

Charlevoix County Herald.

Vol. 20

EAST JORDAN, MICHIGAN, FRIDAY, JULY 14, 1916.

No. 29

On Their Way to See Service

First Regiment Left Grayling Encampment, Saturday.
Balance of Troops May Be Ordered Out In Near Future.

(By Major M. J. Phillips)

Camp Ferris, July 10th.—After a wait of two weeks, the Thirty-first regiment left early Saturday morning for El Paso, Texas. The regiment of 1,382 men left in four sections. The trains run one-half hour apart.

News that newspapers in Detroit and Grand Rapids violated the censorship by publishing the story of the troop movement before 24 hours after the departure, was agreed upon by the newspapers and their representatives, aroused widespread indignation among brigade and federal officers in camp. The newspapermen were told, at a meeting called Saturday night immediately upon the receipt of this news by Adjutant-General Smith, that any further violation will mean the expulsion of the correspondent from camp, whether he is responsible for the offense or not. It was pointed out that the reason for the censorship was to protect the troops from enemies of the government and since a large proportion of the section men south of Kansas City were Mexican both in blood and sympathies, the order must be enforced for the safety of the guardsmen.

Each guardsman was provisioned with 10 days rations, for the trip. Capt. Charles Kelly has charge of the first train which conveyed besides his company, the infantry headquarters company and machine gun company. Colonel Walter Barlow had charge of the second section, comprising the first battalion. Lieut.-Colonel A. C. Paek was in command of the third section, carrying the second battalion. The third battalion was in charge of Major V. M. Dumas. There was 15 cars to each train.

Camp Ferris, July 7.—A wave of pessimism is sweeping over camp. Some soldiers who are not well informed—the average enlisted man—and most subordinate officers naturally know little of policies and orders to commanders of larger units—declare loudly that the Michigan brigade is not going south at all; that we will stay right here in Grayling for a few weeks and then be sent home; and that they will not see the service for which they are pining.

Unless there is a complete reversal of policy, they will see all the service which they desire and some more, too. After a month or so in the heat and dust of the border they will pine for the perfect conditions at Grayling and wonder how they were so foolish as to desire to leave it. Grayling is pronounced the finest camp in the United States by regular officers who have seen them all; and border service is mentioned in tones of disgust by some of these same officers.

There would be less pessimism and impatience if it was not felt at first that their stay here would be so brief. Everybody was keyed up to go and go right away. When day slipped into day and we are still here, it became somewhat of a strain to keep on drilling in the same old way while the border beckoned.

Additional delay seems inevitable. The chief medical officer has been ordered to examine all troops for vermin. That will take all day. The secretary of war has directed that all men with dependents be discharged from the service if they so desire. Such man who wants to get out and selects the "dependent" route for putting it across, must make application to the authorities by his company commander. The latter has his say in an endorsement and when it comes up the regimental and brigade commanders, after which it is sent to the central department headquarters at Chicago for investigation. A hearing, or some probing at the home town of some of the men, may be necessary. If all of this is attempted before any troops depart for the south, it will take probably two weeks. This is not a guess on when the first regiment to depart will leave, however. The war department may decide that the investigations can go on while the men are in southern camps, as well as not.

The above order is the best proof that service of an indefinite length has been prepared for the Michigan troops. If he were to go home in a few weeks,

there would be no necessity for discharging men with dependents. By the same token, physical incompetents would not be sent home, either. All would stay here together, to depart at the end of the aforesaid short tour of duty.

Physical examinations in the 33rd Michigan Infantry were completed Thursday. Typhoid prophylaxis is being administered and smallpox virus is also being reratched in. New uniforms and rifles should be in the hands of all the additional men very shortly.

Rifle and pistol practice is being held and the recruits are nursing sore shoulders from the recoil in addition to sore arms from the needle. The men fire five to 10 shots, prone, at 200 yards and the same number prone at 300. The ammunition brought from home station only is being used.

The malingering who tries to escape service because of alleged defective eyesight and hearing is having a hard time. Reports of a surgeon who has scientific instruments which will prove by the shape of the eye and the shadow therein whether there is a defect. Of course there is not. And while the surgeon is fussing around with his tests he gradually lowers his voice until the unwary malingering is answering questions which are put in. Back he goes to the company, to face a wary court martial and do police duty for a week or so. And he doesn't escape service.

Company "I" 33rd, East Jordan, wants to thank the home folks for a bushel and a half of strawberries which were received at camp, Friday. They were delicious and caused many a longing glance from men of other companies. Capt. Winters fears that about 15 men will be lost on the examination but quite a number will be physically re-examined in the hope of getting them through. The company had sighting and aiming drills, Friday, getting ready to go on the range. They will probably fire service ammunition at the targets, Saturday. The company has about \$250, and could use more before they leave for the south.

Private Frank Akiops, who was wrestling with Mile Freshwater of Troop A, Cavalry, Thursday night, was thrown heavily and was injured internally. He has been taken to the field hospital. His condition is not serious and he will recover. The boxing match between Robert Jones, also of Company I and Bert Watkins of Troop A resulted in a draw.

Clarence Clark and Herbe Gallaway were on guard Saturday night. The health of company members has been excellent. Not a single person was reported on the sick list Saturday.

Close and extended formations marked the drills Saturday. The men are becoming unusually adept at field maneuvers.

Excellent Features With Sun Bros. Shows

An unprecedented attraction with the Sun Brothers' Great Tented shows, this season, is the introduction at every performance of Herr Klotz's herd of tango and pantomimic elephants. These jungle giants give imitations of a brass band, dance the latest tangos and turkey trots, stand on their heads, play base ball and bowl ten pins; they walk ropes and perform many other equally amusing and difficult tricks. They are truthfully advertised as the most wonderful elephants today in America.

Besides this elephantine display, the other attractions are all of a high grade character and serves to introduce the leading foreign and American artists. "Tango Bill," the \$10,000 high school horse, also appears at every performance. This beautiful equine is handled and performed by Mlle. Kelland, the well-known New York horse woman.

The Sun Show will exhibit at East Jordan on Saturday, July 22nd presenting two complete and unabridged performances. Afternoon and night. The usual free exhibitions will be offered on the show grounds at 12:30 noon and this season these are again all new and of a highly original kind.

A bachelor says a wife is either a man's better half or his bitter half.

The man who isn't capable of winning the love of at least one woman made a mistake in getting born.

There may be such a thing in the world as pure unselfishness, but nobody seems to be able to locate it.

You may buy friends with borrowed money, but they seldom lend you cash to pay back what you borrowed.

If a self-made man says he is ashamed of his job he is a pretty fair specimen of what David said all men were.

After the Lumber Industry---What?

Address Delivered at the Charlevoix County Bankers' Meeting
BY W. P. PORTER
President State Bank of East Jordan and Prominent Lumberman of Northern Michigan for Nearly Two-Score Years.

What will be the condition of our towns and communities where lumbering is the chief or prominent industry when the timber shall be cut out and the saw mills disappear? This question did not occur to us twenty or twenty-five or even fifteen years ago when large bodies of timber were tributary to the mills and this time seemed so distant, but now the end of the timber is within the next five or ten years at the farthest. When the saw mills shut down, other industries which depend upon the mills and the timber for their fuel will close their doors.

The business of our towns has gone along in one groove for the past thirty-five years and it is hard to realize that a violent change will come about very soon which may, and probably will,



W. P. PORTER

have the most profound effect upon the business life of our community upon our banks, our merchants, our working men and upon every owner of real estate whether office, store buildings or the homes of the working men.

If a fire should sweep thru our towns wiping out fifty per cent of the buildings it would be a disaster which would attract wide notice. Just as real a loss and destruction of property values may be seen today at East Lake near Manistee and at Elk Rapids and where loss on the mills and plants instead of being fifty per cent was ninety or ninety-five per cent. Depreciation of values begins before the closing of the plants, as the end is foreseen, but the loss is no less real because gradual.

The gift of prophecy is not required to answer the question what will follow the going out of our lumber industries. The answer is seen in the experience of other communities like ours. Now the question is what can be done to prevent this slump in values. Look at other lumber towns—Muskegon for many years after the mills stopped was a dead town with empty houses and no business. I remember one man who works for us owned considerable land on Muskegon Heights which was then almost worthless, could hardly be given away. Gradually, however, some industries started there beginning in a small way. These have grown large and others have been added until Muskegon has grown to be large and more prosperous than in the best days of the White Pine lumber business.

Muskegon had no special advantages to offer any of these enterprises, but by hard work and good management, they were secured and they are permanent. If these efforts had been made years sooner Muskegon would probably have escaped the long period of depression and loss which followed the decay of the lumber industry.

Cadillac, is fortunate in having a number of wealthy and public spirited

men who are successfully trying to bridge the gap, and have several good industries well started and no doubt will secure others which—when the lumbering is done, unlike the mills, will be permanent. Cadillac also has no special natural advantages to offer any of these industries but that East Jordan, Boyne City or Charlevoix can offer. Indeed we have one great advantage over Cadillac, that of water transportation. We are also favored with a rich farming country back of our towns which Cadillac has not.

In striking contrast with Cadillac are towns like Manistee where great fortunes have been made from White Pine and salt, but the millionaires have taken the money made in Manistee and gone elsewhere to live. It follows that in a short time Manistee will probably be almost as deserted city as East Lake.

I believe our true policy is to develop the resources we have and to build up industries already here rather than try, by offering bonuses, to draw away industries from other towns, which to me seems a contemptible form of piracy.

We have a fine farming region surrounding us. It seems to me the farming industry is in its infancy here and is capable of great expansion, especially along the lines of potato and fruit raising.

I believe good roads are a great factor in the development of the farming industry and if we may judge by the experience of others, a good competent live County Farm Agent would be of great help. According to government statistics the average potato crop of Maine, where potatoes are scientifically and systematically raised, is about three times that of Michigan. It is a fact that our farmers are not very prosperous as a class and the farms as a rule are becoming poorer. They need the advice of experts as to the best way to bring up their farms. Many farmers also lack capital and if this can be supplied on reasonable terms to those who can and will make good use of it, it will set them forward years of time and contribute much to the general prosperity.

I believe far too little attention has been given to beautifying and improving our town—especially is this true of East Jordan and Boyne City. Charlevoix has done much more in this direction and is well repaid for all she has done. There is nothing which will bring better cash returns on the investment than money well expended in improving and beautifying our homes and our streets and public places.

With our towns made attractive with good roads leading to the farms and with the system of good roads now begun between the towns, completed, summer resorters would be attracted and the time should soon come when the shores of our beautiful lakes will be lined with the cottages of summer visitors.

Speaking of industries, I believe the small industry, employing from 3 to 12 men, should be as heartily welcomed and should receive as much encouragement as the larger, for it may be the plant from which shall grow the great tree. It is much better to have a number of small diversified industries than to have just one great one, employing a large number of men.

We may prevent largely—perhaps entirely, the depression and loss which naturally follows the closing of the saw mills. Two ways are open to us—we may drift along until the end and find ourselves in the condition of Elk Rapids or East Lake—or we may follow the example of such towns as Cadillac. Which course shall we take?

Sometimes the man who poses as an intellectual giant is merely the possessor of a good memory.

Before marriage a man considers his best girl a little dear; after marriage he is apt to consider her extravagant.

A man always gets what is coming to him; if he doesn't go after it some one is sure to see that it is thrust upon him.

If a young man is in doubt as to the propriety of kissing a pretty girl he should at least give her the benefit of the doubt.

Republican Banquet

To Be Held Here Week of August 7th.

A number of the members of the Charlevoix County Republican Club met at Atty D. H. Fitch's office in this city, Tuesday night and made preliminary arrangements for the annual banquet. It was decided to hold the affair at East Jordan during the week of August 7th, the exact date to be left to the executive committee.

Officers of the Club are:
President—Atty A. G. Urquhart of Boyne City.
Secretary—Atty D. H. Fitch of East Jordan.

Treasurer—Atty R. L. Lewis of Charlevoix.

Upon motion the president appointed J. M. Harris of Boyne City, R. A. Emrey of Charlevoix and Atty M. E. Silverstein of Boyne City a committee to secure speakers for the occasion.

It was also decided that the officers of the Club should constitute an invitation and publicity committee.

The other arrangements, which will mean a lot of work, was left entirely to the Republicans of East Jordan. This is a presidential year and keen interest is manifest in politics everywhere. It is estimated that East Jordan will have the pleasure of entertaining between three and four hundred on the night of the event, and the big question just now is to secure a place that will be commodious enough.

Among those from out of town who were here Tuesday night were the following:—A. G. Urquhart, J. M. Harris, E. A. Rueggger, M. E. Silverstein, F. D. Thompson and Ed. Lorch of Boyne City; R. L. Lewis, Chas. Novak, Richard Lewis, George Weaver, and Messrs Felts and Nevis, of Charlevoix; H. L. Barnum and Samuel Alexander, of Ironton; and F. A. Kenyon from Mackinac Island.

Wiley-Ward Nuptials.

On Wednesday, June 21, at high noon at the home of Mr. and Mrs. George H. Wiley, occurred the marriage of their daughter, Florence Anna, to Kenneth K. Ward, of East Jordan. As the "Lohengrin March" was being played by Mr. George Taylor, the bridal party ascended from the stairway into the parlor, where under an arch of roses the ceremony was performed by Rev. Brown. The bride wore a very pretty dress of taffeta and shadow lace and carried an arm bouquet of pink carnations. Miss Gracie Wiley was bride's maid and wore a beautiful dress of white net and carried a shower bouquet of sweet peas. Little Vera Taylor carried the ring in a basket. Sherman Wiley acted as best man. After the ceremony a three course dinner was served in the dining room which was decorated with pink and white. Oceans of flowers were to be seen throughout the house. The couple left for a wedding tour then will return to their home in East Jordan, where Mr. Ward is employed on the D. & C. R. R. The bride is one of Isabella county's highly respected young ladies. Her entire time has been spent in school work. The bride received many beautiful and useful gifts. Those from out of town were Mr. and Mrs. George Taylor and family of Beaverton.—Mt. Pleasant Times.

Announcement.

To the voters of Charlevoix County, I hereby announce my candidacy for nomination on the Republican ticket, for the office of County Clerk. Please look up my past work and if satisfactory I will appreciate your support at the primaries on August 29th.

Yours respectfully,
RICHARD LEWIS.

To The Voters of

Charlevoix County.

I am a candidate for the Office of Judge of Probate, on the Republican Ticket, at the Primary Election to be held August 29th, A. D. 1916.

I acknowledge my obligations to you for giving me the office four years ago. If nominated and re-elected, I promise you the same attention and faithfulness in the future to the duties of the office.

SERVETUS A. CORRELL.

From a mother's point of view it is always the sins of the father that are visited on the children.

MICHIGAN CROP REPORT

Prospects Good For More Than Average Yield.

Lansing, Mich., July 7, 1916.

WHEAT.—The average estimated yield of wheat in the State is 15.67, in the southern counties 15.68, in the central counties 14.94, in the northern counties 16.11 and in the Upper Peninsula 18 bushels per acre. The total number of bushels of wheat marketed by farmers in June at 56 flouring mills is 53,730 and at 52 elevators and to grain dealers 34,238, or a total of 87,968 bushels. Of this amount 71,969 bushels were marketed in the southern four tiers of counties, 12,654 in the central counties and 3,345 in the northern counties and Upper Peninsula. The estimated total number of bushels of wheat marketed and used by farmers in the eleven months, August-June is 11,000,000. Seventy-one mills, elevators and grain dealers report no wheat marketed in June.

RYE.—The average estimated yield of rye in the State is 13.90, in the southern counties 13.61, in the central counties 12.74, in the northern counties 14.90 and in the Upper Peninsula 16.92 bushels per acre.

CORN.—The condition of corn in the State is 68, in the southern counties 67, in the central counties 64, in the northern counties 72 and in the Upper Peninsula 74. One year ago the condition of corn in the State was 71.

BUCKWHEAT.—The acreage of buckwheat sown or to be sown as compared with last year is 105 in the State, 104 in the southern and northern counties, 107 in the central counties and 111 in the Upper Peninsula.

BEANS.—The acreage of beans planted or to be planted as compared with last year is 100 in the State, 97 in the southern counties, 102 in the central counties, 110 in the northern counties and 106 in the Upper Peninsula. The condition of beans compared with an average is 84 in the State, 85 in the southern counties, 80 in the central counties, 86 in the northern counties and 90 in the Upper Peninsula.

POTATOES.—The condition of potatoes in the State is 87, in the southern counties 88, in the central counties 82, in the northern counties 90 and in the Upper Peninsula 86.

SUGAR BEETS.—The condition of sugar beets is 84 in the State and Upper Peninsula, 87 in the southern counties, 78 in the central counties and 90 in the northern counties.

CLOVER.—The condition of clover as compared with an average is 100 in the State, 99 in the southern counties, 98 in the central counties and 102 in the northern counties and Upper Peninsula.

HAY AND FORAGE.—The acreage of hay and forage that will be harvested as compared with last year is 108 in the State and southern counties, 106 in the central counties, 112 in the northern counties and 110 in the Upper Peninsula.

PEAS.—The acreage of peas sown as compared with last year is 97 in the State, 102 in the southern counties, 105 in the central counties, 89 in the northern counties and 103 in the Upper Peninsula.

CUCUMBERS.—This is the first season this department has asked correspondents for report on acreage of cucumbers planted and we are of the opinion that not more than fifty per cent. has been reported, the acreage reported is 16,720 in the State, 7,760 in the southern counties, 4,750 in the central counties, 3,600 in the northern counties and 610 in the Upper Peninsula.

The following table shows for the State and the different sections the estimated acreage of the principal farm products, fruit excepted, for the year 1916:

	State acres.	Southern counties.	Northern counties.
Wheat	765,331	57,330	94,857
Rye	310,836	152,958	165,295
Corn	1,987,154	3,111	11,186
Oats	1,722,923	25,789	28,268
Barley	80,229	1,240	92,568
Buckwheat	68,480	1,240	280,069
Beans	443,587	73	81
Peas	62,080	71	66
Potatoes	361,599	67	72
Sugar Beets	86,761	64	78
Hay and forage	2,331,631	80	81
Apples	76	73	81
Peaches	67	71	66
Pears	69	67	72
Plums	65	64	78
Grapes	79	80	81
Raspberries and Blackberries	92	91	97

COLEMAN C. VAUGHAN,
Secretary of State.

CAPTAIN MOREY, TELLS THRILLING STORY OF THE CARRIZAL MASSACRE

Sole Surviving Officer Gives Intimate Details of the First Real Tragedy of the Campaign—Blames No One and Draws No Conclusions—Suffers Agonies of Hunger and Thirst in His Escape Back to the Headquarters of Pershing.

Field Headquarters, United States Punitive Expedition, near Casas Grandes.—Capt. Lewis S. Morey, Troop K, Tenth Cavalry, the sole officer to survive the Carrizal massacre, sat on the edge of a bunk in a thatched hut at headquarters here and told an attentive group of fellow officers, who gathered to congratulate him as one from the grave, intimate details of the first real tragedy of this campaign.

Morey had spent the previous night in the hospital after his arrival here in a motor car. In the morning, his blood-stained shirt removed, and his body cleansed and refreshed, he was able to move about the camp with his left shoulder, through which a Mauser bullet had seared its way, swathed in bandages.

Confers With Pershing.
He first held a conference with General Pershing. And then he visited with his regiment in what probably will be the most remarkable reunion of this campaign. As he walked through the curious little army streets,

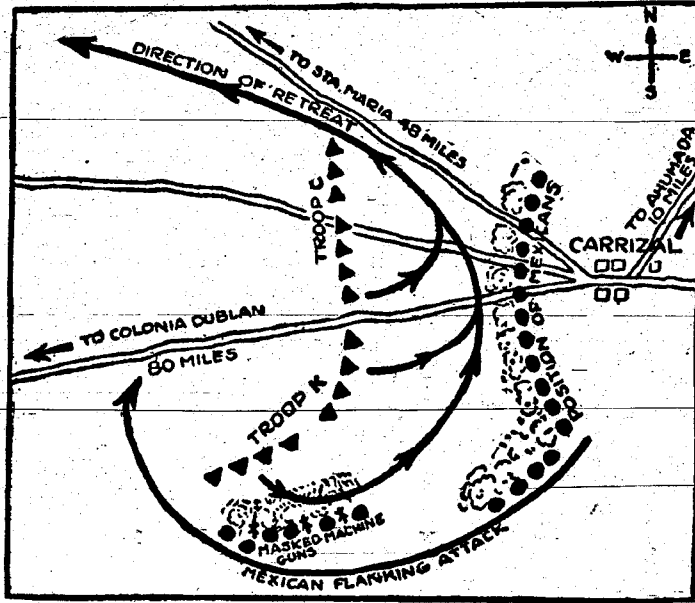
he would pitch face forward into it without support.

"I understand the noncommissioned officer left Adair wounded in the ditch at Carrizal, and went forward to Carrizal. Then, looking back, he saw his officer with his eyes glazing, his head wobbling against the side of the ditch, and he ran back and remained with him till death came.

Caught in Angle of Fire.
"Boyd was killed when his troop made the rush for the trench in which Carranzistas had the machine guns. Just how he died I don't know."

Caught in a right angle of fire, Morey's small detachment, as previous dispatches have related, was forced to retire. Mounts had been sent to the rear, and every man, including the leader, was afoot.

Alternately lying flat on their faces and then rising and fighting desperately, the little band maneuvered to the rear. It continued to withdraw until Morey, with one of the corporals, who was bleeding profusely from the



The above diagram of the battle in which Troops C and K of the Tenth Cavalry were nearly annihilated by Carranza troops was drawn from a description given by Captain Morey. The Americans, advancing from the west along the road from Colonia Oublan, were enfiladed by machine gun fire as they advanced on the outskirts of the town. At the same time a force of Mexicans circled to the rear of the American troops and stampeded their horses. The survivors of the Tenth Cavalry retreated to the northwest along the trail to Santa Maria.

flanked by tents and the queer woven brush quarters which the men and officers have built, there was no cheering and music. But from each group some officers walked out and, grasping Morey's unmaimed hand, exclaimed: "Glad you're back, old man. Congratulations!"

Simple words these, but they were fervently spoken, for there is no man in this command that believed he would ever see Morey again.

Tells of Awful Thirst.
Morey is a studious-looking man, whiskered, lean of face and spectacled. Telling his story he spoke haltingly, without exaggeration, and with admirable restraint and modesty. He blamed no one, drew no conclusions, offered no hindsight suggestions as to what should have been or should not have been done.

His voice was almost emotionless, rising in tone and pitch only when he told of going without water from six o'clock on the morning of the 21st, until four o'clock the following day, wounded and with the blistering, searing rays of a Mexican sun beating down on him.

Morey suffered thirst that will leave an impression for life. Even as he spoke of it, his hand automatically reached for a canteen and he drank long and deep.

Died Like Soldiers.
How those two troops of the Tenth Cavalry left Santo Domingo early that Wednesday morning and rode toward Carrizal, how Captain Boyd conferred with General Gomez and how, flanking the Americans on the right and left, the Carranzistas opened fire, already has been told, and Morey confirmed the details that have heretofore been related.

He added little to the fight except to say that Boyd and Lieut. Henry Adair died like soldiers and gentlemen. He told also that the Carranzistas began hostilities by opening up with machine guns, and that in the firing the enemy seemed to be centering his fire on the white officers of the command, of which there were only three. When the battle was over there was but one.

Couldn't Follow Charge.
Morey's command, consisting of only 36 men, was on the right flank when "the ball opened," as he put it, and he could follow the charge of Troop C under Boyd and Adair only to a fringe of brush, into which men and horses disappeared.

"C troop men tell me," said Morey, "that Adair died in the irrigation ditch, his head held up by a noncommissioned officer. There was water in the ditch, and even while dying Adair

shoulder and who wore Boyd's hat, found themselves with seven men behind an adobe wall near a dry hole, which offered protection from the bullets, but not from the sun.

Three hundred yards to the south were the Carranzistas, some mounted, some afoot, advancing, firing and yelling. They had become emboldened by the Americans' retirement.

Walked as if Dazed.
"When I got behind that wall," resumed Morey in a matter-of-fact tone, "I told the men I proposed to stay there. Those who wished to go, I told to go."

Four men, including one wounded man, elected to make the desperate attempt to escape, and Morey told how he saw them ascend the hill which stretched away to the north.

"I never saw men act so strangely," he said. "They didn't run or seem to exert themselves; they simply moved away as if dazed up the hill, and by so doing they probably saved us. We who remained behind the wall saw the Carranzista horsemen riding to outflank them. The Carranzistas apparently thought they had us behind the wall safely, and bent all their efforts on getting the four who were trying to escape. We were unmolessted."

With the enemy beating the country on all sides, Morey and three black troopers lay in the hole behind the wall all that long, waterless day, with the sun beating squarely down on them.

Night came, and with it came a welcome drop in temperature, and the stars. The wounded officer and men started trailing west on the first leg of the 70-mile journey to Pershing's line.

Too Weak to Walk.
Morey was so weak that he could only walk a hundred yards or so at a stretch, and as the night wore on and he became weaker and weaker he concluded that it was humanly impossible for him to go farther.

So he first requested—and when they refused—he ordered the three negro troopers to leave him.

"I reasoned," he said today, "that they could go on and I couldn't, so I made them go."

The three went on. Morey, his wounds bandaged as best they could be, lay down on the desert and slept. The stars were still out, but dawn was breaking when he awoke, strengthened by the rest. He forced himself to his feet and staggered on in the direction in which he thought lay Santo Domingo ranch, eight miles from Carrizal, and the point where the command had bivouacked the night before the fight.

He traveled compassless, having given

on his compass to the three men who left him, along with a telegram to be sent to his wife and dispatches to Pershing.

About 4:30 in the morning, as nearly as he could judge it, he made the ranch house and found it deserted and desolate. Manager J. T. McCabe had fled, as had the Chinese cook.

Morey sprawled face downward in a hole near the ranch house, in which there was a little brackish water. He rinsed his parched mouth and drank sparingly.

Then, rejuvenated, he staggered into the adobe building and found, as if by a miracle, a quantity of beefsteak, coffee in a pot on the stove and cornbread. As he ate he gained strength in body and spirit.

His meal concluded, he began an investigation of his surroundings. Near the ranch he found five troopers of the Tenth, stragglers from the confused fight, and gathering them together he prepared to march on. The jerked beef in the ranch house they stowed in their pockets.

Those who carried canteens filled them. Morey had no canteen, so he carried an old baking powder can.

"I had learned my lesson," he said, "and had determined never to be without water again."

After considering the sun awhile, Morey decided it would be better to wait until the heat of the day had passed. So the men washed up, and after stuffing the last bit of the beef into the first-aid kit, a start was made as evening approached. They headed for San Luis ranch, 35 miles to the east.

Mule Team a Godsend.
After ten miles, accomplished in feverish relays, they encountered the ranch manager, McCabe, with a mule team. This was a godsend, as Morey termed it.

All piled in the wagon and rode to San Luis ranch, where they arrived at midnight Saturday, joining there with Major Howze's squadron of Eleventh Cavalrymen, which had been sent out by General Pershing to find them.

With the Howze squadron was a motor truck train, and in a truck Morey and his men, headed for headquarters. Thirty-five miles from this camp Lieut. James Collins, General Pershing's aid, met the trucks with four autos, and Morey, transferred to the smaller car, reached here at dusk.

WANTS TO FIND THE THIEF

Note Dropped in Indiana Farmer's Henhouse After Raid Is Signed "Ella."

Nashville, Ind.—Phillip Weddle, a farmer in Johnson township, Brown county, will file an affidavit against George Somebody for larceny if he can find out who he is. A few nights ago 40 hens were stolen from Phillips' henhouse, and the thief came again Wednesday night and carried away 25 more. On this trip the thief dropped a pocketbook which contained the following note:

"Dear George: I am anxious to see you at once. They are telling that you was the one that took Weddle's chickens. Pa and ma are on their ear, and says that you will have to quit coming here to see me. You know, George, you had a date with me and did not come the night the chickens were stolen, and this leads them to believe it is so, so you must see pa and explain before I can go with you any more. ELLA."

Mr. Weddle says he knows the girl, but is anxious to learn the name of her sweetheart.

VOTED PRETTIEST GIRL



There were many pretty girls at the great allied bazaar in New York, but Miss Margaret Fair was acclaimed the prettiest of them all. Miss Fair was attired in a nurse's costume and assisted Mrs. Caspar Whitney at the booth of the French wounded emergency fund.

CHARLEVOIX COUNTY HERALD

G. A. Lisk, Publisher
ONE DOLLAR PER YEAR

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

Presbyterian Church Notes

Robert S. Sidebotham, Pastor.

Sunday, July 16, 1916.
10:30 a. m.—Morning Worship—“Vacation Tho'ts.”
11:45 a. m.—Sabbath School.
6:30 p. m.—Christian Endeavor.
Thursday 7:30 p. m.—Prayer meeting. Until September there will be no services in this Church Sunday evenings.

First Methodist Episcopal Church

Rev. John Clemens, Pastor.

Sunday, July 16, 1916.
10:30 a. m.—Morning Service. Dr. L. E. Lennox will preach.
11:45 a. m.—Sunday School.
6:30 p. m.—Epworth League.
7:30 p. m.—Regular Service. Dr. L. E. Lennox will preach.
Dr. L. E. Lennox of Benton Harbor, Mich., is the Field Secretary of the Board of Conference Claimants of the Methodist Episcopal Church.

St. Joseph's Church

Rev. Timothy Kroboth.

Sunday, July 16.
8:00 a. m.—Mass. Holy Communion for the Ladies Altar Society. Benediction.
Thursday, July 20.
Meeting of the Altar Society at the residence of Mrs. Katherine Fitzgibbons.

There are more ways of deserving punishment than there are of escaping it.

Church of God Notes

Pastor, Jas. W. Ruehle.

Sunday, July 16, 1916.
10:00 a. m.—Sunday School.
11:00 a. m.—Preaching.
2:30 p. m.—Services at Three Bells School house.
7:30 p. m.—Preaching.
On Tuesday evening Wm. A. Humex who has spent several years as a missionary to China will give an address. His father also being a missionary and having spent nearly all his life in that country will enable Mr. Humex to ably present matters of interest to all.
Wednesday 7:30 p. m. Prayer meeting.
Friday evening—Cottage meeting.

Reflections of a Bachelor.

An easy way to get married is not to be able to afford it.
A man gets either despised for his adversity or hated for his prosperity. Getting along with a wife on any terms is much more comfortable than trying to boss her.
The more a man can lie down in town about how well his furnace works the more he can cuss it at home.
A woman's religion should be able to keep the freckles off her reputation.
A man who is completely wrapped up in himself is a bundle of conceit.
Many are willing to give advice but few are willing to lend assistance.
The veracity of the woman who tells her correct age is above par.
If a man has a wife he always knows what to do with his money.
It is never too late to blame your mistakes on the other fellow.
It isn't always a small matter when a woman puts her foot in it.
Many a man gets his back up like a camel and roars like a lion.

SAGE TEA DARKENS HAIR TO ANY SHADE

Don't stay Gray! Here's Old-time Recipe that Anybody can Apply.

The use of Sage and Sulphur for restoring faded, gray hair to its natural color dates back to grandmother's time. She used it to keep her hair beautiful, dark, glossy and attractive. Whenever her hair took on that dull, faded, streaked appearance, this simple mixture was applied with wonderful effect.
But brewing at home is messy and out-of-date. Nowadays, by asking at any drug store for a 50 cent bottle of "Wyeth's Sage and Sulphur Compound," you will get this famous old preparation improved by the addition of other ingredients, which can be depended upon to restore natural color and beauty to the hair.
A well-known downtown druggist says it darkens the hair so naturally and evenly that nobody can tell it has been applied. You simply dampen a sponge or soft brush with it and draw this through your hair, taking one strand at a time. By morning the gray hair disappears, and after another application or two, it becomes beautifully dark and glossy.
Wyeth's Sage and Sulphur Compound 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.

A bride always thinks her husband clever because he married her.

A woman is always telling a man that she can't understand a lot of things that she knows more about than he does.

IF YOU WANT QUICK RELIEF

Men and women who feel their health failing because of weak, overworked or disordered kidneys will be pleased to know that Foley Kidney Pills prompt in action and give quick results in the relief of rheumatism, sore muscles, aching joints, backache, pains in side, and sleep disturbing bladder troubles.—Hites Drug Store.

EAST JORDAN LUMBER CO. STORE

Mid-Summer Sale

of Ladies' and Children's Coats and Suits, and Ladies' Poplin and Taffeta Dresses

at ONE-HALF Regular Price

Ladies' Coats		Ladies' Suits	
\$10.00 Ladies' Coats now	\$5.00	\$15.00 Ladies' Suits now	\$7.50
\$12.50 Ladies' Coats now	\$6.25	\$22.50 Ladies' Suits now	\$11.25
\$15.00 Ladies' Coats now	\$7.50	\$25.00 Ladies' Suits now	\$12.50
Other Coats and Suits proportionate.			
Children's Coats		Silk Poplin Dresses	
\$ 5.00 Children's Coats now	\$2.50	SALE price \$6.00, \$6.50, \$7.00 and upward.	
\$ 7.50 Children's Coats now	\$3.75	Taffeta Dresses	
\$10.00 Children's Coats now	\$5.00	From \$4.00 upward.	
Other Coats proportionate in price.			

* We cannot give a complete line of prices, but ask you to call at our store and see for yourselves.

WARNER'S CORSETS from 65c up to the "Redfern" for \$3.50.

East Jordan Lumber Co.

THE GIRL AND THE GAME

A Story of Mountain Railroad Life by FRANK H. SPEARMAN

Copyright 1915 by Frank H. Spearman. Novelized From the Moving Picture Play of the Same Name Produced by the Signal Film Corporation.

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 rescue of Storm, now a freight freeman, and of her father and his friends, Amos Rhineland, financier, and Robert Seagru, promoter, from a threatened collision between a passenger train and a runaway freight. Safebreakers employed by Seagru and Capelle, his lawyer, interrupted by Helen while stealing General Holmes' survey plans of the cut-off line for the Tidewater, fatally wound General Holmes and escape. Storm and Helen chase the murderers on a light engine and capture them. Spike has hidden the plans and manages to inform Seagru where they are caught. Her father's estate badly involved by his death, Helen goes to work on the Tidewater. Seagru helps Spike to break jail and uses him to set fire to a box car train hauled by Storm's engine. Helen saves Storm from a horrible death.

FOURTH INSTALLMENT

CHAPTER IV.

When Helen Holmes took the day key at Signal the little office had already passed from the quiet kind to the remorselessly active kind of those small way stations that drive innocent men mad. Two rival lines maintaining large construction camps and getting all their supplies through Signal station, were engaged in a race to build a mountain cut-off—and a considerable one. Despite all the help-ions, the overworked agent, could give Helen, she found the tasks of her day about all that her strength would compass.

Nor could Helen, situated as she was, escape occasional office visits from Seagru, whose activity as head of the opposition construction camp was unabated. Going over to the station one day to watch his men unload a shipment of material, he stepped into the office ostensibly to make inquiries—in reality to steal a few minutes with Helen Holmes, whom he found busy, but alone.

Seagru spoke blandly: "I hear you're becoming quite a railroad expert." She made no effort to reply. "Getting really clever at the key, Lyons says." Helen, entering waybills, went on with her writing. "By the way," asked Seagru, evenly, "any word this morning from our steam shovel?"

She looked toward the window—the local freight train had just pulled in. "It may be out there now, on No. 35." Seagru seemed in no haste to investigate, and Helen had almost lost hope of any diversion in that direction, when the office door opened and George Storm walked in.

He was just out of his engine cab, and deliberate and composed as usually, but his eyes, lighting to greet Helen, cooled when he saw Seagru. Storm nodded curtly toward him and was greeted in kind. Then the stalwart engine man turned his attention to Helen, and Seagru was soon made to feel the pangs of being distinctly third in the situation and without an anesthetic.

"And the best of it all is," said Storm at length to Helen, "this is my last run on local freights. I am assigned tonight to the Limited."

Helen lifted her eyebrows in surprise: "Some run they're giving you!"

Seagru took the chance to join sarcastically in: "Right in line for chief of motive power, eh, Storm?"

Storm was not to be disturbed. He only regarded Seagru calmly for a moment. Then he turned good-naturedly to thank Helen. While soldering agreeably at this task, his fireman intruded on the scene long enough to remind him they were waiting for him to get out. Storm, with an expression of disgust at the interruption, nodded gruffly to the fireman, concluded his talk with Helen and walked out. Helen rose to go out on the platform also. Seagru intervened to distract her attention. It was useless. She must deliver a message, she said, to the conductor, and Seagru, peevish, was left to stay with himself or unwillingly to follow. He followed, but even then it was only to find himself watching Storm's good-bys waved to Helen from the cab. And she saw them, too; nothing escaped her attention.

Rhineland, in charge of the Tidewater line camp, was pushing Seagru closely in the construction race and as the head of a big crew of men imbued with his own spirit was laughing at obstacles that made Seagru's head ache; and with equipment actually somewhat inferior was forging daily ahead of his rival. But the mail now brought him a note from the chairman of the executive committee of his board that almost paralyzed his activities.

"Oceanside. Our survey party advise that they cannot re-locate the pass over the Superstition range. Unless you can furnish a survey of the cut-off pass before the first, our people will withdraw their financial support. BOWERS."

Amos Rhineland, sitting at his dusty and littered desk, stared at the abrupt communication. Bowers was

his friend; the executive committee of the board were with him—this he felt assured of. But somewhere influences must be at work against him. He suspected Capelle, still a board member, and a continual intriguer. Capelle was a master worker in underground effects and besides being Seagru's own attorney, was himself heavily interested in opposing enterprises of the Coast line. To throttle Rhineland in the construction effort begun by Helen's own father before his death, was to advance his own interests as well as those of his client. Rhineland's decision as to what must be done to meet this opposition was prompt.

He consulted a timetable, called his foreman, asked for a man to carry his handbags to the station and began changing his clothes for a trip. Not far away, and at about the same time, Seagru was reading his own mail. It contained this note:

"Unsuccessful report concerning pass submitted. Persuaded backers to withdraw support on the first. This will stop operation on Rhineland's cut-off, as we know he cannot produce survey. CAPELLE."

In Seagru's hut a party of newspaper men from Oceanside were waiting to be taken on an inspection trip over the construction.

"I'm ready for you, boys," said Seagru, in high spirits, to the journalists. "We'll look over the work near here first," he announced, ripping open a box of cigars.

"Hold it, Mr. Seagru," cried a camera man, focussing on the manager. "We want you, first, right there where you are, at your desk. Hold it!"

The picture was taken, a copy promised to Seagru within an hour and the party started out. Had he left his hut two minutes earlier he might have seen Amos Rhineland, followed by Seagru's own Spike with Rhineland's bags, entering the waiting room door of Signal station.

Helen, looking up from her table, perceived Rhineland's anxiety reflected in his manner.

"Bad news, Helen," he said, plunging at once into the unpleasant subject. "I am on my way to Oceanside," he added, when she had read Bowers' note. "The directors meet tonight. Someone is trying to undermine us. But whether I succeed in changing their views or not, I'm going to fight if I have to fight all night."

Helen was too upset to speak for a minute. For her, so much depended on the success of her own road in reaching the mountains with a cut-off first. Rhineland, worried though he was, tried to cheer her up. Spike outside, listening, gathered that Rhineland was on his way to the city. He hung around the platform till the local passenger pulled in, watched Rhineland board it, and mingling with Seagru's men, walked unobserved over to the latter's camp. He found his boss with the journalists.

"What is it?" demanded Seagru, scenting news in Spike's appearance. "Rhineland has just gone to Oceanside."

Seagru smiled. "Did he get a letter this morning?"

"He did."

Their confab was broken in on by one of the newspaper men who had a print of the photo he had taken of Seagru at his desk. Seagru inspected this with the greatest pleasure. "Fine!" he exclaimed. "Good picture!"

A whimsical idea seized him. He wrote a word or two across the back of the print and recalled Spike. "Take this over to Helen Holmes. Give it to her with my compliments." So saying he turned to the photographer. Spike's reception at the station was always a chilly one. This time Helen took his message and dismissed him before she opened the envelope. When she saw what Seagru had sent she was angry. Her first impulse was to tear the hateful print in two. Instead, she contemptuously impaled it on a steel file near at hand. A moment later, removing the print to file a message, she looked at the picture again. Her attention was attracted to a paper lying on Seagru's desk. It had been caught by the camera lens. The longer she looked the more carefully her eyes fixed on this object revealed in the photograph. Very curious now, Helen opened a drawer, took from it a reading glass and studied the contents of Seagru's desk. Her heart almost stopped beating as she realized that her suspicions must be correct. With the aid of the ordinary glass she could plainly see the survey that had been stolen from her father's library.

Helen looked toward Seagru's camp. It was there even now, and if she could recover the precious find it was not too late to save her own interests as well as those of her own good friend, Amos Rhineland.

How could she recover it? With fast kindling hatred of its dishonest possessor, a dozen projects for regaining her own flashed across her mind. The more she thought the more im-

possible it seemed to devise any scheme that could be carried out in time to help Rhineland's fight that night at Oceanside.

But what Helen could not devise herself—was being already devised for her. Following up what Spike—an unconscionable liar—had declared a flattering reception of the picture, Seagru resolved to seize a moment while the going was good to forward himself with Helen.

She was studying the telltale print when she heard footsteps and, startled, looked out. Seagru was coming up the platform. She felt frightened. Could he possibly have realized his blunder and come to demand the return of the picture? She was resolved she would not surrender it in any event. Force, she was hopeless of as a possible aid in her difficulty. Stragmen and a woman's weapons alone remained to her.

Her wits rapidly cleared. She snatched the photograph. Seagru, opening the door, caught her picture in hand. He walked forward pleased. It was not hard for Helen to counterfeited an embarrassment; nor was it in the least unbecoming to her. To Seagru her look came like a burst of sunshine after many chilling storms. "What do you think of my construction headquarters?" he laughed.

Helen's gaze rested modestly on her table. She seemed to contemplate the picture with a quiet pleasure. Then she looked slowly up at Seagru. "This doesn't show very much of the camp"—she drew the words the very least bit—"you are awfully busy over there, I suppose."

"Never too busy to welcome our friends. Come over sometime."

"What, to a construction camp?" asked Helen, feigning just enough amazement.

"Why not? Talk about Rhineland's steam shovels! I'll show you shovels that can do everything but vote. Come on along."

For an effective moment she hesitated. "I couldn't possibly," she declared with decision, but she allowed a note of regret to linger an instant

Where could the survey be, now? was the question recurring always to Helen's mind. Toward the close of the dinner, Seagru, rising, unlocked his desk for a flask of Chartreuse. There, lying in the corner exactly where she had seen it, Helen again beheld the survey, a blue print beside it. Seagru was pawky enough to close and lock the desk after he had taken the flask out. How, she asked herself, was she to get that desk open again?

Seagru dismissed his serving man, and this did not allay Helen's uneasiness for herself. She did not want to be left alone a minute with him now; things were getting too complicated. But could she in some way get into the desk?

Rising, she said she would clear the table a little. Taking hold of the flask he had just taken from the desk and holding out her hand with a smile she asked him for his keys. Seagru was in no position to refuse so intimate a request. With an air of camaraderie he handed them over and Helen pushed back the cover of the desk. But as she did so Seagru threw his arms around her. She struggled indignantly, but could not get away. For a moment there was a fierce struggle. Then with a superhuman effort she tore herself free, caught up the first thing she could lay her hand on—it happened to be a bronze match tray—and struck Seagru across the forehead.

He went completely over, leaving Helen horror-stricken at what she had done. She listened. Outside she heard no sound. Seizing the blue print that lay under her hand, she gained the door and ran out just as Seagru regained his feet. She had resolved to flag the Limited. Hardly touching the earth, she dashed to the station, hurried to the key and telegraphed Rhineland:

"Have blue print of survey. Will be on Limited. HELEN."

It was not too soon. Through the window she saw Seagru rushing down the platform. She slammed the office door shut, and locked it. Seagru



1—Seagru and the Engineer Glared at Each Other. 2—His Wines She Persistently Declined. 3—Rhineland Has Just Gone to Oceanside. 4—Storm Is Discharged.

in the tone of her explanation and glanced around. "No one here, you know."

"Well, but what time do you get off?" asked Seagru feverishly.

"Oh, not for a long time yet." His hopes were burgeoning fast. "See here, Helen; come over and take a camp dinner with me. Come, do. I'll show you what can be done without preparation."

She regarded him with an expression that indicated how completely such a proposal shocked her. She struggled an instant with the thought of it. Then she rejected the invitation; yet with enough indecision to invite a renewal. For the moment Helen was a heartless angler, and Seagru, deluded by vanity was unsuspectingly playing fish. Before he left—in the highest spirits he had known for many a day—he had, to his astonishment, secured Helen's promise to dine with him that night in camp. And at the appointed time she was ready.

The night was warm and a moon, rising full and into a clear sky, flooded the landscape. And after Helen's uneasiness at the strangeness of her situation had worn off, she was able throughout the trying hour with Seagru in his hut to wear her mask of languid interest successfully. The table was served with surprising delicacies and a plentiful array of wines was in evidence. Yet, to an innocent intruder, a whole hour never went so slowly, nor was appetite ever more reluctant than that of Seagru's guest. Though she went through the form of eating and assumed a carefree air, his food choked her. His wines she persistently declined; but that did not dismay Seagru, who drank quite enough for two.

threw himself viciously against it. The lock held, but she must get away at once. There was a window in the freighthouse, and she ran into the freightroom. Seagru had snatched up a stone. He reached the operator's window, only to see Helen, who had sprung through the freighthouse window, running up the track. He followed her at top speed. Intent on escaping, she gave no thought to where she was running; it was only to get away from her hated enemy and save what she had so hardy regained. Helter-skelter through a grove of scattered oaks that fringed the hills above the sea, on and on she ran, until breath and strength were deserting her, but at every turn her detested pursuer was fast upon her heels. Could her lunging footfalls she could hear his panting threats, and the clearness of the night gave her little chance to elude his savage pursuit. She realized she was running across what had been her own father's estate. The ocean spread suddenly below her. She had reached Signal bay and the precipitous cliffs that frowned high above it. Like a frightened fawn she ran up the rocks and down, only to hear Seagru breathing maledictions close behind, and with the distance steadily lessening between her and certain capture. Brought at last to bay, she darted down the cliffs to find a hiding place. Not a nook or cranny offered a hope of concealment, and a misstep where she trod meant certain death. Panting and bewildered, she heard Seagru climbing down the ledge on which she had found a narrow foothold. Her escape was cut off, and Seagru descended triumphantly toward her. She warned him back.

"Give me that blue print!" he shouted with an oath.

"Keep away from me," Helen panted. "You're a wretch. I'll never give it to you. I'll die first. Don't you dare come down here. I'll drag you over the cliff if I have to go over myself."

Nothing daunted, he came on. There was but one chance left to get away and, unhesitating, she took it. Turning, just as he thought he had her in his power, she sprang from where she stood on the edge of the precipice far out over the ocean below. He stood spellbound. She struck with a great splash. He saw her come up, strike out and sink again, as if helpless. But he knew her unquenchable determination, her resource and her daring, and was shrewd enough to watch the surface of the bay closely. Sure enough, in a little while he could see her, after swimming a distance under water, regain the surface and with long, powerful strokes swim away.

At no great distance from where she had plunged into the bay a speed launch lay at anchor. Helen recognized the boat; it had, in truth, once been her own, and she had named it The Spiderwater. It belonged now to the owners of her father's estate, but she believed she might borrow it once more. Seagru, impotent with rage, and following her down the shore, saw her reach the launch and climb resolutely up over the gunwale into the cockpit.

Shaking herself like a duck, and without losing a minute, Helen spread the wet blue print out on the deck, broke the motor lock on the ignition switch, and turned the engine over. She knew the motor well; it was a powerful Loew Victor, and after her second effort it hummed like a dynamo. While it was warming up she cut the mooring line. Seagru easily suspected she meant to get to Rhineland at Oceanside. He looked at his watch. If he could catch the Limited he could still reach the city ahead of her. Exasperated, and out of breath, he hastened back to camp, routed out his chauffeur and took his racing car for the station. Hardly a minute was left to him, and his hope of reaching a point where he could flag the through train vanished when he heard its whistle and saw the gleam of its headlight coming down the Signal grade.

But he would not give up. Urging his man to speed, he gained the highway paralleling the railroad track, and as the Limited shot by, Seagru, with all the power that could be got out of his motor, actually held for a time abreast of it. He yelled and shouted as one sleeper after another drew slowly past—both the train and the motor car were running very fast—but he could attract no attention. Helpless with rage, he saw the last car pulling gradually past, and furious at being balked, he stood up on the seat and as the car drew past him, he jumped over the rail and landed on the observation platform.

Helen was pushing the launch toward Oceanside. The ocean below the bay lay almost the edge of the railroad track, but her heart sank as she looked back and saw the night train tearing up the track and rapidly overhauling her. Instinct told her that Seagru would somehow board that train in an effort to get to the city first. As the engine drew nearer, she picked up a pair of glasses and leveling them on the cab, discovered George Storm on the right side. She waved a signal flag at him, but his eyes were glued on the track ahead. Then, as if by an inspiration, she seized the cord of the air whistle at her hand and in the Morse code signaled for help. Storm turned his head and looked back questioningly along his train; then up at his own whistle. The whistling continued, and his attention was finally drawn to the launch, now dropping behind the train. Helen caught up her signal flag again. In a flash he recognized her, and calling his fireman over they listened to her appeal.

"Give me paper, pencil," shouted Storm, as he shut off the throttle and listened to the long and short toots that re-echoed in jerky succession from the surface of the sea against the towering cliffs and through the flying cab. On a leaf, torn from a pad, Storm scratched out the signals:

"Have survey. Seagru on your train. Delay so I can reach Oceanside first. HELEN."

The engine whistle shrieked his answer to her eager ears.

"Something wrong with engine already."

The fireman, learning the truth from Storm, tried to persuade him, what ever happened, not to delay the train. It would cost Storm, he urged, his job.

"What's the job to me?" demanded Storm, applying the air and bringing up the train with a jolt. So saying, he snatched a small handful of tools from the box and prepared to get down.

Seagru had made his way into the coach. He summoned the conductor, and being known was accorded every courtesy. But the race was now first on his mind, and when he heard the brakes grinding, and running back on the platform saw fire screaming from the wheels, he called the conductor, demanding to know the cause of the stop. Going forward together for an explanation, the two men found Storm under his engine with wrench and hammer, while in the distance Seagru could see the Spiderwater cutting the waves like foaming glass and slipping away to where a stormy directors' meeting was in session at Oceanside, and Rhineland was in the fight of his life to prevent summary action being taken to stop the cut-off work. In vain he showed Helen's telegram,

which had come in time to rescue him from complete defeat. But Seagru's henchman, Capelle, conniving with the disaffected element in the directorate, was pushing to a vote with every prospect of success the resolution to stop work.

"What have we got to go on?" he demanded, facing Rhineland down. "You know as well as I do we are throwing hundreds of thousands into a project absolutely uncertain. You offer a telegram. What good is the telegram? Where can Helen Holmes get a survey at an hour's notice that would justify us in keeping on?"

Beside the engine of the Limited the conductor and Seagru were volleying sharp and suspicious questions at the fireman. He told, reluctantly, of the mysterious launch and of Storm's exchange of signals. No more was needed to infuriate Seagru, who now understood the connivance. Storm crawled out from under the engine and Seagru met him with an abusive epithet. The stalwart engine man promptly knocked him down. The crew dragged the two men apart and the conductor ordered the fireman to take the Limited in, Storm, with folded arms, refusing to lend further assistance. But despite his stubbornness the big train pulled into Oceanside just after Helen stepped from the deck of the speed launch to the dock. She ran all the way up the esplanade, survey in hand, to where she could catch a taxicab and drove hard for the Tidewater building. There she alighted only to be confronted by two men—Seagru and an officer. Seagru pointed to Helen: "There she is! There are the documents she stole—in her hand. Arrest her!"

Before Helen could collect her senses, the officer had seized her and Seagru had snatched the survey.

"Stop," she cried, "that is my property, stolen from my father. I, not he, am its rightful owner!"

While she protested, stormed and wept tears of humiliation and anger, Seagru was producing papers to convince the slow-witted official that the survey belonged to him and that Helen was the thief. In spite of all she could say, he won out. Indeed, the guardian of the law was ready to take Helen to the station when Seagru magnanimously intervened, told him to let her go and said he was satisfied to recover his property.

Upstairs the directors were closing their protracted session, Rhineland vainly trying to hold them together until his ally should appear. The sound of an opening door raised his hopes. Helen rushed into the room and hastened to his side.

"The survey—where is it?" he cried, reading bad news in her face.

She told him of her battle—of how she had been robbed at the very foot of what were once her father's stairs. Everyone listened. Then half a dozen men began talking—some for, some against crediting what they had just heard.

Rhineland put his arm around the despairing girl. "No matter. We know now who has our property, gentlemen. We'll get it yet."

Capelle, laughing furtively, left the room to report to Seagru. The chairman rapped for order. Rhineland, trying to comfort Helen, took her to her taxicab and they drove back to the launch together. Dazed, furious at her misfortune, Helen met another surprise at the pier. "Storm, awaiting her return there, helped her to alight from the taxicab. She could only regard him breathlessly. He laughed in his reassuring way: 'It's really I,' he said to her, offering his hand. 'I'm discharged—but I told the superintendent I might yet live long enough to discharge him. What do you think he threw back at me? I hope if I ever deserve it as much as you do, you will discharge me.' I guess it was coming," concluded Storm good naturedly. "But I've got a marine license and I'm going to run your launch to Signal bay for you. Got plenty of gas in the old tub, Helen?"

His robust humor was infectious. With Storm at the driver's wheel, they soon reached the office in the launch and were discussing the exciting events of the night when Helen's eyes fixed on the canvas covering the deck of the boat. It was on this she had laid the blue print to dry and the impression had been definitely transferred. She seized her uncle's arm, pointed and explained. Rhineland, jerking a knife from his pocket, cut the canvas from the deck and showed it to Storm, who headed the launch in a great foaming circle back toward Oceanside.

The directors were preparing to go home when three half-crazed people dashed into their room. Rhineland, Helen and Storm told their story and showed their find. Excited in spite of themselves, the listeners crowded about the table. They inspected, objected and argued. The evidence was indisputable and the chairman called the meeting to order and asked its sense. Sympathy for the plucky daughter of their old president was perhaps not wanting in influencing their action; at all events, almost before Helen could realize it was being done, a resolution declaring their support should not be withdrawn, was put and carried. Bowers, the chairman, clinched his own feelings by catching Helen's hands and congratulating her.

Seagru—pleased with what he believed his escape from a serious complication—was bound for his camp on a returning train.

Helen, with Rhineland and Storm, was again aboard the launch. They were speeding contentedly back to Signal bay.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

SEEN ON FIFTH AVENUE



The latest craze of the summer woman of fashion is the nose ring. The picture was taken on Fifth avenue, New York, and not in the wilds of Africa. The nose ring is a dainty jeweled circle that clasps itself into the nose of any young lady who wishes to be considered chic, recherche and all that. It fits in just like an earring and is worn with the same abandon, except that the jewels, be they diamonds, sapphires or some other precious stone will have a much better opportunity to bask and glisten in the sunlight. The nose ring is well known for its association with the dress of the savages. There are tribes in Africa who still ornament their noses with nose rings, but they are not the dainty little rings that milady is wearing this summer.

IS TIRED OF FLAG DAYS

Protests Are Sounded in London Against Constant "Hold-ups" of Public.

London.—Complaints are being heard on all sides against the unwarranted abuse of the Flag-day idea. The plan was originated to aid the Belgians and was repeated on behalf of the victims of the war in all the countries fighting on the allies' side. France, Russia, Italy and Serbia have all had their flag days, when hundreds of women were posted along the main thoroughfares of London, pinning the small paper emblems on every passerby and requesting in exchange an offering in money on behalf of the war sufferers. This was bad enough, but soon every other war relief fund in existence had a flag day and organizations which had never been heard of before have unexpectedly come forth in the same way to "hold up" every passerby in the streets.

Among the complaints which have been voiced recently one of the strongest comes from a writer in the Daily Mail, who says:

"But in the new calendar that has been created out of the success of those days there lies the danger of those days itself fading and dying amid the bewildering crop of weeds which has sprung up to signalize other days. When Flag day, Badge day, Lamp day, Sock day, Badge of Honor day, Our day, Your day, Their day and dozens of other days come whirling along, nearly every other day of the week it is surely time to cry 'Hold, enough!'"

OVERSIGHT WINS HER \$1,979

New York Woman Profits by Failure to Read Liability Warning on Envelope.

New York.—Because Mrs. Jack Trepel did not read the warning on an envelope for valuables supplied to her by the Dennville Bathing company, Supreme Court Justice Erlanger has granted a motion awarding her \$1,979 instead of the \$35 which the bathing concern stated on their envelope was the limit of their liability for lost property.

When Mrs. Trepel went for a swim one day she slipped her rings into the envelope, sealed it, and left it with the company for safekeeping, after signing her name, just above the restricted liability clause.

She did not get back her jewelry, and sued for its value. Justice Erlanger said there was no proof Mrs. Trepel had seen the warning, and so agreed to the proprietor's limit on responsibility.

Potato Like a Turtle.

Selma, Ala.—"That's a monstrosity of nature," said a citizen as he looked on a very unusual potato at a local grocery store. "No, it ain't," said another; "it's just like an old 'tato." The potato came in with a shipment from Florida and is almost the exact likeness of a snapping turtle.

DEWARD

Miss Hazel Kile of East Jordan is visiting her sister, Mrs. S. Sedgman.

Mr. and Mrs. Drescher and children have arrived home from a visit at the Soo.

Miss Muriel Ritter spent a week at Mackinaw visiting at the home of L. Brennen.

Miss Mary Olson is visiting at Manacelona.

Mrs. G. Blain made a business trip to Frederic, Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. Liskum and Mr. and Mrs. Wilson of East Jordan spent a few hours at the home of Mrs. H. G. Smith, on Thursday, returning home from the encampment.

Louise Brennen of Mackinaw spent the week end at the home of W. S. Ritter.

Maggie McGuire and Alice Neumann spent the 4th of July at Charlevoix.

Mrs. Rose, of Brainerd, Minnesota, is visiting her brother, W. S. Ritter.

Mrs. McGuire made a business trip to Frederic, Tuesday.

Wesley Woods of Deward, spent the Fourth at Charlevoix.

Rev. Sidebotham held services at Deward, Wednesday evening.

Miss N. McGillis, was visiting Miss Margaret Woods of Deward, Friday.

But a woman can keep a secret all right—if it's something that is to her discredit.

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

Dated: April 1, 1916.
J. E. CONVERSE, Mortgagee.
F. W. DeFOE,
Attorney for Mortgagee.
Business Address:
442-444 Shearer Block, Bay City, Mich.

MORTGAGE SALE

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

ARMY IN MEXICO IS SWATTING FLY

Every Precaution Is Being Taken to Prevent Spread of Disease.

SICK SOLDIER OF NO VALUE

Lessons of Cuban and Philippines Campaigns Not Lost—Superstitious Mexicans Expect Fulfillment Woman's Prophecy.

By GEORGE H. CLEMENTS, Correspondent of the New York Sun, Temporary Headquarters, U. S. Army, near Colonia Dublan, Mexico.—"Swat the fly" is an order which is being obeyed with alacrity along the entire line of communications from Columbus to San Antonio, Mexico, ever since the setting in of warm weather.

Up to this time no flies of the common or garden variety have appeared at Namiquipa or at other camps located on the high plateaus to the southward, but at this camp and at the camps between here and the border the house fly would be an insufferable pest were he permitted to breed and flourish without protest.

From the first it has been an invariable rule that at every camp, no matter how temporary its nature, all refuse which might furnish a nesting or breeding ground for flies must be burned before camp is abandoned. As the season advanced the rules became more rigid until now all latrines are covered and provided with fly traps of the most approved pattern to catch the vagrant flies which come in from outside the camp.

Few Flies in Camp. As a result of all this there are few flies to be found in any army camp, large or small, in all that portion of Mexico occupied by American troops. All water for culinary or drinking purposes must be procured from wells or pumps which have been provided or from carefully guarded flowing springs, the origin of which has been carefully inspected. All water from shallow wells or pumps must be chemically treated or boiled. The men have been so schooled in the matter of health conservation that they make no protest against the extra work involved in the pumping of water as against dipping it from a nearby stream or in chemically treating or boiling it.

The result of this care regarding flies and water may be found in the comparatively empty hospital tents and in the few calls made upon members of the medical corps for treatment for even the most minor forms of sickness.

A sick soldier is of no value to the army in time of war and a detriment in time of peace. For that reason every effort is made to keep him healthy at all times, but particularly when his services may be needed on the firing line at a moment's notice. The lessons learned during the Cuban campaign and the later campaign in the Philippines have not been lost.

The Mexicans are nothing if not a superstitious people, at least so far as the uneducated among them are concerned, and they have a stock of folklore stories in which they place most implicit confidence. The consternation caused by the discovery of the face of the late Francisco I. Madero on the western slope of the Santa Clara mountains opposite Namiquipa a few days ago may be cited as a sample of the child-like faith of the average native in "signs."

Old Woman's Prediction. Out of the talk among them which followed the discovery of the face in the mountain has come a story new to most if not all Americans connected with this expedition, to the effect that many years ago "an old woman" made a prediction that Mexico would at some future time pass through a period of great national stress, during which time there would be three presidents bearing the name Francisco and a fourth who should be remarkable for the great beard which he would insist upon wearing.

The story went on to say that the three "Panchos" would occupy the presidential chair for but brief periods each, and that the bearded one would suffer death in a frightful war with a foreign power, after which a lasting though dearly bought peace would come to the country.

It is pointed out that since the coming into power of Francisco I. Madero in 1911 Mexico has had two other presidents bearing the name Francisco, Francisco de la Barra and Francisco Carbajal. To carry out the prediction of the "old woman" still further, it is pointed out by the superstitious ones who believe in "signs," that the country now has a ruler, though not called president, who insists in wearing a great beard.

Inasmuch as those who place reliance upon "signs" and the words of "old women" are for the most part fatalists, there has been a growing disposition on the part of those who have heard the prediction of the Mexican "Mother Shipton" to believe that her prophecy is about to be fulfilled and that there is little use in trying to forestall a war with a foreign nation which has been destined and want it to begin as soon as possible in order that the promised lasting peace may be ushered in.

HER LEFT SIDE HURT

Mrs. Laura Beall, Plattsburg, Miss., writes: 'Last April I got in bad health; my left side hurt all the time. I had symptoms of Bright's disease. I took Foley Kidney Pills and feel all right now.' They quickly relieve backache, rheumatism, aches and pains. Bladder troubles, too, are corrected by this remedy.—Hites 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 48 of Mortgages on page 375, said mortgage being assigned by the said William J. Pearson to William C. Walsh, said assignment being recorded in the office of the Register of Deeds for Charlevoix County, Michigan, in December, 1911, in Liber 34 of Mortgages on page 563, the said William C. Walsh, being duly adjudicated a bankrupt on December 30, A. D. 1913 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 assignee of the said William C. Walsh in and to said mortgage and the whole sum secured by said mortgage having been declared due and payable and the whole sum claimed to be due at the date of this notice, for principal, interest and taxes paid by the said J. Ernest Converse, trustee, on the mortgaged 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,
As Trustee, Mortgagee.

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



MYRTLE STEDMAN BOSWORTH

In "WILD OLIVE" at Temple Theatre Next Tuesday.

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

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

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

Dr. C. H. Pray
Dentist
Office Hours:
8 to 12 a. m. 1 to 5 p. m..
And Evenings.
Phone No. 223.

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

PARKER'S HAIR BALSAM
A toilet preparation of merit. Helps to eradicate dandruff. For Restoring Color and Beauty to Gray or Faded Hair. 50c and \$1.00 at Drugists.



Prince Albert gives smokers such delight, because

- its flavor is so different and so delightfully good;
- it can't bite your tongue;
- it can't parch your throat;
- you can smoke it as long and as hard as you like without any comeback but real tobacco happiness!

On the reverse side of every Prince Albert package you will read: "PROCESS PATENTED JULY 30th, 1907". That means to you a lot of tobacco enjoyment. Prince Albert has always been sold without coupons or premiums. We prefer to give quality!

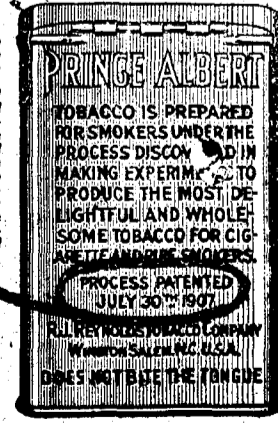
PRINCE ALBERT
the national joy smoke

in goodness and in pipe satisfaction is all we or its enthusiastic friends ever claimed for it!

It answers every smoke desire you or any other man ever had! It is so cool and fragrant and appealing to your smokeappetite that you will get chummy with it in a mighty short time!

Will you invest 5c or 10c to prove out our say-so on the national joy smoke?

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



This is the reverse side of the Prince Albert tin. Read this "Patented Process" message-to-you and realize what it means in making Prince Albert so much to your liking.

Briefs of the Week

Born to Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Sandal a son, July 2nd.

Born to Mr. and Mrs. Ira Bartlett, a daughter, July 10th.

Born to Mr. and Mrs. K. Bader of Boyne City, a son, July 11th.

Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Lancaster returned home from their trip south Saturday last.

Mr. and Mrs. Jack Weikel of Charlevoix were in the city over Sunday visiting relatives.

Miss Margaret Tows of Detroit is guest at the home of Mrs. Stanton Gregory and other friends.

Mrs. Guy Hunsberger of Petoskey is here visiting at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Walter Hunsberger.

Mrs. Will Streeter returned home from Greenville Friday last, where she was called by the illness of her mother.

Dr. and Mrs. W. H. Parks and children will leave first of the week for Toronto, Ont. They will drive through by auto.

Mr. and Mrs. Lee and daughter, Cora, of Gladwin, are guests at the home of the former's sister, Mrs. E. A. Ashley.

A surprise party was given Mrs. John Burney at her home Wednesday evening, in honor of her birthday anniversary.

The G. A. R. and W. R. C. hold their regular meetings next Saturday, July 15th—the former meeting at 10 a. m., and the latter at 2:30 p. m.

The Cemetery Improvement Ass'n will meet with Mrs. Robert Price next Wednesday afternoon, July 19th, at 8 o'clock. All persons interested, are urged to attend.

Owing to the intense heat, the dance planned last Tuesday for Company "I" was postponed until next Tuesday night. At the Armory—bill fifty cents. Proceeds for mess fund.

On Tuesday evening July 18th, Wm. A. Humex, who has spent many years as missionary to China will give an address at the Church of God Chapel. A cordial invitation is extended to all.

Mrs. J. F. Kenny entertained a party of friends at her home Wednesday afternoon in honor of Mrs. H. I. McMillan who will leave here the first of August for her future home at Conklin.

Mrs. Samuel Curry passed away at her home in Eveline township, Wednesday. She being 56 years of age. The funeral will be held from her late home, Friday, interment at East Jordan cemetery.

The Rev. J. Clemens, wife and family left Thursday morning for their vacation. Mrs. Clemens will make an extended visit with her people in Munising, Mich., while Mr. Clemens will visit friends in Mancelona and other parts.

Roller-skaters of East Jordan will soon have an opportunity to enjoy the sport again. Frank Heinzelman, who conducted a skating rink at Gaylord for several years, has rented the rink building on State-st and will re-open in a few days.

Clifton Heller and Miss Florence Flannery were united in marriage at Charlevoix on Wednesday of this week. The young people are popular well-known residents of this community, the bride being a daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John Flannery and the groom is a son of Mr. and Mrs. John Heller.

Ernest DeForrest, a young man about twenty years of age, was drowned while bathing in Intermediate Lake last Sunday. He was in swimming with two other men, when without any warning he sank to the bottom of the lake. Heart failure is presumed to be the cause of his death. The water is quite deep where the accident happened and it was nearly two hours before the body could be recovered. Deceased was employed at East Jordan Lumber Co. Camp 28, and his home was near Central Lake.

Beginning with Sunday evening next the Presbyterian Church has decided to make an experiment. It has been found that by Sunday evening the church is often so hot that those who attend the evening service find it uncomfortable. So the Session has decided to suspend the evening service until the first Sunday in September. The hope and expectation is that the morning service will be more largely attended than formerly, and that in September the congregation will be prepared to make greater efforts in the work of the church. As far as can be learned this is a new experiment in East Jordan. Other towns have found that this vacation is by no means a drawback, but rather a help. The officers of the Presbyterian church hope that it will prove so in this case also. The effort will be made to make the morning worship, the Sabbath school and the Endeavor Society as interesting and helpful as possible. All people who attend church no where else are cordially invited to join in this effort.

Clifton Heller returned to Davison, Thursday.

Mrs. Chambers is confined to her home by illness.

Miss Aimee St. John is visiting friends at Alba, this week.

Mrs. A. E. Cross returned home Monday from Mt. Pleasant.

The L. D. S. Sunday School had a picnic at the Pines, Thursday.

Bert Högstein and Theodore Conway came home from Flint, Tuesday.

Thos. R. Joynt made a business trip to the Upper Peninsula this week.

The Electa Club met at the home of Mrs. A. K. Hill, Thursday afternoon.

J. L. Ferguson went to a Detroit hospital Saturday last for treatment.

F. A. Kenyon was here from Mackinac Island on business, Wednesday.

R. O. Bisbee and family are at Whittington's Cottage this week for an outing.

Mrs. Geo. Frost and daughter of San Diego, Cal., is in the city visiting friends.

Mrs. Perry Snook and daughter returned to their home at Manistique, Monday.

The Sunshine Club were entertained at the home of Mrs. John Mollard, Tuesday.

Alvin Ruhlmg of Akron, Ohio, is guest at the home of his uncle, Martin Ruhlmg.

Mrs. Frank Phillips went to Charlevoix, Tuesday, to visit relatives for some time.

Mrs. L. Alstrom of Mancelona was guest of her daughter, Miss Rena, Wednesday.

Mr. and Mrs. John Monroe are receiving a visit from their daughter of Hobart, Ind.

Privates Eugene Adams and Mose Weisman were home from Camp Ferris over Sunday.

Mrs. W. S. Carr and daughter Eunice and Mrs. John Hawkins drove to Boyne City, Tuesday.

Mrs. John Clemens Sunday School class enjoyed a picnic at Lovedays Point, Thursday.

Wilbur King came home from Flint Saturday last for a two weeks visit with his family.

Mr. and Mrs. W. A. McCalmon and daughter of Winnetka, Ill., are here visiting relatives.

Mrs. D. E. Goodman drove to Traverse City on Saturday returning the first of the week.

Mrs. Seymour Burbank and children left Wednesday for Detroit, where she will visit her sister.

Mrs. Jos. Cummins and Mrs. H. L. Winters are at Camp Ferris this week visiting their husbands.

C. Johnson and family and C. G. Isaman and family drove to Churchill's Corners on Wednesday.

Clarence and Albert Lalonde and Earl Holliday and Ralph Fuller were home from Camp Ferris this week.

Mr. and Mrs. A. Danto entertained the former's cousin, Mrs. I. Marks of Detroit, the first of the week.

Mrs. Chas. Hudkins entertained Mrs. Richard Lewis and Mrs. Wm. Nowland with children of Charlevoix, Sunday.

Leon Stone of Syracuse, N. Y., arrived last Saturday for an extended visit at the home of his brother, O. T. Stone.

Mrs. Morgan returned to her home at Buffalo, N. Y., Wednesday after a visit with her mother, Mrs. Ida Procter.

Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Hudson are receiving a visit from the former's niece, Miss Vesta Clement, of Los Angeles, Cal.

Mr. and Mrs. B. I. Webster returned to their home at Big Rapids, Monday, after a visit with their son, R. E. Webster and family.

Mrs. L. B. Forthcutt and son returned to their home at Garden Island, Mich., Wednesday, after a visit at the home of Mr. and Mrs. M. Fay.

Mr. and Mrs. F. J. Gruber of Cherry Vale are receiving a visit from the former's brother and sister, Earl Gruber and Mrs. Bert Harrington of Flint.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Houghton returned to their home at Detroit, Sunday, after a visit with the former's parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Houghton.

Geo. Pringle and wife, and son, Henry, Wm. Wilkes and wife and Adam Koshmidor and R. N. Spence and wife, camped at Jordan River the first of the week.

Mr. and Mrs. E. J. Crossman returned home from Grand Rapids, Saturday last, after a visit with their son Earl and family. Their two grand-children accompanied them here for a visit.

John Porter left Saturday for Grand Rapids where he joined Mr. and Mrs. Earl Crossman. From there the party will go to Buffalo, N. Y., and make an auto tour through the New England States.

Fire Badly Damages the East Jordan Cabinet Co. Plant

MACHINE AND FINISHING SECTIONS DESTROYED.

FIRE WALLS PROTECT THE BIG STOCK ROOMS, THE OFFICE, BOILER-ROOM AND DRY-KILN.

The East Jordan Cabinet Co. received a serious setback this Friday morning when a fire, which originated in the central part of their plant, completely destroyed the structure containing all their valuable machinery and the finishing rooms.

The fire was first discovered about 2:00 o'clock and had seemingly gained considerable headway before being discovered. The firemen responded promptly and by heavy work, aided by fire walls, saved the big stock room containing valuable material, the office part and boiler-house.

But the entire machinery part is burned to the ground entailing a considerable loss and rendering the plant useless until rebuilt and new machines installed. In addition to this loss, the shipments of Library Tables, which is their main product, will probably be discontinued until the factory can be rebuilt.

Manager Waterman returned home Tuesday from the Grand Rapids Furniture Market, bringing with him several nice orders, and also some additional skilled workmen. Owing to labor-shortage the Company were somewhat behind with orders, making the fire particularly unfortunate at this time.

Fritz Bergman of Charlevoix was in the city Wednesday.

B. E. Waterman returned home from Grand Rapids, Tuesday.

Floyd Sloan is home from Detroit for a visit with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Sloan.

Mrs. Laura Hubbell and children of Saginaw are guests of Mr. and Mrs. H. A. Kimball.

Carl Holbrook returned to his home at Clare, Tuesday, after a visit at the home of Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Palmiter.

Mrs. J. G. Holliday and daughter, Beulah, and son, Glenn, were over at Ellsworth, Sunday, for a visit with the former's daughter, Mrs. Townsend.

CENSORSHIP STOPS NEWS FROM CAMP FERRIS

For military reasons it has been decided that no one connected with the Michigan National Guard shall supply news of any nature to the newspapers of the state.

When Company "I" went to Camp Ferris, The Herald was fortunate in securing the services of Major M. J. Phillips as correspondent. The news published was authentic and reliable.

Just what can be done to secure reliable news after this is rather problematic, as under the recent order we understand that even the members of Co. "I" are prohibited from furnishing any news matter for the local papers.

The last two news articles from Major Phillips, received before the order was issued, will be found on the first page. Below is the Major's notice of discontinuance of the service:

BRIGADE HEADQUARTERS
Camp Ferris, July 12, 1916.

EDITOR, HERALD,
East Jordan, Mich.

Dear Sir: Owing to censorship regulations it will be impossible for me to act as your correspondent longer. However, in the event that anything vital happens at any time to Company "I," 33rd Inf'y, that you should know about I will see that you get it without cost to you. I have enjoyed our relationship very much and regret that Military exigencies cause it to be severed.

Very truly yours,
M. J. PHILLIPS.

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

DON'T GIVE AWAY your old rubbers, scrap iron, rags and junk. Take it 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.

NOTICE.

All who may need dental work done are notified that until further notice the dental offices in East Jordan will be closed on Thursday afternoons. Please remember and order your dates accordingly.

C. A. PRAY,
GEO. W. BECHTOLD.

SAYS THEY ARE WONDERFUL

Hot weather is doubly dangerous when digestion is bad. Constipation, sick headache, biliousness, or other conditions caused by clogged bowels yield quickly to Foley Cathartic Tablets.

Mrs. Elizabeth Slawson, So. Norwalk, Conn., writes: "I can honestly say they are wonderful."—Hites Drug Store.

JACOB E. CHEW Candidate for Representative—Primary Aug. 29, 1916.

Big Town Sayings.

There is considerable difference in the way most Big Town people and most country people part with their money. Country people often show they know the value of money by the reluctant way in which they lay it down. The Big Town person who is spending his last five dollar bill generally does it as carelessly as if there were a million behind it. It's hard to tell the Big Town rich man from the Big Town poor man when both are showing money over the same counter.

Some elevator boys put on hats of style in the way they open and close the cage doors. But they don't get as much salary as the assistant engineer in overalls who occasionally has to substitute when a boy has been fired, and who has no style at all.

The country girl is apt to make an extravagant housewife when she marries the Big Town man. She is used to having all the cream and eggs in the world, and she doesn't care how thick she makes the peelings from the potatoes. There were bushels of potatoes in the bin at home that always had to be thrown to the hogs anyway when the new crop came in. Generally it takes her a year or two to get accustomed to the Big Town limitations on such things.

Impressive office furniture can often carry an unimpressive man to success.

There never was a Big Town wife who didn't think her husband might make just a little more money.

Every sky-scraper has its rules against book agents, yet the office population buys two thirds of the subscription books that are published.

It takes something surpassing in surprises to get a second look out of a milkman.

A Big Town man may memorize a whole library and then find he is not as big, in the eyes of his son, as some unlettered cow-puncher who can catch the left hind foot of a running steer nine times out of ten.

If ever a substitute for sleep is discovered, of course a Big Town man will turn the trick.—From Judge.

URIC ACID IN MEAT CLOGS THE KIDNEYS

Take a glass of Salts if your Back hurts or Bladder bothers you—Drink more water.

If you must have your meat every day, eat it, but flush your kidneys with Salts occasionally, says a noted authority who tells us that meat forms uric acid which almost paralyzes the kidneys in their efforts to expel it from the blood. They become sluggish and weaken, then you suffer with a dull misery in the kidney region, sharp pains in the back or sick headache, dizziness, your stomach sour, tongue is coated and when the weather is bad you have rheumatic twinges. The urine gets cloudy, full of sediment, the channels often get sore and irritated, obliging you to seek relief two or three times during the night.

To neutralize these irritating acids, to cleanse the kidneys and flush off the body's urinous waste get four ounces of Jad Salts from any pharmacy here; take a tablespoonful in a glass of water before breakfast for a few days and your kidneys will then act fine. This famous salt is made from the acid of grapes and lemon juice, combined with lithia, and has been used for generations to flush and stimulate sluggish kidneys, also to neutralize the acids in urine, so it no longer irritates, thus ending bladder weakness.

Salts is inexpensive; cannot injure, and makes a delightful effervescent lithia-water drink.

Our July CLEARANCE SALE

Is Now In Full Swing

and Hundreds of Customers are Daily Made Glad by the Great Bargains They Are Securing In Every Department of Our Store.

Have You Got Yours?

DO NOT DELAY, BUT COME NOW AND SEE OUR GOODS AND PRICES.

L. WEISMAN

QUALITY

SERVICE



For These Hot Summer Days

There is nothing quite so refreshing as a dish of pure and wholesome ICE CREAM.

Order some TODAY and Every Day. Promptly Delivered packed in ice containers.

MCCOOL & MATHER
PHONE 29



GOOD SHOES is Our Hobby

THEY MUST FIT and WEAR.

We have them for Women Dorothy Dodd in the famous

FOR MEN The Ralston

OUR SIMPLEX STITCHER

Is a Wonder. Give Us a Trial.

CHAS. A. HUDSON
THE SHOE MAN.

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.

FOR SUMMER TROUBLES

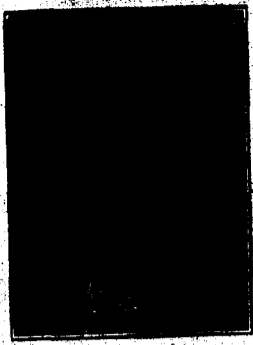
Hay fever afflicts thousands and asthma sufferers endure torture. Foley's Honey and Tar gives relief. It allays inflammation, clears air passages, eases rasping cough, soothes and heals. This wholesome family remedy contains no opiates—a bottle lasts a long time.—Hites Drug Store.

25 Post Cards 10 cents. Assorted

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

FAMILY STORY PAPER
24-26 Vandewater Street
New York

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 Voters of Charlevoix County.



I have decided to be a candidate for the office of Register of Deeds on the Republican ticket at the Primary Election, August 29th. I have been a resident of Charlevoix County thirty-five years. Have held the office of Supervisor of Eveline Township ten years and Clerk six years. If nominated and later elected I will attend the duties of the office to the best of my ability. Your support is respectfully solicited.

MALCOLM A. McDONALD.

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.
Boyer City, Mich.

When a man carries his wife's picture in his watchcase he can shut her up occasionally.

A regular woman is always glad when her husband has a holiday, so that he can put in about eighteen hours doing odd jobs at home.

DRINK A GLASS OF REAL HOT WATER BEFORE BREAKFAST.

Says we will both look and feel clean, sweet and fresh and avoid illness.

Sanitary science has of late made rapid strides with results that are of untold blessing to humanity. The latest application of its untiring research is the recommendation that it is as necessary to attend to internal sanitation of the drainage system of the human body as it is to the drains of the house.

Those of us who are accustomed to feel dull and heavy when we arise, spitting headache, stuffy from a cold, foul tongue, nasty breath, acid stomach, can, instead, feel as fresh as a daisy by opening the sluices of the system each morning and flushing out the whole of the internal poisonous stagnant matter.

Everyone, whether ailing, sick or well, should, each morning before breakfast, drink a glass of real hot water with a teaspoonful of limestone phosphate in it to wash from the stomach, liver and bowels the previous day's indigestible waste, sour bile and poisonous toxins; thus cleansing, sweetening and purifying the entire alimentary canal before putting more food into the stomach. The action of hot water and limestone phosphate on an empty stomach is wonderfully invigorating. It cleans out all the sour fermentations, gases, waste and acidity and gives one a splendid appetite for breakfast. While you are enjoying your breakfast the phosphated hot water is quietly extracting a large volume of water from the blood and getting ready for a thorough flushing of all the inside organs.

The millions of people who are bothered with constipation, bilious spells, stomach trouble, rheumatic stiffness; others who have sallow skins, blood disorders and sickly complexions are urged to get a quarter pound of limestone phosphate from the drug store. This will cost very little, but is sufficient to make anyone a pronounced crank on the subject of internal sanitation.

VanPelt Gives Strong Talk

Points Out Necessity of Good Roads in Our County.

[Address to the State Rural Mail Carriers in Session at Charlevoix Last Week.]

I feel that an apology is necessary for my appearance before you today as a speaker. When our Postmaster, Mr. Finucan, asked me to write to Chicago and get some extra good speaker to address you, as he wished to give you boys a royal good welcome, I immediately complied with his request and wrote Mr. William G. Edens, the Chairman of our Good Roads Committee of the Chicago Association of Commerce. I received his reply by return mail, saying that it would be impossible for him to come, so, as the time was short, he would ask me to represent him, I being one of his committeemen.

Now, I am no more fit to represent Bill Edens in any way, particularly, as a speaker, than hell would be fit for a powder house, because he is an orator possessed of the proverbial silver tongue, but, if you will indulge me so far, there are some things I should like to say.

While you are invited here by our mutual friend, Fred Butler, father of General Butler of the Civil War, a hearty welcome is extended to all of you, not only from Charlevoix but from the entire County of Charlevoix.

Right here, I want to say, we have three, smart, thriving cities in this county—East Jordan, Boyne City and Charlevoix, with Pine Lake in the center; a county of units, all working hand in hand for the benefit of the entire county.

Pine Lake is a queen among lakes, of which no one is more beautiful, none with purer water and none on which, in palmy lumber days, floated as many vessels carrying lumber to every part of the country. The shores are irregular, the land high and rolling all along the shore and Charlevoix County is destined, because of its unusual advantages in this lake, to become one of the great resorts of the United States. You know it takes time to make a big resort country. Tourists necessarily have to become possessed of the knowledge of the country to which they come and to which they send their families.

Pure water and health-giving climatic conditions enter largely into the making of such a place, for without these advantages any resort is sure of becoming a dead one. Pine Lake aids materially in making these qualities and the surrounding farm lands are so located as to make Charlevoix County the natural resort, being so centrally located and easily approached by both rail and steamboat.

Pine Lake is entirely within the confines of our own County, with Charlevoix at the extreme west end. It empties into Round Lake, one of the best harbors on Lake Michigan. Boyne City, eighteen miles distant at the east end of the Lake, is one of the large lumber towns still existent in Michigan. On the south side of Pine Lake, six miles from Charlevoix, is an arm, extending about twelve miles in a southeasterly direction to East Jordan, another thriving lumber city.

A healthy competition exists between these three cities in their various activities and with the fast and ever growing popularity of this region of the State as a summer resort, their future prosperity and growth is assured.

Now, we come to the vital point of our story. We all know that good roads are absolutely necessary for rural free delivery, in order that the mail matter may be delivered promptly to its destination. If, when you go forth on your daily trips, you try to impress upon someone of your prominent farmer friends the necessity of building the maintenance into the road, you will be conferring a great favor, not only on yourself, but on the farmer and his children, as well. Tell them of the never ending expense that the macadam road is which many counties are now building; the repairs of which will, in a few years, be more than the original cost of the road. There is a road that can be built that will last a lifetime—I mean a long lifetime, fifty years at least and with but little expense, and that is a concrete road.

For ordinary purposes, one ten-foot wide, with shoulders of crushed stone on either side four feet in width, is sufficient, thereby giving eighteen feet in width, and this road can be built in Charlevoix County for \$5,850.00 per mile. The rebate from the State is \$1,000.00 for the cement portion. I have not been informed up to the present time what the rebate will be for the extra eight feet of crushed stone, but it is safe to say that it will be at least \$200.00, making the net cost not exceed \$4,650.00, as against the nine foot road which we are building here at a cost of \$3,000.00 per mile, with a rebate of \$600.00. Really, this is no rebate, because the whole \$3,000.00 is virtually foisted away on account of the big expense of the upkeep. This upkeep of our nine foot

road we are now building is like the babbling brook. It runs on forever, until the road is either rebuilt with concrete or brick.

I want to call your attention, when you get outside of this building, to two pieces of concrete road; one at the South end of Bridge Street, opposite the Elston House, which was put down seven years ago, and, before you look at it, I want to assure you that there is not a crack, nor a break, nor apparently a worn place in it; the other, Dixon Avenue, which was paved five years ago, between the Bridge and the depot. I make the assertion, without fear of contradiction, that these two pieces of road are subject to a more severe test during the months of either July or August (and have been ever since they were built) than the road between Charlevoix and Boyne Falls or Charlevoix and East Jordan would have to bear in an entire year. On Dixon Avenue, you will find a few cracks. This was not the fault of the cement, but we did not know as much about building concrete roads five years ago as we do now. The spaces for expansion should have been down the center and also transversely every fifty feet.

Scientific figuring is the first thing every successful business man does in the management of his business. The cost is always the first thing to be taken into consideration.

Now, what is the answer, or the reminder, or the reply to make to the man who says we cannot afford concrete roads? The fact is, we cannot afford anything else. Do you know what the upkeep of a nine foot road, such as is being built between Boyne City and Greensky Hill, will be? Go and look at it, see for yourself and then judge. Nobody has to be told that in a few, very few years this road will have to be rebuilt and it is not the fault of the commissioner either. It is the fault of the State of Michigan to allow their money to be spent in this unbusiness like manner. It is a fair sample and compares favorably with what the State did five years ago in sending a lot of six dollar a day men to do fifteen million dollars worth of business. I mean by this, to reassess the property that they did not know a darn thing about. All they did know was that if they did not add to what the local supervisor or assessor had assessed it at they would lose their jobs, so, of course, they added to it.

Going back to the road proposition, the plain lesson for communities having heavy traffic is to build permanently. It is better to add a small annual mileage of low maintenance roads than to gamble with the future on a less satisfactory type. It has already proven costly.

Earth and gravel roads have their place as feeders to the main highways and for districts too sparsely populated to finance better construction. Light traffic does not demand more.

But where traffic is heavy and the community demands good roads it is economic wisdom to build permanently;—a blunder to build less well. For permanence means least cost.

Another thing you Rural Messengers can do is to urge upon your farmer friends the advantage and the profit that would result to each and every one if they would plant a row of choice, bearing apple trees the entire frontage of their farms along the roadside; also, to have the sides of the road levelled and seeded down. Just imagine all the roads in your county with two rows of splendid apple trees and a long narrow meadow on both sides of the road.

Some farmers will work like the devil on the back part of an old, stumpy field among stones and brush, to get some fodder for next winter and at the same time neglect to cultivate the strip by the side of the road which is already cleared and ready for the crop.

Am I talking nonsense, or is this thought the emanation of a diseased brain—answer me the question. Methinks I hear a carrier from Emmet County say, "Not by a darn sight." That's right, Mr. Emmet, your sight is good.

HIS BACKACHE GONE

Just how dangerous a backache, sore muscles, aching joints or rheumatic pains, may be is sometimes realized only when life insurance is refused on account of kidney trouble. Joseph G. Wolf of Green Bay, Wis., writes: "Foley Kidney Pills relieved me of a severe backache that had bothered me for several months." Take Foley Kidney Pills for weak lame back and weary sleepless nights.—Hites Drug Store.

A Texas girl recently horsewhipped a man who failed to show up on the day they were to be married. That chap had a lucky escape.

GAVE THE BABY REST

Children just cannot keep covered at night and that is one way they take cold. Foley's Honey and Tar is a reliable family cough medicine that contains no opiates or harmful ingredients. Mrs. Wm. Leonard, Pottsville, Pa., writes: "My baby had a very bad cough. The first dose gave her relief."—Hites Drug Store.

Temple Theatre
PARAMOUNT
PICTURE
ROGRAM

Friday, July 14th.

JOHN BARRYMORE in "THE DICTATOR"

The central character of this famous comedy-drama is Brooke Travers, a young American who is forced by existing and exciting circumstances to become temporarily the Dictator of a small republic in South America, and who in doing so becomes the hero of many momentous situations, some comic and some very serious indeed, from all of which he emerges the victor through the aid of his clever wit and never-failing audacity, and is finally rescued by a kindly fate in the substantial guise of an American battleship.

Brooke Travers, a young society man of roving disposition and much leisure, gets into a cab with his valet and his trunk, to go to his yacht for a cruise. Arriving at the pier, the cabman demands an exorbitant charge for his fare, and upon Travers resenting the



charge, he is again "soaked" by the cabman, this time with his capable fists. Travers strikes back, and the cabman falls, his head hitting a curb-stone. The ambulance surgeon arrives, pronounces the man dying, and advises Travers to flee. Taking both the advice and the cab, Travers and his valet hasten to another wharf and take ship for Central America. As they are landing at the little port of Porto Banos, the consul of that forsaken place, who is also an instigator of revolutions, offers to let Travers take his credentials and pose as dictator in his place, pretending to be afraid of the yellow fever, but really because he has learned of a new revolution and is afraid of his life. Travers, fearing the law is already on his track, eagerly accepts the offer and goes ashore as the new dictator. Then things happen with marvelous celerity and Travers becomes the center of a small cyclone of trouble, the chief factors in which are the opposing factions of the revolution, the wife of the consul, a vengeful former sweetheart of the latter, and a pretty young missionary with whom Travers has fallen desperately in love. How he finally comes unscathed from his many perils and wins his lady-love makes a screen comedy of unusual merit.

Produced in Cuba and Central America, the photoplay possesses all the color and exactitude of environment necessary to a convincing exposition of the thrillingly humorous story, and John Barrymore's irresistible performance, promoted by the assistance of an unusually capable supporting company, provides the feature with every requisite quality.

Tuesday, July 18th

Myrtle Stedman in "Wild Olive"

On the circumstantial evidence of the bloody dagger having been found in his bedroom, young Norrie Ford is indicted on the terrible charge of murdering his uncle, a boss and bully in an Alleghany-lumber camp, and is sentenced to death.

Breaking away from his guards, Norrie escapes into the mountains where he is hidden from the pursuing posse in the cabin of a mysterious mountain girl of beauty and culture, who aids him to make his escape to Argentine, after they have vowed their love for each other.

Growing a beard and changing his name, Norrie Ford soon becomes a favorite in the best circles of gay Buenos Ayres. Sending letter after letter to the mountain girl, whom he knows only as "The Wild Olive," the letters are all returned marked "No Such Name." In his endeavors to forget her he becomes engaged to a New York girl and shortly after is transferred to New York by his firm. Venturing back to the States he finds "The Wild Olive" again, only to learn that she is the girl chum of his betrothed.

Meanwhile he has been seen by a detective who was one of the deputies during his trial for murder. The clash between Norrie's fiancée and "The Wild Olive," and the latter's noble sacrifice not only to the fiancée but also to an attorney suitor on condition that he clear Norrie of the murder charge, culminate in a dramatic courtroom scene where the identity of the real murderer is discovered and Norrie is acquitted.

AT EAST JORDAN ONE DAY ONLY

Saturday, July 22nd

AGAIN ALL NEW AND BETTER

BEFORE THE AMERICAN PUBLIC FOR NEARLY A QUARTER OF A CENTURY ALWAYS THE BEST.

SUN BROTHERS
WORLD'S PROGRESSIVE SHOWS

GREAT GERMAN ZOOLOGIC CONGRESS
EUROPEAN TRAINED ANIMAL TOURNEY
REGAL BLUE-RIBBON HORSE FAIR

10 Acres of Tents. 2 Big Bands of Music.
2 Special Trains of 60 Foot Double Length Railway Cars.
Only Great Show Coming.

2 PERFORMANCES DAILY AFTERNOON AND NIGHT RAIN OR SHINE
CLEANEST AND BEST UNDER THE SUN.

FREE—On the Show Grounds at 12:30 p. m. Series of "THRILLER" FREE EXHIBITIONS, Countless in Number and Beyond Comparison.
ALL FREE TO THE PUBLIC.

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

PURE MILK

Pastuerized

McCool & Mather
FRESH PASTEURIZED MILK
EAST JORDAN

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