

Charlevoix County Herald.

Vol. 21

EAST JORDAN, MICHIGAN, FRIDAY, MAY 4, 1917.

No. 18

Local Speaker Wins Again

High School Representative Successful in District Contest.

In the district oratorical and declamatory contest held at Traverse City last Friday evening, Reo Bockes, representing the local high school, won first place in the declamatory contest. He used the same selection with which he won the sub-district contest at Harbor Springs, "Spartacus the Gladiators," and did even better work than before. The speaker representing the first sub-district was Richard Haven of Muskegon high school who gave "The Unknown Speaker." The second sub-district was represented by John Murray of Cadillac who recited "Opportunity."

The contest was judged by Supt. L. L. Tyler, Commissioner Lee Hornsby and Matt M. Connine, all of Traverse City. In the decision of the judges Bockes received two firsts and one second, Cadillac was second and Muskegon third.

In the oratorical contest which was held the same evening Muskegon received first place and Manistee second, although this decision has been protested by Harbor Springs, their contestant having failed to reach Traverse City because of a misunderstanding as to the date.

As winner of the district contest Bockes will now represent this district in the state contest which will be held some time in the near future.

REPORT OF FINANCES LOOSE CAMPAIGN

The Executive Committee of the Loose Evangelistic Campaign makes report of the finances as follows:

RECEIPTS.
Basket offerings \$121.25
Pledges paid 687.00

Total \$808.25

EXPENDITURES.

Travel Expenses of Party \$ 52.42
Part Salary of Helpers.. 140.00
Entertainment of Party.. 91.50
Advertising 105.12
Buildings (Rent, Lights, etc.) 317.10
Incidentals (Song Books, etc.) 50.30

Total \$757.44

Balance... \$ 50.81

This total is \$91 less than the first estimate of expenses.

The offering for Dr. Loose was taken last Sunday. He came with no salary, but we merely agreed to take a free will offering for him.

It is as follows:

Balance of Budget Fund \$ 50.81
Offering Sunday 719.42

Total \$770.23

On behalf of the Churches united in this Campaign we wish to thank all who aided in the raising of the Budget, and who so generously contributed to the offering for Dr. Loose.

R. S. Sidebotham
R. E. Webster
R. McDonald
W. E. Malpass
W. P. Porter
J. Clemens.

NOTICE

On account of the enormous advance in the price of coal, we are forced to add a temporary increase of 25 per cent on all business places—not on meters. A 2 per cent discount will be allowed on all residence bills and 5 per cent discount on business places if paid on or before the 12th of each month. Discounts will not be allowed after that date.

All bills must be paid on or before the 20th. Bills remaining unpaid will be disconnected on the 21st of each month.

The above increase will be withdrawn as soon as prices become normal.

E. J. E. L. & P. CO.
C. S. Abbott, Pres.

Ice cream may be unhealthful, but the wise young man doesn't waste any time in trying to prove it to his female friends.

When trouble comes hobbling along a woman gives way to a flood of tears—but a man proceeds to tint the atmosphere blue.

Sometimes a woman is almost as sorry that she married a certain man as she is glad she kept some other woman from getting him.

SOWING OF ORCHARDS TO CROPS IS PROPOSED TO OFFSET FROST LOSS.

East Lansing, Mich., May 2.—Orchardists in fruit growing sections of the state whose fruit buds were damaged by the freezing weather of the past winter, can save themselves from heavy losses this season if they will plant their orchards to root crops and small fruits, say horticultural specialists of the Michigan Agricultural College.

The M. A. C. men add that "the clayey and sandy loam soils characteristic of the best fruit growing sections are just the type to which some of the root and small fruit crops are best adapted. Where fruit buds have been damaged, it is recommended that the orchards be planted this year. By so doing the ground will be made to return a fair profit, and what is equally important, add to the food supply."

"Before planting intercrops in an orchard, the owner should bear certain points in mind. The soil must be deep in good physical condition, fertile and be possessed of an adequate moisture supply. If it is the kind of a soil capable of supporting only the growth of the trees, it cannot be made to carry both trees and intercrops without danger to the former. Extra care should be taken in case interplanting is attempted to see that the fertility of the soil is maintained by the application of manure and fertilizers.

"Only annual crops should be grown in the orchards. In general, a low-growing crop which demands good tillage and comes off early is best. Almost any vegetable crop will do, provided there is a market for such a crop. Potatoes, early corn, carrots and beets are particularly suited to young orchards because they require good cultivation.

"In fruit districts where canning factories exist, such crops as tomatoes, corn and beans may be put in, as the supply of these crops is often insufficient to meet the factory demands."

ASK PASTORS TO AID IN CROP CAMPAIGN.

East Lansing, Mich., May 1st.—Here are a few texts from the Scriptures which the farm crops department of the Michigan Agricultural college suggested today to Michigan pastors as the basis for themes in the interest of increased crop production:

"The Parable of the Sower," Matthew 8:3-3, applicable to the preparation of seed beds for this season's crops.

"The Laborers in the Vineyard," Matthew 20:1-16, apt in reference to the present labor situation.

"The Mustard Seed," Matthew 13:31-32, exemplifying the importance to the world of this season's crops.

"The Barren Fig Tree," Luke 8:6-9, concerning the giving of proper attention to fruit trees, and so on.

Barley—Kings 4:28; Ezekiel 4:9, Isaiah 28:24.

Onions—Numbers 1:5.

Wheat—Joshua 5:11.

Tares—Matthew 13:24.

Beans—II Samuel 17:23; Ezekiel 4:9; Isaiah 28:25.

America, as 'the Egypt of the world,' Genesis, 41:46, the story of Joseph supplying his brothers with grain from Egypt's store houses, it was additionally pointed out, would afford a timely illustration of the importance of America today in supplying grains and food for all the world.

The appeal to the pastors is being made by the college in the hope of enlisting the support of the clergy of the state in bringing home to the people the necessity for increased production by farms and gardens, and of conserving food supplies in the home.

Along with President Wilson, the college believes that a sermon on this theme from every pulpit in the state will go a long way towards awakening the public to the pressing food needs of the world.

If a man deserves praise he doesn't want it, and if he wants it he doesn't deserve it.

Many a woman's idea of the truth is the disagreeable thing she hears about her neighbors.

After fortune knocks at a man's door he may be able to prove an alibi—but what's the use?

Before marriage a woman worries because she is single, and after marriage she worries because she isn't.

Gold is a wonderful fertilizer. It has caused many a family tree to spring up and get its full growth in a few hours.

Company "I," Wants Recruits

Local Committee Appointed To Accept Enlistments.

Recruits who offer themselves for service in the home company I of the 33rd Michigan Infantry which is in active service, can now be accepted in this city, examined by a surgeon, and transported free of charge to the present company station. The plan by which this result can be obtained has been worked out by the War Preparedness Board of Lansing, which was delegated by the last legislature to look after all questions of this nature.

A committee consisting of Lieut. Balch, chairman, A. E. Cross, Sergeant James Gidley, Rev. Robt. Sidebotham, R. O. Bisbee and Atty D. L. Wilson has been appointed by Governor Sleeper to act for this city and vicinity. Men desirous of joining the colors may find members of this committee any time during the day or evening at Electric Light Office, Gidley Drug Store, People's State Savings Bank or Atty D. L. Wilson's office. They will be given a preliminary physical examination by the following local physicians who have volunteered their services to the State and government for this duty: Drs. Dickon, Varoon, Parks, Risk and Ramsey.

Recruits who are found to be physically fit will be forwarded by military transportation. The committee will also wire Capt. H. L. Winters of the hour of arrival so that arrangements can be made for feeding, lodging and uniforming the new men. All who are interested are urged to call up any member of the committee for additional information.

Men who come into the Federal service at this time have an advantage over those who may be drafted later. They can be with the organization from their home town and share in the comforts which will be sent to our company. They will be among friends from the start. Chances for promotion are much better under the circumstances than in a company recruited from all over the State at haphazard.

LIME RECOMMENDED AS HELP FOR CORN

East Lansing, Mich., May 3rd.—Judicious spreading of lime over land intended for corn is suggested this spring by the Michigan Agricultural college as a move which would tend to increase crop production over what it has been in the past.

Corn responds somewhat to liming, according to the soils department of the college, and farmers who plan to apply lime this spring will find it helpful to spread it upon plowed land under preparation for this crop. Marl or ground limestone may be applied at any time without danger of injuring the plants, but caustic forms, like hydrated lime should be applied a few days before seeding. One and one-half to three cubic yards of marl, one to two tons of ground limestone, or 500 to 1000 pounds of hydrated lime to the acre are amounts commonly used.

A good fertilizer for corn planted after a manured sod on medium to heavy soils, is one containing a high percentage of phosphorus, preferably acid phosphate or soluble bone meal. Either of these fertilizers may be applied at the rate of about 200 pounds per acre. When corn does not follow sod, and barnyard manure is available for this crop, an excellent plan to follow is to apply the manure as a top-dressing after plowing, and thoroughly disc it into the soil.

Potash is practically unavailable at present, but for corn on muck land a complete fertilizer of two parts nitrogen, eight parts phosphoric acid and two parts potash can be applied at the rate of 200 to 300 pounds to the acre with profit.

On sandy land the need for manure is greater than on heavier soils. An application of a soluble phosphorus fertilizer, to the amount of about 200 pounds per acre is advisable. It is doubtful, however, if potash will be profitable on these soils under present conditions.

A little learning is doubly dangerous in a small man's head.

Patriotism doesn't always depend on the size of your country.

Love is probably the only thing that has more lives than a cat.

In silence danger is concealed. Women are seldom really dangerous.

MOTHERS' DAY PROCLAMATION.

Our American civilization is built around the home. The heart of the home is the mother. What is there in all the realm of Art that stands higher, more commanding, more beautiful, than a simple, refined, gracious woman in her household; a woman whose daily life is an out-pouring of the Gospel of service, who is worshipped by her children, beloved by her husband and who rules in her home by sweetness, by gentleness, by self-denial, by love? The mothers of the land are engaged in the noblest of all callings; the rearing of their sons and daughters to take their places as useful members of society.

As we, whose mothers have left us, look back through the years, how sweet and precious is the memory of the mother in the old home. All her life was a beautiful life. It ran like a rill down the hill-side and sang all the time. It was like flowers that know no summer and no winter. The memory of it kindles in us still the supreme affection and arouses the finest enthusiasm of our hearts.

Therefore, that we may pay a special tribute of affection to the mothers who still live and honor the memory of the mothers who have gone from us, I, Albert E. Sleeper, Governor of the State of Michigan, do hereby designate and set aside

Sunday, May Thirteenth, as Mothers' Day;

and I call upon our people, both young and old; to gather in their several places of worship, and take part in services appropriate to the day and, by the wearing of a red flower for the living mother and a white for the dear departed, to symbolize their love and reverence for the mothers of the nation.

In accordance with a resolution of the Congress of the United States, I further request the people of Michigan, on the day aforesaid to display the United States flag in their homes and in other suitable places, as a fitting expression of their desire to pay homage to American motherhood.

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

ALBERT E. SLEEPER,
Governor.

Justice often pursues with a leaden heel and then smites with an iron toe.

SOUL'S ENTRANCE INTO BODY

Matter Over Which Theologians Have Differed Since the First Time a Theory Was Advanced.

Dr. Austin O'Malley of New York has just revived the ancient discussion concerning the moment the human soul enters the body. In an article in America he contrasts the two opposite theories: (1) That of Aristotle, that the soul is infused about the fortieth day, to which St. Thomas Aquinas, St. Anselm, St. Alphonsus Liguori and most of the medieval moralists and theologians adhered. (2) That the entrance of the soul is simultaneous with the fusion of the single nuclei in the two parental germ cells, to which most modern embryologists, physiologists and moralists give their adhesion.

Cardinal Mercier and some other great theologians cling to the Aristotelian theory today, basing their belief on the idea that not until the body takes actual human form is the "breath of life" breathed into it and it becomes "a living soul."

But Doctor O'Malley and the embryologists hold that the earliest embryo is a human being, therefore a body with a human soul.

Build Vast Artificial Lake.

A remarkable engineering feat was recently accomplished in southern India when the mammoth artificial lake of Marikanave was completed in Mysore—an Indian state twice as large as Maryland, ruled by an enlightened and progressive maharaja. It is 15 miles long and has an area of 30 square miles. The dam thrown across the gorge—240 feet wide—to impound water that formerly ran to waste and is now being utilized for irrigating land that would be otherwise parched and barren, is 1,380 feet long, 182 feet high, and 15 feet thick. A weir 470 feet long has been built to discharge excess water, which, during the monsoon is heavy. The work was initiated and finished by Indian engineers and is a monument to their engineering skill, as it is a credit to the government of his highness, the maharaja, who furnished the money for it—\$1,500,000.

New Undertaker In the City

Noah French of Grand Rapids Associated with Empey Bros.

Noah French of Amsterdam, N. Y., but formerly of Grand Rapids, Mich., has arrived in our city and associated himself with the Empey Bros. Furniture Store with a full line of Funeral Furnishings. Mr. French was considered one of the leading undertakers of Grand Rapids, Mich., up until about



two years ago when he sold out his business on account of his health. He has regained his health and is now here with a good selection of stock and also a funeral car and will give as good service as can be found in the larger cities. Another feature of the undertaking business which he introduced while in Grand Rapids is the assistance of his wife in the care of ladies and children which has been more than gratifying to those who have had to employ his services. Mr. French and family are temporarily located at the Gibson residence on Main-st. They have rented the Harry Simmons residence on Third-st and will occupy the same in a few weeks. Mr. French can be reached at the store during the day, or by telephone No. 199.

A COMMUNICATION FROM OUR AGRICULTURAL AGENT

To the People of Emmet and Charlevoix Counties:

During the past week I have distributed several thousand leaflets through the supervisors and teachers of the two counties. From the replies already received I believe there is a wrong impression as to what the state is trying to do in this work. So far as I know at present the government is not furnishing seed free or otherwise. But desires to know where seed is to be had; also where there is a lack of it and then bring those that want seed and those that have seed together.

I do not believe the farmers want charity as it is almost certain that they will get good returns for their labor in high prices for foodstuffs which are likely to prevail this fall. The banks of Emmet and I hope the banks of Charlevoix have or will do the same, professedly stand ready to loan money at a reasonable rate of interest and under reasonably safe circumstances. It is necessary that the banks should require security in certain instances because we who deposit with them wish to feel that their investments and loans are placed with a proper degree of safety.

There may be a few who cannot furnish such assurance or security as may be required in this particular instance and who could plant if provided with seed. If there are individuals who are willing to aid such people I will be glad to hear from them.

It will be impossible for me to answer personally all that apply but will have to use the papers of the counties to a large extent.

Yours truly,
Geo. A. Kilborn,
State Agricultural Agent,
Emmet and Charlevoix counties.

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 a man knows it all, nobody will listen while he tells it.

LITTLE DANGER OF OVER-PRODUCTION, MARKET HEAD SAYS.

East Lansing, Mich., May 1st.—Farmers who are refraining from planting maximum acreages to crops because they fear over-production and low prices, are making themselves the victims of needless worry, in the opinion of James N. McBride, state director of marketing. Prices at harvest time, he declared today, are practically certain to be high enough to insure a good return on crops, and particularly on beans, wheat and potatoes.

"There need be no fear of over-production of potatoes," said Director McBride in an official statement. "The high price and the scarcity of seed are the natural limiting factors. In the older sections of Michigan, and over the United States as well, where the total area is largely made up of small areas outside the special districts, the planting will be very limited. In most districts the regular field crops are being planted, and the surplus of potatoes over the amount required for home use, must come from sections where the crop can be grown as a specialty."

"The probability that beans will be in excess of \$5 a bushel, and wheat around \$2, will enormously increase the consumption of potatoes over normal. A fair price to the grower under present conditions would approximate \$1 a bushel, or at least the English scale of 78 cents minimum.

"During the Civil War, the farmer who had the nerve to grow crops established himself financially. Assuming a preponderating crop, and nature in her most lavish moods, there is equipment at hand to dry potatoes and conserve the supply. Plans of best sugar manufacturers to utilize their pulp dryers to dry potatoes were well in hand for 1915 if the crop of that year had been like that of 1914, when potatoes failed. These same plans will be carried out in 1917."

School Commissioner's Notes

May L. Stewart, Commissioner

There were nineteen candidates at the Teachers Examinations, nine of these applying for second grade certificates.

Miss Jessie Barkley, of the Clark School, has a good flag that she got by having her pupils sell buttons. She laments the absence of a rope.

Mrs. Thomas Scroggie, of the Barnard School, is buying a beautiful flag by 10 foot flag from Social money in her possession, provided the school board will get the rope.

On the 4th day of May, Marion No. 4 at Nowland Lake, plans a big flag raising and picnic. New Flag, New Pole, Big Program and Eat.

The Gill school in Chandler will close with school lunch and program.

The Tainter school has procured a new pole.

Several schools are enjoying their new reading texts "The Progressive Road to Reading."

Several of the rural schools have been observing cleanup day for some time, but could the yards be still improved during Cleanup Week in the First Week of May.

Six schools out of forty-six, had lists of birds on the blackboard, with the names of the children and date when first seen this spring.

The annual triplicate reports made by the teacher to the director and School Commissioner, were mailed Saturday, April 28th, to School Officers, for the concluding of the School Term.

Twelve school visits made April 23, 24, and 25. Each visit about one hour in length. All things moving nicely.

Get your teacher early. We cannot exactly predict the supply of school ma'ams, even though we know just what the demand will be.

When a woman marries for spite she gets it.

Only a fool will pay twice for the same experience.

HE ALMOST FELL DOWN

A. M. Hunsucker, Bogue Chitto, Miss. writes: "I suffered from rheumatism, kidney and bladder trouble, also dizziness; would almost fall down at times. Foley Kidney Pills gave me entire relief." Disordered kidneys give warning by pains in side and back, sore muscles, swollen joints, tired and languid feeling.—Hite's Drug Store.

Use
Black Silk
Stove Polish



"A Shine In Every Drop"

Get a can today from your hardware or grocery dealer.

We have the New

TYRONE

an **ARROW** COLLAR

A "FORM-FIT" COLLAR
WEISMAN'S

Frank Phillips
Tonsorial Artist.

When in need of anything in my line call to 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.

Love is probably the only thing that has more lives than a cat.

In silence danger is concealed. Women are seldom really dangerous.

Gold is a wonderful fertilizer. It has caused many a family tree to spring up and get its full growth in a few hours.

To Prevent Iron Rust.

The one peculiar quality that all iron or its products presents is the manner of its tarnishing by the air, or rather the moisture and oxides of the air. This tarnish, unlike that of other metals, does not adhere closely to the iron, but scales off and is commonly called rust. Thus any object made of iron which rusts is constantly exposing new surfaces of metal, so that the process goes on and on unless it is checked. There are two methods of preventing iron rust. One is to keep the metal dry and highly polished, as a polished surface does not give place for any moisture particles to adhere. Knives, tinware, stovepipes, etc., which are kept polished will not rust. The other method to prevent rusting is to cover the metal with a coating of oil, wax, paint or similar substance. For instance, metal parts that are treated with oil or are lacquered or covered with vaseline will not rust because this oily coating prevents the air from coming in contact with the iron.

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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 grouch 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 drank 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, sunflower 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 old country, and the cratures 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.

"Himmel!" cried the chauffeur. "Not hay, Gasoline. Dis vas a moder car, nod a horse."

CHARLEVOIX COUNTY HERALD

G. A. Lisk, Publisher

ONE DOLLAR PER YEAR

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 scion 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 is 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 whiskey. 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.

Eskimos Being Educated.

Education is well along with the eskimos in Alaska, for there are now 77 schools for their use, with an enrollment of 3,563, 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 1883 at the little village of Wrangell.

The Herald's Next Motion Picture
Serial Story - - -

PEARL of the ARMY

will commence in our issue of
next Friday, May 11th.

It's a big, gripping, realistic story—an expose of secret intrigue and unseen dangers from the spies of foreign nations.

Read the opening chapters in our next issue, then see the story in motion pictures at the

TEMPLE THEATRE

commencing Saturday Night, May 12th.

EAST JORDAN LUMBER CO. STORE



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

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

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

East Jordan Lumber Co.

BROKEN DOWN IN HEALTH

Woman Tells How \$5 Worth of Pinkham's Compound Made Her Well.

Lima, Ohio.—"I was all broken down in health from a displacement. One of my lady friends came to see me and she advised me to commence taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and to use Lydia E. Pinkham's Sanative Wash. I began taking your remedies and took \$5.00 worth and in two months was a well woman after three doctors said I never would stand up straight again. I was a midwife for seven years and I recommended the Vegetable Compound to every woman to take before birth and afterwards, and they all got along so nicely that it surely is a godsend to suffering women. If women wish to write to me I will be delighted to answer them."
—Mrs. JENNIS MOYER, 342 E. North St., Lima, Ohio.

Women who suffer from displacements, weakness, irregularities, nervousness, backache, or bearing-down pains, need the tonic properties of the roots and herbs contained in Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

A spinster says that matrimony is what enables a woman to work for her board for life.

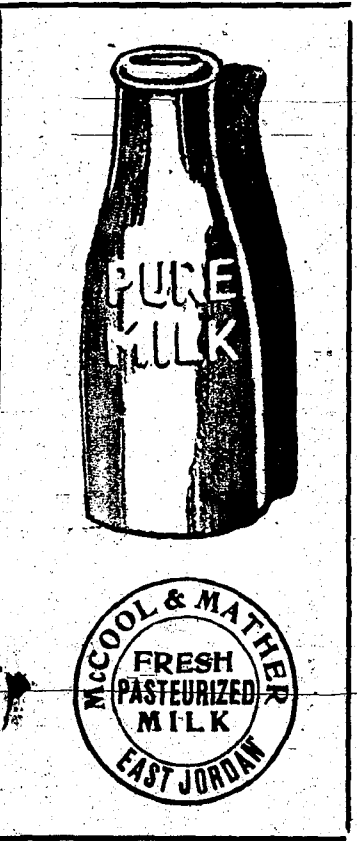
HAD A VERY BAD COUGH

This letter should interest every reader: "Last winter I had a very bad cough—I used medicines, but they did me no good. I took one bottle of Foley's Honey and Tar and it cured me. (Signed) V. DeKeuster, Amberg, Wis." No substitute is as good as Foley's Honey and Tar for coughs, colds, croup and whooping cough.—Hite's Drug Store.

A sensible girl has no more use for a man that is fresh than for one who is stale.

HARD WORK FOR WOMEN

It is doubtful if there is any work harder than house work. Overwork tells on the kidneys, and when the kidneys are affected one looks and feels older than the actual years. Mrs. A. G. Wells, R. R. 5, Rocky Mount, N. C., writes: "I cannot praise Foley Kidney Pills enough for the wonderful benefit I have derived."—Hite's Drug Store.



GRANDMA NEVER LET HER HAIR GET GRAY

She Kept Her Locks Dark and Glossy, with Sage Tea and Sulphur.

When you darken your hair with Sage Tea and Sulphur, no one can tell, because it's done so naturally, so evenly. Preparing this mixture, though, at home is messy and troublesome. For 50 cents you can buy at any drug store the ready-to-use preparation, improved by the addition of other ingredients, called "Wyeth's Sage and Sulphur Compound." 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 hair disappears, and, after another application or two, your hair becomes beautifully darkened, glossy and luxuriant.
Gray, faded hair, though no disgrace, is a sign of old age, and as we all desire a youthful and attractive appearance, get busy at once with Wyeth's Sage and Sulphur Compound and look years younger. This ready-to-use preparation is a delightful toilet requisite and not a medicine. It is not intended for the cure, mitigation or prevention of disease.

WOMEN'S TROUBLES IN WAR

Humorous Though Somewhat Pathetic Letters That Have Been Received by British Authorities.

Even the thankless task of solving the knotty points that arise in the settlement of separation allowances has its compensations. Some quaint letters that have had to be dealt with have been published already; but there are others. One correspondent, for instance, states: "My husband has been away to the Crystal Palace and got four days furlough, and has not gone to the mind sweepers." Another says: "I have received your letter, I am his grandfather and his grandmother, he was born and brought up in this house in answer to your letter." One of the most striking epistles reads: "Though I take this liberty as it leaves me at present I beg to ask if you will kindly be kind enough to let me know where my husband though he is not my legible husband as he is a wife though he says she is dead but I don't think he nos for sure but we are not married though I am getting my allotment regular which is no fault of Mr. Loy George who would stop it if he could and Mr. McKenna but if you know where he is as he is belong to the Navy Royal Flying Corp for ever since he joined in January when he was sacked from his work for talking back at his boss which was a woman at the laundry where he worked. I have not had any money from him since he joined though he told Mrs. Williams, what lives on the ground floor that he was a pretty ossifer for six shillings a week and lots of underclothings for the cold weather and I have three children what is bein the father of them. Hoping you will write to me as soon as you are well as it leaves me at present, I must now close hoping you are well."
—Westminster (England) Gazette.

QUANTITY OF OIL IN SIGHT

United States Geological Survey Makes Important Report on Fields in Colorado and Utah.

Twenty billion barrels of crude oil and 2,000,000,000 barrels of gasoline is the estimated yield from Colorado shale beds, according to the United States geological survey. In anticipation of the day when, on account of the advancing cost of gasoline and other products obtained from petroleum, it might be found commercially profitable to utilize some of the enormous supply of petroleum to be derived from the distillation of the vast deposits of so-called hydrocarbon shales of the Green River formation of northwestern Colorado and northeastern Utah, the United States geological survey has for three years been making field investigations of these deposits.

The examinations have been accompanied by mapping of the areas of hydrocarbon shales and by such field measurements of the thickness of the shales in workable beds and such rudimentary distillation tests as will afford primary information concerning the amount and richness of the shales in different parts of the region.
Very rough but cautious calculations of the contents of the shale in parts of the area examined indicate that the distillation of shale from beds over three feet thick in Colorado alone will yield more than 20,000,000,000 barrels of crude oil, from which more than 2,000,000,000 barrels of gasoline can be extracted by ordinary methods. A report giving the results of these explorations and tests and an account of experiments as to possible gasoline production, both by the ordinary commercial processes and by the Rittman process, is now in press.

Chinese Silk Production.

The general guild of the silk trade at Shanghai, a Chinese organization, is reported to have taken up on a practical basis the question of the improvement of the methods of silk production in China. Japanese silk is generally regarded by experts as naturally inferior to Chinese, yet the export of steam flature silk from Japan has been increasing in recent years by leaps and bounds, while that from China has been at best no more than holding its own. Two representatives of the guild have been appointed to go to Japan and study the methods in use there.

Too Much Risk.

"Do you cycle?" asked the insurance agent.
"No," replied the applicant for a policy.
"Ever race in a motor boat?"
"No."
"Drive much in an automobile?"
"Never."
"Ever go up in an airship?"
"Never want to."
"Sorry we can't insure you. There's too much risk insuring mere pedestrians."

What Writers Fear.

Rupert Hughes, in a conversation a day or two ago, said that he did not find enough sincerity in modern fiction. Too many authors, he believes, are restricted by the thought of "jeune fille" and the possible shock she might receive from their works.
"I did not write for little girls," says Mr. Hughes. "I write for grown persons living in a modern world."

Unkind.

Author—Some of my brightest thoughts come when I am asleep.
Editor—Your great trouble is insomnia.

MANY SPRING SUITS

SOUTHERN SEASON BRINGS OUT UNUSUALLY LARGE DISPLAY.

Accepted Lines of Conventionally Severe Tailored Coat Show Little Change From Those of Last Winter.

The Southern season always brings out a certain number of spring tailored suits, but this year there is an unusually large display. There is nothing particularly new or startling about the advanced spring tailored costumes.

For the conventionally severe tailored coat the accepted lines promise to be very much like those of the winter season.

As is generally the case in the spring the Norfolk suit, although often having little in common with the Norfolk except its belt, is much on view, especially in the collection intended for country or sports wear.

Then there is the suit coat semi-fitted and rippling around the bottom. This varies in length from hip to finger tip length. Some of the new models are of hip length with the front of the coat open to show the waistcoat in Breton or Louis XIV style.

A fanciful tailored costume of black satin revealed a pearl gray waistcoat embroidered in silver. This coat had a belt of the material and pockets posed below the belt. There are also a few straight models, elaborately embroidered or braided.

The spring frocks multiply daily. A lovely model recently noted was of navy blue serge and navy blue and green checked material. The serge formed the upper part of the gown, which fastened down the side with froggings, meeting a skirt of navy and green checks. The collar and cuffs were braided.

Great vogue is predicted for braided trimming. An interesting model noted is of navy cloth and black satin. The long, straight four-rear opening over a black satin front is braided on the waist, and at the neck, while the edges are trimmed with pieces of wide galloon, pointed at the ends and posed one above the other. At the waist similar pieces of galloon are arranged to allow a satin sash to slip under them. This sash is tied at the side and braided at the ends.

For more dressy frocks there is predicted a return of the vogue for taffeta. This silk is also much in demand for trimmings and combined with georgette crepe and voile.

Frocks of satin are much in vogue. Black-satin intended for dress wear was appliqued with designs of Indian cashmere in medallion form with metallic embroidery on bodice front and cuffs.

SPRING WALKING SUIT



Here is a spring walking suit, plaited in the front, and cut on military lines copied from the service uniforms of Uncle Sam's soldiers. In this model the skirt is lower than the 1918 styles, substantiating the contentions of the leading fashion experts that skirts had reached the high altitude limit and would steadily go down in length.

New Umbrellas.

The latest umbrella shows a tiny watch in the strap handle. The conservative umbrella is disappearing. Colored umbrellas are the vogue, and the leather strap handle the height of style and convenience. The newest umbrellas are seen either with leather strap handles or white flat handles just touched with the color of the umbrella. Purple is the favorite shade, though green, navy and burgundy are also used. Many novelty umbrellas show a striped border.

PLACE FOR SEWING

When Woman Plans House She Always Provides One.

If It Is Only a Little Closet She Is Going to Have It—Puts Living Conveniences First of Everything.

Some sort of a sewing room, no matter how small, is usually to be found somewhere in the plans when a house is being built under the eye of the woman who is to live in it. It may be hardly more than a closet with room for one little table and a chair; the sewing machine can be kept in the hall, if only there is some place where pasted gores and scraps of silk can be shut out of sight between sewings without being packed away. But not all houses are built under the eyes of the women who are to live in them, or of anybody else who puts living convenience first of everything. Plans are still being drawn that spend many square yards on front hall and then cannot afford to give space to a sewing room; the housekeeper who settles down in the completed house must take what she can get and put her wits to work to fit up a sewing corner.

Finding a place for a sewing corner is in most cases a matter of finding a corner in the living room. A bedroom is an unsuitable place to spend an afternoon, and even in steam-heated houses it is not always very warm. The living room, moreover, is the one room that in the up-to-date barn-with-cubbyholes style of house planning profits by floor space that has been saved from tiny dining room and bedrooms. The corner must be a well-lighted one, and if possible it must have a sewing screen; with these two advantages, and a rocking chair that is just right for sewing, it is almost as good as a separate sewing room.

The sewing screen must be a low screen. The worker needs all the light she can get, and she does not care to be shut away from the rest of the room, or to help set the stage for an eavesdropping scene. About thirty-two inches has been found to be a good height; sometimes there is a small table in the corner, and the screen is a little higher so as to hide the top of the table. If there is no table the screen may be fitted with hinged drop covers that unfold to form a little low table at each panel of the screen. Cretonne shirred into a pocket over the lowest third of each panel holds the unfinished work, and wood crosspieces near the top can be fitted with hooks for bags, scissors, spools and all the rest of the things that ought to be always at hand.

PRETTY WASTE PAPER TUB

An Inexpensive and Handy Contrivance That Is Easily Made and Has Many Uses.

The handsome paper tub shown in our sketch can be easily made from a tub or barrel of a suitable size. Not too heavy a barrel should be selected for



this purpose; a lightly made small barrel that has contained fruit or tobacco may be procured for a trifle, should one not already possess a suitable article.

The exterior of the barrel is draped with soft silk, arranged in plaits and fastened on at the top and bottom with tacks. The interior of the tub can be lined with satin, or if preferred it can be lined with pieces of dark green or brown paper cut to fit and fastened in place with paste.

The tub is finished off at the top and bottom with ornamental braid fastened on with brass-headed nails of a fancy pattern driven in close together. Metal handles are screwed on on either side; suitable ones for this purpose can be purchased at any ironmonger's.

Less expensive material than silk can be used for draping the tub if desired, and it will look pretty and bright covered with cretonne selected of a color to harmonize with that of the carpet upon which the basket will take its place.

For One-Piece Frocks.

All the Chinese fabrics, such as tussor, the new khaki-wool, silk, pongee and Shantung, are among the most acceptable for one-piece frocks and suits. They are embroidered with brilliant floss in primitive designs. Symbolism in embroidery is being strongly taken up by all those looking for novelty. It is easy to get significant symbols from the Indian writings and from the old, ancient and modern Chinese. The designers go to the libraries to copy embroidery motifs from old tablets and mummy cases.

WRITES OF JOYS OF PICNIC

One Man Seems to Have the Right Idea of What Outdoor Entertainment Should Be.

I am partial to picnics—the spreading of the cloth in the woods or beside a stream—although I am not avid for sandwiches unless hunger presses me, writes Charles S. Brooks in the Yale Review. Rather, let there be a skillet in the company and let a fire be started. Nor need a picnic consume the day. In summer it requires but the late afternoon, with such borrowing of the night as is necessary for the journey home. You leave the street car, clanking with your bundles like an itinerant tinsman. You follow a stream which on these lower stretches, it is sad to say, is already infected with the vices of the city. Like many a countryman who has come to town, it has fallen to disipation. It shows the marks of the bottle. Farther up, its course is cleaner. You cross it in the mud. Was it not Christian who fell into the bog because of the burden on his back? Then you climb a villainously long hill and pop out upon an open platform above the city.

The height commands a prospect to the west. Below is the smoke of a thousand stumps. Up from the city there comes the hum of life, now somewhat fallen with the traffic of the day—as though nature already practiced the tune for sending later her creatures off to sleep. You light a fire. The baskets disgorge their secrets. Ants and other leviathans think eventually that a circus has come or that bears are in the town. The chops and bacon achieve their appointed destiny. You throw the last bone across your shoulder. It slips and rattles to the river. The sun sets. Night like an ancient dame puts on her jewels.

"FORMAL" HUNT POOR SPORT

Where the Cheetah Is Given a Chance, However, It Is Something of a Different Matter.

The "formal" cheetah hunt, which is sure to constitute a part of the entertainment provided by any one of a couple of dozen of the most prominent native chiefs of northern India for his distinguished guests, is, if anything, tamer and more tiresome than a state tiger hunt, with the latter's elaborate provisions for rounding up the torpid quarry and still more elaborate precautions against anyone but the beaters being mauled. An informal cheetah hunt, however, where things are taken as they come, is rarely a very entertaining experience. On such occasions, as no maharajah's reputation for hospitality is held to hang upon the number of slaughtered buck laid at the feet of the guest of honor in the official photographs, it is possible to give the quarry something like a sporting chance, the consequence being that the cheetah is seen far nearer the limit of its really phenomenal stalking and sprinting powers than when the game, frightened and confused by a line of beaters, is driven under the supercilious nose of the "hunter."—Wide World Magazine.

Providing a Target.

With the spread of overland auto touring the milepost and guidepost are coming back into a prominence that is reminiscent of stage coach days. The leading problem of countries, states and auto associations in this line is the development of a signpost that will stand up under the abuse it almost invariably gets. One of the newest designs was developed by a prize contest in Illinois. The prize-winning design calls for a post which is built of concrete throughout. Another concrete post which is finding favor has even the names of towns and distances in concrete letters. In the West much damage is done by hunters and others, who shoot the signboards full of holes. The newest post in this region has its directions on one board, and a target specially painted on another, with the adjuration, "If you must shoot, shoot here!"

Aviators Encouraged.

Experts in the problems of American aviation are feeling more cheerful over our prospects in the field of flying as the result of the publication of a report by the British government on the British aviation corps. The report shows that at the beginning of the war Britain was little better prepared in the matter of airplanes than the United States is today. England had only 175 airplanes in July, 1914, according to the report, less than half of which were fit for service. The exact present strength is not made public, but it is admitted that Great Britain now has over 4,000 serviceable machines available.

New Fiber of Value.

Malva fiber is now being manufactured and sold on the market at Havana, principally to the makers of alpagatas, or cloth shoes, worn by the laboring classes. The fiber is mixed with jute and used for soles. The malva fiber is claimed to have about the same textile strength as Deca jute, and its fineness is between jute and flax.

Like Curing Like.

"So Jimmy has been half drowned again, has he, going out in a row-boat against my express order? Well, I am going to cure him of his love of sea travel by the homeopathic method."
"How's that?"
"I am going to take him to the woodshed with me on a whaling trip."

Get the Habit of Drinking Hot Water Before Breakfast

Says we can't look or feel right with the system full of poisons.

Millions of folks bathe internally now instead of loading their system with drugs. "What's an inside bath?" you say. Well, it is guaranteed to perform miracles if you could believe these hot water enthusiasts.

There are vast numbers of men and women who, immediately upon arising in the morning, drink a glass of real hot water with a teaspoonful of limestone phosphate in it. This is a very excellent health measure. It is intended to flush the stomach, liver, kidneys and the thirty feet of intestines of the previous day's waste, sour bile and indigestible material left over in the body which if not eliminated every day, become food for the millions of bacteria which infect the bowels, the quick result is poisons and toxins which are then absorbed into the blood causing headache, bilious attacks, foul breath, bad taste, colds, stomach trouble, kidney misery, sleeplessness, impure blood and all sorts of ailments.

People who feel good, one day and badly the next, but who simply can not get feeling right are urged to obtain a quarter pound of limestone phosphate at the drug store. This will cost very little but is sufficient to make anyone a real crank on the subject of internal sanitation.

Just as soap and hot water act on the skin, cleansing, sweetening and freshening, so limestone phosphate and hot water act on the stomach, liver, kidneys and bowels. It is vastly more important to bathe on the inside than on the outside, because the skin pores do not absorb impurities into the blood, while the bowel pores do.

QUIT MEAT IF YOUR KIDNEYS ACT BADLY

Take tablespoonful of Salts if Back hurts or Bladder bothers—Drink lots of water.

We are a nation of meat eaters and our blood is filled with uric acid, says a well-known authority, who warns us to be constantly on guard against kidney trouble.

The kidneys do their utmost to free the blood of this irritating acid, but become weak from the overwork; they get sluggish; the eliminative tissues clog and thus the waste is retained in the blood to poison the entire system.

When your kidneys ache and feel like lumps of lead, and you have stinging pains in the back or the urine is cloudy, full of sediment, or the bladder is irritable, obliging you to seek relief during the night; when you have severe headaches, nervous and dizzy spells, sleeplessness, acid stomach or rheumatism in bad weather, get from your pharmacist about four ounces of Jad Salts; take a tablespoonful in a glass of water before breakfast each morning and in a few days your kidneys will act fine. This famous salts is made from the acid of grapes and lemon juice, combined with lithia, and has been used for generations to flush and stimulate clogged kidneys, to neutralize the acids in urine so it is no longer a source of irritation, thus ending urinary and bladder disorders.

Jad Salts is inexpensive and cannot injure; makes a delightful effervescent lithia-water drink, and nobody can make a mistake by taking a little occasionally to keep the kidneys clean and active.

Conscience is the watchdog which barks at sin.

Poker keeps more men awake nights than brain fog.

TROUBLE ENTIRELY DISAPPEARED

Knudt Lee, Wannaska, Minn., writes: "For several years my daughter had a bad chronic cough. Not until we tried Foley's Honey and Tar did anything produce any great relief. In a few days the trouble entirely disappeared and has never returned." Contains no opiates; a safe, reliable, remedy; children like it.—Hite's Drug Store.

Love, like potatoes, springs from the eyes.

TO PREVENT SELF-POISONING

Bowels clogged with waste matter poison the whole system. Foley Cathartic Tablets work gently but surely; do not gripe nor cause nausea. Recommended for indigestion, constipation, sick headache, bloating, biliousness, sour stomach, gas on stomach, coated tongue, bad breath or other conditions caused by disordered digestion.—Hite's Drug Store.

PUT CREAM IN NOSE AND STOP CATARRH

Tells How To Open Clogged Nostrils and End Head-Colds.

You feel fine in a few moments. Your cold in head or catarrh will be gone. Your clogged nostrils will open. The air passages of your head will clear and you can breathe freely. No more dullness, headache; no yawning, sniffling, mucous discharge or dryness; no strugling for breath at night.

Tell your druggist you want a small bottle of Ely's Cream Balm. Apply a little of this fragrant, antiseptic cream in your nostrils, let it penetrate through every air passage of the head; soothe and heal the swollen, inflamed mucous membrane, and relief comes instantly. It is just what every cold and catarrh sufferer needs. Don't stay stuffed-up and miserable.

The IRON CLAW by ARTHUR STRINGER

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

TWENTIETH EPISODE

The Laughing Mask's Triumph.

Margery Golden suddenly threw aside the magazine which she had been listlessly thumbing, and springing to her feet, crossed rapidly to the window of her cool, white bedroom. As she stood gazing out with unseeing eyes, a little frown of vexation puckered her forehead. From the open windows of the spacious living-room on the first floor came the subdued murmur of voices. But to Margery's straining ears not a word of that low-toned conference was audible. Occasionally she heard the rumble of Captain Brackett's voice, more strident and authoritative than the others.

The resentful officer of the law had conceived the idea that on more than one occasion Margery had aided and abetted the Laughing Mask in slipping through his fingers, and it was for that reason she was now excluded from the deliberations where the capture of the elusive misquader was under discussion. In anticipation of this very state of affairs Margery had devised the ingenious method for learning the plans of the detectives.

Having ascertained that the conference was in full swing, she quickly went to a small wicker table, and taking off the telephone receiver, held it pressed tightly to her ear. Her wire was a house extension connected with the trunk line which ran into the living-room, where her father and the officers were now gathered. In that room the telephone standard, resting on a heavy mahogany table, had been skillfully tampered with. Presently the booming voice of the police captain came to the ears of the listening girl.

"When I go after a man I don't quit till I get him," she heard him announce in self-laudatory tones. "I landed that one-armed crook, Jules Legar, in a cell all right, an' I tell you, Mr. Golden, if it hadn't been for your daughter interferin' I'd had the bracelets on the Laughing Mask long ago."

At that moment Margery heard the door shut behind a new arrival, and again it was Captain Brackett's voice which reached her as he impatiently questioned the detective who had just entered.

"What are you doin' here, Walters? Didn't you get the orders I sent you by Jenkins to take Legar out of that chicken-coop they call a jail out here, an' keep yourself handcuffed to him every minute until he was safe in the Tombs?"

"I got your orders, chief," came a hesitating voice, presumably that of the sleuth called Walters, "but I've got some bad news for you, Legar's broke jail. He croaked Jenkins and made a clean getaway."

Then Margery heard the hurried tones of the detective as he launched into an account of the strange escape of Jules Legar.

"I don't see where I'm to blame, chief," he began in a somewhat aggravated voice. "I seen Jenkins aroun' noon. He was goin' into the jail with a tray from the restaurant. He stops



He Knew His Doom Was Sealed.

and gives me your orders and says I might as well wait outside until Legar had his feed. That seemed reasonable, an' I hung aroun' for 'bout half an hour. Then when Jenkins didn't come out, I commenced to get kind o' uneasy like an' I steps inside to see what was goin' on.

"Lyn's face down in the corridor I found Jenkins, just outside of Legar's cell. The cell was empty, with the door standin' open and Jenkins' key in the lock. We combed every inch of that jail, but Legar had disappeared without leavin' a trace behind him. I could tell by the looks of Jenkins

that he was dead, but when I turned him over I got an awful shock. His face was all twisted up with sufferin' and full of deep lines and wrinkles. Then I seen his hair was all streaked with gray. When he spoke to me he was a healthy young feller, but when I found him he was like some old man about 70, what had died of some awful disease. That's about all an' I don't see how—"

But Margery did not wait to hear the concluding remarks of the detective, for at this point she abruptly hung up the receiver. Here was news of a startling character which must be imparted to the masked guardian of her safety without loss of time. Without stopping to even catch up a hat, she slipped out of her room and down the stairway. As she tiptoed softly past the living-room, the door suddenly opened and Captain Brackett and Walters stood on the threshold. The stern-faced officer watched the slender girl as she went out of the front door and closed it behind her. Then he turned to his crestfallen subordinate.

"Never mind doin' what I was tellin' you, Walters," he tersely commanded. "I want you to shadow that young woman. Don't lose sight of her for a minute."

So it happened that when Margery Golden paused by the mysterious lone boulder on Seven Oaks Hill a hawk-faced detective was hidden not ten paces distant behind one of the great trees from which the ridge took its name. He saw the girl glance furtively about her, and then from her pursed lips came a low, thrilling call like that of a bird. After a brief interval she repeated this signal, and presently a yellow-masked man came stealthily around the side of the great boulder. The hidden listener caught enough of what Margery Golden was saying to become aware that she was recounting, almost word for word, his own story of the escape of Jules Legar.

"I have a theory of my own as to what was used to kill Jenkins in that fearful manner," the Laughing Mask was saying, "and I am going to find out tonight whether I am right or wrong. Legar's followers have all been wiped out with the exception of a man calling himself Skidmon. He was known as a brilliant scientist until he contracted the drug habit, and then, when he was down and out, he fell in with Legar. He lives in a tumble-down old house at the foot of the blind alley south of Washington square."

At that moment the detective, burning with zeal to make up for the escape of Jules Legar by the sudden capture of the Laughing Mask, suddenly emerged from behind the oak tree and rapidly advanced upon the startled pair. As the Laughing Mask darted around the boulder toward the secret door leading into the subterranean retreat, Margery planted herself directly in the path of the oncoming Walters.

"You've about gone the limit this time, young woman," he snarled as he seized her slender wrist in his powerful grasp, "an' we'll see what the chief thinks of your helpin' that criminal make a getaway."

A little later the burly Walters haled his frail prisoner into the living-room, where her father and the detectives were still gathered. Captain Brackett, fuming with anger, tried his utmost to wring from her the secret of the boulder, but his rapidly volleyed questions failed to break her sphinxlike silence. Finally her loving but sorely tried father locked her in her bedroom to prevent her further interference. Hastily going to her impromptu dictaphone, Margery heard the voice of Walters repeating what the Laughing Mask had said about Skidmon, the last of Legar's henchmen. When he had finished, the blatant tones of Captain Brackett came over the thread of copper.

"Our best move will be to watch the house of this Skidmon," he announced decisively, "an' when our man comes along we'll nab him. If we're playin' in luck we might get Legar in the same dragnet."

As Margery replaced the receiver she realized the Laughing Mask was threatened with grave danger. In some way she must warn him. But there seemed no possibility of escaping from the bedroom. Then a sudden scheme flashed into her mind, which she hastened to put into execution.

To mislead her father she tied the bed sheet to the window sill, and when that gentleman discovered the supposed escape, he ran to the shrubbery beneath the window. Then Margery stole out of the closet and silently went her way in her car.

As Margery paused in front of a dismal old rookery she suddenly perceived in the moonlight a shadowy form mounting steadily upward on the narrow fire-escape ladder. When that stealthy prowler stepped onto the iron platform just outside the lighted window she saw it was the daring masker and realized she was too late to warn him. Before she

could attract his attention he cautiously raised the window and vanished into that house of mystery. But she quietly determined he should not be taken unawares by his enemies and quickly followed.

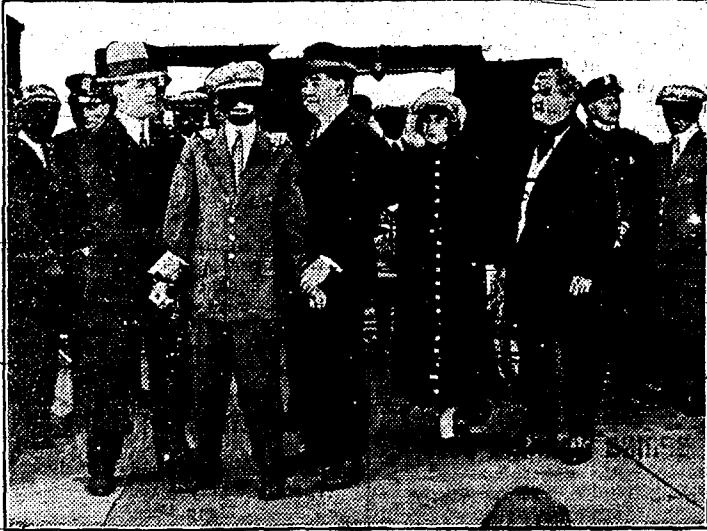
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He had apparently been interrupted in the midst of his investigations, for on the bench, just behind him, was some object protected from the light by a strip of thin taweling, a long platinum needle used in extracting germ colonies from their cultures, a compound microscope and an open notebook for recording the result of his labors. Facing the intimidated drug fiend stood the Laughing Mask.

"My patience is about exhausted, Skidmon," he said to the man shrinking back against the bench, "and unless you write that confession clearing me of those crimes committed by Legar with your devilish assistance, I am going to shoot you through the head with as little compunction as though you were a mad dog. Your terrible poisons have been responsible for more than one unsolved murder and society will be well rid of you."

This convincing threat had the desired effect, for the stoop-shouldered chemist moved sullenly toward a small writing desk standing near the window. As his reluctant pen traveled slowly over a sheet of foolscap, the Laughing Mask stood looking over his shoulder, prompting the other's delinquent memory with an occasional quiet word and the insistent menace of that ever-ready revolver. The details of these abhorrent crimes, committed in cold blood by Legar for the sole purpose of setting the police upon his enemy, had practically been completed when a shrill penetrating whistle sounded from the alley.

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In the Grasp of the Detectives Were No Less Than Four Laughing Masks.

strove to ascertain the meaning of that foreboding signal. For a moment only he relaxed his guard over the crafty poisoner, but that moment gave to Skidmon the chance he had been seeking. Before the startled girl, watching through the doorway, could cry out a word of warning, he launched himself upon the half-bent figure leaning out of the open window.

Caught at a decided disadvantage and unable to use his weapon, the Laughing Mask suddenly lost his balance, and, grasping wildly at the empty air, plunged headlong from the window down into the abyssal darkness.

He seemed doomed to sure destruction, but fate decreed the stringy branch of an elm tree should catch that hurtling body, and the force of his fall was broken when, limp and unconscious, he dropped a second later onto the stone flagging by the cellar doorway.

As the moon swung across the star-strewn heavens its pale light disclosed the still form of the unconscious Laughing Mask lying under the laboratory window from which the infuriated scientist had flung him. A one-armed man, who came slinking out of the shadows, saw the inert figure and bent over it with a savage exclamation of triumph. He glanced furtively about him, and, throwing back the blindhead doors leading into the cellar, backed down the short flight of steps, dragging the Laughing Mask after him, like a spider dragging a fly into some dark recess.

Legar seemed strangely at home in his dark and gloomy surroundings, for after letting the Laughing Mask drop heavily to the cement flooring, his groping fingers quickly found a battered lantern hanging from a rusty hook. This feeble illumination showed the cellar to be piled with all sorts of discarded household furniture, including a pile of worn-out carpeting near where the masked man was lying. As Legar bent over the helpless figure a faint noise came from the stairway leading to the floor above. He instantly straightened up and made a search for the noises.

From under the pile of carpeting two pair of long arms suddenly stretched out toward the silent form of the Laughing Mask, and, quickly seizing him by the feet and shoulders, dragged him under the frayed folds of that ancient floor covering. When the scarred outlaw gave up his fruitless search and returned to the place where he had left the Laugh-

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It flashed into his mind that the Laughing Mask might have recovered sufficiently to have crawled up the short flight of cellar steps, and, hurrying outside, he commenced a systematic search of the dark corners where a man in desperate straits might endeavor to hide. He had hardly left the cellar when the pile of threadbare carpet showed signs of sudden agitation, and, in obedience to certain commands issued in painfully broken whispers, two spectral figures emerged from under that singular refuge and glided toward the stairway leading to the upper story, where the laboratory was located.

In that laboratory the wide-eyed Margery Golden was searching the littered work benches hoping to find something to incriminate the venomous Skidmon. She did not venture to touch the glittering instruments, but turned her attention to the object which was hidden under the thin strip of taweling. When, after a little hesitation, she gingerly raised that dimly covering, she saw a thin glass vessel bearing a printed label and half filled with a gelatinous substance. She stooped and read from the label the words "Colon Bacilli," but that did not convey to her that in the nutrient medium contained in that Petri dish was a culture grown alive with millions of malignant germs. Hoping to find some more tangible clue, she replaced the towel and picked up the open notebook lying near the microscope. Her face went white with the horror of the thing as she deciphered the cramped entries:

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And as with a shudder Margery came to the last unfinished and cold-blooded entry she heard Skidmon rapidly approaching the door. Thrusting the incriminating journal into her dress, she quickly stole into the back room, where she could watch the laboratory without being observed herself. She saw the unnerved bacteriologist hurriedly drag a battered trunk from a dark and cavernous closet. As he threw an uneasy glance toward the door leading into the hall his face suddenly froze into an expression of abject terror.

Advancing from the doorway came a figure with features cloaked by a looking yellow mask. This startling apparition deliberately aimed a black

automatic at the terrified scientist and with his left hand silently pointed to the desk where lay the unfinished confession. Skidmon faltered toward the desk in obedience.

But his intelligent mind worked quickly, and by the time he had affixed his name to that document vindictive the masked fugitive from Legar's atrocious crimes he had banished the fears which this supernatural resurrection had caused him and determined on a course of action. Rising from the desk he approached the Laughing Mask, who was standing near the open closet with his ready weapon in his hand. Skidmon held out the signed confession, but before the other could take it the paper, with seeming inadvertence, slipped from the fingers of the scientist and fluttered to the floor. As he stooped to regain it he suddenly hurled his weight against the legs of his unsuspecting enemy with a force that sent him toppling over backward into the depths of the closet, and before the Laughing Mask could regain his footing the door had been swung shut and bolted.

Margery, from her place of concealment, saw the loose-lipped malefactor make a motion as though to destroy the confession, but he suddenly grew rigid as though gripped again by the hand of fear. Following the direction in which his eyes were staring, she saw the reason for his trepidation: A figure masked in the identical manner as the man just imprisoned in the closet came slowly through the hall doorway.

"It would be foolish to tear up that little document," he said in tones of grim determination, "for you would have to write it over. As it is rather essential to my welfare, I'll trouble you to hand it to me."

But instead of complying with this demand the dazed and panic-stricken analyst backed slowly away from that terrifying specter. His retreat was suddenly checked by the laboratory work bench, on which he heavily dropped a trembling hand to steady himself. As he did so there came a sharp sound of breaking glass and, with an abrupt cry of pain, he flung up his deeply gashed hand, splashed with blood and a thick ooze of gelatinous matter. He turned and saw the splintered pieces of the fragile vessel which had contained the colon bacilli culture. A dull moan of horror came from his blue lips as he realized he was hopelessly inoculated with the deadly virus.

In wild desperation he caught up the towel from the work bench and scrubbed the smear of blood and sticky substance from his open wound. But the strip of linen dropped from his nerveless fingers as a series of convulsive tremors shook his tortured body. Then his knees gave way under him and he slowly sank upon the floor, and after several jerky spasms his pain-racked form was stilled in death.

Overcome by the sight of that gruesome tragedy, Margery stood rooted to the floor, inarticulate and trembling. She saw the Laughing Mask pick up the confession and go out of the laboratory toward the stairway. Still holding the revolver, he descended to the cellar with the air of a man whose mission is but half finished. Even as he hastily concealed himself back of the piles of carpet he heard Legar returning from his futile search of the premises. That puzzled worker of iniquity suddenly found himself looking into a revolver held by the Laughing Mask, who had stepped out of the shadows.

Realizing he had been outwitted and that resistance was useless, Legar raised his arms above his head in obedience to the curt command of the other. But the evil genius was not slumbering, and as his lifted right hand came in contact with a large earthen flower pot standing on a shelf above him he grasped that heavy object and hurled it with all his strength full in the face of his masked opponent.

That crashing and unexpected blow accomplished its purpose, for the Laughing Mask dropped in a motionless heap as though he had been struck by a bullet. The one-armed man, bending over his apparently lifeless enemy, saw a paper protruding from the inner pocket of his coat. As he glanced at it he realized its import, and hurried up the stairs to call Skidmon to account for disclosing his guilty secrets.

The first door he opened proved to be that of a small butler's pantry, and by the flickering light of the match he saw in the gloomy compartment a statue-like form standing with folded arms. The silently accusing figure wore a yellow mask. With a half-strangled oath he dropped the glowing match end and slammed the door on that masked apparition.

He raced up the stairs to the third story landing, where he paused to regain his breath before entering the laboratory of his traitorous henchman. He suddenly recoiled as though struck a blow. Down the narrow passage came the Laughing Mask.

For a moment the terrorized malefactor covered against the rickety banisters. Then, as that dread figure came nearer, he wheeled about and steadily mounting up to meet him came another figure with its face also covered by a cynically smiling yellow mask. The despairing criminal turned and fled toward the attic, but standing motionless at the top of that flight of stairs was still another yellow-hooded figure. Like some fear-crazed animal, Legar rushed blindly through the laboratory doorway. Skidmon's body lay where it had fallen, and as Legar's eye fell on that ghastly and

distorted face he gave a sobbing moan of fear.

As he glanced toward the hall doorway he saw his escape was cut off in that direction, for standing on the threshold was a quietly waiting Laughing Mask. He threw open the door leading into the chamber where Skidmon had been engaged in packing his effects, but stationed in the center of that room was a forbidding form wearing a yellow visor. As Legar backed away from that hateful vision he tripped over the body of the dead scientist and fell heavily, striking his forehead a sharp blow against the edge of the laboratory bench. He slowly got to his feet, pressing his hand to a dazed manner against his injured temple, from which a little crimson stream was trickling down into his eyes.

Catching up the towel which he covered the glass vessel with, Skidmon, he mopped the blood from his eyes, and the jagged wound on his forehead. Then, as he felt a clammy moisture on his forehead, he hastily examined the towel and saw it was smeared with a substance resembling a crushed jelly. He saw none of that gelatinous matter on the bench and quickly picked up one of a piece of broken glass bearing a printed label. As he read the words, "Colon Bacilli," he knew his doom was sealed.

With distended eyes and foam-flecked lips he suddenly pitched headlong to the floor, where he lay writhing and twisting like a soul in torment. As the relentless poison ate into his vitals his convulsive struggles weakened, and death stilled forever his thrashing iron claw.

Then the shuddering girl became conscious that the Laughing Mask was standing near, and as he stooped and took the confession from the stiffening fingers of the dead criminal she saw his yellow visor was torn and splashed with blood.

Suddenly there resounded through the quiet house the sound of crashing blows delivered upon the front door, followed a moment later by heavily pounding feet as the raiding detectives, headed by Captain Brackett, came storming up the stairs. Presently with Enoch Golden and the heavy-jawed captain in the lead they came crowding into the room where he and Margery were waiting. In the grasp of those astounded detectives were no less than four Laughing Masks, each one an exact counterpart of the other.

The detectives tore the yellow coverings of their prisoners and disclosed the straightforward and unfamiliar features of four young men of about the same age as David Manley. With a puzzled exclamation the police captain approached the remaining Laughing Mask standing by the side of Margery Golden. That man of mystery silently extended Skidmon's confession to the police captain, who glanced hastily through it.

"Well, I guess that lets you off," he muttered with evident disappointment, "but now you're clear of the law, what's the use of hidin' under that mask?"

With a quick and decisive movement the Laughing Mask stripped off that grotesquely smiling piece of yellow cambric, revealing the handsome and boyish face of the young secretary, David Manley.

"Now that Legar is dead, my disguise has served its purpose," he explained in quiet tones, as he glanced around that circle of intent listeners. "He knew I would try to protect my employer and his daughter from his evil purpose of revenge, and by acting in a double role I was able to fight him to better advantage. I finally organized four of my friends into a sort of secret order of Laughing Masks, but they always kept in



The Laughing Mask Stood Looking Over His Shoulder.

the background except on one or two pressing occasions. Miss Wilkins, my stepister, made our masks, and we used her garden as a meeting place. Miss Golden has known all this since we worried Legar in the coal mine, and I think she will join me in inviting you all to come to a little affair which is going to be held in a church in the very near future."

As Margery turned away to hide her tears and her blushes, her father warmly grasped his former secretary's hand, and after a moment the solemn red face of Captain Brackett slowly cracked into a sheepish grin as he extended his beefy paw to David Manley, alias the Laughing Mask.

(THE END.)

The IRON CLAW by ARTHUR STRINGER

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

TWENTIETH EPISODE

The Laughing Mask's Triumph.

Margery Golden suddenly threw aside the magazine which she had been listlessly thumbing, and springing to her feet, crossed rapidly to the window of her cool, white bedroom. As she stood gazing out with unseeing eyes, a little frown of vexation puckered her forehead. From the open windows of the spacious living-room on the first floor came the subdued murmur of voices. But to Margery's straining ears not a word of that low-toned conference was audible. Occasionally she heard the rumble of Captain Brackett's voice, more strident and authoritative than the others.

The resentful officer of the law had conceived the idea that on more than one occasion Margery had aided and abetted the Laughing Mask in slipping through his fingers, and it was for that reason she was now excluded from the deliberations which the capture of the elusive assassin had been under discussion. In comparison of this very state of affairs Margery had devised the ingenious method of learning the plans of the detectives.

Having ascertained that the conference was in full swing, she quickly went to a small, dark table and, taking off the telephone receiver, held it pressed tightly to her ear. Her wire was a house extension connected with the trunk line, and she and the officers were now isolated. In that room the telephone switchboard, resting on a heavy mahogany table, had been skillfully tampered with. Presently the booming voice of the police captain came to the ears of the listening girl.

"When I get hold of a man I don't quit till I get him," she heard him announce in a loud, authoritative tone. "I intend that you and your boys and Legar, in a good, old-fashioned way, I do you. My Golden, if it hadn't been for your daughter's intercession, I'd had the bracelets on the Laughing Mask long ago."

At that moment Margery heard the door shut behind a man, and again it was Captain Brackett's voice which reached her. He was apparently questioning the detective who had just entered.

"What are you doing here, Walters? Didn't you get the message I sent you by Jenkins to take Legar out of that chicken coop they call a jail out here, and keep yourself hounded to him every minute until he was safe in the Tombs?"

"I got your orders, chief," came a hesitating voice, presumably that of the sleuth called Walters, "but I've got some bad news for you, Legar's broke jail. He cracked Jenkins and made a clean getaway."

Then Margery heard the hurried tones of the detective as he launched into an account of the strange escape of Jules Legar.

"I don't see where I'm to blame, chief," he began in a somewhat agitated voice. "I seen Jenkins around noon. He was going into the jail with a tray from the restaurant. He stops



He Knew His Doom Was Sealed.

and gives me your orders and says I might as well wait outside until Legar had his feed. That seemed reasonable, an' I hung around for about half an hour. Then when Jenkins didn't come out, I commenced to get kind o' uneasy like an' I steps inside to see what was goin' on.

"Jin's face down in the corridor I found Jenkins, just outside of Legar's cell. The cell was empty, with the door standin' open and Jenkins' key in the lock. We combed every inch of that jail, but Legar had disappeared without leavin' a trace behind him. I could tell by the looks of Jenkins

that he was dead, but when I turned him over I got an awful shock. His face was all twisted up with sufferin' and full of deep lines and wrinkles. Then I seen his hair was all streaked with gray. When he spoke to me he was a healthy young fellow, but when I found him he was like some old man about 70, what had died of some awful disease. That's about all an' I don't see how."

But Margery did not wait to hear the concluding remarks of the detective, for at this point she abruptly hung up the receiver. Here was news of a startling character which must be imparted to the masked guardian of her safety without loss of time. Without stopping to even "take up a hat," she slipped out of her room and down the stairway. As she tiptoed softly past the living-room, the door suddenly opened and Captain Brackett and Walters stood on the threshold. The stern-faced officer watched the slender girl as she went out of the front door and closed it behind her. Then he turned to his cross-fallen subordinate.

"Never mind don't what I was told in your Walters," he tersely commanded. "I want you to shadow that young woman. Don't lose sight of her for a minute."

So it happened that when Margery Golden passed by the mysterious howler on Seven Oaks Hill a hawk-faced detective was hidden not ten paces distant behind one of the great trees from which the ridge took its name. He saw the girl glance furtively about her, and then from her pursed lips came a low, thrilling call like that of a bird. After a brief interval she repeated this signal, and presently a yellow-masked man came stealthily around the side of the great howler. The hidden listener caught enough of what Margery Golden was saying to become aware that she was recounting almost word for word his own story of the escape of Jules Legar.

"I have a theory of my own as to what was used to kill Jenkins. It that fearful man," the Laughing Mask was saying, "and I am going to find out tonight whether I am right or wrong. Legar's followers have all been wiped out with the exception of a man calling himself Skidmon. He was known as a brilliant scientist until he contracted the drug habit, and then, when he was down and out, he fell in with Legar. He lives in a ramshackle old house at the foot of the blind alley south of Washington square."

At that moment the detective, burning with zeal to make up for the escape of Jules Legar by the sudden capture of the Laughing Mask, suddenly emerged from behind the oak tree and rapidly advanced upon the startled pair. As the Laughing Mask darted around the howler toward the secret door leading into the subterranean retreat, Margery planted herself directly in the path of the oncoming Walters.

"You've about gone the limit this time, young woman," he snarled as he seized her slender wrist in his powerful grasp. "an' we'll see what the chief thinks of your helpin' that original make a getaway."

A little later the burly Walters haled his frail prisoner into the living-room, where her father and the detectives were still gathered. Captain Brackett, fuming with anger, tried his utmost to wring from her the secret of the howler, but his rapidly volleyed questions failed to break her sphinxlike silence. Finally her loving but sorely tried father looked her in her bedroom to prevent her further interference. Hastily going to her, impromptu distraught, Margery heard the voice of Walters repeating what the Laughing Mask had said about Skidmon, the last of Legar's henchmen. When he had finished, the blatant tones of Captain Brackett came over the thread of copper.

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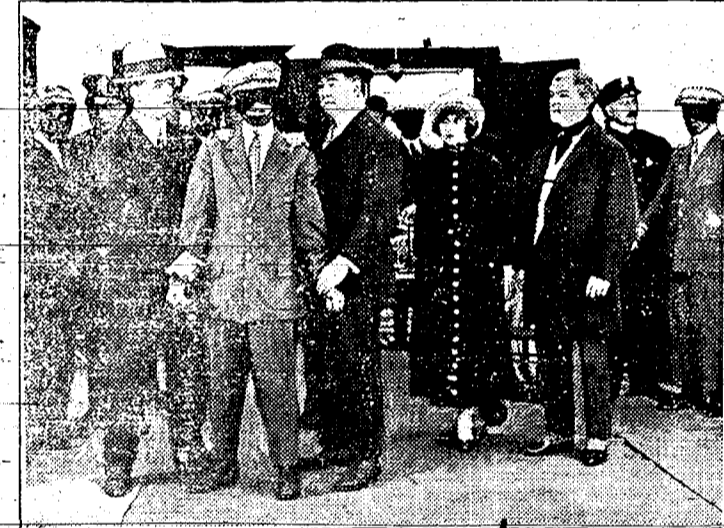
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May 17—Inoculated guinea pig with bacilli poison—died instantly; body shrunk and withered; much encouraged.

May 20—Discovery has just been put to a gratifying practical test—managed to get a needle infected with the bacilli extract to Legar who had been captured and confined in prison. Legar has just communicated with me. He succeeded in scratching his finger with the contaminated needle, and the man was seized immediately with convulsions and died in two or three minutes with all the symptoms to be expected. Legar regained his liberty, and now wishes to destroy an entire family named Golden. I will prepare minute capsules which will keep the bacilli alive and—

And as with a shudder Margery came to the last unfinished and cold-blooded entry she heard Skidmon rapidly approaching the door. Thrusting the incriminating journal into her dress, she quickly stole into the back room, where she could watch the laboratory without being observed herself. She saw the unnerved bacteriologist hurriedly drag a battered trunk from a dark and cavernous closet. As he threw an uneasy glance toward the door leading into the hall his face suddenly froze into an expression of abject terror.

Advancing from the doorway came a figure with features cloaked by a locking yellow mask. This startling apparition deliberately aimed a black

automatic at the terrified scientist and with his left hand silently pointed to the desk where lay the unfinished confession. Skidmon faltered toward the desk in obedience.

But his intelligent mind worked quickly, and by the time he had affixed his name to that document vindicting the masked fugitive from Legar's atrocious crimes he had banished the fears which this supernatural resurrection had caused him and determined on a course of action. Rising from the desk he approached the Laughing Mask, who was standing near the open closet with his ready weapon in his hand. Skidmon held out the signed confession, but before the other could take it the paper, with seeming inadvertence, slipped from the fingers of the scientist and fluttered to the floor. As he stooped to regain it he suddenly hurled his weight against the legs of his unsuspecting enemy with a force that sent him toppling over backward into the depths of the closet, and before the Laughing Mask could regain his footing the door had been swung shut and bolted.

Margery, from her place of concealment, saw the loose-lipped malefactor make motion as though to destroy the confession, but he suddenly grew rigid as though tripped again by the hand of fear. Following the direction in which his eyes were staring, she saw the reason for his trepidation. A figure masked in the identical manner as the man just imprisoned in the closet came slowly through the hall doorway.

"It would be foolish to tear up that little document," he said in tones of grim determination, "for you would have to write it over. As it is rather essential to my welfare, I'll trouble you to hand it to me."

But instead of complying with this demand, the dazed and palestricken analyst backed slowly away from that terrifying specter. His retreat was suddenly checked by the laboratory work bench, on which he heavily dropped a trembling hand to steady himself. As he did so there came a sharp sound of breaking glass and, with an abrupt cry of pain, he flung up his deeply gashed hand, splashed with blood and a thick ooze of gelatinous matter. He turned and saw the splintered pieces of the fragile vessel which had contained the colon bacilli culture. A dull moan of horror came from his blue lips as he realized he was hopelessly inoculated with the deadly virus.

In wild desperation he caught up the towel from the work bench and scrubbed the smear of blood and sticky substance from his open wound. But the strip of linen dropped from his nerveless fingers as a series of convulsive tremors shook his tortured body. Then his knees gave way under him and he slowly sank upon the floor, and after several jerky spasms his pain-racked form was stilled in death.

Overcome by the sight of that gruesome tragedy, Margery stood rooted to the floor, quartebrate and trembling. She saw the Laughing Mask pick up the confession and go out of

the laboratory toward the stairway. Still holding the revolver, he descended to the cellar with the air of a man whose mission is but half finished. Even as he hastily concealed himself back of the piles of carpet he heard Legar returning from his futile search of the premises. That puzzled worker of iniquity suddenly found himself looking into a revolver held by the Laughing Mask, who had stepped out of the shadows.

Realizing he had been outwitted and that resistance was useless, Legar raised his arms above his head in obedience to the curt command of the other. But the evil genius was not stumbling, and as his lifted right hand came in contact with a large earthen flower pot standing on a shelf above him he grasped that heavy object and hurled it with all his strength full in the face of his masked opponent.

That crashing and unexpected blow accomplished its purpose, for the Laughing Mask dropped in a motionless heap as though he had been struck by a bullet. The one-armed man, bending over his apparently lifeless enemy, saw a paper protruding from the inner pocket of his coat. As he glanced at it by the sickly light of the lantern he realized its purport, and hurried up the stairs to call Skidmon to account for disclosing his guilty secrets.

The first door he opened proved to be that of a small butler's pantry, and by the flickering light of the match he saw in the gloomy compartment a statue-like form standing with folded arms. The silently accusing figure wore a yellow mask. With a half-strangled oath he dropped the glowing match end and slammed the door on that masked apparition.

He raced up the stairs to the third story landing, where he paused to regain his breath before entering the laboratory of his traitorous henchman. He suddenly recoiled as though struck a blow. Down the narrow passage came the Laughing Mask.

For a moment the terrorized malefactor cowered against the rickety banisters. Then, as that dread figure came nearer, he wheeled about and steadily mounting up to meet him came another figure with its face also covered by a cynically smiling yellow mask. The despairing criminal turned and fled toward the attic, but standing motionless at the top of that flight of stairs was still another yellow-hooded figure. Like some fear-crazed animal, Legar rushed blindly through the laboratory doorway. Skidmon's body lay where it had fallen, and as Legar's eye fell on that ghastly and

distorted face he gave a sobbing moan of fear.

As he glanced toward the hall doorway he saw his escape was cut off in that direction, for standing on the threshold was a quietly waiting Laughing Mask. He threw open the door leading into the chamber where Skidmon had been engaged in packing his effects, but stationed in the center of that room was a forbidding form wearing a yellow visor. As Legar backed away from that hateful vision he tripped over the body of the dead scientist and fell heavily, striking his forehead a sharp blow against the edge of the laboratory bench. He slowly got to his feet, pressing his hand in a dazed manner against his injured temple, from which a little crimson stream was trickling down into his eyes.

Catching up the towel which had covered the glass vessel broken by Skidmon, he mopped the blood from his eyes, and the jagged wound on his forehead. Then as he felt a clammy moisture on his fevered skin he hastily examined the towel, and saw it was smeared with a substance resembling a crushed jelly fish. He saw none of that gelatinous matter on the bench and quickly picked out of it a piece of broken glass bearing a printed label. As he read the words, "Colon Bacilli," he knew his doom was sealed.

With distended eyes and foam-flecked lips he suddenly pitched headlong to the floor, where he lay writhing and twisting like a soul in torment. As the relentless poison ate into his vitals his convulsive struggles weakened, and death stilled forever his thrashing iron-claw.

Then the shuddering girl became conscious that the Laughing Mask was standing near, and as she stooped and took the confession from the stiffening fingers of the dead criminal she saw his yellow visor was torn and splashed with blood.

Suddenly there resounded through the quiet house the sound of crashing blows delivered upon the front door, followed a moment later by heavily pounding feet as the raiding detectives, headed by Captain Brackett, came storming up the stairs. Presently with Enoch Golden and the heavy-jawed captain in the lead they came crowding into the room where Legar and Margery were waiting. In the group of those astounded detectives were no less than four Laughing Masks, each one an exact counterpart of the other.

The detectives tore the yellow coverings of their prisoners and disclosed the straightforward and unfamiliar features of four young men of about the same age as David Manley. With a puzzled exclamation the police captain approached the remaining Laughing Mask standing by the side of Margery Golden. That man of mystery silently extended Skidmon's confession to the police captain, who glanced hastily through it.

"Well, I guess that lets you off," he muttered with evident disappointment, "but now you're clear of the law, what's the use of hidin' under that mask?"

With a quick and decisive movement the Laughing Mask stripped off that grotesquely smiling piece of yellow cambric, revealing the handsome and boyish face of the young secretary, David Manley.

"Now that Legar is dead, my disguise has served its purpose," he explained in quiet tones, as he glanced around that circle of intent listeners. "He knew I would try to protect my employer and his daughter from his evil purpose of revenge, and by acting in a double role I was able to fight him to better advantage. I finally organized four of my friends into a sort of secret order of Laughing Masks, but they always kept in



The Laughing Mask Stood Looking Over His Shoulder.

the background except on one or two pressing occasions. Miss Wilkins, my stepsister, made our masks, and we used her garden as a meeting place. Miss Golden has known all this since we worsted Legar in the coal mine, and I think she will join me in inviting you all to come to a little affair which is going to be held in a church in the very near future."

As Margery turned away to hide her tears and her blushes, her father warmly grasped his former secretary's hand, and after a moment the solemn red face of Captain Brackett slowly cracked into a sheepish grin as he extended his beefy paw to David Manley, alias the Laughing Mask.

(THE END.)

Briefs of the Week

Born to Mr. and Mrs. M. S. Berger, a son, May 1st.

Born to Mr. and Mrs. Robt. Evans, a son, April 30th.

Born to Mr. and Mrs. Charles Coykendall, a son, Apr. 30th.

Born to Mr. and Mrs. Kenneth Isaman a daughter, Apr. 30th.

Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Lalonde with children, returned to their home at Pontiac, Monday, after a visit with relatives here.

Born to Mr. and Mrs. H. E. Solesman of Pontiac, Ohio, a son, recently. Mrs. Solesman was formerly Miss Grace Coon of this city.

There will be a Jap-supper held at the L. D. S. Church next Tuesday evening, May 8th. Price 10c a plate. Home made candy and pop-corn will also be sold.

Ed. Denno, who has been employed clerk at Brabant's store for the past years, resigned his position Monday. Hugh Whiteford is now employed there.

Mr. and Mrs. Haley Bala and children of Gaylord visited at the homes of the former's sister, Mrs. Fred Longton, and his mother, Mrs. S. M. Bala, over Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Leon Sittser of Battle Creek, who have been visiting the latter's sisters, Mrs. Mason Clark and Mrs. Lyle Keller, and other relatives, left Thursday for Seattle, Wash., where they expect to locate.

Members of the Methodist Church gave a reception at the church parlors Wednesday evening in honor of a large class of incoming members. About 200 were present. Light refreshments were served and a pleasant evening was spent.

Geo. Dunlop of Boyne City, an employee of the B. C. G. & A. was injured Sunday, while coupling cars. An X-ray picture shows both bones of the forearm broken and the bones of the first and second fingers of the left hand. Mr. Dunlop is a brother of Mrs. Herman Goodman of this city.

J. H. Milford left first of the week for Port Huron where he will remain during the summer months. Harv was offered a fine proposition with a cement road construction company, and will have charge of building operations. Sorry to lose you, Harv—but here's hoping for all kinds of success.

A box factory and planing mill belonging to W. H. Nickless of Bay City (a brother of our J. H. Nickless) was destroyed by fire last Friday morning, at a \$20,000 loss. The mill was covered by insurance, but owing to the car embargo the warehouses were filled with finished product which was a total loss.

The Cadillac high school had a "hose day." The girls made a display of multi-colored hosiery. There were striped stockings, yellow stockings, green stockings and red stockings. In a few cases a stocking did not match its nearest neighbor. The result was so hideous as to be a perfect success. The boys wore smoked glasses in reproof.

Harry Powers, whose capture by the local authorities in this city a year ago last spring created a sensation which is still with us (and whom certain of our contemporaries had convicted and sentenced before his case had come to trial) was acquitted of the charge of murder performed against him by the authorities of Galesburg, Ill., at his trial recently, and is now a free man.—Charlevoix Courier.

Had auto accident took place on the good road stretch east of the city and near Wm. Howard's farm residence. Two cars met in practically a head-on collision and the one driven by Harrison Ranney was overturned throwing both Mr. and Mrs. Ranney to the ground together with their children. Mr. and Mrs. Ranney escaped with minor injuries, but one of the little boys received a severe blow on the back of the head and another boy a fractured collar bone.

On Monday at the Methodist parsonage, Rev. Quinton Walker united in marriage Martin Wieland, of East Jordan and Miss Vera Stebbens of Eastport. The young couple were attended by Mr. and Mrs. Henry VanderArk of Ellsworth. Mr. and Mrs. Wieland expect to make their home in East Jordan, where they are well and favorably known and their large circle of friends wish them many long years of happiness and prosperity.—Charlevoix Courier.

Smoke White Holly—5c Cigar. Geo. Spencer is at Midland this week.

Bruce Dickie left Wednesday for Detroit.

Dee Wiggins is employed at Burdick's store.

Thos. Whiteford left Thursday for Flint.

Will Boswell is confined to his home with quincy.

G. A. Bell has purchased a new Crow-Elkhart car.

C. S. Abbott was here from Detroit over Sunday.

Mrs. Geo. Carr entertained the Whist Club, Wednesday.

E. E. Hall is home from Detroit for a visit with his family.

Emerson Collins with family have moved to Boyne City.

Thos. Fitzgerald and family have moved onto their farm.

Mrs. Eliza Flynn was an Alba business visitor Wednesday.

Mr. and Mrs. E. V. Smith were over from Boyne City, Monday.

Miss Phyllis Weisman visited friends at Charlevoix over Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Herman Goodman were Boyne City visitors, Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. Thos. Brennan visited relatives at Bay City over Sunday.

Mrs. Alty Cox of Lansing and daughter, Pearl of Big Rapids spent the week here.

Mr. and Mrs. Bert Danforth spent Sunday with the latter's mother at Bellaire.

Enoch Giles and family moved Thursday into the Wm. Roy residence on State-st.

Wm. Kogama and family of Springvale now occupy the Jake Tafelski residence.

Mrs. G. W. Crouter returned to Charlevoix, Sunday, after a week's visit with relatives here.

Mr. and Mrs. Robt. Spence returned to Alba, Tuesday, where they will cook in one of the Camps.

Verne Flanders and family now occupy Mrs. Samuel Whiteford's residence on the West Side.

Mr. Tonga and family of Central Lake have moved here and occupy the Pat Foote residence on Third-st.

Howard Grant and family have moved from their home on the West Side to a residence at Orchard Heights.

Mrs. Bessie Greenwood returned home from Provenom, Mich., where she has been visiting her son.

The Pythian Sisters will hold a bake-sale at the East Jordan Drug Co. store this Saturday afternoon, May 5th.

Harrison Stewart, who has been working in the Upper Peninsula for some time past, returned home Saturday.

Mrs. Steven Covey returned to her home at Traverse City, Sunday, after a visit with her mother, Mrs. Oscar Johnson.

M. E. Ladies Aid will be entertained at the home of Mrs. Carl Johnson on Mill-st., Wednesday p. m. May 9th. Full attendance desired.

Miss Ida Levinson of Charlevoix and Mr. and Mrs. W. Wolfson and Mrs. Marks of Boyne City were guests at the Weisman home Sunday.

The Pythian Sisters will begin their work again and will meet Tuesday evening, May 8th in the K. of P. Hall. Meeting starts at 8 o'clock.

Mrs. R. M. Burr and son returned to their home at Central Lake, Wednesday after a visit with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. E. Smatts and other relatives.

Some people have supposed that spontaneous combustion is a myth, but there is nothing mythical about a fire loss of \$5,463,822 in the United States in a single year. When it is estimated that this figure is 50 per cent preventable, it may be assumed that such an estimate is very conservative. The most frequent cause of spontaneous combustion is from allowing oily rags to be kept in wooden boxes or in contact with combustible material. Certain kinds of oil have a great tendency to produce flame upon the least opportunity. The public has been warned times without number of the danger of carelessness in this matter, but oily rags are so often found in every household, factory and business building that the proportion of careless individuals is able to cause severe losses.

Mrs. Jack Lalonde is reported ill. Henry Clark is home from Flint. Joe Love of Deward was in the city Wednesday.

FOR RENT—A seven room house on Second-St. Inquire of Mrs. W. E. MALPASS.

Five Acres of Land FOR RENT ON SHARES—suitable for corn or potatoes. G. J. ZERWEKH, Cherryvale.

First Methodist Episcopal Church
Rev. John Clemens, Pastor.

Sunday, May 3rd, 1917.
With the closing of the Revival campaign the church services are to be resumed. Morning worship at 10:30; Sunday School at 11:45; Epworth League at 6:30; Evening worship at 7:30. The church "Doors" will be opened for the reception of new members. Helpful sermon by the Pastor on "After the Revival, What?"

Presbyterian Church Notes
Robert S. Sidebotham, Pastor.

Sunday, May 6, 1917.
10:30 a. m.—Morning Worship.—Reception of Members.
12:00 Noon—Sabbath School.
5:00 p. m.—Junior Endeavor.
6:30 p. m.—Senior Endeavor.
7:30 p. m.—Evening Worship.—"Children or Men?"
Tuesday 7:45 p. m.—Session Meeting.
Wednesday 7:30 p. m.—Reception for the New Members.
Thursday 7:30 p. m.—Prayer Meeting.

St. Joseph's Church
Rev. Timothy Kroboth.

Sunday, May 6.
10:30 a. m. High Mass.
7:30 p. m. Devotions, Benediction.

"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.

Mails by Airplane.

A regular airplane service between New York and Chicago is proposed. It is estimated that the flight of 720 miles could be made in from six to ten hours, with an average time of seven hours and a load of from 500 pounds to 1,000 pounds of mail. Flying would be at night, an airplane leaving each city at 6 p. m., and alighting at three regular stations, where extra machines, fuel, and equipment parts would be maintained. Eventually an emergency alighting station would be established every 22 miles, each equipped with powerful guiding lights. At present the fastest railway trip between New York and Chicago takes more than twenty hours.

Why He Hurried.

Aaron, seeing Beerbaum with a new overcoat, asks, "were did you get it?" "I was hurrying across Michigan avenue," said Beerbaum, "when I ran against a big car and tore my old coat. Just then the owner came out of the Chicago club and gave me fifty dollars to buy myself a new one." Aaron pulled on his own coat and, seizing his hat, started for the door. "Where're you going?" asked Beerbaum. "Out to see if that automobile is still there."—Chicago Herald.

High Life.

Two sons of the old sod were watching a picture of high life. The scene showed the interior of a clubhouse. A number of men were drinking rather freely and all showed signs of intoxication.

"An' phot do ye call that?" asked one.

"Phaix" replied the other, "that must be wan of thim 'full' scenes we hear about."

His Proper Place.

"I'm surprised to hear you say that you don't enjoy motoring with Mr. Twobble."

"It's because I see so little of him, you know," said Mrs. Twobble.

"But if he's with you—"

"That's just it. He isn't with me. Most of the time he's under the car."—Birmingham Age-Herald.

A City Chauffeur.

"What's become of your chauffeur?"

"Oh, he was with the regiment down a Texas and crawled under an army rule to see why it wouldn't go."

Lady Tree a Vegetarian.

"I have not eaten meat for three months," Lady Tree said at an animal lovers' bazaar, held recently. Maj. Gen. Alfred Turner said at the bazaar that he had not eaten meat for eight years and his experience had taught him that a vegetarian and corn diet was much less disease producing than the animal diet.—London Chronicle.

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 corral 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 Schulthess, and his official salary is \$540, with an additional \$300 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 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 have 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.

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.

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—if 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. Old Stuff.

"A scientist can take one bone and reconstruct a dinosaur." "That's nothing. Our landlady can take one bone and reconstruct a dinner."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Academic Consolation.

About the only consolation for the high cost of living vouchsafed to college professors is that some of them are able to explain why it is.—Milwaukee Journal.

LEISURE A LABOR FACTOR

English Workmen Don't Seem to Take Kindly to Scientific Management.

The British workman, like the British employer, has a special psychology, and neither German methods nor American methods wholly go down with him, Will Irwin writes in the Saturday Evening Post. Your Briton of any class does not like to work so much as the German or the American. He sets value—and I think sensibly—on leisure. He wants time for a little sport and a little talk in his club or his bar. It may be this radical tendency, it may be an inheritance of the restriction-on-output system, but the English laborer seems often indifferent to higher wages, while vitally interested in keeping the employer from loading him with too much work.

The munition factories in this period of national stress have been importing American efficiency experts schooled in one or another system of scientific management. I find that the British trades unionists learned their trade with general suspicion, believing their "premium bonus systems" are only excuses for "speeding up"—as in some hands they are, in fact. American speeding up seems a kind of bogey with British workmen. Again and again labor leaders told me, as a matter of common axiomatic knowledge, that the American workman is short lived. And this anecdote was told twice in my hearing from the platforms of labor meetings:

"An Englishman inspected an American factory near New York. The superintendent showed him the plant, with great pride, and boasted of their tremendous output.

"Your operatives are all young men, I notice," said the Englishman; "where are your old men?"

"Outside," said the superintendent, and he took him out, and showed him a graveyard!"

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The Scene Is Laid In Germany During the Pan-European War
By PAULINE D. EDWARDS

The German people are supposed to be phlegmatic. On the contrary, they are very emotional. The Germans are especially fond of what is mystical. Young persons of all cities are given that way, but Germany is the home of secret societies composed not only of young men, but of those who are older. Heinrich Borgesser and Carl Freiberg were regular students at the University of Heidelberg. Borgesser was a merry chap, always ready for a joke, while Freiberg was of a serious cast. Borgesser was a member of a corps whose business it was to practice on one another with the short sword. Freiberg was a member of the society for psychical research, whose object it was to discover some tangible link between the material and the spiritual world. The students of the university frequented a wine-and-beer house presided over by a man named Becker. His daughter Bertha, a girl of seventeen, was accustomed to wait on those who gathered there. She was a Madonna-like creature, with large, serious eyes, and there was a reserve about her that prevented those she served from the usual jostling that young men are apt to give a waitress. The only person who ever tried it was Borgesser, and he called to her face a look so pained, so entirely out of keeping with his banter, that he never tried it again. Freiberg occasionally went to Becker's place for his beef. It was soon noticed that he was the only man who frequented the place with whom Bertha would converse. What the secret of this willingness was no one could tell. All were equally respectful to her, but after she had set down their wine or beer they tried to detain her by a bit of chat she would invariably bring it to a halt and leave them. In time she received a nickname from the students. It was Lady Purity. Neither Borgesser nor Freiberg was of the nobility, but Borgesser aspired to be an officer in the army. Both young men served their term in the military service, but Borgesser was doomed to disappointment in securing a commission. The officers were appointed from the ruling class. About the time these two young men were leaving the university the pan-European war broke out. Borgesser's attempt to rally Bertha Becker had affected her so much that it sank into her heart. It was as if he had broken a fragile vase. There was no anger in her manner toward him. It was simply that she had been hurt. Strange as it may appear, it irritated him. He was ignorant of what this irritation meant, but it was plain to others that it was the awakening of a passion for the girl. When he was hurrying away to the war he found time to stop at the wine house to say goodby to her. He might as well have said goodby to a stone. But when Freiberg bade her goodby it was very different. There were few words spoken between them. Indeed, Bertha spoke not at all. Carl simply said goodby, with a pressure of the hand, while she said goodby with her whole soul through her eyes, and when he hurried away to the rendezvous she followed him with those same eyes while he was in sight. Borgesser and Freiberg were in different regiments, but hard fighting commenced at once between the Germans and the Belgians, and the corps to which they belonged, being decimated, were joined in one, and thus the two young men were thrown together. Borgesser seemed to know that Freiberg had obtained a success with Bertha Becker, which was denied to himself. Nevertheless he maintained the same friendly treatment of Carl that he had borne toward him at the university. Heinrich had often rallied Carl upon his predilection for "ghosts," as he called it and on one occasion, changing from banter to a serious vein, had said: "Carl, suppose we make an agreement." "What agreement?" "One which will satisfy either you or me of your belief in a hereafter and earth. I propose that whichever dies first shall appear to the other." "I have no objection to that," replied Carl. "Very well. It is understood and agreed that if I, Heinrich Borgesser, die before you I will in some way make you sensible of my existence." "And I will do the same by you." When the two men were in Belgium Heinrich reminded Carl of their agreement and added: "This fighting is getting thicker every day. I have a feeling in me that I'm going to be downed, and that before long. So you may expect to see me, my boy, for I shall certainly keep my pledge if I pass into another existence and am able to excite the senses of a mortal. My own theory is that I cannot; that you have no sense that will enable you to be cognizant of me, a spirit." "That is what we men of psychical research are endeavoring to determine," replied Carl. "Immediately after this dialogue there began that sacrifice of life, the like of

which was never seen before in war. Trains loaded with wounded began to leave the front for Paris and for Berlin, while thousands of dead bodies were thrown into trenches or buried separately as those attending to the dead and wounded found time. Heinrich Borgesser was reported among the missing, which meant that he had been either killed or taken prisoner. But the Germans were at that time driving the French back on Paris and were themselves losing few, if any, prisoners. It was they who were taking prisoners. Borgesser's friends therefore gave him up for dead. Carl Freiberg was badly wounded, and with many hundreds of others was sent eastward. His home was at a little town near Heidelberg, and after a few months in hospital he received permission to go home till he was ready to return to the front. After regaining his strength he concluded to go over to Heidelberg and enjoy a glass of wine served by Bertha Becker. He found few persons in the place, and, as for Bertha, she was working in an ammunition factory. But Bertha came home at night, and a few days later Carl went to Heidelberg again. Bertha had returned and, seeing the soldier limping on the walk, ran out to meet him. There had been no love-making between the two, but now, meeting after all that had happened, what was in both drew them together. They flew to each other's arms. It was now autumn, and the summer was dying by gasps, as it usually does. There would come a cool snap—a winter skirmish line—followed by a return of warm weather, then another colder period, which would after a few days give ground before another warm invasion. Carl and Bertha, when the evening was not too cold, would sit out on a bench in the Becker's private garden, as lovers have sat on garden benches from time immemorial, locked in each other's arms. The time was approaching when Carl would have to go back to the front. His first departure had not troubled him, for he had not then been aware of his love for Bertha; but now a return to that which was almost certain death or maiming was awful. He was not thinking of his own sacrifice, but of Bertha's. Whenever he spoke to her of re-entering those dreadful scenes she would cling to him as if he were about to be dragged away to execution. One night they were sitting in the garden together when they received a shock. The darkness was relieved by a moon nearly full shining out of a clear sky. The lovers were sitting in a bower open only to the front. Suddenly a figure appeared at this opening. "Heavens!" exclaimed Bertha. "It is Heinrich Borgesser!" There was just enough light of the moon shining full upon the figure to show the features. The face was deadly pale, there was a horrible red gash in the cheek and a bandage across one eye. Carl was visibly affected. Was this really the man who had promised if it were possible to prove to him that the dead may communicate with the living and had now come back to keep his agreement? One would suppose that a mind leaning toward a belief in ghosts would accept the figure as the spiritual body of his returned comrade. But now that a test was put on his credulity Carl doubted. The ghost stood for a moment facing the couple, then resumed its pace across the opening. As it passed out of sight something fluttered from it to the ground. Carl ran to it and picked it up. Holding it in the moonlight, he read with difficulty: "I forbid the banners." Bertha was near a state of collapse. Carl turned to her and, taking her in his arms, endeavored to reassure her. "What is on the paper?" she asked faintly. "Nothing of moment," replied Carl. But she insisted, and he was obliged to tell her. She sank back on the bench and covered her face with her hands. "We must part," she moaned. "Not by this command." "He has come back from the other world to warn us. It is not God's will that we should live for each other." "Sweetheart," said Carl, "there is something wrong here. If he had really come back from the dead I would have felt the presence of a spirit. On the contrary, I felt the spirit of a living man." "How do you explain his coming? Did he not perish on the battle field?" "I don't believe he did. He was reported among the missing. I believe that he was made a prisoner and escaped. I am sure it was he in the flesh." Time proved that Carl was right, but months passed before the matter was explained. Borgesser had been taken prisoner, but had got away from his captors, had hidden in a wood and burrowed into the ground. After many efforts to return to his own lines, from which he had been driven, he had finally succeeded. He had sought Bertha and found Carl in possession. Taking advantage of this agreement, he had yielded to a temptation to separate Carl from her. Borgesser returned to the front, and neither Carl nor Bertha ever saw him again, for he was killed in one of the attacks the Germans made to possess themselves of Calais. But before this fatal ending he wrote Carl, confessing the deception. Before Carl went back to the front he married Bertha. His experience with a spurious ghost turned him from his disposition to dwell upon the marvelous. Carl was so badly wounded as to unfit him for active service, so he was discharged. Then he married Bertha and settled down in Heidelberg as a tutor.

A Diplomatic Mission
It Was Attended With Difficulties
By ELINOR MARSH

James Maitland, son of an admiral in the U. S. navy, fell in love with and married Mlle. Julie de Lavallo, the daughter of a French diplomat who had spent many years in the French service, a considerable portion of which time he resided in Washington. M. de Lavallo never represented his country as an ambassador. He was an adept at secret methods then in vogue between nations, but, since the open diplomacy of the late Secretary Hay, now largely done away with. When any quick Machiavellian work was to be executed it fell to Lavallo. Maitland and Mlle. de Lavallo were married while the bridegroom was employed in the state department. At the time the Panama canal was being located and there was any amount of chicanery perpetrated both as to its location and the prevention of its location both by Central and North Americans. Then came young Maitland's opportunity. One morning the secretary sent for him, handed him a dispatch and told him that he wished him to take it to the United States consul at Vera Cruz, who would see that it reached its destination. Delighted at being thus enabled to make a beginning in his profession, Maitland took the dispatch—it was placed in an official envelope of the state department addressed to the consul—and was about to leave when the secretary said to him: "It is essential that the information contained in that envelope reaches our consul in Vera Cruz on or before the 13th. After that date it will be too late. It is well that you should know that its prompt delivery will involve the making of millions of dollars by certain capitalists. You will therefore be very guarded in speaking of your mission and watch well the dispatch. I send it to Vera Cruz by you in order that no one in this country may know its ultimate destination. Nevertheless there are plenty of spies about, and we may have them right here in the state department. Be careful, and good luck to you." When Maitland went home and with the exhilaration of youth told his wife of his mission, its importance, considering the interests involved, and all that, she failed to show similar enthusiasm. "What is it, pet?" he said. "You don't seem pleased." "Jimmie," she replied, "you will never get it through." "Why not?" "They will steal it from you." "What makes you think so, Julie?" "From a little girl I have heard my father tell the ways people take to outwit one another. I know all about it. You know nothing." However, the little woman packed her husband's suit case—all the baggage he proposed to take—then took the dispatch to the library, and when she returned handed her husband a box of cigars. He opened it and removed the top layers and below was an envelope addressed to Senora Sanchez, Mexico City, in Mrs. Maitland's own hand. "Little one, you're a brick," said the young diplomat. "I see your scheme. It would never do to leave the dispatch in my suit case under cover of a state department envelope, would it?" "No. Now, Jimmie, be careful of your suit case and don't let it out of your sight a moment." Maitland gave her a dozen kisses, picked up the suit case, called a carriage and started for the train. He reached New York during the afternoon and went at once on board the steamer which was to sail early the next morning. He was about to lock his stateroom door on the suit case, when, remembering that there might be other keys that would unlock it, he took the dispatch out from under the cigars and put it in his pocket. If he was followed, with a view to stealing the document, his baggage was surely the first place the thief would look for it. In order to discover if the case had been opened for the purpose, in replacing the cigars he laid all of those on the top row with the ends in the same direction except one, which he reversed. Having done this he went on deck for air. The next morning Maitland found himself out on the Atlantic ocean heading for the gulf of Mexico. He walked the deck alone, having resolved not to make a single acquaintance. In the afternoon he went to his stateroom for a nap, and before lying down it occurred to him to examine his suit case. Not that he really expected to find evidence of any one having been there, but simply to satisfy himself that it was as he had left it. What was his astonishment to find every cigar in the box laid in the same direction. The one he had placed differently had been reversed. The discovery took his breath away. After all, his wife was right. If there were those on his track who had already shown such skill in hunting for the document, what more would they do? Instinctively he clapped his hand to his breast pocket. The dispatch was there. But he did not feel assured that it would be there when he

arrived at Vera Cruz. He vowed that no one should during the passage come within arm's length of him. He napped in his berth and read a novel which he had brought with him during the afternoon and evening, not leaving his stateroom. The next morning he passed on deck. He expected every moment that some man would attempt to make his acquaintance. No man did, but a very pretty young woman sitting in a steamer chair looked at him as he passed her and cast down her long Spanish lashes. Every time he passed her in pacing back and forth she gave him the same glance and the same downward sweep. He suspected her at once and put himself on his guard. With the exception of the Spanish woman there was no evidence of any person or persons shadowing him. But on the second day out an old lady with very white hair came up the companionway and looked about for a seat. The ship was rolling, and Maitland, taking hold of her arm, supported her to a steamer chair. She thanked him, but he would have nothing to do with her. Surely he had reason to suspect every one. The old lady besides thanking him made some commonplace remark, to which it would have been polite for him to respond, but he turned from her as though she had some infectious disease. Several times after that he surveyed her from a distance and noticed that she looked very peculiar. Indeed, after scrutinizing her one afternoon as she sat dozing in her steamer chair it occurred to him that she was a young person disguised as an old woman. When the day before the ship was due at Vera Cruz he saw her and the young Spanish woman sitting side by side and talking confidentially he made up his mind that they had been sent out from Washington to steal his dispatch and that one or both of them had already opened his suit case. Probably one did the work while the other kept watch. A few hours before his arrival in port Maitland went to his stateroom, took the dispatch from his pocket and looked at it. He felt very happy. If he had got it so far on the journey despite those who were trying to get it from him surely he could do what little remained. Replacing it, he picked up his cigarette case, which he had left on a shelf, lighted a cigarette and, lying down with his novel, began to read. He soon became drowsy and fell asleep. When he awoke the ship was in port. He felt nauseated. Something had happened. He clapped his hand to his side pocket. The dispatch was gone. "Beaten after all," he moaned. Starting up, he staggered out and on to the deck. No one had gone ashore. A last hope occurred to him. He would have the two women arrested on a trumped up charge. There they were near the companionway. He rushed forward and, seeing a policeman on the deck, beckoned to him. The man met him on the companionway, and Maitland, slipping a ten dollar bill into his hand, told him that there were two women thieves on board who had robbed him. When the women reached the dock they were taken into custody. They made a great ado at their arrest, asserting their innocence. "I am an American," said the old lady, "and I demand to be taken before the United States consul." "I will take you to the consulate," said Maitland, "provided your confederate will consent to go with us." The old lady persuaded the other woman to make no objection, assuring her that it was their best course. Maitland called a carriage, and the three travelers entered, the policeman climbing to the box. On reaching the consulate Maitland insisted that the Spanish woman go in with them. He did not dare leave her in the carriage. She seemed indifferent about it, and the three went in together. The consul being engaged at the time, they were placed in the waiting room. While waiting, Maitland, facing the old lady, scrutinized her. What was there that was familiar about her? Suddenly—the Spanish woman's back was turned—she gave him a smile. He recognized his wife. Rising, Julie went into the hall, Maitland following her. "Don't worry," she said. "It's safe." "Where?" "In my corsage." "How did you come by it?" "I've had it all the time. When I handed you the cigar box in Washington it contained a dummy. I kept the dispatch." "Who opened my suit case?" "The woman in there." "How do you know?" "I saw plainly that she had been sent to delay the delivery of the dispatch and, pretending that I was on the same errand, won her confidence, and we agreed to work together. After she found the envelope was not in your suit case she was sure you had it on your person. You were very careless to leave your cigarettes in your stateroom. She picked the lock with a skeleton key, went in and replaced your cigarettes with those that had been drugged. When you were asleep she robbed you." "And the dummy? What did she say when she discovered that?" "She cried. Had she secured the \$100,000." While Julie was explaining she was opening her dress, took out the real dispatch and handed it to her husband. Returning to the room he had left, he told the Spanish woman that he had found the missing article, apologized and said she might go where she liked. When Maitland delivered his dispatch his wife did not appear in the transaction. He was well launched in the profession he had chosen.

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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 wherein the Circuit Court for Charlevoix County is held), the premises described in said mortgage, to-wit:— The east one-half of the northwest quarter of the northwest quarter of section three, town thirty-two north, range six west, Wilson township, Charlevoix County, Michigan.
HERMAN A. GOODMAN.
Dated, April 1917.
Dwight H. Wilson,
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. Lavina Webb, George E. Leng, or their unknown heirs, devisees, legatees or assigns, Defendants.
In this cause, 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, Lavina 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 Lavina 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 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, and 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.
DWIGHT L. WILSON,
Att'y for Plaintiff,
Business Address:
East Jordan, 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.