

# Charlevoix County Herald.

Vol. 20

EAST JORDAN, MICHIGAN, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 19, 1916.

No. 8

## Inspection and Annual Ball

### Company "I" to Have Two Nights of Business and Pleasure.

Next Monday and Tuesday will be letter days for Company "I," 33rd Infantry, Michigan National Guard—THE organization which East Jordan and Charlevoix county are proud of. On Monday evening the annual inspection will be held; Captain Harry H. Tibbits of the U. S. Infantry will be the inspecting officer. All members are ordered to report at their new armory at 7:00 p. m. sharp, Feb'y 21st. All equipment must be in the lockers by Sunday noon Feb'y 20th.

On Tuesday evening, Washington's Birthday, the First Annual Ball will be given at their New Armory. Beautifully engraved invitations have been mailed to everyone the committee thought might be interested, but if any omissions have been made this will be gladly rectified by reporting to any member of the Company. Metropole Orchestra will furnish the music for the occasion, and thus in itself guarantees the event to be a pleasant one. Dancing from 9:00 to 1:00. Flowers for the ladies. Tickets, \$1.00. Door rights reserved.

### A Safety First Sermon

The following article taken from Roy K. Moulton's column of the Grand Rapids News is a very pointed illustration of the cause of the great fire waste of this and other states.

A Safety First Sermon that is going the rounds:

#### WHO AM I?

I am more powerful than the combined armies of the world.  
I am more deadly than bullets, and I have wrecked more homes than the mightiest of siege guns.  
I steal in the United States alone over \$300,000,000 each year.  
I spare no one, and find my victims among the rich and poor alike; the young and the old; the strong and the weak; widows and orphans know me.  
I massacre thousands upon thousands of wage-earners in a year.  
I lurk in unseen places, and do most of my work silently. You are warned against me, but you heed not.  
I am relentless. I am everywhere; in the home, on the street, in the factory, at railroad crossings and on the sea.  
I bring sickness, degradation and death, and yet few seek to avoid me.  
I destroy, crush and maim; I give nothing, but take all.  
I am your worst enemy.  
I AM CARELESSNESS.

### WILSONIAN CONCEIT.

For concentrated quintessence of conceit it would be impossible to find anything surpassing the remark of President Wilson in his New York speech before the Railroad Business Association, in which he said: "We must all of us think, from this time out, in terms of the world, and must learn what it is that America has set out to maintain as a standard-bearer for all those who love liberty and justice and the righteousness of political action."  
"From this time out!" Heretofore we have not thought in terms of the world. Heretofore we have not known what it is that America has set out to maintain. We have been drifting in darkness without captains and without compasses. "From this time out," however, we are to be guided by the latest declaration of truth from that man, who, of all men prominent in American history, has been unrivaled in changes of mind, vacillation of purpose, and uncertainty of action. "From this time out," we are to be guided by new ideals as to liberty and justice. That is, we shall be so guided until Mr. Wilson gain changes his mind and marks out for us a new path which we must follow, if we would truly know what it is that America has set out to maintain.  
Poor deluded Washington, short-sighted Jefferson, mis-guided Monroe, hapless Lincoln, thoughtless McKinley! What a pity you lived before it was possible to "learn what it is that America has set out to maintain as a standard-bearer for all those who love liberty and justice and the righteousness of political action!"

## COMMISSIONER HELME EXPOSES "CURE-ALL"

### "Tanlac" Proves to be Concoction of Tonics and Alcohol.

A new panacea for the cure of "all ailments of the stomach kidneys and liver, catarrhal affections of the mucous membranes, rheumatism, nervous disorders and the like" is offered to the public under the name of Tanlac. The label on the bottle neatly avoids the pure drugs act by claiming to be only a "tonic and system purifier."

An analysis of Tanlac in the laboratory of this Department shows the following:

Alcohol	16.4 per cent
Glycerine	2.0 per cent
Licorice	Present
Aloes or Cascara	Present
Gentian	Present
Alkaloids 'Berberine'	Trace

The presence of a trace of tartaric acid shows that wine is the base of this medicine. The 16 percent alcohol gives it the "kick" that makes a fellow feel good and ought to fill a long "felt want" in "Dry Counties." Aloes is a laxative. Gentian is a bitter drug, a so-called tonic. If the reader wants to be cured by the Tanlac route at one-fourth the expense, let him get a quart bottle of good sherry wine. Then go to the local druggist and get 1/4 drachms of Glycerine and two drachms each of Aloes, Gentian, Licorice and Cascara. Mix (if you wish) and you will have Tanlac so near that neither you nor the manufacturer can tell the difference. This formula will give four times the quantity found in an ordinary \$1 bottle of Tanlac. We say, "mix if you wish." For our part we dislike to spoil a good bottle of wine by mixing it with bitter drugs like Aloes and Gentian. Our personal advice to all desiring to try this panacea would be to drink the bottle of wine and give the drugs to the hired girl.

James W. Helme,

State Dairy & Food Com Note—The Herald refused an advertising contract for this "cure-all" within the past thirty days.

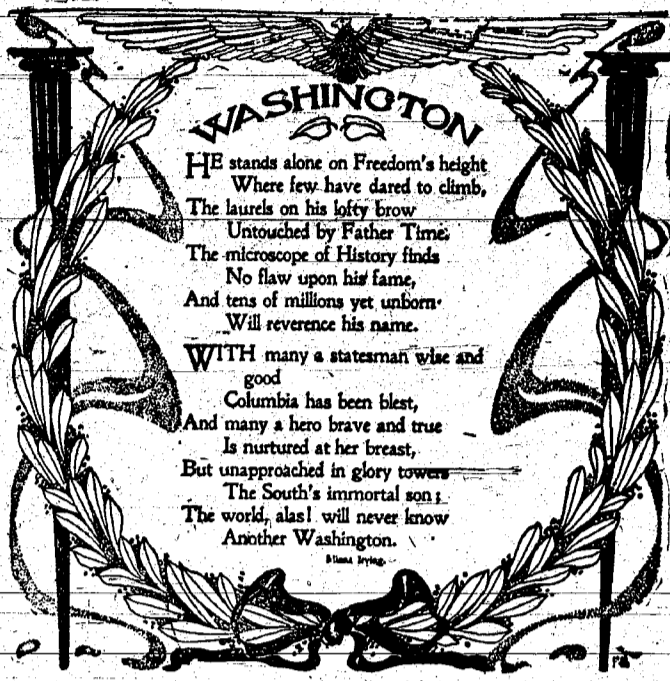
### SOCIAL CENTERS

#### Supt. of Public Instruction Urges Wider Use of School Building.

We have entertained the idea that the schoolhouse exists only for the child. No effort has been made to bring the people of the community together. With the passing of the husking bee and spelling school, has gone a common interest essential to the highest type of citizenship. The schools have suffered because of the absence of this common interest. With the exception of a few cities, the school buildings are open but a few hours each day and about three-fourths of the year. There could be no criticism if the school has fulfilled its mission when it has served as a place for giving the child his academic education. A small village located in the northern part of the state, and organized less than two years ago is a fine example of a community where the schoolhouse is used as a social center. There was no other building where the social activities of the community could be held so the very necessity of the situation caused these people to discover the value of the schoolhouse as a social center. If it is possible to throw open a school building to the public in a new country, it is possible everywhere. The school building should serve as a meeting place for all organizations of the community that have an educational value and as a place for discussing topics which are of interest to the community. Such meetings will produce better schools and better civic conditions. One of the purposes of our schools is to train for democracy. They are not doing this unless they serve as a place for training our people how to live and work together.

#### And Along Came Ruth

"Oh, these drafted stamps!" angrily exclaimed Ruth's father, as he took a small lot of them out of his pocket, "every one of them stuck to another one! I should have known better than to fold 'em up like that!"  
"I can fix them for you," said Ruth. And taking a hot flat iron from the stove, she placed the stamps upon an ironing board, put a piece of thin paper over them and ironed them for a minute. Then when she lifted the paper, the stamps were found to be easy to pull apart, and the gum was not disturbed in the least.  
Ruth's father looked his admiration at her, but said nothing. But his smile paid Ruth for her trouble.



### TUBERCULOSIS WEEK

#### Schools of Michigan to Take Active Part in the Campaign.

The week beginning March 6th has been designated Tuberculosis Week in the schools of Michigan by the Superintendent of Public Instruction. Teachers of both public and parochial schools are asked to co-operate in carrying out the work. This is an anti-tuberculosis year in Michigan. An appropriation of \$100,000 is being expended in a campaign against the disease. 2500 people die every year in Michigan, and 150,000 in the United States, from tuberculosis alone. Physicians estimate that from 75 to 90 per cent of all people become infected with it at some time in their lives. The disease is resisted or overcome through correct living habits. The school's part in eradicating the disease is mainly along the line of prevention—to train the boys and girls in health habits. The twenty thousand school teachers in Michigan are in a great measure responsible for the health and habits of the half a million boys and girls enrolled in the schools. The teacher must in many cases do what the homes fail to do. Boys and girls should come from the schools good strong physical beings because of the knowledge gained and the health habits formed. The five hundred thousand school children in Michigan will do much in educating the homes and bringing about proper conditions. The State Superintendent has outlined a series of lessons for the week beginning March 6 and has published a bulletin for the use of teachers in presenting the work. These bulletins have been forwarded to commissioners and superintendents for distribution to teachers. Lessons are given on the following subjects:  
Fresh Air and How to Get it, Food and Proper Eating Habits, Rest and Exercise, Cleanliness and What it Will do for You, Clothing and Dress.

Health is emphasized in the bulletin rather than disease. Round shoulders and sunken chests and incorrect sitting and standing habits are to receive attention. Corrective exercises are to be made a part of the school work. Such vital questions as how to breathe the necessary for fresh air and sunlight, what to eat and how to eat, the need of sufficient sleep and rest, the relation of cleanliness to health, sensible clothing, are to be made the basis of the week's work. Teachers can make this series of five lessons the most important series of lessons of the year's work. The subject is a live one. Practice is the only thing that counts. Rules alone will never preserve health; nor assist in regaining it. School boards can do more in the prevention of tuberculosis along the line of providing proper physical conditions regarding heating, ventilation, sunlight, seating, etc., than can be accomplished by the same amount of money expended in other ways. The friends of tuberculosis are: dampness, dirt, darkness, impure air, mouth breathing. The enemies of tuberculosis are: sunlight, fresh air, good food, cleanliness, full breathing. The bulletin includes a message from Governor W. N. Ferris to the schools.

### Old Nursery Rhymes Revamped

Jack be nimble,  
Jack be sly,  
And mayhap you  
Will get jailed quick.

### "OBSERVER" OFFERS ADVICE TO BOYS

(By "Observer.")

Because the boy of twelve to eighteen years is inexperienced, he does not welcome advice, and if he knew who I am, he probably would form his opinion of me at once—that I am an old fossil "butting" into other people's business. However, I am going to give him some advice in this article. If he accepts it, sometime, perhaps, he will remember the [name of your paper] and thank me for it. If he doesn't accept it, the loss is his.

The boy who is noisy and impolite on the streets is making a mistake in being so. He may work himself up to a position of high standing among his companions—he may become the "bully of the bunch," but that position is not worth striving for. In fact, it is one to be avoided.

The business men of the town are watching you, young man, and it is to your interest, more by far, to court their esteem than that of your pals. You are growing into manhood, rapidly. Soon you will be wanting employment. Your conduct today determines your chances of the future.

If we could read their minds, there are no doubt several business men in town this very day who are needing a boy and who are wondering what boy in town is worthy of his trust. You may be too young for the position, now but such opportunities always will be open. It remains only for you to guard your character and reputation that men may have confidence in you when your time comes. Men like a gentlemanly boy. You don't need to be a "sissy," but you must not be rude. Have all the fun you want, but make sure that your ideas of fun are not offensive to someone else. Try to keep always in mind that you are a boy and that older people really do know what is best. Respect their desires, acquire all the education you can get, and your opportunity will come.

### Learn a Little Every Day.

A caterpillar will eat twice its own weight in leaves every twenty-four hours.  
Uncle Sam made \$2,500,000 last year from the sale of wood from the government forests.  
A good grade of paper can now be made from the hop refuse of breweries that has heretofore been thrown away.  
Since the outbreak of the war, 30,000 settlers from the United States have entered Canada.  
Two per cent of metallic sodium will harden lead so that it will ring when struck.  
A Swiss aviator rose to the height of 19,800 feet, thus over-topping the best previous record.  
A foghorn which has recently been constructed for the United States light-house service is so large that a man may easily step inside of it. It is said to resemble half of a submarine boat, and may be heard for twenty-five or thirty miles at sea.  
A Sunday school teacher was quizzing her class of boys on the strength of their desire for righteousness. "All those who wish to go to heaven," she said, "please stand."  
All got to their feet but one small boy. "Why, Johnny," exclaimed the shocked teacher, "do you mean to say that you don't want to go to heaven?"  
"No, ma'am," replied Johnny. "Not if that bunch is going."—Ex.

### THRIFT IN THE HOME

Thrift is good management, and nowhere is good management more manifest than in the home. You can soon tell what manner of housekeeper the wife is, for the impress of her ideals and ideas is on every hand. She can waste all the husband earns, or she can save the major part.

Housekeeping is the most complicated work in the world, and she who can keep a house well is a good business woman. She can make her work drudgery or she can make it a pleasure. Men fall in business and the world knows it; but how many home failures there are of which the world never hears!

It is easy to detect the woman who fails as a housekeeper. If you see the dishes unwashed, the children unkept, clothes strung all over the house, the bath littered, the corners dirty and a general air of neglect, you may depend upon it she has failed as a business housekeeper. She does not know how.

Writing in the Ladies' Home Journal, one woman tells how she succeeds as a homemaker and as a business woman in the home. She aims at simplicity. She has simple furnishings, but good. She has no "parlor"—that abomination of olden time, but a living room, where they really live. Most parlors are merely to look at, not to use. She has simple meals—things they are all stuck on, as her little boy puts it, but lots of them. Baked beans only, but lots of them and good. And who couldn't make a meal on the beans mother used to bake?

She has no curtains at the windows; her windows are for light and air, not to display curtains and catch the dust and keep out the sunlight. She wastes no food. She allows the children to take only as much as they can eat and no more. If they leave any food on the plate, the next meal begins with that cold plate! Her garbage pail is for waste, not food. "Swell will" costs money, and "pigs is pigs" and relish potato peelings as much as ice cream. She doesn't make her attic a junk shop. She makes it a storeroom; cleans it once a year, but that is all. She has order in the kitchen. She saves time by having things in order. She doesn't dry her dishes, but "scalds" them and lets them dry themselves—and they can do it better than she.

She uses a "letter press" to "iron" socks and towels and coarse articles that other women break their backs over to no useful purpose.

A fireless cooker saves gas and time and food. She keeps biscuit flour mixed with the proper proportion of salt and baking powder and biscuits for her oven in five minutes! She has all her kitchen utensils handy, cans and receptacles labeled, and thus she saves steps. Some women walk too much on their jobs. She always has change in the house, runs no accounts, pays cash on delivery, weighs her purchases and takes nothing for granted. She keeps account of all of her expenditures and knows where her money goes and what it buys. She doesn't hire much help, because she doesn't need it. She studies her job and succeeds because she knows how.

### Wise and Otherwise

All married women travel under an assumed name.  
It is reported on good authority that the dove of peace is nesting with the eagles.  
When a young man gets to going too fast he begins to lag behind his slower and soberer brothers.  
No matter how much we may be opposed to woman's suffrage, there are worse things—for instance, the army of male voters who do not go to the polls.

### Hints Worth Trying

To prevent "runs" in new silk stockings stitch with thread around leg of the new stockings a short distance from the top one can prevent the dropped thread that so often ruins a new pair of stockings. The stitching should be done on the sewing machine with a very fine stitch.  
To cut fresh bread—Dip your knife in boiling water and you can cut the thinnest slice from a fresh loaf.  
Hot water plates for invalids for serving food are now on sale in this country. The plate is really an ornamental pan with handles for lifting, and a spout for filling with hot water. Inside is fitted a serving plate for the food which has the temperature sustained by the heat from beneath. Prices vary according to material and size.  
Von Blumer (roaring with rage)—Who told you to put that paper on the wall?  
Decorator—Your wife, sir.  
Von Blumer—Pretty, isn't it?

### BIG WILD LIFE SHOW AT SAGINAW

What is being exploited as the greatest educational display of animals and birds ever shown in America, west of New York, is now being placed on the floors of the big auditorium building, Saginaw, for the wild life show which will be presented to the people of the State of Michigan, Feb. 23-24-25-26. Besides the live and mounted animal life, which is set under the auspices of the Saginaw County Wild Life Conservation Association, assisted by the Michigan Fish Commission and the State Game, Fish and Forest Fire Department of the Public Domain Commission, a coterie of the world's most famous lecturers will present in motion pictures the animal life of four continents.

For the banquet hall, "more game" meetings, to be held in the afternoons, Feb. 24-25, State Game Commissioner William R. Oates has secured acceptances from many of the best game propagating authorities in America.

E. A. McIlheney, who was instrumental in having Mrs. Russel Sage provide money for establishing the Marsh Island refuge, Louisiana; Commissioner John Phillips and Secretary Kaibfus, Pa.; Harry Rogers foremost game breeding authority; Mr. Vernon Bailey, Chief Field Naturalist of the Biological Survey, Washington, D. C., and many of the game commissioners of other states will appear in the discussion. This review of game propagating possibilities will assume the importance of a national question.

Interesting in the floor exhibits will be that of the Michigan Fish Commission. The Commission is arranging to bring the whole paraphernalia of a hatchery to the show, so that the process of hatching may be presented to the public. Development of many species of fish from fry to maturity will be shown. Aquaria tanks will display the fish alive in their various stages of growth.

All the indigenous animal life of Michigan will be displayed, alive or mounted, and a feature of the afternoon programs to be given in the big assembly hall which seats 4,500 persons will be a scenic production of American Game Birds, painted by the world's greatest bird artist, Louis Agassiz Fuertes. This feature will be presented by James McGillivray, Educational Bureau, of the Game, Fish and Forest Fire Department.

Under the direction of Augustus C. Carton, Secretary Public Domain Commission, a forestry exhibit will be set by Marcus Schaff, State Forester, in which growth will be illustrated from the seed and seedling to the merchantable tree.

Specimens of deer, elk and other animals and the bird life of the Michigan game refuges will be brought to the floors of the show.  
Never, perhaps, in the history of America has so many of the foremost speakers on subjects of Natural history been placed on one program, as on that which covers the evenings of Feb. 23-24-25.

Norman McClintock, with his new and remarkable moving pictures of the bird life of the Gulf coast; Carl Akeley, National museum of Natural history, with elephant hunting and other African subjects; Prof. Wilfred H. Osgood of the Field museum, with moving pictures of the fur seal rookeries and other speakers of international note are scheduled by W. B. Mershon, President Michigan Wild Life Conservation Association.

Special trains are being chartered by sportsmen and it is expected that upwards of 50,000 persons will see the show. Admission is free day and night.

### Bits of Information

The annual cut of British Columbia timber is approximately 2,000,000 feet. There are 420 mills and 90 logging camps in the province, employing about 60,000 people.  
Zinc refining continues of interest in Canada. The British Columbia Government will give financial help to a Victoria reduction company for establishing a demonstration plant at Nelson.

### To The Electors of the City of East Jordan.

I wish to announce to the voters of the City of East Jordan that I am a candidate for the office of City Mayor at the coming primary Election. Thanking you for past favors and hoping I am worthy of your future support, I am

Yours truly,  
A. E. CROSS.



A POPULAR SMART STYLE.

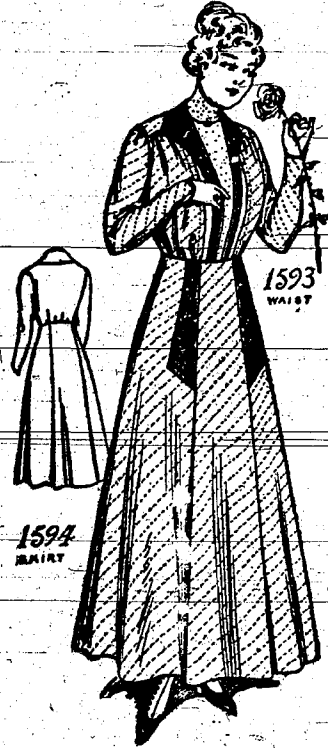


1546. Ladies' Dress in Semi-Princess Style with Sleeve in Either of Two Lengths.

Graceful and becoming, and showing several new style features is this up-to-date model. The dress is made with a shaped front panel, and waist sections over the sides which are lengthened by skirt portions, cut with fashionable fullness. The back forms a panel below the belt. The sleeve, in wrist length, is close fitting and finished with a stylish cuff. In short length, a neat turnback cuff supplies a becoming trimming. A high roll collar outlines the neck edge, which is cut low in front. If developed as an evening or dinner gown or for other formal occasions, the neck outline may be cut with more depth in front. This style would make a fine street or business dress, and is also pleasing for afternoon or calling. It is good for serge, corduroy, velvet or silk; also for combinations of materials, now so much in vogue. In serge with panels and trimmings of satin it would be very stylish. The pattern is cut in 6 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. It requires 6 1/4 yards of 44 inch material for a 36 inch size. The skirt measures 3 1/2 yards at the lower edge.

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

A SMART COSTUME FOR MANY OCCASIONS



1593—Waist. 1594—Skirt.

Composed of ladies waist pattern 1593 and ladies skirt pattern 1594. This combination is especially nice for mature figures. The waist is made with full fronts that are finished with revers portions and open over a vest that may be of lace embroidery or matched satin. The skirt has six gored and shaped trimming sections over the fronts. As here illustrated, brown novelty suiting was used with velvet for trimming. Blue serge with matched satin is also good. If desired, the waist and skirt may be made as separate garments. Silk or crepe could be employed for the waist and broadcloth serge or gabardine for the skirt. The pattern for the waist is cut in six sizes: 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. The skirt pattern is cut in 6 sizes: 24, 26, 28, 30, 32 and 34 inches waist measure. It requires 3 1/4 yards of 36 inch material for the waist, and 4 yards of 44 inch material for the skirt for a medium size. The skirt measures 3 1/4 yards at the lower edge. To make the skirt and waist of one material will require 8 yards of 36-inch material.

This illustration calls for two separate patterns which will be mailed to any address on receipt of ten cents for each pattern in silver or stamps.

Death is assured, otherwise men would not require life insurance.

And a lot of people would rather believe a lie than the nude truth.

Tell a boy to do as he pleases and he'll do it without a murmur.

A NEW AND UP TO DATE DESIGN



1501. Ladies Shirt Waist with Convertible Collar.

Figured silk in brown tones was used for this style, with collar and cuffs of organdie. The fronts are full and gathered to square yoke portions. The closing is in coat style. The sleeve is in regular shirt waist style and finished with a neat cuff. This model is also good for velvet, flannel, madras, lawn, chambray, voile, batiste or corduroy. The collar may be rolled open at the throat or closed high. The pattern is cut in 7 sizes: 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. It requires 2 3/4 yards of 40 inch material for a 36 inch size.

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

A MOST DESIRABLE MODEL



1502. Ladies "Over All" Apron.

This style covers the dress so well and practically, it may serve in place of a work or house dress. The waist and sleeve portions are cut in one. The skirt has five sections, slightly gored, and is joined to the waist under a belt. The round neck will be comfortable. Gingham, percale, drill, chambray, galatea or lawn are all equally serviceable for this design. The pattern is cut in 3 sizes: Small, medium and large. It requires 4 3/8 yards of 36 inch material for a medium size.

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

A COUPLE OF ATTRACTIVE HATS FOR YOUNG GIRLS AND MISSES



1511. These styles make splendid school hats. They are suitable in cloth, serge, velvet, corduroy, silk, fur, plush and similar fabrics. No. 1, is cut in "mortar board" or college style. No. 2, has a round crown, and a shaped band, which makes the hat tilt jauntily on one side. The pattern includes both styles illustrated, and is cut in 3 sizes: 3 to 8, 10 to 14, and 16 to 20 years. The head sizes are 20, 21 and 22 inches. It will require 7-8 yard of material for No. 1, and 3-4 yard for No. 2 of 22 inch material for sizes 16 to 20 years.

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

# Fashions for Herald Readers

Unless otherwise specified all fashion patterns published in these columns are Ten cents each.

Send or leave orders for same at the CHARLEVOIX CO. HERALD.

A SIMPLE STYLE.



1555. Ladies' Dress, with Sleeve in Either of Two Lengths.

This model will make an excellent morning dress of percale, gingham, chambray, lawn, lace, or drill. It will also develop nicely in serge, crepe, voile, or wool poplin, cashmere and flannelette. The waist is made with a vest and the skirt has a panel to correspond. The V neck opening is neat and becoming, and is outlined by a smart collar. The sleeve in wrist length has a straight cuff. In 3/4 length a turnback cuff forms a neat finish. The pattern is cut in 6 sizes: 24, 26, 28, 30, 32 and 34 inches bust measure. It requires 5 3/4 yards of 44 inch material for a 36 inch size. The skirt measures 3 yards at the lower edge.

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

A SEASONABLE POPULAR STYLE



1534. Semi-Princess Dress for Misses and Small Women.

A leading and becoming style is here shown, youthful and trim, and cut on graceful lines. The waist and skirt fronts are combined. The side portions and back of the skirt join the waist at hip length. Tiny revers facings outline the neck and meet a jaunty flare collar. The sleeve is close fitting and shaped at the wrist. The plaited fullness of the skirt is a good style feature. This model is nice for serge, poplin, velvet, gabardine or broad cloth. Taffeta or satin in matched shade are good for its trimming. The pattern is cut in 3 sizes: 16, 18, and 20 years. It requires 5 7/8 yards of 36 inch material for an 18 year size.

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

A STYLISH DESIGN



1514. Ladies Costume with or without Over Waist, Peplum Portions and Skirt Folds.

Satin messaline and blue serge are here combined. The style is also good for crepe de chine and satin, for taffeta, velvet, velveteen, and cloth. The over waist portions are arranged on the under portions and close in surplice style. A neat collar finishes the neck, which is cut slightly low. The sleeve has a flare cuff, with plaits at the back, held by a tab with buttons. The skirt is a five gore model and may be made with or without the folds. The pattern is cut in 6 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. It requires 6 5/8 yards of 44 inch material for a 36 inch size. The skirt measures about 3 1/4 yards at the foot.

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

A TRIM AND BECOMING STYLE



1509. Junior Dress in Semi Princess Style With Convertible Collar.

Plaid woolen in soft blue and brown tones would be nice for this, or shepherd check suiting with facings of white pique. For more dressy effect, one could choose poplin, taffeta or velveteen, with facings of silk or satin. Plaid silk with brown velvet, white satin with black taffeta, or messaline with poplin would all be equally attractive. The pattern is cut with panel fronts, that join waist back and waist portions. The full skirt has no lines. It has a deep tuck at the sides, and is stitched over the skirt below the belt. The pattern is cut in 3 sizes: 12, 14 and 16 years. It requires 5 1/2 yards of 36 inch material for a 14 year size.

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

A UNIQUE AND PRACTICAL DESIGN.



1535

1535. Ladies' Apron.

Striped percale in gray and white is here shown. Facings of dark gray on front, neck edge, collar and belt afford a neat trimming. This design has ample fullness, good design, and simple lines. The back may be cut with or without a seam. The fullness is held by a belt, which may be omitted. The model is good for all wash fabrics, lawn, gingham, percale, chambray, seersucker, drill, lunene or alpaca. The pattern is cut in 3 sizes: Small, medium and large. It requires 6 1/4 yards of 36 inch material for a medium size.

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

POPULAR AND BECOMING STYLE



1515. Girls' Middy Dress with Skirt Attached to an Under Waist, and with Sleeve in Either of Two Lengths.

Blue serge with facings of white pique is shown in this illustration. This model would be good for shepherd check in black and white, with trimming of black satin. It is also nice for galatea, gingham, poplin, repp, linen, velvet or corduroy. The sleeve is good in wrist or elbow length. The skirt is plaited and joined to an underwaist, which is overlaid in front to form a shield. The pattern is cut in five sizes: 6, 8, 10, 12 and 14 years. It requires 4 1/2 yards of 44 inch material for a 10 year size.

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

A POPULAR PRACTICAL COMBINATION



1505. Girls' Waist and Drawers

Both garments are good for muslin, cambric, canton or domot flannel. The drawers can also be made of lawn or crepe. The waist of jean or drill. The pattern is cut in 6 sizes: 2, 4, 6, 8, 10 and 12 years. It requires 1 1/4 yard for the waist, and 1 1/4 yard for the drawers, of 36 inch material for an 8 year size.

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

LADIES' COSTUME



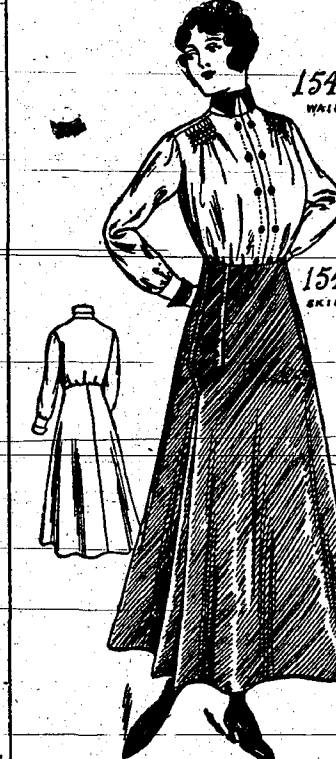
1530 WAIST

1516 SKIRT

Waist 1530. Skirt 1516. Comprising ladies waist pattern 1530 and ladies skirt pattern 1516. As shown here wool poplin in a mauve shade was combined with figured taffeta to match. The waist is in over blouse style, and could be developed as a separate waist, for wear with an under waist or tucker of net, lace or crepe. The skirt, too, is a good model for a separate garment. It has plaits at the seams, and is cut with graceful and becoming fullness. The waist may be made with or without the peplum portion. It is a good and popular style. Velvet, serge, broad cloth, crepe, voile, faille and charmeuse are good for this style. In green serge, with trimming of satin to match, it would make a splendid costume for calling or street wear. The waist pattern 1530 is cut in 6 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust measure. The skirt pattern is cut in 6 sizes: 22, 24, 26, 28, 30 and 32 inches waist measure. It requires 6 3/8 yards for skirt and over blouse of 44 inch material, with 2 3/8 yards for the underwaist of 27 inch material for a medium size. The skirt measures 4 yards at the lower edge with plaits drawn out.

This illustration calls for two separate patterns which will be mailed to any address on receipt of 10c for each pattern in silver or stamps.

A PLEASING COMBINATION



Ladies' Waist 1544. Ladies' Skirt 1545

Ladies' waist pattern 1544 and Ladies' skirt pattern 1545 were used to produce this stylish effect. The waist is good for linen, batiste, madras, crepe, taffeta or serge. The fronts are full at the shoulders, and may be tucked, gathered, or, as illustrated, finished with smocking. At the center front two tucks in slot style conceal the closing. The sleeve has a new shaped cuff. The pattern for this waist is cut in six sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. It will require 2 1/8 yards of 44 inch material for a 36 inch size. The skirt is new and becoming and lends itself readily for development in any of this season's materials. It is finished at normal waistline, and has shaped tabs above a cluster of plaits that supply graceful fullness at the sides. Serge, taffeta, velvet, corduroy, gabardine, crepe, poplin or broadcloth are nice for this style. One could evolve a neat and stylish street or afternoon dress from the combination of this waist and skirt. In blue or green serge with skirt and waist trimming of matched satin, or in plaid taffeta or woolen with broad trimming, the effect would be smart and becoming. The skirt pattern is cut in six sizes: 22, 24, 26, 28, 30 and 32 inches waist measure. It requires 3 5/8 yards of 44 inch material for a 24 inch size, and measures 3 1/4 yards at the foot.

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East Jordan, Michigan

### WASHINGTON'S LOVE AFFAIRS.

Frequently a Wooer But Rarely a Successful One.

"The Young Man's Companion," a little volume from which the boy Washington learned writing, arithmetic, composition, and even surveying, contained this bit of poetical advice:

Young men, have evermore a special care

That womanish sturements prove not a snare.

Yet from the time when he was 15 till at the age of 27, he married the widow Custis, the future father of his country was seldom free from the meshes of just such snares, and if, peradventure, he escaped occasionally, it was only to be caught in the toils again in some new quarter, almost immediately. Like Shakespeare's "Viola," "he never told his love," so far as we have any knowledge, until he met the experienced and practical and very rich Mrs. Custis.

As already hinted, Washington's first affair of the heart of which there is any record was when he was about 15. The identity of the young woman has been lost to posterity, though some of the biographers have assumed that she was Betsy Fauntleroy, said to have been a great granddaughter of King Louis XIV. of France, the story being that one of the king's sons, by a left-handed connection, emigrated to Virginia, under the name *Enfant de l'RoI*, later corrupted into *Fauntleroy*, and ultimately became the father of Betsy's mother.

At the age of 16, when Washington first took up surveying as a profession, he visited Lord Fairfax, a

ministry, and of a peculiar sensibility to female charms, should have been so uniformly unsuccessful in his wooing, but Washington was yet to experience another rebuff, and from a young woman whose name has become more indissolubly associated with his in history than that of any other save the one who finally became his wife.

The young woman referred to was Mary Phillips, an immensely wealthy heiress and a member of one of the proudest of the ancient land-owning Dutch families of New York. She was two years older than Washington, and although most accounts agree that she was beautiful, it must be confessed that the only portrait of her in existence does not appear to fully verify the claim.

Washington met her when he was 24, at the residence of her father-in-law, Col. Beverly Robinson, in New York city.

Washington was at that time commander of the entire military force of the Virginia colony, in the French and Indian war, with the rank of major. He traveled to Boston on horseback, accompanied by two subordinate officers and two or three colored servants in livery. His newly-aroused ambition to join the king's army had already led him into considerable extravagance in dress, and he doubtless made a very striking figure during his visit at Col. Robinson's, where he met Miss Phillips.

Not only all the American colonies, but England as well, were ringing with the fame of his bravery and fine military judgment, displayed a few months before, when he saved the badly defeated army of Braddock from complete extermination, and it might have been supposed

marriage to Mrs. Custis and Miss Phillips's to Col. Morris took place about the same time.

Mrs. Morris and her husband adhered to the royalist cause in the revolution. Both were declared traitors by the government and their property was confiscated, and they fled to England, never to return.

A curious sequel was the fact that during the siege of New York by Washington he occupied the confiscated mansion of his former in-laws, which, later known as the Jumel mansion, is still—or was within a few years—to be seen in the suburbs of the city.

Washington may also have found occasion for the revival of tender memories afterward in his occupancy of a loghouse in Putnam County, where Mrs. Morris was accustomed to live during her annual visits to a large estate she owned there. Mary Phillips's children discovered 25 years after the confiscation of their parent's property, that they had legal rights to a portion of it, and they sold their claims for \$100,000 to the first John Jacob Astor, who found it a very profitable transaction, since he recovered \$500,000 from the State of New York in settlement of the claim.

Mary Phillips, who survived Washington 26 years, lies under a handsome monument in St. Saviour's church, York, England. She was a brunette, of commanding figure and elegant bearing, always a leader in society and a liberal entertainer.

She was austere and dictatorial, and much feared by her tenants and others in any way dependent upon her.

To his dying day Washington never ceased to be susceptible to the charms of pretty women, and during his two presidential terms the proudest belle of the so-called republican court was she who could win from the President some token of his admiration or special favor.

### George Washington's Teachers.

Rev. Jonathan Boucher, teacher of Mrs. George Washington's son, John Custis, says that George Washington had for his first teacher "a convict servant whom his father had bought for a schoolmaster." This convict was most probably one of a shipload of convicts brought by Augustine Washington (George Washington's father) from England in 1737. After the death of his father (April 12, 1743), George, who was then 11 years old, was sent to live with his half-brother at the old homestead of Wakefield, in Westmoreland County, where he was born. Two years later he returned to live with his mother, opposite Fredericksburg. It was then he became a pupil of Rev. James Marrye.

### Washington's Early Wealth.

Records of Fairfax County, Va., show that George Washington, at the age of 27, owned 50,000 acres of land, and in 1790 the Washington family had killed 150 hogs for their use.

### Hasty Harry.

Harry Grey played so hard and worked so fast that his people called him "Hasty Harry."

"See quickly, think quickly, act promptly," his father said, "and you may accomplish wonders."

Harry's home was on the bank of a deep river. Not far off lived two little boys, too young to swim or manage a boat. They often went out with Harry, who let Sam try to paddle.

One morning they found Harry's boat fastened to the wharf. In they jumped, and made it rock and splashed themselves with water. But all at once the boat broke away and floated out. Then came the steamer

whistle. She was coming swiftly down the river.

Harry and his sisters were coming down the path when they heard screams and cries for help. Hasty Harry saw—thought—and acted. Down he dashed, sprang from the wharf and swam rapidly to the boat. He scrambled in and paddled. The steamer was bearing down on them like a great monster. One moment more and they were lost!

No! One desperate effort and they were out of her course, and safe. Not one second too soon, for where they had been the big vessel plunged along, tossing the little craft like a cork on the water.

The steamer whistled, the passengers shouted: "Well done! Bravo! Hurrah! Hurrah!"

"Hasty Harry," his father whispered, under cover of the cheers, "you have lived up to your name today."

### Making Fake Pigeons.

The bird fancier took a young pigeon's beak between his finger and thumb. "If I was a pigeon faker," he said, "I'd make this beak curve downward more. Every day I'd bend it, this way, while it's young and soft, and when the bird would grow up it would have a beak of the correct shape. Before then, though, it would have passed through a lot of pain."

Pigeon fanciers are pretty numerous. They have tricks that will add \$25 and \$50 to a fine bird's value. A favorite trick is trimming. They cut out feathers of the wrong color, and with their scissors they manipulate certain markings till they get them into the pattern that is considered best. They dye the bird's feathers, too. This work needs skill, and a good recipe. Judges, being foxy, often touch a finely colored bird with acid, to see if the color is faded or not. So the dye, of course, must be acid-proof.

"Some men take young almond tumbler and increase their heads for a couple of hours each day in a wooden mold. This causes their heads to grow into the blunt, round shape that prize-winning almond tumbler's heads must have."

### The Outcome of Freedom.


One of the results of slavery in the United States is the creation of a people who are half white and half black. These people, since emancipation, have increased in number until now there are no less than two millions of them. This brings before us a problem of a mixed race. Some mulattoes will marry white women; others will marry mulattoes; another portion will be drawn toward their darker brethren; and this will bring about a gradual lightening of the darker American people. The day will come as predicted by a noted American author, when there will be a population in this country that will be neither white nor black, but American.—Rev. Harrison P. Anderson.

### He Succeeded

It is told that the first use of coffee by man was made by the prior of a convent. He was told by a goat-herd of the exciting effect of the berries when eaten by his goats, so he thought he would try them and see if he could not keep his monks awake during their devotions. He succeeded admirably and brought coffee into the way of earning its worldwide reputation.

Don't ask a truthful man for his honest opinion of you unless you are prepared for a jolt.

It is well enough to give credit where credit is due, but it is better to be paid in cash.



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Rich design and refined beauty in knives, forks, spoons and fancy serving pieces are not attributes of solid silverware alone. The skill born of long experience has produced in the famous 1847 ROGERS BROS. silver plate effects in pattern and design which make its name for beauty second only to its reputation for quality—"Silver Plate that Wears."

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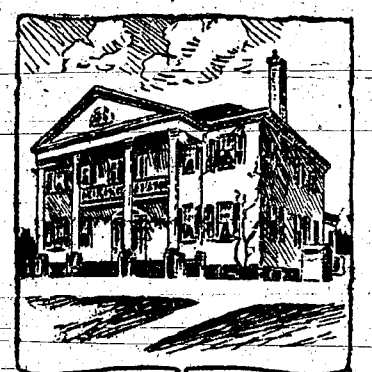
MOUNT VERNON BEFORE WASHINGTON'S MARRIAGE.

neighbor, by whom he was then employed. There he met Mary Cary, who belonged to the most exclusive aristocracy of the colony.

The affair with Miss Cary, begun when the boy was 16, appears to have been in some respects the most serious and lasting among the heart affairs of the young Washington. He kept up a sentimental correspondence with her for several years. Indeed, after his engagement to the widow Custis, he wrote Miss Cary a letter in which he confessed that her own "amiable beauties" and the recollection of a "thousand tender passages" were so firmly fixed in his heart that he could not obliterate them. He concluded by wishing that he was as happy as she professed to be at that time.

After his first campaign against the French and Indians, at the age of 21, Washington retired to Mt. Vernon, which he had recently inherited from his deceased elder brother. While keeping bachelor's hall here, for his mother was then living at Fredericksburg, he received a congratulatory letter from a brother officer, who therein felicitated him upon his happiness, assuming that he was "plunged in the midst of the delights afforded by the charms of Mrs. Nell," a woman of whom nothing but her name has been preserved.

It is curious that a young soldier, so gallant that at the age of 21 he had already attracted the admiration of King George II. and the British



MRS. ROGER MORRIS' MANSION.

that he would have been an attractive figure in the eyes of any young American woman.

But Washington's education at that period was far inferior to Lincoln's at the same age, and though he was of majestic stature and fairly good looking, it is probable that his taciturn disposition and natural diffidence and his lack of familiarity with the polite accomplishments cultivated by the officers of the British army, some of whom were already in the train of Mary Phillips, proved to his disadvantage in such an environment.

His diary kept during his stay at the Robinsons, contains a number of entries showing his assiduity in entertaining the ladies of the family while he was there.

Washington reached Boston in the last week of February, and remained here 10 days, expending here something like \$2,000 for new clothing of the richest description and of brilliant coloring, which may or may not have been designed to impress Miss Phillips on his return to New York. If they were so designed they evidently did not altogether fulfil their object for after staying a few days more with the Robinsons, Washington returned to Virginia.

He did not meet Miss Phillips again till some years after she had become Mrs. Morris. Washington's



# MR. FIRE WALKER TRAPPED AT LAST

BASALT ROCKS, OVER WHICH TAHIITIANS PRANCE, ARE POOR CONDUCTORS OF HEAT

## GAMBOL DOES NOT CAUSE PAIN

New York Museum Takes Heavy Fall Out of "Holy Men" With Its Expose.

New York.—If this yarn should by any chance be read around some Tahitian fireside, the firewalking industry in the South Sea Islands, which is one of the hottest drawing cards the holy men have for amassing coconuts will suffer a severe slump. In fact, considering the ardent temperament of the average Tahitian, the flames of wrath which will attend the expose will make the fire walkers' bonfire look like a smudge pot.

For this is a revelation of why smoke colored, shiny skinned gentlemen, arrayed in fibre skirts and some beads about the neck, can lead yodeling believers over a holy fire without incineration. The statistics or whatever the facts are called which burst fond illusions, have been garnered by the American Museum of Natural History, and are set forth in the South Sea Island hall there, with chocolate colored figures and much printed matter, to make them plain to all who pass by.

The Tahitian fire walker earns a comfortable living and an enormous amount of veneration through an ability to lead his devoted congregation in synchopated prayer at the edge of a burning chasm. The long trench in which the flame spurts up is piled with rocks of porous basalt.

Just before the hurried journey over the flaming pit begins, an attendant carries for the stone with large leaves. Then the priest, wearing a crown of flowers on his head and a large bunch of "ti" (*Dracaena terminalis*), which are, say the museum experts) in his hands, walks around the fire. He converses at length and with some eloquence with his friends, the supernaturals, who are going to cool the flames. Then after cocking an experienced eye at the basalt, he walks over the center ridge of stone above the fire, and his disciples very unhappy in mind and bare of feet, follow him. They all walk back and forth several times, and, of course, everybody is deeply impressed.

The museum after expatiating upon the dramatic effects of this hot coal gambol, explains that basalt rock, being extremely porous, is a poor conductor of heat. Although the bottom of the rock may be pink with fire, the top is merely hot, and has no effect upon the toughened sole of the natives' feet.

There is a figure of a fire walker modeled after one who belongs to the union in the museum exhibit and there are also figures of a kava-brewer, a roof maker, a coconut grater and a firemaker. The models are arranged to show the daily life of the Tahitians and to explode their cherished belief in that remunerative religious rite, the fiery hesitation.

## CHILD SMOTHERERS IN COTTON

Little Girl Digs Hole In Pile and Tumbles In.

Guthrie, Okla.—The 9 year old daughter of Paul Ritchie, a farmer living near Prague, 30 miles west of here, was drowned in a pile of cotton in her father's field.

When the little girl was missed her parents started out to search for her. Her father finally saw her shoes on top of the huge mound of cotton, and closer examination disclosed her body buried, head first, in the fluffy mass. She evidently had dug a hole in the pile and then accidentally fallen into it, the loose cotton packing about her and smothering her.

## ALFALFA FIELD 33 YEARS OLD

Kansas Growth Still In Thriving Condition

Topeka, Kan.—C. Mohler, secretary of the Kansas Board of Agriculture, has found fields of alfalfa sown 30 years ago still growing and producing good crops. He just has sent a notice to the 1,600 correspondents of the board, asking them to report the earliest sowing and the oldest fields of alfalfa in their communities.

"The oldest fields reported are in Hamilton and Rooks counties," Mr. Mohler said. "One Hamilton county field is 33 years old, and there is one in Hamilton and one in Rooks that are 32 years old and the owner says both are doing well."

## FOXES ARE FAMILIES PETS.

They're Tame and Quiet Save When Strangers Appear.

Williamsport, Pa.—While most families make pets of cats and dogs, the family of Clyde Hartman of Warrensville, make an exception to this rule, by having three small foxes as pets. The animals are tame and quiet in the hands of Mrs. Hartman, but when being approached by strangers they become as wild as their brothers and sisters in the forests. The foxes were caught when very young by Hartman.

# \$10,000 GRIP KICKED AROUND

OWNER LOST IT FROM AUTO AND BAG WAS STORED IN HOTEL CLOSET

## OWNER FOUND IT ONLY BY CHANCE

Heard of Farmer Who Picked Up Old Case and Then Traced It.

Geneseo, Kas.—An old grip lost from a motor car while the owner was driving in Rice county, handled by a dozen persons and finally thrown into a dark closet in the Pacific Hotel here to await the call of its owner, has been restored to L. C. Rippey. He opened it in the presence of the landlady, who had kept it for him, the porter, who had thrown it into the rubbish heap, and the clerk, who had stumbled and fell over it before it was stored away. The eyes of the witnesses opened wide when they saw that the old grip was full of currency, the contents totaling more than \$10,000. Rippey breathed a sigh of relief, turned to the man who had accompanied him and said:

"Now I'll pay you the rest of that farm before I lose it again."

Rippey lives at Ellis. He was to close the deal for a farm the afternoon he took the grip with him. The owner wanted the price in cash, refusing to take a check. So Rippey, fearing robbery, put the money in the worst worn grip he had, threw it into the back end of the car and left town. When he reached the farm the grip and \$10,000 was missing. He immediately retraced the route, but the grip was gone.

Instead of reporting the matter to the police Rippey remained silent, believing he would have a better chance to recover his money. He made no inquiries.

The grip was found by a farmer, who took it to the hotel to await the call of its owner. It lay in a corner of the little office, three days and nights—then was put in the store-room, and when that place became crowded was thrown into an unused closet, where it lay until Rippey called for it.

Meanwhile Rippey met the farmer who found the grip and was told of it. He drove to the hotel, and describing the old suit case, asked if it still was there. The porter remembered it and the Ellis man soon was in possession of the price of the farm he had bought.

Rippey gave Mrs. W. O. Wilson, the landlady, \$5 as storage charges on the small fortune.

## KISS DOES NOT MEAN BETROTHAL

Opinion Given in Breach of Promise Suit of Spinster Against Los Angeles Doctor.

Los Angeles, Cal.—The meaning of a kiss—a real kiss and kisses on paper—was the determining factor in the \$10,000 breach of promise suit brought by Miss Nellie C. May, a neat appearing spinster, against Dr. J. H. Johnson a physician 15 years her senior which was tried before Judge Taft.

The court didn't undertake to pass judicially on "what is a kiss" or "why is a kiss?" as defined by the two from the witness stand, but he did not find that a kiss, even when delivered and received by those who should be well past the age of flirtation does not necessarily mean the sealing of a marriage vow, and is not to be taken ipso facto, as evidence that a marriage vow exists. So he decided the case against Miss May.

Miss May said there had been an engagement. The doctor denied it. She said he had proposed and repeated the proposal many times for he had kissed her and sent her kisses by letter when he was on a trip in the Orient. "What did you mean by sending kisses to a woman if you did not intend to marry her?" asked Attorney Edward Dietrich, for Miss May. "Didn't you ever kiss a girl you did not intend to marry?" was the doctor's reply. "To me kisses are kisses, nothing more, and kisses on paper mean less. A kiss is a kiss—that's all."

## SLAYS GRAY WOLF WITH CLUB

Animal Becomes Entangled In Woven Wire Fence.

Winston, Mo.—"A gun! My kingdom for a gun!" was the earnest wish of Robert Calhoun of near this place, a few days ago, when he saw a large gray wolf running across a pasture and quite near him.

While Calhoun was regretting that he was unarmed, he saw the animal make a spring to clear the fence. And then the strange thing happened. In stead of jumping the fence the wolf landed across it and became entangled in the woven wire. As it vainly struggled to extricate itself, Calhoun seized a club from the roadway, rushed upon the animal and soon dispatched it.

## Built Wall at 84.

Centralia, Kas.—If a man is as old as he feels Eli Avery must be about 40 years younger than the 84 years the family Bible says he is. He has built a cement retaining wall 80 feet long and 4 feet high around his residence property at Goff.

## CHARLEVOIX COUNTY HERALD

G. A. Liek, Publisher

ONE DOLLAR PER YEAR

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

## HOW DEATH LURKS IN TEETH

It is an unrefuted fact that the general health depends largely upon the condition of the teeth and oval cavity. Almost any systemic disorder, such as stomach and intestinal trouble, anemia and other blood disorders, diseases of the joints, heart and nerve affections, neuritis and neuralgia can arise from their neglect. Even appendicitis, impaired mentality, insomnia, melancholia and seizures simulating epilepsy have been traceable to periculous root abscesses of the teeth which were not revealed by local pain, did not respond to pressure, the application of heat or cold and in most instances were absolutely unsuspected by the sufferer. These maladies, as Dr. Alonzo Milton Nodine, an eminent dental surgeon, says, "have been relieved and frequently cured when the dentist has discovered root abscesses, persistent irritation in or about the teeth and jaws, or removed impacted teeth and hidden roots and unhygienic and irritating crowns, bridge work, plates and fillings and corrected warped and contracted dental arches."

And how, one asks can an abscess at the root of a tooth cause disorders in remote parts of the body? Generally, alveolar abscesses, as these concealed root abscesses are called, are formed on teeth which have been treated by the dentist. Usually the root canal has not been thoroughly filled, possibly due to a crooked root, from which it was impossible to extract all of the dead nerve, the remaining portion of which in a short time decays. There being no outlet, the pus works inward through the root of the tooth; an abscess forms at the apex in the bone tissue in which the teeth are set, and in advanced cases causes necrosis, or destruction of the bone tissue.

If the abscess causes no pain and is not otherwise suspected it is only discoverable by means of the X-ray. Taking a roentgenogram of the teeth is a simple matter and is not accompanied with pain or any disagreeable feeling, and the picture is taken in about five seconds.

The work of dental surgeons of the American Red Cross in the great war abroad has attracted world wide attention. Wounded soldiers brought to the American hospitals recovered more quickly and were better able to resume their places in the ranks than those treated by any other branch of medical service. Investigation revealed that this was attributable to the fact that every wounded soldier was not only treated for his injury but was also given a thorough dental examination and treatment when necessary. Hundreds of men were brought from the trenches suffering from no wounds but from rheumatism, heart trouble, nervous shock, general debility and other affections. A very large percentage of these were cured by treatment of the teeth.

Any number of instances with varying symptoms could be given but these are sufficient to show the nature and extent of disturbances caused by an unsuspected condition of the teeth. This does not imply, however, that all systemic disorders which do not respond to medical treatment are directly traceable to an unhealthy condition of the oral cavity, but in the opinion of F. K. Ream, M. D., D. D. S., of New York, shows conclusively the value of cooperation between physician and dentist.—From Leslies.

## BRIEF DECISIONS

Some people are as stubborn as wheel barrows—you have to push when you want them to go forward and pull when you wish them to follow.

Getting married is the making or unmaking of a man—it either takes the conceit out of him or puts more in him.

There is always a great deal to be said on both sides of a question, which hasn't anything to do with either side. In the beginning woman was satisfied with one bone from man, but now she wants all his earnings.

A man will have to do more than blow his own horn if he wants to make himself heard in this world. The man who laughs at trouble may not laugh best, but he is the last to laugh all right.

The fool is out for all he can get out of life; the wise man is in for all he can put into it.

A woman is never quite sure that a man loves her if she is in love with him herself.

Watch your step when putting your best foot forward.—From Judge.

## HAY RICK PHILOSOPHY

No man is a complete failure who succeeds in making a perfect fool of himself.

A woman is sometimes known by the dogs she keeps. Worry is all right, but don't make it a creed.

Genius consists in a talent for matching good.

Misery loves company, but it is usually of the unrequited sort.

To the pessimist life is just another name for the morning after.

Envy is the by-product of success.—From Judge.

## BUSINESS IS BASED ON CONFIDENCE

A Theory Put Into Practice by Well Known Business Man



J. C. BRADY

"A druggist has many opportunities to make lasting friends of his customers," said Mr. J. C. Brady, popular Rexall Pharmacist of Fall River, Mass. "The very nature of his business draws their confidence for little helpful suggestions on the matter of health. Many people have thanked me for recommending Rexall Orderlies as the best relief for constipation and its resultant ills. Put up in dainty candy tablet form, they are pleasant to the taste and make an ideal laxative for the home—for men, women and children alike."

We have the exclusive selling rights for this great laxative.

W. C. SPRING DRUG CO. THE REXALL STORE

## WHAT CHILDREN NEED NOW

In spite of the best care mothers can give them this weather brings sickness to many children. Mrs. T. Neureuer, Eau Claire, Wis., writes: "Foley's Honey and Tar cured my boy of a severe attack of croup after other remedies had failed. It is a wonderful remedy for coughs, colds, croup and whooping cough." It stops lagrippe coughs.—Hite's Drug Store.

## FORESTRY NOTES

Ambushes grow better when planted in trenches.

Weeping willows should be set out in tiers. Hall trees bear more heavily in the fall, if planted near the front door where the children can get at them readily.

The White House lawn recently removed its pines and set out spruces. In other words pining has given way to sprucing up.

"Great oaks from little acorns grow" but they are nothing to the great aches that grow from little toe corns.

Most of the chestnuts are dying out from a pest, but the mother-in-law joke still springs occasionally, from another kind of pest.

It is considered a highly appropriate thing to plant rows of nut trees about insane asylums.

Family trees must be planted deeply, but shoe trees grow just as well if merely heeled in.

Family trees of wealthy people are usually recognizable by the lopping off of the lower branches.

A well-kept avenue of birches is considered correct for the approach to a school house.—From Judge.

## GETTING ON

When our sixteen year old boy takes you out on the tennis court and puts it all over you;

When the street urchin on roller skates bowls you over on the avenue and stops to assist you to rise with a "Sorry Old Top!"

When you receive that notice from the secretary that your college class will hold its twenty-fifth anniversary.

When your daughter's son is said to resemble his grandfather;

When you are content to sit in the tenth row instead of the first at the Musical Comedy;

When your tailor suggests that the pained suiting you have selected is just a bit youthful for you;

When you stop reminding people of your birthday;

When your first sweetheart presents you to her third husband;

When you overhear your partners who entered your employ as boys, remark that your business methods are "old-timey"—then you say to yourself, "Yes, I'm getting on!"—From Judge.

## County Normal Notes.

The normal class have been busy making valentines for the training room pupils. They used some very original designs. The normal class were invited over to the training room for a valentine box. A short sketch of St. Valentine's life was given and also a recipe for making valentines.

Miss Whiting surprised the class Monday with a treat of a box of home made candy, the occasion being the fourteenth of February.

Hazel Richardson supplied in the eighth grade room last Monday afternoon, Mr. Pierce being ill.

Ward Gennett and Fred Gregory sent an interesting letter to Miss Himes and the class. They are attending Knox College, at Galesburg, Ill. They are working their way thru college and are playing in the college band. Fred Gregory played on the football team and took trips to Chicago and St. Louis with the team. They are enjoying their work very much. They inquired about the school garden which they helped with last year. They sent their best wishes to the class of 1916. We are always glad to hear from former normal students and of their work. It is an inspiration and an encouragement to us.

The class of 1916 wish to entertain the Alumni Thursday afternoon, February 17, at 4:30. We will be glad to see all Alumni, who attend the Institute at this time.

Sadie Donlevy has been absent for some time from school on account of illness.

## NOW FEELS ENTIRELY WELL

A. H. Francis, Zenith, Kas., writes: "I had a severe pain in my back and could hardly move. I took about two-thirds of a 50c box of Foley Kidney Pills and now feel entirely well." Middle-aged and older men and women find these safe pills relieve sleep disturbing bladder ailments.—Hite's Drug Store.

## EAST JORDAN LUMBER CO. STORE



We take pleasure in announcing to the ladies that we now are stocked with a complete line of the celebrated

# Bridal Cottons

including

- Muslins
- Nainsooks
- Longcloths
- Sheetings
- Cambrics
- Tubings
- India Linens
- Dress Goods

We now have in stock a beautiful line of

## NEW MUSLIN UNDERWEAR

and invite the ladies to call and inspect same.



# East Jordan Lumber Co.



# Briefs of the Week

Dr. W. H. Parks was called to Grand Rapids this week by the illness of his brother-in-law.

The Golden Rule Club were entertained at the farm home of Mrs. J. E. Chew, Wednesday afternoon.

The schools were closed Thursday and Friday of this week on account of the Teachers Institute at Charlevoix.

R. O. Bisbee returned home Monday from St. Louis, Mich., where he was called last week by the illness of his father.

Mrs. Thomas Fulton returned to her home at Medicine Hat, Alberta, Friday, after a visit at the home of Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Mollard.

L. G. Balch was called to Shepard, Mich., Friday, by the serious illness of his father. Mrs. Balch will leave this Saturday for Shepard.

The February meeting of the Mother's and Teacher's Club will be held at the Central school next Thursday afternoon. All ladies interested in the schools are urged to attend.

The Improvement Club met at the home of Mrs. E. N. Clink on Tuesday afternoon. A review of the life and work of Sir Walter Scott was given by Mrs. Roy Webster. It was greatly enjoyed by all present.

Matthew Thurson, of Wilson township, passed away on Monday last, the cause of his death being apoplexy. He being 49 years of age. The funeral services were held from the Lutheran church Thursday afternoon.

"Grandma" Ashley, mother of E. A. Ashley, passed away at the home of her son in this city Friday noon, after an illness of several years duration. Her husband died a number of years ago and she has made her home with her only child—Mr. Ashley—for several years. At this writing funeral arrangements have not as yet been made.

Efforts are being made by our business-men to resurrect the old East Jordan and South Arm Board of Trade which has been in a comatose state for several years. A live organization of business men, backed by live business men, is necessary to the development of any municipality, large or small, and it is to be sincerely hoped that such a progressive body may be organized in our city in the near future.

The East Jordan postoffice went under new management this week when retiring postmaster Harry E. Potter turned over the office to his successor, Charles Hudkins. Mr. Hudkins has been one of Wilson townships' successful farmers for nearly a quarter of a century, and although a life-long democrat in hostile country, has held several offices of importance in his precinct. Mr. Hudkins is now in charge of the postoffice, with his daughter, Miss Florine, as assistant. Retiring Postmaster Potter and his assistant, Miss Agnes Green, will remain for a week or so to school the new-comers in the work of the office.

Mayor A. E. Cross has started the political ball of East Jordan for 1916 a rolling by announcing his candidacy for renomination and election to the office he has creditably filled the past three years. Mayor Cross, as a member of East Jordan's administrative body, has used the same good, common-sense business methods in dealing with matters pertaining to our city as he would in his private affairs, and any municipality is fortunate in having such men as public servants. At this writing there has been no other announcements handed us for publication, but we believe there will be other candidates for the office.

The Charlevoix County Agricultural Ass'n held their annual meeting in this city, Thursday. Practically all of the Board of Directors were in attendance as was also a committee from the Board of Supervisors consisting of Messrs Meech, Miller and Bailey. Owing to the death of Herbert L. Olney, Mr. Hipp, as vice president, succeeded Mr. Olney to the presidency and Robert Price was appointed Vice Pres. and Marshal. Ira Olney was elected a director to succeed his father, and Fred Meech of Charlevoix was elected director to succeed Mr. Ingalls who resigned. One of the most important things done at the meeting was the voluntary retirement of R. A. Brintnall as Secretary, and the election of Att'y D. L. Wilson to the office. Mr. Brintnall has served the Association long and faithfully and it is a matter of regret that he decided to withdraw from the work. Mr. Wilson is an able man for this position, and has the timber for a good secretary. Plans for the coming meeting of the Fair will be announced later.

The W. C. T. U. elected the following officers for the ensuing year at their meeting Friday afternoon:—

President—Mrs. E. E. Hall  
Secretary—Mrs. R. Gleason  
Treasurer—Mrs. Rose Painter  
Financial Sec'y—Mrs. Bradford.

J. H. Millford is at Lansing on business this week.

W. Livingston returned home from Acme, Wednesday.

Dan Conway returned home from Flint, Wednesday.

Samuel Whiteford is reported as quite ill at present.

Miss Ella Kitsman arrived from Standish, this week.

Mrs. I. Livingston was a Traverse City visitor this week.

Jack McArthur of Grand Rapids is in the city visiting friends.

Herman Goodman made a business trip to Petoskey this week.

B. E. Waterman was a business visitor at Gaylord, this week.

Miss Louise Winkler is at the Petoskey Sanitarium taking treatment.

Mrs. James Cummins left Monday on a business trip to Pewaukee, Wis.

Miss Emma E. Severance was a business visitor at Boyne City this week.

Miss Norma Johnson is home for a visit with her parents, over Sunday.

Clarence Reinhart left Saturday last for Detroit where he has employment.

Mrs. John Hawkins entertained a few of her friends at supper Thursday evening.

Leonard Dudley and family now occupy the Bisnett residence on the West Side.

The L. D. S. Ladies Aid met with Mrs. John Whiteford, Thursday afternoon.

Rev. John Clemens and family were at Bellaire and Traverse City visitors on Monday.

Mrs. Henry Smith and children of Deward is visiting friends in the city this week.

Mrs. M. S. Berger entertained the Sewing Club at her home Thursday afternoon.

Mrs. John O'Connor of Boyne Falls is guest at the home of her sister, Mrs. J. H. Millford.

W. M. Dunlop of Boyne City is guest at the home of his daughter, Mrs. Herman Goodman.

Alonzo Cummings returned to Traverse City, Monday, after spending a few days here.

Miss Rose Gagnon returned from Detroit, Wednesday, after a weeks visit with relatives.

Mrs. Henry Winters entertained a few of her friends with a quilting bee, Thursday afternoon.

Clarence Miller of Clarion was guest at the home of Mr. and Mrs. B. E. Waterman, this week.

Mrs. Frank Godfrey of Jackson was called here this week by the illness of her mother, Mrs. Hiatt.

Chris. Vanderventer and C. G. Isaman are working for the East Jordan Lumber Company at Chestonia.

Mesdames C. H. Fry and R. A. Risk entertained a party of friends with a Valentine party, Monday evening.

Mrs. Brewster returned to her home at Old Mission, Thursday, after spending a few days with Miss Belle Roy.

Mr. and Mrs. Howard Porter entertained a party of their friends at a six o'clock dinner Wednesday evening.

M. E. Ashley & Co's Store will be closed for a day or so, owing to the death of Mr. Ashley's mother, Friday.

Mrs. Chas. Johnson and children left Friday for Gladstone for a two weeks visit with her sister, Mrs. Frank Potter.

Mrs. Geo. Ramsey and children returned home from Central Lake, Thursday, after several days visit with relatives.

Mrs. G. W. Crouter returned to her home at Charlevoix today after a two weeks visit with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. E. Smatts.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Ribble returned home from Leland, Monday, where they were called last week by the serious illness of the former's father.

Mrs. J. H. Daley returned to her home at Battle Creek, Monday. She was accompanied by her sister, Mrs. Geo. Barkmeier, whose home is at San Jose, Ill.

Mesdames R. O. Biabee and W. L. Peck with their Sunday School classes enjoyed a sleighride out to Camp 7 last Saturday. Rev. Sidebotham and Mr. Joyn accompanied them.

Ray Fox is absent from his duties as R. F. D. carrier No. 5 for a short time and leaves this Saturday morning for a trip to Grand Rapids. Charles Carson is substituting on the route.

The M. E. Ladies Aid will be entertained by Mrs. S. L. Gregory at the home of Mrs. Roy Gregory on State St. Wednesday afternoon, Feb. 23rd. All members please attend. Visitors welcome.

The Pythian Sisters gave a Valentine party at the Armory, Monday evening. The evening was spent in playing cards and refreshments were served. There were sixty-two guests present. They report a very enjoyable evening.

Harry Simmons is slowly improving. H. H. Cummings was a business visitor to Detroit, this week.

Mrs. Frank Porter is receiving a visit from her sister of Sutton's Bay.

Catholic Ladies' bake-sale Saturday at Miss Kneale's Millinery Parlors.

Mr. and Mrs. W. P. Porter returned home from Oberlin, Ohio, Tuesday.

Editor R. L. Lorraine and son of Bellaire, were in the city, first of the week.

Mrs. Johnson of Green River visited her daughter, Mrs. R. N. Spence this week.

The Lady Maccabees' will meet with Mrs. C. A. Brabant, on the west side, Monday, Feb. 21st.

Frank Washburn of Provost, Alberta, was guest at the home of Mr. and Mrs. E. Smatts, on Wednesday.

Mrs. S. Kearney of Frederic visited her brother, Wm. Bodrie and family from Friday until Monday.

Found—Silver Watch. Owner may secure same by calling at The Herald office and paying for this notice.

Miss Abbie Reibason of South Boardman was guest at the home of her sister, Mrs. Geo. LaValley, this week.

Mrs. Walter Hunsberger returned home from Manistee Wednesday, after a two weeks visit with her daughter, Mrs. Perry Snook.

Mrs. Henry Cummings returned home from Mancelona, Thursday, after a few days visit with her sister, Mrs. W. W. Simmonson.

Misses Angell, Yost and Read, teachers in the Central Lake schools are visiting Misses Campbell and Drescher at the home of Mrs. Sherman.

RAGS WANTED—The Herald will pay any reasonable price for between 25 and 50 pounds of CLEAN COTTON RAGS—no wool—suitable for printing office purposes.

The Mystic Workers of the World, Lodge 882, will have their installation of officers on Saturday night, Feb. 26. Each member to invite one friend. Free supper will be served.

TO THE LADIES—A representative of the Palmer Garment manufacturers will be at our store next Monday, Feb. 21st, with a complete showing of Spring Styles in Ladies Garments. We invite you to call and inspect this beautiful showing of the very latest styles in women's wear.—EAST JORDAN LUMBER CO. STORE.

H. Rosenthal, at "The Leader," this week received probably the largest single consignment of shoes ever brought into East Jordan. It consisted approximately of two thousand pairs of shoes of the Endicott Johnson make, and came directly from their factory at Endicott, N. Y.

That fire is the respecter of no person, time or place was demonstrated a few days ago when the big extension ladder of the Essexville fire department was destroyed in the fire station of that village from a fire starting from a defective chimney flue. Chief Mel-drum borrowed ladders from Bay City to use until new ones can be shipped to replace those destroyed.

The State Fire Marshal the past few months has received many complaints regarding smoking in garages. Smoking is a very dangerous practice in a garage under any and all circumstances and must be strictly prohibited. A lighted cigar or cigarette or a spark from a pipe in a garage where many gallons of gasoline are stored in machines may cause the loss of human lives and thousands of dollars of valuable property. The proprietor of each and every garage in Michigan should at once post "NO SMOKING" signs in and about the building and should eject customer or employee violating the regulation.

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.

For Sale or Trade—My residence on the West Side, consisting of a large corner lot, good six-room dwelling, and a barn. Will trade for team or stock. Charles Sweet, Route 2, East Jordan.

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.

THE WEEK IN HISTORY

Monday, Feb. 1.—Valentines are invented by Pope Gregory, 1305.

Tuesday, Feb. 15.—Charlamagne declares himself in favor of woman's suffrage, 1310.

Wednesday, Feb. 16.—Betsy Ross refuses to wear the new fur-topped boots, 1770.

Thursday, Feb. 17.—Sebastian Cabot learns to dance the Maxixe, 1500.

Friday, Feb. 18.—Peter the Great sends souvenir postcards to his friends upon his birthday, 1010.

Saturday, Feb. 19.—Mary, Queen of Scots, is heard calling Rizzio a "nut-wagon," 1654.

Sunday, Feb. 20.—Lillian Russell makes her debut in Chicago, 1492.

## Presbyterian Church Notes

Robert S. Sidebotham, Pastor.

Sunday, Feb. 20th, 1916.

10:30 a. m. "Guarded from Stumbling."

11:45 a. m. Sunday School.

6:15 p. m. Christian Endeavor.

7:00 p. m. "Whose Son is Christ?"

Thursday at 7:30 p. m.—Prayer Meeting. The study passage is, "Lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil."

The Missionary Society has elected the following officers for the coming year:—Pres. Mrs. J. Jamison; 1st Vice Pres. Mrs. W. F. Empey; 2nd Vice Pres. Mrs. D. H. Fitch; Sec'y, Mrs. A. L. Hilliard; Ass't Sec'y, Mrs. F. Bretz; Sec'y of Literature, Mrs. C. L. Lorraine; Treas., Mrs. G. J. Zerwekh.

Friday, February 25th

First Methodist Episcopal Church

Rev. John Clemens, Pastor.

Sunday, Feb. 20th.

10:30 a. m. "The Fountain of Life."

11:45 a. m. Sunday School.

6:00 p. m. Epworth League. Topic—"The Tragedy of Indifference," Leadership, Miss Hazel Cummins.

7:00 p. m. "A Signal Defeat and It's Cause."

Prayer Meeting Thursday at 7:30 p. m.

St. Joseph's Church

Rev. Timothy Kroboth.

Sunday, Feb. 20th.

8:00 a. m. Low mass. Holy-Communion for the Ladies Altar Society, Benediction.

On Friday afternoon the Ladies Altar Society will meet at the home of Mrs. Joseph Nachazel.

ECHO BRIEFS

The Tax Collector for Echo Twp. in making his annual calls is finding the farmers still suffering from the frost of last August.

Thos. Bartholomew is training a four year old colt these days, which he bought from Jacob Wagbo to replace the one he lost a short time ago.

Miss Ruby Robinson is attending the Teachers Institute at Bellaire this week and will go on to her home in Elk Rapids to visit her parents over Sunday, returning Monday.

The party of Feb. 8, held at the home of Mrs. Mary Bartholomew was quite well attended in spite of the storm, about twenty-five being present, the event was in honor of Miss Gladys Thompsons sixteenth birthday.

Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Murray made a business trip to Scott Bartholomews one day last week.

Mr. and Mrs. James Murray visited at John Carneys on Tuesday.

CUT THIS OUT—IT IS WORTH MONEY

DON'T MISS THIS. Cut out this slip, enclose with 5c 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 lagrippe, coughs, colds and croup, Foley Kidney Pills, and Foley Cathartic Tablets.—Hite's Drug Store.

Notice to Ward Committees and Prospective Candidates for Nomination to City Offices.

I would respectfully call your attention to Act No. 270 of the public acts of 1915, relative to elections, which provides that all caucuses and nominating conventions shall be held at least twenty days prior to the regular election. Also that the ballots for any general or primary election, shall be on file with the county or city clerk, as the case may be, at least twelve days prior to said election. This means that all nominating petitions must be filed with the city clerk not later than Saturday, Feb. 26th, 1916, which will give the printer two days in which to prepare the ballots.

Otis J. Smith, City Clerk.

THIS MAY INTEREST YOU

If you suffer with pains in your back or side, stiff and sore muscles or joints, or rheumatic aches, or have symptoms of kidney trouble such as puffy swellings under the eyes or sleep disturbing bladder ailments, you should know that Foley Kidney Pills have benefited thousands in like condition.—Hite's Drug Store.

The Highest Market Price—

Paid for Hides, Furs, Pelts, Wool and Junk.

Scrap Iron—bring it to us on Saturdays.

HARRY KLING, East Jordan.

"What we must do in America is not to attack our judges but to educate them." Mr. Brandeis is quoted as saying. Are the justices of the Supreme Court in for a little private tutoring of the Brandeis brand?

Evidently President Wilson is not too proud to fight for a renomination.

## Temple Theatre

PARAMOUNT PICTURE PROGRAM

Tuesday, February 22.

"AFTER FIVE" A COMEDY SUCCESS

On the evening of Washington's Birthday the Temple Theatre will offer Edward Abeles in a picturization of the unique comedy success—"After Five," by Wm. C. and Cecil B. DeMille.

Friday, February 25th

Mary Pickford in the Romantic Play, "Mistress Nell"

"Mistress Nell" is considered the greatest heroine of historic and romantic drama, and is personified by Mary Pickford in a character of delightful femininity combined with the dramatic force inherent in all the work of this gifted star.

The play is laid in the times of King Charles II, of England, and is dominated by the heroism and gallantry that marked that brilliant period. Yet in all the realm, and of all the many brave and bold cavaliers and knights, none surpass, in daring and loyalty, Mistress Nell herself. How she saves the king first from the machinations of his political enemies, and later his life itself, and how she ultimately wins his heart and love, are picturesquely, dramatically, and often tensely, depicted. The scene in which she overhears the plot against the king's life, and is simultaneously terrified, enraged and ennobled to make the utmost sacrifice to save her sovereign's life, present Mary Pickford at her inimitable best. All who know how skilfully she can interpret two or more distinct emotions at the same time will appreciate the true charm of this scene and its unusual dramatic appeal.

The subject is beautifully costumed and the settings faithfully illustrate the imposing environment of the period.

In the cast supporting Mary Pickford are Owen Moore, as King Charles II; Arthur Hoops, as the Duke of Buckingham; Ruby Hoffman, as Louise, Duchess of Portsmouth; Amelia Rose, as Orange Moll, and other popular photo-players in the minor roles.

AN OLD TIMER

If our efficiency crusade keeps on what is to become of the old fashioned, easy going farmer? Not the soil robber, wasteful feeder and implement destroyer—it's time for him to pass—but the old time comfortable farmer, the man who didn't worry about what an old horse ate or a few extra roosters plucked up. Efficiency demands that expenses be pared down to the quick, that every thing be kept running at the highest speed, that no time of men or of horses be wasted, and all that. It seems to demand that every farm be run as a factory, to make the most possible money. It has no use for the owner of a farm who is content to make a good living and doesn't expect or want much more. Speed up, economize, sell or destroy the ineffectives, we must make money or life's a fizzle! We have no objection to efficiency in agriculture or anything else, but still the world will be poorer when the men who are not in great haste to be rich are no more. When the faithful servant is neglected in old age because he can't work, when the struggle for more dollars supersedes contentment with fewer dollars. There's something fine about the old time farmer of broad acres and liberal ways even if he is not a model of business efficiency.—National Stockman and Farmer.

Argentine shipments of wool to the United States are increasing at a great rate under the provisions of the Democratic tariff law. From October 1 to December 23, 1915, 31,396 bales were shipped to this country, compared with 3,317 bales for the same period in 1914, both periods being under the Democratic tariff law, which placed wool on the free list. This is an increase of 846 per cent.

Wilson's latest somersault lands him in a position favoring a tariff commission. It is to be, of course, "non-partisan and scientific." In view of the manner in which Wilson made his appointments to the Federal Reserve Board and the Federal Trade Commission, we suggest that wisdom on his part would demand that the tariff commission bill should be framed so as to provide, indefinite terms, for the appointment of an equal number of Republicans and Democrats in its membership.

Secretary of the Treasury McAdoo has secured an additional and emergency appropriation of \$50,000 for expenditure before July 1, in the rural sanitation work of the Bureau of Health. If there are any deserving Democrats who are doctors, there won't be any difficulty in spending the money.

That our export trade in cotton goods to China has dropped to one-third of what it has been, while that of Japan has increased nearly nine times, as shown in a report of Ralph Odell, of the Department of Commerce, will surprise nobody who takes into consideration the fact that the Japanese wage scale is about one twelfth that paid in American mills, and the success which has attended the efforts of Japan in imitating American-made goods. The loss of trade is bad enough, but another thing the American manufacturers have to face is the prospect that the present huge expansion of the cotton cloth industry in Japan may result in her getting into our domestic market and put the home producers out of business, unless adequate protection is afforded the industry here. If Japan can make prices agreeable to the Chinese there is no reason why, under a Democratic tariff law, she can not invade the American market.

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# SALES IF KIDNEYS OR BLADDER BOTHER

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

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

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

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

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

# VIRGINIA GIRL

Gained 15 Pounds By Taking Vinol.

Norfolk, Va.—"I suffered from nervousness, had no appetite and was very thin. Nothing I took seemed to help me until one day a friend told me about Vinol. I have now taken six bottles and have gained fifteen pounds; have a good appetite and can eat anything."—MARTIE DENNING, Norfolk, Va.

Vinol is a delicious cod liver and iron tonic without oil, a constitutional remedy which creates an appetite, aids digestion and makes pure healthy blood. Try it on our guarantee.

W. C. Spring Drug Co.

# BOLTS WANTED.

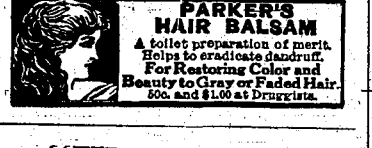
We want to buy a few hundred cords of four-foot bolts in hemlock, spruce, pine and balsam, 6" and up in diameter, smooth, straight stock, all cut 48" long. Will buy same delivered on car on E. J. & S. R. R. or in our yard. EAST JORDAN, CABINET CO.

# CITROLAX

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

# AFTER LAGRIPPE—WHAT?

F. G. Prevot, Bedford, Ind., writes: "An attack of lagrippe left me with a severe cough. I tried everything. I got so thin it looked as if I never would get well. Finally, two bottles of Foley's Honey and Tar cured me. I am now well and back to my normal weight." A reliable remedy for coughs, colds, croup.—Hite's Drug Store.



# "URIC ACID NEVER CAUSED RHEUMATISM"

I WANT to prove to your satisfaction, if you have Rheumatism, Neuritis or chronic or what you call "rheumatic" condition, write to me for my FREE BOOK on "RHEUMATISM—Its Cause and Cure." Thousands call it "The most wonderful book ever written." Don't send a stamp—ABSOLUTELY FREE.

Dept. 843 JESSE A. GALE, Brockton, Mass.

# Frank Phillips

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

# 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

# HOAXES THAT HAVE PUZZLED PEOPLE

## Barnum's White Elephant and Huges' Famous \$2000 Tom Cat.

New York.—Barnum loved to fool the people. A rival showman obtained a white elephant. Barnum by telegraph tried to obtain it and offered a huge sum. The owner of the real white elephant used Barnum's telegram as a newspaper advertisement and poster, which made Barnum the more eager to get the animal. Failing in getting the white elephant he cribled all over the world to get one. Then he resorted to subterfuge. He bleached an ordinary elephant, and did it so well that he not only fooled the people who came to see it, but also a learned body of scientists, who gave him a testimonial to the effect that it was a genuine albino elephant, says a writer in the New York Press.

No story of hoaxes is complete unless New York's widely known joker is mentioned. He is Brian G. Hughes, and he has perpetrated more than a dozen jokes that have made the metropolis chuckle. To perpetuate these hoaxes has cost him much money; but in all of his tricks no one ever has suffered particularly.

Probably his most widely known exploit, because it was so successful, was the career of his tom cat, Nicodemus, a tenement house cat he purchased for ten cents, and which he advertised as the \$2000 cat "not for sale." In its class, Nicodemus carried off first prize at the show in Madison Square Garden.

When Hughes decided to enter his cat, which he termed his "Dublin brindle cat Nicodemus," which he valued at \$2000, he inquired "if there would be any objection because of its value, to having it cared for during the show by its regular attendant."

There was no objection, and when the show opened a negro, probably Sam Smith, who had taken part in a number of his hoaxes, appeared in a gorgeous livery. During the time that there was a crowd in front of Nicodemus, Smith looked out carefully for the smallest comfort of the animal.

A widely known florist sent flowers every day; a celebrated caterer furnished the meals—at least the boxes and baskets so indicated. Spectators spent many minutes reading the long pedigree of Nicodemus. When the judges looked over the flowers, the manure sets, the impressive negro and the pedigree, Nicodemus blinked at a blue ribbon attached to his wicker cage.

# GYPSY ROMANCE IS RUINOUS TO HOME

## Nomad Enchantress Flits Away While Wife's Love Dies.

Chicago, Ill.—Aline, the "queen of the gypsies," has flitted to foreign haunts; Mrs. Caroline Lanask, a long suffering wife has lost faith in her husband's loyalty, and John Lanask, the central figure in a summer idyll recounted to Judge Joseph La Bay, has plumbed the depths of misery and found bitterness.

John had been married seven years and was the father of two children when he met Aline. He threw discretion to the winds, his wife says, and tried to find new happiness crystal gazing with Aline.

At first he made only hurried trips to Aline's headquarters of occultism at 1518 West Twenty-first street. Later he forgot his wife, his children, even the delicious pot roasts with noodles with which she tempted him.

Finally his trips home ceased. Then Aline moved. Silver quarters for palm readings were growing scarce in the neighborhood. Penitent, Mrs. Lanask says, John wandered back to the family fold, but was denied admittance. His love notes begging forgiveness went into the fire. To cap his troubles, Mrs. Lanask had him arrested for desertion and non-support.

She told her story to the judge then threw Aline's circular on the bench. The judge picked up the card and saw the face of a "fascinating" brunette drawn on the palm of a hand.

"Love, darling, sweetheart, sun, stars, moon"—these were some of the inscriptions flanking the sketch of Aline.

"That's the cause of all my trouble," said Mrs. Lanask plaintively.

"It's a lie, nothing but blooming bunk," interrupted John.

But the judge silenced him, put him under \$500 peace bonds, and ordered him to support his children and leave Mrs. Lanask alone.

Boys in 'Teens Build Large Barn. Horton, Kan.—Two of the youngest builders in this section of the country are Leo and Leonard Brandt, who have just finished building a barn 36x40x36, for John Hannah of Wetmore. The boys, whose ages are 17 and 19 years, did all the work on the barn, from foundation to lightning rods. This is their first building. They learned the carpenter trade under their father, who is an expert builder.

Students Shun Ministry. Millville, N. J.—Prof. E. D. Grizzell, supervising principal of the Millville High School has told the board of education that he was very much surprised to learn, as a result of a canvass of the 250 students as to what vocation they intended to follow for their life's work, that not one of them expressed his intention of studying for the ministry. He said that this was more surprising from the fact that Millville is known as the city of churches.

New York City has 2600 factories.

# JOE MURPHY DEAD, LEAVES MILLIONS

STAR OF KERRY GOW AND SHUAN RHUE JOINED FORTY-NINERS 67 YEARS AGO

## FAMOUS MINSTREL "BONES"

Old Actor Built \$100,000 Country Home, But Never Would Live In It.

New York.—Sixty seven years ago William T. Murphy, a Brooklyn boy with a longing for adventure, joined the "forty-niners" in their rush for gold in the far west, worked his way across the continent by driving caravans and began a new existence as a boatman on the Sacramento river. The call of the stage soon claimed him and he became an actor.

In a modest apartment in the old Herald Square Hotel in West Thirty-fourth street this man—known the country over as "Joe" Murphy—died of pneumonia after a short illness, leaving an estate valued, it is said, at more than \$3,000,000.

"Joe" was reputed to have been the richest actor in America. He invested in savings banks and money saved in a career of over half a century and his fortune is scattered between here and the Pacific Ocean.

He was heard to whisper just before the end something about "not spending much money on my funeral," and his last wish was to be buried with the "bones" that he played in his first engagement with Dick Hooey's Minstrels in 1849. The actor was 83 years old and is survived by a widow, Mrs. Mary Fernier Murphy.

For 20 years "Joe" Murphy worked with Hooey's Minstrels in San Francisco until his name was noted in the west. In 1870 he came east again, starting in business for himself, and appearing in an Irish play called "Help" at the Bowery Theater. Then Fred Marsden wrote "The Kerry Gow" and Mr. Murphy created the leading role and played in the piece all over the United States, appearing in it in New York at the Grand Opera House in 1878.

The next Irish play made famous by Murphy was "Shuan Rhue," in which he played continuously from 1880 to seven years ago, when he retired from the stage. There were in intermittent intervals when Joe appeared in vaudeville as a minstrel under the management of Keith & Proctor and on the Stair Halvin circuit. It was said that he was more widely known both in and out of the profession than any other man or woman on the American stage.

Mr. Murphy had an insatiable desire to hoard money and never wasted a cent. He built a big country home at Kew Gardens near Jamaica, L. I., which cost \$100,000 and then he never lived in it. He was the owner of a hotel in Florida, but always insisted on paying only half rates when he stayed there. With his friends, however, he was never selfish.

# 134 BABIES IN 1,000 DIE IN MINING TOWNS

## Percentage Smaller in the Suburbs—Relation of Mortality to Wages Sought.

Washington, D. C.—The Children's Bureau is conducting a detailed inquiry into the social and economic causes of babies deaths. The annual report of the bureau shows that the two items of the inquiry completed during the last year disclose an average infant death rate of 134 out of every 1,000 babies in a steel-making and coal mining town, against a rate of 84 per 1,000 in a residential suburb.

An even greater contrast is found between the most congested section and the choicest residential section in each of these two communities. Commenting on these findings the report says:

"The more favorable the civic and family surroundings and the better the general conditions of life, the more clearly are they reflected in a lessened infant mortality."

The report shows, however that no deductions can be made about the relation between the general infant mortality rate and industrial employment of women until the facts about the number and proportion of mothers at work contained in the unpublished census returns are made available by tabulation.

Meanwhile the Children's Bureau is pursuing its inquiry into the relation of babies' deaths to wages and social conditions, believing "that the inquiry will prove increasingly valuable as stimulus to more active protection of the youngest and tenderest lives throughout the nation."

Such practical results have already followed the inquiry in two communities as the securing of infant welfare nurses, improving the milk supply and rousing community interest in kindred activities.

Girl's Jaw Strangely Locked. Palmerton, Pa.—Miss Helen Seaford of this place is suffering with a locked jaw which cannot be traced to any cause. She is unable to take any solid nourishment whatever and is being kept up on liquid diet.

# RAILROAD MAN'S CANE FOUND AFTER 28 YEARS

Lost Thirty Years Ago and Comes to Light When Town's Public Hall is Razed

Watertown, N. Y.—When Stanley A. Gillette of Chicago, Ill., where for years he has been employed by the Northern Pacific railroad company, stepped up to the secretary's desk in the Y. M. C. A. and said he had come to reclaim his walking stick that he left there more than thirty years before when he was a "typesetter" on an evening paper here, Secretary Bugbee was momentarily surprised. He remembered the circumstances surrounding Mr. Gillette's cane, but he never expected to see the owner, and he was unable to return the cane.

Secretary Bugbee explained to Mr. Gillette that the cane had been found between the floors, when old Washington hall was being razed for the construction of the modern office building on the corner of the square about two years ago. When the walking stick had been dusted off, it was seen that the name "S. A. Gillette" had been carved in the wood, and an attempt was made at that time to return the property, an article having appeared in the local paper relative to it. Mr. Gillette's relatives in this section told him of the discovery, and he decided to call for the stick the next time he came to this city.

For the first time in thirty years he returned to Watertown, and after shaking hands with old time friends he started in search of his cane. Secretary Bugbee was compelled to tell him that the cane had been donated to "Huckleberry" Charley, who eventually made good use of it in one way or another, for about a month ago the well known local character reported that the cane had been broken. Mr. Gillette did not exactly need the cane, but out of curiosity he would have gladly given it a home in its old age.

"You know," Mr. Gillette explained, "we thought in those days that we had a carry a cane to be fully dressed up, and I was no exception to the rule."

# MODERN DANCES TO LURE TRADE TO "DEAD" TOWN

## Borough to Use Charm of Fair Maids Against Counter Attractions Close at Hand

Chester, Pa.—The modern dance craze and unkempt finger nails have been hit upon by industrial boomers and merchants of Leiperville as a means to advertise the town and draw trade. The plans will be worked out and the traps set thru the happy medium of a host of Delaware County's finest specimens of femininity.

The thrifty and wide awake borough of Leiperville adjoins Eddystone, but with Chester on the other side of the Baldwin and Remington arms plants, merchants and citizens of Leiperville receive little or no benefits from the industrial boom and the army of workers in these mammoth mills usually head Chester way in search of pleasure and supplies.

To divert some of this traffic into Leiperville, the citizens evolved a novel celebration to be known as "Get 'em here week."

It is planned to attract the workmen to the borough thru the lure of the latest dance steps, and the fair maids with dainty and well trained feet have volunteered to enlist as instructors. The new quarters of the James F. Dougherty Fire Company will furnish the dancing floor.

Another group of the fairest ones will arm themselves with manicuring implements and be in constant readiness for a movement upon blackened finger nails of the workmen when the shifts change.

Only three new dwellings have been erected in Leiperville in the last seventy-five years and the residents declare they will no longer furnish material for gibes and jokes from neighboring towns.

# TURNS TABLES ON BANDITS

## Bank Official Frees Self and Shoots Down Boy Robbers

Grant, Okla.—Two youthful bandits robbed the bank of Grant of \$4,000, but were overtaken and captured a few minutes later by Cashier Webb of the bank, who liberated himself from a vault into which he had been forced by the men. Both of the men were wounded in an exchange of shots with the cashier. All of the money was recovered and the men, who gave their names as Claude Jones, 23, and Arthur McFarland, 17, were brought to jail here tonight.

Webb overtook the men as they were about to board a train and when they ignored his command to surrender, opened fire with a shotgun. Jones probably will die. McFarland also is seriously wounded but it is believed he will recover.

# NAME TATTOOED ON FOREHEAD

San Francisco, Cal.—"What's your name?" demanded District Attorney Becsey of a Mexican charged with vagrancy.

The defendant brushed back his hair, but did not speak. Becsey repeated his question. Same response. Then the Spanish interpreter tried. The man pointed to a spot on his forehead. Becsey looked closely and tattooed on the man's brow was, "Fred Harris, Sonora, Mexico."

"What's the idea?" asked Becsey. "I have heart disease. I may drop dead, I don't want my grave to be unmarked," the prisoner explained. He was permitted to depart.

# LEPER COLONY NOT PLACE OF DESPAIR

DISEASE, IT IS STATED, IS NOT AS BAD AS IS COMMONLY BELIEVED

## SUFFERERS MAY ENJOY LIFE

Progress of Affliction Said to Be Remarkably Free From Pain.

New York.—Few stories of terror lose anything in the telling, especially when that telling has been repeated from one generation to the next for hundreds of years.

Leprosy is a dreadful and relentless disease, but not half so black as it is popularly painted in our imaginations, not only that it spreads with extreme difficulty if at all, in civilized countries, indeed, only in their uncivilized corners and little islands of barbarism; but it is not half so deadly and remorseless in its attack upon the unfortunate individuals who have actually fallen victims to it.

Instead of the diagnosis of leprosy being equivalent to a sentence of death by painful and lingering means within a few months or years at the outside, fully half, if not two thirds, of its white victims either recover with only a few scars or a numb spot or two to show for their experience, or reach a stage of arrest in a fair condition of comfort and efficiency, or live 10, 15 or 20 years until they die of something else.

The average life, even of cases which are sufficiently well advanced and clearly marked to be discovered and sent to leper colonies as from 10 to 15 years after their admission, and over half the deaths which occur in our large modern leper hospitals, where lepers are carefully kept, are from pulmonary tuberculosis.

The disease most commonly makes its appearance either upon the face, hands or the feet, which fact suggested the theory of its transmission through the bite of insects or through house or soil or infections or through vermin. It produces either fissures, or tumors, breaking down into deep and slowly progressing ulcers, which girdle and finally amputate the fingers, toes and segments of limbs.

But it is, exceedingly slow in reaching or seriously affecting any of the great vital organs, and as, by a most merciful clemency of fate, it attacks the nerve trunk of the arms and limbs at a very early stage; indeed, travels up them toward the body and blocks them off or paralyzes them well in advance of the ulcerations it ravages so effectually that its progress is surprisingly free from pain.

Dramatic stories are told of white men residing in the tropics who have first discovered that they were lepers by catching a falling lamp chimney or thrusting their hands too near or into a flame and never feeling any pain or knowing that they were being burned until the smell of their scorching skin reached their nostrils.

A leper colony or hospital, distressing and pitiful as the general idea of it is, so far from being a place of gloom and misery and blank despair, or revolt against fate, is one of the most cheering and convincing proofs of the unquenchable nature of the human spirit and the incredible powers of adaptation and making the best of a situation, by the pluck and wit of man.

When a colony numbers 50 or more with cases in all stages of the disease, some members of the colony will be found able to work at almost every necessary trade and occupation, so that it can be made almost self supporting.

Some of them are partially crippled, but they ride or drive, or are carried about by their comrades, and the fact that they must die sometimes within 15 or 20 years soon loses its edge. Indeed, their prospects are not so remotely different from those of most of the rest of us under average circumstances in that regard.

This is the course and prospects of the disease in those who still remain in the tropics or the region in which they contracted it. For those who recognize the disease at a reasonably early stage and promptly leave the climate in which they caught it, the prospects are even more encouraging.

# BALD MAN WEARS CAP ONE DAY IN EACH YEAR

Business Man Appears Annually With Head Covered According to Yearly Custom

Highland Park, Ill.—Frank Green, a manufacturer of this place, surprised the residents of this suburb one day this week when he appeared wearing a cap. It was the eighth time in eight years that he has worn any covering on his head.

Mr. Green is bald. He wears a cap as a usual thing. Once a year he puts on a cap. His only explanation was "that he felt like wearing it."

Residents of Highland Park have figured that if Mr. Green wears the cap which he bought eight years ago at the same rate in the future that he has in the past his cap will last him about three centuries.

# HAVE ROSY CHEEKS AND FEEL FRESH AS A DAISY—TRY THIS!

Says glass of hot water with phosphate before breakfast washes out poisons.

To see the tinge of healthy bloom in your face, to see your skin get clearer and clearer, to wake up without a headache, backache, coated tongue or a nasty breath, in fact to feel your best, day in and day out, just try inside-bathing every morning for one week.

Before breakfast each day, drink a glass of real hot water with a teaspoonful of limestone phosphate in it. A harmless means of washing from the stomach, liver, kidneys and bowels the previous day's indigestible waste, sour bile and toxins; thus cleansing, sweetening and purifying the entire alimentary canal before putting more food into the stomach. The action of hot water and limestone phosphate on an empty stomach is wonderfully invigorating. It cleans out all the fermentations, gases and acidity and gives one a splendid appetite for breakfast.

A quarter pound of limestone phosphate will cost very little at the drug store but is sufficient to demonstrate that just as soap and hot water cleanses, sweetens and freshens the skin, so hot water and limestone phosphate act on the blood and internal organs. Those who are subject to constipation, bilious attacks, acid stomach, rheumatic twinges, also those whose skin is sallow and complexion pallid, are assured that one week of inside-bathing will have them both looking and feeling better in every way.

# GRAY HAIR BECOMES DARK, THICK, GLOSSY

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

Almost everyone knows that Sage Tea and Sulphur, properly compounded, brings back the natural color and lustre to the hair when faded, streaked or gray; also ends dandruff, itching scalp and stops falling hair. Years ago the only way to get this mixture was to make it at home, which is messy and troublesome.

Nowadays we simply ask at any drug store for "Wyeth's Sage and Sulphur Compound." You will get a large bottle for about 50 cents. Everybody uses this old, famous recipe, because no one can possibly tell that you darkened your hair, as it does it so naturally and evenly. You dampen a sponge or soft brush with it and draw this through your hair, taking one small strand at a time; by morning the gray hair disappears, and after another application or two, your hair becomes beautifully dark, thick and glossy and you look years younger.

# HEAD STUFFED FROM CATARRH OR A-COLD

Says Cream Applied in Nostrils Opens Air Passages Right Up.

Instant relief—no waiting. Your clogged nostrils open right up; the air passages of your head clear and you can breathe freely. No more yawning, sniffling, blowing, headache, dizziness. No struggling for breath at night; your cold or catarrh disappears.

Get a small bottle of Ely's Cream Balm from your druggist now. Apply a little of this fragrant, antiseptic, healing cream in your nostrils. It penetrates through every air passage of the head, soothes the inflamed or swollen mucous membrane and relief comes instantly.

It's just fine. Don't stay stuffed-up with a cold or nasty catarrh.

# OLD-TIME COLD CURE—DRINK HOT TEA!

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

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

# RUB RHEUMATISM FROM STIFF, ACHING JOINTS

Rub Soreness from joints and muscles with a small trial bottle of old St. Jacobs Oil.

Stop "dosing" Rheumatism. It's pain only; not one case in fifty requires internal treatment. Rub soothing, penetrating "St. Jacobs Oil" right on the "tender spot," and by the time you say "Jack Robinson—out comes the rheumatic pain," "St. Jacobs Oil" is a harmless rheumatism cure which never disappoints and doesn't burn the skin. It takes pain, soreness and stiffness from aching joints, muscles and bones; stops sciatica, lumbago, backache, neuralgia.

Linger up! Get a 25 cent bottle of old-time, honest "St. Jacobs Oil" from any drug store, and in a moment you'll be free from pains, sores and stiffness. Don't suffer! Rub rheumatism away.



# A CURE FOR WHOOPING COUGH

By GEORGE M. A. CAIN

Copyright by the Frank A. Munsey Co.

Whooping cough can be cured!

Far away in the dust clouded coal fields of Pennsylvania, this infallible remedy was discovered. It is guaranteed to cure the cough and the whoop of the patient.

It is a coal mine. One coal mine is enough for a dose.

No; you do not give it to the suffering infant internally; quite the contrary. You take the little patient into the coal mine and let it breathe. In fact it is not necessary to even do this. The child will breathe without letting.

If the patient is an adult the cure is yet simpler; for then you don't have even to take the infant along at all.

So far as is known, it was the Slavish mamas who discovered this wonderful nature's cure. For testimonials, please see the Slavish mamas.

But, as to whether an iron mine can be given instead of a coal mine, we take the liberty of referring the reader to Mr. Hugh J. Finnegan, superintendent of the Sunshine Iron Mine, in Pocahonock, New Jersey. Please note—we take the liberty, not the responsibility.

Mr. Finnegan has the advantage over the Slavish mamas in his ability to talk in English. We venture to assert that a professor of English could learn things by merely whispering "whooping cough" to Mr. Finnegan.

You see, Finnegan was graduated from a college just recently, and this Pocahonock mine is his first real job. Naturally he takes it seriously—or did before he tried out the whooping cough cure.

Finnegan started on the 15th of April, this current year. A glance at a calendar will show you that this had given him six whole days in which to give every-body indications that he was the new superintendent and was going to fill the position right up and run it over if necessary. Even those six days did not satisfy him.

He had to go around on Sunday afternoon to see that Riley, the foreman, had seen that everything was all right about the Sunshine Iron Mine.

When he had riled Riley by asking him after every detail he could think of, he demanded finally:

"Did Mike feed and water the mules?"

"Yes, sor," Riley answered crossly. "You're sure?" persisted Finnegan. "If ye like I'll be after goin' down and askin' them," snapped Riley, having exhausted his patience.

Now it may seem a far cry from a coal mine for whooping cough to a score of mules some five hundred feet down an iron mine. It is the coal strike that furnishes the connection. The beneficent coal mine owners have foreseen that it is always desirable that a hunkey be untrammelled in his movements. It seems that they have seen to this by providing that he never should have much to move.

So, when the work stopped in Pennsylvania, the miners poked up their packs and their families and looked for other mines. About five hundred of them landed in Pocahonock, New Jersey. Among these five hundred families there were about a hundred and twenty-five cases of whooping cough.

Slavish mothers were the original discoverers of the coal mine cure. Since they had no coal mine in Pocahonock, they figured that an iron mine might furnish some of the gaseous ingredients so highly beneficial to the cough.

Where do the mules come in on this? Why, of course—they were in the iron mine, just where they had been for most of their lives.

"It seems to me, Riley," Finnegan enunciated with great distinctness, "that you are forgetting that I am the superintendent of this mine."

"Aw—go to hell!" Riley grunted, happening to know that he could lick three of Finnegan; also that Finnegan's uncle, who owned the mine, loved him—Riley—better than any brotner.

Young Finnegan puffed out his chest and put on his very best mine superintendent air. About the time he had accomplished this much he, too, must have remembered something of his uncle's fondness for the foreman. So he eased his chest down from the proper position for firing a man to the proper position to say:

"I shall consider your case later, Riley."

Then he walked into the little corrugated iron shack which served as an office, taking pains to close the door against any retort that Riley might make.

An instant later he started up from his chair, into which he had disposed his person, presumably for the purpose of considering Riley's case.

"What the devil is that?" he muttered.

From behind the pile of dirt outside the end of the shack came a wheezing, cackling sound, followed by a long drawn murderous whoop. Instantly the wheezing and cackling were redoubled, quadrupled, multiplied beyond calculation.

The whoops came in varied tones,

like a siren whistle gone maudlin in the last stages of intoxication. Then walls were added to the general uproar. It was an ery sound, though the huge mound of dirt and stone made it seem far off and dim.

Then sharp and clear in front of the shack, came Riley's tones, not a bit sweetened by his late conversation with Finnegan:

"Gowan—git out o' this! What d'ye think it is—a hospital?"

Finnegan hadn't the remotest notion what it was all about, but it grated him to hear Riley's tone of authority. There might not be the slightest occasion for interference, but the superintendent was ready to interfere if there were even an excuse.

He threw open the door in time to catch the plaintive plea of the young woman who stood facing Riley, a yellow kerchief over her fair head, a baby wheezing softly over her shoulder—

"Please, boss, I venk baby heem die."

"I can't help it. This ain't no coal mine, anyhow. Go get a doctor. Go on—be off wid yez," growled the foreman, striving to add to his fierceness by so much as his heart was being moved.

She was a pretty girl of her type; not twenty, if Finnegan was any judge—and he considered himself an expert. The superintendent instantly determined to override his too officious subordinate's orders.

"What is it, Riley?" he asked, with calm coldness in his voice.

"Sure she do be wanting to take the baby down the mine. It's got whooping cough and they think this is a coal mine."

"I'll attend to this," Finnegan responded with the air of one who fully appreciates his own importance. "Now—what do you want to take the baby down the mine for?"

"Mine make him better. Him sick—'whoop' cough," explained the girl, with the fatuous smile of utter good nature which invariably marks the foreign peasant woman's efforts to make herself understood.

"I tell you this is no coal mine—no coal mine!" Riley shouted with the noise that invariably marks the American's attempts to make himself understood by a foreigner.

"I said I'd attend to this. It has nothing to do with it, whether it's a coal mine or gold mine. If this young woman wants to go down the mine because she thinks it'll help the baby, you take her down," ordered Finnegan.

And Riley flatly rebelled. "Divvil a bit of it!" he roared. "If it was going to do a bit of good, I'd be doing it. But this is an iron mine."

Finnegan stared haughtily at Riley. "Very well," he said coldly. "You realize, I suppose that you are disobeying my orders. I'll take her down myself. Go over to the bunk house and send me somebody to man the hoist. And be lively about it."

Riley stood still a moment, his big hands clutching nervously at the air, his big face purpling, his blue eyes burning dark. Then, with a sudden smile, his manner changed.

"Sure! I'll manage the hoist myself, for the matter of that," he offered.

Even to Finnegan's distinctly cramped and prejudiced intellect it did not occur to imagine that Riley would make any false move with the big steam hoisting machine which controlled the cable for the cars that balanced against each other on the steep incline of the shaft.

He turned to the anxious young woman and nodded as she once more repeated her plea.

"In a minute," he said slowly and loudly. Then, with more interest and a real smile he added inquiringly: "Your baby?"

Her fatuous grin worked again. "Me? No, Sister baby—she sick."

"Your sister's baby?" he persisted. "Sure," she said, nodding with tremendous vigor and the smile.

"I thought so," Finnegan spoke gallantly and hurried into the shack for his mining cap and to light the lamp on it.

He was highly pleased, with the whole matter. His words could not help but worry Riley, as had been shown by the foreman's offer to run the hoist. And he was not averse to a flirtation even with a hunkey girl as pretty as this one.

When he came out he was wearing a smile that made the little lamp on his cap seem superfluous. Then the smile died as if it had heart failure.

That fair Slavish damsel had been but a committee of one—a scout sent forth to get the lay of the superintendent's temper.

"Wh—what's this?" he demanded, stuttering.

They were stringing out from behind the dirt mound, a hundred brightly kerchiefed heads, a hundred and twenty-five kids!

As they came they hacked and rached and wheezed and whooped and wailed. The hundred mothers added to the hubbub by the noise they made in efforts to soothe their several and respective offspring. They whacked the coughing children on the back to make them stop coughing. The children, stopped from coughing, wailed from the whacking. The wailing started them coughing again.

Mr. Hugh J. Finnegan gasped. He turned angrily on the pretty aunt of the wheezing baby which, a moment since had been the only one in view. She smiled blandly.

"Plenty baby got whooping cough," she remarked sweetly.

Finnegan wheeled about, one only thought in mind—flight!

He met the beaming eye of Riley,

the insubordinate foreman. For a man who has just been severely called down and is threatened with the loss of his job, Riley wore an expression of peace and happiness and joy unalloyed.

"The engine is all right, Mr. Finnegan. She raised fifteen pound, sir, right away sir." He spoke in a tone of deference that bordered on the obsequious. "Is it anny assistance, sir, I could be to you in gettin' thim poor babes and their mothers abo-board the cars, sir?"

For the second time in half an hour Finnegan got all ready to blow up, and then fizzled like a wet firecracker. Inexperienced as he was, he knew nothing is worse for discipline than exhibition of the white feather.

"Yes, come ahead and don't stand all day talking about it," he snapped, and beckoned to the committee of one, and the rest followed, like sheep after a bellwether. From the tones in which those flamboyant matrons talked it was evident their hearts were full of confidence and hope and cheer. Riley walked discreetly behind the superintendent. He failed to suppress entirely a gurgling sound in his throat. Finnegan whirled upon him.

"You getting the whooping cough, too?" he snarled.

"No, sir—excuse me sir—the hurry took me breath a bit, sir," Riley wheezed and hastened to blow his nose in a big, red handkerchief with which he completely covered his features during the process.

Finnegan stalked on. They reached the mouth of the shaft. Riley hustled over to the engine and spent a minute behind it.

"She's got twenty pound, sir," he bubbled effusively. "It's enough to jerk the whole bunch up the shaft and throw them over the shed sir. It's a fine trip down yer'll be havin', sir. Be like the ladies never seen the inside of a iron mine before; and it'll be the grand sight for the kids, sure enough. No doubt."

"Shut your head!" Finnegan roared.

Riley shut off the flow of his language for only an instant, while he blew his nose once more. Then he turned his attention to the gaily geared ladies of Hungary.

"Take it easy," he admonished. "Yer'll all get down. The car won't hold but fifteen at onct. 'Tis the grand time yer'll all be havin' down there; but there's plenty of time. And a better man ye couldn't have for pilotin' the ladies and childer."

Whereupon the explosion that had threatened took place. Perhaps Riley had meant nothing at all by his praise of his chief. Perhaps Finnegan was wrong in taking it as an insinuation that he could manage a party of women and babies better than he could manage a mine. But he took it that way just the same.

"You're discharged, Riley!" he thundered. "Discharged—do you hear! Your duties will end the moment I've got this cackling bunch out of that hole."

"Sure, Mr.—Finnegan," Riley still managed to remain suave. "I'll be figurin' out me toime to the minute while ye're entertainin' the party."

And the first car being filled to capacity Finnegan got aboard it with all the dignity he could muster.

A moment later walls, coughs, whoops, and the prattle of the women were all silenced in the darkness of the shaft and the swift downward motion of the car. Even whooping cough will pause if you surprise it sufficiently, and this was presumably the first trip the babies had taken into the bowels of the earth.

The Sunshine Iron Mine assumes a horizontal form at a depth of three hundred feet. Directly at the bottom of the shaft is a fairly roomy chamber where the ore cars below are dumped into the cable cars on the incline.

Then there is a wide tunnel leading into the main room from which all the other galleries radiate. In this main chamber are tool bins, stable room for the mine mules, and, on an idle day like Sunday from eight to ten empty ore cars. It is a pretty good sized cavern.

No sooner had Finnegan got his car load to the bottom of the shaft and at rest then the whole chorus of wheezing, wailing, whooping, coughing babbling began again.

Only about ten children and six mothers were at it, but the echoes made up for this reduction in volume and reinforced the sound till it seemed the whole hundred and twenty-five were at it again.

"How long do you women want to stay in here?" Finnegan asked shortly of the pretty young scout. Somehow her beauty did not appeal to him as it had.

"Huh?" she smiled cheerily in the yellow flare of his feeble light.

"How long?" he roared back.

"How long?" she repeated vaguely; then, with the fatuous smile restored: "Bout one—two hour—plenty time," she explained.

"The—devil!" hissed Finnegan, forgetting his manners. "Go on, then; tell them to get out of this car. We've got to send it back for the others."

Slowly and laborously the six mothers and the ten children were got to the platform of the ore cars. The babies were used to being carried. They never missed a whoop or a yell while they were unloading. Finnegan gave the signal rope a vicious yank, and the car swooped swiftly up toward the tiny blue spot at the mouth of the shaft.

Half way up it passed another silent load of hunkey ladies and hunkey babies with whooping cough. Their silence did not help Finnegan any.

Above the walls and whoops and wheezes about him he could not have heard if the mine had blown up.

But he could hear the difference as soon as the second load arrived, got acquainted with its surroundings, and turned on its quota of racket. With all the Irish determination in his make up, Finnegan held his ground, and unloaded more families and more whooping cough. If Riley was hoping for any satisfaction he had got it out of the vicious clang of the signal bell. And every load brought a little more whoop of its own.

The twelfth load came down. Finnegan could see that there were still faces peering over the sides of the shaft above. He wheeled about and held his lamp aloft to see where he could put any more whoopers. By now his ears were in such condition that a few more whoops made no difference.

It was evident that he must take the crowd into the main room. He shoved his way through them and got to the tunnel. With a wave of the lamp he signaled them to come on. He figured that the whooping and wheezing and clatter would be reduced in intensity by so much as the main chamber was larger than that at the bottom of the shaft. Alas! He was reckoning without his mules.

Yes—this is where the mules come into the game. And this is as good a place as any to remark that a mule usually plays the game for all he is worth. Perhaps it is because he has no pride of ancestry nor hope of progeny to fall back on that he endeavors to get so much out of the short life he has to live. It is a mistake not to reckon on a mule when there is one around, though nature never turned out anything harder to reckon on.

Those mine mules would have been blinded by daylight. Their senses were attuned to the depths of the earth. They were used to the sounds that be longed to a mine. They could have heard an explosion that would have wrecked the whole outfit, and it is doubtful if they would have batted an eye or laid back an ear. But, never having had any babies of their own, whooping cough was a brand new one to them.

They listened patiently as the first half dozen whoopers whooped in. They began to grow interested by the time the number had doubled, and the volume of the whoop had increased proportionately. They were sitting up and taking notice before thirty babies had arrived in the main room.

Had Finnegan's attention not been strictly held to the business in hand he might have observed that the oldest mule of the pack, a jenny with twenty years of unbroken regularity behind her, was growing shaky before half of the cure seekers had come out of the end of the tunnel. That strange, weird wheeze with its equally strange accompaniments, was getting on the jenny mule's nerves.

She stood it till the last baby got in, once more got its bearings and its whoop. Then the tension on her rasped nerves passed the endurance point. She raised her head with a jerk for which her rotten halter was no match. She stood still only long enough to give voice to her terror.

Judging by the amount of voice she gave it, it must have been considerable terror. She made herself heard by her companions. It seemed that they, too, had been growing uneasy, and were waiting for some such signal. There was a general snapping of halters. Then twenty good strong mule voices were added to the din.

Din? No, that isn't the word. Roar, tumult, bedlam—pshaw! Bedlam would have seemed soft pedaled beside that awful rumpus.

Even the babies shut off their wheezes to listen. That didn't shut up the mules. A mule's bray is like a remnant; if you get any of it you have to take the whole piece. By the time the twenty mules had got to the end of their bray the last baby had got over its awed silence and started a wail of terror only second in volume to the braying.

A human voice is made to work on the exhaust. Whatever it may manage to do on the intake, it can do more on the outgo of the air supply in the lungs.

However inhuman it may sound, a baby's howl is human, and the best whoop it can make won't compare with it. And, for the time being, every one of these babies forgot that it was there with the whooping cough, and laid itself out to demonstrate that it had been cured of every trace of bronchial or laryngitic trouble.

It was the mule's turn to listen. But to a mule, they decided they didn't care to play. They might be good mules, and courageous to meet the ordinary ills of their condition; but they had never bargained for this. They stopped for no formalities of resignation; they just quit. It was every mule for himself, and a general impression that a baby would get the hindmost.

After all a mule is not a very wise animal. In the excitement they forgot directions. The old jenny mule headed straight for Finnegan. Finnegan tried to wave her off but she wouldn't wave. He was sure whether she bumped him over with her nose or just knocked him down with the shriek she would emitting when she struck.

The hundred Slavish mamas gave shrieks of their own as the superintendent's cap bounded off his head and plunged its lamp into oblivion. Before Finnegan could recover the cap or his wits the lantern that usually hung in the chamber had been kicked to smithereens.

If all the words in all languages for noise, tumult, racket, hubbub, crash, and din were heaped in a pile and printed in poster headline type, they

might do to describe the blowing up of a powder mill, the bursting of a huge dam, the eruption of a volcano; they would not do justice to a little piece of what Finnegan heard.

Fortunately the women huddled together. Fortunately, their screams frightened the mules to seek the greatest possible distance from the huddle. Fortunately there was a comparatively clear track around the room. The shrieking, panic stricken beasts raced round and round it.

Dazed, Finnegan felt in his pockets for a match. He found one. He discovered at the same time, that it was the only one he had. He had but half recovered from the shock of his fall, and he foolishly tried to strike it on the earth floor of the mine. That ended the match.

He was trapped—trapped in abysmal darkness and hellish din. He dared not move towards the wall of the chamber in search of the main passage. The circling wheel of mad mules surrounded him. He could not mule to calm the panic stricken women and their howling offspring since he could not make his voice heard by himself.

A great wave of rage rolled over him and up from within him. It was all Riley's fault. Riley had been insubordinate, had refused to come down here himself, and had created a situation where Finnegan must come or lose what he chose now to regard as his self respect, not to mention all vestige of discipline. And even now Riley was up there in the bright sunlight, laughing in glee over his superior's fate.

In the blind darkness Finnegan waved his arms upward and added to the noise all the curses he could call to mind. He meant them for Riley. In the midst of them a plump hunkey mama, evidently dodging a mule, or what she thought was a mule, stumbled and plumped down into his lap. He quit cursing Riley. The hunkey mama had misjudged his lap, and located it where the pit of his stomach really was.

Finnegan knew then that it was all up with him. He lay on the floor and waited for the final hoof of a mule that would end his fair young life. His anger turned to sadness.

It was pitiful thus to be cut off in the very flower of his manhood. It was terrible to die like this in the dark, with only infernal shrieks to speed his soul into the vast beyond. He had never felt as sorry for anyone before as he now felt for himself.

Gradually he realized that he needed no further blow to finish him. He was already mortally hurt. His senses were growing dim—or, rather, the one sense that was being most worked. He could not hear the din as he had heard it. The shrieks of the women were weakening in their result upon his impaired faculties. The walls of the children had faded until they were hardly more than wheezes and whoops. Even the braying of the mules sounded farther and farther—and farther away.

A few moments more and— Finnegan sat up straight. There was a new note in the din. More new notes were adding.

They were human notes—the voices of the women begging for help with some hope of getting it—and the voices of men. Yes, there was Riley's voice—

And there was Riley! Riley! God bless him! Was ever sight so good for human eyes as his stubby beard and pale blue eyes and old overalls—all the rest of the big, strapping, husky, cranky old scoundrel? "Gowan!" He was snarling at the women, who seemed ready to fall upon him and divide him up and take him home for souvenirs. "Yer all right! What the devil's the matter wid yez? It's a pretty mess ye've made of things, drivin all the mules crazy with yer blatin'. And look at thim carts! And iver dom mule gone galivatin' into the tunnels! It's a day's work for ten men ye've made me wid catchin' 'em in here."

Finnegan gazed about, astonished. Sure enough not a mule was left in the main room. They had all managed to find passages. There were some five miles and a half of galleries to search for them. But—

"Riley! Oh, Riley!" he cried in an ecstasy of joy at his deliverance. Riley heard. His patience had been badly damaged before he had got half a dozen of the men to come down with him. What he had seen had not mended it a bit.

"What do you want?" he roared at his superintendent.

"Riley, you're not discharged. I—I—"

"Discharged! Humph!" If tones could be reproduced on paper those words of Riley's would be a classic for expression of regard infinitesimal. "Look at them mules!" he shouted in a manner to indicate that he was now speaking of something important; though he pointed at the place where the mules certainly were not.

"Here," he added, "git your lamp goin' and be after them. Niver mind them Polack women and kids. They'll take care of themselves. We'll be the week gettin' the mules back, if they go much farther."

He held out a match without troubling to light it. Finnegan performed this duty for himself.

Riley got the three others who had come down with him to join the hunt. If he was conscious that one of the men he bossed was his boss, he gave no signs of it. And the meekest of the others was a personified declaration of mutiny beside the meekness of Finnegan.

For three hours they chased mules

through the winding galleries of that mine. It was not until the last of the beasts was securely tied back in his stall that the superintendent ventured even to speak to the foreman; and then it was with the deference due to age and experience, if not strictly in line with their relative positions. And it was on what he thought a subject safely removed from the personal.

The babies had ceased to howl, or even to wail. Also they had ceased to cough. Round eyed, round mouthed, they gazed in silence at the dimly seen mules. Nor whoop nor gasp, nor wheeze nor rattling aspiration came from their gaping mouths.

"The cure really seems to have worked Mr. Riley," Finnegan remarked taking pains not to give emphasis to the "Mister."

"It wouldn't of worked if they was Irish kids," Riley asserted.

"How's that?" Finnegan asked.

"Sure, it's the mules what cured 'em. Them young ones know they're beaten. That's cause they're foreigners," Riley expounded.

"Then"—Finnegan mildly hinted in interrogative tone—"you don't think the air down here had anything to do with it?"

"Air, nothin'," grunted Riley. "It them babies was Irish they'd be whoopin' so loud by this time you couldn't hear a mule brayin' in yer ear. An Irishman'd never own to it he was beaten by the devil himself."

Had the young foreman been more wont to boast his Celtic descent, it might not have taken so long for the point of this to percolate to his brain. But it had got there by the time he had joined the last load of mamas and babes and reached the top of the shaft. Riley had gone up before, and stood waiting. Finnegan looked him in the face, and spoke with an intensity hardly warranted by his convictions on the subject:

"The air down there certainly is good for whooping cough."

It is not outside the range of possibility that Riley was pleased with this token his boss was still entitled to membership in the ancient order. Perhaps it was only his own inheritance from the old sod that prompted him:

"If you think so, and if ye think ye could keep 'em from startin' up thim mules again, I'll let you take down that last dozen what was left," he said.

"Riley," he thundered, "if you want them in that mine, you take them down there. I'll see the last blinky blinky kid cough it's double dashed head to Hades and farther, and I won't discharge you! I'll forget your age and chuck you head foremost down that hole if you do. Before I'd take another bunch of them down there I'd—"

But as was stated in the beginning, for further information in regard to the cure the—

His Car

A farmer strolled into a motor sales house. "What's that war?" he asked pointing to a small car.

"Five hundred dollars" was the reply.

"And that?" pointing to a better car.

"Seven hundred and fifty dollars."

"And that there one?" pointing to a seven passenger, with a jerk of his thumb.

"That's a fine car and is worth \$1200."

"I'll take it," said the farmer.

"The car is cash, you know," said the salesman.

"Yes, I got the money," said the farmer, as he pulled a roll of bills out of his pocket, peeled off twelve one hundred-dollar bills and paid for the car. "Now, you'll show me how to drive the critter?"

"Sure," said the salesman; "that's a part of the sale."

So they started out and after going three miles overtook a man in a wagon with a mule team. The salesman tooted and honked and honked and tooted, but the man with the mules refused to heed.

Finally the farmer said, "This is my car ain't it?"

"It is," said the salesman.

"And I paid for it?"

"You did."

"Then," said the farmer, "you run right over that aunnavagun. That's the way automobile drivers always done with me."

Scotch Thrift.

An Englishman, Irishman and Scotchman made an agreement between themselves that whoever died first should have five pounds placed on his coffin by each of the others. The Irishman was the first to die. Shortly afterward the Scotchman met the Englishman and asked him if he had fulfilled the agreement.

"Yes," said the Englishman.

"In what way did you pay it?" asked the Scotchman; "in notes or gold?"

"I put on five sovereigns," said the Englishman. "What did you put on?"

"Oh, I flat wrote ma check for ten pounds," said the Scotchman, "an took your five sovereigns as change."

The Party to Which He Belonged

A young woman helping to poll a rural district to ascertain the political standing of the population stopped at a big house where a cross appearing woman answered her ring.

"Does Mr. Smith live here?" she asked.

"He does was the answer.

"Could you" asked the girl timidly "tell me what party he belongs to?"

"I can," answered the woman. "Take a good look at me," she went on, with her hands on her hips, "for I'm the party he belongs to and the only one, see!"



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**REVOLUTION RELICS FOUND**

EXCAVATORS UNearth MANY ARTICLES SIX FEET BELOW NEW YORK STREETS

**CANNON BALLS UNCOVERED**

One English Penny Dug Up, Dated 1764—Sent to Historical Society.

New York.—During the progress of construction by the Rapid Transit Subway Construction Company of the lower section of the Seventh Avenue subway, cannon balls have been unearthed six feet down by workmen excavating some 220 feet from the Station Island Municipal Ferryhouse and 45 feet west of Whitehall street, Manhattan says the Interborough Bulletin. All the balls but one are of solid iron, and this exception is of brass, about two inches in diameter, and contains some sort of loose body inside, a fact that doesn't however, prevent its being handled any more carefully than the others. The iron balls which run variously from one and three-eighths to six inches in diameter, were embedded in an area of cinders, which would seem to indicate the location of an old blacksmith or machine shop.

Among the construction staff arose the question whether the balls didn't date back to the days when the Dutch Governors held sway on the island. Later the query was logically decided by Chief Engineer George H. Pegrum of the construction company, when an English penny bearing the date 1764, of George the Third period, was turned up. That seemed to settle it. Several of the balls have been converted into paperweight souvenirs; some in their oxidized state, others in more polished and ornamental form.

It is the further conjecture of Mr. Pegrum that the spot where the balls were found was the site of an ammunition magazine when the old fort was an active proposition. Other relics exhumed include a brass shell, containing about 20 1/8 inch diameter shot inside of another shell, about 8 or 10 inches in diameter. This shell was smooth on the outside and ribbed inside, but had deteriorated to such an extent that it went to pieces almost as soon as it was found.

Appreciating the highly interesting nature which the unearthing of these relics affords to the residents of Manhattan and of their historical significance to the early history of our country, President Shouts has forwarded to John A. Weekes, president of the New York Historical Society, 170 Central Park, West, where they are now on public exhibition, the following relics from the park excavation.

- One English penny, date 1764.
- One solid shot, 1 3/8 inch diameter.
- One solid shot 4 inch diameter.
- One solid shot 5 inch diameter.
- One brass shell, 2 3/8 inch diameter.

It seems certain from the old English penny that these relics date back to Revolutionary times.

**\$10,000,000 FOR POODLES**

Mission Union Speakers Say Hat Bill Would Support Defenses.  
New Orleans, La.—The most astounding extravagance of the women of America is that we spend \$10,000,000 each year for poodles.

Mrs. R. L. Baker told this to the delegates to the annual meeting of the Women's International Missionary Union in describing how American women make the money fly. She continued:

"We spend more for hats yearly than it takes to support the army and navy and several other Federal departments. We also spend \$107,000,000 for soft and cooling drinks and \$187,000,000 for candy. It is time to call a halt and to return to the sane ways of our mothers."

**A SUIT EACH WEEK**

Clothes Can't Keep Pace With Boy of Fourteen.  
Moultrie, Ga.—Three months ago Harry Connelly, 14, was a slender boy of average height. He began to expand at that time until he measures 6 feet 5 inches in height and weighs 200 pounds.

During the past three months his parents have been forced to buy him a new suit of clothes every week. A special bed was built for him.

Half of Students Self Supporting.  
Norman, Okla.—More than one-half of the student body at the State University is self supporting, a fact shown by report of the registrar. Of the men 25 per cent and of the girls 13 per cent support themselves entirely, while 33 per cent of the men and 24 per cent of the girls earn part of their support.

**G. WASHINGTON RELICS SHOWN**

COLLECTION OF MEMENTOES OF FATHER OF COUNTRY HEART TOUCHING DISPLAY

**BIG VARIETY OF MATERIAL SHOWN**

Infant Robe Worn at Christening With Old Continental Uniform

Washington, D. C.—Among the many interesting objects pertaining to the history of this country, there is probably nothing which touches the hearts of true Americans more quickly than the relics and mementoes of "The Father of His Country," George Washington, many of which are displayed at the old building of the United States National Museum in Washington," says a statement issued by the Smithsonian Institution.

"This collection consists of a variety of material gathered from numerous sources. While composed largely of articles of domestic and artistic interest owned by Washington at Mt. Vernon, the collection also includes mementoes of his life in the field during the War of the Revolution, and a number of other miscellaneous relics of greater or less importance.

"The most noteworthy objects are: Four pieces of plaster statuary, and a face mask; several portraits and engravings; many pieces of furniture, including Washington's easy chair, tables, chairs, mirrors, bedstead and footstool; numerous candelabra, lamps and candlesticks; glass and chinaware and table furnishings; as well as many personal relics. These latter perhaps represent more to the visitor, since they were the individual property of this great statesman and warrior.

"There are two interesting costumes worn by Washington; the first an infant's robe of white brocade silk, lined with old rose China silk, used on the occasion of his christening, and the other a continental army uniform, worn when he resigned his commission as commander in chief of the continental army at Annapolis, Md., December 23, 1783. Representing as these costumes do, two such separated periods of the life, they tend to remind the observer of the great things which were accomplished by Washington between the times these diversified costumes were worn. Other articles of wearing apparel comprise a waistcoat and what were known as small clothes or knee breeches.

"Three tents with poles, pegs, and pouches, a mess chest, spyglass, field glass, portable writing case and shaving glass, make up the field equipment used by Washington in his campaign. Other relics, including an iron treasure chest and a zither and case, a music case of mahogany, a Chinese tea chest and a gold medal commemorating his death besides a number of other miscellaneous articles complete one of the most interesting collections of historical objects in this country.

"Since many of the articles relate so pertinently to the home of Washington, a brief mention of its history is here made.

"Mount Vernon House, historically the most interesting of American mansions and closely associated with nearly all the objects herein described, was erected in 1743 for Lawrence Washington, the half brother of George, and so named in honor of Admiral Edward Vernon, R. N., under whose command Lawrence Washington had served during the British expedition against Cartagena in 1741. The property passed into the hands of George after the death of Lawrence in 1752 and the house was later improved and enlarged.

"When Mrs. Washington died in 1802, Mount Vernon became in accordance with Washington's will, the property of his nephew, Bushrod Washington who in turn bequeathed it to his nephew, John Augustine Washington, from whom it passed to a son of the same name, and in 1858 was purchased from him by the Mount Vernon Ladies' Association.

"By an act of Congress, approved June 20, 1878, the Government purchased a collection of Washington relics from G. W. Lewis and others, the heirs of Mrs. Lawrence Lewis, the adopted daughter of Washington, and the wife of his nephew, Maj. Lawrence Lewis. After the death of Mrs. Washington, in 1802, these objects had passed into the hands of Mrs. Lewis, and on her death in 1852, were received by her heirs, who held them until their purchase by the government in 1878, when they were deposited in the United States Patent Office, where they remained until transferred to the United States National Museum in 1883.

"The objects purchased from the Lewis heirs form the greater portion of the Washingtoniana in the museum, and are designated as belonging to the 'Lewis collection.' The sources of other Washington relics received by the museum at various times as loans or gifts, are noted on the descriptive labels.

Lewistown, Pa.—Mrs. R. Ballentine of this place has in her possession a large steak platter that is over 167 years old. She can trace its existence back that many years.

**FOR SALE, CHEAP!**

Having closed our plant at East Jordan and removed the machinery, we offer the remaining buildings, together with the site, at sacrifice prices. The property consists of the following:

- EIGHTEEN ACRES LAND SUITABLE FOR CULTIVATION.
- TWO LARGE WAREHOUSES GOOD FOR STORAGE.
- SEVERAL DWELLING HOUSES
- One Large BOARDING HOUSE
- One OFFICE BUILDING
- Mill Building and Fire-proof Boiler House

WE WILL SELL THE ABOVE PROPERTY EITHER AS A WHOLE OR SEPARATELY. SOME OF THE BUILDINGS WE OFFER AS LOW AS \$100 EACH—THESE TO BE REMOVED FROM THE LAND. AT THIS TIME OF THE YEAR PRACTICALLY ALL OF THE FRAME BUILDINGS CAN BE REMOVED TO OTHER PARTS OF THE CITY AT VERY SMALL EXPENSE, USING THE SLEIGHING.

We invite interested parties to examine these buildings and write us for additional information. To responsible parties we will make reasonable terms of sale.

**Greif Bros. Cooperage Co.**  
CLEVELAND, OHIO.

**OLD TIME BARBECUE IS REVIVED IN NEW JERSEY**

Once Popular Outdoor Feast Seldom Heard of Now—Artist Explains the Work.

Gloucester, N. J.—There was a barbecue "ouf to Stone's place" on the Mount Ephraim pike, the other day. This is noteworthy because barbecues are not often held in south New Jersey any more. Once they were so common that many of the rural dwellers got weary of eating. In the winter especially public sales, shooting matches, hog-killing and all sorts of festive occasions were featured by the roast ox, accompanied by the ever necessary lubrication. Now, these feasts in the open are few and far between. They are passing away with other attractions of life in the rural sections. But they had one "out to Stone's place," and it was just like old times to see the hungry ones gather for the juicy morsels.

The event was a shoot in which competitors from Philadelphia, Wilmington, New York, Camden and many other New Jersey town participated. Jerry Blake accepted as a past master in all matters pertaining to barbecues was in charge. By those who know anything about barbecues, other comments will not be expected. Under his judicial eye the 'ox' was roasted to a turn and when the "eats" had all been passed out nothing was left of the huge beef but a glistening skeleton, as innocent of meat as a hound's tooth.

Barbecues mean the making of preparations such as few people like to undertake. It is not only necessary to pick just the right kind of a critter, but some one must be found who understands open fire cooking on a big scale. Contrary to general opinion, all barbecued meats are not necessarily "baked" in a great pit with a little smoking volcano above it. In fact, the best barbecued meats come off the spit where before a great blazing open fire it has been turned and roasted until every fiber is cooked to a turn, while still running juicy. It is the easiest thing in the world to sear it, and when that happens the flavor is greatly impaired.

Naturally barbecues is the one subject upon which Jerry Blake is always willing to talk. In fact, he will discourse it as long as anyone will listen, and listening to him is sure to convince one that life's experiences will never be complete unless there is included from one such event to as many as a man can possibly take in.

"Before I took to the barbecuing business I was a butcher," said Jerry after the "Stoney" barbecue. "Like everybody else round here, I used to

**ELBERT BEDE SAYS**

A government job has spoiled many a man for useful citizenship. The banquet has kept a good many proud "lame ducks" from going hungry. Mexico now has a stable government, but it may not be long before Caranza would give the presidency for a horse. All of us give more or less of our moral support to reforms until someone starts something that inconveniences us.

It is considered remarkable when man "comes back." It is considered quite remarkable when a woman doesn't. Regardless of tariffs and wars congress seems to have no trouble in getting the stuff with which to make headlines for the chautauqua and lyceum platforms. Emperor William is said to be suffering from an attack of "zelligewentzuedung," or "bindewentzuedung." Over here, where we economize in time and language and call it the grip. In preparing in advance for future possibilities, government scientists of Germany have discovered that certain kinds of wood may be made palatable. In that kind of preparedness America is way ahead of Europe, thanks to our breakfast food manufacturers. Some folks would be satisfied with their lives if they felt a monument would be erected to their memory. We don't wish to throw stones, but we would consider that some people had done something worth reward if they would place themselves in a position where it would be possible to erect a monument to their memory.

About the only time a woman ever overlooks a bargain is when she selects a husband. It takes a conscientious man to enjoy his work if the remuneration is small. Many a man has been hopelessly injured by the accidental discharge of duty. When the sun shines lay aside a little of your enthusiasm for a rainy day. A second class joke has caused many a man to lose a first class friend.

**For Family Use**

"Charlie," a Kirkwood commuter's wife began, thoughtfully, "I've been thinking a lot about you late."

"What's up?"

"Since we moved here to the country and you've gone back and forth every day to the city you have seen absolutely nothing of the children."

"I don't see how that can be helped," said Charlie. "When I leave in the morning they are not up, and when I come back in the evening they're in bed."

"Yes," said the wife, "that is so, but you might at least send them a souvenir postcard now and then."