

Charlevoix County Herald.

Vol. 19

EAST JORDAN, MICHIGAN, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 27, 1915.

No. 48

Pomona Grange Elect Officers

One Hundred County Grangers Meet at Peninsula Grange.

The Charlevoix County Pomona Grange met with Peninsula Grange Nov. 18. Worthy Master J. E. Chew called meeting to order at 10:30 a. m. and business session was held before noon. Appointment of committees, etc.

After business session recess was declared for dinner, which was partaken of by nearly one hundred Grangers.

Election of officers was held and the following were elected for the ensuing two years, 1916-1917:

Master—E. E. Stroud
Overseer—J. Knudsen
Lecturer—Mrs. S. J. McNeal
Secretary—E. Nasson
Steward—R. V. Liskum
Chaplain—Mrs. V. Heller
Assistant Steward—Mr. I. Olney
Gate Keeper—C. Brooks
Ceres—Mrs. C. Bowen
Flora—Mrs. G. Hammond
Pomona—Mrs. P. Webster
L. A. S.—Miss Fay Worden.

Past Master J. E. Chew installed the newly elected officers assisted by Mrs. Walter Black.

Election was held for Pomona delegates to State Grange Convention to be held in Ann Arbor Dec. 14-17, Mr. and Mrs. T. Barber were elected and Mr. and Mrs. G. Hammond were appointed as alternates.

Evening Session called to order by Worthy Master E. E. Stroud and Past Lecturer E. H. Clark took charge of evening program.

B. J. Holcomb agricultural instructor of East Jordan High School gave a very interesting talk on agriculture work in High Schools.

Miss Becker Assistant of State Board of Public Instruction spoke on improvement of the Rural School.

A short talk by our county school commissioner Miss Stewart closed the evening program.

Seven members were obligated in the mysteries of the fifth degree.

The meeting was closed in form by Worthy Master E. E. Stroud and the invitation extended by Wilson Grange to hold next meeting there, was accepted.

EMIL NASSON, Sec'y.

STREET CORNER SAGE

The High Cost of Living

The sage was carrying a big bundle as he stepped into the store for a ten-cent cut of chewing tobacco.

"It's a fright!" he complained, as he detached a large corner of his purchase between his teeth. "It's this here modern extravagance I'm speakin' of. When I wuz a young feller an' was curtin' my wife, she wuz considered the best dressed gal in the township, an' the highest priced dress she had didn't cost more'n a dollar an' a half. 'Twas made out of checkered gingham an' wuz real purty too. Good enough for anybody. An' now-a-days jest look at 'em. Lan' sakes, it's a crime the way they put on a lot of frills and fiddle-rolls. Silk stockin's and panny-maw hats an' fur topped shoes and sich. I'm again' it."

"What's that you have in your bundle, Uncle?" asked the clerk.

"Just been down to th' dry goods store for some stuff my daughter bought yistiday. Said it was a new fall suit, but there must be three 'er four of 'em 'cause the ticket says thirty-one-seventy-nine. I ain't a carin' though. Ain't goin' to have anybody say 'at my girl aint fixed up as well as any of the rest ev' em. No sir."

A RETIRED TRAPPER

Will sell a secret—for three dollars—explains how to catch fox in a steel trap without bait or scent. Have caught three fox in same trap inside of a week. You can do the same. Address or call on,

M. MCFALL,
East Jordan, Mich.

Old Songs Retwisted

Max Walton's girl is bony,
When early falls the dew,
But after eight her shape is great,
She's in a stage review.

Two may play at the game of love,
but three spell it.

Prosperity never spoils a man that
adversity cannot crush.

BURGLARS AT PETOSKEY

Enter Pere Marquette Station, But Get little for Their Trouble

Burglars broke several windows and entered the Pere Marquette passenger station at Petoskey some time after midnight last Thursday morning. They ransacked the ticket office, scattered tickets everywhere, knocked the handle off the safe, went through the cash tills but failed to get anything but a few pennies and what pennies were in the gum and weighing machines in the building.

The night operator was asleep in his room on the second floor of the building and was awakened by the burglar below but discreetly stayed in his room and let the night prowler complete his work undisturbed.

The following night several stores were entered along the G. R. & I. railroad, but little cash was lost.

AT EXPENSE OF NATIONAL GUARD

We cannot see how the proposed continental army can be organized except at the expense of the national guard. Men who wish to receive military training and do not wish to enter the regular army must now join the national guard. There is nowhere else for them to go. Now it is proposed to form a military organization nearly doubling the national guard in strength and of a supposedly higher order of military efficiency than the national guard. Can anyone deny that the man who would under present circumstances join the national guard would join the continental army unless it imposes more onerous conditions?

If this continental army is not recruited out of the very element that goes to make up the national guard it will not be recruited at all, and we very much doubt whether the so-called continental army will ever get much further than the plans for existence. But to whatever extent it succeeds it will succeed at the expense of the national guard.

Those who are advocating the defense plans have explained how it will be possible for national guard organizations to become units of the continental army. Another way of saying the same thing is they have explained how easy it will be for the national guard to cease to be the national guard, for commands cannot be of both.

The national guard is interwoven with the history of the country. In all our wars except one it has done the fighting. The regulars have disappeared before the first big battle has been fought. We do not mean to impute to the regulars a lack of courage. We only mean that their small numbers have been lost when real war was in progress in the vast number of men who have volunteered through patriotism to fight in war. These volunteers have organized through national guard units that have volunteered for service and it is around this state organization that all our fighting armies have been built.

No reason has been given and we do not believe one could be given why the country should not center all its energies of defense in these two organizations already existing, instead of trying to build up a third. The money that is to be spent on the continental army or in trying to create a continental army could be expended with much better results on the national guard, which is already created and already has a glorious history. The only difference is that the national guard is under control of the states while the continental army will be under control of the nation. The statement of this fact will cost the idea more support than it will win for it.—Florida Times-Union.

Moving Picture Tricks.

Some of the most thrilling scenes in the moving picture dramas are taken with the aid of small models, which are considerably less than life size. It is much cheaper, of course, to burn up a toy building or to sink a miniature ship than to destroy an original to make a moving picture holiday. The models used for this work are carried out with great attention to detail, and the pictures are taken with the camera very close to the ground to get the proper perspective. The moving picture audiences, even when paying the closest attention, are completely deceived.

A wise man may not know much, but he is wise enough to keep others from knowing it.

"Do Your Christmas Shopping Early"

The above slogan in the hands of an astute business man changed the whole practice of Christmas shopping and stimulated holiday business as nothing else could have done. This man, with the nerve of a Barnum and the judgment of a Wasamaker, grabbed the thought from the public mind and put it into big BLACK TYPE where "He who runs may read"—is the newspaper! He backed a popular conviction with his coin and ADVERTISED the universal belief that it would be better for everyone concerned if the inevitable Christmas purchases were made at once while stocks were fresh and new and the choice was wide and ample.

The result not only paid the advertiser, as it always does—but the whole country profited beside.

The slogan has since slipped into practical use in every corner of commercial America. Excepting perhaps its fellow slogan "SAFETY FIRST," which reduced the accident death rate enormously, it has done more good in the world than any business phrase ever coined. It has been the means of discontinuing the time-honored practice among large metropolitan department and specialty stores of keeping open in the evenings a week or two preceding Christmas Eve. It has enabled manufacturers to prepare their goods and fill orders far enough in advance to insure clear store rooms long before the Yuletide candles were lighted. It prevented the disappointment of millions of Christmas shoppers who were wont in times past to wait for the more attractive novelties which turned up at the last moment. And not the least important it saved the heartaches of neglected ones who leaned upon the broken reed of mere man's thoughtlessness.

That phrase, "Do your Christmas Shopping Early," was instantly taken up and flashed before the eyes of the world through the medium of its NEWSPAPER. Just as every other worth while thing is told this nation of readers by the ever present, constant, reliable all-knowing morning, evening, weekly, or Sunday newspaper. Nothing the world does is done without ITS knowledge, nothing you want the world to know can be made known without its aid. Almost any national manufacturer will tell you that most of his fame and profit were the product of newspaper advertising. No newspaper advertising who kept it up wisely ever lost money.

The newspaper pays the advertisers. The latter merely invests in business publicity. The cost of advertising is like a phantom Zeppelin—it never lights anywhere. It is a bugaboo made of thin air and a yellow streak. The common supposition that advertising expense is levied upon the consumer is likewise a fallacy. The fact of the matter is that the non-advertiser PAYS for it out of the business he loses to competitors who do advertise.

Advertising doubles output, halves overhead, divides selling cost and by making two customers buy where ONLY ONE BOUGHT BEFORE, it creates a hundred per cent increase in profit—out of which any business man can well afford to pay for his own advertising.

MORAL FOR MERCHANTS: Advertise in the CHARLEVOIX COUNTY HERALD and do your Christmas BUSINESS Early.

THE WEEK IN HISTORY.

Monday, Nov. 22.—Burnsides summons Fredericksburg to surrender, 1863.

Tuesday, Nov. 23.—Ant-resumption bill passed by House of Representatives, 1877.

Wednesday, Nov. 24.—Sherman and Thomas defeat Bragg at Chattanooga, 1863.

Thursday, Nov. 25.—New York evacuated by British, 1783.

Friday, Nov. 26.—Address on slavery forwarded by English women to the women of America, signed by 576,000 names, 1852.

Saturday, Nov. 27.—Michael Chevalier, French political economist, dies in Paris, 1879.

Sunday, Nov. 28.—Death of Washington Irving, 1859.

Napkin Rings

What of the napkin rings? They are relics of a departed age, reminders of the era of the Saturday night bath, the old folks' concerts and the painted panoramas of the Nile. They abide now in out of the way corners, tarnished and forgotten, bands of old silver, often affectionately inscribed at the command of givers long since turned to dust. They are the sort of reminders of a gentler but less fastidious generation that we do not like to part with except for some good reason and have no desire to keep. The serial napkin went long ago. To the melting pot, by all means, with the rings, and that they may melt up into millions of dollars' worth of silver is our sincere wish.

NOTICE TO TAX PAYERS.

All persons liable for taxes in this City of East Jordan are hereby notified that the tax roll for the State, County, County Road and School District taxes for 1915 will be in my hands for collection on Wednesday, December first, and the tax can be paid at my office if paid before Jan. 9th, there is added no penalty, but on Jan. 10th, 1916, 4 per cent penalty will be added to all unpaid taxes.

Dated Nov. 18th, 1915.

WM. A. PICKARD,
City Treasurer.

SOME SPICY SPARKS

The great man is a shining mark for scandal.

A fireman's hose is white but it is seldom drop-stitched.

A javelin sometimes misses its mark, but a bouquet, never.

Straws and straw hats show which way the wind blows.

Silence is never so golden as when it gives a maid's consent.

Its funny how hungry some men will get before they go to work.

The discouraged man is not worth his salt in any field of endeavor.

There is always some excitement in trading jack-knives "sight-unseen."

One way to keep the hands soft and clean is to let mother do all the work.

How can you expect a woman to trust a man that the grocer will not trust?

Sometow, we seldom hear the poor talking about the blessings of poverty.

When a man prays for luck he should make it plain that he means good luck.

It always makes a girl suspicious when a fellow asks her to burn his letters.

The first man was a farmer and there wasn't a gold brick agent in all the universe.

Look after the pennies and the dollars will buy a small piece of tenderloin steak.

Sin may pay as a one night engagement, but in the long run it closes the theatre.

Buying a house on the installment plan is O. K., if the house lasts long enough.

It takes a wise man to pick a girl who is going to be good looking when she is forty-five.

A friend of mine has named his dog "Waiter" because he never comes when he calls him.

There are two good ways to judge a man—by what he doesn't pay and by what he doesn't say.

No man ever has half as much fun with a butterfly after catching it as he did during the chase.

When a man is trying to go to sleep he can think up more things he doesn't want to remember than he could conjure up in six days of earnest mind rummaging.

COMPANY I ARE HAVING INTERESTING PROGRAMS

Members of Company "I" are very enthusiastic over the method of military instruction which is now in vogue at all National Guard Stations. A regular program has been arranged for each drill night, and special topics in the military service assigned to members of the company.

On next Tuesday evening the following will be taken up:

Extended Order Drill—All Corporals
Close Order Drill—Sergt. Gidley
Bayonet Exercise—Lieut. Balch
Patrolling—Sergt. Holliday
Talk on Loyalty—Capt. Winters.
Friends of the organization are always welcome at drills.

FLOYD SMITH,
Company Clerk.

School Commissioner's Notes.

Three Bells is taking the lead in the new movement for up-to-dateness.

New flags are floating over Afton and Marion Center.

The Walker school earned social money for redecorating the walls and repainting their woodwork.

The state-inspector, Miss Isabel Becker, accompanied by the commissioner visited twelve schools last week; three "Standard Schools" and nine that are in line for "Standard Plates." At least half of these will receive their plates before the close of the school year.

It may cost but a trifle to remodel your schoolhouse. It will mean much in the health of your children.

Ask for "Manual of School Room Equipment." It tells the "How" of progress.

First Reading Circle Class met in Charlevoix on Saturday, beginning the study of "Five Messages to Teachers of Primary Reading." All teachers are welcome in these classes.

A number of schools prepared Thanksgiving programs. The turkeys were in abundance and looked good even if they were made of paper.

The Midwinter Teachers' Institute will be held in Charlevoix, Feb. 17th and 18th. Dr. E. B. Bryan of Colgate University, Hamilton, N. Y., has been secured for the first day.

County Normal Notes.

Sadie Blanchard.

Miss Lottie Wright, of Ellsworth, visited the normal room last Wednesday morning.

Miss Himes surprised the class with a short test in grammar, Thursday.

The normal class attended a talk given by Rev. Lloyd Vinyard, pastor of the Baptist Church, Wednesday morning in the high school room.

Mr. Vinyard's talk was on the value of education. Three fine selections were rendered by the high school orchestra.

A number of the normal students attended, after school and during the evening sessions, the Sunday School Institute which was held at the Methodist Church, Tuesday and Wednesday. Points of the different speakers were taken up and discussed in school for the benefit of those not present.

Miss Drusilla Richardson, of Norwood visited the normal room last Thursday.

The class are now studying selections from the various school readers which will help them greatly in their work next year.

Miss Himes accompanied Miss May L. Stewart, County School Commissioner, and Miss Isabella Becker, State School Inspector, when they went to inspect one or two possible standard schools in this part of the county.

The children of the training room and normal students surprised Miss Whiting with a party Friday afternoon. The party was in honor of Miss Whiting's birthday.

The Rural Teacher's Reading Circle met last Friday afternoon in the normal room. A talk was given by Miss Stewart on the benefits of the Reading Circle and the books which have been chosen by the board of Control. Refreshments were served and an enjoyable social hour was spent.

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.

GAS MANTLES "MADE IN AMERICA."

Washington, Nov. 24, (Special Correspondence) When the manufacturers of gas mantles sought to illumine the beclouded intellects of the Democratic members of the ways and means committee of Congress, engaged in smearing the Underwood tariff law into some sort of form, they only succeeded in further befuddling those benighted apostles of free trade. The light of reason was to them a blinding glare. It was the "light that failed."

Gas mantles are manufactured in Illinois, Ohio, Pennsylvania, New York, Michigan, Wisconsin, Kansas and New Jersey, a few factories being scattered in other States. About 50 companies are engaged and several millions of dollars in capital are involved. The sales average \$4,000,000 annually, and the product amounts to about 65,000,000 mantles. Twenty-six to thirty per cent of the cost of manufacturing gas mantles goes to labor. The rest to material, overhead charges, etc. The wages paid to labor in this industry are a trifle more than twice as much as those paid in Germany in the same line of work, while material costs from thirty to thirty-five per cent more here than in Germany. Competition among American manufacturers has reduced the price of mantles from 35 and 50 cents each to 10 and 20 cents for the same grade.

Several contentions were made during the hearings on this subject before the House committee. Mr. W. E. Brown, representing 95 per cent of the gas mantle manufacturers, wanted the duties on mantles, and thorium, the chief material from which they are manufactured, to remain as they were under the Republican law, at 40 per cent. He declared that a reduction in duty on thorium would be absorbed by the German producers of that product, in-as-much as they had no competitors.

Mr. Dallas Boudeman advocated putting thorium on the free list, stating that if this were done his interests could stand a reduction of the duty on mantles to 30 per cent. He represented the General Gas Mantle Company of New Jersey. Mr. Boudeman gave figures to show that if his suggestion were adopted the cost per thousand mantles in the United States would be \$42.07 against \$42.50 in Germany, thus giving this country an edge of 43 cents. Evidently before any hearing on the subject had been held the committee had decided on the rates. When asked what would be the effect of reducing the duty on thorium and upon foreign mantles to 25 per cent ad valorem on each, Mr. Boudeman again presented a table showing conclusively that such action would give the German manufacturers an advantage of \$3.67.

With characteristic bull-headedness the committee put a duty of 25 per cent on gas mantles, not sufficient for protection, and lowered the duty on thorium to 25 per cent, which did nobody any good. It was another instance of the classical Democratic policy of giving the foreign manufacturers a double advantage by removing protection from the American industry and putting a duty on the raw material used by that industry. Under the Republican law the American manufacturer of gas mantles at least had a protective duty on his product of forty per cent.

The Underwood tariff law went into effect October 4, 1913. Comparing the period October 1, 1912, to June 30, 1913, under Republican tariff rates with the period Oct. 4, 1913 to June 30, 1914 we find that for the former period there were imported gas mantles to the value of \$49,897 on which revenue in the sum of \$19,919 was collected, while for the latter period we imported gas mantles to the value of \$60,620, which paid revenue in the sum of \$15,155. The Democratic argument that lower duty rates increase importations to such an extent as to increase revenues is again proved to be unsound. Here we have an increase of 18 per cent in imports within a period of nine months, and a decrease of 24 per cent in the revenue, a displacement of American labor corresponding to the increase in imports—a loss of revenue badly needed by an impoverished Treasury, and no diminution in the price of gas mantles to the public. It is one more example of the fallacy of the free-trade-with-a-handicap policy of the Democratic Party.

MOTHER GRAY'S SWEET POWDER FOR CHILDREN.
For Feverishness, Bad Stomach, Teething Disorders, move and regulate Bowels and are a pleasant remedy for Worms. Used by Mothers for 25 years. THEY NEVER FAIL. At all druggists. 25c. Sample FREE. Address, S. Olmsted, LeRoy, N. Y.

You Intend To Present Your Friends with a PORTRAIT OF YOURSELF for CHRISTMAS

Why Not Have Them Taken Early?

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 they cannot use.

Have your sittings 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. Call at our Studio or phone 112 for an appointment.

E. KIRKPATRICK, PHOTOGRAPHER

Why Not Have Them Taken Early?

THE NEW STYLES for Holiday mountings and folders are now in and good judges tell us they are prettier this year than ever before. Call and see us about pictures. You'll be tempted to use them for Christmas Gifts.



DRS. VARDON & PARKS

PHYSICIANS AND SURGEONS
Office in Monroe block, over
Spring Drug Co's Store
Phone 158—4 rings
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Graduate of College of Physicians and
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Office Hours:
8 to 12 a. m. 1 to 5 p. m.
And Evenings.
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Tonsorial Artist.
When in need of anything in my line
call in and see me.

RHEUMATISM SUFFERERS GIVEN QUICK RELIEF

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

Indiscretion of Imogene

Imogene's maid took and eyed her
young mistress into her first ball
dress.

Imogene turned and twisted in front
of the long mirror and was satisfied
with what it showed her.

"Ma'moiselle est jolice comme une
ange," said the maid.

Imogene ran lightly down stairs.

"Celeste says I'm jolice comme une
ange, Wingate," she told her brother,
who stood in the hall.

He contemplated her with a mean-
ingless stare.

"I don't understand French," he re-
marked.

She put up her arm and pulled as
much of his hair as her hand could
conveniently grasp.

"Your hair wants cutting!" she said,
and went into the drawing room.

"Celeste says I'm jolice comme une
ange," she said to her pretty little
old aunt, who lived happily under the
placid but erroneous impression that
her mere presence in the house suf-
ficed as chaperoné for her motherless
niece.

The old lady did not raise her eyes
from her knitting.

"Oh, my dear," she murmured.

"French maids seldom speak the truth.
One—two—three—"

Imogene stamped and went into the
library. "Celeste says I'm jolice com-
me une ange, papa," she said.

Her father hardly glanced up from
the evening newspaper.

"Beware!" he cautioned. "She must
be meditating a particularly daring
raid upon your wardrobe." And Imo-
gene stood, accidentally on purpose,
on his foot, as she arranged her hair
in the glass over the mantel shelf.

"I'm sorry," said her father, without
raising his eyes. "What did you want
me to say?"

Imogene went to her ball in the
company of her father and brother.

"You're a horribly unsatisfactory
couple," she told them; "and if anyone
asks me to elope with him tonight,
I'll do it!"

"If anyone should be so foolish tell
him to come and make inquiries of me
first," said her brother.

"Or, at any rate, see that he has the
wedding ring on the end of his finger,"
said her father.

She sat out five dances with a young
good-looking and impetuous cousin.

"Celeste says I'm jolice comme une
ange," Teddy she said.

"You're jolice as dozens and dozens
of 'anges,'" remarked Teddy, with
conviction.

"I told papa and Wingate that they
were a horribly unsatisfactory couple,
and that, should anyone ask me to
elope with him tonight, I'd do it," said
Imogene.

"And they said?" interrogated Ted-
dy.

Wingate said if anyone should be
so foolish, tell him to come, and make
inquiries of me first; and papa said
"Or at any rate, see that he has the
wedding ring on the end of his finger,"
quoted Imogene.

"And did you mean what you said?"
asked the impetuous one, who was
soft of heart.

"Why not?" said Imogene.

The impetuous one removed his
glove.

"Here's the ring," he said, showing
a plain gold band upon his little finger.
"The question is—where's the
elopement?"

Imogene wrinkled her brows.

"It takes two to elope," she remark-
ed; "just as much as to make a quar-
rel."

"I'll be one," promised the tempter,
"if you'll be the other."

Imogene got up and held out her
hand.

"Come on," she dimpled.

When she met him at the park
gates, no one would have known she
was in evening dress.

The cousin sent his motor spinning
down the road.

"Where are we going?" asked Imo-
gene.

"To Scotland, mon ange," cried the
cousin, and whistled a triumphant bar
or two of "Jock o' Hazeldean."

"Whose motor is this?" asked Imo-
gene.

"Why not mine?" inquired Teddy.

"Pout!" she scoffed, plainly show-
ing her opinion of his pleasantry.

"How rude!" said Teddy. "Having
just come through the bankruptcy
court, I'm quite rich—for the moment."

"I never heard of it," said Imogene.

"Would you give me up if I had?"
asked Teddy.

She thought a moment.

"No," she said, "Somehow I like
you, even though you're a hopeless
spendthrift."

He laughed queerly.

"Thanks; but if I'm a hopeless
spendthrift, what will we live upon?"

When Teddy slowed down the mo-
tor—they were in a country lane, and
day was only dawning—he kissed her.

Imogene blushed scarlet.

"Don't do it again," she said; "not
yet, anyway. I don't know whether I
liked it."

"Tell me when you've decided that
you did," begged Teddy.

Imogene put her hand on his arm.

"You see," she said earnestly, "it
would be so foolish to marry you while
I wasn't sure whether I liked you to
kiss me or not, wouldn't it?"

"Shall I do it again?" asked Teddy,
brightening. "I might convince you."

"Not on any account," said Imogene
hastily.

She waited a few minutes.

"I really wish to go home," she said.
Teddy grew rigid.

"Of course, I'm not going to marry
you against your will," he remarked,
and turned the car homeward.

As they neared the house, the car-
riage containing her father and brother
drew aside to let them pass.

"I left a message for them to say
I'd gone," explained Imogene. "I didn't
say 'home,' but I knew they'd infer
it; and I thought if they went there
first 't would give us a longer start."

Teddy nodded gloomily.

As they passed the carriage, Imo-
gene leant forward and waved her
hand in the most engaging manner;
her relations lifted their caps and
scowled; Teddy, of the inconveniently
soft heart they ignored.

"What would they say if they
knew?" she whispered.

"What, indeed!" said Teddy grimly.
"And to think they might have been

tearing off now in pursuit of us!"
murmured Imogene, a trifle regretful-
ly.

"Just think of it!" said Teddy, more
grimly still.

"If you hadn't kissed me they'd have
done it," nodded Imogene, a distant
note of reproach in her voice.

"I wish to goodness I hadn't been
such a fool!" said Teddy, most grimly
of all.

"What?" cried Imogene, horror-
struck. "First you insult me by kiss-
ing me, and then you insult me further
by saying you wish you hadn't! Well,
I never!" and she made for the door.

Teddy stopped her.

"Imogene," he said, "think it over,
will you?"

"What?" asked Imogene.

"Whether you could stand being
kissed by me again," said Teddy.

Imogene closed the door, then open-
ed it an inch or so and showed two
pursed-up lips in the aperture, after
which she shut it, hastily and finally,
and her cousin stumbled dizzily down
the steps.

Next day, Imogene told her aunt the
"early morning drive" version of her
escape.

"It was an indiscretion," said her
aunt placidly, "a distinct indiscretion,
my dear."

"If you only know it," murmured
Imogene, "the discretion far out-
weighed the indiscretion, auntie."

"What did you say?" questioned her
aunt. And counted, "One—two—
three—"

Every day for a month after that,
Imogene received a letter which con-
tained only the words:

"Could you stand it?"

At the end of the month she wrote:
"Yes, please," beneath the latest ar-
rival, and took it to the post herself.

When she and he had somewhat set-
tled down, he said:

"I've been left fifty thousand pounds,
so I shan't need to borrow your money."

"I'm sorry to hear it," said Imogene.
"I'd like to have lent it to you."

"The motor is my own," he added.
"I had the legacy about a week when
I went to that ball, and should have
proposed to you if you hadn't propos-
ed to me."

"I didn't!" cried Imogene. And the
subject is still a matter of dispute be-
tween them.—Beatrice Biddle.

Mishamed.

During a geography lesson in a Bal-
timore school one day the teacher
spoke at great length touching that
wonderful stream, the Mississippi. In-
cidentally, she afforded the pupils
events associated with the great river.

"Finally," said she, "we must not
overlook the poetic value of the name
Mississippi. It means 'Father of
Waters.' Don't forget that, boys and
girls."

One lad, however, was not much im-
pressed by this latter contribution to
his store of knowledge. "I beg par-
don, ma'am," said he, "but if the name
of the river means 'Father of Waters,'
why don't they call it 'Mister Sippi!'"
—The Circle.

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Some cheap people expect St. Peter
to pass them thru the pearly gates be-
cause they once paid 50 cents for a 15
cent supper at a church social.

A boy thinks when he reaches the
age of 21 he'll have his own way but
he usually gets married.

People Say To Us

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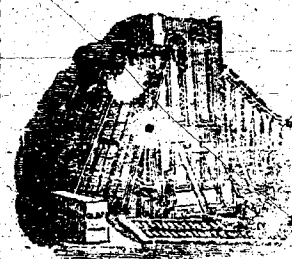
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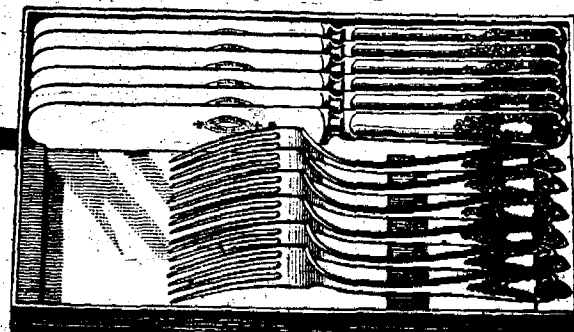
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WHO PAYS?

The Fruit of Folly

By EDWIN BLISS

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ELEVENTH STORY

PROLOGUE.

Sharp and clear above the crash of the orchestra and the murmured voices of the dancers, the revolver shot rang out. The music died in mid-air, its pulsating throbs ebbing away into a slow, pathetic wail that ended almost in a human sob. With pale faces and trembling limbs the dancers stopped where the music had left them; some with arms upraised; some with one foot in the air.

It was a tense moment; a moment fraught with pregnant portent.

All the wealth and society of the town was at the Van Lind residence that night. Mrs. Van Lind, leader in her set and fashions devotee, was giving a ball for the relief of the Belgians. All the music had a patriotic tinge; all the guests carried tiny American flags, and the prettiest girl in town, dressed as Miss Columbia, was leading the dance. Joy reigned unconfined.

And then, the shot.

The sound seemed to come from a chamber to the right of the ballroom.

One, more bold than the rest, strode towards the door and threw aside the heavy hangings. And the tableau that was there revealed offered food for several hundred late supper discussions and gave the busy gossips of society many a dainty morsel.

The room was, strictly speaking, a den, richly furnished and not very large. Across a table in the center, when the curtain was so rudely brushed aside, sprawled the inert body of Edgar Clay, society leader, business man, good sport, hard drinker, and the husband of Isabel Clay, prettiest and butlerly of them all. Standing over him in a protesting attitude, the smoking revolver still in his hand, was the business partner and father-in-law, Russell Irwin. Hate gleamed from a pair of narrowed eyes; beady, steady eyes that never wavered from those of Horace Stone, attorney, who, pale as death, stared back at Irwin from across the table. At Stone's feet lay a shattered decanter, the contents of which ran over the rich rug in tiny rivulets, strongly suggesting blood to the excited minds of the eager spectators.

But Stone was grasping his right hand with his left, and the tickle of red that oozed between his fingers told only too plainly where the bullet had found its mark.

"Oh, Edgar, Edgar, are you dead?"

From the surge of figures at the door, one fair form detached itself and hurled its length across the limp and sagging body of Clay on the table.

With trembling hands she raised his head, and with choking sobs planted a tearful kiss on his unresponsive lips.

Anguish and relief and disgust struggled for the mastery of her features as she read the answer to her question in the kiss. Clay was not dead. He had yielded again to a habit that was stronger than himself.

"And may I ask the meaning of this ill-bred disturbance?"

Mrs. Van Lind was speaking and the tone was cold, incisive, uncompromising.

Irwin nodded grimly towards Stone. And those who watched him closely noted that he held his weapon in a firmer grip.

Haughtily the hostess turned her loy, questioning stare in the wounded man's direction.

For a moment he hesitated. Then his eyes wavered under the steady gaze of Irwin, and he answered sullenly:

"It was an accident."

Avoiding the glances of those who would have questioned him; ignoring the advances of those who offered sympathy, Stone elbowed his way through the excited throng at the den door and left the house. And so the incident was ended. But it is with the incident so much, as with the happenings which lead up to it that our story has to do.

Folly was a constant guest at the home of Edgar Clay and his pretty wife, Isabelle. Folly was the boon companion of this young society couple. Reared in luxury and knowing no restraint except that imposed by their own desires they had gone the pace that has but one ending; had traveled along the road that leads but to disaster—disaster that is the more complete the longer it is delayed. That they drifted farther and farther apart was but natural for Folly was always there to see that both persisted in the willful pursuit of individual enjoyment. And so the Saturday morning on which our story opens, found them dangerously near to the parting of the ways.

Clay, young, good looking, but with the marks of dissipation already showing on his otherwise boyish features, was in no mood for trifling that morning. The cares of business weighed heavily upon him. Junior member of the real estate firm of Irwin & Clay, he realized that the house of which his father-in-law, Russell Irwin, was head, faced financial ruin because of his extravagances and recklessness. The throbbing in his temples and the racking reminders of last

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night's wild time in no wise improved his temper, as he slowly picked at the breakfast that had been served in his room.

"Has his lordship a new crown this morning?" smiled Isabelle as she came into the chamber unannounced and almost unheard.

With a slightly forced laugh, she pointed to the wet towel that he had bound around his aching head.

"Or is it some new style of head-gear made fashionable by the war?" she persisted.

Clay scowled at his pretty wife. He was in no mood for trifling.

"Can't you see that I have a headache?" he grumbled.

"Oh, these mornings after," she answered teasingly as she slowly approached and planted a light, quick kiss on his nearer cheek.

"Is his mightiness too cross this morning to grant his little wife one tiny favor?"

"Yes his mightiness is," he answered ungraciously, and Isabelle sagely, with the wisdom that is born of woman's intuition, decided to await a more favorable opportunity to press her request.

Clay was too absorbed in his own troubles; too much engrossed with his aching head to think clearly or he would have realized that Isabelle's "tiny favor" must have been an important one. No trivial matter would cause her to arise at that hour. The days when she took breakfast with her husband were long since past. She usually spent her mornings in bed, recovering from the fatigue of the previous night's session at auction bridge. For Isabelle's chief folly was the playing for high stakes at the home of Mrs. Cora Blake, an attractive widow of fifty.

Clay had frequently objected to his wife's visits to the Widow Blake's apartments.

Stories had come to Clay, stories of wild times at the Widow Blake's. Stories had come to him, too, of the fascinating widow's wild infatuation for Horace Stone, attorney and sharper, whose business dealings were often open to suspicion and whose escapades in which automobiles, chorus girls, wine suppers, stage doors and midnight revels were largely interspersed made the chief topics of conversation among the men about town.

Careful investigation, however, had failed to reveal anything objectionable in Stone's conduct while the play was on at Cora Blake's beautiful home.

As may have been guessed before this, Isabelle's early rising on this fateful Saturday morning had to do with the play at Mrs. Blake's. Luck had been against her once more.

She had reached the end of her resources. Her allowance for the next

three months was pledged. Her jewels were gone. All that remained to her was the diamond engagement ring that Edgar had given her on the never-to-be-forgotten evening when she had blushing promised to take him "for better or for worse."

Cowardice was not one of Isabelle's follies. "The sooner the better," she had murmured to herself, and after a careful toilet had gone resolutely to her husband's dressing room, there to put the whole sordid story before him, and ask for help once more.

But she had reckoned without the wet towel and the headache and the morning-after grouch. And so as we have seen her mission had ended in failure.

A dejected little figure she sat in her husband's dressing room, keeping up her pretense of gaiety, only when Clay happened to raise his eyes toward her—which was not often.

"A telephone for you, sir," said the butler, creating a welcome diversion, as he handed Clay the extension instrument.

"Hello—yes, this is Clay. Oh, hello, Irwin. What's that you say? All right, I'll be right down."

His wife saw the look of anguish and despair that came into his face, as he hastily slammed up the receiver, finished his dressing and rushed from the house without giving her any explanation.

Russell Irwin was early at the office that Saturday morning. Things were bad in the real estate business and it was only by being on the job early and late that he managed to keep

things going—managed to hold the firm of Irwin & Clay on top of the turbulent waters of failure that threatened to engulf them at any moment.

A rather distinguished man of fifty-five, as he sat at his desk in a dejected and listless attitude. It was 10:45 and he was still alone; still awaiting the arrival of his son-in-law and business partner, whose support and help he needed more at this time than he had ever needed it before.

And then came a blow from an unexpected quarter.

It was delivered in an ordinary envelope by a very ordinary messenger boy, and it was altogether a very plain, businesslike document. But its effect on the already discouraged business man could not have been worse if it had been dropped from above by a winged messenger of the gods of financial ruin:

Mr. Russell Irwin, City.

Dear Sir—As Mr. Clay failed to apply for an extension last night, I have placed for collection, the note I hold against Irwin & Clay for a loan of \$75,000. Out of the city today and Sunday. You must settle Monday.

THOMAS NEAL.

Dazed and stunned, and seemingly bending under a weight of suddenly added years, Irwin groped angrily for the telephone and in an imperative tone called for his partner's house number.

"Hello, Clay, this you? Well, hurry down—while you have been dallying at home we have gone under—we're ruined—completely smashed."

This was the message that had startled Clay at his late breakfast. Irwin wasted no time in preliminaries when Clay hurriedly entered the firm's luxuriously furnished private offices.

"Fine business," he shouted, angrily showing the letter at his junior partner. "Fine business this, missing an appointment of such importance; neglecting to secure the extension of that note; fine business."

Clay, confused and ashamed, answered nothing.

"Oh, Edgar, Edgar, I trusted you," continued the other man. "My only folly has been that I placed any responsibility on you. And this is the result. Why didn't you get the extension on that note?"

"I forgot," began Clay in schoolboy fashion. "I forgot. I meant to attend to it. To tell you the truth I started for Neal's office, but I met some of the boys there and—I—I—well, I made a night of it. I forgot business and everything else. I—well, you know my weakness, Russell."

"Yes, I know your weakness. I know, too, that you inherited it from your poor, dead father. Perhaps you are not entirely to blame. I should have known better than to have left so important a detail to you.

"I might have known what the result would be; I might have known. You were drunk and we are ruined."

Earnestly but without passion the two men entered into a discussion of ways and means.

So earnestly were they engaged in conversation that neither heard the entrance of Isabelle. Her manner was still nervous and the agitated state of her mind was betrayed, if in no other way, by the restless flash in her eye and the quick, sharp jerk of her words:

"I hope I'm not intruding, gentlemen."

They both started.

One look at Isabelle's frankly open countenance assured them that she had not overheard their discussion and both men breathed more easily.

"I came to get some money, Edgar."

"But your allowance, child?" interposed the father. "You've drawn it in advance now."

"I know, father, but I lost it. I played at Cora's—at Mrs. Blake's, and now, unless I can get some money at once, my name will be ruined. I simply must pay my gambling debts. They are debts of honor and must be met."

Perhaps if Isabelle had made her demand at a more opportune time; perhaps if Clay had been less harsh in his refusal, old King Folly might have been foiled; might have lost two promising victims, and what follows might never have been written.

"I can't give you a cent, Isabelle, she smiled, "and if you foolishly gamble again, I'll repudiate your debts."

"Very well, Edgar," she answered coldly, "what follows will be on your own head." And haughtily, majestically—like a queen of tragedy—she swept from the room, leaving the two men still more depressed, to wrestle with their problem—a problem that seemed without answer. And there we too, will leave them for the present.

III.

Peter West lay dying. And the secret that was dying with him grew heavy on his conscience. At the very time that Edgar Clay and his partner were seeking to pierce the black pall of ruin that was slowly pressing down on them, he was seeking to penetrate the still blacker curtain of the future—seeking to know his fate.

"I didn't do it; I didn't have anything to do with it. God knows I'm innocent," he mumbled over and over to himself.

The nurse leaned over him.

"Did you call?" she asked.

"It was nothing," he feebly answered. "I was talking to myself."

"I didn't do it, God knows it's nothing on my soul—I'm innocent—innocent—innocent."

But the still small voice could not be silenced. And so Peter West heat-ated at the door of eternity. His

laid soul refused to cross the border with its weight of guilty knowledge.

Again the nurse leaned over him.

"Send for Edgar Clay," he whispered.

Doctor Dassing came hurriedly to the bedside. He made another examination of the sinking man and his face was very grave.

"Tell me the truth, doctor," West demanded. "Am I really dying?"

The doctor nodded.

"Dying! I must see Edgar Clay. Phone him."

And thus it was that Russell Irwin and Edgar Clay were interrupted in their conference the second time.

"It's a call from a dying man. I don't know him—but perhaps I'd better go," announced Clay, turning from the phone.

"Yes, go," said Irwin, "we can do no good here!"

And while Clay was on his way to the humble cottage of the stricken man, Doctor Dassing had sent yet another phone message. This time it was to Horace Stone.

"I thought I'd tell you, Horace, that your old clerk is dying. His end is very near. It is only a question of minutes."

"Too bad, too bad," answered Stone in a voice that seemed to have some-

thing of relief in it. Too bad. Poor fellow. Keep on doing everything you can for him, doctor, and send me the bills as you have been doing."

"All right," answered the doctor, and then as an afterthought he added, "and by the way, West begged me to send for Edgar Clay. He said he had to see him before he died."

"Some foolish fancy, no doubt," quickly interrupted Stone. "He'll have forgotten it by now. Pay no attention to it. Never mind sending for Clay."

"But I already have," answered the doctor, and he was surprised at the suddenness with which the conversation terminated. Stone had hung up on him.

Clay and death made a merry race of it for the bedside of Stone's old clerk. And Clay won.

Feebly raising one trembling hand, West haltingly grasped Clay's extended palm and indicated to the doctor and nurse that he wished to be alone with his guest.

"Take that pad and pen from off the table, and write as I dictate," the dying man commanded. And this is the statement he made with the last ounce of breath in his emaciated body:

"I relieve my soul of the confession that my employer, Horace Stone, stole \$100,000 in securities from Edgar Clay, Sr., to whose son I am now dictating this confession. Stone obtained the signature of transfer while Clay was intoxicated, one hour before said Clay was killed by train. I have been bribed by Stone to keep this quiet."

Summoning all of his waning strength, West took the pen from the young man's hand, and with a firmness that was remarkable in one so near death, penned his name, in a good, clear signature at the bottom of the confession.

And then as his wearied spirit had been released by the lifting of a great burden, Peter West, smilingly lay back and peacefully passed away.

Slowly, with that awe all feel in the presence of the great leveler of human rank, Clay, the precious confession safely stowed away in his inside coat pocket, tiptoed from the room, and pausing only long enough to see the last few immediate attentions rendered by the nurse, left the saddened cottage and hurried away to find his partner.

He did not know that Stone, peering from the shadow of a neighboring building, had seen his departure, and had gazed long and earnestly after him as he strode away. Anxiety and hate were depicted on the attorney's face as he shrugged his shoulders in impotent rage and muttered to himself:

"I must find out what he knows."

IV.

And now, impelled by the swift and inexorable fate that had been released by Folly's hand, events were moving swift and fast to a certain crisis. Slowly the pattern in the woof of these people's lives was being completed. Poor fools all, they had done homage at Folly's court and were about to pay the price.

Mrs. Clay was back at Cora Blake's, playing heavily as was her wont, and losing steadily. Clay was back at his partner's office showing him West's confession, and laying plans to benefit by the knowledge that had so strangely come to him. Stone was back at his desk, busily scheming to find a way to learn what Clay had found out.

Just at the time that Irwin and Clay had decided that this confession of West's would probably prove their financial salvation Stone had remembered, almost as an inspiration, that this was the night of the Van Linds'

ball, and that Clay would surely be there. Just as the time that Irwin and Clay determined that they would have to be pleasant to Stone until Monday morning, and not let him suspect their knowledge, lest he skip town, Stone had decided that Mrs. Blake would have to get him an invitation to the ball, so that he could attend and pump Clay.

And thus it was that they met in surroundings so foreign to business and intrigue and crime—thus it was that they met beneath the entwined flags of many nations, and mumbled commonplaces to the tune of modern dance music.

A partner claimed Irwin and laughingly carried him off. Clay, true to his arrangement with his senior partner, was more than usually cordial to Stone, who in fact almost feverishly eloquent in his anxiety to make a good impression.

"Let's see if we can find a drink," he ventured more from force of habit than because he cared to join the oily attorney in the cup that cheers.

A momentary gleam of satisfaction showed in Stone's eyes as he laughingly assented. They found a den and sent a servant for wine.

And now perhaps it would be best to draw the curtain over the scene that followed; would be best if it were possible to hide from the reader the undoing of young Clay—spend-thrift, bankrupt and disciple of folly. Wine was to his inherited weakness much as blood to the nostrils of the hungry tiger. And in Stone he had a companion who played upon that weakness.

"Too bad about old West," ventured Stone.

"Yes, he's dead, poor fellow," hiccupped Clay.

"Had some peculiar notions," continued Stone. "He always thought I was robbing someone."

"Well and weren't you?" Clay returned with all the solemn gravity of a man well in his cups.

"I never robbed a man in my life." This latter from Stone, quick and sharp, like the crack of a whip.

"Shorry old man, shorry to doubt what you say, but we got you—we got you right—confession you know."

Stone started as if struck. And as he gazed at the swaying, pitiful figure before him, he realized that his worst fears had been well founded.

He made another effort to question the drunken man but was only answered by a foolish laugh. He had done his work too well. In an effort to loosen Clay's tongue he had urged too much wine upon him and the effect was as unsatisfactory as if he had not had enough. Unable to get anything further from him he searched his pockets thinking he might find the confession.

"April fool. Fession's home. I hid it in little wife's jewel safe. Clay's no fool. Clay's no fool." The sentence died away into a deep long snore. Clay was asleep, standing up.

Stone stared searchingly at the vacant features of the man before him for a moment and then started to replace the papers in his pocket.

"You thief."

He heard the words and felt the firm grip on his collar before he realized that Irwin, anxious about his partner and searching for him, had come upon them in the lonely den.

"You thief," Irwin repeated. "First you fill a man with drink and then you rob him."

"You know better than anybody that Clay requires no help when it comes to drinking," sneered the attorney.

Irwin answered with an oath and there was a struggle as the younger man broke away from him. Leaping back with an agility remarkable in a man who had so little outdoor training, Stone seized one of the empty bottles and raising it, rushed at Irwin as if to brain him. Quick as his opponent had been, Irwin was quicker and his silver-plated revolver spoke before Stone had covered half the distance between them. With a crash the upraised bottle thundered to the floor and Stone, smothering an oath, grasped his wounded right hand with his left. Clay slowly sank, an inert mass across the table. And then it was that the curtain was violently pulled aside, and then it was that the horrified and startled dancers at Mrs. Van Lind's ball gazed in spellbound wonder at the unfinished tragedy that was to mean ruin to so many lives. It was the beginning of the end.

V.

'Twas the day after the Van Linds' ball.

Stone had left this dance immediately after the startling scene in the den, and had spent the time until daylight with a party of his gay companions. And now, looking fit and debonnaire, despite his revels of the night before, he was calling on Mrs. Blake.

She could not hide the infatuation she felt for him, and solicitously she examined his bandaged hand.

"It's a mere scratch," he lightly assured her, and adroitly he turned the conversation to Mrs. Clay and her losses.

"You still have the I. O. U. she gave you?" he asked.

"She showed it to him."

"You must go to her," he said, "and demand payment."

"But this is Sunday, Horace. And, besides, she has no money."

Solicitously he leaned towards her. Lovelike his arms stole about her as he moved closer to her on the garden bench.

"But this is important, dear." (His voice was soft and caressing.) "In her jewel safe she has a paper—a confession—that I must have. Go to her today—now—demand your money, and when she refuses, ask for a jewel as security. Get her to show you her

jewel case. Make her open it on some pretext. Get that paper for me—and we will go away for. Remember, we are to be

To know how well his plan

worked, we have only to turn, later, to Isabelle's pretty

Clay was there. And Irwin

chief of police. They had

to come that he might see

fession, and act quickly with

ing for the court's action on

They feared that Stone was

town. Time was precious.

The door of the secret

wall was wide open. The

the jewel case was up. The

was gone.

"More of your drunken

win shouted. "I suppose

Stone last night, when he

in the den."

"Stone got nothing from

doggedly replied. "I never

I am drunk."

And only Isabelle, shrinking

big chair before the fireplace

Only she could have told

paper went. Only she could

and she remembered it all

truly—now—how Mrs. Blake

moved suddenly toward the

she had carried the jewel

table by the window. Only

have told of that faint

moment of paper she had

heard in the den. In

instant that her back was

turned.

"A paper gone," she

muttered

self in anguish. "Then Mrs.

Blake, the thief, and if I

tell, she'll

me."

Though Isabelle well knew

her to hold her tongue

and harshly all her life; though

she knew that it meant the entire

happiness for herself and her

band, who could not exist with

luxury to which they had been

accustomed, though she knew that

Stone was dragging down her

into poverty and business failure,

her husband, she could not

errant tongue to speak the

words that would have cleared

Insistently, persistently, she

tailed that she did not know

the paper had gone; that she

never seen it; that nobody had

the room with her.

And so the craven fear that

her tongue made silence her

and greatest glory, while ruin

and horrible, stalked through

lives. All were paying a

price for her folly and their

And Mrs. Blake! What

Fashions for Herald Readers

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UNIQUE AND ATTRACTIVE STYLE



1432. Girl's Dress in Empire Style, Closed at the Sides, and with Sleeve in Either of Two Lengths. Serge, shepherd checked suiting, poplin, repp, cashmere, galatea, Devonshire cloth, gingham, linen or percale are all attractive for this style. The waist is finished with deep tucks, that give breadth to the figure. The skirt is a two-piece style, cut with stylish flare, and closed at the side together with the waist. The broad collar and jaunty cuffs form an attractive finish. The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 6, 8, 10 and 12 years. It requires 2 7/8 yards of 44 inch material for an 8 year size. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10c in silver or stamps.

COAT FOR GIRLS.



1453. A Practical, Desirable and Serviceable Model. This style is excellent for cheviot, serge, tweed, linen, cretonne, silk, linen or repp. The fronts are crossed in revers fashion, and present a smart and stylish appearance. The sleeve has a neat cuff finish, and with the high closing at neck edge, the model will be fine for cool weather. The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 8, 10, 12 and 14 years. It requires 3 yards of 44 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 NEW DRESS FOR MOTHER'S GIRL.



1479. Girl's Dress with Sleeve in Either of Two Lengths, and with or without Plastron. As here shown Scotch plaid gingham in green and blue tones was used, with facings of white. Shepherd check suiting, striped seersucker, galatea or percale, linen, challie, cashmere and lawn are all good for this style. The dress may be finished without the plastron, or the plastron could be of contrasting material same as collar, belt and cuffs. The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 6, 8, 10 and 12 years. It requires 3 1/2 yards of 44 inch material for a 6 years size. Without plastron it will require 5/8 yard less. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10c in silver or stamps.

AN ATTRACTIVE AFTERNOON OR CALLING GOWN.



1495-1485. This pleasing model shows a charming development of Ladies' Waist pattern 1495 and Ladies Skirt pattern 1485. As here portrayed, gray broad cloth was used with satin facings in a darker shade, and vest of shot taffeta. The waist has several new style features. The vest is lapped below a tiny chemisette of lace. The sleeve has a deep cuff in new shaping. The skirt is finished with revers at each side. Serge with satin facings embroidered or trimmed with rows of soutache braid would be nice for this costume. Velvet with satin is also good. The waist pattern 1495 is cut in 6 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. The skirt pattern 1485 is cut in 6 sizes: 22, 24, 26, 28, 30 and 32 inches waist measure. It requires 7 1/4 yards of 44 inch material for a 36 inch size. The skirt measures about 3 1/8 yards at the foot. It may be finished in raised or normal waist line. This illustration calls for two separate patterns which will be mailed to any address on receipt of 10c for each pattern in silver or stamps.

A COMFORTABLE AND ATTRACTIVE DRESS FOR SCHOOL AND GENERAL WEAR.



1470. Girl's Dress with Sleeve in Either of Two Lengths, and Collar in Either of Two Outlines. Novelty suiting in brown tones with facings of tan is here shown. The Dress is made with gathered waist and skirt, the waist fronts have a short square yoke, and a pretty collar that may be finished in round outline, or cut deep with square sailor back. An attachable pocket is joined to the belt. The dress closes at the center front. The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 6, 8, 10 and 12 years. It requires 3 3/4 yards of 36 inch material for an 8 year size. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10c in silver or stamps.

PRACTICAL STYLISH DESIGN.



1443. Skirt 1450. Comprising Ladies' Waist Pattern 1443, and Ladies' Skirt Pattern 1450. The waist and skirt have new and active lines, and are suitable for plaid or separate development. In plaid, a new style feature may be omitted on the waist. The skirt five gores, with ample fullness and flounce flare. The waist pattern is cut in 6 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. The skirt is cut in 6 sizes: 22, 24, 26, 28, 30 and 32 inches waist measure. It will require 3 3/4 yards of 44 inch material for the skirt, and 2 1/2 yards of 44 inch material for a medium size. Serge, taffeta, poplin, satin, flannel, mixtures or novelty suitings are good for this design. The skirt measures 3 yards at the lower edge. This illustration calls for two separate patterns which will be mailed to any address on receipt of 10c for each pattern in silver or stamps.

NEW AND STYLISH COSTUME



1487. Redingote Costume for Misses and Small Women. A brown serge combined in this instance with satin in a contrasting shade. This style would be nice in broad cloth, with plaid or striped for vest and skirt panel. It would develop effectively in velvet with panel and vest braided. For a costume black satin, could be used with white, and fancy buttons for ornamentation. The pattern is cut in 3 sizes: 16, 18 and 20 years. It requires 5 yards of 44 inch material for an 18 year size. The skirt measures about 3 yards at the lower edge. 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

POVERTY OF WEALTH.

A great abundance of food does not make a great nation. The invincible Roman legions lived for days at a time on wheat which they gathered and ate as they marched. The richest men of the earth dine as frugally as mortar mixers. Andrew Carnegie could afford to send vessels to every land to gather its delicacies for his table; his favorite dish is oatmeal. Frank Vanderlip, head of the City National Bank of New York, could employ a legion of chefs to procure epicurean feasts for his delight; Vanderlip eats only two meals a day. The Duke of Wellington who defeated Napoleon at Waterloo could have dined on ambrosia and nectar; he sometimes feasted his guests, but he limited his eating to a boiled potato and a chop. Some authorities state that Napoleon's defeat at Waterloo was due to an acute attack of indigestion. It does not require wealth to purchase the ideal amount and kind of food. The man with a million at his command should not spend any more for food than a cabinet maker. Many a man can trace his physical ills to the day when prosperity began to load his table with luxuries. Plato said the names physicians designated diseases by showed that their patients had over eaten and underworked.

The men who can afford idleness seldom want it. No Lincoln, Carlyle or Washington ever watched the clock. Edison labors 18 hours a day, not because of the final reward that it will bring, but because of the happiness he finds in it. Michael Angelo when painting his immortal pictures in the Sistine Chapel worked with such enthusiasm that for weeks at a time he never removed his clothing. Walter Scott arose at five in the morning and wrote some of his novels when he was employed as a clerk. Ruskin uttered a great truth when he said, "If you want knowledge you must toil for it; if food, you must toil for it; if pleasure, you must toil for it; toil is the law." If you have wealth you can purchase one hundred outfits of wearing apparel, but you can only wear one at a time. Socrates never owned but one pair of shoes, but his name is immortal. If you have wealth you can purchase beautiful paintings and adorn your home with statues. That wouldn't bring you happiness. If you have wealth you can purchase furniture inlaid with gold and upholstered with fine fabrics. That doesn't mean contentment. When Thoreau lived by Walden Pond he found a stone one day that he fancied and used it for a chair, but rolled it away later. If you have wealth you can purchase a great park and erect a splendid mansion, but tradition tells us that there was a very happy man who lived in a tub, and when the king came to see him and asked what he could desire from the king, Diogenes replied, "That you would step from between me and the sun." If you have wealth you can possess an organ with golden pipes, but Beethoven composed his immortal symphonies on a cheap harpsichord. If you have wealth you can equip a luxurious studio, but Turner painted in a garret and mixed his colors in a broken tea cup. Money can purchase copies of Sir Joshua Reynolds, but God gives the sunset away free. Money can employ musicians to perform for a private concert, but the song of the lark in the tree and the music of children's laughter is for the millionaire and the poor man alike. Wealth cannot purchase the great things of life. It cannot buy a contented mind and a serene life. It cannot purchase goodness and beauty. — Dale H. Carnegie in *Lesties*.

One pound of good bread is as nutritive as two and one-half pounds of potatoes.

The United States is the greatest producer of tobacco in the world, the greatest exporter, the greatest importer and the greatest consumer.

The Indian population of the United States last year, totaled three hundred and thirty-one thousand, two hundred fifty.

Most of Japan's pearl divers are women, who begin to learn the trade at the age of 13 or 14.

The English language has approximately six hundred thousand words, half of which are of a technical nature and rarely used.

Many a first-class kitchen mechanical is made over into a tenth-class act-ress.

A woman's mind may be as changeable as the shape of her hat.

If you can't find a good opportunity get busy and make one.

The cuddlesome winter girl dislikes the hot weather.

A cozy corner is a handy place in which to sweep the dirt.

A man's temper may improve with disuse.

An Emergency Brake. Saying her prayers is considered by little Katherine a nightly propitiation to the Almighty to be accomplished with all possible speed. Night after night she rattled off the Lord's prayer a string of unintelligible gibberish until a Nemesis overwhelmed her in the form of material chastisement. "I'm sorry to be obliged to punish you," said her mother, "but you are a naughty little girl. It's very, very irreverent in you to rattle off the Lord's prayer like that." "I don't rattle it off," sobbed Katherine. "Really and truly, mother, I don't. I always slow up toward the end because I'm afraid if I don't I'll say it all through twice before I think."

FACTS YOU MAY NOT NOW.

Kaiser Wilhelm once confessed that he owned 18,000 neckties.

Over half the newspapers published in the world are printed in the English language.

The Jewish population of the United States is 3,083,674, according to the last estimate.

EAST JORDAN LUMBER CO. STORE

Early Xmas Shopping

For those who will prudently do their shopping early this store is an ideal shopping place these days. The holiday stocks are ready—everything is new and fresh—and purchases may be made with deliberation.

BATH ROBE BLANKETS

A complete assortment in wool nap that will not lint. Full size for robe. Priced at \$2.50 each. All with cords to match. Make your selection early while the assortment is complete.

Ready With Christmas Ribbons

Here you will find Christmas Ribbons for those who are now at work on gifts. Tying ribbons in all widths in numerous new and pretty color combinations and the desired shades.

Now is the time to buy Dolls and Toys

Shop early while the stocks are complete, and when you can have plenty of time to make your selections.



FUR MUFFS

Nothing makes a more desirable present for "her" than one of these muffs. All of the well-known Annis make, in pillow, bolster and melon styles. Beaver, Hudson Seal, Martin and Coney.

Priced from \$4.00 up.

East Jordan Lumber Co.

Briefs of the Week

Born to Mr. and Mrs. M. S. Berger, a son, Nov. 20th.

Dr. C. C. Vardon is receiving a visit from his mother, of Newberry.

Orrin and Ira Bartlett returned from their hunting trip, Tuesday. Each secured a deer.

Louis Gass has opened up a meat market in Mrs. C. Walsh's store building on State-st.

Frost Robertson of Big Rapids is home visiting his parents, Mr. and Mrs. M. H. Robertson.

Mrs. Charles Dean of Nashville, Mich., is guest at the home of her mother, Mrs. Bessie Greenwood.

A number from Central Lake and Boyne City attended the Feather Party at the K. F. hall, Tuesday evening.

Frank Bender, who has been working at Flint, was seriously injured while there, and was brought home Saturday last.

Ernest Hulbert and Miss Myrtle Lucia, both of this city, were united in marriage at the Presbyterian Manse, Monday evening.

Will Stroebel and R. O. Bisbee were at Boyne Falls Wednesday to attend the stock holders examination of the Boyne Falls Bank.

Regular meeting of the Rebecca Lodge will be held next Monday evening, Dec. 1st. All members are requested to be present.

Mr. and Mrs. B. E. Wajerman and John Waterman returned Thursday evening from their hunting trip. Each bringing home a deer.

Mrs. James Cummins was taken to the Petoskey hospital, Wednesday afternoon, where she underwent an operation for appendicitis.

Victor Cross, Donald Porter and Dick Dicken left Wednesday for Kalamazoo, where they went as delegates to the State Y. M. C. A. Convention.

Dr. H. W. Dicken, Geo. Glenn, Harry Curkendall, A. Cameron, Roscoe Mackey, Harry Price and Nelson Muma returned from their hunting trip, Tuesday. They brought home three deer.

Mrs. J. M. Sloan with two sons, arrived here Wednesday from Eau Claire, Pa., and with Mr. Sloan, now occupy the Andrew Reid residence, recently vacated by Ray Fox and family.

The new office building of the East Jordan Chemical Co. is fast nearing completion. The building is of pressed brick and will contain a fire-proof vault. Clark and Rogers are the contractors.

The Presbyterian Ladies Aid will hold their annual Bazaar and Chicken Pie Supper at the K. P. hall next Tuesday afternoon and evening. Supper will commence at 5:00 o'clock—price 25 cents.

Miss Mary Weldy entertained at the home of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Weldy in Afton, Thursday, the following people: Glenna Vondran, Marjorie Lemieux, Agnes Green, Agatha Kenny, Agnes Kenny, Margaret Kenny, Selma Knop, Hattie Bailin, Veronica McCarthy, Jerome Votruba and Ed. Votruba. They served a two course dinner, and took pictures of the party at the table, between courses. The afternoon was spent in playing games, with music and refreshments.

Mrs. Thomas Morrison passed away at her home near Advance last Saturday morning after a short illness of only one week. Paralysis was the cause of her death. Ella Willis was born in West township, Columbiana county, Ohio, a little over fifty years ago, her parents being Mr. and Mrs. David Willis. She came with her parents to Charlevoix county forty-two years ago and located near the place where she passed away. In 1884 she was united in marriage to Thomas Morrison, who is left to mourn her, loss together with three sons, Joseph, James and Winfield, and one daughter, Hazel. She also leaves two sisters, Mrs. Thos. Trimble of near this city, and Mrs. Ed. Jones of San Pedro, Cal., and one brother, John Willis of Boyne City. The funeral services were held from her late home Tuesday afternoon conducted by Elder John Goodman pastor of the L. D. S. church of Boyne City. Interment was made at the East Jordan cemetery.

Munition manufacturers are making so much profit out of war supplies sent to Europe that they cannot stop to fill their contracts for parts of the United States battleships now under construction, according to a statement by Secretary Daniels of the navy. This is where profits are greater than patriotism in the eyes of the manufacturers, a condition that is to be deplored. It is also helping along the movement for government ownership of munition plants, a plan that is endorsed by the people of the country.

F. T. Smith spent Thanksgiving at Bellaire.

M. S. Berger returned from Lansing Sunday last.

Mrs. Wm. Cox returned home from Detroit, Friday.

Robt. Spence spent Thursday at Mr. Parkers in Echo.

Mrs. Ettie Siminaw returned to Charlevoix on Monday.

Mrs. Wm. Wilks returned from Toledo on Tuesday.

Ivan Atkinson was home from Petoskey for Thanksgiving.

Com'r H. B. Hipp made a business trip to Detroit, Tuesday.

Miss Winnie Maddaugh is home from her school at Bay Shore.

Geo. Ward and family now occupy the Thos. Brennan residence.

Miss Nell Maddaugh is assisting at the E. J. Lumber Co's store.

Mr. and Mrs. John Monroe returned from Detroit, first of the week.

Att'y F. R. Williams spent Thanksgiving at his home in Elk Rapids.

Mrs. Frank Porter and daughter, went to Suttons Bay, Wednesday.

Jas. Gidley and family spent Thursday at Central Lake with relatives.

Miss Iorle Carpenter of Harbor Springs is visiting Miss Ada Coleman.

Henry Smith and family moved their household goods to Deward, Tuesday.

C. N. Fox left Wednesday for Cadillac where he will remain for the winter.

Miss Grace Campbell is spending the week end with her parents, at Rapid City.

Will Nachazel of Boyne City is visiting his parents, Mr. and Mrs. John Nachazel.

Mrs. N. Muma returned from South Boardman, Thursday, after a visit with her sister.

Mrs. Roy Hilton of Walton Junction is visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. John Light.

E. D. Thompson and Clint Herron of Boyne City were in the city on business, Tuesday.

M. Muma's two grandsons who have been visiting them, returned to Grand Rapids, Friday.

Mr. and Mrs. Poulsin of Manzelona visited at the home of their son, Thos. Green, this week.

Miss Myrtle Walling of Petoskey spent Thanksgiving at the home of her sister, Mrs. A. Ward.

Miss Jessie Stafford returned to her home at Atwood, Wednesday, after a visit with friends here.

Miss Florence Maddaugh is home from Charlevoix for a visit with her parents, over Sunday.

Mrs. Geo. Carr of Charlevoix spent Thanksgiving at the home of her son, Geo. Carr, of this city.

Mr. and Mrs. A. E. Cross visited relatives in Central Lake from Thursday to Sunday this week.

Mr. and Mrs. Homer Scott of Boyne City visited at the home of Mr. and Mrs. E. Collins, this week.

Mrs. Wm. Moore left Thursday, for her future home at Saginaw. Mr. Moore has a position there.

Miss Grace Howard is home from Springvale for a visit with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Will Howard.

Mr. and Mrs. L. C. Monroe, Mrs. Roy Hilton and Miss Sophia Berg drove to Boyne Falls, Friday.

Parties from Charlevoix and Central Lake attended the dance given at the K. P. hall, Thursday evening.

The Presbyterian Ladies Aid Society will meet with Mrs. R. O. Bisbee next Friday afternoon, Dec. 3rd.

Morgan Lewis returned to Dallas, Texas, Monday, after a visit with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. E. A. Lewis.

Leon Bisbee returned to his home at Port Hope, Wednesday, after a visit at the home of his brother, R. O. Bisbee.

Mr. and Mrs. M. R. Drescher of Ellsworth have moved their household goods to West Olive, near Holland. Mr. Drescher has a position there.

The M. E. Ladies Aid will be entertained at the home of Mrs. M. H. Robertson, Wednesday afternoon, Dec. 1st. Full attendance desired.

Bruce Dickie returned from Texas, Wednesday, where he was recently called by the illness of his mother. He left her improving in health.

The M. E. Ladies Missionary Society will meet at the home of Mrs. O. E. Sundsted on Friday afternoon, Dec. 3rd. Full attendance of membership desired.

Miss Arlene Hammond spent Thanksgiving at Ludington.

Miss Mary Berg is home from her school at Marion Center.

Miss Lou Huber, teacher at Elk Rapids, is guest of Miss Jennie Waterman, this week.

Miss Jeannette Morrow of Aiden spent Thanksgiving at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Thos. Joynt.

Donald Roxburgh of Traverse City, nephew of Mrs. R. E. Webster, spent Thanksgiving with them.

Harry Detlaff was taken to the Petoskey hospital, this week for an operation for appendicitis.

Mrs. Orrin Bartlett returned from a visit with her sister, Mrs. R. M. Burr, at Central Lake, Tuesday.

Mr. and Mrs. Jesse Wilson and grandson, Earl, of Alba are visiting at the home of their son, Frank Wilson.

Miss Carrie Johnson, who has been caring for Mrs. R. E. Webster's mother for some time, left Friday for Traverse City.

Mr. and Mrs. G. M. Morrow of Central Lake spent Thanksgiving at the home of their daughter, Mrs. Thos. Joynt.

Mrs. J. H. Milford and children are spending the week end at the home of her sister, Mrs. John O'Connor at Boyne Falls.

Miss Carrie McGillis and Miss Florence Wiley of Deward spent Thanksgiving at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Ward.

Mr. and Mrs. D. Patterson and daughter, Miss Lillian, of Ellsworth spent Thanksgiving at the home of Mr. and Mrs. John Mollard.

Mrs. F. H. Roberts and daughter, Mina, who have been visiting at the home of Mr. and Mrs. R. E. Webster, will leave today for Traverse City.

Mr. and Mrs. Clyde Dewey and son, of Bellaire, spent Thanksgiving at the home of the latter's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Herman Goodman. Mr. Dewey returned home Friday, and Mrs. Dewey will remain for a week's visit.

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.

NOTICE.

EMPEY BROS have now in stock a quantity of COMFORTABLES and QUILTS. Prices from \$1.00 to \$3.50 each.

Learn a Little Every Day.

One horse power is the strength necessary to lift 33000 pounds, per foot, per minute.

It would require 350 years to make the trip from the earth to the sun, on a railway that ran at the rate of 30 miles per hour, if it ran day and night without stopping.

40,000 to 50,000 books are published throughout the world every year.

The big red wood trees of Calaveras County, California, range in height from 150 to 237 feet, and some of them are 30 feet in diameter. Their ages are from 1,000 to 3,500 years.

The Same High Quality Photos for Christmas

as at any other time of the year.

Day or Evening.

W. T. BOSWELL

THE PHOTOGRAPHER

Studio one door north of Postoffice—upstairs. Phone No. 231

Presbyterian Church Notes

Robert S. Sidebotham, Pastor.

Sunday, Nov. 28, 1915.

10:20 a. m.—"What God expects the Church to do."

11:45 a. m.—Sabbath School.

6:15 p. m.—Christian Endeavor.

7:00 p. m.—"Why should we join the Church?"

Thursday 7:30 p. m.—Prayer-meeting.

Tuesday—Nov. 30th, the Trustees meet at 7:30 p. m., and at 8:00 p. m. a joint meeting of Trustees and Elders.

Last Friday the church social was a decided success. Great credit is due to the committee having the evening in charge—Mrs. H. Stone, Mrs. W. Peck, Mrs. R. A. Risk, Miss E. French and Miss N. Maddaugh.

First Methodist Episcopal Church

Rev. John Clemens, Pastor.

Sunday, Nov. 28, '15.

10:30 a. m.—"Paul's Great Principles at Stake."

11:45 a. m.—Sunday School.

6:00 p. m.—Epworth League—Leaders—Miss Hazel Heath and Miss Ruby Grant.

7:00 p. m.—"Conversion"—A Fact of Life.

Special music by the quartet.

Thursday 7:30 p. m.—Regular Prayer Service.

Friday 2:30 p. m.—W. F. M. S. with Mrs. Sundsted.

St. Joseph's Church

Rev. Timothy Kroboth.

Sunday, Nov. 28. First Sunday of Advent.

8:00 a. m. Low mass. Holy Communion for the Sodality and Children of Mary.

10:30 a. m. High mass.

7:00 p. m. Devotions and Benediction.

Friday, Dec. 3, First Friday.

5 and 6 a. m. Holy Communion.

8:00 a. m. Mass.

7:30 p. m. Sacred Heart Devotions.

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

When the sun shines lay aside a little of your enthusiasm for a rainy day.

SAVING THE MOTORIST'S POCKETBOOK.

Do you know how much it costs you to operate your car? You know, of course, the initial cost of your machine, for you paid that in a lump sum; but how much have you spent on oil, gasoline, tires, repairs, and replacements since you have owned it? But are you handling your car with sufficient skill to enable it to deliver the highest efficiency for which it was designed? It is only by keeping an accurate, detailed record of your mileage and its cost that you will be enabled to determine whether the car is doing all that is claimed for it, or whether it is in need of expert adjustment and, possibly, repair. It is only when you have irrefutable figures to sustain your contention that you can complain of a lack of efficient results. By this, we do not mean if your car is advertised to travel twenty miles on a gallon of gasoline and you find you are averaging but eighteen, that you have cause for complaint, for this difference might well be due to local conditions and to a variation in the skill of handling; but if your car, advertised for twenty miles, travels only ten on a gallon throughout an exhaustive test, you can well contend that something is radically wrong, and you may expect the manufacturer to make good on his claim, either by making the necessary adjustment, or by giving you a new car.

It is not a difficult matter to keep a detailed record of expenditures made in connection with the upkeep of an automobile. Cards are properly spaced and lined for the purpose and tacked to the wall of the garage, where they may be used as soon as a run is completed and speedometer readings can be recorded, will form convenient memoranda. Speedometer readings, together with the amount of gasoline and oil added, should be noted whenever the respective reservoirs are filled, and in this manner a variation from the normal may be determined quickly and the cause of the difficulty remedied. If another list is maintained on which the expenses for repairs and accessories may be entered, the total cost of upkeep of the car may be determined by the year, month or week without difficulty.

Probably of most importance, so far as cost of upkeep is concerned, is the mileage obtained from various tires of different makes and sizes. Nearly all tires are sold on an adjusted basis varying from 3,500 to 10,000 miles, and it is necessary that you keep accurate record of your speedometer readings for each tire and to note whenever the tire was removed, and for what purpose. By maintaining a record of each tire, you can determine the size and make which gives you the lowest cost per mile. You will also be impressed with the advantage obtained from the use of over-sized tires, or from tires of a normal size maintained at their proper specified pressure.—Leslie's.

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

Origin of Road Rules.

The origin of the rule for pedestrians to keep to the right dates back to a period when such things as roads were unknown. Before the road as we know it existed progress from place to place was accompanied by means of tracks or paths, used in common by mounted and foot wayfarers. As in early days every traveler carried his life in his hands and saw in every approaching stranger a potential enemy, so the unarmed man either retreated from the path or was beaten from it by an advancing stranger, if the latter were armed. When two armed men met with shield on left arm and sword in right hand, they of necessity passed each other on the right, so as to bring shield to shield; thus completely sheltered, but with the sword arm ready to strike if needed.—London Globe.

Dont's

Don't attempt to punish all your enemies at once. You can't do a large business with a small capital. Don't say "I told you so." Two to one you never said a word about it. Don't worry about another man's business. A little selfishness is sometimes commendable. Don't imagine that you can correct all the evils in the world. A grain of sand is not prominent in a desert. Don't mourn over fancied grievances. Bide your time and real sorrow will come. Don't throw dust in the teacher's eyes. It will only injure the pupil. Don't worry about the ice crop. Keep cool and you will have enough. Don't borrow a coach to please your wife. Better make her a little sulky. Don't imagine that every thing is weakening. Butter is strong in this market. Don't publish your acts of charity. The Lord will keep the amount straight. Don't color meerschaums for a living. It is simply dyeing by inches.—Mark Twain.

Indolence to the mind is as rust to iron.

The Presbyterian Ladies' Aid

Invite You To Attend Their Annual

Bazaar

AND

Chicken Pie Supper

at K. P. Hall

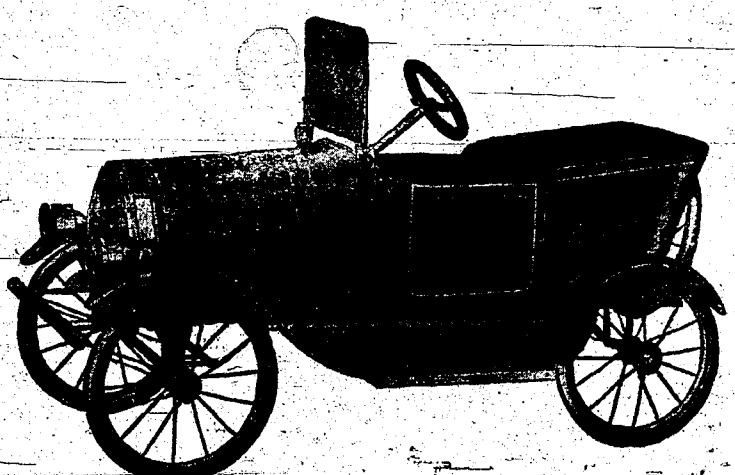
TUESDAY

Nov. 30

AFTERNOON AND EVENING.

Supper

will be served commencing at 5:00 o'clock. Price 25c.



FREE! FREE! FREE!

BABY FORD AUTO

Real Juvenile Automobile Given Away Absolutely Free

COME TO OUR STORE AND SEE IT.

With every purchase we give a vote coupon showing the amount of purchase. For each 5c you get 5 votes, and the boy or girl having the largest number of votes Dec. 24, at 8:00 p. m., will be presented with this automobile.

\$1.00 Trade Books count 1000 votes; 50c books 500 votes.

COMMENCE SAVING TODAY.

Hite Drug Store

Glass of Hot Water Before Breakfast a Splendid Habit

Open sluices of the system each morning and wash away the poisonous, stagnant matter.

Those of us who are accustomed to feel dull and heavy when we arise; splitting headache, stuffy from a cold, foul tongue, nasty breath, acid stomach, lame back, can, instead, both look and feel as fresh as a daisy always by washing the poisons and toxins from the body with phosphated hot water each morning.

We should drink, before breakfast, a glass of real hot water with a teaspoonful of limestone phosphate in it to flush from the stomach, liver, kidneys and ten yards of bowels the previous day's indigestible waste, sour bile and poisonous toxins; thus cleansing, sweetening and purifying the entire alimentary tract before putting more food into the stomach.

The action of limestone phosphate and hot water on an empty stomach is wonderfully invigorating. It cleans out all the sour fermentations, gases, waste and acidity and gives one a splendid appetite for breakfast and the roses begin to appear in the cheeks. A quarter pound of limestone phosphate will cost very little at the drug store, but is sufficient to make anyone who is bothered with biliousness, constipation, stomach trouble or rheumatism a real enthusiast on the subject of internal sanitation. Try it and you are assured that you will look better and feel better in every way shortly.

LOCATING THE TROUBLE.

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

BOLTS WANTED.

We want to buy a few hundred cords of four-foot bolts in hemlock, spruce, pine and balsam, 8" 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.

It is difficult to convince the head of the house that two heads are better than one.

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.

It takes some switching to get small boys on the right track.

Men are like potatoes—they never know when they will get into hot water.

CITROLAX

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

DRINK HOT TEA FOR A BAD COLD

Get a small package of Hamburg Breast 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 teaspoon full at any time during the day or before retiring. It is the most effective way to break a cold and cure grip, as it opens the pores of the skin, relieving congestion. Also loosens the bowels, thus driving a cold from the system.

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

RUB BACKACHE AND LUMBAGO RIGHT OUT

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

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

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

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

FEDERAL SERVICE IS NO SINECURE

GOVERNMENT WORKERS AT WASHINGTON CATALOGUED BY STATISTICIAN TO QUIET ENVY.

THE SALARY AVERAGE IS LOW

More Women are Employed in District of Columbia Than in Rest of Country.

Washington.—In the United States are multitudes who imagine that the greatest sinecure one can enjoy in this life is to be an employe in the executive civil service of the United States government in Washington. But 25,351 persons have learned from personal experience that such is not the case.

When these individuals who are not in the service contemplate the government clerk being granted 30 days' annual leave, and that if the clerk is sick he is allowed, by a merciful power, 30 days more in which to recuperate; when these facts possess them, they grow envious and wonder why the fates have not dropped them into one of these many easy berths.

And when these dissatisfied ones meditate upon the hours the government employe is supposed to work—from 9 o'clock to 4:30 o'clock—with one-half hour for lunch—it is too much for them, and they determine that come what may they will take the civil service examination for a position at Washington. They also think of the government employe at Washington who is supposed to stop his work at 1 o'clock on Saturdays during July, August and September.

When these position-seekers at Washington pass the examination and finally secure the coveted appointment they soon discover a number of pertinent facts. They find that of the men in the District of Columbia employed by the government, 44.2 per cent are paid at a rate of less than \$1,200 a year. In the case of women the percentage of those paid at a rate less than \$1,200 a year is 73.1 per cent. The newly appointed employe sees that 48.6 per cent of the women, as contrasted with 16.3 per cent of the men, are in the class paid at a rate of less than \$720 a year. In the District of Columbia the lowest average rate is \$630, paid to employes under 20 years of age.

Those permitted to choose the department or bureau in which they may desire to locate themselves, may be guided by these averages. First comes the department of justice with an average salary of \$1,588; the war and navy building averages \$1,695 lowest; the department of state averages \$1,310; Department of the Interior, \$1,257; Post Office Department, \$1,228 and Bureau of Engraving and Printing \$719.

Women are more numerous among the employes here than elsewhere. In Washington 7358 are women, or almost 3 in 10, while the employes elsewhere only 6463 are women, or 1 to 25, although the total number of employes in the district is less than one-sixth of the total number outside.

Of the employes in the government service at Washington 2785, or 11 per cent are negroes and 1852 persons at least 65 years of age, which means that practically one Government employe in 14 is at least that age.

The new arrival will learn that 30.3 per cent of his associates have been employed by the Government less than 5 years; 25.2 per cent from 5 to 9 years; 24 per cent from 10 to 19 years; 12.6 per cent from 20 to 29 years; 5 per cent from 30 to 39 years, and that 2.2 per cent have been serving 40 years and over.

By the time our civil service appointee has gained this knowledge he has learned that the work in Washington is not just what he imagined it to be, but if he has a job the chances are he will keep it, but wish he was back home.

LAZY HUSBAND PAROLED

Indiana Man Who Put Fishing Before Labor Accepts Terms to Escape Jail.

Aurora, Ind.—Albert C. Cochran, aged 39, was arrested under the "lazy husband" act, on a warrant sworn out by his wife, and fined \$25 and costs by Harry J. Wade, Justice of the peace. It was alleged by Mrs. Cochran that Cochran would not work and compelled her to do the farm work while he spent his time hunting and fishing.

When Cochran was about to be sent to jail in default of his fine, Mrs. Cochran said she would pay the fine if her husband would go to work and assist her with their crops of tobacco and corn. After some argument, Cochran agreed, was paroled and placed in the custody of his wife. He is to work five and a half days each week, getting Saturday afternoon off, and is to attend Sunday school each Sunday and is to report each week to Magistrate Wade.

Truman C. Allen of Oquawka, Ill., has not taken a drink of water in forty years. His sole drinks are coffee at breakfast and tea at supper.

A man who believes himself always in the right naturally makes more and more mistakes.

Knew Him at Sight

One of the principle annual events in Chicago is the great live-stock show, which is usually held late in November or early in December. It is attended by stock-breeders and fanciers from all parts of the country, and even from Europe. Many of the visitors wear costly fur or skin overcoats, and present an imposing spectacle as they stroll along the streets of the city.

Among the visitors at a live-stock show a few years ago was a large, white-bearded man who wore an enormous overcoat, reaching nearly to his feet, that looked as if it had been made from the hide of a polar bear. Soon after his arrival, and while he was walking along near the stockyards, a little girl who had been playing in front of a tenement house happened to see him. For a full minute she gazed at him in open-eyed wonder. Then she timidly approached.

"Please," she said, "I'd like to whisper something to you."

"Me?" said the stranger, stooping until his ear was within whispering distance. "What is it, little one?"

"I want a wax doll."

"A what?"

"A real wax doll,—for Christmas, you know,—one that will open and shut its eyes; one that's got slippers on its feet. Don't forget!"

"Little girl, who do you think I am?"

"Oh, I know who you are. You're Santa Claus."

The man straightened up.

"Why, yes, of course. But don't you tell anybody. You're the only one that has found it out. I'll see that you get the doll, and it will be just the kind you want. I haven't my pack with me, but I'll pick out the doll, all right. What's your name?"

She told him, and gave him the number of the tenement in which she and her mother had the top rooms, and he made a memorandum on a scrap of paper he found in one of his pockets. Then, bidding the little girl a cordial "Good-bye," he resumed his walk. Later in the day he dropped into one of the largest toy stores in Chicago, and looked over the stock of wax dolls.

"What's this one worth?" he asked, having found one that fulfilled all the requirements.

"Five dollars," said the shop-girl.

"Can I order it now and have it delivered on Christmas Eve, without fail?"

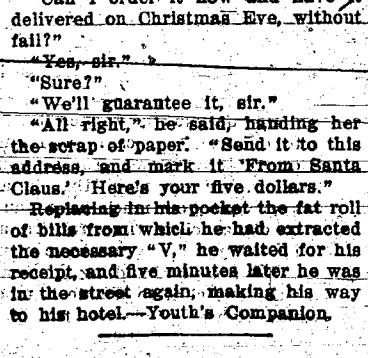
"Yes, sir."

"Sure?"

"We'll guarantee it, sir."

"All right," he said, handing her the scrap of paper. "Send it to this address, and mark it 'From Santa Claus.' Here's your five dollars."

Repeating in his pocket the fat roll of bills from which he had extracted the necessary "F," he waited for his receipt, and five minutes later he was in the street again, making his way to his hotel.—Youth's Companion.



"The child goes right on amusing itself with an empty bottle and a string of spoons tied together with a string."

A Christmas Child.

She came to me at Christmas time and made me mother and it seemed

There was a Christ indeed and He had given me the joy I'd dreamed.

She nestled to me, and I kept her near and warm, surprised to find

The arms that held my babe so close were opened wider to her kind.

I hid her safe within my heart. "My heart," I said, "is all for you."

But let her leave the door ajar and all the world came flocking through.

She needed me! I learned to know the royal joy that service brings.

She was so helpless that I grew to love all little helpless things.

She trusted me, and I who never had trusted, save in self, grew cold.

With panic lest this precious life should know no stronger, surer hold.

She lay and smiled and in her eyes I watched my narrow world grow broad.

Within her tiny, crumpled hand I touched the mighty hand of God.—Isabel E. Mackay, in Scribner's.

Shirtwaist Box.

To make the shirtwaist box get a box three feet long, one foot high and one foot wide. Be sure the lid is in one piece, and then tuck one sheet of cotton on the lid, with the smallest tacks. Now line both inside and outside of the box and lid with cretonne. Then about every two or three inches on the lid place an upholstery's tack. Fasten the lid and box together with two small brass hinges. At each end place a brass handle.—Carl Brenn.

CHRISTMAS IN RUSSIA

CUSTOMS UNLIKE THE FESTIVITIES OF OTHER COUNTRIES.

Mumming By All Classes—Eating and Drinking Upon an Extraordinary Scale—Special Service to the Famous Icon of the Virgin in the Cathedral.

Christmas in Russia is a church festival and a turning point in social life. For the upper classes it marks the beginning of the "season"; for the lower orders, a sort of wild saturnalia, during which criminal justice is as blind as a bat to various breaches of the law which are punishable at all other times, says the London Telegraph. The streets are full of peasants in sheepskin coats, many of them with shrill concertinas in their hands, with which they make night hideous as they stagger along or drop like weary soldiers on a fatiguing march. For even despite the indulgence of the police, the courts are full of "cases" after the holidays, and the cells full of prisoners. But with all its wild joys, Christmas is not a great national festival like the Yuletide of England and Germany. It awakens few old-world associations, exercises less influence than with us over the loosened ties of family affections, conjures up none of the delightful visions which endear Christmas to every English speaking man, woman, and child throughout the world. Even as a children's holiday it is a foreign import of recent date, like the spruce or fir tree, which sheds a blizze of light in the rooms of the well to do.

Mumming is a favorite diversion with Muscovites of all classes, sexes, and conditions. In the north, south, east, and west it is the great occupation of the people. Men, women, and children, in the country as well as the towns, disguise themselves in other people's clothing or purchase fantastic garments for a shilling or two; the girls don a crown or a tiara, the men a mask, and both sexes cover their cheeks and forehead with a thick daub of paint. In that guise a mother would not know her own child from an Aztec, for the apparel they wear is often grotesque. In groups they then wander from house to house, dancing, singing, declaiming, and gathering in the good things which the well to do offer them in return for the entertainment.

The very repast with which at about 8 o'clock at night pious Russians break their long fast on Christmas Eve is as pure a survival of paganism as an archaeologist would care to see. The room itself is arranged as of yore. In the place of honor, under the holy image, before which burns a red or blue lamplet—is placed a round table, over which a layer of sweet smelling hay is spread and over this, again, a white table cloth. In a spacious tureen the characteristic food of the season is piled up—buckwheat porridge colored with saffron, sweetened with honey, and variegated with fruits. When eaten it is washed down with ardent spirits. On another dish stands a pyramid of a fruit stew, the ingredients of which include apples and pears, dried cherries and prunes, grapes and oranges, the whole flavored with honey, and served up cold. There is a peculiar kind of bread, too, baked for this meal feast, as Easter has its own special cakes. Its characteristic is that it is covered with a thin coating of poppy seed or barley. Flesh meat cannot be eaten on Christmas Eve, and fish, if it figures in the repast, is only an ornament.

The church service must be over before the Muscovite family sits down to table. There is no ecclesiastical obligation to take part in it, but Russians are church going people; and there is a powerful attraction in the circumstance that a very special te dem is chanted on that evening to thank God for the deliverance of the country from the "twelve tongues," as the clergy term Napoleon's army, which was driven out on Russian Christmas Day (January 6, 1812). People, therefore, pray fervently, and come home hungry and thirsty. Tapers are lighted on their crossing the thresholds, incense is burned inside, and the guests, if any, are heartily welcomed. Then little Christmas cakes containing the figures of kine, sheep, birds, on one side and a Greek cross on the other, are sent with the children to all the neighbors in the village, to signify the desire of the senders that their friends may be wealthy and happy during the coming year. A person who fails to receive one of these cakes is doomed to lose his household and become dependent upon others before the year is out. At last the host rises, takes a big spoonful of the porridge, known as kootya, and flings it against the ceiling. If there be only plain rafters he flings it against the sash-window. That was the sacrifice offered up in former times to the Frost God, whose anger it appeased. It is a very hopeful sign if a considerable portion of the porridge sticks to the ceiling or the glass—the deity is conciliated and the harvest will prove abundant. Another relic of olden time is embodied in the custom observed when this sacrificial meal is over. The host, and their guests stand up and wait upon the servants and laborers, who take their places and sit down to supper. When this second meal is over, masters and dependents all crowd round the table and draw blades of grass or hay from between its surface and the cloth, to the accompaniment of quaint pagan chants and by the length of the blades they are able to "give a shrewd guess" as to the luck in store for each one in the New Year.

TO RESTORE CABIN

Frontier Home of Simon Kenton at Covington May Be Placed in Park

Covington, Ky.—Patriotic orders here are interested in the restoration of the cabin of Simon Kenton, one of Kentucky's most celebrated pioneers.

The cabin which is in Ninth street, is a rambling shack that seems entirely out of place among the excellent buildings which are its neighbors, and proponents of the "city beautiful plan" are for removing the cabin, without reference to its historical associations. Daughters of the American Revolution are engineering a movement whereby the cabin will be removed to one of the parts of the city and restored to its original picturesque ruggedness.

The cabin was built by the famous pioneer and Indian fighter in 1872, and has been occupied until 10 years ago. It is about 20 by 30 feet in dimensions, and has the half story, or loft, to which in early days those who slept above climbed by means of a short ladder.

The logs of the cabin are oak and cedar and have withstood the ravages of time remarkably well. The building has been added to by its various tenants until it now represents the handiwork of half a dozen carpenters, but the plan is to restore the building to its original lines when it is removed to the park.

Kenton was born in Virginia. He left his home there at the age of 16, because he thought he had killed a rival for the hand of a young woman. He crossed the Alleghenies and roamed for a time changing his name to "Simon Butler." He heard of the wonderful "Cain Land" called by the Indians "Kaintuckee," and decided to visit it. He met and became a friend of Daniel Boone, and once rescued Boone from the Indians.

Kenton in later years was very poor until the State of Kentucky granted him a pension.

LIVED ON \$16.50 A YEAR

Indiana Man Built a Hut of Mud and Sticks as a Home in Arkansas.

Hope, Ark.—When John Q. Cushman, 63, a hermit who for six years had lived in a mud hut, five miles north of Hope, failed to go to a neighbor's spring for water, the neighbor investigated and found him dying near the hut. He never regained consciousness and died late in the afternoon.

Cushman came here from Indiana. He bought a small piece of land in the woods and with sticks and mud built a hut eight feet square. It has no window and no floor. A scaffold in one corner covered with leaves, was his bed, and a home made stool and a small cook stove was his only other equipment. He prepared and ate his food from the skillet. He ate only a mush made of beans and corn meal mixed with lard.

Cushman once told a neighbor his expenses for food and clothes were limited to \$16.50 a year. He had \$2000 in a local bank and is said to have more money in Indiana banks.

ALLIGATORS HATCHED BY HEN

Mother Soon Worried to Death by Her Unnatural Brood.

Tarboro, N. C.—What might sound a fish story or a fairy yarn comes from Beaufort County. C. J. Overton decided on an experiment, so he placed some alligator eggs, which he had discovered while hunting along South Creek, under a hen. It was Mr. Overton's idea to see if the hen would hatch the gator eggs.

He patiently waited and one morning a few days ago, while he was in the vicinity of the setting hen, he heard her cackling vociferously. He investigated and found three young gators tenaciously clinging to their foster mother. The hen was gyrating, while her peculiar offspring were sticking to her like grim death.

Mr. Overton liberated the hen and she flew into the top of a tree, where she remained until she decided it was dangerous to venture below in a live state, so she dropped to the earth, dead. The young gators also died.

MOTHER SUPERIOR

Says Vinol Creates Strength

Rosary Hill Home, Hawthorne, N. Y.—"I have used Vinol for many run-down, weak or emaciated patients with benefit. One young woman was so weak and ill she could hardly creep to my door for aid. I supplied Vinol to her liberally and in a month I hardly recognized her. She was strong, her color charming and her cheeks rounded out."—MOTHER M. ALPHONSA LATHROP, O. S. D.,

We guarantee Vinol to sharpen the appetite, aid digestion, enrich the blood and create strength. W. C. Spring Drug Co.

We Show Men & Women

Now to make \$20 to \$100 weekly, spare around, making opportunities for large income. Why waste time working for others? Use your spare time at home and gain financial independence. No experience necessary. Write to-day, Universal Success Dept. A, 70 to Fifth Ave., New York City.

Take a Rexall Orderlie

Tonight

It will act as a laxative in the morning

W. C. Spring Drug Co.

And lots of people who think they have nothing but trouble don't know what trouble really is.

Take a Rexall Orderlie

Tonight

It will act as a laxative in the morning

W. C. Spring Drug Co.

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W. C. Spring Drug Co.

SALTS IF KIDNEYS OR BLADDER BOTHER

Harmless to flush kidneys and neutralize irritating acids—Splendid for system.

Kidney and Bladder weakness result from uric acid, says a noted authority. The kidneys filter this acid from the blood and pass it on to the bladder, where it often remains to irritate and inflame, causing a burning, scalding sensation, or setting up an irritation at the neck of the bladder, obliging you to seek relief two or three times during the night. The sufferer is in constant dread, the water passes sometimes with a scalding sensation and is very profuse; in fact, there is difficulty in avoiding it.

Bladder weakness, most folks call it, because they can't control urination. While it is extremely annoying and sometimes very painful, this is one of the most simple ailments to overcome. Get about four ounces of Jad Salts from your pharmacist and take a tablespoonful in a glass of water before breakfast, continue this for two or three days. This will neutralize the acids in the urine so it no longer is a source of irritation to the bladder and urinary organs which then act normally again.

Jad Salts is inexpensive, harmless, and is made from the acid of grapes and lemon juice, combined with lithia, and is used by thousands of folks who are subject to urinary disorders caused by uric acid irritation. Jad Salts is splendid for kidneys and causes no bad effects whatever.

Here you have a pleasant, effervescent lithia-water drink, which quickly relieves bladder trouble.

Lots of city farmers make a specialty of sowing wild oats.

It takes an optimist to get more good out of a thing than there is in it.

HOW "TIZ" HELPS SORE, TIRED FEET

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

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

Many People in This Town never really enjoyed a meal until we advised them to take a

Rexall Dyspepsia Tablet

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

W. C. Spring Drug Co.

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THE GIRL IN THE OTHER SEAT BY HENRY KITCHELL WEBSTER. Author of "The Whispering Man," Etc. Copyright, Paget Newspaper Service.

SYNOPSIS

CHAPTER I.—Anthony Longstreet, dare-devil automobile racer, driving over a mountainous road without lights gives a lift to a strange girl and incidentally assists her on a mysterious mission.

CHAPTER II.—Longstreet, though greatly attracted by the girl, whose face he had not seen, is engrossed in the tryout of a new high explosive motor he and a noted chemist have invented.

CHAPTER III. A Mystery.

In his cushioned chair, Alfred Morris was crouching over the half-consumed log which glowed in the great cobblestone fireplace. The September evening air, even after the recent shower, was warm enough, one would

have thought, to suit anybody. But hovering over the fire as he was, Morris kept glancing irresolutely at the open windows at the farther end of the room, and finally spoke to the young man-servant, who was setting the table behind him.

"Beck, you may close those windows until Mr. Longstreet comes in. The man did his bidding without speaking, but when it was done, said: 'The gentleman's dinner is ready, sir. Shall I tell him?'"

"Oh, he'll be here in a minute. He's just gone to wash up after his drive. Well, yes, go and tell him. He's dawdling in there. It's not like him to be slow."

The servant was moving toward the door, which Morris, with a nod of the head, had indicated, when it swung open and Longstreet walked into the room. He was in time to hear his friend's last word, and he echoed it in surprise.

"Slow! And I only took time enough to take off one or two of the outside layers of dirt, at that. I was too hungry to make a thorough job. I hope you have got enough for me to eat!" "I hope so. Sit down there and start in. As you see, I didn't wait for you."

He rose, as he finished speaking and made for the other side of the table.

It would be hard to imagine a stronger physical contrast than these two friends presented. Longstreet was six feet tall without his heels, rather heavily built, a sanguine blond, blue-eyed, with close-cropped, lightish hair, that had a tinge of copper. He was young—still in the first half of his twenties—clear-eyed, clean-blooded. But it was not youth alone that gave him a certain electrical quality, which almost every one remarked in him. The lights of the room seemed to burn a little brighter when he came into it. The air around him tingled. People were in the habit of saying he had no nerves. What they meant was that he had an unusually perfect set of them, always strung to concert pitch, never out of tune. For all his weight, he was as light-footed as a big cat. When he moved across the room to the table, he went almost soundlessly, and instead of pulling his chair back, as most people do, he lifted it bodily. He remained standing a moment, holding the chair out before him in his powerful hands, while the older man seated himself.

Morris looked up at him with a somewhat rueful smile.

"People like you, who are forever looking so infernally well, always irritate me, somehow! You are the one exception. I expect you to, but you don't. For some reason or other it does me good to look at you."

To most of the people with whom he came in occasional contact, Alfred Morris was nothing more than a querulous, nervous invalid with a sharp tongue. He made the number of these people as small as possible. It was wonderfully small for a man who, in a certain field of science, and enjoyed by no means of an academic sort.

He was a chemist, and his specialty was a certain group of high explosives. One, which he had discovered, had already excited the interest of engineers and mining experts all over the civilized world. But he never dealt, in person, with any of these people. He lived alone, most of the time up here in his mountain shack,

near which he had built his laboratory. When it was necessary to communicate with people, he wrote letters.

He might have been rich had he possessed the instinct for making money. He had given away enough discoveries to have enriched twenty men. So long as he had enough for his simple wants he did not care.

All told, he was one of those strange paradoxes which we are forever finding in the world and never ceasing to marvel at. A man too nervous to endure the ordinary daily contact with his fellow beings; who could be driven to the verge of distraction by three days of trolley cars, sidewalk crowds, automobiles and the clatter of restaurants; a man who shuddered uncontrolably if anybody dropped a book; who would not have ridden in an automobile for a thousand dollars a day; and whose nearest approach to recreation consisted in driving slowly over these unfrequented mountain roads, in a two-wheeled cart drawn by a fat pony. Yet he spent his working days in experimenting with substances so dangerous that a single misplaced atom in one of their molecules would have sufficed to blow him into eternity.

He was twenty years older than Longstreet, yet his relation with him was almost the only real friendship he had ever had. It did not date from so very far back, either.

The younger man was an engineer, a graduate of one of the technical schools, and himself an inventor. He raced automobiles, because he had, by chance, an extraordinary developed physical genius for it—a combination of nerve, quickness and judgment, in exactly the right proportions; and because, by following that profession, he could make money enough, without serious inroads on his time, to pursue his investigations and experiments.

He had sought an interview with Morris, and, with good-humored persistence, had declined to accept a letter instead. Morris had finally yielded, half impatiently, and consented to see him. He never forgot the sensations which their three-hour talk gave him. There seemed to be an emanation from that electrical young man which put his panging nerves in tune. And then, too, the young man had an idea sufficiently startling to make Alfred Morris sit up and stare.

He had set out to find a cheaper and more compact substitute for gasoline, in running automobiles and gas engines generally. He had tried some experiments with acetylene and had nearly blown himself to pieces in the process. Then he had tried an experiment or two with gunpowder. This was not original, he had explained, modestly.

"I heard of a man, two or three years ago, who ran a little boat up and down the Seine, in Paris, with a gunpowder engine. But it blew up one day and killed him; and, as he didn't leave any drawings, no one ever knew how he did it."

Morris had smiled over that, the most spontaneous smile he had experienced in a long time, and pressed Longstreet to go on with the story of his own experiments.

They were preliminary, the young man had said. It had occurred to him that the thing to do was to use a really high explosive, something as powerful as nitro-glycerine, for example. The advantages of it would be obvious. It would be cheap, for of course it would be used in extremely small quantities, and, for that same reason, compact. A man could carry enough in his tank to take him twenty thousand miles.

"Make it two hundred thousand," Morris had said, grimly. "Then he would light on the moon. If he happened to take the right direction."

But young Longstreet had taken this joke with a smile and had proceeded to develop his case. He had started out studying high explosives on his own account, but, finding that it would take years of study to put him abreast of what was already known on the subject, he had come to the acknowledged foremost expert in the country, in such matters, to suggest to him that they go into the matter together.

There was a problem for each of them. Morris had to produce a high explosive, which could be donated only under certain fixed conditions, while it was up to Longstreet to invent such modifications to the existing gas engine as would permit the use of the tremendous fuel they contemplated.

That was how their strange friendship began. Each of the two men had exerted a profound influence on the other; each admired in the other qualities which he himself lacked. Upon Tony Longstreet's imperturbable good humor, Morris's flaring irritability, uncertain and dangerous as the explosives he worked with, could never strike the spark that would result in a real quarrel. The other man's concentration, his painstaking thoroughness, transformed Longstreet from an amateur experimenter into a real student.

As we have already seen, they had won half their battle. The big car in which Longstreet had arrived that night, had come quietly, steadily, reliably, all the way from town, on a few ounces of the new explosive, and Longstreet's motor had met all the difficulties of the road with never a jar, with never a miss.

But Morris, sitting across the table from him now, allowed him to eat his dinner in peace, without a single question as to the details of the journey. All he knew about it, so far, was the enthusiastic report which Longstreet had shouted to him on the veranda, from up the road. That had covered the ground, to be sure.

"It's perfect, old man! It's perfect. Not a miss," Tony had said, and his friend and partner had been content to let it go at that.

Longstreet was, perhaps, a little disappointed at the older man's coolness. For the moment, his own mind was full of their plan, but, like his motor, it needed a spark to set it off—and Morris must furnish the spark. Just as he was finishing his meal, Beck, out in the kitchen, had the misfortune to clatter a couple of dishes together, and, at the sound, Morris started. Then he asked rather breathlessly:

"Longstreet, are you sure you padlocked the stable door, after you put the car inside?"

"Sure," said Longstreet, placidly, "though it seems a rather unnecessary formality up in this neck of the woods. Automobiles are rare and terrible birds hereabouts, I understand. But I observed your brand-new hamp and staple, and your dinky little patent padlock, so I acted on the hint."

He laid his napkin on the table and leaned back in his chair, looked at his friend a moment in silence, then, with a laugh, went on:

"What an old fraud you are, Morris!—Your indifference, I mean. You pretend you don't care a hoot about what happened to me today, or how the car worked. But you are as keen as I am that it should work, and that we should get the benefit of it. I believe, in the bottom of your heart, you're wishing you had made the trip with me."

"Never!" said Morris, fervently. "Not for any consideration I know of. No, what I'm wishing, in the bottom of my heart, as you say, is, that after my peaceful day in the country, I could feel the way you look after ten hours, or so, of piloting that perambulatory infernal machine of ours around the country. You're as rosy and fresh as if you had spent the day romping in the fields with some Arcadian shepherdess."

He was not looking at Longstreet, or he would have seen the way the young man's color came flaming up. He made as if to speak, but Morris went on, without noticing, his eyes still resting upon the framed mezzotint which had suggested the Arcadian shepherdess in the first place.

"I don't know why people always get sentimental when they talk about anything romantic, assuming, for instance, as I did, that an Arcadian shepherdess would be pleasant or desirable companion for a romp. She would probably be a bore, if not a thoroughly bad character—some masquerading hussy, who would steal your watch, if she got the chance."

"There's another of your poses," said Longstreet, and now his voice had a shade of asperity in it. "Why have you always pretended to be such a cynic?"

"That wasn't cynical—it was jocular. There is really something to be cynical about, though, when it comes to that."

Before the younger man could ask what he meant, Morris had rung the bell. On the servant's answering it, he said quietly:

"Beck, hand Mr. Longstreet those two letters that are there on the chimney-piece. They came in today, by the same post."

Longstreet's face lighted up on sight of the return-card on the upper envelope.

A letter from Valentine, eh? He will be glad to hear of our performance today. What's he got to say?" "He writes to say that he has sold us out: That's about what it comes to."

Longstreet's frown was directed solely at his friend's readiness to harbor unworthy suspicions of people. It was not even incredulous. Morris understood the look.

"Read it!" he said curtly. "See for yourself; read it."

"Dear Mr. Morris: 'I am sorry to say that a situation has arisen, which puts me in a delicate and difficult position. I have concluded that it will be best for all parties, if I give over the prosecution of your claims for various patents, which you were so good as to entrust to me, and suggest that you obtain another attorney.'

"My oldest friend, of whom I am sure you have heard me speak, Mr. Marcus Sheldrake, Junior, has, for some time, been pursuing a somewhat similar line of investigation to the one you and Mr. Longstreet have recently embarked on. He has asked me to look after his interests. I fear that they might not, ultimately, be entirely reconcilable with yours. I certainly should not wish to be put in a position where I might, conceivably, have to act against my friend's interests, and I, therefore, ask to be released from the investigation which I have been making for you."

"You will remember that I have never been formally retained by you. 'Trusting that this action of mine will in no way inconvenience you, and wishing both you and Mr. Longstreet as full a measure of success as could possibly be expected, I remain, 'Very truly yours, 'EDGAR VALENTINE.'"

Longstreet dropped the letter without a word, and stared, in amazement, across the table at his friend.

"Go on," said Morris. "Read the other letter! That completes the picture."

Tony took it from its envelope, and gazed rather blankly at the letter-head.

"The Paragon Automobile Company? What are they writing about?"

Then he read the letter aloud, like the other:

"Dear Sir: 'We beg to inform you that we

have been advised by our patent attorneys that certain claims for patents have been filed by you, relative to the adaptation of motors to high explosives.

"We have been pursuing this line of investigation for some time ourselves, and have, as we believe, many claims which are prior to yours, so that we shall resist, most vigorously, any attempt on your part to break into this field. However, since it is probable that you have devoted some time and money to these investigations, and possibly have found some devices that would be of service to us, we are going to, and hereby do, make you an offer of five thousand dollars for a formal and complete relinquishment of your rights in any patent claims which you may be entitled to. 'Any other course of action you may take will certainly be vigorously resisted in the courts.'

"May we suggest that you consult your attorneys and reply to us at your early convenience? Our offer will remain open for a week. 'Yours very truly, 'MARCUS SHELDRAKE, Jr. President.'"

When Morris had read these two letters, earlier in the day, it had needed only a glance into each of them to make the whole situation clear to him. He had laughed rather bitterly, called Valentine a jackal, under his breath, and put the letters by to await discussion with Longstreet. But, the younger man was naturally slow to impute bad faith to anyone. If you told him anything, his impulse was to believe you, and he did not begin disbelieving while he could help it. Morris knew that this was true of him, but in spite of this knowledge, Longstreet's way of taking those two letters and interpreting them, astonished him.

He laid the second letter down, twisted his face into a thoughtful grimace, and then slowly, and quite dispassionately—

"That's a curious situation! Of course, we've always known that Sheldrake was a great friend of his, and it is true, too, that we never retained him, so long as he always talked of going in with us on the deal. I presume he thinks himself justified."

"Good God!" cried Morris. "Don't be an idiot. The man is a deliberate traitor. He isn't such a friend of young Sheldrake's; though, even if he were, that wouldn't justify him. They did go to college together, I believe, and that has, apparently, been Valentine's chief asset ever since. He's never done boasting about it. He has toadied him all these years and played the jackal to him, bringing him anything he finds around loose that he thinks young Sheldrake, or the old man, would like."

"And now that Marcus the Great has peeled off a couple of millions, or so, to buy the Paragon plant for his boy to play with, naturally Valentine thinks of us. You know that concern under the old management; knew how conservative they were! They would be as unlikely to go into this line as have been following, as the First National Bank would begin manufacturing green goods."

Morris looked up into the younger man's face then, and saw that he had said enough. The blue eyes were blazing and the powerful hands were clenched upon the table.

"I see," said Longstreet. "I see. Yes, it's plain enough. I had a fool idea, because I played football against him for three seasons at tackle, that I knew he was square."

"Well," said Morris, "what are we going to do? Take five thousand and let it go at that?"



"Well," said Morris, "what are we going to do? Take five thousand and let it go at that?"

"By —, no! Not five thousand, nor fifty thousand. We will fight. After all, Valentine doesn't know so much as he thinks he does. We've made some pretty radical changes in our motor since we talked to him—essential ones, too; and we never told him the composition of the explosive, —though," he added, after a pause, "though I'd have done it, I imagine, if it hadn't been for you. I believed in him altogether. No, we will call Sheldrake's bluff, and see what happens. The Paragon people aren't the only automobile manufacturers in the world. If I could win a few more races, we could almost start making them ourselves."

"Just as you like," said Morris, with an attempted air of indifference. But he gave it up the next moment, and added, "No, I won't pretend. I'm as keen on it as you are. I have actually stirred up a little fighting blood on my own account."

"It's just by luck," said Longstreet, "that I didn't see Valentine a week ago, and show him everything down to date. I tried to see him, but they told me he had gone up in the country for a few days."

"It's possible that he is up here," said Morris thoughtfully. "Old man Sheldrake owns a thousand-acre park, not five miles down the road, and I noticed—the other day, when I drove by—that there seemed to be a lot of people there. Ashcroft is the name of it. I suppose they recognized some ash trees, and didn't know what a croff was, so they thought it a very good name. You must have passed it in the dark on the way up."

"Yes, I noticed it," said Longstreet. "Something odd about the sound of his voice attracted the older man's attention."

"What's the matter with you?" he asked. "Did anything happen to you, man?"

"No," said Longstreet, "not exactly. It's just a coincidence, I fancy. I'll tell you about it in the morning."

"All right. I think I'll turn in, too. It's after my regular bedtime. Ring for Beck when you wake up, and he'll bring you hot water and get your breakfast. Don't mind me. I shall, probably, be off to the laboratory by that time. But, when you get ready to go out and look over the car, send word by Beck, and I'll come back and go over it with you."

"I doubt if I sleep very late," said Tony.

In his own mind he registered the expectation of not sleeping at all. There was Valentine's treachery to think over, and what it meant to them. And then—well, there was the girl. That curious coincidence of her errand having taken her to the very gate of Ashcroft, made it natural that she should have come back into his thoughts again. All the while he knew that she had never fully left them.

But no man with a sound body and a perfect set of nerves could spend such a day as he had spent without going to sleep, almost as soon as his head touched the pillow. Without a single thought or a single dream of Valentine or of the girl who had ridden with him in the dark, he slept until well on toward eight the next morning. It was a good hour later when Beck appeared at the door of the laboratory, to say that Mr. Longstreet had gone to the stable to look over the car.

As Morris approached the stable, he saw Longstreet standing outside waiting for him, and, as he came nearer—near enough to see the look in the man's face—he cried out:

"Why, what's come over you? Are you ill? Or have they been before-hand with us, in spite of the padlock?"

Without a word, Longstreet led him into the little carriage house, and up to the car.

"Look at that!" he said. "I haven't touched it; it's just as it was."

Morris looked. What he saw was innocent enough at first glance—a letter, in a torn envelope, lying on the floor of the car, beside the steering post.

"Read what's written on it," said Longstreet, unsteadily.

The letter was addressed, in a large slanting, angular hand, to Mr. Edgar Valentine.

CHAPTER IV.

A Monogram.

Morris picked up the letter and turned it over in his hands. It was written on heavy, lavender-colored stationery, and the envelope flap bore a monogram in violet ink. The monogram was composed of two letters—V and an E.

"That's curious!" Morris commented. "They're his own initials." "Just a coincidence, probably," said Longstreet. "It isn't likely that he writes letters to himself, on that kind of stationery and in that handwriting."

"If we had a free and easy code of ethics like this, we would pull the letter out of that envelope and read it. It might tell us something we should be glad to know. Here," he concluded, holding the letter out in his hand, "put it in your pocket. We'll decide what to do with it later."

Longstreet put it in his pocket, without a word, and, for a moment, the two men stood looking at each other, in silence.

"Well, he's been here! That's clear enough!" said Morris, "and he has had a look. There's no telling how much he has managed to take away with him. Lift up the hood and look at the engine,—some of the adjustments will probably be different, if he dismantled many of the parts. I imagine," he continued, while Tony was carrying out his suggestion, "that we'll find he's made a pretty thorough job of it. He'd hardly have committed burglary, without the expectation of some substantial advantage."

Leaving Tony still busy over the motor, he roamed about the stable, took a turn about outside of it and brought up, at last, at the big door, the fastening of which he now examined curiously.

"He was not frightened away;—that's clear," he observed. "He had plenty of time to put things tidy after he got through. There's not a trace of him, that I can see; yet he was probably here for an hour or two."

"How could he have got in at all, without leaving some trace?" This from Tony, who was still crouching over the motor.

"Half a dozen ways. This place is ridiculously easy to break into for any one who really meant business. The staple door, for instance, is not clinched through the wood at all. A strong

man could almost pull it out with his fingers. I entrusted the putting it to Beck. I imagine that's the way it came in,—pulled out the staple and set it back with a tap of the hammer when he got through."

"He couldn't have done that without making a noise. That door squeaks like a pig."

"I fancy you slept pretty deep then," said Morris, "and I know the Beck does. He's very hard to wake. 'But you don't, certainly!' Tony objected.

"I never hear anything at night. I put paraffin plugs in my ears so that I don't. Shouldn't sleep a wink, if I didn't. Well, what's your report? Have you found anything there?"

For Tony had straightened up, wiped his hands on a bit of cotton waste, and was coming out of the shed.

"I don't know. I can't be sure. I have been imagining all sorts of changes, but I really haven't found anything that I could swear was different from the way I left it last night. I can't even convince myself that it's different. No, the only scrap of evidence we have that any one has been here is just that letter."

Well, that is evidence enough. You drove that car alone all day yesterday; you hadn't any letter in your possession, addressed to Valentine; the letter couldn't have been dropped in the car while you were in it. It's been brought in since, by somebody else. Since the letter is addressed to Valentine, it is probable that he is the person who brought it in."

He was not looking at Longstreet as he spoke, but gazing thoughtfully down the valley.

"One thing we can do," he concluded, after a momentary silence, "we can call up Ashcroft on the phone and see whether Valentine is stopping there. Doesn't that strike you as a good idea?"

Longstreet started.

"What's that?" he asked abruptly. "I beg your pardon, I wasn't listening. I was thinking about something else."

Morris waited a moment for him to go on, then asked:

"Well, what's come over you all of a sudden?"

"For it was perfectly plain, from the younger man's face, that something had."

"We can't be sure that Valentine has been here," he said, uncomfortably.

"No, of course, some one else may have brought the letter." "That's not what I mean. We can't be sure that any one has been here. Your reasoning is all right, but there is a flaw in the facts. I didn't drive the car alone all the way up here. Part of the way I carried a passenger."

He stuck there and Morris had to prompt him to go on.

"What was he like?" he asked, a little impatiently. "Give me the particulars."

"It wasn't a man," said Tony. "It was a woman, and I don't know what she was like, because I didn't see her. It was after dark when I picked her up. But she may have had a letter addressed to Valentine and dropped it out of her pocket."

"Pocket!" echoed Morris, more impatiently than before. "Women don't wear pockets—not big enough to carry letters in—and drop them out of, at any rate. Come, begin at the beginning and tell me the whole story. I wish you had told it last night."

Tony did it as well as he could, but his speech was halting, and his story was not very consecutive. At the end of it, Morris was staring at him in exasperated astonishment.

"You said you didn't see her at ALL! But, man, how could you help it when you drove her up to the hotel? It was Woodstock Inn, I suppose, and the entrance must have been lighted up."

"I didn't drive her to the entrance," Tony confessed. "She got out at the foot of a flight of wooden steps that, she said, led up over the hill to it." "And why, in the name of common sense, did you do that?" "She asked me to. She didn't want me to know who she was. She owned up to that, in so many words. She was awfully nice about it."

"She was awfully slick about it—that's what you mean," said Morris, irritably.

They had returned to the veranda and Morris was pacing the length of it, while Tony sat, rather helplessly, on the swinging couch.

"You said you took her to Ashcroft," Morris continued, "and that you read the name over the gate by a flash of lightning! Oh, it is too ridiculous! Suddenly he stopped short and his face lighted up. 'I've got it, Tony, he said. 'It never happened at all. Not a bit of it. But you dreamed it last night.'"

Longstreet smiled a rather constrained smile, as one who acknowledges a mistake.

(Continued on Eighth Page)

AFTER GRIPPE

Vinol Restored Mr. Martin's Strength

Wapakoneta, Ohio.—"I am a farmer by occupation, and the grippe left me with a bad cough and in a nervous, weak, run-down condition, and I could not seem to get anything to do me any good until I took Vinol—which built me up and my cough and nervousness are gone, and I can truly say Vinol is all that is claimed for it."—JAMES MARTIN. Vinol is a constitutional remedy for all weak, nervous and run-down conditions of men, women and children, and for chronic coughs, colds and bronchitis. W. C. Spring Drug Co.

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Nothing frightens a mother more than the loud, hoarse cough of croup. Laborious breathing, strangling, choking and gasping for breath demand instant action. Mrs. T. Neureur, 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.

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Look years younger! Try Grandma's recipe of Sage and Sulphur and nobody will know.

Almost everyone knows that Sage Tea and Sulphur, properly compounded, brings back the natural color and lustre to the hair when faded, streaked or gray; also ends dandruff, itching scalp and stops falling hair. Years ago the only way to get this mixture was to make it at home, which is messy and troublesome. Nowadays we simply ask at any drug store for "Wyeth's Sage and Sulphur Compound." You will get a large bottle for about 50 cents. Everybody uses this old, famous recipe, because no one can possibly tell that you darkened your hair, as it does it so naturally and evenly. You dampen a sponge or soft brush with it and draw this through your hair, taking one small strand at a time; by morning the gray hair disappears, and after another application or two, your hair becomes beautifully dark, thick and glossy and you look years younger.

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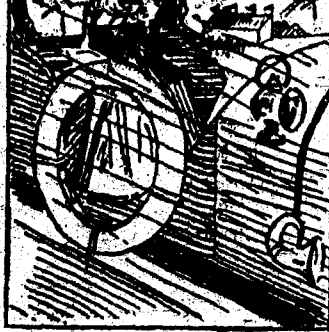
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POPULAR MECHANICS MAGAZINE

THE GIRL IN THE OTHER SEAT



BY HENRY KITCHELL WEBSTER.

Author of "The Whispering Man," Etc.

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(Continued From Seventh Page)

edges a jest he does not particularly relish. "Oh, I'm not joking," said Morris. "I'm perfectly serious. Stop and think a minute, and see if you don't remember it was a dream, instead of a fact." "It happens," said Tony, "that I can prove it was not a dream, even to you. Do you remember last night my being a little startled when you spoke of Ashcroft, and when you asked me why, my saying that it was, no doubt, nothing but a coincidence, but that I would tell you in the morning?" Morris's face fell. "All right," he said. "She was real, then—but that doesn't make her any the less mysterious. By the way, did you tell her who you were?" "No."

"Nothing about yourself?" "I told her where I was going." "Well," she was on her way to see Valentine, that hint would have been enough to give you away." "What makes you think it was Valentine she was going to see?" "Why, one of them dropped a letter," said Morris impatiently. "If she dropped it, it's likely that she just got it from Valentine himself; if he dropped it, it's likely that he got his information of your arrival from her." "That doesn't sound very convincing to me," said Longstreet, rather sulkily. "Does any of it sound convincing?" the older man retorted. He turned suddenly upon the younger man: "I tell you what might explain it," he said. "How can you be sure that she was a woman at all? You didn't see her, you only heard her voice! How do you know it wasn't a boy—some young lad whose voice has not changed yet? It's more than half likely that it was some boy Valentine himself had hired to keep an eye out for you on the road."

"Oh, drop it, Morris! You're talking rot."

"Not a bit of it. My guess may be a good one, or a bad one—but you don't know whether it's good or not. That's why you are so stuffy about it. I suppose he flirted with you a little, and cooed in your ear, and let you hold his hand—"

By that time young Longstreet was on his feet. "He glared an instant at his tormentor, strode into the house, and slammed the door after him. Five minutes later, he emerged, clad in his dustcoat and his motoring cap, his goggles dangling from one hand by a string. "I'm going down to Woodstock Inn, if that's the name of it, to find out about that letter."

End of fourth chapter.

Continued Next Saturday.

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.

Nothing worries a liar like having to tell the truth.

Your wife as well as your sins will find you out.

TEMPERANCE NOTES

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

EFFECTS OF ALCOHOL.

There is no experiment more striking than this. Take a person who is even a moderate drinker of alcohol. Let that person take his pulse in a standing position, and take it in a recumbent position in ordinary every-day life, and let him do so when there is no alcohol in his body, and when there is a dose. He finds that when in health, his heart is automatically slowed when he lies down, but that under the influence of alcohol this does not occur, or is very much reduced in its character, and wholly, as we know, by the fact that this tampering with the nerves has resulted in the heart being to a certain degree emancipated from the healthy and normal discipline which it should be under, and which nature ordained that it should be under. We have therefore to regard alcohol as a paralytic or narcotic agent entirely, and if you investigate the reasons why people take it, you will find invariably that it is for paralytic action rather than for the stimulant.

The feeling of fatigue which we all experience is a very healthy symptom. It is a little message from nature saying that we are overdoing it, and if alcohol is taken you cut off and stop that nerve message. The engineer on board a steamer who tells you that his boilers are magnificent boilers because they never give too high or too low a pressure, and when you look at the pressure gauges you find they have been tampered with so that the correct steam pressure is not shown by them, occupies the same position as a man who explains his feelings under alcohol. I would like you to think of the body when alcohol is circulating in it as being interfered with—to use that French saying which is on the penny-in-the-slot weighing machines—"Please don't brutalize the machine." —Prof. W. A. Osborne, M. B., C. Ch., D. Sc.

LIQUOR TRAFFIC GOING UNDER.

The Toledo Blade calls attention to the fact that every few days there is recorded some new step in the ultimate extermination of the liquor traffic. It says: "A brewery or distillery goes out of business. A manufacturer of bar fixtures decides to manufacture something else. An industrial plant announces that teetotalers will have first choice when jobs are distributed or promotions made. Railroad companies tighten the application of the rule against drinking. The revenue from beer and whiskey falls off and the secretary of the treasury looks for new sources of income. And so, week after week and month after month, the forces against liquor increase in numbers, the territory wherein liquor selling is profitable becomes more and more restricted."

LIGHT OF MODERN SCIENCE.

Dr. T. Alexander MacNichol, in one of his addresses, says briefly: "Fifty years ago men commonly believed that alcohol was food, tonic, and stimulant; but they were excusable for ignorance, as little was known of the psychology and chemistry of the blood and tissues; the action of bacteria upon the functions and life of tissue cells was a sealed book. The invention of instruments of precision and the application of more exact methods of examination has revolutionized our attitude toward alcohol. In the light of modern science alcohol is not a food, a tonic, or a stimulant. In a word, science has rated and classified alcohol as a universal protoplasmic poison to all forms of organic life."

PROHIBITION BOUND TO COME.

It is only a question of time when Pennsylvania, Maryland, New Jersey and the other eastern states will align themselves on the side of prohibition, as have West Virginia, Georgia and other states. I want to say that it will be a happy day when this has been done. Years of the past show that the liquor traffic has worked against the good of the country. It is an odd fact that no state in recent years, after adopting prohibition, has rescinded that vote. All of which goes to prove that it is prohibition that the country wants, and is bound to have within a short term of years. —Bishop Donohue of Wheeling.

A WARNING.

The public at large should be familiar with the fact that one of the threatening features of alcoholism is depopulation not only quantitatively but qualitatively. It leads to a degeneration of both the individual and the species. It produces a slow and progressive individual deterioration and an intellectual and physical sterility of the race.—Dr. Alfred Gordon in the Journal of the American Medical Association.

ON THE INSTALLMENT PLAN.

If the results of drinking were purely personal, the complaints of the wets that anti-liquor forces are trying to interfere with the personal liberty of drinkers might carry with some force, but drink is sold on the installment plan. The first payment is made when you get the drink, the others when the drink gets you.—Maj. Dan Morgan Smith (Former Counsel for the Liquor Interests).

Short Sermons FOR A Sunday Half-Hour

THE ONE TALENT MAN.

BY REV. J. O. DAVIS.

To each according to his several ability.—St. Matt., xxv., 15.

This parable of the talents contains a message of awful warning and of sweetest comfort. God holds every man responsible for all that has been committed to him; He also rewards faithfulness beyond our widest expectation. When the householder in the parable was preparing for his journey he did not distribute his property indiscriminately among his servants, but only after careful consideration. He gave "to each according to his several ability." To one man he gave five talents, not from favoritism, but because he had the ability to use it profitably. The man who received one talent was not capable of great things, but he had the ability to use the one talent. His fault was that he refused to use what was committed to him, fondly thinking that his master would be satisfied with its safe return without increase. We may also perceive a feeling of jealousy and discontent because a larger amount was not given to him.

The law of human responsibility is universal. I am to-day very much what I have made myself. As I have used my time profitably or unprofitably, as I have resisted temptations or yielded to them, as I have allowed my passions and appetites and the desires of my lower nature to control my thoughts and actions, or have brought them into subjection to the higher, so is my character to-day. Whether I will or not, I am held to the strictest accountability. The boy in school who shirks the multiplication table, promising himself to study diligently when he shall have reached the higher mathematics, finds that the higher mathematics are an impossibility without a thorough knowledge of those things that he despised as useless. He is quite incapable of making use of the five talents, because he has buried, not used, the one talent.

The same rule holds good in the spiritual world. God gives gifts of grace to His children as they have the ability and disposition to use them. Grace used means grace increased. Opportunity taken advantage of means greater opportunity. Large returns were not expected from the one talent man, but some return was expected. He would have been a talent man and the two talent man commended equally with the five however small his return might seem in comparison with theirs, had he used his talent.

And just here is the word of comfort. The five talent men and the two talent men are comparatively few. The more part of us are of one talent ability. All that is expected of us is that we use and make the best we are able of what we have. When the time of the great accounting comes we may have little to offer—only a cup of cold water given to one of Christ's little ones; only a kind, sympathetic word spoken; only a helping hand held out to one needing the support; it is what we were able to do, and we will receive the commendation of the Master equally with those whose opportunities have been greater. "Well done, thou good and faithful servant; enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."

The Perfect Man.

Oriental cloth merchants call in the sun as an expert witness in determining the quality of the finer products of the loom. Servants of the seller pass the web blowly between the purchaser and the sun. If no blemish is revealed by the flood of light, which this incorruptible witness pours through warp and woof, the piece is passed and paid for as perfect. Most lives will go as currency in the measurement of some men. A few will endure the scrutiny of their intimate friends. Some men do not seriously violate their own conscience. But how very few there are who are pure in the white light of the Gospel, whose lives are blameless by the searching standards of the Sermon on the Mount.—Home Herald.

A Wise Caution.

It is important to wait the moment of God to correct others. We may see real faults, but the person may not be in a state to profit by being told his faults. It is not wise to give more than one can receive. This is what I call preceding the light, the light shines so far in advance of the person that it does not benefit him. Our Lord said to His Apostles: "I have many things to say to you, but you cannot hear them now."—Madam Guyon.

The Time for Preparation.

Rest is only rightly used when it is intended as a preparation for further service. Sunday is only truly queen of the week when it is used to acquire within its golden hours mastery over the world and daily care, and as a preparation to meet all those engagements, duties and difficulties which shall press upon us on the coming morning.—Scottish Review.

AND ALONG CAME RUTH

"Ruth, is there any way to keep flowers in vases without the water becoming foul in smell?" asked her cousin. "Why yes," replied Ruth, "if you will put a lump of charcoal in the water it will keep it sweet for some time. But in warm rooms it is better to empty the vases, wash them thoroughly with warm water and borax, and refill every other day. This doubles the length of time that your flowers will remain fresh. You should also remember to strip the stems of all the lower leaves before putting them in water, while roses will last better if you slit the outer bark for an inch or two at the end. Soft stems should be cut slanting ways. So as to expose a larger cut surface to the water."

"You can always depend upon Ruth," chimed in another cousin, "she is a walking encyclopedia of useful knowledge."

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.

There is always room at the top for aeroplanes—and room at the bottom for submarines.

HEAD STUFFED FROM CATARRH OF A COLD

Says Cream Applied in Nostrils Opens Air Passages Right Up.

Instant relief—no waiting. Your clogged nostrils open right up; the air passages of your head clear and you can breathe freely. No more hawking, sniffling, blowing, headache, dryness. No struggling for breath at night; your cold or catarrh disappears. Get a small bottle of Ely's Cream Balm from your druggist now. Apply a little of this fragrant, antiseptic, healing cream in your nostrils. It penetrates through every air passage of the head, soothes the inflamed or swollen mucous membrane and relief comes instantly. It's just fine. Don't stay stuffed-up with a cold or nasty catarrh.

Musical critics should be sound judges.

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.

Ralston Smiles

The way the world is running now, you have to dance—or soon learn how; for every little social set, has some V. Castle for a pet. They dance at dinners and at plays, they dance at lunch time in cafes. Miss Terpsichore is quite a belle among the bunch that you know well. And at a moment's notice, too, they're apt to ask a dance of you. At five p.m. as twilight falls, they scamper for the tango halls, and you—well you will take a chance—its part of life to laugh and dance.

Which being true, those one-step feet, should always be surpassing neat—should dance in comfort all the while and bring the glad, contented smile.

No man may do the job up brown, and have the saddest feet in town. The light fandango is not wed to limps and hops and "seeing red." Forget there ARE such things as feet: Life's little daily walk make sweet. And Ralston's, somehow, are a part of all this Terpsichoric Art.

RALSTON SHOES

"On with the dance, let joy be unconfined." Comfortable enough, stylish enough—what more could you ask?

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