "ones."

The work of one man for one man is the business of the church. God called Philip from his evangelism in the populous cities of Samaria to a desert place, that he might there talk with one man. Jesus might have gone with His disciples to the city to buy meat, and have gathered about Him an audience in the synagogue, but He preferred to spend the noon hour with one woman at Jacob's well. The emphasis of the Master's life was laid on the few rather than the many, and when the church changes the emphasis, it has deflected somewhat from His conception of service.—Home Herald.

# To-morrow.

A little seed lay in the ground. The spring winds breathed upon the spot, and the welcome sun smiled upon it, and the earliest rains fell and kissed it, and all of them whispered to it, "Burst into life!" But to their invitation the sluggish seed responded, "Not yet—to-morrow, to-morrow." So the days passed, and August came with its dry sky and parching sun, and the little seed awaking, cried, "Now I will burst into life." But there was no longer a spring sun to smile upon it, or a spring wind to breathe upon it, or spring rains to kiss it, and it died in the coffin which should have been its cradle, murmuring, "Too late! Too late!"

# DRINK HOT TEA FOR A BAD COLD

Get a small package of Hamburg Broom Tea, or as the German folks call it, "Hamburger Brust Tee," at any pharmacy. Take a tablespoonful of the tea, put a cup of boiling water upon it, pour through a sieve and drink a teacup full at any time during the day or before retiring. It is the most effective way to break a cold and cure grip, as it opens the pores of the skin, relieving congestion. Also loosens the bowels, thus driving a cold from the system.

# RUB BACKACHE AND LUMBAGO RIGHT OUT

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

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

Don't stay crippled! This soothing, penetrating oil needs to be used only once. It takes the ache and pain right out of your back and ends the misery. It is magical, yet absolutely harmless and doesn't burn the skin. Nothing else stops lumbago, sciatica and lame back misery so promptly!

# SLOW DOWN

The world has lost its silence. That's the trouble with it. By silence, we mean, of course, a sense of leisure. That surely is gone. The lamps are no longer lit on quiet. Every minute is packed with noise or action. The phonograph, the "movie," the automobile mean always something to hear, something to see, somewhere to go. That is the constituency the modern artist addresses. It has developed in him a new technique, a spur of the moment style. Were a Dickens here today who would listen to him? Certainly people of professed culture would not. They no longer read Dickens. Thackeray grows tiresome with the years. Trollope, whose fiction surely was engaging, is a dead letter. If a publisher announced an edition of Hawthorne today his competitors would grin. We who have more time than ever, really have less time than ever. The song in that forgotten opera of a few years ago, "I Want What I Want When I Want It," hit us off to a T. We are votaries of the NOW.

The present instant is our shrine. Speed Up is the watchword. Culture, unfortunately has become a cheapened word, but far more unfortunate is it that the fact of culture itself is threatened. For culture in its real sense, we take it, means thoroughness. "God is never in a hurry," said one of the Pilgrim fathers. It is the world's foolish, barbarous haste that is making it ungodly. Slow down.

The weighing machine used in the laboratory of the Bureau of Standards in Washington is said to be the most accurate in the world. It will weigh the wing of a fly.

# FACTS YOU MAY NOT KNOW.

Buncombe County, North Carolina, famous for adding a word to our language because of the oratorical propensities of a former Congressman, is spending more than half a million for roads.

A fence 7,000 miles long, the longest in the world, has been ordered by the Canadian Pacific railroad. It will run on both sides of the railroad from Halifax to Vancouver.

American railroads employ 1,315,289 persons, who have an average yearly wage of more than \$1,000.

Thruout the world one-fourth of all children die, before six years of age, one-half before they are sixteen and one person in 100 lives to see 65.

Shaving was introduced among the Romans about 300 B. C. The first shave was deemed the entrance to manhood and celebrated with great festivities.

Military training is compulsory on all male citizens between the ages of 12 and 45 in New Zealand.

Australia has a total population of less than 5,000,000 persons.

An average man breathes about twenty-one cubic feet of air into his lungs every hour.

Bananas are immune from insect attacks and most fruit diseases.

TRUTH SPOKEN IN JEST. Navigation was safer in Noah's day than it is now. Whales were then the only submarines.

Girls worship novel heroes, but in real life they prefer men who can provide them with three square meals a day.

It is fun to watch the actions of a widow and a widower who are anxious to remarry, when they get together and try to fool each other.

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# WHEN YOU WAKE UP DRINK GLASS OF HOT WATER

Wash the poisons and toxins from system before putting more food into stomach.

Says inside-bathing makes any one look and feel clean, sweet and refreshed.

Wash yourself on the inside before breakfast like you do on the outside. This is vastly more important because the skin pores do not absorb impurities into the blood, causing illness, while the bowel pores do.

For every ounce of food and drink taken into the stomach, nearly an ounce of waste material must be carried out of the body. If this waste material is not eliminated day by day it quickly ferments and generates poisons, gases and toxins which are absorbed or sucked into the blood stream, through the lymph ducts which should suck only nourishment to sustain the body.

A splendid health measure is to drink, before breakfast each day, a glass of real hot water with a teaspoonful of limestone phosphate in it, which is a harmless way to wash these poisons, gases and toxins from the stomach, liver, kidneys, and bowels; thus cleansing, sweetening and freshening the entire alimentary canal before putting more food into the stomach.

A quarter pound of limestone phosphate costs but very little at the drug store but is sufficient to make anyone an enthusiast on inside-bathing. Men and women who are accustomed to wake up with a dull, aching head or have furred tongue, bad taste, nasty breath, sallow complexion, others who have bilious attacks, acid stomach or constipation, are assured of pronounced improvement in both health and appearance shortly.

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PARKER'S HAIR BALM  
A toilet preparation of merit  
Helps to restore color and  
Beauty to Gray or Faded Hair.  
60c and \$1.00 at Druggists.

We Show Men & Women  
How to make \$20 to \$100 weekly, year around.  
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No working master. Write to-day. Universal Business  
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# FRIENDSHIP ONLY 12c BRACELET LINK ONLY 12c

STERLING SILVER ROLLED GOLD  
Start a Friendship Bracelet Link. Guaranteed. Latest New  
Gift for Christmas. We start you by giving you the  
absolutely FREE engraved with 6 names. Your first one  
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present could be expressed. Send today for one or  
more. \$1.00 (10c each). \$2.00 (20c each). \$3.00 (30c each).  
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\$217.00 (21.70 each). \$218.00 (21.80 each). \$219.00 (21.90 each).  
\$220.00 (22.00 each). \$221.00 (22.10 each). \$222.00 (22



# Forty-one

By EVELYN GILL KEAHR.

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Mr. Johnson Bennett nodded to himself most heartily approval of the young man who had just left his office.

He had seen to it personally that young Chapwell be promoted from kitchen utensils in the basement of the Johnson Bennett department store to be floorwalker of ladies' suits on the third.

He knew, too, that young Chapwell wouldn't linger long—linger long anywhere, for that matter—on his persistent upward climb. If he wouldn't be long before he was buying, nor would he stop there, either.

Young Chapwell, too, was confident of all this, and more, as he walked home that evening to his boarding-house.

But that did not in the least interfere with the fact that his present promotion was very good news—news that couldn't be carried in a heart without making it swell somewhat.

But what is the use of good news unless there is some one to whom to tell it?

That's what young Chapwell thought. So he started out early next morning, that he might stop and tell Kittles about it.

Kittles, of course, was already in his little antique shop.

He was giving the place its morning sweep when young Chapwell arrived, brushing up a little of the flour dust from under carved tables and from between mahogany chairs.

"You don't tell me!" Kittles exclaimed, smiling his wrinkly, neighborly smile at young Chapwell's news, for Kittles had brought to New York exactly the same neighborly heart that years ago, back home, had been concerned about old lady Cooper's sick cow or Nathan Picken's new barn.

"You don't tell me! Why it don't seem more than a jiffy ago since you was an independent, uppish little chap, just startin' in bein' a cash-boy! You're like Ira Briggs, back home. He started out sweepin' up in Al Hastings' feed-and-grain-store. That was fifteen years ago. Now he's got a third interest in the store. Where're you goin' to stop?"

He beamed affectionately on the youth and then added: "Bet you'll go and get married now."

Young Chapwell regarded Kittles with candid, boyish eyes. "No, I'm not going to get married," he gravely assured Kittles. "Yes, you will," old Kittles insisted. "And I tell you what: you come to me when you set up housekeepin'.

There's a lot of good things I've kep' out of sight, savin' 'em for my neighbors. Neighbors come first."

Young Chapwell moved toward the door. "But I'm not," he protested. Kittles laughed scoffingly. "Don't you tell me," he said.

Young Chapwell looked very grave as he walked down the street.

As a matter of fact, he always intended to marry when he reached that particular salary, and here was the salary and yet no girl.

But it was no use. And, fortunately, that first morning in the new department he had no time to brood over it, for a special reduction sale of fall suits was advertised.

Young Chapwell was too busy getting the stock arranged and the sale started to give even a word of instruction to Number Forty-One, Miss Everman, the saleslady starting new that morning.

Miss Murdock, the head saleslady, had, however, reassured him on that score, and had promised to have an eye to the new one herself.

The morning was half over before he really saw Forty-One, and then he caught sight of her standing with Murdock over by the glass-case where the high-priced suits were kept.

And oh, what a girl! Sweeter and younger and dearer than ever he had dared to hope! The dressiest and most coiffured ladies on the floor became nonentities beside her in her plain little dark blue serge with its white collar.

But the morning wasn't offering him leisure to marvel at his miracle. Indeed, that very moment there entered a stout, peremptory matron with three snobbish-looking misses in her charge. "Forty-one!" he called.

She looked at him but made no move. Apparently she had forgotten her number. Poor little thing! She didn't belong in a place like this, anyhow.

He motioned for her. Her eyes opened a little wider, but still she did not come. He motioned again, and this time she came, a deep flush mounting to her cheeks and a queer, little one-sided smile on her lips.

"Did you want me?" she asked. "This lady will show you what you want, madam. The special sample suits? Right over there."

A few minutes later he made a point of passing that way again to see how she was making out, and was tenderly amused to hear how bravely she was recommending the garments in Miss Murdock's own special manner.

"That fits you lovely. Perfectly lovely, lady. Believe me, madam, I'd never want you to take it if it didn't." Presently Miss Murdock, a blue velvet costume thrown over her arm, came back to the glass-case of the expensive suits, gave a bewildered glance round, caught sight of Forty-One with her customers, gasped, and said—young Chapwell heard her distinctly—"Oh, my glory!"

It irritated him exceedingly to see how she stood and stared at Forty-One. The girl was doing splendidly, young Chapwell told himself. And suppose she didn't make a sale?

What of it? Murdock needn't think she could get naggy about it. She'd better be careful.

When the peremptory matron and the three snobbish misses left without buying he managed to be near to give her a friendly smile. She was standing and looking a little dejectedly at the array of suits scattered over chairs.

"That's all right," he assured her kindly. "Hang 'em up and get ready for the next one. Better luck next time."

A few seconds later, from another part of the floor, he glared at the rear view of Miss Murdock as he saw her join Forty-One and talk long and excitedly with her.

"She'd better let her alone," he muttered to himself.

Then he saw Miss Murdock begin to explain to her about charge accounts and credit slips, and felt easier.

But when shortly after that head saleslady motioned to him that the stout matron who had gone out without purchasing had been one of her best customers, and other seasons had often bought as many as four suits in one afternoon, why then he couldn't even trust himself to reply.

It was surprising how many opportunities the day offered for talking with her.

First of all, he discovered on a chair over by the glass-case of the expensive suits a soft little velvet hat and a blue serge coat in a heap, and he knew in a thrilled instant where they belonged.

"Forty-One," he called sternly. And when she came he pointed a reproachful finger at the heap, but in spite of himself he couldn't keep his eyes stern; they kept laughing in tender amusement at her.

Forty-One flushed adorably and picked up the coat and hat.

"Never, in all my experience in this store—" he began, genuinely trying to be stern.

"I don't know where to put them," she interrupted.

"You certainly must have been told," he chided her. "Take them to Miss Murdock and she will show you."

And as he walked on his eyes still refused to fill in line with his dignity. Again she came to him to say that the \$18.75 suits were going pretty fast and Miss Murdock wanted to know where there any more in stock.

"No," he told her, a little dizzy over the joy of talking to her again. "I telephoned not five minutes ago."

"But people will keep asking for them," she protested. "Couldn't we—couldn't we reduce some of the fifteen-dollar suits to eighteen seventy-five?"

Not until she laughed did it strike him funny. "You've got a lot to learn," he said.

Then they both looked each other full in the face and laughed and laughed—silently, of course, but with convulsive shoulders, until young Chapwell felt that never before in his life had he been so deliciously and intimately well-acquainted with any one.

But in thinking it over afterward he didn't feel very sure why they had laughed, because it really wasn't very funny, after all; just \$15 suits reduced to \$18.75.

She had always something to tell him whenever he came near.

She had almost lost her life in trying to keep a red-haired lady from buying a mulberry suit; and didn't he think she ought to discourage the middle-aged, stout ones from buying the very tight skits?

And when they looked rather foolish, ought she to let them buy the draped skirts that were sure to go out before another season?

And weren't they having a good day of it? He could scarcely trust himself to answer that.

Their relations had traveled so amazingly for this day, with only glances and smiles and a bare handful of words for milestones, that he was awed with the wonder of it and, consequently, more and more concerned over her white tress.

"She's not used to it," he thought. "Poor little kid! And just as soon as I decently can—"

He found that he wasn't the only one that kept watching her.

During the day he saw the saleswomen in little groups staring at her, and was annoyed with the curiosity or jealousy, or whatever it was, that prompted it.

He found himself under observation, too; and more than often met stares that were curious and amused.

For himself, he didn't mind—he had encountered a little of that every time he had gone to a new department—but he was indignant for Forty-One's sake.

The worst thing of all happened right after lunch. He had felt, rather than seen, a new epidemic of excitement suddenly spread over the department, and his eye, searching the cause, had found Mr. Bennett himself, standing there on the floor, staring, staring at Forty-One.

Whether the girl was aware of it or not couldn't be told, for she went right on showing twelve dollar suits to an undecided, shabby, middle-aged customer.

Young Chapwell walked away with an angry scowl.

Bennett himself! Bennett, Bennett, who owned the whole place! He didn't pretend to understand, but he didn't like it.

He wished he could take her away that very evening—but he supposed people had to know each other a few days before that sort of thing.

He begrudged even those few days. Then when closing time came she sought him out to say "Good-by"; and that, he knew, must be quaintly and dearly like her.

"Good-by," he said; and hoped she knew how much more than "Good-by" he was really saying.

She took a deep breath and smiled up to him. "Good-by! Haven't we had a glorious day?"

Then she was gone, but he knew that she did know.

And all the way home he was weaving vivid, wonderful dreams that became more real every minute.

So he stopped in at Kittles's dusty, cluttered store, this time not because Kittles was a good neighbor-soul, but now because the dusty contents of the store held for him a new and mysterious—they were the things that helped make a home.

Kittles shook a coquettish finger as he noted Chapwell's new interest.

"Aha! You ARE goin' to get married, ain't you?"

"Yes, I am," young Chapwell replied with his usual frankness.

"Well, well, well," Kittles mused. Then with a sudden air of mystery he went to the back of the store and presently appeared with a pink-handled, gold-gilded tea-set which he impressively displayed on the counter.

"Jinks! That's some class!" Chapwell breathed with admiration.

"I've been savin' that for a bridal couple," Kittles confided, "and I'll make you a weddin' present of that for ten dollars."

If young Chapwell didn't reply at once it was because he was caught with a vision of her ecstasy over them. Dear little kid! Guess she'd open her eyes some at a tea-set like that!

Kittles misinterpreted his silence.

"No, sir! I am going to make it eight," he corrected himself. "That's how big a fool I am over bridal couples."

Besides the tea-set, young Chapwell bought her a work-box and a tea-kettle and a gilt frame mirror.

It was not until he was about to leave that he saw the little mahogany rocker, which Kittles assured him was the best veneered rocker in the place.

It wasn't the veneering or the finish that caught young Chapwell's fancy, but rather a picture in his mind of that chair, by a window, and an eager girl waiting, watching for HIM!

With the exception of sixty-five cents in small change, young Chapwell had already emptied his pockets, but Kittles promised on his honor and under no circumstances whatsoever to sell it to any one else.

"Give my best to your missus," Kittles called facetiously as young Chapwell left.

"Thank you," young Chapwell responded gravely.

He could scarcely wait to get back to the store next morning to see her.

Arrived there, he eagerly sought the face of each entering saleslady. She was late. Very late. Even by eight-thirty she had not come.

He went to Miss Murdock. "Where is Miss Everman?" he demanded.

Miss Murdock grinned in evident enjoyment and pointed to the tall blonde with the unpleasant, bold eye.

"I mean Forty-one," he corrected. "That's her."

"But where is—" He stopped, stammering.

"That young lady you was calling Forty-One—with what glee she rubbed it in!—yesterday happened to be Miss Minerva Bennett, and she was selecting a hundred-dollar velvet costume from her father's store, though she most generally has all her gowns made in Paris, as was that very dress she had on yesterday. And her father gave her a third interest in the store on her eighteenth birthday, and besides when her mother died she got a fortune which she couldn't spend if she was to take all her time to it."

He remembered how he had pictured her ecstasy over the tea-set—she, who could have bought out Kittles with a little of her loose change!

"She'll think she's dreaming fairy stories!" he quoted himself bitterly. None of these excuses did he make even in his own heart.

With a dull apathy he remembered the gilt mirror and the work-box and the tea-kettle.

He remembered, too, the veneered mahogany rocker at Kittles's—the one that was to have stood by the window.

That night after supper he walked wearily around to Kittles's to tell him not to save the rocker.

So immersed was he in his heart-achy gloom that he didn't hear his landlady from her doorway call, "Hi, Mr. Chapwell!"

Nor, of course, her subsequent assurance to the slim young girl in dark blue who stood on her door-step, "Hurry on, miss! You'll catch him easy."

But it was not easy to catch him, though the girl in dark blue hurried and hurried and hurried.

Now and then, when the passers-by were not noticing too much, she took little running steps, but even then she did not overtake him until he had actually turned in Kittles's door.

"I thought I'd never catch up," she gasped, her boyish eyes smiling into his.

Speechless, he stared back at her. She went on.

"I wanted to apologize for yesterday—that trick I played—but I couldn't do it in the store in front of every one. Could I? So I got your address from the manager, but when I got there you'd just left, and you wouldn't turn once to look back, or slow down, or anything. I thought I'd never catch up!"

Then Kittles, displaying chairs to a woman customer in the rear of the store, turned and saw them.

"Best if there he ain't now!" he exclaimed in delighted surprise.

He left his customer and came forward, nodded with businesslike politeness to the girl, and then spoke confidentially to young Chapwell.

"Now, look here," he said, "you know that chair you're going to buy for your young lady? Well, I got a customer back here that wants it bad. Wouldn't care to give it up, would you?"

"She can have it."

Kittles's face dropped with disappointment.

"But I told her she couldn't!"

"She can have it," young Chapwell repeated. "I've decided not to get it."

"But I want you to have it," Kittles persisted. "Even if you ain't got the money now, it's all right."

"No—" young Chapwell began to object, but Kittles wouldn't let him do it. He returned back to his woman customer.

"I'm goin' to hold it for you," he warned young Chapwell.

The young girl drew a bit nearer to the dusty onyx table and to young Chapwell, a little of the gay daring and the brightness gone now from her eyes.

"I wish you'd let me buy it for her," she begged.

"Don't!" he stopped her sharply. The girl's mouth drooped with her hurt.

"I know," she said, "that you're awfully put out about yesterday, and I'd like the chair to be a peace offering and a—sort of thank you for the awfully nice time I had yesterday."

She looked at him anxiously. "You ARE cross, aren't you?" she said.

He shook his head. No, he wasn't cross.

He would have answered if he could.

"Of course, I shouldn't have done that yesterday," she admitted. "But it WAS me, selling things, and I've always wanted to—I think it's in my blood. You see, she explained simply, her boyish frank eyes upon his until they gave back to him for the moment the strange illusion that she was again Forty-One, some one of whom he might take care and make happy with pink and gold tea-sets and mahogany rockers—"

"You see," she was continuing "when my father met my mother, she was clerk in a dry-goods store and he was in a grocery. I was born above a little five and ten, the first store my father owned. And we'd never in this world be where we are now if mother's brother hadn't died in Alaska and left us some gold—that and father's nerve and luck."

"And waitin' on trade" is in my blood just as some folks have rheumatism and others natural piety. And Paris and check-books can't take it out, either. I'm more Forty-One than you'd think. And there are heaps of things I've always wanted to do—"

she drew little circles on the dusty onyx as if to indicate the heaps—"and I couldn't do them. I don't know just why, except that I couldn't."

"No one expected me to, because I'm an heiress-person. And then yesterday when you called me it suddenly seemed as if there was one thing I wanted to do that I could do. You made it possible for me to do it. And we did have a good time, didn't we?"

He didn't answer.

"Didn't we?" she persisted.

"Yes," he managed to get out.

"So that's why I want to give you the chair, for—" she faltered a little—for HER. She'll like it. It's a nice, homy little chair."

"Please don't," he blurted out in agony.

She regarded him gravely.

"You aren't angry NOW?"

"No, he wasn't angry."

"You are going to get married, aren't you?"

"Don't make things worse!" he begged.

Her eyes opened wider, puzzled.

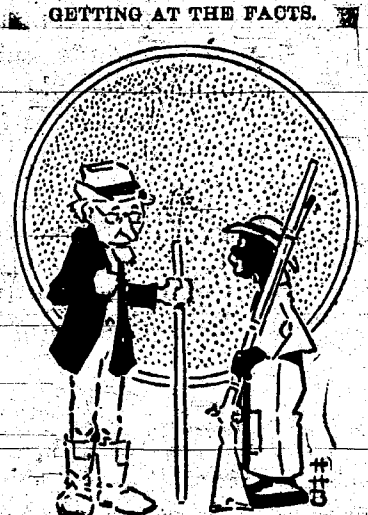
"How worse? What do you mean?"

He shook his head wretchedly.

"You must explain. Can't you see that you must?" she demanded with grave dignity.



I suppose I'm cruel and hard hearted, but the clinging disposition of that dog doesn't appeal to my affections at all.



Game Warden—I'm afraid I'll have to arrest you for shooting game animals out of season.

Sambo—Mister Constable, I only shot one game animal and dat was a owl, an' I knocked him down wif a club.



"I say, Quacks, I've got a claim against that feed!"



Wife—I am glad we live in a short street.

Hubby—Why are you glad?

Wife—Because I'd hate to have the alleged lump of ice the ice man leaves us melt before he could get around the corner.



President of Mother's Club—"Goodness gracious! Whose untidy, uncared for children are those?"

Nurse—"Sure an' they're your own, mum."

# Household Hints

WHEN TO USE VARNISH.

This Work Should Never Be Done in Cold Air.

Varnishing should never be done in a cold, damp atmosphere. The surface to be varnished should be of the same temperature as the room, and the room should be closed when the work is completed, and not entered until the varnish is set. A damp atmosphere gives varnished surfaces a milky appearance; cold draughts of air while drying dims the lustre.

When housecleaning is finished, on a bright sunny day paint the kitchen floor. Dissolve three ounces of glue in three quarts of hot soft water. Take from the fire and stir in thoroughly a pound of yellow ochre and two pounds of dry white lead. Have the floor very clean and free from grease. Apply with a new whitewash brush. When dry, which will be in a short time, with a paint brush apply a coat of boiled linseed oil.

After a carpet has been lifted sprinkle the floor freely with fresh, moist earth then sweep. The earth will take up all the dust and the floor need not be mopped until the room has been cleaned. Do not hang a partly-worn carpet on a line to be whipped. There must be something solid underneath or the fibre will be likely to break. Place it on the grass and beat, changing the position often. Clean rugs in the same way.

HOW TO KEEP PAINTS.

Place Brushes in Mixture of Turpentine and Linseed Oil.

White lead naturally commences to dry as soon as the pail is opened. A coating or skin forms rapidly. This action can be prevented by covering the white lead with water. Water does not injure white lead, and it can be poured off easily when there is painting to be done.

Putty kept in a tin can be protected in the same way. Paint brushes may be kept fresh in a mixture of linseed oil and turpentine. Paint brushes can be cleaned by rinsing in kerosene, after which they should be thoroughly worked out on old rags or paper.

For the Housewife.

Umbrellas require a good deal of attention to keep them in good condition, and how few of them get it. After the umbrella has been out in the rain it should not be thrust in the umbrella stand and left to drain, for in this position the moisture gradually accumulates in the silk just above the ferrule and causes it to rot. The umbrella should be opened and placed in an airy room until thoroughly dry.

When finally put away it should be left unrolled, for if constantly kept tight the creases rapidly wear through. It is exposing an umbrella to an early death to place it in the rack at all, and a hastily set down stick is likely to put a hole in it; far better to hang it by the handle.

Feathers uncurled by damp weather are quickly dried by shaking over fire in which salt has been thrown.

In case your icing is too soft try a band of stiff wrapping paper a little higher than the cake, and see how nicely it sets the icing. If left on cakes and they are stood in the cake box they are just as moist a week or two later as the first day baked.

Tomato Pickle.

Six pounds of green tomatoes, if very large, cut in pieces, put them into strong brine for 24 hours, drain them very dry. Put them in a stewpan, cover with vinegar to which has been added one pound of sugar, one quarter pound long pepper, one quarter pound allspice, one quarter-pound cloves, and one quarter pound cinnamon. Simmer till tender, but do not let them boil.

Child's Chair—A chair can be made higher by putting a door bumper in each leg of the chair. This makes it about three inches higher for the children's use at the table. This answers for the purpose of baby's high chair.

Maple Tapioca—One-half cup minute tapioca, one cup brown sugar, two and a half cups cold water. Stir all together and bake twenty minutes.

Mending Kid—I have found liquid court plaster, the water proof kind, to be a splendid remedy for scratched kid-articles such as gloves, slippers, etc. Squeeze some of it over the scratch, press the ragged edges neatly together and wipe off the surplus plaster. Except upon very close inspection, the scratch will be invisible.

Bread-Pudding—One quart bread crumbs soaked in water and made fine, 1 cup molasses, 1 generous tablespoon butter, 1 teaspoon soda dissolved in a little water, 1 cup flour, 1 cup fruit, 1 teaspoon each of all kinds of spice. Boil one hour. Eat with hard sauce.

Quick Salad—Place several halves of canned pears on crisp lettuce leaves. Scatter a few peanuts and a generous supply of cream salad dressing over all. Chill and serve.

Chapped Hands—For chapped skin use two parts glycerine and one part lemon juice. This is fine.





YOU INTEND TO PRESENT  
YOUR FRIENDS WITH

# A Portrait of Yourself, XMAS

Why Not Have Them Taken Early?  
It's Good Policy

And you will be given a Calendar Photo for your promptness

PHOTOGRAPHS are always appropriate and gladly received remembrances, which as Christmas presents to your friends and relatives will give more real pleasure to them and less trouble and expense to you, than a more costly gift.

THIS STUDIO is prepared to give you the latest popular tones, artistic posing, scientific lighting and the latest styles. These include beautiful panels, folders, calendars, styles for exchange, folios and novelties—just the thing for photograph gifts. **HAVE YOUR SITTING NOW.** The earlier the better, for the reason that you give us time to do our best work, and you get "the pick" of the latest styles.

**FREE!** Last year we had more work than we could turn out, as the rush neared Christmas—so in order to get more of our patrons to come early for their Christmas work, we are giving **FREE** one Beautiful New 1916 Calendar with every order of one dozen or more cabinet size photos or larger. This offer is good until December first, only.

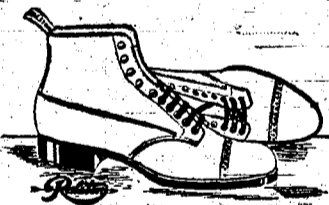
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**No Need to Hunt**  
for the Latest Styles. You'll Find Them Here.

**Ralston Shoes**  
for Men \$4.00 to \$6.00

Supreme in style, comfort and wear. Let us show you the "latest." Our new Fall styles are on display.



**C. A. HUDSON**  
Exclusive Shoe Store.

Follies of youth are drafts on old age the payments of which are imperative.

**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 my boy of croup after other remedies failed." Recommended for coughs and colds.—Hite's Drug Store.

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

Everybody Likes It  
**Something-To-Do**  
CHILDREN ARE WILD OVER IT  
It is the greatest help for busy mothers that has ever been devised.  
A POSTAL CARD BRINGS YOU A COPY  
Of this new magazine. Subscription price \$1 per year.  
Twelve issues. Money refunded if dissatisfied.  
**SOMETHING-TO-DO**  
BOSTON, MASS.

## Temperance

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

**RAILROADS AND RUM.**

A certain railroad, says *Colliers'*, announces with pardonable pride that it carried last year on its 26,000 miles of track 188,111,876 passengers, and not one of these passengers was killed in a train accident. "That," says the *Canton (O.) Daily News*, "is one of the biggest zeros, one of the mightiest noughts, that the year has to boast of." Another newspaper, the *Butler (Pa.) Citizen*, writes: "There is no doubt whatever that this condition was rendered possible only by the company insisting on strict sobriety on the part of its employees. With drunken engineers, drunken dispatchers, and drunken conductors, accidents and deaths would have been common. DRINKING on the part of employees used to cost their employers a lot of money one way or another. But nowadays it only costs the railroad man his job."

**DRUNKENNESS AND DIVORCE.**

A home a day, it is stated, was wrecked by divorce last year in Chicago. A Chicago newspaper, investigating as to what extent alcohol is responsible, gives a summary of its findings. Habitual drunkenness, it says, is the charge in 152 of these divorce cases. To this charge others were added in 124 cases. In 99 of these (in which the charge was drunkenness and cruelty), women were the complainants. These two charges appear together more frequently than any other one combination of charges on which divorces were granted. The cases tabulated were tried before judges of the superior court. Others which came before the circuit court were not tabulated.

**DECREASE IN WHISKY.**

The following figures are from the *Wall Street Journal*: Production of whisky in Kentucky in January was 1,980,000 gallons, against 6,102,462 gallons in January, 1914; production in Pennsylvania was 1,073,808 gallons in January, against 1,562,445 a year ago, and in Maryland 506,919 gallons, against 918,582. Whisky bottled in bond in January was 691,508 gallons, as compared with 928,187 in January, 1914. The Kentucky decrease for one month was 66.23 per cent, the Pennsylvania decrease practically 83 per cent and the Maryland dealers over 40 per cent.

**ENLIGHTENED PRACTICE.**

The remarkable change in the attitude of the medical profession toward the use of alcohol in the treatment of disease is shown by the records of the Cincinnati hospital, an institution among the greatest of its class in the world and located in one of the whisky centers of the United States. For the year 1914 only seven pints of intoxicants were used for its patients for the entire twelve months, while during six months of 1898, although the capacity of the hospital was considerably less, the records show the use of more than seventeen hundred pints of whisky, beer, wine and gin.

**A PROGRESSIVE DISEASE.**

Families that serve wine at meals are doing the greatest injustice to their children, for instead of allowing them to drink anything but nonintoxicating drinks they are starting that progressive disease that may end in their ultimate death or disgrace. To see a beautiful young girl drink a cocktail or even a glass of sherry offends health aristocrats, for they know that poisons contained in every drop. The misfortune of all poison taking lies not only in the always advancing appetite but in the always receding will.—Lillian Russell.

**LIQUOR AS HOME WRECKER.**

The searchlight is being thrown upon the alcoholic question from every angle of vision. *Chicago Herald* has investigated from the matrimonial angle. To what extent is alcohol responsible for the wrecking of houses by divorce? Answering this question for Chicago—which city, it is said, had a divorce a day last year—the *Herald* gave a tabulated report. Its findings show among other things that the two charges of habitual drunkenness and cruelty are more frequent in divorce cases than any other one combination of charges.

**VODKA AND WAR.**

"The greatest single sentence ever uttered for prohibition," Charles Johnson asserts in the *American Review of Reviews*, came from the lips of M. Kharitonoff, controller of the Russian treasury, speaking before the budget committee of the Russian parliament. It ran thus: "With the war and without vodka Russia is more prosperous than with vodka and without the war."

**ALCOHOLIC HARD TO HANDLE.**

The alcoholic always does badly under surgery. In the first place it takes a great deal more anesthetic to get him ready for the operation, and that adds to his risk. In the second place, he is much more likely to have diseased kidneys and liver, and that adds yet more to his risk, and thirdly, the risk of insanity and of pneumonia after an operation is greater. The abstinent man and woman stand operations best.—Dr. Howard A. Kelly, Johns Hopkins University, noted surgeon.

Mother Gray's Sweet Powders for Children For Feverishness, Bad Stomach, Teething Disorders, move and regulate the Bowels and are a pleasant remedy for Worms. Used by Mothers for 26 years. THEY NEVER FAIL. At all druggists, 25c. Sample FREE. Address, Allen S. Olmsted, LeRoy, N. Y.

A spinster may live to congratulate herself on the number of times she didn't marry.

The average woman can change her mind in half the time it takes a bald man to part his hair.

**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.

**What a Five-Pound Stewing Chicken Will Do.**

1. Chicken Soup—Draw your chicken, singe and wash it well. Put on to boil gently in cold water, enough to cover well the bird. Add parsley, onions, a little sprig of thyme, five cloves bay leaves, in fact, any herbs you have. Simmer the chicken gently and take out the liver, heart and gizzard as soon as tender. Serve your soup with boiled rice, prepared apart from the soup, as boiling rice with it takes away its flavor.
2. Chicken Stew—Take the dark meat of the boiled chicken, cut it into dices, prepare a rich cream dressing, adding to it a few spoonfuls of your chicken broth. Add to this a small quantity of mushrooms, red and green peppers cut in small pieces, the additional flavor making the minor expense well worth while.
3. Chicken Aspic—Take the white meat of the boiled chicken. Prepare the gelatine as directed in the French aspic. Add to this enough broth to cover the meat, a few slices of lemons, two sliced hard-boiled eggs, parsley chopped fine, stuffed olives and set away to cool and congeal.

**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.

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Wild ducks fly at the rate of 90 miles per hour, carrier pigeons 35 miles, and swallows 60 miles. Birds have crossed the smaller seas at the rate of 120 miles per hour.

At birth the beats of the pulse are 165 to 104; from 15 to 20 years they are 90 to 87; from 25 to 50 they are 112 to 86. Tea and coffee are drunk at 110 degrees. The heat of the body is 98 degrees.

The deepest coal mine in England is near Newcastle and is 400 yards below the surface.

Water boils at a depth of 3,300 yards below the surface of the earth. This explains hot or boiling springs.

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