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Play Mixed With Great Lakes

Boys Who Never Saw the Ocean Are Taught the Duties of a Sailor and Make Good Seamen

MORE than 10,000 young men from the colleges, factories, farms and offices of the middle west are learning at the United States naval training station at Great Lakes, Ill., far from the tang of salt water, to be sailors, and many of them have not even seen the sea.

Of course there is Lake Michigan, abutting the training station at its very doorway, but it is surprising what one can learn about navigation and nautical tactics without even setting foot on shipboard.

In the middle of a grassy field are scattered the working parts of a battleship. On a swinging platform there is a steering wheel with its creaking rope and rigged with a naval compass. Here the recruit gets all the sensations of the pitching seas while he holds her headed into the teeth of a booming "sou'wester." This contrivance and one affording training in the lowering and raising of boats are shown in the pictures.

Upon this field a large proportion of the men who have been sent into the navy since the declaration of war against Germany have been trained from raw material into deep sea sail-

men. About 20,000 have gone to sea from the station so far, and all of them have been trained on dry land.

Knotty problems in sailor's knots form a regular part of the recruit's day at the station. Before a bluejacket goes aboard ship he must be a master of "bends, hitches and splices" and the work is given every bit as much attention at the station as drill, physical training or boat practice. The recruit must qualify in the rigging loft before he can be rated a second class seaman. Here he is taught first to tie the simplest knot, known as the overhead knot and is that used in tying bundles. Bit by bit he progresses until he can tie ropes in all manner of intricate fashion.

The names of some of these savor of the deep sea. For example, there are the figure eight, the overhead, the square, the tomfool, the diamond, the French shroud, the lanyard, the monkey's fist, the sennit, the double and single Mathew Walker, the marlinpike hitch, the back wall hitch, short splices, long splices, eye splices, wire rope splices, the stopper knot and many others.

And finally when he is graduated from the rigging loft he can tie a bowline knot to make a ship fast as it docks as easily as he can prepare a bowline on a bight for the purpose of aligning cables or loading stores. All are experts on the square knot, for it is this knot that usually catches the eye of Captain W. A. Moffett, commandant, on inspection days.

Three kinds of rope are used by blue-jackets in tying the knots—Manila, tarred hemp and untarred hemp. Wire rope will not serve the purpose. And finally, after two or three months this fresh water "boy" knows almost as much about a ship's ropes as does the man who has spent years on the salt water.

From Farm to the Navy.

To the large proportion of them knowledge of navigation was confined to a catboat or a canoe on an inland river, and some of them, in fact, had never seen a large body of water until they peeped over the sea wall at the training station and saw the waters of Lake Michigan dimpling in the streaming sunlight below, but when they left a few months later to go aboard a cruiser, a battleship, a destroyer or a submarine they were sailors—fighters on active service. Many of these men have been reared on the farms of Ohio, Indiana, Kentucky, Michigan, Wisconsin, Illinois, Minnesota, North and South Dakota, Nebraska, Iowa, Kansas and Missouri.

Some say life at this inland naval training station resembles nothing so much as a game of "make believe," even though it is in desperate seriousness and is fraught with import. For example, when a man is given "liberty" or permission to leave the station he says he is going "ashore." When he scrubs his tent floor he is "scrubbing deck." The station is known as the "island," and the station clock is the "ship's clock," and when it is 5 o'clock it is not 5 o'clock as we know it in civil life, but "two bells."

The bluejackets have their own monthly magazine, the Great Lakes

Work at the Training Station

In Their Off Moments They Play Baseball, Box and Hold Other Athletic Meetings—Capt. Moffett Is Commandant

ports of actual competition at the station, navy history and ship life, together with a few stories of the sea.

Although decorations are barred on a navy workday uniform and all jewelry and lodge or fraternity emblems go into the ditty box when the "owner enlists, a number of the men recently have been wearing a button on their blue jacket showing that they have purchased a Liberty bond. The men of the station purchased upward of \$700,000 worth of the bonds, and there was the largest single amount devoted to this purpose by the men of any station, yard or ship in the navy.

With about 2,000 men in training at the station who have earned distinction in college or high school athletics interest in sports is widespread at this station. In fact, from the time the young American slips into his blue jacket until he leaves for sea duty sports form a big part of his daily life and help build up his muscles and morals. Dr. John B. Kaufman, passed assistant surgeon, U. S. N., is in charge of athletics. He is aided by the services of a number of civilian volunteers who hold high places in the athletic world.

Under the tutelage of Jimmy Sheekard, assistant manager of the Chicago Cubs, forty-eight baseball teams playing in leagues of the various camps of the station participate in the regularly scheduled games. Martin A. Delaney, physical director of the Chicago Athletic association, who was second in command of the American Olympic team at Stockholm, is the track and field coach.

Many Noted Athletes.

In each of the several big outdoor meets this summer more than a thousand blue jackets participated. Coach E. J. Mather of Lake Forest college also assists in track athletics, as does Captain J. Heiberg of the Lake Forest track team, enlisted as a second class yeoman. Pat Smith of Bay City, Mich., captain elect of the University of Michigan football team, enlisted as a seaman, is in charge of the football squads. As nucleus for his team he has Raymond Hittner and Locks, holders of University of Michigan "M's," and Phil Proctor of the University of Nebraska.

Boxing is one of the most popular sports at Great Lakes. Bouts are held every Thursday afternoon in a ring pitched in a natural amphitheater in a ravine on the reservation, and thousands of persons from the surrounding communities attend them.

Competition between the men of the service is keen. Each fighter seems to feel that he is to be the honor of his company. Chief Turret Captain Jack Kennedy, former champion of the north Atlantic fleet, is in charge of this part of the athletics. Ben Reuben, a Chicagoan and holder of the middleweight wrestling title of the world, has enlisted as a second class machinist's mate and holds regular instruction classes on "breaks and holds" for the sailors. Coach Harry Hazehurst of the Hamilton club of Chicago has enlisted in the United States naval reserve force as a second class yeoman. With the help of William Bachrach of the Illinois Athletic club he is teaching the recruits to swim.

One of the recruits has even installed a putting green and practices golf in his leisure hours. Baseball and boxing, however, are the favorite sports of the men. Almost any of the daylight hours you will see sailors engaged in batting and catching balls, while off at one side others are sparring.

In these days of stress and strife there is some competition for the title of "the busiest man," but Captain Moffett's assistants believe that he easily leads the field. It takes three relays of

stenographers, called yeomen in the navy, to keep up with him. He rises shortly after daybreak and is usually at his desk until after midnight. Frequently it has been necessary for him to have his luncheon and dinner served on a tray in his office. He often transacts business while going to and from his home, giving interviews and conferences which he otherwise would have no time for. As an example of the pressure of his business, more than 900 visitors appeared at the station in one day not long ago and asked to see the commandant.

Captain Moffett displays a real personal interest in the station, and much of the routine work is delegated to others under his supervision, and he makes frequent inspections of details, and any complaint made by an enlisted man receives his hearing and attention.

Three times a day there are spirited combats with hotsteaks, called "half soles" with potatoes, called "spuds," with bread, called "pink," and butter that is called "grease," and perhaps a piece of pie, known as a "silver." A scene in a mess hall, of which there are about thirty on the station, resembles nothing so much as a college dining room.

Feeding this vast horde of 10,000 hungry boys is no small task, and their healthy outdoor life demands that they must be fed, and fed well, three times a day. According to Chief Commissary Steward Craver, the blue-jacket who is unable to eat his share at mess has yet to be found. Mr. Craver has figured out that the food necessary for a single meal on the average day is about as follows: Seven thousand pounds of roast chicken, 2,000 pounds of mashed potatoes, 500 quarts of gravy, 15,000 radishes, 4,000 tomatoes, 1,000 pounds of green peas, 400 gallons of ice cream, 8,000 pounds of cake, 7,000 pounds of milk, 6,000 loaves of bread and about 5,000 quarts of coffee. A simple order of "ham and" for all hands calls for 1,440 dozen of eggs and 2,000 pounds of ham.

Music and Its Trinity.

What we call music is well described as a trinity. The three components are rhythm, melody and harmony. Rhythm is to music what the will is to the individual. The rhythm of music is its physical side, just like the body or flesh of the human being. Melody in music parallels the heart (or blood), a component part of the individual. Harmony is the soul of music just as feeling is the soul of the human being (also possessed of a three fold nature). The triple elements in music are represented in the history of the world first by the drum (rhythm); second, by the lute (melody); and third, by the lyre (harmony). Music lays its first hold on the human understanding by its rhythm. All men are influenced by it (even savages). And every soldier (with or without an ear for music) can appreciate the tap, tap of a drummer boy's drum and can march longer and better for it.—Philadelphia Record.

Be Canny.

Home preparedness—cans loaded with food. That rubber ring you put on a preserving jar helps you to stretch your income.

The awful question "What shall I have for dinner?" is easily answered if your shelves are full of home canned products.

Can't eat 'em all in summer? Not enough in winter? Home canning is the answer.

You put a lid on waste every time you seal a preserving jar.

Canned berries are bird proof.

Frost doesn't nip canned vegetables.

Canned green peas and yellow peaches help fight the blues.—New York Globe.

From Private to Private Life.

A little known episode in the career of the dethroned czar, Nicholas II, was his period of service in the Russian army as a common soldier. He submitted to all the restrictions placed on an ordinary private, saluting his officers and carrying his full equipment with the rest. On the regimental roll he figured as "Private Nicholas Romanoff, of the Orthodox faith; coming from Tsarskoe Selo."

Two Questions.

"Why do you weep over the sorrows of people in whom you have no interest when you go to the theater?" asked the man.

"I don't know," replied the woman. "Why do you cheer wildly when a man with whom you are not acquainted slides to second base?"—Exchange.

An Evident Alternative.

"She married him in spite of great opposition, didn't she?"

"Yes. If her marriage doesn't turn out well she'll only have herself to blame."

"Good gracious! Why? What's to prevent her blaming him?"

NOW IT IS "LIBERTY BREAD."

Loaf of Flour Substitutes to Have New Name Given It.

"Liberty bread" is the term to be encouraged by the food administration, as applied to loaves made of substitutes for wheat flour, rather than the phrase "war bread," used in other waring countries.

"The name 'war bread' gives the impression that there is something inferior about the breads made of substitutes for wheat," says an announcement. "The fact is that breads made from wheat substitutes are healthful and just as tasty as those made from wheat." Use of substitutes will be encouraged at the food training camps to be held in connection with the fairs and expositions in the near future.

After a man reaches the age of 40 he quits trying to secure the moon and gives his entire attention to getting the

SMUGGLERS BUSY ON DUTCH BORDER

Frontier Guards Find It Impossible to Prevent It.

MUCH INGENUITY SHOWN

One Man Wrapped Himself With Layers of Bacon—Women Had Their Hats Filled With Sausages—Children Get Much Food for Themselves, but Also Give Away Information.

There was a jubilee feast at a little town on the border between Holland and Germany the other day. A woman gave it. She invited large numbers of her friends and neighbors and all toasted and applauded her. What was the reason for the jubilee? you ask. She had just smuggled her fortieth package across the border into Germany.

Strange events such as this occur daily in Holland. Smuggling is rife. So general has it become that fear neither of the law nor of the church can stop many persons living on the border from taking advantage of the need for supplies in Germany. Even men who have been selected to put an end to it take a hand in it themselves, and sometimes even the military men who are sent to re-enforce the civilian customs officers cannot resist the temptation of making extra gains that often amount to \$35 and \$40 a week.

In the frontier districts no stigma attaches to fines or imprisonment imposed for smuggling. Public opinion in the districts farther inland expresses itself as concerned for the morality of the frontier dwellers.

Appeal Made to Churches.

The churches have been appealed to to assist in suppressing smuggling. The Netherlands Reformed church in one town answered the appeal by taking a severe attitude toward the smugglers. It threatened to keep every confirmed smuggler from the holy communion so long as he or she continued in this trade.

Some of the smugglers—those of the lowest order—are so little used to having money that they don't know how to spend it, and therefore generally do so in a way detrimental to themselves and to the community. Drinking and fighting are the order of the day with them. Often they cannot even get rid of their money quickly enough.

Instances are known in which they literally consumed paper money as sandwiches, spreading it between two slices of bread and butter. Also they have lighted their pipes with 40 or 60 florin bills (\$18 to \$24). Such men's children often suffer want and fall to the care of the community when the father is down on his luck.

Others provide well for their homes, and pianos, talking machines and other luxuries are now to be found in the most unlikely looking, tumble-down cottages, and the women and children are clad like Solomon in all his glory.

The Germans also do a lot of smuggling. Large numbers of them come into Holland to eat, and upon returning home they generally take a little something for their families. The other day a party of German women, all well dressed and wearing large hats, was interviewed in the waiting room of a railway station on the border by Dutch customs officials. The women declared they had nothing with them. They were politely invited to take off their hats, and when assisted in this act by some Dutch women detectives it soon appeared that each lady had tucked a certain number of sausages in pads over which to do her hair. One even had concealed a whole pound of tea amid the sausage and hair coils.

Bringing Home the Bacon.

Another case was that of a polite traveler whose politeness caused him to be suspected. Every stitch of clothing was removed from his person before the "contraband" was exposed. It was bacon, artistically cut in the very shape of his body and laid on and securely fastened all over it by leather thongs. Much diminished in bulk, he was allowed to proceed on his journey, and there was mourning in one German home at least for the loss of this appetizing food.

It has become customary in frontier places for bands of forty or fifty German school boys and girls to come into Holland to get what food they may. It is extremely difficult to get rid of them, for when the Dutch frontier guard takes them back to Germany at one place they slip back at another. The only way to get rid of them is to question them about conditions on their side, and when this has been done for some time the German guard sees to it that they do not return for fear they will give away information.

Near Maastrecht's secret subterranean passage has just again been discovered in St. Peter's mountain, which led straight into Belgium. This must have been used for months, and immense quantities must have been smuggled through it. Now it has been blown up by the Dutch military, but as there are some 10,000 passages in St. Peter's it is quite likely some of these may still lead to Belgium and be known to smugglers. The secret passages in former times offered a shelter to Dutch refugees in the Spanish and French wars and to Belgians in this war, so that such a drastic way of closing up the mountain would be deplored by every one.

CIRCUIT COURT JURORS.

List of Petit Jurors for the August 1917 term of court.

Gust Milkie	St. James Twp.
James Nice	South Arm Twp.
Victor Peck	Wilson Twp.
Andrew Melin	Boyne City 1st ward
John Moorehead	Boyne City 2nd ward
Arden E. Watson	Boyne City 3d ward
Cameron McNeilly	Boyne City 4th ward
Archie A. Swinton	Charlevoix 1st ward
Fred E. Cartier	Charlevoix 2nd ward
Archie Alcock	Charlevoix 3d ward
Joseph Mayville	East Jordan 1st ward
Clark Berrie	East Jordan 2nd ward
H. A. Kimball	East Jordan 3d ward
Albert West	Bay Twp.
O. L. Magee	Boyne Valley Twp.
Frank H. Atkin	Chandler Twp.
Geo. Cook	Charlevoix Twp.
Porter Smith	Evangeline Twp.
James McClure	Eveline Twp.
Charles Brown	Hayes Twp.
James B. Leazier	Hudson Twp.
Clyde Smith	Marion Twp.
Clavin Howard	Melrose Twp.
Wm. H. Mayne	Norwood Twp.

THE MILLION DOLLAR DOLL

At Temple Theatre Next Thursday, Aug. 23rd.

A decided improvement over the ordinary musical comedy is "The Million Dollar Doll," Norton & Bunnell's production, which will be the next big attraction at the Temple Theatre on Thursday, Aug. 23rd. This new musical comedy has a well defined love story woven through the play and the music was written especially for and fitted to the play, rather than dragged into it, as incidental music, which is so common in the general makeup of musical comedies. "The Million Dollar Doll" takes you through many beautiful and novel scenes. The famous cabaret at the home of Col. Barrington in New York City, the trip through the Panama Canal on board the big ocean liner, the now famous "Joy Zone" at the Panama Exposition and the illumination of the Tower of Jewels all make scenes of unparalleled splendor. A company of 40 people in clever dances, tuneful songs, rousing ensembles and witty dialogue, make you forget all your troubles and think that life is worth living again.

Red Cross Notes

An Earnest Call for Red Cross Workers.

Where is our patriotism? Can we not take time from our duties to look into the smiling faces of our soldier boys, then down into their very souls and realize what they are sacrificing? Hopes, ambitious lives, they are giving for our country and the safety of our homes, and we hesitate to devote a few hours of our day, to their necessities. We cannot fight with them, but let the comforts of our Red Cross supplies represent us at their side in the trenches. We should not only "give till it hurts" but give till we are benefited by lessened selfishness.

Mothers, if we are not sending our own sons have we not sufficient breadth of soul to aid some boy who is sacrificing all? Our Red Cross Chapter cannot respond to the urgent calls sent to us because of lack of interested workers. Must we close our rooms and have our boys call us slackers?

Figuratively we are on our knees begging you for help in this crisis. But it is not ours to censure. Your own conscience must do that.

—From Cadillac News.

By concealing the truth one frequently advertises it.

A truthful man never makes a success as a fisherman.

Climbing hills before we come to them is what makes us tired.

People who talk a great deal seldom find there is anything to say. People with long faces absorb much and reflect none.

CANNED FUN FOR FOOD CAMPAIGN

Good Advice in Numerous Difficulties From Washington.

PRODUCTION'S BIG INCREASE

In All Sections of the United States the Response to Appeals For More Food This Year Has Been Gratifying Verses Issued by National Emergency Food Garden Commission.

Much has been written about gardening, canning and drying of fruits and vegetables in recent weeks. This has had a most beneficial effect, as shown by recent government reports, which indicate a tremendous gain in the production of foodstuffs in every section of the country. The National Emergency Food Garden Commission recently issued the following verses, which, in a lighter vein, urge the planting and canning of vegetables:

There was a great year in Berlin Whose subjects were all growing thin. In good English he said, "Bully what I dread! Because we have nothing to eat."

The young folks of Lakewood, N. J. Said: "We will make our garden beds. We'll stick to the work. We won't dodge it or shirk. For this isn't work—this is play."

A maiden who lived in St. Joe Wrote east to her Washington beau, "I can't be there in June, It is really too soon. For I'm busy with dad's westward hue."

A charming young bud named Marie Wrote to Mrs. von Stuyvesant, Esq. "I'm begging your pardon, But I'm working my garden. And can't get away for your tea."

Said Miss Gladys Clarissa McFanner: "I've abandoned my play's pliance. Art is all very good. But it won't supply food, So I'm playing my tunes on my canned."

Mrs. Sedleigh has given up sighing. At the cost of the food she's been buying. For she's got 'em all beat. On the good things to eat. Since she's taken to canning and drying.

High diddle diddle, this life is a riddle. For prices have jumped over the moon. But plant a food garden on some vacant lot. And prices will tumble down soon.

Rock-a-bye baby in the tree top. Father is hoing his home garden crop. Soon he will harvest enough for us all. And high cost of living will have a bad fall.

If old Mother Hubbard should go to the cupboard. She'd find all the food she'd desire. For stored away there is foodstuff to spare. The product of canner and drier.

Old King Food in his merriest mood Set a-watching his garden plot. He counted his beans, and he reckoned his beans. And he said: "Will we starve? We will not."

Mary, Mary, no longer contrary. Has made a home garden grow. With turnips and beans to feed the marines. And the soldiers and sailors, you know.

President Paak, come blow our horn. Our allies are calling for wheat and corn. Set the nation to work to grow turnips and equal. And we'll feed the whole world with our food, by gosh!

Pat-o-cake, pat-o-cake, better's man. Look at the things we're going to can. Can 'em and dry 'em and store 'em away to give us our food for the cold winter's day.

Dickery, dickery, dook. The best yards in our block. Are full enough of garden stuff. Our pantry shelves to stock.

"A dollar, a dollar, a ten o'clock schooler. Why do you come so late? 'I've stayed at home to dig the weeds. This gardening stunt is great."

Tuffy was a Washburn, Tuffy was a thing. Tuffy will not work, so he must learn to grind. The neighbors planted seeds in their yards and vacant lots. And spent the summer raising things on thrifty garden plots. They're canning 'em and drying 'em and storing 'em away. If Tuffy cannot stand 'em he'll have grocer's bills to pay.

There was an old man and he had a weed on his board. And he couldn't steal a ride, not a ride could be had. So he bought a back yard and he planted some beans. And raised enough cash to buy a donm machine.

If a man saves a cent each day he will not need to risk the loss of a friend at the end of the year by trying to borrow a dollar.

Recruit, edited by themselves. It is a truly publication dominated by a strain of humor. It contains 400

SOLDIERLY EFFECT.

The Kind of Coat Flappers Need For School.



WELL PREPARED.

Despite its handsome touches of wool embroidery in gay colors, this good looking coat of heavy navy blue serge gives us the idea that military designs are still ruling coats. Any way, the garment is stunning for high school girls.

EVENING AT HOME.

Family Life Hath Charms of Its Very Own, You Know.

- The greeting.
- The inquiry as to what is wrong.
- The unspeakable condition of the gas pressure.
- The dinner.
- The apologies and deprecations.
- The assurance that it is superb.
- The ablution of the tableware fifty-fifty.
- The review of the day.
- The newspaper.
- The suggestion of the movies.
- The examination of the photoplay column.
- The decision to stay at home.
- The hope that nobody comes.
- The book.
- The refusal to read aloud.
- The cigar ashes on the rug.
- The removal of the collar and the search for house slippers.
- The bell.
- The scramble for the collar.
- The delivered package.
- The return to comfort.
- The opinion of the printer who put tokens into small type.
- The yawn.
- The avowal of fatigue.
- The apple.
- The rattling window.
- The clock.
- The darkness.
- The conversation.
- The silence.

TO PRESERVE SILK GARMENTS

Get the Habit of Washing Your Stockings Nightly.

Perspiration and dust do a lot to wear out silk stockings; therefore if you wish to prolong the life of this very expensive item of your wardrobe you will remove your stockings after a dusty walk and wash them at once. Never throw them in the laundry basket, there to remain several days or a week perhaps in their dusty condition. This treatment is death to the delicate fiber. Wash them out at once in plenty of soapy water, rinse thoroughly and when dry do not iron. Ironing is not good for fine silk and not necessary anyway, because as soon as the stocking is put on all the creases are drawn out.

This may seem like a lot of trouble, but as a matter of fact if made a part of the nightly preparation for retiring it soon becomes second nature.

Silk underwear should also be washed frequently and not allowed to stand in its soiled condition. It is attention to little details like this that give some women of moderate means the reputation of being well dressed. They know how to care for the costly items of their wardrobe.

Peach Flavoring.

When preserving peaches save all the stones, crack them and remove the brown skin, cut the kernels into small pieces and put into a pint preserving jar. Add enough brandy to cover, screw on the top and set away. After two or three weeks it is ready for use. Add two teaspoonfuls of these nut meats to any good cake recipe. The flavor is delicious and will keep any length of time.

To Can Beans.

Cut beans as for table, fill jars with beans, then fill with cold water. Put on the covers, but do not snap the wire down. Place jars in a kettle of cold water and let boil for two hours, and let cool in water.

CLEAN ICE BOXES

How to Care For Foods in the Refrigerator.

DON'T BOARD PTOMAINES.

Points About the Nasty of Sanitary Compartments and the Least Care You Can Give the Matter Without Breeding Germs During Hot Weather.

First remove all food from the food compartment and with strong, hot soapwater, in which there is a generous handful of soda, notwithstanding its effect upon the hands, wash the compartment in every corner. Rinse out with hot water and then scald thoroughly with water from a boiling teakettle.

Wipe dry with a perfectly clean towel and wash and scald the doors and the ledges and shelves, which have been removed. Set the shelves in a current of air and leave the door of the compartment open so that it may cool. Then wrap the ice in a paper ice blanket and set in the food compartment and treat the ice compartment in the same manner. When all the water has run down the drain remove the drainpipe and scald it again and again with boiling soda and water. Noxious gases form in the drainpipe, and these literally poison any food with which they come in contact.

Cool the drainpipe and replace and when the ice compartment has cooled set back the ice, and close the doors, being very careful always to latch them, else a large proportion of the efficiency of the refrigerator is lost.

It is a good plan to go over the outside of the chest or refrigerator with an oiled cloth if it is a wood finish or with soap and water and metal polish if it is enamel metal trimmed. This will prolong the life of this piece of furniture. Its preservation is important, for in case of moving it is often most convenient to dispose of such articles, and if they are in perfect condition they will bring more.

In storing away food care should always be taken to see that no drops and overflow are allowed to remain around the rims of bowls and plates. A container which is shaped for butter is in the end most economical, for the odd bits may be put away and the container need only be washed when a fresh supply is laid in.

Wash and sort all salad materials as soon as they enter the house, put them in clean white bags and shake to dislodge the water drops. These bags may be laid against the ice, and the melting caused is more than balanced by the crisp condition in which they appear on the table.

Never set a vessel directly on the cake of ice. If instant cooling is imperative chip off a bit of ice, crush and set the vessel in it.

Never leave the doors of the refrigerator open an instant longer than is necessary.

The effort of keeping a new refrigerator clean is a real pleasure, but where an old ice chest is concerned the work should be reduced by giving the entire box a coating of paint or two if it is wood. Aluminum paint does excellent service for the inside and stops up cracks and holes. This paint is also said to be sanitary. Where there are old wooden racks and shelves a scouring with sand, sal soda and soap will render them germless.

SMALL ELEGANCE.

Small Style For Wee Women as Chis as Ever.

Baby wears an imported frock of French lawn over a blue silk slip to accentuate the band effect of tucking.



and dainty embroidery. The empire belt is scalloped on both edges to match the lace. The white ruffles are an elegant touch.

HOW A DESTROYER

EVADES U BOATS

Speed and Skillful Handling Keep Submarines Wary.

REPORTER SEES ATTACK

Torpedo Missed Its Mark by a Swift Six Feet Swarm of Fast Patrols Making It Increasingly Perilous For Germans to Show Themselves Above the Surface.

Just how a British destroyer acts when attacked by a submarine was unexpectedly demonstrated to a correspondent while traveling on one of the modern oil driven torpedo boat destroyers from England to France.

The correspondent had been taken aboard the destroyer for the purpose of observing British methods of combating the submarine menace, when the boat was suddenly attacked by a U boat, a torpedo missing it by a scant six feet, thanks to the vigilance and quick action of the crew.

The destroyer was one of a certain number which were conveying in the usual manner some large transports carrying British troops to France. The group of ships was halfway across the channel when suddenly one of the look-outs spied a pair of periscopes rise for a moment a few inches out of the water a half mile away. They were gone the next instant, but almost before they had gone came the shout, "Submarine on port bow!" accompanied by a shrill call of warning from the destroyer's whistle and the fluttering out of the flag which notified every other ship in the convoy of the enemy's presence.

Guns Brought to Bear. On every ship things began to happen more quickly than the telling. Guns were swung in the direction from which the periscope had been seen, ready to speak if the periscope appeared again. Torpedo tubes likewise were swung into line, and the numerous anti-submarine devices along deck were in the hands of their skilled expert crews.

But even while this was being done came the torpedo, plainly visible from the deck, its gleaming brass body glistening in the bright sunlight, its propellers pushing it at express train speed straight toward the destroyer. Something was wrong with the mechanism of this particular torpedo, for it should have traveled twelve or fifteen feet below the surface. Instead, it came bounding along in plain sight, now and then leaping out of the water, like a flat stone made to skip over the surface.

Even thus it might have found its target but for the presence of mind of the sixty-year-old coxswain. He had been first to sight the periscopes and had rushed immediately to an emergency lever, whereby he instantly stopped the port engine, thus swinging the ship with a lurch to the left. The torpedo whizzed through the water six feet behind the stern of the destroyer, its gradually lessening speed as it sank into the swirl of the engines indicating that its possibilities for mischief were nearly done.

Except for the coxswain's action in twisting the ship from its course, the missile would apparently have made a square hit in the stern magazine.

Meanwhile the wireless was at work notifying the hundreds of patrols in all directions that the enemy was near. "We sighted a submarine on the port bow, just off blank buoy, 2:08 p. m. Torpedo passed just behind our stern, missing us. We are proceeding with our convoy," said the captain's message.

Many Vessels Quickly in Pursuit.

It was caught simultaneously, ashore and afloat, by a hundred vigilant wireless operators. The destroyer's captain, according to his orders, must not leave his convoy to seek out and attack the U boat. Others would attend to that. Already they were gathering for the chase—trawlers, chasers, drifters, destroyers. Even a dirigible afloat far off on the horizon had caught the wireless call and with the quick turn of a seagull was swooping down to the pursuit.

The transports and destroyers, although fairly confident that the U boat would scarcely dare show herself again, even for a pot shot, were nevertheless taking every precaution. Every ship was at full speed, oil burning destroyers constantly protecting their charges.

The whole attack occupied bare seconds. Convoy and charges were out of range in a few minutes at the most. Nowhere had there been the slightest panic or flurry, but movements of men and ships made with almost automatic precision and speed. The efficiency of the British naval man is the efficiency of clockwork. Every cog knows its place. There is no meddling, no clashing, no interference, but a confident rapid efficiency which somehow demands the use of the adjective "deadly."

Twenty minutes later the transports were safe in their port of destination, and the destroyer convoy was off again, thirty miles an hour, down the coast to its next appointment.

Meanwhile the business of seeking out the enemy was going on in the fleet of submarine hunters which had gathered around "Blank buoy." Just how the work was done, and what the result it is...

CHARLEVOIX COUNTY HERALD

G. A. Lick, Publisher

ONE DOLLAR PER YEAR

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

Etiquette.

Originally the word etiquette meant a ticket, label or slip of paper attached to a bag or object to indicate its contents. It then came to be used of a ticket given to a person taking part in a ceremony to tell him what he should do; hence the modern meaning.

Word From Bro'r Williams.

De folks what find fault wid de world God made can't map out a better one ter save dey lives.

De day's work ain't well done unless you kin make a pillow of yo' conscience an' sleep out de night.—Atlanta Constitution.

Joyous Funerals.

At funerals of the military nobility in Siam gayety instead of sorrow reigns supreme. The funeral pyre is lighted by the king himself, and this is followed by sports and the lotus dance.

He Did It.

She (romantically)—The man I marry must be willing to go through fire for me. He—Then I'm your man. The boss has fired me for telephoning you so often.—Boston Transcript.

Pa Knew.

"Pa, how long can a man live on water?"

"It depends, Willie, on whether he is aboard a ship that won't sink."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Rare.

"It's a very rare disease."
"What has he?"
"Something brought on by overwork."—Detroit Free Press.

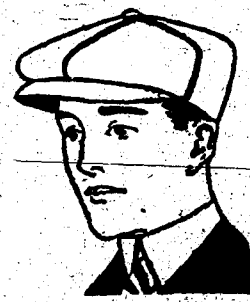
To give up of your own will what would cost too much in time and strength is not failure—it is success.

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These are odd lots still left and will be sold far below the usual price. Come in and dicker with us; you can help set the price.

Come In Saturday Night and get what you want for what you want to pay

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PEARL of the ARMY

Guy W. McConnell
FIFTEENTH EPISODE

The Colonel's Orderly.

It was all over. The Silent Menace was unmasked. On the roof of the army administration building, helpless, huddled, his eyes closed, his face partly concealed in the crook of his unbroken arm, he lay in the center of an awed group, dying.

In this group was Major Thornton Brent and his wife, Mrs. Thornton Brent, formerly Miss Bertha Bonn. Even in that tragic moment a gold locket was conspicuous at her throat. At last had Bertha come into her own and the inscription on the miniature in the locket become a fact, indeed, Colonel Richard H. Dare and the chief of the army staff were also in the group, spellbound before the revelation they beheld.

Knocking beside the dying man, from whom consciousness had not entirely fled, was Miss Pearl Dare and her father's orderly and her lover, T. O. Adams, about whom the shrouds of mystery had not altogether been removed.

The flag which the Silent Menace had attempted to despoil again fluttered in its place on the army administration building pole.

The dying man opened his eyes and gazed upon it in intense hatred. "It will yet come down," he growled, as if forestalling the future.

A gust of wind shook the flag and unfurled its stars and stripes before the gaze of the stricken man, as if to defy and challenge him and the whole world.

The dying man turned from the hateful object of his sight and breathed his last. "The Silent Menace has not perished!" were his departing words. "America, look out!"

A shudder of horror ran through the spectators. Pearl Dare and T. O. Adams gave the dead man's face one indescribable look, rose and walked away, hand in hand, thinking of many things, of everything.

The dead man was Toko.

Toko, the Dare chauffeur, the faithful servant, the never suspected or questioned.

Toko was the Silent Menace.

Toko was the leader of the Foreign Alliance, the master political criminal, the man of distinguished characteristics of bearing, speech, physical prowess and illimitable power; a ruler, an international dreamer, superclever and supercunning, a genius in shaping events, in intrigue, an archplotter for crowns and sceptres against democracy and personal freedom.

Toko, the quiet and unassuming chauffeur, was all this, the man who shook America and foiled it to the last with a thick black muffler.

That he did a madman there was not the slightest doubt; for no sane person, no matter how revengeful or desperate, would have hazarded discovery when he must have known that every secret service man in Washington was searching for him. Furthermore, his language and appearance in death indicated that the man had gone entirely out of his head.

And now a curious change was apparent in the department of T. O. Adams. Before leaving the roof with Pearl he approached Brent and Bertha, briefly congratulated them and, not as a subordinate addressing his superior but as an equal, he requested the major to bring his wife to the Dares as soon as possible; and he also asked the colonel if he would try and arrange to be at home at an early hour.

Both the colonel and Brent took it that he had something further to tell about the Silent Menace and agreed to his wishes. Bertha did not know what to think. A preposterous notion had come into her mind, but it was so preposterous that it was dismissed at once, leaving her blank.

Adams and Pearl went to the hospital in which Toko had been placed on the day of the night they became prisoners on the ship of the Silent Menace en route to the canal. Here, to their amazement, although they now clearly understood, they learned that on the same night Toko had been taken from the hospital on a written order purporting to come from Colonel Dare, nothing strange being thought of that. This cleared the last but one of the only two missing links in the mystery of Toko, the other being seemingly impossible of solution.

It was this: How did Toko learn that the Canal Defense plans were concealed under the left shoulder strap and the chemical wafers in the watch-fob locket of Captain Ralph Payne on that day in July when the latter left the secret council chamber of the general staff, the only person outside of those in the section to whom this secret was known? And was the Grandian ambassador murdered by Toko?

"Someone must have told Toko!" declared Pearl, perplexed, as they hurried homeward. "Yet not a soul had left the council chamber when Captain

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

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



Payne reached his hotel and found Toko's warning.

"Then you now think that Captain Payne was entirely innocent?" queried Adams, curiously.

"I am positive, as you are!" burst from the girl.

"There is no telephone connection from that council chamber, is there?"

"No connection of any kind with the outside world."

"And no one in the chamber knew what was to be done with the plans and the wafers when the meeting was called?"

"Not until they assembled did anyone except the chief of the army staff know, not even that there were such plans and wafers."

Adams laughed lightly. "Then there is only one answer to this puzzle!" he exclaimed. "Payne must have been guilty of forging his own handwriting on that note of warning and of telling Toko—or the Grandian ambassador—that the priceless secret was on his person—and where. That's all there is to that, Pearl!"

She looked at him questioningly. "You do not believe that! Do you?"

He laughed again. "What else is there to believe?"

She fell silent, sighing, and he said nothing more on the subject just then.

As soon as they reached the Dare residence, and before they entered the house, Adams very gravely requested Pearl to go with him to Toko's quarters over the garage. She eagerly consented.

When they entered the chauffeur's room it was apparent that Toko had been there recently. The floor was littered with torn-up pieces of letters and envelopes, on which the addresses, signatures and dates, as well as the postmarks, were rendered undecipherable. There was not a stitch of clothing or a single personal effect of the chauffeur in the place, not even a trunk or valise.

"He cleaned everything out, didn't he? Bag and baggage!" commented Adams, disappointment written on his face. "We shall probably never know who Toko was."

"What's this?" questioned Pearl, paying little heed to his remarks, absorbed in a discovery she had made.

Tucked on the back of the door was a plain, bulky envelope, sealed.

"T. O. ADAMS," the address read.

"That's what I've been rather expecting to find, Pearl!" Adams cried, with an enthusiasm at which she wondered greatly. "May I have it, please?"

A curious depression came upon Pearl as she looked from the name on the envelope to the owner, whose face was wreathed in smiles of real joy. She handed it to him without removing her eyes from his. Then an unfinished conversation at the army administration building flashed into her mind.

"Do you recall the unanswered questions I asked you, Adams, several hours ago?" she inquired, quickly and seriously, coming quite close to him.

"Yes, Pearl," he replied in low, tense tones.

"Will you now answer them, please?" she continued, in a pleading way; "so that all may be clear between us—so that there may be no hidden mystery to crop out in the years to come—and spoil our happiness and content and mutual trust. Is your name really T. O. Adams? Do you come from Monk's Corner, Nebraska, or wherever that outlandish place may be? Did you know that Toko was the Silent Menace? You were not in any way in league with him, were you?"

"Must you have your answer to all these questions now?" he inquired in a strange, thick voice.

"As you wish," she rejoined, not without a tinge of impatience.

"I am not T. O. Adams of Monk's Corner, Nebraska," he finally admitted in hollow tones.

The statement did not seem to surprise her. She made no comment, looking down at the tip of her slipper, waiting.

"I am not the mysterious inventor of the Canal Defense plans or the chemical wafers," he continued in the same tones.

She looked up at that, her face showing pain and surprise.

"I never said that I was!" he continued, quickly, interpreting her thought. "I said that T. O. Adams was, and he was. And he was from Monk's Corner, Nebraska."

She seemed to be puzzled at this explanation, which was not an explanation at all, so far as she could see.

"I did not know that Toko was the Silent Menace, although I suspected it, and I, of course, was not in league with him in any way. Now, are my answers satisfactory?"

"No!" she exclaimed, candidly, stepping back a pace. Her voice was cool. "Who, may I ask, is the man to whom I have given my love and pledged my life? What has become of T. O. Adams, whose name and character you have assumed—I must admit, so well?"

"Adams is dead, Pearl," this strange person stated in accents so harsh with emotion that she became startled and only by sheer power of will

an impulse to fly from a haunting, undefined terror and—him.

"He died in my arms," the enigma went on, speaking in a disjointed way. "He breathed his secret to me, not knowing mine!" He paused heavily, repeating after awhile: "Not knowing mine!"

"Where did Adams' death occur?" she demanded in a shrill voice which shocked the ears of his listener.

"He was killed in the railroad wreck. He was on the same train and in the same coach with Captain Ralph Payne. As was I, the impostor informed her in a mutter.

"You were with Captain Payne?" He nodded solemnly. "I was."

"You knew him well? You were his friend?"

"I knew him well and tried to be his friend."

"You were sure of his innocence—absolutely sure? It was Payne you set out to clear, not—Adams?"

"Yes; for Adams was engaged, on his own account, on the same mission. He left papers to that effect in his hand grip. I have those papers," he stated, a trifle more composed.

"Do those papers explain the disappearance of Adams on the afternoon the defense plans and wafers were stolen from Payne?"

Pearl was quite herself again. It was evident that she meant to force from this man every shred of information he possessed. It was also plain that he was loath, for some reason, to come out with the whole truth.

"They do," he presently admitted. "Adams was not stricken with paralysis as the army surgeons believed. He was drugged by the Silent Menace. He recovered consciousness, and—must I go on, Pearl?" he cried with sudden distress.

"Must you go on?" she repeated, with rage. She whipped out a pocket pistol. "If you do not do so, and if you falter with the truth, I give you fair warning I shall not hesitate to use this. Go on!"

"Well, he killed the nurse set by the Silent Menace to watch him—"

"Toko?"

"Toko; yes. He hid her body in his trunk, carried the trunk down the back stairs of the cheap hotel in which he was stopping, found a wheelbarrow, took it to the railroad depot and was about to depart for Monk's Corner, there to bury the body secretly and return, when news of the Payne case and the murder of the Grandian ambassador filtered through the press. Following this, he waited and took the same train with Payne, intending to see and talk with him. Then came the wreck in which he received mortal injuries. As I have said before, he fell in my arms dying, just able to tell me

enough to interest me and direct me how to learn all. I buried the dead nurse, trunk and all, he tersely concluded this astounding revelation. "I can take you to the very spot and prove this statement which, heaven alone knows, I didn't want to make, for it incriminates a well-meaning fellow, though he is dead."

Pearl shuddered and smoothed her fevered brow. "Oh, Adams!" she wailed, unconsciously using that name in utter distress.

He flew to her side to support her, for she was tottering. Whether conscious of her action or not, she placed an arm around his neck and leaned against his shoulder wearily.

"Pearl!" he breathed softly, stirred to the depths of his being. "Pearl, my love!"

"She broke into tears. "Who are you?" she sobbed, clinging in a helpless fashion to his sleeve. "Who are you?"

He freed himself gently and placed Toko's sealed letter in her trembling hands. "I will leave you alone to read whatever this letter may contain," he said with a bright smile. "Even though I was not positive about Toko, he was from the very first informer of my true character and identity. See whether this does not so turn out. May I use one of your automobiles?"

She looked at the envelope. Then she looked at him. "You will return?" she inquired.

"I will give you my word to return to you very soon," he assured her.

All of a sudden Pearl felt at ease concerning this nameless and mysterious lover of hers and desired to be alone to read Toko's letter.

"I shall be waiting for you," she murmured, all of her tenderness reviving, raising her lips for the kiss he so plainly desired to give and receive in return.

A few minutes later he drove out of the garage in her new runabout and raced toward—

He stopped the machine in front of the home of a prominent trust company official and attorney, asking the man who answered the doorbell for Mr. Bainbridge.

He was immediately ushered into a private library office. Here, alone, sat a thin, gray-haired, keen-eyed attorney, who rose and bowed, ransacking his brain to recall where he had seen this visitor before, if ever.

"You are Mr. Bainbridge, the senator?" questioned the visitor, taking the proffered chair on the other side of the lawyer's desk.

Mr. Bainbridge inclined his head politely. "I did not get your name?"

"No," grimly. Then: "You do not recognize my face?"

"I do and I don't," confessed the embarrassed attorney.

His visitor suddenly picked up pencil and paper and scribbled a name. This he shoved under the lawyer's eyes.

"What!" ejaculated Mr. Bainbridge, leaping out of his chair, his eyes popping, his face white and drawn. "Impossible, sir! That man is dead and buried!"

His visitor laughed heartily. "He is very much alive, Bainbridge," he chuckled. "For I am he. Come with me. I will prove it."

But Mr. Bainbridge drew back in alarm, and looked as though he intended to call for help to put an insane person out of his house.

"You don't believe me?" queried his caller, rising.

"I can't!" groaned the confused attorney. "Yet I must confess there are certain resemblances, but only in your speech and about the eyes. I fear that you must bring me conclusive proof, for this is no trifling matter."

"Suppose, Bainbridge, you call Miss Pearl Dare on the telephone and inquire about me," the caller suggested, now a trifle impatient. "I want to ask several important questions which you doubtless won't answer unless you are convinced of my claim."

"A good idea!" exclaimed Mr. Bainbridge, and he hastened from the room to do the talking elsewhere.

When he returned he grasped his visitor by the hand in a tight grip. He was visibly affected and deeply apologetic. "God be thanked for this mo-

tion, and also solution. On this premise I fooled even my sweetheart, Nerve, Bainbridge, nerve—that's it, and your wits about you every minute."

"But, my boy! Why have you kept this secret so closely guarded? Why did you not come to me?" cried his attorney and long-time friend.

"I took no chances against defeat," was the illuminating explanation. "Remember, Bainbridge, the charge against me had to be proven false. This could be done only by exposing the true criminal and obtaining his confession of guilt. I—"

"Have you got that?" interjected Mr. Bainbridge, eagerly.

"Miss Dare has it. At least I think she has it!" replied his visitor, suddenly troubled. He picked up his hat. "Come! We will go to Miss Dare!"

And he hurried out of the room, followed by the excited trust officer.

On the ride to the Dares, the man beside Mr. Bainbridge asked the questions originally in his mind.

"My estate—has it ever been distributed?"

"No. Your legatee refused to touch the money. Through an order of court I have held your entire fortune in trust.—Every penny can be accounted for—and more," replied the attorney, smiling mysteriously.

"What do you mean by those last words?"

"I transferred your real estate holdings to stocks and bonds of a very high grade. They have increased astonishingly in value, at least by one hundred thousand, if not more."

"How's that?" was the sharp question. "Stocks and bonds of what nature?"

"War bonds!"

The man at the wheel turned to his attorney quickly. "Sell out, Mr. Bainbridge, at once!" he exclaimed, with a show of irritation. "I couldn't touch that money. As to the surplus—"

he paused, smiling peculiarly, "suppose you make a draft, payable to bearer, for one hundred thousand. I have immediate use for that exact amount!"

The lawyer looked at him in astonishment, shaking his head sadly. The man surely had changed. "That's a very large sum," he ventured.

"Oh, yes!" smiled the other, blandly. "It will make a substantial wedding gift to two needy unfortunates who have just been married."

"Wedding gift?" mumbled Mr. Bainbridge, under his breath; and there the conversation ended, for they had reached the Dares.

Mr. Bainbridge was dropped off at the house and his companion proceeded with the car, as usual, to the garage. He seemed to take a longer time than necessary in putting the car away. Indeed, now that the end and a new beginning of things was about to come to pass, he showed a reluctance to hasten the change.

He sat down on the running board of the big limousine, resting his chin in an upturned palm, and fell into a brown study.

Meanwhile, in the Dare library Lawyer Bainbridge and the colonel were shaking hands with more vigor than either had shown for many a day. The house was agog with expectation. Major Brent and his wife had arrived, the latter proceeding at once to the suite she had so long occupied. Bertha was now a happy and serene woman. Pearl Dare came running in and the two, as women do at such times, fell into each other's arms, weeping hysterically.

"Isn't it wonderful?" cried Pearl, amid her ecstasies. "I know it, Bertha. I know that he was different. All along I felt a strange, familiar something in our relations, something which was not clear but which drew me to him, even when I doubted him the most!"

"Where is he now?" asked Bertha Brent almost as excited as Pearl.

Pearl led her by the hand to a window overlooking the garage. There, in the shadows inside the wide-open door, they saw the man of the hour seated on the running board of the big limousine.

"Have you talked with him?"

Pearl shook her head, unable to remove her loving and beaming eyes from the figure.

"He is waiting for you, Pearl."

"I cannot go to him," she breathed, her voice catching. "This is the most profound moment of my life. I must wait until he is ready."

Together they went down the stairs arm in arm, and joined the group in the library. Here they found Lawyer Bainbridge, the colonel and Major Brent engrossed in the communication to T. O. Adams found in Toko's room. It was a paper of an altogether startling nature. Pearl, by whom every word had been memorized, found herself once more absorbed in its revelations as she sat beside her father, clinging close. Bertha sat on the arm of her husband's chair. Brent, in whose features a new manliness and latent strength of character was now revealed, listened gravely and with evident self-reproach.

The lawyer was reading aloud.

The communication was without date. It was addressed to Adams and signed, simply "Toko." It was in the English language. Its phrasing gave evidence of the cultured mind of the writer.

Monseigneur Adams: The Canal Defense plans lie in the bottom of the canal. Their inventor is dead, for I know that you are not that person, even though you have assumed his name. His body occupies the grave supposed to be yours. From the very beginning I have known who you are, but I have not unmasked you because to have done so would have deprived me of many a timely alibi. Add to this the fact that you are a more cunning man and would have done as you have done and assumed the name of Toko. There is no blot on your record. I am a dramatic

congratulate you, Monseigneur Adams, for your great work.

"I congratulate you, Monseigneur Adams, for your great work."

"I congratulate you, Monseigneur Adams, for your great work."

Captain Payne was innocent; this you know and I know. The secret he carried under his left shoulder strap and in his watch fob locket I suspected the moment he appeared in the war office sidewalk and accented Miss Dare and myself on the drive.

I knew from the inventor of the existence of the Canal Defense plans and the chemical wafers. I knew that some trusted army officer would be delegated to



"Pearl, My Love!"

convey them to the commandant at the canal. I knew that a secret meeting of the general army staff had been called that day. I did not know, nor did Miss Dare, that Colonel Dare, Major Brent and Captain Payne had been called to that meeting, nor did either of us know that they were in Washington. Therefore, when I saw the captain come from the war office my suspicion was immediately aroused. They were deepened when my eyes noted, while he stood by the automobile chatting with Miss Dare, that the left shoulder strap did not correspond with the right hand strap. It stood higher on the shoulder and seemed to bulge a trifle. Closer observation proved that it had recently been removed and replaced by someone not a tailor.

Then I saw the locket dangling on his watch chain. It was brand new. Knowing that Captain Payne would wear no locket that had not been presented to him by Miss Dare and seeing her eyes suspiciously cast upon it, I inferred that here was the hiding place of the wafers.

But I did not know these things to be facts when I hastened to the Hotel Wilton and through a valet in my employ gained entrance to the captain's rooms. I opened his luggage, took out his private stationery and, imitating his handwriting, left the note of warning as a bait.

The bait took, Monsieur Adams. I myself, hidden in an adjoining room, heard Captain Payne appear and examine the secret service man stationed across the street might see this action. He also took the locket out of the pocket and held it in the light. This, too, they saw.

Had Captain Payne appeared and examined the locket the success of my ruse might not have been so simply accomplished. For it was, of course, empty. He did not do this, however.

Thus were the Canal Defense plans and the wafers necessarily interpreted them stolen, Monsieur Adams.

Now, as to Miss Bertha Bonn. I have never heard of her before that night, but a message from her to Major Brent reached during the dinner at the Dares. She slipped out of the major's pocket during the ride to the Grandian embassy ball and fell unwittingly into my hands. I saw Miss Bonn at the ball several minutes before I murdered the Grandian ambassador when he was about to walk in our plot and expose it. I observed that she wore a locket similar to the one containing the chemical wafers. On one occasion she opened it and I caught sight of Major Brent's miniature and the inscription thereupon proclaiming her to be his wife. This gave me an inspiration. Desiring to draw another high army officer in my power and needing an embassy to convey the defense plans and the chemical wafers to the Grandian border to Bolero, the revolutionist in our employ, I effected the transfer of the lockets in Miss Bonn's hotel apartment and left the packet containing the plans in her suitcase with the assistance of the valet, while she was absent from the room in quest of a newspaper containing the first accounts of the ambassador's supposed suicide.

The Grandian ambassador died from the effects of a powder which I dissolved in a glass of water. I wrote the note found under his dead hand addressed to Captain Payne.

I impersonated myself on the night the army mobilization data was stolen from the secretary of war. I think you knew that.

And now, Monsieur Adams, I take leave of you, never to return. For having failed, my life is worthless to the cause to which it has been dedicated. Why should I tell you who I am or even intimate a sphere of existence other than the legend which I have assumed?

With you it is different. You can now drop the name of Adams, monseigneur, and assume your own, Captain Ralph Payne!

As Lawyer Bainbridge finished, a shadow darkened the doorway. Every eye bright and arms outstretched.

Sitting in the doorway at attention, his heels clicked sharply together, and facing Colonel Dare, the figure spoke.

"I have the honor to report for duty, sir," said the colonel's orderly.

Then he turned hesitatingly to Pearl. Both were pale and trembling. "Captain Payne!" she murmured, amid the stillness, flying into his arms.

"Pearl, my love!" he cried, gathering her in a tight embrace. "Pearl, my love!"

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(THE END.)

SALTS IF BACKACHE AND KIDNEYS HURT

Drink lots of water and stop eating meat for a while if your bladder troubles you.

When you wake up with backache and dull misery in the kidney region it generally means you have been eating too much meat, says a well-known authority. Meat forms uric acid which overworks the kidneys in their effort to filter it from the blood and they become sort of paralyzed and loggy. When your kidneys get sluggish and clog you must relieve them, like you relieve your bowels, by moving all the body's urinous waste, else you have backache, sick headache, dizzy spells; your stomach sour, tongue is coated, and when the weather is bad you have rheumatic twinges. The urine is cloudy, full of sediment, channels often get sore, water scalds and you are obliged to seek relief two or three times during the night.

Either consult a good, reliable physician at once or get from your pharmacist about four ounces of Jad Salts; take a tablespoonful in a glass of water before breakfast for a few days and your kidneys will then act fine. This famous salt is made from the acid of grapes and lemon juice, combined with lithia, and has been used for generations to clean and stimulate sluggish kidneys, also to neutralize acids in the urine so it no longer irritates, thus ending bladder weakness.

Jad Salts is a life saver for regular meat eaters. It is inexpensive, cannot injure and makes a delightful, effervescent lithia-water drink.

PRACTICAL HEALTH HINT.

Flat Foot.

A treatment suitable, with but slight modification, for all cases of static foot trouble (flat foot), from the early cases which are often described as "weak ankles" to the most severe cases, where there is old standing structural change, is described by Dr. P. B. Rath in the *Lancet*. The treatment consists of attention to footwear, attention to position in standing and walking and regular daily exercises. Whether boots or shoes are worn, whether they button or lace, they must be the shape of the feet. The inner side of the foot where the big toe lies is kept straight, so that the end of the foot is opposite the big toe and not opposite the second or third toe. This is to insure that the big toe is not pushed out against the other toes and has plenty of room in which to act. The soles should be a sixth to a fourth of an inch thick, the heels broad, an inch or less in height.

Barometer Paper.

Barometer paper, that changes its color according as the weather is wet or dry, may be made under several formulas, according to the color you want. One formula is: Cobalt chloride, one part; gelatin, ten parts; water, 100 parts. In this the normal color is pink. This color changes to violet in medium humid weather and to blue in wet weather. Another formula that makes yellow in dry weather calls for cupric chloride, one part; gelatin, ten parts; water, 100 parts. Still another formula is cobalt chloride, one part; gelatin, twenty parts; nickel oxide, seventy-five parts; water, 200 parts. This gives a green in dry weather. Immerse paper or muslin in either solution.—*Brooklyn Eagle*.

OPPORTUNITIES FOR OLDER MEN

Because of the war many positions formerly filled by young men are open to older men. A man's kidneys may make him unfit for hard labor or clear thinking, may make him old before his time, for poisons retained in the system "slow him up" physically and mentally. Foley Kidney Pills tone up weak, disordered kidneys.—*Hite's Drug Store*.

A gentleman is a human being combining a woman's gentleness and a man's courage.

SAGE TEA BEAUTIFIES AND DARKENS HAIR

Don't Stay Gray! It Darkens So Naturally that Nobody can Tell.

You can turn gray, faded hair beautifully dark and lustrous almost overnight if you'll get a 50-cent bottle of "Wyeth's Sage and Sulphur Compound" at any drug store. Millions of bottles of this old famous Sage Tea Recipe, improved by the addition of other ingredients, are sold annually, says a well-known druggist here, because it darkens the hair so naturally and evenly that no one can tell it has been applied.

Those whose hair is turning gray or becoming faded have a surprise awaiting them, because after one or two applications the gray hair vanishes and your locks become luxuriantly dark and beautiful.

This is the age of youth. Gray-haired, unattractive folks aren't wanted around, so get busy with Wyeth's Sage and Sulphur Compound to-night and you'll be delighted with your dark, handsome hair and your youthful appearance within a few days.

This preparation is a toilet requisite and is not intended for the cure, mitigation or prevention of disease.

A SYLVAN THEATER

National in Its Scope, It is Dedicated at Washington.

A WOMAN THE ORIGINATOR.

American Theaters Daily Reach More People Than All Schools, Churches, Libraries and Art Galleries Combined—The Government Backs It.

Recently in the Monument grounds, Washington, and to the accompaniment of the United States Marine band, was inaugurated the National Sylvan theater. The pageant was opened with three scenes, "The Birth of the Drama," "The Degradation of the Drama" and "The Triumph of the Drama." The degradation of the drama occurred in England about the middle of the fifteenth century. At this time the stage as a profession had sunk to a very low ebb, and actors were considered human beings of the most degraded order. It is about this time



MRS. CHRISTIAN HEMMICK.

also that there is a record of the first actress who ever appeared on the stage, women, prior to the fifteenth century, being forbidden by the church to participate in theatrical performances of any kind whatsoever.

The pageant chosen for the inauguration of the National Sylvan theater was written by Mrs. Christian Hemmick of New York city, who was supported by a number of eminent American players and by many people prominent socially in Washington. Said Mrs. Hemmick of her theater:

"The government supports every form of art but the drama. It encourages and supports public libraries, it maintains art galleries, it has even gone on record as appropriating money to support music. Witness the United States Marine band in Washington.

"The drama, the greatest of all these arts in the scope of its appeal, has been neglected by the government. The theater itself is one of the most potent factors in American life and reaches more people daily than all the schools, churches, libraries and art galleries combined. These facts, of course, are driven home to anybody who has lived abroad and has seen the support and recognition the drama receives from continental nations.

"Aside from this aspect of the theater it must not be forgotten that the stage has always proved a most powerful medium for the exploitation of patriotism, honor, courage, self sacrifice and the nobler virtues of life.

"This is where the National Sylvan theater really comes in and where a government owned theater will be of inestimable value to public life, morality and education in the future. Just as the government, through public libraries, public art galleries and public bands and orchestras, educates and uplifts the great mass of people to what they should read, see or hear in the realms of literature, art and music, so must the government eventually recognize the fact that through the medium of the stage it must contribute to the public the right sort of dramatic entertainment, which will go a long way in shaping national thought, conduct and morality."

New Fur.

A new fur which is making quite a bid for favor is a species of American marten. It is a long haired pelt of yellowish gray mixed with dark brown. The darker pelts are preferred. A new dye applied to rabbit fur will be introduced as a fall novelty. Very brilliant linings are used in fur garments, with special favor to printed satins and crepes de chine. Frequently a strip of velvet or a handsome ribbon is applied along the inside of the opening. Extending the full length of the garment, it adds richness to the lining.

Capes the Thing.

Capes are to be worn as much for fall and winter as they have been for spring and summer. Already the heavier ones are appearing. Never before, probably, have there been really warm-erly capes than these cape coats promised to be. In some cases, two thicknesses of cloth, black and arms.

FALL TIPS.

Collars Are Veering Over Into Tailored Effects Now.

Have you noticed the collar changes on dresses and suits? They are decidedly different from the big sailor and capuchin effects that have finished gowns, fashionable and otherwise, for the past three or four seasons—that is, when the collar has been permitted to exist at all.

Those collars that have timidly made their way back are narrow, trig and mannish when a component of the trotteur or talleur. As the garment becomes more conspicuous it flattens out, assumes greater breadth and inclines to the ornate.

Up to the present moment there seems no place in the revised scheme of fashion for the half-way collar. It must be small, after the manner of the straw or tuxedo collar, or large, like the muslin neckpieces featured in the portraits of women painted by Rembrandt, Frans Hals or Rubens.

Those that follow the Dutch idea may be of satin, linen or cloth, preferably the first named, with here and there an exception in favor of flannel lace.

It may be that there is some relation, speaking in a tailored sense, between the neat tuxedo collar on the little frock of satin or serge and the mannish sailor hat of pincapple straw with its band of polka dot or striped silk.

Or the adoption of khaki uniforms by women in government employ may have its influence in shaping the neck finish of new gowns and suits. However this may be, it is certain that the present is a transition period in style accessories as they have to do with collars.

It is something of a relief to see the narrow collar. It is a part of the low cut, crossover front of dresses of serge or satin, and, according to the depth of the opening, there may be introduced the plastron of satin or linen cut either high or low. Usually narrow cuffs accompany such a collar.

REAL STYLE.

Isn't This Turban the Jauntiest One You've Seen?

A wing colored chip built like a boat is crowned by a mass of wine colored asters to give this smart, dainty



NEWEST MODEL.

turban so useful for many occasions. Banded it is black velvet ribbon tied in a saucy bow exactly in front.

CLEAR SOUP.

The Way to Make It Like a French Chef.

Four pounds of shin of beef, two pounds of knuckle of veal. Cut the meat off the bones in pieces about a quarter of a pound each and break the bones in four or five pieces. Have ready your stock pot, put into it one ounce of butter, let it just warm, then place the meat at the bottom of the pot with the bones. Let this fry very slowly for one and one-half hours, turning the meat two or three times till it is nicely browned. It must not be allowed to burn, and the pot must be kept covered. The bottom of the pot should be covered by a rich, thick gravy. Now add to it five quarts of boiling water, let it boil, then throw in a teacupful of cold water to accelerate the rising of the scum. If this operation is repeated three times it should make a clear consommé.

Have ready two carrots, two turnips, two onions stuck with two cloves, one head of celery, two leeks, one ounce of salt, a lot of herbs weighing about one ounce, consisting of parsley, thyme, marjoram and tarragon. Put these all in the soup and allow it to simmer four or five hours. Strain and leave to cool for use. When cold, carefully remove all fat. The meat from this stock will bear another addition of water, about three quarts, and will boil again for common soup.

Bean Soup.

One and one-half cupfuls cooked navy beans, two teaspoonfuls chopped onions, six cupfuls water, one teaspoonful celery salt, two teaspoonfuls lemon juice, salt and pepper.

Mash the beans and put with the onion, celery salt, seasoning and water in a saucepan. Simmer for thirty minutes. Strain if desired. Add lemon juice immediately before serving.

If you like a rather thin bean soup you will enjoy this one. Do not forget the lemon juice. It adds much. The soup coats or covers the beans.

FOR YOUNG FOLKS

Sleepy Time Story About a Famous Race Between Animals.

SLOW POKE CAME IN AHEAD.

In a Trial of Speed It Is Well to Keep Moving at the Swiftest Rate—How a Smart Little Beast Came to Grief by His Own Carelessness.

Well, said Uncle Ben to Little Ned and Polly Ann, I am going to tell you about

MR. SLOW POKE.

Once Mr. Tortoise, who carries his house on his back and is rather slow, met Mr. Rabbit in the woods.

"Dear me!" exclaimed Mr. Rabbit. "You're mighty slow on your feet, Mr. Tortoise."

Mr. Tortoise poked his little round head up from under his shell and answered, "Perhaps so, but I generally reach the place I start out for."

"Oh, ho!" jeered Mr. Rabbit. "You do, old slow poke? Well, it must take you a good deal of time to get there."

"Well," replied Mr. Tortoise in his slow way, "sometimes I get there faster than some of these very smart people."

"Go 'long!" Mr. Rabbit jeered. "I'll race you."

"Very well," agreed Mr. Tortoise. "Shall we start right now?"

Mr. Rabbit was a little surprised, but he told Mr. Tortoise that if they ran a race there must be a prize. They settled it that whichever won should be treated to a fine dinner. Mr. Rabbit said he would have a nice juicy cabbage. Mr. Tortoise didn't care for cabbages, but he liked baby fish out of the brook and juicy worms.

"Very well," agreed Mr. Rabbit. "If you can beat me you may have all you can eat for once."

Then they started off, Mr. Rabbit leaping away ahead on his lively young legs. Presently Mr. Rabbit was out of sight of Mr. Tortoise. "Slow poke," said the rabbit. "I'll curl down and rest till he catches up with me. This is going to be too easy for me."

So Mr. Rabbit rested awhile and, when he saw Mr. Tortoise catching up, leaped ahead. Then he sat down for another rest.

But this time he didn't see Mr. Tortoise coming, for his eyes drooped shut and he was snoring when his rival passed him.

When Mr. Rabbit did awaken and made off for the goal it was only to find Mr. Tortoise sitting there waiting patiently for him.

"I should like to have my dinner now," Mr. Tortoise said.

And maybe Mr. Tortoise just didn't keep Mr. Rabbit busy digging worms and catching fish. There never was such an appetite as that of Mr. Tortoise. And Mr. Rabbit never dared to say "slow poke" again, he didn't.

Game of Garibaldi.

In playing this game it must be remembered that Garibaldi does not contain "e's"; therefore no word containing the letter "e" must be used in answering the questions asked.

All the players sit in a circle, and the game begins by one asking his left hand neighbor, "What will you give to Garibaldi?" and the answer must be given before the leader finishes waving his hand slowly three times or a forfeit must be paid. Then the one questioned turns to the one next to him on the left and asks him the same question, and so on around the circle. For instance, one would give a gun, one a book, one a sword and belt. This last having an "e" in it, a forfeit must be given.

When Friends Meet.

When the camera man is abroad he sees many things of interest along the way. The meeting of the two little girls

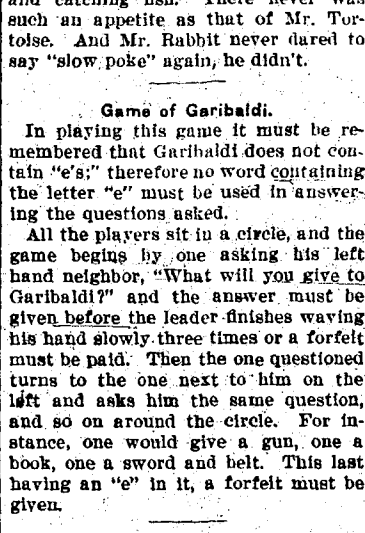


Photo by American Press Association.

A SWEET GREETING.

herewith pictured was snapped on the street. They were neighbors and chums and were very glad to meet each other.

Fairy Godmother.

Dear fairy godmother, please come And wave your wand for me! I want to find the very place The rainbow's end may be.

I want the little echo boy, Who hides behind the wall, To come and play—and not to stop Answer when I call!

Philadelphia

THE NEWEST MIDDY.

The Costume That Always Suits and Pleases Her.



GOOD TASTE.

French blue madras is the fabric mother chose for this delectable midday suit, cut kilt skirt and a blouse conspicuously attractive because of its plaited and smocked pockets. White linen collar and cuffs and a bow tie do the rest.

THE FIRELESS COOKER.

Its Serviceability For Those Who Camp During Their Vacation.

Have you a fireless cooker for your summer camp, so that you can put your dinner in to cook in the morning and come in at night after an all day cross country tramp and find it ready to be eaten? If not you miss a lot of the fun of camping out. Even if you are "roughing it," as you say, you might as well rough it as comfortably as possible. It is not a difficult thing to make a fireless cooker yourself which will do very well when you are living in a tent or rough cabin. First of all get a big wooden tub or firkin, such as butter is packed in.

Next buy a ten gallon tin pail, and be sure that it has a cover which will fit down tightly upon it. The other requirements are a piece of asbestos sheeting—about one yard will be enough—and a soapstone.

Get this asbestos sheeting and cover the outside of the pail and also of the cover with it and press it down tightly; then set it away to dry. If you cannot get the asbestos try several thicknesses of paper. When quite dry cover the bottom of the wooden tub with sawdust, set the tin pail in the center and pack about with sawdust almost up to the top. Cut a large piece of thick cardboard to fit the wooden tub, removing a circle from the center to admit of its being pushed down over the tin pail just below its cover.

Suppose you want to have lamb or beef stew for supper. Prepare it as though for ordinary cooking and let it boil a short time over the fire. In the meantime heat the soapstone until it sizzles when water is sprinkled on it. Put the soapstone in the tin pail and have the stew or whatever the food is you are cooking in another pail with a tight cover and set that into the large pail also on top of the soapstone. Be sure that it is boiling hard when you put it in. Then put the covers on both the large pail and the wooden tub and overlay the whole thing with a thick pillow, cut to fit the top. Do not open any part of it until the food has had time to cook. This will be found to be a very inexpensive contrivance and a valuable addition to the conveniences of camp life. It is possible, too, to make larger ones after somewhat the same plan and with little trouble and expense.

To Absorb Grease.

When frying bacon place a piece of clean brown paper in the platter, and the paper will absorb the outside grease as the bacon is placed upon it. When ready to serve, the bacon may be slipped off and appears much drier and more tempting.

WARTIME PLEDGE.

The following pledge has been taken by thousands of women in the United States:

In my household I promise—

Three corn bread meals a week.

More fish and poultry and less meat.

No canned food. It must be saved for the army.

More study of the government's food problem.

Fewer fat foods, but a balanced menu.

A wastebasket garbage pail.

Not to carry enthusiasm and patriotism to an impracticable degree.

WHEN YOU WAKE UP DRINK GLASS OF HOT WATER

Wash the poisons and toxins from system before putting more food into stomach.

Says inside-bathing makes anyone feel and feel clean, sweet and refreshed.

Wash yourself on the inside before breakfast like you do on the outside. This is vastly more important because the skin pores do not absorb impurities into the blood, causing illness, while the bowel pores do.

For every ounce of food and drink taken into the stomach, nearly an ounce of waste material must be carried out of the body. If this waste material is not eliminated day by day it quickly ferments and generates poisons, gases and toxins which are absorbed or sucked into the blood stream, through the lymph ducts which should suck only nourishment to sustain the body.

A splendid health measure is to drink, before breakfast each day, a glass of real hot water with a teaspoonful of limestone phosphate in it, which is a harmless way to wash these poisons, gases and toxins from the stomach, liver, kidneys and bowels; thus cleansing, sweetening and freshening the entire alimentary canal before putting more food into the stomach.

A quarter pound of limestone phosphate costs but very little at the drug store but is sufficient to make anyone an enthusiast on inside-bathing. Men and women who are accustomed to wake up with a dull, aching head or have furred tongue, bad taste, nasty breath, allow complexion, others who have bilious attacks, acid stomach or constipation are assured of pronounced improvement in both health and appearance shortly.

Don't think too much of your own methods. Other people may be right about them.

Some men are born great and others roll up their trousers and wade right into greatness.

After a woman reaches the age of 40 it is impossible to convince her that the good all die young.

FEEL WORSE AFTER VACATION

The change from outdoor activity of vacation time to the quiet of regular employment sometimes makes one feel heavy and "stuffed up", uncomfortable and bilious, with a mean headache and coated tongue. Foley Cathartic Tablets give prompt relief from these results of indigestion. Mild and gentle, but sure.—*Hite's Drug Store*.

LATH BOLTS Wanted At Once!

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

Will pay \$4.50 delivered at Mill B.

East Jordan Lumber Co.

25 Post Cards 10 cents. Assorted

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

FAMILY STORY PAPER

24-26 Vandewater Street New York

CREAM FOR CATARRH OPENS UP NOSTRILS

Tells How to Get Quick Relief from Head-Colds. It's Splendid!

In one minute your clogged nostrils will open, the air passages of your head will clear and you can breathe freely! No more hawking, sneezing, blowing, headache, dryness. No struggling for breath at night; your cold or catarrh will be gone.

Get a small bottle of Ely's Cream Balm from your druggist now. Apply a little of this fragrant, antiseptic, healing cream in your nostrils. It penetrates through every air passage of the head, soothes the inflamed or swollen mucous membrane and relief comes instantly.

It's just fine. Don't stay stuffed-up with a cold or nasty catarrh—Relief comes so quickly.

Briefs of the Week

Flag Raising next Thursday.

M. Kowalski returned from Petoskey on Tuesday.

Oscar Franzen will join his wife here Saturday for a fortnight.

Donald Patterson and family of Ellsworth visited J. Mollards on Wednesday.

Mrs. E. Bowman of Ontario, Cal., is visiting her brother, S. Coulter and wife.

Wanted at Once—Girl for general house work.—Mrs. John Williams, West Side.

Miss Carrie Johnson of Traverse City is guest at the home of Mr. and Mrs. R. E. Webster.

Mr. and Mrs. Dye, motored from Mackinac City, Sunday.

Ladies Suits, Skirts and Dresses must go regardless of cost. See them.—Mr. E. ASHLEY & CO.

Charles Beiberts and family of Milwaukee are visiting the former's sister, Mrs. Louis Kowaleke.

Mr. Staley and family of Charlevoix visited their grandparents Mr. and Mrs. A. Sinkus, over Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. John McKinnon and daughter returned Tuesday from Traverse City where they visited friends.

Miss Jennie Boosinger who has been spending vacation with the Lovadays and visiting friends in the city, returned to her home at Lansing first of the week.

Mrs. Stanford, Mrs. Wm. Sloan and Miss Margaret Fortune left this Friday for a visit with friends at Ludington, Mich., and Sidney, Ohio. From there Mrs. Stanford goes on to her home at Nampa, Idaho.

At the Red Cross meeting Thursday afternoon it was decided to help the city officers to plan the program for the Flag Raising next Thursday and this business was referred to the Executive Committee to assign to the various committees their duties. Various amusements will be provided from which funds for the Red Cross will be obtained.

Interest in things municipal was revived last Tuesday evening when Mr. Wagner, a municipal efficiency expert, met about thirty of our business men at the commission rooms and gave them a talk along developing lines. He is at present at Boyne City where his work of organizing the business men of the community is highly commended.

Mrs. Sophie Johnson, a widow, 73 years of age, died last Friday in the State Hospital at Traverse City, where she was taken from the county poor house some three months ago, having been adjudged insane.—Mrs. Johnson was a former resident of Ironton and has long been a pensioner of the county. She leaves no family. The body was taken to Charlevoix and interred in Brookside cemetery Saturday last.

Daniel Caton, a well-known resident of this city for over thirty years, passed away at the home of R. Pringle's on Bowen's Addition, Monday evening from old age. Deceased was over ninety years of age, and leaves relatives in New York state. Funeral services were held from his late residence, Wednesday morning, conducted by Rev. John Clemens, pastor of the Methodist church. Interment at East Jordan cemetery.

The Eveline Auxiliary of the Red Cross invited the members of East Jordan branch to meet with them on Wednesday afternoon and about 30 ladies went down. Our ladies took napkins to them for the soldiers and while they were sewing, Miss Gettamy read aloud a number of interesting items about Red Cross work in Europe. Refreshments, which carried out the Red Cross idea, were served by the hostesses and the afternoon was very much enjoyed by all.

Flag Raising Next Thursday.

Telegraphic instruction has been received from the provost marshal general, under the date of August 11th, to the effect that persons considered under paragraph "I" of section twenty of the regulations (form thirteen), will be drafted. Such persons (having certain religious beliefs) will be forwarded to a mobilization camp and will make up a part of the quota from the state and local area from which they are drafted. They will be assigned to duty in a capacity declared by the president to be non-combatant.

Flag Raising next Thursday.

George Spencer is home from Midland this week on business.

Misses Gertrude and Naomi Grant are home from Lansing for a visit.

Miss Phyllis Weisman is visiting friends at Harbor Springs this week.

Miss Mildred Drescher of West Olive, Mich., is guest of friends in the city.

C. N. Fox of Alma was here this week on a business and pleasure trip.

Mrs. John Williams has been confined to her home the past week with pneumonia.

Mrs. Joseph Junget of Royal Oak, Mich., is guest of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. L. A. Hoyt.

Miss Eva Lewis arrived Tuesday from Bad Axe for a visit with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. E. A. Lewis.

Mrs. J. L. Weisman is at the St. Louis, Mich., sanitarium, where she is taking treatment for illness.

Att'y A. B. Nicholas of Detroit is in the city this week on business and renewing former acquaintances.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles See of Charlevoix were guests of Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Hamilton latter part of last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Ellis Malpass and the latter's mother, Mrs. Johnson, of Cadillac are guest of friends in our city.

Mr. and Mrs. Roy Webster left Tuesday for a visit with friends at Grand Rapids, South Bend and Big Rapids.

Dr. George Harris of Fond du Lac, Wis., was guest at the home of Mr. and Mrs. George Hamilton the past week.

Mr. and Mrs. Stanley Risk returned to their home at Bay View, Thursday, after a short visit with friends here.

Mrs. Samuel Ramsey returned home Wednesday from a two weeks visit with friends at Carroll and Port Huron.

Misses Kate Carpenter and Blanche Stohman returned home from a fortnight's visit with friends at Flint, Tuesday.

Miss Lyda Ford, who has been guest of Mrs. Earl Rühling the past month, returned to her home at Marquette first of the week.

Mrs. James Shay with children plan to leave next Tuesday for Flint where she will join her husband and make their future home.

Miss Winnifred Raino returned home from Charlevoix first of the week and is now employed at the office of the Pickle Salting Station, in this city.

Mr. and Mrs. C. L. Arnold left Tuesday for a trip through the Upper Peninsula, Mr. Arnold going in the interests of his firm, the East Jordan Cabinet Co.

Mrs. Robert Knudson with son, Robert, returned to her home in this city last week after spending nearly a year with her husband who has a position at Detroit.

Mr. and Mrs. C. L. Arnold now occupy the Weisman residence on Second street, and will be "At Home" to their friends after their return from the Upper Peninsula.

Mr. and Mrs. Earl Rühling, Mrs. George Rühling and Mrs. H. A. Farrell motored to Mackinac City, Sunday. Miss Lyda Ford accompanied them on her way home to Marquette.

The contents of the Exchange Hotel, which has been operated by Mr. and Mrs. James Shay for some time, have been sold to Frank Wilson of this city who has taken over the management.

The Misses Ella Finucan and Phila Armstrong of Charlevoix, Elizabeth and Elsie Whitlock of Cleveland, and Georgia Garney of Joliet, Ill., accompanied by Geo. H. Van Pelt of Charlevoix, were in our city, Wednesday.

Don't forget that Florist Ellis R. Kleinhaus is always ready to take your orders for Nursery Stock. He is also prepared to draw plans for landscape gardening of any size. If you are planning any improvements around your home it will be to your interest to see him before starting the work.

Next Sunday morning the Rev. J. P. Hugot D. D. will preach at the Presbyterian church. Dr. Hugot is pastor of the Central Congregational church of Brooklyn, N. Y. This church is at present the largest Congregational church in the world. Dr. Hugot was for many years located in Detroit, moving to Brooklyn last spring. He is a preacher of rare ability and power. For East Jordan to hear a man of such standing is exceptional. Everybody not worshipping elsewhere is cordially invited to the service.

Flag Raising Next Thursday.

M. E. Ashley & Co. are offering Wash Skirts at \$1.98—Middy's 59c

Miss Alice Green left Thursday for a vacation trip visiting friends at Scottville and other points.

Miss Mary Berg returned home from Hillsdale this week, where she has been visiting friends.

Richard Durance returned to his home at Quincy, Ill., this week after a visit with relatives here.

Mrs. C. Hanson returned to her home at Elk Rapids, Wednesday, after a visit at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Julius Johnson.

Master Vincent Smith Madison spent Sunday with friends at East Jordan, returning to Bellaire, Monday afternoon.—Bellaire Independent.

Misses Agnes and Marguerite Northon, who have been guests at the home of Mr. and Mrs. L. A. Hoyt, returned to their home at Kalkaska, Tuesday.

Mr. and Mrs. Roy Blair with daughter, Eloise, returned to their home at Flint, Saturday, after a visit with their parents, Mr. and Mrs. Clark Barrie. Mrs. George Rühling with daughter, Helen, will accompany them for a visit.

Several splendid Coats worth \$16.50 to \$20 @ \$5.00.—M. E. ASHLEY & CO.

When a man shows a Christian spirit in an argument things are coming his way.

Fault may be found where it is not. Smoke White Holly—5c Cigar.

Flag Raising Next Thursday.

People of the Virgin Islands. It is said that between 80 and 90 per cent of the people of the Virgin Islands, formerly the Danish West Indies, are pure black. The rest of them are white. There are very few mulattoes, for the race line is more sharply drawn than in the other islands of the West Indies. The islands pride themselves on their low percentage of illiteracy. Only about 2 per cent of the inhabitants are unable to read and write. In spite of their proximity there is a great difference between the Virgin Islands and Porto Rico. The inhabitants of the former are thoroughly English in their speech and customs, while those of Porto Rico are Spanish.

The island of St. Thomas is poor agriculturally. Fishing is the chief occupation, and most of the fish is consumed at home. Ninety per cent of the population is in the towns. Grazing is the chief agricultural industry. Five men are reported to own the entire island outside of the towns.—New York Post.

"The Valkyrie of the Piano."

Teresa Carreno was an extraordinary artist, and the appellation commonly linked with her name failed to do justice to the softer, gentler, more intimate aspects of her art. She was one of the few musical artists of South America who have satisfied the critical standards of Europe and the United States, which demand a patient submission to drudgery on the part of genius itself. Mme. Carreno, a native of Venezuela and composer of the national anthem of that country, was of fiery mettle as artist and as woman, and her temper was quickly mobilized on occasion. But her playing was electric and inspiring and never humdrum. Her picturesque and fiery personality would have made her an outstanding figure in any gathering without the voice of the piano to speak for her.—Philadelphia Ledger.

Why Women Talk.

Men are downtown at their offices all day and have a chance to talk. The women have to stay at home, and, with the exception of the milkman, the grocery man, the ice man, the old clothes man, a few miscellaneous peddlers and hucksters and the woman next door, there is nobody to talk to. That is why wife talks her husband's head off when he comes home at night. Husbands who, through long years of experience, have grown accustomed to this merely answer "huh-huh" without hearing. Sometimes the wife will catch them unawares and between remarks will insert a request for \$10 to buy a new dress with. If the husband, from force of habit, answers "huh-huh," the wife, of course, gets the gown.—Zim in Cartoons Magazine.

Battles in the Mud.

The "wilderness of mud," as Sir Douglas Haig called it, that bothered the troops at the battle of the Somme was not quite so bad as that which provoked Napoleon's famous jest that Poland had revealed mud to him as a new element. It is reported that some of his guns absolutely disappeared in the clayey mire, and Marbot says that several men and horses were actually drowned in the mud. The utmost that infantry could cover with infinite labor was one and a quarter miles an hour, and double and quadruple teams could not enable the guns to keep up with them. When Marbot returned to Silesia with Angereau, both being wounded, their carriage was drawn at a walk by twelve and sometimes sixteen horses.

First Methodist Episcopal Church

Rev. John Clemens, Pastor.

Sunday, Aug. 19, 1917.

10:30 a. m.—Morning Worship. Topic "A Volunteer Army."

11:45 a. m.—Sunday School.

6:30 p. m.—Epworth League. Topic, "The Father's Care For Us." Leader, Miss Eva Waterman.

7:30 p. m.—Evening Worship. Pastors Subject, "Songs in the Night." Monday at 7:30 p. m. the Board of Stewards will meet.

Wednesday, beginning at 2:30 p. m. a District Group Meeting of the Epworth League at Central church, Traverse City.

Thursday evening prayer service at 7:30.

Dr. R. E. Meader, District Superintendent, conducts the 4th Quarterly Conference Saturday evening, Aug. 25, and preaches at both morning and evening services Sunday, Aug. 26.

There is nothing dearer to a man than a good wife—with the possible exception of her shopping expeditions.

A married man says that a wife should be like a roast lamb—tender and sweet, nicely done, but without sauce.

What's the Answer?

Old elephant hunters who have hunted their quarry in India, Siam and the wilds of the Malay peninsula are agreed upon the following fact: Bury the carcass of a full grown tusker in any spot in Asia—it matters not whether the location be high and dry or low and damp—one year from the date of burial not a shred of hide nor a sliver of bone can be found by digging. Neither disintegration nor ants can be an explanation, for the phenomenon has been noted in the highlands of Nepal, where buried carcasses of other animals than the elephant undergo little or no change within a year and elephants' bones disappear in localities where ants are unknown. So far the scientists have failed to come forward with an answer.

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