

Charlevoix County Herald.

Vol. 20

EAST JORDAN, MICHIGAN, FRIDAY, JUNE 9, 1916.

No. 24

Schools Close This Week

Commencement Program This Friday Evening.

As announced in these columns last week the graduating exercises of East Jordan Public Schools are taking place this week, and the various events close this Friday night when the Commencement program will be given at the Temple Theatre. President Charles McKenny of the State Normal College at Ypsilanti has been secured to give the address. At the close of these exercises the members of the Class of 1916 will receive their diplomas from the hands of Supt. Hoffiday.

HARRY CURKENDALL IN NEW QUARTERS

On Monday last Harry Curkendall moved his Billiard Room and Tobacco Stand from its former location to the store building being vacated by the Empey Bros. Furniture store. This is a fine, roomy location, and undoubtedly "Curkendall" will prove more inviting than ever to the men of our city who love the pastime of billiards.

Commission Proceedings.

Regular meeting of the City Commission held at the commission rooms, Monday evening, June 5, 1916. Meeting was called to order by Mayor Cross. Present—Cross, Gidley and Lancaster. Absent—none.

Minutes of the last two meetings were read and approved.

On motion by Lancaster, the following bills were allowed:

Joseph Zoulek, repairing pump house	\$105.32
Electric Light Co., pumping and lighting	316.45
Mich. State Tel. Co., rentals	6.25
City Treasurer, payment of board of review	54.00
Geo. Spencer, labor and material	43.93
Dwight H. Fitch, salary and rental	24.17
Grether Fire Equip. Co., mdse.	19.10
Agt. American Surety Co., bond of W. A. Pickard	40.00
Reid-Craft Plumbing Co., labor and material	165.32
J. A. Lancaster, salary	25.00
City Treasurer, payment of street labor	22.50
Dan McKinley, repairing pump-house	4.06
Andrew Berg, order of John Cummins	13.00
Chas. A. Hudson, 6 pr. rubber boots	33.00
C. J. Malpass, shovel	.50

On motion by Gidley, the following named persons were granted sidewalk permits: Howard Weikel, Lot 5, Block 1; Mrs. Ella Barkley, Lot 6, Block 1; John Munroe, Lot 7, Block 1.

Moved by Gidley, supported by Lancaster, that the sum of \$25.00 be donated to the G. A. R. for Decoration Day expenses. Carried.

On motion by Gidley, meeting was adjourned.

OTIS J. SMITH, City Clerk.

MANY WOMEN NEED HELP

Women are as much inclined to kidney trouble as are men, but too often make the mistake of thinking that a certain amount of pain and torture is their lot and cannot be avoided. Foley Kidney Pills give quick relief from backache, pains in sides and muscles, stiff, sore, aching joints, and bladder ailments.—Hites Drug Store.

Thrill and More Thrills!

You will find them in



A remarkable railroad story by Frank Spearman to appear in these columns.

CLASS OF 1916, EAST JORDAN HIGH SCHOOL



Ruth Gregory Helen Ward Xelle Miles Sadie Metz Helen Hilliard Bernt Johnson Bessie Johnson
Lelia Hott Victor Cross Vera McMillan Elwyn Sundsted Olivet Bartlett Grace Malpass Eunice Carr
Leanore Kenny

Driggett-Thorne Nuptials

A pretty wedding was solemnized at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Gardner Thorne, Thursday, June 1st, when their daughter, Cleo, became the wife of William Driggett. The ceremony was performed by Rev. Quinton Walker, pastor of the Methodist Church at Charlevoix, in the presence of a number of guests, the ring service being used.

The bride was prettily gowned in white satin and carried bridal roses. Miss Lillian Thorne, sister of the bride, and Miss Gladys Vanderverter, cousin of the bride acted as bridesmaids, being gowned in pink silk and carried pink and white carnations. The bridegroom wore the conventional black and was attended by his brother, George Driggett. The wedding march was played by Anna Driggett, sister of the groom and Miss Mildred Eckinger of Charlevoix sang sweetly, "Let Me Sing To You." Mr. and Mrs. Driggett left Saturday for Detroit where they will make their future home. The out of town guests were Miss Alice Hale of Detroit cousin of Mr. Driggett, Mr. and Mrs. S. Vanderverter and daughter Gladys, of Cadillac, brother and sister of Mr. and Mrs. Thorne and Mr. and Mrs. Cornwell of Ellsworth.

Fallis-Bowman Nuptials

Two former East Jordan people were united in marriage at Ontario, Cal., on May 16th. Below is an account of the wedding from a newspaper of that city:

A very pretty but quiet wedding witnessed by only the immediate families and relatives, was that of John A. Fallis and Miss Margaret K. Bowman at Bethel Congregational Church last evening at seven o'clock.

Fallis is a brother of W. B. and F. G. Fallis of Fallis Brothers, and has a large circle of friends in business and social circles. Miss Bowman is a daughter of Mrs. Eliza Bowman of Detroit but formerly of East Jordan, Mich., where the Bowman and Fallis families were well acquainted.

The wedding ceremony was performed by Rev. Ralph B. Larkin, pastor of Bethel Church. After the ceremony, the entire wedding party motored to Riverside, where a wedding supper was served at the Glenwood Mission Inn. Mr. and Mrs. Fallis will spend their honeymoon in Riverside, San Diego and other coast cities. They will make their home in Ontario, and will be at home here after Sept 1st.

Silence is golden, except when a counterfeit.

The mind cure may be all right—but the patient must have a mind of his own to start with.

Lots of men are lenient with themselves because of their belief that charity begins at home.

Beauty is said to be only skin deep, but many a woman's beauty depends upon the size of her balance in the bank.

Fearing to break into a profession that's overcrowded, some men waste the best years of their lives, looking for one that isn't.

It is much easier for a bad man to live down to his reputation than it is for a good man to live up to his—as well as more usual.

ALONG THE FIRING LINE

W. J. Bryan may gain a reputation for humor, but he is likely to lose a reputation for candor, if he continues to deal with export statistics. In the last issue of his Commoner, in a column headed "Funny Things," he gives several items of exports and says that "most of the increases were in exports to countries not at war and to markets once controlled by the present belligerents." If this was intended to convey the impression that our unprecedented increase in export trade is not due to the war, it is far wide of the truth, and every man and woman in the United States knows it. The farmers of Nebraska know who has been buying their wheat; their horses and their cattle. The woolen mills of the East know who ordered the hundreds of thousands of yards of khaki cloth for soldiers' uniforms. The men who work in powder and shell factories are not deceived as to the destination of their product. Even members of the present administration have warned American business men that they cannot hope for a continuance of this abnormal market after the war has closed. But Mr. Bryan must not think that putting the figures in the column of "Funny Things," excuses his palpable misrepresentation.

There were two members of the New Jersey delegation who desired the honor of placing the name of Woodrow Wilson before the St. Louis convention and the President was forced to choose between them. It does not seem to have occurred to him to compromise the matter by selecting the man from Nebraska who three times polled more votes for President than did Wilson himself.

Sometimes it is useful to get a man's measure as given by his friends. Speaking of Democratic Senators and Congressmen who are just now standing with the President upon certain issues, though they differed from him on other issues last year. Mr. Bryan says that they "want to be re-elected and regard Wilson's coat-tails as a very handy thing to grab hold of this year." Presumably, Mr. Bryan wants these men elected, for they are good Democrats, but it won't help them much at home to have him place this estimate upon them. Every Democratic Senator and Congressman who tries to drag in on the Wilson coat-tails will very likely have this remark of Bryan's thrown at him in the campaign.

If President Wilson has been laboring under the delusion that Bryan is his political friend, he will be undeceived when he reads in the Commoner the article over Bryan's signature calling attention to the fact that in the Nebraska primaries 9,417 Democrats voted for a liveryman for delegate to the National Convention, knowing that the man was a pronounced opponent of Wilson. The vote polled by this opponent of Wilson was about 15 per cent of the Wilson vote. In Nebraska, in 1912, Wilson polled 109,000 votes, against 126,000 for Taft and Roosevelt. With a re-united Republican party and an indicated defection of 15 per cent in the Democratic party, what hope is there for Wilson to carry Nebraska this year?

Paul M. Warburg, head of the Federal Reserve System, is trying hard to bolster the Democratic campaign, but he is so far wrong on some of his facts that he will soon be discredited. In a speech before the Economic Club, of New York, recently, he said that "the United States, in the beginning of 1914 was moving toward the position of an industrial and financial world power." Figures of the Department of Commerce show that in October, 1913, we had a balance of trade in our favor to the amount of \$138,000,000. The monthly balance steadily diminished until in April, 1914, the balance was against us and in August, 1914, the balance against us was \$19,000,000. War orders turned the tide in our favor. How do you explain yourself, Mr. Warburg?

DISPLAY FLAGS

On June 14 will occur Flag Day, and it is hoped that the people will pay more attention to the proper observance of this event. There is little use made of the United States flag, for no other reason than that the people forget that they owe the nation a debt of gratitude that they can never repay. It is time that this forgetfulness should be eliminated and that due attention be paid to a display of the national colors upon appropriate occasions. The more the flag is displayed the more people will turn their attention toward patriotic thought and action. The United States flag is the result of all United States history, and within its folds is contained not only the history of the nation, but its destiny as well. The flag is the constant reminder of the sacrifices that were made by the fathers in order that their ideal of a free government might be realized, and for this reason it is imperative that every attention be paid to the national emblem which means so much to the future generations. When Flag Day comes everybody should display the national colors in the most conspicuous way possible, for by so doing the people will be reminded of their obligations as citizens and their duties as patriots. Never forget the flag, for it is the constant reminder of the source of the nation and a call to duty of the present. People should show their colors and thereby prove to the world that commercialism has not yet succeeded in dulling the patriotic instincts of the nation.

Girls with the most cheek do the least blushing.

A woman's tongue is mightier than a man's fist.

But the chicken-hearted man crows only in his sleep.

You never hear a dressmaker say that figures cannot lie.

The man who hands out free advice to others always goes elsewhere for his own.

CUT THIS OUT—IT IS WORTH MONEY
DON'T MISS THIS. Cut out this slip, inclose 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 bronchial coughs, colds and croup; Foley Kidney Pills, and Foley Cathartic Tablets. Specially comforting to stout persons.—Hite's Drug Store.

HOW TO PREVENT FIRES.

It is an old maxim that fire is a good servant but a hard master.

Shakespeare wrote: "A little fire is quickly trodden out; which, being suffered, rivers cannot quench."

Fires are the result of accident, of spontaneous combustion, and of design. If they have been accidental the cause can generally be discovered, and it will be found they might have been prevented.

If the following precautions are taken fires from accident or spontaneous combustion will seldom occur:

Keep your house, store, or factory clean.
Never allow rubbish, such as paper, rags, cobwebs, old clothing, boxes, etc. to accumulate in closets and unused rooms.

Never fill your coal oil lamps after dark or near an open fire.

Never run your stove pipes through a wooden partition or through the roof without proper protection.

Never allow your furnace, steam or hot water pipes to come in contact with wood.

Never put up gas brackets so they can be swung against the wooden window casings or against, or immediately under, curtains.

Never put ashes in a wooden receptacle in or about your premises.

Never keep matches in any but metal or earthen safes, and when you light one never throw it on the floor.

Never allow smoking in proximity to inflammable merchandise or materials.

Never take an open light to examine a gas meter or into a closet.

Never read in bed by candle or lamp light.

Never close up your place of business before going over the entire premises to see that all fires and light are safe or extinguished.

Never forget that carelessness and negligence are the cause of over two-thirds of all fires.

Never forget to have pails or buckets and water near at hand for immediate use in case of emergency.

Familiarize yourself with the location of windows and natural escape.

Learn the position of all stairways, particularly the top landing and scuttles to the roof.

Keep the doors of rooms shut.

Open windows from the top.

Wet a towel, stuff it in the mouth, breath through it instead of nose, so as not to inhale smoke.

If room fills with smoke keep close to floor and crawl along by the walls to the window.

Never go to the roof, unless as a last resort and you know there is escape to adjoining buildings.

Never jump through flames in a building without covering the head with a blanket or heavy clothing.

Never get excited, try to recall the means of exit.

Some men learn by doing and some learn by being done.

A man with a grouch never misses an opportunity to advertise it.

Fortunate is the locomotive engineer who leads a wreckless life.

Matrimonial packages are not always what they are tied up to be.

Some men wouldn't take advice if it were offered to them in capsules.

HEARD AT THE NATIONAL CAPITAL

Washington, June 7. [Special Correspondence.] "In the first year of his administration, President Wilson made a great hubaloo about the 'lobby.' He stated at that time that he would drive every lobbyist out of Washington and would have nobody interfering with legislation in this country and that he wanted to have a free hand," said a prominent United States Senator. "During this present session of Congress we have witnessed on various occasions more lobbying by cabinet officers and men close to the President, than in any administration in the history of the government. There has never been a time when there was so much attempted executive interference with the legislative functions of the government. We have witnessed an administration lobby here this session that is both 'invidious and insidious.'"

Col. Harry S. New, of Indianapolis, Republican candidate for United States Senator in Indiana, at the coming election, was a recent visitor at the Capitol, where he was warmly received. Not only is Col. New optimistic over the general outlook for the Republican party all over the country, but he is certain that his own state of Indiana will return to the Republican party and elect both the state and national tickets. Speaking of the situation he said: "I am confident the Republican party will win in November. The people of this country are doing some thinking. They know that the present prosperity is unnatural and has been brought about by conditions absolutely growing out of the war. In Indiana we will have a Republican majority this fall. We shall elect two Republican United States Senators, more than half of the members of the House and a Republican Governor. The electoral vote will also go to our party."

These are anxious days for the Missouri delegation in Congress and the situation in that state politically is being discussed with great seriousness and apprehension in the Democratic cloak rooms. There are several Democratic Members of the House from that state who are already "scared out of their boots" over the outlook. The news they are getting from back home has not been reassuring and they are confidentially expressing great anxiety over the possibility of their reelection. Several of them are saying that they fear not only their districts, but that the state itself is going Republican.

The pairing of Vice President Marshall with Senator Reed of Missouri, on the last senate vote on the motion to reconsider the rejection of George Rublee of New Hampshire, as a Member of the Federal Trade Commission, is causing much comment and criticism. Many of the older members of both the House and Senate, state that it is a most dangerous precedent and that if the vote of the vice-president had been a deciding one, that great and sweeping legal questions would have arisen as to the right to do this. Men long in Congress state that the vice-president is not a member of the Senate and that his only right to vote is that prescribed by the constitution, which is in case of a tie.

The recent election in the second West Virginia district, in which the administration took a hand, but was defeated, still continues to be talked about at the Capitol and the Democrats still continue to be very touchy when the event is mentioned in their presence.

Worry gives the undertaker more business than work does.

Man may be the stronger, but woman's tongue is more facile.

We all talk too much—because there is so much to talk about.

Being remembered in a will is as uncertain as an unpaid egg.

A word to the unwise is also sufficient—if it be the right word.

Don't stretch the truth too far or the recoil may knock you out.

A woman is always suspicious of another woman who dresses better than herself.

MAKING THE MOST OF JUNE

To enjoy the beautiful month of June to the utmost, one must be in good health. Kidneys failing to work properly cause aches and pains, rheumatism, lumbago, soreness, stiffness. Foley Kidney Pills make kidneys active and healthy and banish suffering and misery. Why not feel fine and fit? Be well! Be strong!—Hites Drug Store.

CUTTING DOWN EXPENSES

"Jane Ann," the husband sternly cries, "we simply must economize. Today I got the grocer's bill, and I experienced a chill. You're buying all expensive stuff when cheaper things are good enough."

"You've blown yourself to fruits and jams, and bottled goods and fancy hams, imported raisins, prunes and peas, and costly slabs of switzer cheese. There is no sense in that, say I, when cost of living is so high. I strive and struggle in the mart, and break my galluses and heart, to have some roubles put away against the cold and rainy day. But what's the use? A reckless wife will nullify man's toil and strife."

"In olden times the housewife made such things as jam and marmalade. She did not to the grocer chase for costly things, to feed her face. My sainted mother made preserves—I wish you could watch her curves. She bought tomatoes by the crate, and made our catsup, simply great. She filled the cellar shelves each fall with stuff she canned from wall to wall, and when we wished some pickled greens, or prune preserves or jellied beans, she pulled a package from a shelf—the real hot stuff she, canned herself."

"The modern housewife never tries in that way to economize. She loafs around the house all day, and reads the works of Bertha Clay, or writes a paper for her club, and orders pre-digested grub. This sort of thing will have to cease, as sure as you're your uncle's niece. I dread the poorhouse day by day, it's but a few short versts away, and if you don't cut down our bills, full soon we'll jaunt across the hills, to that abode of grief and care, and with the paupers sit and swear."

We see him later at the bar where all his thirsty cronies are; he's saying, generous and free, "Step up here, boys, this round's on me."—By Walt Mason from Judge.

Health Guyeds

To secure a smooth complexion, use sandpaper.

For indigestion, drink anything that will divert the mind.

Eliminate boils as soon as they appear, using scissors or file.

For a sore toe, first cut off the toe.

When germs are present, kill them; saving yourself if possible.

For chills, hot air; for fever, ice; for sweats, a mangle.

All bad eyes should be replaced with glass. It is sanitary.

If the throat is sore, remove tonsils; if still sore, remove the larynx; if that is not sufficient, examine thoroughly and operate on the nose, ears or stomach as preferred.

Before an attack of appendicitis, examine bank account.

Gray hair is a boon. It may be dyed any color.

For a child prone to convulsions, try the movies.

If you are deaf you are unfortunate in not being able to enjoy the unnecessary.

Nothing will break up a stiff joint like machinery. If, however, that should fail, employ either boiling or freezing.

For sore feet select only the best carpets.

An attack of neuralgia may be shortened by removing so much of the affected nerve. Repeat as often as desired.

The rest cure demands beds and couches instead of chairs, this being the most recent discovery essential thereto.

In sudden illness be sure to be frugal of whiskey. This will facilitate police diagnosis.

Don't insist on keeping your health all the time. It's stingy.—From Judge.

Reflections of a Bachelor

Keeping out of jail can make some men think they are honest.

What would be the use of a bad temper to a man if he didn't have a family to vent it on?

A girl never gets tired of dancing so that she can always get tired of helping her mother.

The higher the opinion you have of yourself the better it would be for you if some of it were deserved.

The only thing that seems to cost more than following somebody else's advice is following your own judgment.

She is indeed a wise woman who knows when to stop talking and turn on the flow of tears.

Some men get rich because of their ability to separate others from their coin.

Every time a man gets it in the neck he realizes how little he amounts to.

We all want to go to heaven—but there is no demand for rapid transit.

Probably more intellectual women would marry if they were asked.

Only a lucky man can afford to pose as a disbeliever in luck.

People who are too fresh are always getting into a pickle.

It's easier to land a husband than to keep him landed.

All married women travel under assumed names.

Troubles like babies, grow larger with nursing.

Lastness is born in a man; industry is acquired.



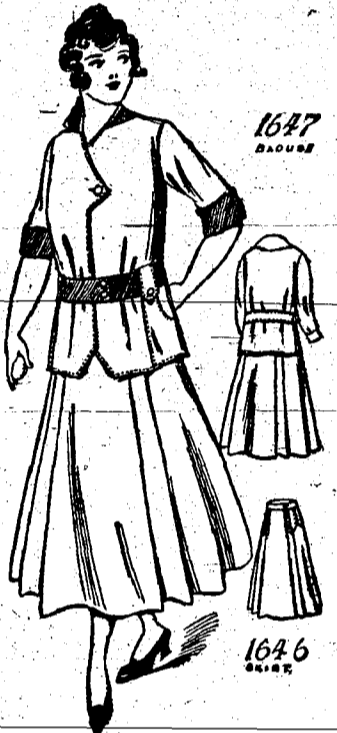
A PRETTY NEGLIGEE

1633. Ladies' Kimono Sack (in Either of Three Styles)

This practical model may be made with the fronts in pointed outline, or tied in fichu style, or as is also illustrated, in surplice effect. The model is nice for silk, crepe, challie, cashmere, dimity, lawn or batiste, flannel and flannelette.

The pattern is cut in 3 sizes: small, medium and large. It requires 2 1/4 yards of 44 inch material for a medium size.

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



A GOOD SPORT SUIT

Blouse 1647. Skirt 1646. This Portrays a Combination of Middy Blouse 1647 and Skirt 1646.

For misses and small women it will be especially attractive. In pique, khaki, taffeta, linen, drill, crepe or silk or wool jersey or serge, with a desired and appropriate trimming it will be very smart. If desired, the skirt may be of cloth and the blouse of silk or wash material. The blouse and skirt are cut in 4 sizes: 14, 16, 18 and 20 years. It requires 3 1/2 yards for the skirt and 2 1/2 yards for the blouse of material 44 inches wide, for a 16 year size. The skirt measures about 3 1/2 yards at its lower edge.

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



A JAUNTY STYLE

1630. Fashions may come and fashions may go, but none seems so practical or pleasing for the little boy as the Russian blouse suit. In this model, the lines are simple, with a bit of shaping at the closing. The trousers in "big brother style" are cut with straight lower edge. The sleeve is finished with a plain, straight cuff, to which is added a jaunty-cut-in turnback style.

The pattern is cut in four sizes: 2, 3, 4 and 5 years. It requires 2 1/2 yards of 44 inch material for a 5 year size. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.



A SERVICEABLE GARMENT

1632. Ladies' Apron

One of the most practical features of an apron is the protection it affords. The design here shown has this good point and some others. It has deep arm openings, and is cut with sufficient fullness. It is held to position at the back with a belt. Gingham, percale, drill, lawn, or linen are good materials for this style.

The pattern is cut in 3 sizes: small, medium and large. It requires 5 yards of 36 inch material for a medium size.

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

A NEW AND POPULAR STYLE



1598—Girls' dress with or without jumper portions, and sleeve in either of two lengths. As here shown, percale in white with red dots was used. The free edges of bolero and belt are piped with red. The guimpe or underwaist is of white lawn. This style is also nice for gingham, challie, cashmere and nun's veiling and for crepe and silk in shepherd-check or plaid. It will make a nice school dress.

The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 4, 6, 8 and 10 years. It requires 2 1/2 yards of 36 inch material for skirt and jumper and 1 5/8 yard of 27 inch material for the waist for a 6 year size.

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

A SIMPLE BECOMING SCHOOL FROCK FOR MOTHER'S GIRL



1622—Girls' Dress With Sleeve in Either of Two Lengths.

Mixed suiting in brown tones was here combined with white pique. The style is unique and has attractive features. The model is in one piece style with sleeve in wrist or elbow length. The design is also nice for serge, shepherd check, plaid suiting, gingham, percale, rep and poplin.

The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 4, 6, 8 and 10 years. It requires 2 1/2 yards of 44 inch material for a 4 year size. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.



A CHARMING COMFORTABLE AND UNIQUE STYLE

1684—Girls' Sleeveless Dress, With Guimpe, Having Sleeve in Either of Two Lengths

Taffeta silk and figured net is here shown. The style is also nice for batiste and crepe, for challie, gabardine, voile or crepe de chine. The guimpe may be of batiste or lawn, with linen for the overdress. All wash fabrics such as percale, gingham, chambray or galatea are good for the overdress. The model has smart stylish lines, is easy to develop and practical.

The pattern is cut in 5 sizes: 6, 8, 10, 12 and 14 years. It requires 1-1/2 yard for the guimpe and 4 1/2 yards for the dress of 27-inch material for a 12 year size.

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



A PRETTY DRESS FOR THE GROWING GIRL

1650. Girl's Dress with or without Over Blouse, and with Two Styles of Sleeve

This would make a very attractive dress for party or best wear, for graduation or for dancing school. Silk and crepe or crepe de chine could be effectively combined in this model, also chiffon and net or tulle. The dress may be finished without the overblouse. The sleeve in wrist length has a new cuff in short length the sleeve is puff style with gathered ruffle.

The pattern is cut in four sizes: 8, 10, 12 and 14 years. It requires 3 5/8 yards of 44 inch material for a 10 year size for the dress, with 1 1/2 yard for the overblouse.

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



A VERY SMART DRESS FOR MOTHER'S GIRL

1668—Girls' Dress with Sleeve in Either of Two Lengths

This attractive little model is here shown in red and white dotted percale, with trimming of white pique. In blue checked gingham combined with blue chambray, brown and white seersucker with tan trimming it will be equally nice. It is also good for linen, galatea, taffeta, voile, crepe and serge, for nun's veiling, batiste, pique

and challie. The right front is shaped at the closing. The trim skirt gored in pretty flate effect is finished in front with a panel plait. The sleeve is nice in either length.

The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 4, 6, 8, and 10 years. It requires 3 1/8 yards of 44 inch material for an 8 year size.

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



A STYLE OF GOOD TASTE AND DESIGN

1636. Ladies' Dress.

Gray broadcloth with piping in a darker shade of satin, and fancy buttons complete this charming effect. The right front of the waist is shaped at the closing in unique outline. The neck may be finished in high collar style, with smart pointed tabs, or in low outline, by rolling collar and fronts as shown in the small view. The skirt is a three piece model, with lap tuck at the center front, where the closing is effected. Satin, nun's veiling, gabardine, voile, cashmere and serge, gingham, linen and drill are also good for this model.

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. The skirt measures about 3 1/4 yards at the foot.

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



A BECOMING DRESS FOR MOTHER'S GIRL

1649. Girl's One Piece Dress with or without Added Pointed Sections, with Shield and with Sleeve in Either of Two Styles

As here shown, striped gingham in blue and white was combined with blue chambray. The yoke sections are stitched over the dress, which may be cut away beneath these parts if desired, or they may form a smart bolero if left loose from the dress. The sleeve is good in wrist length, and smart, and comfortable in short length.

The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 4, 6, 8 and 10 years. Size 4 requires 2 1/2 yards of 44 inch material for dress without yoke sections and 3 1/8 yards with yoke sections. Serge, cashmere, challie, galatea, lawn, crepe, seersucker, linen and drill also are good for this style.

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

Did anyone else ever tell you that your troubles were of any consequence?

People who suffer in silence always like to boast about it later.

The bouquets you throw at yourself may turn into boomerangs.

Life is mostly a joke to the girl with dimples and perfect teeth.

The man who rally knows himself doesn't tell all he knows.

It doesn't pay to own things you owe for.

You can't forge a head by hammering.

ADVICE

Advice is a veiled but egotistical attempt to show your neighbor how you surpass him intellectually. It is a magnifying glass which you hand to him, after which you make certain that you are standing at the proper focal distance.

Advice is also used as a sugar coating for criticism, as a diplomatic method of checking offensive conduct, and as a pastime.

There are two classes of people ebullient with a desire to give advice: those who have had experience and those who have not.

A request for advice is usually a subtle form of flattery or else a method of dodging responsibility.

The person who is wise enough to take good advice and the one who is too wise to give it generally tie the knot of perfect friendship.

Advice is a drug on the market. The principle reason why the supply exceeds the demand is because those who need the most take the least.

Advice should never be followed. It is good advice, it cannot be followed. The only advice which is good is that which drives you.—From Judge.

Facts You May Not Know

In Oatman, Ariz., the citizen must walk 40 miles to take a bath, or pay 20 cents a gallon for the water, which is brought by wagon from Needles, Cal.

Morning Glory derives its name from the fact that it blooms only in the morning, and the Four O'Clocks because they open at that hour in the afternoon.

As there are at least 2,500,000 Italians resident in the United States, some American manufacturing firms are planning to cater more largely for the household and personal wants of this population. Extensive imports, reaching in value many million dollars annually are made for them, most of which might be produced in the United States.

The largest electrical range in the world, installed in the State Hospital, Warren - Springs, Montana, cooks meals for 1,500 persons daily.

More than 2,000 miles of railroad in this country are now operated by electricity, which is 100 per cent more efficient on steep grades than steam.

Altho nearly a million were minted, the United States coin of 1799 is an extremely rare coin and brings prices of from \$40 to \$75, according to the specimen's condition.

George Bronson Rea, who was once a Brooklyn newsboy, has been awarded the grand prize offered by the Chinese government for the best program for a national system of railways in that country.

A Sermon on Carelessness
I am more powerful than the combined armies of the world.

I have destroyed more men than all the wars of the nations.

I am more deadly than bullets, and I have wrecked more homes than the mightiest of seige guns.

I steal in the United States alone, over \$300,000,000 each year.

I spare no one and I find my victims among the rich and the poor alike the young and old, the strong and the weak. Widows and orphans know me.

I loom up to such proportions that I cast my shadow over every field of labor, from the turning of the grindstone to the moving of every railroad train.

I massacre thousands upon thousands of wage earners a year.

I lurk in unseen places, and do most of my work silently. You are warned against me, but you heed not.

I am relentless.

I am everywhere—in the house, on the street, at railroad crossings, and on the seas.

I bring sickness, degradation and death, and yet few seek to avoid me.

I destroy, crush and maim; I give nothing, but take all.

I am your worst enemy.

I am carelessness.

A man is always eating something he shouldn't and a woman is always saying something she shouldn't.

No man ever bought a horse that turned out to be just as represented.

Rather than waste kindness on an ungrateful man, lavish it on a dog.

The female of the species is the weeping expert of the human race.

The cost of experience is never fully realized until one goes to law.

The birch manufacturer has some excuse for wanting the earth.

There is a pleasure in being cranky that only a crank can know.

Dyspepsia is the mother of many disagreeable dispositions.

A violinist draws a salary, the fiddler plays for love.

The average girl loves to figure in an engagement.

Some good people enjoy telling bad news.

Whiskey straight makes crooked paths.

But silent partners have a lot to say.

FOOD GONE, LIGHT KEEPER STARVES

FIGHTING MEXICANS FORGOT CUSTODIANS OF LIGHTHOUSE ON LONELY ISLET

OTHERS ARE FOUND NEAR DEATH

Passing Liner Sees Signal of Distress and Gives Belated Relief.

New York—The West Triangle lighthouse in the Gulf of Mexico 150 miles west of Progreso, is so far from the disturbed districts of the revolutionary republics that everybody on and off the firing line in authority forgot all about the gallant Mexican light keepers and their families, and even the steamships for whose safety the lighthouse was established gave merely a passing glance at the beacon at night and in the day hardly noted the lonely little reef like isle's existence.

But although what remained of government in Mexico ignored the lighthouse keepers and their two wives and three children, they kept the light burning brightly, feeble as they were from three weeks of starvation.

The first message of the light keepers to the outer world telling of their plight was brought here by the Ward liner Mexico, in from Mexico, Havana and Nassau. Capt. O'Keefe happened to turn his binoculars on the lighthouse and saw distress signals flying from the flagstaff. They were in the Esperanto of the sea, the international code, and the shorthand bunting said: "Want immediate assistance."

Capt. O'Keefe changed his course and Second Officer Hassell got a lifeboat provisioned and ready to launch, as the signal of the lighthouse could mean nothing less than that they were short of food and somebody might be very ill. The ship's surgeon went along with the boat party.

The sea was smooth and the trip to the islet was made swiftly. The surgeon found the inhabitants much emaciated, having had nothing to subsist on for three weeks except water and a few fish they caught at the foot of the lighthouse. The wife of one of the keepers had died, chiefly of starvation, eight days before and had been buried at sea. The ship's surgeon merely prescribed food for the haggard survivors and the boat's crew began to unload lots of it, enough to last the lighthouse folk for more than a week.

The lighthouse keepers said that the supply boat had not been to the forlorn islet for four months and that they had run completely out of food. They still had water, or otherwise would have perished, and ample oil to keep the light burning.

When the Mexico reached Vera Cruz she notified the officials that there were two faithful Mexicans on duty for whatever government might be on top and would like to have regular meals.

UNEARTH ARCTIC RECORDS

Discovered in Cave Near Cape McClintock by Canadian Explorer Stefansson.

Edmonton, Alberta—News of a discovery by the Canadian explorer Stefansson, of records made by one of the Franklin Arctic Exploration parties 62 years ago is contained in the detailed report of his explorations received here.

The records were those left by McClintock, an explorer who headed one of the parties which went in search of Franklin in 1853. Curiously they were found by Stefansson in the same month and same date of the month as they were deposited. By another coincidence, McClintock's records, left in a cavern near Cape McClintock tell of this explorer's intention to travel three days westward in search of new land. Stefansson instead traveled three days north and made his discovery of a new continent, as has been recorded.

In the cavern were various records some of which were illegible after so great a lapse of time. Those that could be read recorded the fact that the ancient party were all well, had already examined the southwestern coast and were about to proceed west.

\$40 FOR EACH EYELASH LOST

Girl Gets \$200 From Railroad that Marred Her Beauty.

Bayonne, N. J.—Forty dollars each for eyelashes was the settlement which Miss Julia Porubsky, 20 years old and pretty, of this city, accepted from representatives of the Central Railroad, according to a statement made by the young woman.

Miss Porubsky asserted she was standing on the East Twenty-second street station of the Central Railroad in Bayonne waiting for a train some time ago when a freight train passed. The engine as it passed blew hot cinders in her direction. Some of them flew in her eye and destroyed five eyelashes.

The young woman brought suit for \$500 damages, claiming each eyelash was worth \$100 apiece. The company agreed to give the young woman \$200 and she accepted it.

National Defense and International Peace

★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Preparedness and Peace and the Engineer

THE United States desires peace, based on justice and maintained with honor. But to insure this kind of peace Americans must know that nations are now defended not alone by fighting men but by fighting industries.

The Engineers of this country, trained as only American Engineers are trained, hold that truth to be as fundamental as the law of gravity. With the authority of the United States Government more than 30,000 Engineers and Chemists, members of five eminent American scientific bodies, are making for the first time in the history of the Government a minute, sweeping survey of the industrial resources of America. They will go to the factories and mines of the land and with their sole method, efficiency, and their sole motive, patriotism, form a vast, flexible organization, such as the world has never known.

Their work will be the basis for creating in this country a true line of defense in time of war—the ability to produce swiftly, abundantly and with sustained power all the thousand and one elements of modern warfare. Without such production there can be no efficient army and navy.

Military Preparedness wins the battle. But Industrial Preparedness wins the war. Industrial Preparedness involves no huge expenses. Only the KNOWLEDGE of what American industry can do. To KNOW the extent of each plant, the equipment of each shop, the capacity of each machine, the ability of each man. THAT is the essence of Industrial Preparedness. That is the task which thirty thousand Engineers are pledged to perform. The Engineers' work will lay for all time the ghost of the "munitions trust" by making it possible to have munitions made in thousands of plants.

This vital work of the Engineers will supply the military authorities in Washington with information never before collected, and it is carried forward without a dollar's cost to the Government. And this advertisement is not paid for. The Associated Advertising Clubs of the World have prepared the copy and the publishers have patriotically responded and printed it without pay for the sake of National Defense and International Peace.

All Americans are asked to strike hands with the Engineers so that America shall learn how to raise up an impregnable wall of defense against a day of trial.

COMMITTEE ON INDUSTRIAL PREPAREDNESS OF THE NAVAL CONSULTING BOARD OF THE UNITED STATES

The American Society of Civil Engineers The American Society of Mechanical Engineers
The American Institute of Mining Engineers The American Institute of Electrical Engineers
Engineering Societies Building The American Chemical Society 29 West 39th Street, New York

A small boy's idea of happiness is to be able to lick another boy a size larger.

Marriage often means dollars for a woman and doughnuts for the poor man.

Wise is he who selects an obedient daughter of a good mother for his wife.

The mind of a man who goes wrong is always a blank while he is gone.

The last step in a questionable undertaking may be a lock step.

You can bank on finding a well filled pocket book interesting.

Even a prohibitionist makes no kick about the horn of plenty.

One word may make a new friendship or break an old one.

When you expect an opportunity it usually misses the train.

After a rough tie has been polished it is called hypocrisy.

If one is fond of spicy literature one should read cook books.

It is a waste of money to advertise for lost friendship.

It takes no more time to be polite than otherwise.

Frank Spearman Is Coming

THE acknowledged peer of all writers of railroad stories is to be represented in these columns for a number of weeks while we are printing the greatest of all his stories.

The Girl and the Game

A Story of Mountain Railroad Life.

Not one of our readers will want to miss any part of this remarkable revelation of Wall Street's control of America's railroad system, or the hundreds of thrilling incidents that are woven into this exciting tale of love, adventure, intrigue, envy, hate, heroism and villainy.

It will be both an education and an entertainment.

And in addition to reading the story you will be able to see all the thrilling incidents pictured on the screen at the movie theaters.

You Will Enjoy the Treat We Have Arranged for You

Shipbuilding

We want young men over 18, to learn trades in our Shipbuilding Yards. Good wages while learning, and rapid advancement made.

Address
Great Lakes Engineering Works
DETROIT, MICH.

Go to church next Sunday—every week.

Don't fire the office boy for whistling—learn to whistle.

Be kind to the dumb—not dumb to the kind.

Forget your troubles by remembering your blessings.

Smile on everyone—and never at anyone.

Believe every man innocent until he is proven innocent.

Be game—not everybody's.

Lift the fallen—and catch the falling.—From Judge.

A woman's best female friend will tell you more of her disadvantage in a minute than you can learn from her worst enemy in two weeks.

The best way to get a living is to earn it.

A damaged reputation is hard to repair.

Every man must catch cold for himself.

COMB SAGE TEA IN FADED OR GRAY HAIR

If Mixed with Sulphur it Darkens so Naturally Nobody can Tell.

Grandmother kept her hair beautiful, darkened, glossy and attractive with a brew of Sage Tea and Sulphur. When ever her hair took on that dull, faded or streaked appearance, this simple mixture was applied with wonderful results. By asking at any drug store for "Comb Sage and Sulphur Compound," you will get a large bottle of this old-time recipe, improved by the addition of other ingredients, all ready to use, for about 50 cents. This simple mixture can be depended upon to restore natural color and beauty to the hair.

A well-known downtown druggist says everybody uses Wyeth's Sage and Sulphur Compound now because it darkens so naturally and evenly that nobody can tell it has been applied. It's so easy to use, too. You simply dampen a comb of soft brush and draw it through your hair, making one strand at a time. By morning the gray hair disappears; after another application or two, it is restored to its natural color and looks glossy, soft and beautiful. This preparation is a delightful toilet requisite. It is not intended for the cure, mitigation or prevention of disease.

NEBRASKA LAYS CLAIM TO YOUNGEST PREACHER

Sixteen Year Old Boy Builds Up Church at Elk Creek— Regularly Ordained

Elk Creek, Neb.—Nebraska may not lay claim to all the famous divines of the country, but it does lay claim to the youngest pastor in the United States, Henry S. Atwood, 16 years old and regular ordained minister of the Christian denomination. Young Atwood is the little paragon of southeastern Nebraska and preaches from the pulpit of the church in this town.

The peculiar thing is that Henry Atwood cannot help being a preacher. For the last hundred years there have been ministers in the family. Barton W. Stone, coworker of Alexander Campbell, was the young preacher's third great grandfather. Joseph Atwood, another great grandfather, was a Vermont preacher.

His grandfather—for whom he was named—was a St. Louis doctor, who later took up the ministry. Both his father and mother are evangelists.

Rev. Henry Atwood began preaching when he was 14 years old. That was in Phillipsburg, Kans. One Sunday his father, the regular minister, had to be out of town. Henry Atwood filled the place and did it so well that ever since that time he has been in the preaching business. A year or so ago he preached a sermon at Tecumseh. They heard about it at Table Rock and the youthful minister got a call to the church at that place after preaching a few sermons. The Elk Creek church, a few miles to the north, had had no pastor for some time. Henry Atwood saw a chance to live up the religious life in that village and he found little trouble in becoming the preacher there.

There are just 250 people in Elk Creek and yet Henry Atwood's church has 100 members. There is another denomination to compete with, too, a Methodist church of long standing. When he took hold the little Sunday school had only about forty members. Now it has sixty and before he quits Henry Atwood thinks that it ought to have around 100. Even the old people are becoming Bible school attendants.

Henry Atwood likes his job. "I enjoy preaching my sermons more than anything else," he says, which probably entitles him to be called a successful preacher. He plans to attend Cotner university within the next year, when he will study for evangelistic work.

SAIL TO EASTER ISLAND; GET A CARGO OF SKULLS

Vessel has Just Returned to Frisco Harbor—Trip is Marked by Unusual Happenings.

San Francisco, Cal.—With mileage behind her equal to twice around the world, and with three years seafaring, since she left Southampton for the South seas, the schooner yacht Mana, Capt. Harry Gilman powered thru the heads the other afternoon bearing as cargo many crates and boxes containing skulls and other gruesome remains of former residents of Easter Island in the South Pacific.

The yacht is owned by R. S. Routledge of London, who has been collecting anthropological specimens for the British museum. Accompanied by his wife the scientist arrived here by steamer from Honolulu two weeks ago and will go home to London on the Mana when he can pass thru the Panama Canal.

To the South Pacific they came via Magellan, using sails except in calms—when the thirty-eight horse power engine was put into commission.

At Easter Island Routledge established headquarters, and for nearly two years dug among the ruins of the little dot on the Pacific. He unearthed specimens of prehistoric peoples and has them all cased and labeled for shipment to Great Britain.

During the time the party stayed on the island, Captain Gilman took the Mana on four round trips to Talcahuano, Chile, for supplies, the distance of the trip being 2,000 miles each way. Several months ago the little craft, which cruised extensively in the South seas, started with her owner for Honolulu and stayed there for several weeks.


She came in here from Hawaii, making the run under sail in twenty-seven days, and experiencing only light winds the entire distance. Under power the schooner will make six knots but the engine was not used until she came into San Francisco Bay. "I'd much rather go to sea in a sailing craft," said Captain Gilman, as he stood on the small after deck of the 90 foot schooner. "You know when you go in steam you are going to arrive at a certain time. Under sail it is all uncertainty and that makes it spicy."

Among the crew of the Mana are two men from Pitcairn Island who are descendants of Young of the old Bounty crew. Neither one had seen a large building, a street car or an automobile until they arrived in Honolulu, and one had never seen a horse before. They are young men in their early 20s and are going to England to school.


Girl's Jaw Strangely Locked.

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

DURING THE HOT SUMMER MONTHS YOUR MILK SHOULD BE THE BEST ON THE CALENDAR



Pasteurized





SPRING TONICS

Have you got that run-down, laggy feeling? A bottle of our tonics will make you feel new again.

Spraying Materials

Are advancing rapidly in prices, but we bought right and can sell right. Come in and let us quote you prices.

Hite Drug Co.

PURE DRUGS

EAST JORDAN CABINET CO.

B. E. WATERMAN, Manager.



Custom Planing Mill.

Manufacturers and Dealers in

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

FINISHED LUMBER, FRAMES, CASINGS

Watch for the opening chapters of The Herald's new motion-picture serial story --- "The Girl and the Game." Pictures at Temple Theatre.

**SPECIAL ATTRACTION
TEMPLE THEATRE**

**Helen Ware in "Secret Love",
Next Monday Evening.**

Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett's widely-read novel, "That Lass o' Lowrie's," has been converted into scenario form and purchased by Bluebird Photo-plays, Inc., for the use of Miss Helen Ware, in presenting that popular star as a feature in moving pictures. For the reason that the original title of the book did not, with definiteness, express the nature of the plot, the screen-version has been re-named and entitled "Secret Love." This is a concise and expressive caption, telling in two words the drift of the plot and giving an immediate idea of the story.

Those who have read "That Lass o' Lowrie's," will see the novel visualized in "Secret Love." The original title was not descriptive enough for theatrical purposes, and so the new title was given to the film that those who had not read the book would understand something of its literary construction. It is a rugged tale, forcefully drawn by Miss Ware and a splendid supporting company; full of sensations and with three different love stories entwined around the "thrills."



Scene from "SECRET LOVE" at Temple Theatre Next Monday.

FACTS YOU MAY NOT KNOW
Crime increases at the rate of 300 per cent every twenty years.

Observations among the lower animals show that only 5 per cent are defective at birth—much less than the human average.

Those slain on the battle field by no means represent the total victims of war, but only about half of them.

Two million miles of dirt roads have been built in the United States. The total length of public roads of all kinds, in this country is estimated at 2,250,000 miles.

There are more insane in the United States than students in colleges and universities.

One of the largest walnut packing and cleaning establishments in the world is in operation in California, where over 20,000,000 pounds of walnuts are produced each year.

The weight of the statue of liberty in the New York Harbor is 410,000 pounds.

The area in square miles of the United States of America (continental), is 2,025,000; all Europe, 3,700,000.

CHARLEVOIX COUNTY HERALD

G. A. Lisk, Publisher
ONE DOLLAR PER YEAR

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

UNINVITED

Oh, singer, hang onto your song, till somebody asks you to trill; to sing uninvited is wrong, it gives to your hearers a chill. No doubt when it comes to a screech, all Pattis and Yaws you have passed; no doubt you're a pipin and peach, no doubt you have Malba outclassed; but wait till the people insist on music before you arise, for volunteer singers, I wist, are bores, and we view them with sighs.

Again if the people should say, "We're suffering now for a song—please stand up and howl us a lay," don't warble and twitter too long. Sing something that's tuneful and short, that's warranted never to bore, and then, like a thoroughbred sport, sit down in your chair by the door. All people respect and admire the fellow who quits when he's done, who hangs up his voice and his lyre, while bowing for plaudits he's won.

Oh, talker, hang onto your spiel, till someone requests you to bawl, or if like orating you feel, go charter a tent or a hall. It seems that wherever man hies, for rest, recreation, repose, some windy old guy will arise, to talk for a while through his nose. I've met him afar in the wild, I met him wherever I stray; the air of the country's defiled by windjammers talking all day. So can the oration my lad; don't yawp—take a twenty mile walk; the people are weary and sad, they've heard so much profitless talk.

Oh, humorist, bury the tale you've told twice a day for a year; it's moldy and mildewed and stale, and maudlin and bearded and sere. We're bored in a myriad ways, we're bored, though the bores we defy; we're bored all our nights and our days, we're bored when we lie down to die. And he is the borest bore, who's bound to pour into our ears a story that's whiskered and hoar, and white with the rime of the years.—By Walt Mason from Judge.

A School for Matrimony—Prospectus of an Institution of Higher Learning

Think of the smooth uniformity of life, once matrimony is lifted to a science and the modern home becomes an institution run on scholastic lines with the academic flavor sweetening every dish! Life might then flow as peacefully as the canals in an irrigated country and all the desert bloom. Thus:

I. Primary classes in self control to be followed by exercises in the tactful management of husbands. Especially difficult cases to be studied with demonstrations in the Senior term.

II. The training and control of children, language to be employed in controversies and exercises thereon; also object lessons with illustrations and chart study founded on many ancient and modern instances to prove the uselessness of argument in controversy.

III. The study of that difficult problem, the family purse. Careful conversation. Subjects to be avoided, and training in the quickening of perception in order to detect signs of domestic storm; and how to keep out of the range of hurricanes and tempests of tears—how to seek shelter if caught in them, and examples of the use of oil on troubled waters.

IV. During the final term, prizes will be offered for the best essay on family life, while a general review must be taken of all subjects that have been under consideration. Diplomas to be awarded only when pupils show ability to take advanced courses in the management of relatives in law, dependent sisters and those especially touchy and cranky.—From Judge.

Many an excellent man is discouraged by the thought that the world will have to wait until after he is dead before it finds out how good he was.

Fame, from a literary point of view, consists in having people know you have written a lot of stuff they haven't read.

Some good people seem to think the Almighty is making a great mistake in not leaving the management intirely to them.

Never boast of the work you are going to do. Some men work all the time and have nothing to show for it, either.

Girls worship novel heroes, but in real life they prefer men who can provide them with three square meals a day.

If a man gives up a dime to see a museum freak he exhibits his own curiosity at the same time.

Almost every middle aged woman is set in her ways and opinions, but you can't get her to admit it.

As a matter of fact there's very little common sense in the world—most of it is uncommon.

There are times when even the parson imagines there is no earthly hope for the choir.

South Arm Board of Review

The Board of Review of South Arm Township will meet at the home of the Supervisor, J. E. Chew, of section 12, Monday and Tuesday, June 12-13, and will be in session at least six hours each day. Supervisor, J. E. CHEW.

**SHOWERS COP WITH GOLD,
THEN RACES FROM SIGHT**

Hatless Man Stages Fairy Tale in Boston Police Station—"A Guilty Conscience."

Boston, Mass.—What would you think if you were a lieutenant of police sitting behind a big desk and somebody hustled in and showers you with gold—real gold?

That is what happened to Lieut. "Joe" Hurley of the Hanover street station.

Now, if you take it straight from "Joe" he is no dreamer, and when a hatless man actually threw gold over him and then raced away, without stopping to explain, he did not know what to make of it. Fairy tales that he had heard long before he became a policeman came back to him and he thought of the old song, "Take Back Your Gold." He also recalled his grandmother's fond belief, that "the fairies of the lake are always good to the Irish."

But this story about the golden shower is no fairy tale. Francesco Coehlo, a lodging house keeper, now explains that he is not in the habit of giving "golden showers" and says it was only a guilty conscience that made him do it this time. This is what led up to it:

Manuel Linhares, who had been working at New Bedford, came here intending to sail the following day for the Azores. He stopped for a day at the lodging house of Coehlo, and says that he gave his bankroll to his landlord to keep for him. Manuel says he did not want to stroll around with a big bag of gold on him.

The next day, a few hours before he was to sail, he went to his landlord's room to get his money. The landlord had gone out, it seemed. His wife did not know where, and she did not know anything about Manuel's

money. Manuel then went to the police. Later a tip came that Francesco was in Chicago, and word was sent to the Chicago police.

Meanwhile, Francesco, homesick, weary and certain that every policeman he passed was about to pounce upon him, made up his mind to come home and restore the money. That is how Lieut. "Joe" Hurley happened to be showered with gold.

Among the \$615 in yellow coin, Hurley found a check for \$385. Francesco told them quickly what it all meant: He said that he just wanted to pay back everything, that some of the cash was gone, so he was supplying the balance by check. When he had told the whole story he was ready to go home, feeling as he had done his duty.

It was quite a shock when he realized that the law still had some claim on him and the police led him away to a cell.

**SENDS 75 CENTS TO GET
RIGHT WITH GOD**

Unique Letter Received by a Detroit Official, Who Has Partly Figured It Out.

Detroit, Mich.—"L. H." formed the only signature on the letter written in a neat feminine hand, that was addressed to the "Special Agent of the Treasury Department, Detroit," and was postmarked Birmingham, Mich., but Charles E. Lewis, special agent in charge has already visualized the writer as a gentle lady, well past middle age and filled with penitence for what she considered a sin.

It was one of those "conscience" letters, and contained 75 cents' worth of stamps. The letter reads:

"U. S. Customs."
"Dear Sirs: Enclosed please find 75 cents in stamps. This is the duty on some goods I brought over from Windsor."

"Since that time my King, Jesus Christ, has shown me it was wrong and I want to make it right, as he has shown me now is the time to get ready."

"Are you a Christian? If not, now is the accepted time. We have no promise of tomorrow."

"If this is not the right department, will you kindly forward?"
"Yours in the Master's service."
"L. H."

MUST THROW RINGS IN OCEAN

If He Doesn't Oregon Man Will Not Get \$6,000 Estate.

Oakland, Cal.—J. F. Yates, of Corvallis, Ore., will receive \$6000 from the estate of the late Ernest W. Arnold, provided he throws four diamond rings belonging to Arnold's deceased mother into the Pacific Ocean one mile off Yaquina Bay.

Arnold's will was filed for probate here, as much of the property is in this county. Yates, Arnold's friend is named executor, and must also erect a tombstone over the grave of Arnold's mother. The reasons for Arnold's strange bequest are unknown.

ELEPHANTS HELP TOWN GO DRY

Circus Animals at Hot Springs Consume Tub of Beer.

Hot Springs, Ark.—Hilarity was given the closing of the local saloons in compliance with the Arkansas State-wide prohibition law when the manager of a circus in winter quarters here led five elephants down the principal streets of the city and into a saloon owned by a friend.

Each elephant was given a bottle of beer and each drank it with great relish. Later the elephants were led outside and given a tub of beer and they also consumed all of it while a crowd looked on and cheered.

Some people seem to think you should pay rent for the place you occupy in their thoughts.

Time works wonders. So would men if they put in twenty-four hours each day, as time does.

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

A man isn't necessarily crooked because he is unable to keep his face straight.

**Talented Child Actres.
Speaks Three Languages.**



Ethel Mary Oakland, Talented Than-houser-Mutual Child Actress.

Ethel Mary Oakland, a charming little miss of six, with a wealth of beautiful golden hair, is now a member of the Thanhouser-Mutual studios. Ethel Mary, despite her youth, has had a wealth of experience both on the legitimate stage and on the screen. She has played under the management of Klaw & Erlanger, Henry Miller and various others.

Off the screen this talented youngster is all fun and play. She speaks French, Italian and German with the fluency of a native. She is a regular little "home lady," too, designing and sewing all her dollies' gowns. Ethel Mary hopes to some day star at the head of her own company.

Matrimonial packages are not always what they are tied up to be.

Some men wouldn't take advice, if it were offered to them in capsules.

When a man says a bright thing he nearly always forgets the quotation marks.

The woman who makes fun of a new style one day is usually trying to imitate it the next.

HOW TO GET RID OF A COLD

Read how C. E. Summers, Holdrege, Neb., got rid of his cold: "I contracted a severe cough and cold and could hardly sleep. By using Foley's Honey and Tar as directed my cough was entirely cured and I give it full credit for my speedy recovery." Foley's always soothes and heals. Children love it.—Hites Drug Store.

Egypt has more blind persons proportionately than any country in the world, having 1,325 to every 100,000 population.

Oil well pumps in Texas are now operated by electric motors.

In Indian mythology Cama is the god of love and marriage.

The reindeer has been known to pull 200 pounds at ten miles an hour for twelve hours.

Chinese fathers cannot leave more property to one son than to another. All must have an equal share.

The emerald improves in color by exposure to light. Pearls kept in darkness lose their lustre, but regain it on exposure to the sun.

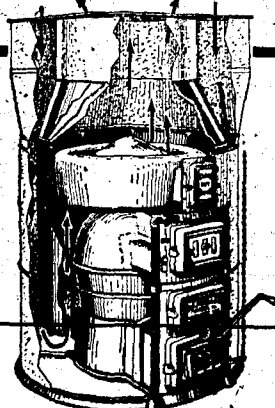
**A New Way
to Heat Your
Whole House**

You don't need to depend on stoves any longer. We are handling a new kind of furnace that can be put into any home where stoves are now used and will give you much better, more even heat, besides saving you trouble and labor.

**Mueller
Pipeless Furnace**

Heats every room in the house from one register and keeps the air pure and wholesome. Easily installed no matter how small your cellar is. No flues—No pipes. No alterations or tearing up walls to put it in. No hot heat. Keeps house warm and cellar cool. Easy to run and regulate. Burns wood, coal or coke. A new idea in furnace building that we've taken hold of because the maker has convinced us that it's just the thing for homes that are now using stoves exclusively. Price is very reasonable, and it is wonderfully economical of fuel.

Now's the time to
talk it over with us
**REID-GRAFF
PLUMBING CO.**



EAST JORDAN LUMBER CO. STORE

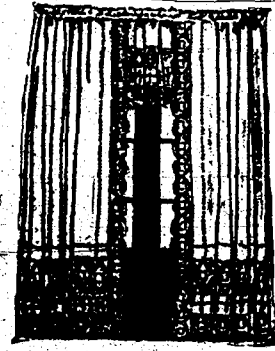
Housecleaning Time

is here, and we are prepared to supply your needs in the new materials so necessary to give the home that fresh-like appearance.

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Scrims Muslins
Marquisesettes Lace Weaves

Priced From 10c to \$1.00 per yard.



BED SPREADS Damask and Marsellies

ALL FULL SIZES. \$1.00 to \$4.50.

Our BRIDAL-BRAND
of Linen-finish Sheeting and Tubings
is unsurpassed.

East Jordan Lumber Co.

Briefs of the Week

Flag Day next Wednesday.
Children's Day next Sunday.
Mr. and Mrs. A. Cameron leave first of next week for a visit with relatives in Canada.
A silo belonging to Chas. Sweet was blown down during one of the recent heavy wind storms.
Stanley Risk is at the Raycraft hospital at Petoskey, where he underwent an operation for appendicitis.
A barn belonging to H. F. Rifenberg of Ironton was destroyed by fire last Thursday night. Loss \$1100, insurance \$400.
Anthony Rebec of Jordan township has a young fox caged which he is taming. He came across the "infant" while plowing on his farm.
"Uncle Sam's Flower Garden" will be a home-talent play presented by some of our local people at the Temple Theatre in the near future.
Miss Erzella McMillan, who is training to become a nurse, at Traverse City is expected home today for a visit with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. H. I. McMillan, over Sunday.
Next Wednesday—June 14th is Flag Day and the citizens of East Jordan are urged to observe the day by displaying the American flag at their homes and in the various business places.
A frame dwelling near the Flooring Plant, occupied by Fred Warren, was destroyed by fire at an early hour Thursday morning, together with most of their household effects. A small insurance was carried.
Special film features at the Temple Theatre this coming week, in addition to the regular programs, will be the following—Tuesday—Animated Weekly. Friday, "Grand Canyon of Arizona" Burton Holmes Travel-picture. Saturday, "Bray Cartoon," "Inbad the Sailor," (silhouette fantasia).
Miss Margaret Davis and Mr. Joseph Chanda, both popular young people of Jordan Township were united in marriage at St. John's church on Monday morning. After the services the very large number of relatives and friends repaired to the home of the brides parents where a sumptuous repast was served. In the evening they were tendered a reception in the Catholic Workmen's Hall. They will reside in Jordan Township.
Mrs. Josephine Pesek of Jordan Township passed away on Sunday, after a long illness borne patiently and with resignation. Deceased was born in Bohemia and was seventy-six years old. She was one of the pioneer residents of Jordan township. She leaves two sons, Frank and Jacob Pesek and three daughters, Miss Josephine Pesek and Mrs. Wm. Bashaw of this community and Mrs. Hajek of Charlevoix. The funeral was held on Tuesday morning from St. John's Church.
There now seems a good chance of having the affairs of the old Beulah Home association, at Boyne City, closed up as there will be a meeting of the board of directors in Detroit, Monday June 19, at which every effort to clean the slate will be made. The property at Boyne City was traded some time ago for Detroit real estate and this has increased steadily in value until that which has been sold has brought enough money to pay off all the debt of the institution. The remaining property will be sold and the money will be made a part of the Herman Swift estate and will go to Mrs. Swift and son. Many of the members of the board of directors have died and the first work of the board will be to hold an election. Then the other business can be looked after and the board dissolved.—Ex.

Ralph Kile left for Detroit, Monday.
Ortis Plank returned home from Flint, Saturday.
James Ross is receiving a visit from his father of Unity, Sask.
Miss E. Wilson of Springfield, Ohio, is in the city on business.
Rev. Shelby of Ithaca is guest at the home of Rev. J. W. Ruehle.
W. P. Porter was a Traverse City business visitor, Wednesday.
Hilton Milford and Stewart Carr were Springvale visitors, Saturday.
Miss Lelia Clink returned home from the Petoskey hospital last Thursday.
Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence Monroe were Traverse City visitors, over Sunday.
Glenn Hockerridge went to Elk Rapids, Wednesday to visit his parents.
Mr. and Mrs. Carl Johnson left Wednesday for Elk Rapids to visit relatives.
Miss Marguerite Fortune left Tuesday for an extended visit at Ludington.
Roadmaster R. H. Davis of the E. J. & S., left Wednesday for Grand Rapids.
Mrs. Anna Bulow and son, Fenton were here from Springvale over Sunday.
W. A. Sloan leaves Friday for Chicago where he will return home with his wife.
Harry Walstad returned home from Flint, Tuesday, where he has had employment.
Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Clark are entertaining the former's mother, Mrs. Clark of Kalkaska.
Rev. J. W. Ruehle is receiving a visit from his mother, Mrs. L. Ruehle, and sister, of Ithaca.
W. G. Fortune left first of the week for Muskegon, where he will supervise the erection of a mill.
Miss Carmen Sheldon arrived here from Detroit, Saturday for a visit with friends and relatives.
Henry Sheldon of the Building and Loan Ass'n of Saginaw, is in the city on business this week.
James Ross returned home from the Petoskey hospital, Tuesday, where he underwent an operation.
L. G. Balch was called to Shepard, Mich., Tuesday, by the death of his father. Mrs. Balch went Wednesday.
Several loads of East Jordan people drove to Petoskey, Sunday to attend the initiation of the Knights of Columbus.
Will Thompson was taken to the Lockwood hospital at Petoskey, this week where he underwent an operation.
Mrs. Gidley returned to her home at Central Lake Wednesday, after a few days visit at the home of her son, James.
Helen Ware in "Secret Love" will be the special Blue Bird attraction at the Temple Theatre next Monday evening. Five parts.
Dr. C. H. Pray has purchased a new baby-grand Cheorolet auto of the Charlevoix County agents, Hall & Ashley, of this city.
Wm. Crawford of Flint is guest at the home of his sister, Mrs. C. R. Brownell. He is planning to spend the summer here.
Misses Mildred Drescher, Grace Campbell, Hazel Cummins and Martha Freiberg go to Freiberg's cottage Saturday for an outing.
Mr. and Mrs. Henry Ribble and daughter, Eva and Miss Blanche Stohman motored to Mancelona, Sunday and visited friends.
The Pythian Sisters extend the Knights an invitation to attend Memorial exercises at the Armory next Sunday afternoon at 8 o'clock.
Misses Sadie Blanchard of Gaylord Hazel Richardson of Charlevoix and Catherine LaLonde were guests of Miss Florence Maddaugh, this week.
Mrs. Lavina VanHorn and Miss Dorothy Anderson returned home to Petoskey last Friday after a week's visit with their father, George Anderson.
In the Commission proceedings published on the first page is an error—Joseph Zulek receiving pay for constructing a sidewalk instead of labor at pump house.
Mrs. Harry S. Price is packing their household goods and plans to join her husband at Grand Rapids latter part of this week. The children will remain here for a few days.
W. H. Sloan returned home Saturday last from Chicago. Mrs. Sloan underwent an operation at the West Side Hospital, and Mr. Sloan left her recovering nicely. She hopes to be able to return home latter part of this week.

Guy Graff is home from Rogers City, this week.
Anthony Kenny and family spent Sunday at Petoskey.
Mr. and Mrs. A. G. Rogers drove to Old Mission, Sunday.
Mr. Sly of Petoskey was in the city on business, Tuesday.
Mrs. John Monroe returns home from Detroit, Thursday.
Miss Lucy Menzie visited her parents at Vanderbilt, over Sunday.
Miss Caroline Baker is assisting at Giles & Hawkins restaurant.
Mrs. M. Benson of Boyne City is guest at the home of her son, Ray.
Mrs. W. P. Porter left latter part of last week for Detroit and other points.
Miss Flora Porter returned home from a visit at Port Hope, Wednesday.
Miss Auda Delaney of Boyne Falls is guest at the home of Mrs. Felix Green.
Miss Lydia Blount entertained the Junior class at her home Monday evening, in honor of Miss Margaret Price.
Mr. and Mrs. D. E. Goodman, Mrs. Jas. Stacey and Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Brabant drove to Traverse City, Wednesday, returning home Thursday.
McKinley Ostrander and Miss Elizabeth Martinek, both of this city, were united in marriage at Charlevoix, Tuesday.
Miss Aimee St. John returned home Saturday last from Northville, where she has been visiting her sister, Mrs. Oral Misener.

Removal Sale Now-On at M. E. Ashley & Co's.
J. E. Houghton is at Detroit on business this week.
Jesse Allen left Monday on a business trip to Smyrna.
Miss Rose Kike now occupies the Keat residence on the West Side.
Bargains Galore for the Ladies at M. E. Ashley & Co's Removal Sale.
Mrs. Fred Longton and daughter are visiting relatives at Bay City, this week.
Mrs. G. W. Kitsman and children leave Saturday for a visit with relatives at Detroit.
Special offerings in Ladies Suits and Coats during M. E. Ashley & Co's Removal Sale.
Mrs. E. L. Burdick entertained the Rebekkah Lodge at her home Wednesday evening.
Miss Fern Howard is home from Detroit visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Will Howard.
The Electa Club was entertained at the farm home of Mrs. J. H. Graff, Thursday afternoon.
The P. L. A. S. will hold a Bake Sale at Miss Kneale's Millinery parlors this Saturday afternoon.
Miss Grace Malpass entertained the Senior class at her home Monday evening in honor of her birthday anniversary.
Mrs. E. L. Burdick entertained at her home—Green Gables—on Second-st Tuesday evening in honor of her sister-in-law, Mrs. A. M. Burdick of California.
Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Brabant, Mr. and Mrs. D. E. Goodman and daughter, Mrs. Jas. Stacey were Harbor Spring's visitors, Sunday.
John Monroe has commenced work of wrecking his frame store building, occupied recently by Harry Curkendall. A new two story brick will take its place which will make a fine addition to the block.
M. E. Ladie's Aid will be entertained by Mrs. John Hawkins and E. Kirkpatrick at the home of the former on Fourth-st., Wednesday, June 14th at 2:30 p. m. Members please attend, visitors welcome.

Weisman's BARGAIN BASEMENT!

Baby Bonnets—Light weight materials, many trimmed with ribbon and pretty laces 35c and 50c values **17c**

Ladies and childrens Hosiery and plain and fancy hose, all colors, real 25c and 50c values Fast colors, **6c, 8c, 12c**

Calico, short length, all colors, A snap at **5c**

Gingham—Best quality. Colors: blue, grey, pink, **7c**

A few ladies Wash Skirts. Real bargains **69c**

Misses Dresses—Neat patterns in checks, plaids and stripes **69c**

Ladies House Dresses **69c** \$1.25 and \$1.50 values

One Lot Childrens Coats Attractive little coats in pleasing styles and colors **1-4 off**

Mens Dress Shirts—Percales in neat stripes and figures. With and without collars. Some bargain **29c**

Mens and Young Mens Suits
\$14 Suits at **\$7.98**
\$12 " " **\$6.98**
\$10 " " **\$5.98**
\$8 " " **\$4.98**
\$7.50 " " **\$3.98**
No more need be said. See the suits themselves.

Boys Suits—
\$6.50 Suits **\$3.98**
\$5.00 " **\$3.39**
\$4.50 " **\$2.98**
\$3.50 " **\$1.98**
All wool! Yours if you hurry.

Men's Hats, best quality felt, \$3 hats **\$1.79**

Men's and Boy's Caps 25c and 50c values **12c**

Ladies Shoes, best \$3, \$3.50 and \$4 shoes **\$1.00**

You'll find other big bargains in our basement that we have not the time and space to tell about.

Many of your friends are taking advantage of our Basement Bargains but the question is: Are You?

WEISMAN'S
QUALITY SERVICE



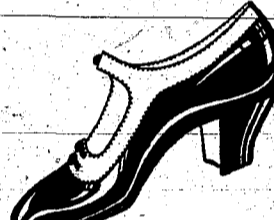
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THEY MUST FIT and WEAR.

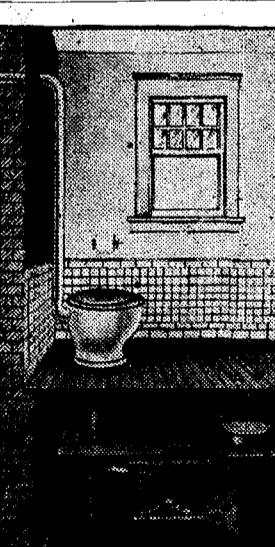
We have them for Women in the famous **Dorothy Dodd** FOR MEN **The Ralston**

OUR SIMPLEX STITCHER Is a Wonder. Give Us a Trial.

CHAS. A. HUDSON

THE SHOE MAN.

WOLVERINE Chemical Closets



WOLVERINE CHEMICAL CLOSETS are a boon to the residents of all rural communities. They offer all the advantages of a city sewer system, all the comforts, all the convenience, and all the safety enjoyed by the city folks.

No more the disagreeable necessity of running out of doors to an outside closet during cold or rainy weather no more the danger of filth and sickness incubated in the old fashioned privy.

Come in and we will show you how you can get rid of all these dangers and disagreeable features and gain instead, all the comforts of a city toilet system by installing, at a small expense, a Wolverine Chemical Closet.

SOLD BY
GEO. SPENCER
PLUMBING AND HEATING

A Red-Blooded Story



THE GIRL AND THE GAME

By **FRANK H. SPEARMAN**

It will be printed in these columns.

THE GRAND GETAWAY

By A. H. C. MITCHELL

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CHAPTER XX

The Honeymoon Detectives

Clotho, Lachesis and Atropia did their work quickly that night and did it well. It was all over in a short time. Before Miss Elverson finished her first song Mark Makepieces Marriott became her abject slave.

The three Greek goddesses, who preside over the destinies of mankind, had seized him, bound him hand and foot, and delivered him at the feet of the gorgeous American song bird.

Marriott's whole success in life had come through quick decisions. He made another quick decision that night—the decision to win Miss Elverson. To be sure, he was old enough to be her father.

It was quite true he didn't know the lady, and never heard of her before, therefore it was equally true he didn't know if she had a past. He didn't care.

It was her future that claimed his undivided attention from the moment she tripped on the stage, beamed on the audience and began to sing.

A celebrated French chef, when asked how many ways there are to cook eggs, replied that there are three hundred and four. "But unfortunately," he added, "I only know two hundred and ninety-seven of them."

There are in fact and fiction, many ways of winning a woman, but Marriott knew only one of them, and that was the straight, old-fashioned, open and above board method. Against his fifty years he had the advantage of appearing not more than forty. He had a quick, engaging laugh, a somewhat boyish manner, splendid physique, and he was what men would call good looking. Besides he was a millionaire with a bit over.

With these assets he began planning a campaign to reach Miss Elverson's heart with the energy that characterized all his undertakings.

As soon as that young woman had responded to the last of many encores Marriott hurried to the box office, where he purchased the lower right hand box for Miss Elverson's entire engagement of three weeks. He showed the correct amount of money through the window long before the ticket man could multiply the price of a box by seventeen.

On the way back to their hotel Marriott skillfully succeeded in getting his daughters considerably warmed over Miss Elverson without arousing suspicion of his interest in the matter. Likewise he maneuvered them into making the acquaintance of the young American woman the following day.

His introduction was next in order as a matter of course. Then for three weeks he paid violent court to Miss Elverson, brushing aside the younger but less active and resourceful suitors like so much chaff.

Edith, Helen, and Elise soon began calling each other by their first names. At first the daughters looked upon Marriott's love-making as a joke, but they were generous to hope he would win out, for they too, had fallen in love with the charming young singer.

Following the Melbourne engagement Miss Elverson had three weeks in Sydney to complete her contract. When she left Melbourne the Marriotts left too. They all went by boat.

The first night out happened to be glorious moonlight. The elements were calm and peaceful, the moon looked kind, so picking out the right kind of secluded spot Marriott declared himself then and there.

Miss Elverson, doubtless after the proper amount of hesitancy, made her suitor the happiest man in the world.

Marriott was not the man to allow any vegetation to show itself where he happened to be standing, so he pressed his advantage and secured the promise of a marriage ceremony immediately following the Sydney engagement. This was duly solemnized, and the following morning the newspapers made much of it.

The happy family breakfast was interrupted by the presentation of a card which read:

F. Ayleshire, Inspector of Police.
"Excuse me a moment ladies until I see what the gentleman wants." Marriott nodded to the bearer of the card. "Show Mr. Ayleshire to our parlor."

"Pardon me for disturbing you," said the inspector; "we did not know you were in Sydney until we read of your wedding this morning in the newspapers. Er—may I ask you a few questions?"

"Fire away," replied Marriott.

The inspector consulted a memorandum and then asked:

"Have you a relative named Hemenway?"

"Never heard of him."

"Do you know twin brothers named Carteret?"

"No."

"Before you left New York for England did you authorize a man named Hemenway to buy or lease a yacht for you?"

"I did not."

"Did you ever hear of a yacht nam-

ed the Runaway?"

"No."

"Do you know a Mr. Anderson, of Anderson & Brownlow, ship chandlery, of San Francisco?"

"I know him well."

"But you never heard of Hemenway or the Carterets or the yacht Runaway?"

"Never heard of them before. May I ask what all this is about?"

"Perhaps these will enlighten you," replied the inspector. He unwrapped a bundle of San Francisco newspapers and handed them to Marriott.

The first thing that met the Californian's eye was a large picture of himself. Then he read the headlines and slowly grasped the situation. There were three pages devoted to a gigantic bank robbery, the stealing of the yacht, and the adventure of Lent and the gambler, with pictures of Marriott, Anderson, the wrecked bank of bank officials, the yacht, and the watchman on the deck; also of the two truck drivers holding an empty box Hemenway had left behind.

In the next issue of the newspaper there were more than two pages devoted to the crime and the supposed criminals.

The following day there were nearly two pages and so on down until at the end of a month the news, or rather, the lack of news could be told in half a column. Ten thousand dollars' reward was at first offered for the capture of the criminals. Later this was increased to twenty thousand dollars.

"Whew!" said Marriott as soon as he got the gist of things. He had settled down to read systematically, when there was a gentle knock at the parlor door and the bride of a day entered.

"Mark dear, aren't you going to finish your breakfast?" she asked.

"Sweetheart, I couldn't eat any breakfast now if you paid me for it. Please call the girls and all of you come in here. I have something exciting to tell you."

When they were all gathered Marriott turned to the inspector and said: "Of course you do not connect me in any way with this affair?"

"Certainly not, sir; we only hoped you might be able to throw some light on it. We have been requested by the San Francisco police to lend our aid, that is all."

"This is the first I have heard of all these doings in San Francisco. I have been somewhat busy lately," he smiled at his wife—"and the thought of reading a San Francisco newspaper never entered my mind. Suppose you leave these papers with me. I will read them thoroughly and if you will return in a few hours I will be in a better position to help you—if I can."

The inspector bowed and left the room after which Marriott began at the beginning and read aloud all there was to read. Then he turned to his young wife and said:

"It looks as though you had married into a notorious family. What do you think of your husband now?"

"This was the cue for Mrs. Marriott to put her arms around her husband's neck and tell him what she really thought of him right before the girls. There followed an oscillatory demonstration until the girls threw up both hands. Helen exclaimed:

"Look here Elise—I'm going to call you Elise unless you prefer to have me call you ma—you and dad must behave yourselves while Edith and I are around. Where do you suppose those robbers went with the yacht?"

"I haven't the slightest idea," replied the father. "This Hemenway seems to be an able citizen."

"Let's find them!" exclaimed Mrs. Marriott.

"Oh, very well," laughed her husband. "Simplest thing in the world, you know. All you have to do is to anchor out in the Pacific Ocean and wait until they come along."

"Wouldn't it be fun?" said Edith excitedly. She clapped her hands, danced up and down and ignored Marriott's pleasantry. "So romantic. Helen and I would probably marry the robbers if we caught them."

"They would have to be handsome men, then," was Helen's comment. "Aren't there any pictures of them in the papers?"

"I believe there are," answered Marriott. "Two of them just about your style, girls—regular rah-rah boys. I would be charmed to have them for sons-in-law. Er—would you prefer to marry them before or after their jail sentence?"

"Don't be funny, daddy; they haven't proposed yet. Let's see their pictures."

Marriott fumbled through the file of papers and finally found the fifth day after the robbery, found a picture of the Carteret twins. It showed them in football togs, sitting on the college fence of the photograph gallery. Their hair was nicely parted in the middle, and Jim had his arm on George's shoulder.

The girls gave one glance at the picture, emitted a little scream, and looked at each other in astonishment. "Old college chums of yours, I suppose?" observed Marriott.

"Dad," exclaimed Helen excitedly, "do you remember when I sprained my ankle at Omaha? Well, these are the very same fellows I told you about that helped me while you were playing those horrid old cards; aren't they, Edith? This is the one"—pointing to the picture of George—"who picked me up and carried me into the car; isn't it Edith?"

"How can you tell them apart? They're twins aren't they?" asked Marriott.

"Oh, we can tell them apart, can't we, Edith?"

"This is becoming serious," laughed

Marriott. "I suppose I will have to finance a double wedding."

Marriott's facetiousness, however, was lost on his daughters, for they were busily engaged in reading all about the prowess of the Carteret boys on diamond and gridiron.

Young Mrs. Marriott sat on the arm of her husband's chair. She leaned over and whispered:

"I think it would be great fun to try and find them. Do you suppose there is any chance? You owe me a honeymoon, you know. I would be willing to spend it in that way."

"My dear girl," replied Marriott gallantly, "you may have anything in the world that you want if it is in my power to give it to you. Your wishes are mine. I think there is about one chance in ten thousand for us to win that reward, but we will take that one chance. We'll start just as soon as we can ship your 'mother' home."

"Poor mother!" laughed Mrs. Marriott. "I'm afraid our marriage has completely upset her. But she has no reason to complain. I am rather sorry to lose her."

Marriott went out to look up transportation and buy the largest map of the Pacific Ocean he could find in all Sydney. He also sent this cablegram: Police, San Francisco:

Hemenway captured yet? What opinion his whereabouts?

MARRIOTT.

When Marriott returned to his hotel he unrolled his map on the floor, and the entire Marriott family spent the next two hours on its knees planning a nautical campaign that had to do with the capture of the alleged robbers.

The young women grew considerably excited over the matter. Marriott quietly laughed in his sleeve. He looked upon the whole undertaking as a joke. But it pleased his young wife, so he was satisfied to go through with it.

That evening a reply came to his cablegram. It read: Marriott, Sydney:

Not captured; believe South Seas. (No sig.)

Three days later they boarded a steamship that would land them in Papeete, on the island of Tahiti, in fifteen days by way of Wellington and Rarotonga.

CHAPTER XXI.

Hemenway Wings a Man.

Tyler ordered his crew to make sail as soon as the yacht was clear of the island.

Lent had kept off by himself but he quickly came to the conclusion that the sooner the schooner was under sail and away from there the better it would be for his schemes, so he turned to and helped the others get the working sails on the yacht.

What little wind there had been during the night had by this time died to a whisper, but light as it was there was enough to take the vessel beyond danger of being washed ashore. There a current bore them toward the west, which was fortunate, because the breeze suddenly went to nothing.

Tyler cursed as the sails thrashed to the rise and fall of the yacht, which refused to answer her helm. There was nothing else for Tyler to do. He couldn't get out and push.

If ever there is an excuse for swearing, it is on a sailing vessel that is becalmed; and in this case the extraordinary Tyler made the most of his privilege.

The current was still bearing them westward, and as the minutes went by the island grew less and less distinct. Daylight was breaking, and they were then about a mile due west of the island, where those on board—the Wauna saw the launch making toward them.

The discovery was followed almost instantly by a gentle puff of wind. It proved to be the forerunner of a steady breeze.

The yacht gathered headway, and Tyler, rushing to the wheel, wore around and headed due north. This brought the wind over the starboard quarter.

Tyler looked long at the incoming launch. Then he gazed to windward in search of more breeze. He cast his eyes aloft and suddenly bellowed:

"Get the tops'ls on her. Take the wheel, Hawkins. Hey, you young fellow, where are the tops'ls stowed?"

"In the forehold," replied Lent. Brushing past him Tyler tore off the hatch cover and jumped down the hold. He reappeared in a second and bawled:

"Lend a hand Bill. You too, young fellow. Come, look sharp."

The sails were quickly hauled on deck, bent on the Halyards, and one after the other run up to their respective topmast heads.

The clew of the maintopmast had hardly been hauled flat when there was the sharp report of a pistol, followed by a yell from Hawkins, and he tumbled to the floor of the cockpit.

The wheel, released from its guiding hand revolved to starboard, and the yacht began to luff.

They all looked in the direction of the launch. Hemenway was standing in the bow of her, one hand on the little wheel and the other pointing a revolver at the schooner.

He was yelling some command and although they could not hear what he demanded they didn't stop to ask.

Tyler dodged it and jumped into the cockpit. As he did so another shot spat from Hemenway's pistol and a bullet grazed the mainmast, tearing off some splinters.

But he was in a sorry plight with no water and with no one to help him. Lent kept to the fore hatch and Bill refused to move from his cover. Tyler continued to rave, but he kept the yacht on her course in spite of the difficulties under which he worked.

Wife, he had time to make sure of something he had suspected in the hurry of getting the topsails on deck, and that was in regard to the boxes in which Hemenway had stored his bags of stolen coin.

In getting out the sails Lent had not seen the boxes in the place where he and Hemenway had moved them from the cabin. Now he carefully examined the corner of the hold where they had been placed.

"This time there was no doubt of it. The boxes were not there. Hemenway had fooled him after all. Some time after the arrival of the yacht at the island the boxes had been removed.

Of course no one except Hemenway could have done it. Lent puzzled his brain in an effort to hit upon a time when Hemenway could have taken them away, but he could arrive at no satisfactory conclusion.

Lent wondered how things were going along outside. He popped his head out of the hatch and hastily ducked again, but in the brief second he saw the launch plugging along in the wake of the schooner.

Apparently the motorboat was just about holding her own; neither gaining or losing. Tyler had got the topsails on the schooner just in time. The added canvas increased the speed of the schooner just enough to prevent her being overhauled by the little launch.

But who was steering the yacht, and why didn't Hemenway shoot some more? These were questions that puzzled Lent.

He took another quick peek, but could not see the wheel on account of the foremast shutting out his view, but he did see that Hemenway was working off to leeward in order to give him the advantage of the pitch in the schooner's deck.

It was Tyler who was steering the yacht. When he had jumped in that cockpit he had thrown himself flat on deck and unconsciously kicked Hawkins out of his way.

Protected from Hemenway's bullets by the coaming of the cockpit, he turned on his back and reaching for the spokes of the wheel from under neath, quickly had the yacht on her course again.

The whole thing was done so quickly that it seemed less than ten seconds from the time Hawkins was shot that the vessel was again under control.

Tyler raised his head and glanced about him. One of his own legs lay across the groaning Hawkins. He decided to risk a look at the launch.

Holding a spoke of the wheel with one hand, he rolled over on his stomach and placing the other on deck he raised his head and lowered it again in one movement.

Fleeting as was his glance it told him all he wanted to know. The launch he judged, was fifty or sixty yards distant. It had gained a bit since Hemenway winged Hawkins, but Tyler figured the gain was made during the luff of the schooner.

Just then Hawkins came to life. Blood was flowing from a wound in his shoulder and the cockpit was smeared with it.

"Elp me up, won't yer, Tyler?" he groaned.

"You talk like a fool," Tyler growled at him. "How can I help you with me lying on my back and steering? Where's Bill? Bill!" he yelled.

The following conversation took place under difficulties, Tyler on his back in the cockpit and Bill flat on his stomach just forward of the mainmast.

"Aye, aye," answered Bill.

"Come aft and help Hawkins be- low."

"Not me, I stay right here."

Tyler bellowed an answer that cannot be printed. Hawkins made a plea.

"Hi say, Bill, give a feller a lift, won't yer?"

"Where was yer hit?" demanded Bill.

"In the shoulder; it's broke."

"That don't stop yer goin' below, does it? I stay here."

Tyler bawled them both out for cowards and that ended the conversation.

The race continued without advantage to either side. It was monotonous but intense.

The island they had left early in the morning had long since dropped under the horizon.

It must have been close to, nine o'clock when Bill suddenly jumped to his feet and yelled:

"He's done for!"

Tyler scrambled to his feet and looked astern. The launch was fully a quarter of a mile away, and apparently no longer under control. She lay broadside to the wind, and, although she rose and fell to the waves, she made no headway.

There was no sign of life aboard of her. Hemenway was no where to be seen.

"Take the wheel, Bill," commanded Tyler. "Where's that young feller?"

"Up for'ard somewhere—in the forehold maybe."

Tyler hurried forward and yelled for Lent, who thrust his head out of the hold.

"Get out on deck and find me some drinking water, quick!" snarled Tyler.

Lent jumped out of the hold and looked for the launch. He saw it in the distance.

Then he searched the horizon. No land was in sight.

"You're not going to leave him there to perish are you?" he cried.

"That's what," replied Tyler with an oath.

"Now Tyler that's not right. Go on back and pick him up. He's helpless," pleaded Lent.

"He's got a gun, ain't he?" growled Tyler. Then he suddenly demanded: "Where's your gun?"

"I left it on shore."

"Is that so? Well in that case, my young friend, you walk the chalk line and do as I tell you or I'll throw you overboard to the sharks!"

Lent realized the helplessness of his position and another demand for water made him hurry to rig the tank pump and supply Tyler's needs.

Tyler went aft, glanced at the compass, and made some mental calculations.

"Point her west by north, Bill!" he said. "Don't jibe her. Bring her up and let her fall off. Stand by the jib sheet, young feller. Now, then Bill, hard alee!"

After this maneuver Tyler ordered Lent to find something to eat and then he went below to overhaul Hawkins.

Then he questioned Lent at length regarding the yacht and the men they left on the island. The cross examination came to a close with this question and answer:

"You say you didn't make any port from the time you left San Francisco to the time you landed on the island?"

"No."

At four bells that afternoon Tyler who had evidently been looking for it, sighted land off the port bow. He promptly ordered the course of the schooner changed.

Turning to Lent he said: "You go ashore here."

"What!" exclaimed Lent.

"No back talk, young feller. You are lucky I didn't toss you overboard and let your friend in the launch pick you up providin' the sharks didn't reach you first."

"What do you want me to do, starve to death?"

"Starve nothing. There's plenty of people on the island I'm taking you to. You're healthy enough to take care of yourself I guess. If you got any clothes you better pack 'em in a bundle."

Tyler was familiar with the island they were headed for even if he was a stranger to the island they had left, and he knew that only small boats could pass the reefs to the lagoon beyond them.

As the yacht had no anchor they were forced to play back and forth outside the reefs and wait for a boat to put out from the shore. They had not long to wait, for presently two of the small native craft picked their way through the reefs, seeing which, Tyler brought the schooner up in the wind and waited their approach.

When they were alongside Tyler leaned over the side and simply said "Go ashore."

Lent was ready with two grips and a bundle. These he passed down to one of the boats which contained two brown men and a boy and then followed his belongings over the side.

The boat shoved clear. Tyler, without so much as a glance at Lent, stepped to the wheel, gave it a turn and the yacht filled away.

CHAPTER XXII
A Step on the Sand

For a night and a day a storm swept over the island where Lent had been put ashore by Tyler, but the morning of the second day broke clear and a hot sun beat down.

Early in the morning Lent issued forth from the shack where he had found shelter with one of the three white men who inhabited the island.

It was an island of some proportions, he was told, and the three white settlers thereon eked out a lazy existence dealing with traders in the limited commodities the island boasted.

None of this interested Lent. With as few words as possible he had made arrangements for accommodations with one of the white men until a trading vessel should put in an appearance and aid him in returning to civilization. Now that the storm had ceased he sought a cool spot to figure out his state of affairs. All that he was sure of was that he had saved his skin, two gripsacks and a bundle, in the bundle however, was a Tuxedo coat, and wrapped in the coat were more than fifteen thousand dollars in gold and yellow-backs.

He had hardly expected to get away with the money, but Tyler's thoughts were evidently on something else when Lent was put ashore.

Well, the money was something, reflected Lent, but on the other hand through his treachery Hemenway was dead by this time, or worse than dead—adrift and helpless in an open boat at sea without a chance in a million of being rescued.

And the Carteret boys and McDonald were abandoned of their island, their yacht, their launch gone and in a very serious plight.

Lent was not utterly heartless, and he was genuinely sorry for the terrible fate of Hemenway. As for the others, theirs was not a hopeless case, and Lent resolved to try and make amends in some way for his treacherous act. Hemenway he gave up as lost.

Lent was no sailor. All he knew of steamship was what he had learned on the voyage from San Francisco.

But he had an alert mind and he set himself about figuring the location of the island where the twins and the detective were marooned. Picking up a twig he traced in the sand the course of the yacht, as near as he could judge from the time it left "Little North America" to the time of its arrival at the island where he now was.

When he had finished his rough calculations he came to the conclusion that "Little North America" was not more than forty miles, probably less, in a south easterly direction.

He was carefully going over his figures to verify them when he heard a step near by and glancing over his shoulder he saw something that made his hair stand on end.

It was Hemenway!

He walked briskly up to Lent, slapped him on the shoulder with one hand and held out the other.

"Hello, Joe, old scout!" he said with a grin. "Knocked you silly, didn't I? Come out of your trance. Here I am. They can't keep a good man down you know."

He pumped away at Lent's lifeless hand, smiling all the while. Lent could not utter a word.

Hemenway didn't give his companion a chance to ask a question. He rattled on:

"Yes, sir; I thought my goose was cooked when the gasoline gave out and the yacht kept sailing on. And when the true situation dawned upon me I just about collapsed. I threw myself down in the launch and cried: 'You wouldn't believe it would you? Funny I didn't think of the gasoline all the time I was chasing the schooner. I nearly had her, too, didn't I? When I winged Hawkins I wouldn't have given counterfeit money for the lives of any of them; for I would have killed them, Joe, just as sure as I'm standing here if I had ever got my foot planted on board that schooner.'"

Hemenway scrowled suddenly and sighed; but he quickly brightened up and continued cheerfully:

"Caught you asleep, did they, and gassed you and took you on board the yacht, and you couldn't do a thing to help yourself or us either? But that's all right; I'll get them yet; that is, after we get our fellows out of the scrape we left 'em in."

"I'm going to spend some years in this territory, and Tyler and his gang will never get away from me. This world is too small for Tyler and myself to live in."

"Well, anyway, I sat helpless in that launch, with the hot sun beating down and my tongue hanging out for thirst. It seemed like a year before the sun went down, with me rolling around in that launch until I thought I would go crazy."

"But after sundown up came a storm, and it was a beauty; at least, it seemed so to me out there in that open boat. How I got through it beats me; but I am a lucky cuss. A thousand times I thought the waves would bury me and the launch."

"Between keeping her half way bailed out and keeping her head before the wind, I had my hands full all that night and the greater part of the next day. It rained some and I was able to quench my thirst."

"Some time after dark last night the storm subsided. I threw myself down and went to sleep. Early this morning somebody poked me in the ribs, and I woke up to find that some of the natives had seen the launch and had put out in a boat to investigate. The storm had carried me to within half a mile of the island. What do you think about that, hey?"

"They towed me in through the reefs, and a white gink told me about a man coming ashore from a yacht day before yesterday. I knew in a minute it was you. I had a bite to eat, and here I am. Now, how about you?"

Lent told the tale he had framed up to tell if ever called upon.

He must have fallen asleep on the corner of the porch he said, for the first thing he knew he was powerless in the hands of the three sailors. He was put aboard the yacht and after they were out in the open he was forced to help make sail.

Then he related the incidents that happened after Hemenway was behind in the launch, sticking to the truth. It was a brief recital.

When he had finished Hemenway said:

"All right, Joe; cheer up. We'll get 'em yet. Now, then, let's dope this thing out."

Lent explained his calculations a bit, which they sought out his hand, and learned that the only way to leave the island was by means of a trading vessel.

The movements of trading vessels, however, were very uncertain. One might arrive in four days, or four

weeks or four months.

So they lollied around, and put in their time the best way they could, pending the arrival of some kind of a craft to take them away. The island and its inhabitants did not interest them in the least. Lent settled regularly with the landlord, and this led Hemenway to remark one day: "I notice you got away with that dinner coat and the stuff you had in it, Joe."

"Yes," replied Lent, "Tyler overlooked it."

There was silence for a few seconds and then Lent remarked casually:

"Whatever became of those boxes I helped you move to the forehold of the schooner?"

They were seated in the shade, killing time. Hemenway was chewing a green leaf.

He purposely swallowed the leaf and purposely choked on it. The fit of coughing that followed gave him time to overcome the wild rage that swept over him when the question was put.

At the instant the words were out of Lent's mouth Hemenway had an answer to a lot of questions that had been troubling him. Strangely enough, he had not suspected his companion of treachery until that moment.

There were a lot of loose threads in the misfortunes that had overtaken Hemenway recently that he could not piece together until then. But that question about the boxes cleared everything in Hemenway's mind.

He saw through the whole transaction as though he had invisibly followed Lent through it all. Lent knew what the boxes contained. He wanted them for himself.

And why, after Hemenway shot Hawkins, hadn't Lent rushed to the halyards and cast them off, thereby sending the sails to the deck and allowing Hemenway to recapture the yacht? The whole thing was as clear as crystal.

The fit of coughing lasted some time. When it ended Hemenway simply said:

"Oh, those boxes! George said they were in the way, and he made me move them away aft under some stores. He said he wanted the grub handy."

"Say, Joe, I hope a trader puts in an appearance soon, because some vessel might happen along and rescue our friends before we could get there, in which case our party would be split up for fair, wouldn't it?"

Lent made no reply. He was puzzling his brain about those boxes and what would eventually happen to them. He wondered if Tyler and his gang would discover them, and he pictured in his mind the fight that would follow the discovery of the money.

But he might have spared himself the trouble of thinking of the boxes. They were not on the yacht at all. Hemenway had seen to that. The night after the arrival of the Wauna at Little North America Hemenway had secretly removed them from the hold of the yacht and buried them in the sand in a certain spot on the island.

Hemenway was puzzling his brains, too, but he was trying to think up the proper scheme for squaring accounts with Lent. Well, he had plenty of time, he said to himself, but he promised to make a good job of it when the time came.

The days passed. Hemenway had plenty of time to readjust his plans to meet the changed conditions.

He was aware that if Tyler and his two companions sailed the yacht to any port touched by steamships of the San Francisco-Australian lines, and the yacht was recognized things would immediately grow hot for him. He had no doubt but that the San Francisco police had flooded every port with literature and possibly an illustration of the yacht.

But, he reasoned, Tyler would be more likely to steer clear of the principal ports with a stolen vessel on his hands. All these things gave him food for thought.

Two weeks passed. Then early one morning, they sighted a sail and ere long an old fashioned topsail schooner anchored outside the reefs.

A boat manned by Kanakas, put off from her side, pushed through the reefs at the proper point and soon rounded on the beach. A grizzled old skipper stepped ashore and entered into conversation with the three white inhabitants of the island who were there to meet him.

CHAPTER XXIII

The Listener in the Dark.

As soon as he had a chance Hemenway took the skipper aside and told his story, or at least that part of it that related to the stealing of the yacht by Tyler and the subsequent adventures of Lent and himself.

"Tyler, eh?" snorted the skipper. "Well, you ran afoul of the lowest-down cutthroat in the South Seas. Now, then, my name's Bailey—Cap'n Ebenezer Bailey—what's your's?"

"Archer," replied Hemenway without hesitation.

"Well, sir, I know John Morgan's island, and I guess I can take you providin' you pay me for my trouble, and if you can't I'll take you there anyhow and we'll pick up your friends. That's my way of doin' business."

"I got a little stuff to bring ashore and some stuff to load on board, and that'll take me till afternoon. You stand by and get aboard as soon as I finish my business here."

They got away sooner than expected with the launch in tow, the O. Bailey—for that was the name of the vessel—filled away before the first dog-watch with Hemenway and Lent on boards, also Lent's two suit cases and his bundle. A wholesale breeze

was blowing, and the O. Bailey soon put the island under the horizon.

After a very satisfying supper Hemenway felt in better mood than he had for many a day. Captain Bailey was a talkative old fellow, disposed to ask many questions but Hemenway adroitly turned them off and came back with so many questions of his own that the skipper did most of the talking. An instance:

"How did you boys ever happen to land on John Morgan's island?" asked Captain Bailey.

"That reminds me Captain Bailey, I want to ask you before I forget it—who is John Morgan anyway?"

"John Morgan," replied the skipper, taking a puff at his pipe and setting down for a long explanation—"John Morgan comes from the same part of the world that I do, and that is good old New England; only I'm a regular down-easter, and he hails from Boston."

"I've been knocking around these waters for thirty years or more, and I've known John Morgan close on to ten years. He's some kind of a scientific man—collects rocks and fauna, he calls it. Got plenty of money, too, I call it, but all he cares about is cruising around these islands collecting things. Sends 'em back home and writes all about 'em."

"He owns that island but don't go there very often. The first time I ever saw John Morgan—" And the skipper went on to tell of the idiosyncrasy peculiar to that individual.

Hemenway didn't interrupt, but fed him with more questions until the skipper suddenly broke short one of his long winded anecdotes and exclaimed:

"By cracky, we ought to be pretty close to where we're bound for. For'ard there! keep a sharp lookout dead ahead."

Night had long since fallen, but a bright, full moon was in the heavens. In less than half an hour there was the cry of "Land, ho!"

The O. Bailey worked up to within a third of a mile from shore, which was as close as her owner cared to go, and the boat that had swung from the davits was lowered. Into went the mate, two of the Kanaka sailors, Hemenway and Lent.

They shoved off and rowed for the island.

Guided by Hemenway they steered for the mouth of the inlet and entered it. A few minutes later they rounded the last bend and came to the lagoon. At that instant a startled cry from Lent caused the sailors to cease rowing.

Dead ahead, riding quietly at anchor, was a black hulled schooner of the size and appearance of the Wauna.

"Well, I'll be jiggered!" exclaimed Hemenway. "What do you think of the nerve of Tyler? That looks like our yacht."

He held a whispered conference with the mate, after which the boat was backed out of the lagoon and run up on shore around the bend and out of sight of the schooner.

Hemenway stepped ashore and, drawing his revolver he cautiously made his way toward the bungalow.

Within five minutes he was close enough to hear the sound of voices. Creeping behind trees and keeping in the shadow of the moon, he reached the back of the house and edged his way along until he came to the porch.

There he received a distinct shock. Seated on the porch with his back against the house, was McDonald, smoking a pipe. Hemenway knew it was the gum shoe man by the peculiar way he spat.

He could have reached out and touched the detective, but his hand was stayed by the words he heard uttered in a strange voice which had a quick and aggressive ring to it.

"Yes, sir," it said; "Hemenway pulled the wool over your eyes; but I don't know that I blame you. He's considerable of a young man, I take it."

The owner of the voice was on the other side of McDonald, and Hemenway was unable to see him without exposing himself.

It was George Carteret that answered.

"He certainly did. I can't pick a flaw anywhere. I wouldn't believe it unless you were able to prove it so conclusively."

"Neither would I," broke in his twin brother. "You know, I'm mighty sorry too. I grew really fond of Hemenway. He was a fine fellow. But it gives my confidence in human nature an awful blow to find out he's only a common bank robber."

"Not a common one; a most uncommon one, I should say," observed the strange voice.

Hemenway waited to hear no more.

Reaching up he touched McDonald on the thigh and stepped back quickly where the moonlight fell on his face so that he could be seen by the detective, but not be observed by the others.

McDonald's eyes bulged like door-knobs when he recognized Hemenway, and he was on the point of crying out when the other placed a finger to his lips and gave forth a subdued "sh-h."

Hemenway then made a sign of caution and beckoned the gum shoe man around the corner of the house.

McDonald pulled himself together, stretched and yawned, knocked the ashes from his pipe, stepped off the porch and sauntered around the corner of the house.

He joined Hemenway and they made their way in silence toward the place where the boat had run ashore. Half way there, in an open space where the moonlight shone full upon them, Hemenway stopped and faced McDonald.

"Dennis," he said, "there's a schooner off shore waiting for me, and there's a boat manned by sailors, hidden over there ready to take me off to the schooner as soon as I give the word. I came here to do the rescue act, but I see you do not need me. I'm on, Dennis; I know what's happened. No use wasting words over that."

McDonald eyed Hemenway closely for a moment then he said: "I see you got a gun; don't worry, I haven't got any. What do you want of me?"

"Is that schooner in the lagoon our old yacht?"

"Where's Tyler and his gang?"

"They deserted her."

"How many in your party now?"

"There's a plenty. Don't start anything."

"When are you going to quit the island?"

"In a day or two, I reckon. Why?"

"Want an extra passenger?"

"Who, you?"

"Well, I guess not! Lent."

"Lent!" exclaimed McDonald; "where is he?"

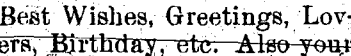
"I got him; want him?"

"Bet your life. Turn him over to me, Archie, and you can make your getaway for all of me."

"Come on then," said Hemenway. He had long since formed an elaborate plan to avenge himself on Lent, but in view of the complications in his own affairs that had developed he abandoned it and decided simply to turn him over to McDonald and let it go at that.

Hemenway knew Lent would say nothing about the boxes, hoping in some way to have them for his own. He had to smile to himself when he thought of that.

(Concluded Next Week)



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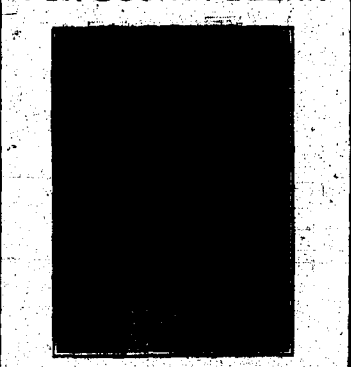
MORTGAGE SALE

Default having been made in the conditions of a certain mortgage and the obligation accompanying the same, dated the 2nd day of May, A. D. 1916, made by Jesse Peters and George Peters, both single men, of Charlevoix County, Michigan, to William J. Pearson, of Boyne Falls, Michigan, and recorded in the Register of Deeds' office for Charlevoix County, Michigan, on the 20th day of December, A. D. 1911, in Liber 48 of Mortgages on page 375, said mortgage being assigned by the said William J. Pearson to William C. Walsh, said assignment being recorded in the office of the Register of Deeds for Charlevoix County, Michigan, in December, 1911, in Liber 34 of Mortgages on page 563, the said William C. Walsh being duly adjudicated a bankrupt on December 30, A. D. 1913 and before Kirk E. Wick, Referee in Bankruptcy of Grand Rapids, Michigan, and J. Ernest Converse of Boyne City, Michigan, being elected by a majority of the creditors of the said William C. Walsh both in number and amount as trustee of said estate, the said J. Ernest Converse being duly appointed by written appointment and qualifying by filing a bond in the amount required on the 26th day of February, A. D. 1914, and as such trustee in bankruptcy by operation of law became the owner and assignee of the said William C. Walsh in and to said mortgage and the whole sum secured by said mortgage having been declared due and payable and the whole sum claimed to be due at the date of this notice, for principal, interest and taxes paid by the said J. Ernest Converse, trustee, on the mortgage premises, being the sum of three hundred and two dollars and three cents (\$302.03), and no suit or proceedings at law or equity having been instituted for the recovery of said amount or any part thereof. Now, Therefore, by virtue of the power of sale in said mortgage contained, notice is hereby given that said mortgage will be foreclosed by sale of the mortgaged premises at public auction to the highest bidder at the front door of the Charlevoix County Court House in Charlevoix, Michigan, said building being the place where the Circuit Court for said Charlevoix County is held, on the 20th DAY OF JULY, A. D. 1916, at ten o'clock a. m. to satisfy the amount due on said mortgage, and all legal costs, together with an attorney's fee of twenty dollars (\$20.00) as provided in said mortgage. The said mortgaged premises are situated in the Township of Hudson, in the County of Charlevoix and State of Michigan, and described in said mortgage as follows: The following described real estate situated and being in the Township of Hudson, County of Charlevoix, and State of Michigan, to-wit: The Northeast quarter (1/4) of Section seven (7), Town thirty-two (32) North, Range four (4) West, except railroad right of way. Dated April 1, 1916.

J. E. CONVERSE, Mortgagee.

JOHN M. HARRIS, Attorney for Trustee. Business Address: Boyne City, Michigan.

FOR COUNTY CLERK



To the Electors of Charlevoix County: I hereby announce myself as a candidate for the office of County Clerk on the Republican ticket, subject to the August Primary. Your votes will be appreciated.

J. H. GRAFF.

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.

MORTGAGE SALE

Default having been made in the conditions of a certain mortgage and the obligation accompanying the same, dated October 21, 1910, made by Charles Sterzik, of Boyne City, Michigan, to J. E. Converse, of Boyne City, Michigan, and recorded in the Register of Deeds' office for Charlevoix County, Michigan, on the 24th day of October, A. D. 1910, in Liber 45 of Mortgages on page 274, and the whole sum secured by said mortgage having been declared due and payable and the whole sum claimed to be due at the date of this notice for principal and interest being the sum of One Hundred and Forty-four Dollars and Sixty-one Cents (\$144.61), and no suit or proceedings at law or equity having been instituted for the recovery of said amount or any part thereof. Now, Therefore, by virtue of the power of sale in said mortgage contained, notice is hereby given that said mortgage will be foreclosed by sale of the mortgaged premises, except the dower interest, if any, of the wife of the said Charles Sterzik in and to said premises, at public auction to the highest bidder at the front door of the Court House in Charlevoix, Charlevoix County, Michigan, said building being the place where the Circuit Court for said Charlevoix County is held, on the 20th DAY OF JULY, A. D. 1916, at ten o'clock a. m., to satisfy the amount due on said mortgage and all legal costs, including an attorney's fee of fifteen dollars (\$15.00) as provided in said mortgage. The said mortgaged premises are situated in the Township of Bay, County of Charlevoix, and State of Michigan, and are described in said mortgage as follows: The following described real estate situated and being in the Township of Bay, County of Charlevoix, State of Michigan, to-wit: The North half (1/2) of the North half (1/2) of the Southwest quarter (1/4) of Section Twenty-eight (28), Town Thirty-four (34) North, Range Six (6) West, containing thirty-seven and one-half (37 1/2) acres more or less.

Dated: April 1, 1916.

J. E. CONVERSE, Mortgagee.

F. W. DeFOE, Attorney for Mortgagee. Business Address: 442-444 Shearer Block, Bay City, Mich.

MORTGAGE SALE

Default having been made in the conditions of a certain mortgage and the obligation accompanying the same, dated on the 19th day of December, A. D. 1911, made by James L. Hillegas and Mary Hillegas, his wife, in her own and dower rights, of Boyne City, Michigan, to J. E. Converse, of Boyne City, Michigan, and recorded in the Register of Deeds' office for Charlevoix County, Michigan, on the 23rd day of December, A. D. 1911, in Liber 48 of Mortgages on page 376, and the whole sum secured by said mortgage having been declared due and payable and the whole sum claimed to be due at the date of this notice for principal and interest and insurance paid by said J. E. Converse on the mortgaged premises being the sum of Two Hundred Forty-four Dollars and eighty-one cents (\$244.81), and no suit or proceedings at law having been instituted for the recovery of said amount of any part thereof. Now, Therefore, by virtue of the power of sale in said mortgage contained, notice is hereby given that said mortgage will be foreclosed by sale of the mortgaged premises at public auction to the highest bidder at the front door of the Charlevoix County Court House at Charlevoix, Michigan, said building being the place where the Circuit Court for said Charlevoix County is held, on the 20th DAY OF JULY, A. D. 1916, at ten o'clock a. m. to satisfy the amount due on said mortgage and all legal costs, together with an attorney's fee of fifteen dollars (\$15.00) allowed in said mortgage. The said mortgaged premises are situated in the City of Boyne City, Charlevoix County, Michigan, and described in said mortgage as follows: All that certain piece or parcel of land situated in the City of Boyne City, in the County of Charlevoix, and State of Michigan, and described as follows, to-wit: Lot Number 132 of Beardsley's First Addition to Boyne City, Michigan. Said sale is made subject to the terms and conditions of a certain mortgage given by the said James L. Hillegas and Mary Hillegas to the Capital Savings & Loan Association of Lansing, Michigan. Dated April 1, 1916.

J. E. CONVERSE, Mortgagee.

F. W. DeFOE, Attorney for Mortgagee. Business Address: 442-444 Shearer Block, Bay City, Mich.

FEW REDSKINS LEFT OF ONCE POWERFUL TRIBE

With Gros Ventres and Arikarees They Number But a Thousand—Former Life and Customs.

Watford, N. D.—Only a thousand of the Mandan Gros Ventre and Arikaree Indians, formerly powerful tribes of the Upper Missouri River valley, are now left on the Fort Berthold reservation in North Dakota, the opening of which to homestead entry has attracted thousands of homeseekers from all over the country.

It was with the fair haired Mandans, the race of fabled white ancestry, that Lewis and Clark passed the winter in 1805 in North Dakota. The Gros Ventres and the Arikarees were famous buffalo hunters and it was not until the herds were killed off in the early eighties that the government was able to keep them shut up on the reservation. "Me no eat white man's meat," Chief Crow Fly High declared, and valiantly kept his word until the buffaloes were extinct and he and his band were threatened with starvation.

The first settlers found the tribes roaming thru all that part of the Missouri River valley which is in northwestern North Dakota and eastern Montana. Charles Shafer, the first rancher to build his cabin in northwestern North Dakota tells of a party of Gros Ventres visiting him and ordering him to leave.

Such immense numbers of the buffaloes pastured in the region that the "surround" similar to a modern rabbit drive was a favorite method used by the Indians to capture them. When the tribe needed meat the chief gave orders to the camp to make a "surround." At the command all the men, women and largest boys and girls went out on foot and horseback to the feeding grounds and formed a circle around as many buffalo as they wanted to kill. As soon as the line was completely made they all started slowly toward a common point. As they closed in the slaughter began and in a short time all the "surround" were killed. The buffaloes, as a general rule made no attempt to break thru the circle, but ran round and round inside the line until they dropped from their wounds.

The squaws dressed the kill and carried it back to camp. The skins were taken to the trading posts along the river and traded for blankets, bright colored cloth, tobacco, knives, fire steels, arrow points, files, brass wire and tacks, beads, leather belts, silver ornaments for the hair, shells, axes hatchets and gunpowder. When an Indian brought in better than the average number of skins he was given as a special reward a spoonful of sugar which he carefully put in his medicine chest to use in case of sickness when all other remedies failed.

The first of the American Fur Company's trading posts to be built on the Upper Missouri was erected by the famous trader Kenneth McKenzie in eastern Montana in 1829 and called Fort Union.

For the first three years all the supplies for Fort Union were drawn up the whole length of the Missouri River from St. Louis by tow lines in the hands of "voyagers." The most incessant and exhausting labor was required to stem the swift current of the river and to keep the boats from being grounded on sand bars.

In 1832 the American Fur Company sent a steamboat the "Yellowstone," up as far as Fort Union and from that time supplies were brought up to Fort Union and trading posts lower down on the Missouri by steamboat. For many years afterward however the "voyagers" worked the tow line for 700 miles on the Upper Missouri west of Fort Union, that the traders might have trinkets to pay the Indians for their valuable furs and the Astor millions might accumulate.

WORE AN ALARM CLOCK! WHAT?

Merchant's Actions Described by Witness in Will Case.

Baltimore, Md.—With an alarm clock suspended from a string around his neck, his head decorated with feathers like an Indian and his clothing on backward the late William Cohen, whose estate is valued at \$100,000 used to march about the town of Highfield, Md., shortly before his death, according to witnesses in the city court, where the Cohen will is being contested.

Ralph C. Benschott of Highfield testified as to those particulars of Mr. Cohen who was a retired clothing merchant. Benschott said that he wore his collar backward, that his coat and vest were buttoned up the back and he carried a box full of pipes and tobacco in his arms.

SAYS DOPE GIVES HIM "BRAINS"

That's Why He's Been Using it for Twenty Years He Explains.

Grand Rapids, Mich.—When Deputy Revenue Officers Perry J. Breece and James E. Burney, who look after drug users and the source of their supply, ran down a husky negro, employed as a building wrecker, they cautiously accused him of being a drug victim.

"It's not a dope fiend," the negro replied with emphasis. "Well, how long have you been using the drug?" asked Mr. Breece. "Oh, 'bout twenty years, on an off—but I's not a dope fiend," he reiterated.

"Why do you use the drug then?" asked Officer Burney. "Tell you de truth 'bout it boss," he said, "I use it cause it gives me more brains than I really got."

SAGE AND SULPHUR DARKENS GRAY HAIR

It's Grandmother's Recipe to Restore Color, Gloss and Attractiveness.

Almost everyone knows that Sage Tea and Sulphur, properly compounded, brings back the natural color and lustre to the hair when faded, streaked or gray. 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 "Weyth's Sage and Sulphur Compound," you will get a large bottle of this famous old recipe, improved by the addition of other ingredients, for about 60 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, glossy and attractive.

Weyth's Sage and Sulphur Compound is a delightful toilet requisite for those who desire dark hair and a youthful appearance. It is not intended for the cure, mitigation or prevention of disease.

HOW TO FEEL GOOD TOMORROW

Indigestion quickly develops sick headache, biliousness, bloating, sour stomach, bad breath or some of the other conditions caused by clogged or irregular bowels. If you have any of these symptoms, take a Foley Cathartic Tablet this evening and you will feel better in the morning.—Hites Drug Store.

CHICHESTER'S PILLS

DIAMOND BRAND
Beware of Counterfeits. Refuse all Substitutes.

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

DRS. VARDON & PARKS

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

Dr. F. P. Ramsey

Physician and Surgeon.
Graduate of College of Physicians and Surgeons of the University of Illinois.
OFFICE SHERMAN BLOCK
East Jordan, Mich.
Phone No. 196.

Dr. G. W. Bechhold

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

Dr. C. H. Pray

Dentist
Office Hours:
8 to 12 a. m. 1 to 5 p. m.
And Evenings.
Phone No. 338.

Frank Phillips

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

WE WANT a man or woman in every town where we are not already represented, to introduce BROWN HERE TABLETS guaranteed remedy for Constipation, Indigestion and Dyspepsia. Over 100% profit. Easy seller, repeat orders, Permanent Income. Write for pamphlets, FREE SAMPLES and terms. BROWN HERE CO., 68 Murray St., New York City.

Temple Theatre
PARAMOUNT
PICTURE
PROGRAM

Tuesday, June 13th

**"BOOTLES' BABY" and
"THE MAN ON THE CASE"**

The two subjects presented in this unusual manner are "Bootles' Baby," the world-renowned story by John Strange Winter, and "The Man on the Case," by Grace Livingston Furniss, one of the greatest comedies from the pen of this noted dramatist. The two stories include every element of dramatic composition, ranging from broad comedy to thrilling drama. "Bootles' Baby" is the story of a deserted child, who, totally unconscious of the great good she is performing, restores to her mother the happiness that had departed from her. Portrayed by Mimi Yvonne, the famous child actress "Bootles' Baby" will long live in the memory as one of the most tender and sympathetic child-stories ever related on the screen. The story is one that will delight children and grown-ups alike, and the lovable baby, who all unconsciously works out the great scheme of destiny, steals into the heart of the spectator and tugs at the heart-strings with her baby hands until the drama seems to be part of the very life of every one in the audience.

"The Man on the Case," by way of diverting contrast, is a farcical story of a young millionaire who wants to marry a girl who will love him for himself, and not his money, and a sentimental, romantic girl who determines to marry only for love, regardless of the financial standing of the man who wins her affection. How the millionaire and the girl meet, under strange and amusing circumstances, and fall madly in love with each other, is humorously unfolded on the screen. The millionaire wins the girl in the character of a de-



Iva Shepard of the Gaumont-Mutual Studios.

Iva Shepard, the vivacious "vampire" of Gaumont-Mutual releases, is a young woman of unusual personality.

On the screen she is all coaxing black eyes, sinuous magnetism and picturesque allure. Away from the screen she is a great home-girl, the type who is constantly entertaining friends at informal rabbit parties and who loves to spend a play-day in homes of her friends.

Miss Shepard's most recent affair was a moonlight dance and musicale on the stage of the Gaumont-Mutual studio.

The piece de resistance of the evening was the solo dancing of Miss Shepard herself, a beautiful moonlight, sylvan sort of number that came as an entire surprise to the guests who had never known of Miss Shepard's talents as a classic dancer. To the strains of a string orchestra, quite as poetic as open-air performance of "Midsummer Night's Dream" should be, Miss Shepard danced the lovely Spring Song.

FINANCIAL STATEMENT

For the City of East Jordan for the Month of April, 1916.

**General Fund
RECEIPTS**

April
1 Balance on hand..... \$1950.85
17 County Treas. Del. Taxes..... 130.60

Total \$2081.45

DISBURSEMENTS

3 Otis J. Smith, salary..... 25.00
6 Henry Cook, salary..... 75.00
7 City Treas., payment Elec. Expenses..... 76.75
7 H. A. Goodman, rental for voting place..... 5.00
7 Supernaw Prod. Co., wood..... 3.95
7 Mich. Tel. Co., rentals..... 6.25
7 Doubleday & Co., record books..... 6.00
7 J. A. Lancaster, salary..... 25.00
7 E. J. Hose Co., Lalond fire..... 57.00
7 D. H. Fitch, salary, rental, exp..... 24.65
7 James Gidley, salary (2 mos.)..... 50.00
7 State Bank E. J., order Elec. Light Co..... 201.85
21 E. J. Hose Co., Bisnett fire and false alarm..... 39.00
21 Giles & Hawkins, supper Elec. Boards, etc..... 7.95
21 A. Kenny, del. ballot boxes..... .50
21 H. L. Winters, engineering services..... 19.65
21 J. H. Shults, election supplies..... 16.98
27 State Bank E. J., order of Bingham..... 25.00
30 Balance on hand..... 1415.92

Total \$2081.45

**Street and Sewer Fund
RECEIPTS**

April
1 Balance on hand..... \$2117.91
17 County Treas., del. taxes..... 32.15

Total \$2150.06

DISBURSEMENTS

7 City Treas., payment of labor..... 28.00
8 E. W. Giles, cleaning streets..... 23.00
10 Gaius Hammond, labor..... 2.00
11 Frank Decker, labor..... 1.00
22 E. W. Giles, cleaning streets..... 24.00
26 City Treas., payment of labor..... 48.55
30 Balance on hand..... 2023.51

Total \$2150.06

**Water Works Fund
RECEIPTS**

April
1 Balance on hand..... \$ 56.59
Water Receipts..... 460.45

Total \$ 517.04

DISBURSEMENTS

7 State Bank E. J., order Elec. Light Co..... \$ 127.60
30 Balance on hand..... 389.44

Total \$ 517.04

**Interest and Sinking Fund
RECEIPTS**

April
1 Balance on hand..... \$1128.00
17 County Treas., del. taxes..... 26.34

Total \$1154.34

DISBURSEMENTS

March
31 Balance on hand..... \$1154.34

Total \$1154.34

**Sewer Fund, No. 1
RECEIPTS**

April
1 Balance on hand..... \$ 224.94

Total \$ 224.94

DISBURSEMENTS

March
31 Balance on hand..... \$ 224.94

Total \$ 224.94

**Paving Fund, Dist. No. 1
RECEIPTS**

April
1 Balance on hand..... \$1897.51
17 County Treas., del. taxes..... 28.39

Total \$1926.90

DISBURSEMENTS

30 Balance on hand..... \$1926.90

Total \$1926.90

**Paving Fund, Dist. No. 2
RECEIPTS**

April
1 Balance on hand..... \$ 704.14

Total \$ 704.14

DISBURSEMENTS

30 Balance on hand..... \$ 704.14

Total \$ 704.14

**Paving Fund, Dist. No. 3
RECEIPTS**

April
1 Balance on hand..... \$ 184.95

Total \$ 184.95

DISBURSEMENTS

30 Balance on hand..... \$ 184.95

Total \$ 184.95

**Cemetery Fund
RECEIPTS**

April
1 Balance on hand..... \$ 242.11

Total \$ 242.11

DISBURSEMENTS

30 Balance on hand..... \$ 242.11

Total \$ 242.11

**Bridge Fund
RECEIPTS**

April
30 Overdrawn..... \$ 46.15

Total \$ 46.15

DISBURSEMENTS

1 Overdrawn..... \$ 46.15

Total \$ 46.15

**Sewer Fund, Dist. No. 4
RECEIPTS**

April
30 Overdrawn..... \$ 527.08

Total \$ 527.08

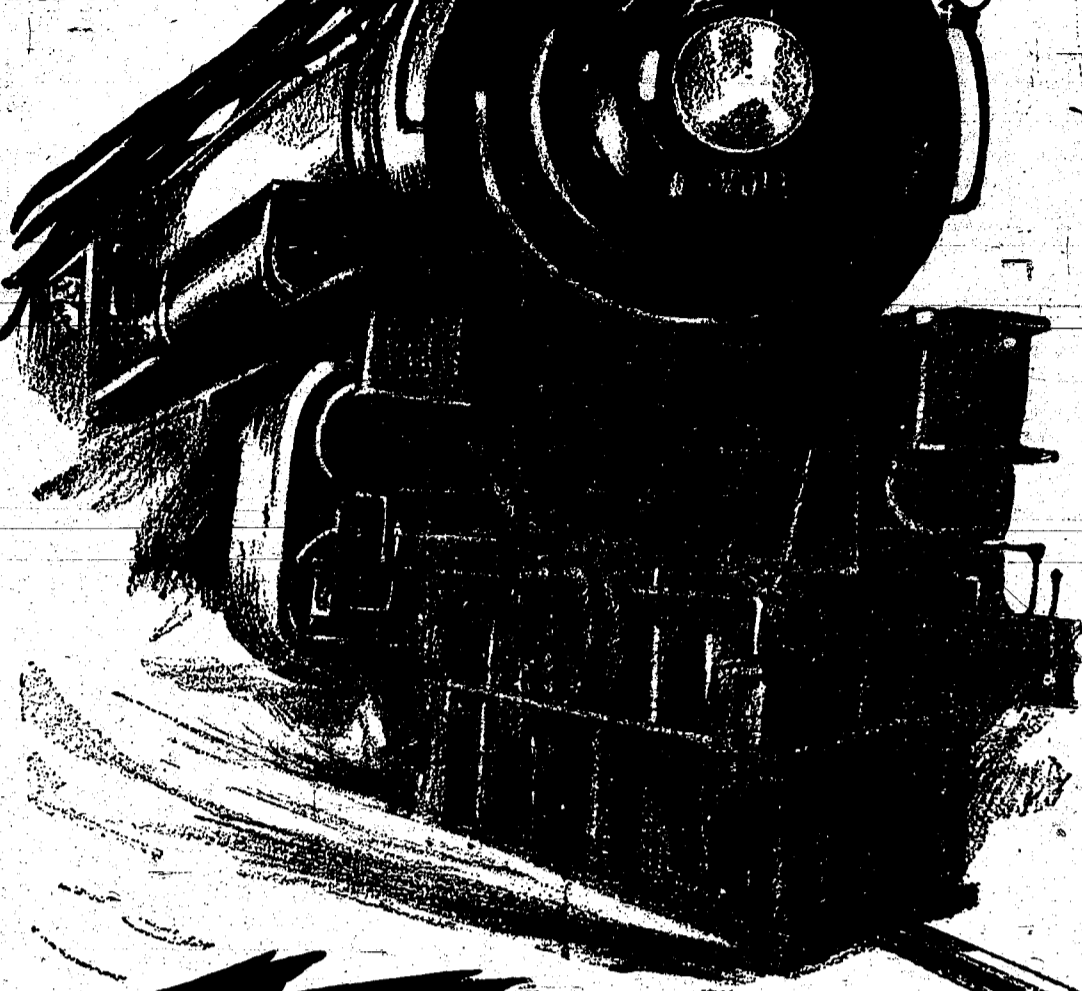
DISBURSEMENTS

1 Overdrawn..... \$ 527.08

Total \$ 527.08

Coming at Full Speed

The Greatest Railroad Story
Written in a Decade, and
by the Man Best Qual-
ified to Produce It



THE GIRL AND THE GAME

A Story of Mountain Railroad Life

By FRANK H. SPEARMAN

Frank Spearman wrote "Whispering Smith," undoubtedly the best railroad serial story ever printed in this country. Good as that was, Mr. Spearman pronounces "The Girl and the Game" a much better piece of work. This story is a remarkable revelation of the subject of railroads and finance, and into it have been woven all the elements of vital

interest—love, adventure, intrigue, envy, hate, heroism and villainy. He explains "high society;" he reveals social standards of the rich; he lays bare the moral codes of railroad financiers; he outlines the financial trickery of Wall Street—the manipulation of railroad stocks; he portrays the battle of a young girl enmeshed in the web of American business.

This unusual story has been put into motion pictures, and in addition to reading it you can see the hundreds of thrilling incidents pictured on the screen with fearless HELEN HOLMES as the heroine. You will miss the BEST STORY of its kind of a lifetime if you fail to read it in these columns.



Scene From "Bootles' Baby" and "The Man on the Case."

EVELINE

(Delayed Correspondence)

Mr. and Mrs. A. B. Clark were pleasantly surprised last Friday evening by a host of friends who gathered to celebrate their birthday anniversary jointly, there being only a few days difference in the dates of their birthday. Refreshments were served and plenty of chattering, when at a late hour the friends departed wishing them many happy returns of the day.

Mrs. L. Harnden received a telegram informing her of the death of her brother, A. C. Murnahan at the Elgin State hospital, Saturday last.

Mr. and Mrs. Frost don't visit us soon. Eveline will have an abundance of fruit, the trees are beautiful.

Miss Alice Darby is slowly improving. Rev. Wm. Haskins was present at prayer meeting, Wednesday evening. Our prayer meetings are well attended and are in hopes it will continue.

Mr. and Mrs. Harnden drove over to Frank Kiser's, Sunday afternoon.

Mrs. F. Snyder leads the prayer meeting Sunday evening, will meet with Mrs. Orvis.

Will Meggison leads prayer meeting next Wednesday at the usual place.

A. B. Clark, while unloading stone had the misfortune to jam one of his fingers, recently.

The Walker school closed May 26th. Quite a number did not pass which is to be regretted very much. The teacher, Miss Meggison with the mothers had a picnic which was enjoyed very much.

INDIANA MAN'S EXPERIENCE

Frank Moseley, Moore's Hill, Ind., writes: "I was troubled with almost constant pains in my sides and back. Great relief was apparent after the first dose of Foley Kidney Pills and in 48 hours all pain left me." Foley Kidney Pills make kidneys active and healthful and stop sleep-disturbing bladder ailments.—Hites Drug Store.

tective, and it is only in the final flash of the laugh-provoking comedy that she learns she has become engaged to a millionaire after all.

The casts and mounting of both subjects on this double bill are all that could be desired. The variety of the plots contributes to an entertainment of wide appeal. "Bootles' Baby" is four reels, and "The Man on the Case" two, thus making the most novel six-reel feature ever presented.

Friday, June 16th

**Blanche Sweet in
"STOLEN GOODS"**

SYNOPSIS

Margery Huntley, a poor girl working in a dressmaking establishment, is sent to match some samples at a store. While she is standing at a counter Helen North, a rich girl kleptomaniac, steals a piece of lace, and noticing that it is missed, saves herself by thrusting it into Margery's open bag. Thus Margery goes to prison for a crime which she did not commit. When Margery leaves prison she becomes a trained nurse, but her "prison record" is discovered and she feels that her best field for work is in the Belgian hospitals under the red cross. There she again meets Helen, who has lost all her money but who has received a ticket to America and some cash from a friend to whom her father wrote before his death. Helen is apparently killed by a shell, and Margery determines to go to America under the name of the woman who caused all her misery. Helen is not really slain, and when she seeks to claim her own the drama develops to a most unexpected climax.

Blanche Sweet plays the role of Margery and House Peters is the red cross surgeon who loves her and remains true under all conditions.

Summary

General Fund..... \$1415.92
Street Fund..... 2023.54
Water Works Fund..... 389.44
Interest and Sinking Fund..... 1154.34
Sewer Fund, No. 1..... 224.94
Paving Fund, Dist. No. 1..... 1926.90
Paving Fund, Dist. No. 2..... 704.14
Paving Fund, Dist. No. 3..... 184.95
Cemetery Fund..... 242.11
Bridge Fund..... 46.15
Sewer No. 4..... 527.08
Total \$573.23

Outstanding Orders..... 110.08
Cash on hand at end of Month, \$7803.10
OTIS J. SMITH,
City Clerk.

THOSE FLATTERING MOVIES

Next to an unretouched photograph, the moving picture screen is the greatest flatterer in the world. It doesn't flatter those who appear in the pictures so much as those who sit in front.

Nobody can attend a moving picture show without being reasonably confident that he has assimilated everything. It is not like the spoken drama where one learns on picking up the paper the next morning, that he missed just about half the subtleties in the performance and came near losing the big idea of the whole thing. Everything is right where all of us can get each detail without effort, and in grabbing those details we find great matters for self congratulation. Just as an instance, a picture of a young man is flashed upon a screen. He is sitting at a table, in a dreamy attitude. Finally there appears in the upper corner of the picture a portrait of a girl. The portrait appears slowly, as if through a mist. The young man's features take on a rapt expression. Everyone in the audience knows he is thinking about his sweetheart, as visualized in the upper part of the screen. A fat traveling salesman who Emma Mc Chesneyzes in crockery, whispers

loudly to his wife.

"He's thinkin' about his girl," and then shakes hands with himself because of his cleverness in discovering the point and his quickness in making it known. The fat man is confident that he was the first in all that large audience to discover what the young man on the screen was thinking about. Then the young man in the picture takes up a desk telephone—something which no interior scene is without nowadays. Whereupon the fat man whispers a trifle louder than before.

"He's goin' to telephone her." Marvellous perspicacity of the fat man! The young man does telephone his sweetheart, who is seen answering and who, of course is none other than the young woman whose portrait appeared on the screen in the guise of a mental image.

The fat man scores another put out for himself. Before the evening ends he scores forty putouts without a bobble—a record which the star short-stop in either big league could equal. He goes home shaking hands with himself as a clever guy. Quick thinking, that, guessing those situations as fast as they came up. Not many could do it. And several hundred in the theater are thinking in the same strain with the fat man. They have caught everything the playwright threw them. He didn't fool them for a quarter of a second. They could even tell how the play was going to come out almost two deep breaths and a gasp before the hero grabbed the heroine for the final fadeaway clinch and kiss. Thus it is that the movies are getting in their evenings of insidious flattery and sending everybody home supremely satisfied.—From Judge.

After Thoughts.

Invest a little money in bonds—of friendship.
When business gets bad, go hunting—new business.
Give every man a square deal—and a woman more.

Hard hitters are usually poor quitters.

**Not a Bite of
Breakfast Until
You Drink Water**

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

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

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

Those who are subject to sick headache, colds, biliousness, constipation, others who wake up with bad taste, foul breath, backache, rheumatic stiffness, or have a sour, gassy stomach after meals, are urged to get a quarter pound of limestone phosphate from the drug store, and begin practicing internal sanitation. This will cost very little, but is sufficient to make anyone an enthusiast on the subject. Remember inside bathing is more important than outside bathing, because the skin pores do not absorb impurities into the blood, causing poor health, while the bowel pores do just as soap and hot water cleanses sweetens and freshens the skin, so hot water and limestone phosphate act on the stomach, liver, kidneys and bowels.