

Charlevoix County Herald.

Vol. 20

EAST JORDAN, MICHIGAN, SATURDAY, JANUARY 29, 1916.

No. 5

Prosecutor's Annual Report

Has Prosecuted 136 Cases During The Past Year.

Prosecuting Attorney, R. L. Lewis has filed his annual report for the past year's work. It shows that he has prosecuted 136 cases and secured 121 convictions. There are now ten cases pending not included in the report of the cases tried, there was only one acquittal.

Animals, neglect to bury: Prosecuted 1, nolle prossed 1.

Animals, cruelty to: Prosecuted 2, convicted 1, acquitted 1. Punishment awarded—Fined.

Assault: Prosecuted 1, convicted 1. Punishment awarded—Fined.

Assault and battery: Prosecuted 11, convicted 11. Punishment awarded—Jail sentence 2, fined 7, sentence suspended on costs paid 1, sentence suspended 1.

Assault with intent to rape: Prosecuted 1, convicted 1. Punishment awarded—Sentence to prison from 1 to 10 years.

Assault with intent to do great bodily harm less than the crime of murder: Prosecuted 2, convicted 2. Punishment awarded—Sentence suspended 1, convicted of assault and battery 1, sentence suspended.

Assault, felonious: Prosecuted 2, convicted 1, discharged on examination 1. Punishment awarded—Sentence to prison from 1 to 10 years 1.

Assault with a gun: Prosecuted 1, convicted 1. Punishment awarded—Sentence suspended.

Bastardy: Prosecuted 2, escapes, settlements, etc., 2. Punishment awarded—Settlements made 2.

Breaking and entering: Prosecuted 2, convicted 2. Punishment awarded—Sentence to prison from 1 to 10 years 1, sentence suspended 1.

Cohabitation, lewd and lascivious: Prosecuted 4, convicted 4. Punishment awarded—Sentence suspended 4.

Desertion: Prosecuted 18, convicted 7, nolle prossed 3, discharged on examination 2, escapes, settlements, etc., 1. Punishment awarded—Sentence to prison from 1 to 3 years 3, bond furnished 2, sentence suspended 1, divorced 1.

Drunk and intoxicated: Prosecuted 18, convicted 18. Punishment awarded—Sentence to jail 3, fined 11, costs paid 4, and sentence suspended.

False pretense: Prosecuted 2, convicted 2. Punishment awarded—Fined 1, sentence suspended on costs paid 1.

Fish and game laws, violation of: Prosecuted 29, convicted 19. Punishment awarded—Fined 26, costs paid 3.

Forgery: Prosecuted 1, convicted 1. Punishment awarded—Sentence suspended.

Hunting laws, violation of: Prosecuted 6, convicted 6. Punishment awarded—Jail sentence 1, fined 5.

Indecency, gross: Prosecuted 1, convicted 1. Punishment awarded—Sentence suspended.

Kidnapping: Prosecuted 1, escapes, settlements, etc., 1. Punishment awarded—Dismissed on settlement satisfactory to all parties concerned.

Larceny: Prosecuted 5, convicted 4, escapes, settlements, etc., 1. Punishment awarded—Sentence to jail 3, sentence suspended 1, settlement 1.

Practicing veterinary medicine, dentistry and surgery without license: Prosecuted 1, convicted 1. Punishment awarded—Fined.

Property, malicious destruction of: Prosecuted 3, convicted 3. Punishment awarded—Sentence to prison 2, sentence suspended 1.

Pure food act, violation of: Prosecuted 2, convicted 2. Punishment awarded—Sentence suspended 2.

Rape: Prosecuted 1, convicted 1. Punishment awarded—Pending motion for new trial, sentence stayed.

Road, obstructing state—Prosecuted 1, escapes, settlements, etc., 1.

Slander: Prosecuted 1, convicted 1. Punishment awarded—Sentence suspended on payment of costs.

Slaughter house, maintaining contrary to Act No. 97, Public Acts of 1901: Prosecuted 1, nolle prossed 1.

Speeding: Prosecuted 20, convicted 20. Punishment awarded—Fined 20.

Total number prosecuted 136, convicted 121, acquitted 1, dismissed on payment of costs 1, nolle prossed 4, discharged on examination 3, escapes, settlements, etc., 6.

Cases now pending and not reported above:

Carrying concealed weapons 1, rape 1, violation local option law 1, larceny 2, burglary 1, obstructing justice 1, malicious destruction of property 1, bastardy 1, felonious assault 1.

Of the above cases now pending, the party charged with carrying concealed weapons and the parties charged with larceny failed to appear for trial, thereby forfeiting their bonds given for their appearance for trial.

Two of the bonds have been estreated and \$300.00 collected thereon, which has been turned into the county treasury.

Cases where warrants have been issued but were not served, or dismissed before examination, are not reported.

ELBERT BEDE SAYS

The small boy is a mighty big problem for his parents.

Grass widows produce no seed yet the crop never runs out.

If love wasn't so blind the girl would see through a lot of the excuses made by the man.

The man who marries a girl for her wad quite often finds the interest rate pretty high.

It's much easier to forgive a person for a wrong done or a mistake made when he frankly admits it.

Preachers get on their knees oftener than others—also on their—uppers, if what comic papers say is true.

There is a lot of fun to some people in being sarcastic but as a business proposition it is not much of a success.

The person who can make a good speech is admired almost as much as a gridiron star and it is not confined to any certain season.

When a woman makes a man tag around at the end of her apron strings he can make up his mind that he has had something tied to him.

An attempt may be made to show that an explosion of printers' ink destroyed the building of the Los Angeles Times. Printers' ink has caused greater ones.

When you see a woman wearing a hat three times the proper size for her head you will usually find that at the other extreme she wears shoes in reverse ratio.

When we watch a dignified old hypochondriac parade along the street we picture him as he becomes limp as a rag before the judge who sees the things beneath that starched outer covering.

An exchange asks: "If it is right to permit a sub-normal infant to die for lack of care that would have saved its life, must we not, in order to be consistent, admit that it would be perfectly justifiable to withhold the care that is needed to keep alive all idiots and insane and feeble-minded persons?"

That would never do, we have got to have some one to run our newspapers.

STREET CORNER SAGE

Church Dinners

I see the wimmin of the church, is givin' a dinner down there in the Smith buildin' today," remarked the Sage to one of his cronies in the grocery store.

"Them things is the biggest piece of foolishness at ever was. Aint nobody makes any money on 'em. It's just forty or fifty wimmin 'at won't donate cash to the church, but'll run all over themselves to git to give two or three dollars worth a somethin' to eat. Then they work hard for a day or two an' git it ready to eat an' sell it fer about twenty cents on the dollar. If they take in fifty they think they've cleared a lot of money. Yes sir, I'm agin these here dinners. Churches don't need the money any-how."

"I was just getting ready to start over to dinner," remarked the friend, "but I suppose you'll go home for yours."

"Wall no," replied the Sage. "See in 'as how my wife is over there 'an give 'em a couple of our best chickens, I reckon I ought to patronize 'em, seems like a waste of money he added, "to give 'em that much in the first place an' then have to pay a quarter fer your meal."

Brain Workers Live Longest

In a recent discussion of senility and longevity, Dr. H. M. Friedman reviews the biological, physical and mental aspects of old age and notes that brain workers live longer than muscle workers and that clergymen are the longest lived of professional individuals.

Women live longer than men in spite of the morbidity of childbearing. Marriage tends to favor longevity and so does religious life. Heredity is an important factor in both senility and longevity.

If a man has a wife he always knows what to do with his money.

Charlevoix County Farmers' Institute

AT GRANGE HALL, IRONTON

FRIDAY AND SATURDAY, Feb'y 4th - 5th 1916

Grant Hammond—Master Ironton Grange.
H. L. Barnum, Ironton—Sec'y Co. Farmers' Institute Society.
L. R. Taft, Agr'l College—State Sup't Farmers' Institutes.
Geo. Bender, Big Rapids—Conductor.
E. H. Clark, East Jordan—Local Manager.

PROGRAM

Friday Morning, February 4.

9:45 Opening remarks Grant Hammond
10:00 Soil Culture Geo. Bender, Big Rapids
10:30 Discussion Ole Lyngklip
11:00 Principles of Soil Fertility—J. W. Henceroth, Ass't Agronomist, Soil Improvement Committee, Chicago.
11:30 Discussion Hiram Brock

Friday Afternoon

1:00 Question Box in charge of Geo. Bender.
Music by The Normal Class.
1:30 Maintaining the Supply of Humus in the Soil (Demonstration) —J. W. Henceroth
2:00 Discussion A. L. Darbee
2:30 The Well-Balanced Farm Geo. Bender
3:00 Discussion R. H. Sherman
3:30 Economical Rations for Dairy Cows Emil Nasson
4:00 Discussion Matt Allen

Friday Evening

7:15 Music Misses Goldie Snyder and Theresa Phillips
7:30 Our Unused Wealth Mrs. S. H. Noecker, Cassopolis
Music Misses Spidle, Kent, Sherman, Lynn
8:30 Commercial Fertilizers and their Use (Illustrated) J. W. Henceroth
Song—"America."

Saturday Morning.

9:45 The Poultry Business Geo. Bender
10:15 Discussion Wm. Sanderson
10:45 Corn and Silos for Northern Michigan J. B. Brown, Tawas City
11:15 Discussion Harry Coblentz
11:45 Business meeting of County Institute Society, Reports, Election of Officers, Etc.

Saturday Afternoon

1:00 Question Box in charge of J. B. Brown.
Music by Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Sanderson.
1:30 Growing Forage and Pasture Crops J. B. Brown
2:00 Discussion J. E. Secord
2:30 Supplying Plant Food for Farm and Orchard Crops (Demonstration) —J. W. Henceroth
3:00 Discussion F. B. Dow
3:30 Essentials of Successful Cooperation Geo. Bender
4:00 Discussion J. W. Flanders.

Women's Congress AT GLEANER HALL - IRONTON

Friday Afternoon, Feb'y 4th

May L. Stewart—Chairman.
Mrs. S. H. Noecker, Cassopolis—Conductor

PROGRAM

1:00 Music by Normal Class.
Opening remarks Miss Stewart, Chairman
1:30 Principles and Methods of Vegetable Cookery (Demonstration) —Mrs. S. H. Noecker, Cassopolis
2:30 Discussion.
3:00 Saving Steps in the Home Miss Emily Malpass
Saving Time in the Home Mrs. H. E. Hutten
3:30 Discussion.

ELECTION OF OFFICERS

Music by the Normal Class.

Adjournment.

FARMERS' WEEK, Agricultural College, Feb. 28-Mar. 4, 1916.

Learn a Little Every Day.

Moon shinning is being carried on in Russia since vodka has been suppressed. The illicit stills use shellac, from which alcohol is distilled.

The area of South America is nearly twice that of the United States.

The word "hoyden," now applied exclusively to a noisy, young woman, formerly denoted a person of like character, but of either sex.

The number of violent deaths (in time of peace) is an average of 38 in every 1000.

Had Adam counted continuously from his time until the present day, he could not have counted a trillion.

The expense of smoking three 5c cigars per day, principal and interest for ten years is \$746.74.

And Along Came Ruth

"Oh Ruth, I am afraid these dirty white gloves will spoil the appearance of my whole costume," deplored Ruth's sister as she held them out ruefully in her hand.

"Give them to me, while you are dressing, and I will guarantee to have them looking as good as new by the time you are ready for them," laughed Ruth.

So she put them on her hands and carefully went over them with a piece of moist flannel upon which a little powdered soap had been sprinkled. When the dirt had been cleaned off the gloves, the moisture was removed with a piece of dry flannel, and when ready to wear they were just as clean and smart looking as if they had just come from the cleaner.

LYMAN HOWE AT THE TEMPLE THEATRE

Wit will alternate with wisdom in rapid succession at the Temple Theatre on Tuesday, February 1st, during the semi-annual engagement of Lyman H. Howe's Travel Festival. Also there will be some real surprises and novelties. But the aforesaid wit springs from the fertile fancies of Howe's comedy cartoon artists who have created entirely new film fun to accompany the more dignified pictorial trips to Glacier National Park in northwest Montana and through the Willys-Overland plant at Toledo to watch an automobile in the making. Jaunts abroad will take Howe travelers to Italy, France, Madeira, Holland, Switzerland, the Firth of Forth bridge, Scotland; and even above the clouds via an aeroplane.

This Week's Historical Prevarication's

Monday, Jan. 24.—Mark Anthony poses for moving pictures, B. C. 13.
Tuesday, Jan. 25.—Cromwell writes a letter to the King on his type-writer, 1333.

Wednesday, Jan. 26.—Cigarettes invented by the puritans, 1620.

Thursday, Jan. 27.—Napoleon, during his Turkish campaign, see the Turkey Trot, 1790.

Friday, Jan. 28.—Henry VIII sends Anne Boleyn to Reno in order to get a divorce, 1671.

Saturday, Jan. 29.—The Chinese adopt English as the National language, 3,000.

Sunday, Jan. 30.—Gasoline used by Elijah, to kindle kitchen fire on the day of his ascension, 00.

ROCK ELM RUSTINGS

Not much travel as it is too hard getting around. One is very liable to take a fall.

Mrs. Boyd Hipp has the grippie. Others on the sick list are: Mrs. Metz, Mrs. Donietson, and Sadie Metz.

The children who have been having the chicken pox are recovering nicely and will soon be back to school.

Mr. and Mrs. Dan Swanson spent Sunday at H. E. Huttons.

The Grangers had their installation on Thursday last, Mr. Brintnall acting as installing officer. All enjoyed the work as Mr. Brintnall has the work down fine, also everyone appeared to enjoy the oyster dinner.

The Agricultural teacher from East Jordan visited the Grange and gave a talk on his line of work.

Miss Amanda Duffey visited at H. E. Huttons on Saturday and Sunday.

There will be a leap year social at the Grange Hall on Wednesday evening, February 2nd. Every one invited.

The ladies are making a fine quilt which will be for sale.

ECHO BRIEFS

Chas. Wolverton is home from camp quite ill with LaGrippe.

Edward Thompson and Wm. Van Deventer spent Sunday at the home of Mrs. Mary Bartholomew.

If the weather permits the Rev. Wm. Haskins will preach at the Bennett appointment on Sunday evening, Jan. 30.

Miss Minnie Schroeder has been quite ill with LaGrippe and influenza but at the present writing is somewhat improved.

The many friends of John Carney will be pleased to learn that his hand is slowly improving.

Scott Bartholomew and Elmer Murray have each completed sawing a nice pile of buzz wood for which their wives are extremely thankful.

Mrs. Blanche Carney and her mother, Mrs. James Murray went to Petoskey on Monday to visit Mrs. Ernest Lanway who was taken there for treatment.

Chopping is probably the hardest kind of woodwork.

The easiest way for a girl to catch a husband is by not trying.

People who give themselves away are not necessarily charitable.

Many a man gets his back up like a camel and roars like a lion.

It isn't always a small matter when a woman puts her foot in it.

It is never too late to blame your mistakes on the other fellow.

The veracity of the woman who tells her correct age is above par.

A man who is completely wrapped up in himself is a bundle of conceit.

School Commissioner's Notes.

Did Obidiah say that was all talk about "Standard Schools"? We'll wait and see, but say—while we wait let's work.

Mid-year examination questions sent to all rural teachers for the 20th and 21st. The highest average in each township and the highest average in the county with the name of the student in each case will be published in this paper as soon as the returns are in.

The four-month certificates for perfect attendance and punctuality are being sent out daily now. So far Three Bells has the banner record, 25 certificates out of 29 belonging.

At the officer's meeting, Mr. Otwell spent the morning on new points in school law and the afternoon on the causes that underlie the movement for "Standard Schools." This is being done in every county in the state. In Emmet county eleven directors immediately stepped forward to ask that their school room be inspected so that they might know how to proceed at once.

Did you know, teachers, that Boyne City faculty is maintaining an extension school? This means that any teacher and her students will furnish a program for you free of charge any time you send for them. If your noon lunches are cold, if your recess periods could be filled in with a little woodwork, basket weaving, or sewing if your agriculture class do not realize that they are studying real live things, and do not understand seed selection, breeding for types the Babcock tester, or farm accounting, why put it up to the other fellow. Give Boyne City a chance to help you. Here is something for nothing only Mr. Wheeler suggests by the way that boys like refreshments and that a little music would be all right. They will furnish the rest and you may charge admission if you want to, they claim no dividend until well that depends a little bit on the lyceum bureaus.

Farmer's Round-up Institute at Ironton, Feb. 4th and 5th. If teachers and students could both turn out, we would be glad to call this "Patrons Day."

The entire series of farmer's institutes is the best time ever to talk "Standard Schools." The commissioner is going to use this opportunity to follow up the circular letter sent recently to all school officers.

Dr. Bryan sent in the titles to his three addresses for the teacher's institute for Feb. 17th. We hear that he is a whole institute in-himself.

County Normal Notes.

Miss Himes received a card from Miss Kathryn LaPeer, a member of the class of 1909, who is attending The State Normal College at Ypsilanti.

Sadie Donlevy substituted for Miss Finucan in the Lincoln school Tuesday.

Gladys Boice and Beatrice Barbour, of Central Lake, visited the normal Friday.

Mrs. Coulter, music instructor, has been absent from school on account of illness.

Mrs. E. J. Chellis of Ellsworth visited the normal room Tuesday.

The class in reading is reviewing Shakespeare's, Julius Caesar.

The Civics class are memorizing the constitution of the United States.

The normal class attended the meeting of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union at the Edward's home, south of the city, Thursday. The trip was made in a large comfortable bobsled. A bountiful supper was served to which all did ample justice. The class assisted in the program by singing the state rally song.

On Friday afternoon a number of the patrons of the Charlevoix Schools inspected the exhibit of the Grand Rapids schools which has been placed in the normal room.

Long-lived Races

According to English statistics the Serbs carry off the palm for centenarians, there being five hundred and seventy-five, or one centenarian to every 2260 of the population of Serbia.

Ireland stands next in the longevity list, while Switzerland has not a single inhabitant living now of the age of one hundred years.

The average man is miserable because he spends a lot of his time in making himself think he is.

Experience may be a great teacher, but a man's experience with a woman seldom teaches him good sense.

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, cv., 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. "Whatever 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 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 revelation. 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. He has our welfare at heart, 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 G. Woods.

AGRICULTURAL POSSIBILITIES

In Alaska Reconnaissance Soil Survey of Territory. To Map Soils Suitable for Crops.

A reconnaissance soil survey of a vast area in Alaska to investigate the agricultural possibilities of that territory has recently been made, and the results of this work will shortly be published in a report by the bureau of soils of the United States department of agriculture. The report comprises 202 pages and contains 38 page plates and 4 maps. It describes the climate, soils, crops, and other conditions bearing upon the possibilities of agricultural development in Alaska, and in addition discusses such incidental subjects as settlement, natural resources, physiography, drainage, means of communication, and a comparison of Alaska with parts of Siberia and Finland.

The report says in part:

"The existence of a vast mountainous area along the southern coast of Alaska, with numerous lofty, snow-covered peaks and huge glaciers, necessarily unfit for human habitation, is apt to give one unfamiliar with the complexities of the topography and climate of the country as a whole the impression that Alaska is a region of inhospitable mountains, glaciers, and snow, without farming possibilities. In a measure this is true, for there are in the territory immense areas of rugged mountains, including the loftiest peaks upon the North American continent, and great wastes of snow-clad and precipitous land, wide stretches of bleak tundra and mountain skirting the Arctic ocean, innumerable bodies of water-soaked muskeg, and many glaciers of almost incredible magnitude. Nevertheless there are millions of acres of relatively low, smooth land and gentle slopes in various parts of the country which are topographically and climatically suited to farming. That this is true is not a matter of conjecture, for many valuable food products both for man and animal are now being successfully grown. Farming in a region so far north may seem astonishing until one is acquainted with the equable summer climate, the long hours of summer daylight, and the good quality of the soil."

It is pointed out, however, that while the development of a successful agriculture throughout an enormous area in Alaska is possible, it must be remembered that "as yet strictly pioneer conditions obtain, that settlement is largely confined to communities in the vicinity of mining camps, that much of the country is inaccessible owing to the absence of roads and railroads, and that home markets are restricted by the present small population."

"Every indication is that agricultural development must be gradual, must grow with the construction of highways and railroads, with the development of mining industries and accompanying increase of population. If large numbers, without sufficient capital, should 'stampede' to those lands with the idea of immediately establishing profitable farms for themselves, it is believed that there would be only disappointment for many. A careful study of the conditions before undertaking farming operations here is therefore urgently advised. The prospects of success for farming depend, so far as sale of sulphur products is concerned, upon finding a local market among a population attracted by mining resources and fisheries. In other words these regions of Alaska will probably not for some time export agricultural products, at least not on an important scale. Exportation of such products must await the building of a system of railroads and highways and probably, also, the establishment of cheaper transportation."

The report deals with three general areas, the Cook Inlet-Susitna region, the Yukon-Tanana region, and the Copper River regions.

MONEY FROM SOME WEEDS

"Any weed on your place?" asks "The Kansas Industrialist," and it continues: "One year's seeding, the old farm proverb says, is seven year's weeding. Better get busy and do something. The big stick in the weed industry is to prevent the seeding—no royal road, no easy task; but mighty important to every farmer. You just have to get down and work hard if once you get a fine stand of weeds. Watch all your seed, know it is clean; send it to the Kansas State Agricultural College, Department of Botany, if necessary and have it analyzed."

Commenting on this the Topeka State Journal says: "Of course, if you're going into the weed business it's different. Some of the most noxious weeds that thrive today are the sources of crude drugs now obtained wholly or in part from abroad. The plants from which medicines are made—burdock, dandelion, couch-grass, pokeweed, tansy, catnip, Jimson weed, etc., can be collected and sold as crude drugs. The prices paid are not high. Yet, if in getting rid of weeds and thus increasing the value of the land the farmer can make the weed a source of small income instead of a loss, it isn't a poor idea after all."

CHARLEVOIX COUNTY HERALD

G. A. Lisk, Publisher
ONE DOLLAR PER YEAR

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

SOLDIER GHOST

Crowds Gather to View Luminous Spectre That Salutes With Transparent Arm

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

A half luminous, half transparent apparition dressed as a soldier, booted and hatted with a spectre rifle slung across its shoulders, it seemed a half real, yet half unnatural something that no mortal dare encounter.

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

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

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

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

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

FLIGHT OF TIME RETARDED

Pigeons Enjoy Rides on Hands of Big Tower Clock

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

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

COMB SAGE TEA IN HAIR TO DARKEN IT

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

The old-time mixture of Sage Tea and Sulphur for darkening gray, streaked and faded hair is grandma's treatment, and folks are again using it to keep their hair a good, even color, which is quite sensible, as we are living in an age when a youthful appearance is of the greatest advantage.

Nowadays, though, we don't have the troublesome task of gathering the sage and the mussy mixing at home. All drug stores sell the ready-to-use product called "Wyeth's Sage and Sulphur Compound" for about 50 cents a bottle. It is very popular because nobody can discover it has been applied. Simply moisten your comb or a soft brush with it and draw this through your hair, taking one small strand at a time; by morning the gray hair disappears, but what delights the ladies with Wyeth's Sage and Sulphur is that, besides beautifully darkening the hair after a few applications, it also produces that soft luster and appearance of abundance which is so attractive; besides, prevents dandruff, itching scalp and falling hair.

And some of the worst cry-babies are more than 21 years of age.

How easy it is to acquire a bad reputation and how difficult it is to lose it! A Kansas man who was recently hypnotized says it made him feel "just like it does when my wife makes up her mind."

SIX-YEAR-OLD HAD CROUP

"I have a little girl six years old who has a good deal of trouble with croup," writes W. E. Curry, Evansville, Ind. "I have used Foley's Honey and Tar, obtaining instant relief for her. My wife and I also use it and will say it is the best cure for a bad cold, cough, throat trouble and croup that I ever saw."—Hites Drug Store.

Shortsighted people seem to think all others should look thru their glasses.

Some people can travel almost as far on their nerve as others can on an excursion ticket.

If a young widow should marry again before the late lamented has resided in the cemetery a year, the neighbor women don't do a thing to her.

MRS. CLAYTON'S LETTER

To Run-Down Nervous Women
Louisville, Ky.—"I was a nervous wreck, and in a weak, run-down condition when a friend asked me to try Vinol. I did so, and as a result I have gained in health and strength. I think Vinol is the best medicine in the world for a nervous, weak, run-down system and for elderly people."—Mrs. W. C. CLAYTON, Louisville, Ky.
"Vinol is a delicious cod liver and iron tonic without oil, guaranteed to overcome all run-down, weak, devalitized conditions and for chronic coughs, colds and bronchitis."
W. C. Spring Drug Co.

Frank Phillips

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

AT TEMPLE THEATRE
TUESDAY, FEB. 1ST

**LYMAN H. HOWE'S
TRAVEL FESTIVAL**

TO THE ROOF OF AMERICA
GLACIER NATIONAL PARK

BATTLESHIP STRUGGLING THROUGH RAGING SEAS
FIRTH OF FORTH BRIDGE, SCOTLAND

DARING IN THE SWISS ALPS

MADEIRA—FRANCE

LOGGING IN ITALY

HOLLAND

MAKING A WILLYS-OVERLAND AUTOMOBILE

MANY OTHERS

PRICES: 25c 35c 50c
Seats at Mack's Starting Saturday, Jan. 29th

EAST JORDAN LUMBER CO. STORE

LADIES WINTER GOATS

AT GREATLY
REDUCED
PRICES

YOU CANNOT AFFORD TO
PASS THIS BY.

Ladies who have been waiting
for genuine price reductions in
Ladies Coats should buy NOW.

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 engrossed in the tryout 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 his unknown passenger of the night, 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.—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 their meeting sets Violet jealous and helps to confirm Morris's suspicions in Longstreet's mind.

CHAPTER XIII.—Morris calls the letter a trap to catch the secret of the invention for Valentine and Sheldrake but Longstreet meets the girl and on a long ride into the country they are betrothed.

CHAPTER XVII.—Clarissa returned, calls Sheldrake and asks him to stop opposing the Morris patents. Sheldrake impressed by her earnestness, consents.

CHAPTER XVIII.—Longstreet returned to the Morris shack finds a letter saying Morris has lost faith in him and has gone to New York. Longstreet at the Mountain Inn learns Clarissa is the real heiress and that she is keeping a tryst with Sheldrake and suddenly overcome by the force of coincidences, decides she has played him false and is truly revealing the patent secrets to the enemy.

CHAPTER XIX.—Longstreet leaves a note to Morris relinquishing all rights to the patents and goes to New York where he enters his name to drive in the Vanderbilt cup race. He rushes headlong into his old work to forget. Clarissa learns the true state of affairs and after a consultation with Morris, sets off for New York.

CHAPTER XX. The Victor.

Longstreet was in the habit of thinking rather slightly of his profession. As he had said to Clarissa, there was something gladiatorial about doing for hire, to make a Roman holiday, as it were, a thing that "gentlemen" were supposed to do for pleasure. If he didn't grumble about it much, it was because he was too

sensible to quarrel with his bread and butter.

But during those days that followed his flight to New York, he wouldn't have changed his genius for racing automobiles with any other talent in the world. He had a bad day driving down on Monday. He'd have left the car in Morris's stable if the older man had had any way of getting it down himself. He took it to the shop where he had built it and where all their plans were, ran it inside and turned the key on it, with a feeling that he was shutting a door on a chapter of memories that were become intolerable. Then with a shake of his head and a squaring of his great shoulders, he walked into the office of the Phoenix company and told them that he'd be glad to drive one of their cars in the approaching Vanderbilt.

There was balm for his wounded spirit in the way his offer was jumped at. Here at least was something he could do. He might, as Morris had indicated, and as the event seemed to have proved, be an insanely blinded idiot; he might be an object for the derision of Sheldrake and Valentine; but the fact that at the eleventh hour he had announced his willingness to enter Saturday's great race, had its importance for everybody concerned.

If forgetfulness was his only cure for his hurts, and he assured himself that this was so, there could no shorter route to it than the one he had chosen. There was nothing but torment in memories, for in one way and another, they all accused him: of disloyalty to Morris on one side and of disloyalty to Clarissa on the other. They cut two ways like a knife blade with two edges.

It is said that no human intelligence is strong enough to resist three consecutive coincidences. The man who has heard the sound of breaking glass three times upon the eve of some great personal catastrophe will dread another disaster if he hears glass break again. In poor Longstreet's case, the number of these coincidences was multiplied. Point by point one of Morris's inferences and predictions had been justified, even his guess about the empty envelope.

Up to Saturday morning he had waved them all aside; but with his return to the shack on Sunday night, without one look from Clarissa's eyes or sound of that voice of hers to wake him out of his nightmare, the whole procession of these damning circumstances had marshalled themselves into a parade before his mind's eye like the spectres in Macbeth and overwhelmed him.

He didn't believe in them even then and he knew he didn't, but he did believe that anybody but a totally infatuated fool would believe them. Why, even on Friday night, he remembered, Morris had thought him a little mad for not accepting his conclusions. What would he think of him now?

The only thing to do, the only possible way to make amends, was to try to see it with Morris's eyes; to take Morris's judgment for it, as he had urged him to do on Saturday morning. His own utterly incredulous protest of disbelief in anything and everything that hinted a doubt of Clarissa's honor and loyalty became only an added instrument of torture. If

all the assailing forces had come from one camp, he might have fought them off. But this attack came from both sides at once and overwhelmed him.

He wrote an incoherent letter to Morris renouncing all his rights in their invention and ending the partnership; drove the car back to New York, locked it up in the shop and took the key to Morris's personal attorney; all under the influence of a sort of thing that is likely to happen to any normal objectively minded man.

It wasn't really until he began making practice rounds on the Long Island course that the state of mind which had caused his nightmare flight began to wear off.

It was a great relief at first, this getting back into an element he knew so well, meeting the demands upon his skill, intelligence and nerve; demands that he could meet so easily. He knew the course, one might say, like the palm of his hand and there was nothing unfamiliar about the car, for he had driven the same make before in other races. One day's driving was enough to give him an intimate knowledge of the one individual specimen that he was to drive on Saturday.

All the contestants were out doing practice rounds on the course during the first two hours of daylight every morning and the road conditions duplicated those of the race itself. There was always the car ahead or the car behind to be reckoned with; every curve in the course presented its own problem complicated by every possible variation in the condition of the footing; every curve at every moment had its possible maximum of speed that it could be made to hold, which, if exceeded by the merest hair's breadth, would send the car flying off tangentwise into a ditch, a tree or a telegraph pole. Every competing driver, too, had to be reckoned with; their tempers were all different. With every one of them, of course, there was a point short of actual suicide where he would stop; there was a maximum of risk beyond which he would not go, even to hold his place in the road, or to prevent some rival who had come thundering up behind from passing him.

So, when one was approaching a curve and overtaking another car at the same time, there was enough to think about certainly. Perhaps the thing that gave Longstreet his admitted superiority over every other entrant in the race was, the minute frac-

tion of a second he saved in these crises by not having to think; by doing the right thing without thinking.

And there was his prestige, the prestige of an almost unbroken series of victories, the effect on the imagination of his competitors. They didn't drive so well by just the little that makes all the difference, when they heard him roaring down the road at their heels, for they knew that his maximum risk was just a little greater than theirs; that he not only would, but could take the dangerous curves a hair's breadth faster than they could venture it; that he could come a hair's breadth nearer to the outermost edge of disaster without going over. Perhaps it was as well for their peace of mind they couldn't know how far away his real thoughts were when they saw him go flaming by.

Because, however, fast he drove, he couldn't outstrip his memories. They followed, shadow-like, along behind; they took the place of his mechanic in the seat beside him: a girl's hand that lay unguarded on the arm of his bucket seat, so near that if he had shifted his hands to the lower segment of the wheel, his arm would have rested upon it; a girl's voice that spoke to him out of the dark, cool, frank, straightforward; a girl's lips that bent adorably with unruly smiles, lips whose warm, fugitive pressure he could feel again on his hands and on his forehead; a girl's eyes that had looked into his one night in an orchard, with the moonlight in them.

Long before the day of the race, the last trace of the panicky nightmare that had driven him to flight had disappeared. He was his sane, sober self once more. But his returning sanity brought him no better comfort than that he had been a fool; twenty times a greater fool than Morris had ever thought of calling him. He knew now, as well as he had known that night in the orchard, that those were honest eyes that had looked so straight into his from under her level brows; that they were honest hands that had given her heart into his keeping; and the fine array of hobgoblins which Morris's suspicious and circumstances had conjured up, were nothing to frighten any man whose faith was worthy the name. It was a priceless gift she had given him and he'd thrown it away; had started like a coward and let it drop out his hands and broken it.

Then why, he asked himself, didn't he go back to her, acknowledge the wrong his cowardice and disloyalty had done her?

He wasn't quite clear about his answer to that question. She couldn't forgive him, of course. It would be preposterous to expect such a thing.

Probably by now she wanted to forget just as he had pretended he did, and his coming back would only make her refusal of the forgiveness the harder for her.

That wasn't quite the real reason. The real reason was mixed up somehow with the revelation he had had from Jimmy Douglas on Sunday night just before they had begun their drive to Woodstock. It was no forlorn Cinderella that he had left wondering why he did not come back, but a woman powerful in her wealth and in her independence.

How could he go back to her, empty-handed, beaten, when her hands were so full; when she had the power to give him so much? She couldn't forgive him. She couldn't. He wasn't worth forgiving. Forgetfulness was the only cure for her. As for himself, he couldn't forget. He didn't want to, now that he had come back to his right mind again. He deserved every pang those memories gave him. But suppose Clarissa couldn't forget either.

He got up on Saturday morning, the morning of the race, with no more excitement over the result of it than he had felt on the previous days. The night had presented no new problems; the condition of the road surface was just what it had been yesterday; his car was tuned to its highest efficiency and he knew exactly what it could do; he knew by now what was to be expected of all his competitors. The old cynical feeling of the gladiator that always came upon him when he saw the crowd massed along the roadside for the first time, the thousands of automobiles parked in the fields with their shivering occupants who had come down here in the night to see him and his fellows take their lives in their hands to provide them with a new sensation, came back a little stronger than he had ever felt it before.

He got no sudden access of courage, no determination to outdo possibilities and win at any hazard, from the cheers that swept along with him as he drove from his training camp to the grand stand. He wondered what proportion of that crowd would have stayed away if they could know in advance that not one of the drivers they cheered would be killed before the day was out. But if there was no inspiration in their cheers, neither was there any terror in the expectation that had brought this crowd of a quarter of a million people together.

If Longstreet didn't stop to think while he was driving, he made up for it by planning his campaign pretty carefully in advance. He meant to drive a conservative race. Not from motives of caution, but because years of experience had taught him that sort of driving almost always won. There were always three or four madmen in a race like this. There was Max, for instance, who today was driving a Mico car. He was likely to cover the first three or four laps at

a speed of well over seventy miles an hour, but, if he wasn't killed, which was always a strong possibility, he was likely to disable his car, if not permanently, at least for long enough to put him out of the race.

Longstreet was to start number seven. Max was to start behind him and would probably pass him, Longstreet calculated, before they reached the Hicksville corner of the first lap. And then there was Ferrer in one of the French cars. He was to start No. 2 and it was probable that Longstreet wouldn't see him at all until the fifteenth lap or so. He figured that sixty-five miles an hour, with a reasonable average of tire trouble, would win the race.

He was probably the coolest man on the course when his car came up to the starting line and waited for the signal. For the first time that week his mind was clear of memories. There was no voice in his ears, no unguarded hand lying on the arm of the seat beside him. His mind was swept clear of everything except the expectation of the starter's signal.

And then suddenly something rang in his heart like the sound of a great bell; an instantaneous conviction, utterly irrational but wholly irresistible, of Clarissa's presence. She was here. Her eyes were resting on him now. Somewhere in that mass of faces staring whitely at him in the gray light—the faces that mattered so little—was one face that mattered more than all the world. He felt the blood pounding in his ears and temples.

He didn't turn his head, not even his eyes, toward the stand. They were gazing straight down the concrete parkway after the diminishing speck and the plume of smoke that was to be the immediate object of his pursuit. He was smiling rather grimly when he got the signal, and his car with a roar and a leap began its journey.

He was a very different man from the cool, self possessed Anthony Longstreet who had planned this race so carefully and had decided it could best be won by conservative driving. He wasn't thinking about Clarissa even now in any conscious way, but the conviction that she was there let loose a sort of rage in him; a sort of Olympian impatience against time and space; an impulse to hunt down his flying competitors one by one, and beat them all, whatever their handicap. And at his old notion that that madman Max could pass him, in this lap or any other, he laughed aloud.

It seemed to be his own will, impatient and irresistible, that was hurling the car forward, faster and faster, and then faster still.

None of the thousands who saw that race will ever forget it, nor ever confuse it with any other. When the cars came round to the stand for the second lap, Ferrer was leading, which was expected, as he had started number two. But when his pursuer came into view, less than a minute afterward, the cheer that went up from the stand was half a gasp, for it was Longstreet in his Phoenix, Longstreet who had rounded the twelve mile course in nine minutes and fifty seconds. The next time round they passed the stand side by side, so close together that a man could have stood with one foot on the running board of each car, but the cheering of the crowds at the next curve told those who could no longer see that the American had pulled ahead.

Max in his Mico however was still in the race. He was driving with all his reckless brilliancy and when Longstreet lost a precious minute replacing a tire whose gashed casing threatened disaster, it brought Max fairly upon his heels. They passed the stand in the fifth lap with less than a hundred yards between them, Max behind and gaining. On the level concrete surface of the parkway, his car was a little faster than Longstreet's Phoenix. When they went roaring through Central Park, the hundred yard lead had narrowed to ten.

Just beyond the next curve, one of the roads to Huntington branched to the right from the course and ran straight north. Here, as at all points on the course where unguarded roads debouched into it, crowds had edged forward narrowing the available space in the track itself to the absolute irreducible minimum.

Longstreet had noticed this fact on his previous rounds and it had worried him. Perhaps half unconsciously his mind had registered a plan to meet a possible emergency at this particular point.

As he approached the curve edging as far to the right as he could to get room enough to skid his car and bear off in a straight line in the new direction, Max, with a little extra burst of speed came up on his left, the front wheels of the Mico overlapping the hind wheels of the Phoenix. Max's treatment of the curve was to be the same as Longstreet's but he would execute his skid at a point a little farther around the arc. Both of them couldn't do what they intended without involving a collision. One must give way a little, must forego his advantage. Longstreet must swing out a little wider or—

foreseen and registered his plan against. The mass of spectators crowding forward had left a little lane between the high bank behind them and the last crowding, eager ranks of their own number—a lane wide enough to get a car through; there was just, just barely room.

Longstreet's car plunged out of the course, crossed the shallow ditch in one leap, rushed with a hurtling crowd of death behind the terrified crowd; pulled round a little farther to the right, lost its headway and stopped in the Huntington road.

The crowd didn't understand. They thought Longstreet had lost control of his car and come plunging in there behind them because he had been going too fast to hold the curve; and the shouting, cheering fool whose life he had saved, called after him jeeringly that he better learn to drive. But they made a lane for him and let him get back into the course. By that time Max had passed through Hicksville.

And Max really believed just then that he had won the race. His mechanic, starting back over his shoulder, had bawled in his ear that Longstreet's car had gone into the crowd; and that probably meant that Longstreet himself had gone Valkyrie riding to the Valhalla of motor racers, aviators and their brethren. Anyhow, it meant that Longstreet's car was out of the race. And that elimination, Max reflected, meant victory, barring accident, for his Mico. He began driving a little less madly; slowed down a little more for the curves and even eased up a little on the more badly worn patches on the road. It wasn't until he turned into the parkway that he opened up wide again, and the cheers that rose from the stands as he went flying by meant victory to him.

He didn't hear the cheers, frantic, delirious, that swept across the stand less than a minute later when the Phoenix, a blur of black metal and flame, flashed across their vision.

It was just past that curve where the Huntington road forks to the north that Max's mechanic, after a sudden look behind, bawled: "Car coming!" in his ear. Max opened the throttle a trifle wider. "Who is it?" he shouted. The mechanic was craning round to see, but he didn't answer, although the roar of the pursuing car was plainly audible and it must be in full view. "Who is it?" Max repeated.

The mechanic dropped back in his seat. There was a queer look in his face, if Max could have spaged a glance at it. "Longstreet," he said. Max swore incredulously in Flemish. "Yes," insisted the mechanic. It was Longstreet, they both knew. The exhaust of no car is exactly like that of any other, and the roar of the Phoenix was unmistakable. It kept coming nearer and nearer, too.

Max opened up as wide as he dared. It was impossible, he told himself, stubbornly, to drive any faster over this worn out, deeply rutted road. All the same, Longstreet was doing it. They took the Hicksville corner not twenty yards apart. Then the struggle began.

From Hicksville to the sharp curve at the western extremity of the park way, the old country road to New York runs almost in a straight line. If Max could hold the lead till he got to the smooth surface of the park way again, he would be safe for a while at least.

Well, he would hold it. The old road wasn't very wide and he would stick to the middle of it in spite of the fact that Longstreet's mechanic was already bawling at them in French, ordering them, pigs and camels that they were, to pull out and let them pass. Something would happen, of course at the turn into the parkway, but it couldn't happen till then.

Couldn't it? Already in the narrow third of the roadway to his left the snout of the leaping roaring monster was beginning to creep into their field of vision. There wasn't room, Max swore. It was impossible. But there it was. And, as the hubs of the wheels passed each other, they would have crushed a man's hand, if it had been held between them.

Max's mechanic, gray faced, with sweat and tears running down under his mask, and streaking his chin, was shouting, "Turn out! Turn out!"

The Phoenix couldn't turn out. Its left wheels were already half over the edge of nothing and with the swerve that would come when they struck that deep rut just ahead—

Max turned out.

And with a roar and ironical spurt of burnt gasoline vapor in their faces, the Phoenix went by. They didn't see it again.

By the tenth lap Longstreet was so far ahead that the race, barring accidents, was won, but the experts who knew his driving of old looked in vain to see him settle down to a mere cautious holding of his lead. They stared incredulously at their watches, as lap after lap was clicked off in ten flat, nine fifty-eight, ten three; not one, so far, under seventy miles an hour.

never had that title until this last race he ever drove. As he turned into the finish of his last lap, he found another car a quarter of a mile, perhaps, ahead of him, but four whole laps behind. Yet he came volleying down behind it as if the whole race had hung upon its capture, and ran it down just inside the finish line.

Then as he slowed down, skidded his car over to the side of the track out of the way of his vanquished pursuers, and stopped in the heart of the crowd that had come surging out to greet and acclaim him, then, and not until then, did it occur to him to doubt the blinding conviction that had kept his brain on fire for the last four hours. It must have been a delusion, of course. Clarissa couldn't be here. And those who were shouting his name and holding out their hands to him wondered why the light went out of his eyes, now, in the moment of his triumph, and why his face, all of a sudden, looked so gray.

But in a flash the light and the color came back again, came back as suddenly as it had gone, when his glance fell on a small slight nervous figure of a man, almost an invalid, one would have said, who was keeping his feet with difficulty in the heart of that pressing clamorous mob. Then their eyes met, and Longstreet, springing from the car, cleft an unceremonious way to where he stood and gripped his shoulders with his stiff hands.

"Morris!" he said. "Morris! She's here! Do you know where she is? Can you take me to her?"

Morris's eyes widened with a sort of uncanny wonder. He caught his breath to ask a question, then merely nodded.

"Come with me," he said. "Somehow they made their way through the delirious crowd; through knots of enthusiasts that wanted to carry him off on their shoulders; through solid, stolid masses who didn't recognize him and made way grudgingly. But at last they got a little clear out into what once had been a field but was now parked solid with automobiles. Finally, quite at the edge, beside a great gray car, whose enormous hood over its six cylinders stretched out like the snout of a Leviathan—there waiting for them, a little pale, with slightly parted lips and eyes whose brightness blurred their courageous vision a little—they found Clarissa.

At the look he saw in her face, Morris stopped short, and the little half humorous prophetic sentence he had meant to say died in his throat. Longstreet went on alone and stood beside her. "Clarissa," he began, but he faltered there and she spoke rather quickly. "Has he explained it to you? Do you understand how it all happened?" "No one has told me," said Longstreet, "but I understand. I understand enough without any telling. I've—I've been such a—" but his voice wouldn't obey him properly at all, and so through a moment's silence he just stood there looking into her face.

It was eloquent with a meaning he couldn't misunderstand. "But you can't mean that," he cried. "You can't, Clarissa. You can't forgive me after—"

Quite frankly with her bare palm she pressed the tears out of her eye and then smiled. "Can't I," she said. "But I'm glad you didn't have to be told. Then she turned to Morris with a look that brought him nearer. "Must you tell him the whole story now?" she asked. "Or will you let it wait until tomorrow? Will you lend him me until then?"

Morris nodded. "The people are coming," said Clarissa to Tony. "Get in. No, I'll do the driving. Yes, I can. I've really learned quite well. No, Mr. Morris came out with me, but he—but I promise him he should go back on the train."

As she waved goodbye to him, she let in the clutch and the car rolled forward. Down at the corner of the Merrick road Clarissa turned east. "That's not the way to New York you know," said Longstreet. "Shan't we explore a little," said Clarissa, "the new world?" His hand went to the wheel and rested on hers. "Out to the very rim of it," he said.

THE END.

CLERK ALL RUN DOWN

Restored To Health By Vinol

Shelbyville, Ind.—"I am a clerk in a hotel and was all run down, no energy, my blood was poor and my face covered with pimples. I got so weak I had to put up an awful fight to keep at work. After taking many other remedies without benefit Vinol has restored my health and strength."—ROY F. BRAD.

For all run-down, weak, nervous conditions of men and women, nothing equals Vinol, our delicious cod liver and iron tonic without oil. Try it on our guarantee. W. C. Spring Drug Co.

COLD WEATHER ACHES AND PAINS.

Many aches and pains, sore muscles, stiff joints and much rheumatism attributed to cold weather have their first cause in failure of the kidneys to properly eliminate waste matter from the system. Foley Kidney Pills tone up weak and diseased kidneys, giving prompt relief from aches and pains.—Hites Drug Store.

Not a Bite of Breakfast Until You Drink Water

Says a glass of hot water and phosphate prevents illness and keeps us fit.

Just as coal, when it burns, leaves behind a certain amount of incombustible material in the form of ashes, so the food and drink taken day after day leaves in the alimentary canal a certain amount of indigestible material which if not completely eliminated from the system each day, becomes food for the millions of bacteria which infest the bowels. From this mass of left-over waste, toxins and ptomaine-like poisons are formed and sucked into the blood.

Men and women who can't get feeling right must begin to take inside baths. Before eating breakfast each morning drink a glass of real hot water with a teaspoonful of limestone phosphate in it to wash out of the thirty feet of bowels the previous day's accumulation of poisons and toxins and to keep the entire alimentary canal clean, pure and fresh.

Those who are subject to sick headache, colds, biliousness, constipation, others who wake up with bad taste, foul breath, backache, rheumatic stiffness, or have a sour, gassy stomach after meals, are urged to get a quarter pound of limestone phosphate from the drug store, and begin practicing internal sanitation. This will cost very little, but is sufficient to make anyone an enthusiast on the subject.

Remember inside bathing is more important than outside bathing, because the skin pores do not absorb impurities into the blood, causing poor health, while the bowel cleanses do. Just as soap and hot water cleanses sweats and freshens the skin, so hot water and limestone phosphate act on the stomach, liver, kidneys and bowels.

Many are willing to give advice, but few are willing to lend assistance.

The reason some people talk so much is because they have so little to say.

After a man marries he soon gets rid of the idea that he's the whole show.

DRUGS EXCITE YOUR KIDNEYS, USE SALTS

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

When your kidneys hurt and your back feels sore, don't get scared and proceed to load your stomach with a lot of drugs that excite the kidneys and irritate the entire urinary tract. Keep your kidneys clean like you keep your bowels clean, by flushing them with a mild, harmless salt which removes the body's urinous waste and stimulates them to their normal activity. The function of the kidneys is to filter the blood. In 24 hours they strain from it 500 grains of acid and waste, so we can readily understand the vital importance of keeping the kidneys active.

Drink lots of water—you can't drink too much; also get from any pharmacist about four ounces of Jad Salts; take a tablespoonful in a glass of water before breakfast each morning for a few days and your kidneys will act fine. This famous salt is made from the acid of grapes and lemon juice, combined with bicarb, and has been used for generations to clean and stimulate clogged kidneys, also to neutralize the acids in urine so it no longer is a source of irritation, thus ending bladder weakness.

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

DRINK HOT TEA FOR A BAD COLD

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

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

RUB BACKACHE AND LUMBAGO RIGHT OUT

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

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

Don't stay crippled! This soothing, penetrating oil needs to be used only once to take the ache and pain right out of your back and ends the misery. It's magical, yet absolutely harmless. It doesn't burn the skin. Rubbing also stops lumbago, sciatica and back misery so promptly!

Notes and Comment

Of Interest to Women Readers

WOMEN SHARP BUYERS.

As Rule They Are Better Purchasers Than Men.

Women are better buyers than men. They are better judges of goods, as a rule; they pay more attention to current prices, and they are more interested in saving money. But, above all, they read the advertisements—and no one can be efficient in shopping who does not read the advertisements.

"While the men are reading baseball or politics," says one paper, "the women are after the store news. They examine it thoroughly, and any announcement of special values, bargain sales, odd lots, closing-out sales, is studied word for word. After a woman has looked over the newspaper and starts down town on a shopping expedition she knows pretty nearly where she wants to go, what she is after and what it is going to cost her, and the result is the family pocketbook goes a long way in the hands of a prudent and business-like woman.

And still the paragraphers persist in making fun of the woman who seeks bargains, or gibe her because of her alleged profligacy in bats. The truth is, the money wasted about a home is generally wasted by the man, not by the woman. Women spend 75 per cent of the family income—and spend it judiciously. Their importance as purchasers has never been properly valued. If it had been there would be fewer advertisements written for men and more for women. Dayton News.

CUCUMBERS HEALTHFUL.

If Treated Properly, Vegetable Cannot Injure One.

Many people cannot eat an apple, they say, because it gives them sour stomach. It is true that if one swallow an apple without chewing it thoroughly, it lies in the stomach a long time. Apples have firm flesh, and the hasty eating of such substances leaves large chunks and masses in the stomach that cannot get out, and so are retained there a long time, producing irritation, and setting up the formation of an excess of acid.

The same thing is true of the cucumber and the banana; but if they are reduced to an absolute pulp, or if the apple is chewed to a pulp or scraped with a knife before it is eaten and the banana mashed with the tongue against the roof of the mouth and made into a complete pulp before it is swallowed, or if any of these substances are put through a colander before eating, then there will be no trouble. The most delicate stomach will digest them without difficulty.

Cucumbers, apples and things of this kind agree well together in a liquid state. The important thing is to get them into liquid state. Everables thrive well on bananas that are put through the colander and all firm particles removed. They are then very easily digested, because they pass on quickly into the intestine, being in large part ready for absorption.—Good Health.

For the Household.

For the Cook—To give frosting a nice flavor add a bit of butter the size of a hickory nut. Will also prevent frosting from becoming hard too soon. Set a glass of jelly in a pan of boiling water for two minutes or more. Let water reach to top of glass; then plunge into cold water, take out immediately and turn bottom up on a nappy or saucer. It will be prettily molded.

Baby's Tub—One of the greatest conveniences I have ever had is a movable stand for the baby's bath tub. It is 18 inches high, on stout castors, just large enough to accommodate the regulation size tub, and has a ledge around the top to prevent sliding off. A handle cut in the wood at each end makes moving easy; the tub can be filled in the bath room and rolled to any other room, where it is often better to bathe a young baby before the fire.

Potato Fluff—One cup cold mashed potatoes, two eggs, one cup milk, small piece of butter, salt and pepper, then cream for three minutes, place in well buttered pan or basin and bake in moderate oven thirty minutes.

Kettle Cleaning—If the kettle is burned, turn it upside down upon the ground. Leave it about twenty-four hours and then it will be easily cleaned. This method is especially good for dishes in which scalloped potatoes have been prepared.

Gas Mantles—Before using new gas mantles, soak them in vinegar and hang them up to dry. When quite dry put them on the burners. In this way a brilliant white light is obtained and the burners will last twice as long as usual, even in drafty places.

Any linen article that has become grass stained should be saturated with kerosene and then washed off in very hot water, with plenty of soap.

Onion Odor—Put some chopped parsley in vinegar and eat mixture to destroy odor which clings to the breath after eating onions.

BACK TO NATURE, WEAR NO CLOTHES

EAT ONLY RAW FOOD AND BE WELL AND HAPPY

Boycott Barbers, He Shouts—Devil Invented Razors and Scissors, He Says—Maybe He's Right.

Dodge City, Kan.—A back-to-nature movement of the extreme type was frustrated in Dodge City when disciples of John Wiseman were persuaded not to hold a meeting here. Wiseman believes the human body was designed to reach its greatest perfection without adornment of clothing and without the nourishment of cooked food. With three disciples he has reached Dodge on a trip from Washington, D. C., to the California coast, where he thinks he will be allowed to live as his belief directs he should.

Wiseman is sixty years old and since the day he adopted his strange propaganda he has boycotted barbers. His beard reaches to his waist, while his gray locks stream down his back. With three followers he is traversing the continent on bicycles, seeking California. There he believes the climate and the law will permit him to live without clothing, which can be obtained only by the murder of animals, which he pronounces as serious an offense as the killing of a human body.

In fact Wiseman believes the human race should pattern after the animals, live in the covering nature furnishes, eat herbs and roots and forswear decorations made from feathers of birds and skins of animals. When they reach a suitable climate the Pilgrim Preachers, as they call themselves, intend to live their belief. They admitted that they had some trouble in trying to follow out their belief in some localities on account of the law, which they condemn for forcing them to live in sin.

"Disobedience to nature's law is sin," said Wiseman, who was a railroad engineer in the west for twenty years before he evolved his theory of life.

"Quit shaving or clipping the beard; the devil invented scissors, razors and barbers to rob you of your health, hair and money to give Tubal Cain's, Tarbers, Babylon church preachers, undertakers and all Satan's servants of hell's system a job. Quit cooking your food to rot your teeth, sour your stomach and bowels and cause decay and death.

"When the anointed son of Jehovah appears with natural beard and hair which is nature's conductor of electro-magnetic-invigorator and natural head cover, the Satans and their false head-covered ladies will cry out to mock and condemn as a 'filthy microbe catcher.' Some have already passed judgment on house cats and poodle dogs to be clipped or shaved. This would start a cat and dog barber business and make another job for the devil; but for all such false pride and silly judgment Jehovah has said they shall lose their hair, and he will bring curses and baldness upon their proud heads."

MOST EXTRAORDINARY DUCK.

Lays Two Kinds of Eggs Daily, Hard Shell and Soft.

Vancouver, Wash.—A duck that lays two kinds of eggs, hard shell and soft shell, and both in the same day regularly is a freak of nature owned by Mrs. C. W. Gill of Washougal.

Mrs. Gill owns three ducks and each day gathers four eggs. In the morning the hard-working duck lays a hard shell egg, perfect in every way. Along toward the evening, the same duck lays a soft-shelled egg. The duck is Indian Runner species.

HAILSTONE STARTS ENGINE.

Strikes Throttle, Causing Tractor to Crash Into Water Wagon.

Spring Grove, Pa.—An almost incredible tale comes from near here and is vouched for. J. L. Taughinbaugh, a thrasher, was thrashing on the farm of Rev. Philip Beamer. During the course of the afternoon a severe rain and hail storm came up, causing the thrashers to discontinue work and seek shelter.

Half the size of hen's eggs fell, and it is said, one of the chunks of ice hit the throttle of the engine, starting it. Before the engine could get to the engine it had crashed into a water wagon, ten feet away, crushing it to splinters.

CATS BLAMED FOR DIPHTHERIA.

Four Animals Killed After Little Boy Becomes Ill.

Dover, N. J.—When Richard Allen, the four-year old son of Thomas Allen of this place, became ill with a diphtheria affection of the throat suspicion was not directed for several days toward four cats belonging to the family.

A physician suggested an investigation and found that the cats were diseased. Their lives were ended without delay.

Nothing is more painful than the antics of a fat woman trying to act kittenish.

Borrowed money soon begins to look like borrowed trouble.



STANDING GUARD OVER THE WHOLE FAMILY

Rexall Orderlies

The laxative tablet with the pleasant taste

Protects every member of the family from Constipation—the enemy of good health

10¢ 25¢ 50¢

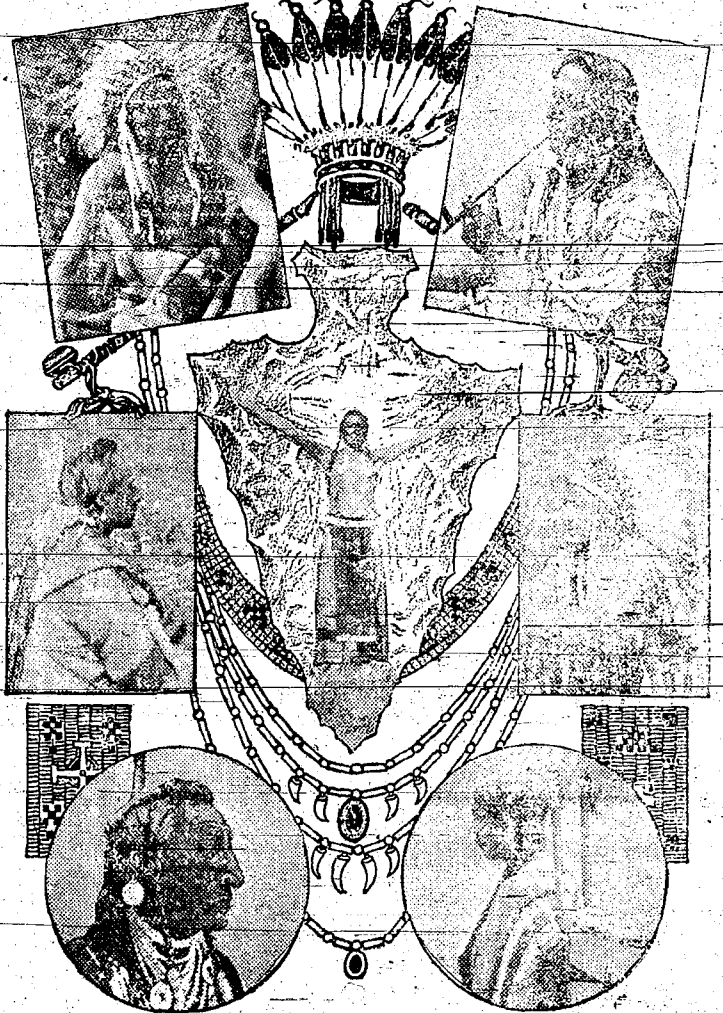
We have the exclusive selling rights for this great laxative.

Trial size, 10 cents.

W. C. SPRING DRUG CO.

THE REXALL STORE

The AMERICAN INDIANS IN ALL THE GLORY OF THEIR NATIVE HAUNTS IN GLACIER NATIONAL PARK AS FILMED BY LYMAN H. HOWE TO APPEAR HERE SOON



Tomato Pickle.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

A man's temper may improve with disuse.

HATCHING OSTRICH EGGS.

Spokane, Wash.—According to Supt. of Parks John W. Dumcan, the male ostrich in Manitto Park Zoo is sharing with his mate the labor of hatching seven ostrich eggs, on which the hen ostrich began to sit a few days ago.

The male ostrich sits on the eggs in the daytime and the hen ostrich takes up the work at night. Besides her duties in mothering the eggs for one shift in every twenty four hours, the hen ostrich still adds to the size of the sitting by laying another egg occasionally. The keepers at the zoo built the nest under a shed to give the ostriches protection from the weather. The hen ostrich, however, disliked the arrangement and with the assistance of her mate, rolled the eggs outside into the sun, where the hatching is now being conducted. The hatching process continues forty-two days. Six eggs from the same hen laid earlier, are being incubated in the city laboratory in an electrical incubator.

Mrs. Joseph Cummins of Bernardston, Mass., has a thoughtful hen which has laid an egg with a "C," which is taken to stand for Cummins, plainly marked on one end.

Conrad Duboski, a 21 year old Russian giant, who is working on the farm of J. Polokof in Lebanon, Conn., is 7 feet 2-inches tall.

When some people do tell the truth it is only for the purpose of creating trouble.

A woman will jump to a conclusion almost as quickly as she will at a mouse.

GET RID OF A RACKING LAGRIFFE COUGH—IT WEAKENS.

For the severe racking cough that comes with la-grippe, Foley's Honey and Tar Compound is wonderfully healing and soothing. R. G. Collins, export-master, Barnegat, N. J., says: "Foley's Honey and Tar Compound soon stopped the severe lagrippe cough that completely exhausted me. It can't be beat."—Hites Drug Store.

25 Post Cards 10 cents. Assorted

Best Wishes, Greetings, Lovers, Birthday, etc. Also your NAME in our POST CARD EXCHANGE free on request and free sample copy of the Family Story Paper; also catalogs and premium list. Enclose 10c stamps for return postage, etc.

FAMILY STORY PAPER

24-26 Vandewater Street New York



BEAVER

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 Shippers," the only reliable, accurate market report and price list published. Write for it NOW—it's FREE.

A. B. SHUBERT, Inc. 25-27 WEST AUSTIN AVE. Dept 512 CHICAGO, U.S.A.

Briefs of the Week

Born to Mr. and Mrs. Ira Olney, a daughter, Jan. 22nd.

Mrs. J. L. Weisman left Tuesday for Chicago, on a business trip.

Mr. and Mrs. Jack Wiekell of Detroit are in the city visiting relatives.

Sheriff Chas. Novak of Charlevoix was in the city on business, Friday.

The Catholic ladies will have a bake sale on Saturday, Feb. 5th, in Stroebel Bros. store.

The Revival Services at the Church of God Chapel are continuing with increased interest.

Mrs. Sooboda, mother of Mrs. Joseph Nachazel, arrived from Leelanau county on Friday for a visit.

Russel Harrington left Friday for Moose Jaw, Sask., after a visit with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Harrington and other relatives.

An accidental explosion of one of the tanks at the Chemical Works, seriously and painfully burned John Dolezel about the face and neck.

The Rebekah Lodge will hold their installation of officers at their hall next Monday evening, Jan. 31st. A full attendance is desired.

Alice, the four-year old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Nachazel was taken to Petoskey on Wednesday, for an operation for appendicitis.

A change in the G. R. & I. train schedule this Sunday will affect the noon mail at East Jordan, the mail hereto going to Petoskey down the P. M. and in on the E. J. & S.

By the request of the conference committee of the G. A. R. the W. R. C. has postponed the dinner which was to be held Feb. 5th, until Feb. 12th. In connection with the dinner they will have a Lincoln program.

Mrs. Nat Watson passed away at her home on State-st, Saturday last, the cause of her death being pneumonia. Her nephew, C. J. Cooper arrived Tuesday from Genoa, Ill., to take her remains to Illinois for burial.

Mayor and Mrs. A. E. Cross left Friday for Southern Michigan. Mrs. Cross going to Mt. Pleasant for a visit with their daughter, Mrs. John Bedford, and Mr. Cross going on to Owosso, where he has business for the Clark Seed Co.

The fire department was called out Monday night to quench a blaze that had started in the basement of Jacob Wood's residence on State-st. By prompt work the fire was extinguished before it had entirely destroyed the building. Insured.

Some old meddler with a badly warped conscience and a soul in danger of hell, fire mailed an item to The Herald this week announcing the marriage of a couple of East Jordan people. The names were misspelled, the ministers name was omitted, and upon inquiry at Charlevoix, no marriage license has been issued.

Julia A. Allen passed away at her home in Wilson township, Wednesday morning. Aged about 65 years. She leaves her husband, George E. Allen and several children, besides many other relatives to mourn her loss. The funeral services were held from the Wilson Grange hall this Saturday morning. Conducted by Elder Chas. Burch of Boyne City.

Frank Lalak, Sr., one of Jordan townships pioneer settlers, passed away on Friday 21st inst., as a result of an acute attack of pneumonia. Deceased was born on April 2, 1838 in Bohemia and came to America thirty-six years ago, settling down on the farm which was his home until death. Last fall, he still had the great joy of celebrating the golden jubilee of his union with his faithful life's partner. He was highly esteemed in the community as an upright man and peace-loving neighbor. The large concourse of relatives, friends and neighbors, who attended the obsequies and escorted the remains to their last resting place, bore testimony of the sterling character of the deceased. Besides his wife, he leaves three sons, Joseph, Frank and James, and two daughters, Mrs. Anthony Kenny and Mrs. Moses Hart, Jr. and many grandchildren to mourn his demise.

Last week, a standard bred Holstein Friesian cow, owned by Clark Haire and Son of Horton township was given an official test by C. W. Andrews of the Agricultural college at Lansing for the production of milk and butter. This is the first cow in Ogemaw county to receive an official test. Mr. Andrews stated the test classified the cow with the best in the state. He also stated: "I am pleased to announce that the Holstein Friesian cow Quoque Bessie Susie No. 89337 owned by Clark Haire and Son, West Branch, Mich., has just completed a seven consecutive day official test at the age of 9 1/2 years, producing 502.6 lbs. of milk and 24.24 lbs. of butter. This is as far as I know the first cow officially tested by the state in Ogemaw county." Arena Independent.

Wm. Wilks went to Alba on Thursday on business.

Att'y E. N. Clink is in Detroit this week on business.

Ray Clink left Wednesday for Flint to seek employment.

Chas. Johnson left Wednesday for Flint, to seek employment.

Att'y F. R. Williams left Thursday on a business trip to Lansing.

Mrs. Jos. Swoboda of Traverse City is in the city visiting relatives.

Mrs. Len Swafford is able to be out again after her recent illness.

Att'y D. L. Wilson was a business visitor at Boyne City, Monday.

C. W. Marshall of Traverse City was in the city on business, Wednesday.

Mrs. W. F. Empey has been confined to her home with illness the past week.

Chas. Johnson visited his mother, Mrs. Johnson at Green River this week.

Miss Sophia Berg returned home from the Lockwood hospital at Petoskey Thursday.

Leonard Dudley returned from Lansing, Friday. His family will remove here later.

Mrs. Ella Tillotson of Charlevoix was in the city first of the week visiting friends.

Mrs. S. A. Richmond of Central Lake is, in the city visiting relatives for several weeks.

John Roy of Sturgis, Mich., is guest of his mother, Mrs. H. F. Roy, and sister, Miss Belle.

Mrs. A. S. Hammond leaves this Saturday for Mt. Pleasant to visit her daughter, Miss Arlene.

Miss Charlotte Thomas of Bellaire was guest at the home of Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Brooks, this week.

Mrs. Walter Hunsberger left Thursday for a visit with her daughter, Mrs. Perry Snook, at Manistique.

Miss Myrtle Ward returned home from Traverse City, Monday, after visiting friends over Sunday.

The Improvement Club entertained their husbands at the home of Mr. and Mrs. L. A. Hoyt, Friday evening.

Mr. and Mrs. Bert Sheldon of Charlevoix are guest at the home of Mr. and Mrs. James Ruehle, this week.

Mrs. G. A. Bell returned home from Charlotte, Mich., Tuesday. Her mother, Mrs. J. Carver accompanied her here.

Rev. Robt. Sidebotham returned home from Grand Rapids first of the week, after attending Bible Conference.

Mrs. James Murry visited her daughter, Mrs. Ernest Lawway, at Petoskey at the Lockwood hospital, on Monday.

Mrs. Geo. Barkmeier of San Jose, Ill. was called here Monday, by the serious illness of her mother, Mrs. H. F. Roy.

Mrs. J. H. Carpenter was taken to the Lockwood hospital at Petoskey, Monday, where she underwent an operation.

Mr. and Mrs. Guy Hunsberger of Petoskey are here visiting at the home of his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Walter Hunsberger.

The Presbyterian Ladies Aid Society will meet with Mrs. E. A. Ashley on Friday afternoon, Feb. 4th. Members will please respond to roll call.

Chris Bulow and Miss Lillian Mayville, two well known young people of this city were united in marriage at Charlevoix, Thursday, Jan. 20th.

The Improvement Club met with Mrs. Howard Porter on Tuesday afternoon. Mrs. W. L. Peck gave an interesting paper on the life and work of Peter Cooper.

A. B. Meech and daughter, Miss Jessie, and son, Frederick, left Tuesday for Asheville, North Carolina where Mrs. Meech and daughter, Helen, have been for several months.

A woman's religion should be able to keep the freckles off her reputation.

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 48" long. Will buy same delivered on car on E. J. & S. R. R. or in our yard. EAST JORDAN, CABINET CO.

The Highest Market Price

Paid for Hides, Furs, Pelts, Wool and Junk. Scrap Iron—bring it to us on Saturdays.

HARRY KLING, East Jordan.

CITROLAX

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

Presbyterian Church Notes

Robert S. Sidebotham, Pastor.

Sunday, January 30, 1916.

10:30 a. m.—"Babes in Christ."
11:45 a. m.—Sabbath School.
6:15 p. m.—Christian Endeavor.

7:00 p. m.—"The Wheat and the Tares." Tuesday—regular monthly meeting of the Session.

Thursday 7:30 p. m.—Prayer-meeting. Study passage is, "Give us this day our daily bread."

Friday—The Ladies Aid meets with Mrs. E. A. Ashley at 2:30 p. m.

First Methodist Episcopal Church

Rev. John Clemens, Pastor.

Sunday, Jan. 30, 1916.

10:30 a. m.—"The Enlarged Life."
11:45 a. m. Sunday School.

6:00 p. m.—Epworth League. Leader, Miss Cecile Coulthard. The Reception of new members.

7:00 p. m.—"Worship."

St. Joseph's Church

Rev. Timothy Kroboth.

Sunday, Jan. 30.

10:30 a. m. High mass.
7:30 p. m. Installation of the new officers of the Holy Name Society in Sherman's Hall.

Wednesday, Feb. 2, Feast of the Purification.
8:00 a. m. Blessing of Candles and mass.

Thursday, Feb. 3, Feast of St. Blase.
8:00 a. m. Mass and Blessing of throats.

7:30 p. m. Blessing of throats.
Friday, Feb. 4, First Friday—5 and 6 Holy Communion.

8:00 a. m. mass.
7:00 p. m. Sacred Heart Devotions.
7:30 p. m. Meeting of the Holy Name Society.

BREEZY HILL NOTES

What is the matter with the weather man, must have the wires crossed, some spring weather in January and sleighing in August.

A little daughter come to cheer the home of Mr. and Mrs. Ira Olney the first of the week.

Ira Bradshaw took a load of sheep to Central Lake last week, which he sold to Graff Miller.

Mrs. Ralph Ranney returned last week from the Lockwood hospital, very much improved in health.

Mike Murphy sold a number of young cattle to Graff Miller of Central Lake, the first of the week.

Wellington Baker, who has been working in the woods up by Chestonia was hurt recently while falling a tree and was brought home.

Ira Olney took a load of sheep to Central Lake one day last week.

Frank Kiser and Delila Conley called on Luther Harnden's last Monday. Mr. Harnden has been very ill with the grippe.

Some of the farmers around here haven't lost their nerve on the cucumber crop and believe in looking for their pocket books where they lost it and have signed contracts for as high as four acres of cukes this season.

DOWN ON HIS BACK

"About two years ago I got down on my back," writes Solomon Bequette, Flat River, Mo. "I got a 50c box of Foley Kidney Pills and they straightened me right up. I recommend them to all who have kidney trouble." Rheumatic aches and pains, soreness and stiffness, sleep disturbing bladder trouble, yield quickly to Foley Kidney Pills.—Hites Drug Store.

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.

For Sale Cheap—House and Lot on West Side. Inquire of D. H. Fitch.

FOR RENT—A seven room house on Second-st. Inquire of Mrs. W. E. Malpass.

The man who goes thru life on a bluff eventually walks.

Men have managed to mount the ladder of fame by hanging on to the coat tails of others.

NOSE CLOGGED FROM A COLD OR CATARRH

Apply Cream in Nostrils To Open Up Air Passages.

Ah! What relief! Your clogged nostrils open right up; the air passages of your head are clear and you can breathe freely. No more hawking, snuffling, mucous discharge, headache, dryness—no struggling for breath at night, your cold or catarrh is gone.

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

TOMATO PULP USEFUL

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Your Unrestricted Choice of ANY WINTER COAT, SUIT DRESS OR SKIRT

At a Quarter Off and Less.

Never Before Such a Coat, Dress, Skirt and Waist Sale at this season. Our Sale will close in a week and to reduce our stock quickly we make this unusual sale. A Sale no woman can afford to miss. A few have waited until now for a Winter Coat, Suit, Skirt, Dress or Waist.

Special: ONE DOZEN MEN'S SCOTCH CAPS worth 25c for only 5c at WEISMAN'S BARGAIN BASEMENT.

L. WEISMAN

TEMPLE THEATRE PARAMOUNT PROGRAM For Next Week

Monday, Jan. 31st

FLORENCE REED IN

"THE DANCING GIRL"

Friday, Feb'y 4th



MACKLYN ARBUCKLE IN

"The County Chairman"

Geo. Ade's Comedy Drama.

ADMISSION 10c TO ALL

Special Sale

On All SHOES and Heavy Rubbers



DISCOUNT

20 per cent 20

From Jan. 17th

To Jan. 31st

CHAS. A. HUDSON

This is the
Polish
YOU
ould Use



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

Black Silk Stove Polish

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

All we ask is that you use it on your cook stove, your parlor stove or your gas range. If you don't find it the best stove polish you ever used, your dealer is authorized to refund your money. Write on Black Silk Stove Polish. Made in liquid or paste—one quality.

Black Silk Stove Polish Works.
Sterling, Illinois

Use Black Silk Stove Polish on Enamel on stoves, registers, stove-pipes—prevents rusting. Use Black Silk Metal Polish for silver, nickel or brass. It has no equal for these commodities.

"A Shine in Every Drop"

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.

Dr. C. H. Pray

Dentist

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

Phone No. 228.

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.

Don't judge a ham by its canvas cover.
Most of the waiters in a hotel are guests.

Love is a dream; marriage is an alarm clock.

OUR JITNEY OFFER—This and 5c.—
DON'T MISS THIS. Cut out this slip, enclose with five cents to Foley & Co., Chicago, Ill., writing your name and address clearly. You will receive in return a trial package containing Foley's Honey and Tar Compound, for coughs, colds and croup, Foley Kidney Pills, and Foley Cathartic Tablets.—Hites Drug Store.

RHEUMATISM SUFFERER

GIVEN QUICK RELIEF



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

SEAMEN'S LAW IS DENOUNCED

Branded "Stupidest Piece of Legislation" in History.

DEMAND MADE FOR REPEAL

Henry D. Estabrook Flays Wilson-La Follette, Act Urging the Upbuilding of a Merchant Marine in Preference to the Proposed Government Owned Vessels—Strong Plea for Protective Tariff.

Detroit, Mich., Jan. 20.—Henry D. Estabrook of New York, who was the principal speaker at the annual meeting of the Lake Carriers' Association at the Statler Hotel here tonight, denounced the Wilson-La Follette Seamen's Act as the stupidest piece of legislation in the history of the country and demanded its repeal. Mr. Estabrook also urged the upbuilding of a merchant marine and assailed the proposition that the government own merchant vessels.

"Time was," said Mr. Estabrook, "when the American flag covered the seven seas, and the ocean-highways, which are always paved and cost nothing for repairs, were as much ours as England's. Now the ship that flies our flag is a lonesome spectacle—an object of derision—and such few ships as we have the Wilson-La Follette Act will soon put out of commission."

Presidential Candidate.

Unusual interest attached to the address by Mr. Estabrook inasmuch as he is being prominently mentioned as a candidate for the Republican nomination for president of the United States. His candidacy is being urged in re-

sponse to a widespread demand for new leadership in the G. O. P. Political developments of the last few weeks all point to the nomination by the Republicans next June at Chicago of a compromise candidate—one who can make a real "Get-Together" appeal to all elements of the party.

Mr. Estabrook occupies a strategic position politically, as is pointed out for the reason that he is a Western man, although his home is now in New York. He came from Nebraska originally and spent several years in Chicago before removing to New York, where he attained prominence in the practice of law during the last decade. He has been prominently before the public for twenty years, although not as an office seeker, and has never been in any way involved in the factional dissensions and quarrels that have proved so disastrous to the Republicans since 1912. His friends argue that any man who voted either for Taft or for Roosevelt four years ago would support Estabrook loyally and enthusiastically, whereas to nominate a candidate who was actively identified with the Taft forces on the one hand or the Roosevelt people on the other would be to invite a repetition of the debacle of 1912.

A Great Campaigner.

Estabrook is one of the greatest campaigners the country has produced. He has made a number of notable addresses in this state, and his speeches in Michigan in support of McKinley in 1896 are still remembered and quoted.

In his address tonight Mr. Estabrook also touched upon the tariff problem and anti-business legislation and administration. He is a protectionist of the McKinley school and makes a particularly strong appeal to the American farmer and laborer on this subject.

"The American farmer should not be compelled to sell his products in a free trade market and buy in a protected market, and yet that is just what such legislation as Canadian Reciprocity and the present Democratic Tariff Law compel him to do," said Mr. Estabrook, and again: "From whatsoever angle you approach it, the question works out to the same result; free trade in this country benefits the rich and robs the laborer and the laborer ought to know it by this time. I do not believe that our normal prosperity will ever be restored until our tariffs are restored or more scientifically graduated."

Mr. Estabrook is being urged by many influential Michigan Republicans to enter the presidential primary in this State. Without doubt he would make a strong bid for the Michigan delegation.



HENRY D. ESTABROOK.

Temperance

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

ANTI-LIQUOR SENTIMENT.

In an article showing that "the greatest nations in Europe are against alcohol," the Philadelphia North American has this to say about Germany: "Is it not disconcerting to find that the great anti-alcohol movement which is sweeping Europe had its beginning in the land of the 14,000 breweries? A scientific pamphlet written in 1886 by Professor van Bunge, was the start of a campaign which has produced an anti-liquor congress in every advanced country on the continent, and a biennial international congress that draws delegates from nearly every considerable nation."

"The growth of sentiment against the evil has been almost incredible. In the year 1893 there was only one known total abstainer of prominence in the German empire, a noted Hamburg engineer. In 1897 a leading physician undertook to urge abstinence upon members of his profession, and after months of work found himself with a total of nine signatures; but ten years later 800 physicians had joined."

"It was a German university, that of Berlin, which first established a scientific course on the alcohol evil, in 1906. It was the German kaiser who a few years ago declared himself an abstainer, and enjoined the army and navy to follow his example. It is a noted German army physician who has declared: 'It must be considered incompatible with the honor of a city or government to allow the activities of poison factories, such as breweries and distilleries.' There is a strong anti-liquor movement among the Socialists. For more than three years the sale of beer in the great Krupp works has been forbidden. That and other big industries—steel works, shipyards and mines—supply tea free to their workers, or milk at cost, and forbid the sale of beer. At one huge plant the consumption of beer fell from 147,000 barrels in 1909 to 14,500 barrels in 1911. The Berlin railways have forbidden the use of beer during working hours, and similar action has been taken by the government railways of Baden and Alsace-Lorraine, where anti-alcohol placards are posted in all the stations."

DOOLEY ON JOHN BARLEYCORN.

"It's strange, Hinniesy, how th' wurru'd has turned agin its lifelong roommate, Jawn Barleycorn. Ather rollin' in with th' old fellow fr' chiches th' tickle public has rounded on him an' is rapidly chasin' him off th' map. I've told ye how it is in England. It's th' same ivrywhere. In Rooshyah th' potts has stopped th' sale iv vodky, which is th' name iv th' Rooshyan national brainstorm. In France they've frbid th' citizen to take his tumbler of absinthe.

"Jawn Barleycorn might have gone on fr years if it hadn't been that th' wurru'd began to suspect that he was no good in a fight. That knocked th' last leg fr'm under him. I cud've told th' wurru'd so long ago. I've seen him start a millyon fights, but niver seen him win wan. He's lived fr years on his reputation as a warrior. No army was supposed to be anny good without him. He was welcome in th' sojers' tent an' th' gin'ral's headquarters. People said about him: 'He's a scamp and a false friend, but he's a divvie in a scrap.' An' now they know he ain't anny good at that ayether. His bluff has been called."

NOT ALTOGETHER SELFISH.

"It is not altogether for purely economic reasons that industrial concerns oppose drinking on the part of their employees," says President Gibson of the Chicago Pressed Steel company.

"The average employer is greatly interested in the welfare of his work-people. He wants to see them prosperous and happy. He also wants to get the largest possible returns in his business and there is no conflict between these two aims. Whatever improves the physical, mental and moral conditions of workmen also increases their efficiency and so brings in greater profits to the employer."

BOOZE.

Did it ever do you any good?
Did it ever help you get a better job?
Did it ever bring happiness into your family?

These sentiments in poster form were prominently displayed at the annual convention of the National Safety Council in Philadelphia. The 2,000 delegates represented billions of capital and 1,500 separate firms. The railroad delegates called attention to the fact that the casualties among abstaining railroad employees are going down while the casualties to the general public are going up.

NO WINE FOR FANG.

Samuel G. Blythe, who told in a recent book how he went on the water wagon and stayed there, lately interviewed Wu Ting Fang, in Shanghai, and told about that in The Saturday Evening Post. He asked the Chinese statesman what he eats and, finally, what he drinks. "Do you take any wine?" inquired Mr. Blythe. Mr. Wu looked at him in amazement. "Wine!" he exclaimed. "Of course not! Wine is a poison. I occasionally drink a little grape juice, but no wine or any liquors."



Prince Albert is such friendly tobacco

that it just makes a man sorry he didn't get wind of this pipe and cigarette smoke long, long ago. He counts it lost time, quick as the goodness of Prince Albert gets firm set in his life! The patented process fixes that—and cuts out bite and parch!

Get on the right-smoke-track soon as you know how! Understand yourself how much you'll like

PRINCE ALBERT

the national joy smoke

It stands to reason, doesn't it, that if men all over the nation, all over the world, prefer P. A. that it must have all the qualities to satisfy your fondest desires?

Men, get us right on Prince Albert! We tell you this tobacco will prove better than you can figure out, it's so chummy and fragrant and inviting all the time. Can't cost you more than 5c or 10c to get your bearings!

Buy Prince Albert everywhere tobacco is sold—in tippy red bags, in tippy red tins, 10c, handsome pound and half-pound tin humidors—and in that classy crystal-glass pound humidor with sponge-moistener top that keeps the tobacco in such great trim!

R. J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO COMPANY
Winston-Salem, N. C.

THE OLD MAN.

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

He stands upon the public square—unless the peelers peeve him—and shoots that kind of heated air and thinks that folk believe him.

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

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

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

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

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

If his wife does her own work, she is "killing herself" for the family.

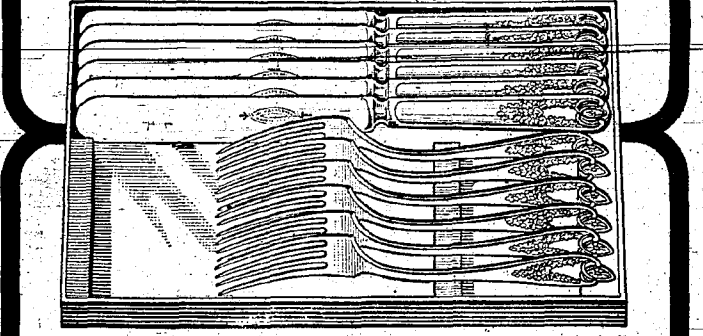
If she has servants, she ought to be more economical.

If he dies young, he led too fast a life.

If he lives to a ripe old age, he is living beyond his time.—From Judge.

After a man has acquired a reputation for being lazy, his conscience doesn't trouble him when his wife is doing washing for the neighbors.

"Silver Plate that Wears"



Since 1847, the year Rogers Bros. originated electro-silver plating, silverware bearing the trade mark 1847 ROGERS BROS. has been renowned for quality, wearability and beauty.

1847 ROGERS BROS.

stamped on forks, spoons and fancy serving pieces is a guarantee of heaviest plating, perfect workmanship and exquisite design, assuring long and satisfying service. Any article of silverware marked 1847 ROGERS BROS. may be selected without further investigation.

Sold by leading dealers everywhere. Send for catalogue "CL," showing all patterns.

INTERNATIONAL SILVER CO., MERIDEN, CONN.
Successor to Meriden Britannia Co.

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.

EAST JORDAN CABINET CO.

B. E. WATERMAN, Manager.

Custom Planing Mill

Manufacturers and Dealers in

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

FINISHED LUMBER, FRAMES, CASING