

Charlevoix County Herald.

Vol. 21

EAST JORDAN, MICHIGAN, FRIDAY, APRIL 20, 1917.

No. 16

Over Two Hundred Confessions

Evangelistic Campaign Has Positive Grip on Community
Budget Expenses All Raised.

Far exceeding the highest expectations of the most sanguine enthusiasts of the Loose Evangelistic Campaign here in East Jordan were the results of the work up to and including the meetings of last Sunday. From the time of opening of this campaign religious enthusiasm has marked the highest pitch and Sunday can well be considered the greatest day religiously that East Jordan has passed through.

Beginning with the Union Service in the morning Evangelist Loose raised the total amount of money required to defray all expenses of the campaign except the final offering or effort to raise an adequate amount for the compensation of Evangelist Loose who not only has come here without any definite sum demanded but also pays part of the salary of his helpers.

At 3 p. m. however, when the men crowded the Armory and every available seat was taken with many standing eyes before the service opened it went without saying that a great meeting was on. With his masterful address on "White Slaves" Evangelist Loose gripped the attention of this large body of men, scores of whom signified by shaking the Evangelists hand at the close of the meeting that they were lined up with him in upholding his high standards of morality. The second of the series of his theme, entitled, "Dad and His Boy" is to be given next Sunday afternoon when it will be necessary to use the Opera House to accommodate the still larger crowd of men who doubtless will come not only from our city but from the adjoining villages and country as well. Evangelist Loose wants it understood that no boys under twelve years of age will be permitted to this service.

Sunday night, like the previous Friday night known as "Mill Night" and the following Monday night known as "High School" night was one marked with intense spiritual power and passion. The singing led by Prof. Willgus, the Evangelists sermon on the "Ark" and the personal persuasion of local workers under God's favor resulted in from sixty to seventy decisions and confessions up to the present time over two hundred have responded to Evangelist Loose's appeals to live a Christian life. The prayer districts, comprising an important feature of the campaign, have shown a steady increase in attendance until from one hundred to one hundred and thirty meet every morning at different homes all over the city for prayer and conference work.

For a day or two this week the Party is without a business manager and personal worker among men, as Rev. Henry G. Bowden, who filled that position, was called to take up work elsewhere. It is believed, however, the work will sustain no loss in this respect as Rev. Dick Brauston, of Berwick, Pa. who has had wide experience in this with many of the leading evangelists of the country immediately took his place and is now lined up for real definite Kingdom work. The Party has confidence that the results of next Sunday and the following week will far exceed anything that has been done here, for East Jordan has responded enthusiastically to this Campaign.

Commission Proceedings.

Regular meeting of the City Commission held at the commission rooms, Monday evening, April 16, 1917. Meeting was called to order by Mayor Cross. Present—Cross, Gidley and Crowell. Absent—None.

Minutes of the last meeting were read and approved.

On motion by Gidley the following bills were allowed:

J. H. Shults, election supplies	\$ 22.79
and etc.
Supernaw Prod. Co., coal	7.96
City Treas. payment of labor	23.35
American LaFrance Fire Engine Co., hose	210.00

On motion by Crowell meeting was adjourned.

OTIS J. SMITH,
City Clerk.

Genius is seldom mistaken for common sense.

Never judge what a woman thinks by what she says.

No man ever brings suit against the assessor for underrating his worth.

BARNETTE—HARRISON

Miss Ellen, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Richard Barnette of this city, and Mr. Edloe S. Harrison of the Soo were united in marriage at Detroit on Wednesday, April 11th. The groom is a member of Co. M. 33rd Michigan Infantry, which is part of the same regiment as our Company-I, and is stationed for the present at Fort Wayne. He received a few days furlough and they were quietly married at a Methodist parsonage in Detroit, the pastor being a friend of the groom.

Mrs. Harrison is an East Jordan girl and since schooling days, has followed her vocation as teacher in the public schools of our state. For a few years she was with the schools at the Soo, and now has charge of the fourth grade of our Central School.

At present the "At Home" is indefinite and Mr. Harrison rejoined his Company at Fort Wayne for service with Uncle Sam.

ALBA SAW MILL DESTROYED BY FIRE.

The big saw mill plant of the Anderson handle and lumber company at Alba was completely destroyed by fire early Thursday morning. The watchman discovered the fire at 1:15, but the fire fighting means of the mill and village were insufficient to cope with the flames, and the whole plant was soon reduced to ashes. The cause of the fire is unknown.

The loss is estimated at \$15,000, with \$10,000 insurance. The company had 2,000,000 feet of logs in the yard and the prospects are reported good for the rebuilding of the plant.

This mill was Alba's only industry and its loss would be a serious blow to the welfare of the village.

THERE ARE TREASURES IN YOUR BACK YARD.

There's a treasure buried in every man's back yard, says a state board of health bulletin; but to find it each man must dig for it himself, he cannot delegate the work to an employe.

This is the time of year for garden digging, and the state board of health is handing out the advice to all to dig in their back yards, not chiefly for the treasure in vegetables (though that is not by any means inconsiderable with potatoes hovering around the \$3.00 mark) but for the treasure of health.

In spite of all that medical science has discovered, it has never discovered anything that can take the place of good old Dr. Sun and Dr. Wind and Dr. Open-Air. And there is something in the close contact with free mother earth that has a revivifying and medicinal effect on the human system.

Especially is the advice to make the most of the back-yard garden's treasure of health handed out in view of the tuberculosis problem in Michigan. There is a great cry throughout the state of erecting tuberculosis sanitariums. And they are needed unquestionably. But if every man would make the most of the health he can dig up with a spade in his own yard, far fewer sanitariums (and sanitariums for that matter too) would be needed.

This is an old legend, the bulletin continues, that a rich man, dying, revealed to his son that there was a large amount of treasure hidden in his vineyard. The son dug up every inch of ground to find it. And while there was no gold there, the increase in the grape crop as a result of the stirring of the earth was so large that in reality it netted the son much treasure. So also, even though the back-yard garden costs more than the vegetables bring, still the gardener finds a real treasure of health.

Fortunes await the inventor of a lifeboat that will float on a sea of trouble.

Fortunate is the man who can eliminate the word revenge from his vocabulary.

Pedigrees and epitaphs are intended to perpetuate ready made reputations.

A man's deafness has reached the limit when he can no longer hear a noise like a skirt.

Notice to Patrons of Electric Light Co.

Effective April 1st, 1917, we will make a minimum charge of One Dollar on all meters instead of seventy-five cents as heretofore.

EAST JORDAN ELECTRIC LIGHT & POWER CO.

L. G. Balch, Supt.

Company "I" To Guard Tunnel

Received Orders Yesterday To Guard Grand Trunk R. R. Tunnel at Port Huron.

Items of Interest Concerning Our Company and Letters of Commendation from War Dep't.

Captain H. L. Winters of Company I received orders Thursday to proceed with his command to Port Huron, for the purpose of guarding the Grand Trunk Tunnel at that city. A small detachment of his company will remain at Fort Wayne to assist in the training of recruits.

Owing to the fact that tunnels are regarded as of prime military importance at this time, and also that only the best soldiers are detailed for such important places we feel more than proud of this honor conferred on Capt. Winters and his excellent Company.

Though Co. I is back in Michigan again the men do not expect to see East Jordan for some time. Though all were keenly disappointed at not being mustered out the men were game enough not to complain. At the present time the Govt. is weeding out those men with dependents even though they wish to stay. They are discharging as well all who refused to take the National Defense Oath required by the Act of June 3rd, 1916, which changed the status of the National Guard. Co. I loses five men through this. Sgt. Guy Sedgeman; Sgt. Albert LaLonde, Sgt. Dewitt Patterson, Corps. Ruel Chellis, Duncan Crawford and Pvt. William E. LaValley are the men to take advantage of this ruling. Considerable feeling has been expressed in the Company at those who take advantage of this for the men believe that now everyone should do his share. Recruits are coming in daily and the Company will soon be at its normal strength again, even though several will leave at this time.

The trip back to Michigan was a most interesting and pleasant one. On Friday night, March 24 the Company entrained at El Paso and left there early the next morning. Saturday and Sunday were spent in traveling through the heart of Texas. The next day was spent in Louisiana and a good share of that day at Boyce, a real southern town situated on the banks of the Red River. From there on evidences of summer were everywhere. The Cypress swamps were green, the trees in full foliage, gardens a foot high and birds were everywhere. This was especially marked along the Gulf. The best stop on the trip was that taken at New Orleans where nine hours were spent in sightseeing. That those hours were worth the rest of the journey was the universal expression of the men when they returned to the train. From there the way lay along the Gulf to Mobile, thence through Alabama, Tenn., Ky. and Ind. to Chicago. The trains reaching Port Wayne on Friday morning.

Many souvenirs were brought back by the men. At least a dozen burros were stowed away in the wagon cars. All kinds of dogs were on the train from mongrels to the well known Mexican hairless and the Chihuahua dogs. Roderick Davis and Clyde Strong have the best specimens of that type. Charles Newkirk came back with a horned toad which had become a Company pet. And everyone had any number of pictures to remember the trip by.

Now the Co's which remain at the Fort have been comfortably housed in the barracks while the others have been scattered on guard duty throughout the state. The change from the abode dirt camp of the south to well heated and lighted rooms is pleasing to the men who for the most part cannot be stationed at Fort Wayne too long.

HEADQUARTERS EL PASO DISTRICT

El Paso, Texas, March 7, 1917.

From: The District Adjutant.
To: Comdg Officer, 33rd Regiment of Infantry, Michigan National Guard, thru C. G., 11th Prov. Division.
Subject: Appearance of the 33rd Michigan Infantry in the street parade and review, March 6, 1917.

1. The District Commander desires me to express to you his personal gratification at the excellent appearance presented by your regiment on the occasion of the parade and review which took place yesterday in El Paso. He remarked that your horses were the best groomed of any Infantry Regiment, whether Regular or National Guard, taking part in the Parade, and wishes to congratulate you and the Officers and enlisted men of your regiment on their very handsome showing.

H. V. Whitney
Lieut. Colonel, A. G.

2526.
Hd. 11th Prov. Division, Camp Newton Baker, El Paso, Texas, March 9, 1917.—To the Commanding Officer, 33rd Mich. Inf.

LoRoy Pearson
Captain, 33rd Mich. Inf.,
Ass't Chief of Staff &
Acting Adjutant.

WAR DEPARTMENT

Washington.

March 13, 1917.

The Commanding Officer,
33rd Infantry,
Michigan National Guard.

Sir:

I wish to thank you and the officers and men of your organization who went to the border in response to the call of the President, for the valuable service which you have rendered to the country. When the National Guard was called into the service of the Federal Government, the lives of men, women and children along the frontier were in grave danger, owing to the formidable bandit raids from the Mexican side of the boundary. It is not too much to say that had these raids continued, there was danger of international war. From the time of the arrival of the units of the National Guard on the border, the raids ceased, and the tension between the two countries began to relax. It is the hope and belief of the Government that the presence of the units of the National Guard, together with the units of the Regular Army, on the border and in Mexico, and the presence in mobilization camps of the units of the National Guard in readiness for such service, has made possible a peaceful solution of a difficult and threatening problem.

Very respectfully,
Newton D. Baker,
Secretary of War.

BEAUTIFUL SYMBOLIZATION OF THE FLAG.

"There is the national flag! He must be cold indeed who can look upon its folds rippling in the breeze without pride of country. If he be in a foreign land, the flag is companionship, and country itself with all its endearments. Who as he sees it can think of a state merely? Whose eyes once fastened upon its radiant trophies can fail to recognize the image of the whole nation? It has been called "a floating piece of poetry," and yet I know not if it have any intrinsic beauty beyond other ensigns. Its highest beauty is what it symbolizes. It is a piece of bunting lifted in the air; but it speaks sublimely and every part has a voice. Its stripes of alternate red and white proclaim the original union of thirteen states to maintain the declaration of independence. Its stars, white on a field of blue, proclaim that union of states constituting our national constellation which receives a new star with every new state; The two together signify union, past and present. The very colors have a language which was officially recognized by our fathers. White is for purity; red for valor; blue for justice; and all together, bunting, stripes, stars and colors, blazing in the sky, make the flag of our country, to be cherished by all our hearts, to be upheld by all our hands."—Charles Sumner.

Growing out of our relation to the world war, a patriotic fervor is sweeping the land. Our national emblem symbolizes all that our nation stands for. There are certain rules of etiquette relating to the national flag and below are the rules as given out by the Department of Public Instruction.

Etiquet of "Old Glory"

"The American flag should not be hoisted before sunrise nor allowed to remain up after sunset.

At "retreat" sunset, civilian spectators should stand at "attention" and uncover during the playing of "The Star Spangled Banner." Military spectators are required by regulations to stand at "attention" and give the military salute. During the playing of the national hymn at "retreat" the flag should be lowered, but not then allowed to touch the ground.

When the national colors are passing on parade, or in review, the spectators should, if walking, halt, and if sitting, arise and stand at "attention" and uncover.

When the national and state, or other flags fly together, the national flag should be placed on the right.

When the flag is flown at half staff as a sign of mourning, it should be hoisted to full mast at the conclusion of the funeral.

The national salute is one gun for every state. The international salute is, under the law of nations, twenty-one guns.

Whenever possible the flag should be flown from a staff or mast, but should not be fastened to the side of a building, platform or scaffolding.

When the flag is used as a banner the union should fly to the north on streets running east and west; and to the east on streets running north and south.

When flags are used in unveiling a statue or monument they should not be allowed to fall to the ground, but should be carried aloft to wave out, forming a distinctive feature during the remainder of the ceremony."

FOOD SUPPLY IS FIRST PROBLEM

Discussing the problem of agriculture and food supply both for home and Entente consumption, Dr. Graham Lusk, of Cornell Medical College advocates sending our troops to Europe, but believes this would be impractical unless the Government could provide food in sufficient quantity both to maintain national welfare and to supply the Entente. American soldiers must be supplied from the American commissariat. The United States Army commissary has evolved the best and most comprehensive army ration in the world. Our soldiers would not thrive on the rations issued European troops, and a poorly fed army is a dangerous animal. When the American troops were in China during the Boxer rebellion our commissary was the wonder of the Allies. Spring planting is here and it behooves every food-producer in the land to do his bit in meeting the heavy drafts for foodstuffs which we will have to meet. The American woman will be no slower than her European sister in donning jumpers and laboring in the fields. It is healthy work and it is fine patriotism.

Loose Leaves from Loose's Lightning

Life depends on what you put into it and what you take out of it.

The man who is all in—down and out—is just as much a self made man, as the one who is at the top of the ladder of success.

The ten year period of life between ten and twenty is the greatest period of development.

545—out of 1000—Christians take Jesus Christ into their lives before they are twenty years old.

I was never in a community before in my life where there was so much indifference about the matter of getting Jesus Christ into the lives of your young people.

Parents: the battleground of the life of your boy and girl is in the periods of their recreation.

What have you that you will have five minutes after you are dead?

Every man, woman and child in this community who has nothing against Jesus Christ, should be living out and out for HIM.

Show me what a boy or girl is doing in their recreation periods and I'll tell you what they will do.

Parents: I say it's your business to know what your children are doing in their recreation periods.

A man will get mad at his wife over religion quicker than he will with anybody else over anything else.

All some church members are for in this town anyway, is to use sledge hammers on the Evangelist.

These fool "isms" are parasites on Christianity.

If you can't talk to your children about becoming Christians, you are not right with God.

The Devil has the world fooled into believing that he will give them more than Jesus Christ, what has he Given YOU?

The hardest worked man in this town is the man who is serving the devil.

Any man is a fool who wont take the advice of a good wife.

God's way is always the best way. Try it out.

The minute you take Jesus Christ as your Saviour you are falling in with the best men of this age.

If there is anything I have contempt for it is a "pussy-foot."

We see in this world just what we are looking for.

SMALL POTATOES FOR SEED.

The high price at which potatoes are selling and the scarcity of good seed potatoes will cause growers to use very small and inferior seed much more commonly this season than usual.

Potatoes which are a little larger than a good sized hen's egg if taken from productive and disease free hills are desirable for seed purposes. Potatoes of this size taken from fields which are known to have been pure as to variety and practically free from disease will not be objectionable. Such seed should be planted whole.

Potatoes which are much smaller than a hen's egg especially when the general condition of the crop from which they were taken is unknown may result in the development of a large per centage of diseased hills and a corresponding reduction in yield. Very small seed whether planted whole or cut will enhance the danger of loss from diseases and unfavorable weather conditions because the plants which grow from such seed do not get as good a start as from larger seed.

The potato plant is dependent upon the seed piece for its entire development for some time after the plant begins to grow. Large seed will almost invariably produce stronger plants than very small seed. All seed should be treated for scab and black scurf before planting. For directions as to method of treating the seed write the Michigan Agricultural College, East Lansing, Horticultural Department, Mich. Agricul. College.

MRS. CLAYTON'S LETTER
To Run-Down, Nervous Women
 Louisville, Ky.—"I was a nervous wreck, and in a weak, run-down condition when a friend asked me to try Vinol. I did so, and as a result I have gained in health and strength. I think Vinol is the best medicine in the world for a nervous, weak, run-down system and for elderly people."—Mrs. W. C. CLAYTON, Louisville, Ky.
 Vinol, which contains beef and cod liver peptones, iron and manganese peptones, and glycerophosphates, is guaranteed to overcome all run-down, weak, devitalized conditions.
HITE DRUG CO.
 Also at the leading drug store in all Michigan towns.

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CHARLEVOIX COUNTY IMPROVEMENT SOCIETY

If Boyne City, Boyne Falls and East Jordan with a goodly number of interested farmers in all sections of the County will do as well in their Commercial Associations as Charlevoix the beautiful has done, we certainly can hope for great results. I think perhaps one thing we might do that would relieve a great deal of unnecessary talk and unjust condemnation would be for all the County officials who handle the funds of the County which of course are the County's funds and not their own, if they would voluntarily publish a weekly financial statement of all the money they have received during the week and of the names to whom they have paid money and for what it was paid for, I would think that they would be glad of the opportunity of doing this, thereby placing themselves squarely before the people just the same as our Council does. This would do away with all suspicion of graft, and it is why I did it when we built the cut-off road by the Waller farm to Burgess.

I have thought so many times since my visit to Charlevoix last week and asked myself the question—how can any man drive over the two pieces of concrete road in Charlevoix which have been down six and seven years each and say it is not the cheapest. One day while I was there I saw Col. Hamilton with a couple of men breaking a hole in this concrete road at the top of the hill just beyond the Charlevoix Lumber Co's mill, and to see how hard they had to work with heavy sledges and chisels to break off pieces as large as an egg up to the size of your hand. A water pipe had frozen during the winter and the Col. said this is one of the hardest jobs he had in getting to pipes, there was scarcely any show of wear on the top of these broken pieces and also I have said many times that this pavement would last fifty years, I now honestly believe that it will last a hundred years, and the beauty of it is that not one cent has been spent in the up-keep of this piece of road. The broken pieces showed the stones broken inside the concrete and that the concrete was really stronger than the stone. I want the friends of the gravel roads we are now building to watch the Argo Milling Co's new truck when it goes out some day to take a five or six ton load from Charlevoix to Boyne City or E. Jordan, just watch what it does to the roads, after so doing ask yourself what will several trucks do when they go over the road several times a day, bearing in mind this fact—that trucks are here to stay and we have got to build roads for them as well as for the heavy touring cars and there is only one kind of road that will stand this business, and that is concrete, and the beauty of it is that the first cost of it to our County will be but a trifle more than the cost of a gravel road and the up-keep of a concrete road will be next to nothing, and of the gravel road in a very few years will be a good deal more than the original cost.

I saw a man in Chicago yesterday, who had driven up to our country last year and he was asked how he had found the roads—he replied very good indeed when I went up in June but when I came back the first of September many of them were in very bad condition, showing plainly that one summer's wear will put a good dirt road out of commission. I would suggest that Charlevoix County secure a County agent, and believe he will pay for himself the first year, because I know that I do not know what kind of a crop is best adapted to any piece of land or which will grow the most profitable crop, and I am egotistical to say that if I do not know, having been virtually brought up on a farm, what will the average farmer know? A good County agent can tell when he analyzes the earth what is the best crop to grow on it, because he is educated in that line of business and at the present time there is absolutely nothing more essential or necessary not only for Charlevoix county but for all the world to know, and it is our duty to grow all that we possibly can. Some ground will grow a big crop of onions, but not of beets, and so on all down the line. The United States now needs all that it can possibly raise of the best of everything out of the ground as well as all the fruit on the trees, and fish in our lakes and rivers as well. Our citizens should be patriotic, no shirking, no holding back. Plow both early and late, plant everything that you can take care of, never forgetting what is worth doing at all is worth doing well, and ever keeping this in view that we will get all the money we can now from Uncle Sam to help us build permanent roads while we have the opportunity. Possibly if this war should continue for several moons the expenses thereof would be so great that he might not be able to carry out his National Good Roads project.

Yours,
 VAN PELT.
 Too many virtues in a man are apt to make his friends long for a few vice. Knowledge may be power, but it takes gasoline to get you anywhere these days.

CHARLEVOIX COUNTY HERALD

G. A. Lisk, Publisher
ONE DOLLAR PER YEAR
 Entered at the postoffice at East Jordan, Michigan, as second class mail matter.

HOPES TO GET RID OF PEST

Italian Professor Thinks He Has Found Way to Exterminate the Destructive Field Vole.

A plague of field voles having practically destroyed last summer's grain crop in the province of Foggia, southeastern Italy, Professor Splendore has made an interesting investigation that points to a possible remedy. Many of the animals were noticed to be dying and in 40 specimens sent to him at Rome Professor Splendore found a cocco-bacillus, evidently a new species, that was present in the blood, internal organs and lymphatic glands. The rapidly spreading and quickly fatal epizootic seemed to be undoubtedly due to this organism. Healthy voles died in less than 24 hours after subcutaneous inoculation with an infected liver or spleen; others fed with infected material died in three or four days, and in others kept near dead or infected voles the disease developed in a few days. Mice, rats and rabbits proved also capable of infection. The organism was isolated from the intestines of fleas found on an infected vole, and it was concluded that fleas carry the infection and that if inoculated voles were suitably distributed in a region of healthy ones the fleas would rapidly spread an epidemic that might free the locality from the destructive pest.

MUST KEEP SUCCESS IN MIND

He Who Would Reach the Goal of His Desires Cannot Admit Possibility of Defeat.

Success, to be achieved in reality, must be mentally lived for months, sometimes for years, before it arrives. Napoleon, with his dreams of power and conquest, realized them more fully than any other man. Jeanne d'Arc, with her dreams of freeing her country and setting her king on his rightful throne, accomplished her desires through the very force and strength of her thoughts. To her it was the sole object of her life; her mind knew of no other project but that which the spiritual voices had bidden her pursue.

We could cite hundreds of instances in history, but unless you are disposed to believe the truth of the power of mind you would be no more convinced than you are now. Look about you at the cases where good luck seems to have attended the efforts of well-known workers of today. You will find in practically every instance that the person who reaches his goal is the one who works, to be sure, but with no other idea than success in his mind. Nothing daunted by petty discouragements or setbacks, he goes right on, having no doubt that in the end he will achieve success. And he usually does.

Feast of Minerva.

All Guatemala celebrates the feast of Minerva, the most elaborate observance in its calendar. The revival of this feast, educational and patriotic in its motives, is the idea of the present president, Senor don Estrada Cabrera. Like its Roman precursor, it marks the close of the school year, and prizes are awarded for excellence in scholarship. One of the prizes—\$100 gold and a trip to the United States—was given by an American company for the best essay written in English. Ceremonies intended to inculcate love of country and devotion to duty also form part of the celebration. There is also an exhibition of the products of the republic held in connection with the annual event. Of the exhibits this year, coffee, sugar and sugar cane deserve special mention. American-made plows and disk plows specially adapted to sugar-cane cultivation were on display.

Measure Hides by Air Pressure.

A German method for measuring the area of hides by means of air pressure has been recently patented. The measuring instrument consists of a table top with many small holes in it, spaced at regular intervals, mounted on a funnel base, through which, and through the holes in the top, a suction fan draws air. The hide, when placed on the table, reduces the cross-section of the air current and so produces a rarefaction of the air, which in turn creates a subsidence that can be measured from the combined readings of a vacuum gauge and a tachometer—an instrument that registers the velocity of air currents.

Removing Rust from Nickel.

First smear the rusted place with grease and rub it well in; this in itself will frequently remove a great deal of the rust. Allow the grease to remain for several hours and then remove it with a rag which has been dipped in ammonia. This usually will remove all traces of the rust. If, however, a stubborn spot or two remains, wipe it with a little diluted hydrochloric acid. The acid should be used very quickly and with care, otherwise it will remove the nickel as well as the rust. When all the rust has disappeared wash thoroughly with clean water and then use a metal polish.

AGENT GOOD BUSINESS MAN

Indianian Credited With Deal That for Its Shrewdness Would Be Hard to Beat.

Last summer in a suburban town, when a circus was billed for the city, the billposters came, to cover the dead walls with the glaring announcements. Near the railway station was a building that had its walls annually decorated. The station agent, who was in no way related to the owner of the building, saw the walls being decorated, near the station, and thus accosted the billposter:

"Does pa know you're putting up them bills here?"

"Why, no, I didn't think there'd be any trouble."

"I know," the agent replied, "but I don't think pa'd like this."

The showman handed him a ticket for the circus.

"Well, I don't know about this," said the agent. "If you didn't ask pa, I don't know whether you'd better do this or not."

The billposter gave him another ticket.

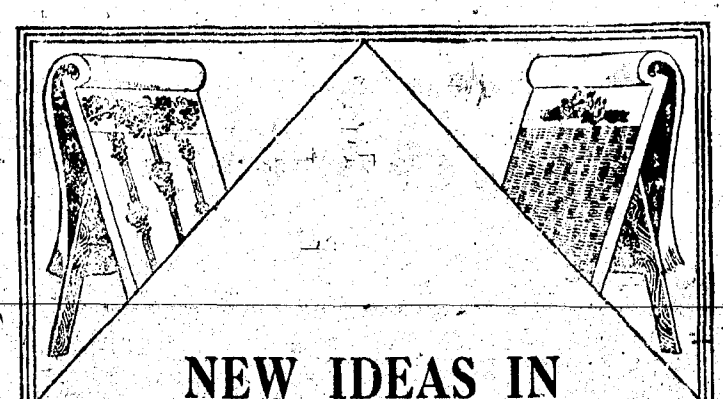
"Won't that fix it?"

"Well," replied the agent, "pa's awful particular, but I guess I can fix it."

The owner of the building later heard the story, and going to the agent demanded the tickets, explaining that the building belonged to him. The agent declared that "if the building does belong to you, it was my idea, wasn't it?" This apparently settled the matter, as the agent's little girl ate peanuts at that circus and watched with wondering eyes the different acts, and she was accompanied by her father—Indianapolis News.

Encourages Stock Raising.

The Argentine department of agriculture has appropriated a sum of money and gold medals to be given as prizes at a stock show in Cordoba and at a poultry exposition in Pergamino. These appropriations, which are noted in a recent number of the Boletin Oficial, are in conformity with the policy of the Argentine government to encourage agricultural and stock-raising industries.



NEW IDEAS IN PAPER HANGINGS

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AUTHOR OF "THE OCCASIONAL OFFENDER," "THE WIRE TAPPERS," "GUN RUNNERS," ETC. NOVELIZED FROM THE PATHE PHOTO PLAY OF THE SAME NAME

SYNOPSIS.

On Windward Island Pallidori intrigu... Mrs. Golden into an appearance of evil which causes Golden to capture and torture the Italian by branding his face and crushing his hand. Pallidori floods the island and kidnaps Golden's little daughter Margery. Twelve years later in New York a Masked One rescues Margery from Legar and takes her to her father's home. Legar sends Golden a demand for the chart. The coveted chart is lost in a fight between Manley and one of Legar's henchmen, but is recovered by the Laughing Mask. Margery rescues the Laughing Mask from the police. Manley finds Margery not indifferent to his love. He saves her from Mavik's poisoned arrows. Manley plans a mock funeral which fails to accomplish the desired purpose, the capture of the Iron Claw and his gang. Margery is saved from death at the hands of the Iron Claw by the Laughing Mask. An attempt by the Iron Claw to blow up the Mara cottage is frustrated in the nick of time. The Laughing Mask discloses his identity to Margery. Margery overhears the police's plan to take the Laughing Mask prisoner and hastens to warn him. They escape both the police and the Iron Claw. Later the Laughing Mask is almost taken while with Margery at her home. He eludes capture. Margery's father tells her that the Mask has met death. A mysterious woman frightens Legar's henchman into a promise of confession to clear the Laughing Mask. She meets Margery and discloses herself to that young lady as David Manley. Legar and his gang get possession of some loot and escape taking Margery with them. The Laughing Mask adds to his mysteriousness by once more saving her from death. Margery rescues the chart of the Van Horn loot. The police attempt to arrest David as the Laughing Mask. The Mask appears on the scene. David saves Margery and her friends from Legar's henchmen, one of whom loses his life trying to escape. The police captain teaches Margery the helicopter. In an effort to save David she is almost trapped by Legar. The Laughing Mask comes to her aid. The code saves them. David discovers a diagram which is the means of averting the deaths of the Golden and their guests at a lawn banquet.

EIGHTEENTH EPISODE

The Green-Eyed God

"I thought you had discarded that theory, Captain Brackett," Margery Golden said in surprised tones. "I know you discovered some strongly convincing evidence, but when, with our own eyes, we saw both David Manley and the Laughing Mask in the same room at the same time, it stands to reason they must be different persons." Then she added softly to herself, "And I am sorry it turned out that way."

Just then one of the captain's men entered the room with news of a startling character written large on his face.

"Well, Jenkins, what is it?" tersely demanded his superior, and then as the self-important stench glanced at Margery, he added, "Miss Golden is in on this as much as any of us."

"Well, you see it happened like this," he began in a meditative voice. "I had been doin' a four-hour stretch down at the four corners. It was the blackest kind of a night and there wasn't even a stray rabbit for company. I hadn't seen anything that looked suspicious, so when Donovan comes along to spell me off, I thought I'd stop in a minute for a chat with Parker, the head gardener down at Wilken's place. I found the old man and his son, Joe, in the kitchen and they gave me a little somethin' to take the dust out of my throat. We was settin' there quiet and peaceable, when all of a sudden I seen old Parker starin' at the open window with the eyes bulgin' out of his head. I took a squint myself and I'll be blamed if that slippery customer with the comic mask wasn't lookin' right into my eyes.

"Jenkins," he says, quite calmlike, 'you're a good man in your way, so I thought I'd tip you off that a couple of the Iron Claw's second-story workers are pullin' off a job right in this house while you're gazzing your beer. If you nab those two porch-climbers, he says, 'it ought to be in that promotion you're lookin' for.'"

"Then he gives a little laugh an' with that he was gone. I thought he was kiddin' me along and I was pretty



Miss Wilkens Was Sleeping Like a Baby.

sure by that time. I makes a dive through the window with Joe close behind me, but that masked Jerry had disappeared like he always does.

"We did the best we could, chief, an' you ought to know it ain't no cinch to round up the Laughin' Mask. Well—as I was sayin', he made a clean getaway and me and Joe decided to take a look through the house to make sure he was only stringin' us. We went up them front stairs like a couple of gum-shoe artists an' then we seen somethin' was wrong.

The door of the room where Miss Wilkens sleeps stood open a little way and I caught the glim of a flashlight near where she keeps her jewel case. I shoved my hand just inside the door and pushed the light button. And there we was face to face with a couple of the most surprised and toughest lookin' crooks that I ever met up with. Miss Wilkens was lyin' there in the bed sleepin' like a baby.

"Them two housebreakin' agents of Legar's was, as full of fight as a couple of Kilkenny cats. They whipped out their guns, and one of them fished me in the shoulder, while the other fetched Joe a crack over the head that put him to sleep for a minute. By the time Miss Wilkens had got her eyes open an' let out a scared screech they was through the window and climbin' down the latticework."

"Wait a minute, Jenkins," Captain Brackett interrupted. "Your story may be very interesting, but what has this part of it got to do with the Laughing Mask?"

"I was just comin' to that," his subordinate replied in a somewhat aggrieved tone. "We got out the front door just as the thugs was makin' tracks for a racin' car they had hidden off to one side of the road. Old man Parker tried to stop 'em, but he got a wallop on the jaw that knocked him stiff. They jumps into the car and sends her off with the self-starter. We thought they was gone all right, when that automobile stops up with a jerk that pretty near put them motor bandits over the glass front. We was Johnny on the spot then, an' we colared our men in a hurry. An' say, what do you think put the kibosh on that joy ride getaway?"

"The thing that brought them crooks to a standstill was a rope as thick as my arm, with one end tied to the rear axle of the automobile and the other end made fast to a big tree. The wheels was buzzin' round, but they wasn't gettin' nowhere. An' the man who rigged up the contraption for stoppin' those crooks must have been that Laughin' Mask ye're after. We found those jailbirds had pretty bad records an' the commish said I was likely to get some good news in a couple of days. Perhaps this feller with the mask ain't as bad as you think, chief."

"Why doesn't he come out into the open, then, and explain these charges standin' against him, instead of sneakin' around like a masked safe-blower?" he demanded with considerable heat.

"I didn't know you wanted me to begin backwards," he said in ruffled tones. "I've got somethin' worth talkin' about all right, if you'll give me a chance to tell it."

"Please tell us everything that happened, Jenkins," Margery interposed. "Well, it certainly was some scrap, Miss Golden," answered the thief-catcher, addressing himself exclusively to the diplomatic girl, "an' the strangest part of the whole thing happened after I got the bracelets on them crooks and left Joe to watch them, while I went up to the house to see if anything was missin'."

"Just as I reached the house," he quickly resumed, "the moon broke through the clouds an' I stood lookin' into the garden, for I had a hunch that one-armed desperado might be hangin' around to superintend that job his men tried to pull off. Then, all at once, I seen Miss Wilkens, dressed in a kind of lace wrapper, standin' like a ghost down at the further end of the garden. An' she wasn't alone by a long shot. Talkin' to her, free and easy as if he'd known her all his life, was that daredevil, Laughin' Mask. I felt sort of obliged to him for tippin' me off about Legar's second-story workers, but I knew you was anxious to have a little talk with him, so I commences to sneak up on them night prowlers like an old Tom would go after a couple of sparrows. I had covered about half the distance when that masked Romeo grabs Miss Wilkens in his arms an' commences to kiss her like a happy bridegroom. An' she keeps comin' right back for more. I was that surprised I must have let my foot down heavy, for they broke apart and he goes through the hedge like a shot. When I comes up on the run there was only Miss Wilkens an' when I told her she was harbofin' a man wanted by the law, she froze me up with a hav'hty stare.

"You must have been drinkin', officer," she says. "I just came out for a minute to calm my nerves after all that excitement an' the only person I've seen is an extremely rude policeman."

"I don't believe a word of the last part of your story," Margery cried in a voice perlously close to tears. "I don't believe the Laughin' Mask was promenading about that garden with a strange young woman at midnight."

"We'll settle that when the time comes," said the police captain, "but right now young Manley is the one that needs watchin'. I thought maybe you'd feel like takin' me down where he's stayin' in your car."

Anxious to do anything which might tend to clear up the harassing doubts preying upon her mind, Margery willingly acquiesced in this plan. A little later the speedy, gray roadster containing the determined police captain and the troubled-faced girl-drew up just around the bend of the road beyond the Ricks homestead, where David Manley had taken up his abode since his abrupt departure from the manor house of his former employer.

Suddenly Margery felt her heart quicken as she saw a familiar figure, with dejectedly drooping shoulders, cutting across the fields in the direction of Seven Oaks Hill. The keen-eyed officer caught sight of his quarry at almost the same moment.

"There's our man now," he said quickly, "and it's up to us to keep him in sight every minute."

Stealthily the slender girl and the burly captain, slipping from cover to cover, shadowed the abstracted Manley, who was apparently too occupied with his thoughts to be at all on his guard. He finally reached the summit of the hill and made straight for the lone bowlder, where on a previous occasion the Laughing Mask had mysteriously eluded the hotly pursuing police captain. His trailers dodged into a near-by thicket and breathlessly waited the outcome of this strange procedure.

Nor had they long to wait. A few tense moments elapsed after David Manley disappeared from view behind the bowlder and then another figure emerged from in back of that stone concealment. The features of the newcomer were shrouded by a yellow and grotesquely laughing mask.

Through that opening the two shadowers of the Laughing Mask saw him advancing toward a rose-mantled summerhouse at the end of a shaded walk. They saw a graceful girl, her flowerlike face aglow with eager expectation, suddenly emerge from the summerhouse and run to meet him with outstretched arms. Then as the two figures met for a moment in a close embrace a sharp cry of pent-up anguish burst from the white lips of Margery Golden.

As that soul-racked cry reached his ears, the perfidious masker broke from



They Were as Full of Fight as a Couple of Kilkenny Cats.

the embrace of his companion and stood gazing in startled surprise in the direction from which it came. At that moment a thick-set figure came catapulting through the hedge and bore down upon the Laughing Mask like a human cannon ball. The exasperated police captain, realizing he could no longer hope to take his enemy by surprise, had staked everything on this sudden rush. But the nimble-footed fugitive was off like a sprinter trying to beat a record, and by the time he reached the road he had gained a wide leap over his lumbering pursuer, who shortly gave up the chase and slowly retraced his steps, blowing like a winded truck horse.

"This is the second time you've harbored that criminal," he barked at the proudly erect young woman who stood facing Margery Golden, "an' as an officer of the law I give you warning it will be worse for you if you don't tell us where he keeps himself under cover."

"I shall tell you nothing," answered the openly defiant girl, "your bullying threats do not frighten me in the least, and I shall see that your insulting conduct is reported to the proper authorities."

With this parting shot the unruffled girl deliberately turned her back on the raging police captain and, with quiet dignity, made her way toward the white-pillared mansion. Nothing remained for that utterly routed arm of the law but to withdraw from the field of this disastrous verbal battle with the best grace he could muster, but already, in his somewhat limited range of mental activity, he had devised a new scheme for trapping the elusive masquerader, whose immediate capture he was more grimly determined upon than ever.

To his surprise Margery Golden promptly and steadfastly rebelled at the part which he had chosen for her to play in the consummation of this scheme, which savored to a certain degree of unscrupulous trickery. It was only by fanning the smoldering jealousy of the sorely tried girl that he was at last able to wring from her a reluctant consent to do his bidding.

"The chances are he won't leave that good-lookin' doll for a minute, even though he thinks you are in terrible danger," had been his argument, which finally carried the day. Fearing that his hesitating confederate might exercise her woman's prerogative of suddenly changing her mind, the wily strategist immediately put

the first part of his plan in execution. He went to the small mahogany writing desk standing in one corner of the gunroom and busied himself in clumsily guiding the pen held in his thick fingers over a half-sheet of notepaper.

"This ought to do the trick if anything will," he complacently announced, swinging about in his chair after a few moments of laborious effort, "now let's get this thing straight. I've signed Legar's name to this here billydo, and it's just about the way he'd have written it himself. It's addressed to Dutch Frank in New York, and it says Legar has rigged up a plant to decoy you down to Wharton's Quarry at four o'clock this afternoon, an' he wants a couple of his strong-arm men sent right out to help pull off the abductin' job, and carry you back to the city. Now we'll take this fake message out to that big rock where we've seen the Laughing Mask hangin' around an' drop it in plain sight, kind of careless like, as though it had slipped out of Legar's pocket. Then if our man comes along an' he ain't too much taken up with his new lady friend, he's pretty likely to swallow this bait, hook an' sinker, an' if he goes down to Wharton's quarry at four o'clock this afternoon to give you a hand like he used to do he's goin' to get the biggest surprise party of his life."

When the stocky captain of police having "planted" his forged decoy in a conspicuous spot near the lone bowlder, returned to the waiting girl in the low-slung car, his face was unmistakably stamped with self-satisfaction.

The jubilant police officer might have lost some of his confidence in the success of his plan had he known that from behind a sheltering thicket two pairs of evil eyes had watched his every movement from the time the gray car had stopped by the roadside. Now that the coast was clear there emerged from that thicket a man with a wolfish, scar-marked face, who stood waiting while his blond lieutenant retrieved the white slip of paper intended to entrap the Laughing Mask. But scarcely had these



Descended With Terrific Impact on the Watchman's Skull.

a look aroun', an' the switch exploded in the big blast in that shanty just up the way. I seen it when I took a peek in the window. That dago watchman is sittin' right over it, but I've got somethin' here that ought to put him to sleep for a while."

He produced from one of his pockets a heavy blackjack, and this effective method of disposing of the quarry guard meeting with Legar's approval, the two conspirators moved in the direction of the nearby shanty.

But even at that moment fate ordained the happening of a certain incident which tended to give Legar's proposed victims, crouching at the foot of that great wall of granite, a barely possible chance for their lives. And in that unexpected incident the Laughing Mask took the leading part. As, completely exhausted from his first burst of speed, he stumbled falteringly along the dust-choking road toward Wharton's quarry, he had almost relinquished hope of being in time to warn the imperiled girl, whose self-appointed protector he had been.

Then Laughing Mask in his despair heard the hoarse and repeated coughing of an automobile horn as the impatient driver of a car rapidly approaching from behind signaled for a clear road. But instead of heeding those raucous notes of warning the Laughing Mask swung about and, planting himself in the middle of the highway, resolutely faced the oncoming automobile. With a sudden grinding of brakes the surprised and highly incensed driver of that car brought it to a jarring stop within a few scant feet of the determined figure disputing its passage. As the man at the steering wheel caught sight of the yellow mask covering the face of that figure he quickly fished under the seat and produced a heavy wrench.

"You can't pull this hold-up stuff on me and get away with it," he growled angrily.

"I'm not holding you up," came the quick answer, "but I've got to get to the stone quarry down the road and get there in a hurry. It's a matter of life and death!"

"I don't fall for that bunk," the driver retorted sharply, "get there if you want to, but not in this car."

The Laughing Mask realized every second was precious and that the other obstinately believed him a highway robber.

"Perhaps this will help persuade you to change your mind," he cried as he drew a black automatic and sprang upon the running board of the automobile. Thrusting the muzzle of the revolver against the startled man, he rapped out in tones that precluded further argument, "Now drive like the devil for Wharton's quarry or I'll empty this gun into you!"

There was no disputing that instantly prodding revolver, and the car shot forward as the overawed driver realized the desperate man in the mask meant business. It would be but a matter of a few moments before that speeding, swaying car covered the remaining distance, but even in that brief lapse of time Jules Legar might succeed in carrying out his terrible plan of revenge. For at that instant the scarred outlaw knocked sharply on the sagging door of the watchman's shanty with his iron hook, while Dutch Frank slipped out of sight behind one side of the roughly-boarded structure. There came the sound of shuffling feet and then the Italian pushed open the door and stood interrogatively blinking at his sinister caller.

"I'm on my way back to town," Legar said in a smooth voice, "and somehow I got switched off the main road. I thought maybe you could set me straight."

As the obliging and unsuspecting foreigner advanced a few steps beyond the shelter of his doorway in order to point out the proper direction inch by inch there crept up behind him a savage-faced gangster, holding poised and ready to strike a murderous-looking blackjack. Suddenly that bludgeon descended with terrific impact on the watchman's skull, sending him heavily to the ground, where he lay inert and motionless.

As Dutch Frank stood with a cruel smile surveying the result of his handiwork Legar stepped over the

still form as indifferently as though it had been a fallen tree-trunk. Then, as he was about to enter the shanty, he paused for a moment on the threshold and fung a quick look over his shoulder. What he saw brought a sparring exclamation to his lips, for tearing down the precipitous hillside toward the quarry came an automobile driven at a death-courting pace. On the running-board of that madly lurching car precariously clung a man wearing a yellow mask. As in a swirling cloud of dust the car struck the foot of the hill that masked figure leaped wide to the side of the road and, miraculously retaining his footing, dashed into the quarry, shouting frantic warnings as he came.

Then it was that Legar realized his prey would escape him unless he acted without the loss of a second. He swung about and darted through the door of the shanty toward the pump-like electrical contrivance from which creeping wire tendrils extended to the mined cliff. But before his lean fingers could jam down the handle and make the connection which would produce the jumping blue spark of deadly power Margery Golden and the astounded detectives had leaped from their place of concealment and hastily advanced to meet the masked fugitive for whom they had been lying in wait.

"Legar!" he panted brokenly. "Legar is here—he's firing a blast—half the cliff will fall—hurry—hurry—in God's name—hurry!"

His words and manner carried instant and fearsome conviction, and that startled group about him, madly plunging for safety, barely reached the highway when a deafening, reverberating roar split the air and rocked the very ground under their feet.

For a moment the little group stood in spellbound silence, gripped by the suddenness of that mighty convulsion, and shaken by their own near approach to death. Then as the fine dust clouds accompanying the chaotic upheaval gradually settled it came to the scattered sense of the ungrateful police captain that the much-wanted Laughing Mask was standing close beside him. With a quick movement he clutched the wrist of that elusive fugitive in his strong stubby fingers.

"I've got you this time," he yelled out in triumphant tones.

But instead of replying to this somewhat premature statement the masked prisoner made a quick and dexterous tripping movement with his foot, at the same time giving his red-faced captor a violent shove that sent him ludicrously sprawling on his back. Then he darted into the quarry, threading his way amid the great piles of rock, with the police captain, who had now recovered his equilibrium, and the two detectives in full cry at his heels.

Margery Golden breathlessly awaited the outcome of that chase, for she realized that if this man, who had just saved her from a terrible death, was captured she would be responsible in large measure. The running figures were lost to sight, but presently the Laughing Mask broke from the cover of a great rectangular rock and, dashing past her to the opposite side of the road, threw himself face downward among the sheltering bushes. The next moment his pursuers emerged from behind the rock and came pounding toward Margery Golden.

"Which way did he go?" the gasping police officer demanded of the girl who held the fate of the Laughing Mask in her hands. After an almost imperceptible hesitation, she pointed silently toward the bend of the road. Hardly had the detectives, trailing this fake scent at top speed, disappeared around the turn than there slipped out of the bushes a masked figure bearing evident traces of exhaustion. Slowly he approached the girl, into whose eyes crept a look of stern reproach. Taking her hand he raised it tenderly to his lips.

"Won't you try to believe in me, just a little while longer?" he asked in a low, pleading tone.

Then without waiting for her answer he relinquished that soft, white hand and ran up the road in the opposite direction from that taken by his pursuers.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

The IRON CLAW

by ARTHUR STRINGER

AUTHOR OF "THE OCCASIONAL OFFENDER," "THE WIRE TAPPERS," "GUN RUNNERS," ETC.
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EIGHTEENTH EPISODE

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"I thought you had discarded that theory, Captain Brackett?" Margery Golden said in surprised tones. "I know you discovered some strongly convincing evidence, which, with our own eyes we saw, both David Manley and the Laughing Mask in the same room at the same time. It stands to reason they must be different persons." Then she looked subtly to herself. "And I am sorry it turned out that way."

Just then one of the captain's men entered the room with a copy of a startling character written large on his face.

"Well, Jenkins, what is it?" tersely demanded his superior, and then as the self-important youth glanced at Margery he added "Miss Golden is in on this as much as any of us."

"Well, you see it happened like this," he began in a tentative voice. "I had been doing a four-hour stretch down at the four corners. It was the blackest kind of a night and there wasn't even a stray rabbit for company. I hadn't seen anything that looked suspicious, so when Donovan comes along to spell me off, I thought I'd stop in a minute for a chat with Parker, the head gardener down at Wilken's place. I found the old man and his son Joe, in the kitchen and they gave me a little something to take the dust out of my throat. We was settin' there quiet and peaceable, when all of a sudden I seen old Parker startin' at the open window with the eyes bulgin' out of his head. I took a squint myself and I'll be blamed if that slippery customer with the comic mask wasn't lookin' right into my eyes."

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"Then he gives a little laugh an' with that he was gone. I thought he was kiddin' me along and I was pretty

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"The door of the room where Miss Wilkens sleeps stood open a little way and I caught the glim' of a flashlight near where she keeps her jewel case. I shoved my hand just inside the door and pushed the light button. And there we was face to face with a couple of the most surprised and toughest lookin' crooks that I ever met up with. Miss Wilkens was lyin' there in the bed sleepin' like a baby."

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"Please tell us everything that happened, Jenkins," Margery interposed.

"Well, it certainly was some scrap, Miss Golden," answered the thief-catcher, addressing himself exclusively to the diplomatic girl, "an' the strangest part of the whole thing happened after I got the bracelets on them crooks and left Joe to watch them, while I went up to the house to see if anything was missin'."

"Just as I reached the house," he quickly resumed, "the moon broke through the clouds an' I stood lookin' into the garden, fer I had a hunch that one-gang desperado might be hangin' around to superintend that job his men tried to pull off. Then, all at once, I seen Miss Wilkens, dressed in a kind of lace wrapper, standin' like a ghost down at the further end of the garden. An' she wasn't alone by a long shot. Talkin' to her, free and easy as if he'd known her all his life, was that dare-devil, Laughin' Mask. I felt sort of obliged to him for tippin' me off about Legar's second-story workers, but I know you was anxious to have a little talk with him, so I commences to sneak up on them night prowlers like an old Tom would go after a couple of sparrows. I had covered about half the distance when that masked honcer grabs Miss Wilkens in his arms an' commences to kiss her like a happy bridegroom. An' she keeps comin' right back for more. I was that surprised I must have let my foot down heavy, fer they broke apart and he goes through the hedge like a shot. When I comes up on the run there was only Miss Wilkens an' when I told her she was harbore'n a man wanted by the law, she froze me up with a haughty stare.

"You must have been drinkin', officer," she says. "I just came out for a minute to calm my nerves after all that excitement an' the only person I've seen is an extremely rude policeman."

"I don't believe a word of the last part of your story," Margery cried in a voice perilously close to tears. "I don't believe the Laughin' Mask was promoung about that garden with a strange young woman at midnight."

"We'll settle that when the time comes," said the police captain. "But right now young Manley is the one that needs watchin'. I thought why he you'd feel like takin' me down where he's stayin' in your car."

Anxious to do anything which might tend to clear up the harassing doubts preying upon her mind, Margery willingly acquiesced in this plan. A little later the speedy, gray roadster containing the determined police captain and the troubled-faced girl drew up just around the bend of the road beyond the ticks homestead, where David Manley had taken up his abode since his abrupt departure from the manor house of his former employer.

Suddenly Margery felt her heart quicken as she saw a familiar figure, with dejectedly drooping shoulders, cutting across the fields in the direction of Seven Oaks Hill. The keen-eyed officer caught sight of his quarry at almost the same moment.

"There's our man now," he said quickly, "and it's up to us to keep him in sight every minute."

Stealthily the slender girl and the burly captain, slipping from cover to cover, shadowed the abstracted Manley, who was apparently too occupied with his thoughts to be at all on his guard. He finally reached the summit of the hill and made straight for the lone boulder, where on a previous occasion the Laughing Mask had mysteriously eluded the hotly pursuing police captain. His trail led dodged into a nearby thicket and breathlessly waited the outcome of this strange procedure.

Not had they long to wait. A few tense moments elapsed after David Manley disappeared from view behind the boulder and then another figure emerged from in back of that stone concealment. The features of the newcomer were shrouded by a yellow and grotesquely laughing mask.

Through that opening the two shadows of the Laughing Mask saw him advancing toward a rose-mantled summerhouse at the end of a shaded walk. They saw a graceful girl, her flowerlike face aglow with eager expectation, suddenly emerge from the summerhouse and run to meet him with outstretched arms. Then as the two figures met for a moment in a close embrace a sharp cry of pent-up anguish burst from the white lips of Margery Golden.

As that soul-racked cry reached his ears, the perfidious masker broke from the first part of his plan into execution. He went to the small mahogany writing desk standing in one corner of the gunroom and busted himself in clumsily guiding the pen held in his thick fingers over a half-sheet of notepaper.

"This ought to do the trick if anything will," he complacently announced, swinging about in his chair after a few moments of laborious effort, "now let's get this thing straight. I've signed Legar's name to this here billydoo, and it's just about the way he'd have written it himself. It's addressed to Dutch Frank in New York, and it says Legar has rigged up a plant to decoy you down to Wharton's Quarry at four o'clock this afternoon, an' he wants a couple of his strong-arm men sent right out to help pull off the abductin' job, and carry you back to the city. Now we'll take this fake message out to that big rock where we've seen the Laughing Mask hangin' around an' drop it in plain sight, kind of careless like, as though it had slipped out of Legar's pocket. Then if our man comes along an' he ain't too much taken up with his new lady friend, he's pretty likely to swallow this bait, hook an' sinker, an' if he goes down to Wharton's quarry at four o'clock this afternoon to give you a hand like he used to do he's goin' to get the biggest surprise party of his life."

When the stocky captain of police having "planted" his forged decoy in a conspicuous spot near the lone boulder, returned to the waiting girl in the low-slung car, his face was unmistakably stamped with self-satisfaction.

The jubilant police officer might have lost some of his confidence in the success of his plan had he known that from behind a sheltering thicket two pairs of evil eyes had watched his every movement from the time the gray car had stopped by the roadside. Now that the coast was clear three emerged from that thicket a man with a wolfish, scar-marked face, who stood waiting while his blond lieutenant retrieved the white slip of paper intended to entrap the Laughing Mask. But scarcely had those

repellent lawbreakers left their cover when the thicket was again occupied by a stealthily moving figure.

The newcomer, straining to overhear the conversation between Jules Legar and Dutch Frank, wore that familiar and derisive mask of yellow.

"It's a trap to get our masked friend down to Wharton's quarry, where the bunch is waiting to gather him in," said Legar.

"I haven't got any love for that meddling masker, but this is too good a chance to miss. I've got some heavier scores than his to settle, and right now is the time to do it."

With a cold chill of apprehension the Laughing Mask remembered he had no method of reaching the distant quarry except by foot, and long before he could hope to reach his destination Legar would have had ample time to carry out his fiendish purpose. But anything was better than this maddening inaction, and although realizing the futility of his course he raced frantically along the road through the dust clouds raised by the black automobile, fast disappearing in the distance.

That swiftly moving conveyance bearing Legar and his vicious follower turned off into a seldom used wood road and shortly afterward came to a stop a little way back of the steep-walled granite quarry. As Legar peered over the edge of the perpendicular cliff, from which great blocks of stone had been sheared away by powerful explosives, an evil smile of triumph distorted his scar-furrowed face. For just beneath him were the figures of the portly police captain and two of his men crouching behind a ponderous upright slab of granite. Standing a little apart from the others was the sober-faced daughter of his long-hated enemy.

He saw the authoritative officer motion the dejected girl into the hiding place, and as with apparent reluctance she obeyed this mute signal the iron-clawed spy drew back from the cliff-edge and rejoined his companion, who was waiting by the automobile.

"They're down there, all right," Legar savagely exulted, in response to the questioning look of Dutch Frank, "and when we blow out the side of that cliff they are going to get crushed like rats in a trap."

"Then we can croak that bunch whenever you're ready, gov'nor," answered the blond gunman, with the red lust of murder in his eyes. "I had

a look around, an' the switch exploded in the big blast is in that shanty just up the way. I seen it when I took a peek in the window. That dazed watchman is sittin' right over it, but I've got somethin' here that ought to put him to sleep for a while."

He produced from one of his pockets a heavy blackjack, and this effective method of disposing of the quarry guard meeting with Legar's approval, the two conspirators moved in the direction of the nearby shanty.

But even at that moment fate ordained the happening of a certain incident which tended to give Legar's proposed victims, crouching at the foot of that great wall of granite, a barely possible chance for their lives.

And in that unexpected incident the Laughing Mask took the leading part. As, completely exhausted from his first burst of speed, he stumbled falteringly along the dust-choking road toward Wharton's quarry, he had almost relinquished hope of being in time to warn the imperiled girl, whose self-appointed protector he had been.

Then Laughing Mask in his despair heard the hoarse and repeated coughing of an automobile horn as the impatient driver of a car caught up, proceeding from behind, started for a short rest. Instead of hearing those pungent notes of warning, the Laughing Mask swung about and planting himself in the middle of the highway, resolutely faced the oncoming automobile. With a sudden grinding of brakes the surprised and highly incensed driver of that car brought it to a halting stop within a few short feet of the "masked" figure dismounting its passenger. As the man at the steering wheel caught sight of the yellow mask covering the face of that figure he quickly fished under the seat and produced a heavy wrench.

"You can't pull this hold-up stuff on me and get away with it," he growled angrily.

"I'm not holding you up," came the quick answer, "but I've got to get to the stone quarry down the road and get there in a hurry. It's a matter of life and death."

"I don't fall for that bunk," the driver retorted sharply. "Get there if you want to, but not in this car."

The Laughing Mask realized every second was precious and that the other obstinately believed him a highway robber.

"Perhaps this will help persuade you to change your mind," he cried as he drew a black automatic and sprang upon the running board of the automobile. Throwing the muzzle of the revolver against the startled man, he rapped out in tones that precluded further argument, "Now drive like the devil for Wharton's quarry or I'll empty this gun into you."

There was no disputing that insistently prodding revolver, and the car shot forward as the overawed driver realized the desperate man in the mask meant business. It would be but a matter of a few moments before that speeding swaying car covered the remaining distance, but even in that brief lapse of time Jules Legar might succeed in carrying out his terrible plan of revenge. For at that instant the scared outlaw knooked sharply on the sagging door of the watchman's shanty with his iron hook, while Dutch Frank slipped out of sight behind one side of the ramshackle structure. There came the sound of shuffling feet and then the Italian pushed open the door and stood interrogatively blinking at his sinister caller.

"I'm on my way back to town," Legar said in a smooth voice, "and somehow I got switched off the main road. I thought maybe you could set me straight."

As the obliging and unsuspecting foreigner advanced a few steps beyond the shelter of his doorway in order to point out the proper direction inch by inch there crept up behind him a savage-faced gangster, holding poised and ready to strike a murderous-looking blackjack. Suddenly that blue-gown descended with terrific impact on the watchman's skull, sending him heavily to the ground, where he lay inert and motionless.

As Dutch Frank stood with a cruel smile surveying the result of his handiwork Legar stepped over the



Descended With Terrific Impact on the Watchman's Skull.

still form as indifferently as though it had been a fallen tree-trunk. Then, as he was about to enter the shanty, he paused for a moment on the threshold and flung a quick look over his shoulder. What he saw brought a snarling execration to his lips, for tearing down the precipitous hillside toward the quarry came an automobile driven at a death-courting pace. On the running-board of that madly hurtling conveyance a man wearing a yellow mask. As in a swirling cloud of dust the car struck the foot of the hill that masked figure leaped wide to the side of the road and, miraculously retaining his footing, dashed into the quarry, shouting frantic warnings as he came.

Then it was that Legar realized his prey would escape him unless he acted without the loss of a second. He swung about and darted through the door of the shanty toward the pump-like electrical contrivance from which creeping wire tendrils extended to the mined cliff. But before his lean fingers could jam down the handle and make the connection which would produce the jumping blue spark of deadly power Margery Golden and the astounded detectives had leaped from their place of concealment and hastily advanced to meet the masked fugitive for whom they had been lying in wait.

"Legar!" he panted brokenly. "Legar is here—he's firing a blast—but the cliff will fall—hurry—hurry—in God's name—hurry!"

His words and manner carried instant and fearsome conviction, and that started group about him, madly plunging for safety, barely reached the highway when a deafening, reverberating roar split the air and rocked the very ground under their feet.

For a moment the little group stood in spellbound silence, gripped by the suddenness of that mighty convulsion, and shaken by their own near approach to death. Then as the fine dust clouds accompanying the blast—upholstered gradually settled it came to the scattered sense of the ungrateful police captain that the much-wanted Laughing Mask was standing close beside him. With a quick movement he clutched the wrist of that elusive fugitive in his strong stubby fingers.

"I've got you this time," he yelled out in triumphant tones.

But instead of replying to this somewhat premature statement the masked prisoner made a quick and dexterous tripping movement with his foot, at the same time giving his red-faced captor a violent shove that sent him hitheringly sprawling on his back. Then he darted into the quarry, threading his way amid the great piles of rock, with the police captain, who had now recovered his equilibrium, and the two detectives in full cry at his heels.

Margery Golden breathlessly awaited the outcome of that chase, for she realized that if this man, who had just saved her from a terrible death, was captured she would be responsible in large measure. The running figures were lost to sight, but presently the Laughing Mask broke from the cover of a great rectangular rock and, dashing past her to the opposite side of the road, threw himself face downward among the sheltering bushes. The next moment his pursuers emerged from behind the rock and came pounding toward Margery Golden.

"Which way did he go?" the gasping police officer demanded of the girl who held the fate of the Laughing Mask in her hands. After an almost imperceptible hesitation she pointed silently toward the bend of the road. Hardly had the detectives, trailing this fake scent at top speed, disappeared around the turn than there slipped out of the bushes a masked figure bearing evident traces of exhaustion. Slowly he approached the girl, into whose eyes crept a look of stern reproach. Taking her hand he raised it tenderly to his lips.

"Won't you try to believe in me just a little while longer?" he asked in a low, pleading tone.

Then without waiting for her answer he relinquished that soft, white hand and ran up the road in the opposite direction from that taken by his pursuers.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)



They Were as Full of Fight as a Couple of Kilkenny Cats.

the embrace of his companion and stood gazing in startled surprise in the direction from which it came. At that moment a thick-set figure came catapulting through the hedge and bore down upon the Laughing Mask like a human cannon ball. The exasperated police captain, realizing he could no longer hope to take his enemy by surprise, had staked everything on this sudden rush. But the nimble-footed fugitive was off like a sprinter trying to beat a record, and by the time he reached the road he had gained a wide lead over his lumbering pursuer, who shortly gave up the chase and slowly retraced his steps, growling like a winded truck horse.

"This is the second time you've harbored that criminal," he barked at the proudly erect young woman who stood facing Margery Golden, "an' as an officer of the law I give you warning it will be worse for you if you don't tell us where he keeps himself under cover."

"I shall tell you nothing," answered the openly defiant girl, "your bullying threats do not frighten me in the least, and I shall see that your insulting conduct is reported to the proper authorities."

With this parting shot the unruffled girl deliberately turned her back on the raging police captain and, with quiet dignity, made her way toward the white-pillared mansion. Nothing remained for that utterly routed arm of the law but to withdraw from the field of this disastrous verbal battle with the best grace he could muster, but already, in his somewhat limited range of mental activity, he had devised a new scheme for trapping the elusive masquerader, whose immediate capture he was more grimly determined upon than ever.

His surprise Margery Golden promptly and steadfastly rebelled at the part which he had chosen for her to play in the consummation of this scheme, which savored to a certain degree of unscrupulous trickery. It was only by fanning the smoldering jealousy of the sorely tried girl that he was at last able to wring from her a reluctant consent to do his bidding.

"The chances are he won't leave that good-lookin' doll for a minute, even though he thinks you are in terrible danger," had been his argument, which finally carried the day. Fearing that his hesitating confederate might exercise her woman's prerogative of suddenly changing her mind, the wily strategist immediately put



Miss Wilkens Was Sleeping Like a Baby.

score by that time. I makes a dive through the window with Joe close behind me, but that masked Jerry had disappeared like he always does."

"We did the best we could, chief, an' you ought to know it ain't no cinch to round up the Laughin' Mask. Well—as I was sayin', he made a clean getaway and me and Joe decided to take a look through the house to make sure he was only straglin' us. We went up them front stairs like a couple of gum-shoe artists an' then we seen somethin' was wrong.

"The door of the room where Miss Wilkens sleeps stood open a little way and I caught the glim' of a flashlight near where she keeps her jewel case. I shoved my hand just inside the door and pushed the light button. And there we was face to face with a couple of the most surprised and toughest lookin' crooks that I ever met up with. Miss Wilkens was lyin' there in the bed sleepin' like a baby."

"Them two housebreakin' agents of Legar's was his full of fight as a couple of Kilkenny cats. They whipped out their guns, and one of them dashed in the shoulder, while the other fetched Joe a crack over the head that put him to sleep for a minute. By the time Miss Wilkens had got her eyes open an' let out a scared scream they was through the window and climbin' down the latticework."

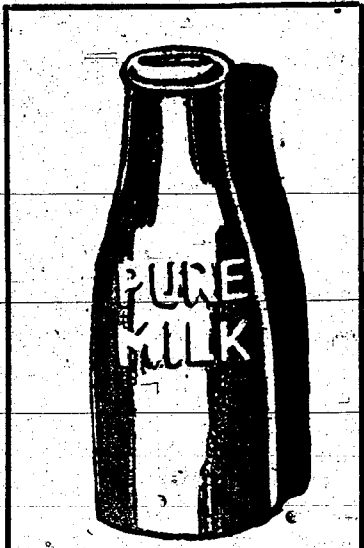
"Wait a minute, Jenkins," Captain Brackett interrupted. "Your story may be very interesting, but what has this part of it got to do with the Laughing Mask?"

MRS. CLAYTON'S LETTER

To Run-Down, Nervous Women
 -Louisville, Ky.—"I was a nervous wreck, and in a weak, run-down condition when a friend asked me to try Vinol. I did so, and as a result I have gained in health and strength. I think Vinol is the best medicine in the world for a nervous, weak, run-down system and for elderly people."—Mrs. W. C. CLAYTON, Louisville, Ky.
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CHARLEVOIX COUNTY IMPROVEMENT SOCIETY

If Boyne City, Boyne Falls and East Jordan with a goodly number of interested farmers in all sections of the County will do as well in their Commercial Associations as Charlevoix the beautiful has done, we certainly can hope for great results. I think perhaps one thing we might do—that would relieve a great deal of unnecessary talk and unjust condemnation would be for all the County officials who handle the funds of the County which of course are the County's funds and not their own, if they would voluntarily publish a weekly financial statement of all the money they have received during the week and of the names to whom they have paid money and for what it was paid for, I would think that they would be glad of the opportunity of doing this, thereby placing themselves squarely before the people just the same as our Council does. This would do away with all suspicion of graft, and it is why I did it when we built the cut-off road by the Waller farm to Burgess.

I have thought so many times since my visit to Charlevoix last week and asked myself the question—how can any man drive over the two pieces of concrete road in Charlevoix which have been down six and seven years each and say it is not the cheapest. One day while I was there I saw Col. Hamilton with a couple of men breaking a hole in this concrete road at the top of the hill just beyond the Charlevoix Lumber Co's mill, and to see how hard they had to work with heavy sledges and chisels to break off pieces as large as an egg up to the size of your hand. A water pipe had frozen during the winter and the Col. said this is one of the hardest jobs he had in getting to pipes, there was scarcely any show of wear on the top of these broken pieces and-also I have said many times that this pavement would last fifty years, I now honestly believe that it will last a hundred years, and the beauty of it is that not one cent has been spent in the up-keep of this piece of road. The broken pieces showed the stones broken inside the concrete and that the concrete was really stronger than the stone. I want the friends of the gravel roads we are now building to watch the Argo Milling Co's new truck when it goes out some day to take a five or six ton load from Charlevoix to Boyne City or E. Jordan, just watch what it does to the roads, after so doing ask yourself what will several trucks do when they go over the road several times a day, bearing in mind this fact—that trucks are here to stay and we have got to build roads for them as well as for the heavy touring cars and there is only one kind of road that will stand this business, and that is concrete, and the beauty of it is that the first cost of it to our County will be but a trifle more than the cost of a gravel road and the up-keep of a concrete road will be next to nothing, and of the gravel road in a very few years will be a good deal more than the original cost.

I saw a man in Chicago yesterday who had driven up to our country last year and he was asked how he had found the roads—he replied very good indeed when I went up in June but when I came back the first of September many of them were in very bad condition, showing plainly that one summer's wear will put a good dirt road out of commission. I would suggest that Charlevoix County secure a County agent, and believe he will pay for himself the first year, because I know that I do not know what kind of a crop is best adapted to any piece of land or which will grow the most profitable crop, and I am egotistical to say that I do not know, having been virtually brought up on a farm, what will the average farmer know? A good County agent can tell when he analyzes the earth what is the best crop to grow on it, because he is educated in that line of business and at the present time there is absolutely nothing more essential or necessary not only for Charlevoix county but for all the world to know, and it is our duty to grow all that we possibly can. Some ground will grow a big crop of onions, but not of beets, and so on all down the line. The United States now needs all that it can possibly raise of the best of everything out of the ground as well as all the fruit on the trees, and fish in our lakes and rivers as well. Our citizens should be patriotic, no shirking, no holding back. Plow both early and late, plant everything that you can take care of, never forgetting what is worth doing at all is worth doing well, and ever keeping this in view that we will get all the money we can now from Uncle Sam to help us build permanent roads while we have the opportunity. Possibly if this war should continue for several moons the expenses thereof would be so great that he might not be able to carry out his National Good Roads project.

Yours,
 VAN PELT.

Too many virtues in a man are apt to make his friends long for a few vices. Knowledge may be power, but it takes gasoline to get you anywhere these days.

CHARLEVOIX COUNTY HERALD

G. A. Lisk, Publisher
ONE DOLLAR PER YEAR
 Entered at the postoffice at East Jordan Michigan, as second class mail matter.

HOPES TO GET RID OF PEST

Italian Professor Thinks He Has Found Way to Exterminate the Destructive Field Vole.

A plague of field voles having practically destroyed last summer's grain crop in the province of Foggia, south-eastern Italy, Professor Splendore has made an interesting investigation that points to a possible remedy. Many of the animals were noticed to be dying and in 40 specimens sent to him at Rome Professor Splendore found a coccobacillus, evidently a new species, that was present in the blood, internal organs and lymphatic glands. The rapidly spreading and quickly fatal epizootic seemed to be undoubtedly due to this organism. Healthy voles died in less than 24 hours after subcutaneous inoculation from an infected liver or spleen; others fed with infected material died in three or four days, and in others kept near dead or infected voles the disease developed in a few days. Mice, rats and rabbits proved also capable of infection. The organism was isolated from the intestines of fleas found on an infected vole, and it was concluded that fleas carry the infection and that if inoculated voles were suitably distributed in a region of healthy ones the fleas would rapidly spread an epidemic that might free the locality from the destructive pest.

MUST KEEP SUCCESS IN MIND

He Who Would Reach the Goal of His Desires Cannot Admit Possibility of Defeat.

Success, to be achieved in reality, must be mentally lived for months, sometimes for years, before it arrives. Napoleon, with his dreams of power and conquest, realized them more fully than any other man. Jeanne d'Arc, with her dreams of freeing her country and setting her king on his rightful throne, accomplished her desires through the very force and strength of her thoughts. To her it was the sole object of her life; her mind knew of no other project but that which the spiritual voices had bidden her pursue.

We could cite hundreds of instances in history, but unless you are disposed to believe the truth of the power of mind you would be no more convinced than you are now. Look about you at the cases where good luck seems to have attended the efforts of well-known workers of today. You will find in practically every instance that the person who reaches his goal is the one who works, to be sure, but with no other idea than success in his mind. Nothing daunted by petty discouragements or setbacks, he goes right on, having no doubt that in the end he will achieve success. And he usually does.

Fest of Minerva.

All Guatemala celebrates the feast of Minerva, the most elaborate observance in its calendar. The revival of this feast, educational and patriotic in its motives, is the idea of the present president, Senor don Estrada Cabrera. Like its Roman precursor, it marks the close of the school year, and prizes are awarded for excellence in scholarship. One of the prizes—\$100 gold and a trip to the United States—was given by an American company for the best essay written in English. Ceremonies intended to inculcate love of country and devotion to duty also form part of the celebration. There is also an exhibition of the products of the republic held in connection with the annual event. Of the exhibits this year, coffee, sugar and sugar cane deserve special mention. American-made plows and disk plows specially adapted to sugar-cane cultivation were on display.

Measure Hides by Air Pressure.

A German method for measuring the area of hides by means of air pressure has been recently patented. The measuring instrument consists of a table top with many small holes in it, spaced at regular intervals, mounted on a funnel base, through which, and through the holes in the top, a suction fan draws air. The hide, when placed on the table, reduces the cross-section of the air current and so produces a rarefaction of the air, which in turn creates a subpressure that can be measured from the combined readings of a vacuum gauge and a tachometer—an instrument that registers the velocity of air currents.

Removing Rust From Nickel.

First smear the rusted place with grease and rub it well in; this in itself will frequently remove a great deal of the rust. Allow the grease to remain for several hours and then remove it with a rag which has been dipped in ammonia. This usually will remove all traces of the rust. If, however, a stubborn spot or two remains, wipe it with a little diluted hydrochloric acid. The acid should be used very quickly and with care, otherwise it will remove the nickel as well as the rust. When all the rust has disappeared wash thoroughly with clean water and then use a metal polish.

AGENT GOOD BUSINESS MAN

Indianian Credited With Deal That for Its Shrewdness Would Be Hard to Beat.

Last summer in a suburban town, when a circus was billed for the city, the billposters came, to cover the dead walls with the flaring announcements. Near the railway station was a building that had its walls annually decorated. The station agent, who was in no way related to the owner of the building, saw the walls being decorated, near the station, and thus accosted the billposter:

"Does pa know you're putting up them bills here?"
 "Why, no, I didn't think there'd be any trouble."
 "I know," the agent replied, "but I don't think pa'd like this."

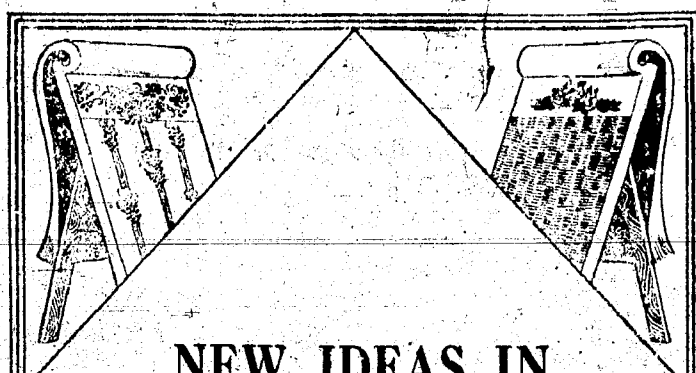
"The showman handed him a ticket for the circus."
 "Well, I don't know about this," said the agent. "If you didn't ask pa, I don't know whether you'd better do this or not."
 The billposter gave him another ticket.

"Won't that fix it?"
 "Well," replied the agent, "pa's awful particular, but I guess I can fix it."

The owner of the building later heard the story, and going to the agent demanded the tickets, explaining that the building belonged to him. The agent declared that "if the building does belong to you, it was my idea, wasn't it?" This apparently settled the matter, as the agent's little girl ate peanuts at that circus and watched with wondering eyes the different acts, and she was accompanied by her father.—Indianapolis News.

Encourages Stock Raising.

The Argentine department of agriculture has appropriated a sum of money and gold medals to be given as prizes at a stock show in Cordoba and at a poultry exposition in Pergamino. These appropriations, which are noted in a recent number of the Boletin Oficial, are in conformity with the policy of the Argentine government to encourage agricultural and stock-raising industries.



NEW IDEAS IN PAPER HANGINGS

Our wall paper department for this season comprises a world of new ideas in paper hangings. All the latest effects in combination decorations, cut-out borders and panels, artistic designs and striking beauty of colorings—things you cannot find at any other store, as they are all novelties that are exclusive to us. You will find here a showing of beautiful wall decorations, that will make choosing easy. Let us submit samples and estimates for your wall decorations, and you will get up-to-the-minute styles at the price of old-fashioned stock and ideas.

HITE DRUG CO.

EAST JORDAN LUMBER CO. STORE



We are Local Agents for THE ROYAL TAILOR of Chicago and New York. We can make your New Spring Suit or Top Coat from any sample you choose at from \$18.00 to \$45.00 in any style you choose. We GUARANTEE quality and fit. We promise to please you. If we fail, you have not to pay one penny. When we give you a perfect fit from goods you choose and in the style you like, then the suit is worth its price.

We also carry the HART, SCHAFFNER & MARX Ready-made Clothing in Suits and Top Coats at from \$18.00 to \$25.00. These garments we guarantee to please you, to be the greatest values at their price and to hold their shapes and colors until worn out. The Hart, Schaffner & Marx ready-made Clothing is like the Royal Tailor Suits. They are the very best in their kind and either name on your Suit is a guarantee of quality.

Come in, let us show you. We promise to give you a square deal in anything you buy.

East Jordan Lumber Co.

This is the Stove Polish YOU Should Use



It's different from others because more care is taken in the making and the materials used are of higher grade.

Black Silk Stove Polish

Makes a brilliant, silky polish that does not rub off or wear off, and the absorbents four times as long as ordinary stove polish. Used on sample stoves and sold by hardware and grocery dealers.

All we ask is a trial. Use it on your cook stove, your parlor stove or your gas range. If you don't find it the best stove polish you ever used, your dealer is authorized to refund your money. Insist on Black Silk Stove Polish. Made in liquid or paste—one quality.

Black Silk Stove Polish Works
Starling, Illinois

Use Black Silk Air-Drying Iron Emulsion on brass, registers, stovepipes—Prevents rusting. The Black Silk Metal Polish for silver, nickel or brass. It has no equal for use on automobiles.

"A Shine in Every Drop"

We have the New

TYRONE

an **ARROW** COLLAR

A "FORM-FIT" COLLAR

WEISMAN'S

Misery may love company, but company never cares for misery.

One trouble with fate is that it hands us corned beef and cabbage when we expect pie and ice cream.

CUT THIS OUT - IT IS WORTH MONEY

DON'T MISS THIS. Cut out this slip, enclose five cents to Foley & Co., 2835 Sheffield Ave., Chicago, Ill., writing your name and address clearly. You will receive in return a trial package containing Foley's Honey and Tar Compound for coughs, colds and croup; Foley Kidney Pills, and Foley Cathartic Tablets.—Hite's Drug Store.

The man who is unable to live within his income must live without it.

If matrimony doesn't make a woman wise there isn't any hope for her.

There are times when a woman imagines that she suffers in silence.

Between two evils some folks have no choice, so they embrace them both.

GLAD TO LEARN OF IT.

Coughs that follow LaGrippe, or any deep-seated hacking cough, will wear down the strongest man or woman if allowed to continue; C. Smith, 142 12th St., Augusta, Ga., writes: "I got one 25c bottle of Foley's Honey and Tar and my cough and cold is about well. I was glad to learn of a great medicine like that."—Hite's Drug Store.

BRING IN YOUR Hides and Furs

Scrap Iron Brass Copper Red Rubber Wool Bought LEAD ZINC etc.



We Pay the Top Market Price.

H. KLING.

OPEN NOSTRILS! END A COLD OR CATARRH

How To Get Relief When Head and Nose are Stuffed Up.

Count fifty! Your cold in head or nostrils disappears. Your clogged nostrils will open, the air passages of your head will clear and you can breathe freely. No more snuffing, hawking, mucous discharge, dryness or headache; so struggling for breath at night.

Get 4 small bottles of Ely's Cream Balm from your druggist and apply a little of this fragrant antiseptic cream a your nostrils. It penetrates through every air passage of the head, soothing and healing the swollen or inflamed mucous membrane, giving you instant relief. Head colds and catarrh yield like magic. Don't stay stuffed-up and miserable. Relief is sure.

MUST ASSIST WITH DISHES

Court Order Out of Ordinary, Since It is the Wife Who Is Ordered to Do This.

"Tain't right now, for a woman to enjoy the movies alone. She must take her husband occasionally, and also she must help him wash the supper dishes."

This is the Solomonic wisdom dispensed by a New York judge in the domestic relations court, where the only thing he failed to find out about John Mackey was how he managed to squander \$8 a month. John, who is an electrician and lives with his wife and four children, was arraigned on a charge of cruelty preferred by Mrs. Mackey. When her story had been told the magistrate asked Mackey what he had to say in defense.

"I've worked at the same place for twenty-five years," he said. "I've turned my earnings over to my wife for the last fifteen years. I make twenty-six dollars a week and I give my wife twenty dollars pay night for food and clothing for herself and the children. Out of the balance I pay the rent of sixteen dollars a month. Every night my wife leaves me to do the dishes, while she goes out to a movie show or to visit friends. She never will take me along with her."

"Charge dismissed," said the court. "Hereafter, Mrs. Mackey, you will help your husband with the dishes and take him, out to the movie once in a while."

QUITS PULPIT; GROWS SPUDS

Benz, Recognized Potato King of the Northwest, Produced 1,000 Tons in Season of 1916.

F. Benz of North Yakima, Wash., recognized as the potato king of the Pacific Northwest, was a physically broken-down preacher in Portland, Ore., six years ago, and doctors advised him to close up his life's work, according to the Spokane Chronicle. More than that, he was \$1,600 in debt after having served 30 years in the pulpit.

Benz produced 1,000 tons of potatoes in 1916, selling most of the crop to a railroad at \$49.50 a ton, to be served up hot and buttery as "big baked potatoes" on the diners.

"I succeeded because I did everything just a little bit better than it needed to be done," Benz told members of the Spokane chamber of commerce at a luncheon.

He went to Yakima valley six years ago and went in debt \$21,000 in the purchase of the land. He planted three acres of potatoes the first year, six the second year, 40 the third and the last two years has had 100 acres in potatoes. He does not allow his seed potatoes to mature naturally, the vine being pulled up or cut off before the tuber is matured. All seed is treated with corrosive sublimate for fungous and nonfungous diseases.

Pebbles From California.

Grinding pebbles as a California product are first announced in the report of mineral production for 1915, the year's yield having been 340 tons, valued at \$2,810. Flint pebbles have been imported from Belgium and other parts of Europe, but the higher prices have led to search for American supplies. One shipment of pebbles from gold dredger tailings in Sacramento county proved so soft that the consumption was three times as great as that of Danish pebbles—this, with a long wagon haul making the material too expensive. Better results have been had with the washed pebbles, one to six inches in diameter, of the beaches in San Diego county, and these—chiefly basalt and diabase, with some felsite and flint—are used in metallurgical plants in California, Nevada and Montana. The pebbles are used in grinding minerals, ores, cement, etc., the total importation into the United States in 1914 having been \$479,140.

What "The Folks" Think.

Every normal public official likes to know what "the folks" think about what he is doing. A congressman in Washington makes it a point to keep in touch with men back home who will let him know what is going on. State and local officials are concerned the same way.

Even after election day public opinion counts. Its most effective way of expressing itself is through public organizations. Commercial clubs, improvement associations, city clubs, and similar institutions are the instruments of public opinion. They can make themselves count for decent government between elections if they set themselves to the job.—Kansas City Star.

Don't Be a Grouch.

"I don't think I am a grouch, or an old snarleyow, but if I am I hope someone will go and tell me now. And if I am a snarleyow, and they can prove it, too, I want to know right away, for I've a stunt to do. I want to go down here and get a rope and get a rock and tie the blamed thing around my neck and then fall off the dock. For what I said when I was young is just as true today, you have no right to live along unless you've learned the way. So if I am a crabbed guy I want to quit the scene. I want the old fool-killers' club to come down on my bean."—Houston Post.

The Ready Reckoner.

Grugs—Do you know any reliable rule for estimating the cost of living?
Stubbs—I do. You take your income—whatever that may be—and add 10 per cent.—Richmond Times-Dispatch.

NARROW SKIRT IS FASHION'S EDICT

New Features Which French Authorities Are Introducing in This Country.

HIGH WAISTLINE IS FAVORED

Few Coat Suits Have Been Invented in Paris, This Work Being Left to Americans—Round Decolletage for Evening Gowns.

There are some dressmakers who are still holding out that they will not reduce the width of the hems in frocks, or suits, but isn't it rather foolish to hold out against a Paris fashion that has been accepted by the American buyers?

Naturally a change in the silhouette of the skirt is a drastic thing. It cannot be lightly regarded by dressmakers, tailors or the public. It is in this garment that fashion takes its most serious somersaults. The wrong cut of a skirt puts one more completely out of the fashion picture than one likes. Even the staid and the philosopher among women cannot successfully stand this test. If a woman cannot buy a new skirt cut according to the new pattern, she will cook up some scheme in the sewing room by which an old skirt can be let-out or drawn in.

The voice of the prophet was lifted early in the winter, foretelling the incoming of narrow skirts in the early spring, but few listened. The dressmakers shrugged their shoulders, the ready-to-wear manufacturers kept on making skirts with four and five yards



Separate Sports Skirt From France.

of material at the hem, and the high-class shops offered to women the skirt that was gathered at the waist and elaborately trimmed from the knees down.

Hard to Convert.
The reporters kept hammering at the fact that the woman of wisdom should not indulge in bargains that were offered in full and flaring skirts, but a great number of women insisted that if the silhouette changed, it was easier to take the fullness out of a skirt than to put it in.

Even as late as the middle of February high-class shops were offering skirts that measured from five to seven yards at the hem. True, these hems did not flare; they hung limply against the figure, but they were not cut according to the prophesied silhouette which has come true.

It may also come about that the greater number of women will not take up the narrow skirt when it appears in most of the French models, but if the past is any forecast of the future, the narrow skirt will grow in strength as the spring advances and will become the accepted silhouette of the summer. Women of judgment and advance taste in gowns already consider the five-yard hem a second-class fashion.

The openings in Paris, as they have been outlined to this country, can be summed up briefly as advance information to those who are already looking for new spring clothes.

A vast number of separate skirts were turned out by the best designers, through the request of the American buyers, it is said. This fact argues that the American woman will take up the separate skirt with a sports jacket or sweater or a separate coat, as she once indulged in a tailored suit.

Fewer Tailored Suits.
There are fewer tailored suits turned out than usual. The deficit is due to the fact that the men who do this kind of work are under the colors. The one-piece frock, the three-quarter top coat, the separate skirt and the chemise blouse are the garments that are offered instead of the usual coat and skirt of cloth or silk.

The majority of one-piece gowns carry loose wraps with them. These capelike garments are made of the same material and faced with an opposing color, and again, they are of another material and color.

A dignified house like Worth has put emphasis upon sharply tailored skirts to be worn with separate blouses and topped by jackets that are shorter than any we have worn for two years. These jackets are not fitted to the figure, but are a compromise between a cape and a coat.

Worth uses a great deal of serge, also gaberdine and the new kind of alpaca which France has been exploiting for two years with little success in America. He also uses a very thin voile and several kinds of Chinese pongees under their various names, such as shantung and tussah.

Worth never goes in for an eccentric silhouette, but this season he has thrown in his lot with those who are making narrow skirts. He has produced the peg-top skirt, as we are beginning to call it over here.

The American buyers are doubtful concerning the fullness that is put into the waistline of this skirt to make the barrel effect at the hips; the older American woman does not care for a thick, bulky waistline, so our shops over here are working on the idea of eliminating the plaits which are used now at the waist belt and are thinking out a scheme of substituting yokes and applying the fullness to the lower edge of them.

The High Waistline.

Jenny, Doeillet, Worth and several of their colleagues have introduced the high waistline into afternoon and evening frocks. This is almost as serious a change in the silhouette as the narrowing of the skirt hem. If one is adopted, the other must be, for the low, medieval waistline, which is at the hips, connected with a melon-shaped skirt, is too ugly to think about.

Whenever a skirt has been full below the hips and narrow at the ankles, it has been high-waisted. This waistline has been obtained in many ways; sometimes the material is cut to fit a deep inner belt and corded or bound to its upper edge; again, it is plaited in small groups at sides and back. Today the plaits are more universal than the plain effect.

The high waistline on evening gowns has to do with the incoming of the First Empire and Directoire periods, both of which have been suggested in several of the costumes that have been turned out by the French designers during the last six months. It was expected that some definite move in this direction would be made at the spring openings, but, evidently, the designers have contented themselves with a few touches from the fashions of those two periods and have let it go at that. Large revers, a high, turnover collar at the back, long, tight sleeves that flare over the hand, and the high-waisted skirt beneath the short jacket are features of the Directoire period.

The evening gown with the negligible bodice, the round decolletage and the high waistline, with the skirt that hangs limply against the figure are features taken from the First Empire.

The Round Decolletage.
It is quite evident from the unty shown by the different dressmakers in Paris that they intend to bring in the round decolletage of the First and Second Empires.

Doeillet is one of the designers who indorses the court decolletage, as it used to be known. This displays the top of the shoulders and arms, somewhat after the 1840 method which became so well known through the Empress Eugenie, who never failed to display her famous drooping shoulders.

With these bodices there are ornamental straps that go across the upper part of the shoulder. Few evening gowns have any other kind of decolletage but the round one. The difficult line of the Renaissance is not again attempted.

None of the Paris gowns shows any especial or striking novelty in fabrics, although Rodier has been working hard at the production of silks, serges and soft Chinese fabrics. There is no one thing, however, that stands out vividly from the rest and proclaims itself as a desirable.

QUAINT BONNET AND BAG



A charming "Bluebird" model by Smolin in this mushroom sports shape in gold khaki-kool trimmed with blue chenille embroidered and inserted squares of multi-colored silk curis. The bag matches the hat in color and has a large Chinese tassel. Although the hat is daintily trimmed, not profusely, it is very neat in appearance, and no doubt will be one of the lady's favorites during the spring season.

HAM TO TEMPT THE EPICURE

New York Man Asserts That Meat Smoked With Corncobs Is Delicacy Fit for King.

There are probably a million hams in this city, counting only the commercial variety. No one pretends to guess at the number of human hams.

But a man on the upper West side claims to have two hams which are different from all the hundreds of thousands of others in New York. He is willing to wager that these two are the only genuine corncob smoked hams in town.

The hams come from Connecticut. So did the man. As a boy on his father's farm he was fed, more or less, on cob-smoked ham. He didn't realize his luck at the time. But later, out in a world of hams smoked anyhow and anywhere, he missed the old delectable flavor and finally determined to recapture it.

Back to Connecticut he went on a still hunt for a farmer with corncobs and hams and a willingness to introduce them to each other. He found his farmer up in the northwest corner of the state. And now early every winter the only two cob-smoked hams in town arrive at this man's house.

The process of smoking them is a matter of several weeks. Every day a shovelful of coals is carried to the smokehouse and placed in a sort of brazier with iron bars. Then a bushel of corncobs is dumped on the coals. There must be no flame, just a smoldering fire with plenty of smoke. This is repeated daily.—New York Times.

FATHERS LOOKED HIM OVER

Matrimonial "Slacker" Confesses He Was Pestered to Join Army of Married Men.

A man who was pursued by women says in his confession in the Woman's Home Companion:

"Fathers, mothers, girls, all regarded me with an appraising questioning expression that had not been there before. Fathers sat down beside me on the suburban train as I commuted back and forth and managed adroitly to find out where I was working and how I liked it and how much I was paid and what my prospects were. The girls to whom I had been engaged at various times assumed a new attitude, as much as to say, 'You have had a good time with us. Now pay. Take up the white man's burden. Support one of us.' They didn't say it openly, of course, but the injunction was in their eyes. We moved and breathed and had our being in an atmosphere highly charged. All the world seemed to be saying to me, 'How old are you? Twenty-four? How much are you making? Thirty dollars? Why are you shrinking? Why aren't you a good citizen?' It was the kind of silent, ceaseless social pressure that has been exerted on slackers in England this last year. They were not compelled to enlist, yet it took more courage to stay at home than to go. We were not compelled to be married. But after we had played around three or four years society began openly to hold it up against us. They managed some way to make us feel continually apologetic, continually on the defensive."

Makes Roofer's Work Easier.

The tin roofer formerly received his metal in the shape of plates, and these were soldered together as they were used. This operation consumed a great deal of time, as it was generally done on the scene of the work under adverse conditions, but recently there has been introduced a machine which solders these sheets together and delivers them in a roll of any desired length, so that the workman is saved much time in assembling the sheets on the roof. The sheets, with edges locked, are hooked together and fed into the machine, one seam being cold pressed while the one before it is hot pressed. The machine is worked by one man. The capacity of the machine is four seams per minute, or 20 boxes of tin plate per day. The economy and speed of this arrangement for the workman will be evident to anyone.

The Human Buttonhook.

What a blessing it must be for a woman to own a lady valet! Think of the cares and responsibilities those functionaries relieve one's mind of when one's nightly process of dismantling begins. There is the hair to be let down and put into braids and crimps, and the switch to be brushed and hung up to keep it from bagging at the knees. Then come the hip pads and other falsities to be placed in cold storage for the night. These are only the minor details which fall to the lot of woman. It is also a blessing to the husband when wifery scrambles in to her freaks of the dressmaker's art, to have this handy human buttonhook around the house.—Cartoons Magazine.

Irrigation in Utah Mountains.

Up in the Utah mountains some very clever points in irrigation are developed. One worth this special notice is in the irrigation of deciduous fruit trees. In this case they had a deep, gravelly soil to deal with and they found that by frequent irrigations, applied about once a week, they produced more twig growth in peach trees with 51 acre inches than with 62 inches. As regards crops, the frequent application of water produced the most fruit, and no amount of water applied early in the season will compensate for lack of water during the month before harvest. High color of fruit was associated with late watering and insufficient irrigation produced poor colored fruit.

Hopes Women Will Adopt This Habit As Well As Men

Glass of hot water each morning helps us look and feel clean, sweet, fresh.

Happy, bright, alert—vigorous and vivacious—a good clear skin; a natural, rosy complexion and freedom from illness are assured only by clean, healthy blood. If only every woman and likewise every man could realize the wonders of the morning inside bath, what a gratifying change would take place.

Instead of the thousands of sickly, anaemic-looking men, women and girls with pasty or muddy complexions; instead of the multitudes of "nervous wrecks," "rundowns," "brain fags" and pessimists we should see a virile, optimistic throng of rosy-cheeked people everywhere.

An inside bath is had by drinking, each morning before breakfast, a glass of real hot water with a teaspoonful of limestone phosphate in it to wash from the stomach, liver, kidneys and ten yards of bowels the previous day's indigestible waste, so-called fermentations and poisons, thus cleansing, sweetening and freshening the entire alimentary canal before putting more food into the stomach.

Those subject to sick headache, biliousness, nasty breath, rheumatism, colds; and particularly those who have a pallid, sallow complexion and who are constipated very often, are urged to obtain a quarter pound of limestone phosphate at the drug store which will cost—but a trifle—but is sufficient to demonstrate the quick and remarkable change in both health and appearance awaiting those who practice internal sanitation. We must remember that inside cleanliness is more important than outside, because the skin does not absorb impurities to contaminate the blood, while the pores in the thirty feet of bowels do.

JAMES LILAK
Drayman
General Line of Draying.
Gardens Plowed and Dragged
Leave Orders at Mackey's Garage or
Phone 73

LADIES! LOOK YOUNG,
DARKEEN GRAY HAIR
Use the Cream and Sulphur Compound and Sulphur and Noddy
You Will Know.

Gray hair, however handsome, denotes advancing age. We all know the advantages of a youthful appearance. Your hair is your charm. It makes or mars the face. When it fades, turns gray and looks streaked, just a few applications of Sage and Sulphur enhances its appearance a hundred-fold.

Don't stay gray! Look young! Either prepare the recipe at home or get from any drug store a 50-cent bottle of "Wyeth's Sage and Sulphur Compound," which is made by the old-time recipe improved by the addition of other ingredients. Thousands of folks recommend this ready-to-use preparation, because it darkens the hair beautifully, besides no one can possibly tell, as it darkens so naturally and evenly! You moisten a sponge or soft brush with it, drawing this through the hair, taking one small strand at a time. By morning the gray hair disappears; after another application or two, its natural color is restored and it becomes thick, glossy and lustrous, and you appear years younger.

Wyeth's Sage and Sulphur Compound is a delightful toilet requisite. It is not intended for the cure, mitigation or prevention of disease.

GLASS OF SALTS IF YOUR KIDNEYS HURT

Get less meat if you feel Backache or have Bladder trouble—Salts fine for Kidneys.

Meat forms uric acid which excites and overworks the kidneys in their efforts to filter it from the system. Regular eaters of meat must flush the kidneys occasionally. You must relieve them like you relieve your bowels; removing all the acids, waste and poison, else you feel 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 is cloudy, full of sediment; the channels often get irritated, obliging you to get up two or three times during the night. To neutralize these irritating acids and flush off the body's urinous waste get about four ounces of Jad Salts from any pharmacy; take a tablespoonful in a glass of water before breakfast for a few days and your kidneys will then act fine and bladder disorders disappear. This famous salt is made from the acid of grapes and lemon juice, combined with lithia, and has been used for generations to clean and stimulate sluggish kidneys and stop bladder irritation. Jad Salts is inexpensive; harmless and makes a delightful effervescent lithia-water drink which millions of men and women take now and then, thus avoiding serious kidney and bladder diseases.

Briefs of the Week

Mrs. R. Gleason returned home from Muskegon, Wednesday.

Mrs. T. Porter Bennett of Hartford is visiting friends in the city.

J. L. Weisman and family spent Sunday with friends at Boyne City.

Wm. Supernaw and children went to Grand Rapids, Tuesday to visit relatives.

Lawrence Lalonde returned to Pontiac, Wednesday, after a visit with relatives here.

D. E. Goodman and C. A. Brabant were Traverse City visitors Tuesday and Wednesday.

Messrs E. E. Brown, James H. St. John and Jay Swift leave this Saturday in the latter's auto for Flint where they will make their home.

Mr. and Mrs. F. J. Gruber (Gruber & Sons) are the first of Cherry Vale (theatrical colony) to arrive home for the summer. They came up Wednesday from Chicago.

Mr. and Mrs. E. J. Crossman returned home Saturday from San Diego, Cal. They were accompanied by their daughter, Mrs. Fred McFarlane and children, who will make an extended visit here.

The infant son of Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Barnes, who reside near Intermediate Lake, passed away Monday. The funeral was held Wednesday from the home, conducted by Rev. R. S. Sidebotham.

Chris Decker passed away at the County Farm last Monday, aged 67 yrs. He was an inmate of the farm for the past three years. During his stay at the farm he refused to say anything about his relatives, and as none claimed the remains they were disposed of according to law.

The wedding of Mr. Alvah Cantrell and Miss June May Beebe took place at the home of the bride's parents at Chestonia, Mich., Thursday, April 12. The Rev. John Clemens was the officiating clergyman. The young couple will make their home at Chestonia where he has employment on the E. J. & S. railroad.

A gracious donor has presented the Methodist church with two opalescent stained glass windows. One represents the Anchor of Hope and the other an Easter Lily both presenting a peculiar play of colors of delicate tints. They are placed on the east and west sides of the church directly opposite to each other.

The infant daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Williamson living south of Nettleton's corners, passed away last Saturday evening being only four weeks and four days old. The funeral services were conducted from the house Monday afternoon by the Rev. John Clemens and the remains were interred in Lake View Cemetery.

We understand the following men have been discharged from further services with Company I and have returned home:—Sergeants Dr. Bueker, DeWitt Patterson, Guy Sedgeman, Albert Lalonde; Corporals Olaf Olson, Duncan Crawford, Ruell Chellis, Lowell Russell privates Charles Hillman, Clifford Hammond and Countryman.

The farm home of John Nasson, living near Ironton, was totally destroyed by fire last Friday afternoon. During the forenoon the chimney burned out, but as this was not considered of any serious danger, little was thought of it. But later in the afternoon, a fire started in the attic presumably from the top of the burning chimney or by sparks, and had gained such headway before being discovered that little could be done to save the building. Practically all the household goods on the lower floors were saved. The loss is partially covered by insurance.

Every citizen and property owner in Michigan should take pride in observing the week of April 30th, Clean Up Week. All rubbish, ashes and inflammable material should be cleaned up and removed this week from back yards, alleys, sheds, basements, attics and from all places where accumulated. Everybody is urged to carefully inspect their premises and take every precaution to prevent fire. Look your home, property, business place or factory, over thoroughly. See that the wiring and heating plant is in absolute safe condition. Install fire extinguishers or other fire extinguishing equipment in convenient places and instruct your family and employees how to use same and above all things instruct them along fire prevention lines to be carried out every day in the year.

Robt. Grant went to Lansing on Friday.

Mrs. John Hawkins is under the doctors care.

Harold Gay of Manistique is visiting relatives here.

Harold Atkinson is employed at F. Bennett's store.

Hugh Murphy returned from Cheboygan, Monday.

Miss Mary Miller of Lansing, is visiting relatives here.

Stewart Carr returned home Tuesday from Buckley, Mich.

Mrs. Bert Danforth visited her mother at Bellaire-over Sunday.

John Porter returned Saturday from Chicago and other points.

Geo. Bodrie of Pinconing is visiting his brother, Wm. Bodrie.

Mr. and Mrs. Carl Pardee of Flint are visiting relatives here.

George Hunter of Ellsworth visited friends here over Sunday.

Glenn Townsend of Ellsworth visited friends in the city, Tuesday.

Mrs. Robt. Spence returned from Grand Rapids on Wednesday.

Louise Brennan visited friends in Cheboygan last week, returning Monday.

Wilbur King returned to Flint, Tuesday after a short visit here with his family.

W. J. Ellison returned home Tuesday from a business trip to Marquette and other points.

Miss Lillian Patterson of Ellsworth visited at the home of Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Mollard, Sunday.

The Catholic Ladies have a bake-sale on Saturday afternoon in the East Jordan Drug Co. Store.

Miss Anna Mitchell of Mt. Pleasant was guest at the home of Mrs. Felix Green first of the week.

Mr. and Mrs. John Waterman returned home Friday last from their extended visit at Miami, Florida.

Fancy striped skirting, rose, green, blue, lavender and black, only 25c yd. Hurry—M. E. Ashley & Co.

G. M. Morrow of Central Lake is visiting this week at the home of his daughter, Mrs. T. R. Joynit.

Mrs. Wm. Bodrie returned from Mackinaw City on Wednesday, where she visited Mrs. Wm. Wilkes.

Will Wilson purchased the home of Mrs. S. M. Bala on the West Side, this week and will soon occupy same.

Mose Weisman returned home Wednesday from his business trip at Detroit, Saginaw and other southern points.

Mrs. K. Tompkins of Traverse City was called here this week by the serious illness of her mother, Mrs. Olive Grant.

Mrs. Walter Hunsberger returned home Tuesday from a visit with her daughter, Mrs. Perry Snook at Manistique.

Mrs. E. H. Bucher, who has been visiting her sister, Mrs. M. Isaman, left this Friday for her home at Manistee for a fortnight.

Bert Danforth visited his mother, Mrs. D. C. Danforth at Grand Rapids over Sunday. Mrs. Danforth is reported as slowly gaining.

Do you know you can get a pretty gingham dress for the little girl, 6 to 14 years old, from 75c to \$1.25. Why sew? Ask M. E. Ashley & Co.

Elmer Reed and family moved here this week from Levering and now occupy the residence on the West Side, formerly occupied by J. E. Strong and family.

Miss Leah Grant, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Robert Grant, and Anthony Zoulek son of Mrs. John Zoulek, were united in marriage at Charlevoix, Wednesday. They will reside on his farm north of this city.

FOR SALE: Lot 10 and east 96 feet of Lot 8, Block 1, Bowns Addition to South Arm. Cash or terms.—H. B. SUTHERLAND, 68 Casgrain, Detroit, Mich.

Card of Thanks.

We wish to thank our friends and neighbors for their many acts of kindness during our recent bereavement. Especially are we grateful to our friends for the many beautiful flowers. Words fail to express our appreciation. ORVIS Family.

E. J. H. S. NOTES

Mrs. H. C. Blount substituted for Miss Barnette in the 4th grade last week.

Miss Harriett Thomas, teacher of the 5th grade in the Central school during the past three years, did not return after the spring vacation, having been given a splendid position in the 7th and 8th grades in the Bay City schools. Mrs. D. H. Fitch will have the 5th grade for the balance of the year.

The girls of the 11th grade sewing class are studying millinery. They are trimming hats and making paper models.

A set of 78 stereopticon slides, entitled "The Grandeur of the Rockies" was much enjoyed by the pupils of the West Side school on Wednesday afternoon. The set was used by the 6th grade of the Central school on Thursday.

The 9th grade botany class made a field trip last Wednesday afternoon to secure specimens for their laboratory work. The class was gone less than an hour but two students secured 47 different varieties of plants during that time.

Supt. Holliday made a trip to Lansing and Detroit last week to interview teachers for the coming year. While at Detroit he visited Company 1 at Fort Wayne where he saw F. T. Smith, English teacher last year, and Kette Miles, Will Gleason, Joe Clark and Aubrey Blake who were in high school last year.

The exhibit case in the Central school building contains some excellent hand work this week which was done by the 1st grade.

The Freshmen-Sophomore declamation contest was held on Tuesday afternoon and brought out some excellent talent from these two classes. The main purpose of the contest was to select a representative from the local high school to take part in the Sub-District contest which will be held at Harbor Springs this Friday evening. There were 11 contestants in the local contest as follows:

King Phillips to the White Settler, Muriel Ritter Emmett's Vindication, Eleanor McBride.

Webster's Reply to Hayne, Eleanor Harmon

Spartacus to the Gladiators, Will Donaldson

Sheil's Reply to Lord Lyndhurst, Conard Hughes

In Memory of George Washington, Geneva VanDeventer

Catiline's Defiance, Wesley Woods

Grattan's Inveective Against Corry, Violet Chamberlain

Spartacus to the Gladiators, Reo Bockes

On the Death of Lafayette, Theresa Flagg

Return of Regulus, Gertrude Hockstad

Several of the speakers ranked very close together but the judges gave Reo Bockes 1st place; Gertrude Hockstad 2nd; Conard Hughes 3rd. The contest was judged by Mrs. H. C. Blount, Mrs. W. F. Empey, Miss Agnes Porter, Father Kroboth and Prof. A. R. Willgus.

The following pupils of the 4th grade of the Central school were neither absent nor tardy during the month of March: Inga Anderson, Thurlow Brown Lillian Cary, Donald Clark, Leatha Cox, Ella Conway, Howard Cook, Eddie Frickie, Philip Gothro, Elfrida Hastad, Hildur Hastad, Ella Hegerberg, Russell Kile, Anita Kile, Bessie Kling, Dorothy Kitman, Orel Leonard, Dorothy Malpass, Mary Madaugh, Lillian McCollman, Julius Roberts, Albert Roberts, Frances Rogers, Laberta Stewart, Edwin White, Gordon Wright, Orman Wigstone, Alice Zitka, Ruth Severy, Frankie Habel, Robert Risk, Howard Snyder, Vera Ross, Guy Griffin, Anna Griffin, Irvie Bowen, Catherine Roy, Ralph Habel.

Reo Bockes and Supt. Holliday went to Harbor Springs on Friday for the Sub-District Oratorical contest. Supt. Holliday is Chairman of this sub-district Other schools taking part in the contest were Kalkaska, Boyne City, Traverse City and Harbor Springs.

St. Joseph's Church

Rev. Timothy Kroboth.

Sunday, April 22.

8:00 a. m.—Mass. Holy Communion for the Sodality and Children of Mary.

10:30 a. m.—High Mass.

7:30 p. m.—Devotions, Benediction.

It ought to be consoling to the widow to know that history often repeats itself. There are no professional female divers. It is impossible to talk under water.

Be Prepared

For the warm days that are here. Our store is receiving daily the very best the market affords and at economical prices.

NEW TAFFETA SUITS in grey, navy and black at \$17.50.

All-wool poplin in navy and green \$22.50 Jersey SUITS \$25.00.



COATS with full flare, belts, large collars and pockets, plain colors and fancy mixtures—from \$9.50, \$12.50, \$15.00 to \$25.00.

Ladies, get a GOSSARD CORSET and improve your figure, \$2.00 to \$5.00.

MIDDIES from 50c to \$1.25.

NEW MILLINERY arriving daily. Hats to suit your face and purse. Children's Hats a specialty. LET US SERVE YOU.

M. E. ASHLEY & CO.

BUFFALO BILL NOT WORRIED

Scout Quickly Solved the Problem of How to Keep Scion of Royalty on His Horse.

"In the seventies, when Buffalo Bill was in his glory as a hunter and scout," a correspondent tells me, "I was ranching out on the great plains in Colorado, and often heard men talk of him. The Grand Duke Alexis paid us a flying visit about that time, accompanied by a train of Russian grandees, and the United States authorities, who were particularly anxious to do for them as well as possible, arranged that they should be taken for a great buffalo hunt, and very sensibly put Bill Cody in charge. Bill gave Alexis his own favorite buffalo horse to run the game on, and, skilled hunter as he was, Bill did not take very long to find them plenty of buffalo to chase. Naturally there was a troop of cavalry along for the protection of these important visitors, as the Sioux, Arapahoes and Cheyennes were then hostile, and keen to take the scalps of any unlucky white men they could corral. While the hunt was in full swing a United States cavalry sergeant came up to Bill and said: 'Cap (he wasn't Colonel Cody yet) say, Cap, one of them kings of yours has fell off his horse three times, and we're afraid he may hurt himself. What are we going to do about it?' 'Oh,' returned Cody offhand, 'jes'te his crown on under his chin with a chin-strap, and tie him into his saddle, and he'll do.'—Westminster Gazette.

RAILROAD HAS SPOILED TOWN

Sterzing, in the Austrian Tyrol, No Longer the Pleasant Halting Place That It Was Years Ago.

Sterzing is a town of the passer-by, a hamlet marked by the footprints of 20 centuries of voyaging great men. The little town lies in the Austrian Tyrol, on that railroad which in peace times runs southward from Innsbruck to Verona. Nowadays few voyagers stop at Sterzing, for the railroad has stretched a day's journey immensely and thereby deprived the traveler of most of those one-night halting places that were one of the intimate delights of old-time travel, if one may believe the records.

Sterzing was such a halting place on the old coach journey from Germany over the Alps to Italy. Even today it impresses you as a city that might best be described as one great inn. It is a typically German inn, in spite of lying as it does on the Italian slope of the mountains. Its looks and its habits and its people are German, though all the influences of Italian art and Italian thought flourish only a few hours away. You may pitch a chip into the Brenner river in the morning, and, if it escapes the perils of navigation, it will be in Italy before sundown.—Chicago Daily News.

Strange Marine Creature.

The marine sunfish (Mola mola) is one of the strangest creatures known, having its body lopped off just behind its perpendicular dorsal and anal fins, and being as high as long. With a tiny mouth an even stanger part of its structure is its diminutive spinal cord, which measures considerably less than an inch in a fish a yard long. A specimen of this species taken three or four years ago off the coast of southern California was 10 feet 1 inch in length and nearly 11 feet in height.

Even if a man does convince a woman, she is apt to forget it and he has to do it all over again.

Frank Phillips

Torsorial Artist.

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

That's a Combination of Real Interest

QUALITY + VALUE = OUR FURNITURE

And it is a combination that goes into every piece of furniture that we sell.

We mean furniture of utility, neat design, and substantial construction, at prices within the reach of those who want the best that medium prices can buy. While we handle the very finest grade of furniture, we wish to be known as dealers in the moderate-price lines also.

But no matter what the price, the quality and value are there, and we are never satisfied with the sale until our customer is satisfied by the sale.

We take pleasure in showing the stock and quoting prices. We want you to come in and weigh our values in your own mind.

C. H. WHITTINGTON THE RUG MAN.

DO NOT DELAY BUY A "WHITE" TODAY

Sold by the EAST JORDAN LUMBER COMPANY

Burpee's Seeds Grow For the success of your garden, and to reduce the high cost of living, you need Burpee's Seeds. Burpee's Annual, the Leading American Seed Catalog for 1917, tells the Plain Truth about Quality Seeds. It is mailed free. Write for it today. A postcard will bring it. W. ATLEE BURPEE & CO., Seed Company, Philadelphia, Pa.

Too Many Operations

The Right Medicine in Many Cases Does Better than the Surgeon's Knife. Tribute to Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Doctor Said Operation or Death—But Medicine Cured.

Des Moines, Iowa.—"My husband says I would have been in my grave today had it not been for Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. I suffered from a serious female trouble and the doctors said I could not live one year without an operation. My husband objected to the operation and had me try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. I soon commenced to get better and am now well and able to do my own housework. I can recommend Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound to any woman as a wonderful health restorer."—Mrs. BLANCHE JEFFERSON, 703 Lyon St., Des Moines, Iowa.

Another Operation Avoided.

Richmond, Ind.—"For two years I was so sick and weak from female troubles that when going up stairs I had to go very slowly with my hands on the steps, then sit down at the top to rest. The doctor said he thought I should have an operation, and my friends thought I would not live to move into our new house. My daughter asked me to try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound as she had taken it with good results. I did so, my weakness disappeared, I gained in strength, moved into our new home, do all kinds of garden work, and raised hundreds of chickens and ducks. I cannot say enough in praise of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound."—Mrs. M. O. JOHNSON, Route D, Box 190, Richmond, Ind.

Of course there are many serious cases that only a surgical operation will relieve. We freely acknowledge this, but the above letters, and many others like them, amply prove that many operations are recommended when medicine in many cases is all that is needed.

If you want special advice write to Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co. (confidential) Lynn, Mass. Your letter will be opened, read and answered by a woman and held in strict confidence.

POLICE WARNING

All autos operating in the city must carry a 1917 State License. It is drawing near the time when autos will again be operated, and this is fair warning that none will be allowed to run in East Jordan with an old license.

HENRY COOK,
Chief of Police.

It is easier to renew a good resolution than a ninety-day note.

A man sometimes makes money, but money never makes the man.

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.

DRS. VARDON & PARKS

PHYSICIANS AND SURGEONS
Office in Monroe block, over Spring Drug Co's Store
Phone 152-4 rings
Office hours: 1:30 to 4:00 p. m.
7:00 to 8:00 p. m.
X-RAY in Office.

Dr. F. P. Ramsey

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

Dr. G. W. 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:
9:15 a. m. to 5 p. m.
And Evenings.
Phone No. 225.

IRONTON

Ross Alexander is spending a fortnight in Lake City with his sister, Mrs. L. H. Barnum.

Miss Mary Weldy spent the week end with her parents near East Jordan.

Miss Goldie Schneider spent the week end with her parents at Horton Bay.

The Lady Maccabees met with Mrs. S. Alexander, Tuesday.

Shurley and Newel Web of Boyne City spent their spring vacation with friends here.

The farm home of John Nassen burned to the ground last Friday.

The Grangers will give a dance in the Grange Hall, Friday April 27th.

Memorial Soronian Hive.

Whereas, in the fullness of years As a Sheep gathered for the garner, Lasira A. Kenyon has passed from our midst and while it is human to sorrow for the loss of our Friends, With her we feel assured that by her faith and trust in her Redeemer, by her upright and exemplary life, she has been gathered with the bright and happy throng in that better land.

She was a good neighbor, a true and faithful friend, modest and unassuming, Leaving behind her pleasant and happy memories.

Resolved that we extend our warmest sympathies to the Bereaved family. Trusting that the same God who comforted her may so order their and our lives that our last days may be peaceful and triumphant as our departed Sister.

Resolved that a copy of this memorial be sent to both papers of our city, and to the bereaved family, also spread on the record of our hive.

Elva Barrie
Eva Kenny
Effie Alexander.

Teachers' Examination at Charlevoix April 26-28th.

The regular spring examination for teachers of Charlevoix County will be held in the Charlevoix County Normal room, April 26-28th. Work begins at 8:30 a. m. each day, and is resumed at 1:00 p. m. each day during the examination. All grades of certificates issued. Examination on reading from County Normal Manual and Course of Study outline on reading, and from Course of Study for Elementary Schools outline on reading. Five questions each from grammar and physiology tests based on Reading Circle tests of 1917 Circle. Paper furnished. All applicants are advised to write in ink. Papers transferred on request.

Respectfully submitted,
MAY L. STEWART,
Com'r. of Schools.

Auction Sale April 25th

I have sold my farm and will dispose of all personal property, on above date at the farm seven miles north of East Jordan and ten miles east of Ironton Ferry.

ISAAC FLORA, Prop'r.

A man with a cork leg may or may not be a member of the floating population.

HAD TROUBLE FOUR OR FIVE YEARS

Many people suffer from bladder trouble when they can be quickly relieved. W. J. Furry, R. F. D. 2, Salem, Mo., writes: "I was bothered with bladder trouble four or five years. It gave me a great deal of pain. I took different medicines, but nothing did me any good until I got Foley Kidney Pills."—Hite's Drug Store.

MORTGAGE SALE.

Default having been made in the terms and conditions of a certain purchase money mortgage, made and executed by Jesse McDonald, of Boyne City, Michigan, to Herman A. Goodman of East Jordan, Michigan, dated the tenth day of November, 1914 and recorded in the office of the Register of Deeds of Charlevoix County November 14, 1914, in Liber 24 of mortgages on Page 131, on which mortgage there is claimed to be due at the date of this notice, including principal, interest and attorney fee, the sum of Seven hundred thirty-one and 10/100 Dollars, and no suit or proceedings at law or in equity having been instituted to recover the debt secured by said mortgage, or any part thereof.

Notice is hereby given that by virtue of the power of sale in said mortgage contained, and of the statute in such case made and provided the undersigned will sell at public auction on the seventh day of July, 1917 at ten o'clock in the forenoon, at the east front door of the Court House in the City of Charlevoix, Charlevoix County, Michigan, (that being the place wherein the Circuit Court for Charlevoix County is held), the premises described in said mortgage, to-wit: The east one-half of the northwest quarter of the northwest quarter of section three, town thirty-two north, range six west, Wilson township, Charlevoix County, Michigan.

HERMAN A. GOODMAN,
Dated, April 4, 1917.
Dwight H. Fitch,
Att'y for mortgagee.
Business Address, East Jordan, Mich.



Friday & Saturday
April 20-21

2 Bargain 2
Shopping Days

AT

THE LEADER

We are determined to make our store your store the heart and economy center in Charlevoix Co. We are to give you better values and to serve you better in dependable merchandise.

ABOVE ALL REMEMBER WE DO JUST AS WE ADVERTISE AND HAVE THE GOODS TO BACK OUR PRICES.

The Following Bargain Prices will be in effect FOR TWO DAYS ending Saturday April 21st. More and more of our patrons every day are becoming convinced that THE LEADER stands for quality and economy.

100-yds. flowered crepes and serackers in various shades, 25c value 13 1/2c yd.

Best quality heaviest one yard wide percales, sold at all stores at 18c per yard for two days only 13c per yd. Limit 6 yards to a customer.

100-yds remnants running 3 to 10 yds. apron and dress gingham, for two days only 7 1/2c yd.

Ladies large bungalow aprons with sleeves, they all ask you 75c and 85c for two days only 47c

400-yds. curtain cloth, beautiful flowered borders, 15c values, for two days only 8 1/2c yd.

Childrens gingham dresses running in sizes up to 6 years old, 2 days only 27c each.

Misses good quality gingham dresses in the very newest makes, \$1.25 values for 2 days only 79c each.

Mens navy business Suits, they are \$8.50 values for 2 days only \$4.95

Mens and young mens Suits strictly all wool worsted in brown and navy serges, they are \$16 and \$16.50 values for 2 days only \$9.88

Mens and youths heavy khaki pants well made with belt loops and cuff bottoms our price \$1.48 for 2 days only 98c

Mens extra heavy best made overalls in in stars, stripes and plain blues full cut swing pockets, elastic back bib or without bib, for 2 days only 98c

Boys navy and brown cheviot suits pinched backs, no finer \$3 suits, for 2 days only \$1.88

Boys navy wool cheviot also wool grey mixed Suits with two pair knicker pants, they are \$5.50 values for two days only \$3.98, sizes up to 18 years

Samples os mens and young mens fine all wool jersey Sweaters in grey, navy maroon also striped, open or closed necks, values \$3, for 2days only \$1.69

Just stop and think what it means to you. A Shoe Sale for Two Days

Ladies and Misses sample Shoes, they are values up to \$4, for 2 days \$1.79

Ladies, Misses and childrens sample slippers and shoes all solid leather values up to \$2.50, for 2 days 88c pr

Mens 10-inch high top elkskin shoes they are light weight and most serviceable bellas tongue \$4.00 values for 2 days only \$2.79

Ladies button and lace medium, high and low heel kid shoes, they are \$3 values for 2 days \$1.98

Ladies and growing girls white ivory and rubber sole and heel English walking Shoes, \$4.50 values high tops, for 2 days only \$3.25

THE LEADER

H. ROSENTHAL, Prop'r

Madison Block, Main-st, East Jordan

A man isn't necessarily a failure because he has failed.

A woman doesn't necessarily prove her superiority when she puts herself before a mirror.

Even if a man does convince a woman, she is apt to forget it and he has to do it all over again.

Many a poor man might acquire wealth by utilizing the time he wastes in bemoaning his luck.

FOR SALE

A seven-acre MUCK FARM, suitable for cabbage, celery and onions, also hay. Well ditched and fenced. A good well, house and barn. Located on Maple St., East Jordan. Reason for selling, ill health.—J. A. NICKLESS.

FOR SALE—Forty Acres of tillable land (Wilson township), less than one-half valuation. Buildings, needing repairs; two adjoining building lots, Bowen's addition. Small amount buys these.—C. A. HOLMES, Sherburne, N. Y.

A woman can make a fool of almost any man if nature doesn't get the start of her.

Love is a powerful thing, yet there are people who would rather marry for money.

A WORD TO MOTHERS.

There seems to be more than the usual number of children suffering from measles, whooping cough and other children's diseases this spring. Do not neglect any cold, for a cold weakens the system and makes a child more liable to attack of more serious ailments. Foley's Honey and Tar relieves coughs, colds and croup.—Hite's Drug Store.

DAUGHTER IN TERRIBLE SHAPE.

A. Mitchell, Bagdad, Ky., writes: "My daughter was in terrible shape with kidney trouble. I got her to take Foley Kidney Pills and she is completely cured." Foley Kidney Pills strengthen weak, deranged kidneys; correct bladder troubles; stop rheumatic pains and backache; relieve sore muscles and stiff joints.—Hite's Drug Store.

LATH BOLTS Wanted At Once!

Must be not less than 5 in. diameter and 49 in. length. HEMLOCK, Spruce, Balsam and Cedar. Hemlock Bolts must be separate.

Will pay \$4.50 delivered at Mill B.

East Jordan Lumber Co.

Seed Acreage

We have a limited Acreage of Radish Seed to place on Contract. We are also offering attractive prices for Contract Beans. Write or telephone.

EVERETT B. CLARK SEED CO.
EAST JORDAN, MICH.
A. E. CROSS, - - SUPT.