

Charlevoix County Herald.

Vol. 20

EAST JORDAN, MICHIGAN, FRIDAY, JUNE 30, 1916.

No. 27

With Our Boys at Camp Ferris

Every Day a Strenuous One With
Plenty of Drill Work.

Will Probably Be Ordered to
Nogales, Ariz., In About
Two Weeks.

(By Major M. J. Phillips)

Camp Ferris, June 28th.—Company I, 33rd Michigan Infantry East Jordan, entertained a raft of friends on Wednesday. About twenty drove over from East Jordan and were much interested in what they saw. Another pilgrimage, though of much larger proportions is expected Sunday on the D. & C. R. R. excursion. False rumors have gone out that visitors are not permitted in camp, but as a matter of fact they are more than welcome. The blunder of a single sentry on Sunday last, when he barred motor cars and pedestrians for an hour until a superior officer set him right, gave rise to the rumor.

The company is out daily, putting in four hours on close order and extended order drill. The latter is skirmish work, aiming and snapping the rifle, deploying by squad and by company, assembling, charging, and all the various other movements employed in field warfare.

The recruits are being given squad drill by themselves, but the officers say that they are making such progress that they will soon be able to drill with the company. Rifles and other equipment came in by the carload today and will soon be issued.

Private Strong, of Company I, who was injured while wrestling Sunday, has returned to the company on light duty. The general health of the company is good and everybody is happy and anxious to get to the front. It is estimated that the regiment will be here at least 10 days longer, because the 31st is not yet on its way and the 33rd will be the last to leave. The destination, it can be positively stated, is Nogales, Ariz., and the troops will move via the Michigan Central to Chicago; thence Santa Fe to a Junction in Texas; thence I. & G. N. to San Antonio. Then, for the last leg of the journey, the Southern Pacific. The trip should take not more than three days and nights, allowing for some delays.

Following are guard details which have been made from Company I: Sunday, Privates McMillan and A. F. More; Monday, Privates Vanderventer and Usher; Tuesday, Privates Miner, Roy and Zess; Private Zell—Myles is clerk to Lieut. Fitzmaurice, regular army instructor to the 33rd Infantry; Private LaValley is permanent orderly to Capt. Frank L. Wells, senior regular army mustering officer.

SUPERVISORS HOLD SESSION

The Board of Supervisors convened at Charlevoix, Monday for the biennial June meeting. Below were the committees appointed:

Jacob E. Chew, Chairman.
Claims—F. J. Meech, D. L. Wilson, T. J. Smith, Fred Shepard, J. C. Karcher.

Ways and Means—F. M. House, Jay Adams, A. T. Brockway.
Settlement with County Treasurer—W. H. Bashaw, W. H. Benjamin, Frank Skopp.

Settlement Poor Commissioner—A. T. Brockway, Wm. Leazier, J. W. Green.

Equalization—F. C. Burnett, C. J. Zeitler, Walter Ware, M. A. McDonald, E. S. Brintnall.

Apportionment—F. C. Burnett, F. M. House, W. H. Benjamin.

Township Clerk's Report—M. A. McDonald, J. H. Santose, W. H. Cook.

Rejected and Charged Back Taxes—Whitfield Totten, F. C. Clute, Fred Shepard.

Printing—Robert Barnett, Harrison Berdan, T. J. Smith.

Insurance—D. L. Wilson, F. C. Burnett, Jay Adams.

Court House—W. H. Cook, J. C. Karcher, Whitfield Totten.

Roads, Bridges and Dams—Frank Skopp, Wm. Leazier, F. C. Clute.

County Road—Jay Adams, Robert Barnett, F. M. House.

To Check County Road Commissioners—C. J. Zeitler, J. W. Green, J. H. Santose.

Officers Salary—Fred Shepard, F. C. Burnett, Walter Ware.

Canning Demonstration

Will Be Held In This City—
Tomorrow, Saturday.

Are you interested in a new method of canning fruits and vegetables? Miss Anna Cowles, of the extension department of the Michigan Agricultural College, has been secured to give a demonstration of the methods of canning which are recommended by that department, and this will be given at the old Commercial Hotel, on Main-st. this Saturday afternoon, July 1st. The demonstration is scheduled to begin at 1:30 o'clock, and will continue through most of the afternoon, and as many as possible are urged to attend.

Mr. B. J. Holcomb, who has charge of the garden clubs during the summer, is anxious that a number of the girls in High School, and in the fifth and sixth grades, may be present also, and may become sufficiently interested so that a canning club may be organized. Prospects are exceedingly good for a large crop of fruits and vegetables of all kinds, and no better time could be found to begin this work.

Most of the High School pupils are aware that this canning work, if carried out according to the requirements of the school, will receive High School credit if the people carrying it on are High School students. This should be an additional stimulus, to persuade those people to take up the work.

GOLD MEDAL CONTEST

Oat Fields of Ten Acres or More
May be Entered.

The Gold Medal Contest was inaugurated last year for the purpose of securing authentic records of maximum oat yields as a means of introduction of better methods of crop production and the more general introduction of pedigreed and improved varieties.

A beautiful gold medal of appropriate design was offered by the Quaker Oats Company and was awarded to Wallace Bros. of Bay Shore on a yield of 95.8 bu. per acre. A similar Gold Medal is offered for the largest yield of pedigreed oats, including Worthy, Alexander, Erect Tartar, American Banner and other varieties produced in the season of 1916.

In addition to the Gold Medal award, contestants producing high yields will be able to sell their crops for seed purposes.

The contest is being conducted under the auspices of the Michigan Experiment Association. Everybody is eligible to enter. There are no fees.

The contest is governed by the following rules:

1. Fields in which oats are grown for this contest shall contain 10 acres or more.

2. The crop shall be grown from pedigreed or improved varieties approved by the Farm Crops Department, M. A. C., and sufficiently free from weeds and from mixture of other varieties to be worthy of recommendation for seed purposes.

3. Application for participation in this contest should be made to the Department of Farm Crops, M. A. C., East Lansing, not later than July 1, 1916.

4. The award will be made for the highest yield per acre after compliance with Rule 2.

5. The examination of the field will be made by a committee of three, two to be local men who will have charge of weighing the crop and measuring the field, one to be a representative of the Agricultural College who will make an examination of the field as provided for in Rule 2.

A man can never judge how old a woman is by hearing her tell her age.

A man may be all right in his way, but he frequently gets in the way of others.

Nearly every pretty girl is a piano thumper, and nearly every homely girl is a good cook.

A man seldom realizes the worthlessness of his earthly possessions until he tries to pawn them.

The man who thinks he is the whole thing doesn't waste any time trying to conceal it from others.

Probably a sympathetic tear comes as near being a panacea for all feminine troubles as anything on the market.

There is no place like home to the poor man whose wife has an idea that tobacco smoke sticks to her lace curtains—and he is glad of it.

To Company I, 33d Inf'y

Resolutions Adopted at the Farewell Mass Meeting
Held Last Friday Evening.

We, the citizens of the city of East Jordan, assembled in mass meeting on the eve of the departure of our Company I of the Michigan National Guard, in response to the call of our President, recognizing the gravity of the situation which now confronts our nation, and desiring to make known our appreciation of the sacrifices which must now be made by the members of this company and their families, do hereby resolve:

First—That we are proud to have our community represented by this splendid organization, now about to take its part in the defense of our nation.

Second—That we most heartily commend the spirit of patriotism shown by the officers and men of this company in so cheerfully answering the call to the colors, and we assure them that the patriotism by them displayed is an inspiration to the entire community.

Third—That we may in a measure lessen any hardship likely to confront the families of these brave men, we are determined that we ourselves shall share in their sacrifices and do hereby appoint the following citizens as a relief committee, to serve until this company shall return:

Mayor A. E. Cross, chairman. Judge E. R. Harris, Elsworth.
Carl Stroebel Charles Ferguson,
Roscoe Mackey Norwood.
Dr. R. A. Risk

Finally, be it resolved, that it is our earnest hope and prayer that this company now goes forth in defense of our national honor, every man ready to do his duty as a soldier and as a man, so may it return when the nation is at peace, with not a man missing from its ranks.

Respectfully submitted,

L. P. Holliday, chairman
Dwight H. Fitch
John Clemens
W. P. Porter
Robert S. Sidebotham.

When it "Comes Home"

BY GENE MORGAN.

Oh, these are the days when the land's ablaze
And the war "comes home" to you,
And it's no mere show, for you've seen friends go,
And the war "comes home" to you.
Since they marched away with their colors gay
You've found a spirit new,
Tho' you're left behind, you're not quite blind,
For the war "comes home" to you.

There's a vacant desk in the office now,
And the war "comes home" to you,
For he had the grit to "do his bit"
'Neath the red, the white and blue.
There's a face you miss at the table round
When a jolly lunch hour's due,
And a smiling chap has left a gap—
While the war "comes home" to you.

There's a vacant chair in a little flat
And a silence over all,
And they place the chair where he always sat
Till he met his country's call.
He's just in camp for some work and drill,
He may never fight, that's true,
And of health and strength he'll get his fill—
But the war "comes home" to you.

To the little girl whom he left behind:
Now the war "comes home" to you.
His words of cheer in the mail you'll find
And his tasks may soon be through.
Your heart's with one who marched away,
And your picture's with him, too,
And you hourly pray for the glorious day
When HE comes home to you!

NOTICE TO TAXPAYERS

The city tax roll for taxes of 1916 will become payable on July 1st, 1916 and will be received on and after that date at my office when the tax roll is in my hands for collection. Taxes paid at any time up to and including July 31st may be made without any collection fee therefor; provided that an addition of two per cent shall be made thereto on the first day of August, and an additional charge of one per cent shall be made on the first day of each month that the tax remains unpaid until returned to the county treasurer.
WM. A. PICKARD, City Treas.

FOR SALE—Good house and two lots on West Side. City water, fine basement, rich garden soil, a bargain for cash or on time. Enquire at this office or address—MRS. H. BATTERBEE, East Jordan, Mich.

"JITNEY JIM" DOESN'T WANT TO BE A HERO.

Why, JITNEY, are you still here?" Myrtle, the lovely box-office girl, said this in a way that JITNEY JIM failed to understand. Somehow he didn't feel as big as when he first swaggered into the lobby of the Flytime Movie Palace.

"I tho't you'd be in Mexico by this time," she added coldly.

"What? ME go to Mexico?" demanded JITNEY JIM, with rarest surprise. "I never said I wanted to go to Mexico. Not me! O' course, I admit that I've yelped time an' time again that Mex-erco oughter be cleaned up. But I wouldn't think o' crowdin' General Funston out o' his job, an' him workin' so hard all these years for a raise in salary. I'm willin' to stand by an' let him hook all the glory. An' besides, I got as much appetite for glory as I got fer fricasseed rubber boot."

Myrtle kept looking at him in such a chilly way that JITNEY JIM felt it incumbent to do a little more explaining.

"You see, I never was very anxious to see the scenery of Mexico. My motto is, "See America First." And until I've lapped the beauties of my own country I ain't in no hurry to feast my orbs on furrin' lands. I ain't seen much o' my own country yet. I ain't been to Coney Island to spear the noble hot dog in its native lair; I ain't been to Mount Washington or Peak's Pike; I ain't picked roses in Portland or danced the rag in Frisco or rubber-necked in New York or coughed in Denver.

"That's the reason why I ain't in no hurry to go seein' sights an' gun sights in dear old Mex-erco. Maybe ten years or so from now I'll be ready to take it in. One o' the wonders o' this here continent I ain't seen yet is the Canadian Rockies. Yesterday a tall guy in army clothes brushes up an' asks me if I don't want to go to Mex-erco. An' right there my eyes turned to the north an' my heart flowed over, an' I says: "Oh, you beautiful Canadian Rockies!" Myrtle's scorn had not relaxed for a moment. Also she was eying with no minor interest the erect figure of a man in olive drab who was gazing at the lobby posters.

"Maybe you think I ain't patriotic," pleaded JITNEY JIM. "That's very unjust of you, Myrtle. My patriotism is just like my good manners. I ain't tryin' to show 'em all the time like some people. But when worst comes to worst, I'm willin' to do my bit."

"Who was right down to the station, cheerin' the brave boys off to the mobilization camp? Who stood right there, with tear dimmed eyes, while the trains pulled out, a wavin' a handkerchief even though I needed it for myself. Who chipped in to buy a box o' cigars for Private Truax of our office when he marched away? That's ME! "An' I've kep' right on, doin' my bit. At the movies when the American soldiers come onto the screen I don't wait for nobody else to applaud. I start it myself. You don't know what courage an' energy an' elbow grease it takes, Myrtle, to work up a movie crowd to cheer the Old Flag. Once you get 'em started it's easy. Then the problem is how to stop 'em. But I don't try to stop 'em. Gettin' throwed out on my bean once is enough."

"Well, you brave boy, I'm surprised to see that you lived through it," remarked Myrtle.

"Yes, an' I'll keep it up through thick an' thin," announced JITNEY grimly. "My palms is calloused from clappin', an' they're so red that they look like the interior view of a ham sandwich." "Look-a here, Mista Man," said Myrtle, sternly. "Ain't you willin' to go to the front?"

"Oh, yes, oh, yes," JITNEY JIM assured her. "I jist can't wait till I get to that little old front. But I'll only go in one capacity. I don't want to be a general. None o' them soft jobs fer mine. When I hike to the front I want to be what I want to be. An' that's a movin' pitcher operator."

"The movin' pitcher op., that's the life fer me. I'll start fer Mexico on the jump, as soon as they fix me up with a three-legged movie camera an' a revolver an' a box o' windproof matches. That's been my life ambition, Myrtle, to put a great war on the fillums. If I was a sojer I'd put it on the bum."

"An' then as the battle raged I would tell the artillery to shoot a little higher an' quit knockin' off my hat. An' I'd clap my hands an' stamp my foot an' say, 'No, no!' An' in an instant the battle would stop, while I bawled out the general staff fer lookin' at the camera. An' I wouldn't stand fer no back talk, either, exceptin' from the

mule drivers. Their back talk is like dynamite. Yes, it always pays to be polite to them mule De Palmas.

"Look-a here, Mista Man," she snapped. "Movin' picture operators are never allowed to get on the firin' line where the bullets are flyin'?"

This was news to JITNEY JIM. "Is that so?" he cried. "Say I'm goin' downtown to get a job as movie operator tomorrow!"

Celebrate the 4th at Charlevoix

National Holiday will be Fittingly
Observed.

Charlevoix will celebrate the Fourth of July and extends an invitation to the people of East Jordan to observe the day with them. There will be something doing every minute during the day. Three bands, Harbor Springs, East Jordan and Ellsworth, have been engaged to furnish the music. At ten o'clock in the forenoon there will be an Industrial and Special parade, followed at 10:30 by a mammoth Automobile parade. All business houses will be represented by floats, etc., and owners of automobiles from all points are extended an invitation to join the ranks. In the forenoon there will be a base ball game between two fast teams. This will conclude the program for the forenoon. At one o'clock the afternoon entertainment begins. Street sports, water sports, another base ball game, free street attractions, acrobatic stunts, and other features that will keep the big crowd entertained.

In another column of this issue will be found advertised the boat service schedule for that day.

GOOD ROADS VAN PELT ON CONCRETE ROADS

By way of explanation, The Herald is authorized by Van Pelt to state why he is agitating the building of cement roads in Charlevoix County. He and his family pay a pretty stiff tax and he wishes to reduce this tax for all time to come. That is why, and he does it for no other reason. He doesn't propose to make any money by building the road himself nor by being interested with anyone who will build it, nor to have any pecuniary interest in it in any shape, form or fashion—just simply to reduce the road tax and he has the figures to show how it can be done.

In the meantime, all he asks is for every tax payer, and anyone who is at all interested in having good roads or who would wish to haul three or four times as much to a load as they can on the nine foot road now being built, to look at the concrete road Lee Howland built at the South End of Bridge Street, Charlevoix, opposite the Elston House (now Hotel Michigan). This has been down seven years and there is not a crack nor a break nor a worn place in it, and he claims that in any month of July or August during those years there have been more vehicles pass over this strip of road than would pass between Charlevoix and East Jordan in one year and also that the same thing applies to Dixon Avenue.

We all know that the nine foot road is better now than the old road was and that more could be hauled at the present time on such a road were it not for turning out in the mud and turning back on again, but the question is—no, he says it is no question of how long they will last, because repairs have to be made sometimes the first year, always the second year and always the third year on the nine foot road. In fact continuous work must be done on it.

DO YOU KNOW THAT

It's worry, not work, which shortens life?

A cold bath every morning is the best complexion remedy?

Poor health is expensive?

The U. S. Public Health Service has reduced malaria 60 per cent in some localities?

The death rate from typhoid fever in the United States has been cut in half since 1900?

Pneumonia kills over 120,000 Americans each year?

Flyless town has few funerals?

The well that drains the cesspool is the cup of death?

Card of Thanks.

We desire to express our sincere thanks for the many favors extended us by friends and neighbors during our bereavement in the death of our little daughter.

Mr. and Mrs. Blaine Harrington.



"A CANDIDATE FOR THE REASON THAT I BELIEVE I CAN SAVE THE TAX-PAYERS MONEY."

Dana H. Hinkley

Candidate for
STATE SENATOR
Twenty-Ninth District.

HINKLEY'S WORK.

No member of the present legislature has done better work for the state of Michigan during this session than Rep. Dana H. Hinkley of Emmet county. His efforts have stood out with constant conspicuousness since the day when he was named chairman of the ways and means committee of the house.

As the head of the most important committee in the lower body of the legislature he has carried more responsibilities than any one member of either house. With these responsibilities went great power and it can be said to his credit that he used this power sparingly and wisely.

Not the least of his service has been his determined effort to curtail the expenses which will attend the operation of the state government during the next two years.

During the last session of the legislature Senator Charles Foster, of Lansing, whose bill making an appropriation of \$800,000 for a new office building passed the senate by unanimous vote, was assured by members of the house that the bill would be passed if it could be pried out of the ways and means committee. It was reported favorably by the house committee on public buildings, but Chairman Harry Hinkley of the ways and means committee refused to report it out on the ground that the state could not spare the money.—Grand Rapids Press.

Another state legislator who should be returned—for the good of Michigan—is Representative D. H. Hinkley of Petoskey. Hinkley has served as Chairman of the Ways and Means Committee of the Lower House. He knows just how badly Michigan needs a "Budget System" for making appropriations. He can be of inestimable service in perfecting a workable "Budget System" that will produce results. His experience and his advice will be of incalculable value to this end. Mr. Hinkley rendered Michigan invaluable service as Ways and Means Committee Chairman.—Grand Rapids Herald.

Up in the 29th Senatorial District, Dana H. Hinkley of Petoskey is a candidate for the Republican nomination. Hinkley has the exceptional record of having served three terms in the House of Representatives, being nominated each of his three terms without opposition in the primaries. Starting as a lumber piler in a saw mill, and later operating one, his most earnest supporters have been former employes. "Harry", as he is known to his closer friends, started profit sharing with his employes in 1907. He served in the last two sessions as chairman of the Ways and Means committee which by itself marks the influence he wielded in Legislative and many bills aimed at taking money from the State treasury sailed along smoothly until they bumped into Chairman Hinkley and the Ways and Means committee where they were peacefully put to sleep. His experience on this committee has given him unusual opportunity to study the problems that have brought out the agitation for a budget system in this state, and if experience counts for anything Mr. Hinkley, just at this time, more than any man in Michigan, can render invaluable service in working out legislation looking to a change in the policy of making the budget. Mr. Hinkley thinks ten per cent, or a cool million dollar saving is conservative and he would like to participate in making the bill that will bring about this needed reform. If the 29th District nominate and elect Mr. Hinkley, they are assured of a strong Senator, who will be a credit to their District and will bring them additional credit and prestige in the State at large.—Charlotte Republican. [adv]

Every time a lazy man looks at the clock the day becomes longer.

An ignorant man is usually ignorant of the fact that he is ignorant.

Nothing jolts a smart man so hard as being beaten at his own game.

Youth is going to do things tomorrow that old age didn't do yesterday.

When the day breaks some men are too lazy to make use of its pieces.

HEARD AT THE NATIONAL CAPITAL

Washington, June 28, (Special correspondence)—The Hon. James R. Mann caused much amusement among the members of Congress and throughout the capitol by the neat manner in which he tripped the Hon. Champ Clark of Missouri, Speaker of the House. As soon as Justice Hughes was nominated, Champ rushed into print with a signed article, in which he criticised the Republican party for "raiding the courts" for a candidate. Mann took occasion to point out the fact that Clark was the presiding officer of the Democratic Convention that nominated Judge Alton B. Parker of New York, in 1904, and also Chairman of the Committee on notification. Champ with great earnestness at that time pointed out the fact that Judge Parker was a great jurist and that his official duties along this line admirably fitted him for the responsible duties of President. Republican leader Mann so cleverly turned the tables on the Speaker that even the latter had to smile when it was done.

Congressman Cyrus Adams Sulloway of the first New Hampshire district has recently returned from the Granite State. Speaking of the political outlook in that section of the country, he said: "New Hampshire and New England are enthusiastic for Hughes and Fairbanks. The nomination of Justice Hughes was especially pleasing to our people. It means a reunited party and as far as our group of six states is concerned, the only thing to be considered is the size of the majority. Republicans everywhere are enthusiastic and they have a right to be."

Never was disappointment more plainly shown or more keenly felt about the capitol than has been displayed by the Democratic Congressmen and Senators at the outcome of the recent Republican National Convention at Chicago. The discomfiture of the members of that party over the nomination of Hughes was so much in evidence that it was very amusing to Republicans. The Democrats had banked, and staked all their hopes on a big party row at Chicago and when such a splendid outcome resulted, the shock came all the greater. These are very anxious days for many Democratic statesmen, and from every indication they will continue to grow more so.

The Bureau of Labor Statistics of the U. S. Department of Labor has prepared two tables showing changes in number employed in ten manufacturing industries, between April 1915 and April 1916, and the size of the payroll for the same months. The administration statisticians were careful not to make a comparison with April 1914, before the European war broke out, when the laboring man sat on the park bench, sporting the Democratic emblem a patch on the bosom of his dungarees, and fortified his inner man at the soup-cant and in the bread line.

Through letters and news dispatches that reach Washington from all parts of the country, it is evident that practically all former members of the Progressive party are now back in the Republican ranks. Even before the Chicago Convention, it was apparent from registration of voters in the several states, and from primary elections, that nearly all the rank and file of the Progressives had returned to their former party affiliation. A few of the former Progressive leaders were still holding out, but since the nomination of Hughes, even these have given up hope of a future for the Bull Moose party, and have united with their old time political associates in the effort to drive an incompetent administration out of power.

The politeness of a mean man is always more or less put on. The optimist enjoys the fruit and the pessimist slips on the peel. Some men try to get ahead in this world by holding others back.

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.

TO THE ELECTORS OF CHARLEVOIX COUNTY

I wish to announce my candidacy for the office of Representative of the Charlevoix County Legislative district on the Republican ticket at the coming August Primaries. Hoping to meet you personally during the coming months. With my assurance will do all I can to merit your support, thanking you I am Yours truly,

JACOB E. CHEW,
East Jordan, Mich.
From South Arm Twp.

TO THE VOTERS OF CHARLEVOIX COUNTY

I hereby announce myself as a candidate for nomination on the Republican ticket for member of the State Legislature.

If elected I promise to support the Republican Platform, and render faithful service to all the people of my district.

If these sentiments meet with your approval, I will appreciate your support at the Primaries August 29th, 1916.

Respectfully yours,
EDWIN W. ABBOTT.
Boyerne City, Mich.

Silent watches of the night are those we forget to wind.

And some people who are always prepared for the worst remind us of mourners at a funeral.

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.

A thing of beauty is a joy while it continues to win out.

Speaking of tongues—a woman can seldom hold her own.

Every dog has his day, but, like man, they always want more.

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.

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. 1910, 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 45 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 by and before Kirk E. Wicks, 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 assign of the 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 situate and being in the Township of Hudson, County of Charlevoix and State of Michigan, to-wit: The Northeast quarter (1/4) of the Southeast 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.

DO YOU WANT GOOD ROADS?

Do you want a good durable road? Do you expect to get it for nothing?

When you make an investment, do you investigate as to whether it is going to pay or not?

Did you ever decide on a certain plan and then change your mind because you had learned of a better and a cheaper plan?

If you were going to build a bridge, would you build it strong enough to hold the heaviest load you expected to carry over it, or would you not?

If you were going to build a road for your own personal use with your own money and expected to use it for fifty years, would you build a good durable one that would last that length of time, or would you build a cheap one and keep rebuilding it every year.

Remember, it is your own money that is building roads today.

Love may be blind, but the girl's father and the dog seldom need the services of an oculist.

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!—Hite's Drug Store.

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 45 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 in-terest 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 Beardley'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 Capitol 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.

Celebrate the FOURTH at Charlevoix

Harbor Springs, East Jordan and Ellsworth BANDS

WILL FURNISH MUSIC.

Industrial and Special Featured Parade at 10:30 a. m.

"AUTOMOBILE PARADE" "Seeing the Town" at 10:30; formed on Michigan Avenue. Join the Parade.

Base Ball Game Both Forenoon and Afternoon.

Special Entertaining Features to Fill in Balance of the day, including Street Sports, Water Sports etc.

Str. HUM will leave East Jordan as follows: 7:00 a. m., 10 a. m., 7:30 p. m. Returning leave Charlevoix—8:30 a. m., 6:00 p. m., 10:30 p. m.

320 ACRES FOR SALE!

Described as the South Half of Section Eighteen in Warner Twp., Antrim County. This land has all been burned over and is well set to grass. Has a fair house, good well. It joins the Samuel Bricker farm on the south. I have a good title with abstract. No incumbrance on the land. I am going to sell this farm to the first man that makes me a reasonable offer. I will sell it as a half section or will sell it in 160 acres. Go and look it over and make me a cash offer. I will give possession any time as there is no lease on the land. Will consider your offer on time if preferred.

BRUCE HENDERSON, Owner,
Champaign, Illinois.

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

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

PURE MILK

Pasteurized

McCOOL & MATHER
FRESH PASTEURIZED MILK
EAST JORDAN

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



GOOD SHOES is Our Hobby

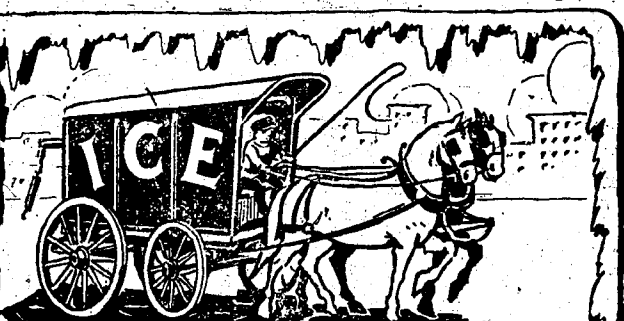
THEY MUST FIT and WEAR.

We have them for Women **Dorothy Dodd**
in the famous

FOR **The Ralston**
MEN

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

CHAS. A. HUDSON
THE SHOE MAN.



PURE ICE

We will fill your refrigerator, and give you good service at a price that is right. Your patronage is solicited.

Call phone 29.

McCool & Mather

Successors to E. E. Brown.

MAY BE QUEEN OF LONELY ISLE IN THE PACIFIC

Miss Emily McCoy Is Descendant
of Bounty Mutineer Who
Settled There.

FATHER IS PRESENT RULER

She Came to America Eight Years Ago
to Study Medicine and Nursing to
Help Her People—Anxious to
Return Now and Take
Up Her Work.

Bridgeport, Conn.—Miss Emily McCoy, a graduate nurse living here, has announced to her friends that after eight years' study and tenderly caring for strangers in their illness, she was going home to her own people, the inhabitants of Pitcairn island, far off in the Pacific.

Miss McCoy looks to be twenty-eight or thirty, though she smilingly refuses to testify as to this, has midnight black hair, soft olive-white skin that suggests sunnier skies than Connecticut's, kindly hazel eyes and a pleasant round face denoting seriousness and intelligence. She is large and competent looking, the kind of woman that a nerve-racked patient likes to see enter the sickroom. To Bridgeport she has been known as a quiet, retiring, ministering angel in times of distress in prominent families.

When her friends inquired where her home was and who her people were, the romance of the South seas came out, though a few of them had known it all along.

A "Princess Royal."
Miss McCoy is the daughter of "King" J. R. McCoy, president of tiny Pitcairn island, which is two and a half miles long—a lot of land in the mid-eastern Pacific ocean, little known even to mariners because of its great distance from other land. It lies south of the Paumotu archipelago and is 300 miles from the nearest member of this group. It is seven miles in circumference, of volcanic origin, with shores rising almost perpendicularly to groves of coconut, plantain, banana, orange and breadfruit. In this tropical paradise Emily McCoy was born, and destined, according to local usage, to become its "queen." Her father and her grandfather had long ruled as "kings" the handful of people.

A glamour of romance hangs about the island and its people from the fact that it was originally settled in 1790 by the mutineers of the English ship Bounty, consisting of Fletcher Christian, the leader of the mutiny, eight Englishmen, six Polynesian men and twelve Polynesian women. It was not until 1808 that the outside world heard of the remarkable colony there. In 1825 Captain Beechey found here a colony of 66 people under the patriarchal rule of John Adams, the only Englishman left, who had risen to the emergency and trained the growing generation in education, religion and husbandry. There were male and female descendants of Adams, Edwin Young, Matthew McCoy and Matthew Quintal, which names, with those of George Hunn Nobbs, who later joined the colony, alone exist today. The colony has been a law-abiding, upright community since its discovery in 1825, when Beechey was astonished to find there a race of people speaking and writing English, living in Arcadian simplicity and devoting themselves to agriculture, religion and music. Only four generations have grown from the founders. Miss McCoy is of the third generation.

Women Vote There.
"Our people are simple in their lives," said Miss McCoy. "There are only 195 souls on the island, and ships seldom visit us unless they need vegetables, and the only ship that we are sure to see is the yearly visit of a British warship, which is not allowed to carry women, the island being within the jurisdiction of the British high commissioner of the Pacific. We have our own little parliament and are self-elected yearly by the votes of both men and women over eighteen years of age. There is no competition for public office, and my father and grandfather have held the office for years."

"There has never been a resident physician on the island, for there is little sickness among us, and the people know almost nothing of medicine as it is practiced outside. It was because of the suffering of my mother before her death that I determined to go away and study medicine and nursing that I might be of more use to my people. Leaving everything, including the young man to whom I was engaged, I went on a ship that happened to touch there, to Samoa, the home of Robert Louis Stevenson, and studied in the medical mission there for a number of years until I felt that I knew enough, to really be of service. Then arose the problem of getting back to lonely little Pitcairn island, lost in the waste of the ocean and seldom visited. I came to San Francisco, expecting that from there I should stand a better chance of getting a ship that would touch there.

"For nine months I was in California waiting, and finally, seeing no chance, I decided to improve my time by continuing my studies of medicine, dentistry and nursing, and wrote to a

friend in Philadelphia whose husband, a doctor, had once visited Pitcairn. The doctor told me to come East to Battle Creek, Mich., where he was going, and take a postgraduate course in nursing there. This I did. I was enjoying myself seeing the wonders of America. Everything was strange. I have stood and looked up at the big buildings in Chicago and New York and wondered if I was dreaming. At home we live in little thatched one-story houses, very neat and pretty, but without stairs. I never saw stairs until I came to America, and I am not quite used to them after eight years.

Wants to Go Back.
"After graduating from Battle Creek I came East with a patient and finally to New York and Bridgeport, where I have been since. But always I have wanted to get back. Always I have watched for ships that would surely touch at Pitcairn. In the meantime my people there have gone on much as they always have, living their beautiful lives. There is no money in circulation there, none of the crimes of the big outside world, no intoxicants, and though they raise tobacco no one smokes. There is no discussion of suffrage arguments because women have always voted. I have seldom heard from them; it was over a year the last time that I waited for a letter from home, and they waited for a ship to come and get it. One of the few letters brought me news of the death of the young man to whom I was engaged. When the Panama canal was opened it promised a short cut to the island, with the probability that some ships would land at my home, and I determined to go. But recently, when I had made plans, there came a slide in the canal and I have been waiting now for that to be cleared.

"I want to get back and begin caring for my own. Though I am not a physician I know enough about medicine to take care of ordinary cases, and there is no law there against my doing it. I have done all sorts of dental work except gold fillings."

Miss McCoy hopes to help develop her island. Twenty-eight kinds of fruit are grown there, and she thinks a canning factory would pay. The climate is ideal; she never saw snow until she reached California. As women vote in her island there is no reason why a woman shouldn't be president, and though she says she isn't going after the job, she might not refuse it, because it would enable her to be of more service. She is very fond of music, as are the Tahitian people, and she will carry back with her a piano. The only other musical instrument on the island is an organ, given to the natives by Queen Victoria many years ago.

Although the young man to whom she was engaged is dead, and there are more women than men on the island, there are still eligible young

men there, she admitted when denying with merry eyes that she was going to take back anyone with her. No one is allowed to land there and settle from the outside world, but she said she thought that should she take back a captive he would probably be admitted for the sake of getting her back with her medical, dental and nursing knowledge.

KNOWS EXACT DAY OF BIRTH

Centenarian of Blackfoot Tribe Probably Only Indian in Country Who Does.

Browning, Mont.—O-Kop O-Nee, centenarian of the Blackfoot tribe, Glacier National park reservation, probably is the only living Indian who knows the exact day of his birth. Most Indians figure they are "about so old,"



O-Kop O-Nee.

figuring so many "moons." But O-Kop O-Nee came into this world the day his father, a noted chief, passed to the happy hunting grounds. A priest, who lived among the Blackfoot tribe, chiseled a headstone for the chief's grave, and on it he put the date. The date chiseled on the grave of the Blackfoot chief says "May 13, 1815." The idea of establishing a national Indian day for all tribes of Red Men to celebrate simultaneously throughout the country, was first advocated 20 years ago by O-Kop O-Nee, who is a linguist, and has for many years taken a decided interest in his red brethren of many tribes.

John Goes Begging.
Marionette, Wis.—Because the government is unable to get a postmaster to serve at Washington Har-

Patriotic Preparedness PARADE at TRAVERSE CITY JULY 4TH

3 BIG BANDS 3
Grand Army of the Republic
Spanish War Veterans
12 Lodges 1000 Business Men
100 Boy Scouts 250 Automobiles
50 Floats
Ball Game and Matinee Races in Afternoon
at the Fair Grounds.

EXCURSIONS on All Trains running
to Traverse City.

Everybody Come and Welcome

FEW STEEL HELMETS USED

Type Selected by British Government
Condemned as Unsuitable
In Service.

London.—Although it is quite a long time since the war office became convinced that steel helmets are perhaps the most useful detail in a soldier's equipment and, notwithstanding the French reported as the result of their experiences in the Champagne battles that these headpieces made a reduction in the casualties of almost ten per cent, comparatively few are in use by the British forces.

The delay is due, so it is said, to the number of types with which the British war office has been experimenting. The one fixed upon at the outset, which is still in use, has been condemned as unsuitable. It is too heavy and lacks the necessary leather lining of the French headgear, which is very serviceable, and also very handsome. It is light blue, to match the men's uniforms. Every officer and soldier in the French army wears the steel headpiece. In the Verdun fighting General Potain is never seen without his helmet.

The German military authorities have been even more dilatory in providing this kind of protection for their men than the British. It has been furnished in a few regiments, but the percentage of men using them is very small.

LITTLE BOY SAVES HIS HOME

South Dakota Lad Fights Fire and
Climbs on Chair to Telephone
for Help.

Lead, S. D.—Nerve and pluck exhibited by the five-year-old son of Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Mitchell saved both himself and the family home from destruction by fire, although the child was nearly overcome when the firemen rescued him.

The little fellow had been left alone with a playmate while his parents were out, and they commenced to play with matches. Soon the bed was afire and the flames spread.

The other little boy ran out, but the Mitchell child fought the flames with small pails of water, in the meantime climbing on a chair to reach the telephone, by which he notified the fire department. Chemicals quickly extinguished the blaze.

Starve the Fly.

Paterson, N. J.—Starving has been added to swatting in the anti-fly campaign here. The health department advises householders to wrap up all food so that the housefly will fall of sustenance.

RAZORBACKS ARE ALMOST EXTINCT

Civil War Order Increased Original Doves of Wild Hogs in Ozarks.

YIELD TO BETTER STOCK

Generations of Continuous Inbreeding and Foraging for Food Caused Original Thoroughbreds to Revert to Wild State.

Kansas City, Mo.—From 50 to 75 years ago the Ozarks were sparsely settled. People did not raise hogs, but let them raise themselves. When the larder was empty, instead of going to the well-kept pigpen and killing a family pet that was sleek and fat, they took down the gun and went forth in the forest to stalk and slay an animal with the body of a sunfish and the head of an antelope.

It is thickly covered with bristles, those along the vertebrae being little short of spines. In other words, it is the razorback hog of the Ozarks, which, when fully grown and thoroughly aroused, is about as formidable in a fight as his prototype, the wild boar of Russia. He is the descendant of the few real hogs that were brought into the country by the earliest settlers and turned out to shift for themselves.

A dozen generations of continuous inbreeding and predatory foraging for wild food will cause any thoroughbred hog to revert to what the razorback really is, a wild hog.

The Civil war was the cause of large accessions to the numbers of razorbacks until, a dozen years later, they ranged the country in great droves.

Under order No. 11 the farm lands of the four best counties on the western border of Missouri were depopulated in 15 days. Very few of these people were able to take their hogs with them. As the winter storms of a couple of months later came down on them from the north the pigs would naturally drift ahead of the weather, until they found themselves in the timber of the Ozarks, with an abundance of acorns and nuts, their favorite wild food.

Missouri Hogs to Mountains.

So far as order No. 11 is responsible for the relapse of Missouri hogs into Arkansas razorbacks is concerned, I freely admit, writes a correspondent of the Star, that it is largely conjectural and theoretical; but a dozen years later, with the advent of the red leg grasshoppers, came another epoch in the history of the razorbacks.

The grasshopper scourge struck the Missouri valley in 1875 and cleaned up and destroyed all vegetation—so completely that meadows, farms and lawns all had the appearance of plowed ground. Very few people who had hogs had anything for them to eat. They were therefore forced to ship every fat hog to the packers "to save their lives," and every stock hog to districts beyond the country devastated by the hoppers.

In the spring of 1876 the eggs left in the ground by the hoppers the fall before hatched out in numbers sufficient to eat every sign of greenness that showed itself up to June. Then they arose in clouds that darkened the sun and departed. In the meantime our hog territory was practically without a hog and there was consequently a scramble to keep our market going with hogs for the packers, and an even greater one on the part of the raiser to restock his place with young ones to grow into money.

Shippers went to the Ozarks and soon a stream of razorbacks poured into our market; just how many they bought and paid somebody for, and how many they "annexed" I never knew, but for a time they were thick enough at the yards to make us very tired of razorbacks.

Razorback Has Seen His Day.

The packers took the old hogs at a price somewhat below that of good hogs and we got rid of them all right, but the pigs were so thin and small that they seemed to melt away through the cracks in the fences and under the gates. Every load of them was represented by claims for shortage from the count into the yards. When I say that fifty fat hogs were a fair load for one of the 30-foot cars then in use and that I counted out of one of the same sized cars 937 razorbacks the reader may get an idea of what they were to handle. The shipper had built into the car two extra decks or floors, but even then there were more than six times as many to the deck as of ordinary hogs.

The industry did not last long, as the stock hogs required about three times as long to mature, and, of course, three times as much feed, and they would not do at all to restock a farm, being inferior in every respect to what the market demands as a desirable hog, and they were soon crowded out by importations from territory that was stocked with good breeds.

The razorback has seen his day, and in a few decades more will become extinct as the buffalo; yielding his place to the Berkshire and Magee, as the buffalo has to the Hereford and the Shorthorn.

Lives Up to His Name.

Tarrytown, N. Y.—Because Earl G. Forgot lived up to his name and forgot to hang a license on his automobile he had to pay \$10 in court.

MEN ARE REMADE FOR WAR

Two Instances of Remarkable Mechanical Surgery Are Told—Improved Artificial Limbs.

London.—One of the results of the war has been the enormously improved method in the manufacture of mechanical limbs both here and in France and Germany.

According to Surgeon-Major Gampfer of the Swiss army it is a fact that the Germans have devised remarkably ingenious arrangements for patching up disabled and crippled men. Lecturing at Bulach on cases that had actually come under his personal notice in Germany, Surgeon-Major Gampfer declares that he saw such wonderful artificial legs of German invention that soldiers fitted with them were able to rejoin the cavalry for active service.

They sat on their horses as well and as easily as if they still possessed a sound pair of legs and could do as quickly, smartly and thoroughly any feat required of a perfectly able-bodied man.

A well-known case in England is that of Lord Lucas, who was wounded early in the war in Flanders, with the result that he lost a leg. An artificial limb was fitted so successfully that Lord Lucas was able to transfer his services to the Royal Flying corps and is now serving with that branch of the service as a fully qualified pilot somewhere in Egypt.

TRAGIC BRIDE OF REBEL



Grace Gifford, the gentle-bred Irish girl who married Joseph Plunkett, the Sinn Fein rebellion leader who was among the first of the revolutionists to be executed, in the condemned cell just a few hours before he was shot as a traitor. The photograph is a copy from a beautiful portrait of the girl-wife painted by William Orpen, A. R. A.

FEAR U. S. HEIRESS INVASION

British Mothers Flustered Over Prospects for Their Marriageable Daughters.

London.—English mothers of marriageable daughters are worrying over their daughters' prospects, according to a writer in the Liverpool Daily Post. Not only is the war decreasing the supply of eligible men, but fears are expressed that American girls with fortunes made in war stocks behind them, will come over after the war and carry off the titled prizes.

"They are making pots of money in the states," the mother of a young woman of nineteen is quoted as saying, "and after the war the marriageable daughter of every new plutocrat will come over with her mamma just to buy an English husband. Think of the distinction, not only in New York but in St. Louis or Denver or Chicago, of importing a husband not only connected with our peerage but who has been under fire! Mamma will make a deal with someone in English society to introduce her daughter, adding the promise of a further big check on a graduated scale according to the rank of the man she marries. I believe it would pay me better to run an American heiress than to speculate in rubber."

The writer asks if it is possible to institute "Protection for Eligible English Girls."

SKINS BATS FOR LIVELIHOOD

California Trapper Has Just Delivered 1,000 Tiny Pelts to Be Used in Making Coat Collar.

San Francisco.—According to Henri Le Bugi, a Live Oak, Cal., trapper, he has delivered an order for 1,000 bat skins to a large New York fur house for which he has been trapping for years.

The skins were secured from a peculiar species of bats found in a large cave in the Marysville Buttes. The bats were secured during the winter months, the trapper consuming several months in their preparation for shipment.

He says he received a check for \$400 from the New York firm and a letter thanking him for securing the bat skins.

The tiny pelts were used to make a collar for an expensive coat, which cost the owner \$2,500.

CHARLEVOIX COUNTY HERALD

G. A. Lisk, Publisher
ONE DOLLAR PER YEAR

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

REVIVES THOSE BELIEVED DEAD

New Serum Discovered at Johns Hopkins Causes Heart to React.

WORKING ON A NEW THEORY

Will Revolutionize the Treatment of Persons Apparently Dead From Drowning or Asphyxiation—After Effects Serious in Some Cases.

Baltimore, Md.—A departure in medical science which, if successful, will revolutionize the treatment of persons apparently dead from drowning or asphyxiation is now being experimented with at the Johns Hopkins hospital.

The new treatment will be the injection of a serum to stimulate the blood to such an extent as will form a reaction of the heart. This will keep the person alive until the apparatus perfected some time ago to clear the lungs can be put into use.

The serum has been tried on a number of animals in the laboratories of the institution, and in a number of cases has proved successful. However, in most of the cases there have been after-effects such as high blood pressure or hardening of the arteries.

According to the physicians, if the serum can be perfected, and there is every assurance at this time that it can, the serum can be injected in the person several hours after the accident and restore the persons to life.

In one case, on an animal, the serum was injected four hours after the drowning took place and the animal was brought back to life, but died later of a high blood pressure.

The physicians for more than three years have worked on the theory that the heart in drowned or asphyxiated persons is still active, in a way, for some time after the accident, and that if the organ can be kept in that state until the patient can be treated to clear the lungs hundreds of persons who are given up as dead can be saved.

Restore Freezing Victims.

Some time ago a New York physician claimed to have perfected a machine to be used in restoring life to persons frozen to death. The apparatus was tried in a number of cases in the Arctic regions and, according to the accounts, met with some success. It was only a short time after this that the physician at the Johns Hopkins hospital invented a machine to restore to life those apparently dead from drowning. The machine proved successful on animals that could be put under treatment immediately after the accident.

INDIAN WANTS CITY LAND

Educated Pottawatomie Thinks He Has a Good Title to Property in Elkhart.

Elkhart, Ind.—It is reported here that Charles Harman, an attorney at Cassopolis, Mich., has been retained by an educated Pottawatomie Indian to prepare to claim property in the heart of Elkhart worth at least \$1,000,000. Present owners of the property say they are not alarmed, declaring the court decided the case three-quarters of a century ago. Pierre Morain, otherwise known as Pershing, was allotted Section 5 of Concord township, "and two other sections" by the treaty of Chicago. In 1826 he formally petitioned the president of the United States for permission to sell Section 5 to get means to improve his remaining land. President John Quincy Adams granted the petition. Certain technical steps in the transfer from Morain were not fully perfected, and in later years Morain attempted to recover the land. It is believed the Cassopolis report has reference to some descendants' desire to purchase this old claim.

COWS GET TIPSY ON BEER

Drink Fluid When It is Poured into Stream by Sheriff in Charge of Defunct Brewery.

Pottsville, Pa.—Judge Brumm has heard but not decided a suit for several thousand dollars' damages against Sheriff P. J. Murphy, who emptied more than 1,000 barrels of beer belonging to the Schuylkill Heim Brewing company into a stream.

The brewery management is bankrupt and the sheriff, who was in charge, was informed that the beer was spoiled. The trustees of the brewery declare that the beer was sold, and that the sheriff should have collected the money before it spoiled.

Cows which drank out of a stream that was temporarily flushed with the beer acted unaccountably frisky and mystified their owners until the facts became known.

Presbyterian Church Notes

Robert S. Sidebotham, Pastor.
Sunday, July 2, 1916.
10:30 a. m.—Communion Service.
11:45 a. m.—Sunday School.
6:30 p. m.—Christian Endeavor.
7:30 p. m.—What makes a Nation Great?

ECHO BRIEFS

Hay promises to be a fair crop and corn is beginning to pick up.

Miss Loyisa Hickcox of Bellaire is visiting her aunt, Mrs. Elmer Murray this week.

A Representative of the Grand Rapids News has been making his annual calls on the patrons of this neighborhood this week.

Miss Kate DeBrael came up from Charlevoix where she has employment, on Saturday, and visited friends in this vicinity returning Tuesday morning.

Mr. and Mrs. Scott Bartholomew and son, Carol, and Mrs. Alvin Barclay were guests of Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Murray on Sunday.

The Rev. John Clemens will preach at the Bennett school house on Sunday (July 2) at 3 o'clock p. m., every one is cordially invited.

Mr. and Mrs. Thos. Bartholomew, Mrs. Mary King and Miss Hazel Walker visited at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Neilman on Sunday.

Mrs. Mary Bartholomew visited Mrs. James Thompson on Sunday.

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.



St. Joseph's Church

Rev. Timothy Kroboth.
Sunday, July 2.
10:30 a. m. High mass.
7:30 p. m. Devotions and Benediction.
Friday, July 7, First Friday.
5 and 6 a. m. Holy Communion.
8:00 a. m. mass.
7:30 p. m. Sacred Heart Devotions, Benediction.
8:00 p. m. meeting of the Holy Name Society.

First Methodist Episcopal Church

Rev. John Clemens, Pastor.
Sunday, July 2, 1916.
10:30 a. m.—Regular Service.
11:45 a. m.—Sunday School.
6:30 p. m.—Epworth League.
7:30 p. m.—Regular service. Mr. Amos Bogart of Kingsley will preach. Regular Prayer service Thursday evening.

School Commissioner's Notes

Mey L. Stewart, Commissioner

That long delayed shipment of certificates for four months of perfect attendance has finally arrived from Chicago. These are the ones with the red roses on that the boys and girls like so well. 241 of them were sent this week to deserving students all over the county.

Had we put in the paper before that Joseph Whiteford, DeWitt Patterson and Clarence Dewey were each hired again in their respective districts with substantial increases in salary?

At the picnic in East Chandler the students dramatized the "Birds of Killingworth." It was well done and will teach the participants to love our songsters.

Wallon Lake expect to complete the two necessary changes for the receiving of a "Standard School" Plate at once. An extra plate has been on hand for some time. The rule is that a plate is never sent out from Lansing

except upon special word from the Commissioner that a school is all ready. The extra plate was sent last November after Miss Becker's visit because she reported that Norwood lacked only the remodeling of their light arrangements. The plate was to be withheld until all the requirements were met. We are now wondering which school will win this plate.

Miss Emma Nachazel will attend Ferris Institute this year.

The additional diplomas to eighth grade students were mailed this week. They are by this time in the hands of their owners.

A set of affidavits for use in district elections were mailed to 69 school officers on Wednesday.

Blanks for triplicate reports of township clerks are stamped ready for mailing to the 15 townships. They will be held in the office until July 1st.

Eveline No. 5 has submitted plans to the department and have received return recommendations on the same.

South Arm No. 3 is awaiting an order for extra high window frames.

Miss Lola Rothenberger will teach the Robinson school next year.

Miss Catherine LaLonde has been engaged in the Mountain School district.

The Chapel roll call in Ypsilanti will include the following Charlevoix county girls: Misses Ruth Dell, Myra Poole, and Mable Thayer of Boyne City; Misses Mina and Leden Stewart, Ethel Crowell, Fae Warden, Mildred Drescher, Ada Coleman and Ruth Durfee of East Jordan.

The Misses Jessie Barkley, Eunice Liskum, Agatha Kenny, Norma Johnson of East Jordan will be in Mt. Pleasant this summer. Miss Vivia Keller will be home one night after returning from her school in Boyne Valley, then takes the train for Mt. Pleasant to attend the Normal. She will return to her school in Boyne Valley this fall. They will be joined on the Normal campus by the following Boyne City girls: Misses Phyllis Shepard, Alta Vogg, Muriel Kerry, Golda Jensen, Lola Rothenberger and Miss Gladys Greenhoe of Clarion.

EAST JORDAN LUMBER CO. STORE

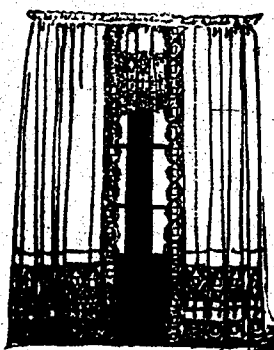
Housecleaning Time

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

CURTAIN CLOTHS

Scrimms Muslins
Marquissettes 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

Born to Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Carpenter a son, June 29th.

Organ Recital at the Presbyterian Church this Friday evening, June 30th. Miss Louise Loveday will assist with readings.

Then there's the tender-hearted father who refuses to let his darling son enlist, but buys him a low-necked racing car.

Pharmacist Arthur Gidley of Central Lake will be at his brother's drug store here during Top-sergeant Gidley's absence with Company "I."

East Jordan will have a Circus on Saturday, July 22nd. Mr. Haskins, representing Sun Brothers was here Friday making arrangements.

Pharmacist Ford Robbins of Boyne Falls is in charge of the W. C. Spring Drug Co. Store during the absence of Lieutenant Spring with Company "I."

East Jordan will furnish two bands for Fourth of July celebrations this year. The Military Band goes to Petoskey and the High School Band to Charlevoix.

All ladies interested in our local Civic Society are urged to attend a meeting of that organization to be held with Mrs. W. A. Stone next Thursday afternoon at 2:30.

Hilton Hunter of Emlenton, Pa., nephew of W. H. Sloan, is here and will fill the position occupied by Sergeant Holliday of Company "I" during his absence on duty.

Supt. and Mrs. L. P. Holliday left Tuesday for Hillsdale for a visit with the latter's parents. From there they go to New York where Supt. Holliday enters Columbia University for the summer term.

The D. & C. R. R. will run an excursion to Camp Ferris this Sunday, leaving here at 8:30 a. m., and returning leave the Camp at 6:00 p. m. Tickets at regular fare from East Jordan, road trip \$3.20.

Contractors Clark & Rogers have secured construction contracts at Flint, that will keep them engaged for the better part of a year. Mrs. Clark and Mrs. Rogers, with children, left Wednesday to join their husbands there.

Kirkpatrick's Studio will remain open during the absence of Private Kirkpatrick with our Company "I." Mrs. Kirkpatrick has secured Mrs. J. C. Lehman, a graduate of the Bissel College of Ohio, to assist in the work.

The Board of Supervisors adjourned their June session, Thursday. Among the business transacted was the election of Supervisor Wm. F. Bashaw as representative to the State Board of Equalization which convenes at Lansing.

Rev. M. B. Kilpack, Rector in charge of Christ Episcopal Church of Charlevoix was here yesterday in order to make arrangements for holding services at the Episcopal Church. Services will commence on Sunday, July 9th at 3 o'clock p. m. All who are interested in the services of the Episcopal Church are cordially invited to attend.

Elaine, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Blaine Harrington, passed away last Saturday evening after an illness of about six weeks. She was one year old last Saturday. The funeral services were held at the home Tuesday morning, conducted by Rev. John Clemens. Corporal Harrington was with Company "I," on duty at Camp Ferris, and was given an absence of leave for one week.

Private Kenneth K. Ward of Company "I," and Miss Florence Wiley, teacher in the public school at Deward, were united in marriage at the home of the bride's parents at Rosebush (near Mt. Pleasant) last week Wednesday, June 21st. Private Ward was ordered back with his company last Saturday, and the bride is at present guest at the home of his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Ward in this city.

Saturday, June 24th at 4 p. m., Wm. J. Schroeder and Miss Florence Burns, of Huntsville, Ont., were married at the home of the grooms parents, Mr. and Mrs. John Schroeder, in Echo Township Antrim Co. The young couple were attended by Volorus Bartholomew and Miss Wilhelmina Schroeder. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. R. S. Sidebotham of the Presbyterian church of East Jordan. The Presbyterian ring service being used. The wedding march was played by Mrs. Harry Webster of East Jordan. The bride was gown in white embroidered net over folds of white silk, with Venice pointed lace, the bridal veil was full length, gathered at the head with orange blossoms. The room was daintily decorated with ferns, white lilies and roses. About thirty guests were present, including Miss Augusta Schroeder of Flint, Mr. and Mrs. Thos. Trimble and Mr. and Mrs. Harry Webster of East Jordan. After the ceremony a bountiful wedding supper was served. Mr. and Mrs. Schroeder will make their home at Flint.

Miss Helen Peck is home from Detroit.

Elwyn Sundstedt is employed at the E. J. & S. depot.

Mr. and Mrs. L. C. Madison drove to Boyne City, Tuesday.

Miss Leto Stewart returned home from Detroit, Monday.

Mrs. H. J. Boyd entertained the Whist Club, Wednesday.

Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Gunn left Wednesday for Grand Rapids.

Miss Rosabell Danto is visiting relatives at Petoskey, this week.

Frost Robertson returned home from Cleveland, Ohio, Wednesday.

Geo. Grennon arrived Monday from Detroit for a visit with relatives here.

Mrs. Jacob Stafford of Norwood is visiting friends in the city this week.

Mrs. W. A. Stone entertained the Civics Society, Thursday afternoon.

Mrs. Eugene Hill of Elk Rapids is guest at the home of her son, A. K. Hill.

Mr. and Mrs. E. A. Ashley and Mrs. Geo. Glenn drove to Petoskey, Thursday.

Mr. and Mrs. David Burney and children of Detroit are here visiting relatives.

Att'y D. L. Wilson is at Charlevoix this week attending the Supervisors meeting.

Miss Grace White leaves this Saturday for Big Rapids to attend Ferris Institute.

Mrs. Owen Schoolcraft of Traverse City is guest of Mr. and Mrs. A. K. Hill, this week.

Rev. and Mrs. E. E. Sprague of Elk Rapids are visiting friends in the city, this week.

Mrs. Bert Hughes entertained the Pythian Sisters at her home Thursday afternoon.

Mr. and Mrs. W. Wolfson of Boyne City were guests of Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Weisman, Sunday.

The Pythian Sisters gave a farewell party for Mrs. Henry Clark at her home Tuesday evening.

Miss Blanche Zoulek entertained the graduating class of 1914, at her home last Friday evening.

The Holy Name base-ball team will cross bats with the Mancelona city team on Sunday afternoon.

Mrs. B. E. Waterman will leave first of next week for Galesburg, Mich., for a visit with her parents.

Misses Marjorie and Agnes Smith of Petoskey are guests at the home of Dr. and Mrs. H. W. Dicken.

Miss Selma Olson will return to Grand Rapids, Saturday, after a two weeks visit here with her parents.

Mrs. L. Bergman and son, Fritz, left Monday for Ann Arbor to attend the graduation of her son, Alfred.

Miss Ida Price returned home from Manitowac, Wis., Wednesday, where she has been visiting relatives.

H. Rosenthal and Mrs. Rosenthal's mother, Mrs. S. Golden and children drove to Boyne City, Wednesday.

Rev. J. W. Ruehle returned home from Grand Junction, Tuesday, where he has been attending a convention.

Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Lancaster leave this Sunday for a few day's visit with friends at Spring Lake and other points.

Mrs. J. D. Champion returned to her home at White Cloud, Monday, after a visit with her daughter, Mrs. Will Hawkins.

Mrs. Harry Sloan and children left Friday for their home at Sidney, Ohio, after several weeks visit here with relatives.

A. J. Wilhelm and family and Miss Marie Smith of Traverse City were guests of Mr. and Mrs. E. L. Burdick, this week.

L. A. Hoyt left last Saturday for Detroit, to visit his daughter, Mrs. Jos. Junget, Mrs. Hoyt and daughter are there also.

Mr. and Mrs. Bacon of San Francisco, Cal., are guests of Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Clark and other friends. They were formerly of this city.

Mrs. Clyde Dewey and son are expected over from Bellaire, Saturday for a visit with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Herman Goodman.

M. S. Berger and Lawrence Lemieux of the Metropole Orchestra were at Aiden, Thursday furnishing music for the opening of the pavilion.

Dr. and Mrs. Geo. K. Wilson returned to their home at Streator, Ill., Tuesday, after a visit with the former's brother, Att'y D. L. Wilson.

Oral Misenar and the Misses Nelle and Winnifred Maddaugh are assisting at the East Jordan Lumber Co. Store during the semi-annual inventory.

Those attending the Methodist Epworth League Convention this week at Boyne City are: Cecile Coulthard, Hazel Heath, Cora Heath, Helen Ward, Pearl Snyder, Beatrice Shehey, Charlotte Gothro, Ula Dewey, Sylvia Hall and Rev. John Clemens.

Miss Francina Roy of Sturgis is here visiting relatives.

A. W. Clark is receiving a visit from his brother, W. B. Clark.

Miss Ella Barnett returned home from Sault Ste Marie, last week.

Mrs. John Dolezel and children visited her parents at Mancelona over Sunday.

Miss Helen Stroebel left Wednesday for Saginaw, for a visit with her grandparents.

Mr. and Mrs. D. E. Goodman drove to Traverse City on business the first of the week.

Mrs. Effie Johnson went to Charlevoix, Monday, where she will spend the summer.

Clare Coulter of Charlevoix was guest of his grandmother, Mrs. M. E. Heston, Monday.

Mrs. John Waterman left Thursday, for Holland, Mich., where she will spend the summer.

Misses Mary and Grace Weldy left Friday for a month's visit with relatives at Logansport, Ind.

Carl Holbrook of Clare, Mich., is guest at the home of Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Palmer, this week.

Miss Rose Zeitler who visited friends here last week returned to her home at Charlevoix, Monday.

Mrs. Chas. Waterman and sons of Buffalo, N. Y., are visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. E. Smatts.

Harry Sweet of Flint is here for a visit with his mother, Mrs. W. A. Sweet and other relatives.

Mrs. Wm. Page and children left Saturday morning for Muskegon, where Mr. Page has employment.

Mrs. Thomas Whiteford and son, Herald, went to Flint, Monday, where Mr. Whiteford is employed.

Mrs. Samuel Whiteford went to Deward, Monday, for a visit with her son, Carl Whiteford and family.

Miss Eva Mackey, who has been spending some time at Anaheim, Cal. is at present at Long Beach, Cal.

Miss Isabella Sidebotham of Bay City is guest at the home of her brother, Rev. R. S. Sidebotham and family.

Misses Marie and Doris Smith of Mackinaw City, are guests at the home of their sister, Mrs. C. V. Trumbull.

Mr. and Mrs. Will Doerr and son of Mancelona, were guests of the former's sister, Mrs. John Whiteford, last week.

Dr. and Mrs. C. H. Pray and son, Robert, spent the latter part of last week at Mancelona visiting her parents.

James C. Thomas, who has been visiting his sister, Mrs. H. C. Swafford, returned to his home at Westville, Ind. Monday.

Misses Eunice Liskum, Jessie Barkley and Vivie Keller left Saturday for Mt. Pleasant, where they will attend summer school.

Mrs. Ward Ainsley, who has been guest of Mr. and Mrs. C. Maddaugh, left Tuesday for a visit with relatives at Mackinac Island.

Mrs. Perry Snook and daughter arrived last Friday from Manistique, for a visit with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Walter Hunsberger.

During the absence of Company "I" C. C. Mack will have charge of the Armory. Those desiring to rent it for any purpose should see him.

The Chicago Board of Trade is planning to raise a regiment. If the bears on the board will enlist we can go to Mexico with our own bull fighters.

Mr. and Mrs. Ed. Smith of Boyne City, Mr. and Mrs. F. A. Butler and Mr. and Mrs. Fred Alexander of Charlevoix were guests of Mr. and Mrs. A. K. Hill, Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. James Shay and Mrs. W. S. Carr drove to Boyne City, Wednesday evening. They were accompanied home by Miss Eunice Carr, who has been there visiting her sister, Mrs. K. Bader.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Harrington are receiving a visit from their daughter, Mrs. John Pelton, of Ashville, N. C., and Mrs. Harrington's sister, Mrs. Frank Brannock of Cheboygan together with the latter's grand-daughter, Miss Jennie Cook. Mrs. J. A. Caulder, with children, are expected here this Saturday from Moose Jaw, Sask.

Supt. and Mrs. Oral M. Misenar and baby, together with Mrs. Misenar's sister, Miss Audrey St. John, came up from Northville, Monday. Mr. Misenar has just completed his first year's work at Northville as Superintendent of the Public Schools, and returns there for another year. During the summer months he will attend Columbia University.

The examination reports show that the Pleasant Valley eighth grade class and their teacher, Mary Weldy, succeeded in their work. The class consisted of four members. Each of them received a diploma and the two boys, Bruce Deits and James Odell received the highest marks of any boys in the county on the State Fair examination. Bruce received the highest mark. Therefore he was chosen to attend the Boys' Camp at the State Fair in Detroit this fall.

More than six million pounds of chicle were imported last year for chewing gum. If we don't look out our jaws will strike for an eight-hour day.

The members of the W. R. C. and G. A. R. gave a farewell party and banquet at their hall last Friday afternoon, in honor of Company "I." Covers were laid for one hundred and thirty. The tables being decorated with roses, daisies and flags. Rev. John Clemens gave an address and also Lieutenant W. C. Spring. All reported a very enjoyable time.

Maj. George N. Evans, during 32 years as disbursing officer, Department of the Interior, Washington, has handled \$400,000,000 without error or loss, either to the government or himself.

A Kansas City, Mo., newspaper man who is able to go in for fancy farming, has more than 70 varieties of iris growing in his yard and garden. The colors include yellow, blue, pink and bronze.

A fly of a window pane will crawl to the top, fly back to the bottom and crawl up again. This order is seldom reversed. It is on record that a fly crawled up a window pane 32 times returning each time a-wing.

More than 30,000 coyotes, including pups; more than 1,000 wolves, and 61 mountain lions, the numbers on which Montana paid bounties last year, give that state a fairly attractive hue for those who like to squirt along a barrel and pull the trigger.

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

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

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

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

Anything is wrong that is almost right.

Ladies' Fine Summer Dresses

A Large Assortment at Low Prices—Ready for Your Inspection.

Children's White Wash Dresses

Complete assortment at Low Prices.



3 This Season's Suits 3

Black Taffeta, Size 16; Shepherd Checks, sizes 16 & 38.

These Suits to be close out at 1/4 off regular price or even greater reduction.

QUALITY WEISMAN SERVICE

PYTHIAN CLUB—the 5c Cigar with Havana filler.

DON'T GIVE AWAY your old rubbers, scrap iron, rags and junk. Take 1 to HARRY KLING and get the top-notch price.

Those contemplating the purchase of a Monument can save money by interviewing Mrs. George Sherman who is local agent for a well known manufacturer of high grade monuments.

FOR SALE—35 H. P. Mitchell Roadster, fine condition, taken in exchange for Chevrolet, a big bargain.—HALLS AUTO INN

Our Fourth of July SALE

IS NOW IN PROGRESS.

How about a Suit for yourself and boy. A Dress for the lady, girl and child. Why not have your clothing when you need it for the Fourth and SAVE DOLLARS at this sale.

Don't hesitate—but come and take advantage of this cut price event which will last only till Tuesday, July 4th.

The following are a few of the many hundreds of Bargains to be seen at this sale:—

Ladies' Ready-To-Wear APPAREL



Ladies and Misses spring Coats in navy and in light novelties at a quick sale, \$3.39.

A few ladies and Misses Suits and Coats. values \$18 up to \$24.50, to go at \$13.98.

Infants white Coats in pique and in cashmere some lined with outing, others with sateen, \$2 values at \$1.19

Ladies Skirts in two lots. Lot 1 consists of navy wool serge also wool novelty Skirts, values \$3.50 and \$4; for \$2.19

Lot two includes the best Skirts in the store, values \$5 up to \$8, at \$3.57.

Ladies and Misses, juniors and childrens dresses at great savings for nine days.



Boys navy striped suits, knicker pants, semi-norfolk style sizes up to 17 years, why pay \$3 elsewhere \$1.98.

Boys finest suits in the store including the pinch-back garments, also all wool blue serge suit pants, lined throughout values \$7 to \$7.50, at \$4.98.

One lot of mens and young mens Khaki pants with or without cuffs, \$1.50 values 98c per pair.

Mens and young mens dress Pants, values \$2.25 and \$2.50, for \$1.79.

Mens and young mens dress Pants, values \$3 and \$3.50 for \$2.39.

Mens and young mens dress pants, values \$4.50 and \$5 for \$3.39.

H. Rosenthal Proprietor THE LEADER Madison Blk. Main St. East Jordan

The GIRL and the GAME

A Story of Mountain Railroad Life
By FRANK H. SPEARMAN

AUTHOR OF "WHISPERING SMITH," "THE MOUNTAIN DIVIDE," "STRATEGY OF GREAT RAILROADS," ETC.

NOVELIZED FROM THE MOVING PICTURE PLAY OF THE SAME NAME. PRODUCED BY THE SIGNAL FILM CORPORATION. COPYRIGHT, 1915, BY FRANK H. SPEARMAN.

SYNOPSIS.

Little Helen Holmes, daughter of General Holmes, railroad man, is rescued from imminent danger on a scenic railroad, by George Storm, a newsboy. Grown to young womanhood Helen makes a spectacular double rescue of Storm, now a freight fireman, and of her father and his friends, Amos Rhineland, financier, and Robert Seagrue, promoter, from a threatened collision between a passenger train and a runaway freight.

CHAPTER II.

A fight among the directors—and a bitter fight—had been indicated from the moment the allotment of the stock issue of the new Copper Range and Tidewater cut-off line was discussed. It was not alone that the territory of the proposed cut-off was rich in traffic. The survey made by Holmes' engineers through a wild country, hitherto reputed inaccessible, had developed a low-grade pass through the Superstition mountains that would put the Tidewater's active rival—the Colorado and Coast line—with its heavy grades and curves, at a serious, if not irretrievable, disadvantage, in its fight for competitive traffic.

General Holmes, seated in the library of his country home with his associate, Amos Rhineland, took from his morning mail a letter from John B. Rhodes, chairman of his executive committee, which revealed the extent of the feeling over the situation. Holmes handed the letter to Rhineland. Rhodes had discovered that their competitors already had a surveying party out on reconnaissance, endeavoring to locate the Tidewater pass; having in view the reputation for sharp practice of the Colorado line backers, he urged Holmes to keep a close watch on the original survey, now in the general's possession, until the right of way should be definitely secured. He added that with his party of the directors, he would arrive on a special at noon for the informal board meeting at which means for financing the project were to be arranged.

Through a complication in financial arrangements, Holmes had been obliged to put on his own, the Tidewater line board, a minority group of directors led by Rhineland's nephew, Seagrue and Seagrue's attorney, Capelle—Seagrue was owner of a substantial interest in the Colorado and Coast line itself. Indeed, his means were all tied up in it. It was this complication which caused uneasiness in Holmes' mind and called for prudence—not all those eyes of his own directorate could be trusted, in the circumstances, not to connive against his interest.

Seagrue had already been for the week-end the house-guest of Holmes. He was at that moment seated in the garden with Helen—Holmes' daughter—and Helen was being alternately amused and bored by the patiently forced efforts of the easterner to interest her in himself and his affairs. More than once during his stay she had refused to listen seriously to him and now to annoy him, she professed to wonder, as the blast of a freight engine whistle sounded at the moment through the hills, whether that might not be George Storm, one of her father's many engineers—a man to whom she had lately rendered a great and gratuitous service and about whom Seagrue himself had once tried to twit her. And it so chanced that it really was young Storm's train running by them for the passing track. He had orders to wait there for the directors' special.

Toward noon, Holmes and his guests, together with Helen, started for the station to meet the train. Its arrival was the occasion of many greetings for Helen from old New York friends who declared that the mountain sun and air had wrought wonders for the once delicate girl.

It was while she stood thus on the platform surrounded by her newly arrived guests that a young engineer crossed the platform, cap in hand. After a slight hesitation he walked up to her as if he would speak. Again, as if undecided, he halted just before Helen. She noticed the rather grimy appearance of the stalwart engineer, obviously just from his cab, but did not look closely enough to recognize him. If he was pausing, as he stood, for courage, it rose in him. For as her eyes returned to him, he stepped nearer to her: "I think it was you who saved my life the other day," he said somewhat haltingly. Then he questioningly held out his hand. "Will you accept my thanks?"

The moment he spoke, Helen knew him—it was Storm, the fireman of the freight wreck. Indeed, she remembered him almost too well. Her face flushed with embarrassment. Her guests, without catching what he had said, were critically inspecting the smoked engineer. Something like a wave of resentment swept over Helen. Why should he choose this, of all mo-

ments, to speak to her? She was quite innocent of false pride, but her friends could not possibly understand the situation and Storm with real western impulsiveness had chosen, it seemed, the most inopportune time possible to express his gratitude.

But there was his outstretched hand—should she ignore it? Anger swayed her—yet something within her, and something in Storm's eyes and his manner, pleaded against cutting him dead. With furiously red cheeks but sweeping aside the cost, Helen put out her hand. "It was nothing," she said quickly. "Do not think of it." Then she repaid Storm's impulsive stupidity, as she thought it deserved, by catching at something Seagrue was saying and failing to see Storm again. The engineer had come up prepared really to say how grateful he was; he found himself, in a fleeting second, already well launched on the social toboggan and shooting toward the bottom of a long hill. Seagrue, almost before Storm's back was turned, was laughing at Helen and pointing to her glove. The white, soft kid now bore beyond repair the heavy, black fingerprints of the engineer's hand.

Questions and banterings from her companions contributed nothing toward restoring Helen's composure. But as the group moved to the waiting motor cars, she unostentatiously drew the offending glove over her wrist and threw it away. One pair of eyes watched the action closely; Storm, collecting his wits after his social disaster, noted what she had done. He was too philosophical to resent it. Instead, crossing the platform, when the party had driven away, he picked up the discarded glove and put it in his pocket.

Nor did he, in his turn, escape unseen. As one of the cars whirled around a nearby corner Helen, looking back at the scene of her annoyance, saw Storm picking up something white; she knew it was her glove.

On reaching home—where the ladies were taken to their various rooms and the men went to their business—Helen, from her own room overlooking the passing track, watched the freight, bearing Storm, draw out and stop before the station for orders.

Turning to her glass more than once to see whether her cheeks were still as flushed as they felt, she was gratified to find that traces of her humiliation had disappeared. Her mind, from which she had tried to dismiss the whole incident, was now assailed by a rebellious curiosity concerning what she had seen happen on the distant platform when Storm crossed it to pick up her glove. As his frank eyes returned again and again to her imagination, something seemed to call her strongly, back to where he still was detained. She resisted longer; then surrendering to a sudden impulse, she ran downstairs, while her guests were disposing themselves, stepped into her racing car, drove to the station and alighting just as Storm came out of the telegraph office, she herself began to search at the edge of the platform for something. The engineer, after an interval, deliberately joined her.

"You have lost something."

Helen glanced up with affected surprise. "Nothing of moment. I missed a ring when I got home," she fabricated lightly, "and one of my gloves. I thought I might have dropped the one with the other here."

Storm's hand moved toward his blouse, then regaining his composure, he withdrew his hand, empty, and affected to search along the roadway with her. It was a brief duel of wits, but one in which the railroad man was no longer at a disadvantage. He was quite willing to search as long as she would linger and Helen, more than a little interested, was capricious and did linger until Storm's slow sentences began once more to bear too directly on the episode of the wreck and his gratefulness; then with a hasty goodbye she started for home and Storm, climbing into his engine, pulled out with his long train.

General Holmes, in the meantime, with his two jealous groups of directors, was striving in his drawing room to arrive with them at a mutually satisfactory settlement of the proposed stock issue. In reserving 30,000 shares of this for himself and his friends, Holmes had allotted 20,000 to Seagrue and his Wall street associates. This both Seagrue and Capelle had bluntly refused to accept, since the proposed line would work havoc with the through and local traffic of the Colorado and Coast road. Seagrue demanded instead an equal distribution of the new stock. Holmes and Rhineland, after a long conference, put the motion flatly to the eleven directors. Seven of them supported President Holmes' proposal.

Seagrue, white with anger, rose. "Cancel our allotment, then. We will fight."

"Tut, tut, Earl," protested Rhineland. "That's no way to talk."

"We will fight," echoed Capelle, equally wrought up. "Seagrue is right. If we are to be treated in this way, we'll parallel your tracks!"

Rhineland, Holmes and their associates tried in vain to pacify the two; their efforts were useless. Hard words passed and more threats were uttered; the meeting broke up in disorder.

Seagrue and Capelle retired to an adjoining room. Helen passed before them down the hall. Capelle glanced at her and looked toward Seagrue. His face stretched into one of his hollow grins.

"Bad business for you, Seagrue," he said to his companion. "If you can't unload your Colorado and Coast holdings, this thing will put you pretty near out of the game."

"Unload," snorted Seagrue, wrathfully. "When that cut-off is announced Colorado stock won't sell for waste paper."

Helen repressed the hall. Capelle nodded toward her. "There's your best bet, Seagrue. Holmes would give his son-in-law anything."

Seagrue looked glum. He hinted he had already tried that out, and fruitlessly, but spurred by his friend's suggestion, he determined on a further effort. After luncheon he attempted to renew his addresses.

But there seemed about the self-willed girl a certain barrier of independence, which, try as he would, he could never penetrate. "What's the matter, Helen?" he demanded at last. "You seem to take everything I say as a joke."

She repressed a little bubble of laughter. "That's the spirit it's meant in, isn't it?"

He was too irritated to be patient. Toward evening he assayed to be serious again; again she lightly evaded his advances.

Late in the day, when walking past the doors of the library, he saw Holmes, finishing a conference with Rhineland, once more roll up an important document and place it within his safe, set inside the library wall. Seagrue knew too well what it was—the survey of the cut-off, the building of which, by crippling him financially, was likely to wreck his hopes of a career.

It was in this sullen mood that Capelle, a few moments later, encountered him. They had been partners in more than one unscrupulous enterprise and had learned to set value on audacity. A guarded discussion followed. Seagrue moodily rejected one after another of the suggestions of the resourceful Capelle, until one star-

companion, Hyde, to connect up the drills; his orders from Capelle were to open the safe.

Upstairs, Helen, in slumber, was half-awakened by a whistle signal. Storm was bringing a freight train down the hill to wait for the midnight flyer. The rumble of passing trains rarely disturbed her. This night a much lighter but an unusual sound woke her completely. She sat up at a moment, listening. It seemed close—someone was in the house. Turning on a light and dressing hastily, Helen opened the hall door of her room.

She had been careful not to make the slightest noise in her movements. Unfortunately the light behind her silhouetted her figure on the floor at the foot of the broad flight of stairs Spike, keen-eyed, in the library, saw it. He touched Hyde. "Douse it!" he muttered. Hyde extinguished the light. The two paused, listened, walked into the hall and paused again. Then they started noiselessly up the stairs.

Guarded as they had been, Helen felt their presence. With fast-beating heart she ran to her window. Out in the night she could see the light of a torch. It was Storm's light, carried as he worked around his engine. Catching up a small serving bell she ran out on her balcony and tying the bell to the telephone wire that connected with the main line wires, she started the jingling messenger off for help.

The engineman, busy with his work, presently heard the slight jingle, but only to wonder for a moment what it could be. The two criminals had entered Helen's room. The instant she stepped in from the balcony they caught and overpowered her—stuffed her screams, and in spite of her continuing struggles, rudely gagged her. The bell again attracted Storm's attention, and he was puzzled to determine what it might mean. Looking toward Helen's home he saw a bright light in one of the upper windows. Then, of a sudden, he saw more—silhouetted against the pane, a woman and a man were struggling. He alarmed the crew and ran swiftly up the hill for General Holmes' house.

In the interval, leaving Helen helpless, the safe-blowers descended the stairs. Holmes and Rhineland had likewise been awakened by the muffled sounds of the struggle and the two appeared in the upper hall. Seagrue joined them and with his uncle hurried into Helen's room, where she was trying to release herself. But her father, turning downstairs, had interrupted the two safe-blowers at the very library door. The old soldier was no match for the two men, but he tackled them together. He had

him the whole story. When the two reached the siding Storm asked the conductor to put out a flagman to protect the freight; he half lifted and half pushed Helen up into the cab, and the instant the fireman cut off the engine, started in pursuit of the fast-receding passenger train.

But the stern chase is the long chase. The freight engineer had set himself a difficult task; one thing alone was in his favor, everything else was against him. He was running a light engine against one pulling a strong string of sleeping cars. But his own machine was built for traction, not for speed, and he was pitting it against one of the fastest types of engines on the division. From the time Storm opened the throttle not a device was left untried to make his ponderous engine go fast; not a trick of all those that had already made his reputation as an exceptional runner was now overlooked and every resource of the engineer's art was brought into play to overhaul the flying passenger train.

Helen crouched on the fireman's box with her eyes straining ahead into the darkness, or glancing across the hooded lights of the cab at the profile of the silent engineer, waited in vain for him to look toward her. It seemed as if he had forgotten her existence. His attention, for the moment, was centered on nothing but the terrific headway he had attained and must maintain to win, and his reeling, thundering machine seemed awake to the relentless energy of its driver, was responding like a thing alive to his iron will. A cry from Storm made her look across toward him. She saw his eyes regarding her, but he was pointing silently ahead, and looking again through her own window, Helen's straining vision caught far ahead the faint gleam of the red tail-lights.

From the top of the distant sleeping cars Spike and Hyde had seen the threatening chase. Without a qualm, and crawling along the swaying cars, they made their way toward the engine. They held up the engineer and fireman. Spike understood enough of an engine to take the throttle and he tried to run away from Storm; but this proved a game in which he had no advantage. Striving desperately to increase his speed he found himself, as he glanced back from the cab window, steadily losing ground. The race was now more like the effort of a plow horse to run away from a thoroughbred. A last resort remained for the criminals. Hyde, at Spike's direction, climbed back over the tender and cut off the coaches. The engine pulled away from the train. The air went on and the string of sleepers stopped abruptly. Close behind them the freight engine was pounding and lurching. Storm had barely time to apply his air and pull up as he stopped and he was nearly into the hind-end of the observation car.

When the passenger crew got outside there were hurried explanations. Storm, knowing every foot of the line, saw that they had reached the longest passing track on the division and that by running around the stalled train he still had a chance to overtake his quarry. Throwing his engine into reverse he backed down, took the passing-track switch and tore past the standing cars after the fast disappearing passenger train. With all of its lights extinguished, and still maintaining terrific speed, it was at a hopeless disadvantage against the skill of the man at the throttle of the engine behind.

Overhauled and with defeat in sight as the nose of the huge freight engine crowded them, Hyde from the gangway and Spike, turning from the useless throttle, opened fire with their pistols on their pursuers. Hyde, firing his last shot without effect, in his rage, hurled his heavy gun back at the other cab. It crashed through the window where Helen had sat an instant before, but she was now up and back over the engine tank. As Storm drew steadily abreast of the runaway, she watched her chance and with reckless daring sprang from where she stood toward the tank of the passenger engine. The safe-blowers turned to meet her. Stack and stack the engines were rushing toward the little San Pablo bridge. But with Spike's and Hyde's attention turned from the passive engineer and fireman in the cab, they were suddenly attacked by both from behind. A furious mixup followed. Hyde, as Helen jumped down at him, grappled with her. Storm, eager in the jumping gangway opposite them, saw her peril. Catching up a wrench he hurled it with all his force at Hyde's head; it flew true and the thug sank under the heavy blow like a bullock. Spike in the interval, tearing loose from his assailants, gained the foot-plate and leaping up on the coal decked them.

It was for no more than a moment; the engineer went pluckily after him. Cornered, Spike looked ahead. They were reaching the river and the engines were making a dizzy speed. With the recklessness of a madman the criminal leaped from the tender far out into the stream below. The slightest miscalculation—a mistake of a tenth of a second in his reckoning—would have cost him his life. Yet he made his jump without injury, struck out for shore and gained the river bank.

Escape was first in his thoughts. He remembered the stolen survey in his pocket. On the safety of this, his money from Capelle depended and his first act was to secrete it near where he landed.

The two engines in this time had been brought to a stop and backed to the bridge. "Get after the man that jumped," cried Helen. "We must find

him. Take both banks of the river."

With one of the firemen left to guard Hyde, Storm and the other fireman hurried down one river bank as the passenger engineer took the other. Neither side afforded more than a slight chance of concealment and Spike, starting from where he had cached his stolen document, was pounced on by Storm's fireman. But Spike, a powerful man, had almost fought out for himself a second chance for escape when Storm bore him down to the earth. Helen ran up. "Where's what you have stolen?" she cried furiously as Spike stood prisoner. Storm,



She Ran Out on the Balcony.

without loss of time, searched him. "You've stolen our survey," exclaimed Helen wrathfully. "Where is it?"

Spike shrugged his shoulders. "I don't know what you're talking about," he muttered. "What do you fellows want with me, anyway?" he demanded, looking from one to the other of the two men indignantly.

They dragged him to the freight engine and with Storm directing, both engines started back to the passenger train. The freight engine sounded a greeting to the crew of the stranded flyer, and Storm and Helen clattered past to their own deserted train. With Storm speeding up at his throttle Helen soon saw the semaphore of Signal station and with the two prisoners, Storm and his fireman returned with Helen to the house.

Police officers were already in charge and the safe-blowers were turned over to them. Helen, agitated and anxious, was met at the door of the library by Amos Rhineland. His face was grave. With a keen, questioning look her father's friend laid his hand tenderly on her arm as she attempted to enter the room. "Stop, Helen," he said in a constrained tone. "Don't go in there just now."

Storm stood near. She would have pushed past Rhineland, but again he opposed her entrance. "And where is father?" she exclaimed as if a sudden realization had come upon her. "My child," Rhineland took her within his arm, "we are under the orders of the police. Nothing in the library must be disturbed."

An awful suspicion gripped her heart. "Father," she exclaimed intensely. "He was hurt. Where is he?"

Rhineland, avoiding her glance directed into the half-darkened room, motioned significantly to Storm. The engineer understood; but it was too late. Slipping with the strength and speed of a fawn from between the two men, Helen darted into the library. Those of the fated household heard in the night an agonizing cry; it rang far. She had found her father all too soon and had thrown herself beside his dead body, where it had been placed on the couch beside the fireplace.

Thus perished by the hand of a wretched criminal—a mere fleck of the scum of our civilization—this man who had himself, and alone, discovered the first railroad pass over the Continental Divide.

Seagrue's ears echoed long with a memory of that cry. Standing beside his captured confederates he asked himself whether the price had not, after all, been too high.

But Spike, insensible to all but his criminal instincts, drew close beside him and asked him, unobserved, for a pencil. But for the fear that his own neck might be jeopardized by an exposure, Seagrue would have had done with his two murderous tools then and there, but he had put himself in their power and dare not refuse. Spike, despite his handcuffed wrists, managed to scribble a note on Seagrue's cuff, telling him where the survey had been hidden. The officers coming out of the library, marched their prisoners away.

Alone in his room, the half-sickened conspirator read Spike's message. He paused and for a long moment pondered his situation. It was not hard for him to shake from his conscience his own responsibility for the tragic outcome of his villainy and Capelle's. It was he argued, not what he had contemplated or desired. It was Capelle's fault. Accidents will happen—sometimes fatal ones. The game might still be his.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)



Thus Perished the First Man Who Discovered the First Railroad Pass Over the Continental Divide.

ted him into anger. He balked inconspicuously. "I won't stand for safe blowing," he muttered.

"Nothing of the kind suggested," returned Capelle, undaunted. And with the whining smile that marked his face in argument, he continued: "I'll have two good men here by 11:30 tonight, if you say the word. One of them can open a safe by the mere click of the tumblers. All we want out of it is a copy of the cut-off survey. If we can get hold of that we can get hold of their right of way—most of it must come from Washington—before Holmes knows what's going on. I'll make the copy of their survey myself and return the original to the safe before morning with no one a bit the wiser. Why, see here! You're staying right in the house. All you have to do is to let them in tonight. Are you game? Or are you a whipped dog right now?"

Seagrue listened with set face. The low-toned conference lasted longer. At its close the two separated. Shortly afterward, Capelle, in Seagrue's motor car, started rapidly for the city. At nearly twelve o'clock that night—some time after the house was quiet—Seagrue, leaving his room, went down to the library. He unlocked the terrace doors. Capelle's men were outside. They entered and Seagrue led them before the safe. The criminal expert of the pair made hardly more than a pretense of dropping the tumblers for an opening. He had come prepared for an eventuality, and the moment he saw the mechanism of the lock was unassailable he directed his

hardly began to fight when he was struck down by a black-jack and the two thugs, survey in hand, made their escape. They crossed the lawn, gained the shrubbery close to the gate, and in the distance saw the headlight of the midnight passenger train. Signal was not one of its stops, but the safe-blowers ran hard for the station and taking a long chance for their getaway they recklessly but safely boarded the running train as it slowed, somewhat for the bridge.

In the confusion within the household Helen had been released. She had hysterically told her story and as she and her friends rushed downstairs she encountered Storm, who had helped her dazed father to a chair. "Are you hurt, daddy?" asked his daughter anxiously.

"No," he cried, "and I've given one of them a jolt he'll remember. But Helen!"—in his agitation he laid his hand heavily on his daughter's shoulder—"those damned scoundrels have got our survey!"

"Then they shall never get off with it," exclaimed Helen with flashing eyes. "We will catch them if it kills somebody."

She gave her orders right and left—for caring for her father, calling the police and for making the pursuit.

The boarding of the moving passenger train by the two men had not escaped Storm's eyes, and a few words with Helen were enough to clear things. The flyer was gone and the burglars with it, but there was a chance yet to get them. Hastening with Storm down the hill, Helen told

Federal Inquiry or Railroad Strike?

Faced by demands from the conductors, engineers, firemen and brakemen that would impose on the country an additional burden in transportation costs of \$100,000,000 a year, the railroads propose that this wage problem be settled by reference to an impartial Federal tribunal.

With these employes, whose efficient service is acknowledged, the railroads have no differences that could not be considered fairly and decided justly by such a public body.

Railroads Urge Public Inquiry and Arbitration

The formal proposal of the railroads to the employes for the settlement of the controversy is as follows:

"Our conferences have demonstrated that we cannot harmonize our differences of opinion and that eventually the matters in controversy must be passed upon by other and disinterested agencies. Therefore, we propose that your proposals and the proposition of the railroads be disposed of by one or the other of the following methods:

1. Preferably by submission to the Interstate Commerce Commission, the only tribunal which, by reason of its accumulated information bearing on railway conditions and its control of the revenue of the railways, is in a position to consider and protect the rights and equities of all the interests affected, and to provide additional revenue necessary to meet the added cost of operation in case your proposals are found by the Commission to be just and reasonable; or, in the event the Interstate Commerce Commission cannot, under existing laws, act in the premises, that we jointly request Congress to take such action as may be necessary to enable the Commission to consider and promptly dispose of the questions involved; or
2. By arbitration in accordance with the provisions of the Federal law" (The Newlands Act).

Leaders Refuse Offer and Take Strike Vote

Leaders of the train service brotherhoods, at the joint conference held in New York, June 1-15, refused the offer of the railroads to submit the issue to arbitration or Federal review, and the employes are now voting on the question whether authority shall be given these leaders to declare a nation-wide strike.

The Interstate Commerce Commission is proposed by the railroads as the public body to which this issue ought to be referred for these reasons:

No other body with such an intimate knowledge of railroad conditions has such an unquestioned position in the public confidence.

The rates the railroads may charge the public for transportation are now largely fixed by this Government board.

Out of every dollar received by the railroads from the public nearly one-half is paid directly to the employes as wages; and the money to pay increased wages can come from no other source than the rates paid by the public.

The Interstate Commerce Commission, with its control over rates, is in a position to make a complete investigation and render such decision as would protect the interests of the railroad employes, the owners of the railroads, and the public.

A Question For the Public to Decide

The railroads feel that they have no right to grant a wage preferment of \$100,000,000 a year to these employes, now highly paid and constituting only one-fifth of all the employes, without a clear mandate from a public tribunal that shall determine the merits of the case after a review of all the facts.

The single issue before the country is whether this controversy is to be settled by an impartial Government inquiry or by industrial warfare.

National Conference Committee of the Railways

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TRICKS WAR FOE; WALKS 480 MILES

Detention Prisoner Dupes Canadians After He Is Held for Months.

MAKES LONG TRIP ON \$3

Two Loaves of Bread a Day is Ration of Austrian in Journey From Buffalo to New York—Doesn't Like Canada.

New York.—A bedraggled, oil-smeared, ruddy little man with something akin to fear in his big, brown eyes, stepped softly into the office of Arthur Concors, superintendent of the Hebrew Sheltering and Immigrant Aid Society, recently.

"Ich bin hier," he announced calmly, as though that were the most important thing in the world. And it was, to him, for twenty-three-year-old Eugen Spitz, Austrian reservist and expert upholsterer, had walked all the way from Buffalo to New York with deadly fear of the Canadian army spurring him on.

Twenty-four days had Eugen been on the road, and his expenditures for food during that time had been just the three dollars, all that he had on starting. For eight months before he began his 480-mile walk he had been a prisoner in a Toronto detention camp, and his hike was inspired by the overwhelming desire to put just as much territory as possible between himself and Canada.

Within the Enemy's Lines. Spitz came to the United States from Brunn, which is near the German border of Austria, on June 18, 1914. He went to Buffalo to work in a dye factory a few months later.

The most peculiar part of his story is that last fall a German offered him a good job of indefinite nature, and took him to Toronto without letting him know they were entering Canada.

"As soon as we got off the train," Spitz explained in broken English, "that man disappeared. The policeman came, and they took me on a train to a big stone house, where were two or three hundred Germans and Austrians.

"There I lived in a room with sixty others for six months. We slept on the floor, with blankets for cover, and we had soup and bread to eat, but the only work we had to do was clean-up the camp. But all the time I was afraid, and then three of our number tunneled under the outside wall and tried to escape.

"One man got away, but the soldiers killed one of the others and captured the third.

"All the time I kept telling the guards that I was a Roumanian, and at last they believed me. So finally they told me I could go. I walked to the railroad, where a lot of Italians were working, and I told the conductor I was an Italian. He let me ride on the train to Buffalo.

"Why didn't you get a job in Buffalo, then, instead of coming here?" he was asked.

"Too Near Canada." "Buffalo—no, no!" Spitz exclaimed, excitedly, his face flushing. "Too near Canada.

"I sell my suit for \$3 and I put on my overalls. Then I start to walk to New York along the railroad tracks. Sometimes I slept in freight cars and sometimes in watchmen's houses, but all the time I walked and walked. I ate two loaves of bread every day, because I had money enough to buy that, and at Syracuse a poor Jew took me to his house, made me stay all night and gave me food.

"I got tired, but I walked—because Canada was behind. Now I am here. I am glad."

Mr. Concors examined the little man's papers and found they bore out his story. Then he gave the refugee some fresh clothes and a bed, and within a few hours Spitz was ready to look for a job.

"But not near Canada," he warned.

EARTHQUAKE FILLS A WELL

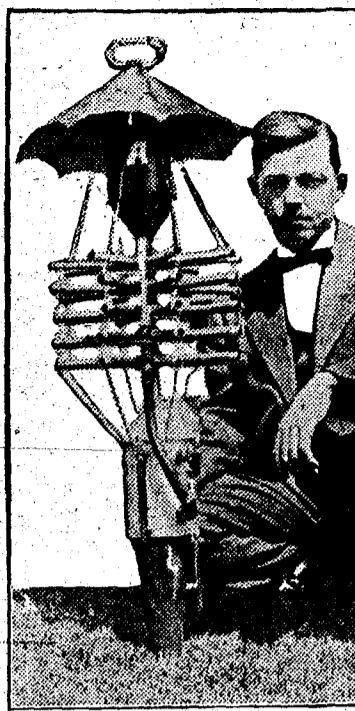
It Had Been Dry, but Disturbance Brought Twenty-Six Feet of Water.

Star, Idaho.—According to a report here, the recent earth tremors brought 26 feet of water in a well, which had formerly been dry, on the ranch of A. L. Brady, living north of Star on Willow creek. It is said that Mr. Brady had sunk his well to a depth of 52 feet, only to be disappointed in not finding water. Visiting the excavation the next day after the earthquake, he is said to have found 24 feet of water in the well. An additional rise of two feet over the next night brought the water still nearer the surface. Now Mr. Brady is speculating over the possibility that a few more gentle convulsions of Mother Nature may give him a genuine artesian well.

Preacher Picks Up Pearls.

Neenah, Wis.—Rev. P. I. Frey of Towanda, Pa., whose wife is conducting revival meetings here, was walking along the shore of Lake Winnebago picking up clam shells when he discovered one with four pearls in it. A jeweler pronounced them good specimens.

FLARE FOR BATTLEFIELD



The ingenious invention of C. A. Barnes is used for lighting up a battlefield. It is intended to be carried by an aviator who may drop it on a field for observation purposes, or it may be dropped on a field where the armies are engaged in battle. As it is dropped from an aeroplane the contrivance is lighted automatically and its light is so brilliant that the movement of the troops may be seen over a considerable distance. To prevent the extinguishing of the light before it is burned out it is protected by 40 rifle barrels, that are discharged at timed intervals during the period in which the light is burning.

INFANT SLEEPS IN RUNAWAY

Carriage Found Next Morning at Barn of Former Owner With Child Sound Asleep.

Tipton, Ind.—A horse driven by Howard Thomas, who lives near Windfall, ran away near his home Sunday night, with his son only three years old, alone in the rig. Automobiles searched the country until early morning, and finally found the horse in the barnyard of a former owner. The boy was asleep in the bottom of the buggy, unhurt and apparently very little frightened. Mr. and Mrs. Thomas, with their three children, were driving home when the horse became frightened. Mr. Thomas jumped from the rig and grasped the bridle, but the horse broke loose. Mrs. Thomas guided the animal into a fence and got out with a baby, one year old, and a son six years old. Before she could lift the three-year-old son from the buggy the horse got started in the road again.

HELD BY NEEDLE IN THUMB

Woman Prisoner at Sewing Machine for Half an Hour Before Help Comes.

Baltimore.—With the needle of a sewing machine through her left thumb, Mrs. Mary Lamerkan, fifty, of Valley street, was held a prisoner at her machine for half an hour. She became so faint that she was unable to call for help for several minutes after the accident.

The needle went through the fleshy part of the thumb when Mrs. Lamerkan was seated at the machine sewing. A neighbor, hearing Mrs. Lamerkan's cries, brought Patrolman Keck of the northeastern district to the house.

Mrs. Lamerkan was suffering intense pain, because the needle was bent and could not be removed by an upward motion of the needle socket. Patrolman Keck got a small steel saw and sawed it off. A physician removed the broken needle.

\$50 for Alcohol Bath.

Everett, Wash.—Dave Rauscher's alcohol bath cost him \$50. Rauscher obtained some alcohol on the representation that he wanted it for mechanical purposes and then proceeded to apply it to his epidermis. The court held that an alcohol rub is not a mechanical operation and fined Rauscher. Tom Little and Jim Smith also obtained alcohol for mechanical purposes and drank it. They will serve five days in jail and pay \$50 each.

Girl Weds Old Man.

Charleston, W. Va.—D. A. Hunt, fifty-four years old, and Lillian Lyda Young, sixteen years old, secured a license and were married here. It is declared that Hunt, a neighbor of the Young family, has loved the girl since infancy, only awaiting the time when she was old enough to marry. Her parents gave their consent to the match, it being understood almost since her birth that Hunt was to have her for his bride.

Letter in Fire Alarm Box.

Lima, O.—Jeromius Hiatt, 80 years old, mailed his first letter here the other day while driving into the city. Now he knows the difference between a mail box and a fire alarm box. He tried to mail the letter in an alarm box and called out the entire city fire department. He was arrested, but released by Police Judge Jackson when he said he never mailed a letter before.

Jump from Bed in Morning and Drink Hot Water

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

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

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

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

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

There's no place like home for a man's best girl.

It costs more to be stingy than it does to be charitable.

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Men who think they can't smoke a pipe or roll a cigarette can smoke and will smoke if they use Prince Albert. And smokers who have not yet given P. A. a try-out certainly have a big surprise and a lot of enjoyment coming their way as soon as they invest in a supply. Prince Albert tobacco will tell its own story!

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Buy Prince Albert everywhere tobacco is sold in tippy red bags, 5c; tidy red tins, 10c; handsome pound and half-pound tin humidor—and that cooking fine and crystal-glass humidor with sponge-moistener top that keeps the tobacco in such clever trim—always!

ADVERTISING IN "THE HERALD" PRODUCES RESULTS.

LIQUID FIRE IS THE INVENTION OF AUSTRALIAN

Eccentric John Macgarrigle Sold War Device to German Government.

KEPT COMPOSITION A SECRET

Zealous Inventor Wanted to Rid Land of Noxious Bushes—Observers Describe Tests of Machine—Was Man of Remarkable Talents.

Sydney, Australia.—The German liquid fire-spraying device in use on the war's western front sprang not from Teutonic brains, but from the head of an eccentric Australian, John Macgarrigle. This fact has just been learned here, but it has ample corroboration. Macgarrigle is dead, but the hideous engine he contrived still exists, and it is being recalled by intimates of his that several years ago he went to Germany and there sold the thing to the military powers of that land.

He had previously tried the British war office and the Commonwealth government, but the former declined to treat with him on the ground that his invention was in contravention to the laws of humanity and the principles of the Hague convention, while the latter simply ignored his proffer apparently as being that of a crank. He also tried the French or the Italian government—it is not certain which—with equally fruitless results, but when it came to the Kaiser's country he had a warm reception.

"The German government snapped it up," he told several of his friends. "I was over to Germany some time ago and I got this off and several other patents."

Macgarrigle, commonly called "Jimmy" Macgarrigle, was a genius, but, like most of his stamp, erratic and unbusinesslike, and he died poor and virtually unknown. One of his traits was excessive secretiveness—although there can be no question that he was a wonder in his way—which forbade his committing any of his inchoate ideas to paper, with the result that they went to the grave with him; and he was so impracticable in judging his own works that the more humane of them could not be commercialized for his and the general good. So, beyond the fire-squirt and the few other inventions which he "got off" in Germany, there is little to show for his versatility and ingenuity.

His "Fire-Squirt Ship." Macgarrigle's home was at Wambahal, near Gosford, New South Wales, where he maintained a laboratory. George Z. Dupain, a friend, writing of the old fellow to the Daily Telegraph, says:

"After dwelling on the virtues of his quick-drying cement, anti-fouling paint, patent boot polish, a street car ticket system, explosives and other things, he led me back to his house, and showed me the plan of a peculiar vessel which looked like a man-of-war. It was roughly drawn, for old Macgarrigle was a bad penman, but as soon as he began to explain matters I understood. This was what he called his patent fire-squirt ship. It was built to carry a certain liquid below the waterline, and in every portion of the hull there were ball-shaped affairs, which, he explained, could not be pierced by any modern projectile. Indeed, the whole vessel seemed to be made in such a way that no portion was other than round. He had certain receptacles for enormous pumps worked by hydraulic pressure, and these pumps would throw a liquid up to three or four miles, and even more, according to their size.

"He explained that a German had invented a pump to throw a liquid five miles. Whether this was correct or not I never took the trouble to find out, but when old Macgarrigle had explained more details, which I could not quite follow, he told me about his fire squirt. He pledged me to secrecy.

"He told me that he had found a chemical compound which would take fire when it came into contact with the air. With further experimentation he had resolved this into a liquid form, preserving the same properties, and then he hit upon applying it to war purposes. This liquid, he explained, would burn a certain time, and when on fire its density was reduced and it would run about anywhere and burn everything it came in contact with. A constant stream of the stuff would burn incessantly. Its temperature was high enough to produce a dull red heat in either iron or steel, and if the pressure in the firing apparatus was increased it would shrivel up everything it came into contact with. He went on to explain that it could be fired in a modern shell which, when it had burst, would spread the liquid. He became so enthusiastic over this invention that his eyes glittered and he paced his laboratory, making convulsive gestures and saying that the nation that bought this invention would have the power of controlling the world and, if necessary, of stopping war altogether.

"I began to think the man was a maniac and looked around for a method of escape in case he might go completely off his head. However, he calmed down and I took courage to

question him about this ghastly machine, even demanding that he should give me proof that what he said was true. He laughed and said that if I came up next evening at dusk he would prove the truth of his remarks.

First Exhibit of Liquid Fire. "Well, I went. Furthermore, I took some friends. Macgarrigle did not object in the least. He took us outside on the slope of Mount Pleasant (the inventor lived on Mount Pleasant) and made us all sit down at about ten yards distant from him. He disappeared for a while in the bush and then came back with what I imagined to be an old oil drum and an ordinary large garden spray. I could not see what he was doing because he turned his back on us, but presently he held the spray up in the air.

"I saw him stand firmly as if to make an effort, then he quickly pressed the handle of the squirt and a long stream of white fire shot out from the muzzle of the spray and fell to the ground, there burning brightly for an instant.

"The thing was done so quickly and all was over in such a short time that we were nonplused. Then Macgarrigle walked calmly toward us and handed me the spray, saying: 'Well, what do you think of my invention now?' He gave us then a lecture on the possibilities of the fire squirt. I examined the spray carefully (it was just light enough to distinguish objects at short range), pulled out the plunger, smelled it and tried to seek any clue as to the nature of the stuff. When Macgarrigle saw what I was doing he laughed heartily and said I wouldn't find anything there. However, I noted that he had evidently screwed off the top of the spray when squirting the liquid, because he had failed to put it back properly, and also that the leather plunger was slightly charred. I carefully noted the place where the fire had fallen and took the trouble to examine it early next day, and, sure enough, all the herbage was burned and wherever the liquid had run only charred vegetation remained. I was astounded. I perceived immediately that his words were true, and the possibilities of his invention were so mighty as to make me temporarily shudder."

Mr. Dupain became much attached to Macgarrigle and spent many hours with him. Once when he meant to pay the inventor a surprise visit he learned that the old man had departed for Europe; but as soon as he learned of Macgarrigle's return he sought his home and heard from Macgarrigle that he had sold his fire squirt to Germany.

It appears from an account of Macgarrigle given to the Daily Telegraph by another friend, a newspaper man, that the fire machine was designed also for the destruction of prickly pear, which is one of the curses of Australia and has already ruined huge tracts of good land in Queensland. This contributor says:

"He told me that he had offered to clear the whole of the pear in Queensland under certain terms, but the government had turned it down. This seemed at first inexplicable, as at the time the government was offering a reward of \$50,000 for any effective plan for getting rid of the pest. When I told him this he scouted the idea of anything so paltry and dealt with a sum of that sort with the contempt of a multimillionaire.

"He said that the only condition under which he would show his hand was that he should receive all expenses and get the freeness of all the land he cleared. As there were at the time about 20,000,000 acres affected one may understand the reason for turning down the offer. The area now, by the way, runs into 30,000,000 acres. As I expressed doubt about the effectiveness of his plan, he invited me to his place the following night to see the squirt at work. But it was a condition that no one was to accompany me. I kept the appointment.

Gives a Second Exhibition. "He began operations by seating me in a chair, from which I was not to move. By this means he made it impossible for me to get a close glimpse of the machine, but the drum which carried the oil seemed in the darkness to be similar in shape to the receptacle which appears in pictures of those Germans at the front engaged in this sort of warfare. He told me he was ready, after pumping up the machine, and then let it go. It ejected a constant stream of liquid fire from a short hose length for some minutes, spurted over a distance of about forty feet. With the same mysterious manner that he had begun operations, he bundled the plant up and put it away in a room and locked the door.

"Then he sat down beside me and yawned. After urging that this thing would not only destroy prickly pear, but noxious shrubbery and weeds of all sorts, he told me that what it was originally intended for was an instrument of warfare. 'Man,' he said with great confidence, 'this thing would destroy soldiers as if they were rats. What bayonet charge could stand up against it? My idea is not a small squirt like this, but as large as a big fire-fighting hose sending out a stream of fire with as much force and volume as the biggest water hydrant in Sydney!'

"A character of this sort naturally aroused interest, especially as he began to talk about synthetic rubber which he could make for 25 cents a pound (at a time when the genuine article was about \$2.50); cements he could make at absurdly low rates, tiles, bricks, explosives, anti-fouling paint, boot dressings and other things. I began to think that I had struck an Edison."

The journalist believes that Macgarrigle sold the explosive just men-

tioned to the Germans, and he adds: "It was terribly destructive, as an equal quantity of it with galganite iron a hole in a piece of galvanized iron four times its size."

Fred Wright of Sydney robs the accounts of Macgarrigle of something of their romance by saying that the inventor, whom he knew well, "frequently suggested 'wildcat' schemes for the employment of chemicals for the destruction of prickly pear and the extermination of rabbits." And he goes on: "Mr. Macgarrigle's spray consisted of a solution of phosphorus in an inflammable liquid. He tried bisulphide of carbon as a solvent for his phosphorus and then mixed this with other combustible liquids. There was nothing particularly original in the idea and it was not at all safe to handle. We afterward experimented with hydrogen phosphide for fire sprays. His explosive consisted of a grass-tree gum compound."

MRS. ELIHU ROOT, JR.



Mrs. Elihu Root, Jr., is the daughter-in-law of former Senator Root of New York. She was Aliga Stryker, daughter of the president of Hamilton college. The two families have been intimately related for a number of years.

GIRLS ENJOY CHICKEN FARM

They Were Stenographers in Chicago, but Now Have Place of Their Own.

Chicago.—Miss Gertrude Croxton and Miss Rose May have discovered the joy of life. Four years ago they lived at Forty-fifth street and Indiana avenue. They were stenographers and they found life just one sheet of paper after another, without much else.

They dropped the whole tiresome mess and went to a spot outside of Blue Island. They call it Woodside. And there they manipulate a chicken farm that keeps them in zest from one year's end to the other.

"We have bought one hat apiece since we came here," said Miss Croxton. They cost thirty cents each. Clothes? We never use them. We wear overalls, and we never have occasion to dress. We work, and we like it. We go to Chicago once a year on business. Then we hurry back. We sleep five hours a night in winter and less in summer. We are busy all the time—and healthy. We are only sorry we delayed coming here."

PARAGUAY TO LEARN ENGLISH

President Authorizes Study of Language in National Colleges of the Country.

Asuncion, Paraguay.—Under date of March 28 the president of Paraguay issued a decree providing for the study of English in the national colleges, to be given the same importance as the other prescribed studies and the teachers to receive the same salaries as those of other branches. The president bases his action upon the recognized value of learning English and "in conformity with the recommendation adopted by the recent Pan-American Scientific congress in Washington."

Years ago English was taught in the colleges of Paraguay, but was superseded by German.

CATCH FISH ON TREE LIMBS

Followers of Izaak Walton Have Great Sport at Winsted, Conn., Says Truthful Scribe.

Winsted, Conn.—They are catching fish in trees at Highland lake this spring.

More than 100 perch have been taken from the limbs of trees by fishermen this week. The perch have spawned on the boughs of hemlock trees, and whenever worm-baited hooks appear in their midst the perch leap for the worms.

The hemlock trees were sunk in the lake near the west shore of Second bay last winter by "preparation fishermen" after large holes had been cut in the ice.

DUELS IN AIR ARE THRILLING

"Bulletin des Armees" Tells How French Fliers Risk Their Lives.

HAVE NO RULES TO FOLLOW

Success Is Won by the Fighter's Aerial Virtuosity and the Superiority of the Machine He Flies—Some Flights.

Paris.—The Bulletin des Armees prints an article on aerial duels. As this publication is official, being issued solely to the troops, the details given may be accepted as literally correct and free from the exaggeration often lent to aviation stories.

"In April," the writer begins, "our aviators brought down thirty-one German aeroplanes, while we lost only six. In March the numbers were thirteen lost on our side and thirty-five by the Germans; seven, including three Fokkers, in one day. Our bombing squadrons make attacks on the German rear lines almost daily.

"It is often asked how aeroplane fighting is carried on, whether any special tactics exist for attacking an enemy or for defending oneself against an adversary who suddenly comes in sight. The answer is negative. Aeroplane fighting is improvised to suit the conditions. No defined method is employed, all being left to the pilot's presence of mind, coolness and decision.

"Success is won by the fighter's aerial virtuosity and the superiority of the machine he flies. Individual qualities make the conqueror.

Drops on His Foe. "A German champion, like Immelmann, the 'super-hawk,' over whom German papers wax so enthusiastic, has but one trick up his sleeve. He mounts as high as possible and turns round above his sector. Then when he catches sight of an adversary he lets himself fall upon him in a straight drop, and fires his machine gun as he passes. The fight is then over for him, whatever the result may have been. He makes off to his own lines and begins the same maneuver over again.

"Navarre's way of fighting is altogether different. He harries his enemy from every side. He envelops him in unexpected evolutions. To prevent him from attacking, Navarre carries out the most fantastic leaps, swerves, and twistings, and then at the right minute pours in a stream of bullets from his machine gun. He has no special tactics, but a marvelous variety of attacks and feints. He never leaves an enemy until he has brought him down, unless some unforeseen circumstance intervenes. And Navarre is not alone, he has many a competitor in the service.

"The fighting aeroplane in our squadrons is one-seated, while the Germans almost always have two men in theirs.

"In an aeroplane the sense of hearing is useless, the din of the motor deafening both pilot and observer. Birds can detect an aeroplane by its sound from afar and display fear, but the human bird has to depend upon sight, and woe to the man who is taken by surprise!

Fight at Close Range.

"Aeroplane fighting is at close range, fifteen to twenty-five yards, if one wishes to make sure of hitting the mark with a quick fire. Of course there are exceptions. Navarre at Verdun, when at a height of 14,000 feet, saw a very fast German aeroplane escaping and fired at 200 yards distance, almost in scorn, not expecting to touch his enemy. But down came the German machine.

"Generally, however, Navarre tries to get as close as possible to fight. One day the wind was blowing a tempest from behind and a Fokker was fleeing before him. A twenty-five-mile chase took less than ten minutes, Navarre keeping exactly in the wake of his foe, repeating every unforeseen move that he made.

"All the time the fleeing Fokker kept up a rearward fire from its mitrailleuse. Bullets whizzed around Navarre, but none touched him, his motor alone received a scratch or two. Then, when near enough Navarre, who had not fired, opened with his machine gun and when twenty-five bullets had sped the German fell.

"As fighting is carried on so closely it sometimes happens that adversaries get caught together. An enormous three-seated German machine was recently out for its hundredth flight. It came across a French biplane—an observation, not a fighting machine—and determined to demolish it; not a difficult job, as the German machine was heavily armed and more rapid than the French.

"The Germans rained bullets on the biplane, which soon took fire. The two French aviators, recognizing that they must soon fall to inevitable death, threw their machine on the big German machine and there were five victims instead of two."

Music With Joy Rides.

Bellefontaine, O.—Persons living in Bellefontaine believe they have originated something new for evening automobile rides. They are carrying small phonographs with them in their cars and enjoying music as they ride.

Temple Theatre

PARAMOUNT PICTURE PROGRAM

Saturday, July 1st.

Mary Pickford in "THE DAWN OF A TOMORROW."

In a touching and beautiful character, that of Glad, the little waif of the East Side slums, who in her darkest hours never loses her faith in the Supreme Being, Mary Pickford attains a degree of power in "The Dawn of a Tomorrow" the latest Famous Players Film Company's production, greater than any of her past remarkable portrayals.

Completely charming, Miss Pickford's portrayal of this wonderful character has a delightful frankness that will captivate the spectator with its appeal. The role of Glad is that of a picturesque,



lovable little philosopher, groping timidly for help from an unseen power and demanding positive proof of the existence of an Almighty, whom she but vaguely comprehends. From beginning to end, Glad appears only in the grimy rags she is wearing when Sir Oliver Holt, a wealthy financier, discovers her huddled against her door in Apple Blossom Court. Glad's crowning glory is her wavy hair, which Mary Pickford is abundantly enabled to suggest, and thus adorned, despite her tattered frock and bursting shoes, Miss Pickford makes a remarkably attractive figure.

The story tells how Glad resolutely turns her back on unprofitable yesterday, keeps her eyes on the cheerful tomorrow and brightens her own and many other lives till she really earns her name. "If there's anything yer want, jes' keep on arskin' and arskin' and you're pretty likely to get it." Forget about those saffron yesterdays and concentrate on presumably rosy tomorrows. Adopt the theory that nothing is quite as bad as you think it is. All these little preachments are unfolded in the story of the play.

Miss Pickford's supporting cast is worthy of commendation because of its consistent efforts to surround the star with every possible opportunity for enriching the dramatic value of her role. Robert Cain, as the young nephew, portrays the character in a natural, easy and life-like manner. Forrest Robinson as the financier acts the part with a fine display of emotion. David Powell as Dandy, Glad's lover, is splendid in all the scenes with the star.

"The Dawn of a Tomorrow," with its optimistic philosophy, its cheerful creed its inspiring moral, its enervating influence, and above all, the soulful and indescribably effective impersonation of Mary Pickford, will make this subject one of the most discussed photoplays ever presented. It is another Famous Players, Mary Pickford, and Paramount triumph!

Tuesday, July 4th

"BROTHER OFFICERS"

"Brother Officers" was the feature at the New York Strand Theatre, during the week of May 16. It is one of Harold Shaw's productions made in England, and while not centering around the European war, as many of the London Film company's offerings have, it is exceedingly interesting.

Bannister Merwin, whose name has become familiar to American exhibitors by his previous stories for the English concern, prepared the scenario for "Brother Officers" from Leo Trevor's play. It is a very good story and makes a very good picture. While not exceptionally original, taken as a whole the construction and pleasing tenor of the situation lend to it a decidedly refreshing appearance.

Although the picture's main theme is dramatic, sufficiently so, in fact, to separate it from the comedy-drama class, there are many excellent bits of comedy in the first stages of the picture. Noticeably humorous is Hinds' debut into the elite circles of the English army. Combined with the subtleties falling in the same part of the picture, written in English slang, these scenes are genuinely laughable.

The story is based on the great friendship of two officers who served in the British army. Hinds comes from a poor family, while Pleydell is very well off. Pleydell, in turn, for Hinds having saved his life in the service, invites him to his house, and in time he becomes very much the gentle-



man. Pleydell is engaged to a girl whom Hinds also loves, and when the latter learns that his benefactor is greatly in debt to a gambler, he sees his chance to replace him. But after a long struggle with himself his better side triumphs and he threatens the gambler with exposure of his crooked ways unless his departure is hasty.

Regarding the photography and scenes, they are very good. The night scenes are noticeable for their realistic appearance. The interiors conform with the action of the picture in every case. As Hinds, Henry Ainley proves himself a capable comedian and a fair dramatic actor, while Gerald Ames, as Pleydell, gives a consistently good account of himself. Charles Rock does very well in the heavy role of the gambler, while the Dean, another comedy role, is most ably interpreted by Frank Stanmore.

COMB SAGE TEA IN HAIR TO DARKEN IT

It's Grandmother's Recipe to keep her Locks Dark, Glossy, Beautiful.

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

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

When a woman loves a man she loves to make him believe that she doesn't. It costs more to be stingy than it does to be charitable.

DRUGS EXCITE YOUR KIDNEYS, USE SALTS

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

When your kidneys hurt and your back feels sore, don't get scared and proceed to load your stomach with a lot of drugs that excite the kidneys and irritate the entire urinary tract. Keep your kidneys clean like you keep your bowels clean, by flushing them with a mild, harmless salt which removes the body's urinous waste and stimulates them to their normal activity. The function of the kidneys is to filter the blood. In 24 hours they strain from it 600 grains of acid and waste, so we can readily understand the vital importance of keeping the kidneys active.

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

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