

Charlevoix County Herald.

Vol. 19

EAST JORDAN, MICHIGAN, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 25, 1915.

No. 52

Accidentally Shot Himself

George Banks of Hayes Township Found Dead in Vacant Building.

The dead body of George Banks of Hayes township was found Monday afternoon between four and five o'clock in a small building used for storage purpose on the farm of Fred Gray, about a mile from his home.

Banks had ate his dinner at his home and told the members of the family he intended going to the woods to cut wood. At the time he left the house, he carried a single barrel shot gun, and told one of his children he would bring back a rabbit. This was the last time he was seen alive.

On the way to the woods the road ran through the farm of Fred Gray. About a half mile from the woods, where he intended to cut wood, is a small building used by Mr. Gray to store implements, etc. Banks entered the building and in some manner the accident occurred that caused his death.

Between four and five o'clock, Mrs. Gray and daughter noticed the door of the building open, and went there to investigate the cause. Upon looking in, they saw banks lying on the floor, on his face. Receiving no answer as they spoke, they investigated the cause, and upon seeing the condition of things, gave the alarm to the other members of the family.

Sheriff Novak, Prosecutor Lewis and Coroner Wilkinson visited the scene of the accident about 7 o'clock in the evening. From the position of the body, Banks had evidently drawn the gun toward him, and in so doing, it was discharged, the contents striking him in the abdomen. The wound was a ghastly one, the muzzle of the gun being so close to the body that his clothing was burned. The investigation brought to light nothing of unusual nature other than accidental.

Banks was a young man and leaves a wife and children. Funeral services were held Thursday.—Charlevoix Courier.

MYSTIC LODGE, F. & A. M. ELECTED OFFICERS

Mystic Lodge No. 379, F. & A. M. elected the following officers for the ensuing year at their last meeting, Sat. Dec. 18th:

W. M.—H. J. Carpenter.
S. W.—C. V. Trumbull.
J. W.—Martin Ruhling.
Treas.—Anton Walstad.
Sec'y.—J. E. Chew.
S. D.—W. H. Sloan.
J. D.—Chas. P. Murphy.

Stewards—Peter Lalonde and Bert L. Danforth.

Tyler—Wm. Aldrich.
The installation will be held next Monday evening, Dec. 27th.

St. Joseph's Church

Rev. Timothy Kroboth.

Saturday, Dec. 25, Christmas Day.

9:00 a. m. Angels' Message—Mixed

Voices. High mass.

Juvenile Mass—Quoir.

Offertory—Adeste Fideles—Mixed

Voices.

Benediction—O, Salutaris, Tantum

Esgo.

Recessional—Silent Night, Sacred

Night.

Accompanist—Mrs. Mat. Quinn.

8:00 a. m. Low mass.

Silent Night.

Angels' Message.

Dear Little One How Dear Thou Art

Adeste Fideles.

Angels We Have Heard On High.

See Amidst the Winter's Snow.

Violin Accompaniment

Harold Nachazel

Lawrence LaLonde.

Sunday, Dec. 26.

10:30 a. m. mass.

Program as on Christmas.

7:00 p. m. Benediction.

Mothers' Meeting after Mass.

Old Songs Re-twisted

The melancholy days have come,

The saddest of the year,

But we may help conditions some

By smiling—'twould appear.

Even yet there is time to make somebody happy by doing a little eleventh hour shopping.

The man of moderate means is more desirable as an acquaintance than a man of immoderate meanness.

BEN SMATTS MARRIED AT FLINT

East Jordan Boy Takes Scotch Lassie as Bride.

(From Flint, Mich. Journal.)

Benjamin B. Smatts, son of Mr. and Mrs. E. Smatts of East Jordan, and Miss Alice M. Dunn, youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Arthur C. Dunn of Derby Terrace, Glasgow, Scotland, were united in marriage Tuesday evening, December 14th, at the Parkland Presbyterian parsonage, in the north end of the city. The ceremony was performed by Rev. Howard J. Clifford. Mr. and Mrs. Smatts will be at home to their friends after Christmas at 111 Eleventh avenue.

ELBERT BEDE SAYS

When a man runs for office to down those who have been lying about him, he is courting defeat.

Anyway, when a woman brags of making a fool of a man, it is acknowledgment that he wasn't one to start with.

What's the idea of hollering for a big standing army—what we want is one that will not foot after the enemy.

How exasperating folks are who, instead of being convinced by our argument, try to talk us into their way of thinking.

Gradually it is becoming accepted that education is for the purpose of teaching young men and women something useful for later life.

Sometimes we imagine that folks get peeved at the newspaper notoriety given their actions just to keep folks from suspecting that they courted the notoriety.

The farmer who hated the automobile because it frightened his horses and spoiled the roads, is becoming one of the largest users of bugle-wagons, which proves that the world do move.

Any old girl is pretty when all dolled up—the test of her sweetness and beauty is how she looks in a gingham dress about the house—and don't forget that that's the way you have got to take her most of the time after the wedding.

A clever woman, who gets a mediocre husband, has the sympathy of all the gossips. Why is it that they overlook the clever man who marries a silly woman? Perhaps it is because the latter is so common as to attract little notice.

After a woman has made a success of grand opera she is likely to be referred to as beautiful, but she has then passed the stage when such comments would have been of value to her. A woman whose frame—for a beautiful voice is established, doesn't care what folks say about her face.

STREET CORNER SAGE

His Idea of Gossip.

"Heard a feller say in a free lecture down at th' church one time that a gossip wuz the lowest down thing on airth, an' blamed if I ain't a little bit inclined to agree with him."

The Sage "borrowed" a "chew" and proceeded:

"Trouble with 'em is that when a bunch of 'em gets to talkin' an' tellin' each other what's happened in their neighborhoods, they run out of facts an' get to guessin' at what happened. They ruin peoples' rep-ation that they don't know enny thing about a-tall. I'm in favor uv makin' gossipin, a pen-a-tensary offence."

"Seems to me Uncle" remarked a younger man, "that I've heard some of you old timers over at the grocery store, get mighty personal in some of your conversations."

"Yes" replied the Sage, "I reckon we do, but we don't aim tu tell nothin' on nobody that we aint heard on responsible authority er that we don't hav grounds fer b'leevin'. Y' see that's differunt."

Learn a Little Every Day.

The first steel pen was made in 1830. The first newspaper was published in England in 1588, and the first advertisement appeared in 1652.

The Sahara desert contains twenty oases, inhabited by wandering tribes, who live chiefly by plundering.

India is larger than all the Pacific states and contains about four times as many inhabitants as the United States.

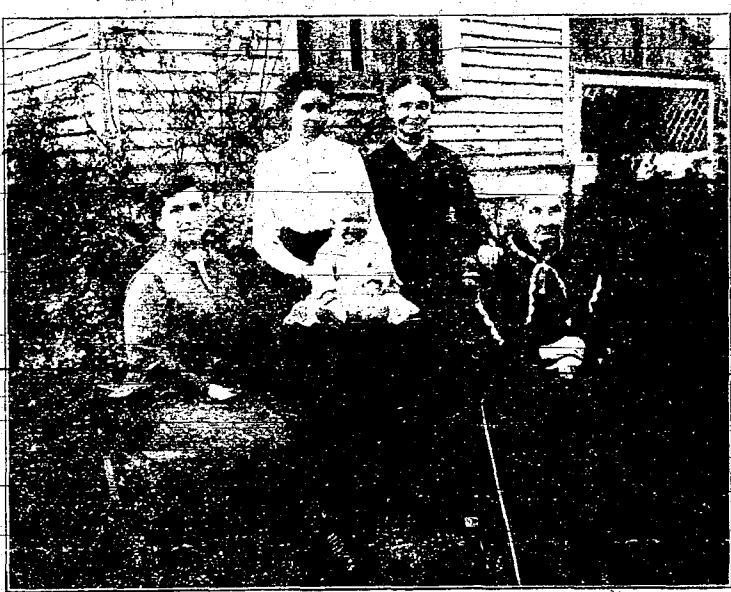
The great fire in London commenced on Sept. 2, 1866 and burned three days, destroying 13,200 houses.

The longest verse in the Bible is the 9th verse of the 8th chapter of Esther; the shortest the 35th verse of the 11th chapter of John.

CHRISTMAS GREETINGS:

MAY CHRISTMAS Bring You,
Here in a World of Changes, Those
Joys That Never Grow Old-Fashioned—
The Clasp of Friendly Hands, the Thrill
of Reunited Ties, the Echo of Children's
Laughter, and May the Happiness so
Kindled Shed Its Glow Over All the
Pathway of the Coming Year.

CHARLEVOIX COUNTY HERALD
East Jordan



Mrs. Howard Porter Mrs. E. Mudge
Mrs. A. E. Cross Mrs. Amanda Olmstead
William Alden Porter

Five Generations in this Family

The above photograph, taken at the home of Mayor A. E. Cross, last fall, has been the source of considerable interest to our townspeople, as it represents five generations. The oldest of these is Mrs. Amanda Olmstead of Central Lake township, Antrim county, who is aged ninety years. Following in their order is Mrs. E. Mudge, aged sixty seven years, also of above place; Mrs. A. E. Cross, aged forty-seven; Mrs. Howard Porter, aged twenty-six; and the latter's son, William Alden, aged eight months. There is another of the fifth generation not shown in above picture—the little child of Mrs. John Benford of Mt. Pleasant.

And Along Came Ruth

"Here's a hat I must throw away," lamented Ruth's father, as he held up a last years derby.

"Why?" asked Ruth.

"Because it looks worn, and it will not brush clean," he answered.

"Let me try my hand at it," coaxed Ruth, and her father put the hat into her hands.

She took a clean piece of old muslin, wet it with household ammonia, started at the top of the hat, and worked it around in a circle, until the entire hat and binding had been covered. When the father came home, she showed it to him and he exclaimed:

"Ah, that isn't the same hat Ruth!"

"Yes, it is," she answered, "and hereafter I'll always make the old ones new for you in the same manner."

The Week In History.

Monday, Dec. 20.—South Carolina seceded, 1860.

Tuesday, Dec. 21.—Savannah captured, 1864.

Wednesday, Dec. 22.—Embargo on U. S. ships, 1807.

Thursday, Dec. 23.—Washington resigned commission, 1783.

Friday, Dec. 24.—Fort Fisher stormed, 1864.

Saturday, Dec. 25.—The Children's Day Every Year.

Sunday, Dec. 26.—Major Anderson occupied Sumpter, 1860.

The first thing a woman does after moving into a house is to look in the closets to see whether the former tenants left their family skeleton there.

Commission Proceedings.

Regular meeting of the City Commission held at the commission rooms Monday evening, Dec. 20, 1915.

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

Minutes of last two meetings were read and approved.

On motion by Lancaster, the following bills were allowed:

E. W. Giles, cleaning streets... \$ 24.00

J. F. Kenny, coal and team work 17.08

A. E. Cross, salary 100.00

City Treas., payment of labor 3.50

Chas. Coykendall, draying 3.00

Chas. Shedina, labor-material 4.85

Reid-Graff Co., labor-material 197.74

G. G. Glenn, bond of W. A. Pickard 30.00

On motion by Gidley meeting was adjourned.

OTIS J. SMITH,
City Clerk.

For Scalded Fingers

Make a solution of baking soda and water, placed in a glass or some receptacle in which the fingers may be dipped readily. This will alleviate pain very quickly.

To get a run for your money chase a street car.

A wise man guesses a woman's age ten years too young.

The jawbone was probably the original bone of contention.

Some men are pleasant to talk to and disagreeable to listen to.

Men who shake hands the hardest are the hardest to shake.

LIKES IT IN THE NORTHWEST

Dan S. Kitson Meets With Success In Manitoba.

The Herald is in receipt of a pleasant letter, with subscription renewal, from Daniel S. Kitson, formerly of this city, but now located at Riding Mountain, Manitoba. Regarding his past season's work he says:

"Now that I have closed with the season, will say that my wheat—eighty acres—went 44 bushels to the acre; oats and barley equally good. And last but not least my bees gave me 148 pounds per colony of the finest grade honey—all nearly water white. I would have obtained much more had I expected it and been prepared. Besides I nearly doubled my increase.

"The winter so far has been mild—just enough snow now for sleighing. It is now (Dec. 13) the coldest for this winter—ten degrees below zero. January is our coldest month.

"How is this for the Arctic Circle, as some of our Michigan friends call it."

Yours fraternally,
DAN S. KITSON.

SIGNIFICANT ADMISSIONS

The Democratic national convention was awarded to St. Louis because Missouri is looked upon as being very shaky as to its Democracy and as needing a party stimulant if Bourbonism is to be maintained in its ancient stronghold. Champ Clark championed the cause of St. Louis and frankly admitted that Missouri is debatable political territory.

Senator Jim Ham Lewis used much the same kind of an argument for Chicago, which is, he said, "the hub of such doubtful States as Indiana, Michigan, Wisconsin and Iowa, as well as Illinois itself." To which the Speaker replied adequately and truthfully by saying that those States "are about as reliably Republican as Vermont."

These are significant admissions to come from Democratic leaders. The Republican ticket lost out in 1912 in every one of those States. The Democrats carried all but one of them. Now, Missouri is doubtful and the others are "reliably Republican as Vermont." If such a change has occurred in political conditions in the States named, it is entirely reasonable to suppose that a like condition exists in other parts of the country. Such, indeed, is the fact, as every test has shown. The Democrats may locate their convention where they will. They may renominate Wilson or Bryan, or take a new man to head their ticket. It will make no difference. The country itself is now "as reliably Republican as Vermont." Nobody knows this better than the Democrats, and it requires only a clash of interest such as the contest over the convention city—to bring out the truth.

County Normal Notes.

Frances Price was absent Thursday because of illness.

Catherine LaLonde has been doing special practice teaching in the training room. She gave some of the third grade pupils extra drill on their number work.

The class have dramatized portions of Dickens' Christmas Carol. The scene in Scrooge's office and the Christmas dinner of the Cratchit family were both used.

The class are passe partouting Christmas pictures. The results obtained are very good and well repay the efforts of the students.

The teaching of morals is being considered in connection with the study of school management. Each member of the class told a story of some character in history, the lesson of whose life could be comprehended by school children and would aid the teacher in her great task of character building.

The class are working to acquire clear and accurate articulation. To do this they are practicing on the more difficult sounds of the different letters and combinations of letters and on sentences and couplets which ordinarily give trouble. Much improvement has been shown during the week spent on this work.

Each member of the class is looking forward with eager anticipation to the coming vacation of two weeks which begins December the twenty-first. All out of town students are expecting to spend their holiday at their homes. The normal students are going to share the tree in the training room with the children.

Greetings were received from Countis Mason, a member of the class of 1912, who is attending school at Mt. Pleasant.

HOLD FAST TO WHAT YOU HAVE

Being a Brief Little Talk on Thrift.

If there is anything more pathetic than the man who never had a home, or friends, or money, it is the man who had a home and did not appreciate it; friends and couldn't keep them; money and lost it.

The world is full of derelicts, and every town has its "has-beens" who once "were"—had and could not keep. It is a sad commentary on human life that men must work and sacrifice and save; practice thrift for years; accumulate a competence, and for one reason or another lose it all, and begin over again worse by far, except for the experience.

Men who were once citizens of affluence will be found in the bread line, sleeping in the parks at night, living on relatives, in the poorhouse, selling shoestrings on Broadway, when by better management they might have been in comfortable circumstances.

There are two principal reasons why men lose what they have acquired:

First: by being an "easy mark," lending to friends and relatives and unable to say "no" to a request for help or an alluring proposition. Second, the desire to make money fast—not by gambling, but by trying to get a large income from a small principal. The stories of men who have acquired considerable money, and in the desire to make it grow fast have lost it all would fill a book, and no caution is more opportune than this: Hold fast to what you have.

A few basic and common-sense rules will, if persistently followed, save those who heed them many a pang of regret:

First: Do not lend your friends. Friendship loans are bad; it is a delicate matter to ask for your money.

Second: Never endorse a note for anybody. More losses and business disasters have come about through lending one's name to promissory notes than perhaps any single cause. If you want to help a friend and have the money to spare better make a gift outright and forget it than try to deceive yourself that it is a loan. If you can't keep your friends without leading them money better lose them; friends are easier made than money.

Third: Put your money in a good bank and leave it there. Experience has proven that the average man can do no better than bank his money, for in making private investments risk attends and loss often follows. There are thousands of good banks, and one is no doubt in your town, and bank books are mighty good investments.

Fourth: If you accumulate enough to warrant private investment be satisfied with five per cent, and never aim to get more than six. Danger lies beyond six per cent.

Fifth: Experience has again proven the country over that first mortgage on improved property at not over 50 per cent of a fair market value is the most satisfactory form of investment and yields the highest returns compatible with safety. Savings banks specialize in mortgage loans, and you can follow their lead with safety.

Sixth: Before making any investment, ask your banker if it is legal for him and if he would make it, and if not legal question it carefully, and if he turns it down refuse it.

Seventh: Never buy land you have not seen. Millions have been lost in buying lots on the installment plan, particularly in large cities. The promoter will make the profit, not you.

These rules are simple, safe and easily followed. You won't go wrong if you heed them. They come out of bitter experience, and why should you pay the same price for knowledge other men have paid? Get all you can—honestly, and keep it when once it is yours.

Mirrors are the poorest kind of flatterers.

And many a mushroom is a toadstool in disguise.

Pride keeps more people down than actual want.

He is a wise man who never argues with the people he is fond of.

RECOMMENDED FOR CROUP.

W. C. Allen, Boseley, No., says: "I have raised a family of four children and used Foley's Honey and Tar with all of them. I find it is the best cough and croup medicine I ever used. I used it for eight or ten years and can recommend it for croup." Same satisfactory results for coughs and colds.—Hites Drug Store.

South's Dishes Whet the Appetite

Southern cooks know many ways of cooking and serving sweet potatoes. Some are unfamiliar to the average housewife. Served with pork or pork tenderloins the sweet potato is capable of many variations.

The favorite dish calls for well-browned pork chops baked slowly in a separate oven, with frequent basting. When done, spread the meat portion of each chop on both sides with a coating of mashed sweet potatoes seasoned with onion juice, salt and pepper, moistened with cream and eaten until light.

After the sweet potato has been spread on the chops, return them to the oven until the potato coating is well browned.

Decorate each chop bone with a sprig of paper and garnish with rings of fried apple and parsley.

Somewhat similar in flavor is a luncheon dish of pork tenderloin split and spread with sweet potato puree highly seasoned and flavored with onion juice.

This is also baked slowly in the oven, as pork requires thorough cooking. Serve with apple sauce.

Sweet potato baked with sausage makes an excellent luncheon or supper dish.

Choose small potatoes of uniform shape or cut large potatoes down to the desired size.

Cut a tunnel through each one with an apple corer and draw a small sausage through the opening. Place the potatoes in a baking pan and cook until done, turning them over once or twice, and basting them during the process.

The ends of the sausage that project beyond the potato should be pricked several times before placing them in the oven to prevent bursting.

Sweet potatoes and bacon en brochette can be served at breakfast, luncheon or supper.

The potatoes should be parboiled before being arranged on the skewers. Both potatoes and bacon must be cut of similar size, though the potatoes should be at least a fourth of an inch thick, while the bacon should be sliced thin.

Arrange squares of potato and bacon alternately on skewers, brush the potatoes with melted butter and place skewers across a narrow baking pan, so that the bacon will drip into the pan.

Potatoes so cooked make a delicious accompaniment to a rather light meal of fish or cold meat.

A trick of southern cookery worthy of imitation by the housewife who enjoys novel seasonings is the use of crisp fried bacon finely crushed.

In this can be rolled vegetables, meat or fish.

Parboiled sweet potatoes, sliced, brushed with melted butter and rolled in the finely crushed bacon crumbs can be arranged in a shallow baking tin and cooked in the oven or they can be broiled.

The bacon crumbs impart a particularly delicious flavor.

The famous southern dish known as candied sweet potatoes can be most conveniently served in a shallow casserole.

Parboil the potatoes, remove the skins, cut in slices lengthwise and arrange in buttered casserole.

Make a syrup of sugar, butter and water and pour over the potatoes, reserving some for basting during cooking.

They should be tender and well candied when ready to serve.

Stuffed sweet potatoes are a favorite order at places presided over by southern women. Rather large sweet potatoes are used.

Bake and cut them in half lengthwise and scoop out the center, without breaking the skin. Press the pulp through a ricer and add melted butter, salt, pepper, onion juice and chopped parsley.

Return the pulp to the potato shell, heaping the mixture well above the edge of the skin and brushing the top with beaten egg. Brown in a quick oven. Garnish the ends of each potato half with sprigs of parsley.

This arrangement of sweet potato is appropriately served with chicken, either hot or cold.

Things Worth Knowing.

A Wire Popcorn Popper can be very nicely used for a toaster. Place as many slices of bread as desired in the popper, then set on the hot lid of stove. The bread will toast to a rich brown, and when buttered will taste more delicious than if toasted over gas.

If part of a bottle of olive has been used and you wish to keep the remainder for some time, add a pinch of salt to the brine and pour in bottle enough olive oil to cover brine.

If cookies do not brown readily in oven, place them in broiler under the flame; they will brown instantly.

A little Borax added to either hot or cold starch will keep the iron from sticking and make the clothes lustrous.

Dates and Coconut.

Take a pound of dates and stone. Put some desiccated coconut in a dish, drop the dates into it, and let them sit a little while in the coconut. Place the dates in a glass dish, sprinkle with more coconut. This is a very simple recipe.

Canning and Preserving.

Sweet Pickled Strawberries—Prepare two quarts berries as for canning. Add two cups sugar and slowly heat mixture to boiling point. Add half pint vinegar and continue boiling ten minutes. Then keep the berries over a slow fire, but below the boiling point, for one hour. Place berries in jars and boil sirup until it thickens. Fill jars to overflowing with the sirup and seal at once.

When Canning Cherries; if you should like the flavor of raspberries, take one-fifth as many berries as cherries; you will find that they make a much richer pie than cherries or berries alone and are not nearly so full of little seeds as when the berries are used alone.

Sweet Pickles—One gallon good vinegar, one cup salt, two ounces ground cinnamon, two ounces ground mustard, two ounces ground cloves, two ounces ground allspice, 1 ounce ground alum, four ounces ground horseradish. Stir everything together. (This will make three gallons of pickles.) Pour over pickles, let stand two days, pour off, let come to boil, let cool, pour back on, cover with grape leaves and weight. They will keep for a year. They are fine.

New Way to Label Fruit Jars—Cut out pictures to represent the different kinds of fruits and vegetables from seed catalogs and magazines. If there are not enough pictures for every kind, copies may be cut from white paper and tinted with water colors. This method of labeling is especially nice for home-canned vegetables. Another thing is that it gives employment to the children. They will enjoy cutting out pictures and making duplicates from a pattern with their parents.

Carrot Conserve—Dice carrots very small and cook very tender, cooking the water out of them. When cooked, allow one quart carrots, 1 1/2 cups sugar and grated rind and juice of a good-sized lemon. Cook again until thick. It has a very rich flavor on the order of quince or orange marmalades.

Health Notes.

When walking keep the chest elevated and breathe deeply through the nose. A long walk may then be taken without exhausting effects.

The constant use on the teeth of powdered charcoal or pumice-stone is injurious, as such powders break the enamel and the teeth will then quickly decay.

The daily use of the curling iron will often cause the hair to become harsh and broken. This is caused by the heat taking away the natural oil. See that the iron is only moderately hot or abandon its use altogether.

In treating the scalp for dryness use olive oil. Put a small quantity of the oil in a saucer. Use a very small brush (a child's toothbrush is good for this purpose). Before applying the oil to the roots, all tangles must be removed and the hair divided into two parts. Into the parting line, a little oil is rubbed, using the finger tips only.

Then another clear line, close to the first, is made and the operation is repeated until the whole scalp has been covered. Do not apply more than the scalp will readily absorb. One application two or three times a week is sufficient. You will find that this application of olive oil, besides neutralizing the condition of dryness, and making the hair easier to handle, has the added virtue of tonic properties, and if it is massaged into the scalp beneficial results will be pronounced. A little vaseline—a very, very little on the tip of each finger—rubbed carefully into the scalp two or three times a week is also beneficial to dry hair.

Preparing Milk.

The following are different ways in which milk may be prepared for children who dislike to take milk:

Beat the yolk of an egg-light, add a teaspoonful of sugar and half a teaspoonful of lemon juice; fill the cup with milk, stir well and call the mixture snow-lemonade.

Heat a cupful of milk, but do not let it boil, sweeten it and flavor with a little cinnamon and pour from a tiny teapot, calling it cinnamon tea.

Put a cupful of milk and the white of one egg into a glass jar; add a little sugar, screw down the top of the jar and shake until the ingredients are thoroughly blended; flavor with orange and serve as orangeade.

Cocoa made with milk is liked by most children, and is even more nutritious than the milk alone.

Polishing Glove.

To the woman who cleans and polishes her own shoes, nothing is more useful than the "polishing glove." It is made in the form of a mitt. The palm side is sheepskin, with the woolly side out to form a polishing surface; the back of the mitt is a piece of leather. After you have carefully anointed your shoes with shoe paste or polish and let it dry thoroughly, slip on the mitt and polish with a will. In a moment your shoes will be shining nicely.

Fish Salad.

Remove the skin and bones from any fresh-broiled fish—salmon or halibut being especially good. Arrange these flakes on a layer of shredded lettuce leaves. Continue in this way until the fish is used up. Garnish with cucumber and the hearts of the lettuce; serve with mayonnaise sauce.

Eggs baked in tomato sauce make a savory dish.

Short Sermons FOR A Sunday Half-Hour

PREACH THE CROSS.

BY THE REV. T. L. CUYLER, D. D.

1 Cor. xv:3: Christ died for our sins according to the Scriptures.

"First of all," wrote Paul to the Church of Corinth, "I delivered unto you that Christ died for our sins." The "first of all" does not refer to priority of time; for Paul had sounded the Gospel-trump through the cities of Asia Minor, and under the shadow of Mount Lebanon, before he ever struck its keynote amid the voluptuous idolaters of Corinth. But it means that as the principal thing, he preached the Cross of the crucified Son of God. Whatever else came second, this always came first; whatever else he omitted, he never omitted the very core and marrow of the Gospel of salvation.

The atonement is the cardinal doctrine of the Bible. Other religious systems make prominent the character of their divinities, or the life of their founders, or some sacred rites of worship. But the core of Christianity is the sacrificial-death of its Divine Founder. The Bible does not undertake Christian ethics, or the spotless example of Jesus; but the atonement transcends all other truths in sublimity and saving power. If I could deliver but one discourse to a congregation composed of all the nations of the globe, this should be my text: "Christ Jesus died for our sins."

This is the text that has rung round the world wherever pure Christianity has found a voice. This is the truth that shook pagan Rome, and confounded human philosophers; and it is the truth that has laid warmest and closest to the Christians' heart in every age of the Church. The touchstone of every minister is this: Does the man preach Christ and Him crucified? Wherever the highest spiritual power is developed from a pulpit, wherever sin is most fearfully assailed, wherever sinners are awakened and most thoroughly converted, wherever the richest outpourings of the Holy Spirit have been enjoyed, there has been commonly the most faithful preaching of the guilt of human sin, and of salvation only through the atoning blood.

It is the imperative duty of every ambassador of God to thunder against injustice, and intemperance, and licentiousness, and fraud, and hypocrisy, and covetousness, and every form of impurity; but the true vantage ground from which to assail them is beside that Cross, where Jesus died to condemn all sin, and to save the sinner.

If I were a member of a church seeking for a pastor, my first question would be, Does he make foremost the atoning blood of Jesus Christ? No erudition, or eloquence, or "advanced thought," can supply the lack of this one thing needful. From the most brilliant or erudite discourse that has no Christ in it, the hungry, unsatisfied believer comes away complaining. He has taken away my Lord, and I know not where he has laid Him!

The only theory of the atonement that meets the tremendous necessities of a world lying in wickedness, or the mighty demand of the New Testament Gospel, is this plain, simple line, "Christ Jesus died for our sins."

The three great ideas compressed into this line are substitution, sacrifice, salvation. Christ Jesus became our substitute, and suffered for us. Christ became our sacrifice, and laid down His life to take away our guilt. Christ secures eternal life to every true believer and faithful follower. In these three points the vast body of regenerated believers agree and if the much prayed for unification of all Christian denominations ever comes, it will crystallize around the core-truth of the Cross. It will be a union in Christ for a world without Christ.

The heart of God's church has ever held to this as the heart of all Christian theology. "Christ Jesus died for our sins!" If the greatest of all human preachers made this the foremost text of his wonderful ministry, then, my dear brother, you have but to plant your pulpit in full view of the Cross, and make every line of your labors converge towards "Christ and Him crucified."

Frequent Prayer.

Prayer is the key to open the day, and the bolt to shut in the night. But as the clouds drop the early dew and the evening dew upon the grass, yet it would not spring and grow green by that constant and double falling of the dew unless some great shower at certain seasons did supply the rest; so the customary devotion of prayer twice a day is the falling of the early and latter dew. But if you will increase and flourish in works of grace empty the great clouds sometimes, and let them fall in a shower of prayer. Observe out seasons when prayer shall overflow like Jordan in time of harvest.—Bishop Taylor.

Things New and Old.

When the church stops her attempts to bring forth things new and old, she will die.—Rev. William H. Day.

Sympathy glows and throbs and melts the generation and achieves the reform.—Rev. N. Dwight Hillis.

CHARLEVOIX COUNTY HERALD

G. A. Lisk, Publisher
ONE DOLLAR PER YEAR

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

WHEN YOU BUY SALMON

When you buy a can of salmon do you know whether it is "red," "pink" or "white" and that all the varieties taste alike and all have about the same food value? But the packer sells the "chum" or white salmon for less than half he gets for the red and he only gets 50 per cent as much for pink as for red salmon. So when you pay a high price for "red salmon" see that it is really marked "red." I learned these facts while at the dock at Saldovia looking over the cannery of Mr. Randolph and his associates. The floor adjoining the cannery department was covered with shiny cans of salmon still warm from the boiler. There must have been 50,000 cans piled up. As they cooled in the sharp, clear atmosphere of an Alaskan twilight I heard a popping like that of parching corn. The tops of the cans, which had swollen in boiling, were shrinking back under the pressure of the atmosphere. Every can must be full weight under the law. A Chinaman with a nail or bit of iron with incredible speed strikes the tops of the cans, and instantly by the sound detects those that are not fully packed. These are not numerous. Under the law they cannot be sold and are therefore given away to persons in the neighborhood. As I saw the Admiral Watson taking on thousands of cases of salmon at Saldovia I asked Mr. Randolph how long the fish then being shipped had been out of the water. He said, "Only a day. They go from here to Seattle and can be on your table in New York three or four weeks after they were caught." Fresh fish!

Mr. Randolph said that one of the choicest delicacies he ever ate was a mess of breaded broiled hearts of the big king salmon. Some of these fish weigh 180 pounds each, while the red or "sock-eye" salmon average only eight pounds. "They taste like sweet-breads," he added. "It is too bad they are wasted." And so are the fins, large livers as big as your hand, and the spawns which if it was sturgeon eggs would command a high price for caviar. Plans to utilize some of these products are being studied by Mr. Randolph and by others. Another Tidbit is the little chunk of sweet, tender meat lodged in the cheek of the salmon, just below the gills. The canners reserve such delicacies for themselves and their friends, but the time will come when they will find special mention on the menus of the highest priced restaurants.

The canners get at wholesale only about 13 cents for a one pound can of the best red salmon and only half the price for the pink and even less for the white. The red salmon constituted only three-sevenths of the pack, but three fourths in value of the entire product. The public prefers the red meat and is willing to pay double price for it. So much for gratifying a taste.—John A. Steicher in Leslies.

Stuffed Tomato Salad.

To make this salad a half-dozen large tomatoes, a head of cabbage and a few lettuce leaves are needed. Scoop a little out of the tomatoes from the stem end, and place these, filled with curled celery, on the lettuce leaves, arranged on a flat dish, and serve with the salad dressing. To curl celery it must be cleaned and cut into narrow strips and left in a bowl of cold water for several hours, when it will curl up crisply. Any stuffing can be used for the tomatoes. Chopped hard-boiled egg and lettuce leaves make a pretty filling.

Cocoanut Ice.

Half a pound of desiccated cocoanut, two pounds of lump sugar, half a pint of water, and two drops of cochineal are needed for the ice. Boil the sugar and water together, then take the sauce pan off the fire, shake the cocoanut in, and boil again for a few minutes, stirring all the time (a wooden spoon suited for the purpose is best). Grease a shallow tin and pour half the mixture into it. To the rest add two drops of cochineal and stir well in; then pour it on top of the other half.

Mixed Vegetable Salad.

Peas, string beans, young carrots and turnips, flowerettes of cauliflower, beet root, celery root, asparagus points may all be used in making this salad. They should be boiled separately. Then mix lightly with mayonnaise sauce, care being taken not to break the vegetables when mixing them. Arrange a cup of lettuce leaves and place the vegetables in the center. A little mustard and cream lightly added makes a dainty garnish.

The more dollars you get together the louder they talk.

Isn't it strange considering how fond some men are of attitudes that they strike them so frequently?

Not every man who gets a good sendoff can come back.

Some people seem to take great delight in looking forward to yesterday.

LOST AND FOUND.

It is a world of strange happenings. On the Alaska steamer from Seattle was a young lady who bitterly lamented to a friend about the loss of a pin. It was an Elk emblem, gold and jeweled, a present from her brother. She had lost it on the street in Seattle just before her departure. She related the circumstances in the presence of another passenger to whom she had just been introduced by her friend. This fellow passenger seemed interested and finally inquired: "Did you really lose an Elk pin and did it have your initials engraved on the back?" "Indeed I did," replied the young lady. "How did you know about the initials?" The passenger rejoined, "Well, I found it!" He proceeded to relate that he picked up the pin on the street in Seattle just before the steamer had sailed. In a few minutes he returned from his stateroom and restored the lost treasure. A happier young woman than the recipient could not have been found.—From Leslie's.

BRIEF DECISIONS.

The Mother Hubbard just simply had to go out of fashionable literature. It wouldn't trou trou.

EAST JORDAN LUMBER CO. STORE

WE THANK YOU

Words are cold when it comes to expressing true thankfulness or gratitude, but they are all we can use. We did not buy this space to thank you for your patronage the past year as a mere matter of form. We do it because we are grateful for the business you have given us, and we hope you will believe in our sincerity.

Our earnest hope is that your purchases here have given you the satisfaction you expected, and we feel sure they have, for our trade is ever on the increase, and nothing but honest goods at honest prices would bring this about.

That the new year may prosper you and yours is the wish of

East Jordan Lumber Co.



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 egotistical in the tryst of a new high explosive motor he and a noted chemist have invented.

CHAPTER III.—Alfred Morris, the chemist, lives in a shack in the mountains where the motor experiments have been made. Longstreet, after his trial spin, reports to his partner that the motor is a success. Morris tells Longstreet that their patent attorney, Valentine, has sold them out to Sheldrake, a millionaire manufacturer of gasoline automobiles. Sheldrake makes a tentative offer of \$5000 if they will drop their fight for patent rights. Opening the padlocked garage back of the Morris shack the next morning, a letter addressed to Valentine is found in the bottom of Longstreet's trial car.

CHAPTER IV.—Morris believes someone has broken into the garage to steal the secret of the new invention. Longstreet suspects it was dropped by the unknown passenger of the night ride and accordingly goes to the mountain inn where she is staying to see her, thereby breaking a promise not to make any attempt to identify her. Telling Morris of his suspicions and of the night ride, Morris sees in the girl an accomplice of Valentine and Sheldrake.

CHAPTER V.—Longstreet arriving at the inn learns his unknown passenger was Clarissa Ellsworth. She admits dropping the letter in his car though she vouchsafes no information concerning it and, ashamed of herself for suspecting her, he asks no questions. Inadvertently Longstreet hears Clarissa is the poor step-sister of Violet Ellsworth, a wealthy, haughty heiress.

CHAPTER VII.—VIII.—IX.—Valentine, in love with Violet, has been turned down in favor of Sheldrake. The two men plot to break up the Longstreet-Morris partnership.

CHAPTER X.—Sheldrake senses an intimacy between Longstreet and Clarissa and goes to Clarissa to talk to her about it. She is cool to him but her meeting sets Violet jealous and helps to confirm Morris's suspicions in Longstreet's mind.

CHAPTER XI. Circumstantial Evidence.

On the whole, summarized Morris, musingly, "a very competent and adroit young lady."

"You've already said that twice," said Longstreet. "Just because I don't happen to agree with you, is no reason for saying it again."

"But surely," the other protested with a mock concern, "I haven't said anything very slanderous. Competent and adroit;—I don't believe she'd quarrel over that characterization herself."

It had been a thoroughly uncomfortable evening up at Morris's shack, this evening of the dance at Woodstock. They had been trying hard to drop the subject, which seemed so potent an apple of discord, but, as often as they dropped it, it bounded up again. Now, just before bedtime, their patience was about worn out with it. The only reason why Morris kept his temper was that Tony Longstreet had so obviously lost his, that it was comparatively easy.

The older man was in his armchair, huddled up close over a rather sulky fire, at the farther side of the room, the younger one was wearing a path for himself across the rugs, prowling swiftly back and forth, like a big lion in a cage.

"I only wish you could see her, that's all," said Longstreet presently. "See her and hear her talk."

"If she should have the same effect on me that she's evidently had on you, perhaps it's just as well that I don't. There's no harm in having one sane person in the partnership."

"Look here!" Longstreet halted a moment in his patrol. "Do you mind

telling me what I could have done that I didn't do? I hadn't any claim on her, and I hadn't any way of making her answer a question that she didn't want to answer."

"I haven't blamed you for not getting results," said Morris. "There's no discredit in failing to solve a mystery, even a simple one; it's a thing that can happen to anybody, except Mr. August Dupin or Mr. Sherlock Holmes. The thing about you that astonishes me, is that you won't recognize the results that you have got. The thing that you've succeeded in proving, in spite of yourself, is that this young lady is, as I said, very competent and adroit, and perhaps not quite so scrupulous—no, don't keep interrupting all the time, let me finish the sentence—and that all her actions that we know about are in the interest of a man who's just sold us out."

"Nonsense!" said Tony hotly. "Nonsense from beginning to end, and if you could see her for about ten seconds and could hear her talk, if it was only to say 'hello' and 'good-by' you'd admit it was nonsense."

"Tony, for the love of Heaven, try to forget her eyes and her voice for about ten seconds and think what she's done. She let you do her a service last night; it was something that took her to Ashcroft, and Valentine was there. She gets that service out of you—no, listen to me—and gets off absolutely free, without letting you know her name, without letting you see her, and with an explicit promise from you that you won't try to. That was distinctly adroit, and any one in his senses would admit it."

"You don't understand..." Tony began.

But Morris went on without heeding the interruption: "Then, when we find a letter addressed to the man she went to see at Ashcroft..."

"You don't know that?" "The man she may have gone to see, then. You go down to the inn and succeed in identifying her. She admits that she's the person who rode with you; you show her the letter, and she takes it and hangs on to it, but she declines to tell you who the writer of it is and whether it was herself or Valentine who dropped it in the car. And she gets out of you, for Valentine's benefit no doubt, the perfectly gratuitous admission that we know he's a sneak and a traitor and that we suspect him of having tried to break into my stable for a look at the car. And then she gives you her blessing and packs you off in a frame of mind that makes you ready to quarrel with me for suggesting that she's acting in Valentine's interest and doing it rather adroitly. The one bit of information she did condescend to give you, was that you'd brought back the letter to the right place. I suspect her of being something of a humorist—that young lady."

There was a little silence after that, then Tony picked up a chair, brought it over to the fire-place beside Morris and sat down.

"I'm sorry I've been in such a rotten temper about it," he said. "Everything you've said has been perfectly reasonable, from your point of view. That's what made me so wild; because I've known all along I sounded unreasonable. I haven't any explanation of my own that covers the case at all, and yet I know that I'm right and you're wrong. The only way I know, is by knowing that a girl who looks and talks as she does, is frank and straightforward and square. I think she liked me and would have done what she could to help me, certainly would have answered my questions, if there hadn't been some reason, that she couldn't explain, to prevent it. If that sounds like insanity to you, then I have nothing more to say."

"I've given you plenty of excuse for getting out of temper," said Morris. "We'll cry quits on that. I only did it, I suppose, because I found it easier to irritate you that way and I was irritated myself. There is nothing insane or unreasonable in what you've just said. If you think she was square and wanted to be straightforward, then you're right in believing it, in the face of circumstances to the contrary. But I think I can suggest an explanation that squares with your theory about her. I don't know whether it will sound reasonable to you or not."

Longstreet rose and plunged his hands into his pockets. "Oh, anything will sound reasonable to me—anything that will leave her the sort of girl I know she is and still cover the facts."

He walked away restlessly as he spoke, and resumed his patrol at the farther side of the room.

"Why, there's nothing ingenious about it," said Morris. "I wonder it didn't occur to you. It's simply that she's in love with Valentine."

Longstreet stopped in his tracks. "What!" he demanded.

"She's in love with Valentine," Morris repeated, without looking around. "That explains her actions perfectly."

"In love!" echoed Tony, walking up and down again, faster than ever. "I thought you meant to be serious."

"I am," said Morris. "Absolutely."

"You may think you are, but you aren't. Didn't you tell me once that you'd never been in love yourself, with anybody?"

"Yes," answered Morris placidly. "And for that precise reason, I know more about the disease than anybody who has, so far as its objective manifestations are concerned, at any rate. It seems to be the one sort of psychological disturbance that will make a straight person go crooked. It will make a scrupulous person forget his scruples. It will make an otherwise

frank person practice all sorts of devious dissimulations. And somehow, it gives them the delusion that they are acting exceedingly—virtuously all the time. They always consider themselves entirely justified, until they recover from the disease, in anything they may happen to want to do; lie, steal, betray, even, in serious cases, murder."

"Oh, if you will talk rot!" "It's anything but rot. It's perfectly well-authenticated scientific truth. It's a matter of history. There isn't one of the famous old love stories that don't bear out what I say. And that's why I tell you it explains this case. The girl's just what you think she is; well-bred, straightforward, charming. But she isn't responsible;—she's in love with Valentine, and playing tricks on you and pumping information that will be valuable to him out of you, seems to her a highly laudible... Confound you don't do that!"

What Longstreet had done, at his angry patrol had gradually enlarged its limits, was to lift a chair out of his way with his foot—one might have said he kicked it.

"I beg your pardon," he said sulkily. "Good night."

Without another word, he disappeared into his bedroom and shut the door.

Morris sat where he was a few minutes longer, poking irresolutely at the fire. Could it be possible, he was beginning to wonder, that Longstreet had himself fallen a victim to the disease? Tony got up the next morning, very contrite over his part in the affair. What did it matter what Morris said, or what he thought about it? After all, his explanations might be true. It was no affair of Tony's. The thing was in the past, anyway. He would give Woodstock Inn a wide berth in his rambles about the country in the car and he would take good care never to see the girl again. Not because of Morris's absurd suspicions and explanations, but because the girl herself had dismissed him, as she had a perfect right to do. The suspicions and explanations weren't worth arguing about, much less quarrelling over. That disgraceful squabble last night was dead and buried.

Perhaps it was this funeral suggestion that made Tony look so solemn when he came out to breakfast. Evidently Morris too had decided on death and burial as the proper treatment for their quarrel. At any rate, he made no reference to it, either in word or manner. There wasn't much talk over the breakfast, but there was nothing uncomfortable about the silence. Once or twice Tony caught his friend looking at him in a rather thoughtful, preoccupied way; but then Morris was generally thought to be a little preoccupied, and he had to look at something.

They had finished breakfast and Tony was consuming his first cigarette over his second cup of coffee, when Beck brought in the mail. It consisted of just one letter.

Morris held out his hand to receive it, but Beck, with a "Beg your pardon, sir," walked around the table and laid it beside Tony Longstreet's plate.

Tony set down his coffee-cup rather suddenly, and stared at the envelope without offering to touch it. His face flushed darkly under the tan.

After a look at that face, Morris turned with sudden curiosity to look at the letter.

It was a rather small, square, stiff envelope, cream-colored, and in the upper left-hand corner, neatly embossed in blue, were the words: "Woodstock Inn." The address, to Longstreet in care of Alfred Morris, Esquire, was written in a rather small, erect, but unmistakably feminine hand, as different as possible from the angular scrawl in which the letter to Valentine had been addressed.

"Well," said Morris, querulously, after a moment of silence, "why don't you open it? Let's see what she's got to say. What's the new game?"

Tony picked up the letter. It was very light, considering the stiffness of the envelope.

"Evidently she hasn't said much," he observed, as he tore it open. But he was aware that the tone of indifference in his voice hadn't rung quite true.

His fingers explored the interior of the envelope, then he looked inside it, and then blankly he stared across at Morris.

"There's nothing in it," he said. Morris held out his hand for it. "Let's have a look."

He turned the envelope over, turned up the torn corners of the flaps, looked inside, and then tossed the thing back to Tony. The address, the return card in the corner, and the postmark, comprised the total information this missive contained.

"That's funny," said Tony. "She evidently wrote me a note and forgot to inclose it."

Morris was eyeing him keenly, a look which didn't at all match the studied unconcern in his voice, when he asked: "What are you going to do about it?"

Tony's eyes were on the envelope and he answered the question in the same tone.

"I suppose I'd better drive over to Woodstock and get the note. It may be something important."

"Why not wait," suggested Morris dryly, "until she discovers her mistake and sends you the note itself?"

"Tony, you idiot, can't you see what's happening to you?" The carefully studied indifference was gone from Morris's voice now.

"What's happening to me?" "Yes. You're falling in love with her. That's what's happening to you. No, don't say it's all rot, and that I've got falling in love on the brain, or any of the things it's in your mind to say, but just try, before it's too late to listen with a little reasonable common sense. Anybody, in his senses—you in your right senses, certainly—could see what that empty envelope is. It's nothing but a trap, a decoy."

"Morris, I really believe you're out of your head. Is somebody waiting for me behind a bush down there on the Woodstock road, with a sawed-off shotgun, to blow my head off as I go by? Of all the tank drama nonsense I ever heard, that's the worst."

"It's you who are talking it, not I. Any intelligent man, in his senses, knowing the facts we know, would see it as I do. It's perfectly clear what happened after you left Woodstock, yesterday. She has a talk with Valentine; she tells him what she's found out from you; namely, that we suspected him of having broken into my stable for a look at the car. Good! he says. 'Find out some more. It evidently comes easy.' Very likely she doesn't want to do it; she's sent you away and told you not to come back, possibly because she really liked you, and some remnant of everyday decency made it distasteful to her, to betray you to Valentine. But Valentine insists; she can bring you back easily enough. Let her write you a note, and then there's the note itself afterward, as an evidence of betrayal. But this empty envelope is absolutely sure fire. You're bound to wonder what the message was that should have been in it; and whatever message you wanted, you're sure to imagine it was, and you're sure to come to verify it. Can't you manage to take my word for it? Can't you trust my judgement instead of your own, until you get over this little attack of the disease we've been talking about and see straight again?"

Tony laughed. "I can see straight enough, you old fossil," he said affectionately. "I can't see the wheels go round in you. You may be right about this note. It may be a trap and a decoy and a gin and a pitfall and all the other things you think, but anyhow, I'm going down to see. I shan't forget your warning. If the young lady asks me to whisper to her the formula for your explosive, to make a little sketch of my new feed, why, I'll remember what you said and come away. I'll come straight back here and admit that you were right. But it won't do any harm."

Morris was looking at him fixedly. He was a little pale, and when he spoke, his voice was vibrating with suppressed excitement. "I don't know what she wants of you," he said, "but I do know this, that if you go to her now in the state of mind that you're in, whatever she wants, she'll get it."

Tony flushed and pressed his lips together. The two men stood looking at each other in silence. Finally Tony turned, picked up his dust-coat, cap and goggles, which were lying on a bench near the door, swung the door open, and stood a moment with his hand on the latch.

"There's no good talking about it," he said. "I'll be back in time for dinner this evening, anyway."

"You're going to see her?" "Yes."

Five minutes later the big car swept round the corner of Morris's driveway and turned up the Woodstock road.

It didn't take more than another minute of Tony's swooping, gliding rush along the empty road, and the breath of the warm, pungent September air in the nostrils, to blow away whatever resentment he had started out with against Morris. Poor old Morris with his cynicism and his nerves and his chilly inaccessibility to the frank, open, outdoor world, he had nothing but his ideas to live on, and it was no wonder they turned bitter sometimes. Poor Morris with his vision of traps and decoys and pitfalls!

Tony Longstreet grinned with pure amusement. The grin hadn't quite had time to fade out, when he swung the car into the stone gateway that marked the entrance of the Woodstock property. It was just as absurd, every bit, as his burlesque of it, the suggestion of somebody waiting behind a bush with a—

He threw out his clutch suddenly, with an exclamation, and silenced his motor. There was somebody behind the bush. Not exactly hiding behind it perhaps. The path beside the brook is well masked in shrubbery. The "some one" was probably just mounting the path. But it was Clarissa! Longstreet dismounted from the car and went to meet her.

"You've come back," she said. "Yes," stammered Tony. She didn't look very angry, but then you never can tell. A sudden

and perfectly new misgiving assailed him that perhaps the writer of that envelope hadn't been Clarissa at all. It might have been Jimmy Douglas for instance.

"I got a letter this morning," he explained, "or rather—"

He reached into his pocket and pulled out the envelope. "I don't know whether you wrote it or not, but I thought I'd come and see."

Clarissa laughed. "That's almost

getting to be a habit isn't it," she said. "What's the mystery about this one?" He handed it to her.

"You see there was nothing inside it," he explained.

She turned the envelope over in her hand. "And you thought I must have written it," she questioned, "so you came to see what it was that I had said?"

"You did write it didn't you?" She nodded. "I'm afraid that I can't deny this handwriting. You see, I changed my mind—"

She didn't immediately go on to say what about, so Tony prompted her: "About your wish to send me away and not see anything more of me?"

"It wasn't a wish," she answered simply. "It was a decision. I told you that quite frankly. I said I wanted us to be friends, but there was a reason why we couldn't. And then, after you'd gone, I turned the reason over in my mind and decided it wasn't quite as serious as I thought it was."

"I'm very glad of that," he said quietly. "You want to be friends, too, don't you?" she asked.

"Yes."

"Then listen! We're to start absolutely fresh, now, this minute;—go, wait. We are introduced to each other;—when did that happen? I know. You came to the dance last night, and you danced once with me."

"More than that," protested Longstreet. "Well, twice," she conceded. "Twice with supper in between, and this morning you just happened along and we're talking about what a nice time we had."

"No," said Longstreet. "I've come down here to ask you to go riding with me."

"In spite of the fact that you know I don't like automobiles? Oh, but you don't know that, do you?"

"And you're much too polite to say so to a person you don't know better than two dances worth."

Clarissa laughed. Then she sobered rather suddenly. "You'll do it?" she said. "Really do it? You'll forget all about the girl who rode in the car with you night before last, and the questions you asked her yesterday and she wouldn't answer? You'll let those go unanswered?"

He nodded and held out his hand to her. "There's one thing I'm cheated out of, though," he said, "one thing I want. That's the letter that ought to have been in this envelope."

Clarissa laughed. "There wasn't any letter," she said, "or at least there was and I tore it up and sent the envelope empty on purpose."

He was looking at her in a rather puzzled, almost startled way.

"You see," she explained, "I couldn't be sure you really wanted to come, and if I wrote and asked you to, you'd feel, perhaps, that you had to. But if you really wanted to come, I thought you'd come for an empty envelope, as well as a note. It was a sort of trap to catch your real wishes in, don't you see?"

CHAPTER XII. A Flag From the Enemy.

By walking very circumspectly, by justifying certain of his acts very plausibly and ingeniously, and by rigidly ignoring certain others, Valentine just managed to avoid the necessity of recognizing himself as a rascal. His self respect was a very fragile thing and he guarded it with corresponding care. On most of the minor points of conduct, he was highly punctilious. For instance, he made a great hobby of the amateur spirit in athletics at college and was always called upon to speak at the commencement reunions and alumni banquets of his university on such topics as "Good Sportsmanship," "The Gentleman's Game," and so on; and as he had been a rather famous athlete himself, these declamations of his were always received with an almost tearful enthusiasm by the alumni and undergraduates as well. And he really meant it for he had a prodigious reverence for what he called a gentleman.

The vital flaw in Valentine's character was that he was a snob. The most wonderful, illuminating and uplifting experience he had ever had, was when, in his freshman year at the university, young Sheldrake, Marcus Sheldrake Junior, mind you, had walked across the campus with him and up to his room; had come in and smoked his cigarettes and struck up a school-boy friendship with him. That friendship had lasted to this day. It had provided Valentine with a latch-key to the big, homely Sheldrake house on Fifth Avenue, with cruises in the Sheldrake yacht, with innumerable invitations to visit at the various Sheldrake country places, which corresponded so neatly to all the stations in the annual pilgrimage of fashion.

Now, old Marcus Sheldrake was as far removed as possible from Valentine's rather tenuous, romantic ideal of a gentleman. He was a shrewd, crafty, underbred, thoroughly predatory old pirate; too big to be vulgar, too audacious to be a hypocrite. But he was one of the richest men in America and among the most powerful.

His son was, perhaps, more intelligent, but much less energetic; a cynic, as the son of such a man is very likely to be, and as frankly indifferent to the dictates of current morality as his father. Superficially, he was a good-humored, indifferent young gentleman, with excellent tastes and manners.

Such ideals as Valentine had, melted like wax wherever they came in

contact with his perfectly unvarnished admiration of the power and position these two. Otherwise, they remained more or less intact. Anything, either of them wanted, it was his that he should have. Any one who resisted either of them, was not only foolish, for certainly resistance was useless, but also wrong.

The consequences was that both the Sheldrakes found him useful in many ways and, in tolerant, cynical, half-contemptuous fashion, young Marcus really liked him. Morris had found the one word for him, when he called him Sheldrake's jackal.

Valentine had made the acquaintance of the Ellsworth step-sister under a misapprehension as to which was which. When a little later, he learned the truth, that Violet was as well as financially the unimportant one, and Clarissa the real heir to the Ellsworth name and millions, it had been too late to readjust his bearing to the two. Probably it wouldn't have made much difference anyway. He would have disliked Clarissa, even if he had known the truth from the first. Her straightforward, democratic directness would certainly have blistered the thin, cheap varnish of his snobbery in a very uncomfortable way.

He wouldn't have let himself fall in love with Violet if he had known the truth in time, but when the thing happened, as it inevitably did, he made a virtue of it. It seemed to him a very fine thing that he should have gone on preferring Violet even after he'd learned that she wasn't an heiress at all, or only in the most modest way, and for the rest practically a pensioner on Clarissa's bounty.

As a matter of fact, he couldn't help himself. Violet's prettiness, her flattery, her soft air of dependence, had an irresistible fascination for him, and this had deepened at last into as real an emotion as he was capable of. As far as such a thing was possible, he was really in love with Violet at the time when, without warning and without a halfway decent pretext, she had thrown him over, in order, as he put it to himself, to take a chance at Sheldrake. He felt no resentment against his friend; that would have been impossible for him, but he was doubly angry with Violet in consequence. She had written him an exasperating note asking for the return of her letters, to which he had replied that she could have them by coming for them and in no other way.

He had appraised Violet's character rather shrewdly in making this demand. He was in love with her without being blind to the fact that she was essentially weak, romantic and silly. His rather theatrical selection of a rendezvous and the veiled suggestion in his note that she was seriously committed to him, were calculated to accomplish the result wanted. Violet could be frightened a little, flattered a little that she had stirred him so deeply, and she would want her letters badly enough to come for them.

When she came, he would frighten her a little more, flatter her still further by making love to her;—in short, he would convince her that she was partly in his power and be totally in hers. It wouldn't be very surprising if he succeeded in carrying her clean off her feet and induced her to marry him out of hand. That was what he wanted, for he was genuinely in love with her.

But he had reckoned without Clarissa. Violet left to herself, or with no one but her mother to fall back on, would probably have done just what he hoped she would; but, instead of that, she had shown the note to Clarissa. Clarissa was neither romantic nor impressionable herself, but she knew Violet like a book and she saw at once how Valentine's melodramatic suggestion of the wronged lover, the lonely rendezvous, and the rest of his nonsense, were calculated to play upon Violet's weakness.

Her own feeling about it was a mixture of anger with a rather contemptuous amusement. "You needn't worry, Violet. I'll get your letters back," was all she said at first. The amusement had faded out and the anger deepened, as Violet, not to be balked of a scene, had gone on playing the situation for all it was worth and asserting an intention of going to meet Valentine herself. It was then that she had characterized Valentine's note as simple "blackmail" and the writer of it as a "sneaking cad."

That was the spirit in which she had met him at the summer-house. Although she hadn't used either of these terms to Valentine himself, she had demanded the letters and had got them with a quiet, contemptuous assurance that left him feeling like a whipped cur.

The five minutes he spent with Clarissa in the summer-house did more to demolish his fragile self-respect than anything that had ever happened to him in his life. Even now, his face went a dull red and his jaw muscles contracted every time he thought of her.

It was less than an hour after Longstreet had driven away that Beck had brought word to Morris in the laboratory, that Mr. Valentine wanted to see him. Beck had protested that it was impossible, but he was not, as

Continued Next Saturday.

There is in the heart of most women such a deep well of love that the winter of old age can't freeze it.

Even a wise man goes lame when he gets into a religious or political argument.

Such ideals as Valentine had, melted like wax wherever they came in

JACKSON, MISS., MAN
How To Cure Chronic Cough
 Jackson, Miss.—"I am a carpenter, and the gripe left me with a chronic cough, run-down, worn out and weak. I took all kinds of cough syrups without help. I read about Vinol and decided to try it. Before I had taken a bottle I felt better, and after taking two bottles my cough is entirely cured, and I have gained new vim and energy."—JOHN L. ...
 Vinol is a delicious cod liver and iron tonic, guaranteed for coughs, colds and bronchitis and for all weak, run-down conditions.
 W. C. Spring Drug Co.

QUIT MEAT IF YOUR KIDNEYS ACT BADLY
 Take tablespoonful of Salts if Back hurts or Bladder bothers—Drink lots of water.
 We are a nation of meat eaters and our blood is filled with uric acid, says a well-known authority, who warns us to be constantly on guard against kidney trouble.
 The kidneys do their utmost to free the blood of this irritating acid, but become weak from the overwork; they get sluggish; the eliminative tissues clog and thus the waste is retained in the blood to poison the entire system.
 When your kidneys ache and feel like lumps of lead, and you have stinging pains in the back or the urine is cloudy, full of sediment, or the bladder is irritable, obliging you to seek relief during the night; when you have severe headaches, nervous and dizzy spells, sleeplessness, acid stomach or rheumatism in bad weather, get from your pharmacist about four ounces of Jad Salts; take a tablespoonful in a glass of water before breakfast each morning and in a few days your kidneys will act fine. This famous salt is made from the acid of grapes and lemon juice, combined with lithia, and has been used for generations to flush and stimulate clogged kidneys, to neutralize the acids in urine so it is no longer a source of irritation, thus ending urinary and bladder disorders.
 Jad Salts is inexpensive and cannot injure; makes a delightful effervescent lithia-water drink, and nobody can make a mistake by taking a little occasionally to keep the kidneys clean and active.

OLD-TIME COLD CURE—DRINK HOT TEA!
 Get a small package of Hamburger Bread Tea, or as the German folks call it, "Hamburger Brot Thee," at any pharmacy. Take a tablespoonful of the tea, put a cup of boiling water upon it, pour through a sieve and drink a 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 breaking up a cold.
 Try it the next time you suffer from a cold or the grip. It is inexpensive and entirely vegetable, therefore safe and harmless.

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

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

PUT CREAM IN NOSE AND STOP CATARRH
 Tells How To Open Clogged Nostrils and End Head-Colds.
 You feel fine in a few moments. Your cold in head or catarrh will be gone. Your clogged nostrils will open. The air passages of your head will clear and you can breathe freely. No more dullness, headache; no hawking, snuffing, mucous discharges or dryness; no struggling for breath at night.
 Tell your druggist you want a small bottle of Ely's Cream Balm. Apply a little of this fragrant, antiseptic cream in your nostrils, let it penetrate through every air passage of the head; soothe and heal the swollen, inflamed mucous membrane, and relief comes instantly. It is just what every cold and catarrh sufferer needs. Don't stay stuffed-up and miserable.

Short Sermons FOR A Sunday Half-Hour

LEANNESS OF SOUL.

BY THE REV. A. W. SNYDER.

And He gave them their desire, and sent leanness withal into their soul.—Psalm, cvl., 15.
 This was said of the chosen people of old, but of how many of this generation as of that it may be said, "He gave them their desire, and sent leanness withal into their soul." It is the natural outcome of unworthy wishes. "Whosoever a man soweth that shall he also reap"—that, not something else.

God does not force us into conformity to His holy will. He gives light, knowledge, grace, blessing. He seeks and constrains in all the divine loving kindness and compassion, but then we may withstand it all; may, if we will, walk in our own ways and perhaps come at last to live as if altogether without God in the world; nor do we need to live bad lives in order to do this. No, not at all; we have simply to live without any thought of God or of His will and desire concerning us.

The world is wide and full of many things. We can choose what we will. It may be simply to make money or gain position or place or power, or just to "enjoy life," as the saying is. Everywhere we will see things "pleasant to the eye" and apparently "to be desired to make one wise." There are any number of things to choose from, and, too, you may get what you want. You are not likely to, still, you may, and yet find in the end what an empty and unsatisfying thing it is after all.

An even worse lot may be yours, and that is to have your soul become so small that it is quite content with the petty things of life "that perish in the using." In such a case especially is the saying verified—"He gave them their desire and sent leanness withal into their soul." And, in truth, it will be our case also unless we fall in with the eternal purpose by becoming workers together with God, loving that which He loves and desiring that which He desires concerning us. It may not always appear so. The passing show may seem to satisfy for a while, but not for long. The time will come when of all fleeting things you will say:—"I have no pleasure in them, if not before, you will begin to see that 'the world passeth away,' that only 'he that doeth the will of God abideth forever.'"

Then at last you will come to feel that "one approving look of the living God would outweigh the world and all that it has to give.
 The Spring of Life.
 God has spoken to man in such a simple way that a child can understand the heart of His revelations. Simplicity is a mark of true greatness. Many of our most renowned men have been in their inner lives as simple as children in their faith toward God. The Father of his Country could be found at prayer at Valley Forge. To have a simple faith is not inconsistent with inquiry and questioning. Nobody asks as many questions as a child; and he is not satisfied until he receives a direct answer. Only God's answer could be final.
 God is not an awful God to us, but our heavenly Father, and has always had, we can safely trust to Him our lives, our families, our absent ones, and trust Him to help us find a way in the perplexities of life. To trust Him is to stop worrying, to sleep well and to work harder.
 We love Him for the same reason that we love our parents, because "He first loved us." The test of this love is not our professions, but our obedience. Where a child loves his father he does what he says. This is a life of beauty and happiness—the spring of life. It is to do your daily work better because you have a light heart, to be a greater service to others because you have been helped, and to freshen all with fragrance because your own life has been sweetened.—William M. Horn.

The Prayer That Is Answered.
 Mr. Moody said his little boy called to him one day, "Papa, I want a drink," and then he went on with his play, and his father, not believing that the child really was in earnest, kept on with his reading. Soon the child spoke again, "Papa, I want a drink." But still he kept on with his play unconcernedly, and his father read on. Presently he left his tops, and came and took hold of his father's knees and said, earnestly, "Papa, I am thirsty, I must have a drink." "Then," said Mr. Moody, "as soon as I saw that the child meant what he said, I granted his request speedily. The fervent prayer never fails to get audience.
 Gift of Friendship.
 The gift of friendship is something that strikes deeper and lasts longer than mere gifts of material things.—Rev. Harmon H. McQuilkin.
 Secret of Values.
 The soul is the center and secret of all that we call valuable. Take out the soul and you bankrupt the business of the world.—Rev. Charles C. Woods.

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

A PLEASING MODEL. A NEW AND PRACTICAL WORK DRESS.



1448. Costume for Misses and Small Women (with Sleeve in Either of Two Lengths, and with Five Gore Skirt).

Plaid suiting in gray and blue tones was used for this style. It is nice for serge, taffeta, gabardine, cashmere, linen, gingham, chambray, voile, and poplin. The waist has simple lines and is trimmed with a deep collar. The long sleeve has a straight cuff with pointed over portion, and in elbow length, is finished with a shaped turn back cuff. The pattern is cut in 3 sizes: 16, 18 and 20 years. It requires 6 3/8 yards of 36 inch material for a 16 year size. The skirt measures about 2 2/3 yards at the foot.
 A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10c in silver or stamps.

A SIMPLE, COMFORTABLE DRESS FOR MOTHER'S GIRL



1456. Girls' Dress With Tucker Having Sleeve in Either of Two Lengths.

Striped gingham is here shown with crepe for the tucker. This style is attractive for galatea, poplin, repp, with lawn, cambric or silk for the gulmp. It is also nice for serge, novelty suiting, cashmere, gabardine, velvet, and corduroy. The belt may be omitted. The skirt is straight and plaited and is joined to the dress under the belt. The tucker may be finished with long or short sleeves. The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 6, 8, 10, and 12 years. It requires 1 1/8 yard of 27 inch material for an 8 year size for the gulmp, and 4 yards of 24 inch material for the dress.
 A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10c in silver or stamps.

An electric motor to vibrate fruit trees so that the sap flows to the buds and blossoms and enables them to resist frost has been patented by a Colorado man.
 It's sometimes easier to settle down than it is to settle up.

1496. Ladies' House Dress with Reversible Closing



1496. Ladies' House Dress with Reversible Closing

How very practical and easy to adjust is this model. No buttons or hook and eyes over the front; just a simple crossing of these parts, and a fastening at the back. This model is good for percale, gingham, lawn, drill, linen, seersucker, or galatea. It is neat and comfortable and easy to develop. The pattern is cut in 6 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. It requires 6 yards of 44 inch material for a 36 inch size. The skirt measures 3 yards at its lower edge.
 A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10c in silver or stamps.

A SIMPLE YOUTHFUL MODEL.



1498. Junior Dress with Sleeve in Either of Two Lengths.

Striped voile in green tones, with facings of white pique is here shown. This style is also good for serge, corduroy, velveteen, repp, poplin or taffeta. In Shepherd check with braiding on collar, cuffs and belt it would be very stylish. The trimming could be of contrasting material. The sleeve in wrist length is stylish. It is finished with a cuff in new shaping. The short sleeve has a jaunty turn-back cuff. The pattern is cut in 3 sizes: 12, 14 and 16 years. It requires 6 yards of 36 inch material for a 14 year size.
 A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10c in silver or stamps.

A woman's idea of a man with loose habits is one who often gets tight.
 People will have a good opinion of you if you agree with them.
 But you never have to go halfway in order to get in bed.



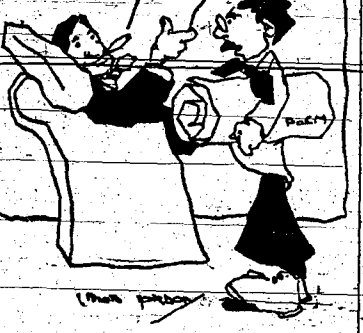
George Jr. (deep in his geography)—Pa, what are the great divides of this country?
 George Sr.—Don't bother me. I am tired of continually hearing this graft, graft! Even the children talking it!

DOWN AND OUT.



"Alas! My business went under in the fall of 1907."
 "What was your line?"
 "I was a deck hand on a submarine boat."

THE DOOR FOR HIM.



Post—I called to see if you had an opening for me.
 Editor—Yes there's one right behind you; shut it as you go out, please.

SUMMER LOVE.



Madge—So you're engaged to Charlie?
 Dolly—Yes; but it doesn't begin until to-morrow, when his old girl's vacation is up.

HIS NICHE.



Dinah—So dey's done gone and put 'em in de vestry. Yo'd shide a heap better in de pantry.

Look and Feel Clean, Sweet and Fresh Every Day
 Drink a glass of real hot water before breakfast to wash out poisons.

Life is not merely to live, but to live well, eat well, digest well, work well, sleep well, look well. What a glorious condition to attain, and yet how very easy it is if one will only adopt the morning inside bath.
 Folks who are accustomed to feel dull and heavy when they arise, splitting headache, stuffy from a cold, foul tongue, nasty breath, acid stomach, can, instead, feel as fresh as a daisy each morning and flushing out the whole of the internal poisonous stagnation matter.
 Everyone, whether ailing, sick or well, should, each morning, before breakfast, drink a glass of real hot water with a teaspoonful of limestone phosphate in it to wash from the stomach, liver, kidneys and bowels the previous day's indigestible waste, sour bile and poisonous toxins; thus cleansing, sweetening and purifying the entire alimentary canal before putting more food into the stomach. The action of hot water and limestone phosphate 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. While you are enjoying your breakfast the water and phosphate is quietly extracting a large volume of water from the blood and getting ready for a thorough flushing of all the inside organs.
 The millions of people who are bothered with constipation, bilious spells, stomach trouble, rheumatism; others who have sallow skins, blood disorders and sickly complexions are urged to get a quarter pound of limestone phosphate from the drug store which will cost very little, but is sufficient to make anyone a pronounced crank on the subject of internal sanitation.

GRANDMA NEVER LET HER HAIR GET GRAY

Kept her locks youthful, dark, glossy and thick with common garden Sage and Sulphur.
 When you darken your hair with Sage Tea and Sulphur, no one can tell, because it's done so naturally, so evenly. Preparing this mixture, though, at home is messy and troublesome. For 50 cents you can buy at any drug store the ready-to-use tonic called "Wyeth's Sage and Sulphur Compound." You just dampen a sponge or soft brush with it and draw this through your hair, taking one small strand at a time. By morning all gray hair disappears, and, after another application, or two, your hair becomes beautifully darkened, glossy and luxuriant. You will also discover that dandruff is gone and hair has stopped falling. Gray, faded hair, though no disgrace, is a sign of old age, and as we all desire a youthful and attractive appearance, get busy at once with Wyeth's Sage and Sulphur and look years younger.

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BE PREPARED

POPULAR MECHANICS MAGAZINE
 300 ARTICLES—300 ILLUSTRATIONS
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 POPULAR MECHANICS MAGAZINE
 6 No. 28th Street, New York

Briefs of the Week

Born to Dr. and Mrs. W. H. Parks, a daughter, Dec. 19th.

Nat Burney is home from Ann Arbor to spend the holidays.

Joseph Zoulek is putting in new machinery in Lilac's mill.

Miss Esther Porter is home from Oberlin College, for the holidays.

Miss Rena Alstrom left Friday for a visit with her parents, at Mancelona.

Earl Shay is home from Flint for a visit with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. James Shay.

Roses Lemieux arrived home from Flint, Thursday, for a visit with his family here.

Guy Graff is home from Rogers City to spend Xmas with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Graff.

Miss Pearl Lewis is home from Ypsilanti for a visit with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. E. A. Lewis.

Joe Whiteford won the \$27.00 chest of Alvin Silverware given by C. C. Mack Friday afternoon.

Mr. and Mrs. Chester Thompson of Grand Rapids are guests of the latter's mother, Mrs. Danforth.

Mr. and Mrs. E. J. Crossman left Thursday for Grand Rapids to spend Xmas with their son, Earl.

Miss Arlene Hammond arrived home from Mt. Pleasant, Friday, to spend the holidays with her parents.

Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Nickless are receiving a visit from the former's sister, Mrs. R. S. Berthoff, of Port Huron.

The Latter Day Saints will hold their Christmas program at their church this Saturday evening beginning at 8:00 o'clock.

The Commercial Hotel closed this week and Chas. Johnson moved his family into the M. Muma residence on Main St.

Wallace Merchant is home from Grand Rapids to spend the holidays with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. C. Merchant.

The Municipal Christmas tree last night was a work of art and those who spent their time on same are to be congratulated on their efforts.

Harry, the little son of Mrs. Pearl McHale, had the largest number of votes and received the Junior Auto given by the Hite Drug Co., Friday.

Russell Harrington of Moose Jaw, Sask., is home for a visit with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Harrington. He was accompanied by Delbert Bowdish.

The infant son of Mr. and Mrs. Morris Gorman passed away Thursday. Funeral services were held from the home on Bowens Addition Saturday morning.

Mr. Bert Danforth and Mrs. Lillian Porter, both of this city were united in marriage, Friday evening, Dec. 17th, at the groom's home, on the West Side, by Rev. William Haskins.

James Davis, who is now located at Red Wing, Minn., returned to East Jordan last Monday, for a brief visit with friends and to settle up some business matters. "Jim" likes his new location and expects to invest in farming property there this coming season.

George Chapman, who has been miller at the East Jordan branch of the Argo Milling Company for several years, has been advanced to the responsible position as Superintendent of both the mill here and the Charlevoix branch.

Miss Jennie Brezina is home from Detroit.

Att'y E. N. Clink returned home from Washington, D. C., Friday.

Miss Marjorie Hoyt is home from Detroit to spend the holidays.

Miss Helen Peck is home from Ypsilanti to spend the holidays.

Emery Pierce of Charlevoix is guest at the home of J. H. Milford.

Miss Ida Price is home from her school duties at Bear Lake.

Miss Viva Keller is home from her school duties, near Boyne Falls.

Miss Lydia Cook arrived home from Pontiac, Friday, for the holidays.

Miss Florence Maddaugh is home from Charlevoix to spend the holidays.

Miss Leaneore Kenny entertained a few of her friends with a party, Thursday evening.

Miss Myrta Walling of Petoskey is guest at the home of her sister, Mrs. Arthur Ward.

Miss Ula Dewey returned home from Mt. Pleasant Saturday last, for a visit with her parents.

Mr. and Mrs. Herman Goodman left Thursday for a week's visit with relatives at Detroit.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Stroebel left this Saturday to spend the holidays at Saginaw and Detroit.

Victor Cross returned home from Central Lake, Friday, where he has been visiting relatives.

Miss Eva Heller is home from Sault Ste Marie, for a visit with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. John Heller.

Mr. and Mrs. C. V. Trumbull are spending Christmas with the latter's parents, at Mackinaw City.

Mrs. Bessie Greenwood left Thursday for a visit with her daughter, Mrs. Charles Dean at Nashville, Mich.

Mrs. Ray Kinner and children left Friday for their future home at Detroit. Mr. Kinner has employment there.

Misses Dorothy Joynt and Evelyn Morrow are spending their vacation with their grandmother at Central Lake.

Miss Dorothy Anderson is here from Petoskey to spend the holidays with her father, George Anderson, and other relatives.

The neighbors and friends of Mrs. L. Kenyon gave her a surprise party on Wednesday evening. A pot-luck supper was served.

Mrs. Guy Hunsberger returned to her home at Petoskey, Tuesday, after a week's visit at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Walter Hunsberger.

Mr. and Mrs. William Harrington returned home Tuesday, from a fortnight's visit with relatives at Traverse City and Leelanau County.

Mr. and Mrs. John Benford and son, of Mt. Pleasant, arrived Friday to spend Christmas with the latter's parents, Mayor and Mrs. A. E. Cross.

Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Milford and children, and Mr. and Mrs. Datis Dean of Charlevoix, will spend Christmas at the farm home of Mr. and Mrs. A. Davis.

Mr. and Mrs. E. A. Gibson left the latter part of the week to spend the winter at the home of their daughter, Mrs. E. V. Henry, at Belmont, Mich.

F. A. Kenyon was down from Mackinaw Island this week on business and pleasure. His mother, Mrs. L. A. Kenyon, returned to the Island with him for a visit.

Alfred Bergman is home from Ann Arbor.

Carroll Hoyt is home from Houghton, for the holidays.

Miss Mary Miller is home from her school duties at Ironton.

Sherman Cary is home from Flint, for a visit with his parents.

Miss June Hoyt is home from Ypsilanti to spend the holidays.

Mr. and Mrs. B. Arnstson are spending Christmas at Rapid City.

Lee and Hugh Murphy left Thursday for their home at Cheboygan.

Miss Myrtle Joynt is home from her school duties at Green River.

B. E. Waterman was a business visitor at Levering this week.

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

Miss Norma Johnson is home from her school duties at Deer Lake.

Dr. and Mrs. G. W. Bechtold visited relatives at Bellaire over Sunday.

Miss Margaret Geck is home from Ferris Institute, for the holidays.

Marshall Pratt of Old Mission is a guest at the home of W. L. Peck.

Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Mollard and daughters are spending Christmas at Ellsworth.

Mrs. J. Creach of Traverse City visited Mrs. John Whiteford, first of the week.

Oscar Franzen of Chicago is guest at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Daniel Goodman.

Mrs. Jos. Wilhelm and daughter, Helen, of Ironton, are visiting relatives in this city.

W. C. Hoover arrived home from Flint, Friday, to spend Xmas with his family here.

Miss Francina Roy left the latter part of last week for her home at Sturgis, Mich.

Mrs. John Hawkins and son, went to Boyne City, Friday, to spend Xmas with relatives.

Dr. R. A. Risk and brother, Stanley, were Petoskey business visitors latter part of last week.

The M. E. Sunday School gave their Christmas program at the county home Friday afternoon.

Nelson Crandall left Wednesday for Ypsilanti to spend Xmas with his mother and sisters.

Mrs. Margaret Patrick of Valparaiso, Ind., is guest at the home of Dr. and Mrs. G. W. Bechtold.

Mr. and Mrs. E. E. Stevens of Cadillac are guests at the home of Mr. and Mrs. B. E. Waterman.

Miss Rosa Brezina and her cousin, Alvin Brezina, of Traverse City, are home for the holidays.

Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Hanson of Belding are guests of the latter's sister, Mrs. Hector McKinnon.

Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Weisman and daughter, Miss Phyllis, will visit friends at Boyne City, Sunday.

Bruce Cross returned home from Springvale, Friday, after a weeks visit at Hilton Milford's home.

Mrs. Enoch Giles left Wednesday for West Branch, called there by the serious illness of her mother.

Mr. and Mrs. John O'Connor of Boyne Falls are guest at the home of Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Milford.

Mr. and Mrs. Matt Swafford and children left Friday for Rapid City to spend Christmas with friends.

Clayton McGowan of Lawrence, Mich., is guest at the home of his brother, Irwin McGowan of this city.

Verne Whiteford is expected home from Lansing to spend Christmas with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. John Whiteford.

Mr. and Mrs. K. Bader and son, of Boyne City are guest at the home of the latter's parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. S. Carr.

Geo. Ramsey and family returned home this week from Central Lake, where they have been visiting relatives.

Mr. and Mrs. V. L. Haskins of Harrietta, Mich., are guest of the former's parents, Rev. and Mrs. William Haskins.

Miss Anna Jamison arrived home Thursday, from Oberlin, Ohio, to spend the holidays with her mother, Mrs. John Jamison.

Ira D. Bartlett and George Jaquay returned home from Grand Rapids Saturday last, where they attended the Convention of the State Bee Keepers.

Mrs. H. J. Carpenter returned home from the Petoskey Sanitarium Saturday last, where she was taking treatments. She is feeling much improved in health.

Mrs. Richard Barnett accompanied her little granddaughter, Marcia, to the Petoskey hospital, Tuesday, where the latter underwent an operation for appendicitis.

Miss Nell Hill left Friday to spend Xmas at Elk Rapids.

Morris Murray is home from Ypsilanti for the holidays.

J. H. Milford was a Boyne City business visitor, Tuesday.

Miss Carrie Johnson returned from Traverse City, Monday.

Att'y F. R. Williams left Thursday for his home at Elk Rapids.

Miss Agatha Kenny is home from her school duties near Deer Lake.

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

Glenn Griffin of Winnipeg returned home, Monday, for the holidays.

David Whiteford went to Traverse City on Tuesday to visit relatives.

Miss Lottie Miller of Boyne City is guest of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Miller.

Mrs. Anna Bulow and son Geo. of Springvale are spending Xmas with relatives here.

Attention! Ladies of the Maccabees. The Per Capita Tax is due on or before Dec. 31st, 1915.

First Methodist Episcopal Church
Rev. John Clemens, Pastor.

Sunday, Dec. 26, 1915.

10:30 a. m.—"My Life Covenant"

11:45 a. m.—Sunday School.

6:00 p. m.—Epworth League.

7:00 p. m.—"A Model of Life."

Thursday evening—Prayer Meeting.

Friday evening—United Watch-night services. The Presbyterian and Methodist societies meeting at the Methodist Church.

Program—8:30 p. m.—Social half-hour.

9:00-10:00 p. m.—Love Feast

10:00-10:30 p. m.—"What Hath God Wrought"—Pastor and People.

10:30-11:00 p. m.—Social half-hour

11:00-11:30 p. m.—"Move Forward"

11:30-12:00 p. m.—Holy Communion.

Presbyterian Church Notes
Robert S. Sidebotham, Pastor.

Sunday, December 26, 1915.

10:30 a. m.—"God's Rule of Three."

2:4 p. m.—Every Member Canvass.

11:45 a. m.—Sabbath School.

6:15 p. m.—Christian Endeavor.

7:00 p. m.—"Special Christmas Service."

Thursday 7:30 p. m.—Prayer meeting

Sunday is Church Day. In the morning we shall look at the plans for next year. In the afternoon, visitors will call on all of our people to receive their pledges for next year. We ask that our friends remain at home until 4 p. m. so that the canvass may be made, and results announced at the evening service.

Sunday night is to be a special service of music. Singers from out of town will assist. Miss May Stewart will read "The Other Wise Man."

The Trustees meet Tuesday evening at 7:30.

Friday Union Watch Night service as announced in the M. E. Church Notes.

LOOSENING UP.

I'd like to save up seven bones, against the rainy day, but kindly folk, with siren tones, entice my plunks away. Kind, helpful people, great of heart, are evermore abroad, and they pursue me through the mart, and touch me for my wad.

This morning, when I drew my wage, and stepped upon the street, there came a girl of chicken age, with dazzling smile and sweet, "My friend," she said, "across the seas, the wounded soldiers wall; their legs were shot off at the knees, and they are short of kale. Dig up the coin you've labored for," the lovely damsel begs, "and buy some hero of the war a brace of wooden legs."

When such a human buttercup wags, lays a world-worn gent, that gent can't only loosen up, and try to look content.

Before I'd gone a hundred feet I met another maid, with eyes so bright and smile so sweet, she made the first one fade. She seized me by the buttonhole, and cried, "Well met, old scout! I'm sure you have a goodly roll this being true, shell out! The ladies of the Uplift Guild would help the Eskimo, who is so poor he has to build his bungalow of snow. We'd build for them a thousand huts upon the modern plan, so kindly spring 'no 'firs' or 'butts,' but cough up like a man."

I do not care a dozen whoops about far-off jays, nor care in what design of coops they have to spend their days. But when a lovely, smiling peach would help those greasy lads, a mortal man can only reach down in his jeans for seeds.

In other days the women old went round and passed the hat, and found their victims stern and cold—no man would fall for that. An ancient dame with grizzled hair, and shapeless frame and dent, might dog my footsteps everywhere—she wouldn't get a cent. But now the lovely maidens take the warpath every day, and even hardened tightwads quake, and yield the right of way. The daughters of the horseleech rise, and camp upon my trail, with pearly teeth and starry eyes, and always get the kale.—By Walt Mason, from Judge.

A Clearing Sale!

we will offer for a limited time
our entire stock of

Ladies' COATS, SUITS and
SKIRTS

at One-Quarter Off!

THIS SALE Includes ALL of our Celebrated
LaVogue Garments—every one of them the
very latest in the fashion world.

L. WEISMAN

The bigot is usually pretty small.
The jawbone was probably the original bone of contention.

Some men are pleasant to talk to and disagreeable to listen to.

Men who shake hands the hardest are the hardest to shake.

STRONG AND WELL AS EVER.

Fred Smith, Green Bay, Wis., says: "Foley Kidney Pills completely cured me of all soreness and pain in the back and I now am strong and well as ever." Cold weather makes aching joints, sore muscles and irregular bladder action more unbearable. Foley Kidney Pills help the kidneys eliminate pain-causing poisons.—Hites Drug Store.

Good House For Rent—Inquire of Newton Jones or Wm. Richardson.

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.

OBSERVE THE WARNING.

A cold that promises to "hang on all winter" is to be dreaded. Prompt action should be taken at the first warning of a cold—sneezing, chilliness, slight shivering. Foley's Honey and Tar makes quick work of coughs, colds and croup. It clears air passages, stops coughing, eases difficult breathing.—Hites Drug store.

WE WISH to express our sincere appreciation of your patronage the past year, and wish you a happy and prosperous New Year.

Yours respectfully
C. C. MACK, Jeweler

Ralston Smiles

The Man Who Travels soon finds out which shoe to trust and which to doubt. The wear and tear of steady go, soon lets a busy fellow know. The shines that happen on the trip, the opportunities to rip, the Pullman porters, who are prone, to polish in a style their own—the rain and slush and constant use—the barber-pirate's darned abuse, the hundred other pesky ills, which help to swell our footgear bills.

The Man Who Travels, laughs to scorn such woe as makes his pals forlorn. And ev'ry bellhop down the line, declares "Those Ralston shoes are FINE!" They shine 'em up with smiling pride, and place 'em gently side by side, remarking as they turn to go:—"SOME kickers those;

believe me, Bo!"

RALSTON SHOES

Men who walk a lot do their globe-trotting in Ralstons. Look well and—say, but they DO wear.

Prices \$4 to \$6



CHAS. A. HUDSON

AS THE OLD YEAR DRAWS TO A CLOSE AND WE GATHER UP THE THREADS OF THE STORY IN ANTICIPATION OF 1916, IT IS A PLEASURE TO PAUSE A MOMENT ON THE THRESHOLD, JUST TO EXCHANGE GREETINGS, AND WISH FOR YOU AND YOURS A FULL MEASURE OF HAPPINESS.

E. KIRKPATRICK,

PHOTOGRAPHER

Use Black Silk
Stove Polish

"A Shine in Every Drop"

Get a can today from your hardware or grocery dealer.

Dr. G. W. Bechtold
DENTIST

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

Dr. C. H. Pray
Dentist

Office Hours: 8 to 12 a. m. 1 to 5 p. m.
And Evenings.
Phone No. 22.

DRS. VARDON & PARKS
PHYSICIANS AND SURGEONS

Office in Monroe block, over Spring Drug Co's Store
Phone 158-4 rings
Office hours: 1:30 to 4:00 p. m.
7:00 to 8:00 p. m.
X-RAY in Office.

Dr. F. P. Ramsey
Physician and Surgeon.

Graduate of College of Physicians and Surgeons of the University of Illinois.

OFFICE SHERMAN BLOCK
East Jordan, Mich.
Phone No. 196.

Frank Phillips
Tonsorial Artist.

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

It is sometimes better to have loved and lost than to be the other fellow. The man who can lose all his money and still retain his friends is a wonder.

PARKER'S HAIR BALSAM
A toilet preparation of merit. Helps to eradicate dandruff. For Restoring Color and Beauty to Gray or Faded Hair. 50c and \$1.00 at Drugstore.

CHICHESTER'S PILLS
DIAMOND BRAND

Beware of Counterfeits. Refuse all Substitutes.

LADIES! Ask your Druggist for CHICHESTER'S DIAMOND BRAND PILLS in Red and Gold metallic boxes, sealed with Blue Ribbon. TAKE NO OTHER. Buy of your Druggist and ask for OILS, PILLS, and TABLETS. DIAMOND BRAND PILLS, for twenty-five years regarded as Best, Safest, Always Reliable. SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS. TIME EVERYWHERE WORTH TRYING.

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 full directions for use. Don't delay. Demand "5-Drops." Don't accept anything else in place of it. Any druggist can supply you. If you live too far from a drug store send One Dollar to Swanson Rheumatism Cure Co., Newark, Ohio, and a bottle of "5-Drops" will be shipped.

ON THE FIRING LINE.

Internal improvements, such as river and harbor work, public buildings, and reclamation enterprises, were always conducted consistently under Republican administration and without the levying of any special taxes. The administration not only levies extraordinary taxes, but curtails or suspends the international improvements needed in order that government work shall keep pace with the growth of the country. But perhaps the Democrats argue that since their legislation caused a suspension of a large part of private construction, it will be in keeping with the times to suspend public construction also.

President Wilson now admits that the railroads are entitled to some of the things they've been asking in the way of legislation and administration. Yet Mr. Bryan is still lauding Wilson for driving the railroad representatives away from the capital in 1913, when he denounced them as an "insidious lobby" for trying to protect their rights.

President Wilson still urges a ship purchase bill, in spite of the Democratic platform promise that legislation for the upbuilding of the merchant marine shall be "without imposing additional burdens upon the people." Apparently that pledge was merely a "scrap of paper" covered with "mosses to catch flies" and is not to be regarded by a party that uses a platform to get in on, rather than to stand on. But the people will not forget.

Henry Ford has an automobile factory in Detroit. He has another across the river in Canada. It is not the river that prevents his selling his "Made in America" machines in Canada—it is a high tariff wall. So the Ford Company took its capital and invested in a Canadian factory, giving employment to Canadian labor, furnishing business for Canadian merchants, placing money in Canadian banks and paying taxes to the Canadian government. Canada is wise. So will the American people be wise when they reconstruct the demolished tariff wall which will keep European and Asiatic products out of American markets and thus rebuild and protect American industries.

"Pay as you go" is the policy advocated by President Wilson in his message. But his preaching loses much of its force in view of the Democratic practice of incurring a deficit even when only the normal expenditures must be met.

Now President Wilson wants men of successful-business experience to come in and help him get the administration out of the difficulties in which it has drifted. But why didn't he put into his cabinet the men whose aid he desires? Why take nearly three years to find out that the advice of successful business men is worth considering?

While holding the record for governmental inefficiency and while adding daily to the deficit in the treasury, the Democratic majority in Congress starts the new session with proposals for a new administrative department and for larger appropriations for those already mismanaged. And new taxes are to be levied to pay the bills.

"Forward-looking men" were summoned by Wilson, in his inaugural address, to stand beside him. He particularly wants that kind today. At any rate, he does not want any men who will look backward to his message of a year ago and make invidious comparisons regarding his attitude on preparedness.

Secretary Garrison seems to make a specialty of ex-Presidents when he goes in for controversy. Last summer he had a dispute with Col. Roosevelt because of the latter's speech at Plattsburg, and now he is jawing away at Mr. Taft on the subject of the Philippines. In order to maintain a supply of ex-Presidents for Mr. Garrison, the country will provide a third in the list after 1917.

There is no place like home for most of the charity that begins there. The wise man really looks broken-hearted when his wife goes for a two weeks' visit.

Anyway, people who are always looking for trouble seldom meet with disappointment.

AFTER THE GRIPPE

Vinol Restored Her Strength
Canton, Miss.—"I am 75 years old and became very weak and feeble from the effects of La Grippe, but Vinol has done me a world of good. It has cured my cough, built up my strength so I feel active and well again."—Mrs. LIZZIE BALDWIN, Canton, Miss.
Vinol, our delicious cod liver and iron tonic, without oil, aids digestion, enriches the blood and restores strength. It is the best remedy for chronic coughs, colds or bronchitis. Your money back if it fails.

Notice of the School Officers Meeting.

A meeting of school officers of Charlevoix County has been appointed for Thursday, January 6th, at the Court House in Charlevoix. Morning session 10 to 12 a. m. Afternoon session 1:30 to 3:30 p. m.

Mr. Otwell, assistant state superintendent will have charge of the meeting. Topics of general interest to school officers will be discussed. Important phases of school law will receive attention. Officers should come prepared to ask questions of interest to their districts. The law states that the director or his representative from the other members of the board will receive \$2.00 per day and actual expenses for attending this meeting, such sum to be paid from the general fund of the district. All officers are welcome. Be sure to come.

Yours for better schools,
MAY L. STEWART.

Odds and Ends

To roast quails the approved method is to wrap the tiny bird in a thin slice of fat bacon, fastened with skewers. Fat Egyptian quails are dainty and acceptable morsels at this time of year.

Salad a l'Anvers (Antwerp salad) is made of lettuce with shreds of chicken, ham, and capscums, in mayonnaise sauce, garnished with slices of potatoes. The suggestion is made that a fowl for roasting is much approved by rubbing it with a lemon-juice and then basting frequently with cream or milk.

Fillets of beef a la Grande Bretagne are larded, split, and stuffed with macaroni and horseradish sauce, and are served with a brown sauce and potato chips.

Caper sauce with roast mutton may seem incongruous, but it is excellent nevertheless. With boiled mutton, of course, the piquant caper is recognized adjunct.

How Long Your Nails Grow.

The growth of an average finger nail is about one thirty-second of an inch a week, or nearly one and one-half inches in a year, so that aristocratic Chinese who proudly exhibit nails six to eight inches in length must have refrained from cutting them at least four to six years. Finger nails grow faster in the summer than in winter. The nail on the middle finger grows faster than any of the others, and that of the thumb is slowest in growth. The nails of the right hand grow faster than those of the left. A nail is supposed to reach its full growth in about four and a half months, and at this rate a man seventy years old would have renewed his nails 262 times. On each finger he would have grown nine feet of nail, or on all his fingers and thumbs no less than 90 feet of nail.—St. Louis Republic.

FOR SALE.

MY FARM in Jordan Township is for sale, also several thousand feet of seasoned hemlock lumber—including square timbers for barn-frame, also low wheeled farm wagon with new box, plow, harrow, cultivator, weeder, and some other articles will be sold with the place at a reasonable price, or will sell them separate. Call and see me between the 20th and 30th of this month.

JAMES DAVIS
East Jordan, Mich.

OUR JITNEY OFFER.—This and 5c.

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

BOLTS WANTED.

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

WORKED IN THE HAY FIELD.

Arthur Jones, Allen, Kas., writes: "I have been troubled with bladder and kidney troubles for a good many years. If it were not for Foley Kidney Pills I would never be able to work in the hay field." Men and women past middle age find these pills a splendid remedy for weak, overworked or diseased kidneys.—Hite's Drug Store.

To Lighten the Bean Bag.

Bean bags, that are such an amusement to children, if filled with dried cherry seeds (instead of beans) are much lighter in weight, therefore impossible to hurt the small child when throwing them. When seeding your fruit for canning, dry the seeds thoroughly in the sun.

You can save yourself a lot of trouble by not borrowing any.

Temperance

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

THE HOTEL BAR.

"It is time we ceased to insult the American public by insisting that a hotel cannot be run without a bar." These are not the words of a prohibition fanatic but of the proprietor of a fine hotel and were spoken at the annual meeting of the Northwestern Hotel Men's association. The speaker, Mr. Leimbach of Gardner, N. D., addressed the convention on "Prohibition an Economic Proposition," and his vigorous handling of the subject called forth great applause. "From the manager down to the bell hop," he said, "booze makes more trouble than any other one thing in our business. If the causes for eight out of every ten hotel failures were to be carefully analyzed, liquor would be found to be the rock on which the business was shattered. It is an indisputable fact that more managers lose their positions on account of booze than through any lack of real efficiency. The same may be found throughout the crew."

RUSSIA ANSWERS.

"When vodka was on sale the average savings bank deposits in Russia were in the neighborhood of from \$16,000,000 a year—a year, not a month. In the thirty-one days of January, 1915, five months after the sale of vodka was prohibited—in one month—the former vodka drinkers put \$30,000,000 into the savings banks in the empire. They saved nearly twice as much in one month as they formerly saved in a year," says Samuel G. Blythe in the Saturday Evening Post. The liquor interests of the United States are telling the people that "national prohibition would mean the loss of \$250,000,000 to the treasury of our national government," and are asking, "who will make up this revenue?" Russia has shown the way. That nation is demonstrating the soundness of the policy expressed in these words of William E. Gladstone—"Give me a sober people and I will provide the revenue."

PROHIBITION EMPTIES JAIL.

"It has surprised even the strongest advocates of prohibition to see the effect that law has had in preventing crimes and misdemeanors in Greenlee county," says the Clifton (Ariz.) Journal.

"For many years the courts of this country have been occupied with a multiplicity of cases, mostly resulting from booze, and the several justice courts have been kept busy sentencing prisoners to jail or fining them. For years the jails have been crowded to capacity and the fines have often run close to \$1,000 in a single justice court in one month. But conditions have changed since the first of the year. The jail has been empty at some places a good share of the time; cases have been few and far between, and most of them were slight misdemeanors."

WARN COUNTRY EDITORS!

Falsehoods and misrepresentations by the page, the column, or the paragraph are being sent out to the country press by the publicity department of the Liquor Dealers' association of Cincinnati, with the assurance that all they desire is a fair representation of their side of the prohibition question, and that the matter sent may be relied upon absolutely. Every white ribboner should feel a personal responsibility in warning the editors in her community of the nature and source of these articles, and offer in their place to furnish some of the excellent material sent out by the publicity bureau of the National W. C. T. U.—The Union Signal.

MISSOURI DRYING UP.

More than half the people of Missouri live in territory absolutely dry. For years more than half the territory in the state has been dry, but the large city population meant that a majority of the people lived in wet territory. As the result, however, of very recent dry victories 50.2 per cent in Missouri's entire population now live in saloonless territory. Between 75 and 80 per cent of the state's territory is dry. Seventy-nine of the 114 counties are dry; nineteen dry with the exception of one town of more than 2,500 population. Sixteen counties and the city of St. Louis are the only entirely wet localities in the state.

STILL ON THE JOB.

"When national constitutional prohibition has been secured won't the Woman's Christian Temperance Union be out of a job?" queried a young woman journalist of Miss Anna A. Gordon, president of the National W. C. T. U. She was assured that "our organization, in common with all temperance forces, would then enter upon its most important task—that of enforcing the prohibitory law and of maintaining through education, agitation and organization the high standard of sentiment necessary for the election of law-enforcing officials."

REVENUE COULD BE SPARED.

The retail liquor dealers in New York will pay into the state treasury this year twenty-two and a half million dollars. Nobody doubts that the state could spare this sum or a greater one for an equivalent of sobriety and moral strength.—New York Evening World.

WOOD AND COAL

Promptly delivered to any part of the city. Satisfaction Guaranteed. A trial order will make you a permanent customer. Phone 206.

E. E. BROWN

Prop'r EAST JORDAN PRODUCE, FUEL & ICE CO.

Patrons buying wood or coal who pay to the driver when delivery is made will be allowed a Five per cent discount.

Start the New Year Right with a paid-up subscription to The Herald

THE TEMPLE CAFE

Respectfully solicits the patronage of the people of East Jordan and those who come to our city on business or pleasure. Our aim is to satisfy every patron with our Meals and Lunches. Give us a trial.

FRANK GREEN, Prop'r

Fresh Pastuerized Milk and Cream
McCOOL & MATHER

Phone No. 29.

EAST JORDAN CABINET CO.

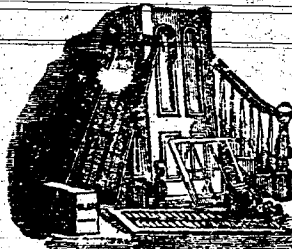
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Custom Planing Mill.

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Doors, Windows and Glass, Siding, Ceiling and Flooring Mouldings, Turned Work, and Scroll Sawing.

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Get "More Money" for your Furs

BEAVER, FOXES, MUSKRAT, RACCOON, SKUNK, MINK, WHITE WEASEL and other fur bearers collected in your section SHIP YOUR FURS DIRECT to "SHUBERT" the largest house in the world dealing exclusively in NORTH AMERICAN RAW FURS a reliable—responsible—safe Fur House with an unblemished reputation existing for more than a third of a century, a long successful record of sending Fur Shippers prompt, SATISFACTORY AND PROFITABLE returns. Write for "The Shubert Shipper," the only reliable, accurate market report and price list published. Write for it NOW—it's FREE. 25-27 WEST AUSTIN AVE. Dept 512 CHICAGO, U.S.A.



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Silver is the first thought when considering gifts for any season or occasion. No more graceful compliment can be extended than an offering of rich silver elegant in design, perfect in taste and in the newest shapes.

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is the mark which represents the highest perfection in silver plate. With this imprint on every article, you can buy

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as safely as an expert. This stamp also guarantees that each piece is perfect in artistic design and finish.

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