

Charlevoix County Herald.

Vol. 12

EAST JORDAN, MICHIGAN, FRIDAY, OCTOBER 5, 1917.

No. 40

The Liberty Loan

By W. G. McAdoo, Secretary of the Treasury.

For the purpose of equipping with arms, clothing and food our gallant soldiers who have been called to the field; Maintaining our Navy and our valiant tars upon the high seas; Providing the necessary means to pay the wages of our soldiers and sailors and, if the bill now pending in the Congress passes, the monthly allowances for the support of their dependent families and to supply them with life insurance; Constructing a great fleet of merchant vessels to maintain the line of communication with our brave troops in France, and to keep our commerce afloat upon the high seas in defiance of the German Kaiser and his submarines; Creating a great fleet of aeroplanes, which will give complete supremacy in the air to the United States and the brave nations fighting with us against the German military menace; and for other necessary war purposes.

The Congress of the United States has authorized the Secretary of the Treasury to sell to the American people bonds of the United States bearing four per cent interest, with valuable tax exemptions, and convertible under certain conditions into other issues of United States bonds that may be authorized by the Congress. The official circular of the Treasury Department gives full details.

There is now offered to the American people a new issue of \$3,000,000,000 of bonds to be known as the Second Liberty Loan. They will be issued in such denominations and upon such terms that every patriotic citizen will have an opportunity to assist the Government by lending his money upon the security of a United States Government Bond.

It is essential to the success of the war and to the support of our gallant troops that these loans shall not only be subscribed, but over-subscribed. No one is asked to donate or give his money to the Government; but everyone is asked to lend his money to the Government. The loans will be repaid in full with interest at the rate of four per cent per annum. A Government bond is the safest investment in the world; it is as good as currency and yet better, because the Government bond bears interest and currency does not. No other investment compares with it for safety, ready convertibility into cash, and unquestioned availability as collateral security for loans in any Bank in the United States.

People by thousands ask the Treasury constantly how they can help the Government in this war. Through the purchase of Liberty Bonds every one can help. No more patriotic duty can be performed by those who cannot actually fight upon the field of battle than to furnish the Government with the necessary money to enable it to give our brave soldiers and sailors all that they require to make them strong for the fight and capable of winning a swift victory over our enemies.

We fight, first of all, for America's vital rights, the right to the unmoiled and unobstructed use of the high seas, so that the surplus products of our farms, our mines and our factories may be carried into the harbors of every friendly nation in the world. Our welfare and prosperity as a people depend upon our right of peaceful intercourse with all the nations of the earth. To abandon these rights by withdrawing our ships and commerce from the seas upon the order of a military despot in Europe would destroy prosperity and bring disaster and humiliation upon the American people.

We fight to protect our citizens against assassination and murder upon the high seas while in the peaceful exercise of those rights demanded by international law and every instinct and dictate of humanity.

We fight to preserve our democratic institutions and our sovereignty as a nation against the menace of a powerful and ruthless military autocracy headed by the German Kaiser, whose ambition is to dominate the world.

We fight also for the noble ideal of universal democracy and liberty, the right of the smallest and weakest nations equally with the most powerful to live and to govern themselves according to the will of their own people.

We fight for peace, for that just and lasting peace which agonized and tortured humanity craves and which not

the sword nor the bayonet of a military despot but the supremacy of vindicated right alone can restore to a distracted world.

To secure these ends I appeal to every man and woman who resides upon the soil of free America and enjoys the blessings of her priceless institutions to join the League of Patriots by purchasing a Liberty Bond.

WANT CONCRETE HIGHWAYS

Muskegon Road Officials Would Follow Ottawa's Lead.

Muskegon, Oct. 2.—A campaign has been started here to force Muskegon county road building officials to follow the lead of Ottawa county, where years of experimenting, such as this county is now undergoing, has writhed the highway builders on one point—that it does not pay to build gravel or macadam roads at the present time. The Ottawa county road commissioners will recommend to the board of supervisors there, when it convenes this month, that \$92,000, the largest amount that can be raised by taxation for the purpose in a single year, be expended entirely on concrete highways.—Grand Rapids News.

WONDERPLAY SHOWS ALL NATIONALITIES.

Of vital interest to every American, whether of native or foreign parentage, is "The Slacker," Metro's great seven-act production deluxe starring Emily Stevens, to be seen at the Temple Theatre on Thursday, Oct. 11th. Descendants of all nations are represented in this patriotic photodrama, which has been written and directed by that wizard of the screen, William Christy Cabanne. In turn are shown Frenchmen, Italians, Englishmen, Roumanians, Chinese, Japanese, etc., and then these, massed together, dissolve into one huge American flag, flying free—the true "melting-pot" of the nations. The same universal spirit of patriotism is illustrated in the story of the production. Native-born Americans hasten to enlist in army and navy and "do their bit." A Chinaman, born here, offers his life to the country. A German lad, born abroad, decides to cast his lot with the land of his adoption. In one scene three thousand soldiers, with fixed bayonets, advance in a formidable mass to answer the call of Columbia.

New Post Office Rules.

Postmasters over the country have been supplied with a new set of rules which must be followed by the patrons of the office if quick results are to be obtained. Take a slant at them:

No letters given out until they are received. If you don't get a letter or a paper on the day you expect it, have the Postmaster or the employees look through all the boxes and in the basement, too. Your mail ought to be there somewhere, and the force just loves to hunt for it to please you. If your friends don't write rave at the Postmaster, he is to blame. If he tells you there is no mail for you, put on a grievous, sour look and tell him there ought to be some. He is doubtless hiding your mail for the pleasure of having you ask for it. Ask him to look again. If you are buying stamps, make him lick 'em and put 'em on your parcels—that's his business; that's what the Government pays him for. When you drop your letter in the mail box fail to address the same, or forget the stamp. The Postmaster delights in filling the delivery window bars with letters and postcards: "Held for delivery." Call and ask for your mail every two or three hours during the day and send the kids along between your calls. Turn all the touch buttons on the lockboxes, and be sure to drop the fronts of each box floorward. These rules will be observed to fit the office force for Sunday school work and calm prayer meeting experiences.—Ex.

GOOD MONEY.

In soliciting subscriptions to Michigan Business Farming, the New Farm and Market Weekly. It sells because it's got the stuff in it—live, up-to-the-minute Market information and advice that tells when to market crops for the most profit. 500 subscriptions coming in daily by mail. A money-making proposition for any farmer or farmer's boy who has a few spare hours. Write at once for sample copies, terms and territory.—Michigan Business Farming, Mount Clemens, Mich.

SCHOOL EXHIBIT AT CHARLEVOIX CO. FAIR.

The Educational and Fine Arts Hall was never so full of school work as it was this year. Our educators tell us that those who are fighting ignorance are paving the way for a permanent peace in the future. If this is true surely Charlevoix County teachers are doing their bit in the world war. There were four city schools exhibiting including East Jordan Public Schools and St. Joseph's school, Charlevoix, Boyne City and St. James schools. The district schools exhibiting under the restrictions of the first class of premiums were represented by Ironton, Three Bells, Walker, Slaughter, Marion Center, Sunnyside and Deer Lake.

For years Boyne City has carried away all the honors in Class 2, with East Jordan a more or less distant second. This year East Jordan was preparing weeks ahead of time, trying to make some sort of home run. This was not so easy for Boyne City was in trim and had good men at the bases. Every complete department exhibited counted on a basis of 20 points, and each prize counted from 1 to 4 points according to its number whether first, second, third, or merely commended. Mr. Wells of the East Jordan Schools had prepared the finest display of furniture made by our boys, that our people have seen, and the judge who was a specialist in his line was very enthusiastic in his praise of this work. He commended it as being very original, varied, well made and useful and granted both first and second prizes to East Jordan pupils. The bench work however he considered inferior to that displayed by Boyne City and in this he awarded the collective first prize to Boyne whose entire work, including furniture he considered very good. The art work was next in order and in this there could be no competing with Boyne, whose work was simply wonderful and carried away both first and second prizes. The two County Agents who were judging the garden displays were quite at a loss in determining the individual prizes. The East Jordan selection was undoubtedly good but the Boyne City boys and girls had evidently been more practical in their selections, and also displayed a greater amount of work accomplished. They awarded most of the individual prizes of first degree to East Jordan students but all the seconds, part of the firsts, and all of the commended to the Boyne and topped the climax by awarding a collective first prize to the Boyne City display with a second to East Jordan, with Charlevoix first in floriculture. The domestic art department would have been a puzzle but in came Charlevoix with a canning display from her cooking department while East Jordan and Boyne City had done things by halves in bringing only their sewing. The judges granted first honors to Charlevoix, second to Boyne City and third to East Jordan. One very remarkable feature of this display was the Red Cross and Military display of the East Jordan school whose work this year will be entirely patriotic in this department. East Jordan was the only school of the three to exhibit work from its commercial department, from its algebra and geometry. Charlevoix won all honors in science, by bringing the best physics and art note books. Penmanship first was awarded to Charlevoix and second to St. Joseph so the points gained in the last mentioned did not help either of the two nearest in the race to win first place. Charlevoix came in first in grade work display, with East Jordan second. When the judging was all in, the three first in the race stood as follows: East Jordan 287 points, Boyne City 207 points and Charlevoix 165 points.

The district schools were also well represented and the walls so completely covered that considerable work could not be placed on display. Ironton had considerable good work that was left in the corner and merely called to the attention of the judges when necessary for awarding prizes, and to the interested visitor whenever the size of the crowd would permit. Sunnyside school, which is Peanine No. 1, on Beaver Island expressed some very good work which did not reach the building until late Wednesday when all space was gone. Part was placed over other exhibits however for a brief time and the judges had some very splendid things to say about the rope knots, the bird studies, the maps and penmanship. This is the first year that the space over the office windows has had to be used and the teacher deserves a chron for her patient, and untiring climbing of the ladder in placing her display.

Fortunately it won ten dollars collectively so her work was not in vain. The Walker display was the most remarkable surprise of all. Due to lack of space there was but a small space left which was just large enough for this display. It had to be placed here although the light was poor in this corner, and many failed to see it. The judges began their work and lo and behold almost every first prize in this class was awarded to this little exhibit way off in the corner by itself. It had followed the premium list in its choice of material and it had also been selected from the very best work in the school instead of displaying all of it as is sometimes done. Its size alone prevented it from carrying off all the premiums in that class. The Slaughter school was the only school bringing bird houses and also had such a splendid patriotic poster that the judges made a special entry for it. Deer Lake school had some beautiful work exhibited although it did not follow along lines in which prizes were offered and there was so much competition in the art work and drawing that one would need to have expert pupils in order to win. Marion Center and Ironton competed easily with the city schools in local map drawing although these schools are listed in a class with rural schools instead of with the city schools. Three Bells, Marion Center, Ironton and Slaughter school, all had some very good sewing done by girls, Friday afternoons and recesses. The boys in the Ironton grammar grades had done wood work that was very interesting and commendable. The first prize collectively was granted to Ironton for the largest, good display of general school work, second to Three Bells, and third to the little but remarkable display of the Walker school.

Many teachers who were visiting the building on school day remarked that they gained some excellent ideas, and the boys and girls stood wide-eyed before the work done by their neighbors. We are sorry the building is so small but so many have promised assistance if an addition should be built that with a little cooperation from the exhibitors we hope never again to be compelled to turn away work done by helpful, earnest boys and girls.

One of the best features of the Fair was the splendid cooperation of the school boards near and far. Almost every school within a radius of twenty miles closed down for at least one day so that all possible could attend the Fair—to learn and to enjoy.

LACE SHROUD PUT ON POISONED DOG

Owner Offers \$500 Reward for Arrest of These Responsible for Death of Pet.

Greenwich, Conn.—Wrapped in a lace shroud and sealed in a glass box, the body of Krasia, Mrs. Frank L. Brittain's Russian wolfhound, a victim of poisoners, was buried here on the grounds of the Brittain estate. While members of the household were directing burial of the animal, the countryside was being searched for the person who administered the poison.

Krasia was found dead by Mrs. Brittain. A veterinarian found that strychnine had killed the animal. A grave was dug near the swimming pool, one of the picturesque spots on the estate, and the coffin containing Krasia's body was lowered into it. Later Mrs. Brittain said that she would have a headstone placed over the grave.

Krasia was valued at \$2,000 and since she had been the pet and almost constant companion of Mrs. Brittain. The dog was 4 years old.

Henry L. Brittain, president of the Empire Metal Products Corporation, when seen by a reporter, seemed so deeply perturbed over the loss of the dog Krasia. He said the dog had been the companion and protector of his wife.

"I have offered a reward of \$500 for the identification of those responsible for poisoning Krasia," said Mr. Brittain, "but up to date nothing has happened to bring us nearer the culprits. Krasia was of purest breed and, although she possessed high money value, money could not buy the affection we had for the animal. Mrs. Brittain particularly feels the loss of the dog."

BIRTH RESTORES HER SIGHT

Woman Begins to See After Twins Are Born.

Burlington, Kan.—Birth of twins to her restored the sight of Mrs. Floyd McCullough of this city.

Two weeks ago while at her household totally blind. She was taken to the State University Hospital at Topeka and a few days later twins were born. A few hours later Mrs. McCullough, waking from a sound sleep, was able to distinguish a light and gradually to dimly distinguish objects.

Her sight is gradually growing better and the doctors believe she will entirely recover it in a few days.

Good Roads Everywhere

[Editorial from The Daily Oklahoman, Oklahoma, Okla., July 2, 1917]

ON THE TRAIL

Oklahoma City has been placed on the official Ozark Trail, and so has Tulsa. Both cities were threatened at different times with being left off the trail, but the threat, of course, was a bit of strategy to stimulate the work of building their sector of the trail. Neither city could have been denied a place on the route of transcontinental travel through this state. If such a possibility ever did exist it is now happily disposed of forever, to the permanent benefit of both cities and also the Ozark Trail.

And now that the question is settled, we may take up the matter of permanent, hard-surfaced roads, which was set aside in order that the building of our part of the Ozark Trail might be free from competition. The day of the dirt road, or the macadam road is passed. A road that is rendered useless by every rain, as a dirt road is, does not meet the modern requirements. The macadam road does not stand up under modern traffic. THERE IS ONLY ONE KIND OF ROAD THAT IS USABLE ALL THE TIME AND THAT CAN WITHSTAND MOTOR TRAFFIC, AND THAT IS CONCRETE ROADS. Oklahoma has got to build concrete roads if it expects to get tourist patronage. We cannot depend on our scenery, or our resources, or the fact that we are a comparatively new country which a great many people would like to visit. Other states have scenery and resources, not comparable with ours, but fairly attractive, and besides, THEY'VE GOT CONCRETE ROADS. That is where they win over us, and will continue to win, until we provide the same kind of highway. But it isn't because of the tourist that Oklahoma should build concrete roads. If the tourist was as extinct as the great auk it would still be our job to build concrete roads for our own development and profit and pleasure. That the motor is to be a big factor in the business of transportation everybody concedes. The fact is the highway is to become a competitor of the railroad. A good part of what is now freight will, in the future, be haulage. It is also a fact that the poor road is today tantamount to an embargo on the farmer. It imposes a cost on him that eats much of his profit. We've got to have good roads, for the farmer, for the consumer, for everybody. The only good road in this gasoline age is a concrete road. It costs a lot of money to build it, but it costs a whole lot more not to build it.

It is too bad that the tight-wads in every city and county should derive the same profit, and share equally in the improvements and advantages of those who pay liberally for the getting of same, but still they do, and many even assume a false air of importance in civic affairs.

Answer this question. Mr. Farmer, how much more will your farm be worth if you have a good concrete road in front of it?

Question No. 2. How much more will it be worth if it is two, three, four or five miles away?

You will notice we say "good concrete roads." You may be sure that when we give the money to the state, and the state lets the contract, Uncle Sam will have a man on the job to supervise it, because he has to pay half the cost, and this old gentleman always does a good job.

A chain is no stronger than its weakest link, so the best road is no better than its deepest sand and worst mud holes.

RESOLUTIONS Adopted by Acclamation at the War Convention of the Chamber of Commerce of the United States, held in Atlantic City last week.

Military Roads.

Whereas, it is essential that all transportation facilities of the nation should be brought to the highest state of efficiency in order that food stuffs may be moved most economically from the farm to the market, that manufactured products be moved at the lowest cost from the factory to the consumer,

Whereas, The public highways offer a good, prompt and economical means to supplement transportation by rail and water, Therefore be it

Resolved, That the prompt improvement of our public highways is im-

portant and should go forward in every possible way.

We all remember the old pathmaster days, when roads were built by sitting down beside the road and telling stories and doing next to nothing. Then came the new system of hiring men and getting a very little more. But that was better than the old way so in this bonding plan very much better than that plan.

Bonding means getting concrete roads now. Concrete roads that can be used 300 days a year. Good, smooth, clean, dustless, roads, and roads upon which you can haul larger and heavier loads than on any other kind of a road.

Bonding means saving 100 per cent on your tires over a gravel road, with its ruts and chuck holes. I wonder if the stand-patter realizes the danger from indifference. Can't you wake up and see what it means? We need action, prompt and vigorous. We must get away from the old plan! In summer we are too busy and in winter we are too lazy, and adopt a new slogan: "Up and doing." Doing everything and every day. If the town you live in is no good, try and find a better one. If it is good enough, your duty is to help make it better.

Yours,
VAN FELD.

COUPLE TRY MARRIAGE ON FIFTY-FIFTY PLAN

"Individual" Wedding, They Call It, but It Differs Very Little From "A Dutch Treat"

New York, N. Y.—Pretty Miss Eleanor Taylor, an attractive girl who ever helped carry the dining chair at Vassar College, has given Greenwich village a great shock, and that is going some, for Greenwich village is a district populated chiefly by persons connected with the arts who live the so-called Bohemian life.

From the quiet of the halls of the ancient seat of learning, pretty Eleanor has walked with bold and unhesitating step into the very center of the "village" Bohemia. What has she done? She has entered into the quest of marital contentment with Benjamin Marsh, war correspondent, radical and avowed pacifist, a Bohemian in what now becomes known as the "individual marriage."

The "individual" clause of the contract was added when Miss Taylor and Mr. Marsh met. Mr. and Mrs. Marsh found themselves slipping in the aboriginal jungle. They had previously fixed up in the environs of Washington Square.

In a word, the clause that makes a marriage an "individual" one is nothing to be scoffed at by the struggling artist who finds both ends hard to meet. True, it robs him of what many men glory in—dominion over his spouse—but it makes life less worrisome.

It seems that the wife is to retain her individual rights, including everything. She does not even have to give up her name, her position, her thought, her work; nor does such a marriage permit a husband to support his wife. She supports herself, and Miss Eleanor Taylor and Benjamin G. Marsh are carrying their contract out to the letter. Each contributes an equal amount toward the morning meal. Each has a job in New York.

At night they wind their respective ways home to 11 Vandam street. After comparing expenses for the day they go over to the Greenwich Settlement House, where they dine voluntarily for 35 cents each. As they step out the cashier's desk on the way out, Miss Taylor pays her own check, Mr. Marsh's. To the morning, a lecture or the theater, Miss Taylor pays for her ticket, Mr. Marsh pays for his.

"I met Mr. Marsh's year ago at the Greenwich Settlement House," she said. "Neither of us wanted to suppose his belief on the other. We agreed in purpose, tho. We decided on our mode of living, because we knew it would make us happier; all the more because each has his own work. We decided that each contribute to the support of the household. We figure out the cost of breakfast—just now it is 15 cents—and we divide the amount. We pay our laundry and other bills separately."

"No man, husband nor anybody else, could make me change my individual thinking, and why my name? On our doorbell we have Mr. Marsh and Miss Taylor."

Red Cross Nurses Will Get Cigarettes, too. This sure is an up-to-date war.

Considering the rate at which the pastors are going to army camps, the soldiers will get more church life than the folks at home.

Drafted men who are extremely stupid, are being sent back home, but intelligent men who feign stupidity find life very stupid when they are detected.

RETIRING PASTOR "BURNS UP" FLOCK

SAYS HE DOESN'T PURPOSE TO BECOME OBJECT OF CHARITY

As at 50 He Declares He Will Get Into Business—Scores "Knocking" Parishioners.

Pueblo, Colo.—Declaring that he is tired of being buffeted about from pillar to post "at the whim of any congregation which may desire a change in preachers," the Rev. W. T. Hilton, for the past four years pastor of the Central Christian Church of this city, tendered his resignation from both the church and the ministry in a sensational farewell sermon. He had been asked to resign because of lack of harmony in the congregation.

The retiring pastor chose for his subject "The Discouragements of Preaching for a Living," and handled it without gloves.

"Some persons regard the average preacher as a sort of a brainless ass," he said. "In their opinion, he is too bloodless a creature to deserve classification as a human being. When I started to college, thirty years ago, it was with great ambitions for the future. I saw myself rising to the heights. But in the quarter of a century which has passed in the work I have been cruelly undeceived."

"I am now 50 years old. In ten years more there will be more wrinkles on my brow than now. The church has no use for a 60-year-old minister. In the church I face the prospect of being an object of charity when I am old. I have ten years of active life still before me, and I do not purpose to spend it preaching."

One of the hindrances in church work, the retiring pastor said, is the fact that a congregation soon grows tired of any minister and begins wanting a change.

"When my successor arrives, you will give him a royal reception," he said. "He will be wined and dined and treated as a very distinguished visitor."

"When, after this splendid reception, he and his wife are alone that night one of them will say to the other:

"I wonder which of that bunch will be the first to start knocking?"

Hilton added that, beginning at once, he proposed to enter upon a business career. He will continue to live in Pueblo and to attend the same church from which he has resigned.

To show that he bore no malice, he insisted that the whole congregation come forward to shake hands with him at the close of the sermon. Hundreds of men, women and children responded with the tears streaming down their faces.

BREADFRUIT BREADLESS, GRAPEFRUIT GRAPELESS

And So Is Sponge Cake Spongeless, Horse Chestnut Horseless, Buttercup Butterless.

Washington, D. C.—Paraphrasing Shakespeare's often quoted question, "What's in a name?" the question of "What's not in a name?" has been answered in the brief of a recent appeal from a decision of the United States Examiner of Trade-Marks.

This particular case hinged upon whether or not a word with a well-defined meaning could be divorced from that meaning. It was claimed that this could be done, and in support of this contention the following apparent misnomers were cited:

"There is no cream in cream of tartar, in cold cream or in chocolate cream; no milk in magnesia or in milk-weed. These are all as remote from the cow as the cowlip."

"There is no grape in grapefruit or bread in breadfruit. A pineapple is neither pine nor apple; a prickly pear is not a pear; an alligator pear is neither a pear nor an alligator, and a sugar plum is not a plum."

"Apple butter is not butter. All the butter is taken out of buttermilk, and there is none in butternuts, or in buttercups, and the files in the creamery are not butterfiles."

"Peanuts are not peas, and it is doubtful if they are nuts. Sailors wear pea-jackets—peas do not, they have pea-pods, which, by the way, are not fish."

"Monkey wrenches are neither made by nor of monkeys. Poles are not made from polecats nor badges from the badger."

"A woodchuck is a groundhog, which is not a hog and is not ground—ground hog is sausage."

"Angel food is eaten by everybody. There are no sponges in sponge cake, and the eating of ladyfingers does not indicate cannibalism."

"Chickenpox has nothing to do with chickens, neither has an eggplant—nor a cocktail."

"A horse chestnut is as far removed from horses as a sawhorse, clothes-horse, or horseradish. A horse chestnut is a nut, so is the thing that goes with a bolt, and so is a doughnut. Sweetbreads are not sweet and are not bread. Catgut is no more feline than pussywillow or cattails and the firelogs are andirons and are made frequently of brass."

"Whittetrees, boot-trees, halltrees and family trees are as out of place in the woods as a railway frog, a fish-plate, a fish story, a mackerel sky or a grapeapple in the water."

MOUSE IN GINGER ALE UPSETS MAN FOR DAYS

After His Recovery He Sues Cafe Where He, and Girl Companion as Well, Were Shocked.

Buffalo, N. Y.—A mouse in a bottle of ginger ale served at the Old Teck Cafe so upset the stomach of Frederick McGregor, a salesman, that for a long period, he says, he was unable to work or eat. He is suing the Vartay Water Company, manufacturers of the ginger ale, and Hans Guy Geyer, proprietor of the cafe, in the city court for \$475 damages.

McGregor told Judge Noonan that he went to the cafe one night accompanied by Miss Grace Hickley. They had a little supper and after a few dances ordered cooling drinks. McGregor took a Porto Rican key, one of the ingredients of which is ginger. A waiter poured the drink and left the ginger ale bottle on the table.

Looking up from a grapejuice highball, Miss Hickley saw, she testified, what she thought was a string protruding from the neck of the ginger ale bottle. McGregor called a waiter, who gave the supposed string a tug. Out of the bottle he pulled a small mouse by the tail.

McGregor and Miss Hickley became nauseated, they testified. McGregor took his companion home. He went to work two days later, he said, and then became so sick that he had to go to his home in Canada, where he spent two weeks recuperating.

But the mouse was still on his mind when he came back, he declared, and the mental picture of it soaking in his ginger ale so upset him, he testified, that he was able to work only half the time for three weeks after he came back. McGregor said his illness cost him \$36 in income.

Dr. James E. Sullivan testified that he had attended McGregor and that McGregor had stomach cramps for four days.

Mr. Geyer and Edward P. Pattison of Mount Morris, president of the Vartay Water Company, admitted the presence of the mouse in the ginger ale bottle, but said they hadn't any idea how it got there.

COULDN'T TEMPT CUPID, NOT EVEN WITH MONEY

Romeo Keeps Shoving Bills Under Girl's Door Until He Lands in the "Nut" Section.

New York, N. Y.—Warning to young men in love! Read and profit thereby.

William F. Davis, 20 of Jersey City, madly loved Flora Paeltz of Waverly Place, and that is why William is in the psychopathic ward of Bellevue Hospital. Flora's father, Max A. Paeltz, had caused Patrolman Shevlin to arrest William.

In the night court Paeltz said he was tired of having Davis shove money under the front door of his abode. Flora said she was too. And she was tired of receiving four letters a day from the young man, she said; and her father objected to his pensive habit of sleeping on the front doorstep.

Every morning, he said, the youth was on the spot as Flora went out to her school teaching, and fell upon his knees to protest his love. When he could not think of other things to do he tucked good U. S. bills under the Paeltz front door.

The last night he came around he shoved in a five and a ten, and that action led Paeltz to ask the young man's arrest.

Davis admitted it all, but said he was madly in love with the girl and could not help it.

"That's not the way to win a girl," said Magistrate Murphy.

"I thought it was the only way," Davis answered sadly.

"Try staying away," advised the magistrate. "If I let you go, will you promise to stay away?"

"No, I can't do that," replied Davis.

Henry W. Hodge, Public Service Commissioner, said he knew Davis and thought that he had been studying too hard and that his mind was unbalanced.

Magistrate Murphy dismissed the charge of disorderly conduct and sent Davis to Bellevue for observation.

WOMAN 93, SMOKES PIPE DAY AND NIGHT

"Smoke All the Time If You'd Live Long," Might Be Her Motto.

St. Paul, Minn.—Mrs. Johanna Olson of this city, hale and spry in her 94th year, appears to believe that tobacco is a sure promoter of longevity, and her motto, if she should choose one, would probably be, "Smoke all the time if you'd live long."

Mrs. Olson has smoked a pipe for fifty-two years, not just once in a while, but all the time. Not only in the daytime, but she even gets up a half dozen times at night to enjoy her favorite weed.

Being deaf and unable to speak English with fluency, Mrs. Olson made no reply to the query as to whether she liked to smoke, but filling and lighting her pipe with a dexterity that would have turned the average smoker green with envy, she proceeded to give a demonstration of the picture of contentment seen only in tobacco advertisements.

Mrs. Olson was born in Güttenburg, Sweden, and has lived in St. Paul for forty-one years. She feels young enough to dance with her grandchildren now and then.

French authorities have opened 135 miles of a railroad in Algeria which eventually will cross the Sahara desert.

BLUE LAWS OF COLONIAL DAYS

IOWA FAMILY STILL PRESERVES OLD-TIME CODE

Penalties Provided for Swearing and Sunday Drinking—Death for Horse Stealing.

Council Bluffs, Iowa.—Among the archives of the D. W. Keller family, one of the pioneer families of this city, is the complete codification of the laws of New Jersey from the surrender of the old colony to "Queen Anne on the 17th day of April, in the year of our Lord 1702, to the 14th day of January, 1776," according to the title page. It embraces all of the laws and royal ordinances for seventy-four years, and the book is not as bulky as the compiled ordinances of the City of Council Bluffs.

The compiler, Samuel Allison, remarks in his preface, "A few good laws, well-understood and executed, must be a happiness to a people, and are much to be preferred to a large code, which by their very number become intricate or soon forgotten, and, of consequence, are often violated."

"Legislation is the greatest act of superiority that can be exercised by one being over another, and how few can be supposed to be qualified for such a momentous task?"

The old volume, bearing the marks of its nearly 150 years, but sturdy as a piece of granite, contains about all of the old blue laws of the Puritan colonists, as well as all of the statutes found necessary to be enacted from the second year of the reign of Queen Anne on thru the kingships of George I., George II. and George III., beginning when the capital of New Jersey was located at Perth Amboy and later at Burlington.

A law passed at the first session of the General Assembly at Burlington, Dec. 12, 1704, begins with the declaration that:

"Whereas, profaneness and immorality have too much abounded in this province, to the shame of Christianity and the great grief of all good and sober men, a prohibition law is enacted prohibiting cursing, swearing or breaking the Lord's day."

The penalty of Sunday violation is a fine of "six shilling or four hours' confinement in the stocks," half the amount for "cursing" and a shade less for plain swearing. For getting drunk six hours in the stocks was the penalty. A special section regulates drinking, but only on Sundays, and says that if "any public-house keeper permits any person to tipple or drink in his house on the Lord's day, especially in the time of divine worship" the hotel man was cinched for a six-shilling fine.

The old boys fixed it all right for the favored few by inserting the clause, "except for refreshment," making it certain that it would not be bone dry. But they wouldn't stand for a red light district, and both men and women who were caught were given the option of paying thirty pounds or being "whipped at three several courts, and each time they shall receive thirty lashes on the bare back at each of the several courts."

They commenced to get rid of the harsh laws half a century later, for on December 6, 1769, the Assembly repealed the death penalty for petty thieving, but directed that it should be "lawful to pronounce the death sentence upon any person convicted of the atrocious crime of horse stealing."

The greater part of the time of the legislatures seems to have been devoted to repealing laws, for at the end of the sixty-four years an index of three pages named all of the laws in force.

The old volume came down to the Keller family thru Mrs. Keller, who was a Sellard, a name that appears several times in colonial documents. It has descended directly from one generation to another.

BURGLARS CAPTURED THRU PARROT'S TALK

"That'll Do, Boys," Says Bird—Master Takes Men by Ruse.

Grand Rapids, Mich.—When Arthur Simmons' parrot, "Peck," was awakened from slumber by the flashlights of two burglars the bird quietly said: "That'll do, boys; that'll do."

The burglars, surprised, dropped cloth bags with silverware taken from a sideboard, threw aloft their hands and said they would submit to arrest without resistance.

Simmons, investigating, after arming himself with an alarm clock, switched on a light and ordered the burglars to face the wall as he allowed the light to fall for a second on his timepiece, and turning to Mrs. Simmons he instructed her to call the police.

Now the burglars are behind the bars, while "Peck" is being dined on the best parrot food money can buy.

GIRL JUDGE, 19 JAILS FATHER

It Was Her Duty as Associate Police Court Official.

New York.—Miss Cora Van Housen, 19, Paterson, N. J., is said to be the only associate policewoman and judge in the United States. Miss Van Housen arrested and then sentenced to one year in the Passaic County jail her own father, Jacob Van Housen, on an intoxication charge.

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

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

RIVER PAYS INTEREST ON DEBT

Restores Farm Which It Stole With Added Acreage

Kansas City, Mo.—When Michael Rice, a former resident of this county, returned a few days ago for a visit after sixteen years in the State of Washington, he found the Missouri River had restored to him, with interest, a farm of which it robbed him before he went away.

A good many years ago Mr. Rice bought a tract of 120 acres on the south bank of the Missouri near Atherton. By hard work he paid \$3,500 for the farm in five years, beside making a living for himself and his family. Then the changing current began to eat away his rich acres, and in a very short time the tract had been reduced to a narrow fringe of ten or twelve acres. He decided to go West. Mr. Rice said the little strip of land had grown by accretions, not only to the original size of 120 acres, but to 160 acres, or a full quarter section.

CARD GAME LASTS SIX MONTHS

Cribbage Contest, Played Far Underground, Finally Finished.

Woodrow, Minn.—A cribbage game played in the depths of the earth, and running up to 100,000 points has just been finished. It was played by Gus Raymond, miner, and William Gabriel, pump man of the Wilcox mine here. The sitting lasted six months. Raymond won by 207 points. The game was played in the pump-house, 250 feet underground. Gabriel once held a "29" hand, which cribbage mathematicians declare happens about once in ten years of continuous playing.

HOW PICTURES TO KEEP MEN

Ashland, Wis.—With wages double those a year ago, lumber camps are having difficulty in keeping men. Some camps are installing moving pictures.

IS THE MAN NEXT DOOR A COWARD AT HEART?

If he is you might learn more about him by seeing WM. CHRISTY CABANNE'S

The SLACKER

—WITH—
WONDERFUL EMILY STEVENS
Surpassing all Triumphs on Screen or Stage
7 SMASHING ACTS
SEE THE GREAT METRO PRODUCTION AT

Temple Theatre, Oct. 11

THURSDAY, Oct. 11

Children 15c Adults 25c No reserve.

WOMEN HAVE THEIR TROUBLES.
Not only middle-aged women, but younger ones, too, suffer from backache, pains in side, swollen ankles, sore muscles, rheumatic pains and kindred ailments without knowing that these are most often the result of deformed or overworked kidneys. Foley Kidney Pills are good medicine for kidney trouble.—Hite's Drug Store.

When a man's trousers bag at the knees they seldom bag at the pockets. Our idea of no sort of job is that of compiling the 1917 edition of "Who's Who in Russia."

There are those in this country who refuse to believe that the Kaiser put the "man" in Germany. The crown prince would have a hard time getting a commission in the United States army, if he were an American.

CUT THIS OUT — IT IS WORTH MONEY
DON'T MISS THIS. Cut out this slip, enclose with 5c to Foley & Co., 2835 Sheffield Ave., Chicago, Ill., writing your name and address clearly. You will receive in return a trial package containing Foley's Honey and Tar Compound for coughs, colds and croup; Foley Kidney Pills and Foley Cathartic Tablets.—Hite's Drug Store.

EAST JORDAN LUMBER CO. STORE

SEE OUR LINE OF
Men's, Women's and Children's
SWEATERS

From \$1.00 to \$15.00

East Jordan Lumber Co.

THE MOON ON THE PILLOW

By George M. A. Cain.

"Young man, don't be a fool!" The words were spoken so vehemently, so differently from those which usually came from the lips of the old man, that we all faced him in astonishment.

Twenty years before, Chief Inspector Herman Williams had been known as a terror to evil-doers. Quite suddenly he had resigned. His whole disposition seemed to have softened to the verge of weakness.

Save that he became a daily attendant at the chapel two doors away, he lived the life of a recluse. Just to walk the last he had sufficiently opened up his solitude to admit two or three of us young writers, who hoped to hear from the things we could turn into salable stories.

Even when we were admitted to the tiny old house where he lived alone, he had often to sit for hours in silence, permitting us to discuss any and every topic likely to rise in a group of men young enough to hold ready opinions on all subjects.

It was Harding Hunter who had some how introduced the old-time theory of the moon's effect on the human mind. He was trying to work up a story with the hypothesis as a basis.

"Of course," he had remarked, "there is absolutely nothing to the whole business. The moon has about as much psychology to it as there is life on it. But it seems to me—"

And here the ex-chief had suddenly burst forth with his exclamation of angry disgust.

"Don't ever deny the testimony of millions on any subject until you have more than the best of theories to offer against it. Don't say there are no ghosts; don't deny apparitions and visions; don't sneer at the occult.

"Don't these things—we all do that. But don't deny. To deny what the vast bulk of humanity has always believed is impertinent folly."

"But, chief," interposed Mortimer Henry, "you don't mean to say you really think there is anything in this moon business?"

"I mean to say that the very word for temporary mania in almost every civilized tongue testifies to the belief that the moon has an effect on the human mind. You know as well as I the derivation of our own words, lunatic and lunatic; you know the tales of seamen and soldiers—those who have had most opportunity to feel the influence of the moon."

"Yes—I know—but you wouldn't give such stories serious consideration, any more than you would have consulted a medium for the solution of a murder mystery," I put in.

"I did once," the old man said with a shudder. He was silent for an instant; then spoke again: "I guess it is safe enough for me to tell you youngsters—"

A year before I quit the bureau there was a particular brutal child murder which, for a time, absolutely baffled every effort to find the murderer. The child had been strangled and afterward slashed with a razor.

I was greatly worried about the failure of myself and my men in the matter. The razor was our only clue—left hanging on the fire-escape outside the room in which the child had been slain.

In those days it was my invariable rule to retire early. I could do my best thinking early in the morning.

I seldom tried to think or work on any police matter after six in the evening. I went to bed at nine. The result was sound sleep and a clear head in the morning. Even when I could not get my mind free from the affairs of the day during the evening, I was so habituated to my hours of sleep that I invariably lost myself asleep after lying down.

As you know, I have never married. I lived in the top floor of an old-fashioned tenement-house near the office. Things were not as strict then as now. The house had but one exit; there were no fire-escapes on the windows.

My household consisted of an old negro couple that my parents had brought North before the War. Beside them, I had only two dogs, valuable collies, and the most devoted animals I have ever known. Old Aunt Dinah had a parrot, which I had given her, and of which she was inordinately fond.

The neighborhood was not very desirable, nor the house. The apartment was not light, save at the front. A V-shaped court admitted air to the bedrooms, and a little sunlight over the higher building next us in the middle of a few summer days.

The kitchen faced a yard; but an enormous building had been erected fifteen feet from the rear of the house, shutting out the sun entirely. I would have moved had the place not been so very convenient to my work.

I had a considerable quantity of rather valuable furniture for such a place, and some old silver that I prized highly; so I had put the best of locks on every opening that might be accessible to a burglar.

On the night of February 5 I retired as usual, though I had been particularly wrought up over the mystery which so completely baffled all our efforts at solution.

It was one of the few occasions when I allowed my mind to work up

to the moment of going to bed. My evening study had brought me no nearer to a solution of the problem than ever. But I went soundly to sleep.

I was awakened by the wild cries of the old negro. Before I could get into my bath-robe and slippers, I heard her husband shouting for me at my door. I hurried out to the kitchen.

One of my collies had been strangled. Afterward, apparently, the perpetrator of the deed had used a razor to slash the body in as detailed a copy of the cutting of the murdered child as could be accomplished on a hairy animal.

To say that I was enraged does not describe my feelings. Aside from the fondness I had for my pet, the dog was highly pedigreed, and I had refused as high as eight hundred dollars for him.

I must admit that I was much more stirred up about the loss of the dog than I had been about the murder of the child. Besides, I felt sure at the time that the individual who had killed my dog had slain the child.

The detailed resemblance in the cutting of the collie's fine hide and the flesh of the child was so close that it could not be regarded as a matter of coincidence.

Obviously, the first thing to do was to search the premises for clues.

I did so immediately. The results of the search, to which I called two of my men, in the hope that it might aid us in catching the more serious criminal, were the finding that the culprit had gone from the kitchen to the bath-room and washed his hands.

A drop of blood had been smeared on the side of the bowl. Also we discovered that one of my own razors had been used and thrown behind the ice-box in the kitchen.

As I have said, there was only one entrance to the house—at the front. This was of small consequence, anyhow, for I knew little of the inmates, any one of whom might be a criminal.

To my apartments there were a front and a rear entrance from the stair-well. On these doors were heavy bolts, as well as double locks. The locks were all fastened with the keys inside in the morning, and neither of the bolts was open. This took care of the doors.

There were three front and two rear windows. As the house was without fire-escapes, the only possible access to these must have been from the roof by the way of a rope let down.

But at that time of year, all of these windows were closed and fastened. The fasteners might be opened by a man with a knife, working from a swinging basket or loop of rope; but they could not have been locked again in the same way. They were all locked in the morning. There was no sign that their frames had been scratched in any way.

Three windows opened on the V-shaped court.

One of these I had had cut when I got the bath-room arranged in what had been a dark clothes closet. It was too small for any human being to crawl through. Moreover, a fly-screen had been tacked on the window-frame itself and left there.

As for the window opening into the negroes' room, no amount of coaxing could persuade them to open it in winter. The old negro had driven a nail over the top of the lower sash, and another through the frame of the upper sash. The nails were undisturbed.

This narrowed things down to my own window, the only one in the flat open during the night. Aside from the difficulty of getting to it from the roof above, there was the fact that no one could possibly have got through the open upper half without stepping or falling on my bed.

Only a week before I had rearranged my furniture so that the bed was directly under the window.

It seemed that no person could have got in or out of the apartment. Of course, this might naturally lead to the inevitable conclusion that the dog had been killed by one of the old negroes.

It would have been easier to suppose that I myself had deliberately strangled and mutilated my own valuable dog than to suppose that either of them could have done it. Both of them had the most foolish fondness for the animals, as is apt to be the case with old negroes.

I could not keep my men long on a case involving only a dog. They never discovered the animal's slayer. Before the first day was over I was convinced that the mystery would never be cleared.

We gave it up.

A short time afterward we got hold of clues which led to the arrest and execution of the murdered of the child. Without now going into the details, I may say that we had absolute proof that he could not have got near my dog.

Three weeks later the body of a kidnaped boy, for whom we had been looking, was found at the bottom of an air-shaft in a tenement inhabited by a gang of outlaws. Inside a week we had several suspects in jail.

On March 6 one of these confessed in detail that he had tied a cord round the boy's neck and choked him to death. He then removed the twine and buried the body from a window to give the impression that the lad had accidentally fallen from the roof. He even told of burning the string in his kitchen stove.

The next morning my other collie was missing.

The negroes insisted that they had not let him out. I myself recalled

having seen him when I had gone to the kitchen for a drink of water just before retiring. I had overslept, and was compelled to hurry to the office.

It was not until that night that I learned the fate of my second dog. He had been found dead at the bottom of the V-shaped court, directly under my open windows. The mark of a cord I found about his neck.

With a choking sense of the uncanniness of the thing, I rushed to the kitchen range and tore off the lids.

Lying over the edge of the fire-bricks onto the top of the oven was a charred end of twine.

In the hope that this might serve as a clue, I drew it out. But I found it so utterly ordinary as to be untraceable. I myself had a ball of exactly similar twine in a drawer of my desk. As for the entrances—doors and windows were exactly as they had been in the case of the other dog, showing no signs of disturbance. It was impossible to find a trace of any means by which an entrance had been effected.

Two months passed by with no unusual occurrence. Then Aunt Dinah's parrot was found drowned in one of the kitchen tubs. It had been done on the fifth day of May.

Of course, the parrot might have got out of his cage and fallen into the water; but two things made this seem unlikely. One was the fact that there had been no water left in the tub, so far as any one in the house knew. The other was the strange coincidence, that we were working on a case where we had found an unidentified infant body in one of the park lakes.

It having been a warm night, I had left the window of my den at the front open. This might have provided an entrance for the mischief-maker, though it seemed incredible that any one would risk climbing down a rope from the roof for the sole purpose of killing the parrot of a poor, harmless old black mammy.

In a way, this was but a trifle. Yet, taken in connection with the loss of my dogs, and the fact that all of these losses held such strange similarity to actual murders, I must admit that they got very much on my nerves.

I had been working fearfully hard during the winter and spring.

I decided to take a long vacation, and was permitted by the mayor to do so. I went abroad. I was given the three summer months.

Through the chance of missing my steamer, I did not get home till the 3rd of September. I soon had my hands and my mind full of work.

Hardly had I been a week in the office when we were brought to deal with a mystery that has never been cleared up. An old man, generally reputed to be a miser, living alone with his wife in a house on the outskirts, was found choked to death in his bed.

The man's wife slept through the night without discovering the tragedy, so silent had been the work of the murderer. Robbery was unquestionably the motive for this crime. Strangely enough, the thieves had been frightened away without even making an attempt to search for loot.

Suspicion would have fallen on the old woman herself had not one of the windows been jammed. Besides, the dark blue marks on the murdered man's throat showed plainly that they had been done by fingers, and it was quite beyond belief that the old widow had strength enough for the deed.

Night and day the best men in my department worked on this case for weeks. I myself have never worked harder. There were several nights when I broke all my rules for early sleep—some when I got no sleep at all.

Such was the case on the night of the 27th of September, when we had thought we held a clue—which proved to lead nowhere the very next day. Tired out, I went to bed the following night immediately after my dinner.

The next morning I awoke from a dream that some one was being murdered.

Though it was later than I usually rose, I seemed dead asleep, and it took me a moment or two to locate the screams and recognize the voice that was uttering them. I rushed to the room of the old negroes.

Old Aunt Dinah was sitting up in the bed, rocking herself to and fro in an ecstasy of grief and terror. Never in my life have I seen any one so horribly frightened or more evidently broken-hearted.

The old negro was dead on the pillow beside her.

A quick examination showed that he had been throttled by some person with strong fingers. It was the only clue we were ever to get to the murder.

The pair had loved each other in their way, and had been singularly free from quarrels. It was out of the question to suspect the old mammy. She could not have done the deed had she wished or tried.

The front windows, as well as my own, were open. There was absolutely no sign of a scratch on their frames to show where any one had used them to gain admission to the apartment.

If there had been any one to suspect even, we would have taken for granted that it was the work of an inmate of the apartment. I believe now that I myself would have fallen under suspicion had I not been already the victim of the killing of my dogs.

There could be but two more horrors, so far as our household was concerned. If the person, or persons, who was committing these acts killed

old Dinah and myself, there would be no one alive in the apartment.

It is quite likely that it would have taken a long time to rent it. Most people have some superstition hidden away, which comes to the front with enough power to keep them out of a place where every one has been murdered.

One more crime was, however, to finish the dark list. It came a month after the old man's death.

My old mammy was killed—stabbed through the heart—on the 28th day of October. We had just run down a young scoundrel who had murdered his aunt in the same fashion. He was to have benefited by her will, had we let him go unharmed.

The dagger with which the stabbing had been done in old Dinah's case gave no clue. It had lain, with several other rather gruesome curios, on the mantel of my front room, after serving as evidence in the conviction of a bad Sicilian.

The murderer of my aged servant had picked it up and used it.

Now, without considering these crimes from the standpoint of my feelings, but gather, in the light of such cold reason as a detective is supposed to employ, they were without motive, so far as could be seen.

The one conceivable motive would have been revenge upon me. In the second dog's slaughter, the culprit had thrown the dog from the window directly over my bed. Certainly he might as easily have killed me. The murders of the old negroes showed that he was deterred by no fear of killing a man.

The motive was not all that was shrouded in mystery. I worked for months on the last two crimes. I put all my best men on them at one time or another. Not only was I anxious to save the reputation of my department; I was so enraged by the killing of my faithful old servants that I could hardly have permitted justice to take its course had we run down the murderer.

The month after the death of the old man, I got only half my accustomed sleep. I had not been to bed on schedule time in four weeks—until the very night which proved fatal to the negroes.

The eight weeks that followed were even worse. I was distracted, almost a madman, over the baffling and hideous mystery.

At the end of that time I was forced to admit that we were defeated. There was no real clue of any sort.

Of one thing we were all convinced: the crimes were committed by a lunatic. A motiveless crime is almost always the deed of a madman.

The imitations of previous crimes in each case—crimes which had been described in some detail in the news, of course—also pointed to weak-mindedness. And it is doubtful whether any but a madman can succeed in hiding his tracks so that there is no chance of tracing them. Madness sometimes gives a superhuman cunning that is utterly baffling to sane minds.

But—where was the madman? Was this his only madness—a desire to outwit the chief of detectives?

We had no case of any similar outbreak. Not a person who gave the slightest suspicion of insanity but we traced the history of his every movement during those nine months. In every instance we had an absolute alibi for the afflicted person on at least two of the nights when the crimes in my apartment had been committed.

I do not know what it was that brought the old theory of the moon's connection with lunacy to my mind. It was on the night of the 26th of December.

As I had attended the Christmas services the day before; I had tried to rid myself of all that was vengeful in my desire to run down the murderers of my servants. I had almost determined to drop the whole matter, since we had absolutely nothing on which to go ahead. But the thought of the moon and lunacy aroused my interest sufficiently to cause me to glance over an almanac.

There I quickly discovered that the moon had been full on the nights of February 5, March 6, April 5, May 5, September 29, October 28, November 27.

On four of these dates my rooms had been entered and life had been taken in a fashion to indicate the work of some madman with close knowledge of the city's murder-cases.

On September 29 the moon was full early in the morning, which brought the night to correspond with the murder of the negro man.

This left April 5 and November 27 on which no crime had been committed. A glance at the table of eclipses showed that there had been a total eclipse of the moon on the April date.

I recalled that November 27 had been Thanksgiving Day, and stormy throughout the night.

But I had never heard that any form of lunacy was particularly connected with an absolutely full moon. Moreover, the hours of the full moon as given in the almanac varied, some of them coming in the daytime.

I had to pursue the subject farther, if it was to furnish me with any real clue. A full moon is, of course, the only moon that shines at its zenith at or very near midnight. This might make a difference. Yet it took me some moments to think how.

Then it flashed upon me.

There was some spot where the only light of the moon that ever fell was at midnight, and when the moon was full!

This fitted the case entirely! A temporary lunacy, intermittent, probably unsuspected by the affected person's nearest friends, perhaps unknown even to himself, clouding a mind sane at all times save when once a month the moon shone full upon its owner.

I was so impressed that I could not get away from it.

If I could find such a spot—particularly if it were a spot under which some person slept—I should certainly not let that person go until after the most rigid investigation of his mind and his nocturnal habits.

But how could such a spot be found? Obviously I could not set my men upon the task of searching half a million bedrooms at the hour of midnight when the moon was full. The thing was quite as hopeless as ever. All I had gained was a curious discovery in psychology—unless—

I seized the calendar again. The murderous maniac would return—he would return at the next full moon.

My hair suddenly rose. The moon was full that night! And the sky outside was absolutely cloudless.

Already I had spent so much time on this lunar theory that it was half past eleven. Another half hour—and would it be myself or the new house-keeper I had secured who would serve as the lunatic's next victim?

Quickly I drew two revolvers from the drawer of my desk. I turned the lights, and sat in the darkened front room, my ears straining for the first sound.

It seemed to me that I sat thus for hours before I heard a slight noise in the kitchen—a faint scratching.

I rushed through my bedroom and the narrow hall past the servant's room. At the kitchen door I halted for an instant, staring into the blackness until I could make out the dimly outlined windows.

The scratching came again.

For a police officer I was terribly frightened. The whole thing seemed so ghastly so uncanny—the invisible enemy had shown himself so resourceful before—that I half wondered whether I was dealing with flesh and blood.

The utter black was hardly broken where the windows faced the dull brick walls. I waited—

The scratching was repeated. It came again and again. I crept out into the middle of the room, taking pains to avoid touching a chair or a table. I stopped and listened.

I could hear the sound more distinctly now. At least I believed I could trace its direction. It came from the window by the pantry door, I thought. As I reached this conclusion it stopped.

Once more I waited—until I could stand the suspense no longer.

I struck a match and lighted the gas, in the meanwhile keeping my eyes riveted upon the window.

As the lamp flared up I barely stifled a scream of terror.

A-mouse, frightened at the light, turned and ran almost from under my feet back into the pantry.

Only the wrought-up condition of my nerves could account for my failure to recognize the sound it had made.

Had I not known it would make me womanishly hysterical, I should have given vent to the laughter which struggled up within me.

I supposed it was now long past midnight, but my watch told me it was but five minutes past twelve.

Trembling, almost faint with the sudden let-down from the strain of unseeing fear, I turned out the light again and started back to my vigil in the front room.

I reached my own bedroom.

My blood suddenly froze with horror.

Never had I seen it before in the years I had lived in that suite; but now—

A large square of light, as the moon peered through the angle of the V-shaped court, lay full over the pillow of my bed!—Copyrighted by the Frank A. Munsey Co.

Angry Doctors.

A man who was afraid he was in for a long illness went to a doctor of high repute whose patient he had not been before. The physician was considerably alarmed at his visitor's symptoms, and after a careful examination informed his new patient that he was undoubtedly very ill.

"Have you consulted any one else?" asked the doctor, bluntly.

"Oh," said the man, "I went to see such and such a druggist (naming him) and asked his advice, and I may as well tell you that he—"

"Druggist, did you say?" broke in the doctor, with unmistakable anger.

"What on earth was the good of going to see a druggist? If people will do such insane things as that, it is no wonder that they remain ill. At any rate, they have only themselves to blame for such foolishness.

"Well," interposed the man, seizing the first opportunity of getting in a word, "I should like to say that the druggist told me—"

But the very mention of the word "druggist" was too much for the doctor, and once more he interrupted the patient's tale.

"What do I care what the druggist said?" he exclaimed. "The best thing that you can do when a druggist gives you a bit of advice is to do exactly the opposite."

"And the druggist advised me," continued the man, now completing what he had several times tried to say, "to come to you!"

Then the doctor pondered on the dangers of dogmatism.—Scraps.

VINOL MAKES GOOD BLOOD

Positive—Convincing Proof

Many so-called remedies for anemia are only so in name. Their makers are afraid to prove their claims by telling what their medicines contain. The only way to be honest with the people is to let them know what they are paying for. Here is the Vinol formula. When the doctor knows what a medicine contains, it ceases to be a "patent" medicine.

It Contains: Cod Liver and Beef Peptones, Iron and Manganese Peptones, Iron and Ammonium Citrate, Lemon and Soda Glycophosphates, Casein.

Any doctor will tell you that the ingredients of Vinol, as named above, will enrich the blood and banish anemia and create strength. When the blood is pure and rich and red, the body is strong and robust.

You can prove this at our expense because your money will be returned if Vinol does not improve your health.

HITE DRUG CO., East Jordan

Fortune smiles on few and laughs at many.

Nature heals—but the doctor makes out the bill.

Women with pretty teeth will laugh at any joke.

Only a man who is never ill wonders how doctors manage to make a living.

PROMPT ACTION AVERTS TROUBLE.

A constipated condition not only poisons the blood stream, but quickly affects the liver and other organs, causing biliousness, sick headache, sour stomach, bloating, etc. Foley Cathartic Tablets are mild in action, yet cleanse thoroughly, with no nausea nor costive after effects. Keep bowels regular, stomach sweet, liver active. Hite's Drug Store.

Start Tomorrow and Keep It Up Every Morning

Get in the habit of drinking a glass of hot water before breakfast.

We're not here long, so let's make our stay agreeable. Let us live well, eat well, digest well, work well, sleep well, and 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 headache, 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, sick 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 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 sour 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; others who have sallow skins, blood disorders and sticky complexions are urged to get a quarter pound of limestone phosphate from the drug store. This will cost very little, but is sufficient to make anyone a pronounced crank on the subject of inside-bathing before breakfast.

LADIES! LOOK YOUNG, DARKEN GRAY HAIR

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

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

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

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

THRIFT SLOGANS

How to Save Foods, Labor and Gas by Planning.

DOUBLE PORTIONS THE IDEA

An Expert Tells Us How to Conserve Odd Ends Instead of Enriching the Garbage Pail with Leftovers—A Role for the "Tail-End" of Steaks.

In these days when "thrift" is the housewives' national slogan it is well to consider methods which will enable the left-overs to be utilized.

In many homes a leftover is an accident, but the better way is to make a "planned over" which shall be put to really wider use. For instance, when buying a steak with a tail-end have this end chopped by the butcher. But do not stop there. Buy at the same time enough chuck or lower round steak to make enough of the meat so that when all chopped together there will be enough for a second meal two days later, whereas the small tail alone would not have been enough.

In cooking rice for luncheon cook enough more so that there will be sufficient for rice cakes for breakfast, not merely a small saucerful with which hardly anything can be done. Similarly with many other foods, which by cooking about one-third more the first time will prove sufficient for a second meal, rather than have left such a small portion that it will likely be thrown out and considered not worth saving.

In cooking vegetables it is easy to cook at one time a double portion, to be divided into two days' use. For instance, carrots or spinach or asparagus can be cooked with one using of fuel, then used one day hot, one day cold. The water must be saved in which it was cooked. This, when combined with cream, will make a delicious cream soup for luncheon of the third day. It is in the water of the vegetables that the most valuable mineral salts are to be found, so that by saving them we are also saving food values.

In making pie crust make sufficient extra to have for tarts or small cheese crackers by adding old grated cheese to the paste before it is cooked. In preparing any kind of cornstarch or tapioca pudding make it in small molds instead of in a large one. The small molds will serve just one person, and there is likely to be little waste, whereas if a large mold is used the portions will not come out even, and there is likely to be waste.

Everywhere that the "double cooking" can be given and fuel thus saved there is economy. Very many families cook separate meat, potatoes and vegetables over separate burners every day, when by the double cooking they could not only save time, but fuel and material, if more were cooked at once and the remainder of the dish made a "planned-over" instead of a "left over."

In cooking cereal there is always a little left over, which in many homes is thrown out or put on a saucer, expecting to be warmed, but which never is. Why not, instead, cook more and then pour the excess into muffin rings, where it can be made into cakes to fry for lunch or next day's breakfast? Or enough can be saved to form the basis of griddlecakes, muffins and similar dishes.

If fish is used buy enough so that the second amount can be made into cakes or scalloped forms, etc. The bones and waste can be used in a soup, which, if well seasoned and strained and combined with rice, will conserve the most nourishing values of the fish.

MILITARY MODEL.

Most Millinery For the Fall Copies the Army Caps.



A LA Russe.

Black satin covered, this turban makes its hit by line, the craze for fall hats being mostly for national shapes of the different armies. The scroll veil does an amazing lot of trimming too. A stunning hat for service.

To Prevent Graining.

Often maple sirup and other sugar sirups grain when left standing for some time. This can be prevented, however, if a teaspoonful of cream of tartar is added to the sirup and the contents brought to a boil before it is set aside.

Taking Out Stains.

Camphorated oil will clean the marks made by hot dishes on the polished table. Rub grass stains with molasses and wash.

DO YOU HOARD?

Some Foodstuffs Should Be Treasured, but Not Flour.

ADVICE FROM UNCLE SAM.

Certain Kinds of the Staff of Life Will Bear Heat and Moisture of Summer, but It Is Risky Work to Keep Them From Mustiness.

[Prepared by the office of information, department of agriculture.]

Buy flour in small quantities and protect it carefully from spoilage. Sound flour milled from standard wheat exhibits very little tendency to decompose when stored in a proper manner. Nevertheless there is a considerable loss of flour through spoilage as a result of improper storage, particularly during the summer months. Housekeepers on the farm and in the city should purchase flour in accordance with their needs only. It is false economy for the housekeeper to purchase larger amounts of flour than can be used within a reasonable length of time. This may be a barrel for a large family. More often it will be the fifty pound sack. Any storage of flour in excess of the consumer's needs constitutes hoarding, which under present circumstances is an unethical and reprehensible practice, of no profit to the individual who practices it, but injurious to the best interests of the people.

Since it is the duty of every one in the present situation particularly to avoid all waste it is incumbent upon each one so to store the normal stock of flour as to eliminate all waste whatsoever. The precautions that are required have been well worked out in practice and are stated as follows:

There are three cardinal principles of flour storage. Flour should not be stored in the cellar, since the cellar is rarely free from dampness, even though special flour bins have been built in. It is common to find odors in a cellar, and flour absorbs odors and is contaminated by them. The cellar is cool, but is usually too damp. Flour should not be stored in the attic of the usual type. The temperature is too high in summer, there is no circulation of air, and the flour is likely to acquire a musty odor. Flour should not be stored in the pantry or kitchen except in small quantities, since the temperature is certain to be uneven and the flour is likely to be contaminated by odors.

If practicable every household should possess a small room for storage of nonodorous commodities. Such a room is best located on the north side of the building. It should be ventilated, and a cool and even temperature should be maintained. Where such a room is not available a closet may fit the requirements well. The bins or containers should be kept clean, and when an old stock of flour is exhausted the container should be carefully cleaned before a new stock is placed.

Naturally the flour must be guarded from vermin. Flour should be examined occasionally to see that decomposition has not begun. Conserved in this manner, the sack of flour in the household and the larger stores of the retailer can be utilized practically to the exclusion of any waste through spoilage.

HERE'S A NEW BAG.

Oriental as Possible Is This Fascinating Reticule.

Oriental silk banded with a strip of embroidery, piece of a mandarin's coat.



CHINESE BEAUTY.

hung on two jade bracelets and finished with a gorgeous silk tassel, hung from two Chinese "cash," makes a handsome accessory for pongee frocks.

A Reminder.

You will never forget to give your whole order to the grocer if you follow this suggestion: Have a list of everything you use in the kitchen, paste the list on a flat board and put it in the pantry, or, if preferred, hang the list on the wall. This will be a reminder to you when the grocer comes.

BONUSES AND PAY BASED ON MERIT ATTRACT WORKERS

Company Wins Loyalty of Men by Recognizing Ability and Service.

INSURES LIVES OF ITS MEN.

Wage Rate Limited by Capability Only, but Cannot Fall Below Fixed Minimum—Workers Promoted From One Class to Another.

By recognizing individual effort on the part of its employees and by rewarding them liberally for faithfulness and industry a big machine tool company in Connecticut has succeeded in solving practically all the labor problems incidental to the management of a large manufacturing plant. So effective is the system adopted by the company that in a trifle over a year it increased its working force from 250 to over 1,400 hands, and that, too, in the tightest labor market this country has ever known in the metal working industries.

But this was not the only wonder accomplished. By perfecting the plan so that it gave even greater incentive to labor initiative able workers were attracted to the plant and remained there, so that gradually the coming and going of laborers, with the attendant waste, ceased and a permanent working staff of about 1,100 men remained. Moreover, records prove that these 1,100 men turned out more work than the 1,400 employed by the firm at the zenith of its hiring experience.

The basis of the system which worked all these reforms in the tool plant is the well established rule that the highest priced man does the best and most work and the short time man causes a direct loss. Thus the elimination of the "hiring and firing" evil in the plant in question resulted, as it usually does, in increased output, decreased spoilage of work and decreased spoilage of tools.

Methods Used to Hold Good Men. The company employs four methods to secure and retain the most profitable type of workmen. It has in operation a "maxi-pay" wage plan, a production bonus, a service bonus and an attractive form of insurance. From time to time happily worded pieces of literature are distributed to the workmen to call attention to some phase of co-operation.

The "maxi-pay" plan offers full opportunity for advancement along definite lines to those showing ability, provides a wage rate limited only by ability and occupation and advances wages in recognition of ability. The workmen are divided into these classes: Class AA includes sub-foremen and leaders in charge of working gangs of mechanics and, so far as possible, all foremen and shop executives are selected from this class. The minimum rate per hour is 55 cents, but the maximum rate is dependent on ability.

Class A includes skilled mechanics of demonstrated ability with a minimum rate of 50 cents per hour and the possibility of a higher maximum rate. Class B includes mechanics of good average ability, and the rate is 45 cents per hour. Mechanics of limited experience are placed in Class C. The rate per hour for this class is 40 cents. Apprentices, both special and regular, are included in Class D. Men from this class upon completing their courses are advanced to the class determined by computing their average efficiency records over the last three months of their apprenticeship.

In Class E is found labor of all kinds, skilled or unskilled, which is not directly productive. The minimum rate per hour is 30 cents, but the maximum is dependent upon ability and occupation. In the employment of men of this class preference is given to those who speak and write English and who show qualities which will later warrant advancement. This "maxi-pay" plan has been in successful operation since May 15, 1918.

Reward For Skill and Service. A production bonus which was incorporated into the plan on Nov. 1, 1916, provides extra compensation for employees who can beat the standard time set for the turning out of the various pieces.

Of course the basis of efficiency varies according to the class rating of the operator. In the lowest class of productive employees, for instance, the basis is set at 75 per cent, and 1 per cent of wages is paid for each per cent of efficiency above 75 per cent. The records of bonuses earned are used as a basis for advancement from one class to another in the "maxi-pay" rating. An employee also gets a bonus amounting to 10 per cent of the weekly wages he earns during the regular hours of operation.

Buy Insurance For Workers. On Nov. 14, 1916, the company took out group insurance for all workmen, who had been six months or more in the employ of the company. It can hardly be said that the success of the system as a whole is due entirely to the technique of the system itself. Back of it lies a wise selection of administrators who have won the confidence of the men.—Industrial Con-servation, New York.

Chesterfield CIGARETTES

of IMPORTED and DOMESTIC tobaccos—Blended



"Satisfy?" Yes! Yet, they're Mild!

Sure as you're a foot high. Sounds strange, because you never before smoked a mild cigarette that did that.

Yes, Chesterfields "reach home," they let you know you are smoking—they "Satisfy!"

Still, they're Mild!

A new blend of pure, natural imported and Domestic tobaccos—that's the answer. And the blend can't be copied.

Make Chesterfields your next buy.

Lights & Mfg. Co.

Wrapped in glassine paper—keeps them fresh.

20 for 10¢

They "Satisfy!"—and yet they're Mild!

HOW TO GROW PLUMP.

Hygiene Tips For Her Who Feels Scrappiness.

If you would grow plump eat lots of eggs, drink milk and put butter on everything that you can. Don't be afraid of a little meat now and then. Eat cereals with cream and food made with milk, eggs and butter. Go to bed early and get full eight or nine hours' sleep every night, and, above all, don't worry.

To fatten the face whenever the opportunity offers try blowing out the cheeks as you sometimes see little children do, holding them in this position for the space of a minute or so. Do this night and morning and several times during the day.

To make the cheeks plump the following is another good way: Rub a good skin food in with the following movement: To treat the right cheek place the thumb of the left hand just beyond the corner of the mouth of the left cheek as a brace. Make rotary movements upward and outward, beginning at the corner of the mouth and making three diverging lines of manipulation over the cheek. Then with the right hand treat the left cheek. In three months your face will show a decided improvement.

Herbs For Soups.

One woman states: "For herbs and such things or soups and tartar sauce I get parsley, mint, sage and summer savory in their season from large meat markets in the city. Celery seed, whole cloves, English mixed pickling spices you can buy at the grocery store, also capers and gherkins in small bottles. Garlic, bay leaves, thyme, sweet marjoram and shallots at the drug store. The last supply of summer savory I had the good fortune to gather from a garden about four years ago. It is still fine.

"To dry herbs they should be gathered on a dry day just before dawning, when they are in their highest state of perfection. Cleanse thoroughly from dust and dirt, cut off the roots, spread

on brown paper and put in warm oven that they may dry quickly to preserve their flavor. Care must be taken that they do not burn. When dry rub the leaves from the stems, put in pint glass jars and keep tightly covered. The parsley I dry and keep whole in a box to serve with meat or fish in winter, for I cannot get the fresh parsley in this place. When needed to serve freshen the dry parsley by dipping in hot water, containing a lump of baking soda. I use mixed pickling spices (a half teaspoonful) once in awhile in stews or soups for a change."

SAVE WISELY, BUT NOT TOO WELL, WAR ADVICE TO WOMEN

- ◆ Save wisely, but not too well.
- ◆ Don't turn patriotism into parsimony.
- ◆ Remember that a nation fights on its stomach.
- ◆ Eat less, but not too little.
- ◆ Substitute rather than starve; eat less meat, but more fish; eat less wheat-bread, but more corn bread.
- ◆ Save the canned food; the army needs it.
- ◆ Save the fat, but keep a balanced menu.

"Do you find that your constituents agree with you?"

"No," replied Senator Sorghum. "But that doesn't cause me any apprehension. If they refuse to be guided, there is plenty of time for me to come around and agree with them."—Washington Star.

Hang Up the Broom.

Brooms should always hang when not in use. Have a hole bored through the handle four inches from the end and large enough to slip over an ordinary nail. When left on the floor a broom soon loses its shape and will not do good work.

Chauncey Depew says the Kaiser will exact a war of indemnity of \$87,000,000 from the United States if we don't lick him. Well, we are not worrying much over that \$87,000,000,000.

Special Offer

to the Readers of This Paper

If you will send us the names of five friends in your town who you think would like to read the FAMILY STORY PAPER, we will send you and them each a sample copy, and will also send as a reward for your effort your choice of any one of the following:

- ◆ Your choice of 10 High Grade Assorted Greeting Post Cards, Camp Scenes, Sailor Boys, Soldier Boys, Battleships, Hallowsen, Thanksgiving, Christmas, New Years, etc.
- ◆ 1 Silver Plated Souvenir State Tea Spoon.
- ◆ The Ladies Fancy Work Manual for Crocheting and Embroidering.
- ◆ Mystic Oracle and Gypsy Dream Book.
- ◆ The Boy's Book on Toy Making.

Enclose 4c stamps to help cover cost and postage.

N. L. MUNRO'S PUB. HOUSE

338-340 Pearl St., New York.

LATH BOLTS Wanted At Once!

Must be not less than 5 K 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.

Briefs of the Week

W. E. Malpass is at Detroit on business this week.

Mrs. John Whiteford is visiting relatives at Traverse City.

Walter Johnson left Tuesday on a business trip to Detroit.

Born to Mr. and Mrs. Joe Conway a daughter, first of the week.

Miss Kate Malpass was home from Petoskey, first of the week.

Mrs. Jos. Cummins joined her husband at Fort Wayne, Monday.

Miss Jessie Stafford of Norwood is guest of Miss Louise Loyeday.

Miss Ruth Gregory left Monday for Mt. Pleasant to attend the Normal.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Gidley returned to their home at Detroit, last Saturday.

Geo. Palmer and daughter, Edna, are visiting in Lansing and Detroit this week.

Miss Marvel Chorpening left Thursday for a visit with relatives at Lawton Mich.

Dr. G. W. Bechtold and family were Belleaire visitors a couple of days this week.

Mrs. D. L. Wilson and son left Monday for Cadillac for a visit with her sister.

Mrs. C. Cook who has been visiting relatives at Detroit, returned home Thursday.

Catholic Ladies Bake-sale next Saturday, Oct. 6th, at the East Jordan Drug Co. Store.

Miss Blanche Zoulek arrived from Chicago, Wednesday for a visit with her parents.

Mrs. R. T. McDonald and Mrs. Geo. Ramsey visited relatives at Central Lake a few days this week.

Mr. and Mrs. Irwin McGowan, and Walter Johnson returned home Sunday from their auto trip to Grand Rapids.

J. W. Rogers who has been visiting relatives at Charlotte, returned home Tuesday.

A surprise party was given Mrs. G. L. Sherman at her home Wednesday evening in honor of her birthday anniversary.

Mrs. Frank Porter and daughter, Alice leave next Monday for East Lansing, where they will make their future home.

A surprise and farewell party was given Alice Porter by her Sunday School class Tuesday evening at the W. E. Malpass home.

Mrs. Arthur Shepard and son left first of the week for Cadillac, where she will join her husband and make their future home.

The annual meeting of the Charlevoix County Chapter of the Red Cross will be held at East Jordan on Monday Oct. 15th at 7:30 p. m.

Mrs. Foster, will return to her home at Grand Rapids this Saturday, after spending a few weeks here with her daughter, Miss Helen M. Foster.

M. A. Lemieux came up from Flint last Saturday for a fortnight's visit with his family. Mrs. Lemieux plans to return with him to Flint to spend the winter.

The Presbyterian Missionary Society will meet at the home of Mrs. Chas. Hudson next Friday afternoon, Oct. 12th, at 2:30 o'clock. A full attendance is desired.

The M. E. Ladies Aid will serve their annual supper at the Church parlors next Wednesday evening, Oct. 10th. Commencing at 5 o'clock. A large crowd is expected.

Miss Norma Johnson, who accompanied Mr. and Mrs. Irwin McGowan on their auto trip to Grand Rapids, returned with them as far as Cadillac where she left for Mt. Pleasant to attend the State Normal.

Ira D. Bartlett returned home from Petoskey, Tuesday, where he underwent an operation last Thursday for an infection in his right hand. The hand is healing nicely but it will probably be several weeks before he regains the use of it.

A quiet wedding was solemnized on Wednesday afternoon, Sept. 19th at the Congregational parsonage, when Miss Hazel Cummins, of East Jordan, became the bride of Russell Harrington of Flint, the Rev. G. E. Taggart performing the ceremony. The couple were unattended and left immediately for Flint, where Mr. Harrington has a fine position as motor tester in one of the large automobile factories, and where they will make their future home.—Charlevoix Courier.

Presbyterian Church Notes

Robert S. Sidebotham, Pastor.

Sunday, Oct. 7, 1917.
10:30 a. m.—Communion Service.
12:00 a. m.—Sunday School.
4:30 p. m.—Vesper service, "The Reason for Existence."
5:30 p. m.—Christian Endeavor.
7:30 p. m.—Preaching services at the Mt. Elias School House.

The time of the evening service is changed from 7:30 to 4:30 p. m. This service will last one hour. This change of time was noted by the congregation.

Sunday at 10:00 a. m.—The Session will meet with all who wish to unite with the Church.

Thursday 7:30 p. m.—The pastor will be in attendance of the Synod at Niles, Mich. The Prayer meeting will not be held, but all are urged to attend the meeting at the Methodist Church.

St. Joseph's Church
Rev. Timothy Kroboth.

Sunday, Oct. 7.
10:30 a. m. High Mass.
7:00 p. m. Devotions, Benediction.

ARMLESS WONDER
A STAR ON THE FARM

Can Drive an Auto, Fire the Furnace and Write, but Cannot Milk the Cows.

Joplin, Mo.—Frank C. Zerber is the "one and only armless wonder" in this vicinity. He lives in a nearby village, is a farmer, and, although armless, ranks with the best of them. He lost both arms at the shoulder in a railroad wreck several years ago.

Although this great misfortune would have taken the heart out of most men, Zerber merely declared he'd "come back." And he has kept his word.

He decided farming was the most inviting occupation. So he mastered the problems it presented. What he is unable to do with shoulders and teeth he can do with his feet, and he is as dextrous as most people are with their hands.

Here are some of the things that Zerber can do successfully: Drive a five-horse team to a gang plow; plant corn as well as any man; drive a cultivator; drive an automobile; fire the furnace; open any door of a house; write, and dress himself with the exception of attaching his collar.

Practically the only things he cannot do on the farm are harness the horses and milking the cows. For such work and other small chores he hires a man.

Zerber has a farm of about 100 acres and it is one of the best kept in the country. His house is a model of convenience, electricity being used in many ways to assure comfort and save labor. Zerber is married and has a large family, but none of his children helps him on the farm, all that are of age being engaged elsewhere.

Forty-three years ago the first through train for California left Chicago. Now nine through trains leave Chicago daily for California over various lines.

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First Methodist Episcopal Church

Rev. Myron E. Hoyt, Pastor.

Sunday, Oct. 7, 1917.

The regular services of this Church will be held as usual next Sabbath. The evening service will be one-half hour earlier, the Epworth League meeting at 6 o'clock and Public Worship at 7 o'clock.

The Pastor's theme for the morning service will be "Life's Invisible Leadership." Evening theme, "The Magnetism of the Cross." Afternoon service at Walker's at 2:30 p. m.

The new Pastor of this Church is delighted with the reception accorded him already and is anxious to become acquainted with the general public as rapidly as possible. We will be glad to greet you next Sunday.

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He decided farming was the most inviting occupation. So he mastered the problems it presented. What he is unable to do with shoulders and teeth he can do with his feet, and he is as dextrous as most people are with their hands.

Here are some of the things that Zerber can do successfully: Drive a five-horse team to a gang plow; plant corn as well as any man; drive a cultivator; drive an automobile; fire the furnace; open any door of a house; write, and dress himself with the exception of attaching his collar.

Practically the only things he cannot do on the farm are harness the horses and milking the cows. For such work and other small chores he hires a man.

Zerber has a farm of about 100 acres and it is one of the best kept in the country. His house is a model of convenience, electricity being used in many ways to assure comfort and save labor. Zerber is married and has a large family, but none of his children helps him on the farm, all that are of age being engaged elsewhere.

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St. Joseph's Church
Rev. Timothy Kroboth.

Sunday, Oct. 7.
10:30 a. m. High Mass.
7:00 p. m. Devotions, Benediction.

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BROKEN DOWN IN HEALTH

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

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

—Mrs. JENNIE MOYER, 342 E. North St., Lima, Ohio.

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

Wrist watches for farmers is the latest proposal. If progress keeps up, rural communities will be more civilized than the cities.

Dr. W. H. Parks
Physician and Surgeon
Office in Monroe block, over East Jordan Drug Co's Store
Phone 158-4 rings
Office hours: 1:30 to 4:00 p. m.
7:00 to 8:00 p. m.
X-RAY in Office.

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

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

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

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

OPEN NOSTRILS! END A COLD OR CATARRH
How to Get Relief When Head and Nose are Stuffed Up.
Count fifty! Your cold in head or nostrils disappears. Your stuffed nostrils will open, the air passages of your head will clear and you can breathe freely. No more snuffing, hawking, mucous discharge, dryness or headache; so struggling for breath at night.
Get a small bottle of Ely's Cream Balm from your druggist and apply a little of this fragrant antiseptic cream in your nostrils. It penetrates through every air passage of the head, soothing and healing the swollen or inflamed mucous membrane, giving you instant relief. Head colds and catarrh yield like magic. Don't stay stuffed-up and miserable. Relief is sure.

CONVICT TELLS OF HIDDEN FORTUNE

JOILEY INMATE RELATES AN AMAZING TALE

Chance-given Riches are His, but He Despairs of Ever Using the Buried "Swag."

Joliet, Ill.—Within the penitentiary walls here is a man serving his fourth prison sentence for crime. Blind chance has made him the master of a fortune, which, were he free, he could hardly spend during his lifetime. The only evidence of its existence is a key that dangles from his neck.

The thought of death—death in a prison cell—has brought the remarkable story of Convict No. 4735 to light. He recently told it for the first time in the private office of the warden of the penitentiary.

And this is the story, which—if it is true—rivals in weirdness of detail the most bizarre imaginings of a Dumas or Poe.

In December of 1915, No. 4735 was released from the penitentiary and began working to regain a place in society. For a time his efforts were rewarded. He began saving and made arrangements to marry and live down the past.

On his way home from work one night he was accosted by a man whom he had known in the past. The man, with a good deal of secrecy, gave him a sealed envelope, which he told him not to open until he had reached home.

The envelope contained a key, a \$2 bill, and a paper of instructions. The paper directed him to a certain place where he would find a strong box wrapped in paper. This he was to keep with the key until a newspaper should tell him where to dispose of it.

Number 4735—his name is William Mansfield Williams—waited until the advertisement appeared. He kept the appointment. The advertiser did not. For some days he waited. Then he opened the box.

Within it were several thousands of dollars in Government bonds, and necklaces and rings he could set no value upon. Frightened, he hid the box.

Another advertisement appeared. This time Williams did not respond. A few days later he was arrested on a charge of highway robbery. He was tried and sentenced to fourteen years. The chief witness against him in the trial was a fellow convict, with whom he had formed an acquaintance on leaving the prison. The case, Williams says, was a "frame."

From time to time since his imprisonment, Williams declares that he has received threatening letters. Death upon the expiration of his sentence is predicted unless the box is restored.

"I hope it comes sooner than that," said Williams when questioned recently. "My soul already is dead. Long years of imprisonment have made me indifferent. Three years more and I will die and be buried over near the prison quarry without their trouble."

"But when I go, the box and its contents will go with me, because it is hidden so safely that it never can be found. If it should chance that I live thru the eight years more of my imprisonment, my first act as a free man will be to throw it into Lake Michigan."

"Turn it over to the State! Why should I? Twelve years of my life behind prison bars have dissipated any impression that the State has any regard for me. I have nothing to live for. Society has branded me as an undesirable. The only way to efface that stain is to die. I used to amuse myself in the early years of my imprisonment writing to representatives of society for help that never came. I'm thru with that now."

Investigation revealed that Williams' story, in so far as it relates to his imprisonment, is true.

COUPLE MEET AFTER 23 YEARS

They Promptly Renew Old Quarrel Where It Left Off.

New York, N. Y.—Twenty-three years ago, after twelve years of happy married life, Thomas Hanley and his wife, Elizabeth, had a quarrel. Thomas left home, declaring he never would return.

This week Mrs. Hanley saw her husband on the street and immediately had him arrested.

"Won't you return to your wife now?" Magistrate Harris asked him. "She is sorry she quarreled with you."

"No, she isn't either," retorted Thomas. "I stayed away for twenty-three years and yesterday when I saw her she started quarreling again right where she left off about the same thing."

Magistrate Harris advised Hanley to pay his wife \$2 a week.

The Brazilian state of Bahia produces one-third of the world's cacao and as much tobacco as all of Cuba.

BLINDS BULL AND ESCAPES

Man Jams Fingers Into Its Eyes When Animal Charges Him.

ALASKAN WOLF DOG KILLS MOTHER BEAR

Master From Whom Animal Recently Was Stolen Tells of "Timber Devil's" Savage Nature.

Seattle, Wash.—"Wolf" is Alaska's savage outlaw dog. The blood of many creatures is on his hardened conscience, and the brand of his fang on man and beast.

Son of the wild, he is, by virtue of what he has learned from his human associates, a super-brute. Many call him the "Timber Devil."

The story of his battle to the death with a she bear near here probably is unmatched for dog courage and loyalty to master. It was told by Paul Buckley, widely known Alaskan, from whom this remarkable dog recently was stolen.

Wolf's mother was a husky, his father a timber wolf. From puppyhood he has been a killer. Battle scars cover him. One ear is gone. A tuft under his jaw, like a beard, gives the broad, wolfish head a particularly sinister look. And he hates a bear with all the inherited venom of his breed.

When Buckley, his master, hunting up Valdez creek, jumped a large she bear and two cubs in the blueberry bushes, Wolf leaped to the attack to protect the men.

Circling for advantage, slashing and snapping warily, the two arch enemies bore off up a slope. Buckley, fearing for his dog, tried to whistle him back. Once or twice Wolf attempted to return, but the bear outflanked him.

Then Wolf, with all his cunning, began a deadly maneuver that ended only when the two had gone deep into the solitudes. Just as the she bear had forgotten her cubs, so the wolf dog had now forgotten his master until this wilderness feud had been settled.

Running with tireless ease, Wolf drew the black bear on until fatigue had sapped her terrible energy, until her slashing charges had begun to abate. She was fat, and he was lean—the resilient leanness of fighting fitness. And they closed, in a whirl of fury.

It must have been magnificent, that finish of cardinal hate, but no man saw it. Buckley, who had watched the beginning from a tree top, and who waited many hours for his dog's return, had finally made temporary camp and had shot the two whining, deserted cubs.

Hours later Wolf dragged himself into Buckley's permanent camp six miles distant where his master's partner was getting dinner. His tongue was out. He was badly mangled. With supreme effort he got upon Buckley's bunk, calling weakly for his master.

But there was bear's blood on his muzzle, and a gleam of victory in the hateful eyes. Next day, too, prospectors told of having found a dead she bear not far away in the timber—with her throat ripped open.

MESCAL-EATING HABIT GROWS AMONG INDIANS

Becoming a Menace, Says Secret Service Agent Fighting Evil.

Winnebago, Neb.—The mescal evil among the Indians is becoming a menace, according to F. T. Thunder, an Indian employed in the Government secret service. In addition to his regular work Mr. Thunder is fighting the mescal traffic. Indians of the Winnebago reservation are especially given to the use of the drug, Thunder declares.

The mescal plant bears small brown pellets about the size of the average overcoat button. These when eaten in quantities of a dozen or more leave the user in a temporary state of mental derangement, during which, the Indians believe, they are communicating with the holy spirit.

"While you are under the influence of this drug you do not see things as they really are," said Thunder. "I used the drug for a long time, and I thought as some of them do now. I could hear bells ringing and could see visions of heaven. I had a hard time quitting, but I did so. I am trying to persuade others to quit."

"But we are powerless to stop the evil except thru gentle means. When I come upon a number of men using mescal, each has a Bible, and they say they are holding a religious meeting. If I try to interfere they can have me arrested for disturbing the peace."

"There is no law I know of against the use of the mescal plant, but we hope the Legislature will take it up soon. It is killing many red men. Some of them feed it to their babies to quiet them."

FIND WOOD IN HORSE'S HEAD

Animal is Relieved of Oak Splinters After Ten Years.

Covington, Ind.—Two pieces of oak wood, one two and three quarter inches long, and the other slightly shorter, were removed by a veterinarian from the head of a horse belonging to Julius Loeb. The wood had been in the animal's head for more than ten years.

John Bowers, who used the horse while on Loeb's farm, says the accident took place about eleven years ago. In striking its head against a projecting piece of oak, the left eye had been destroyed. The two pieces of wood which were removed from a place a little below the other eye, were well preserved.

The horse had worked until a year or so ago when Charles Howard, its present caretaker, turned it out to pasture.

It is hoped soon to make all of Yosemite National Park accessible throughout the year.

INSIST ON MATES OF MORAL HABITS

MAJORITY OF GIRLS MAKE THIS FIRST REQUIREMENT

Students at University of Missouri Give Views on Matrimony in Symposium.

Kansas City, Mo.—What are your requirements of the person whom you would marry? That question was asked of the students in connection with a discussion on "convention" by Prof. L. L. Bernard in his sociology class of the University of Missouri the other day. Sixty-eight students—forty-one women and twenty-seven men—placed on the professor's desk anonymous statements in reply.

The tabulated opinions show the women consider moral habits as the prime requisite. Nineteen women make it the first requirement, six the second requirement, eight the third requirement, six the fourth requirement, one the fifth requirement and one does not mention it.

Good social position is considered most important by seven women while the average place this requirement in fourth place.

Good income is held to be of prime importance by five women, while seventeen hold it to be of secondary and ten of tertiary importance.

Congeniality and good treatment is placed among the first four requisites by thirty-one women, three of whom make it the first requirement.

One signifies her willingness to abide with a middle-aged man, while thirteen place youth as fifth in importance.

One insists that good looks is the first essential in a husband, while the majority seem willing to waive this quality after putting in requests for a good income, congeniality and a good social position.

Just as the women require good moral habits as the prime essential, so the men insist on good character, and twenty demand it as the first requirement.

While the women are more insistent for intellectual ability, the men base their faith on physical beauty. Five men make it a first requirement, while no one places it below the fourth place.

"All except five of the men express an opinion on congeniality, but they do not hold it as a high requirement, and indicate their trust in character, youth and beauty to include that quality."

The men are generally interested in the training for home making, making this requirement average fourth in importance. The men are decidedly interested in good heredity, while the women make no mention of it.

Two women and two men desire their mates to be religious. One man yearns for mutual infatuation, and places it as a third requirement in his scheme of things for marital bliss. One woman longs for sympathy and assigns it in fifth place. One man insists on sincerity and common sense, while another requires musical talent in his wife-to-be and a third demands his wife must be economical.

INFANT'S BODY BECOMES MUMMY IN 20 YEARS

Negro Baby Embalmed Long Ago is Preserved by a Chester, Pa., Undertaker.

Chester, Pa.—A real mummy, a little colored baby, born some twenty years ago, who died after living several weeks, was viewed with interest the other day at an undertaking establishment here.

There is no record of the parentage of the infant, and, in brief, its history is that it was found dead twenty years ago, and the body was turned over to the late Thomas Minshall, then an undertaker and deputy coroner.

As the body was never claimed, he decided to use it for experimental purposes in embalming, and prepared a special mixture of embalming fluid, a portion of which he injected into the little body.

The result proved successful, and in a short time there were evidences of mummification, and after being an object of curiosity and a "ten days' wonder," the mummy, characterized "little," was taken to an unused room in the building and tucked away on the top shelf of a closet.

During all these years the infant body has lain there undisturbed, except when some curious person has called at the establishment and requested permission to see it. The mummy is twenty inches long, weighs two pounds, and resembles in every way a real-colored baby.

TRAMP DOG ATTENDS FUNERALS

Nesquehoning, Pa.—This community has a dog which manifests a fondness for attending funerals. Since attention was drawn to his habit he has never been known to miss one. He usually walks beside the hearse and will go into the church if permitted. He has frequently been driven out, but when this happens he will wait outside until services are over and then accompany the cortege to the grave. He is only a common tramp dog, but since he has shown humane instinct people are taking more kindly to him, and instead of being kicked about he is now being treated with the utmost consideration.

Good News For Our Community

THAT WILL INTEREST The Sick and Suffering COMING BACK FOR ONE DAY ONLY



BOYNE CITY, Mich., Hotel Wolverine (Parlor Suite) on TUESDAY, Oct. 23rd, 1917 Hours 9 a. m. to 8 p. m.

DR. IRVING E. SANDERS

will hold his dispensary clinic for all his patients and others anxious to see him. Dr. Sanders is too well known in this locality to need an introduction. His hundreds of patients cured will testify to his ability as an expert physician and medical authority. No matter what your ailment is, if you are not in perfect health, do not fail to see him and have him examine you. Consultation and examination on this visit will be free. Remember the date of his visit! For one day only.

WORTH THEIR WEIGHT IN GOLD.

No man can do his best when suffering from backache, rheumatic pains, swollen joints or sore muscles. E. H. Stone, 840 N. 2nd St., Reading, Pa., writes: "For months I was unable to attend to business. I used Foley Kidney Pills and soon the pains and aches were gone. They are worth their weight in gold to me."—Hite's Drug Store.

Girls with the most cheek do the least blushing.

The best poker hand is made up of calling cards.

A woman's tongue is mightier than a man's fist.

Silence is golden, except when a counterfeit.

Hard hitters are usually poor quitters.

Stolen sweets may be hard to digest.

GLASS OF SALTS IF YOUR KIDNEYS HURT

But less meat if you feel backache or have bladder trouble—Salts are for Kidneys.

Most forms uric acid which settles and overworks the kidneys in their efforts to filter it from the system. Regular users of meat must flush the kidneys occasionally. You must believe them like you believe your bowels, removing all the acids, waste and poisons, else you feel a dull misery in the kidney region, sharp pains in the back or side, headache, dizziness, your stomach sour, tongue is coated and when the weather is bad you have rheumatic twinges. The urine is cloudy, full of sediment, the channels often get irritated, obliging you to get up two or three times during the night.

To neutralize these irritating acids and flush off the body's urinous waste get about four ounces of Jad Salts from any pharmacy; take a tablespoonful in a glass of water before breakfast for a few days and your kidneys will then act fine and bladder disorders disappear. This famous salt is made from the acid of grapes and lemon juice, combined with lithia, and has been used for generations to clean and stimulate sluggish kidneys and stop bladder irritation. Jad Salts is inexpensive; harmless and makes a delightful effervescent lithia-water drink which millions of men and women take now and then, thus avoiding serious kidney and bladder diseases.

Russian soldiers are paid 6 cents a day, but those around Riga don't seem to be earning it.

A few lessons in domestic silence would do some of the ladies a lot of good. And some of the gentlemen.

MAKES GOOD IN THE NORTH

A cough remedy must be good to give satisfaction in a northern state's variable weather. Bertram Bros., Green Bay, Wis., writes: "We have used Foley's HONEY and TAR and recommend it to anyone who needs a good, reliable cough and cold remedy." Relieves croup, opens air passages, eases strangling fight for breath.—Hite's Drug Store.

Keeps Your Stove Shining Bright

Gives a brilliant glossy shine that does not rub off or dust off—that remains on the iron—that lasts four times as long as any other.

Black Silk Stove Polish

is in a class by itself. It's more carefully made than made from better materials.

Try it on your parlor stove, your kitchen or your gas range. If you don't find it the best polish you ever used, your hardware or grocery dealer is authorized to refund your money.

There's "A Every Drop"

Get a Can TODAY

For Your Health's Sake Drink More Milk

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

The average family must cut down the food bills. Why not, then, buy milk at a low price rather than some other foods at exorbitant prices?

One quart of milk equals:—

- 8 eggs
- 3 lbs. fresh codfish
- 3-5 lb. of ham
- 2 lbs. of chicken
- 3-4 lb. of round steak
- 4-5 lb. of pork chops

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

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

McCOOL & MATHER
PHONE 29