

# Charlevoix County Herald.

Vol. 21

EAST JORDAN, MICHIGAN, FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 28, 1917.

No. 39

## Our Fair Worth While

### Thirty-Third Exhibit A Success Both In Attractions and Attendance.

As The Herald goes to press, the Thirty-third annual exhibit of the Charlevoix County Fair is drawing to a close, and everything indicates a successful fair from every view-point.

The exhibits are excellent in every department. The educational building has some very fine work of our County Schools, while over in the Floral Hall the Fancy Work Department holds the attention of the ladies.

The stock exhibits, particularly cattle and horses, is better than ever before both as to quality and quantity.

In the free attraction list, the Band is deserving particular mention. Made up of the best talent available in half a dozen cities of Northern Michigan, they furnished most excellent music, both at the grounds and on our streets. The fireworks display Thursday night was one of the finest ever shown in this region.

## Red Cross Notes

Everyone is busy at the Fair this week.

The East Jordan and Boyne City branches have undertaken to run the Dining Hall, each furnishing one-half of the provisions and getting one-half of the proceeds. Our ladies serve on Wednesday and Friday and Boyne City Thursday.

It is an undertaking but all the members in town and country are trying to do their part and we shall doubtless realize a nice sum from it.

Two Red Cross stands are also doing a good business. These are for the East Jordan branch.

Samples of our work are on view at the Red Cross booth in the Floral Hall and are attracting many visitors each day.

A dance is held at the Army Wednesday and Thursday nights this week. \$200.00 in membership fees have been paid in since the first of July. Have you joined yet?

The Pesek Bros. donated \$3.00 to the knitting fund lately.

A sweater and a scarf have been sent by a Sequanota lady since she returned to her home in Chicago. She is kindly offered to do some more knitting for us this fall in addition to the work she does in the Chicago branch.

The people at Norwood had a marsh-mellow roast and gave the proceeds of \$5.00 to Miss Stewart for the Red Cross.

## Presbyterian Church Notes

Robert S. Sidebotham, Pastor.

Sunday, Sept. 30, 1917.

10:30 a. m.—Remember Jesus Christ.

12:00 m.—Sunday School.

2:30 p. m.—Preaching services at the Chestonia School House.

7:30 p. m.—"The Meaning of Temptation."

Tuesday at 7:30 p. m. Meeting of Board of Trustees.

Thursday 7:30 p. m.—Prayer Meeting.

The subject considered will be the fourth, "The Meaning of Prayer."

"Prayer and the Goodness of God."

Beginning Oct. 7, 1917, the time of the evening preaching service will be changed. A Vesper service is arranged from 4:30 to 5:30 p. m. This will be followed by the Christian Endeavor from 5:30 to 8:30 p. m.

St. Joseph's Church

Rev. Timothy Kroboth.

Sunday, Sept. 30.

8:00 a. m.—Mass. Benediction.

Friday Oct. 5, First Friday.

5:00 and 8:00 a. m. Holy Communion.

8:00 a. m. Mass.

7:00 p. m. Sacred Heart Devotions.

7:30 p. m. Holy Name Meeting.

It is easier to keep a good-for-nothing dog in the house than it is to keep the thief from the door.

## School Commissioner's Notes

May L. Stewart, Commissioner

18 visits made last week. Everything moving nicely.

The Melrose township teachers' meeting was held Wednesday, the 19th, at 2:00 p. m. in Clarion. All present but one. The teachers voted to have a township spelling contest in which all five schools would compete. The words are to be chosen from the new Spelling Bulletin published by the Department and is to be both oral and written. The date set is Nov. 23rd at 2:00 p. m. All additional numbers on the program will be patriotic. Miss Mayme Scroggie was elected chairman to carry out all details which may need attention.

The Boyne Valley teachers' meeting was held on Friday afternoon at 2 p. m. in the high school room of the Boyne Falls school. These teachers also voted to have a township spelling contest from words in Bulletin No. 10. This spell-down will be held the evening of Nov. 23rd in the Boyne Valley Town Hall. The songs selected are "Hurrah for the Flag," "Our Flag," "America," "Star Spangled Banner," "Our Banner," "My Uncle Sam," "Red, White and Blue." The music will convert the spell-down into a patriotic fest. Supp. Tate is Chairman.

Miss Thayer reports that the Ranney school has enrolled 36 pupils and has not had a single tardy mark. May they hold to the record.

Miss Georgia Redfield writes that her school in Hayes No. 1 has worked several changes for the better. Two cloak rooms and a hall take the place of the old storm shed, they have ordered 11 sets of new standard texts, and have a flag pole in working order with rope, snaps and pulley.

The Hopyard school has to have new seats in order to find place for all the new ones enrolled this year. They are adopting the approved arithmetic.

Ten teachers have asked for supplies in order that they may introduce the Home Credit system into their schools again this year.

Boyne Valley No. 3, plans on having a short vacation after the first month of school in order to repair and remodel the schoolhouse.

Boyne Valley No. 4 has adopted many of the approved texts this year.

Melrose No. 2 expects to order a large number of library books this year.

Melrose No. 4 has increased the school library by 70 books in one year.

Melrose No. 3 has increased the school room over 40 per cent and has but two things to do in order to become a standard school. Some of our smaller districts may yet reach the approval of the state before the larger wealthier ones get there.

Every school now has a teacher and we could find teachers for five or six more districts, that is if they could pay the price.

There were 12 schools started last week according to the slips received entitled "Report to the Commissioner at the Opening of School." All but two are evidently using Smith's Combination Register.

The new grammars seem to be very much in demand.

## Notice to Pythian Members.

All members of the Pythian fraternity will doubtless be interested to learn that the next regular meeting of South Lake Lodge will be held Oct. 3. Also that a new schedule for Lodge meetings each Wednesday evening has been arranged as follows:—

1st and 6th Wed., Regular Business.

2nd and 4th Wed., Initiatory Work.

3rd Wed., Literary and Social Program.

To meet at 7:30 p. m.

C. C.

In order to rise with the lark avoid the midnight snallows.

People who have no sense of humor are very funny at times.

Trouble is the most thoro teacher in the school of experience.

Every mother knows that all the bad children in the neighborhood belong to the neighbors.

Never argue with a man who talks loud. You couldn't convince him in a thousand years.

You can depend upon a man who isn't afraid to say "I don't know" occasionally.

Most of our mistakes would never be noticed if we did not call attention to them.

## WHY MEN HATE THEIR RELATIONS

Relationship, amounts to a license to be rude, to the right to exact respect from the young and service from the old; there is the fact that, however high you may rise in the world, your aunt will never see it. There is also the fact that if your aunt does see it, she brags of it behind your back and insults you about it to your face. There is all that, but still I believe that one could, to a certain extent agree with one's relations if one met only those who are of one's own age, for compulsory groupings of people of the same age are not always unpleasant; boys are happiest at school, and there is a fine fellowship and much merriment in armies. On the other hand, there often reigns a peculiar dislike in offices. I do not want to conclude too rashly, but I cannot help being struck by the fact that in a school, or in an army, the differences of age are very small, while in an office or a family they are considerable. Add on to the difference of age compulsory intercourse, and you have the seeds of hatred.

This applies particularly where the units of a family are adult. The child loves the grown ups because he admires them; a little later he finds them out; still a little later, he lets them see that he has found them out, and their family life begins in many cases it is a quite terrible life, and the more united the family is the more it resembles the union between the spirit of Nessus and Hercules' back, but it must be endured because we have no alternative.—Harper's Magazine.

The average married man might not object to playing second violin in the orchestra to which he belongs, would give only private performances.

Nature cannot jump from winter to summer without a spring, nor from summer to winter without a fall.

After a man gets without so full he can make himself believe that other men think he is perfectly sober.

The average man knows how to do another man's work better than he knows how to do his own.

About the only difference between repartee and impudence is in the size of the man who says it.

Many a loafer thinks he is killing time, but time continues to do business at the old stand.

It is the easiest thing in the world for a woman to manage a man—if she isn't married to him.

It is believed by some that the time will come when an honest man will command respect.

Some husbands would do almost anything to render their wives unspeakably happy.

When a man sneers at a woman's business ability he makes a noise like sour grapes.

When a man tells another that he understands women he is then classed as an easy mark.

There were female matchmakers thousands of years before matches were invented.

Some men are such tightwads that they won't even lend trouble without good security.

Isn't it a shame that the highest praise a man ever gets comes out at his funeral?

When a man quarrels with his wife he seldom gets a chance to say anything back.

A shiftless man is always boasting of what he would do if he had the money.

A shrewd man is waiting at the door when he expects opportunity to knock.

Man's inhumanity to man has put thousands of lawyers on easy street.

Many a man who takes himself seriously is considered a joke by others.

Sometimes a man's friends work overtime in attempting to work him.

The lead year girl still has plenty of time to look before she leaps.

It is better to be run down by a chauffeur than by an evil tongue.

Don't borrow trouble; almost any one will gladly give it to you.

Most of the world's heroes dwell between the covers of novels.

## MODESTY

Modesty is a quality mainly noticeable in folks who would lose by having attention called to themselves. The modestest man we know has two or three other names on his waiting list, and there are oh, so many places he can't go at all. Greatness is characterized by a tendency to efface one's self. This is true of great modesty also. The man we know who claims the most modesty that has effaced itself so utterly it must be very great modesty. One wouldn't notice that man's modesty at all unless one's attention were called to it, as it is sure to be by the owner thereof.

The girl with ankles too thick or too thin is modest about them. She doesn't care much what color of hose she wears and she keeps her skirts low. Also if her neck and shoulders are scrawny she thinks these one more struggle and I am free gowns are immodest. In fact, she is sure of it. We have it on good authority that the homeliest of the Turkish women are the ones who manage to maintain the custom of going about veiled to the eyes.

Animals are not expected to be modest, and think nothing about those things, so they are comparatively happy. They escape modesty while they live and hell when they die.

Some people are not modest about telling of their ability, but are extremely modest about displaying it after they get the job. Their modesty vanishes again, temporarily, at each pay day.

Synonyms for modesty are; self defense, timidity, laziness, hope of attracting attention to oneself by pretending to be so, etc.

We know absolutely nothing of modesty except by hearsay.—From Judge.

Facts You May Not Know  
The term "Yankees" is supposed to have been derived from a corrupt pronunciation of the word English by the Indians.

The bridesmaids once led the bridegroom to the church, and the bridegroom's men led the bride.

Australia can boast that it grows the tallest trees of any rooted in the soil of the British empire.

Switzerland in times of peace is the country best supplied with hospitals, having nearly eighteen thousand beds, or about six to every thousand of the population.

When a man tells a rich widow that she is all the world to him he may be trying to work the world for a living.

A man can never judge how old a woman is by hearing her tell her age.

Youth is going to do things tomorrow that old age didn't do yesterday.

When the day breaks some men are too lazy to make use of the pieces.

An ignorant man is usually ignorant of the fact that he is ignorant.

Nothing jolts a smart man so hard as being beaten at his own game.

The optimist enjoys the fruit and the pessimist slips on the peel.

Some men try to get ahead in this world by holding others back.

We all talk too much—because there is so much to talk about.

Every time a lazy man looks at the clock the day becomes longer.

Being remembered in a will is as uncertain as an unpaid egg.

The politeness of a mean man is always more or less put on.

Man may be the stronger, but woman's tongue is more facile.

Worry gives the undertaker more business than work does.

Every dog has his day, but like man, they always want more.

Silent watches of the night are those we forget to wind.

You never hear a dressmaker say that figures cannot lie.

Speaking of tongues—a woman can seldom hold her own.

A thing of beauty is a joy while it continues to win out.

It costs more to be stingy than it does to be charitable.

Some men learn by doing and some learn by being done.

But the chicken hearted man crows only in his sleep.

## HER BROTHER

"A glorious time—the best ever," said the young woman just returned from the summer resort.

"Tell me all about it," begged the young woman with the Japanese parasol. "I am interested because I have always heard that Point Lake resort is stiff and snobbish, and that no one notices you unless your forefathers came over in the Mayflower, or you have a brother, or something like that."

"You guessed it," answered the summer resort girl. "My brother Winston deserves all the credit. I am wise and gracious enough to admit that."

"Don't be a goose," put in the girl with the parasol, who had spent her vacation on the front porch. "Explain."

"Very well, then," complied the young woman just returned from the summer resort. "I don't mind telling you. You see, I went to Point Lake under the chaperonage of Mrs. Dix. The place was so far from home that neither of us was acquainted at the hotel. Robinson Crusoe's island is as lively as a summer hotel, if one is unknown."

"For two days we remained close together and managed to enjoy ourselves. But by the end of the fourth day I felt that my precious savings were being devoted to what began to resemble a total loss. I was having a miserable time. I was beginning to lose my sweet disposition and even to act impatiently toward poor, innocent Mrs. Dix."

"At the beginning of the fifth day," she continued, "while I was waiting at the office desk for my mail, a young woman saw me receive a business envelope addressed in a large bold hand and she watched my expression as I read my letter and then she said with a smile:

"That must have been a pleasant one."

"Indeed it was," I innocently replied. "A dear letter from the dearest brother in the world."

"Oh, you have a brother?" she asked eagerly.

"Yes," I answered with enthusiasm, "and he writes that he is coming up to see me next Saturday. I'm so happy! He is the best looking thing!"

"I don't wonder, if he looks like you, honey," she cooed, taking my arm. Then in one breath she added: "Have you been here long? How strange that I haven't seen you before! Have you met my mother? I am sure she will be charmed to know you. She loves young folks. What a dear little vanity case you carry! I think you and I are going to be friends."

"From that moment dated my good times. Before an hour had elapsed the news had spread widely that I owned a handsome brother, who would soon be at the resort."

"Such attention as was showered on me! Not one minute was I alone. I could hardly find time to write a postal card to my family. Every girl who had a brother, cousin or bachelor uncle brought him up post haste for an introduction, in hopes that I would soon reciprocate. Before the day was over there was not a man, woman or child on the hotel register whom I had not met."

"Dinners, launch rides, sailboat parties, fishing excursions, marshall-low roasts—nothing was complete without me! The compliments given to me would have turned the head of the sphinx herself."

"When Saturday evening came four of my new and most affectionate chums insisted upon accompanying Mrs. Dix and me to the station to meet Winston. They wouldn't think of letting us go alone! They had all put on their new basque dresses, so as to make a good first impression. As the train slowed up, and my 16-year-old brother stepped from the car, I said in my smoothest voice:

"Let me introduce you, dear, to the sweetest and most unselfish girl I have ever known. They are all so anxious to meet you."

"I don't know where those girls faded to, but before I had finished, they had disappeared."

"However, I don't care! Through them I had met—well never mind his name. He is coming to see me to night."

"And what about Winston?" asked Enid.

"Oh, Winston had a wonderful time fishing, but not for or with girls."

Helped by the Saloon. "If any man here," shouted the temperance speaker, "can name an honest business that has been helped by the saloon, I will spend the rest of my life working for the liquor people."

A man in the audience arose. "I consider my business an honest one," he said, "and it has been helped by the saloon."

"What is your business?" yelled the orator.

"I, sir," responded the man, "am an undertaker."



## 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 where the rainbow's end may be.

I want the little echo boy, who hides behind the wall, to come and play—and not to just answer when I call! —Philadelphia Record.

## FOR YOUNG FOLKS

Sleepy Time Story About the Days When Fairies Lived.

### A MONSTER OF THE SWAMP.

Fierce Creature That Terrorized the Good People of a Village Long Ago. Brave Knights Fought Him in Vain. His Conqueror Rewarded.

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

#### THE RED DRAGON.

A long time ago when folks believed in fairies they talked a good deal about dragons.

Now, there lived in a marsh near a certain village a big red dragon.

The king offered prizes to any one who would kill it.

A great many brave knights of his army went out and came back with wonderful tales of how they had fought with the dragon and after wounding it had only given up the fight on account of being hurt by the monster.

Then the king would say, "Never mind; you'll have better luck next time." And he would give them a valuable gift.

There was with the king a little page boy, who was a great butterfly hunter. The king's librarian had promised him a gold piece for every new butterfly he would bring him.

So when the king stopped one night at one of the castles in the neighborhood of the dragon the page boy slipped off with his net to hunt butterflies.

And of course he got lost and wandered into the swamp where the dragon lived, and the fierce dragon came rushing and roaring at him.

The little page boy looked around. He hadn't a thing with which to fight the dragon except his butterfly net.

The net was tacked to a long stout stick, and when the dragon got near enough the boy raised it and hit the dragon a fearful whack on its fat sides.

"Wow!" shrieked the dragon, and with a puff it went up in the air just as a balloon does when you slash a hole in the bag. The fierce old dragon had been nothing but air and skin.

When he was sure it was quite dead the little page boy grabbed the empty dragon skin by its spoked tail and dragged it back to give to the king, of whom he was very fond.

He was the maddest king you ever heard of when he saw that dead dragon. He sent off at once for the knights who claimed to have fought it.

"You old humbugs!" cried the king. "There's the dragon you bragged about fighting. It wasn't a thing but skin and air. If you'd so much as touched it with the point of a sword it would have gone to pieces as it did when my brave little page boy struck it with his butterfly net."

Then the king made all the fibbing knights give the little page boy the gifts he had given them for fighting the dragon, and the little page boy was then so rich he bought a castle of his own.

#### The Donkey Party.

We had a donkey party. My, but it was fun to see His tails in many places, Even hanging on a tree.

The boys and girls were funny. For they tried so very hard To pin the donkey's tail on That they walked about the yard.

Some put his tail very high. For they thought him big and tall. Others pinned their tails so low. For they thought him very small.

#### A Little Gardener.

Armed with his watering pot, this young flower grower is doing his best to keep his blossoms in bloom. It is



Photo by American Press Association. THE SPRINKLER.

quite heavy work for so small a lad, but he is brave and manly and is working to keep his charges bright and fresh. Perhaps, and it seems probable, he is helping mother.

#### THE MODERN PARENT

The modern mother is often too much inclined to weigh the baby four times a day, to feed it on oxoid, or something equally funny, to expose as much of its person as possible, to make it gaze at Botticelli prints when it is bathed. She will no doubt want it to mate eugenically, in which she will probably be disappointed, for love struggles against disease and wooden thinking, she will have helped the child by giving it something to discard better than the old respects and fears. The modern mother has begun to consider herself as a human being as well as a mother; who no longer thinks that

A mother is a mother still, The holiest thing alive.

She is coming to look upon herself as a sort of esthetic school inspector. She lives round her children rather than in them; she is less animal. Above all, she is more critical. Having more opportunity of mixing with people, she ceases to see her child as marvelous because it is her child. She is losing something of her conceit and has learned to say, "the baby" instead of "my baby." It is a revolutionary atmosphere and the developing child has something to push against when it wants to earn its parents' approval for modern parents are fair judges of excellence; they are educated. The old time father was not plussed by his son, and could not help him in his delectus, but the modern father is not puzzled when his son wishes to converse of railway finance. The parent, more capable of comradeship has come to want to be a comrade. He is no longer addressed as "sir"; he is often addressed as "old chap." That is fine, but it is a dead opposition to the close, hard family idea.—Harper's Magazine.

It is much easier for a bad man to live down to his reputation than it is for a good man to live up to his—as well as more usual.

If you want to study human nature don't patronize a correspondence school. Watch your neighbors.

It's a good thing for a man's peace of mind that he doesn't know what other people know about him.

Every time the sun shines the pessimist consoles himself with the belief that it's raining somewhere.

The liar who can repeat a sorry ten times without any alteration deserves more credit than he gets.

When a small boy gets his fingers caught in the pantry door it isn't the jam he is looking for.

The man who acts contrary to his wife's advice and falls down never hears the last of it.

Perhaps the boy who plays marbles for keeps may be giving away libraries in after years.

Blind people are usually smart—they have a slight of sense but no sense of sight.

Probably a man never realizes how golden silence is until he tries to buy some of it.

Moles and poor physicians are easily traced by the holes they leave in the ground.

A man may be a good talker and still have serious impediments in his thoughts.

Speaking of well preserved women, Lot's wife has probably the best of the lot.

It is said that a brick house, well constructed, will outlast one built of granite.

The man who is most discreet when sober is the biggest fool when otherwise.

A woman talks until things get serious—then she gives a man a chance.

Sometimes the more money a man has the more selfish his children are.

When a young rooster gets a comb he reaches the height of his ambition.

Wise men are as slow about giving advice as fools are about taking it.

Baking powder manufacturers should succeed in getting up in the world.

A girl loses her self-possession when she puts on a wedding ring.

When it comes to opening a heart, flattery is superior to dynamite.

About two thirds of the average man's sympathy is curiosity.

Probably the best way to get rich quick is to go slow.

The man who foots the bills always has a kick coming.

It looks as if some men actually enjoy being mean.

Duty and inclination seldom shoot the same chute.

The electric chair is a sure cure for insomnia.

Waiting a lie won't always keep it down.

CHARLEVOIX COUNTY HERALD  
G. A. Lisk, Publisher  
ONE DOLLAR PER YEAR

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

#### His Ultimatum.

"Excavation work here's gettin' along very slowly," grumbled the foreman to Larry, as he stood on the edge of the foundation and looked down into the pit. "I'll have to send another man along to lend you a hand."

Left to himself, Larry speculated upon what sort of chap would be sent to assist him, and devoutly hoped he would not be one of those fellows who always wanted to get a job done.

Suddenly he glanced up and met the pugnacious stare of the foreman's bulldog looking over the edge of the pit.

"Begorra!" he roared, as his pipe fell. "O've worked with Ottalons, Ger-rmans and niggers, but it's a man wid a face like that comes to work down here beside me O' gets up!"

Judicious use of "soft soap" has prevented many a black eye.

It's easier to get a bad reputation than to keep a good one.

Even a little miss may make a big hit when she grows up.

Ambition is the thing that boosts a man up the ladder.

Complications. A porch swing in the lobby of a furniture store bore the sign, "Made in America."

Soon so many people gathered about the spot and began to laugh so immoderately that one of the salesmen went out to investigate.

"What is the matter?" asked the store manager.

"A tramp is asleep in the swing," said the salesman, "and the sign is in his lap."—Judge.

Faint heart ne'er won fair lady when it preferred a brunette.

You can judge no woman's sense of humor by the way she giggles at her husband's jokes.

Occasionally a man may blacken his fingers in an attempt to whitewash himself.

Speaking of batters, the buckwheat brand is as popular as the baseball kind.

One half of the world is kept busy trying to find out how the other half lives.

A man may be all right in his way, but he frequently gets in the way of others.

A woman always looks before she leaps—if there is a mirror handy.

It is easier for the modern girl to knit her brows than darn her hose.

Everything comes to the man who advertises while he is waiting.

It's the bill for a woman's stunning gown that shocks her husband.

Don't use a gallon of words to express a teaspoonful of thought.

A woman seldom talks to herself. She just has to rest occasionally.

It's easier for trouble to find your address than it is for good luck.

Only a wide awake author should write a treatise on insomnia.

The chap with the sunny disposition has a shade the best of it.

Dark consequences sometimes result from light remarks.

Men who think they know it all are never able to prove it.

When a man falls in love he seldom lands on his feet.

Some men, like bricks, are always hard pressed for cash.

The Lord made woman that man might have an excuse.

## 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

Many a man would never be missed if his wife didn't throw things at him.

#### HIGH PRICES AND SICKNESS

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# CAROLINE

By William Freeman.

In the table of precedence, as exemplified in the household of His Grace the Duke of Kingston, Knight of the Garter, and Heaven knows what beside, Caroline, I think, would have a place very near the bottom. The boot-boy ranked below her, and the odd men who hung about the garage in the capacity of chauffeur's laborers, but they were all. For her work, although appertaining to the kitchen, was unskilled, and of negligible value, and such mental gifts as she possessed were not thought worthy of testing.

His grace and his beautiful languid duchess Caroline knew by sight, as one may recognize the fixed stars, and her intimacy with them was upon the same level. Monsieur Tardet, the chef, she regarded with an awe which reduced her to incoherency in his presence.

Mrs. Blain, the housekeeper, whose husband had been a curate and whose father was rumored to have lost a fabulous fortune on the Stock Exchange, was imitable above Caroline and all Caroline's concerns.

The superior servants she called "sir" and "miss," and to the inferior ones proffered "a humble friendship with no very great success.

For Caroline was pale of face and wispy of figure and endowed with sun-burn hair too plentiful to be always under control. Further, she was painfully shy and addicted to attacks of stammering, and her accent was of the purest, richest Cockney.

None but an optimist of the deepest dye, or a man very much in love with her, would have predicted a brilliant future for Caroline.

And yet within three months of her coming to Kingston House, romance, undisguised and triumphant, entered into her life.

The beginning dated from her first whole day's holiday. Caroline's purse had been left behind, and a three-penny fare was due, and the motor-bus conductor inclined to be insolent. It was then that the clean-shaven young man, who had been watching her from the opposite seat, came to her rescue.

And it may here be mentioned that Caroline's only relatives consisted of a brother and sister-in-law, who kept a little greengrocer's shop in the Edgware Road, and two small nephews, and that it was one of the nephews, recovering from pleurisy at St. Christopher's Hospital, whom Caroline was en route to see.

To encounter a friend when one is very much in need, is delightful. To find that same friend awaiting one when there is a return journey to be made, is, to say the least of it, flattering. Caroline's foolish little heart was palpitating absurdly when Mr. Francis Wygram, of Upper Norwood (he had introduced himself on the motor-bus), came forward to meet her at the hospital door.

"I've been waiting for the past twenty minutes," he said, lifting his hat, "but I would have waited twice as many hours rather than have missed you."

"Me!" cried Caroline, blushing furiously.

"Who else? And if I might be granted the boon of a few moments' conversation in private—?" His tones would have done credit to the finest scene in the weakly novelettes which were her staple literary food.

Caroline's head whirling and her blood thrilling under the combined influences of youth and spring, nodded a mute permission. The day was an April one, with a mild sun and a sky bluer than one had any right to expect in the heart of the metropolis.

She had a clear half-hour to spare, and Mr. Francis Wygram, pacing devotedly at her side, made the most of it. What his manner lacked in aristocratic repose it made up in fervor.

He had, it appeared, seen Caroline from afar many times before. He had loved her almost from the first. Not until now had he dared to make his love known. His future hung upon her answer.

Caroline, her blushes coming and going, stood looking down at her new glass shoes and trying to cope with this unique situation.

"All that may be right enough," she said, twisting her gloves until they were mere attenuated wisps, "but I don't know nothing about you, nor you about me—really. Give me time to—"

"A lifetime," said Mr. Wygram passionately (they were by now within in the romantic purlieus of Westbourne Park Station) would be little enough to sacrifice in your service!"

The upshot of which was that Caroline permitted him to imprint one reverential kiss upon her cheek, and agreed, "weather and other things permitting," to meet him by the marble arch on the following Sunday afternoon.

I doubt if she slept for twenty consecutive minutes that night. Never before had she been treated with such a beautiful and deferential courtesy, nor been given to understand that to exist in her society was an honor in itself! Mr. Francis Wygram had not only done all these things,

but he was handsome, and of aristocratic bearing. His garments were obviously made to measure; his accent, to Caroline's ear, flawless.

Caroline, staring up at the moon which illuminated her room—the smallest and most drably lit of the house—wondered how long it would be before so exquisite a dream came to an end.

She said nothing to Emily and Janet, her immediate superiors in the household. Emily was a feather-headed gossip, with no sense of the dignity and fitness of things, and Janet had once had an affair with a second footman which ended in a breach-of-promise action and left her permanently embittered. And there was no one else in the house to whom she could unbosom herself.

The arrival of Sunday found Caroline's mind in a whirl of confusion and dread, and exultation which betrayed itself in the smashing of three dishes and gravy-boat and the smearing beyond repair of her best apron. "Bah—leddy donkey!" cried M. Tardet, shaking an exasperated forefinger, "you eat the moonshine madness!"

"N-n-no, sir!" gasped Caroline.

"Then you are in love!"

And Caroline's cheeks instantly flamed an affirmative crimson which set the kitchen in a roar.

But she forgot every humiliation at the sight of Mr. Wygram, spruce with a flower in his buttonhole, immaculate gloves, and a silver-mounted cane swinging on the sleeve of his well-cut coat, awaiting her at the arch.

"P-pleased to see you," murmured Caroline, as he bent over her hand, and for the rest of that golden afternoon moved in realms of romantic splendor, which she did not entirely leave behind her until, long after dusk had fallen, the holiday ended, and she was back again in the big grim house under the black-satin supervision of Mrs. Blain.

At their parting, Wygram—the fascinating, gallant Mr. Wygram—kissed her once, twice, and thrice, full upon the lips, and the simple heart of Caroline went out to him as it never could again, no matter who the wooer.

A big tear of pure happiness brimmed up as she turned away. He felt it fall with a warm splash on his hand. The long-planned, fancy-dress ball which was to supply gossip for two continents was to take place at the end of the month.

People not evenly remotely connected with His Grace of Kingston found matter for pride in the description of the great ballroom, in the list of guests who were to be present, in the fabulous cost of the decorations, and felt that while such things existed the glory and honor of social England could suffer no eclipse.

The daily papers had a vast amount to say on the subject, and did their best to interview anybody and everybody of his grace. But no one thought of interviewing Caroline, although, in common with the other servants, she shared in some reflection of the event.

Mr. Wygram knew—who didn't?—about the preparations. He discussed them with her in detail during an afternoon they spent together in Kew Gardens.

"There's a royal 'ighness coming," said Caroline. They say 'e's a relation of the duke's."

"Which reminds me," said Wygram, "that there's one thing which I think you ought to know. I—"

"Beg pardon," said Caroline.

"Have you heard the story of Lord William?" he asked in a low tone.

"Not 'arf!" said Caroline. During her very first week in the house she had been told of this one black sheep in an otherwise blameless family—the never-de-wail was had been shipped off to somewhere in the bush, and had there kept a store, married a quite impossible person whose only virtue was that she was not an Aborigine, and a little later, to the unfeigned relief of his noble relatives, had contracted a fever and died.

"I," said Wygram, his eyes intent upon Caroline's, "am his son."

"Oh—er!" gasped Caroline, and dropped her bright new shawl up on the gravel with a crash.

"Within the last week," he continued, "I have obtained unofficial recognition. The ball is to witness my public return to the bosom of my father's family."

There was a long pause. He became aware that Caroline's face was growing paler and paler.

"Which means," she said, "that you won't be able to keep company with me no more, as that we can't never get married."

"My dearest girl, it means nothing of the sort. I'd spurn the dukedom itself under such conditions. Our chance of having a home of our own will be infinitely greater."

Caroline faced him, passionate admiration shining in her eyes. Her voice shook when she spoke.

"Really?"

"Really and truly. I mentioned the matter because you were bound to know, and because you might be surprised at seeing me in the house. The whole thing must, of course, be kept absolutely secret for the present."

Caroline nodded speechlessly. Her hand sought his.

"But I ain't worth it!" she whispered, when presently he kissed her good-by. He would never know how she loved him, or how romance was coloring and irradiating the drab fabric of her life.

preparations had its own double significance to her. Her official concern with the ball was practically nil.

At the most, she could but hope for occasional glimpses of the guests as they arrived. But in her dreams she saw, over and over again, the magnificent culmination of it all, when her man should meet a prince of the blood royal as a relative and equal.

Wygram was going, as he told her, as a gondolier.

"Meant to say—" she inquired, with a puzzled frown.

"As one of the fellows who paddle people about in a queer-shaped boat in a place called Venice, where the streets are always covered with water."

"H-m—mains always a bustin', I suppose," said Caroline contemptuously, and Mr. Wygram, without disputing so ingenious a theory, went on to supply her with details of his costume. Red-brown, it was to be, with a plumed cap.

His face was to be darkened slightly, and he was to wear a fierce, upturned mustache. Caroline's sensation of existing as a character in a dream became intensified.

The day arrived. Strange workmen—fitters' assistants, electric-light fitters, refreshment-caterers and what-not, who had invaded the house in irregular levies during the past week—gathered up their tools and belongings and went. The last insatiable reporter and the last photographic enthusiast departed with notes and films.

Caroline went about her work in a state of inspired fervor, which was attributed solely to the general excitement of the occasion.

Janet admitted that she could be slippery on her feet. Mrs. Blain unhesitatingly favored her with a nod of approval.

Caroline, as a rule abnormally sensitive to praise or blame, was scarcely conscious of either.

Nightfall brought the first of the group of onlookers which hung about the great stucco entrance until the hours of the morning. Carriages and cars, whose panels could have filled a volume on heraldry in themselves, drew up in swift succession.

The servants not on duty crowded about a window on the first floor, from which they could see all. But Caroline was consumed with a restlessness which made it impossible for her to stay long in one place.

At the height of the excitement she wandered down-stairs to a point from which one could get a glimpse of the grand staircase. Even as she stood there, a tall figure in a red-brown dress and plumed hat slipped past the footmen and mingled with the gorgeous crowd.

A door banged noisily. It was one leading from the white-tiled kitchen to the entrance at the side. She went down, and stood for a moment, steady in her nerves and breathing the mild night air.

A pleasant-faced, middle-aged man stepped very quietly out of the shadow, and touched her on the arm.

"Been down here long, miss?"

"Bout five minutes."

"H-m!" the middle-aged man muttered, producing a card. On it was written: "James Winch—New Scotland Yard."

"No wish to startle you, but the fact is, you've been seen a good deal in the company of a tall, clean-shaven young man that we're rather much interested in."

"Yes?" said Caroline.

"Who he is?"

"Not if I do?"

The middle-aged man shook his head in slow disapproval.

"You've nothing to gain by that attitude, my girl! And I venture to doubt if you're as wise as you think you are. What name he's going by is no concern of ours. What's more to the point is that his real name's Martin, and that he was given eighteen months for burglary in 'ought four. We were told that he'd been running straight since then, but from information received—a woman, as usual—we know that he's trying his luck again, here and to-night, and—steady, there—steady!"

Caroline, by a superhuman effort, succeeded in reaching a chair. Her ear caught fully the sound of a shrill cheer. His royal highness had arrived.

The detective proffered a brandy flask, but she waved it away.

"Feel better? Sorry if I've upset you, but business is business. And time's short. We're morally certain that our man gained admission, and that he's in the house. If his grace had availed himself of the help we suggested, such a thing couldn't have happened. If Martin went in, you must have seen something of him."

"Not me!" Her brain, emerging through the sick haze of a fainting attack, worked swiftly. A dozen plans were formulated and dismissed in the interval which passed before Winch spoke again.

"Think it over for a minute," he suggested.

"I tell yer—"

"Ah but we're all liable to make mistakes—specially when excited. The truth will be known for certain in an hour or so. It'll save a heap of trouble, and keep your own name out of the affair, if you help us now."

Caroline nodded feigningly to hesitate.

"You'd b-b-better see the house-keeper," she said at last, and rose to lead the way to Mrs. Blain's room.

At the door she paused to peer in, and in that moment found time to shift the key from the inner to the outer side.

"This way," she said briskly, and, as Winch instinctively stepped forward, she slammed the door behind him and locked it.

A second door shut off the passage, and that also she locked. The only window in the room was below ground level, and barred.

Mr. Winch might have made a good deal of noise before the rest of the house were aware of his imprisonment.

Caroline raced up-stairs to her room. Janet, passing her on the way down, noted her brilliant color.

"Goin' to meet that feller of yours?" she sneered.

"Yuss!" said Caroline, and sped past her into the passage which gave access to the hall.

The main staircase itself was almost deserted.

In the friendly shadow of a curtain she stopped to adjust a roughly fashioned mask over her face, and then ran nimbly up into the most wonderful ballroom in London.

She had seen the place before, of course; but only by daylight. Now its brilliance smote her eyes like a blow. The room was one vast kaleidoscope of color.

Music, etherealized by the distance, came softly from the great gallery at the further end. Swaying, whirling couples, among whom a million pin-points of jewel-light flashed and vanished and flashed again, passed and repassed her. Caroline shrank back, overwhelmed.

A tow-headed young man, wearing the costume of a knight of Malta, approached her.

"You were expected before," he said banteringly. "We all knew you'd do something to sustain the Carlingford reputation, but this"—he touched the cheap, badly-fitting skirt—"is the absolute limit. Twentieth-century scullery-maid, presume?"

Caroline nodded. Clearly he was mistaking her for some with a character for eccentricity and the ability to sustain it.

"Rippin' is Lord Teddy with you?"

"I ain't a-seen 'im since I come in," said Caroline.

"Accept and all! Gad, but you ought to—"

But Caroline slipped away. Her search could brook anything but delay.

The music came to an end. Before it began again she had twice circled the room. Its size, and the extent of the crowd which filled it, were her salvation. The duke and duchess, who were talking with the prince, she evaded carefully.

There were a number of small, discreetly shaded alcoves opening out to the right and left, and into each of these she plunged in turn with a sublime disregard for the amazed occupants. Odd rumors began to circulate and unfriendly eyes to follow her movements.

Caroline was very near the end of her tether, when at last she came upon her man.

He was standing within a curtained doorway, talking to a tall blond woman dressed in shimmering blue. Caroline ignored her absolutely.

"I want to speak to yer," she said. He eyed her with a steady malice which betrayed no sign of recognition.

"Naow!" said Caroline.

The blond woman shut her fan with a snap.

"Your original young friend is to be congratulated upon having an accent strictly in keeping with her costume," she said, and slowly moved away from him.

"I ain't much to say," pursued Caroline, "nor much time to say it in. But they know yer're here. There's a span from Scotland Yard waitin' below. 'Ook it!"

He spoke for the first time and in a voice which was a mere urgent whisper.

"Since you know so much, you must know that they've no chance of identifying me if you hold your tongue. How much will you take to help me through with the job?"

"Nothing," said Caroline, and laid an imperative hand on his arm.

The man's nerves were unsteady, and he was bewildered and furious at the failure of a plot which had been worth every risk and which stood upon the very brink of success. Else, I think, he would never have been mad enough to have struck her a stinging blow in the face with his open hand.

And at that, something in Caroline's brain snapped. With the mark showing livid on her white cheek, and her eyes blazing, she flung herself upon him. The strings of the mask broke, and it dropped at her feet as he struck her again.

High above the hum of conversation and the swirl of draperies, and the low cadence of the music, rang a girl's loud scream. Men crowded to the alcove.

They spread the incredible news that a guest wearing the costume of a Venetian gondolier was struggling in the grip of a touled-headed little servant girl; that Lady Whiston's pearls and the De Vries diamonds lay scattered on the floor between them; that the duke himself was doing his best to separate the combatants, and finding the matter next to impossible, called for help.

And in the mean time Detective Winch, in the housekeeper's room below, had hammered and yelled until chance brought Janet and his release, like wasted no time in explanations which could very well wait, but made a dash for the ballroom.

The interest of the entire company was focused upon the alcove, and no one hindered him when he ruthlessly

elbowed his way through the crowd to find the two chief actors, sullen and panting, with the duke between them. With a deft twist Winch jerked off the dark mustache and wig.

"Nick Brady!" he gasped, and instinctively glanced over his shoulder toward Caroline.

Caroline caught the words. But she was not looking at Winch, but at the face of the tall, slim man who wore the costume of a gondolier, but who was not him she had known as Francis Wygram.

She stared at him with wide-opened, terrified eyes, and then, with an odd, sobbing cry, fell forward. The duke himself caught her.

There were explanations—of a sort—later. Caroline and Mr. Winch spoke, and the duke and Mrs. Brady listened. The latter, having long ago learned the value of silence at such times, exhibited the mute philosophy of a stoic. Winch himself was bewildered, but non-committal.

For the life of him, he could not fathom Caroline's course of action. On the other hand, he had made a far more important capture than he had bargained for. He realized his debt to Caroline, and bore no malice. The duke thought him a strenuous but rather incoherent man.

Caroline was glad to accept the day's holiday, which, with a check which took her breath away, Mrs. Blain was instructed to offer her. From Winch she obtained Wygram's address, and went there to see him.

It was a mean, untidy little room on the first floor, with a cracked window-pane and trowsy curtains. Wygram, who had been going rapidly through a pile of papers when she entered, looked up with a start.

"Ullo!" said Caroline. The stairs were steep, and her breath came quickly.

"You? Have you come to make me exhibit myself as the scamp I am?" he exclaimed.

"The flat in the park's a lookin' a fair treat," said Caroline.

"Isn't it plain enough that I began the love-making business with an eye to robbing the place later?"

"I see a bloke neely run over just now. Starin' at the sky an' the trees, 'e was an' tryin' to cross the road at the same time. I lay 'e thought 'e was in the country," said Caroline.

"But I didn't go through with the job. You—y-y-y've spoiled me for that sort of thing, for always! Brady put me up to it, same as he did the first one, and when he heard, he cursed me for a sniveling coward and took over the risk himself. And now I hear they've got him."

Caroline abruptly abandoned her appreciation of the charms of nature.

"Not 'arf!" she said, with enthusiasm.

Wygram moved suddenly toward her, scattering the papers, and gripped her hands.

"I've had the offer of a berth in Rhocella. It's a rough district, with no other folk for God knows how far, but a man with pluck and a little capital can make a success of his life there."

"I've fifty pounds," said Caroline. "You'll ave that, anyway. And"—her voice dropped a little, but did not falter—"you can 'ave me, too, if I'm worth takin'."

His face flushed.

"I found how much I needed you—cared for you—weeks ago. It kept me straight, and knowing that you must hear the truth in the end, was my punishment. But I didn't dream of this! You'll be making a poor sort of bargain, but if you're willing to take the risk, dear, I'll try to make some sort of amends."

He caught and held her in his arms, and she leaned back a little and smiled happily at him.

"'Wot about a day at the Crystal Palace to begin with?" said Caroline. (Copyright by The Frank A. Munsey Company.)

## Look and Feel Clean, Sweet and Fresh Every Day

Drink a glass of real hot water before breakfast to wash out poisons.

Life is not merely to live, but to live well, eat well, digest well, work well, sleep well, look well. What a glorious condition to attain, and yet how very easy it is if one will only adopt the morning inside bath!

Folks who are accustomed to feel dull and heavy when they arise, splitting headaches, stuffy from a cold, foul tongue, nasty breath, acid stomach, can, instead, feel as fresh as a daisy by opening the sluices of the system each morning and flushing out the whole of the internal poisonous stagnant matter.

Everyone, whether ailing, stork or well, should, each morning, before breakfast, drink a glass of real hot water with a teaspoonful of limestone phosphate in it to "wash" from the stomach, liver, kidneys and bowels the previous day's indigestible waste, sour bile and poisonous toxins; thus cleansing, sweetening and purifying the entire alimentary canal before putting more food into the stomach. The action of hot water and limestone phosphate on an empty stomach is wonderfully invigorating—it cleans out all the acid fermentations, gases, waste and acidity and gives one a splendid appetite for breakfast. While you are enjoying your breakfast the water and phosphate is quietly extracting a large volume of water from the blood and getting ready for a thorough flushing of all the inside organs.

The millions of people who are bothered with constipation, bilious spells, stomach trouble, rheumatism, others who have swollen skins, blood disorders and sickly complexions are urged to get a quarter pound of Limestone phosphate from the drug store which will cost very little, but is sufficient to make anyone a pronounced expert on the subject of internal sanitation.

It's a man's nature to crave power, and if he can't bully another man or a dog he gets married.

The man who looks out for difficulties will find two where he expected only one.

## HEAVY MEAT EATERS HAVE SLOW KIDNEYS

But less meat if you feel backache or have bladder trouble—Take "Less of Salt."

No man or woman who eats meat regularly can make a mistake by flushing the kidneys occasionally, says a well-known authority. Meat forms uric acid which excites the kidneys, they become overworked from the strain, get sluggish and fail to filter the waste and poisons from the blood; then we get sick. Nearly all rheumatism, headaches, liver trouble, nervousness, dizziness, sleeplessness and urinary disorders come from sluggish kidneys.

The moment you feel a dull ache in the kidneys or your back hurts or if the urine is cloudy, offensive, full of sediment, irregular of passage or attended by a sensation of scalding, stop eating meat and get about four ounces of Jad Salts from any pharmacy; take a tablespoonful in a glass of water before breakfast and in a few days your kidneys will act fine. This famous salt is made from the acid of grapes and lemon juice, combined with lithium and sodium for generations to flush and stimulate the kidneys, also to neutralize the acids in uric acid no longer causes irritation, thus ending bladder weakness.

Jad Salts is inexpensive and cannot injure; makes a delightful effervescent lithia-water drink which everyone should take now and then to keep the kidneys clean and active and the blood pure, thereby avoiding serious kidney complications.

## DARKEN GRAY HAIR, LOOK YOUNG, PRETTY

Sage Tea and Sulphur Darkens So Naturally that Nobody can tell.

Hair that loses its color and lustre, or when it fades, turns gray, dull and lifeless, is caused by a lack of sulphur in the hair. Our grandmother made up a mixture of Sage Tea and Sulphur to keep her locks dark and beautiful, and thousands of women and men who value that even color, that beautiful dark shade of hair which is so attractive, use only this old-time recipe.

Nowadays we get this famous mixture improved by the addition of other ingredients by asking at any drug store for a 50-cent bottle of "Vyth's Sage and Sulphur Compound," which darkens the hair so naturally, so evenly, that nobody can possibly tell it has been applied. You just dampen a sponge or soft brush with it and draw this through your hair, taking one small strand at a time. By morning the gray hair disappears; but what delights the ladies with Vyth's Sage and Sulphur Compound, is that, besides beautifully darkening the hair, after a few applications, it also brings back the gloss and lustre, and gives it an appearance of abundance.

Vyth's Sage and Sulphur Compound is a delightful toilet requisite to impart color and a youthful appearance to the hair. It is not intended for the cure, mitigation or prevention of disease.

A Proof.  
"His teacher says Georgie has a wonderful memory. He can run off without a mistake, even the most unimportant details."  
"Yes, I heard him the other day tell the names of all the Vice-Presidents."



# LOVE WINS OUT

High up on the "Salter" she sat, throned on a granite boulder, with the golden red flaming all around her and upon her fair young head. And Eric Leifson, the bold, tall youth, who had dared to risk every hope of happiness in a stumbling declaration of devotion, stared up at her in joyful amazement.

"You love me," he cried, "you love me, a poor struggling Norwegian farmer, and you the daughter of a millionaire and the most beautiful girl in the world." "Yes," she answered in her deep, sweet voice. "I love you," and smiling a little at his lover-like praise, she added whimsically: "Won't you believe me, Eric?"

He sprang to his feet and took her boldly in his arms.

"Oh, Marjorie, it seems too good to be true," he whispered. "I could not help speaking, but I never dared even in my wildest dreams to hope for this."

Gently releasing herself she looked at her watch.

"Come, it is time for me to return," she said. "Father is always angry if I keep him waiting for his breakfast."

"Oh, I am afraid I had forgotten your father," he said blankly.

"Good-bye," said Eric, disconsolate, as they came near the little inn which had the honor of sheltering Marjorie and her wealthy father. "I'll come and see your father directly after breakfast."

The scene was certainly not an inspiring one, the lover thought as he stood upon the threshold of the little inn. The prevailing note was a melancholy gray—gray sky, gray granite and gray hills tinged with steamy mist and the famous "Gray Wethers" of Siddal Fjord—a group of boulders which seem from a distance bear a marvelous resemblance to a flock of grazing sheep, looked more astonishingly like real gray wethers than ever.

However, he pulled himself together and boldly asked to see Mr. Edward Petersen.

The millionaire was awaiting him, walking up and down in the garden rack of the inn. He was a lanky, hard, gray-haired man, with a stern mouth but twinkling humorous eyes. A decent enough old fellow at heart, but a little conceited by reason of his success.

Very deliberately Eric scanned his man, and without waiting for an invitation sat down.

"Look here, Mr. Petersen," he said conciliatingly. "I know it must seem rather presumptuous to you, but I can't help it—really I can't. I love Marjorie and she loves me. And we can't help that now, can we?"

"You may be lacking in money, but you are not lacking in cheek," he said curtly.

"The question," Eric continued, ignoring the sneer, "is—what are you going to do about it? Are you going to forbid the match, or are you going to let love have its way?"

"I am going to forbid the match," replied Mr. Petersen, clenching his fists determinedly.

"But why?" Eric asked in the most innocent surprised tone in the world. "I love your daughter, and she loves me. Why should you refuse us permission to marry?"

"Confound you," cried the American angrily, "you can not possibly keep her in the style she has been accustomed to."

"I can make a living. I shan't starve her. Wholesome food—not your rich indigestible messes—and a little work won't hurt her."

Then the storm broke.

"Get out," thundered the millionaire, "get out before you are hurt. I never heard such impudence in all my life."

"Why should I get out?" Eric asked quietly. "I am your equal, there is nothing outrageous in my wanting to marry your daughter."

"My equal are you! Do you know young man, I could buy you up a hundred times and never feel it? Why you conceited young jackass. I have over a million sheep out there."

"I have a few of them myself up there," replied the young man, waving his hand in the direction of the salters.

The American glanced scornfully that way and his eyes fell on the Gray Wethers, apparently feeding on the side of the hill.

"Pooh, you have not enough to feed my hands for a day," he cried, "six hundred kroner would buy them."

"I will take four hundred for the lot," said Eric quickly, "spot cash."

The American looked at him keenly. "Why do you want to sell them?"

"Perhaps I want to go to California to make my fortune and come back and ask you once more for your daughter's hand," said Eric lightly.

Now Ed Petersen was a man who never let an opportunity slip. It flashed across his mind that if this mad fellow really went to America to make his fortune he would be out of the way, and after a while Marjorie would forget him and would probably end by making the tilted marriage on which he had set his heart.

"That is the first sensible thing I have heard you say," he remarked, pulling the local paper out of his pocket and looking at the market price of sheep. He did not intend Eric to get the best of him in a bar-

gain. He was quite prepared to buy him out, but if any one was going to score he was determined it should be he.

"You said four hundred. I will give you three hundred and fifty."

"Done," Eric said. "Come on, let's go and have a look at them," said the American. But Eric laughed.

"Afraid of your bargain?" he asked. The American flushed angrily and glanced up the hillside again. The Gray Wethers looked healthy enough feeding there patiently in the mist, and he fancied himself both as a bargainer and a man with an instinctive eye for sheep.

Without a word he marched indoors and wrote out a check, which he handed to Eric with the remark: "If you have anything else to sell before you go let me know and I will make you an offer."

Eric folded the check and put it in his pocket. "I knew somehow this interview would end in a deal," he observed carelessly.

"What do you mean?"

"Come and see."

"Have you done me?"

"Come and see."

Together they climbed the hill, the older man puzzled and suspicious, the younger frankly triumphant and at last they came to the famous Gray Wethers which Mr. Petersen had bought for 350 kroner.

He looked at the stones, and first he swore and then laughed.

"You have got me, young man," he cried, "to think that I—a man with a million sheep of my own should not know the difference between a flock of sheep and lot of rocks. You are pretty smart, my lad. I reckon you would be a good man about my ranch."

"I am sure I should," replied the incorrigible Eric. "It is not many men who have done you so thoroughly, is it?"

"You are the first, sir," said the American proudly.

"Heavens, how they will laugh at me when the story comes out."

"It is sure to be cabled across. Can't you see the headlines, Mr. Petersen?" Eric laughed.

The millionaire laughed too, and slapped him on the shoulder.

Look here, young man," he said kindly, "do you really and truly love my girl?"

"I do, sir."

"Then you had better go back and tell her that her hard-hearted father has given in. You can save her, you rascal, and bring her up here to see her poor swindled father looking regretfully at his latest purchase."

He held out his hand and Eric shook it heartily.

"We will make it a bargain, sir," he said jokingly. "In consideration of your giving me your daughter I'll keep my mouth shut about this little deal of ours and give you back this check."

He handed it over as he spoke and the millionaire looked at it long and earnestly.

"I shall keep this in my desk," he said, "and whenever I am feeling rather too pleased with myself I shall just take it out and look at it."

The One He Loved.

Alas, the honeymoon was indeed over! That morning they had come to words over breakfast and he had departed for the city in a rage.

As the day passed he began to think that, perhaps, after all, he had been rather hasty. So as he wended his way homeward he carried a small but interesting parcel. To his amazement, his little wife refused to take the slightest notice of it—and him.

"Don't you want to see what's in my parcel, darling?" he pleaded wistfully.

"I expect I can manage to survive not knowing," she retorted coldly.

"Well," he said playfully, "it's something for somebody I love more than all the world."

The lady's face brightened up.

"Really?" she said. "Then I suppose it's the cigarette case you've been wanting so long."

Doctor's Orders.

An old colored uncle was found by the preacher prowling in his barnyard late one night.

"Uncle Calhoun," said the preacher, sternly, "it can't be good for your rheumatism to be prowling round here in the rain and cold."

"Doctor's orders, sah," the old man answered.

"Doctor's orders?" said the preacher. "Did he tell you to go prowling and all night?"

"No, sah, noe exactly, sah," said Uncle Cal; "but he done ordered me chicken broth."

Meaning Now Clear.

Wife—"Well, dear, I shall have to do the cooking now. Cook left without warning this afternoon."

Husband—"Not exactly without warning. She told me this morning I had better bring home some dyspepsia tablets tonight, but I didn't quite understand what she meant."

True.

"It is well enough to strive to attain perfection, but remember one thing, my boy."

"What, father?"

"If ever you should attain it you would become most uninteresting."

No Secret.

"Keep love a secret!" exclaimed Aunt Keriah. "Can you keep the toothache a secret? Well, no more can you keep love or tight shoes a secret."

# Fascinating Ruth

"It's funny what ideas one gets!" mused the bookkeeper, aloud.

"Everything's funny if you look at it the right way," declared the little stenographer, philosophically, as she brushed and sponged at several dozen dull brown spots on her suit. "I suppose the people in the automobile that did this thought it was a huge joke to see the mud fly up! I'd think it was funny, too, if you'd got it!"

The bookkeeper listened without hearing.

"You see," he said, "up there at that summer resort we all were dead in love with that little old woman. Why, she was a perfect peach! She had white hair, and it was just as soft and pretty as old women's hair should be, and she dressed in simple dresses, with little white things around her neck and wrists—so quaint and old-fashioned but so perfectly becoming!"

"And her voice! Always so welcome and pleasant, and sounded as tho you were the one person in all the world that she was eagerly waiting to see!"

"Um! She must have known the game right when she was young," commented the little stenographer.

"Well, she certainly had us all, as I said! We'd have done anything for her, from reading aloud to her for hours to taking her rowing for pond lillies when the fish were aching to be caught, and tennis was in full swing, even. She was a sport, too. She didn't object to entering into the fun and doing things—and she was the best one on the floor when it came to a Virginia reel."

"So when it leaked out that she had a daughter, all the fellows were particularly inquisitive. When the little old mother, at her age, was such a peach, we all knew what to expect in her daughter. She just couldn't help bringing up a marvel!"

"We hated to ask outright what sort of girl she was, but we all put out bait at every opportunity and then compared notes. Actually, there was betting as to who should be the lucky man and feeling ran high when it came to deciding who should make the first call, for it wasn't in reason for all of us to pile in at once!"

"The little old mother wasn't a bit averse to speaking of her daughter, and she always spoke of her so softly—with such a happy light in her eyes! It surely was encouraging! Her daughter's name was Ruth, and somehow the name seemed fitting and appropriate!"

"Everything seemed just right! Ruth was taller than her mother, we knew. She was dark, with brown eyes. She loved a good time and was a general favorite. She was somewhat artistic, and had a good deal of success with her paintings, but she wasn't at all conceited or spoiled."

"Oh, I don't know exactly why, but the picture grew more entrancing every day!"

"I know I was counting up my salary and trying to see whether with careful stretching it could be made to support two. I did my best to find out the circumstances of the little old woman, to discover if Ruth was used to more comforts than I could give her. I could see that every other fellow was doing likewise."

"Finally the day came for Ruth to arrive. We were all nervous and fidgety and tried to pretend that we weren't. The result was that we were cross as a lot of bears around the place! We hadn't decided who should call first."

"Then there was a telephone message asking us all to come down that evening to a candy pull that the little old peach was going to have, so we could meet Ruth. Gee! Most of us got there at 7:30!"

"And Ruth?" asked the little stenographer.

"She was all that she had been cracked up to be—but she had three boys with her, the oldest 18, and they were all her own!"

"We'd been so fascinated by our little old peach that we hadn't reflected that she was as old as our grandmothers and that naturally her daughter would be our own mothers' age!"

"Ruth was a peach—but somehow the rest of it did not last."

Not at All Right.

"Johnny," said the teacher, "if coal is selling at \$6 a ton and you pay your dealer \$25, how many tons will he bring you?"

"A little over three tons, ma'am," returned Johnny, promptly.

"Why, Johnny, that isn't right," corrected the teacher.

"No, ma'am, I know it ain't," said Johnny, "but they all do it."

A Gentle Touch.

Young Barnes had married contrary to his father's wishes. Meeting his son soon afterward, the father said angrily:

"Well, young man, I have made my will and cut you off with a dollar."

"I am very sorry, father," said the youth, contritely, and then added: "But you don't happen to have the dollar with you?"

Emulation.

"Mrs. Comeup has got a spaniel water dog."

"She has, has she? Then I'm going to make your pa get me one of them air ocean greyhounds."

# Chesterfield CIGARETTES

of IMPORTED and DOMESTIC tobaccos—Blended



**"They please the taste great! But also—"**

If a cigarette simply pleased the taste, smokers used to let it go at that. But not now. Because Chesterfields give smokers not only a taste that they like, but also a new kind of smoking-enjoyment—

**Chesterfields hit the smoke-spot, they let you know you are smoking—they "Satisfy"!**

**Yet, they're MILD!**

The new blend of pure, natural imported and Domestic tobaccos—that tells the story. And the blend can't be copied—don't forget that!

Ask for Chesterfields—next time you buy.

*Lights up your thoughts*

**They "Satisfy"—and yet they're Mild!**

20 for 10¢

Wrapped in glassine paper—keeps them fresh.

## THE FAULTFINDER

The world's greatest nuisance is the faultfinder, for he is conspicuous everywhere. He does not hide his light under a bushel nor speak in a whisper. His mission is to be seen and heard.

The Creator in six days made the universe and when it was finished declared that the work was good. Yet, since its creation, the world has been full of fault finders who do not think it is good enough for them.

The peculiarity of the habitual fault finder is that he has no reason to find fault. He disturbs the serenity of those who are happy and who would enjoy peace and contentment but or him.

Nothing satisfies the fault finder and no era has been free from his tantalizing presence. The faultfinders exaggerated Moses on the mount until he dashed to pieces the stone tablets inscribed with the first written laws of God and man.

The faultfinder is the bane of the family circle. He undermines affection, destroys peace and breeds discontent. He is the fly in the ointment, the unwelcome intruder. He makes the task of the genuine reformer more difficult.

He blocks the path of progress. He cumbers the statutes with unnecessary and unworkable laws. He dictates destructive policies to those in authority and makes them cower before his vitriolic tongue, his poisonous pen and pestiferous persistence.

No church has been without its fault finder, no social organization; no shop, factory or office and no movement for the public good is exempt from his intrusion.

The faultfinder is found everywhere scattering the seeds of distrust, poisoning the minds of those who will listen, marshalling the forces of unreason, casting shadows on the sun, dimming the light of the stars, mocking the hopes of humanity and challenging the goodness of a beneficent Providence.

Out with the faultfinder! We have no room for him.—Leslies.

## NEVER BOTHERED SINCE

After suffering with terrible pains in his back for eight years, and after having tried doctors and medicines, Alvis Souers, Ade, Ind., writes: "Foley Kidney Pills were recommended to me and the first bottle removed the pain. After taking three bottles the bloating was all gone and has never bothered me since."—Hite's Drug Store.

Prudence and industry are the principal ingredients in good luck.

Fortunate is the locomotive engineer who leads a wreckless life.

Don't stretch the truth too far or the recoil may knock you out.

A word to the wise is also sufficient—if it be the right word.

The man who thinks he knows it all is a candidate for the skids.

The majority of mankind follows the golden rule—at a distance.

Some men spend a lot of time looking for traps to walk into.

Women who have large feet are not partial to short skirts.

Brevity may be either the soul of wit or the poverty thereof.

Beauty is a veil that hides many feminine imperfections.

A white lie doesn't travel far before it gets a black eye.

Even a liar respects veracity—in the other fellow.

It's useless to advertise for lost faith.

Fearing to break into a profession that's overcrowded, some men waste the best years of their lives looking for one that isn't.

Beauty is said to be only skin deep, but many a woman's beauty depends upon the size of her balance in the bank.

Lots of men are lenient with themselves, because of their belief that charity begins at home.

The mind cure may be all right, but the patient must have a mind of his own to start with.

The woman who makes fun of a new style one day is usually trying to imitate it the next.

A woman is always suspicious of another woman who dresses better than herself.

The man who hands out free advice to others always goes elsewhere for his own.

When a man says a bright thing he nearly always forgets the quotation marks.

A bathing suit that shrinks every time it is worn may not be immodest.

Matrimonial packages are not always what they are tied up to be.

We know folks who actually believe their troubles interest others.

Spring fever is a charitable covering for a multitude of indolence.

On the program of human events women are the consolation race.

Some men wouldn't take advice if it were offered to them in capsules.

A man with a grinch never misses an opportunity to advertise it.



## Briefs of the Week

B. E. Waterman was at Traverse City Wednesday.

Alfred Blake of Detroit is visiting friends in the city.

Miss Vilas Murray came home from Saginaw, Thursday.

Miss Kate Carpenter is confined to her home by illness.

Arthur Gidley came Saturday from Detroit to join his wife here.

C. L. Arnold returned Thursday from a business trip to Detroit.

Mrs. Frank Porter is receiving a visit from her sister of Suttons Bay.

Miss May L. Stewart left Thursday on a business trip to Grand Rapids.

Mr. and Mrs. W. L. French of Miami, Florida are here for a short visit.

Born to Mr. and Mrs. Clyde Goodman at Detroit a son, Monday Sept. 24.

Theodore Roush and niece of Bellaire are guests at the Thos. Joynt home.

Mrs. Lee and daughter, Cora of Gladwin are visiting at the E. A. Ashley home.

Mrs. Frank Porter expects to leave soon for Lansing, where she has a position.

Mrs. Stanley Risk left Thursday for Battle Creek, where she will join her husband.

Mrs. James Stackus of Boyne City is guest at the home of Mr. and Mrs. C. Juddkins.

Miss Jessie Reynolds of Frederic visited her sister, Mrs. Harry Raino this week.

Miss Laura Heileman left Thursday for Ypsilanti, where she will attend the Normal.

Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Price are guests of the former's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Price.

Miss Carman Sheldon returned to Detroit Saturday, after a visit with friends here.

Mr. and Mrs. John Lalonde and children of Pontiac are visiting relatives in the city.

Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Rowley of Boyne City are guests at the home of John Kenny this week.

Judson Wing and family left Friday for Lansing, where they will make their future home.

Mrs. Cal Bennett came from Flint Saturday to visit her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Peter Lanway.

Mrs. J. L. Weisman and daughter, Willis leave this week for their future home at Olean, N. Y.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Caulkins of Traverse City are guests at the L. A. home this week.

Mr. and Mrs. John Lenhardt and daughter left Monday for a visit with relatives at Gagetown.

Mr. and Mrs. K. Bader and children are visiting at the home of Mrs. W. S. Carr.

Miss Catherine Gunn came Wednesday from Muskegon, and has a position as teacher in our high school.

Mr. and Mrs. Milo Fay and Mr. and Mrs. C. V. Trumbull spent Saturday and Sunday at Mackinaw City.

Mrs. Orrin T. Stone returned Wednesday from a two weeks visit at Kalb Junction, N. Y.

Mr. and Mrs. G. M. Morrow of Central Lake visited at the home of their daughter, Mrs. Thos. Joynt, this week.

Boy Sherman drove to Vanderbilt Friday to get his family who have been visiting relatives there since Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Oscar Franzen returned to their home at Chicago, Monday, after visiting at the home of the latter's mother, Mrs. D. E. Goodman.

Mrs. C. Cook and Herman Goodman were called to Detroit last Saturday by the death of the former's brother. Mr. Goodman returned home Tuesday.

Geo. Pringle and son Archie came from Flint, Sunday and will make their home here again. Mrs. Pringle is making a short visit at Detroit before coming here.

All dishes in which food has been donated for the Red Cross Cafeteria during the Fair, will be at the Red Cross Headquarters. Will each person please call for their own dishes.

Bruce and Victor Cross, Donald Porter and Chas. Danto leave Friday for Ann Arbor, where they will attend the University. Mrs. A. E. Cross left Tuesday for Ann Arbor and will keep house for the boys.

Smoke White Holly—5c Cigar.

Alfred Rogers is home from Flint.

Mrs. Allen of Springvale visited Mrs. J. H. Milford this week.

Geo. Ward went to Lansing Friday to visit his son, Kenneth and wife.

Mrs. James Milford and children were over from Springvale this week.

Miss Lydia Blount left Thursday for Ann Arbor, where she will attend the University.

Mrs. Clyde Dewey and son of Bellaire are visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Herman Goodman.

Mrs. Rudolph Kowalske returned home Monday from Vincennes, Ind., she was accompanied by her sister, Mrs. Ora Bundy and son.

A farewell party was given "Grandma Babbitt" at her home on the West Side last Friday. About 25 were present and all had a fine time. Mrs. Babbitt will leave next Monday for Oklahoma, where she will make her home with a daughter.

For Rent—A two-story house, equipped with hot and cold water, a cooking range and also a barn. Inquire of ALDRICH TOWNSEND.

For lack of room, J. LEAHY, the optometrist, will have his office at the Russell House when he comes again—Oct. 2nd and 3rd.

The man who would enjoy the music of a band must keep up with the procession.

A woman is willing to give a man advice on any subject except the art of shaving.

When a woman gets a love letter from her husband she appreciates it if it has a check in it.

**TEMPLE THEATRE**  
F. J. GRUBER, Manager

**Where Everybody Goes!**

**PROGRAM for Week of Oct. 1st**

**Monday** Blue Ribbon Night  
Lucile Stewart in "THE DESTROYERS"  
—5c and 10c—

**Tuesday** Paramount Night  
MARY PICKFORD in "The Girl of Yesterday"  
—5c and 10c—

**Wednesday** Popular Night  
"Stingaree"  
"Much Obligated"  
"Ham and Bud"  
—5c and 10c—

**Thursday** Vitagraph Night  
Edith Storey in "THE TARANTELLA"  
—5 and 10c—

**Friday** Blue Bird Night  
"GLORIANA"  
—5c and 10c—

**Saturday** Afternoon and Evening  
8th chapter of Patria.  
Pathe News.  
"Heine and the Magic Man."  
"Luke's Crystal-gazer."  
Afternoon 2:30 to 5:00. Night 7:00  
—5c and 10c—

Cut this Program out and keep for future reference.

## NO MORE MEN TO BE CALLED FOR A TIME.

Adjutant General's Office  
Lansing, Sept. 24, 1917.  
TO ALL BOARDS.  
The following telegram received from General Crowder is published for the information and guidance of all concerned.  
"Washington, D. C., Sept. 22, 1917. Governor of Michigan, Lansing, Mich., No. 7192.  
No installment of your quota will be called for on Oct. 3rd, to go to Camp Custer, Battle Creek, Mich. It is understood that camp is not prepared to receive drafted men.  
As soon as it is ready for the receipt of further installments, I shall notify you in ample time to get out your mobilization orders. Crowder."  
John S. Bersey, Adjutant Gen'l.

## THE RIVER PEOPLE OF THE MISSISSIPPI

It is an interesting phase of Mississippi life—the really vast scattered population that makes its home upon either the river or its tributaries, referred to contemptuously in many terms more or less profane by shore folk and steamboat men, but among themselves always as "River People." By this is not meant the men who follow the river as a sailor follows the sea, or the people along its banks who fish, run a ferry, dig clams, or rent boats, although one may do all these things and still lay claim to the title. One must make his home permanently winter and summer, in season and out, aloft on the waters.

Such a home may be a well built tidy cabin on a water tight scow with children playing about, and flowering plants trailing from neat railings. It may be moored off its own garden patch and pile of driftwood as big as the main outfit, or it may be no more than a leaky skiff drifting slowly on a sluggish current with nothing between its lonely occupant and starvation but some rotting old gear with which to fish the muddy waters.

It depends on whether he be merchant, medicine man, dentist, or actor, carpenter, tinker, or gunsmith, listlessly pursuing his chosen vacation afloat. He may spend his summers on the Upper River, and drift a thousand miles or so to a milder climate while the leaves are changing color; he may work ashore occasionally to provide his medicine chest with guinine and his locker with tobacco and coffee; he may be of an color, of any nationality, of any creed or none; honest man or thief, mild hand with children in school, a hopeless tramp seeking quiet pastoral nooks, or an ardent rogue pilfering as he goes, and proferring the more fruitful neighborhood of large towns. It is the last named class that has given the whole a perhaps undeserved reputation, that has caused states to attempt to legislate them out of existence and towns to bar them from their water fronts.

But in spite of this open hostility at times almost approaching persecution, they persist; and instead of diminishing in number, they are increasing till their total number, it is claimed runs well into the tens of thousands. For the call of the river always has its answering recruits, and once under its subtle spell they never leave it.—Harper's Magazine.

It's you for the other side of the street when you see a man approaching who never fails to inform you that the world is daily growing worse.

After a woman has been married about so long there is nothing less interesting to her than being kissed by her husband.

Illusions are the grand ideas we have about ourselves; delusions are the silly ideas other people have about us.

The difference between a compliment and flattery depends on whether it is handed to you or some other person.

As a matter of fact the sins of a large city haven't anything on a country village—if the truth were known.

When a woman's dress is described as a dream the coat is apt to prove a nightmare to her hubby.

Don't judge a woman by the beauty of her hair until you find out whether it is natural or artificial.

What a pity it is that the most beautiful females usually have little else to recommend them.

Many a man is honest because a good opportunity to be otherwise never knocked at his door.

However, the engineer of a train of thought should stop to think occasionally.

It's a wonder the egotist doesn't lose his voice from singing his own praise.

## PRACTICAL HEALTH HINT.

**Rice Diet For Skin Diseases.**  
Eczema and psoriasis have been cured by an exclusive diet of rice, bread, butter and water three times daily and nothing else. J. Duncan Buckley in the Medical Record said that this diet should be carried out with exactness in all its details in order to obtain results. The nature and severity of the cases must be taken into consideration in determining the length of time the diet must be continued. Certain cases recover in a specified time, and others require a much longer time.

The rice must be well boiled in water, not soggy, and must be eaten hot with a fork, not a spoon, to secure the action of the saliva during thorough mastication. Water should be taken freely, but not when food is in the mouth, and a pint of hot water should be taken before the morning and evening meals. In acute eczema a marked improvement is noted within five days, while psoriasis requires long periods. Milk must not be taken with the rice, nor must the patient take coffee or chocolate.

**This Monster Does Exist.**  
The dingonek is a huge, unclassified aquatic monster. It resembles in many of its characteristics the extinct dinosaur, a huge reptile of the Mesozoic period, fossils of which have been discovered by paleontologists in the sandstone strata both of the African and American continents.

It lives in Lake Victoria Nyanza and its numerous tributaries, and there is no record of the monster having been seen in any other part of the world. Whether it is a descendant of one of the huge prehistoric saurians that has by a process of adaptation—living as it does in impenetrable regions far away from the encroachments of civilized man—continued with but slight modifications through prodigious ages to the present time, or whether it is an unclassified reptile or amphibian, it is equally impossible to say, as no specimen exists either of its bones or of its skin. That this monster does exist, however, there can be no particle of doubt, as the testimony of authoritative eyewitnesses cannot be reasonably discredited.—Wide World.

Thru a man's tongue we get a glimpse of his brains—or his lack thereof.

When a woman loves a man she loves to make him believe that she doesn't.

Seeing is not always believing. We see a lot of people we can't believe.

Buying liquor at retail and drinking it wholesale has ruined many a man.

If we could only recognize our duty we should be in a position to dodge it.

A wonder lasts nine days—but a woman's curiosity goes on forever.

Marriage is an eye salve that restores the sight of blind lovers.

An excellent way to flatter a woman is to keep still and listen.

No wonder a typewriter gets rattled when a pretty girl works it.

The man who is honest merely from policy is practically dishonest.

A kiss may be a reward or a punishment.

A divorce decree is a parting injunction.

Sarcasm is to call a green maid "help."

**A VALUABLE HEALTH HINT**  
Foley Cathartic Tablets keep the bowels open and regular, the liver active and the stomach sweet. They cause no pain, nausea nor griping. They relieve indigestion, sick headache, biliousness, sour stomach and like indispositions. Stout persons enjoy them as they are so comforting and helpful.—Hite's Drug Store.


**GLASSES FITTED**  
CONSULT  
**J. LEAHY**  
Optometrist  
Expert on Eye Strain

Headache, Dizziness, Nervousness, and all other symptoms of Eye Strain cured.

Crossed Eyes Straightened Without an Operation.

Fitting Children's Eyes a Specialty.

Difficult Cases Solicited.  
Glasses Guaranteed to Fit.  
Date—TUESDAY, OCT. 2ND  
will remain Two Days  
Office at the Russell House.



**EVERYTHING**

**W**ELL, no, not everything, but everything that you would find in stock in a first-class drug store.

Our exceptionally complete stock includes everything in the drug line which a thoroughly efficient drug store should carry. We watch our stocks carefully and replenish them as often as necessary to keep full assortments.

You know without our telling you what kind of goods a first-class drug store carries, and when you want perfumes, toilet articles, brushes, infants' requisites, sick room goods—when you want the right kind of these promptly, this is the place. Trading here means the satisfaction of always getting precisely what you desire.

**HITE DRUG CO.**  
Phone No. 65

**THE ONE MAN SYSTEM**  
Kindly disposed persons who are interested in the prevention of eternal consequences should take note of the fact that our most prized institution, the family, has gone far enough in its exploitation of father's earning ability. Only within the last half century or so has it been the practice for one lone member of the family to grab enough of the world's goods to support all the others in idleness and social hilarity. It hasn't been long since mother and the boys regularly took a hand in the getting, and occasionally even the girls helped out a little.

Attention is also called to the fact that the one man system of support is only an experiment. It is subject to change without notice, and without quarter. Honest, simple minded folk, and all other are warned that there will doubtless be a little weeping and wailing and gnashing of teeth when the break comes. If we don't take care, there may be considerable more than a little, and pessimistic philosophies and Utopian dreams may have to be resorted to.

Some of the more excitable friends of man say that it is high time that our sons and daughters be provided with something other than advantages and that they be taught to expect something besides allowances and patrimonies. Alarmists are foreseeing all sorts of dire conditions—a race of spineless dependents, trying to collect the living that some fool has said the world owes them not being the least of such conditions. Although it will not be so bad as that, we may with propriety start a modest preparation by making it a felony for parents to provide their children with nothing but advantages. We may thus, some measure alleviate the misery of tomorrow.—From Judge.

Of course it was an Irishman who said: "If you cast a Yankee on a desert island he'll be up early the next morning selling maps of the place to the inhabitants."

When a mother begins to tell her children how smart their father is, they look at her as reproachfully as if they thought she was losing her mind.

If we ever attempt to paint a picture of cupid it will look more like a girl with a fish net than a boy with a bow and arrow.

Making a million dollars looks comparatively easy to the man who has been trying to get a crying baby to sleep.

A woman says a man is only half a man until he gets married. Yes, and even then he is seldom the whole show.

**Dorothy Dodd SHOES**

**"Beautiful and a Perfect Fit"**

That's what you will say, too, when you wear your first pair of Dorothy's.

And that's what you will say of every other pair; because they are scientifically constructed in the world's largest shoe factory and carefully fitted by us.

We want you to know real foot comfort, that's why we want you to wear Dorothy's.

**C. A. Hudson**

**FINELY IT STITCHES WITHOUT ANY HITCHES**  
The **WHITE ROTARY**

Sold by the  
**EAST JORDAN LUMBER COMPANY**



This is the Stove Polish YOU Should Use

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

**Black Silk Stove Polish**

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

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

**Black Silk Stove Polish Works**  
Sterling, Illinois

Use Black Silk Stove Polish on Enamel on gas registers, stove tops, and on metal. Use Black Silk Metal Polish for silver, nickel or brass. It has no equal for use on automobiles.

**A Shine in Every Drop**

Many a man has made his debut on the broad road to ruin thru the narrow side door.

**SAFE REMEDY FOR CHILDREN**

Chas. Baker, Brownsville, Tex., writes: "For years I have used Foley's Honey and Tar and found it especially efficient for bad coughs of my children. I recommend it to my friends as a safe remedy for children as it contains no opiates. It is certain to bring quick and lasting relief." Stops coughs.  
—Hite's Drug Store.

**Dr. W. H. Parks**

Physician and Surgeon  
Office in Monroe block, over East Jordan Drug Co's Store  
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It's just fine. Don't stay stuffed-up with a cold or nasty catarrh—Relief comes so quickly.

**A NEW GENERATION**

BY MAUD MORRISON HUEY

In going back it seemed to him that the trouble began when he was seven years old and had dickered Bud Joseph out of a jack-knife.

It had been a fair deal in a way, Bud had been anxious to "awop" but of course he hadn't known that he was getting the worst of the bargain—until afterward.

Richard Kiefer still remembered the knife: the blade was rusty and the handle had been fastened on with a bit of gum.

It seemed that he could remember even at that tender age the sting of conscience and a struggle with himself to keep from manifesting some show of weakness to the companions who had applauded him.

It was the applause that had been responsible for the hardening process that had taken place during the years that had followed.

He had cultivated the companionship of boys much older than himself, and one and all had praised him for his cunning, while no one had seemed to despise him for what he knew now to be a lack of good, sterling honesty.

As he sat staring into the fire, as he had a habit of doing of late when his day's work was over, he reviewed minutely every detail of those boyhood days when the mistakes first began. Somehow it had always been so easy for him to "fool" people. He wished now that it hadn't been.

People insisted on believing him whether he wanted them to or not, and it seemed to him now that he had never been exactly honest with anybody. There had been a taint of crookedness in all his dealings with men.

In his introspection he spared himself nothing, nor had he ever. It seemed as though he had always been going over things, and stinging himself up for just his actual worth, and his conscience had always been keenly active in accusing him, but to what avail?

He knew that in the morning he should begin life under the same old standards, doing business in the same old way. The world seemed to demand it of him. He stood for a certain sort of success.

If he fell short of that the world would despise him. As it was it placed implicit confidence in him. The citizens of his town had made him, first, auditor, then mayor, and had even run him for Governor on the losing ticket.

He passed as one of the strongest men of his community—a power in the church, in politics, and society. If anything ever happened that savored of dishonesty, the blame was always credited elsewhere.

No one ever even thought of the immaculate Richard Kiefer as anything but the scrupulous, straightforward person that he seemed to be. Still he knew that he was two persons—no, not that really, either, only one—a man that the world knew nothing of—weak, dishonest, designing—a man concealed by a mask that the world thought a man.

Behind this mask he skulked in hiding, waiting for the world to command him to come out, but until the world did—well, there was no need of convincing himself. Things were going along very smoothly for him and his.

He was what the world would call an ideal family man. He owned a fine home, and kept a servant to keep his wife from drudgery. He provided an auto for his son's amusement, and paid a master to teach his daughter the refined art of music.

And what was more, he was a self-made man—a man who had come up from the bottom!

All that he had, he had earned through the convolutions of his own gray matter. He felt a certain satisfaction in the thought that no man had ever given him anything—though he was not too hardened for a feeling of shame during his hours of reflection to remember that he had sometimes taken a little more than he had honestly earned.

The question was whether in this day and age you could call it dishonesty.

He had begun in the firm of Shrippey & Lawson as an office-boy but for years he had been sole manager, having the whole scheme in his own hands for the promotion of their business, and handling all the money.

As to whether he had done it ably or not could be judged by the increased capacity of the concern, its improved buildings, its more than equal share of patronage with other business concerns in town. The fact that he had feathered his own nest considerably more than would have figured up at the rate of ten thousand a year spoke well for his extraordinary ability.

He was a very remarkable man. He saw chances where other men saw nothing at all, and he never lost a chance. He was willing to take chances, too, and he was lucky. Maybe it was only luck, after all.

Boys with more genuine ability and good, sterling principle had been passed in the race. Just why, he couldn't understand, unless it was that the world didn't appreciate things like that. Anyhow, it was willing to do obedience to his capacity for money-getting.

But Richard Kiefer himself admired honesty more than anything else in the world. He had taught his little son upon his knee that honesty was the best policy. He had instructed his little daughter in the ways of truth and frankness. He prided himself that he had a model family.

His wife was a Puritan in ideas and practice. She had reared their children in the straight and narrow way. His son was a model of clean and wholesome manhood, without a bad habit in the world that his father knew of.

He had gone through high school with honors, and so far his college reports had been good. Just a little extravagant, perhaps, and penurious in his tastes, but Richard Kiefer had never stinted his children in money matters.

He wanted them to have the best. He trusted their judgment to give them from any sort of recklessness. His daughter was a sweet, quiet girl, just such a girl as he would have chosen his daughter to be, perhaps a little too quiet and uncommunicative to be interesting to many, but he thought that a virtue in woman.

Surely a man who had peopled the earth with such offspring could not be wholly amiss.

He was proud of his family, and what was more satisfaction to him was the fact that their faith in him was implicit. The word "father" embodied all the virtues. They would have sworn by his honor, by his integrity, by his purity. The outside world had not been more successfully deceived as to his real character than were the members of his own household.

Still he had kept account of everything. He always meant to make good—some day. He meant to go back and rectify every mistake and begin again from the beginning—that is, he had meant to do this, but as he grew older he began to realize the futility of such a thing.

One thing had led to another; there were wheels within wheels. Even to stop being dishonest now he knew would be to arouse the suspicions of the world; his own family would doubt and discredit him. The very foundation of his life had a flaw in it.

He had carried dishonesty into his business. Into his home, into his church—everywhere. To dig into it now would be to tear down the whole structure, to ruin not only himself but his family.

"What the world doesn't know won't hurt it," had been his motto so far. After all, maybe it was a good one.

It was the happiest day of Richard Kiefer's life when his son Dick came home from college and took a place beside him at the desk. He did not hesitate to consign to him a position of trust at once.

"I'm so proud of you, son," he said, laying a hand on the young shoulder; "you have been a dutiful child. You have been faithful, persevering, and honest; all I have wanted my own life to be, yours is. You are equipped in the matter of an education; you are mentally and morally sound; you can achieve a great future. You must live my life for me, Richard—be all that I wanted to be."

His iron-gray head was bowed. It was the nearest he had ever come to a confession. The boy stirred uneasily. "I will never make the success you have, father," he said humbly. "It isn't in me. Why? you began at the bottom and see what you have accomplished! I will never make the strong man you have, father. I—I am weak."

For a moment the boy, too, seemed prompted to confession, but the father's abstraction disconcerted him. The old man's head had drooped still lower. He was about to say:

"My son, I am a coward—a poor, craven wretch. For God's sake, do not base your life on mine."

Had he done so, no doubt, the current of two lives would have been changed.

It was surprising with what rapidity Dick picked up his father's business. He was shrewd, intuitive, and daring. He promised to become even a better business man than his father.

It seemed to the elder Kiefer that his son did the work in just half the time that it would have taken him. Perhaps he had scrutinized the work closely he would have noticed just a little laxness and disregard for details. Small matters were not apt to receive much consideration; but youth is apt to despise the importance of trifles—that is, the wisdom of years.

He went at the work with a will, seemingly putting his whole heart into it. Most boys would have fretted at the confinement, and have chosen a conflicting course.

It was not long till he was going to work with as much enthusiasm as though the business had been his own. In six months' time he had introduced a good many reforms in the way of handling the books and the money, all of which his father pronounced good. He had a dash and assertion that quite overrode his father's cool canning. Where his father figured things out calculatively, he discovered them intuitively, though they both arrived at the same conclusions.

So keen were the young eyes that the older man lived in daily fear of having his past shortcomings brought to light. If the old ledgers had to be resorted to at any time, Dick would be sure to ask unpleasant questions.

It was impossible to run anything crooked into the work with Dick's keen eye on the alert. He fell into the habit of leaving the office pretty much in Dick's charge. There were chances for speculation open in other fields where he could make good, and he felt safer anywhere else than with his son.

Dick's genial, hearty good nature won him even more friends than his father. He was by far the most popular young man in town, beloved by everybody, for even his faults seemed liberal, whole-hearted ones. He was generous with his good-fellowship and good times, barring no one. The father was more than proud of the son. He gloated over his clean life. Here at last was a fitting gift from his hand to the world—the gift of a worthy son.

Dick had been in the office one year when his father was taken seriously ill. It was an aggravated spell of sickness, and kept him confined to his bed for weeks. It was then that his confidence in Dick was comforting.

"I feel as though I could just turn everything over to you, my boy," he said, as he listened to Dick's stories of the day proudly. "It's a little sting to my pride, I must admit, to feel that I shouldn't be missed, but the pain is more than overcome by the satisfaction one feels in having a son that can more than fill his place."

"Do you know, Dick, I've always cherished a dream. It was that some day I should live to see the firm of Kiefer & Kiefer in big, bold letters, defying the world as to their business principles. I've been holding it till you were out of school. I hated to start in alone. After all, your father's a terrible coward, Dick."

He reached out and touched the young hand almost reverently. The boy's eyes shifted under the father's devouring gaze.

"I guess you've made a go of it all right, dad," he said lightly.

"Well, maybe so, but I wanted you with me. I've needed you a long time, Dick. You would have made a man of me. It makes life worth while to know that I'm the father of a boy like you."

Dick made some awkward remark about the day's work, and bidding his father a hasty good-by, hurried away.

During the weeks that followed he was not much at the house. He went to work early and stayed late, the hours between were mostly spent meeting his social obligations. He was in great demand. His six-cylinder car was about the most stunning thing on the boulevard.

Stories came to the sick man's bedside that the younger Richard was going to pieces; that he was leading a fast life, but the father put no credence in such tales. A fellow had to have a little diversion. His work in the office showed where he stood. His clear eye, too, and manly face! Such a clean-looking chap could not be doing much to the bad, and the elder Kiefer was not uneasy.

He had been pretty much of a sport himself when a lad, and that was how he knew that Dick was not.

Gambling had been one of his vices. He was glad that Dick had never fallen prey to that. He was glad, too, that such things in his past life had been effectually covered up.

He wouldn't have had Dick know the ugly facts for the world. Let him think himself the good son of a good father; it might strengthen him if he should ever feel the need of such support.

When he went back to the office he meant to begin straight. There should be no new skeletons in the closet; and he meant to dispose of those already there.

There was some things that would have to be straightened up first—a few obligations that would have to be met in some way. It would be a little hard to get things straightened around he would have to let himself out gradually, to avoid remark.

His private affairs had been getting in a bad way during his sickness. It would take a herculean effort; but it would be the last. He dreaded picking up the tangled threads.

Worrying about it kept him in bed several days longer. Thursday he was able to be up. Friday he paced the room restlessly, and Saturday afternoon, which was a half-holiday for Dick, he insisted upon going to the office, in spite of his wife's and daughter's earnest entreaties.

It was with real alarm that they helped him into his coat and hat, and watched him go tremblingly down the steps and along the walk, leaning heavily upon his cane for support.

"But you know Dick is liable to be gone," Mrs. Kiefer worried. "He talked of driving to Galloway this afternoon."

Mr. Kiefer knew. Dick had confided his plans very impressively that morning. He meant to be gone until late in the evening. Still the elder Kiefer insisted that the walk would do him good. And it seemed to do so; for he gained strength as he went, and mounted the office steps with feverish eagerness.

The building wore the usual Saturday afternoon aspect of being deserted. The shades were down, the desks were clean, and the heavy ledgers were all in their places. A flash of triumph flashed Richard Kiefer's cheeks. Once more fortune was going to favor him.

He wouldn't ask luck to befriend him many more times, if for a few days now fate would be kind. He would straighten up his few little private affairs without any one being the wiser. He reasoned that this was not dishonesty, but an effort to be honest.

In order to be honest he was obliged to be dishonest. The span between dishonesty and honesty was too far to

jump at a single bound, but at last he was on the right track. He only waited to get started.

He went over to his own private desk and threw the screen behind him. An unusual feeling of uneasiness possessed him, and he found himself tiptoeing instead of walking in his usual firm manner. He lifted down a certain weighty ledger.

The old pain in his side caught him, but he choked down the desire to cough. He dreaded to hear his own voice in the big, empty room. It seemed as though the very walls had suddenly become endowed with the ability to see and hear.

For the first time Richard Kiefer felt the sensation of fear. His hand trembled as he tampered with the figures of certain columns. A sort of horror seized him, still he held himself with an iron grip and went on. He was white and his teeth rattled together nervously as he rose and, putting the ledger back in place, crept like a thief to the safe door.

His rolling eyes and convulsed countenance proclaimed that at last he realized the enormity of his crime. The sound of something falling brought him almost to his knees in terror. He looked toward the clerk's window helplessly and father and son stood staring into each other's eyes!

At first Richard Kiefer saw only horror in the face of the boy, then he saw something more—guilt. The defaced page before him, the bottle of ink-radiator on the floor told its own story. The boy was trembling, his head went down.

The child's distress brought the father with quick strides to his side. Then he remembered, and staggered back as though he had been struck a blow. He, too, was guilty! How could he, thief and coward that he was, comfort and sustain the son! He sank into a chair and buried his face in his arms.

There was an oppressive silence. The tiny office clock ticked off the minutes noisily. The younger Richard's fingers drummed nervously at the cage—then he went and stood looking out over the smoky city, his hands clasped into a tense knot at his back.

Lower and lower sagged the man's form in the chair, till he no longer seemed to bear any semblance to a man, only an inert and lifeless mass expressing utter and hopeless despair.

He was seeing with horrified eyes a slimy serpent crawling stealthily under cover, trailing its hideous length through all the dark underground caverns of a man's life, creeping finally to the light through the veins of a loved son. A low cry brought the boy to his father's side, but not until the old man had fallen heavily to the floor.

They carried Richard Kiefer home and his son sat beside him.

A strong hand sought out the feeble one amongst the covers. "Tomorrow we will begin the new firm of Kiefer & Kiefer." There was no cowardice in the tones, rather a ringing note of freedom. "Nothing shall go into it that we haven't a right to. Our motto will be 'on the square, you bet! We couldn't do it alone, father, but we can do it together. We'll begin at the bottom and work to the top.' A wave of strength seemed to pass

**NOTICE TO SICK WOMEN**

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

Bridgeton, N. J.—"I cannot speak too highly of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound for inflammation and other weaknesses. I was very irregular and would have terrible pains so that I could hardly take a step. Sometimes I would be so miserable that I could not sweep a room. I doctored part of the time but felt no change. I later took Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and soon felt a change for the better. I took it until I was in good healthy condition. I recommend the Pinkham remedies to all women as I have used them with such good results."—Mrs. MILFORD T. CUMMINGS, 922 Harmony St., Penn's Grove, N. J.

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

from one to the other. The old man lifted his head and his keen eyes sought the younger face hungrily.

"Yes, we'll start over. If the taint is in the blood we'll stop it right now. All that has been is past. We'll be new men, father."

He lifted his head and threw his shoulders back as though to fling off some evil thing. In his eye was a noble determination.

Then the elder Kiefer saw, his weakness seemed to fall from him. Trembling with eagerness, he arose and stood beside his son.

**Changing the Subject**

"It is always merely polite to change the conversation after any unpleasant remarks," explained father, kindly, as the family sat round the breakfast table.

That evening he returned home to find that several of his pet flower beds had been raided, while tiny footprints pointed to the culprit.

"Mabel," he said sternly to his 6-year-old daughter, "did you pick my flowers?"


"Oh, daddy, was there a monkey in the city today?" came the prompt reply. "We had a—"

"Never mind that! Did you pick my flowers?"

"The little baby next door has got another tooth," announced Mabel, politely.

"Mabel, now I want the truth! Did you pick my flowers?"

"Yes, daddy, I did!" sighed Mabel resignedly. "But I thought I would change the subject."



**For Your Health's Sake Drink More Milk**

Beginning today order twice as much milk as you have been getting. In no other way can you buy more health and at the same time save money.

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