

# Charlevoix County Herald.

Vol. 21

EAST JORDAN, MICHIGAN, FRIDAY, APRIL 27, 1917.

No. 17

## Cadet Company at High School

### Drilling Began this Week with Forty-five Enrolled.

The Board of Education has decided to give the boys of the high school the elements of military instruction and the first drilling of the boys was instituted on Monday afternoon. The purpose of the work is to give the students a start which will be of much value to them in case they enlist in the army or are drafted or if compulsory training is begun later by the government. It is hoped also that the outdoor drill will be of value in developing the boys physically and give them a better bearing and also a better understanding of what the life of a soldier requires.

No rifles will be used in this training at present but the drilling will all be done with wooden models which are now being made. The cadets will elect their own officers.

The Board has secured Jas. Gidley, formerly first sergeant in Company 1 to have full charge of all training and the drills will be held three times a week. No boys below the 7th grade are allowed to take the training and only those boys who bring written permission from their parents are enrolled. On Wednesday there were exactly fifty lined up, including Serg. Gidley, L. P. Holliday, B. J. Holcomb and A. E. Wells of the high school faculty and Rev. R. S. Sidebotham who are taking the training with the boys.

## ARBOR AND GARDEN DAY

At an earlier day Michigan was the home of magnificent forests of pine and hardwood. We have still enough hardwood trees left to make Michigan the leading hardwood State in the Union, but scarcely a vestige remains of our once splendid pine forests. What can we do today to help restore what has been destroyed? Reforestation by the State and tree-planting by the individual—that is the answer. Trees mean beauty and blessing. They mean beauty and wealth. They mean shade and shelter and food.

For many years it has been the custom, at this season of the year, for the Governor to issue a proclamation, calling upon the people of the State to observe Arbor Day by the planting of trees and by other appropriate exercises.

This year, important as the planting of trees undoubtedly is, there is a still more important matter to engage our serious attention, and that is the planting of gardens. Through none of our own seeking, we have been plunged into war; and we are threatened with the greatest food shortage in our history. It may be that disaster, great and irremediable, can be averted only by utilizing for planting purposes every available foot of ground. One-quarter of an acre can be made to produce, for example, potatoes enough to supply two or three families, and vacant lots in cities, towns and villages are available for this purpose. PRODUCTION AND CONSERVATION—these should be our two great watch-words this year.

Therefore, I, ALBERT E. SLEEPER, Governor of the State of Michigan, do hereby designate and set aside

Friday, May Fourth, 1917, as Arbor and Garden Day,

in the hope that both the old and the young of our people may be impressed with the needs of the situation, and may be stimulated not only to plant trees, as has been our custom on Arbor Day, but to plant their garden plots with potatoes and corn and beans and other nutritious vegetables.

Given under my hand and the Great Seal of the State this twenty-fourth day of April, in the year of our Lord one thousand nine hundred and seventeen, and of the Commonwealth the eighty-first.

By the Governor:  
ALBERT E. SLEEPER,  
Governor.

One thing a woman is willing to undergo is a new bonnet.

Some men join the ranks of benedicts voluntarily, and some have to be drafted.

A baby makes the home a happy place at all times—and more so when it's asleep.

The less you talk, the less likely you are to choke if compelled to swallow your words.

Marrying a man to reform him is like trying to make a satisfactory omelet out of a bad egg.

## LOCAL HIGH SCHOOL WINS CONTEST

In the sub-district declamatory and oratorical contest for the high schools of northern Michigan which was held at Harbor Springs last Friday evening, the local high school was successful in winning first place in the declamatory contest. The representative from this school was Reo Bockes and his selection was 'Spartacus to the Gladiators.'

Other schools represented in the declamatory contest were Kalkaska, Traverse City, Boyne City and Harbor Springs. The judges on delivery were Prin. P. G. Lantz of Petoskey high school, Rev. P. B. Ferris of Petoskey and Prin. L. B. Asetline of Charlevoix high school. Each of these judges gave Bockes first place which is good evidence of his ability in speaking. He will represent this sub-district in the district contest which will be held next week at some place not yet designated. Harbor Springs was given second place in this contest.

In the oratorical contest which was held on the same evening, Harbor Springs high school won first place and Traverse City second.

## PROPOSED DRY MEASURES

Lansing, April 23.—Edwin Rawden, legislative superintendent of the Michigan Anti-saloon League, has drafted the following brief outline of the four bills that are expected to make Michigan dry after May 1, 1918. This quartette of bills were drafted by the League and supported by its organization, and believed by those competent to judge, sufficiently drastic to secure an effective enforcement.

THE WILEY LAW puts into operation the provisions of the Constitutional Amendment prohibiting the liquor traffic adopted November 7, 1916; provides for the sale of intoxicating liquors for medicinal, mechanical, chemical, scientific and sacramental purposes; provides for sale for these purposes by druggists who take out permits so to do; permits manufacture of cider for vinegar; defines intoxicating liquors as all liquors capable of being used as a beverage, which contain alcohol; provides for search and seizure of suspected places, the same as the local option law; prohibits sale or keeping for sale by clubs; prohibits solicitation of orders for liquors by any person; prohibits advertising of intoxicating liquors; makes it the duty of all police and peace officers to enforce the law, and makes their failure to discharge this duty cause for forfeiture of their office and grounds for removal.

THE DAMON LAW prohibits the bringing or carrying into the state, or the receipt or possession of any intoxicating liquors within the state. This law will make the state "bone-dry."

THE LEWIS LAW makes it the duty of the Food and Drug Commissioner to supervise and secure the enforcement of the laws relating to the prohibition of the liquor traffic; gives him authority to appoint such inspectors, investigators and assistants as may be deemed necessary. The duty imposed by this law does not relieve local officers from their duty of enforcement, but is intended to be supplemental thereto. The Food and Drug Commissioner is not a new officer, but the Dairy and Food Commissioner under a new name.

THE DAMON LAW amends Act 272, Public Acts of 1915; declares that places where intoxicating liquors are sold are nuisances, and provides the machinery for closing such places by injunction proceedings. Under the provisions of this act, when the existence of a nuisance is established by court proceedings the furniture or contents of the building used in conducting the nuisance are ordered removed and sold, and the place is ordered closed for one year. The owner may release the premises from such closing order by giving a bond of the full value of the property. Under this law a person violating any order of the court may be punished for contempt of court. This law will provide effective means to close places where liquor is sold illegally.

M. H. DeFoe.

The smile of a good woman will do a man more good than a dozen handed him by the bartender.

It is reported that an Ohio temperance advocate refused to have his portrait painted unless it was done in water colors.

An Arkansas man was recently bitten by a mule with fatal results. This merely shows that the mule is dangerous at both ends.

It is about as easy to be popular with yourself and please the neighbors at the same time as it is to sit on a barbed wire fence.

## Making for the Four Hundred Confessions

### Also Several Hundred Church Members Reconsecrate.

## LOOSE RIGHT MAN IN THE RIGHT PLACE

### Dick Branston Succeeds Bowden and Is Making Good.

Last week seemed great but this one far exceeds the record in every way. Sunday was easily the banner day—one never to be forgotten by those who were privileged to hear Loose preach his great consecration sermon on "Choked Channels" some people may have felt that many church members were not right but after their reconsecration Sunday morning there surely will be a more earnest efficient church life in East Jordan. The mens meeting Sunday afternoon was the best yet held and in attendance exceeded the crowded house of Sunday the fifteenth, next Sunday it is safe to say will be best of all when Loose gives his address on "A Young Man's Choice." Sunday night was a repetition as to converts of Friday night when nearly forty came forward to begin a Christian life and each night since has witnessed from twenty to thirty come forward and start the Christian life.

Monday night saw the greatest high school Rally ever seen at any religious gathering in East Jordan, their splendid band under direction of Mr. Hiatt, led the procession.

Tuesday night was "District Night" and each of the Eleven Districts had their banner. No. 1 won the prize for the largest attendance, 83 present. No. 2 for having the most original banner it being a new broom with a large figure 2 at top and below the words "CLEAN LIVES FOR JESUS."

The program for Sunday is as follows:

10:30 a. m. Evangelist Loose will deliver his most popular sermon "Heaven."

3 p. m.—Last meeting for men only, subject "A Young Man's Choice."

6:30 p. m.—Young peoples meeting, everybody welcome. Loose will deliver "a special address to the converts."

7:30 p. m.—Farewell service.

The offering for Evangelist Loose will be taken at the Sunday services and East Jordan will be tested as to her generosity and responsiveness to the faith Loose has shown in bringing his party here at his own expense of between two and three hundred dollars without demanding any guarantee as to what he shall get in way of compensation for his great success achieved by the most severe work a man can subject himself to.

And kissing is responsible for a good deal of heart trouble.

The bee is never too busy to administer a stinging rebuke.

## STATE OFFERS PUBLIC BOOKLET ON GARDENS

East Lansing, Mich., Apr. 24.—The proposed flooding of the state with literature on the subject of gardening will, in the opinion of M. A. C. men, make ignorance no excuse for the individual who this season stays out of the gardening game. On the plea of inexperience in the agricultural arts: As part of its plan to inform every Michigan citizen upon the subject, the college has secured from the federal government over 20,000 copies of a booklet entitled "Home Vegetable Gardening." These bulletins will be mailed out to every person writing in to the college for them.

The pamphlet is one which goes into the gardening arts in detail, setting forth every operation from seeding to harvesting, and giving in addition simple methods for efficient management.

To persons who have planned a garden, or who purpose spading one, the bulletin is expected to be a big help. It can be secured by dropping a card to the bulletin department of the Michigan Agricultural College.

## HOES AND RIFLES

The agitation for an enlarged crop of staple foods which is being carried on so energetically—and we hope successfully—in all parts of the country has a basis in sound theory. Napier, the great European military commentator, has graphically compared an army to a snake, in that it moves upon its belly. The provisioning of the armies which we must raise as our just contribution to the fighting side of the war is of prime consideration. In addition, we must continue our stream of supplies to the armies of our allies already in the field. And besides this we must provide for our own population at home when so many hundreds of thousands of workers are taken from productive pursuits and put into the ranks. Just now the man with the hoe is of equal importance with the man with the rifle.

## THE POTATO CROP.

In the year 1912 the total yield for the United States was 420,000,000 bushels, and the average wholesale price 50 cents a bushel. The crop in 1914 was 410,000,000 bushels, that of 1915, 360,000,000 bushels, while last year the total potato crop was only 285,000,000 bushels, which was 75,000,000 less than it was in 1915, and 125,000,000 below the crop of 1914.

The number of acres planted to potatoes in 1916 was 2,500,000, as compared with a five-year average of 3,686,000.

In 1866, when the potato crop was 107,000,000 bushels, the merchants were paying an average price of 47 cents a bushel. The following year the yield was 10,000,000 bushels less and the price 65 cents a bushel.

The lowest average price ever paid was in 1895, when it was 26 cents a bushel.

We venture the prediction that the average price this year will not be less than 75 cents a bushel.

## PLAN BIG ROLE FOR WOMEN IN MICHIGAN FOOD SUPPLY WORK

East Lansing, Mich., April 19. A great field for service will within a few days be opened to Michigan women who in the war days now dawning wish to make themselves useful to Uncle Sam. Under plans which have been drafted and will soon be put in operation by the Woman's League for Patriotic Service, cooperating with the Home Economics department of the Michigan Agricultural College, the entire feminine forces of the state will be mobilized for a highly important, though peaceful duty. To them, under Michigan's war program, will be entrusted the triple task of promoting gardening, encouraging thrift, and instructing the forlorn elements in Michigan's population in the principles and ideals of Americanism.

The plans which the women have formulated are of a sort calling for deeds rather than words, for it is a gigantic work which the women, under the leadership of Mrs. Caroline Bartlett Crane, have undertaken. It will begin with thorough organization of the women of the state into a methodical working unit. Representatives of the Woman's League will make their way to every city and hamlet between Detroit and Ironwood, and in each they will bring together the various womens clubs, missionary societies, suffrage organizations, and so on, and unite them into compact community bodies. When these organizations have been perfected and this is expected to be accomplished in the briefest time possible each will be advised what it is to do.

This advice, which has been outlined concisely, as follows, will take three specific forms:

First—The league will recommend participation by women in the movement to produce more food stuffs, through making use of idle land and vacant lots, and raising particularly corn, beans and potatoes, and as much poultry as possible.

Second—The league will promote plans for the conservation and preservation of food. This will be done through literature, and by directly demonstrating how foodstuffs may be used more economically and wisely, how better combinations of food can be prepared, and the like. It will be advised as a food conservation measure; for instance that only one protein food, as beans or meat, be served at a meal, and that protein foods be served not oftener than twice a day. Another Phase of this work will be the demonstrating of how one food may be replaced by another, as rice, hominy and macaroni for potatoes. Finally, it will be urged that there be more preservation of excess food products by canning and drying.

Third—Women will be invited to promote Americanism by instructing the foreign elements and alien in Michigan's population in the ideals of American citizenship, and what it means.

In all these endeavors, the women will be requested to get into touch with the Michigan Agricultural College, which will supply reading matter and field workers.

## APPEAL TO BANKERS TO MAKE SEED LOANS

East Lansing, Mich., April 24.—The high price of seed, particularly for beans and potatoes, threatens in many sections of the state to deter farmers from planting maximum acreages to these crops, in the opinion of the farm crops department of the Michigan Agricultural College. Within the past week appeals have been coming daily to M. A. C. for financial assistance in procuring seed, and accordingly the suggestion is being made to Michigan bankers today to make long term loans to agriculturists for the purchase of seed, with the crop as security.

This is a method for aiding farmers which some state bankers have already adopted, and which is an established feature of agricultural finance in the south.

"Short term loans of from 60 to 90 days will not meet this situation," declared J. F. Cox, acting professor of farm crops at the college, "but by arranging special seed loans running until the crops are harvested, both the farmer and the banker will be benefited. In the south the entire banking system in rural communities is based upon the cotton crop, and loans are freely made, payable at harvest time. The adoption of this plan in Michigan will do much towards insuring the planting of every available acre. The situation offers a rare opportunity for bankers to render a great service to the state."

## School Commissioner's Notes

May L. Stewart, Commissioner

Flags out every where! Teachers preparing patriotic closing day exercises, flag demonstrations, flag salutes, and flag songs.

Eighth grade examinations, May 10th to 11th Room of East Jordan High School building, Rooms S and T in Boyne City Central school, in Charlevoix County Normal Room of Charlevoix. In all cases inquire of superintendent for information. All teachers have programs of tests. Paper furnished. Bring pen and pencils only. Begin at regular school time—8:30 Central Standard time. Tests as usual in St. James.

In three schools flags were mended by loving hands last week. The wind may prove harmful to the flag but it will be cared for even then. New poles are being erected. Politics to the winds. We are back of Uncle Sammy and the Union is All.

34 visits made in the past three weeks and everything is moving nicely.

Teachers have bird lists, flower lists, bird houses, fancy work clubs, free hand cutting, drawing, seed tests, garden plots, flag drills, soldier boys and what not? Busy, of course, but the busiest looked the happiest too.

A number of directors and teachers have replied that they can indeed give good American answers to the patriotic test of the school circular. Many of them have said that they think it will be entirely possible to arrange for the floating of the flag during the summer months.

The teachers have already been required in many of the school districts. There are comparatively few changes this year and most of those who remain do so with a substantial increase in salary.

The eye tests have been ready for some time but our editors have evidently thought them too statistical and too much work for general county wide printing. The commissioner has finally decided to have them put up in pamphlet form and placed in the hands of teachers and officers.

Hudson No. 4 voted to establish a library this year.

The Robinson School has an attendance record of 95 per cent according to the last report. They have an interested music class for morning exercises which may have something to do with the punctuality, too.

A new pencil sharpener in Horton Bay.

Miss Greene of Springwater reports a successful fire drill.

Following is a copy of a letter received from Supt. Keeler of Lansing, such as is being sent now to every commissioner in the state.

"In his letter to the American people the other day Pres. Wilson makes a plea for the mobilization of all our resources but especially those which pertain directly to the production of food supplies. In this matter I believe the rural schools of Michigan can lend a hand very effectively.

"The Course of Study for the teaching of Agriculture in rural schools as given on page 98 of the manual outlines for the spring work instruction in the testing of seeds, such as corn, oats, etc. I am writing you this letter to suggest that you urge each teacher that she make this work of as practical a nature as possible. Impress upon her that through her efforts she may prevent the planting of anything but good seed in her district. Perhaps no opportunity will come to her which will enable her to render so effective service to her country as by this effort.

"The extension Department of the Michigan Agricultural College will furnish simple directions for testing seed to any locality upon request."

Yours very truly,  
Fred L. Keeler.

Spring tests were given the 19th and 20th, passed just one day as these notes go to press, but five of the reports are already in the office.

It doesn't take much courage for a man to call his wife down occasionally—if she is upstairs.

A man's ability to say no at the right time is of more use to him than his ability to quote Latin.

The bells in the church choir calls more young men to worship than the church bell in the steeple.

No matter how loose the engagement ring may be, the diamond never slips around out of sight on a girl's finger.

## Don't Wait To Be Drafted

Will it be necessary for the Kaiser to send Zeppelins here to awaken Americans?

Must the United States resort to the draft in order to secure enough men to protect the National Honor?

If not, it is time they STARTED TO ENLIST.

For two weeks America has been at war, yet enlistments have not reached anything like the number needed.

This war is HERE AND NOW! If the Government cannot get the right men by calling for them, it can by tapping them on the shoulder and saying, "You're wanted, son." DON'T WAIT TO BE DRAFTED.

The President gives the patriotic youth of America a glorious opportunity to show their mettle by calling for Volunteers. It is his FIRST APPEAL. May there be no need for a second!

If you are single and able bodied, between the ages of 18 and 40: DO YOUR DUTY by the nation which has protected and mothered you to manhood. With your parent's consent you can enlist between 16 and 18.

Before you go to enlist, however, make sure your going will not leave want behind. The Government seeks no soldiers among those with dependents. Another thing, if you have been raising food on the farm be sure your going will not reduce the productivity of that farm. The Agricultural Army is the first line of National Defense, because it will feed us and our allies.

No married men need apply—YET. There will never be any need for them if the young men DO THEIR DUTY. Uncle Sam wants to talk to his young men, unmarried, independent sons, the boys who can drop out of industry with least disturbance and become competent defenders of the Nation in the shortest possible time.

The Red Cross needs more home helpers everywhere, but that gives no concern.

EVERYONE KNOWS THAT THE WOMEN ALWAYS DO THEIR DUTY!

WILL THE YOUNG MEN DO LESS?



**MISSION THAT WAS GRUESOME**

Task of Burying the Dead is Graphically Described in Diary of French Lieutenant.

March 23. Last night I was detailed with half my section to bury the dead. The task was not a pleasant one, but it was accomplished without reluctance or hesitation. Having to do the work at night made it a shade more lugubrious. A guide conducted us to a little thicket all laid bare by grape-shot, to the south of Perthes, and about three kilometers from the first lines. There was no moon, and it was very nearly pitch-dark. Trench-rockets streaked the sky here and there, and from the distance came the crack of musketry. Shells were laboring by with the heavy breathing of wild beasts in a rage. A little trench was made into a large one to receive the bodies, and then we had to set out in search of them. They had been lying there for a very long time, and it was only the recent advance of our lines that made it possible to bury them. With some difficulty we managed to make out these motionless heaps on the ground. It was necessary to search the pockets and take out papers, money, etc.; also to unfasten the identification badges that are worn on the arm like a bracelet. It was not an easy thing to do. In this, also, I was obliged to set the example. I had to put my gloved hand into the pockets of a foul mass that fell to pieces at a touch. I found nothing but a pocketbook and diary. The men then took courage and overcame their aversion.

When our task was finished the abbe-infirmier who had accompanied us of his own accord, stepped to the edge of the grave and said a blessing. And that priest, standing out against the darkness, lifting his voice above the noise of battle in a last solemn duty to those pitiful fragments, was very fine. Every man of us, whether moved by religious conviction or not, felt the solemnity of the moment, and knelt to hear the words of forgiveness and of life.—From a French Lieutenant's Diary, in the Atlantic.

**TOO MANY LIKE THIS MAN**

Travelers on Trains Will Recognize Type With Which They Are More or Less Familiar.

"If I don't care to talk, which usually I don't, I am a deaf and dumb asylum with a grinch on. If I do talk, I assume the air of Kaiser Wilhelm offering peace to his enemies and combine it with the air of a munition maker reciting his profits.

"I insist on being first into the car and first out, and it does me good to bump into a lot of folks and cause them to look murder. I throw my feet around so that women shall trip over them and if I have set a child squalling I am pleased for hours.

"I rise early so I can be in the way in the washroom and when the movement is toward the diner I walk up and down the smallest passage in the car.

"At home, I am a fairly decent citizen, considerate, courteous. But the moment I board a train, I try to see how nearly I can simulate the manners of the hog pen. Why do I do it? I don't know. It just happens that I do."—Toledo Blade.

**Left Physician Pondering.**

The old farmer had no faith in "physic," but he became so unwell that he was eventually induced to see a doctor. A few days after his visit the doctor met him, and remarked that he looked better.

"Yes, zur," said the farmer, "I am a lot better than I was."

"So the medicine did you some good, after all, then?" said the physician.

"I dunno, zur, I dunno," the farmer went on. "Tis like this 'ere, you see. Soon as I got outside your place, I dranked one-half, and throwed away the other—but I can't tell which done me the most good!"

**A Tip to Kansas.**

According to a report to the trade and commerce department by the Canadian trade commissioner, sunflowers grown in Canadian backyards may be made profitable as well as ornamental. There is a big demand for sunflower seed in England, where it is worth about \$100 a ton, which is about five cents a pound, delivered. In the past sunflower seeds have been bought for seed purposes to feed birds and poultry, but large quantities are now crushed in order to extract the oil, which is used in the manufacture of margarine, or artificial butter.—Toronto Globe.

**Mike Had Answer Ready.**

"Have you lobsters like this in Ireland, Mike?"

"Is it lobsters?" replied Mike, contemptuously. "Why, I've seen the sea red wid 'em."

"But, Mike, lobsters aren't red till they're boiled."

"Don't I know that? But we've hot springs in the ould country, and the creatures shwim throo 'em and come out ready fer ye to crack open and ate," said Mike calmly.

**He Was Deaf.**

A foreign chauffeur driving outside far into the country ran out of gasoline, but chanced to meet a farmer who was deaf.

"Tell me, please," asked the chauffeur, "were I can get some gasoline. Der automobile has stopped already."

"Hey!" said the farmer, putting his hand to his ear.

**SAVING HORSES IN WARTIME**

Preparation That Renders the Animals Practically Invisible Is Reported to Have Been Successful.

Useful experiments are being carried out in the United States with the object of determining whether horses can be so colored as to render them less conspicuous and reduce the chances of their being made a target for the fire of an enemy. Some of the tests have been conducted in Arizona, with animals of the First cavalry, and apparently have been attended with considerable success.

According to the Army and Navy Register, a solution was applied to an animal with an ordinary grooming brush or sponge after the coat had been dampened with water to prevent the coloring stuff from running down over the dry hair.

It changed the horse from a dark chestnut to a yellow dun, according to the strength. This dye lasts about four or five weeks, a longer or shorter time depending upon whether the animal is shedding or not, and it does not take as long to color a horse as ordinary grooming takes, as it is only necessary to go over the animal once in the same direction as the hair lies.

It neither injures nor alters the texture or feel of the coat. At 400 or 500 paces the animal was almost invisible. In Arizona, or Mexico, it is stated, the color can be put on so as to dry the exact color of the ground, and no natural-colored animal is as nearly invisible at a distance as animals that have been treated with a coat of "war paint" in the desert country.

One expert has stated that it is almost impossible for a sniper to shoot horses colored in the way that it has been done in the First cavalry corrals on the border, because the enemy will be unable to see the animals at any great distance.

**RULER GIVEN SMALL SALARY**

Swiss President Contented With Yearly Wage That Would Not Satisfy American Business Man.

The most modest and unassuming ruler in Europe is undoubtedly the president of the Swiss confederation. It is an astounding fact, but even in his own country his name is not widely known, and if a Swiss who resided outside his native land were asked the name of Helvetia's official head he would invariably express complete ignorance on that point.

The president, who is elected by the federal assembly, holds the office for only one year, from January 1st to December 31st, and usually the vice president succeeds him. His chief duty is to direct his country's foreign policy, for most of the internal administration is in the hands of the cantons or districts. There are 25 cantons, each of which is represented at the two houses of parliament.

The president this year is M. Edmund Schultess, and his official salary is \$540, with an additional \$600 for expenses. He has a federal council of seven, which forms a sort of cabinet, and each member receives \$480 per annum.—London Tit-Bits.

**Women Will Govern.**

Women will conduct the government of Umatilla, Ore., for the next two years. About 48 hours before election a group of them decided to run for the town offices, and as women outnumber the men, contrary to the eastern theory that women are in a decided minority in western communities, the women's ticket was successful.

Umatilla is not a large place. At least it does not appear in lists showing the statistics of the incorporated towns with a population of 5,000 and over. At the same time it is large enough for the management of its affairs by men to have caused dissatisfaction to the women, and it is their purpose to have a reform administration.

The new mayor even refuses to appoint any man to a subordinate office. Her husband, for example, would like to be town marshal, but she says no, and announces that she expects the town to be so orderly that it will need no marshal. The salary of such an officer, she thinks, can be used to better advantage.—Indianapolis Star.

**Simply Logical.**

Customer—I wish I had as good a head of hair as you have. I have been tried everything to remedy my baldness, but without result.

Barber—Have you ever tried rubbing your head with steel?

Customer—Certainly not. That seems ridiculous.

Barber—Why ridiculous? My brother is a watchmaker, and he tells me as a fact that steel makes the hair spring!

**But Hoopskirts Have Gone.**

At Ann Arbor, Mich., workmen recently repaired the outside stairs of old University hall. The building was constructed in the seventies, and complaint was made at that time that the stairway was too narrow to permit the coats to pass comfortably, as the era of the hoopskirts was on them. The stairway, though rebuilt, is as narrow as the original passageway.

**The Wrong Man.**

The citizen gazed helplessly at the piles of drifted snow that lay on the sidewalk in front of his house.

"What would you take to clean this walk?" he asked the first man who came along.

"A shovel, mister," responded the fellow as he plodded his way.—Boston Evening Transcript.

**CHARLEVOIX COUNTY HERALD**

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

**DINNERS THAT ARE FAMOUS**

Much Eccentricity Indulged in by Men Who Would Seem to Have "Money to Burn."

Of recent years America has taken the palm for eccentric dinners. We have heard of the "progressive" and the "dancing" menu. In the former the guests rise between each course and make their way, table by table, from one end of the room to the other. This idea has been attempted before, but the dinner at which every course is illustrated by some clever dancer is unique.

The "scenery" dinner, a late vogue, was another distraction indulged in by the millionaires. It represented the scenery of different countries by models in the center of the table.

The Savoy hotel, in London, has a reputation for the giving of dinners out of the ordinary. Here was given the famous Red dinner, presided over by a man who had had a run of luck on "rouge" at Monte Carlo. Everything was red, wines, dishes, glass, decorations, even the waiters' gloves. Another celebrated dinner at the Savoy was given by the Duc d'Orleans in honor of the marriage of the Duc d'Aosta. The 40 guests included a section of practically every royal house in Europe—such a blue-blooded gathering was never before witnessed in any hotel.

A most expensive dinner was given at the Carlton hotel as the result of a lost wager made by a member of the stock exchange. This gentleman bet he would carry a friend pick-a-back up and down Throgmorton street in the busiest part of the day; but when it came to the time to carry out the performance his courage failed him, and he had to provide the dinner—a heavy stake.

When the Eiffel tower was first opened in Paris, dinners on the top of it were of frequent occurrence, and captive balloons and diving bells have been used as dining-rooms for people with a craving for things out of the ordinary.

**KEEPS WATER FROM FREEZING**

Discovery of Mixture Which Is Said to Have Proved Successful in of Great Importance.

A mixture which is declared to have proved successful in preventing water pipes from freezing is described by Thomas W. Benson as follows:

"To a solution of thin boiled starch add sawdust until the mixture forms a thick paste. A fine sieve may be used to clear this sawdust from lumps.

"Heavy cord is first wrapped around the pipe, spacing the turns about one-half inch. A one-fourth-inch layer of the mixture is smeared on and allowed to dry; then a second layer is put on and smoothed up. The string acts as an anchor to make the coating adhere to the pipe closely. Whitewash or paint may be used to give a finish for inside pipes, but for outside work cover the coating with hot tar. If it is desired to have a very neat covering wrap the sawdust coating with cloth or canvas, applying it in narrow strips like a bandage."

**To Explore China for Art.**

Dr. Carl W. Bishop, noted authority on Chinese art and curator of the section of Oriental art in the museum of the University of Pennsylvania, will go to China early next month to pass three years in research work. Announcement on the university's decision to send Doctor Bishop to China was made recently.

The expedition is the result of the museum directors' desire to get a complete history of Chinese art, extending back for the last 3,000 years. Today, it was said, little is known of the development of art in the Orient and Doctor Bishop's efforts will be directed along that line.

Doctor Bishop recently passed 18 months in China and did much investigation work for the university. His progress was hampered by revolutions and he could not reach remote localities where examples of ancient sculpture have been preserved.

Doctor Bishop was born in Japan and has passed the greater part of his life in that country and in China.

**"Poor Jim."**

They tell it of a place on Van Buren street:

"Here," said the proprietor, "is a little gift for you and Jim. Each bottle is finest old whisky. You drop in at Jim's on your way and give him this, will you?"

"Certainly," cried the grateful one. On his way he fell and broke one bottle.

"Poor Jim!" he muttered, picking himself up.—Chicago Herald.

**Esquimos Being Educated.**

Education is well along with the eskimos in Alaska, for there are now 77 schools for their use, with an enrollment of 8,563, in addition to 109 teachers, 11 physicians, nine nurses, and three hospital attendants. The native villages are divided up into five districts, with about fifteen schools to the district. The first school for eskimos in Alaska was established as early as 1885 at the little village of Wrangell.

**TEMPLE THEATRE Tuesday, May 1st**



HERBERT BRENON Presents **NAZIMOVA** in "WAR BRIDES" UELZNIK PICTURES


HERBERT BRENON Presents The World's Greatest Tragedienne **NAZIMOVA** In a Photo-Dramatic Version of

**"WAR BRIDES"**

A STUPENDOUS DRAMA WITH A WORLD-WAR BACKGROUND.

One Show—8:00 O'clock. Price 15c and 25c; children 10c

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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.**



# The IRON CLAW

by Arthur Stringer

Author of  
**THE OCCASIONAL OFFENDER, THE WIRE TAPERS, "GUN RUNNERS," ETC.**  
Novelized from  
**THE PATHE PHOTO PLAY OF THE SAME NAME**

## SYNOPSIS.

On Windward Island Palladori intrigues Mrs. Golden into an alliance of evil which causes Golden to capture and torture the Italian by branding his face and crushing his hand. Palladori floods the island and kidnaps Golden's little daughter Margery. Twelve years later in New York a masked man 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. He saves her from Legar's poisoned arrows. 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 O'Mara cottage is frustrated in the nick of time. The Laughing Mask discloses his identity to Margery. Margery overbears the police to take the Laughing Mask prisoner and hastens to warn Legar. 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 saving the deaths of the Golden and their guests at a lawn banquet. Brackett's man reports that while searching for the Laughing Mask that individual has been taken to a robbery by Legar's men; and they are captured. Brackett lays a trap for the Laughing Mask, but Legar catches the captain and his party. They are saved from destruction only by the work of the Mask. The Mask asks Margery's further trust.

## NINETEENTH EPISODE

### The Cave of Despair.

Margery Golden was naturally of a happy disposition. Yet as she sat in the June fragrance of the color-splashed rose garden and let her thoughts dwell on the recent events which had so rudely shattered her many cherished ideals, the pensive-eyed girl could not repress a long-drawn sigh which betrayed only too clearly her distress of mind. From a branch overhead a liquid-noted robin poured his melody of spring and gladness into the unheeding ears of the silent and preoccupied figure on the rustic bench.

Suddenly the feathered songster ceased his joyous carol as Margery heard the sound of approaching steps on the gravelled walk. The newcomer stood looking wistfully down at the sweet-faced girl whose golden hair glistened in the shaft of sunlight filtering through the soft spring foliage. She met his look with one of surprised inquiry.

"I hardly expected to see you here, Davy, after all that has happened," she said in tones of gentle reproach.

"I had to come, Margery," he answered quietly. "I couldn't stay away from you any longer. Won't you believe that I am truly sorry for what I have done and try to forgive me?"

The silent robin, which had been regarding this masculine intruder into its peaceful domain with some uncertainty, now took wing in a sudden flutter of apprehension. For at



He Slowly Raised the Yellow Visor.

that moment a heavy-featured individual had crept up back of the tree with an alarming stealthiness of manner. Unconscious of the presence of the hidden eavesdropper, the veiled girl, after a little hesitation, answered the impassioned plea of David Manley.

"I do forgive you," she said in a voice tremulous with emotion, and then, as she saw a hopeful light flash into the eyes of her penitent companion, she added in a firmer tone, "but you must not expect too much of me at first, Davy. You have hurt me deeply and it is best that you stay away until the wound is quite healed."

"That shall be as you say," he replied tenderly, "for you have given

me hope that some day you will let me come back to you."

Then he slowly took from his pocket a folded square of note paper.

"I had almost forgotten to give this to you," he said, extending the paper to the wondering girl. "I found it fastened on the thorn bush near the great boulder on Seven Oaks hill. It is addressed to you and I think it must be from the Laughing Mask, for he has been seen around there a number of times."

As Margery hastily glanced at the penciled note she saw that Davy was right in his conjecture, and he recognized much that he had lost in her affection as she realized what a struggle it must have cost him to act as message bearer for his masked rival.

"I'll trouble you to hand over that letter, Miss Golden," demanded Captain Brackett in authoritative tones as he stepped from his place of concealment. "I've had my doubts about your wanting to hand that masked criminal in the cell where he belongs ever since you steered us wrong the time he made his last getaway, and perhaps this little document will help throw some light on the subject."

His beefy paw suddenly shot out and firmly clutched her slender wrist. But the resisting girl found a timely ally in the person of David Manley, who perceived that for reasons of her own Margery did not wish to surrender the note, and, with a quick movement snatched that object of contention from her fingers and stuffed it in his pocket.

The belligerent captain now advanced threateningly upon the new factor of this unexpected resistance to the majesty of the law.

"Come across with that paper, young man," he bellowed furiously, "or I'll show you what it means to interfere with an officer performing his duty."

Then as the calm-faced Davy exhibited no indications of complying with this demand, the irate policeman attempted to decide the issue by physical force. Roughly throwing a pin-pointing arm about the defiant Manley, he made a vigorous effort to extract the much-coveted paper from his prisoner's pocket.

As the struggling figures thrashed and tramped over the orderly flower beds, Enoch Golden and two of Captain Brackett's men, who had heard the sounds of the unequal combat, came hurrying upon the scene. The sight of these enemy re-enforcements acted upon the nearly exhausted Davy like a rowelled spur upon the flanks of a jaded horse. With a supreme effort, he wrenched loose from the grasp of his heavy-handed captor and darted across the stretch of velvet lawn toward the spacious countryhouse, with the determined officers close at his heels. Up the steps and through the open door he scurried, and, gaining the gunroom at the end of the hall, slammed and bolted the heavy door of that sanctuary in the very face of his pursuers.

"Don't be foolish, Davy," called out Golden sharply, "you are making a grave mistake in resisting the law and you will have to suffer the consequences unless you open this door immediately."

As though in compliance with this stern warning, the key grated in the lock and the door swung slowly inward. With a quick rush the besieging forces catapulted into the gunroom, only to find it apparently empty. Then, with a gasp of amazed consternation they beheld a figure which silently emerged from the space between the swung-back door and the wall. For that figure wore an enshrouding mask of yellow cambric and gripped in one hand a heavy caliber revolver, which wavered in disconcerting fashion over that startled group.

"I think Davy must be well beyond recall by this time," he said as he slowly backed toward the door, "and I will now leave you to your own devices."

As he spoke the last word he stepped into the hallway, and with almost simultaneous movements pulled the door shut after him and locked it from the outside. Then came a clamor of wrathful voices as the caged detectives, smarting under the indignities to which they had been subjected, hurled themselves in unavailing fury against that stout obstruction which barred their pursuit of the boldly impudent masker.

But with the exception of a fair-haired girl waiting anxiously in the rose garden there was no one in sight about the well-kept grounds. As in response to her eager inquiries, her father told her of their humiliating encounter with the masked interloper, who had miraculously taken the place of the harried Manley, Margery became conscious of the openly suspicious gaze of the russet-faced police captain.

"I don't know what your motive is, Miss Golden," he said resentfully, "but for some reason you have tried all along to discredit my theory

about Manley and the Laughing Mask being the same person. What has just happened proves I am right, for no two people could have changed places between the time we chased Manley into the gunroom and that masked criminal opened the door. No one came out of that window and you know it as well as I do."

For a moment the puzzled girl took rapid counsel with herself.

"I am afraid I shall have to discredit your theory again, Captain Brackett," she said in unequivocal tones, "for David Manley did come through that window and I saw him with my own eyes."

For a moment the heavy-featured police officer stared at her in apparent disbelief, but Margery felt she had twisted the truth in a good cause, and presently he turned from her clear, level gaze with the attitude of a man who has completely lost his bearings.

After lunch she slipped away from the group sitting on the broad veranda, discussing ways and means for the immediate capture of the Laughing Mask, and taking a shortcut across the fields, soon came in sight of the old gray farmhouse.

Off to one side of the weather-beaten dwelling she saw Davy comfortably sprawled in a fringed hammock slung between two gnarled apple trees. Suddenly he sprang out of the hammock and, after an irresolute glance toward the house, set off at an easy pace down the road in the direction of Seven Oaks hill. Under the deserted hammock Margery saw a folded square of paper, which she concluded was the note Davy had so narrowly saved from the ruthless clutches of Captain Brackett earlier in the day.

But instead of the penciled lines of the Laughing Mask she saw a rough diagram of a great boulder with a star bisecting its base-line. Under this star were the words: "Press at this point until opening appears." The significance of the puzzling sketch suddenly flashed into the mind of the quick-witted girl. She knew that at one time extensive coal mining operations had been carried on at Seven Oaks hill.

In these forgotten catacombs, an entrance had apparently been effected by the construction of a secret door at the foot of the lone boulder on the hilltop. This would account for the sudden disappearance of David



The Capture of Legar.

Manley behind that solitary rock on a previous occasion, and the equally sudden emergence of the Laughing Mask a moment later. With a feeling that at last she had stumbled upon a tangible clue, Margery sped rapidly across the meadows in the hope of reaching the undermined hill before Davy should arrive by the more circuitous route of the highway.

To her relief, the coast was still clear when she reached her destination, but when she had tolled half way up the steep slope the unsuspecting object of her espionage came sauntering leisurely along the shaded road. Margery darted into a near-by laurel thicket and from this opportune covert kept an intent watch on the movements of the young man, who was now picking his way along the crest of the ridge. As he neared the isolated boulder he stopped, and then, apparently satisfied, he was free from observation, disappeared behind that great sphere of stone. A moment later, as the breathlessly waiting girl half expected, there issued from behind that rocky screen a figure clad in the familiar habiliments of the Laughing Mask.

But at that instant another person emerged from behind the boulder and descended the hillside within a few yards of the thicket where the wide-eyed girl crouched in utter bewilderment. For the newcomer was none other than David Manley himself and the solution of that baffling mystery seemed further off than ever.

### At Bay.

The sadly perplexed girl stepped out from her place of concealment and stood watching the fast disappearing figure of David Manley. To her further amazement, he seemed to be headed directly for the Wilkens' estate. What did it all mean? Deeply occupied with these distressing thoughts, Margery was oblivious to the stealthy approach of four sinister fig-

ures worming their way down the slope toward her.

She would have been taken entirely off her guard had not the heavy-footed gangster known as Dutch Frank clumsily loosed a heavy stone, which went bounding and crashing down the steep incline past the startled girl. "Spread out, and be quick about it!" Legar commanded sharply. "Tony, cut her off from the house; stay where you are, Dutch, in case she doubles back; Mack, you watch the road; I'll get the girl myself."

Then out of her desperation was born a plan, uncertain and hazardous in its nature, but worth attempting as a last resort. Gathering all her strength for a final effort, she headed directly for the lone bowlder standing on the ridge-top some twenty yards above her. She covered the intervening distance with a frenzied burst of speed and threw herself, panting convulsively, at the base of the massive rock.

Then her bruised fingers came in contact with a slight projection, on which she saw painted the faint outline of a red star. She instantly pressed with all her strength against this projection and, with a sharp click of releasing bolts, a slab of wood so closely resembling the rock as to defy detection suddenly dropped in its grooved guides, leaving a narrow aperture in the face of the bowlder.

Even as Legar, his cruel face aflame with evil passion, rushed upon the defenseless girl, she slipped through the strange opening, and as she stumbled onto a rude wooden platform some ingenious mechanism sent the heavy-panel shooting into place behind her.

Beneath the platform on which she was standing the gloom was broken by flickering tallow dips fixed against the wall, and Margery saw, as she expected, the labyrinthine galleries of the long-deserted coal mine. Then, as she discovered a ladder which led down into the wavering shadows the heavy barrier suddenly dropped and silhouetted against the outer light she saw the leering face of Legar.

As he came twisting through the narrow passage the harried girl sprang for the ladder and groping her way downward found herself in a sloping tunnel from which opened a series of exhausted coal pockets.

Margery could now hear rough voices and the shuffling of feet on the platform above her head. After a

gangster called Mack advanced slowly and with some trepidation toward a tall dip, sputtering in a bracket fixed against the inky black wall. As he fumbled at that bracket with thick and clumsy fingers, a fearful and gruesome thing happened. Suspended high over his head and concealed with the wall bracket by a slender wire, invisible in the semidarkness, was a massive iron crowbar, its beveled edge sharpened to a razorlike fineness. The coarse fingers brushing against an ingenious trigger had instantly released that deadly weapon hanging in mid-air. It dropped straight down like a plummet and catching the unsuspecting gunman squarely on the head, split his skull like an eggshell.

But the supernatural horrors of those subterranean vaults were still to be exhausted. For a moment Dutch-Frank the blond gangster stared in white-faced consternation at that ghastly figure stretched before him. Then, with a sudden beat of terror, he turned from the appalling sight and fled blindly along the dusky tunnel toward the ladder leading to the upper world. In his mad rush to escape from those ill-omened vaults of death he blundered heavily against an old and decaying mine prop.

The age-rotted timber crumbled like paper under the forceful blow from the shoulder of the racing blond-giant, and with the suddenness of a cloud-burst, a great section of deep-fissured rock, which roofed the tunnel, fell with a sullen roar onto the struggling gangster, crushing out his life and blocking up the passage. As the muttering echoes aroused by that landslide slowly subsided, Legar realized that the hand of death had robbed him of the last of his evil followers, and his savage courage entirely forsook him. Obsessed with a mad desire to escape from the encompassing shadows, he frantically tore at the rocks which now checked his egress.

It was with new misgivings that the girl crouching in the stygian gloom of the walled-in crypt on the lower level of the abandoned mine, heard the muffled roar accompanying the cascade of rocks into the tunnel. Her enemy lying under the trap-door where he had fallen now gave unmistakable signs of returning consciousness.

But these appalling conjectures were suddenly banished by a danger which threatened dire and immediate results. Her enemy lying under the trap-door where he had fallen now gave unmistakable signs of returning consciousness.

Presently he would commence to explore his surroundings, and the girl, separated by only a few feet of enshrouding darkness from the merciless criminal, felt her blood turn cold at the thought of those groping fingers which would eventually find her. But as she waited, scarcely daring to breathe for fear of betraying her presence, she heard a low exclamation of satisfaction come from the Italian gunman, and even while she wondered what it could mean, a small shaft of light suddenly pierced the ebony blackness.

That exclamation from her enemy meant he had found his pocket flashlight unbroken, and now a little circle of light traveled over the jutting walls, slowly approaching the spot where Margery Golden crouched, waiting her inevitable discovery with all the courage she could muster. Nearer, and yet nearer, came that betraying beam of light. Suddenly it rested full on the white face of the girl, while from the lips of Black Tony came a startled oath of wonder.

Then the light was quickly extinguished, and Margery heard the soft pad of stealthily approaching footsteps. Into her distraught mind came the memory of those shelflike ridges she had seen at the farther end of the chamber, and, feeling her way along the damp wall, she stole rapidly toward them. Even as she stumbled against the lowest of those stone projections, she heard the sudden spring of the gangster, followed by his cry of baffled fury as he clawed at the empty air where he had last seen her.

Then came a little click to her ears, and again that circle of light commenced its exploration. It suddenly glared into her eyes, and the shadowy form behind it came rapidly under the ledge.

With drawn breath and tumultuously beating heart, she waited, waited until she saw the bullet-shaped head of the gangster just beneath her. Then with a mighty effort she lifted a heavy lump of coal, and with all her strength sent it crashing onto the hat-chamber of the Italian.

She now had nothing but her bare hands with which to repel that gangster, more dangerous and vicious than a mad dog. As she lay flat on the narrow ledge momentarily expecting a fresh onslaught, she knew there was but one possible chance for her salvation. If her masked protector should by any chance return to this underground labyrinth, which he had apparently utilized as a terribly guarded hiding place, she might yet escape that knife blade.

But the chance was even more remote than the despairing girl could realize, for at that moment, while she was intently listening for the soft step of Black Tony, the Laughing Mask was seated in a fragrant garden talking in an earnest manner to the pretty Dorothy Wilkens, close beside him. Then as he impulsively leaned over and kissed her she heard the rapidly approaching sounds of a hard-driven motor.

Then that car, in which were seated Captain Brackett and two of his detectives, came into view and, with the whine of hastily applied brakes,

stopped a short distance down the road. At sight of these implacable enemies the Laughing Mask, with a word of assurance to his companion, slipped quietly through the hedge and ran lightly toward the highway, down which the detectives were already coming. But the meaning of this surprising maneuver was apparent in another moment, for mingled with the startled shouts of the officers came the rapid explosions from a motorcycle, which now darted away with its masked rider bending low over the handle bars.

With a quick crash of gears the automobile started in hot pursuit.

When the Laughing Mask had established a fairly wide margin of safety he slowed down and, leaping from the saddle, ran with quick strides over



Even as the Knife Was Raised to Strike, the Miracle Happened.

the fields toward Seven Oaks hill, looming across the valley. A few moments later the stalwart police captain and his two men came pounding over the same course, but at a somewhat slower and heavier gait.

Far down in those buried chambers under the hill, for which those striving figures were headed, a wolfish-faced man desperately clawed at the pile of rock and debris choking the tunnel.

Suddenly with an eellike movement he wriggled through the narrow passage he had effected, and staggered like a drunken man toward the ladder, his scar-ravaged face livid with dread apprehension.

He made his way through the opening and stood, confusedly blinking in the bright flood of sunlight. The next moment a running figure bore down upon the outflow from the other side of the rock. There was a sudden impact of colliding bodies and Jules Legar and the Laughing Mask stood in dazed uncertainty, staring into each other's eyes.

By warily evading the menace of that terrible claw of iron, the masked mystery, with a sudden trick of Japanese origin, sent his heavier opponent toppling over backward. Then, before Legar could regain his balance, the Laughing Mask slipped through that still open passage into the bowlder, the panel closing sharply as he stepped on the platform. The next instant Legar found himself face to face with Captain Brackett and the two detectives, who had been hot on the trail of the Laughing Mask.

Before Legar could draw his gun those three heavy and resolute officers avalanched themselves upon him, burying him under their combined weight as he crashed to the ground.

To Margery Golden, still lying on that narrow rocky ledge, expecting every moment an attack from out of the dark, the passing time had seemed like a fearful eternity. She had heard Black Tony creeping about below her in an apparently futile search for his flashlight.

Then came a low cry of triumph and a thin streak of light wavered upon her. She saw the sinister, leering face of the swarthy Italian as he came steadily nearer. She shrank back against the rough wall as a long, tapering knife, clutched in sinewy fingers, came reaching toward her. It seemed certain that nothing short of a miracle could save her. But even as the knife was raised to strike, the miracle happened.

The apparently solid wall behind her suddenly gave way and Margery felt herself quickly pulled through an opening by strong, tender arms. She was vaguely conscious of being borne up a ladder and presently a gentle breeze fanned her cheek. When the fresh air had revived her and she became accustomed to daylight she saw the Laughing Mask bending over her.

"I had a feeling up to the very last that you would save me," she murmured gratefully.

"It was lucky I knew about the old ventilating shaft connecting all the galleries in the mine," he modestly replied; "it will be quite safe for you to go home now, for I happen to know that Legar himself is captured and his men have all met the final punishment they so richly deserved."

But Margery fixed a pleading look upon her masked savior.

"Can't you see how I am tortured by this terrible uncertainty," she said in supplicating tones, "if you really love me, you will tell me who you are."

For a moment the Laughing Mask hesitated, then he slowly raised the yellow visor which so long had preserved the secret of his identity. Transfixed with wonder, Margery stood gazing upon the face of her companion. A little cry broke from her lips, a cry that might have signified either joy or sorrow.

(TO BE CONCLUDED.)



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## SYNOPSIS.

On Whidward Island, a Pallid intrigue, Mrs. Golden into an appearance of evil which causes Golden to capture and torture the Italian by branding his face and crushing his hand. Pallid finds the land and kidnaps Golden's little daughter Margery. Twelve years later in New York a Musketeer 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 night between Manley and one of Legar's henchmen, but is recovered by the Laughing Mask. Margery rescues the Laughing Mask from the police. He saves her from Legar's poisoned arrows. 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 O'Mara cottage is frustrated in the nick of time. The Laughing Mask discloses his identity to Margery. Margery overhears the police plan to take the Laughing Mask prisoner and hastens to warn him. He eludes capture. Margery's father tells her that the Mask has met death. As mysterious women frighten Legar's henchmen into a promise of confession to clear the Laughing Mask, she meets Margery and discloses here 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, able to take his own business by one means, saving her from death. Margery rescues the chart of the Van Horn Island. The police attempt to arrest David as the Laughing Mask. The Mask appears on the scene. David saves Margery and the Mask from Legar's henchmen, one of whom kills the Mask. Margery is saved from destruction only by the work of the Mask. The Mask saves Margery's further trust.

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"Come across with that paper, young man," he bellowed furiously, "or I'll show you what it means to interfere with an officer performin' his duty."

Then as the calm-faced Davy exhibited no indications of complying with this demand, the brute policeman attempted to decide the issue by physical force. Roughly throwing a pin-pointing arm about the defiant Manley, he made a vigorous effort to extract the nap-covered paper from his prisoner's pocket.

As the struggling figures thrashed and stamped over the orderly flower beds, Enoch Golden and two of Captain Brackett's men, who had heard the sounds of the unequal combat, came hurrying upon the scene. The sight of these emergency enforcers acted upon the nearly exhausted Davy like a rowelled spur upon the flanks of a jaded horse. With a supreme effort he wrenched loose from the grasp of his heavy-handed captor and darted across the stretch of velvet lawn toward the spacious countryhouse, with the determined officers close at his heels. On the steps and through the open door he scurried, and, gaining the gunroom at the end of the hall, slammed and bolted the heavy door of that sanctuary in the very face of his pursuers.

"Don't be foolish, Davy," called out Golden sharply. "You are making a grave mistake in resisting the law and you will have to suffer the consequences unless you open this door immediately."

As though in compliance with this stern warning, the key grated in the lock and the door swung slowly inward. With a quick rush the besieging forces catapulted into the gunroom, only to find it apparently empty. Then, with a gasp of amazed consternation they beheld a figure which silently emerged from the space between the swung-back door and the wall. For that figure wore an enshrouding mask of yellow cambric and gripped in one hand a heavy caliber revolver, which waved in disconcerting fashion over that startled group.

"I think Davy must be well beyond help by this time," he said as he slowly backed toward the door, "and I will now leave you to your own devices."

As he spoke the last word, he stepped into the hallway, and with almost simultaneous movements pulled the door shut after him and locked it from the outside. Then came a clamor of wrathful voices as the eager detectives, smarting under the indignities to which they had been subjected, hurled themselves in unavailing fury against that stout obstruction which barred their pursuit of the boldly impudent masker.

But with the exception of a fair-haired girl waiting anxiously in the rose garden there was no one in sight about the well-kept grounds. As in response to her eager inquiries, her father told her of their humiliating encounter, who had miraculously taken the place of the harried Manley, Margery became conscious of the openly suspicious gaze of the russet-faced police captain.

"I don't know what your motive is, Miss Golden," he said resentfully, "but for some reason you have tried all along to discredit my theory

about Manley and the Laughing Mask being the same person. What has just happened proves I am right. For no two people could have changed places between the time we chased Manley into the gunroom and that masked criminal opened the door. No one came out of that window and you know it as well as I do."

For a moment the puzzled girl took rapid counsel with herself. "I am afraid I shall have to discredit your theory again, Captain Brackett," she said in unequivocal tones. "For David Manley did come through that window and I saw him with my own eyes."

For a moment the heavy-featured police officer stared at her in apparent disbelief, but Margery felt she had twisted the truth in a good cause, and presently he turned from her clear, level gaze with the attitude of a man who has completely lost his bearings.

After lunch she slipped away from the group sitting on the broad veranda, discussing ways and means for the immediate capture of the Laughing Mask, and taking a short-cut across the fields, soon came in sight of the old gray farmhouse.

Off to one side of the weather-beaten dwelling she saw Davy comfortably sprawled in a fringed hammock slung between two gnarled apple trees. Suddenly he sprang out of the hammock and, after an irresolute glance toward the house, set off at an easy pace down the road in the direction of Seven Oaks Hill. Under the deserted hammock Margery saw a folded square of paper, which she concluded was the note Davy had so narrowly saved from the ruthless clutches of Captain Brackett earlier in the day.

But instead of the pencilled lines of the Laughing Mask she saw a rough diagram of a great boulder with a star bisecting its base-line. Under this star were the words: "Press at this point until opening appears." The significance of the puzzling sketch suddenly flashed into the mind of the quick-witted girl. She knew that at the time extensive coal-mining operations had been carried on at Seven Oaks Hill.

In those forgotten catacombs, an entrance had apparently been effected by the construction of a secret door at the foot of the lone boulder on the hilltop. This would account for the sudden disappearance of Davy



The Capture of Legar.

Manley behind that solitary rock on a previous occasion, and the equally sudden emergence of the Laughing Mask a moment later. With a feeling that at last she had stumbled upon a tangible clue, Margery sped rapidly across the meadows in the hope of reaching the undermined hill before Davy should arrive by the more circuitous route of the highway.

To her relief, the coast was still clear when she reached her destination, but when she had toiled half way up the steep slope the unsuspecting object of her espionage came sauntering leisurely along the shaded road. Margery darted into a near-by laurel thicket and from this opportune covert kept an intent watch on the movements of the young man, who was now picking his way along the crest of the ridge. As he neared the isolated boulder he stopped, and then, apparently satisfied he was free from observation, disappeared behind that great sphere of stone. A moment later, as the breathlessly waiting girl half expected, there issued from behind that rocky screen a figure clad in the familiar habiliments of the Laughing Mask.

But at that instant another person emerged from behind the boulder and descended the hillside within a few yards of the thicket where the wide-eyed girl crouched in utter bewilderment. For the newcomer was none other than David Manley himself and the solution of that baffling mystery seemed further off than ever.

### At Bay.

The sadly perplexed girl stepped out from her place of concealment and stood watching the fast disappearing figure of David Manley. To her further amazement, he seemed to be headed directly for the Wilkens' estate. What did it all mean? Deeply occupied with these distressing thoughts, Margery was oblivious to the stealthy approach of four sinister fig-

ures working their way down the slope toward her.

She would have been taken entirely off her guard had not the heavy-footed gangster known as Dutch Frank clumsily loosed a heavy stone, which went bounding and crashing down the steep incline past the startled girl.

"Spread out, and be quick about it!" Legar commanded sharply. "Tony, cut her off from the house; stay where you are, Dutch, in case she doubles back; Mack, you watch the road; I'll get the girl myself."

Then out of her desperation was born a plan, uncertain and hazardous in its nature, but worth attempting as a last resort. Gathering all her strength for a final effort, she headed directly for the lone boulder standing on the ridge-top some twenty yards above her. She covered the intervening distance with a frenzied burst of speed and threw herself, panting convulsively, at the base of the massive rock.

Then her bruised fingers came in contact with a slight projection, on which she saw painted the faint outline of a red star. She instantly pressed with all her strength against this projection and, with a sharp click of releasing bolts, a slab of wood so closely resembling the rock as to defy detection suddenly dropped in its grooved guides, leaving a narrow aperture in the face of the boulder.

Even as Legar, his cruel face aflame with evil passion, rushed upon the defenseless girl, she slipped through the strange opening, and as she stumbled onto a rude wooden platform some ingenious mechanism sent the heavy panel shooting into place behind her.

Beneath the platform on which she was standing the gloom was broken by flickering tallow dips fixed against the wall, and Margery saw, as she expected, the labyrinthian galleries of the long-deserted coal mine. Then as she discovered a ladder which led down into the wavering shadows the heavy barrier suddenly dropped and silhouetted against the outer light she saw the leering face of Legar.

As he came twisting through the narrow passage the harried girl sprang for the ladder and groping her way downward found herself in a sloping tunnel from which opened a series of exhausted coal pockets.

Margery could now hear rough voices and the shuffling of feet on the platform above her head. After a

moment's hesitation she darted into one of the shadowy chambers, hoping to find some place of concealment in its dark recesses. But she was suddenly threatened by new and unexpected dangers, for in the center of that vaultlike room her hurrying feet suddenly slipped from under her, and with a startled outcry she plunged through a hidden trapdoor, which sprang back into place when relieved of her weight.

When the badly shaken girl sat up on the uneven stone flooring where she had landed with considerable force, she realized she had fallen into another of those spectrally lighted chambers on a lower level of the abandoned mine. But there was this difference—the murky cave in which she now found herself had no outlet.

Against one side of that tomblike chamber the miners had left an ascending series of rocky ledges upon which they must have stood to reach the higher coal deposits, but this rough stairway offered no hope of escape to the apprehensive girl.

Then, with a faint flash of light, the trapdoor swung open, and she heard a startled oath, followed by the thud of a heavy body as it struck the rocky flooring. A long silence followed and the alarmed girl realized that her unseen enemy must be lying unconscious where he had fallen.

She did not know that the sudden and mysterious disappearance of Black Tony had proved too much for even the iron nerve of those crime-hardened gunmen.

"Tony must have fallen down an old shaft, but that's no reason for your throwing a fit," Legar said in a voice that was a trifle unsteady, "maybe the girl's down there, too. Get one of those lights off the wall and we'll take a look at that man-trap."

Spurred on by a curse from his grim-faced leader, the heavy-set

gangster called Mack advanced slowly and with some trepidation toward a tallow dip sputtering in a bracket fixed against the lanky black wall. As he fumbled at that bracket with thick and clumsy fingers, a fearful and gruesome thing happened: Suspended high over his head and concealed with the wall bracket by a slender wire, invisible in the semidarkness, was a massive iron crowbar, its beveled edge sharpened to a razorlike fineness. The coarse fingers brushing against an ingenious trigger had instantly released that deadly weapon hanging in mid-air. It dropped straight down like a plummet and catching the unsuspecting gunman squarely on the head, split his skull like an eggshell.

But the supernatural horrors of those subterranean vaults were still to be exhausted. For a moment Dutch Frank, the blond gangster, stared in white-faced consternation at that ghastly figure stretched before him. Then, with a sudden blast of terror, he turned from the appalling sight and fled blindly along the dusky tunnel toward the ladder leading to the upper world. In his mad rush to escape from those ill-omened vaults of death he blundered heavily against an old and decaying mine prop.

The age-rotted timber crumbled like paper under the forceful blow from the shoulder of the racing blond giant, and with the suddenness of a cloud-burst, a great section of deep-laid rock, which roofed the tunnel, fell with a sullen roar onto the struggling gangster, crushing out his life and blocking up the passage. As the muttering echoes aroused by that landslide slowly subsided, Legar realized that the hand of death had robbed him of the last of his evil followers, and his savage courage entirely forsook him. Obsessed with a mad desire to escape from the encompassing shadows, he frantically tore at the rocks which now checked his egress.

It was with new misgivings that the girl crouching in the stygian gloom of the vaulted-in crypt on the lower level of the abandoned mine, heard the muffled roar accompanying the cascade of rocks into the tunnel. Her enemy lying under the trap-door where he had fallen now gave unmistakable signs of returning consciousness.

But these appalling conjectures were suddenly banished by a danger which threatened dire and immediate results. Her enemy lying under the trapdoor where he had fallen now gave unmistakable signs of returning consciousness.

That examination from her enemy meant he had found his pocket book, light unbroken, and now a little gleam of light traveled over the jutting walls, slowly approaching the spot where Margery Golden crouched, waiting for inevitable discovery with all the courage she could muster. Nearer and yet nearer, came that betraying beam of light. Suddenly it rested full on the white face of the girl, while from the lips of Black Tony came a startled oath of wonder.

Then the light was quickly extinguished, and Margery heard the soft pad of stealthily approaching footfalls. Into her distraught mind came the memory of those shuddering ridges she had seen at the farther end of the chamber, and, feeling her way along the damp wall, she stole rapidly toward them. Even as she stumbled against the lowest of those stone projections, she heard the sudden spring of the gangster, followed by his cry of baffled fury as he clutched at the empty air where he had last seen her.

Then came a little flick to her ears, and again that circle of light commenced its exploration. It suddenly glared into her eyes, and the shadowy form behind it came rapidly under the ledge.

With drawn breath and tumultuously beating heart, she waited, until she saw the bullet-shaped head of the gangster just beneath her. Then with a mighty effort she lifted a heavy lump of coal, and with all her strength sent it crashing onto the hair-matted skull of the Italian.

She now had nothing but her bare hands with which to repel that gangster, more dangerous and vicious than a mad dog. As she lay flat on the narrow ledge momentarily expecting a fresh onslaught, she knew there was but one possible chance for her salvation. If her masked protector should by any chance return to this underground labyrinth, which he had apparently utilized as a terribly guarded hiding place, she might yet escape that knife blade.

But the chance was even more remote than the despairing girl could realize, for at that moment, while she was intently listening for the soft step of Black Tony, the Laughing Mask was seated in a fragrant garden talking in an earnest manner to the pretty Dorothy Wilkens, close beside him. Then as he impulsively leaned over and kissed her he heard the rapidly approaching sounds of a hard-driven motor.

Then that car, in which were seated Captain Brackett and two of his detectives, came into view and, with the whistle of hastily applied brakes,

stopped a short distance down the road. At sight of these implacable enemies the Laughing Mask, with a word of assurance to his companion, slipped quickly through the hedge and ran lightly toward the highway down which the detectives were already coming. But the meaning of this surprising maneuver was apparent in another moment, for mingled with the startled shouts of the officers came the rapid explosions from a motorcycle, which now darted away with its masked rider bending low over the handle bars.

With a quick crash of gears the automobile started in hot pursuit. When the Laughing Mask had established a fairly wide margin of safety he slowed down and, leaping from the saddle, ran with quick strides over



Even as the Knife Was Raised to Strike, the Miracle Happened.

the fields toward Seven Oaks Hill, looming across the valley. A few moments later the stalwart police captain and his two men came pounding over the same course, but at a somewhat slower and heavier gait.

Far down in those buried chambers under the hill, for which those striving figures were headed, a wolfish-faced man desperately clawed at the pile of rock and debris choking the tunnel.

Suddenly with an eerie movement he wriggled through the narrow passage he had effected, and staggered like a drunken man toward the ladder, his gear-ravaged face livid with dread apprehension.

He made his way through the opening and, without consciously blinking in the bright flood of sunlight, the next moment a cowering figure bore down upon the gateway from the other side of the rock. There was a sudden impact of colliding bones and Jules Legar and the Laughing Mask stood in amazed immobility, staring into each other's eyes.

By warily evading the menace of that iron claw of iron, the masked gangster, with a sudden trick of Japanese dexterity, felt his heavier opponent toppling over backward. Then, before he could regain his balance, the Laughing Mask slipped through that narrow passage into the boulder, the panel closing sharply as he stepped on the platform. The next instant Legar found himself face to face with Captain Brackett and the two detectives, who had been hot on the trail of the Laughing Mask.

Before Legar could draw his gun, those three heavy and resolute officers availed themselves upon him, burying him under their combined weight as he tumbled to the ground.

To Margery Golden, still lying on that narrow rocky ledge, expecting every moment an attack from out of the dark, the passing time had seemed like a heart-breaking eternity. She had heard Black Tony creeping about below her in an apparently futile search for his hiding place.

Then came a low cry of triumph and a flash of light hovered upon her. She saw the sinister, leering face of the sturdy Italian as he came steadily nearer. She shrank back against the rough wall as a long, tapering knife, clutched in sinewy fingers, came reaching toward her. It seemed certain that nothing short of a miracle could save her. But even as the knife was raised to strike, the miracle happened.

The apparently solid wall behind her suddenly gave way and Margery felt herself abruptly pulled through an opening by strong, tender arms. She was vaguely conscious of being borne up a ladder and presently a gentle breeze fanned her cheek. When the fresh air had revived her and she became accustomed to daylight she saw the Laughing Mask bending over her.

"I had a feeling up to the very last that you would save me," she murmured gratefully.

"It was lucky I knew about the old ventilating shaft connecting all the galleries in the mine," he modestly replied; "it will be quite safe for you to go home now, for I happen to know that Legar himself is captured and his men have all met the final punishment they so richly deserved."

But Margery fixed a pleading look upon her masked savior.

"Can't you see how I am tortured by this terrible uncertainty," she said in supplicating tones, "if you really love me, you will tell me who you are."

For a moment the Laughing Mask hesitated, then he slowly raised the yellow visor which so long had preserved the secret of his identity. Transfixed with wonder, Margery stood gazing upon the face of her companion. A little cry broke from her lips, a cry that might have signified either joy or sorrow.

(TO BE CONCLUDED.)







## Briefs of the Week

"War Brides" at Temple Theatre next Tuesday.

Born to Mr. and Mrs. R. O. Bisbee, a son, Apr. 24th.

Born to Mr. and Mrs. Levi Pratt, a son, Efton Lee, Apr. 25th.

Martin Ruhling will distribute a carload of fertilizer among a number of our farmers the last of this week.

Mrs. E. L. Burdick and daughter, Miss Una, left Thursday for Grand Rapids and Kalamazoo to visit relatives.

"War Brides" will be the special motion-picture attraction at Temple Theatre next Tuesday night, May 1st. See adv. elsewhere.

Rufford M. Watson and Mrs. Mable Richardson Scott of this city were united in marriage on Friday, Apr. 20th by Justice H. C. Blount.

Mrs. George Pringle and Mrs. John Williams of Flint visited friends in the city this week, and packed the former's household goods to be moved to Flint, where Mr. and Mrs. Pringle will make their future home.

It is announced that W. P. Porter, receiver of the Michigan Hotel property will rebuild the Hotel Michigan, (formerly Elston.) It is expected that the house will be put in shape for operation this summer.—Charlevoix Sentinel.

Clinton G. LaValley and Miss Nona Stamper of this city were quietly married at the M. E. parsonage by Rev. M. W. Duffey at Boyne City Saturday evening, Apr. 21st. They were attended by Ward Spencer and Bernice Isaman.

Mrs. W. P. Squier and children arrived Monday from San Antonio, Texas for an extended visit here with her father, P. K. Winters. While enroute here the little girl, Ellen, was taken ill. After their arrival here illness developed into diphtheria.

Mrs. Anna Godfrey, formerly Mrs. Anna St. John of Wilson township, passed away last Sunday, April 22nd at her home near Farmer, Mich., at the age of 63 years. The remains were brought back here for burial and the funeral services took place at the Wilson Grange Hall at 10:30 o'clock Tuesday morning conducted by the Rev. John Clemens. She was laid to rest in cemetery No. 3 of Wilson township.

At the monthly business meeting of the officers and directors of the State Bank of East Jordan, held Thursday afternoon, Mrs. Helen F. Stroebel, who has served as cashier for some time, tendered her resignation. A. J. Sufferin was elected by the directors to fill the vacancy. Mr. Sufferin has been identified with our city's business interests for a number of years, and for the past year has been in the employ of the "Bank on the Corner."

Mrs. Olive Grant passed away at her home on the West Side last Saturday afternoon, aged 69 years. She had been ill only a short time. Four children are left to mourn her loss, viz.—Robert, Leon, Howard Grant and Mrs. Calb Tompkins of Traverse City. Her husband passed away a few years ago. Funeral services were held from her late home Tuesday afternoon, conducted by Rev. John Clemens. Interment at East Jordan Cemetery.

Mr. Joseph Zess, a well known resident, passed away early Sunday morning at his farm home, one mile west of town on the lake-shore road. The immediate cause of death was heart trouble. Joseph Edmund Zess was born in Pethrie, Canada, Sept. 6, 1861. He came to East Jordan thirty-three years ago, with his parents, Theodore and Harriet Zess. On March 6th, 1899, he was united in marriage to Mrs. Emma Coucher. Two children were born to this union, but both died in infancy. Joseph was one of eleven children, and the second one to break this circle; the first one was Mrs. M. H. Jackmann, who was buried here about three years ago. Besides his devoted wife, he leaves to mourn his loss six brothers and three sisters; Alex and John of Moose Jaw, Canada, Moses of Paine Iowa, Lewis of Seville, Ohio, Theodore and Robert of East Jordan, Mrs. Josephine Vondell of East Jordan, Mrs. Hattie Wilks of San Diego, California and Mrs. Anna Chaddock of South Haven, Mich. From outside the city none were able to attend the funeral except Lewis of Seville, Ohio, and Anna Chaddock of South Haven. The funeral took place on Wednesday morning from St. Joseph's church, and was very largely attended.

Angalov aprons 65c & 75c. Bib aprons finished with rick-rack only 35c. See our window—M. E. Ashley & Co.

Mrs. Will Sweet returned from Flint Saturday.

Manley Winters returned to Flint, Tuesday.

Mr. and Mrs. A. Cameron were at Detroit this week.

J. H. Milford was home from Springvale over Sunday.

Mrs. C. Walsh of Ada is visiting friends in the city.

Atty F. R. Williams was a Bellaire visitor, Wednesday.

Supt. F. A. Kenyon was here from Mackinac Island first of the week.

Miss Thelma Milford of Springvale visited relatives here over Sunday.

Howard Porter returned home Saturday from his business trip at Chicago.

James Lilak and family moved this week into the Will Howard residence.

Mrs. F. P. Ramsey left Tuesday for Detroit and Toledo, Ohio, to visit relatives.

C. N. Fox returned to Cadillac, Monday after spending a few days here on business.

Mr. and Mrs. Joe Whiteford will occupy Geo. Pringle's residence on the West Side.

Miss McGillis of Deward spent the week-end of last week with Mrs. Kenneth Ward.

The Study Club will meet with Mrs. G. W. Kitsman, Tuesday evening, May 1st, at 7:30.

Miss Mary Miller returned to Lansing Tuesday after a week's visit with relatives here.

Geo. Bodrie who visited his brother, William, returned to Pinconning on Wednesday.

C. L. Arnold is expected home this Saturday from his business trip to the Upper Peninsula.

Carl Heinzelman returned to Midland Tuesday after spending a few days here with his family.

Mrs. Bontain of Provemont, a sister of Mrs. Zess, was here to attend the funeral of Joseph Zess.

Mrs. John Green and her sister, Miss Ruth Green went to Mancelona Wednesday to visit relatives.

A son was born to Mr. and Mrs. George Jepson at Detroit, Sunday. The little one only lived a few hours.

Ivan Whitbeck of Detroit visited friends here first of the week. He is now visiting his parents at Central Lake.

Hilton Hunter, who has been employed at the E. J. & S. depot, will leave first of the week for his home at Emmlenton, Pa.

Mr. and Mrs. George Church of Luther were here this week to attend the funeral of the former's aunt, Mrs. Olive Grant.

The Electa Club will be entertained at the home of Mrs. J. L. Weisman next Thursday evening, May 3rd, Mrs. J. H. Mollard assisting.

A surprise party was given Ransom Jones, Jr., at his home on the West Side Tuesday. The occasion being his birthday anniversary.

Mrs. G. W. Crouter of Charlevoix and Mrs. R. Burr and child of Central Lake are visiting at the home of their parents Mr. and Mrs. E. Smatts.

Mrs. Jessie Gilray, who is living with her daughter, Mrs. M. McKay, left Thursday for a visit with relatives at Detroit and Chatham, Ont.

The Sunshine Club will hold a business meeting at Pythian Hall next Monday evening at 7:30 sharp. Convention affair.—All members please attend.

Frank Hengy, Harve Hager, Will Kenny and Fred Kowalski went to Jackson Tuesday. They will each drive home a Briscoe car for Mackey.

Mrs. Ed. R. Price left Monday for Jackson for a visit with her sister, Mrs. George Atkinson. The latter received a fractured arm in a fall latter part of last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Ed. Moblo and their daughter, Mrs. Johnson of Traverse City and Mr. Martin of Atwood were here Wednesday to attend the funeral of Joseph Zess. Mrs. Moblo is a sister of Mrs. Zess.

Robt Grant and daughters, Naomi and Gertrude were called here from Lansing, Tuesday, by the death of the former's mother, Mrs. Olive Grant. Miss Naomi and Gertrude returned to Lansing, Thursday.

Mrs. Anna Bulow is over from Springvale.

Milton Ward left Thursday for Lansing.

Glenn Bulow is confined to his home by illness.

Glenn Beech of Bellaire is visiting friends in the city.

Jesse Miller and family moved here recently from Mancelona.

Mrs. John Roy left Wednesday for her home at Goshen, Ind.

John Lenhardt and family will soon occupy the Kenyon residence.

Mrs. F. Edwards of Reed City is visiting her mother, Mrs. Jas. Secord.

Miss Marjorie Wood of Deward visited friends in the city over Sunday.

Mrs. Lloyd Seigler returned home from Grand Rapids, Saturday last.

Clinton LaValley left Monday for Flint where he will find employment.

Clinton Sedgeman is employed at Bartlett's store during the absence of Glenn Bulow.

Theodore Conway has gone to Flint, he expects to move there with his family soon.

Rev. J. W. Ruehle and family spent the week-end of last week with friends at Boyne City.

Joseph Votruba and family will leave Monday for their future home at Ladysmith, Wisconsin.

Mr. and Mrs. Carl Pardee returned to Flint, Wednesday after a week's visit with relatives here.

Eddie Miles leaves this Saturday for Flint, after spending his spring vacation with friends and relatives in our city.

Mr. and Mrs. Orlo Richmond of Watervliet are visiting at the home of the latter's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Zoulek.

A number of Mrs. John Roy's friends gave her a surprise and farewell party at the home of Miss Belle Roy Monday evening.

George Miller returned to his home at Muskegon, Wednesday, after a week's visit with his daughter, Mrs. Leon Grant and other relatives.

The Presbyterian Ladies Aid Society wants your waste paper. Save and collect it for them. Notify Mrs. Fred Lanway, phone 130, or Miss M. A. Porter at the East Jordan Lumber Co. store.

K. Bader returned Tuesday from Trout Lake. Mrs. Bader and children who have been visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. S. Carr, left for their home at Boyne City, Wednesday. They expect to move to Trout Lake soon.

The Steam barge Venezuela, which was forced to winter in this port having become ice-bound last fall, cleared for Manitowoc Saturday last. This was the first boat through to Charlevoix this season. The steamer City of Boyne came up from Charlevoix the following day.

Charlevoix and Emmet counties now have a county agent in common. He is not exactly a county agent, either, but appointed by the farm director of the M. A. C., pursuant to the recent request of the preparedness board formed by Governor Sleeper that such an agent be appointed in every county not already having a regular county agent. He will be under the orders of a state agent and his salary will be paid entirely from the \$5,000,000 war fund, drawing a compensation of \$133.00 per month for six months together with expenses when away from his home.

The man selected for this important position is George A. Kilborn, who will make his headquarters at Petoskey. Mr. Kilborn is now on the job and has already called on County Clerk Lewis for a list of the supervisors of Charlevoix county. His duties will be to assist in securing farm labor and seeds for those unable to secure them and to help in financing and marketing crops.

A complete assortment of house dresses and breakfast sets \$1.25 to \$1.50 see window—M. E. Ashley & Co.

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

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.

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.

### St. Joseph's Church

Rev. Timothy Kroboth.

Sunday, April 29.

8:00 a. m. Low Mass, Benediction.

Friday May 4, First Friday.

5 and 6 a. m. Holy Communion.

8:00 a. m. Mass.

7:30 p. m. Sacred Heart Devotions.

8:00 p. m. Meeting of the Holy Name Society.

### Church of God

J. W. Ruehle, Pastor.

Sunday, Apr. 29, 1917.

9:30 a. m. Sunday School.

10:30 a. m. Morning Worship.

2:30 p. m. Services at Three Bell School House.

7:00 p. m. Evening Worship.

Wednesday 7:30 p. m. Prayer Meeting.

Friday 7:00 p. m. Cottage Meeting.

### LOOSE LEAVES FROM LOOSE'S LIGHTNING

This tripping business will trip you straight into hell.

I don't see why a ball gown has more fascination for a woman than any other. There is less of it.

Any man is a fool who won't take the advice of a good wife.

Have you ever heard of anyone finding a flaw in the life of Jesus Christ?

It's not where a man is, but what a man is that counts.

If you keep bitter thoughts in your head about your fellowmen, you'll have hard lines in your face.

The Devil has the world fooled into thinking that he will give them more than Jesus Christ.

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

Nothing is more beautiful than duty well performed.

999 times out of a thousand the moral man is a product of Christian character.

God Almighty never intended the church of Jesus Christ should be a cold storage receptacle for dead people.

If God had intended us to be beer barrels, he'd put hoops around us.

God will always meet one half way when it comes to prayer.

If we are children of the King we should show some signs of royalty in our lives.

No man can win out over passion without the help of God.

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

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

What are you amounting to in life that will count in eternity?

The greatest need of the Church of Jesus Christ is religious enthusiasm.

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

### Used Lumber for Sale.

Have some good used Lumber for sale—2x4—2x6—2x8—2x12—3x12 various lengths, also ship-lap sheathing and etc.

I can save you some money if you intend to build.

ALLEN J. MALONE, West Side.

### Strawberry Plants for Sale.

Nice line of Helen Davis—; the plants are strong and healthy. A good plant maker and produces strong fruit stem. Fruit large, dark red clear through. Shape regular and smooth.

Fruit from early until late. Price 50c per hundred, \$3.00 per thousand.

Fall bearing Superb—; Fruit very large, dark color, attractive and smooth. Plants strong and hardy. \$1.50 per hundred, 25c per dozen.

ORRIN BARTLETT,

Phone 133-2. East Jordan.

### 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.

### If You Could.

We cannot look into the mind of anyone and unerringly see the motive which impels him to action. He knows his motive, and the overruling mind of the universe knows the motive, that underlies every act.

The wrong judgment of people does more harm, causes more suffering, than anything else in the world.

It is like scattering small, feathery seed in a cyclone wind. When the fury has lulled, can you go over the storm track and gather up the seed? Can you give back the good name you have destroyed or tarnished? Would you do it if you could?

## STYLISH SHOES

### SPECIAL

Ladies' brown kid welt, Blumenthal's white washable kid top lace. **\$6.79**  
A real \$10 value only

Others in all grey kid, solid black, and black with white kid tops.

Special Dressings and cleaners for all kinds of white shoes.

*Weisman's*  
EAST JORDAN, MICH.

## BENSLEY'S The Only Reliable

Cleaning Pressing Dyeing

And Repairing Establishment in TRAVERSE CITY, MICH. 121 CASS ST.

## SPRING WALL PAPER TIME!

We have now on display the most complete and artistic showing of

## WALL PAPER

Ever Offered in this city. Our past experience has enabled us to secure just what you want. We invite you to come in and look them over.

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 Growers, Philadelphia, Pa.



# NOTICE TO SICK WOMEN

**Positive Proof That Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound Relieves Suffering.**

Bridgeton, N. J. — "I cannot speak too highly of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound for inflammation and other weaknesses. I was very irregular and would have terrible pains so that I could hardly take a step. Sometimes I would be so miserable that I could not sleep a room. I doctored part of the time but felt no change. I later took Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and soon felt a change for the better. I took it until I was in good healthy condition. I recommend the Pinkham remedies to all women as I have used them with such good results." — Mrs. MILFORD T. CUMMINGS, 322 Harmony St., Penn's Grove, N. J.

Such testimony should be accepted by all women as convincing evidence of the excellence of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound as a remedy for the distressing ills of women such as displacements, inflammation, ulceration, backache, painful periods, nervousness and kindred ailments.

## DRS. VARDON & PARKS

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

## Dr. F. P. Ramsey

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

## Dr. G. W. Bechtold

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

## Dr. C. H. Pray

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

## JAMES LILAK

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

## 25 Post Cards 10 cents. Assorted

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

FAMILY STORY PAPER  
24-26 Vandewater Street  
New York

## JOIN THE ARMY AND FIGHT FLIES.

Once more our national government has issued the call for volunteers to join the colors and assist in putting to rout an enemy to human rights and liberty.

Not all of us can enlist in this great service for our country, but there is another service in which we can all enlist, one which means the conservation of a large number of American lives. We can all be volunteers in putting down the insurrection of that greatest of human destroyers—the house fly. To safeguard our own lives and the lives of others against death brought about by disease is no less a duty than the protection of human life against bloodshed.

Therefore, each patriotic citizen should appoint himself a committee of one to aid in the crusade against the most dangerous of human foes—the common house fly. We shrink at the thought of an encroaching conquering army, devastating our land and leaving a trail of waste and desolation, but the armies of flies have hurried themselves at humanity, in all their death-dealing defiance and violence for lo, these countless centuries.

The first fly of the season, having hidden in crack and crevice during the winter, like the sneak thief or the spy hides from his prey, gets on the job early, and is responsible for the millions of its progeny that make life a torment to humanity in warm weather. It is not enough to merely drive it out of doors, where it may find a place to propagate a myriad of other flies, but it should be killed and burned. There is no time like the present to get busy in this loyal service.

MICH. STATE BOARD OF HEALTH

## PLANT BEANS! WHY?

A great deal is being said and written nowadays, about the progress and development of modern agriculture in the United States and its relation to National Preparedness.

Vacant lot and backyard gardening and intensive cultivation are being widely advocated.

It is beginning to dawn on the conscientiousness of the country, now that we have embarked in war, that the army will, of necessity, move on its belly.

Food of all kinds has been so abundant in the past that the question of a shortage has never been seriously considered by the people of the United States.

The farmers of Michigan have it in their power to assure a sufficient food supply, help to win the war and at the same time increase their own bank accounts by the simple expedient of planting the largest possible acreage to beans.

That the demand is in excess of the supply is shown by the fact that from Sept. 1, 1918, to April 1, 1917, we imported into this country over 5,000,000 bushels of beans. During this time the single port of New York received 346,991 bags from abroad. Most of these bags contained 240 pounds of beans. We are now importing beans from China, Japan, Brazil and Mexico.

All of the above mentioned five million bushels sold at over the five dollar mark, so that it is safe to look for a price of not less than six dollars for the 1917 crop. It is evident, therefore, that even if Michigan raised five million bushels more beans this year than last, there would be a domestic market for them at good prices. Beans are a quick turnover cash crop. Planting can be done around June 1, and the farmer can have his check in the bank at the latter end of September or the beginning of October in payment for the crop.

The following table gives the acreage and production of the principal bean raising states last year:

State	Bushels 1916	Bushels 1915
New York	1,050,000	1,500,000
Michigan	3,790,000	4,350,000
California	4,100,000	3,820,000
Colorado	499,000	349,000
New Mexico	432,000	368,000
Totals	9,871,000	10,387,000

Learn to do with diligence what you would do with ease.

The man who believes that two can live as cheaply as one never had to reckon with milliners and dressmakers.

## AFTER GRIPPE

Mrs. Findley Made Strong By Vinol

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

Vinol sharpens the appetite, aids digestion, enriches the blood, and builds up natural strength and energy. Try it on our guarantee.

HITE DRUG CO.  
Also at the leading drug store in all Michigan towns.

## FINANCIAL STATEMENT

For the City of East Jordan for the Month of February, 1917.

### General Fund RECEIPTS

February  
1 Balance on hand ..... \$ 3515.28  
Tax Roll, city taxes ..... 413.80  
Tax Roll, penalties ..... 146.11  
Total \$ 4075.09

### DISBURSEMENTS

1 Otis J. Smith, salary, freight, postage ..... 26.47  
6 Mich. Tel. Co., rentals ..... 6.25  
6 James Malpass, Tax Refund. 140.78  
6 Dwight L. Wilson, ins. on Town Hall ..... 13.80  
6 Dwight H. Fitch, salary and rental ..... 24.17  
6 State Bank E. J., bond of A. E. Cross ..... 5.00  
6 James Gidley, salary ..... 25.00  
6 R. Bingham, repairs on hose house ..... 1.60  
6 L. P. Holliday, Christmas (Municipal) ..... 38.47  
6 State Bank E. J., order elec. Light Co. .... 209.50  
7 J. A. Lancaster, salary ..... 25.00  
21 R. Bingham, fire team ..... 25.00  
28 Balance on hand ..... 3534.05  
Total \$ 4075.09

### Street and Sewer Fund RECEIPTS

February  
1 Balance on hand ..... \$ 2684.05  
Tax Roll, city taxes ..... 103.40  
Total \$ 2787.45

### DISBURSEMENTS

6 A. Walstead, repair work ..... 3.65  
10 E. W. Giles, street labor ..... 27.00  
21 City Treas., payment of labor ..... 28.95  
24 E. W. Giles, street labor ..... 27.00  
28 Balance on hand ..... 2700.85  
Total \$ 2787.45

### Water Works Fund RECEIPTS

February  
1 Balance on hand ..... \$ 319.49  
Water receipts ..... 3.62  
Total \$ 323.11

### DISBURSEMENTS

6 State Bank E. J., order Elec. Light Co. .... 123.10  
28 Balance on hand ..... 200.01  
Total \$ 323.11

### Interest and Sinking Fund RECEIPTS

February  
1 Balance on hand ..... \$ 1472.12  
Tax Roll, city taxes ..... 172.40  
Total \$ 1644.52

### DISBURSEMENTS

10 City Treas., payment of interest ..... 496.60  
28 Balance on hand ..... 1148.92  
Total \$ 1644.52

### Sewer Fund, Dist. No. 1 RECEIPTS

February  
1 Balance on hand ..... \$ 233.12  
Total \$ 233.12

### DISBURSEMENTS

28 Balance on hand ..... \$ 233.12  
Total \$ 233.12

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

February  
1 Balance on hand ..... \$ 1831.50  
Tax Roll, taxes-interest ..... 71.37  
Total \$ 1902.87

### DISBURSEMENTS

28 Balance on hand ..... \$ 1902.87  
Total \$ 1902.87

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

February  
1 Balance on hand ..... \$ 549.65  
Tax Roll, taxes and int. .... 154.70  
Total \$ 704.35

### DISBURSEMENTS

28 Balance on hand ..... 704.35  
Total \$ 704.35

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

February  
1 Balance on hand ..... \$ 159.65  
Total \$ 159.65

### DISBURSEMENTS

28 Balance on hand ..... \$ 159.65  
Total \$ 159.65

### Cemetery Fund RECEIPTS

February  
1 Balance on hand ..... \$ 226.91  
Total \$ 226.91

### DISBURSEMENTS

28 Balance on hand ..... \$ 226.91  
Total \$ 226.91

### Bridge Fund RECEIPTS

February  
1 Balance on hand ..... \$ 2728.88  
Tax Roll, city taxes ..... 103.40  
Total \$ 2830.28

### DISBURSEMENTS

28 Balance on hand ..... \$ 2830.28  
Total \$ 2830.28

### Sewer Dist. No. 4 RECEIPTS

February  
Tax Roll, sewer taxes ..... \$ 10.32  
Tax Roll, interest ..... 1.86  
28 Overdrawn ..... 364.20  
Total \$ 376.38

### DISBURSEMENTS

1 Overdrawn ..... \$ 376.38  
Total \$ 376.38

## Summary

General Fund ..... \$ 3404.96  
Street Fund ..... 2700.85  
Water Works Fund ..... 200.01  
Interest and Sinking Fund ..... 1148.92  
Sewer Fund Dist. No. 1 ..... 233.12  
Paving Fund, Dist. No. 1 ..... 1902.87  
Paving Fund, Dist. No. 2 ..... 704.35  
Paving Fund, Dist. No. 3 ..... 159.65  
Cemetery Fund ..... 226.91  
Bridge ..... 2830.28  
Sewer Dist. No. 4 ..... 334.20  
Less Overdraft ..... 364.20  
Total \$ 13236.81  
Outstanding Orders ..... 140.78  
Cash on hand at end of Month, \$13377.59  
OTIS J. SMITH,  
City Clerk.

## 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 54 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 where in 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.

## Chancery Order

State of Michigan: The Circuit Court for the County of Charlevoix, in Chancery.

At a session of said court, held at the Court house in the City of Charlevoix, in said County, on the 17th day of April, 1917.

Present: Honorable Frederick W. Mayne, Circuit Judge.

Maggie Barkley, Plaintiff  
vs.  
Lavinia Webb, George E. Leng, or their unknown heirs, devisees, legatees or assigns, Defendants.

In this case, it appearing to the satisfaction of the court, from the bill of complaint on file in said cause, that it is unknown whether the parties, Lavinia Webb and George E. Leng, are living or dead, and it further appearing that they are necessary and proper parties to the above entitled cause, and it further appearing that it is unknown whether they or any of them, have heirs, devisees, legatees or assigns; On motion of Dwight L. Wilson, solicitor for the plaintiff, it is ordered that the appearance of the said Lavinia Webb and George E. Leng, or their unknown heirs, devisees, legatees and assigns be entered in this cause within three months from the date of this order, and that in case of their appearance, or the appearance of any of them, they respectfully cause their answer, or answers, or the answer or answers of such of them as have appeared, to the bill of complaint in this cause, to be filed and a copy thereof to be served on the plaintiff's solicitor, within fifteen days after service on them, or such of them as have appeared, of a copy of the bill of complaint and notice of this order; and that in default thereof the said bill be taken as confessed by them, the said defendants before named.

And it is further ordered that within twenty days the said plaintiff cause a copy of this order to be published in the "Charlevoix County Herald" a newspaper printed, published and circulating in said County of Charlevoix, and that such publication be continued once in each week, for six successive weeks, or that a copy of this order be personally served upon each of the said Defendants, at least twenty days before the time above prescribed for their appearance.

FREDERICK W. MAYNE,  
Circuit Judge.

DWIGHT L. WILSON,  
Solicitor for Plaintiff,  
Business Address:  
East Jordan, Michigan.

Countersigned:  
Richard Lewis, Clerk.  
The foregoing action is brought to quiet the title to the following described realty, viz: The Northeast (N. E. 1/4) quarter of the Northwest quarter (N. W. 1/4) of Section Twenty-eight (28), Township Thirty-two (32) North of Range Seven (7) West, Charlevoix County, Michigan.

## PROBATE NOTICE

State of Michigan, the Probate Court for the County of Charlevoix.

In the Matter of the Estate of Jennie Watson, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given that four months from the 25th day of April, A. D. 1917, have been allowed for creditors to present their claims against said deceased to said court for examination and adjustment, and that all creditors of said deceased are required to present their claims to said court, at the probate office, in the City of Charlevoix in said county, on or before the 25th day of August, A. D. 1917, and that said claims will be heard by said court on Saturday the 25th day of August, A. D. 1917, at ten o'clock in the forenoon.

Dated April 25th, A. D. 1917.  
SERVETUS A. CORRELL,  
Judge of Probate.

## Why They Want Censorship.

The prominence given the censorship bill in the administrative program is suspicious, considering the fact that even if we enter a state of war with Germany it will not involve military operations on this continent unless Mexico attacks us. Germany knows a good deal better than Mr. Wilson, Mr. Baker, or Mr. Daniels what we need and what we can do for some time. The American press cannot add to her knowledge, but it can wake up the American people to the evils of half baked, pacifist interference in preparation.

We more than suspect the censorship bill is not to keep the press from letting Germany know what we are doing, but to prevent the press from letting the American people know what the government is not doing. The bill should be radically modified or replaced by a proper measure of rational censorship. No administration in the history of the republic, save that of Buchanan, is less entitled to a carte blanche.—Chicago Tribune.

## 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.

## SHOW PICTURES OF WARES

Only Way Russian Merchants Can Let Illiterate Peasants Know What They Have to Sell.

Advertising seems to be an indispensable part of modern life, and in Russia, where most of the peasantry are extremely illiterate, ingenious ways of advertising may be seen. Beside the printed designs of the different shops, which would be quite meaningless to the customers, are painted pictures of what wares are sold there.

The baker shows his rolls, loaves and cakes; fish are seen at another place; tea may be found over there where one sees the teacups and saucers, and thus is everything else located. For the convenience of the peasant the houses are painted various bright colors, so that he can find his way among them.

If he wants to know when the train starts, instead of reading the time tables he listens to bells which are rung at the stations. When one bell rings he knows he has still 15 minutes; when two are sounded only five remain, and when three strike his ear the train starts.

If he wants to read a letter he goes to the post office and pays a sum equal to 2 cents to a man who does it for him. When he sends a postcard 2 1/2 cents will get it done for him and 5 cents procures a long letter. The address of a letter costs him half a cent. He knows where the letter boxes are because he can see the picture of the post card or letter beside it.

## When You Have a Cold.

It is quite true that many persons do not consider a cold as a serious matter, but, on the other hand, there are many persons who are too easily scared by the common ailment. There are some things which should be tried at home to see if some relief cannot be gained. Frequently a cold is developed because of the system's need of rest, therefore, it is obvious that rest will do much to drive the uncomfortable condition away. The next important step in the campaign is to keep the system cleaned out. Drinking plenty of water and breathing in inches of pure, fresh air are also quite essential. Since colds are contagious, one cannot be too careful. In place of handkerchiefs one should use squares of soft muslin or cheesecloth, which can be burnt after being used.

## Suspicious of the Home Folks.

Our Cousin Joe has no confidence in anybody except strangers. If his own brother were in the jewelry business Joe wouldn't buy a pin or a lodge emblem from him. If he needed anything of the kind he would purchase it from some perfectly reliable fellow that he had never seen before and never expected to see again. If a good substantial citizen that Joe has known for 20 years should try to almost give him a lot on one of the best streets of the town Joe would laugh at him. "None of you sharpers can trick me," Joe would say, and then he would buy a lot in the Rocky mountains from someone he had never seen or heard of before.—Claude Callan in the Fort Worth Star-Telegram.

## Cats as Menace to Health.

That cats are a more positive menace to health than even houseflies—especially among children—is the conclusion reached by the medical officer of health of Berwick, Eng. Microscopic investigation demonstrated that there is scarcely a single disease spreading species of bacteria that cannot be isolated from the cat's fur, and in epidemics of diphtheria, scarlet fever, and pneumonia, these animals are allowed to stray about—can hardly fail to carry infection. A man dying of consumption in miserable surroundings was found to have nine cats, so poorly fed that they had become infested, which freely entered neighboring houses where there were children.

**"A Shine In Every Drop"**  
Get a Can TO-DAY From Your Hardware or Grocery Dealer

## 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.

## SPECIAL NOTICE

Foley Cathartic Tablets thoroughly cleanse the bowels, remove undigested waste matter, sweeten the stomach and tone up the liver. Do not gripe. Get nauseate. Stout persons praise Foley Cathartic Tablets for the light, free and comfortable feeling they bring. Will not addict you to the "pill habit."  
Hite's Drug Store.

## Son, learn wisdom from the tailor.

When he transacts business with a man he starts by taking the man's measure.

## 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.

Some people do not believe in the efficacy of prayer because they get what they deserve instead of what they ask for.

## 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.

## Frank Phillips

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

## BRING IN YOUR Hides and Furs

Scrap Iron  
Brass  
Copper  
Rags, Rubber  
Wool Bought  
LEAD, ZINC, etc.

We Pay the Top Market Price.

## H. KLING.

## LADIES! SECRET TO DARKEN GRAY HAIR

Bring Back its Color and Lustre with Grandma's Sage Tea Recipe.  
Common garden sage brewed into a heavy tea, with sulphur and alcohol added, will turn gray, streaked and faded hair beautifully dark and luxuriant. Mixing the Sage Tea and Sulphur recipe at home, though, is troublesome. An easier way is to get the ready-to-use preparation improved by the addition of other ingredients, costing about 50 cents a large bottle, at drug stores, known as "Wyeth's Sage and Sulphur Compound," thus avoiding a lot of fuss.

While gray, faded hair is not sinful, we all desire to retain our youthful appearance and attractiveness. By darkening your hair with Wyeth's Sage and Sulphur Compound, no one can tell, because it does so naturally, so evenly. You just dampen a sponge or soft brush with it and draw this through your hair, taking one small strand at a time; by morning all gray hairs have disappeared. After another application or two your hair becomes beautifully dark, glossy, soft and luxuriant 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.