

Charlevoix County Herald.

Vol. 20

EAST JORDAN, MICHIGAN, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 26, 1916.

No. 9

Inspected and Found Worthy

Company "I" Is Now The Largest Unit in the State.

The annual inspection of Company "I" 33rd Inf'y M. N. G. was held at their new Armory last Monday, and the citizens of East Jordan may well feel proud of the excellent showing made by the officers and members of the Company. They received the highest mark possible on everything except the drill work, and the errors made were excusable owing to the crowded condition of the floor space. The inspection was made by Captain Harry H. Tebbetts of the 10th U. S. Inf'y, assisted by First Sergeant Wm. H. Smith of Co. L., 20th U. S. Inf'y. Company "I" have now in their possession about \$7,000 worth of equipment, and every piece of this property had to be accounted for. The inspecting officers found everything in its proper place and order, and expressed both surprise and pleasure with the care and system shown.

In the evening the Company was inspected, but owing to the crowded condition of the floor it was impossible for the members to make a creditable showing.

Following the inspection, Capt. Tebbetts gave a brief talk on the purposes of such an organization and its value in case of actual hostilities. Aside from this he congratulated East Jordan on having the largest unit (or Company) in the State, and this in the face of the fact that East Jordan is the smallest city in the State having an M. N. G. Company. Over one hundred spectators were present and Capt. Tebbetts expressed surprise at the interest shown, stating that in other places he had visited there was little concern shown by the citizens. He concluded his remarks by saying that he hoped to have the pleasure of inspecting Company "I" again and trusted that another year would find them in an armory of their own.

Company "I" now has a membership of eighty-four enlisted men, and three officers. Of these seventy-three enlisted men and the three officers reported for inspection. This Company has the highest average attendance of any Company in the state.

Drills are held every Tuesday night from 8:00 to 9:30 and the officers and members of the Company extend a cordial invitation to all interested to call at the Armory and view the work being done.

THE WEEK IN HISTORY

Monday, Feb. 21.—Shakespeare does not find bacon to his taste, 1500.

Tuesday, Feb. 22.—George Washington cries for an American flag when born, 1700.

Wednesday, Feb. 23.—Nero makes some violin records for the talking machine companies, A. D. 70.

Thursday, Feb. 24.—Cleopatra sues Nat Goodwin for divorce, B. C., 918.

Friday, Feb. 25.—Pompey opens a shoe shining parlor in Athens, B. C., 113.

Saturday, Feb. 26.—Lucretia Borgia takes out a patent on a new poison, 1513.

Sunday, Feb. 27.—Michael Angelo establishes a line of jitney busses in Florence, 1516.

ADVERTISING CITIES

If the retailers of smaller towns and cities were as progressive as the retailers of the larger cities, the former would understand why the public is drawn to the latter to do its trading. Everywhere cities of from 25,000 population up are raising funds of many thousands of dollars with which to advertise themselves in papers, magazines and trade publications. The business men of smaller communities could just as profitably put on an advertising campaign through their local papers. Thirteen well-written page ads., exploiting the advantages of a town will work wonders for business men—and when one considers the small cost of thirteen page ads., in a local paper, it is not easily understood why the business men of the smaller towns don't try them.

Old Nursery Rhymes Revamped

Johnny Spratt could afford no fat,
His wife could afford no lean;
"Let's cut them out," said wifey, "till
A lower price is seen."

"OBSERVER" WRITES OF "HOME-MADE" SIGNS

By "Observer."

Far be it from me to intentionally offend anyone, but it seems I just must say something about some of the 'home made' signs all of us have seen some place or another at one time or another: "No Smoking Allowed," "By Underware Here," "Special Sail on Hose," "Please Don't Ask for Credit," and a score of others.

Few are the business men or women who do not know how to spell these ordinary words—but they do it through carelessness. They seem to think that nobody cares how a word or message is spelled, so long as it conveys the meaning. But they most certainly are mistaken. I will know the impression I form of a business house the minute I see such a sign in the place, and I feel sure that I am neither radical nor fanatical in such matters, but that the average man and woman are given the same impression.

In writing these articles for your editor, I have no desire to advertise his business. That is neither his purpose nor mine, but in this instance I am compelled to say that a printing office is the place to have signs printed. It is a part of the printing business to be both accurate and neat in its productions, and surely any sign that is going to stare the public in the face should have these qualities.

The average business house is well supplied with attractive signs supplied by wholesale houses. They are of all shapes, sizes and colors—and they are models of accuracy and neatness. Perhaps it is because of these perfect specimens that the crude, misspelled, home-made sign with its backward "s" and "n" are so noticeable. There are times, of course, when so few of one certain sign or placard are wanted that it would not pay to have them furnished by a printer and one is compelled to print them by hand or to have them at all. In such instances, attention should be given that every word is spelled correctly and there are no "upside-down" or "backward" letters in it. They are uncalled for and I truly believe they injure the business house displaying them.

IF ANY ONE HAS—

Died,
Eloped,
Married,
Divorced,
Left town,
Embezzled,
Had a fire,
Sold a farm,
Had a baby,
Been arrested,
Come to town,
Bought a home,
Committed murder,
Fallen from an aeroplane,
That's news—Telephone us.

And Along Came Ruth

"What in the world have you brought home in the sack, Ruth?" asked the mother one afternoon of her ingenious daughter.

"Bran, mother," replied Ruth.

"Bran? And pray what do you mean to do with that?"

"Why mother, bran is one of the handiest articles you can have about a house. It is good for so many different things. For instance: It is excellent for cleaning painted or varnished woodwork, as it removes the dirt and does not harm the finish; then if colored goods are washed and rinsed in bran water they will not fade. Then everybody knows how it whitens and beautifies the hands and face when it is used upon them."

"If that is the case I am glad to have such a fine household help around," declared Ruth's mother.

Hints Worth Trying

To remove fish odor from silver and cooking utensils—Let them stand in cold water before washing.

To clean silk—Do not use a brush as the bristles are sure to scratch the surface. Take a piece of velveteen, wipe the silk well and all the dust particles will be removed without the slightest injury.

To clean mirrors—I saw a milliner clean her windows in a few minutes. She dipped a piece of tissue paper in wood alcohol and rubbed the surface clean. Then took a clean piece of paper sprinkled a little whiteing on it and polished the glass. It was the quickest and most satisfactory method I ever saw used.

ELBERT BEDE SAYS

When a base ball player gets married it's hard to get him away from the home plate.

From the noise some people make getting onto the water wagon one would think it were a band wagon.

If styles keep going in the direction they have started, man may again be able to hide behind woman's skirts.

A man should never be considered qualified for the diplomatic service until he has been married several years.

Gas pipes are being made out of old newspapers. That is dangerous, for the papers may continue in the habit of spreading it.

It is no wonder that there seems so little interest in good roads when so many of us take so little interest in the way we are going.

Those who get out and vote for the winning administration think such display of patriotism should be awarded with a public office.

Someone has suggested that we buy Mexico. We are willing to let those hunt trouble who wish to but we refuse to buy any for ourselves.

The girl graduate who feels that she is qualified to run the earth may a few years later find herself pretty busy keeping from being run too much by one man.

Heaven most likely is not the place a lot of folks says it is, but a lot of those who think they know what it is like will never be able to say 'I told you so.'

There are just as many witches now as there were in the old days, and just as many of us men fall under their spell but we lead them to the altar instead of the stake.

DEWARD

S. J. Risk of East Jordan was in Deward, Tuesday selling insurance policies.

The school children enjoyed a couple of days vacation last week while the teachers attended the county institute at Grayling.

Henry Smith is visiting this week in East Jordan.

Mrs. McGuire was a business caller in Frederic, Saturday.

The Sunday School classes arranged for sleigh-rides this week and all seemed to enjoy the trips—Wednesday afternoon and evening. One load, the little tots, went to Jackson's camp in the afternoon and the older ones went to Frederic in the evening.

Mr. and Mrs. Ed. Barber, of Frederic were Deward visitors Friday and Saturday.

Kenneth Ward of East Jordan is relieving Mr. Smith for a few days at the D. & C. depot.

Miss Wiley spent Friday and Saturday in East Jordan.

Clinton Sedgeman attended the dance given by the Company I boys, at East Jordan Tuesday evening.

Rev. Weaver of Petoskey held a meeting at the school house Friday afternoon. He will be with us again next Saturday-evening and Sunday.

Miss McGillis spent Saturday in Roscommon.

Mr. Sedgeman took a sleigh-ride party to the show in Frederic Saturday night.

BREEZY HILL NOTES

Beautiful weather.

The Moore Brothers, who have been working with their teams out by Boyne Falls, moved back to their farms last Tuesday.

Ira Olney bought a pair of horses of Alex. Bashaw, one day last week.

Mrs. Roscoe Smith spent Tuesday with Mrs. Frank Kiser.

Ira Bradshaw has purchased the driving horse formerly owned by Dr. Lewis of Central Lake.

Ralph Ranney returned from the woods out by Boyne Falls and is now harvesting saw logs.

Miss Ursula Crawford called on Mrs. Frank Kiser, Wednesday.

Miss Delia Conley visited at Lew Hardeins, Wednesday.

Some men make good by stepping in other men's tracks.

Time flies—and the leader of an orchestra can beat it.

Why does the self-made man never suffer from remorse?

Anyway George Washington didn't use his little hammer.

No matter how red a man's hair may be, he hates to lose it.

POLITICAL ANNOUNCEMENTS

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.

To the Voters of East Jordan

I respectfully offer myself as a candidate for the office of Mayor of your city.

HUGH W. DICKEN, M. D.

To the Electors of the City of East Jordan

I hereby announce my candidacy for the office of Commissioner of the City of East Jordan for the one year term, believing that if I am elected I can give the City good satisfactory service and will appreciate the support of your vote.

CARL HEINZELMAN.

To City Electors

I am a candidate for City Commissioner to fill the vacancy caused by the resignation of Jacob H. Graff. Having served in this capacity by appointment of the City Commission to hold until the spring election. I now seek from the electors the privilege of completing the term. If my services have met with your approval as rendered in the past few months I respectfully ask your support.

J. ALLAN LANCASTER.

To the Electors of South Arm Township

Not being able to see you all personally I take this method to announce that I will be a candidate for the office of Supervisor at the Caucus, March 11th 1916.

JACOB E. CHEW.

Wise and Otherwise

If Greece gets into the war the fat will be in the fire.

Through a man's tongue we get a glimpse of his brains—or his lack thereof.

A business failure has been laid to woman's non-use of petticoats—but this does not mean that the failure was the result of time wasted by the male employes keeping their eyes on the street. The trouble was that the firm that failed was a manufacturer of petticoats.

TOWN STIRRED UP BY TWINS

Towanda, Pa.—This town is stirred up over its first real mystery. The seventh pair of twins to be born on Union street has just arrived at the home of Samuel Cullen.

Union street is not half a mile long and therefore everybody is asking Why the stork is so partial to this particular street?

Union street is one of the most healthful parts of town and a survey conducted by local authorities has revealed that persons living in the street average high health records. The authorities seized upon this as being the logical explanation.

And meanwhile there is such a demand for residences along the thoroughfare that twenty-five new houses are to be erected in the spring.

How One Home Was Broken Up

Mrs. Evelyn L. Sherrill of Chicago put her husband's union suit on the radiator and the buttons got hot. Divorced.

BRIEF DECISIONS

Just because a man is enjoined to love his neighbor as himself is no excuse for his becoming inordinately fond of himself.

The man who made no mistake when he married probably saved somebody else from making one.

The world is always ready to listen to the man who hasn't time to talk.

Wisdom is a very useful thing that we acquire too late to use it.

He who friends would have must have himself for one.

Many a man makes so much noise blowing his own horn that he can't hear opportunity when she knocks at his door.—From Judge.

School Commissioner's Notes.

No notes last week. The commissioner was attending the Farmers' Institutes, drying thru the drifts, hearing some splendid programs, speechifying a little bit herself, and enjoying potluck twice daily.

There was splendid substance in the course this year—just how a farmer may judge what his soil needs without a scientific test, how he may supply this by proper planting without relying on commercial fertilizers, why Michigan should lead the world in stock raising, just why milk-testing pays and that a movement is actually on foot to procure a county agent for Charlevoix county. Hurrah for a county agent! Join the boosters' fast increasing crowd!

Three school boards last week made the request that the state standard school inspector be invited to visit them and help them to consider the standard school proposition. The expense of this visit is borne by the state department. All the school board has to do is to welcome this expert and to be open to conviction.

The finest Teachers' Institute ever was: large attendance, earnest speakers and courteous, attentive listeners. Pres. Bryan of Colgate University was popular as a man of fine delivery and deep thought. Pres. Kaye is a master of details and has a way that wins and keeps winning. The Palmer instructor was very practical in her work and lives up to her nick-name, the "Whirlwind." She was less practical but none the less popular in fortune telling. Supt. L. L. Tyler of Traverse City came in at the last moment with a new breath of enthusiasm from without and the interest could not possibly flag at that crucial moment. He's a capital hand at story telling too, with a fund of beautiful truths bound up in compelling poetry.

One hundred eight plates set at the teachers' supper. Supt. Holliday was truthfully master of merry-making, and handed the slams—wee compliments—right and left. It was rather hard on those East Jordan teachers but he gives them a year to revive.

New drinking fountain expected to arrive soon at Horton Bay and Barnard school, one more barrier between children and disease.

A number of teachers and parents regret the loss of a leader in the spring activities of the Rural School Athletic league. Why couldn't each township have a meet just the same. The teachers of each township could arrange by phone or correspondence. That's easy—and the banners don't cost much. A popcorn stand would pay for them. Then after you have them they mean a whole lot.

Feb. 22-26, the commissioner will be in Detroit attending the annual meeting of the National Educational association. She hopes to gain some idea or suggestion that may later be used in Charlevoix county to aid in putting our schools on the American map. For this reason she can not be in Boyne City the 26th. As previously announced any difficulty will be arranged by correspondence or by a later visit.

No notes in the next issue. More yet thereafter. Therefore rejoice and be exceeding glad for great will be the need of it.

Learn a Little Every Day.

In time lost and medical attention, the wage-earners of this country have an annual sick bill of \$680,000,000.

The total value of tires used in 1915 in the U. S. was \$250,000,000.

The new rice crop pays California 70 an acre, or more than the wheat-land gives.

Britain yearly uses 70,000 tons of cork.

California had 1,234 forest fires in 1914.

Russia's land area is 8,417,118 square

Bits of Information

For educational motion picture shows and cooking demonstrations, where electricity is not available the Louisiana state university has equipped an automobile with a generator.

In an effort to keep the Germans from crossing the Vistula, several hundred women aided the Russian soldiers to dig trenches.

Bad news, like a soft boiled egg, should always be broken gently.

Much of the charity that should begin at home doesn't begin at all.

Great men are ordinary people with their understandings polished.

Many a man wastes time arguing about the religion he hasn't got.

Temple Theatre PARAMOUNT PICTURE PROGRAM

Tuesday, Feb'y 29th.

"BUCKSHOT JOHN" HIGHLY DRAMATIC

Bosworth takes special pleasure in offering it's first Charles E. Van Loan release, "Buckshot John," a highly dramatic story, with many unusual features and a remarkable cast.

The plot is most original, centered as it is around two unique characters, a desperado who later is a convict, and a polished charlatan. There are numbers of daring scenes on moving trains, a fresh, wholesome love story, a theme which at once attracts and holds the audience, a sympathetic central character superbly played by Hobart Bosworth, a strong supporting cast headed by Courtenay Foote, and photography so fine that it sets a new standard even for Bosworth.

Friday, March 3rd.

GABY DESLYS IN "HER TRIUMPH"

Gaby Deslys, who has been in the public eye for some time through her sensational triumphs on the European and New York stages, makes her first and exclusive appearance on the screen in a novel comedy-drama of the theatre, "Her Triumph," a four part novelty film produced in Paris by the Famous Players Film Company and released on the Paramount Program.

Through the medium of this unusual photoplay, the celebrated Gaby's famed beauty and charm are transferred to the screen, and can be appreciated to even better advantage than from across the footlights, because of the more realistic powers of the film, and the widened scope it gives her art.

The story is so developed as to present Mile. Deslys' varied talents with all the assisting value that a superbly chosen cast, including her famous dancing partner, Harry Picer, sumptuous settings and absorbing situations can provide.

"Her Triumph" is an original conception that presents the illustrious Gaby in a varied environment, and in circumstances that alternate between comedy and serious drama. It is a new Gaby that is seen on the screen, a Gaby not only effective in the lighter moments of her portrayal, but a Gaby, also of dramatic power and decided histrionic ability. The Dance Deslys, again, which is introduced in the production, indicates an amazing mastery of the most difficult form of terpsichorean art, and completes the versatility of one of the most interesting stars that has ever been seen on the screen.

County Normal Notes.

Mary Boice, Rena Carroll, and Ethel Barbour spent the week end at their homes in Central Lake. Ruth Chellis went to her home at Ellsworth.

"Life Is Service" has been chosen as class motto. The colors are gold and white.

There was great excitement in the normal room Monday evening when the long looked for class emblems arrived. They proved to be all that had been expected and the students are now wearing them with a great deal of pride.

Miss Whiting gave a very interesting description of Washington to the class. She has spent two summers at the national capital and with the aid of pictures she secured while there, was able to make her hearers see things in a very vivid way.

The class attended both days of the meeting of the County Teachers' Institute last week and found every session profitable as well as interesting. Mr. Kaye, president of the Northern State Normal School, conducted the Institute and Mr. Bryan, president of Colgate University was the principal speaker and was received with much enthusiasm at every meeting.

The normal students feel that they have had a fine opportunity to get acquainted with the alumni of the county normal and the teachers of the county thru the reception given in the normal room and the banquet at the Hotel Michigan. They feel that they are all ready teachers of the county although their actual work does not begin until next year.

FINDS BURIED GOLD BUT CAN'T GET IT

CLERGYMAN SURE HE HAS DISCOVERED TREASURE BURIED BY PERRY BEFORE LAKE ERIE BATTLE

EXCAVATES FOR IT BY NIGHT

Huge Oak Planks Block Him in Quest for Wealth, He Says.

Sandusky, O.—Rev. John Coup, Company K, One Hundred and Sixty-fourth Regiment, O. V. I., an inmate of cottage N, Ohio Soldiers' and Sailors' Home, says he has found gold and silver of almost inestimable value, buried by members of Commodore Oliver Hazard Perry's crew in the campaign preceding the battle of Lake Erie, September 10, 1813.

The gray haired old man says he was aided in his search by a delicate instrument of his own invention—an instrument very much like the one used in the oil fields of eastern Pennsylvania, Northwestern Ohio and Northern Indiana for locating oil and gas veins in the early days of the development of the fields of those States.

"I will only say now that the place where this treasure was buried is in East Sandusky, near the shore of Sandusky Bay," said Mr. Coup. "I have been there with a trusted friend of mine. We have excavated by night but have not been able to get to the treasure as yet. It won't be long, however until we are both rich, for the gold and silver is there."

Mr. Coup said further that the reason why he has been unable to unearth the treasure is that huge oak planks apparently laid above and beneath the gold and silver thought to have been buried have been encountered.

Residents of East Sandusky have been discussing mysterious lights that have been seen moving slowly in the vicinity of the western shore of Big Island for some time past late at night. It is thought now that these lights were carried by Mr. Coup and the man who is aiding him.

An examination of the island has, however, failed to develop any indication that a quest for wealth is or has been prosecuted there.

WOMEN ENVY MAN'S COOKIES

Thrashing Laborer Beats Them All on Farming Circuit.

Madison, Wis.—"Cooking for the thrashers" has been the stock expression for all that is wearisome in farming households for many years. It meant extra help in the kitchen—hustle and worry and stew, bake and broil and fret from 5 a. m. until after 8 o'clock at night.

But in Dane county the farmers' wives have no need to worry. That county can boast of one thrasher man who is such an exceedingly skillful and resourceful cook that he can beat the best of women competitors.

C. A. Bailey of De Forest is the man. At the Windsor fall festival he carried off one first prize on devil's food cake, another first on cocoanut cookies, first prize on baking powder biscuits, second prize on lemon pie and sweepstakes on canned peaches.

"It's a shame I couldn't have spared more time from my work with the gang or I would have entered something in every class in the outfit," smilingly declared Bailey to a group of people who were admiring his dainties.

He then leaned back complacently against the show case and putting his thumbs in the armholes of his vest, told the gaping group his best recipe. His defeated rivals icily turned their backs and began examining the crazy quilts and tatting.

Bailey bids fair to rival the famous Baker Bunn of Baraboo.

GIRL RESTS ON RATTLESNAKE

Cotton Picker Thought Reptile Was a Sack on Ground

San Angelo, Tex.—Flora Hanson, a 16 year old cotton picker on the Stanley Turner ranch, near here, sat on a rattlesnake for fifteen minutes, thinking the snake was a cotton sack.

The snake permitted her to sit in peace, and it was not until the girl reached for her cotton sack to begin her day's labor that she learned of her mistake. The snake was more than 4 feet in length. That the reptile was cold in the early morning is the only reason that can be ascribed for its not biting the girl.

So the Calf Kept on.

New York—As a train stopped at a little Ohio station the passengers heard the plaintive bawling of a calf, which was being wheeled along the platform in a crate.

"There's some one complaining, conductor," said a traveler, looking for a bit of fun.

"Not to me," answered the mild old ticket taker. "Never heard a passenger's complaint with that much sense."

Breaks Arm Nine Times.

Horton, Kan.—Lawrence Gossett, aged 9, has broken his right arm for the ninth time. The bone of the arm has been broken at almost exactly the same place each time.

LITTLE RED ROCK

SOLD FOR \$32,000

Cowboy Says He Chanced to Pick it Up in Draw One Day.

Omaha, Neb.—How A. C. Olson, a well known young horseman of Pine Bluffs, found \$32,500, is related in a letter written to the Bee by P. G. Ross of Buffalo, N. Y.

Mr. Ross states that he was returning from the San Francisco fair when a cowboy boarded the train at Sidney, Neb. This cowboy proved to be an old friend, whom he had first met in Weiser, Idaho, when but 14 years old. Ross was in the smoking car talking with a New York precious stone dealer when Olson boarded the train and took a seat opposite. They recognized each other. The letter continues:

"Olson pulled out a bottle of beer and while searching his pockets for an opener pulled out a shingle nail, two small stones and one large red looking stone. Brown, the precious stone dealer looked at it carefully, and asked what he called it.

"Oh, it's just a little red stone I chanced to pick up in a draw one day," said Olson.

"Brown asked what he was going to do with it, and Olson said he was going to have it mounted and present it to a friend.

"Well, what'll you take for it?" asked Brown.

"Oh I don't care to sell it," said Olson.

"They dickered for a while and finally Brown said:

"I'll give you \$10,000 for it."

"Well, Mr. Olson came near fainting right there. You could have knocked his eyes off with a stick, and he reached for the little red stone, looking at it for a while.

"Finally Brown said, 'well are you going to sell?'"

Mr. Olson studied a while and then said, "What is the best you will give?"

"And finally, after parleying till we were near North Platte, Neb., Brown had come to \$30,000.

"Wanting to go to bed," said Olson, "I'll take \$35,000."

Brown said, "No, it's more than I'll give," and left the car, but soon returned and offered \$32,500, and they finally came to an agreement, after Brown had promised to cut two small stones out and mount them.

I asked Olson what he was going to do with the money.

"Well," he said, "I'll go home in a couple of weeks, pay my debts, buy some more calves and start a new business that I have always wanted to go into since I was a boy."

ENOUGH TO KILL 40 PERSONS

San Francisco "Fiend" Requires 30 Times as Much Dope as Ordinary Habitual.

San Francisco, Cal.—Twenty grains of cocaine and morphine a day, enough to kill 40 men.

And 80 times the amount the average dope fiend consumes.

Fifteen years at it, too.

This is the human dope marvel found by the State Board of Pharmacy in its combing of the San Francisco underworld.

"Dopy Phil" Harris is his name. Thirty-four years his age and healthy and robust looking at that. The pharmacy board officials confess themselves dumfounded.

"This man is a marvel," said Secretary Zeh of the pharmacy board today. "He consumes enough dope every day to kill 40 average men. He requires 80 times as much hop as an ordinary drug user consumes. Yet to look at him you'd think he had lived all his life on some baby's malted milk. Take the dope away from him, though, for 48 hours and he would die in the next 24."

BALDHEADS NEVER INSANE

Wisconsin Doctor Gives Grain of Comfort to Hairless Men.

Monroe, Wis.—Here is a grain of comfort for the baldheaded men. No matter to what extent they are compelled to bear the ridicule of their friends because of their shining domes, the fact that it is falling out is a guarantee they will never be inmates of an insane asylum. So says Dr. Robert B. Clark who has made a lifelong study of insanity.

"I have examined several hundred patients as to their sanity," said Dr. Clark. "I have had the opportunity of studying many hundreds of others, and in all my experience I have yet with a single exception to see an insane man who was baldheaded."

Asked why, the doctor declared himself entirely in the dark.

Twins Return With Riches

Milwaukee, Wis.—With less than a dollar between them the Poppert twins—Oscar and Walter—left Milwaukee fifteen years ago to seek their fortune in the Klondike.

A few days ago they returned as owners of mining property in Alaska said to be worth several hundred thousand dollars. They are visiting their parents, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Poppert 394 Twenty-seventh avenue.

The adventures of the Poppert twins rival those read about in the wildest of Alaskan tales. The first years in the North were spent in "whaling" on rickety vessels, their cruises taking them to Siberia, China, Japan and the Hawaiian Islands. Later they herded cattle and finally, with a team of dogs, set out for the interior of Alaska.

The men are now known as the most daring explorers in the Arctic region.

FIRING MAN'S FOOT

PROVES POOR JOKE

Supreme Tribunal Frowns on Bartender's Fun with Customer.

St. Paul, Minn.—The official frown of the Supreme Court was placed on the didoes or cut-ups of the old style played in saloons such as setting fire to papers under a sleepy patron's chair and playing jokes unsuspecting patrons when such caprices work an injury.

When a bartender plays a trick on a guest and injury results the saloon keeper can be sued for damages, according to an opinion of the court. The case originated at Ranier, James Brennan owned a saloon. He had given a bond to keep a quiet and orderly place. The American Surety Company stood sponsor for the bond. William Tracy was a bartender.

According to complaint filed by John Lynch, formerly foreman of a gang of men on the Canadian Northern Railway, he was in the saloon keeping quiet on Sunday, June 4, 1911. Lynch alleged that while he was sitting in the place, Tracy, the bartender, poured alcohol on his foot and set fire to it, with the result that Lynch was injured and laid up for some time. He started suit for \$2000.

The defendants in the action, the saloonkeeper and the American Surety Company demurred. Their contentions were overruled and the case was appealed with the result that the Supreme Court affirmed the order of the lower court and the case will go to trial.

The case hinged mostly on the meaning of "quiet and orderly."

The syllabus follows:

1. Under Chapter 246, Laws 1905, G. S. 1913, Section 3117, both the principal and surety on a saloon keeper's bond are liable for any damage proximately caused by any act which is a violation of the conditions of the bond.

2. Where the person in charge of a saloon pours alcohol upon a guest and then sets fire to him there is a violation of the condition of the bond that the licensee will keep a quiet and orderly house.

3. It is not necessary to a violation of this condition that the licensee shall be guilty of the statutory crime of keeping a disorderly house. That crime involves habitual or repeated acts of disorder, not necessary to a breach of the bond.

4. The six-year limitation of actions applies to a cause of action on such a bond.

Order affirmed. The opinion was written by Justice Hallam.

SEVENTY YEAR OLD MAN

GETS ENTIRE NEW FACE

For 47 Years Unable to Close Eyes—Sight Nearly Ruined by Alaskan Lights

Port Angeles, Wash.—John Watson 70 years old, who has traveled all over the world and who for forty-seven years could not close his eyes because he was without eyelids, has had his face remodeled. The new face, which is his third one, includes a perfect set of eyelids and changes his appearance to such an extent that his old friends here did not recognize him when he landed for a visit this week.

Watson has been around the world twice and has tried the life of a pioneer in the wildest parts of the North American continent. Most of his adventures took place during the forty-seven years between the disfiguration of his face by an accident and the coming into the possession of a fortune he inherited some time ago.

During this time he was known as the man who couldn't close his eyes.

At the age of 20 years at his home in Indianola, Iowa, the explosion of a can of asphaltum varnish tore away much of the flesh of his face and destroyed his eyelids, altho his sight was not injured. With a badly disfigured face he started out in the world and blazed trails thru Montana, the Northwest and Alaska.

Sleep was almost impossible for him. "At first my sleep was limited to brief, fretful periods," he said, "but as time went on I would drop into slumber staring straight ahead in the darkness. I could see things in the dark probably more clearly than any one else could."

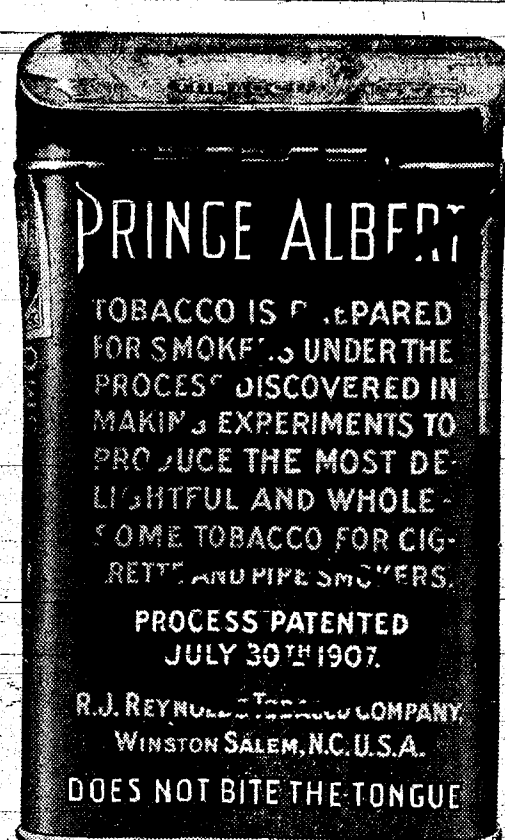
In the far north the summers with practically no darkness, almost ruined his vision, and he returned to Seattle. He was without means and for years drifted around the country. Some time ago a rich relative left him a fortune. Watson went to a Philadelphia surgeon, who removed pieces of skin from various parts of his body and grafted them upon his face, restoring it to a nearly normal appearance. At the same time the surgeon, from other pieces of skin skillfully fashioned him a new set of eyelids, the artificiality of which can hardly be detected.

Strong Desires the Fair.

San Francisco, Cal.—"To the strong the fair," commented Judge Morgan in granting a divorce to Duke R. Lee, a strong man in a circus, from Elizabeth Lee, a bareback rider.

Lee testified he was married in New York in 1911. Shortly afterward he said, his wife became acquainted with Lee Sampson, who, he admitted, was stronger than he and was, in fact, second to none but the Biblical Sampson.

"As soon as she discovered that Sampson was stronger than I she left me for him," said Lee. "She is still with him."



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Why Prince Albert meets men's tastes all over the world!

The patented process makes Prince Albert so good in a pipe or rolled into a cigarette that its popularity is now universal! It satisfies all smoke desires! This patented process, which also removes bite and parch, is controlled by us. No other tobacco can be like

PRINCE ALBERT

the national joy smoke

Listen: It's easy to change the shape and color of unsalable brands to imitate the Prince Albert light red tin, but it is impossible to imitate the flavor of Prince Albert tobacco! The patented process protects that!

Men who have stowed away gentle old jimmy pipes for years, have brought them back to the tune of Prince Albert! Get yours out, for your confidence never will be abused! We tell you Prince Albert will set pipe free the tenderest tongue!

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

Prince Albert can be bought everywhere tobacco is sold—in tippy red bags, 5c; tidy red tins, 10c; handsome pound and half-pound tin humidors and in that classy pound crystal-glass humidor with sponge-moistener top that keeps the tobacco in such fine condition!

SPEAKING OF SPEAKING

Many a speaker who thinks he is fluent is only frequent.

Oratory in a speech is the cloud effect that completes the picture. I always hate to hear a man say he can't make a speech and then take twenty minutes to prove it.

The worst thing about a speaker who says he hardly knows where to begin is that he seldom knows where to stop.

Toastmasters and bill collectors are like evils in one respect; they seldom let you know when they are going to call on you.

Whenever I want to behold a simpleminded peasantry I go watch a city audience listening to a lecture on the psychology of local consciousness.

The difference between a doctor of medicine and a doctor of divinity is that one gives anaesthetics and the other gives lectures. Did I say difference?

A toastmaster is like a boy shooting off fireworks: Often he thinks he is setting off a skyrocket and it proves to be a squib.

At every banquet there comes a time when they excuse the waiters and begin the speeches; and many is the time I have wished to heaven I were a waiter.—From Judge.

Invite all your friends to Thanksgiving dinner, so there will be plenty there to laugh at the man who carves the turkey.

To be a satisfactory fiancée a man should be all heart, but to be a satisfactory husband he should be all pocketbook.

The small boy who refuses a piece of pie at dinner when he sees that the supply is running short is a true hero.

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

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

The man who makes the best of everything should have no trouble in disposing of his goods.

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

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

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

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

Probably a great many turkeys will be glad to escape the high cost of living.

If your enemy has a poor memory, that is another thing to be thankful for.

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

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A POPULAR AND BECOMING MODEL



1529. Costume for Misses and Small Women (with Sleeve in Either of Two Lengths.)

This attractive design is splendid for serge, gabardine, tafetta, corduroy or velvet. The waist is full under the belt, and is finished with a broad collar. The sleeve is dart fitted and has a neat cuff at wrist length. In short length it is finished with a cuff cut in points. The skirt is a 7 gore model with box plaits. The pattern is cut in 3 sizes: 16, 18 and 20 years. It requires 7 yards of 44 inch material for an eighteen year size. The skirt measures 3 1/2 yards at the lower edge, with plaits drawn out.

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

A SIMPLE FROCK FOR MOTHER'S GIRL



1589

1589—So easy to make and so becoming and attractive. With the guimpe of batiste, silk or lawn, and the overdress of challie, figured crepe or velvet this will make a very nice dress for best wear. It is also good for gingham, percale, serge, poplin, repp or chambray. Black taffeta with pipings of red would be smart with a red guimpe. The pattern is cut in four sizes: 4, 6, 8, and 10 years. Size 8 years will require 1 3/4 yard of 36 inch material for the guimpe, with 2 1/8 yards for the dress.

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

AN ATTRACTIVE MODEL FOR HOME OR BUSINESS WEAR



1507

1507. Simple becoming lines mark this stylish design. It is good for tafetta, dotted or figured voile, checked or novelty suiting, serge, gingham, chambray, linen or percale. For a morning dress linen or gingham would be very serviceable. For business

wear, serge, tafetta or voile would be suitable. The waist is cut low and outlined with shaped revers that form a rolled collar over the back. The chemisette has a standing collar which may be omitted. The sleeve is close fitting below the elbow and finished with a smart pointed cuff, in wrist length. In short length a turn back cuff forms a neat finish. The skirt has plaited fullness in back and front, which may be stitched in tuck effect. The pattern is cut in 6 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. It requires 7 1/4 yards of 36 inch material for a 36 inch size. The skirt measures about 3 1/2 yards at the foot.

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A DISTINCTIVE STYLE



1580

1580—Waist. 1577—Skirt. This attractive gown was developed from waist pattern 1580 and skirt pattern 1577. The model has good lines and attractive style features. The waist is cut with a convertible collar and may be finished with or without the bolero. The skirt has a yoke shaped in points, to which the flare sections are joined. As here shown brown gabardine was used for bolero and skirt portions, and ecru lace allover for the waist. Velvet or taffeta could be used with plaid silk or matched satin for the waist. A medium size requires for the waist pattern 2 3/8 yards of 36 inch material with 1 1/8 yard for the bolero. It is cut in 6 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. The skirt requires 3 1/4 yards of 54 inch material. It is cut in 6 sizes: 22, 24, 26, 28, 30 and 32 inches waist measure. The skirt measures about 3 1/4 yards at the foot.

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

SIMPLE BUT ATTRACTIVE STYLE FOR HOME OR BUSINESS WEAR



1522

1522. Ladies' House or Home Dress, With Sleeve in Either of Two Lengths.

As here shown striped gingham, in blue and white was used, with white line for trimming. The waist and skirt are cut on simple lines, with front closing; deep pockets trim the skirt, and a broad collar finishes the waist. The sleeve is dart fitted in wrist length, and is finished with a neat cuff. In short length a turn back cuff forms a suitable trimming. This style is good for all wash fabrics, also for tafetta, poplin, serge, corduroy, voile, and velvet. In blue serge with facings of blue or black satin, it would make a splendid business dress. 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 about 3 yards at its lower edge.

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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 PRACTICAL, SERVICEABLE COMBINATION



1552

1552. Ladies' Apron With Sleeve Protector and Cap.

As here shown figured percale was used for this set of serviceable garments. The model is also suitable for gingham, chambray, satcen, percale, lawn or seersucker. The apron is on good comfortable lines and affords ample protection for the dress beneath. The sleeve protectors are a popular accessory, and the cap is good to hold off the dust. At the same time it imparts a neat trim appearance. The pattern is cut in three sizes: small, medium, and large. It requires 5 1/8 yards of 36 inch material for the apron, 3/4 yard for the cap, and 7/8 yard for one pair of sleeve protectors, for a medium size.

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A COMFORTABLE SUIT.



1542

1543

Blouse 1542. Trousers 1543. What boy does not like to be comfortable and free in his movements? The blouse shown in this model is cut on good lines to insure ease and comfort. It has a convertible collar, that may be closed high at the neck edge, or rolled low as in the large view. The yoke is shaped over the back, and the front is trimmed with a substantial pocket. Pattern 1542 furnishes the model for the blouse. It is cut in 5 sizes: 6, 8, 10, 12 and 14 years. Size 10 will require 2 yards of 36 inch material. Flannel, soisette, madras, linen, cambric, percale, galatea, serge or khaki cloth are good materials for this style. The trousers are in knee length and straight at the lower edge. They too, have ample pockets and are easy to develop. For serge, corduroy, chevot, khaki, drill, linen or galatea this model is excellent. The pattern is cut in 5 sizes: 6, 8, 10, 12 and 14 years. It requires 1 3/4 yards of 27 inch material for a 12 year size.

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A NEW PHASE OF THE ONE PIECE FROCK



1533

1533. Ladies' Costume.

A new style feature of this design is the full length panel in back, which is stitched with tab ends over the belt. The waist fronts open in revers fashion, and are finished with a smart vest. The sleeve is long and close fitting, and shaped at the wrist. The skirt has graceful fullness and a plait in slot effect at the centre front. In serge, poplin, broad cloth, gabardine, or velvet this model will be very effective. It could be made of gray wool poplin, with vest of satin in a matching shade and a neat finish of braid. The pattern is cut in sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. It requires 6 1/2 yards of 44 inch material for a 36 inch size. The skirt measures 3 yards at the lower edge.

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JUNIORS DRESS



1532

1532. An ideal Autumn Frock for the Young Miss.

Striped novelty suiting in a new shade of green with trimming of matched velvet was used in this instance. This design is also good for serge, wool, poplin, corduroy, velvet and tafetta. The waist is in semi-fitted coat blouse style, with pockets on the belt and a choice of a long sleeve, with straight cuff, or a short sleeve trimmed with a smart turn back cuff. The skirt is gored and has the fullness laid in deep plaits. This model has simple stylish lines, and will make a smart dress, suitable for many occasions. The pattern is cut in 3 sizes: 12, 14 and 16 years. It requires 5 3/4 yards of 36 inch material for a 14 year size.

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A POPULAR, EASILY MADE DRESS



1563

1563. Over Blouse Dress for Juniors. This model has several new style features, and is cut on graceful and attractive lines. The underwaist or guimpe may be of contrasting material. The sleeve in wrist length has a straight shaped cuff. The short sleeve is finished with a pointed turnback cuff. The over blouse has a deep "V" shaped neck opening and shaped belt. The skirt is a six gore model with plaits. Serge, velveteen, broadcloth, gabardine, voile, galatea, linen or corduroy are good for this style. The pattern is cut in 3 sizes: 12, 14 and 16 years. It requires 2 1/2 yards of 27 inch material for the dress for a 14 year size.

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A NEW DRESS FOR MOTHER'S GIRL.



1562

1562. Girl's Overdress, with Guimpe, Having Sleeve in Either of Two Lengths.

One could develop this style very effectively in serge for the overdress with plaid silk or crepe in a contrasting or matched collar for the guimpe. In black velveteen with white or pale blue satin for the guimpe it would make a nice best dress. Taffeta, poplin, repp, linen, nun's veiling, cashmere or voile are also nice. The guimpe of patiste, nainsook, lawn or crepe. The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 6, 8, 10 and 12 years. It requires for the guimpe, 1 7/8 yards of 27 inch material, and 3 3/8 yards for the dress for a 10 year size.

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A SIMPLE BUT ATTRACTIVE NEGLIGEE



1583

1583—Ladies' Kimono. Figured crepe in a Persian pattern in blue tones is here shown. The

trimming is matched satin. This model is made with high waistline and has a four gore skirt. The sleeve is loose and flowing. A broad shaped collar trims the neck edge. The design is nice for lawn, percale, chambray, batiste, challie or flannel, and also good for cashmere, nun's veiling and elderdown. The pattern is cut in 6 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. It requires six yards of 44 inch material for a 36 inch size.

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A CHARMING AND ATTRACTIVE STYLE



1579

1579—Costume for Misses and Small Women With High or Low Neck Outline and 2 Styles of Sleeve.

Pink crepe and embroidered chiffon are combined in this instance. The model is lovely for an evening or dancing frock, but will develop readily and appropriately for informal occasions as well. The waist fronts are crossed in surplice style and gathered in graceful fullness. The shirt shows the new pannier draping. Taffeta, velvet, charmeuse, nun's veiling, gabardine, messaline or poplin are also nice for this design. The pattern is cut in 3 sizes: 16, 18, and 20 years. It requires 5 1/8 yards of 44 inch material for an 18 year size. The skirt measures about 3 1/4 yards at its lower edge.

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A TRIM AND STYLISH MODEL



1568

1568—Ladies' Costume.

This design is attractive for an afternoon or calling gown, and will also be suitable for street wear under a 3-4 length coat. The right waist front overlaps the left at the closing. The neck has a smart collar finish. The sleeve is dart fitted and finished with a shaped cuff. The skirt has a plaited front panel, and flares gracefully over the back and sides. The waist is lengthened by a peplum which may be omitted. The pattern is suitable for serge, wool poplin, crepe, voile, gabardine, velvet, tafetta or corduroy. Brown serge with tan faille for trimming or blue gabardine with matched satin would be nice. The pattern is cut in 6 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. Size 36 will require 6 3/8 yards of 44 inch material. The skirt measures about 3 1/8 yards at its lower edge.

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There's nothing like being ready when opportunity knocks.

Don't use your best friend for a crutch. Go it alone.

Teeth are like verbs—regular, irregular, and defective.

Ambition never has time to take a day off.

Replies are not always answers.

USED TURQUOIS TO DECORATE MOUTHS

NATIVES OF CENTRAL AMERICA INLAID THEIR TEETH WITH GEMS

IS PHOSPHATE OF ALUMINUM

Stone Invested With Great Virtues as Cure-All by Writer

Washington—The division of Mineralogy of the United States Museum at Washington has on exhibition a large collection of the gem known as turquoise. In the exhibits of the division of anthropology additional specimens are to be seen which fact goes to vouch for its historical value and its close relations to the life of man.

Dr. Joseph E. Pogue, late of the museum staff has made an exhaustive study of this mineral, which has recently been published.

The turquoise is an opaque mineral, prized mainly for its perfection of color, since it lacks the brilliant lustre which forms the chief charm of transparent gems. Specimens of the finest quality possess a soft and pleasing blue tone like the color of the sky called in the trade sky blue or robin's egg blue, but the value is often lessened by a greenish cast, while in many stones the green predominates.

It occurs near the surface of the earth where it is readily found and mined. Being but slightly harder than glass, it may be worked with ease, even by primitive people who possess only the crudest tools.

Chemically the turquoise is a phosphate of aluminum carrying small quantities of copper and iron, to which its color is due. With variscite, a green mineral of similar character but less value and beauty, it is the only phosphate to find a place among the precious stones. Like many minerals, this stone has more than one origin.

It is usually formed, however, by the percolation of surface water through aluminous rocks containing apatite and disseminated copper minerals.

Although at the present day this stone is outranked by the diamond, ruby, sapphire and other gems among the civilized peoples, with semi-civilized peoples it takes foremost rank. Its value depending not only upon its intrinsic worth, but also upon the mystic properties and religious significance it is supposed to possess.

It is the most highly prized possession of the Navaho Indian of the deserts of Arizona, and the Bedouin of the plains of Arabia, while the Tibetan and Mongolian natives esteem this gem no less than do the Hopi and Zuni pueblo dwellers in our own south west.

By virtue of this general use in parts of the Orient and America, and its introduction into legends and myths of diverse and widely separated

peoples, the turquoise has considerable ethnologic interest.

From the dawn of civilization down to the present day the turquoise has played an important role and found a variety of ornamental and religious uses. "Not only was it always held in high esteem but it was frequently invested with marvelous virtues. From the tombs of the earliest Egyptian kings has come beautiful jewelry inlaid with turquoises from the Sinai peninsula.

The inhabitants of central Asia have long valued the turquoise and been lavish in its use, while the Persians and neighboring races of Western Asia have from time immemorial drawn upon the famous Nishapur deposits near the Caspian Sea. The mineral was probably known in Europe even prior to the beginning of the Christian era.

Turquoise occurs in but few places on the globe, most of them barren and arid, yet in nearly every place where it has been found prehistoric mining sites have also been discovered, showing that the ancients knew nearly all the localities of this stone. Many early writers attributed great medicinal value to this pretty blue stone. They also held that this gem brought good luck, fortune, etc., and protected its wearer from harmful accidents, even death itself. Another virtue was its supposed ability to prevent a horse from tiring.

Medical properties were also claimed for it in Mexico by the Aztecs, although there this gem had more of a religious value, being offered or devoted primarily to divinities, and at first worn only by priests and the mightiest nobles.

The natives of Central America are said to have inlaid their teeth with turquoises, and an ancient jaw studied with these gems unearthed in Yucatan attests to this belief.

Mythologically the turquoise has a long and curious history, both with the ancients and the ignorant of today. Its color, varying from blue to green, was significant for ages as representative of the sky, sea and verdure.

"It cures all diseases of the head and heart. By application over the eyes it insures their lustre, and prevents the fall of fluid therefrom." It is a sovereign remedy for flatulence, dyspepsia, insanity, and ulcers. Whether taken with other drugs or simply with honey, it has the power of curing epilepsy, spleen, etc."

The turquoise seems to have been a veritable cure-all.

If one man tells a woman she is beautiful all the rest of the world can't convince her that she is homely.

The man who does his best will hold his job longer than the man who could do better but doesn't.

Some men perform a duty as if they were paid for doing it and were faithful about the pay.

Some music is given out by the choir, but the drummer dispenses it by the pound.

No man ever acquired a lasting brand of popularity by knocking.

CHARLEVOIX COUNTY HERALD

G. A. Lisk, Publisher
ONE DOLLAR PER YEAR

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

HOME JOYS

The day is done and I desire a quiet evening by the fire, reclining in my easy chair, without a worry or a care. I have a corking book to read—what more, for comforts does one need?

I'm half way through with chapter one, in which the hero gets his gun, when wife remarks, "The fire is low, so, William Henry, kindly go out to the shed, with dauntless soul, and bring in forty kinds of coal. You ought to do such things indeed, before you seat yourself to read, and then you wouldn't have to rise with fury glowing in your eyes." I bring the coal and feed the fire, and try to hide my righteous ire, and stretch out in my cozy nook, to read once more that corking book. I've got to where the hero goes to throw the harpoon in his foes, who have abducted Mary Jane, a heroine both safe and sane, when comes my wife with fretful mien, and promptly queers that peaceful scene.

"The rain is falling," she remarks, "enough to float ten Noah's arks, and you had better go, old scout, and put the tub beneath the spout, so it will catch that precious juice, which is the best for laundry use. I told you just the other day, when you that washtub took a way, that you'd forge, to put it back; so now go hunt around the shack, until you've raked it up again and put it where 'twill catch the rain."

I lay my treasured volume down, and, spring three adjectives, a noun, and sundry interjections, too, which make the atmosphere seem blue. And then into the storm I go, and wander grimly to and fro, until that dratted tub I've found, and dragged it my abode around. The rain runs down my swanlike neck, the mud converts me to a wreck, and when I've to my chair returned, all kinds of language I have burned.

The hero takes the villain's trail, and says, "I'll ride him on a rail." The book grows warmer as I read; now I'll enjoy myself, indeed. Alas, the chronic, dreary bore who has his residence next door, has come to talk about the war, and what the kings are scrapping for. He'll sit around and talk and talk until the striking of the clock proclaims the dawning of a day; I sigh and put the book away.—By Walt Mason from Judge.

FACTS YOU MAY NOT KNOW

The mines of this country furnish 53 per cent of all the freight carried by railroads. This includes the crude material from the mines only. The manufactured products of the mines furnish 11 per cent additional.

United States has 1,143,829 male clerks.

New Jersey claims 2,844,342 population.

World's coal mines employ 8,000,000 persons.

There are 67,626 locomotive engineers in the United States.

Milwaukee has installed twenty-five of the finest type of pool and billiard tables in its public school buildings.

German medical men, using X-rays to examine athletes' hearts have decided that athletic sports, if properly conducted do not injure the organ.

AFTER GRIPPE

Mrs. Findley Made Strong by Vinol
Severy, Kans.—"The Grippe left me in a weak, nervous, run-down condition. I was too weak to do my housework and could not sleep. After trying different medicines without benefit Vinol restored my health, strength and appetite. Vinol is a grand medicine and every weak, nervous, run-down woman should take it."—Mrs. GEO. FINDLEY.

Vinol, our delicious cod liver and iron tonic, sharpens the appetite, aids digestion, enriches the blood, and builds up natural strength and energy.
—W. C. Spring Drug Co.

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.

The patches that decorate the trousers of a calamity howler are not on the knees.

When it comes to stepping into a fortune no man objects to putting his foot in it.

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.

There will be no brass band and there will be no carnations given away at our

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It is merely the day when we will be ready to do business.

Even if there is nothing you wish to buy at present, we will be glad to have you call in, look over our lines, visit, leave a bundle, or wait for a friend. So remember, whatever your mission, you are always welcome at

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- 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.



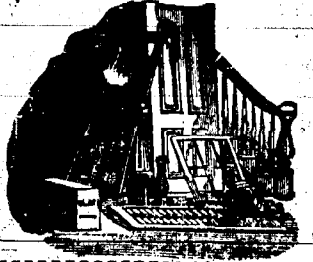
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Doors, Windows and Glass,
Siding, Ceiling and Flooring
Mouldings, Turned Work,
and Scroll Sawing.
FINISHED LUMBER, FRAMES, CASINGS

Briefs of the Week

John Batsakis is at Detroit this week. Com'r May L. Stewart attended the N. E. A. meeting at Detroit this week. Mrs. Carrie Place died at the county farm, Monday. She was 65 years of age.

Chas. R. Johnson and Robt. Spence attended the funeral of Mr. Bradshaw, Jr., at Central Lake, last week. Casimar, son of Mr. and Mrs. Al Quinn, fractured and dislocated his elbow while sliding, Wednesday.

Mrs. A. J. Carver, who has been visiting her daughter, Mrs. G. A. Bell, went to Elk Rapids to visit her son.

The infant son of Mr. and Mrs. Bert Fuller passed away Wednesday. Funeral services were held, Thursday.

Our cheerful idiot wants to know if the voters of our city are going to Cross off Dicken or give the Dicken(s) to Cross.

Mrs. Chas. Bechtel of Eveline township passed away at her home Sunday last, the cause of her death being heart trouble. She was sixty-eight years of age. Funeral services were held Tuesday afternoon at the Rock Elm Grange hall, conducted by Rev. Wm. Haskins.

The supreme court late Friday denied the application of Samuel Brockway for an order to show cause why a mandamus should not issue against Judge Mayne. Brockway has been fighting the hydraulic power and light company of Bellaire, because of its alleged refusal to lower its dam, which Brockway claims floods his property. Brockway charged the judge has "a brother interested in the company and is not qualified to sit."

While Bert Knipe of Central Lake, was sawing railroad ties with a cross cut saw, a tie broke and bounced the saw into the air. As it descended it struck Knipe, cutting entirely through his jaw and slicing out a section containing two teeth. He was brought into town and in spite of the great loss of blood submitted to a shave which was necessary before the wound could be sewed up. He will be badly disfigured for life.

The first annual ball of Company "I" at their Armory on Tuesday evening was without exception the social dancing event of the winter season. A goodly number were in attendance and the music of the Metropole Orchestra was, if anything, a little better than its average high class. The decorations in honor of the day—Washington's birthday—were excellent. If this, their first annual affair is a criterion, then their second event will be a "hunderger."

On Wednesday, Feb. 23, Mrs. Louis Palmer passed away at the home of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Jerry Moblo, three miles west of the city. Deceased was born and brought up at the home where she died. She was twenty years of age and had been married only two years, but the dreadful disease, tuberculosis, cut short her young life. She leaves her husband, parents and two brothers and sisters to mourn her loss. Funeral services were held this Saturday from St. Joseph's church.

Carl Heinzelman has shied his hat into the political arena and announces himself a candidate for the office of City Commissioner for the one year term. Carl is one of our ambitious young men and believes that if he is elected to the office would be able to fill same in a satisfactory manner. He has made a success of his trade plumbing as well as the pop-corn stand that he has conducted the past two summers. If elected to the office to which he aspires he will use every endeavor to prove himself worthy of the confidence placed in him.

J. Allan Lancaster has announced his candidacy for election to the office of City Commissioner. Mr. Lancaster is a dependable, and all round capable man. He served on the City Council at Cheboygan for a number of years before coming to East Jordan and is conversant with municipal affairs. Upon the resignation of Com'r Graff, the City Commission appointed Mr. Lancaster to serve with them until an election was held. The election this spring of Commissioner is for a one-year term. During the few months that Mr. Lancaster has served the city, he has proven himself a fit man for the office.

Dr. H. W. Dicken announces in another column of this issue that he will be a candidate for the office of Mayor of the City of East Jordan at the coming election. Dr. Dicken has been affiliated with East Jordan's business interests for over a dozen years and has proven himself a man of ability and one in whom our citizens can repose confidence. He has always labored for the up-building of our community and, while he is a member of our school board, this we believe is the first time that he has offered himself as a public servant. It is a pleasure, indeed, to have such men as Dr. Dicken and Mayor Cross offer themselves as candidates as either one of the two gentlemen are capable men for the office.

Mrs. H. C. Swafford is reported quite ill.

Harry Simmons is able to be out again.

Mrs. A. Hill is confined to her home with illness.

H. Rosenthal is at Chicago on business, this week.

Born to Mr. and Mrs. Howard Ayers, a daughter, Feb. 25th.

Thos. Joynt was a business visitor at Bellaire, Thursday.

Mrs. C. J. Davis of Traverse City is guest of her sister, in this city.

Mrs. D. E. Goodman entertained the Maccabee Club, Friday afternoon.

H. Reinhart returned from Ellsworth Monday, after a visit with relatives.

E. L. Burdick has equipped his meat market with a new "model" cooler.

Rev. Fr. Camirand of Elk Rapids was guest of Fr. Kroboth first of the week.

Mrs. A. Danto entertained the Electa Club at her home Thursday afternoon.

Mrs. Eva Larsen of Green River visited at Chas. R. Johnsons over Sunday.

Mrs. Wm. Wilks went to Alger on Thursday to attend the wedding of her sister.

Mrs. E. A. Ashley left Friday on a business trip to Chicago and other points.

Miss Florence Maddaugh was up from Charlevoix, visiting her parents, over Sunday.

Att'y and Mrs. D. L. Wilson entertained a few of their friends Wednesday evening.

Mesdames Chas. Hudson and A. Malone visited their parents and brothers at Charlevoix last week.

The Pythian Sisters will hold their regular meeting next Monday evening, Feb'y 28th, at the Armory.

Mr. and Mrs. Will Muma and daughter left Friday for a visit with the latter's mother, at Petoskey.

Mr. and Mrs. W. S. Carr spent Sunday at Boyne City at the home of their daughter, Mrs. K. Bader.

Geo. Spencer with mother and family now occupy the furnished rooms belonging to Miss Belle Roy.

Mr. and Mrs. Orrin Bartlett were at Central Lake first of the week, visiting the latter's sister, Mrs. Burr.

The fire department was called out Thursday morning to extinguish a blaze at the West Side school house.

Mrs. Etta Simmanaw of Charlevoix was called here by the serious illness of her father, Samuel Whiteford.

Mr. and Mrs. Otto Evans of Traverse City were guest of the latter's sister, Mrs. John Whiteford, over Sunday.

Mrs. Ransom Jones and Mrs. H. H. Cummings visited at the farm home of Mr. and Mrs. James Isaman, Thursday.

Mrs. Edward Bradford and daughter who have been visiting relatives at Traverse City returned home Monday.

A party was given at the home of Mrs. Leon Grant, Tuesday afternoon, in honor of her birthday anniversary.

The Improvement Club met with Mrs. G. Sherman, Tuesday afternoon. Mrs. Sherman was assisted by Miss Kneale.

Supt. and Mrs. L. P. Holliday are at Detroit this week attending the annual meeting of the National Educational Ass'n.

Deputy Ella E. Tillotson of Charlevoix was here Thursday and Friday in the interest of the Lady Maccabee Lodge.

Mrs. John O'Connor returned to her home at Boyne Falls, Friday, after a weeks visit with her sister, Mrs. J. H. Millford.

Mrs. Frank Godfrey returned to her home at Jackson, Saturday last, leaving her mother, Mrs. Hiatt, much improved in health.

The Presbyterian Ladies Aid meet with Mrs. Richard Supernaw next Friday, March 3rd. All members who come please bring dues.

A surprise party was given Hugh Whiteford last Monday evening, in honor of his 15th birthday anniversary. About fifteen friends were present.

Miss Minnie Wicks, who has been stenographer at Clink & Williams law office resigned her position and left Tuesday for her home near Grand Rapids.

Mayor and Mrs. A. E. Cross and daughter, Mrs. Howard Porter, attended the funeral of the former's brother-in-law, Mr. Wilkinson at Central Lake, Saturday last.

The Lady Maccabees entertained their husbands and friends with a leap year party, Thursday evening at the armory. The evening was spent in playing cards and dancing, and refreshments were served. About two hundred guests were present and reported a fine time.

Verne Whiteford was home from Traverse City, over Sunday.

W. J. Ellison returned home from his business trip at Grand Rapids, Thursday.

Miss Helen Miles went to Petoskey first of the week to visit her aunt, Mrs. Spencer.

Mrs. W. E. Wilkinson and Mrs. Vilia Brewer of Ohio, were quest at the home of their brother, Mayor A. E. Cross, this week.

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.

WANTED, GIRLS AND WOMEN. Steady work. \$1.00 a day to beginners, with advancement. Room, board, heat, light, the use of the laundry and the comforts of the house at \$3.00 a week in the Company's boarding house. Will hire men who come with their wife or daughters prepared to work in our Mills. For information write WESTERN KNITTING MILLS, Rochester, Michigan. 9-13

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

Some men who were born to command lose out after they marry.

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 Highest Market Price

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

Scrap Iron—bring it to us on Saturdays.

HARRY KLING,

East Jordan.

BOLTS WANTED.

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

AFTER LAGRIPPE—WHAT?

F. G. Prevost, 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.

VALUABLE REPUTATIONS. Cultivate a reputation for candor and you will be able to fabricate to your heart's content.

Cultivate a reputation for irresponsibility and your time will be your own.

Cultivate a reputation for brilliancy and you won't know what an old joke means.

Cultivate a reputation for brainlessness and whatever you do will be a pleasant surprise.

Cultivate a reputation for honesty and you can put over the crookedest deal.

Cultivate a reputation for secretiveness and you will hear all the town scandals.

Cultivate a reputation for expert Bridge and you will never be seated with insatiable conversationalists.

Cultivate a reputation for good husbandry and you never need to be at home.

Cultivate a reputation for reading good "Lit" and everyone will make excuses for your regular "Light (yellow) reading."

Cultivate a reputation for that tired feeling (if a woman); and HE will always bring a taxi.

Cultivate the reputation for masterfulness (if a man) and anything you may say "Goes!"

Cultivate a reputation for lavish generosity and you will be let alone, because people will think that your hand is never out of your pocket.

Cultivate a reputation for witty conversation and you'll never have to open your mouth again.—From Judge.

Many a girl who intends to marry a millionaire is lucky if she gets a husband who can provide for her with a regular meal ticket.

The small boy enjoys coasting but the average man finds that he can go downhill fast enough without a sled under him.

You should be able to save something for a rainy day by investing in a mackintosh, an umbrella, and a pair of rubbers.

No, Ferdinand, we wouldn't advise any man with an impediment in his speech to go to a speak easy for treatment.

St. Joseph's Church

Rev. Timothy Kroboth.

Sunday, Feb. 27th, 1916.
8:00 a. m. Low mass. Holy Communion for the Sodality and Children of Mary.
10:30 a. m. High mass.
7:00 p. m. Devotions and Benediction.
Friday March 3, First Friday.
5 and 6 a. m. Holy Communion.
7:00 a. m. Mass.
7:00 p. m. Sacred Heart Devotions.
7:30 p. m. Holy Name Society meeting.

First Methodist Episcopal Church

Rev. John Clemens, Pastor.

Sunday, Feb. 27, 1916.
10:30 a. m. "Fellowship with Christ."
11:00 a. m. Sunday School.
6:00 p. m. Epworth League, Topic, "The Gold of God." Leaders—Miss Hazel Heath and Mrs. Louis Ellis.
7:00 p. m. "The Day of the Lord." Thursday, 7:00 p. m. Prayer meeting.

Presbyterian Church Notes

Robert S. Sidebotham, Pastor.

Sunday, Feb. 27th, 1916.
10:30 a. m. "The Spokeman of God."
11:45 a. m. Sunday School.
6:15 p. m. Christian Endeavor, Leader, Miss Bessie Johnson.
7:00 p. m. "The Righteousness of Lincoln."
Tuesday, 7:30 p. m. Monthly meeting of Trustees.

Thursday, 7:30 p. m. Prayer meeting. Study passage is, "Thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the Glory forever."

Sunday evening topics for March are announced,
March 5th—"Hostility to Jesus."
March 12th—"Neutrality to Jesus."
March 19th—"Perplexity about Jesus."
March 26—"Allies with Jesus."

The journey of life is tiresome—a man is out of breath when he reaches the end of it.

Two men trying to entertain one woman constitute a fair example of a silent majority.

Special on Corsets
Saturday Only
Feb'y 26

Kabo Corsets
1-4 off
50c and \$1.00 not included.



Also a Special on Boy's Suits
Sizes from 4 to 14.

L. WEISMAN

Copyright 1909, Kabo Corset Co.

WOOD AND COAL

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

E. E. BROWN

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

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

COAT SALE

ALL NEXT WEEK

OUR WINTER COATS

MUST GO to make room for new Spring Styles. It is YOUR CHANCE to get a Beautiful Coat at a fraction of its actual worth.

Children's Coats

One lot, values to \$11.00 and \$12.00 **\$3.65**



Ladies' and Misses' Coats

\$12.50 value, now only **\$5.00**

\$15.00 value, now **\$8.00**

\$21.00 value, now **\$10.00**

Others Even Less.

Come in and investigate.

M. E. ASHLEY & CO.

DARKEN GRAY HAIR LOOK YOUNG, PRETTY

Grandma's recipe of Sage Tea and Sulphur darkens so naturally that nobody can tell.

Almost everyone knows that Sage Tea and Sulphur, properly compounded, brings back the natural color and lustre to the ends of faded, streaked or gray; the ends of dandruff, itching scalp and falling hair. Years ago the only way to get this mixture was to make it at home, which is messy and troublesome. Nowadays, by asking at any drug store for "Wyeth's Sage and Sulphur Compound," you will get a large bottle of this famous old recipe for about 50 cents.

Don't stay gray! Try it! 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.

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.

Every woman looks forward to the time when she'll be in a position to boss some man.

It is said that G. Washington was so opposed to lying in any form that he refused to establish a weather bureau during his administration.

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.

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.



PARKER'S HAIR BALSAM
A health-giving preparation of meat
extracts, scented with the finest
perfumes. For restoring color and
beauty to gray or faded hair.
50c and \$1.00 at Druggists.

"URIC ACID NEVER CAUSED RHEUMATISM"

I WANT to improve it to your satisfaction. If you have Rheumatism or Gout, or any other ailment, write to me for my FREE BOOK on "RHEUMATISM—Its Cause and Cure." Thousands call it "The most wonderful book ever written." Send a stamp—it's ABSOLUTELY FREE.
JESSE A. CASE
Dept. 943
Brookton, Mass.

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

CREAM FOR CATARRH OPENS UP NOSTRILS

Tells How To Get Quick Relief from Head-Colds. It's Splendid!

In one minute your clogged nostrils will open, the air passages of your head will clear and you can breathe freely. No more hawking, snuffing, blowing, headache, dryness. No struggling for breath at night; your cold or catarrh will be gone.

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—Relief comes so quickly.

OLD THUMB TO NOSE AN INSULT

COURT CITES HISTORY IN RULING
THAT TWIDDLING FINGERS
WARRANTS A FINE

WARNS AGAINST THE OFFENCE

Pointed Out that a Good Many Symbols are More Expressive than Words.

Brooklyn, N. Y.—It is disorderly conduct and an action subject to fine for anyone to put his thumb to his nose and twiddle his fingers in the direction of anyone who doesn't please him.

That was what Morris Gerstenfeld of 553 Prospect Avenue, Brooklyn, learned from Magistrate Naumer in the Flatbush Police Court after he had indulged in the thumb and nose practice toward John Shannon, a broker who had incurred his enmity. He was fined \$2.

Gerstenfeld appealed Magistrate Naumer's decision to Kings County Judge Robert H. Roy, and in an altogether entertaining opinion Judge Roy sustained the decision. Gerstenfeld and Shannon, neighbors had had a difference regarding some subject and to relieve his feelings Gerstenfeld fell into the way of greeting Shannon each morning as they met on the sidewalk with his thumb-and-twiddling fingers. Finally Shannon entered a complaint against Gerstenfeld. But listen to Judge Roy:

"Dr. Holmes, that delightful wit and philosopher of a former generation, remarks that there are a good many symbols that are more expressive than words.

"In the Knickerbocker History of New York we read that when William the testy sent an expedition to treat with belligerent powers the Ambassadors who accompanied the expedition demanded the surrender of the fortress. In reply the Watchmeister applied the thumb of his right hand to the end of his nose and the thumb of his left hand to the little finger of the right, and spreading each hand like a fan, made a flourish with his fingers.

"No breach of the peace ensued but this was apparently owing to the fact that the Ambassador was ignorant of the significance of the Watchmeister's salutation. It is however, recorded that the practice became widely spread and that up to the author's day the thumb to the nose and the fingers in the air is apt to be a reply made by tenants to their landlord when called upon for any long arrears of rent.

"The practice still persists and is not limited to tenants who are indisposed to pay their rent. Among boys it serves as a harmless vent for injured feelings which lack the proper vocabulary to relieve themselves through audible speech. But when boys become men they should put away childish things.

"In the case at bar the circumstances attending the enactment of the nasal and digit drama aforesaid tend to show a design to engender strife.

Moreover the defendant had committed the same offense toward the complaining witness on previous occasions, thus indicating a determination to annoy him to the limit of patient endurance.

"Under the circumstances disclosed I am satisfied the magistrate was fully warranted in reaching the conclusion he arrived at and I therefore affirm the conviction."

MAN 55, LEARNING TO SMOKE

Can Burn One Cigar a Day by Taking Two Shots at It

Aitchison, Kan.—Although he has grown a family of children, James M. Chisham, aged 55, is just learning to smoke and is having a hard time mastering the art. However, he says he is making some progress; that he now can smoke a cigar a day by taking two shots at it. He is learning to smoke to cure himself of nervousness.

Girl Breaks Engagement

Oakland, Cal.—Everywhere that Ada Nason went they asked her, "When are you going to get married?"

Following the golfers over the Claremont links here she came face to face with the question on every contested green. At the dancants callow partners purred the query into her ear. Over the bridge table play was suspended time and oft by the impudent and, Miss Nason declares, impish interrogation.

Miss Nason's engagement was announced last spring to Edward Akins, prominent in the club life of Oakland and unusual interest centered in the supposedly impending nuptials. Quite naturally folks betrayed curiosity as to day and date.

Therefore, out of a clear sky came from Miss Nason the positive announcement that the engagement was broken.

They had asked the question once too often. "I got so tired of having people ask me when we are to be married that I decided to put an end to it," she said. "That's all—absolutely all. And I do hope—this with an expression of weariness—that they will stop asking questions now."

COURT TESTS DICE USED IN GAMBLING

Owner Fined After Demonstrating How to Win at Game

Chicago, Ill.—The dice that until recently rattled out free pie to North High School students or made them pay double for it to Napoleon F. Guilmont, confectioner at 1100 Twentieth avenue North, rattled on the municipal court bench later, thrown by Judge G. L. Smith and License Inspector H. K. Radcliff, who wanted to see what proportion of the pie the boys got free. The test had merely to do with pie and cream-puffs that have already been eaten. Boys who go to Guilmonts hereafter will pay a regular price for the goodies.

"I guess they're all right," said the court, after Radcliff had tried them. Then he fined Guilmont, who had already pleaded guilty, \$15. Guilmont also told how he came to wager his pies on a game of chance.

"Why, I hardly ever shook dice before yesterday, but the boys were always matching for jelly rolls and pastry and so, when one of them offered to shake me for a cut of custard, why I shook him.

"I won, you honor."

At this point Radcliff exhibited the dice and told the court they didn't look just right.

"The edge is rounded there," he said as he handed the dice over.

Judge Smith took the dice and threw them. Then Radcliff rattled and did better.

"You see those smooth edges will make you throw a deuce or a four of tenner than any others if you aren't careful," said the inspector. "I was careful."

"I guess the dice were not intended to be loaded, and anyhow, Mr. Guilmont isn't going to use them again," said the court. "If he does he will go to the workhouse."

Guilmont again promised to be good, paid his fine, and went back to the store.

Parents of high school boys complained that the boys were shaking dice for pastry in the place and Radcliff arrested Guilmont after he had watched the dice shaking operations.

TREED BY PACK OF WOLVES

Deluth, Minn., Youth 14, Sees Animals Attack, Kill and Devour Bull Moose

Deluth, Minn.—Frightened, weary hungry and nearly naked Oscar Pinord, 14, of Deluth, stumbled into an Indian camp near Cloquet, and to an old squaw told a story of adventure that caused the red-skinned stoic to weep with sympathy.

The boy cried for water and food, and when these had restored his strength he told of being chased by a moose, of watching from a treetop a pack of howling wolves tear the moose to pieces, of sleeping in the same treetop for three days and of wandering hopelessly about swamps, marshes and forests for a trail that would bring him back to Deluth.

This excitement was crowded into six long days. The boy, accompanied by Joseph Storms, left Deluth on a hunting trip. The hunters built a camp at Rice Lake, 22 miles west of Deluth, and Storms set about cooking the evening meal. Through the trees Pinord saw a rabbit and started in pursuit. The rabbit led the boy far into the woods.

Twilight was fading. Soon night had come and for hours Pinord roamed the woods, searching for camp. He found himself in a swamp and decided to sleep in a tree.

In the morning he heard the bellow of a bull moose in the distance and a moment afterwards the howl of wolves. Soon the frantic moose and his cow came running through the swamp, with the wolves following. The moose made for the boy, who got out of reach by climbing the tree where he had found refuge in the night. Under the tree the pack caught the moose and tore him to pieces, while the shivering boy watched.

For three days and nights Pinord was afraid to leave the tree except in daytime, when he went a short distance for water. On the third day the howl of timber wolves was no longer heard and the boy tried once more to find his way back to camp.

It was the Indian camp that he found after a day's search. His clothing had been torn from him. Even his shoes were gone. The old squaw gave him clothing and he started home.

Omaha Judge Lets Boyhood Friend Go

Omaha, Neb.—Frank Randall of Nelson, Neb., was brought before Judge Foster for a slight offense.

"Hello, Charlie," said Randall.

"Hello Frank," replied the judge. "I'm glad to see you, how long are you going to be in town."

"That's up to you Charlie," replied Randall.

The Judge idly fingered a blotter and for a moment gazed dreamily off into space. He had visions of a weather-beaten school house, two kids fishing in a rippling stream and later plunging into a calm, deep pool, sun light reflected dazily from the school house windows.

Evidently the reflection hurt his eyes, for he brushed them with the back of his hand—started—and look down at the prisoner.

"I guess you can go, Frank," said the judge.

"Thanks, Charlie," replied the prisoner and turning left the room.

"I haven't seen that fellow since we were youngsters," remarked the judge. "My, how things have changed!"

WEDS OUT OF PITY, BALKS AT ALIMONY

MAN 52, TELLS COURT HE TOOK
WOMAN OUT OF DESTITUTION
AND GAVE HER STORE

MAKES CHARGE OF BIGAMY

Contends He Only Has Enough Money To Pay for His Divorce Suit

Philadelphia, Pa.—"I married my wife because I pitied her. She was destitute, sick and not likely to live more than a year. My money restored her to health, and then she left me. Pay her alimony—I need the money for my lawyer who is getting me a divorce."

That was the reply made by Anthony J. Mangutte, 62 years old, to a petition brought in common pleas court No. 2 by his wife, Mary, who seeks alimony and counsel fees, pending the outcome of her husband's divorce proceedings. In his answer Mangutte says:

"I read with much astonishment that my wife who is ten years younger than me, swore in her petition for alimony and counsel fees, that she is by reason of my alleged brutal conduct in poor and destitute circumstances. "When I married my wife she was then in destitute circumstances and very sick; so sick, in fact, that it was doubtful she could live throughout the year.

"I married her out of pity—more than anything else. I was not in very good financial circumstances at the time, but, notwithstanding this, I employed a physician and cared for her as best I could and managed to get her well again."

The husband then states that he started a small dry goods store in an effort to obtain sufficient means to support himself and wife.

"Five years after my marriage," the answer continues, "a daughter of my wife by her previous marriage made trouble in our household, as a result of an argument my wife and the girl cleared out and left me high and dry. My wife told me a day or two later that the marriage to her had been a failure and that she wanted the stock and fixtures of the store. I was dumfounded and humiliated, but I complied with what she asked me. I did so in spite of her ingratitude to me.

"She conveyed me the shocking intelligence that I was not her husband under the law, and in view of the fact that she had been previously married to another man, who was then living and from whom she never obtained a divorce, then I left her, broken, hearted and absolutely penniless, and never saw her again."

"What little money I have left at the present time from my wages of \$14 a week, after paying necessary expenses, I am laying aside for legal expenses in order to get the divorce that I am, in all justice entitled to."

Town Gets Fortune for Schools

Winchester, Va.—This little city of 7,000 in the Shenandoah Valley has a fund of \$1,500,000 for education because it was once kindly to a lonely old man—Judge John Handley, millionaire, of Scranton, Pa., once a resident of Winchester, who died without heirs and left his estate in trust for Winchester.

Handley felt unkindly towards Scranton and the North. He was an admirer of Lee and Stonewall Jackson. He came south to learn more of them. He grew into the heart of Winchester and Winchester into his.

Having accumulated a small amount of money, Judge Handley invested in coal land, which made him rich. Eventually he visited friends near Winchester and developed his extensive acquaintance with the prominent residents of this southern section. He also gained a wide knowledge of the surrounding country, which interested him as the scene of many of Stone wall Jackson's experiences.

At his death it was discovered that his first bequest was \$250,000 for the library. This was built at a cost of \$150,000. The rest of his fortune he willed to the city to be held in trust for twenty years, at the expiration of which period the fund is to be used for the erection of schools for the poor.

Boy's Chase Leads Way to Gold

Martinez, Cal.—A tiny terrified lizard, anxious to escape pursuit, was the direct cause of the discovery of a cache of gold coin and nuggets, apparently buried in the foothills many years ago by some early miner, who died without disclosing his hoard. The treasure is estimated at about \$1000, and was found by George MacKenzie, 9 year old son of Superior Judge A. B. MacKenzie, who was pursuing a lizard, which ran into a hole where the money and nuggets were hidden. More than \$600 was in \$20 gold pieces of the date of 1862.

According to Judge MacKenzie, who accompanied his son to the hiding place, the wealth was originally buried in a tin can, which had rusted away. The coins were without the customary "In God We Trust" motto, and are believed to be worth considerably more than their mint value, according to coin collectors.

RIFLE SHOOTING REALLY FINE ART

Wonderful Stories Told of Art of Kentucky and Tennessee Marksmen Rochester, N. Y.—The current number of Recreation contains an interesting paper by Robert Lindsay Mason, which deals with the old time riflemen and rifles used by the Smoky Mountain men who lived in Kentucky and Tennessee in the days before the war, before well meaning but near sighted reformers had ordained legislative enactments that rifle shooting matches constituted gambling.

Mr. Mason tells a fascinating story of the achievements of these mountain riflemen. It was an era when lead for molding into bullets was equivalent to legal tender in the mountains, and the spent bullets were extracted carefully from the hardwood slab targets and formed portions of the prizes for the successful competitors. And, if the recreation writer is not relying upon uncertain tradition, or drawing on his imagination, the backwoodsman won their choice portions of the prize steer and the recouped bullets by firing at real targets. The description of the usual target is worthy of careful consideration by the riflemen of today, who are in training for shooting in defense of the nation, should occasion demand. This was the target which confronted the old time Smoky Mountain riflemen:

"The targets were clapboards charred black. Upon each of these was placed a white spot of the contestant's own selection, which served as a bull's eye. Every participant had his own method of centering" his shots. That is he chose his center upon his first shot if it was satisfactory. The main thing was to hit it thereafter.

"A favorite style of a bull's eye used by the marksman of Tuckaleechee Cove consisted of a solid slip of paper—preferred to new—in which was cut an inverted V with an inch diamond half an inch above it. The marksman aimed at the apex of the inverted V and at 50 yards the trajectory of his missile would, if the aim was true, place it in the center of the diamond.

"When the marksman had chosen his center a cross was made through the center of it with a knife by one of the judges, who was generally a reputable man of his community. The shooter then proceeded until he had expanded his allotment, whereupon his board was laid aside for future reference. All bullet holes were filled with corn starch pith.

Considering the size of these targets and the primitive method of manufacturing the guns and calibrating the sights it is not after all, a matter of wonderment that legislators regarded attempts to hit the bull's eye" as plain, ordinary gambling.

And it would be imprudent gambling to wager on even terms that straight scores could be made, on such targets, by latter day militia men, with modern rifles, at comparative ranges. Indeed, with men trained in rifle shooting—as these southern mountain men are credited by Mr. Mason with having been trained—confronting each other in the European trench war, the contending armies would soon be annihilated. For, when bullets were so precious that they must be recovered, riflemen had an ever present motive for hitting the mark.

BAD \$100 BILL PROVES GOOD

Supposed Counterfeit Was of Issue Called in

Kansas City, Mo.—A few days ago Martin Crowe, County Marshal, deposited a \$100 bill at a local bank. The bank sent it to another bank, where it was pronounced counterfeit. The Fidelity Trust Company, which left with the supposed counterfeit on its hands, took the bill to Fred N. Tate, Federal Secret Service Agent here. Mr. Tate took the supposed counterfeit up with Washington.

Now a telegram has come: "The \$100 bill is genuine."

However, the treasury Department kept the bill and sent back to the Fidelity Trust Company another bill in its place.

It seems that 14 years ago a clever counterfeit of that issue of \$100 bills was put out. It was so nearly like the genuine that the treasury department recalled the genuine issue and destroyed most of the bills. But some of the originals were not returned and the supposed counterfeit was one of them. The Treasury department is destroying bills of this issue as fast as it can get hold of them, giving the holders new \$100 bills in return.

Jigs and Marches Make Pupils Work

Burlington, N. J.—Making the fingers of pupils dance over the keys of typewriters in time with lively melody from a talking machine as a means of increasing speed and efficiency in meeting with remarkable success at the Robert Stacy High School, where Prof. William Beck has introduced the innovation in the commercial courses. Irish jigs, marches, two steps and other brands of canned music may become an indispensable feature in other classes if experiments now being tried out by the faculty bring expected results.

Penmanship of pupils is improving under the rhythmic influence of Yankee Doodle and Hawaiian waltzes, which it is claimed, arouse the interest of the pupils, increase their speed and improve the clearness and regularity of their writing.

It is claimed that the time and energy usually devoted to typewriting during school term can be reduced 40 per cent and the same proficiency attained.

Jump from Bed in Morning and Drink Hot Water

Tells why everyone should drink hot water each morning before breakfast.

Why is man and woman, half the time, feeling nervous, despondent, worried; some days headachy, dull and unstrung; some days really incapacitated by illness.

If we all would practice inside-bathing, what a gratifying change would take place. Instead of thousands of half-sick, anaemic-looking souls with pasty, muddy complexions we should see crowds of happy, healthy, rosy-cheeked people everywhere. The reason is that the human system does not rid itself each day of all the waste which it accumulates under our present mode of living. For every ounce of food and drink taken into the system nearly an ounce of waste material must be carried out, else it ferments and forms ptomaine-like poisons which are absorbed into the blood.

Just as necessary as it is to clean the ashes from the furnace each day, before the fire will burn bright and hot, so we must each morning clear the inside organs of the previous day's accumulation of indigestible waste and body toxins. Men and women, whether sick or well, are advised to drink each morning, before breakfast, a glass of real hot water with a teaspoonful of limestone phosphate in it, as a harmless means of washing out of the stomach, liver, kidneys and bowels the indigestible material waste, sour bile and toxins; thus cleansing, sweetening and purifying the entire alimentary canal before putting more food into the stomach.

Millions of people who had their turn at constipation, bilious attacks, acid stomach, nervous days and sleepless nights have become real cranks about the morning inside-bath. A quarter pound of limestone phosphate will not cost much at the drug store, but is sufficient to demonstrate to anyone, its cleansing, sweetening and freshening effect upon the system.

HEAVY MEAT EATERS HAVE SLOW KIDNEYS

Eat less meat if you feel Backachy or have bladder trouble—Take glass of Salts.

No man or woman who eats meat regularly can make a mistake by flushing the kidneys occasionally, says a well-known authority. Meat forms uric acid which excites the kidneys, they become overworked from the strain, get sluggish and fail to filter the waste and poisons from the blood, then we get sick. Nearly all rheumatism, headaches, liver trouble, nervousness, dizziness, sleeplessness and urinary disorders come from sluggish kidneys.

The moment you feel a dull ache in kidneys or your back hurts or if the urine is cloudy, offensive, full of sediment, irregular of passage or attended by a sensation of scalding, stop eating meat and get about four ounces of Jad Salts from any pharmacy; take a tablespoonful in a glass of water before breakfast and in a few days your kidneys will act fine. This famous salt is made from the acid of grapes and lemon juice, combined with lithia, and has been used for generations to flush and stimulate the kidneys, also to neutralize the acids in urine so it no longer causes irritation, thus ending bladder weakness.

Jad Salts is inexpensive and cures injury; makes a delightful effervescent lithia-water drink which everyone should take now and then to keep the kidneys clean and active and the blood pure, thereby avoiding serious kidney complications.

DRINK HOT TEA FOR A BAD COLD

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

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

RUB BACKACHE AND LUMBAGO RIGHT OUT

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

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

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

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

A PERMIT TO INSPECT

By PRISCILLA CRAVEN

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"After all, my dear girl," Tom said briskly as he stirred his coffee, "it's a woman's business to choose a flat—what does a nest of empty rooms mean to a man?—and I really must go and see the match this afternoon. If you'll only see that I get a large dressing room where I can exercise without barking any of my extremities, and a good sized bath-room where I can splash about without making a deluge in the flat underneath, I shall be quite content. I'm a most reasonable animal, as you will discover when we are married."

"A reasonable animal?" Zoe repeated reflectively.

She cast a subtle critical glance at her companion out of her dark blue eyes, which, however, he failed to notice as he was engaged in anxiously consulting his watch.

"A reasonable animal who is not particularly interested in its kennel, the kennel in which he and his bride are going to start their married life together. Any old box with a handful of straw, provided it is dry, will do. Oh, yes, quite reasonable, but not a quarter as enthusiastic as you are about your old football match."

Tom Ireland was quite unmoved by her sarcasm. He only wished she would hurry up with her coffee so he could get off. Whether she spoke sarcastically or occasionally with a good deal of emotion, whether she was "fey" and full of gaiety, or sad and wistful, Tom boldly labeled these manifestations "Zoe's moods."

They were to him things that you had to put up with just as you put up with the vagaries of the English barometer. Tom pursued his way whether through rough breakers or over delicate egg shells with unmoved stolidity and British matter of factness.

Of course if Zoe had not been so exceedingly pretty—really she was by far the most desirable woman in the whole restaurant and clever as well—it might not have been worth a fellow's while; but Zoe could charm the leg off a wheelbarrow if she liked.

And Zoe had desired to charm Tom Ireland with his athletic six foot four of firm sound flesh and muscle. So he had fallen in love with her.

She had told him what a delightful contrast he made to her first husband, the writer of delicate essays and quaint stories that Tom could not be bothered to read, who had probably never been to a football match in his life, far less taken part in one and held his own.

She had confided to him how tired she had been of his unpractical, dreamy ways—how she had longed for a real live man.

And Tom knew himself to be a real live man.

Was there not a row of hard won silver cups on the sideboard in his rooms? He squared his shoulders and called for the bill.

"My dear Zoe," he said pleasantly after all one must have allowance for the frailty of the fair sex's reasoning; "you mustn't expect me to do the sort of things your first husband did, I dare say he was interested in things like furnishing and choosing a flat; but I'm a different sort of a chap entirely. I shall like anything you like. Most women would appreciate my easy-going nature. You can have carte blanche to buy anything you want. Doesn't that make you happy?" he added.

She smiled; but there was something rather wistful in that smile.

"I wish you took a little more interest, Tom. It seems as though you don't care about our life together."

"Rubbish, old girl, you know I do. Only I'm an athletic sort of a chap and little details of life are not so much to me as they are to you. Look here—to please you I'll come back early and give you some tea at the Carlton. How's that, eh?"

The male was magnanimous; but Zoe's eyes were still the same unsatisfied look. However, she laughed and rose from the table. Zoe was a little difficult, Tom reflected, as the waiter helped him on with his coat. He wondered en passant if Curtis Carewe had found her so.

Zoe walked to the house agent's and demanded flats. The agent brought forth a well thumbed book and produced some.

"This flat madam, in Winterton Mansions is a particularly nice one. There is a gentleman who is after it, but he doesn't seem to be able to make up his mind. If you come along with a firm offer—"

"Give me a permit to inspect," said Zoe instantly, the hint of opposition firing her to ardently desire the flat.

"It's right at the top; but there's a lift, and there's a big roof garden, and a very pretty turret room with a magnificent view. It's that room that has attracted the gentleman, although it's larger than he needs."

"It sounds exactly what I should like," she said, grabbing the papers and stuffing them in her muff.

The lift shot her up to the top floor at Winterton Mansions, and Zoe dis-

missed the porter as an incumbrance and inserted the key herself.

A glance told her that it was really a nice flat, a distinct possibility, and most flats were dismal impossibilities. Presently she came to a room with a balcony, and then she became aware that she was not alone in the flat as she had thought.

A man was leaning over the railing of the balcony oblivious of her presence behind him. Perhaps he was the wabblor—it would be well to interview him.

"Ahem!" coughed Zoe, somewhere near his back.

The man turned instantly, a little bewildered and fogged by being recalled so suddenly to real life.

"I beg your pardon—I did not know that—Zoe!"

"You!" she breathed, retreating against the wall. "Oh, Curtis!"

For a moment they remained staring at one another in silence, she noticing as a woman will, even in great dramatic moments, that he was very thin and looked dispirited; that his hair was untidily long—how well she knew that habit of forgetting to go to the barber—his tie as usual a little loose, but of a beautiful shade of gray, the velvet collar of his coat unbrushed—yes it was just the same unpractical, head-in-the-clouds Curtis.

She saw all this; but he only saw that she was looking prettier and smarter than ever.

"I'm sorry," he said vaguely, seeing that the meeting had disturbed her. "I'll go."

"Then you're not the man who—" "What man?" he said gently. He noticed that she was trembling, and it affected him oddly.

"The wabblor—the man who thinks he wants the flat—"

He smiled and the old, whimsical look flitted through his gray eyes. Surely there were more lines round them than there had been three years ago.

"It sounds like me. Yes, I was thinking of taking it. Why? Do you want it?"

She had no right to ask such a question; but a new thought had shot through her mind.

"You're—you're thinking of marrying again?" she said, holding herself very rigidly and trying to speak in the distant manner that befits the woman who has divorced her husband.

"Oh, no!" he said quickly; "I wouldn't inflict my erratic egotistical self on another woman." There was a little note of bitterness in his voice that was new. In the old days he would never have called himself erratic and egotistical, though she had done so often—to his face.

"But for yourself alone," she protested, "why, it's much too large, surely."

"I like the view from the turret room and this balcony. I can shut up the other rooms. And I don't mind the rent now," he went on simply.

"I'm making quite a lot of money with my play in America. Oh! didn't you know I was Richard Dawburn? I wrote the play after the divorce. I think it inspired the play."

"Then our divorce brought you success. Rather odd. Money you never cared about." Her tone was enigmatic.

"I have always wanted to tell you. I was wrong. I ought to have cared for money for your sake. I see it now. After the case I began to think. It—it shook me out of my sleep. Why are you here? Do you want to take this flat? Isn't it large for you?"

Zoe flushed painfully, though she was annoyed with herself for doing so.

"I—I am looking for a flat. I am going to be married again."

"Ah!" Then he looked round quickly. "Is—he with you?"

"No," abruptly, "I'm alone."

It annoyed her that he looked so thin and worn.

She noticed the surprise in his eyes—she was not a woman who usually went about without a cavalier—and resented it. "Look here, Zoe," he said. "I beg your pardon—should I call you Mrs. Carewe?"

"Don't be foolish, Curtis; and do shut the window. It's such a cold wind today."

He spoke with his back to her.

"I'd like to wish you better luck this time, Zoe. You deserve it; you deserve the best of everything this world can offer. I never had anything worth your acceptance; and of course you can have the flat. You'll enjoy the view, and you can make a jolly roof-garden up stairs. Do you remember how we hunted for a flat with—I shall like to think of you sitting in the turret room. Don't paper it. Have it draped in soft grays and blues."

"No," she said trying to speak calmly. "You found the flat. I wouldn't dream of taking it from you. No, please; don't you see I couldn't take it? But what rooms are you going to use? It's so large for a man alone."

"I know," he said helplessly. "I wish you'd take it. It's more suited for a married couple than—"

"Let me go round with you," she said. "I'm rather good at planning rooms. Perhaps I can help you."

"It's awfully good of you; but why should you bother?" How well he remembered that buoyant, brisk walk of hers.

"Oh," she said with a funny little laugh, "we were friends once. Now, this is a nice room. Look at this pretty alcove."

But he was looking at her—looking as a man who has been exiled for many years gazes at the white cliffs of Dover.

"Zoe," he said, "how do you manage to be so beautiful? Do you know that your hair under that blue hat is like

copper beech with the sunlight on it? And I'd forgotten how small and delicate your ears are. Pretty ears are so rare and—"

"Don't," she said harshly, overcome by her emotion.

Suddenly she remembered Tom whom she was going to marry, Tom who never paid her pretty compliments or even noticed how she looked, except to say, at rare intervals, "Top ping" or "Stunning."

If her ears had been like young hares, Tom would never notice. She recalled how, one day, he had mocked at the delicacy of her wrists, and suggested playfully that she wanted "a little more beef to it."

"Come, let's look at the other rooms," she said, turning away hastily. "I haven't been in this one yet."

It was a pleasant room, with windows barred up half way. For a moment she did not take in the significance of them. Her eyes had been caught by the odd wall paper which was all little pictures.

"What a funny paper! Why, there are words on it! 'Tom, Tom, the piper's son!' Oh, Curtis, this was the nursery!"

He stooped down and in lieu of answer placed in her hands a very dilapidated, tatterdemalion Teddy bear, with the stuffing knocked out of him and only one rakish eye left.

She took it, and somehow, unbidden and fought against desperately, the tears came into her eyes.

"That was our mistake, Curtis," she whispered involuntarily. And the man understood.

Just at that moment the draft of air from the open trap door in the roof came in like a lion. The door banged with a loud report that made them both jump, followed by a lesser noise with a little jangle to it.

"Let's come away from this," said Zoe, going toward the door. "I am sure there are ghosts of little children about." Then she gave an exclamation, which, as she had not yet realized the extent of their misfortune, was only a mild one.

"Where's the knob? It must have fallen down! Why, the whole thing has fallen out! Oh, Curtis, we are locked in!"

He examined the place where the handle ought to have been and gave a little whistle of dismay. He found the knob easily enough, but there was nothing to fit it on to.

"Yes," he said; "we are shut in." After five minutes playing about with a penknife and hair pins, the truth of his remarks was established.

They were shut in the nursery of an empty flat. And it was rapidly growing dark and chilly.

"Whatever shall we do?" said Zoe helplessly.

They looked at one another and then they decided to laugh first of all. The man remembered the early days of their marriage when Zoe's laugh had always been ready even when a six pence would not stretch with all her coaxing to the extent of a shilling.

He remembered how plucky she had been—how economical, how resourceful—ah! why had his success come too late?

Then Zoe stopped laughing and considered.

"This is what you call an awkward contretemps, Curtis. Can we make any one hear, do you think?"

"The house is very solidly built, it's no good stamping on the floor. Perhaps the porter will come in search of us. He may think we are stealing the grates. Zoe, you're shivering. It's getting cold. I'm so sorry, dear."

The caress slipped out naturally and he seemed unaware of it, so that Zoe thought she had better let it pass.

"It isn't your fault. But shall we have to stop here indefinitely—all night?"

"Will it be very improper?" He looked at her and his eyes twinkled.

"After all as you said just now, we were husband and wife once."

But, womanlike, if she jested with a serious subject she could not permit him to do so. She searched hurriedly for a remnant of dignity and hastily mounted upon it. "You forget we are absolute strangers now—worse than strangers."

"No, no; not enemies, Zoe; don't say that. I'm only jesting because—sometimes it's the only thing to do."

Zoe pulled her furs round her more tightly.

"What have you done with her?" she asked, poking relentlessly at the remaining eye of the Teddy bear.

"Her?" he repeated in a bewildered way. "I don't understand."

"One never used to have to dot one's i's and cross one's t's with you. The woman you preferred to me—don't you want to marry her?"

"Oh, I see!" he said quickly, going over to the barred window. "I had forgotten."

Then he remained silent. Zoe looked at his back and waited in vain for an answer to her question. It would be more dignified not to press the matter; but she was curious, and curiosity won the day.

"You would prefer not to speak of her?" she said in an aggrieved tone.

If she allowed herself to speak of the awful woman—why he ought to be grateful to her.

"You were very much in love: the letters told me that. She wouldn't have written to you as she did if you hadn't made violent love to her."

"I was never in love with but one woman in my life," he said, coming back to her. "There was never any room left for any other woman but you, Zoe."

His eyes were sadder, and in the half gloom he suddenly seemed like a stranger.

"Curtis! Then why—"

"You're a clever woman, Zoe, aren't you? You're a very good judge of literature. You spotted the authorship of these letters that were supposed to be—"

"What are you trying to say?" interrupted Zoe with a sharp note of impatience, clutching at his coat sleeve.

"My dear, there never was any woman in the case at all. Those letters you found were literary flights of fancy destined for a book. You never gave me a chance to explain. You packed your trunks and went off before I came back from Paris. Besides, it wouldn't have made any difference. You told me in the letter that you were tired of me; that I was a bore, egotistical, unpractical, unmanly. I was all that. I saw it afterward when my rage was spent. I don't blame me a bit for being sick of me. I was sick of myself later on, and nearly slipped out of it all. Only it seemed cowardly, as I brought the thing on myself."

Her face had grown so white in the grayness of the room that he stopped, almost afraid to continue. What was she thinking? Why did her eyes look like those of a chidden child? What was the shadow of fear on her face?

"Do you mean that the letters were not real? Who wrote them?"

"Mrs. Templeton wrote them in collaboration. It was a scheme for a book of letters. Love letters were booming just then." She could not doubt him. He had never lied to her.

"Mrs. Templeton—Ada Templeton, the authoress, who weighs thirteen stone, and you have to speak to her through an ear trumpet?"

He nodded.

"Yes, the same. Of course, I couldn't publish the letters after what happened. I paid her two hundred pounds for suppressing them. I have them all still and my replies."

"But I don't understand," she said with a little wail in her voice. "Why then did you—"

"You wanted your freedom, Zoe," he interrupted. "I realized I had failed you. It was the only thing I could do for you. It was easily fixed up with the solicitors—Why, Zoe are you shivering?"

"I—I'm chilly," said the whilom wife piteously. "And we're shut up and—I shall die of cold."

He looked round and there in the grate was a litter of wood and shavings left by the last tenant.

"Let's make a fire. Why, there's some coal in the grate. Poor little woman, I'm so sorry. I'll shout out of the window again when I've made the fire."

"Oh, you silly!" said Zoe, laughing hysterically, "the wood must go under the coals. Ah! that's better. It's lighting well."

"Put my coat round you. Sit here on the floor by the fire. You've got to have the coat. I insist."

"Sir," said Zoe saucily, "you can't insist. You're not my husband now."

"No, I've lost my only claim to distinction." Then coaxingly, as she still resisted: "Have half of it, Zoe. Once upon a time we always shared."

"Do you remember our first flat, it's minuteness, and the infinite pains we took over it?" he continued. "Do you remember the funny makeshifts because we hadn't enough money to furnish properly? You remember the bookshelves I made that dropped their contents one day suddenly on Uncle James's bald crown?" Then, as an afterthought: "Zoe, I hope he's got plenty of money?"

Zoe caught her breath.

"Yes," she said bluntly, but the blaze of the wood fire seemed less bright.

"I'm glad he can give you all the pretty things you wanted and ought to have had. I must get you out of this somehow. The shouting seems useless." He went over to the window and shook the iron bars. They were rotten with age and two came away in his hands. He thrust his head through the opening and looked out.

The woman by the fire looked on with less interest than one would have thought becoming to the circumstances. "Zoe," he said, "I can see in to the flat across the way, and isn't it curious I know that it belongs to old Major Baxter? I've often dined with him. He told me this flat was vacant. If only I could attract his attention. I can distinctly see some one sitting by the fire."

"It's too far off," said Zoe, apparently rubbing her nose vigorously with her scrap of a handkerchief.

"The question is, how? Zoe, I wonder if I can remember?"

He turned to her with the old sparkle in his eyes, the sparkle that came when some idea had got hold of him.

"Remember what?"

"Years ago out in India when I was a kid a fellow taught me flag-signaling. I wonder if I remember? Wait a minute." His arm shot out and Zoe rather amazedly watched some strange maneuvers with his handkerchief.

"Strange how things come back to one. Haven't done it for billions of years. You see, if it catches the major's eye he'll be interested enough to follow my movements. Now, let's try. I must get you out of this."

"For heaven's sake don't fall out of the window," said Zoe, as she watched him wriggling through the bars which gripped him in the middle.

"I can't," he said humorously. "The window might have been made for signaling."

Zoe smiled, and then she became interested in the experiment. For a time nothing happened. Then there was a movement in the flat over the way. Some one had come to the window and appeared to be watching.

"He's seen me—he's opening the window—what is he—hurrah! he's

going to signal back. Zoe, he's signaled back all right. We are saved!"

"What did you signal?" said Zoe, helping him to extricate himself and brushing the red rust off his coat.

"Curtis, nobody is looking after your clothes now."

"I signaled distress—he'll send to the porter."

Zoe looked at her watch. It was ten past six. Tom would be furious. He hated to be kept waiting. And he could be very nasty when he was annoyed. She remembered once when she had kept him waiting a quarter of an hour at a restaurant he had been sulky all the evening.

She looked at the man beside her and she remembered his invariable good humor, his little tenderesses, his unfailing courtesy. Were those things unmanly? Did strength lie in muscle and brawn?

"Curtis—" she began, choking down her emotion.

She hardly knew what she was going to say, but at that moment they heard sounds in the flat.

Curtis shouted and banged on the door. The footsteps drew near. Curtis explained their plight through the door.

"Find the handle—it's fallen down—"

The door opened and Zoe was free to fly to her Tom.

"The old gentleman across the way sent a message over," explained the porter. "Very sorry, sir, the handle must be seen to. Nasty accident. Couldn't make out what was the matter."

Zoe stood on the steps of the mansions and looked uncertainly at the man who had hailed a taxi for her.

"Where shall I say?"

"The Carlton. I was due at tea at five. Curtis please come with me. I—I am a little upset."

The man obeyed and they drove in silence to the Carlton. Neither seemed to have any more to say, but each was acutely aware of the presence of the other, so that it was a relief when the taxi stopped.

But Zoe caught hold of his arm when he had paid the driver. "Don't leave me. I—I don't think my friend will be here now."

"I'm awfully sorry," said the man. "I'm not. I mean it doesn't much matter." There was no sign of Tom. But one of the attendants who knew her came forward with a note. "A gentleman left this for you, madam."

Zoe tore it open. The writing was almost illegible with fury.

I do think this is the limit. I give up a match to please you, and give you tea, and I have cooled my heels here for a good hour. You must learn, Zoe, that you cannot make a doormat of a man. At any rate, not me. If you want a doormat, you'd better find some other man.

Zoe thrust the note into her muff and laughed gaily. Somehow her spirits had unaccountably risen again. Her eyes were soft and her voice was dangerously seductive as she turned to the man waiting her pleasure.

"Curtis, I'm dying for some tea, aren't you? I've got a little furnished flat. Come back and have some tea with me. Here's another taxi—quick. I am she, who must be obeyed."

"Zoe, I can't. Can't you understand what it means meeting you again? I—you expect too much from a man—"

But because of the look in her eyes he followed her into the taxi. It sped along Pall Mall and entered the gray misty silence of St. James's Park.

The man was keeping a tight hold over himself, and the woman was trying to find the right words. In the old days he had always made love to her. Had she wounded him too bitterly? Did heaven allow one to rectify mistakes in this world, or once made were they—

She couldn't help it. A sob got in her throat and broke the silence. He turned sharply and something was glistening on her cheek.

"Zoe!"

Now the soft wet cheek was against his once more, the dear warm body in the arms that he thought would be empty for the rest of his life.

And her voice somewhat smothered, was babbling incoherently something about wanting a doormat, the divorce all a mistake, trying to pretend she was happy without him. He held her very, very tight to his heart and the voice ceased.

Then after a long time it whispered again:

"Curtis we'll take the flat. Everybody will laugh at us, but we shall laugh most of all in it. And—the voice was very low, but his ear was near her lips—"we'll use all the rooms in it."

Overzealous.

When arguing the respective merits of mothers, Betsy never allowed his mother to be surpassed. This attitude on Benny's part delighted mother, aged 36, until one day he ran in flushed with face and belligerent of eye.

"Mother," he shouted, "that guy, Bob, said his mother was 43 years old and I couldn't stand for that, so I said you were 45 if you were a day!"

Aviation Stunt In Prospect.

Mistress (to new girl)—"I hope you are not in the habit of kindling the fire with kerosene."

Girl—"Oh, no, mum. I always use paper to kindle with; it's only to hurry up the fire after it's kindled that I pour on kerosene."

A Gritty Definition

"What is a lame duck?"

"A lame duck," replied the statesman, "is the kind of a hero who is willing to take a chance on being considered down and out for the sake of proving that he can come back."

Not Her Cue.

Druggist (to his wife)—"For heaven's sake Rosie, don't come into the store just now. I'm selling some of my fat reducing pills!"—Puck.

By Strategy

"If I were like Kitty Riddle," said the pretty little woman to her husband, "you simply wouldn't dare go walking down this retail business street with me and looking in the windows!"

"Why not?" asked the pretty little woman's husband with interest.

The pretty little woman fairly gasped in her emotion. "She is perfectly dreadful, Kitty Riddle is!" she said.

"So grasping! All she thinks of it what she can get out of people! The way she schemes and works things to make her husband give her what she wants—why, I couldn't do it if you never gave me a present till doomsday! Do you know what she did? Asked George to meet her in order to go to lunch and selected a furrier's as the place of meeting. And when he got there she kept making him look at sets of furs till the poor fellow simply had to order a set for her Christmas or else have all the clerks think him stingy and mean! She said she started him in on fifty dollar sets and gradually climbed up. By the time he was looking at those for a hundred and fifty dollars he ordered one in a hurry, because he was afraid she'd go still higher. Why—wait a minute!"

"What is it?" asked her husband following her to the window.

"That's exactly like the set Kitty is going to have!" the pretty little woman exclaimed. "I know, because she took me in to see the one she had wormed out of poor George! They are lovely aren't they? I don't like that light fitch fur myself, tho—Kitty is dark and can wear it, but blondes have to wear dark fur to look well. Would you think George Riddle could afford to buy fitch?"

"I don't know much about furs myself," said her husband. "Maybe he made some money on the side."

"Why you ought to know furs, Albert!" said the wife, reproachfully. "Just look at these! That's seal and that's marten—isn't it a beautiful dark brown? And that's a moleskin, next to the black fox. Which do you like best?"

"Oh, I don't know," said her husband, carelessly. "Come on! If we're going to keep that appointment we must hurry."

"I know several women who are like Kitty," mused the pretty little woman as they walked on. "Why, Ethel goes and buys what she wants and then tells Henry about it and says that he can make it her birthday or anniversary present! I never should enjoy any thing like that! I'd rather have

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TRAIN INSANE IS NEW MOVEMENT

PHYSICIANS AND NURSES ADOPT SYSTEM AT PHILADELPHIA GENERAL HOSPITAL

TO SELL THE WORK OF PATIENTS

Instructor of Handicrafts, Gives Regular Lessons to the Unfortunates

Philadelphia, Pa.—One of the most encouraging movements within the walls of the Philadelphia General Hospital at Brockley is the movement for the training of the insane. While this is being taken up by the physician and nurses in charge, and while insane patients are being given, under the supervision of Miss M. E. Turner, supervisor of the women's department, a new vision of life and a new opportunity for forgetting their maladies, great credit for the occupational work done in the insane department is due to the Association for the employment of the insane.

The association will hold a sale of patients' work at 115 South Thirteenth street, which will demonstrate the capacity of the insane for artistic achievement. The work includes many varieties of handicrafts, embroideries, basket weaving, matmaking and kindred occupations, the introduction of which have completely changed the patients' outlook upon life, and has proved the immense value in maintaining discipline in the hospital.

So thoroughly have the physicians in charge of the insane department appreciated the value of the occupational training for patients that they have encouraged the association to employ an instructor of handicrafts, who gives regular attention to the work.

Miss S. Lillian Clayton, chief nurse of the hospital says in a letter that has been sent out to members of the association and deals with the tremendous advantage of the work, that it has roused a spirit of anticipation among the patients; that they forget to quarrel among themselves, forget their pains, fancied or real; that they talk of their work and plan for it, and have become so absorbed that the new interest has brought life and interest into the wards, where previously there was only deadly monotony.

While the work of the association dates back to 1896, it has taken on new aspect and become part of the socializing movement which is gradually taking hold within the walls of Brockley. Those in charge of the sale are particularly anxious that it should be a success, for the money realized will go toward carrying on the work during the coming year and providing funds for the monthly balls given to the patients.

INDIANS RETAIN OLD NAMES

Picturesque Titles Brought to Light by Reservation Sale.

St. Paul, Minn.—That Indian names still possess their early strength and picturesque quality is shown by those which figured prominently in the recent sale of Indian lands in the Standing Rock Reservation in North and South Dakota.

An inspection of the list reveals such names as Kate Good Crow, whose nearest neighbor is Barney Two Bears Mary Yellow Fat adjoins Melda Crow-ghost while Mrs. Crazy Walking, on the southeast quarter of section 19-23-25, has probably reached the condition indicated by her name through being in the same section with Elk Ghost.

Mary Lean Dog rather envies Agatha Big Shield for her aristocratic name, in like manner, Jennie-Dog Man and Mary Shave Head may be all too willing to assume on short notice the heroic name borne by Morris Thundershield, heir apparent to Long Step Thundershield.

Mrs. Did Not Butcher, Judging from her name, is in no condition to supply the wants of her nearest neighbor, Mrs. Frosted Red Fish, who lives on a half section not far from Helen Difficult.

SEES HUMAN GROWTH CONTROL

Science May Dictate Size and Weight of the Race

Philadelphia—That science is on the threshold of discoveries which will make it possible to retard or hasten the growth of human beings was the statement made by Dr. M. W. Jacobs. He asserted that experiments with rats have proved that animals fed on certain proteins for extended periods, maintain a constant weight, but as soon as other necessary constituents are added, growth is resumed. He cited one instance in which a rat was kept stunted for 532 days, an age corresponding to about 47 years in human life. By changing the diet growth was permitted to develop that would normally have taken place in youth.

"We have it in our power," said Dr. Jacobs, "to say whether animal shall do its growing in youth or old age or whether it shall have several periods of growth. This being true, it is not too much to expect that the ultimate outcome of such work will be the scientific control of the forces of organic growth even in human beings."

RECOVERS LONG LOST WATCH

Eighteen Years in Mill Race and Still Running?

Penn Yan, N. Y.—One day eighteen years ago W. Henry Townsend, county superintendent of the poor, lost a watch from his pocket. He worked at two tasks that day—assisting in cleaning out a mill race and unloading straw. He searched the straw without finding the timepiece. The mill race was soon full of water so that further search could not be made.

A few days ago the race was cleaned out and a watch was found. Townsend examined it and found in it his old timepiece. It was in excellent condition after its long rest under the water.

One of the official's friends asked him if the watch was still running and Mr. Townsend gravely replied that it surely was. It was a stem winder, he said and very likely the action of the swiftly running water kept it wound up all these years.

DISPLAYS HIS HAPPY FAMILY

Printing Firm's "Zoo" Proves Real Attraction.

Perry, Okla.—In the front show window of the Southern Printing Company's office here is a "Happy Family" that attracts the attention of hundreds of people. Living happily together and eating from the same dishes are many beautiful capary birds, guinea pigs of different kinds, squirrels, white and spotted rats, horry toads and a pair of beautiful Persian kittens. It is a sight worth looking at. Back of the office is a garden of beautiful flowers and cages in which are tame possums, pet coons that will follow visitors around like dogs, over a hundred guinea pigs of many kinds pigeons and other birds and animals. "Wish you could all enjoy them with us," is the company's message to Blade readers.

COCKEREL STEALS DIAMOND

New London, Conn.—Lloyd Hallenbeck of Greendale, N. Y., had a diamond stolen from his scarf pin while acting as judge at a poultry show here, the thief being a cockerel in a pen of Rhode Island Reds on exhibition. Hallenbeck values the stone at \$100.

The cockerel attracted by the sparkle of the gem as Hallenbeck stood close to the pen, removed the stone from its setting with a well directed jab of its beak and swallowed it.

As the owner of the diamond does not know which of the exhibits has his jewel it may be necessary to kill a number of them to find the right one a proceeding which, it is said, promises complications with the owner of the poultry.

There is an element of success in every man but it seldom begins to operate until some woman comes along and treads on his heels.

A man can usually manage to keep himself busy by attending strictly to his own business, but some men have a mania for working overtime.

OLD-MAN WINTER

The leaves are dead on the tree and hedge; the north wind has a keener edge, and soon the storm will roar; there are a thousand things to do, a thousand errands to pursue—to bank the house and clean the flue, when winter's at the door.

In summer I acquired a roll, and now it goes for slate and coal, which makes me sick and sore; for coal we always have to pay the doubloons we have laid away, providing for a rainy day, when winter's at the door.

Last winter left me badly broke; since then my overcoat's in soak, at Uncle's old rags store; I'll have to see that grim old scout, and try to get the blamed thing out, since frosty zephyrs are about, and winter's at the door.

My wife is waging round the flat, and says she wants a brand new hat, from France's distant shore; the children, in the winter time, must have new shoes for snow and rime, and thus expense climb and climb, when winter's at the door.

The tailor talks about new suits—he has some patterns which are beauts—until he is a bore; the coin must go for flour and spuds, for kerosene and kindred aids; how can a man buy gaudy duds, when winter's at the door?

From chimneys pointing to the sky, from chimneys low, and chimneys high we see the smoke wreaths soar; and every chimney seems to say, "Thus, thus, I waste and throw away the money of some mournful jay," when winter's at the door.

The frost is on the stringless beans, the frost is on my whiskerines, it chills me to the core; most things go wrong, from day to day; the cow goes dry, but still eats hay, the dippy chickens cease to lay, when winter's at the door.

But there are compensations too; for while the fire roars up the flue, I'll delve in ancient lore; long evenings follow stormy days; I'll sit beside the cheerful blaze, and read "The Life of R. E. Hayes," when winter's at the door.—By Walt Mason from Judge.

Hate is a low grade powder that's apt to flash in the pan.

Deliberate long before doing what it's impossible to undo.

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

Hard cash that comes easy soon melts away.

Indolence to the mind is as rust to iron.

Men women and children rely upon

Rexall Orderlies

The laxative tablet with the pleasant taste to relieve constipation and sluggish livers



We have the exclusive selling rights for this great laxative.

W. C. SPRING DRUG CO. THE REXALL STORE

Most men are willing to start something for the sake of an argument. Any coward can get married, but it may take a hero to stay married.

Seven quarts to the peck is the way some grocers measure their success. Remember that the money you intend to save doesn't draw any interest.

If some men had to work in order to earn a living they, wouldn't live very long. When it comes to making angels of men the minister isn't in it with the doctor.

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

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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.

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