

# Charlevoix County Herald.

Vol. 21

EAST JORDAN, MICHIGAN, FRIDAY, JULY 13, 1917.

No. 28

## Red Cross Week

### Big Membership Drive—Program Every Night.

Eight meetings have been arranged by the executive committee of the Charlevoix County Red Cross Chapter who are in charge of the membership campaign for East Jordan and outlying territory. At each meeting the work of the Red Cross here and elsewhere will be explained and an appeal made to the loyal American spirit to stand back of the boys who are fighting our battles. Music is being arranged for and the committee hopes to see every Red Cross member attend every meeting possible as an incentive to those who have not yet joined, to boost for a cause in which no one need speak of gratitude the service is to our country and the work too large to be acknowledged by a mere personal "Thank you."

We hope to see large crowds at 8:00 p. m. daily at the following school rooms and Grange Halls:

Ranney School—Monday, July 16. Speakers—Rev. Sidebotham and Atty D. L. Wilson.

Rock Elm Grange Hall—Tuesday July 17. Speakers—Rev. Clemens and E. N. Clink.

Peninsula Grange Hall—Tuesday July 17th. Speakers—R. O. Bisbee and D. L. Wilson.

Cedar Valley (Bills School House)—Wednesday, July 18. Speakers—Atty Dwight Fitch and R. O. Bisbee.

Walker School—Wednesday, July 18. Speakers—Rev. Taggart and R. A. Brintnall.

Afton Grange Hall—Thursday, July 19th. Speakers—E. N. Clink and R. A. Brintnall.

Miles School House—Thursday, July 19. Speakers—D. S. Payton and H. P. Porter.

Three Bells School House—Friday, July 20. Speakers—Atty's Fitch and Wilson.

Following these meetings in the rural districts, and thruout the entire week in the city Red Cross members will make house to house visits to gain more members to our county chapter. Half of this money goes to Washington to pay the salaries of Red Cross nurses, to buy ambulances to gather up the wounded, to provide hospitals for the sick and dying; the other half of your money stays here to buy bandages, sheets, pillow cases, binders, sponges, surgeons supplies and hospital outfits. Be sure to be ready to sign up for every member of your family. Canada has spent an average of \$17 per capita for the Red Cross but it has been insufficient. "We are in this war and in it to the last man. What will you do to help? The little town of Clive in Alberta with a population of 120 people gave \$1300 in one day on the last Red Cross call. There are no obligations whatever in becoming a member of the Red Cross. You merely give a dollar for this year, two dollars if you can, \$5, \$10, \$25, or \$100 and receive a receipt accordingly. You can not be forced into the rescue service or called to a different line of work. This is the supply service of the American Red Cross and Charlevoix County Chapter wants 5000 new members in one week and then wants to forget all about getting members and put all its time in getting workers and in getting work done. In the battle lines in France news comes that newspapers are being used to stop the first flow of blood of the wounded soldier. Will you join? Will you work? What are you going to do about it?"

### Baritone Recital at Presbyterian Church

The evening of July 20th Glenn R. Dolberg, Baritone of Minneapolis, Minn., assisted by Nettie Correll, Pianist of Belding, Mich., will be heard in a Recital at the Presbyterian church. The program is made up of Oratorios and Operatic Airs with several choice groups of classical and familiar songs. Come promptly at 8 o'clock. Admission 35c.

Knowledge of one's ignorance is the master key to wisdom.

English papers say the French are eating garlic. Why speak of garlic, when garlic speaks for itself.

The per capita consumption of salt in this country is about 100 pounds per year. But there are still too many fresh people around.

A scientific shark has discovered that a cubic foot of air can contain 68,000,000,000,000 microbes. And yet some people complain of being lonely.

## MICHIGAN CROP REPORT

Lansing, Mich., July 8, 1917.

**WHEAT.**—The average estimated yield of wheat in the State is 14.76, in the southern counties 15, in the central counties 13, in the northern counties 16 and in the Upper Peninsula 22 bushels per acre. This total number of bushels of wheat marketed by farmers in June at 94 flouring mills is 81,264 and at 66 elevators and to grain dealers 40,072 or a total of 101,336 bushels. Of this amount 88,598 bushels were marketed in the southern four tiers of counties, 10,952 in the central counties and 1,766 in the northern counties and Upper Peninsula. The estimated total number of bushels of wheat marketed and used by farmers in the eleven months, August-June is 11,750,000. One hundred sixty-six mills, elevators and grain dealers report no wheat marketed in June.

**RYE.**—The average estimated yield of rye in the State is 14.38, in the southern counties 15, in the central counties 13, in the northern counties 14 and in the Upper Peninsula 21 bushels per acre.

**CORN.**—The condition of corn in the State, southern and northern counties is 70, in the central counties 67 and in the Upper Peninsula 85. One year ago the condition of corn in the State was 68.

**BUCKWHEAT.**—The acreage of buckwheat sown or to be sown as compared with last year is 97 in the State, 96 in the southern counties, 98 in the central counties, 99 in the northern counties and 106 in the Upper Peninsula.

**BEANS.**—The acreage of beans planted or to be planted as compared with last year is 123 in the State, 122 in the southern counties, 118 in the central counties, 129 in the northern counties and 121 in the Upper Peninsula. The condition of beans compared with an average is 85 in the State, 88 in the southern counties, 79 in the central counties, 86 in the northern counties and 95 in the Upper Peninsula.

**POTATOES.**—The condition of potatoes in the State is 91, in the southern counties and Upper Peninsula 93, in the central counties 86 and in the northern counties 89. The condition one year ago was 87 in the State, 88 in the southern counties, 82 in the central counties, 90 in the northern counties and 86 in the Upper Peninsula.

**SUGARBEETS.**—The condition of sugar beets is 89 in the State, 91 in the southern and northern counties, 85 in the central counties and 103 in the Upper Peninsula. One year ago the condition was 84 in the State and Upper Peninsula, 87 in the southern counties, 78 in the central counties and 90 in the northern counties.

**CLOVER.**—The condition of clover as compared with an average is 98 in the State and central counties, 99 in the southern counties, 97 in the northern counties and 101 in the Upper Peninsula.

**HAY AND FORAGE.**—The acreage of hay and forage that will be harvested as compared with last year is 91 in the State and southern counties, 88 in the central counties, 93 in the northern counties and 102 in the Upper Peninsula.

**PEAS.**—The acreage of peas sown as compared with last year is 91 in the State and central counties, 93 in the southern counties, 88 in the northern counties and 97 in the Upper Peninsula.

**CUCUMBERS.**—The acreage of cucumbers planted so far as reported is 15,299 in the State, 8,171 in the southern counties, 4,083 in the central counties, 2,860 in the northern counties and 185 in the Upper Peninsula.

The following table shows for the State the estimated acreage of the principal farm crops, fruit excepted, for the year 1917:

Wheat, acres	718,519
Rye	408,080
Corn	2,277,831
Oats	1,908,128
Barley	85,623
Buckwheat	61,509
Beans	540,472
Peas	63,201
Potatoes	437,731
Sugar beets	1,06,545
Hay and forage	2,267,496

The average prospect for a crop of peaches in the counties included in the Michigan Fruit Belt is 12. Average for Michigan Fruit Belt, 1916 61.

The following percentages gives the averages in regard to fruit in the State:

Apples—Prospect for an average crop, per cent 53; Peaches 11; Pears 62; Plums 53; Trees 68; Grapes 78; Raspberries and Blackberries 82.

COLEMAN C. VAUGHAN,  
Sec'y of State.

## A FINAL APPEAL FOR YOUNG MEN TO ENLIST.

The State War Preparedness Board, which has been conducting an active campaign for the recruitment of the National Guard for several months, is making a final appeal to the young men of the state to enlist. The Board points out that it is almost the afternoon of the last day for those who are hesitating in their desire to become volunteers.

"Any young man who desires to serve with a Michigan regiment in this war," says the appeal in part, "rather than among strangers of the selective army, has little time left. First, because the National Guard is filling up rapidly; in fact, it is now very close to war strength. Second, because there is a probability after the Guard is called up, recruits will actually be refused because the lacking men will be taken from the selective army."

"If the Michigan troops should be sent directly to the border, these additional men, to save transportation, might come to them from the drafts of Texas, Arizona, New Mexico, and California. Michigan draft troops might be sent, for the same reason, to camps at New Jersey where Guardsmen of other states are to train for France."

"There is a chance, of course, that we might be able to transport recruits from Michigan to the Michigan regiments at our own expense. But there is nothing certain about this. It is certain, though, that if a man enlists now, he can go into the organization where the friends from his home community are. If he waits until the draft, neither he nor we can tell where he will go."

## LABOR SHORTAGE IN FACTORIES

Upstate factories are already beginning to feel the labor shortage because of war demands. The Hancock Mfg. Co. of Charlotte is now employing twenty girls and women to take the place of young men who have gone to the colors. The Hayes Motor Truck Wheel Company of St. Johns is using women help for the first time. Speaking of this new policy of the Hayes plant, the Clinton County Republican says:

"There are at the present time fourteen women employed at the Hayes; one runs the elevator, four work on machinery and the rest are in the spoke department, grading spokes. The women look like 'really truly' men, with their khaki overalls and trim white caps. They have found that they can work better in overalls as a matter of convenience and safety from machinery. The girls are started with twenty cents an hour and their wages are later raised according to their efficiency. When they become able to do as much work as men, they will receive men's wages. They comply with the fifty-four hours a week law by coming to work at a quarter to seven in the morning and quitting at a quarter after five in the afternoon, with their dinner hour from a quarter after eleven to a quarter to one. The men work an hour less on Saturdays, but the women evidently do not believe in shirking on the job, as they put in full time every day."

## THREE BIG POINTS MUST BE CONSIDERED IN SILO BUILDING.

East Lansing, Mich., July 10—Three big points, knowledge of which may enable builders of silos to foresee problems they are likely to encounter, are mentioned by the farm mechanics department of the Michigan agricultural college as worthy of remembering. They are these:

First—Impervious walls. The fundamental principle in the preservation of silage is the retention of moisture within the silage and the exclusion of air. For this reason, the silo wall must be non-porous. Moisture must be prevented from passing out and air from passing in.

Second—Strength of walls. The walls of a silo must be strong enough to resist the bursting pressure of the silage, which acts outward in all directions as the silage settles. The friction of the silage on the walls and the weight of the material of the walls produce a crushing action which is great near the bottom of the silo.

Third—Smoothness of walls. To permit the silage to settle freely, and to prevent the formation of the air pockets, the walls should be smooth on the inside and not have any shoulders or offsets. Air pockets result in more or less spoiled silage.

## AMERICAN WHITE PINE THREATENED BY A FOREIGN INVADER

The White Pine Blister Rust is a very serious and destructive disease of the white pine and some other closely related species of pine. This disease was introduced first into America upon nursery stock from Europe. It had become rather widely distributed before its presence was discovered. Up to the present time it has been found in all the New England States, New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Ohio, Indiana, Ontario, Michigan, Wisconsin and Minnesota. In New England the disease has spread so far as to threaten seriously all the white pine both native and planted. In other states, it is in restricted areas where it may be possible to eradicate it before it gets beyond control.

The disease is caused by a fungus which grows in the inner bark of the pine and eventually kills the tree. It does not spread from pine to pine but goes by means of spores from pine to the leaves of currant or gooseberry bushes, both wild and cultivated. It spreads rapidly from one currant or gooseberry bush to another and from currant and gooseberry bushes to pines again. The fungus is not known to winter over upon currant or gooseberry bushes but it may remain from one to many years in the pine before it breaks through the bark and becomes visible in pustules of orange yellow spore powder.

The disease was found in Michigan for the first time very recently in a nursery in which it has been evidently for several years and from which white pines have been sold from time to time. There are probably other isolated cases of the disease which must be discovered and eradicated, for if the disease once escapes into the native white pine forests, its control will be practically impossible. As yet, the disease is probably confined to white pine trees which have been set out within the last ten years unless there have been currant or gooseberry bushes in the vicinity of diseased pines.

The Federal Government is now co-operating with the various State Governments to eradicate the disease wherever it is found. Strict quarantines have been established to prevent the further introduction of pines, currant and gooseberry bushes from foreign countries into the United States and from states where the disease is present into other states. In Michigan the State Inspector of Nurseries has been active in the inspection of nursery stock and prevented the introduction of pines, currant and gooseberry bushes since the quarantine was established. He is now cooperating with the Federal Government in a thorough investigation to see that Michigan is made absolutely free from the disease.

Citizens of the State may aid very materially in the work by informing the State Inspector of Nurseries or the Federal Agent at East Lansing of any suspected cases of the disease. Inspection of white pine plantations and of currant and gooseberry plantations in the vicinity of white pines will be made without expense to the owners of the plantations.

## "SAFETY FIRST"

At an early age practically all people have become slightly infected with living tubercle bacilli. This fact need not cause alarm, because it probably gives a slight degree of protection against subsequent infection. Safety, however, depends on the maintenance of a high degree of organic resistance to prevent these latent bacilli from producing active tuberculosis. This is not to be accomplished by becoming an athlete but by the daily observance of general hygienic principles throughout life. Keep the body well nourished; avoid great fatigue; work and sleep in well-ventilated rooms, in freely flowing air, and spend as much time as possible out-of-doors, but carefully reserve hours for adequate rest as well as for recreation; practice deep breathing and proper carriage; avoid other diseases as far as possible; and be temperate in all things. The State Board of Health will furnish free literature on tuberculosis and other communicable diseases.

Uncle Herb Hoover says we Americans use three times as much sugar per person as our allies use. Well, somebody in this world has got to keep sweet, or things will go to the demitition bow-wow.

Egyptian explorers report finding a bunch of dates 1,000 years old, but in a good state of preservation. The ancients apparently kept their dates better than the moderns.

## GOOD ROADS

Every road commissioner should be impressed with the fact that improved roads are now vital to our very existence. A recent article says:

"Every resource of the country must be utilized to the utmost and all unproductive expenditures of money and energy must be stopped. The efficiency of the American army and navy will be fostered by greater efficiency among those called upon to bear the financial strain on our resources and to furnish the labor and materials needed to supply our armed forces. The products of the forest, mine, farm and factory must be supplied to both nation and private consumer at the lowest reasonable cost in order that all may contribute their utmost, whether it be small or large, to the national defense. The transportation of raw materials and finished products becomes far more important than ever before, for transportation charges form a large part of the cost of many essentials. So the road builders of the United States must see to it that the largest return in public service is obtained from the funds they are authorized to spend. Utility must be given more weight than heretofore in reaching decisions as to road improvements, and mere enjoyment, ordinarily a legitimate object for some expenditure of public funds must be relegated to the background for a time. Our roads have acquired an importance as agencies in national preparedness which calls for a mobilization of our road builders for the greatest efficiency in the broad transportation problems of the country."

## DIXIE HIGHWAY ANNEX

To the President and Officers of the Dixie Highway.

Gentlemen:—We, the undersigned, Charlevoix Commercial Association, assisted by the citizens of the entire community, respectfully petition your Honorable Body to allow us to name the highway around Pine Lake, being over fifty miles in length and connecting the City of Charlevoix with the City of East Jordan and from there to the City of Boyne City and from there back to the City of Charlevoix, a part of this highway being a portion of the Dixie Highway, "The Dixie Highway Annex."

This highway around Pine Lake is being macadamized under the supervision of our County Road Commissioners and the State Highway Commissioner's office, and is known as one of the State reward roads. We believe that the naming of this highway "The Dixie Highway Annex" will be of great value to the Dixie Highway, as the trip is one full of beauty from start to finish as it travels through flourishing farm districts and is never out of sight of Pine Lake except for short distances; and the two cities of East Jordan and Boyne City are flourishing manufacturing centers. Road signs will be erected along this highway and especially at all three cities directing the tourists to be sure and drive around Pine Lake before going either farther north or farther south.

If our petition is granted, we will do our utmost to make this highway popular and attractive and a credit to the Dixie Highway Association. We beg to refer you to Mr. Phil L. Colgrove and Mr. Frank Hamilton, Vice Presidents of the Dixie Highway Association who are in favor of the proposition that we are submitting to you.

Respectfully submitted.

## Original Booster For The Dixie Highway.

W. S. Gilbreath, manager of the Detroit Automobile Club, known from Maine to California, and from the Lakes to the Gulf as "Gil," organized and until 1915 was secretary of the Hoosier Motor Club, Indianapolis, Ind. In that year he wrote an article called "New Money for the South," put it in his pocket and called upon the Governors of Indiana, Kentucky, Tennessee, Georgia and Illinois, urging their support for a great north and south highway. A conference of these governors, with representatives from Florida and Ohio, was held and the Dixie Highway Association was formed.

A second article appeared headed "Dixie Highway," giving the name to that highway. Both of these articles were widely published throughout the country. On the completion of the Dixie Highway organization, Mr. Gilbreath became its field secretary and was constantly driving between Chicago, Miami, Tampa and Detroit, organizing local county associations and boost-

ing better roads. Many of the large bond issues for the Dixie Highway, in counties of the southern states, were due to his work.

As an invited guest he made the East Michigan Pike tour last year, and at that time was asked how he would like to live in Detroit. He replied: "Fine" and is here on the job. "Gil" has a personal acquaintance all over the United States, having toured west on a good roads trip in 1913, and has made it his business to know people, roads, routes, and all manner of information of value to the motorist, and now Van Pelt is on the job and will get the road around Pine Lake from Charlevoix to Boyne City and East Jordan, as an "Annex" to the Dixie Highway. This is good work for all of Charlevoix County.

Major A. A. Fries of the Corps of Engineers, of the United States Army, has compiled some interesting figures of the number of motor cars available and their possibilities of transporting troops and supplies. He states that it ought to be possible to get together 200,000 machines of all sorts in any locality in a few days. Those machines could transport 600,000 to 800,000 men 150 to 300 miles per day if sufficient good roads were available in the war zone. In addition to the speed and numbers which could be transported in this manner, Major Fries points out why motor car transportation is more flexible than that of a train: "A railroad must be provided with sidetracks, turn-tables, and yards, which for a huge business such as war, must be very large and take time and great quantities of material in building. Not so with automobiles, where every foot of the highway, unless in a deep cut or fill, is a side-track where machines may unload and turn around."

## "INSURE POTATO CROP" IS ADVICE TO TUBER GROWERS.

East Lansing, Mich., July 10.—That potato growers should insure their crop against blight is the opinion of potato specialists of the Michigan Agricultural college.

"In this modern time, most men believe in fire insurance," says C. W. Waid, M. A. C. potato man, and they pay their premiums without complaint, even though no loss occurs. But when fire does destroy insured property they reap the benefit of their foresightedness.

"Many men don't appreciate the fact but the potato crop is as much in danger as other property and is as often partially or entirely consumed as if it was swept by a conflagration. The dread disease, late blight or downy mildew, is as deadly in its work as are the flames. But this disease, while it is an old one, may like fire, come at any time, almost without warning."

"The disease is closely associated with a humid atmosphere and moderately low temperature. For this reason some potato growers believe it is entirely due to the weather, but as a matter of fact it is a true fungus disease. That is, minute microscopic organisms grow and develop entirely upon the potato plants and rob them of their vigor. As a result the plants soon wilt and take on about the same appearance as when they have been frosted. Fortunately, however, the potato crop may be protected from destruction by blight."

"The material used for this protection or 'insurance' is Bordeaux, though to be effective it must be applied to the foliage before the blight starts to develop."

"It has been demonstrated many times that by the proper use of Bordeaux the yield of potatoes may be increased from 50 to 100 bushels per acre during seasons when blight occurs."

"For specific directions as to the preparation and application of Bordeaux, ask your county agricultural agent, or write to the Michigan Agricultural College."

It might be well to remember that the lengthening of the days doesn't prolong the reckoning of a thirty days' obligation.

The proposed tax on talking machines would lay a considerable burden on some of the self-confessed statesmen in the house and senate.

Tho the wise man puts his trust in Providence, he doesn't go about hunting holes for Providence to pull him out of.

The celebrated white paper famine doesn't seem to affect the output of new national songs. Thus the white paper famine has fallen down in the only place where it could do us any good. Before our army learns half the songs the war will be over.



# IS SOLE EXPLORER

Stefansson Left Alone in North Since MacMillan's Return.

## TRIES NORTHWEST PASSAGE.

Hopes to Sail Up the St. Lawrence River by November, Completing Four Year Journey From Vancouver—Ship Karluk Wrecked—Fourteen Members of Party Have Perished.

Seattle, Wash.—The arrival in Greenland of the MacMillan expedition, which left New York in July, 1913, to explore Crocker Land and which reported that this supposed continent, whose mountain tops Rear Admiral Robert E. Peary believed he had seen in 1909, did not exist leaves Vilhjalmur Stefansson the only explorer in the Arctic seas. It is believed that Stefansson and his twenty-four white men and eighteen Eskimos already are or soon will be heading eastward for Melville Island on board the motor vessel Polar Bear in an attempt to make the Northwest passage from the Pacific to the Atlantic ocean.

Stefansson and his expedition, left Victoria, B. C., on June 17, 1913, over



Photo by American Press Association. VILHJALMUR STEFANSSON.

four years ago, in the steam whaler Karluk. At Nome, Alaska, the expedition was divided into northern and southern parties, Stefansson, on the Karluk, taking command of the former, which was to seek new land north of the mouth of the Mackenzie river, and Dr. Rudolph M. Anderson, with two small vessels, proceeding toward the Coronation gulf country, east of the Mackenzie delta, to make a geological, botanical and biological survey of the country, besides charting channels and studying the Eskimos, some of which are blue eyed, it is supposed, from an admixture of blood from the lost Scandinavian colony of Greenland. Dr. Anderson, who returned from the arctic in 1916, brought news that Stefansson purposed to pass the winter of 1916-17 at Winter Harbor, Melville Island. It was his purpose as soon as the ice broke to head eastward with the Polar Bear in an effort to accomplish the northeast passage and end his adventures with an ascent of the St. Lawrence river to Montreal. Stefansson at last accounts had a large number of dogs and was in the best of health.

In a letter to Rear Admiral Peary dated Cape Kellett, Banks Island, Jan. 11, 1916, Stefansson said: "Should you not hear from us by November, 1917, it is to be presumed that something beyond our control has delayed us. I am of the opinion that in the spring of 1918 a ship or ships should be sent north from the Atlantic to look for us if we have not been heard from then." In this letter Stefansson expressed hope of co-operating with the MacMillan party in demonstrating the existence or nonexistence of Crocker Land.

## ONE MORE MONGOLIA VICTIM.

New South Wales Legislator Dies in Bombay Hospital. Bombay, India.—A New South Wales legislator named Wincombe, who was a passenger on the Peninsular and Oriental line steamship Mongolla, which sank with the loss of twenty-three passengers after striking a mine on June 25 off Bombay, died in a hospital here. He suffered from exposure and overstrain in rowing toward shore.

**DEAD COW BRINGS HIM NICE PROFIT**  
Topeka.—A cow that more than paid for itself was recently the possession of Dave Johnson of Republic, Kan. Johnson bought the animal, a 1,200 pound specimen, in 1895 for \$15. The other day he sold the hide for \$15.57, making 57 cents on his investment, besides having had the use of the cow for twenty-two years.

## NATTY SWEATER.

One of the Delectable Weaves Is Just Plain, Old Fashioned.



REAL PICTURESQUENESS.

Knitted horizontally in good old wash cloth stitch is this youthful sweater in apple tree green, worn by the movie star Louise Huff. The softness and beauty of these long sweaters are the characteristics that make them so popular for general wear.

## BABY BONDS.

Hildegard Hawthorne of the Vigilantes Tells About the War Loan. The French nation has set itself definitely against any premature peace because of one tremendous resolution—that the children now growing up shall not have in their turn to meet the hideous agony of war.

This is a war more to make the children free forever from war than for anything else.

"I wish I could do something, really something, mother," said a little boy whom I know, "to help America. Don't you think I could be a boy scout even if I'm only eleven? And when I'm twelve why can't I go on a destroyer and chase submarines?"

It was funny, of course. But it was not funny to see the glow of high devotion on that child's face, to feel that his whole being was thrilled with the desire of service. It was immensely moving. To turn aside that passionate wish to do something for the country whose history he was studying in his school, a country that to him was far more of a real object to be loved than to many of the older persons whose interests had narrowed to their own business and their own struggles, was to turn aside something vital and precious.

This boy was one of five children. Each child had something saved up, the result of self denials and ambitions. Each got certain sums weekly for chores performed or in prizes for good conduct. And all were eager to "do something."

So we talked to them about the liberty loan, explained how the country needed money to help it in the great work which they were as yet too small to share in, but which the money they might give could do its full share in making successful.

"If each one of you puts in \$10 you can buy one bond. You will have a liberty bond, and you will be really helping your country. If you earn money by work and by being good and give that money into the keeping of America you will be working for her just as much as though you were fighting in the trenches or sinking submarines."

All I say is, try it with your children. Use that beautiful young enthusiasm in a definite way. Let your child own a liberty bond and tell him or her just what owning it means. Let him grow up with a stake in his country's credit, let him feel himself a part of the tremendous whole.

This war is for the sake of the children. The child can help to win it if you use his generous wish to help his country and teach him that there really is work he can do. Even if he earns only a few pennies and you have to make up the rest he will be doing his best. He will be learning the lesson of patriotism and of service and co-operation and thrift. Let him own a liberty bond.

## Fruit Corn Bread.

Two cupfuls of cornmeal, two cupfuls of chopped apples or a cupful of seeded raisins, two tablespoonfuls of melted butter or bacon, a teaspoonful of salt, two teaspoonfuls of baking powder, two cupfuls of boiling water. Put the cornmeal into a bowl, cover with boiling water, mix until smooth and cover with cloth. When cold add the well beaten eggs and beat two minutes, add apples, butter, salt and baking powder and mix well. Brush three large pie tins with butter or drippings, pour in mixture and put in moderate oven. Bake twenty-five to thirty minutes and serve warm with fruit sirup or apple jelly.

## FREAKISH RESULTS OF A TORNADO IN KANSAS

Skips Church and Tears Clothes From Man's Back—Earring For Calf.

Wichita, Kan.—As is always the case, a recent tornado at Andale, south of here, did many freakish things. When it reached the edge of the block on which the Roman Catholic church is built in Andale it seemed to falter. It was headed straight toward the edifice and had wrecked everything in its pathway, but just before it reached the church it veered, passing to the east and leaving the church unscathed.

Frank Heiger was in an Andale restaurant, and when he came to after the blow he found himself in the street naked. He escaped unhurt.

A timber was driven into a residence across the street from a garage. The garage was torn to bits, but the residence was not damaged. Beside the timber sticking into the wall was a pair of pillars, one prong of which had been driven into the wood.

So completely were freight cars on the Missouri Pacific siding wrecked that not a single figure or letter could be seen in the piles of debris.

A calf on a farm northeast of Andale went through the storm, coming out with a small piece of timber through its ear.

Mrs. William Finn, an invalid residing near Sedgwick, saw her home blown from over her head and her husband injured. She was not badly hurt and in the excitement walked to a neighbor's, the first steps she had taken in months.

Mrs. John Heiger ran from her home as the storm struck. She left a canary bird and a cat in the parlor. After the storm she found the canary hopping about on the floor around the cat, which was too badly frightened to bother the bird.

## WOUNDED OF FRANCE TO BE TREATED HERE

Plan Formulated to Lessen Congestion in Hospitals Abroad. Preparations Under Way.

Washington.—It was reported that French sick and wounded would be brought to the United States to lessen the congestion in French hospitals. Quarantine stations in all parts of the United States are being rapidly put into condition to handle these patients. The big problem to the health service of the country, it was said, was to prevent the introduction of contagious diseases from abroad.

The war in Europe is called by government medical experts here the melting pot of diseases. War, it was said, brings an extra strain and danger, and the perils from diseases become more menacing than in peace time, owing to the fact that war brings longer hours of labor, harder work, less food, less clothing, less warmth and more nervous strain.

The public health service is planning to extend its work in every part of the country and expects the co-operation of the people. It will seek to prevent the spread to the country of peculiarly urban diseases. In this connection it was remarked that before the civil war typhoid fever was a city disease. The civil war was characterized by epidemics of it, and ever since it has been a rural disease.

Deaths from wounds outnumber deaths from disease in Europe, the first time in history that such has been the case. It was pointed out also that never has the health of any British troops, as an example of what modern medical science has accomplished, been better than that of the British army. Pauperism also has disappeared from England during the present war, and crowning the entire situation for the medical scientists is the enormous amount of research work that is being carried on.

## WILSON ASKS MOVIES' AID.

Brady Heads Committee to Assist Information Board.

Washington.—Organization of the motion picture industry for war service in co-operation with the committee on public information has been undertaken by William A. Brady of New York at the request of President Wilson. Mr. Brady becomes chairman of a special federal committee appointed by the president and has pledged the support of the entire industry in America.

In a letter asking the service the president wrote:

"It is in my mind not only to bring the motion picture industry into fullest and most effective contact with the nation's needs, but to give some measure of official recognition to an increasingly important factor in the development of our national life. The film has come to rank as the very high medium for the dissemination of public intelligence, and since it speaks a universal language it lends itself importantly to the presentation of America's plans and purposes."

## Seven Eggs in Four Days.

Luverne, Minn.—C. H. Mareux of this city is the owner of a hen that is unusually ambitious. Not satisfied with laying steadily, she occasionally produces two eggs a day. Last week she laid two eggs a day for three consecutive days, laying seven eggs in four days. The eggs are normal in size and well formed.

## CHARLEVOIX COUNTY HERALD

G. A. Lisk, Publisher

ONE DOLLAR PER YEAR.

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

## TO PROTECT INDUSTRIES IN CONSCRIPTING ARMY

Secretary Baker Warns Governors of Magnitude of Task That Confronts Them.

Warning of the gravity of the task, the war department has called upon state governors for their nominations to the upper tribunals that will single out the men for America's new armies. On each board the farm, the big employer and the laboring man each will have "a friend at court."

In a letter to each governor Secretary Baker drew attention to the double responsibility that rests upon the boards—to raise armies and at the same time avoid injuring the vital industrial needs of the nation. He said it was the "most vital problem of the war to strike a balance between the military and industrial necessity."

At the suggestion of the department every board will be composed of one member in close touch with the agricultural situation of each district, another member with wide knowledge of the industrial situation of the district affected and one in touch with the laboring man, preferably a representative of organized labor. In addition there will be one physician and one lawyer.

Secretary Baker emphasized that the needs of the nation demand only men of the highest standing for these difficult positions.

"They must be men possessing the mentality, experience and information that will enable them to solve the very difficult economical problems to be en-

countered," he told the governors. "They must be men of such stability, patriotism and integrity as will insure the interests of the nation against the urging of private claims."

The most delicate task of the whole work falls upon the shoulders of the appellate boards. The final and entire responsibility of sorting out the "indispensable" men in the "vitally necessary" industries is left to these groups of men.

"To district boards," the secretary wrote, "is intrusted the most vital problem of the war. Two things are to be accomplished—to raise armies and to maintain industries. As the war proceeds more and more men will be required for the battle line, and yet there are certain industries that must be maintained to the end.

"Any conceivable diminution of men must to some extent interfere with industry. The diminution must be made, and hence it is self evident that the problem is to reduce the interference to the minimum.

"A balance must be struck and maintained between the military and industrial needs of the nation, and the necessary sacrifices must be distributed with scientific accuracy.

"The interest of individuals or associations cannot be considered as such. It is the interest of the nation solely that must be considered."

## "FIGHTING IN FRANCE."

Marine Corps Adorns Homes of Members Serving Their Country.

A new card that will soon appear on many houses throughout the United States has been prepared for distribution by the United States marines. It has been designed to replace cards formerly distributed by that organization that read, "A man from this house is serving in the United States marine corps."

The new announcement, printed in white and blue letters on a facsimile of the French tricolor, bears the simple but more impressive legend, "A man from this house is fighting in France with United States marines."

Rosy futures seldom grow on purple pasts.

## TO LOSE STATE NAMES.

When Regiment Enters Federal Service It Will Be Numbered.

Designation of all army regiments hereafter by number and service branch only, without distinction between units of the regulars, national guard and national army, has been decided on by the war department to simplify official records. Regular regiments will retain their present names. National guard regiments will be re-named, their numbers beginning where those of the regulars end. New units will take their numbers onward from the last of the guard regiments.

For purposes of local identification national guard and national army regiments will be permitted to use in parenthesis after their names the names of the states from which they come. The former name of national guard regiments may be used in full in parenthesis, including both the name of the state and the former state number.

## THE ZEPPELS ARE COMING.

John Barrett Warns the United States to Anticipate Invasion.

John Barrett, director of the Pan-American union, appeared before a senate subcommittee and said:

"The consensus of opinion of aeroplane and other air service experts whom I met in England and France was that it was entirely possible that within another year from then the Germans would develop Zeppelins and monster aeroplanes which could cross the Atlantic and do immeasurable damage to such cities as New York, Boston, Philadelphia and even Washington before they would be brought down or obliged to land through exhaustion of fuel."

## Dog Mothers Five Pigs.

Charles McGinnis, a Delaware farmer, has a foxhound raising eight pigs in addition to her own five puppies, and the odd family is doing well. The mother of the pigs died when they were two days old.

Knowledge of one's ignorance is the master key to wisdom.

## EAST JORDAN LUMBER CO. STORE

People who are busy with other work need not feel that they "haven't anything to wear" even if they do not have time to sew.



Our Ready-to-wear Line is quite complete; dressy dresses, house dresses, coverall aprons, Children's Dresses, Boys' Waists, Children's Wash Suits all styles—dress suits and play suits.

EVERYTHING IN MUSLIN UNDERWEAR FOR LADIES AND CHILDREN.

See our line of Sport Goods, Gingham and Tissue Gingham.

Kindly examine this department, we find that it is quite complete.

East Jordan Lumber Co.



# PEARL of the ARMY

GUY W. McCONNELL



A Story of "America First," Unmasking America's Secret Foes

Novelized From the Motion Picture Serial of the Same Name Released by Pathé

## SYNOPSIS.

Capt. Ralph Payne, U. S. A., is given secret plans of defense to deliver to Panama. He attends a ball at the Granada embassy with Colonel Dare's daughter, Pearl. As a result of a series of mysterious incidents he is arrested for treason. The ambassador of Granada is found dead and the plans missing from Payne's coat. Major Brent, Payne's rival, enters into suspicious negotiations with Bertha Bonn. Pearl Dare follows a burglar from her home, is dragged into a field, and later overhears plotters, who almost capture her. Payne is sentenced to life imprisonment. A train carrying Pearl, Bertha Bonn and Payne on his way to prison is wrecked and Pearl sees Payne's lifeless body at her feet. She meets a mysterious stranger who offers her his services to trace the traitors. She learns that he has the plans. Pearl finds Adams in Washington and learns of his peculiar actions. Adams warns Senator Wardfield that he is in danger from a ring of spies. While they talk the senator's office is attacked by conspirators. Bertha Bonn asks Pearl to hand Adams a package which proves to be the plans. Adams is made Colonel Dare's orderly. They are ordered South. The Grandians capture Pearl and Adams to get the plans. Pearl begs Adams to let her take his belt which contains the defense plans. They escape and Adams steals the belt from her. Brent confronts Adams communicating with the enemy. Bertha Bonn warns Pearl against her professed friends. Pearl is captured again by the Grandians. She is rescued by Adams. Disguised as his brother she accompanies him into the camp of the conspirators, and poses as a chemist. They are recognized; in the fight Adams saves Pearl from harm. Colonel Dare arrives with American troops. The black scari appear. Pearl and Toko follow Adams on his way to an appointment at the chemical building. All three fall into the hands of the "Foreign Alliance." The ship is blown up. Bertlett soldiers who also take Pearl with them. They carry her aboard ship and she is again saved by Adams from the "Foreign Alliance." They escape. Adams surprises Brent in Dare's home stealing the plans. They in turn are confronted by Toko.

## TENTH EPISODE

### The Silent Army.

"Who opened my safe?" It was the voice of Colonel Dare. He stood in the doorway and looked from one to the other. Toko, whose revolver was aimed at Adams, dropped his arm. He was a bit confused. Adams put his own revolver in his hip pocket with a significant motion toward Major Brent. Then he exhibited the Canal defense plans to the colonel. Brent, pointing to the open safe door, started to manufacture an explanation. "When I entered this room a moment ago a strange man was kneeling at the safe. It was wide open. He was in the act of stealing the Canal defense plans. I leaped on him. He dropped the plans and jumped out of the window." All looked at the open library window. "I was about to replace the document in the safe," he concluded the bold and deliberate falsehood, "when Adams arrived and demanded the plans under threat of his gun. Toko came and held us both up." He forced a sickly smile. Adams sneered in his face, leaned out of the window, and looked carefully in every direction. Then a scurry of footsteps was heard on the walk and a grotesque shadow flashed across the room. He drew back instantly, holding up both empty hands. "Quick! The plans! They were snatched from me!" he cried to the startled group, bolting past them and out of the house. But though the premises were thoroughly searched, whoever the thief was, he made a successful escape. The only person in sight was a lamplighter busily engaged in replacing a broken shade on a post in front of the Dare residence. He paused in his work and from the top of his ladder



Pearl's Parachute Landed Her Safely. took in the excitement with a quizzical smile. Major Brent ran up and looked sharply into his downturned face. "Have you seen any person pass by within the last minute or two?" The workman shook his head and came half way down the ladder. "Your name's Brent, ain't it?" "What if it is?" gruffly demanded the major, looking around and noting that they were not observed. The lamplighter stepped to the ground and slipped a note into Brent's hand. Then he swung the ladder over his shoulder and coolly departed. Brent found a place where he could

read the surreptitious missive unseen by anyone. The signature confirmed his suspicions that a clever trick had been perpetrated. "Bertha Bonn's locket is not in Colonel Dare's safe, after all. Pardon my error. Thanks for the canal defense plans." It was, of course, from the Silent Menace, under his usual silhouette. Brent crushed the note in his fist and compared it with one he had received by an unknown messenger at the barracks earlier in the day. "Major Brent," the first note read. "You will find the locket in Colonel Dare's safe. No one but Adams who hid it there knows this." But the signature was not that of the Silent Menace, nor was the writing the same. It purported to come from Bertha Bonn. He destroyed the two missives and joined the colonel who with Adams and Toko had returned to the library. They were greatly agitated and at a loss to know what to do. Wondering what the trouble was about, Pearl came down the stairs and joined the group. Naturally Adams was embarrassed in the extreme. "It was so sudden like, I didn't know what happened till it was all over," stammered the miserable fellow. "I shoulda know'd better than to go near the blamed window with them plans in my hands!" Suspicion was now removed from Brent as his explanation of the affair at the safe had all the marks and verifications of the truth. It was his chance to be insinuating and sarcastic about Adams and he did not let it slip. "It seems to me that every time anything happens to the Canal defense plans you are in or around it—or somewhere about," he could not refrain from saying to Adams in a most caustic manner. Colonel Dare raised a protesting voice. "The fact of the matter is that there has been entirely too much misunderstanding among us all," he declared, testily. He looked at Major Brent severely. "You, and Toko, too," he gave his chauffeur a sharp glance, "and possibly my daughter and myself have been over suspicious of this young man." He laid a kindly hand on Adams' shoulder. "The time has come when we must trust one another more fully or else we will get nowhere in our efforts to unmask the Silent Menace and the secret foreign alliance with which he is co-operating. I must confess that I am at my wits' ends." Toko looked sheepish. Adams stared out of the window. Brent shifted his eyes uneasily. (His features twitched perceptibly. Pearl asked a question or two. "I trust Adams—when he acts in the open. But will he explain how he came to preside as the Silent Menace at that meeting of the Foreign Alliance?" "I wasn't presiding. I was pretending," put in Adams quickly. "Did the Foreign Alliance think you were pretending?" "Sure! If you hadn't thrown that bomb at them they'd have been caught, too. Wouldn't they colonel?" The colonel turned to his daughter with a faint smile. "Adams can explain all that, Pearl!" "Has he explained how he located the meeting place of the Foreign Alliance in the uninhabited tenement house where the note from the Silent Menace was found not two minutes after he entered and disappeared?" "No'm, but I will. I got the address left by the Silent Menace at the newspaper office when he answered the government's ad!" Even Toko was obliged to admit how simple and clever a thing to do this was. "I don't know yet, colonel, who named Miss Dare in the box with the bomb," Adams went on, seeing the doubts about him dissolving somewhat. "It might have been that there Silent Menace, but I don't think it was." For a brief second his eyes enveloped the nervous major. "It mighta been the c-cabin boy, just to g-get even. He's dead anyhow and so are them there munition m-manufacturers. They were killed in the explosion."

"What were their names?" interjected the colonel. "I don't know. And I don't know the names of the Foreign Alliance, either. Except Karnavi, which is f-fake. If they're alive after that explosion, they've got the Canal defense plans, that's dead sure. But they haven't got the chemicals so they can't use the p-plans." Then for the first time Adams was told how the box of wafers from Pearl reached Colonel Dare through Bertha Bonn and were subsequently stolen from Major Brent. The major did the talking. Adams made Brent repeat the story several times before he could believe it to be true. He watched Brent narrowly while the latter told how he had been drugged and questioned him politely but insistently as to the place and time. Brent's answers were terse, clear and convincing, a little too much so, perhaps to Adams.

amazed to hear Adams tell this truth, when he was the guilty person; and Bertha Bonn, likewise was puzzled. "Yas, I sent them to her this morning," coolly continued Adams with a smile at Pearl. "I found them in the trouser pockets of that there cabin boy when I brought his c-clothes to you. I w-wanted to see if the Silent Menace would get on t-to it if I sent them to Miss Bonn. He got on to it all right, but he g-gets on to everything. By-golly!" Brent squirmed and acted as if he were going to choke, and for that matter so did Bertha Bonn. Toko looked at Adams dubiously. The countenances of both Colonel Dare and his daughter cleared. "The Canal defense plans are worthless without these wafers to interpret them. Thank heavens for that!" burst from the lips of Colonel Dare. He thanked Bertha excitedly and excused himself. Major Brent followed him out. "War office, Toko!" called the colonel, slapping Brent on the shoulder in an excess of relief. Brent showed that he, too, was relieved. "All is not lost, yet," Brent remarked hopefully. "Miss Bonn!" Pearl impulsively exclaimed after the others, save Adams, withdrew, an idea striking her; "our lives have been thrown strangely together. Unwittingly you have been drawn into this terrible plot in which we are enmeshed. I am under very great obligations to you. Will you not come and pay me a visit? You will be most welcome, and, I think, helpful." Miss Dare's invitation fairly took Bertha's breath away, it was so unexpected and opportune. She glanced carelessly at Adams. He arched his eyebrows and without being observed by Miss Dare nodded approval. That afternoon Bertha gave up her apartment at the Hotel Wilton and became a guest in the Dare household. When Colonel Dare returned he was

Toko regarded this conversation with more than usual interest because of the personal antagonism existing between these two men toward whom he cherished no kindly feelings. Pearl only partly listened, and the colonel not at all, until at the end of the grilling Brent, for the purpose of shifting the subject for obvious reasons, turned suddenly to Miss Dare. "You never explained where you got the box of wafers, Pearl!" "I gave them t-to her," put in Adams quickly, with a faint laugh. "In the chemical building basement d-during the fight!" "So it was you!" exclaimed Pearl, looking quickly at her father. "And not the Silent Menace?" "I got 'em t-from him," Adams grimly stated; but he did not explain how or when or where, leaving them to infer their own conclusions. That put Adams straight in the minds of both the Dares. The conference now adjourned, the colonel telephoned his loss to the war office and made an appointment to call on the secretary later in the day. Someone in the outer room knocked on the door. Pearl opened it slightly and peered through the crack. "Miss Bertha Bonn," announced Toko with gravity, letting the woman enter. "This is my fault, not Toko's," Bertha excitedly explained, noticing Colonel Dare's angry look at his chauffeur for permitting this intrusion. Both Major Brent and Adams had followed her into the room. She took a little round box from out of her mesh bag. "I was told to bring this to you, Colonel Dare," she stated, handing it to him. "By whom?" quickly asked Pearl, for she recognized the box. "A telephone call not ten minutes ago. No name was given." "The wafers!" ejaculated the colonel, staring at the contents of the box. "Where did you get them, Miss Bonn?" It was the wavering voice of Major Brent. "Yea! Where did you get them?" the others echoed in unison, except T. O. Adams. Before Bertha could frame a reply, he took the wafers from Colonel Dare and inspected them critically. "By gum! Them's the w-wafers all right!" He returned them to the stupefied colonel. "I give them to Miss Bonn, sir. I knew t-they'd be safe with her." "You!" exploded Major Brent,



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not sure that he was pleased with this new state of affairs. "You know nothing about Miss Bonn and what I hear does not reflect too well in her favor," he told Pearl, candidly. "She's inoffensive, so far as I can see," Pearl replied, with a touch of hauteur. To Pearl's inquiry about the result of his conference at the war office the colonel merely stated that the wafers had been delivered to the head chemist at the laboratories in the chemical building to be analyzed and duplicated so as to have an ample supply available if needed. Then the colonel whispered an army secret into Pearl's ear. "A million?" she repeated, at once greatly interested. "A million volunteers," he reiterated. "When will the call go out?" "As soon as a mobilization schedule is prepared by the chief of staff and myself assisting the secretary of war." Pearl clapped her hands in approval. When Bertha joined the party in the dining room, Brent was forewarned and met her with dignified composure. That night at dinner Bertha plied her feminine arts with such charm and recherche that he had to pinch himself several times, metaphorically speaking, in order to make sure that the engaging lady and the post-sergeant's girl were one and the same. Man of easy and impressionable temperament that he was, Brent began to think that he was a fool to defy Bertha. It would be much less difficult and certainly more pleasurable to take the place he knew he filled in her heart—and chance the rest. It was the easiest way with women of that kind, anyhow; and Pearl need never know. The conversation dwelled upon matters of mutual interest; the first disappearance of the Canal defense plans; the death of the Grandian ambassador coincident with the conviction of Capt. Ralph Payne; Payne's untimely end in the railroad wreck and his fortune in proving the innocence he declared in those dying moments; the entrance of Adams into their lives and how now they believed in him, now doubting, never altogether satisfied that some link existed between him and the Silent Menace, yet forced to accept his explanations as true with the doubt always in his favor in the minds of the colonel and Miss Dare at least; their queer adventures on the Grandian frontier and Bertha's near trag-

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These were strange and disturbing words to Bertha. She walked to a window and looked down on the street. It had been a long time since Bertha's mind speculated upon things of serious import. She was half inclined to envy Pearl Dare if only for the impulse to good and noble deeds life in that household encouraged. She shrugged her shoulders and sighed hopelessly. She had indeed made a mess of her life. Pearl, who was studying Bertha quietly, wondered at her sudden abstraction. "What do you see on the sidewalk that makes you sigh so dimly?" "Nothing but a lamplighter on his nightly rounds," quickly evaded Bertha, changing her mood. "That's queer!" she added and motioned to Pearl, whispering: "Come here!" Pearl hastened to the window, gave one glance in the direction indicated by Bertha and ran to her desk. She opened a drawer and hurried back to the window with a pair of sea-glasses of the kind used on ships at night. Through these binoculars Pearl gazed at the lamplighter. He stood on top of his ladder ostensibly testing the strength of one of the powerful bulbs in the cluster of electric lights on the post. In reality he had found and was reading a message evidently left there for him. "Can you make it out? Is it something unusual?" whispered Bertha, softly and curiously. Pearl's hands shook as she pressed the glasses against her eyes. The Silent Army is to assemble at the Owl's hour at the Chemical building. The Silent Flyer will be there. By command of the Silent Menace. The lamplighter replaced the note and leaping to the ground disappeared with his ladder under his arm. "The wafers!" ejaculated Pearl, repeating the words to Bertha while the two dashed down the steps. "The Silent Army!" repeated Bertha under her breath, as they rushed into the study, thinking of the words to which the colonel on that subject had just given utterance. Pearl rapidly related her discovery and all hurried to the door. They met Adams on the threshold. He blocked their exit. "See here w-what I just found on that there lamp post!" he stammered, addressing the colonel, handing him a little piece of paper. It was the message read and left by the lamplighter. The apparently genuine alarm of the orderly removed from their thoughts any momentary suspicion of him in connection with this new mystery even though it struck them as odd that the conviving of the Silent Menace with his accomplices was taking place almost within their door—Bertha and Brent both excepted. The latter recalled his experience with the lamplighter that morning. Adams, so ordered by the colonel, went to the garage to get one of the automobiles for a dash to town. Some little delay ensued for Toko was sound asleep in his room in the upper story. While they waited the colonel telephoned to the barracks and ordered his entire regiment to proceed to the Chemical building. Brent on another line notified the war office. "This isn't a hoax, that's sure!" muttered the colonel as he replaced the telephone receiver. He had been unable to connect with the Chemical building. Exchange told him that something was wrong with the wires there. They were seated in the car; Toko was shifting the gears. "Stop!" cried Pearl with a dramatic upward gesture. High in the skies, quite distinct, yet unaccompanied by sound, two fiery red, dragon-like eyes flashed ferociously, dazzling and blinding human sight. They moved as swiftly as the wind although no breezes stirred. Involuntarily they shrank in awe of the weird spectacle. "It's t-the Silent Flyer!" fell from the lips of Adams. Toko opened the throttle and the car almost lifting itself from the asphalt bounded forward. They reached the Chemical building at neck-breaking speed, regardless of city laws and frightened pedestrians. Near the gates a soap box orator held spellbound an audience of a thousand or more peaceful enough looking citizens intent upon every word of an eloquent speech on the topical theme of "The High Cost of Living."

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dust. She dashed after him. The chase led to the top of the building. Here she flung herself upon the unknown person and succeeded in wrenching from his tightly clenched fist the box of wafers her quick eye discovered there. He tried to retake them but Bertha re-enforced her and drove him off. The most thrilling experience of her life now befell Pearl. The masked man was seen to creep into a seat attached to a huge cigar-shaped object



Pearl's Hands Shook as She Held the Glasses to Her Eyes. lying in a dark spot on the roof. It was the Silent Flyer. If she had thought twice she would have let him escape for she had the wafers. But her momentary thought was to see his face. She flew at and grabbed him just as he jerked a set of levers and the "thing" soared. Before Bertha's horror-stricken gaze Pearl was dragged into mid-air. They vanished in a second. Then the red piercing eyes flashed down upon Bertha who shrieked and fell fainting in a heap. From somewhere in the sky the motor of an airplane purred. Pearl's distended eyes glimpsed the machine sweeping by. She heard the driver yell. Then a canopy enveloped her. She exchanged her hold and clinging to a confusion of ropes, closed her eyes and began to fall downward through illimitable space. On the Potomac shore where Pearl's parachute landed her safely, some minutes passed before her senses returned. A blinding explosion rent the heavens. She reeled to her feet and looked upwards. The Silent Flyer was a sheet of fire, swooping earthward. She covered her ears with her hands and closed her eyes tightly. When she opened the latter, she drew back in fright before the approach of a masked man. Seizing her, he buckled both wrists in one powerful hand and with the other searched her pockets for the box of wafers. "Thanks, g-girl," murmured the masked man in a voice strangely like Adams. He slipped the box of wafers into his own pocket and released her. "You g-got the grit of the devil and the nerve of a saint!" Falling like a blazing rocket of huge proportions, out of the accentuated blackness of the night, the Silent Flyer crashed to earth. It lay blazing and sputtering in a cornfield not twenty feet from Pearl. A heap of ropes, wires and canvas, all that remained of her parachute, was piled on the ground at her feet. The masked man, so like Adams in figure, manner and speech, after releasing her and obtaining possession of the coveted box of wafers, did not immediately depart. He continued to compliment her and to offer assistance in her plight. Pearl ignored him contemptuously. After a few minutes she regained her strength and full use of her faculties and picked her way to the remains of the Silent Flyer. She drew as close to the burning air monster as she dared and still kept out of reach of the sparks. There was no sign of the aviator, whose escape from death was inconceivable. Then Pearl thought she espied someone concealed in the willows overhanging the Potomac shore. But when she reached the spot she decided that her imagination must have tricked her. The only thing in sight was a thick black muffler identical with that worn by the masked man. At that moment Adams, panted out of the bushes, uttered a cry of relief and called her by name. He clasped her in his arms joyfully. She gave him a stinging blow and broke away. His arms dropped and he began to stammer an apology. "I was so g-glad to see you alive that I m-mighty near kissed you." "Don't ever do that again!" she rebuked, though she felt herself blushing. "Where did you come from?" He pointed skyward. Then he directed her gaze to a "Dauber" standing in an open lot across the river. "Were you in the other machine?" He nodded. "I brought yonder c-chap down after you let go in the parachute. That was some grit and nerve, g-girl!" The words were so near the precise language of the masked man who forced her to give up the box of wafers that she stiffened. "Do you recognize this muffler? Did you take the box of wafers from me?" she questioned, waving the muffler. (END OF TENTH EPISODE)



# PEARL of the ARMY

By GUY W. McCONNELL



A Story of "America First," Unmasking America's Secret Foes

Novelized From the Motion Picture Serial of the Same Name Released by Pathé

## SYNOPSIS.

Capt. Ralph Payne, U. S. A., is given secret plans of defense to deliver to Panama. He attends a ball at the Grand opera house with Colonel Dare's daughter, Pearl. As a climax to a series of mysterious incidents he is arrested for treason. The ambassador of Granada is found dead and the plans missing from Payne's coat. Major Brent Payne's rival enters into suspicious negotiations with Bertha Bonn. Pearl Dare follows a burglar from her home, is drugged and left in a field. Later she hears plover, who almost captures her. Payne is sentenced to life imprisonment. A train carrying Pearl, Bertha Bonn and Payne on his way to prison is wrecked and Pearl sees Payne's lifeless body at her feet. She meets a mysterious stranger who offers her his services to trace the traitors. She learns that he has the plans. Pearl finds Adams in Washington and learns of his peculiar actions. Adams warns Senator Warfield that he is in danger from a ring of spies. While they talk the senator's office is attacked by conspirators. Bertha Bonn assists Pearl in handing Adams a package which proves to be the plans. Adams is made Colonel Dare's orderly. They are ordered South. The Grandians capture Pearl and Adams to get the plans. Pearl begs Adams to let her take his belt which contains the defense plans. They escape and Adams steals the belt from her. Great confronts Adams communicating with the enemy. Bertha Bonn warns Pearl against her professed friends. Pearl is captured again by the Grandians. She is rescued by Adams. Disguised as his brother she accompanies him into the camp of the conspirators, and poses as a chemist. They are recognized. In the fight Adams saves Pearl from harm. Colonel Dare arrives with American troops. The black scarf appears. Pearl and Toko follow Adams on his way to an appointment at the chemical building. All three fall into the hands of the "alliance." Adams is arrested by color-ferret soldiers who also take Pearl with them. They carry her aboard ship and she is again saved by Adams from the "foreign alliance." The ship is blown up. They escape. Adams surprises Brent in Dare's home stealing the plans. They in turn are confronted by Toko.

## TENTH EPISODE

### The Silent Army.

"Who opened my safe?" It was the voice of Colonel Dare. He stood in the doorway and looked from one to the other.

Toko, whose revolver was aimed at Adams, dropped his arm. He was a bit confused. Adams put his own revolver in his hip pocket with a significant motion toward Major Brent. Then he exhibited the Canal defense plans to the colonel. Brent, pointing to the open safe door, started to manufacture an explanation.

"When I entered this room a moment ago a strange man was kneeling at the safe. It was wide open. He was in the act of stealing the Canal defense plans. I leaped on him. He dropped the plans and jumped out of the window." All looked at the open library window.

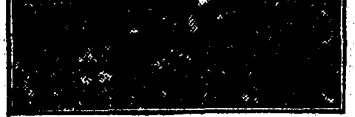
"I was about to replace the document in the safe," he concluded the bold and deliberate falsehood, "when Adams arrived and demanded the plans under threat of his gun. Toko came and held us both up." He forced a sickly smile.

Adams sneered in his face, leaned out of the window, and looked carefully in every direction. Then a scurry of footsteps was heard on the walk and a grotesque shadow flashed across the room. He drew back instantly, holding up both empty hands.

"Quick! The plans! They were snatched from me!" he cried to the startled group, bolting past them and out of the house.

But though the premises were thoroughly searched, whoever the thief was, he made a successful escape.

The only person in sight was a lamplighter busily engaged in replacing a broken shade on a post in front of the Dare residence. He paused in his work and from the top of his ladder



looked in the excitement with a quizzical smile. Major Brent ran up and looked sharply into his downturned face.

"Have you seen any person pass by within the last minute or two?"

The workman shook his head and came half way down the ladder. "Your name's Brent, ain't it?"

"What if it is?" gruffly demanded the major, looking around and noting that they were not observed.

The lamplighter stepped to the ground and slipped a note into Brent's hand. Then he slung the ladder over his shoulder and coolly departed.

read the surreptitious missive unseen by anyone. The signature confirmed his suspicions that a clever trick had been perpetrated.

"Bertha Bonn's locket is not in Colonel Dare's safe, after all. Pardon my error. Thanks for the canal defense plans."

It was, of course, from the Silent Menace, under his usual silhouette.

Brent crushed the note in his fist and compared it with one he had received by an unknown messenger at the barracks earlier in the day.

"Major Brent," the first note read. "You will find the locket in Colonel Dare's safe. No one but Adams who hid it there knows this."

But the signature was not that of the Silent Menace, nor was the writing the same. It purported to come from Bertha Bonn.

He destroyed the two missives and joined the colonel who with Adams and Toko had returned to the library. They were greatly agitated and at a loss to know what to do. Wondering what the trouble was about, Pearl came down the stairs and joined the group.

Naturally Adams was embarrassed in the extreme.

"It was so sudden like, I didn't know what happened till it was all over," stammered the miserable fellow. "I shoulda know'd better than to go near the blamed window with them plans in my hands!"

Suspicion was now removed from Brent as his explanation of the affair at the safe had all the marks and verifications of the truth. It was his chance to be insinuating and sarcastic about Adams and he did not let it slip.

"It seems to me that every time anything happens to the Canal defense plans you are in or around it—or somewhere about," he could not refrain from saying to Adams in a most caustic manner.

Colonel Dare raised a protesting voice. "The fact of the matter is that there has been entirely too much misunderstanding among us all," he declared, testily. He looked at Major Brent severely. "You, and Toko, too," he gave his chauffeur a sharp glance, "and possibly my daughter and myself have been over suspicious of this young man."

He laid a kindly hand on Adams' shoulder. "The time has come when we must trust one another more fully or else we will get nowhere in our efforts to unmask the Silent Menace and the secret foreign alliance with which he is co-operating. I must confess that I am at my wits' end."

Toko looked sheepish. Adams stared out of the window. Brent shifted his eyes uneasily. His features twitched perceptibly.

Pearl asked a question or two. "I trust Adams when he acts in the open. But will he explain how he came to preside as the Silent Menace at that meeting of the Foreign Alliance?"

"I wasn't presiding. I was pretending," put in Adams quickly.

"Did the Foreign Alliance think you were pretending?"

"Sure! If you hadn't thrown t-that bomb at them they'd have been caught, too. W-wouldn't they colonel?"

The colonel turned to his daughter with a faint smile. "Adams can explain all that, Pearl."

"Has he explained how he located the meeting place of the Foreign Alliance in the uninhabited tenement house where the note from the Silent Menace was found not two minutes after he entered and disappeared?"

"No'm, but I w-will. I got the address I left by the Silent Menace at the newspaper office when he answered t-the government's ad!"

Even Toko was obliged to admit how simple and clever a thing to do this was.

"I don't know yet, colonel, who n-named Miss Dare in the box with the b-bomb," Adams went on, seeing the doubts about him dissolving somewhat. "It m-might have been that there Silent Menace, but I d-don't think it was." For a brief second his eyes enveloped the nervous major.

"It mighta been the c-cabin boy, just to g-get even. He's dead anyhow and so are them there munition m-manufacturers. They were killed in the explosion."

"What were their names?" interjected the colonel.

"I don't know. And I d-don't know the names of the Foreign Alliance, nuther. Except Karnavi, which is f-fake. If they're alive after that explosion, t-they've got the Canal defense plans, that's dead sure. But they haven't got the chemicals so they can't use the p-plans."

Then for the first time Adams was told how the box of wafers from Pearl reached Colonel Dare through Bertha Bonn and were subsequently stolen from Major Brent. The major did the talking.

Adams made Brent repeat the story several times before he could believe it to be true. He watched Brent narrowly while the latter told how he had been drugged and questioned him politely but insistently as to the place and time. Brent's answers were terse, clear and convincing, a little too much so, perhaps to Adams.

Toko regarded this conversation with more than usual interest because of the personal antagonism existing between these two men toward whom he cherished no kindly feelings. Pearl only partly listened, and the colonel not at all, until at the end of the grilling Brent, for the purpose of shifting the subject for obvious reasons, turned suddenly to Miss Dare.

"You never explained where you got the box of wafers, Pearl!"

"I gave them t-to her," put in Adams quickly, with a faint laugh. "In the chemical building basement d-during the fight!"

"So it was you!" exclaimed Pearl, looking quickly at her father. "And not the Silent Menace?"

"I got 'em f-from him," Adams grimly stated; but he did not explain how or when or where, leaving them to infer their own conclusions.

That put Adams straight in the minds of both the Dares. The conference now adjourned, the colonel telephoned his loss to the war office and made an appointment to call on the secretary later in the day.

Someone in the outer room knocked on the door. Pearl opened it slightly and peered through the crack.

"Miss Bertha Bonn," announced Toko with gravity, letting the woman enter.

"This is my fault, not Toko's," Bertha excitedly explained, noticing Colonel Dare's angry look at his chauffeur for permitting this intrusion. Both Major Brent and Adams had followed her into the room.

She took a little round box from out of her mesh bag. "I was told to bring this to you, Colonel Dare," she stated, handing it to him.

"By whom?" quickly asked Pearl, for she recognized the box.

"A telephone call not ten minutes ago. No name was given."

"The wafers!" ejaculated the colonel, staring at the contents of the box.

"Where did you get them, Miss Bonn?" It was the wavering voice of Major Brent.

"Yes! Where did you get them?" the others echoed in unison, except T. O. Adams. Before Bertha could frame a reply, he took the wafers from Colonel Dare and inspected them critically.

"By gum! Them's the w-wafers all right!" He returned them to the stupefied colonel. "I give them to Miss Bonn, sir. I knew t-they'd be safe with her."

"You!" exploded Major Brent.



"What Were Their Names?" Demanded the Colonel.

amazed to hear Adams tell this untruth, when he was the guilty person; and Bertha Bonn, likewise was puzzled.

"Y-yes, I s-sent them to her this morning," coolly continued Adams with a smile at Pearl. "I found them in the trouser pockets of that there cabin boy when I brought his c-clothes to you. I w-wanted to see if the Silent Menace would get on t-to it if I sent them to Miss Bonn. He got on to it all right, but he g-gets on to everything. By golly!"

Brent squirmed and acted as if he were going to choke, and for that matter so did Bertha Bonn. Toko looked at Adams dubiously.

The countenances of both Colonel Dare and his daughter cleared.

"The Canal defense plans are worthless without these wafers to interpret them. Thank heavens for that!" burst from the lips of Colonel Dare. He thanked Bertha excitedly and excused himself. Major Brent followed him out. "War office, Toko!" called the colonel, slipping Brent on the shoulder in an excess of relief. Brent showed that he, too, was relieved.

"All is not lost, yet," Brent remarked hopefully.

"Miss Bonn!" Pearl impulsively exclaimed after the others, save Adams, withdrew, an idea striking her; "our lives have been thrown strangely together. Unwittingly you have been drawn into this terrible plot in which we are enmeshed. I am under very great obligations to you. Will you not come and pay me a visit? You will be most welcome, and, I think, helpful."

Miss Dare's invitation fairly took Bertha's breath away, it was so unexpected and opportune. She glanced carelessly at Adams. He arched his eyebrows and without being observed by Miss Dare nodded approval.

That afternoon Bertha gave up her apartment at the Hotel Wilton and became a guest in the Dare household.

When Colonel Dare returned he was not sure that he was pleased with this new state of affairs.

"You know nothing about Miss Bonn and what I hear does not reflect too well in her favor," he told Pearl, candidly.

"She's inoffensive, so far as I can see," Pearl replied, with a touch of hauteur.

To Pearl's inquiry about the result of his conference at the war office the colonel merely stated that the wafers had been delivered to the head chemist at the laboratories in the chemical building to be analyzed and duplicated so as to have an ample supply available if needed.

Then the colonel whispered an army secret into Pearl's ear.

"A million?" she repeated, at once greatly interested.

"A million volunteers," he reiterated.

"When will the call go out?"

"As soon as a mobilization schedule is prepared by the chief of staff and myself assisting the secretary of war."

Pearl clasped her hands in approval.

When Bertha joined the party in the dining room, Brent was forewarned and met her with dignified composure.

That night at dinner Bertha plied her feminine arts with such charm and recherche that he had to placate himself several times, metaphorically speaking, in order to make sure that the engaging lady and the post-sergeant's girl were one and the same.

Man of easy and impressionable sentiment that he was, Brent began to think that he was a fool to defy Bertha. It would be much less difficult and certainly more pleasurable to take the place he knew he filled in her heart—and chance the rest. It was the easiest way with women of that kind, anyhow; and Pearl need never know.

The conversation dwelled upon matters of mutual interest; the first disappearance of the Canal defense plans; the death of the Grandian ambassador coincident with the conviction of Capt. Ralph Payne; Payne's untimely end in the railroad wreck and his fortune in proving the innocence he declared in those dying moments; the entrance of Adams into their lives and how now they believed in him, now doubting, never altogether satisfied that some link existed between him and the Silent Menace, yet forced to accept his explanations as true with the doubt always in his favor in the minds of the colonel and Miss Dare at least; their queer adventures on the Grandian frontier and Bertha's near trag-

These were strange and disturbing words to Bertha. She walked to a window and looked down on the street. It had been a long time since Bertha's mind speculated upon things of serious import. She was half inclined to envy Pearl Dare if only for the impulse to good and noble deeds life in that household encouraged. She shrugged her shoulders and sighed hopelessly. She had indeed made a mess of her life.

Pearl, who was studying Bertha quietly, wondered at her sudden abstraction. "What do you see on the sidewalk that makes you sigh so dismally?"

"Nothing but a lamplighter on his nightly rounds," quickly evaded Bertha, changing her mood. "That's queer!" she added and motioned to Pearl, whispering: "Come here!"

Pearl hastened to the window, gave one glance in the direction indicated by Bertha and ran to her desk. She opened a drawer and hurried back to the window with a pair of sea-glasses of the kind used on ships at night.

Through these binoculars Pearl gazed at the lamplighter. He stood on top of his ladder ostensibly testing the strength of one of the powerful bulbs in the cluster of electric lights on the post. In reality he had found and was reading a message evidently left there for him.

"Can you make it out? Is it something unusual?" whispered Bertha, softly and curiously.

Pearl's hands shook as she pressed the glasses against her eyes.

The Silent Army is to assemble at the Owl's hour at the Chemical building. The Silent Flyer will be there. By command of the Silent Menace.

The lamplighter replaced the note and leaping to the ground disappeared with his ladder under his arm.

"The wafers!" ejaculated Pearl, repeating the words to Bertha while the two dashed down the steps.

"The Silent Army!" repeated Bertha under her breath, as they rushed into the study, thinking of the words to which the colonel on that subject had just given utterance.

Pearl rapidly related her discovery and all hurried to the door. They met Adams on the threshold. He blocked their exit.

"See here w-what I just found on that there lamp post," he stammered, addressing the colonel, handing him a little piece of paper.

It was the message read and left by the lamplighter.

The apparently genuine alarm of the orderly removed from their thoughts any momentary suspicion of him in connection with this new mystery even though it struck them as odd that the conviving of the Silent Menace with his accomplices was taking place almost within their door—Bertha and Brent both excepted. The latter recalled his experience with the lamplighter that morning.

Adams, so ordered by the colonel, went to the garage to get one of the automobiles for a dash to town. Some little delay ensued for Toko was found asleep in his room in the upper story. While they waited the colonel telephoned to the barracks and ordered his entire regiment to proceed to the Chemical building. Brent on another line notified the war office.

"This isn't a hoax, that's sure!" muttered the colonel as he replaced the telephone receiver. He had been unable to connect with the Chemical building. Exchange told him that something was wrong with the wires there.

They were seated in the car; Toko was shifting the gears.

"Stop!" cried Pearl with a dramatic upward gesture.

High in the skies, quite distinct, yet unaccompanied by sound, two fiery red, dragon-like eyes flashed ferociously, dazzling and blinding human sight. They moved as swiftly as the wind although no breezes stirred.

Involuntarily they shrank in awe of the weird spectacle.

"It's t-the Silent Flyer!" fell from the lips of Adams.

Toko opened the throttle and the car almost lifting itself from the asphalt bounded forward.

They reached the Chemical building at neck-breaking speed, regardless of city laws and frightened pedestrians. Near the gates a soap box orator held spellbound an audience of a thousand or more peaceful enough looking citizens intent upon every word of an eloquent speech on the topical theme of "The High Cost of Living."

No scene could be less offending. The orator handled his subject with great tact and pronounced concern. It was really a philosophical discourse of a proper and educational nature.

But when in a moment the infantry arrived from the barracks and ordered the crowd to disperse the cloak of peaceful interest disappeared and as if by magic wildest disorder prevailed, guns equipped with silencers were drawn and a terrific riot ensued. In the confusion Adams slipped away unobserved.

Pearl and Bertha followed the colonel and Major Brent into the building. Toko remained outside in charge of the automobile.

Strange things had happened in the building. Every employee had been gagged, bound and thrown on the floor. Desks had been piled open, papers littered the place and broken filing cabinets were strewn everywhere. And the big vault in which code prescriptions and chemicals of almost priceless value were kept was blown asunder at the precise moment the colonel and his party appeared in that portion of the building.

Pearl saw a masked man dart from out the rising cloud of smoke and

dust. She dashed after him. The chase led to the top of the building. Here she flung herself upon the unknown person and succeeded in wrenching from his tightly clenched fist the box of wafers her quick eye discovered there. He tried to retake them but Bertha re-enforced her and drove him off.

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"I was so glad to see you alive that I m-mighty near kissed you."

"Don't ever do that again!" she rebuked, though she felt herself blushing. "Where did you come from?"

He pointed skyward. Then he directed her gaze to a "Dauber" standing in an open lot across the river.

"Were you in the other machine?"

He nodded. "I brought yonder c-chap down after you let go in the parachute. That was some grit and nerve, g-girl!"

The words were so near the precise language of the masked man who forced her to give up the box of wafers that she stiffened.

"Do you recognize this muffler? Did you take the box of wafers from me?" she questioned, waving the muffler.

(END OF TENTH EPISODE)



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**Black Silk Stove Polish**

Makes a brilliant, silky polish that does not rub off or dust off, and the shinest in four times as long as ordinary stove polish. Used on stoves, pipes, and brass. It is the best stove polish you ever used. Your dealer is authorized to refund your money. Insist on Black Silk Stove Polish. Made in liquid or paste—one quality.

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Sterling, Illinois

Use Black Silk Air-Drying on Enamel on pipes, registers, stovepipes, and radiators. Use Black Silk Metal Polish for silver, nickel or brass. It has no equal for metal auto-polish.

**"A Shine in Every Drop"**

Some people half the time are not on speaking terms with their own consciences.

**HAS HAD BENEFICIAL RESULTS**

A man is not treating himself fairly when he neglects backache, rheumatic pains, dizziness, stiff joints, sore muscles, or other symptoms of kidney or bladder trouble. Isaac B. Turman, 1277 Washington Ave., Ashbury Park N. J., writes: "I used Foley Kidney Pills and had the most beneficial results from same."—Hite's Drug Store.

Neither industry nor genius is required to make a bad matter worse. When an army officer smokes cigarettes he is reduced to the ranks. It's the fellow who wades in shallow water who stirs up the most mud.

**GLASS OF SALTS IF YOUR KIDNEYS HURT**

Let men meet if you feel backache or have bladder trouble—Salts fine for kidneys.

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

**LATH BOLTS Wanted At Once!**

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

Will pay \$4.50 delivered at Mill B.

**East Jordan Lumber Co.**

**OPEN NOSTRILS! END A COLD OR CATARRH**

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

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

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

**Submarine Crews Take a Chance Every Time the Boat Goes Down**

Undergo More Strange and Harrowing Perils Than Any Other Type of Sailor Experience of One Vessel Which Was Trapped by the Enemy and Finally Escaped

THE two types of navy craft which are absorbing popular attention are the submarines and their terrible missiles sped from ambush and the most potent foe of this type, the destroyers—

Stripped hulls sinking through the gloom. Half guessed and gone again.

And now that our destroyers have joined those of our allies it is more than likely that much dramatic history, which will have its own deep interest for us, will soon be rapidly written on or about the waters of the North sea and those of the English channel.

In this writing there is no intention of discussing the characteristics of either type. It is merely to illustrate some phases of life on board. In a fine tribute to the late Rear Admiral Robley D. Evans Kipling described that officer as having "lived more stories than Zogbaum or I could invent." After reading an experience like the subjoined one can realize how much this may now also apply to those who hourly risk their lives in a service where the wildest tales are true, says the St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

The story is of an adventure of a submarine "somewhere in salt water." The vessel picked up the smoke of enemy vessels on the horizon at 9 o'clock and at once headed for them. When she had approached to a suitable distance the submarine dived and by means of her periscope soon was able to see that the enemy vessels comprised a squadron of ten ships of the line and torpedo boats. To prevent the enemy seeing the periscope the commander of the submarine decided to steer to the port side of the squadron, where he would be between the enemy and the light.

**Decides on Frontal Attack.**

At the same time, knowing the enemy torpedo boats train special explosive contrivances for the destruction of submarines, the commander decided to make a frontal attack on the squadron and steered a corresponding course. Keeping her periscope above water, the submarine approached the torpedo boat leading the right column and passed at its port side at a distance of between forty-five and sixty yards, still keeping her periscope six inches above water. The torpedo boat either did not perceive the submarine or perceived her too late, for it stood on its course.

Wishing to operate outside the line of torpedo boats, the submarine dived to the left, under the prow of the second torpedo boat, and in order to avoid a collision sank to a depth of fifty feet. At this depth the crew of the submarine distinctly heard the noise made by the screws of the warship. At a depth of thirty-five feet the submarine raised her periscope, to sight on her starboard beam the ram of the leading warship, which was cutting across the course of the submarine at a distance of not more than sixty yards.

The commander ordered the submarine to dive, but before the vessel could submerge there came a terrible crash, the submarine reeling from the shock until she had been forced on her beam ends, and in that position she was held as the long keel of the warship scraped along her side. The collision broke every electric bulb, plunging the submarine in utter darkness, and as the vessel went over on her side the crew were hurled from their feet and dashed against the side with a violence that stunned many into unconsciousness.

**Cleared at Last.**

After what must have seemed an eternity the keel of the battleship at last scraped clear of the submarine and the stricken vessel slowly righted. Then, to avoid any more collisions, the commander, groping in the blackness for his diving gear, began to submerge the vessel to a greater depth. Suddenly came a loud explosion, one that caused the commander to suppose that the shell of the submarine, having been damaged by the collision, could not stand the pressure of the water and was collapsing. He therefore rose to sixty feet, but the sound of the approaching screw of a large vessel compelled him to dive again to a depth of eighty feet. Repeated attempts to rise were in vain, because each time the submarine rose to fifty feet they heard the screws of the battleships and torpedo boats of the enemy squadron, which had broken line and were cruising backward and forward searching for the submarine.

It was found that the periscope had been wrecked, and to add to the trouble it was discovered that the submarine was taking in water so fast as to lose her buoyancy. To blow out the supplementary tank would inevitably disclose her presence, but there was no other resource, and the order was given. Fortunately for the submarine the darkness and the much churning of the water by propellers hid the uprush of air and its bubbles, and toward midnight the submersible rose to the surface, expecting to be shot to pieces at once; but, screened by the darkness, she found an opening in the enemy's line and, picking her way through it, finally got clear after having been submerged for more than five hours.

Many strictures hedge about service in our own submarines. Those who

are accepted for this service must be of the type who are willing to take a sporting chance. Not only must they be devoid of nerves; they must be utterly destitute of imagination. No one who cannot go peacefully to sleep in subsea quarters and all heedless, as the festers say, as to what minute may be his next is wanted in submarines.

Therefore the men must not have the mental habit of imagining disaster. In short, men with imagination are not wanted in the submarine service. Moreover, they must be the kind of men who set no store by physical comfort. With all this they must be men who have been proved by experience to be practically immune from seasickness—that is to say, proved in submarine craft, which of all vessels are the most trying on the stomach in seaway.

In a trip of 2,000 miles made by a certain submarine all hands were at first totally incapacitated except the commanding officer and one man, though the bulk of them recovered after a certain time. The thing is that the crew must be trained by actual experience in rough weather to resist seasickness. This is, of course, particularly true of the cook.

There is no record of any sickness or ailment due to the sense of being confined in a submarine. This is not likely, however, to occur with men of the type indicated. Members of a submarine crew cannot tell after the coming tower hatches close whether the boat remains on the surface or goes down 200 feet except by looking at the depth indicator. And therefore if they do not let their imaginations impress them with what might happen in case anything went wrong they will not be likely to be bothered by their position.

The selection for this service is very close. Every one who serves in a submarine must be a highly technical and a highly trained man. Every man must either be a very competent machinist or an electrician or a gunner's mate for gun or torpedo work. There must also be a radio operator in case the vessel carries wireless.

**What the Destroyers Undergo.**

Now for a glimpse of destroyers "out on a high explosive spree." There was a combined fleet operation down Caribbean way in which dreadnaughts and destroyers were involved. Officers from the battleship fleet were detailed as observers on board the destroyers. They had come from vessels steady as castles and did not realize until it came on to blow that night what life on a destroyer means.

"These," according to the official report of the commander of the destroyer division, "did their usual stunts." They plunged and reared until you could see under their forward keels. They scooped up forecastles full of water, shook it off like Newfoundland dogs, and they rolled fully 50 degrees. The result was that practically all the battleship "observers" died an unnatural death long before the problem began and remained dead, at least to any interest to torpedo tactics, until the vessels got back into port the next morning. However, they acquired some experience and a certain measure of sympathy for those who go down to the sea in torpedo craft.

When the civilian volunteers went on their battleship cruise Lieutenant F. M. Roberts one day told them about service with the destroyers, a lecture delivered upon the quarterdeck of the battleship Rhode Island and which, if delivered today, would carry the same message.

"No special attempt," he told the volunteers, "is made in selecting the men to serve in torpedo craft, whether they be fat men or lean men, short men or tall men. The character and spirit are developed by association after their arrival. As a rule, they are older than the men (or boys) on the battleships.

"You know that one of the characteristics of a destroyer is ability to make high speed. To this end it has always been the policy of the naval constructors to keep the fittings of the vessel strong, but of light weight. No chances were ever lo.

constructors in lightening the destroyers by removal of any fittings that they considered unnecessary."

**THE MARCH OF PROHIBITION.**

Brooklyn Man Not Allowed to Send His Dog For Beer.

Attilio Gazzi, a restaurant keeper of Brooklyn, was summoned to court for failing to keep his dog Rover muzzled.

"I don't want to have him muzzled, because he could not get my beer," Gazzi explained. "I put 15 cents in a pail, and he takes it to the corner saloon and returns with a pint. He wears a home defense uniform I made for him."

But Rover's master was fined \$2.

**An Expensive Calf.**

The costliest male calf on record brought \$53,200 at auction in Worcester, Mass. It is five months old and named King Ormsby Jane Ray Apple.

**MILITARY STYLES.**

How Blue Serge and Khaki Are in the Front Row.

The shops have blossomed forth with military fashions. Just where they got all the red, white and blue bedecked garments nobody knows. Of course it was a comparatively easy matter for some energetic manufacturer to have strips of the three nations' colors stitched to a lot of silk gloves or for another to have red, white and blue pithings added to an almost finished batch of organdie neckwear. But where did all the military frocks and capes come from?

They are here, anyway, and they are very attractive. There are khaki shirts that would be admirable for the woman who intends to do her part in the farming world this summer. They are decorated with shields and other insignia in the national colors on the pockets. There are all sorts of capes with a military look. Some of them are braided; some are trimmed generously with brass buttons. There are blue serge frocks that almost set one cheering, they so suggest a military parade. And so it goes.

We all remember that when the world war began Paris launched a few military styles. They were accepted at first with enthusiasm, but later on other styles superseded them. Perhaps with all the world at war Paris can find permanent use for military inspiration in women's fashions. Next August, when the openings that Paris has so punctiliously kept up ever since that fateful August of 1914 occur again, we may know.

**UTILITY COAT.**

For Real Service Buy a Coat Something Like This.

Built of gingersnap brown is this topcoat of serge, so nattyly trimmed with Scotch plaids, collar, cuffs and



GOOD LINES.

kangaroo pocket lids. Please note the fan of brown feathers that gives the front piece of the smart knockabout hat.

**Frocks of Colored Linen.**

Frocks of colored handkerchief linen, elaborately run with hand tuckings and plaits with panels of fillet lace, at times dyed in self coloring, are being worn by smart women at Palm Beach. White batiste is elaborately ornamented with soutache embroidery, with medallions of ecru lace forming the deep border on skirt or sectional panels.

White and colored organdie dresses are trimmed with bandings of organdie embroidered—the same introduced in the Russian blouse or surplice draped waist. In chemise dresses of oyster white linen crash the full length panel of applique embroidery, deep sailor collars and cuffs are the distinguishing features. Broad belts of white, tan or gray suede usually confine the waist.

**One Chic Design.**

A charming little summer frock of rose color chiffon volles boasts an apron of the material almost covered with conventionalized pansies in rose color floss. A deep band of embroidery finishes the skirt, and the bodice and sleeves are trimmed with it. Such a frock could be reproduced very inexpensively by the home seamstress, and it is delightfully pretty and summery in the sheer, soft and sleep.

**Rest and Sleep.**

We can rest our bodies and our muscles by lying down and relaxing, but our brains must have sleep for perfect rest. So long as we are awake the brain will be active to a greater or less degree, and it is only sleep that will restore the brain cells. Keep this in mind and see to it that your brain has the benefit of eight hours sleep each night.

**THE U.S. REDCROSS**

Wife of One Time Minister to Belgium Serves With Zest.

**MRS. WILSON'S COMMITTEE**

Mrs. Anderson, Aided by Great Wealth, Social Popularity and Many Friends, is Zealously Aiding Red Cross Work on the Local Committee.

One of the most interested of Red Cross workers is Mrs. Larz Anderson, wife of the one time United States minister to Belgium, who is serving with Mrs. Woodrow Wilson on the Red Cross committee in the District of Columbia.

Mrs. Anderson is one of the richest women in Washington, her grandfather having left her a fortune of \$17,000,000. An only daughter of the famous Commodore, G. H. Perkins, who was with



MRS. LARZ ANDERSON.

Farragut in the great fight of Mobile bay, Mrs. Anderson comes of distinguished ancestry. Her marriage united her to another distinguished family, Larz Anderson being the nephew of General Anderson of Fort Sumter fame.

The Anderson estate at Brookline, Mass., with its magnificent vistas, its spacious halls and brilliant Italian gardens, forms one of the most imposing homes to be found anywhere. Two million dollars were spent on the buildings and grounds, and the Cupid fountain standing on the site of the original Anderson homestead is world famous for its artistic beauty. The house and garden, with the bowling green between, crown a high hill which on all sides falls away sharply.

Not only has Mrs. Anderson become famous for her charitable work and her interest in the welfare of the poor, but she has made her mark in the literary world.

She is devoted to children and takes more pleasure in providing pleasure for them than in planning splendid fetes for the famous. Her most ambitious literary effort, a book of fairy tales and other stories, published several years ago and dedicated "with much love" to her husband, is the result of her careful study of how to amuse children and at the same time to instruct them.

Mr. Anderson, who was a captain of volunteers in the Spanish war, has served as secretary to the American embassies at London and Rome. He was appointed minister to Belgium in August, 1911.

**SKIRT HEMS.**

How to Make Them Without Puckers or Scallops.

Home dressmakers frequently find it difficult to put in the hem of a woolen frock smoothly. This can be done with little trouble by means of shrinking. Place a damp cloth over the hem and press from the lower edge of the skirt toward the top. All the extra fullness can be entirely shrunk out, providing the hem is not too wide.

This method does away with small plaits usually found in a hem, the lines of which are almost sure to show on the outside of the skirt when the hem is pressed.

In finishing the edge of the hem do not turn the cloth in. Buste the raw edge flat to the other part of the skirt and over this edge lay a flat piece of seam binding. Sew the edge that does not go through the right side with silk or cotton thread, but the top edge should be sewed with a thread of the fabric drawn from a lengthwise piece of the material, not crosswise.

Sewing or hemming with a thread of the material is a little secret that even few dressmakers know of, and its practice will give the most satisfactory results.

This method makes the stitches as invisible as the weave of the cloth and should be used in every part of the suit or dress, where invisible sewing is desired. Of course some fabrics will not permit of the raveling of the threads, but wherever possible this method should be tried out.

**Citron Tart.**

Cover an open tart tin with good pastry, upon which lay thin slices of citron, orange and lemon peel. Fill up with the following mixture: Four ounces of fine sugar, two ounces of butter and a little grated lemon rind, well beaten together, with a teaspoonful of flour and two well whisked eggs. Bake in a moderate oven.

**HAVE ROSY CHEEKS AND FEEL FRESH AS A DAISY—TRY THIS!**

Says glass of hot water with phosphate before breakfast washes out poisons.

To see the tinge of healthy bloom in your face, to see your skin get clearer and clearer, to wake up without a headache, backache, coated tongue or a nasty breath, in fact to feel your best day in and day out, just try inside-bathing every morning for one week.

Before breakfast each day, drink a glass of real hot water with a teaspoonful of limestone phosphate in it as a harmless means of washing from the stomach, liver, kidneys and bowels the previous day's indigestible waste, sour bile and toxins; thus cleansing, sweetening and purifying the entire alimentary canal before putting any food into the stomach. The action of hot water and limestone phosphate on an empty stomach is wonderfully invigorating. It cleans out all the sour fermentations, gases and acidity and gives one a splendid appetite for breakfast.

A quarter pound of limestone phosphate will cost very little at the drug store but is sufficient to demonstrate that just as soap and hot water cleanses, sweetens and freshens the skin, so hot water and limestone phosphate act on the blood and internal organs. Those who are subject to constipation, bilious attacks, acid stomach, rheumatic twinges, also those whose skin is sallow and complexion pallid, are assured that one week of inside-bathing will have them both looking and feeling better in every way.

A rolling stone gathers no moss; but there are lots of people who don't use moss in their business.

Nothing makes some men feel more important than their ability to answer the questions of a small boy.

When a woman begins to notice every act and word of a man she has begun either to love or to hate him.

**JUST WHAT SHE NEEDED**

When women complain of weariness, backache, dull headaches and similar ailments, they accept those troubles as their lot because they are women, when the ailments may be the results of disordered kidneys. Mrs. Mary V. Bunker, Milton-on-the-Hudson, N. Y., writes of Foley Kidney Pills: "Just what I needed."—Hite's Drug Store.

There is more power in kindness than there is in dynamite; but it takes longer to develop it.

Being a weather prophet is most successful among the people with the shortest memories.

**RID OF A LINGERING COUGH**

You can get relief from racking, hacking coughs, from wheezy, sneezy breathing, from raw, inflamed throat and tight chest. W. G. Glazier, Bentonville, Ark., writes: "I can recommend Foley's Honey and Tar Compound. I used it for a cough that I had for years, and was said to have consumption but it cured me."—Hite's Drug Store.

**25 Post Cards 10 cents. Assorted.**

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

**FAMILY STORY PAPER**

24-26 Vandewater Street New York

**LADIES! LOOK YOUNG, DARKEN GRAY HAIR**

Use the Old-time Sage Tea and Sulphur and Nobody will Know.

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

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

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



## Briefs of the Week

Born to Mr. and Mrs. Amasa T. Davis near Eveline, a son, July 6th.

John Mombberger left Saturday for a visit with relatives in New York State.

Chris Taylor arrived Tuesday from Grand Haven and is greeting old friends here.

A good show at the Temple Theatre all next week for 10c and a Merchant Ticket.

Mrs. C. L. Lorraine left Monday for Flint to visit her daughter, Mrs. Jay Trombly.

Carl Holbrook of Clare, Mich., is visiting at the home of Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Palmeter.

Mr. and Mrs. Glenn Burton now occupy the Rogers residence on north Second-st.

Miss Caroline Helleman returned to Belding, Tuesday, after spending a few weeks here.

Mr. and Mrs. A. K. Hill left Wednesday by auto for a visit at Detroit and other points.

Temple Theatre all next week Henderson Stock Co. Ask your merchants for Free Tickets.

Miss Elsie Johnson is guest at the home of her cousin, Mrs. W. Korhase, near Boyne City.

Mr. and Mrs. Herman Goodman were at Bellaire, Monday to visit their daughter, Mrs. Clyde Dewey.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Ribble and daughter, Miss Eva, left Wednesday for a visit with relatives at Leland.

Mrs. D. E. Goodman returned home Sunday from Chicago. She was accompanied home by her daughter, Mrs. Oscar Franzen.

James Keat and family and Mr. and Mrs. Nathan Liskum were at Boyne City, Sunday, guests at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Oscar Root.

Mrs. Lewis Krogan and Mrs. P. A. Schrader arrived Saturday from Milwaukee for a visit at the home of the former's mother, Mrs. S. Ramsey.

Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Bushow and daughter of Kansas City, Mo., were guests at the home of Mrs. Bushow's brother, G. J. Zerwekh, a few days last week.

Mr. and Mrs. O'Neil of Petoskey, Mr. and Mrs. Schyler of Interlochen and Mr. and Mrs. James McCallister of Traverse City were guests at the home of Mr. and Mrs. S. Ramsey last Thursday.

Mrs. Albert Nye of Des Moines, Iowa, and Mrs. Thos. Bunstead of Chicago came Saturday last to visit their parents Mr. and Mrs. G. J. Zerwekh. Mrs. Bunstead returned to her home Wednesday, while Mrs. Nye will remain for the summer.

Levering, Mich., with a population of only two hundred and fifty, claims to be the most practically patriotic town in the State. It has already furnished seven men for the Army, and five of them are now in France with General Pershing.

The evening service at the Methodist Church next Sunday, July 15, will be a stereopticon lecture with beautifully illuminated slides on the Personal and Advancement of World-wide Religious work. Views from all lands will be shown. Silver offering.

The states which have answered the call for regular army and National Guard enlistments, says the Petoskey Evening News, will have relatively less men to supply by draft than other states. Michigan has already filled her quota for the regular army and will profit by the reduction. Regulations fixing the quotas of each state for the selective draft were issued Monday by President Wilson. The levies are based on a new population estimate.

The Red Cross organization of this city has completed plans for a big Red Cross dancing party to be held at the Wolverine Hotel, Friday, July 13th. The members of the well known East Jordan orchestra have generously donated their services for this occasion. This music is worth coming miles to hear, even if one does not care to dance to its perfect rhythm. There will be tables for those who care to play cards. This is a chance to help the Red Cross and spend an enjoyable evening at the same time and it is hoped that every one will plan to attend. The tickets have been placed at seventy-five cents a couple. When the girls ask you to buy your tickets remember that the Red Cross needs your help. Be sure you "do your bit" for the boys who are fighting for this country or ours.—The Boyne Citizen.

Thos. Whiteford returned to Flint on Monday.

Lawrence Lalonde is home from Detroit.

Lyle Jepson returned home Tuesday from Lansing.

Thos. Joynt was a Suttons Bay visitor first of the week.

Mrs. Robt. Grant returned from Fife Lake on Thursday.

Ole Olson of Co. I is home from Port Huron for a few days.

L. A. Hoyt and family drove to Kalkaska, Wednesday.

Miss Leona Donaldson is now assisting at Giles & Hawkins.

Robt. McBride went to Deward Thursday for a few days visit.

Att'y E. N. Clink and family were Elk Rapids visitors over Sunday.

Miss Emma Lou Hoyt is visiting friends at Kalkaska this week.

Dr. G. W. Bechtold is receiving a visit from his mother of Bellaire.

Mrs. Geo. Ward went to Lansing on Tuesday, to visit her son and wife.

Henry Clark and mother, Mrs. Hill, motored to Davidson on Monday.

Mrs. M. Ruddock left Thursday for a visit with her daughter at Ludington.

W. L. French left Thursday for Miami, Florida, where his family is located.

Catherine and Buddie Steffes of Midland are visiting their grandmother, Mrs. Prior.

Miss Emma Severance went to Iron-ton first of the week where she has employment.

Mrs. Geo. Glenn left Wednesday for Butler, Pa., called there by the illness of her father.

Miss Josephine Plant of Portland, Oregon, is guest at the home of her aunt, Mrs. C. Spencer.

Miss Emma Lenoaky has returned from Los Angeles, Cal., where she has been the past two years.

Mrs. R. E. Webster and children went to Traverse City, Thursday, for a few days visit with relatives.

Miss Belford, who has been guest of Mrs. John Cutler, returned to her home at Traverse City, Tuesday.

Mrs. D. Holmes and daughter of Charlevoix were guests at the E. A. Lewis home over Sunday.

The Presbyterian Missionary Society will meet at the home of Mrs. G. J. Zerwekh this Friday afternoon July 13.

Word was received here of the marriage of Miss Ellegene French to Mr. Rounds at Miami, Florida, last Saturday, July 7th.

A bake sale will be held at Boswell's millinery store next Saturday, July 14, beginning at 2 o'clock, by the M. E. Ladies' Aid Society.

Mrs. L. G. Balch is receiving a visit from her sister, Miss Mable Johnson and Miss Marion Wild of Jamestown, N. Y.

Mrs. Morrice Gorman and children returned to her home at Grayling, Thursday, after a visit with relatives here.

Dr. H. M. Crooks, president of Alma College and W. Sheldon were East Jordan business visitors Tuesday and Wednesday of this week.

The L. D. S. Ladies Auxiliary will meet at the home of Mrs. John Whiteford next Thursday, July 19th. Ice cream and cake will be served.

Mrs. Earl Hager is assisting at the East Jordan Lumber Co. store, during the absence of Miss Agnes Porter who is out of town on a ten-day vacation.

Ed. St. John, a well-known former East Jordan resident, passed away at Detroit, Tuesday night from pneumonia.

The remains were brought to this city Thursday, and funeral services will be held from the Methodist church this Friday afternoon at 2:00 o'clock, conducted by the pastor, Rev. John Clemens.

Smoke White Holly—5c Cigar.

FOR RENT—My eight-room residence on Nicholls street.—MRS. C. WALSH.

GOOD FOR THE LITTLE ONES

Every year sees a big increase in the demand for Foley's Honey and Tar Compound for coughs, colds and croup. J. A. Parker, Lundgren, Ia., writes: "I gave my children, aged two and four years, Foley's Honey and Tar for severe colds, which gave almost immediate relief. I also took same with good results."—Hite's Drug Store.

## J. L. Weisman Passes Away

Was Affiliated With East Jordan's Business Interest for Quarter of a Century.

J. L. Weisman, who has been ill for a number of years from an incurable disease, passed away at his home on Second-street at a late hour Wednesday night.

With the death of Mr. Weisman, East Jordan loses one of its pioneer merchants. He established Weisman's Store in our city some twenty-five years ago, and has always kept pace with the advancements made. A man keenly interested in the 'developing of our city and surrounding country, always ready to do his share in public welfare, his passing away is keenly felt by everyone in our city, and especially among his business associates.

The remains were taken to Detroit, Thursday afternoon, where funeral services will be held.

### Church of God

J. W. Ruehle, Pastor.  
Sunday, July 15, 1917.  
9:30 a. m. Sunday School.  
10:30 a. m. Morning Worship.  
2:00 p. m. Sunday School at Three Bell School House.  
3:00 Divine Worship at Three Bell School house.  
7:00 p. m. Evening Worship.  
Wednesday 7:00 p. m. Prayer Meeting.  
Friday 7:00 p. m. Cottage Meeting.

### Presbyterian Church Notes

Robert S. Sidebotham, Pastor.  
Sunday, July 15, 1917.  
10:30 a. m.—"The First Beatitude."  
12:00 m.—Sunday School.  
6:30 p. m.—Christian Endeavor.  
7:30 p. m.—No evening service until Sept. 2.  
At 2:30 p. m. the pastor preaches in the school house at Chestonia.  
Thursday 7:30 p. m.—Prayer Meeting

### First Methodist Episcopal Church

Rev. John Clemens, Pastor.  
Sunday, July 15, 1917.  
10:30 a. m.—Morning Worship. Topic "Anxiety."  
11:45 a. m.—Sunday School.  
3:15 p. m.—Junior Epworth League.  
6:30 p. m.—Epworth League. Topic, "What Would I Do With a Fortune?"  
Leaders—Mrs. S. Conway and Miss Sylvia Hall.  
7:30 p. m.—Stereopticon lecture at church. This lecture is comprised of a series of beautifully illuminated slides on the Personal and Advancement of World-wide Religious work. Views from all lands will be shown. Silver offering.

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.

### SOME QUEER ONES

Soda water has gone up to 7 cents a glass in many parts of New York city.

A Kansas man walked eleven miles and swam several swollen creeks to register on June 5.

A liberty bathing girl has appeared at Atlantic City in blue costume, red stockings and white cap.

Because he spanked his wife an alien was refused naturalization papers in Rockland county, N. Y.

The president of Cuba, unable to attend the funeral of "Dynamite Johnny" O'Brien, will have moving pictures taken to exhibit in Cuba.

A letter mailed in New York city Dec. 19, 1912, has just been received by a Jersey City woman, who has been unable to learn why it took almost five years to cross the Hudson.

### FUNDS IN LISLE BANKS.

Arkadelphia (Ark.) Woman Would Tap "Stocking Reserve."

Mrs. J. S. Cargile of Arkadelphia, Ark., has appealed to the woman's committee of the Council of National Defense to make inquiry with a view to ascertaining to what use, if any, stocking tops may be put. She asserts that \$1,000,000 worth of stocking material is wasted every year by American women.

Mrs. Cargile makes it plain her suggestion does not apply to silk stockings, since, she says, they should not be worn at a time when thrift and economy are to be practiced.

## ALLIES PLAN NEW DRIVE IN BALKAN

Greece's Break May Be Prelude to Advance From Salonki.

### REMOVES VEXING PROBLEM

Army of 100,000 Hellenes is Admirably Trained and Would Be a Tremendous Aid to Enemies of Central Powers. Will Not Prove a Second Roumania For Germans.

A blow through the Balkans will be the next move of the allied armies, according to the significance which well posted officials and diplomats in Washington attached to the action of Greece in severing diplomatic relations with the central powers.

That the break in relations is a prelude to the formal entry of Greece into the war on the side of the entente is regarded as a matter of complete certainty.

How soon her army will be in shape to take an active part in the allied operations will depend, it is felt, on how quickly her present force can be reorganized and the new drafts proposed by Premier Venizelos can be completed.

The main consideration from the standpoint of the allies is that Greece's action has definitely removed one of the gravest problems menacing the safety of the Salonki expedition.

So long as the attitude of the Greek government remained uncertain the allies could not project any extended offensive from their base at Salonki for fear that a Greek betrayal, at their rear would cut their communications and lead to a complete annihilation or capture of the expeditionary force.

It was this fear, aggravated by a realization of the tremendous advantages to be gained from a successful drive through the Balkans, that led first to the demand of the allies for a demobilization of the Greek army, then to the allied encouragement of Venizelos' revolt against Constantine, then to the enforced abdication of Constantine, who is a brother-in-law of the Kaiser, in favor of the former's second son, Alexander.

Legation Has No News.

Although the Greek legation had not yet received official confirmation of the severance of relations, there was no doubt expressed as to the authority of the press reports from Athens. Before its demobilization the Greek army numbered 100,000, and it is assumed that this force can be quickly reassembled.

Many of the troops are seasoned veterans, having served with distinction in the Balkan wars, and would be a valuable addition to the entente forces at Salonki, now numbering approximately 650,000, assuming, of course, that the allies would undertake to supply the necessary equipment.

The lessons of the Roumanian fiasco have made an indelible impression on the allied commanders as to the seriousness of any attempt to use troops without the equipment necessary to compete with the marvelous German artillery.

No Second Roumania.

On the other hand, it is pointed out, the Germans are not likely to attempt a repetition of their Roumanian drive when almost before the Roumanians could rally under their own declaration of war the mailed fist had shot through their lines with devastating swiftness.

In the months that they have been compelled to suspend all offensive operations while they watched the development of the Greek situation the British, French and Italian forces have established themselves around Salonki in what is described as practically an impregnable position.

Enormous stores of supplies have been accumulated, making them able to disregard all efforts of the German submarines in the Mediterranean to cut their line of communications. For the Germans to attack these positions, it is suggested, might be as disastrous for them as was the Dardanelles campaign to the allies.

### WARNS OF OIL FAMINE.

Government Expert Says United States Must Control Production.

Unless the United States takes steps to develop new oil lands and takes control of fields in other parts of the world the American supply will come under the domination of a foreign power, Mark Requa, consulting engineer of the bureau of mines, told the senate lands committee. He also predicted that unless immediate relief is found an oil shortage within a year will paralyze commerce on the Pacific coast.

Mr. Requa said that when an attempt was made to consolidate independent oil companies in California with the Mexican Petroleum company to insure greater supply for this country interference on the part of British interests prevented the deal.

The hearing was on Senator Walsh's bill for the leasing of coal and oil lands owned by the government.

Stopped the Meal.

Soup flew all over the diners and broke up the meal when an American Naar hit a mine of the Mersey last month, returning passengers report.

AT TEMPLE THEATRE

ONE WEEK

Starting Monday, July 16th

# Henderson Stock Co.

Monday Night: "The Girl Who Never Had a Chance."

ASK YOUR MERCHANTS FOR FREE TICKETS.

## WOULD REDUCE MINIMUM HEIGHT

### Research Council Wants Bantam Fighters in the Army.

### THEY HAVE A HARD PUNCH

Brute Strength is Not as Essential as Intelligence and Bravery—Japs, Averaging Five Feet Two and a Fourth Inches, Licked the Russians, Who Are Taller—Training Increases Height.

Many an ardent young American patriot anxious to serve his country on the fighting line is kicking his heels with vexation because Uncle Sam considers him too short in stature to make the kind of soldier Uncle Sam wants.

He may be brave and intelligent as well as strong and sound in mind and limb, but by stretching his hardest he cannot make more than five feet two or three inches and therefore must of necessity remain in civilian garb while his soul longs for olive drab.

In the days of old, when the brute strength of soldiers was of almost greater importance than bravery, height was a matter of first consideration, but now that mere strength has become subordinate to natural intelligence and careful scientific training the big man, being a big target, has his military disadvantages, while the medium sized man is generally only a shade the better soldier than the one two or three inches shorter. It is extremely improbable that a well trained regiment of educated Patagonians, who average five feet ten inches tall, would get the better of an opposing regiment of Frenchmen, who are five inches shorter.

Shall We Reduce Minimum?

The committee on anthropology of the National Research Council has taken this matter in hand. After exhaustive study it has forwarded to the general medical board certain recommendations which in due course will be placed before the war and navy departments. These recommendations are to the effect that the United States would be fully justified in changing its recruiting requirements by reducing the minimum height from five feet four inches to five feet one inch and correspondingly the minimum weight from 128 to 120 pounds. The committee points out that many European nationalities, most of which are well represented in this country, have an average height of two, three or four inches shorter than that of Americans, the smaller statures signifying normal variation, according to racial difference rather than degeneration.

The average heights of various races are as follows:

Race	Height (Ft. In.)
Scotch	5 8 1/2
Irish	5 8
Americans	5 8
English	5 7 1/2
Swedes	5 7 1/2
Danes	5 6 1/2
Belgians	5 6 1/2
Germans	5 6 1/2
Russians	5 5 1/2
French	5 5 1/2
Italians	5 4 1/2
Chinese	5 4 1/2
Japanese	5 3 1/2

## NATION AND ALLIES SURE OF AMPLE COAL SUPPLY

### Fuel, Just as Food, is Vital Need, and Statistics Show That Records Are Broken.

Not only food, but fuel, is a vital need of this country and of our allies—coal to run the ships and railroads, to feed the iron furnaces and furnish steam for all the manufacturing plants, coal in greater quantities than have ever before been mined in the United States or in any part of the world, and this need is being met in true American fashion by the operators and owners of the mines and by the diggers of coal. With these words Secretary Franklin K. Lane began his statement regarding the coal situation as reported to him by the statisticians of his department.

The production of coal in the United States last year, he continued, was the greatest in the history of the country. A new record, however, was set for the first six months of this year, fully 270,000,000 tons of bituminous coal being produced since Jan. 1, thus exceeding the output of the first six months of last year by about 20,000,000 tons. Even better news is that the limit has not yet been reached, for, as the railroads are able to work out to better advantage the problem of car supply and give to the mines greater facilities for transporting their product to market, the supply of coal that reaches the consumer will be in steadily increasing quantities. In the early months of 1917, because of the congestion of the railroads and the difficulties of transportation, the production of bituminous coal fell behind the high mark set in January and February a year ago. As a result of the patriotic and earnest endeavor of the railroad officials and the coal operators and representatives of mine workers who have volunteered their services to the federal government in this emergency, production has been speeded up within the last few months, and the output of soft coal, which in May exceeded all previous records, was surpassed in June.

Despite the extra demand in this country and the urgent needs of our allies, no one with the facts before him can doubt that the coal industry, under the careful guidance of those now directing its welfare, will be able to supply all needs.

The Fighting Bantams.

When the war in Europe began the British recruiting authorities fixed the minimum height for infantry at five feet three inches. Smaller men were not to be denied, however. After two or three months' agitation, which was especially strong in the manufacturing districts of the north of England, they induced the war office to accept the

DO NOT DELAY BUY A "WHITE" TODAY

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# MRS. KIESO SICK SEVEN MONTHS

Restored to Health by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Aurora, Ill.—"For seven long months I suffered from a female trouble, with severe pains in my back and sides until I became so weak I could hardly walk from chair to chair, and got so nervous I would jump at the slightest noise. I was entirely unfit to do my housework, I was giving up hope of ever being well, when my sister asked me to try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. I took six bottles and today I am a healthy woman able to do my own housework. I wish every suffering woman would try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and find out for themselves how good it is."—Mrs. CARL A. KIESO, 596 North Ave., Aurora, Ill.

The great number of unsolicited testimonials on file at the Pinkham Laboratory, many of which are from time to time published by permission, are proof of the value of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, in the treatment of female ills.

Every ailing woman in the United States is cordially invited to write to the Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co. (confidential), Lynn, Mass., for special advice. It is free, will bring you health and may save your life.



## NOAH FRENCH UNDERTAKER

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Dentist  
Office Hours: 8 to 12 a. m. 1 to 5 p. m.  
And Evenings.  
Phone No. 222.

## FOR YOUNG FOLKS

Sleepy Time Story About a Most Valn and Silly Beast.  
HAD VERY BIG NOTIONS.

Although His Home Was in the Barnyard, He Imagined That Place Was Too Humble For His Talents—Goes on a Journey and Is Punished.

Well, said Uncle Ben to Little Ned, tonight I am going to tell you about

### THE ARTFUL DONKEY.

Once upon a time there lived in a field near a fine jungle where many lions made their home a little gray donkey.

Now, this donkey was not satisfied with being just a donkey and drawing his master's little cart of vegetables to market and enjoying a comfortable home and nice meals.

Neddy wanted to be a lion, and he tried to imitate the air and walk of a lion he had once seen. He fancied that his bray sounded like a lion's roar. All the farmyard animals laughed at him, which made him very cross.

One day a hunter who had shot a lion stopped at his master's house with the lion skin. While the stranger was at dinner Neddy stole out to where the skin lay and slipped into it. Then he ran off toward the forest, frightening foolish hens and geese and amazing the more sensible animals.

When he reached the edge of the fields he met the old black sheep who led his master's flocks.

"G-r-r-u-u!" brayed the donkey.

The sheep laughed.

Near the woods he met Mr. Fox.

"Why, it's that stupid old donkey that brays whenever I come about the farmhouse at night. What's he doing running around in the skin of old Leo?" Mr. Fox said to himself.

Leo was the old lion which had been shot by the hunter. His relatives in the forest were very angry about his death.

"G-r-r-u-u!" brayed the donkey.

"Ah, good evening, Mr. Leo!" the fox said slyly.

The donkey was greatly pleased.

"Glad to meet you, sir," replied the donkey.

"There are some of your relations over there looking for you," the fox went on, thinking that the donkey would turn and run home.

But the foolish donkey was so sure that the lions would gladly welcome him and never suspect that he was not one of themselves that he went trotting off toward a brook where some of the animals were drinking.

"There he comes, the monster, dressed in my poor, dear husband's skin!" roared Mrs. Leo, and she made a leap that landed her on the donkey's neck.

That was all. The next day the farmer, who went out to hunt for Neddy, found the lion's skin behind the donkey's skin in the woods.

**Why Water Puts Out Fire.**  
Water puts out fire for two good reasons. First, if a thing is covered with water, the oxygen of the air cannot get at it to burn it. But that is not nearly the most important reason why water puts out fire. It is that water has a great capacity for heat and can hold a great deal of it. It takes so much heat into itself, and so quickly, that it lowers the temperature of the burning thing that it can no longer burn.

**Summer Sport.**  
Children who live near the Atlantic seacoast know what fun it is to play in the sand on the beach. They think about it all winter, and as soon as



Photo by American Press Association. A PRETTY BEACH GIRL.

school is out away they go to Atlantic City or some other place on the Jersey coast, where they spend hours building cathedrals and cities, grottoes and palaces in the fine white sand. There will be thousands of them, like the pretty little girl here pictured, doing that all this summer.

**Baby Birdie.**  
Does the little birdie sleep?  
Does he shut his eyes?  
Does his mamma rock him  
Every time he cries?

## WARTIME GARB.

How Women Are Denning the Khaki Instead of Silk.



ON THE MARCH.

Khaki is fast becoming a favorite fabric for sports and work clothes. A regulation army shirt, soft felt hat and bloomers of khaki, worn inside leggings of the same material make up the uniform of this movie actress who is tramping across the continent, winning recruits on the way.

**Baked Ham.**  
Wash a twelve pound smoked ham and soak overnight in cold water to cover. Drain, put in a stock pot, cover with cold water and bring to the boiling point. Simmer three hours or until tender. Peel off the skin, place in a dripping pan, spread one-half inch thick with brown sugar, add a cupful of garlic vinegar and bake in a hot oven three-quarters of an hour, basting every ten minutes. Spread with another layer of sugar, stick with cloves an inch apart, reduce the heat and cook slowly without basting for twenty-five minutes so that the ham may be well glazed. Serve hot the first time and later cold thinly sliced with whipped cream and horseradish sauce.

## YOUR ROSEBUSHES.

From Buds to Broken Roots Here is Sound Advice. Prepared by the U. S. Department of Agriculture.

**I**N planting dormant bushes it is desirable to trim the ends of broken roots and any that are too long just before they are put into the hole, so that there will be smooth, fresh surfaces which can callous and heal over. It is usual to have this fresh cut surface on the under side of the root. The hole in which the bush is to be planted should be several inches larger across than the roots will extend and ample in depth, with a little loose earth on the bottom. The roots should be separated well in all directions, with the soil well worked in among them, separating them into layers, each of which should be spread out like the fingers of the hand. When the hole is partially full the plant should be shaken up and down so as to make sure it is in close contact with the soil under the crown where the roots branch. When the roots are well covered the soil should be firmed. This is best done by tramping. If the soil is in proper condition tramping cannot injure the plants. This will leave a depression about them, but all the roots will be covered.

When all are planted each one may be watered, although this usually is not necessary, especially if the roots have been puddled before planting. If water is applied permit it to soak in about the roots and then fill the hole with dry earth. Do not tramp after watering. With the soil wet it would be injurious to compact it more. If not watered the depression should be filled with loose earth, the same as though it had been watered. After planting no watering should be done unless very dry weather follows, and even then care must be exercised not to overdo it till after growth starts. In watering it is desirable to draw away some earth from about the bush, apply the water and after it has soaked in draw dry earth about the plant again.

## FRESH CHICKENS

How to Choose One From Among Embalmed Poultry.

### PUT WHOLESOMENESS FIRST.

**Tip: About Dry Picked, Air Cooled Birds and the Great Danger of Bacteria Entering a Dressed One, Thus Causing Ptomaine Poisoning.**

We should place wholesomeness ahead of plumpness and youth. In other words, the points of greatest importance to consider are: "Is the bird untainted or reasonably fresh? Is there danger of its giving ptomaine poisoning to some one who eats it because the bacteria of decay have begun their deadly work?"

The time was when it was considered safer to purchase poultry which had been drawn, it being argued that the entrails were likely to contaminate the meat. Heads and feet were removed, and the purchaser felt she was getting net weight and not paying for that which must be discarded.

As a matter of fact, it is now believed by the majority that it is safer to buy poultry undrawn and with the heads and feet where nature placed them. Once an opening has been made into the body cavity of a bird or the head and feet cut off, the moist, delicate tissues are laid open to the air, fairly inviting the invasion of bacteria. These bacteria soon impair the flavor of the meat, even if actual decomposition does not set in.

The feet and head tell a good deal about the age of the bird. Young birds have clean, smooth legs and feet while old ones show a rough, scaly condition with the development of spurs. Some poultry specialists also claim that a fowl with yellow legs is of better flavor than one having black legs.

The head of a bird which has been killed some time will tell the fact plainly to any one who can read the symptoms. Sunken eyes, darkened neck and a greenish blue color near the bill, all show that the bird is no longer fresh.

To order a bird over the telephone is to trust entirely to one's marketman. It is much better to make the selection in person and to have the chicken or duck or whatever it may be drawn in one's presence.

Sometimes chickens are dry picked immediately after they are killed, and to hasten the cooling process they are allowed to stand for a time in very cold water in order to remove the animal heat.

This is objectionable also, for a chicken cooled in water absorbs more or less of it, which is paid for at food prices. The skin of such a bird has a white look, which has been described as "powdery." It has a thick look and is inclined to be rather shiny.

A properly dry picked, air cooled chicken has a loose, clear looking skin. There are sure to be short hairs, which it is necessary to remove by singeing, and the papillae, or quill sockets, show plainly.

It is not at all difficult to learn to dress poultry at home. Ten or fifteen minutes at the most is all that is needed to prepare a good sized bird for cooking, and there is a great deal of satisfaction in knowing exactly what you have got.

In these days of the high price of living and the still higher price of being sick the more we pay others for doing the less money we have for ourselves.

### SUMMER BEAUTY.

Could Youth Be Garbed More Charmingly Than This?

White tussore handsomely figured and cut with a smart little vest in a shade to harmonize with the predominant col-



THE LATEST MODE.

or in the figure gives us this beach suit. The feature is the double belt, one buckled inside the coat revers and one buckled outside, confining them slightly.

## NOTICE TO TAXPAYERS

The City tax roll for taxes of 1917 will become payable on July 1st, 1917, and will be received on and after that date at my office when the tax roll is in my hands for collection. Taxes paid at any time up to and including July 31st may be made without any collection fee therefor; provided, that an addition of two per cent, shall be made thereto on the first day of August and one per cent each month thereafter that the tax remains unpaid, until returned to the county treasurer.

Dated June 20th, 1917.

WM. A. PICKARD, City Treasurer.

### STOPPED HIS BACKACHE

George Lawrence, railroad fireman, Kittrell, Miss., writes: "I used three bottles of Foley Kidney Pills when I was so sick I hardly could stay on the engine, and they cured me. My back ached all the time; kidneys acted sluggish; dull headache; felt sleepy all the time; nervous; had to rise many times each night."—Hite's Drug Store.

Good luck is the most popular brand of nerve tonic.

When a man is selfish he shows himself a poor judge of men.

### DIFFERENT—BUT SATISFACTORY

Indigestion causes worry, sick headaches, biliousness, bad breath and constant distress. W. A. McRae, Raleigh, Ga., writes: "Foley Cathartic Tablets cleanse my system thoroughly and do not gripe or hurt at all. I find them entirely satisfactory and wonderfully different and more pleasant than any other pill."—Hite's Drug Store.

## Frank Phillips

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

## THINNING REQUIRED FOR GARDEN CROPS

Plants Should Be Given Plenty of Space in Rows.

East Lansing, Mich., July 10.—Nature's law of "survival of the fittest" should be applied to garden crops, horticulturists of the Michigan Agricultural College say. Rows must be thinned, they declare, by removing the weak and puny.

"If the garden crops have not been thinned, start now," is the advice the garden men give. "Most gardeners sow too many seeds in the row, with the result that the plants become crowded and suffer from a lack of moisture, light and plant food. For this reason, a small amount of thinning is necessary, even when the seeds are carefully spaced with the seed drill. A few plants well spaced in the row will yield better, and produce a higher quality product, than a larger number of plants growing under crowded conditions."

"Commence to thin just as soon as the size of the plants and the ravages of insects will permit. Bear in mind that thinning should be a process of selection, that is all weak plants should be discarded, leaving only the most vigorous to mature."

The following are the distances to which some of the most common vegetables should be thinned: Beets, turnips, carrots, parsnips and salsify, four to six inches, depending on the soil and variety, rutabagas, eight inches; wax or string beans, four inches; lima beans, twelve inches; onions, two inches; parsley, six inches; cucumbers, four plants to each hill, or if in rows, allow two feet between the plants in the row; melons and squashes, two strong plants to each hill.

Few collisions occur on the path of virtue.

**PURE MILK**

## For Your Health's Sake Drink More Milk

Beginning today order twice as much milk as you have been getting. In no other way can you buy more health and at the same time save money. The average family must cut down the food bills. Why not, then, buy milk at a low price rather than some other foods at exorbitant prices? One quart of milk equals:—  
8 eggs  
3 lbs. fresh codfish  
3-5 lb. of ham  
2 lbs. of chicken  
3-4 lb. of round steak  
4-5 lb. of pork chops

When people come to properly understand the real food values in milk there will be much more of it used.

We want to impress upon you especially that our milk is good milk. It has that perfect flavor that makes milk-drinking a pleasure. It is produced and delivered to you under absolutely sanitary conditions.

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