

Charlevoix County Herald.

Vol. 21

EAST JORDAN, MICHIGAN, FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 23, 1917.

No. 47

Left For Camp Custer

Another Quota of Charlevoix
County Men.

Through courtesy of County Clerk Lewis, we publish the below list of men who went to Camp Custer, Wednesday, Nov. 21st.

Clinton Raymond	East Jordan
George Chard	"
Irvin Flanders	"
William Murphy	"
Russell Barnett	"
Howard C. Middleton	Boyne City
Emrial LaCroix	"
Fred Friend	"
Lester Davison	"
Roy Winegarden	"
Tracey LaCroix	"
Clyde Cadwell	"
Omer Charles Jones	"
Harry Potter	Charlevoix
Earl Sneathen	"
Andries Klooster	"
Edward Potter	"
Emmet Dickerhoof	Bay Shore
George Dickerhoof	"
Leo Holmberg	Walloon Lake
Lawrence C. Weaver	Clarion

The following man did not appear for Examination before the Charlevoix County Local Board, and was sent to Camp Custer by Order of John S. Bersey Adjutant General of the State of Michigan.

Charles Henry Bender Boyne City

School Notes

An informal game of football was played Friday night between the grades of the Public School and the St. Joseph School, ending in the score of 42-0 in favor of the Public School.

A Thanksgiving program will be given by the 4th grade on Wednesday afternoon at 2:00 o'clock, Nov. 28th. All persons are invited to come.

The first grade will complete their Merrill primers this week.

\$155 was subscribed by the pupils and teachers of the Public Schools for the Y. M. C. A.

The girl's debating society will meet on Wednesday of this week and bring as many outsiders as possible. They will consider a constitution.

The eighth grade, which is composed of 46 members, elected the following officers at a recent meeting:—Pres. Alice Malpass; Vice-Pres., Raymond Hockstad; Sec'y Julia Supernaw; Treas. Helen Stroebel; Class Advisor, A. E. Wells.

The class is now practicing on a play to be given shortly after Xmas. It has recently started the study of the poems of Oliver Wendell Holmes, some of which are to be memorized. Work in oral composition has been started and book reviews loom in the near future.

The seventh grade history class is studying the New England colonies, and are also doing special work on the Pilgrims.

The 7th grade English classes are studying the Courtship of Miles Standish and are planning to dramatize parts of the poem for the Thanksgiving program. They have assigned their characters.

The 6th grade is now starting to learn their Thanksgiving songs and other exercises for Thanksgiving.

Night school in Manual Training will start Monday, Dec. 3, if the people desiring instruction form a large enough class. The class will meet every Monday, Tuesday and Thursday evening. Tuition rate will be \$2.50. The course offered will be a practical course in furniture construction and design. The student may work upon any piece he likes. Those interested will please see Mr. Wells on or before Dec. 3.

The Freshmen had their first class party last Friday night at the school-house. A double program of stunts and dancing was carried out. Ice cream and cake were served during the intermission. In spite of numerous attempts of people on the outside to rob the culerary department, and to help the entertainment along, all seemed to enjoy themselves and the class is hoping to have another party sometime in the near future when electricity is more plentiful.

No man or woman has ever been educated to great usefulness or lasting distinction outside the school of adversity.

Sergt. Flahiff Next Wednesday

Second Number of Lecture
Course A Big Feature.

A popular feature of the talk to be given here on the Lyceum Course next Wednesday evening Nov. 28th, by Sergeant John T. Flahiff is the question box he conducts at the close of his address. Sergeant Flahiff has just been sent back by the doctors from the battle-fields in France where he spent seven months in the trenches with the famous Princess Pat Regiment. He was in the great battle of the Somme, in the Ypres salient during the heavy fighting, and at Baupume back of Vimy Ridge.

Mr. Flahiff does not spend the evening in an abstract discussion of the war, its causes and probable results, neither does he tell what should be done to end it. He is simply a young American boy who has been there and tells in his unassuming way actual life in the trenches. He tells what the boys do from the time they start in training until they have entered the front-line trenches, gone "over the top" and are back of the lines again after having been relieved. He tells nothing that he doesn't know about, for in active service on the western front as bomber machine gunner, and stretcher-bearer he has been through all of it.

Sergeant Flahiff appears in the Canadian uniform and to clearly illustrate his description he carries bombs, a gas mask, and uses for a background an imitation trench. At the close of his lecture he answers any questions that his listeners may care to ask about the technical end of the actual fighting, and he is always kept busy.

Presbyterian Church Notes

Robert S. Sidebotham, Pastor.

Sunday, Nov. 25, 1917.
10:30 a. m.—'Nehemiah the Patriot.'
12:00 a. m.—Sunday School.
4:30 p. m.—'The work of John Knox.'
The sermon Sunday afternoon is the third in the series, 'Great men of the Church.' The study in the life of John Knox should tell us much about the Scottish traits that have had such an influence on our national life. Dec. 2, is the last of the series, 'George Whitefield.'

5:30 p. m.—Christian Endeavor.
Thursday Nov. 29—Union Thanksgiving Day service in the M. E. Church at 10:30 a. m. The sermon will be preached by the Presbyterian pastor. This service will last just one hour.

First Methodist Episcopal Church

Rev. Myron E. Hoyt, Pastor.

Sunday, Nov. 25, 1917.
10:30 a. m.—'The power of an endless life.'
11:45 a. m.—Sunday School.
3:00 p. m.—Junior League.
6:00 p. m.—Epworth League. "Counting our blessings."
7:00 p. m.—Evening Worship. "The lime Pits of Life."

Let all the members and friends of this congregation come prepared to report on Governments Food Saving Efforts.

The annual Thanksgiving Day Service will be held in this church beginning promptly at 10:30 lasting one hour. Rev. Robert Sidebotham will deliver the address. Let's make it a real union service. In view of the fact hundreds of Serians and Americans have perished in recent months by the slow route of starvation and thousands more are in dire need. The offering this year will be devoted to that purpose. This is in answer to the appeal of the America Committee for Armenian and Syrian Relief.—Cleveland H. Dodge, Treasurer.

Church of God

J. W. Ruehle, Pastor.

Sunday, Nov. 25, 1917.
9:30 a. m. Sunday School.
10:30 a. m. Morning Worship.
1:30 p. m. Sunday School at Three Bell School House.
2:30 Divine Worship at Three Bell School house.
7:00 p. m. Evening Worship.
Wednesday 7:00 p. m. Prayer Meeting.
Friday 7:00 p. m. Cottage Meeting.

Nothing jolts a small minded man like being forced to admit that he is in the wrong.

THANKSGIVING DAY

A Proclamation, By the Governor.

Thanksgiving Day is peculiarly an American festival. For generations the American people have observed it. The old New England Thanksgiving Day dates back, we are told, to 1622, and we still delight in it. It is a joyous home-coming for the scattered members of the family. They gather under the old roof-tree to feast and make merry. We go to Church and give thanks to Almighty God for all his blessings and mercies.

Today, we as a nation have to face not only the problem of preserving our own sacred liberties, but of making the world a safe place to live in for the small nation as well as the great. We have gone to war for this righteous purpose. It is a purpose worthy of our history and our best traditions. And may we not be thankful for the sturdy manhood and the splendid womanhood that are ready to make the supreme sacrifice for the sake of human rights and human freedom?

May God strengthen our arm and increase our courage, and may He keep us constant and steadfast until the victory shall be won. Therefore, I Albert E. Sleeper, Governor of the State of Michigan, do hereby join the President of the United States in designating 'Thursday, the twenty-ninth day of November next, as a day of Thanksgiving and Prayer.'

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

ALBERT E. SLEEPER,
Governor.

By the Governor:
COLEMAN C. VAUGHAN,
Secretary of State.

School Commissioner's Notes

May L. Stewart, Commissioner

Schools formerly skipped because of potato digging vacations were visited this week.

Five townships completed and four teachers meetings conducted.

The South Arm spelling contest is to be held at the South Arm Grange Hall at 8:00 o'clock standard, on the night of Friday, Feb. 8th. They are to sing knap-sack songs and popular patriotic music in union.

The Eveline township spelling contest is to be held in Ironton, at 7:30 standard, on Washington's birthday. Knapsack songs and the following patriotic selections have been chosen. "Your Flag and My Flag," "Keep the Home Fires Burning," "We'll Never Let the Old Flag Fall," and the "Finest Flag that Flies." Admission free. Sandwiches and coffee sold at the lunch counter. Proceeds to go to the American Red Cross.

The Bay township spelling contest will be held in the Horton's Bay Odd Fellows Hall, at 7:30, on the night of Feb. 15th. Two patriotic songs will be sung, flag salute will be given by all three schools. Each school will also furnish patriotic readings or recitations. The meeting is open to everyone, and the teachers plan on inviting the Red Cross Society of Hortons Bay to serve if they wish to raise money at that time.

The Norwood spelling contest will be held at the Hilton school on the night of Jan. 26th at 7:30 standard. Arrangements in regard to the program and refreshments will be made later. The chairman responsible is Thos. Scroggie of Norwood. Any money raised at this time will be given to the Y. M. C. A.

Miss Amy Metcalf of the Major school is delighted with the fact that her director will allow her to purchase library books with \$23.00 library fund on hand.

Also Miss Mable Thayer of the Ranney school is pleased to report a perspective new library of \$20.00 worth of additional books.

The Ironton furnace is to be repiped according to the original state plans which the Superintendent of Public Instruction had desired to be followed when the furnace was first purchased. This provides ventilation and sanitation, and we trust may also heat the building. The general misunderstanding of terms seems to have caused considerable difficulty, but now that this has been thoroughly understood, we trust that we may have perfect satisfaction in the future.

The Walloon Lake teacher, Miss Mayme Scroggie, enthusiastically reports new Caustine systems for their school.

Miss Ethel Brintnall of the Three

Bells school plans on many little extras for the school from the careful investment of the premium money gained by the pupils at the County Fair. The school board is to meet with her this month and they will take up several matters together.

The Star school has the only liquid soap urn among the rural schools of the county. Advance is the only rural school so far to provide a medicine cabinet and first aid remedies in the school room. The teacher said, "If I were to give a social I wouldn't know what to spend the money for, the school board keeps the school so well provided for."

Eveline township has three schools with almost perfect equipment, Walker Three Bells and Advance. Three Banner schools in a Banner township, with Hayes township a close second.

Miss Mary Berg had her pupils make flags of all the fighting nations and it was surely an interesting study. They will be seen in the decorations at the spelling contest.

The Ranney school furnace is not only new and ideal but satisfactory in every respect, guaranteed to heat and protect health by ventilation and not an ounce of fuel wasted in the construction. Miss Thayer reports making her busy work from an old chair which she found in the basement and that her school board loyally gets for her anything that she needs.

The Miles school is entirely equipped with new adjustable seats, woodwork painted and a new section of slate blackboard bring happiness to the long suffering teacher.

The Phelps school, Marion No. 6, have started a number of improvements. Phelps already had a standard school, but the teacher, C. H. Dewey, and the director, Mr. Francisco, have studied out a number of ways in which the school may be improved. Two mountain ash trees have been planted, the desks rearranged and there are many interesting plans for the future.

A good resolution is all right—provided you don't let it go at that.

A woman is seldom satisfied when an old dress is forced to do her a good turn.

Did you ever notice the size of trouble depends on whether its coming or going?

Because you believe a thing doesn't indicate that you regard it as a positive fact.

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 cough, opens air passages, eases strangling fight for breath. Hite's Drug Store.

HEN FEEDS ARE "SHOWN UP" BY INVESTIGATORS.

Analysis by M. A. C. Indicate
that Purchasers Pay More for
Weed Seed, Grit and Inferior
Mixtures.

East Lansing, Mich., Nov. 20.—A careful analysis of poultry scratch feeds conducted by chemists of the experimental station of the Michigan agricultural college to determine whether or not these products are endowed with the many virtues that have been claimed for them, has brought out this fact that purchasers of these mixtures have mostly been paying for inferior grain, weed seed and grit than it would have cost them to buy equivalent weight of high grade, whole grain.

"Poultry scratch feeds, while a few of them are made of whole grain of good quality, have on the whole," a report on the results of the investigation declares, "been credited, like Germany before the war, with virtues they do not possess. Purchasers of poultry scratch feeds, instead of coming into possession of superior, health-giving products of high merit, have for the most part simply been paying beautiful prices for a poor grade of grain, adulterated often with a high percent of weed seeds and grit. A few reliable companies may be embarrassed by what the investigation has shown of the work of less scrupulous makers of poultry feeds, through respective of whose name a scratch feed bears, the poultryman himself will save much money if he will use whole grain and mix it at home. Scratch feeds are only economical when they can be bought for what they really are."

"There was one feed, for example, and it was one of the best, offered on market for \$4.75 a hundredweight. The corn, wheat, oats and barley of which it was composed could have been secured anywhere for \$3.86. The grain contained in another commercial feed was worth just \$2.87 at prevailing market prices—mixed up and christened with a pretty name it was selling at \$4.50 to glibble poultrymen. In the very best sample there was only \$4.13 worth of grain—and it was selling at \$4.80. In most feeds the value of grain range only from \$3.25 to \$3.75, and they were selling at prices ranging from \$4.50 to \$4.75."

"Of course much stress has been laid by the manufacturers on the fact that these scratch feeds offered as 'balanced rations' to give the hens variety in their diet, but any poultryman with a half an ounce of brains can feed his hens a superior fare at a dollar less per hundredweight by doing the 'balancing' himself. One feed was found to contain 30 pounds of corn, 5 pounds of oats, 10 pounds of barley, 30 pounds of wheat, 3 pounds of buckwheat and 2 pounds of kafir corn in every 100 pounds. Another had in it 40 pounds of corn, 10 pounds of barley, 20 pounds of wheat, 10 pounds of kafir corn and 15 pounds of weed seeds. Still a third was made up of 25 pounds of corn 10 pounds of barley, 30 pounds of wheat, 5 pounds of kafir corn, 10 pounds of weeds and 20 pounds of grit, while the fourth contained 55 pounds of corn, 15 pounds of barley, 10 pounds of wheat and 20 pounds of weeds. Thus it continued through the whole catalogue of feeds tested."

"Forty-nine samples were found to contain ordinary lime stone grit, which being charged for at the rate of approximately 2 cents a pound. In other samples the corn, wheat, oats and barley used were mostly of inferior quality and light weight, and in some cases salvaged grains were substituted for. "But most objectionable be in a large number of samples was the abundance of weed seeds, which in some feeds made up as much as 30 pounds in every hundredweight. Among these were many poisonous varieties, such as night shade, ergot and cockle. Sample, containing night shade, when ground up and fed to hens on the college farm as an experiment result in the death of two and effected all the others. The fact that these seeds are always whole and are therefore not all eaten by the hens probably accounts for fewer fatalities in the average flock. "The final conclusion drawn from the inspection is that if poultrymen will buy the whole grain and mix it at home they will save themselves all the way from 25 to 100 per cent in the cost of their scratch feeds, and will in addition guard their flocks from possible injury by poisonous seeds and other possibly harmful ingredients."

"Where a man insists upon clinging

to commercially mixed varieties, he should be sure at least that he is buying a feed made up of good clean grain. The difference in cost between this kind of a feed, put up by a reliable firm, and that containing impurities and poisonous weed seeds is so slight that there can be no excuse for buying the latter.

TO MAKE A MERRY XMAS.

No \$2.00 that you can spend as Christmas-present giving will go further than a subscription for The Youth's Companion. Look over your list and see how few things on it are certain to be as eagerly treasured during every one of the fifty-two weeks of 1918. Acquaintance with it soon ripens into lasting friendship, for it has that rare and priceless quality among periodicals,—character,—and the character of the Youth's Companion has made fast friends for it all around the world.

The Companion alone is \$2.00, but the publishers make an Extraordinary Double Offer—The Youth's Companion and McCall's Magazine together for \$2.25.

Our two-at-one-price offer includes:
1. The Youth's Companion—82 issues of 1918.
2. All the remaining issues of 1917.
3. The Companion Home Calendar for 1918.
4. Mc Call's Magazine—12 fashion numbers of 1918.
All for only \$2.25.

THE YOUTH'S COMPANION,
Commonwealth Ave., Boston, Mass.
New Subscriptions Received at this Office.

COMING BACK

United Doctors Specialists will
again be at

East Jordan, Michigan
RUSSELL HOTEL

WEDNESDAY, DEC. 5, 1917

One Day Only
Hours 9:00 A. M. to 6:00 P. M.

Remarkable Success of Talented Physician in the Treatment of Chronic Diseases.

Offer Services Free of Charge.

The United Doctors Specialist, licensed by the State of Michigan for the treatment of all diseases, including deformities, nervous and chronic diseases of men, women and children, offer to all who call on this trip, consultation, examination, advice free, making no charge whatever, except the actual cost of treatment. All that is asked in turn for these valuable services is that every person treated will state the result obtained to their friends, and thus prove to the sick and afflicted in every city and locality, that at least, treatments have been discovered that are reasonably sure and certain in their effect.

The United Doctors are experts in the treatment of chronic diseases and so great and wonderful have been their results that in many cases it is hard to find the dividing line between skill and the miracle.

Diseases of the stomach, intestines, liver, blood, skin, nerves, heart, spleen, rheumatism, sciatica, tapeworm, leg ulcers, weaklungs and those affected with long-standing, deep seated, chronic diseases, that have baffled the skill of the family physician, should not fail to call. Deafness often has been cured in sixty days.

According to their system no more operations for appendicitis, gall-stones, tumors, gotters, piles, etc., as all cases accepted will be treated with out operation or hypodermic injection, as they were among the first in America to earn the name of "Bloodless Surgeons," by doing away with the knife and blood; and with all pain in the successful treatment of these dangerous diseases.

No matter what your ailment may be, no matter what others may have told you, no matter what experience you may have had with other physicians, it will be your advantage to see them at once. If your case is incurable they will give you such advice as may relieve and stay the disease. Do not put off this duty you owe to yourself or friends or relatives who are suffering because of your sickness, as a visit at this time may help you.

Worn-out and run-down men and women, no matter what your ailment may be, call, it costs you nothing. Remember, this free offer is for this visit only.

Married ladies come with their husbands and sisters with their parents. LABORATORIES, MILWAUKEE, WISCONSIN.

HER BROTHER

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"That must have been a pleasant one."

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"And what about Winston?" asked Enid.

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

Helped by the Saloon.

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

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

"What is your business?" yelled the orator.

"A saloon," responded the man, "am an undertaker."

When a woman marries she not only takes the man's name but everything else he has.

A man never complains of poor eyesight because he is unable to see his own faults.

There is nothing so likely to make a man economize as the lack of money.

Most men would be satisfied to do nothing if they could get paid for doing it.

WHY MEN HATE THEIR RELATIONS

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

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

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

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

After a man gets about so full he can make himself believe that other men think he is perfectly sober.

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

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

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

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

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

Some husbands would do almost anything to render their wives un-speakably happy.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

The secret of a doctor's success lies in knowing how long he can keep a wealthy patient alive without disgusting him with the mode of treatment.

After a girl hypnotizes a young man into buying her a solitaire she begins to wonder what she could do with some other chap if it were not to late.

A regular woman is always glad when her husband has a holiday, so that he can get in about eighteen hours doing odd jobs at home.

CHARLEVOIX COUNTY HERALD

G. A. Lisk, Publisher

ONE DOLLAR PER YEAR

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

THE ONE MAN SYSTEM

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

The average woman worries more about her complexion than she does about her prospective hair and crown.

When two men are talking each tries to work in his hobby first, so as to head off the other.

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

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

The Lord made woman that man might have an excuse.

CLIMBED STAIRS ON HER HANDS

Too Ill to Walk Upright. Operation Advised. Saved by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

This woman now raises chickens and does manual labor. Read her story: Richmond, Ind.—"For two years I was so sick and weak with troubles from my age that when going up stairs I had to go very slowly with my hands on the steps, then sit down at the top to rest."

The doctor said he thought I should have an operation and my friends thought I would not live to move into our new house. My daughter asked me to try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound as she had taken it with good results. I did so, my weakness disappeared, I gained in strength, moved into our new home, did all kinds of garden work, shoveled dirt, did building and cement work, and raised hundreds of chickens and ducks. I cannot say enough in praise of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and if these facts are useful you may publish them for the benefit of other women. —Mrs. M. O. Johnston, Route D, Box 190, Richmond, Ind.



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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Dark consequences sometimes result from light remarks.

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

Frank Phillips

Toussorial Artist.

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

THANKSGIVING PROGRAM

A VERY INTERESTING PROGRAM WILL BE GIVEN BY THE PUPILS OF ST. JOSEPH'S SCHOOL Tuesday Ev'g Nov. 27 Commencing at 8:30 Price, 25 Cents.

PROGRAM

- 1. Thanksgiving Song Room II
2. Let us give Thanks. (A Play) Representing the dance of the leaves, the frolic of children in the woods and the charity of a Farmer on Thanksgiving Day.
3. Piano Leona Hipp
4. The Moccasin Flower. The Indian Mother is found singing to her baby. Wannetah enters to obtain permission to go into the forest. While there she hears the growl of the bear. She runs to the father who kills the bear. In running Wannetah loses her moccasin. They search for it and discover the Moccasin Flower or Lady Slipper Orchid. End by singing "My Ragged Moccasin I'm Wearing"—in Indian. "Mooje Moccasin."
5. Piano Eileen Farmer
6. Laughing Song Room I
7. The First Thanksgiving. Representing the First Thanksgiving Dinner, Indian War Dance and Pilgrims firing guns.
8. Swing Song High School

Lunch Served After Program. Price 15c. Other Interesting Things To Make You Enjoy the Evening.

EAST JORDAN LUMBER CO. STORE

For Thanksgiving! Would you like a new All-Linen TABLE CLOTH for your table for Thanksgiving Dinner?



Or would you like a pretty crepe or silk WAIST to wear to the dinner? we have them all in a good selection of colors and patterns.

Also some very pretty READY-TO-WEAR DRESSES.

East Jordan Lumber Co.

Trail of a Traitor

By G. O. HITCHCOCK

Author of "At Close Range," "Ambushed," "A Devil Affair," "A Dumb Terror," "An Island Maligna," etc.

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I am a spy! You're a Captain-Dresser! Make the most of your knowledge! Quick, sir!

She engaged with him at once, and it would have gone hard with the man had he not put the table between them, though, as if ashamed of himself for seeking an entrenchment, he came out to the open and met her fairly. And so the fenced, the officer trying to sidle toward the door, but not taking his eye from the animated face of the girl, who was now again color and life. It was plain that he was strictly on the defense.

"Madam, I fear I shall wound you," he expostulated. "Yield yourself, madam."

"Never in this world, sir; and I fear I shall soon be forced to kill you! Throw down your sword! No? Then this for an earnest of the rest!" There was an instant of brilliant sword-play, and then her point struck him in the left arm and brought a dark stain to his crimson sleeve.

With one hand holding down the struggling Melton, I watched the two, fascinated by the sight. From the moment of his first wound the officer cast aside all considerations of sex, and by the way his teeth set and his eyes flashed I knew he would now have but little pity for the girl.

But I had no fear of the result so long as the soldiers in the hall were not alarmed, and thus far there had been no noise other than the smooth notes of sliding steel. The officer had not shouted for help—from pride, perhaps; as for Melton, my grip on his throat made it impossible for him to utter a sound.

"Now, sir," said Agnes, boring at him and driving him before her, "ask me to do the deed, that were a childish thrust! What, sir? Why, you fence in the Italian style—with a stiff elbow! A novice would know better! Your point will never find me, sir! You are a baby!" Thus she baited him, and it made him angry, which was what she wished.

"Come, sir—you are losing time! Nay! You will never get to the door! That is for me! See! I hold you away—I, a girl!"

"You are a devil in petticoats!" exclaimed the officer, driving at her.

"You are no gentleman, sir!" she returned. "You shall pay for the insult! See! I back to the door—thus! I turn the key—thus! I still hold you off! Shout, if you will! Now—for the punishment. Look to yourself, sir! As God is above, I must kill you, though I pray for you in doing it. One—two—three—Ah!"

I think I never witnessed a more brilliant passage of arms in my life. The girl seemed inspired; her eyes were like lambent flames; and as she counted, each figure was a quick thrust in tierce, in seconde, in quarte, delivered with a marvelous rapidity, and at her exclamation her rapier went deep into the man's right lung. He dropped his sword, clasped both hands to his chest, and dropped to the floor. I loosened my hold on Melton and ran to the girl. "You are unhurt!" I cried.

"Without a scratch," she returned. "But what is it all for?" Her lips began to tremble, and at that moment the door was tried from the outside. It had not been locked more than a minute.

"What for?" I exclaimed. "For live—for liberty—for love! See, we have a chance! For God's sake, Agnes, do not faint now, else I kill you, and myself after!"

"Yes! Listen! Mr. Benson is going to drive with you, instead of my aunt. Follow me! Keep your glorious spirit alive, my love—for my love you are! We will yet win!"

As I was speaking I was tearing off my disguise. Catching up my rapier, I grasped the girl by the arm and opened the glass door, pushing her in to the air. As I looked back there came a thunderous assault on the hall door, and a loud voice demanded admittance. I waited no longer. There was not a moment to lose. I bent to the girl's ear.

"Walk quietly around the house and get into the carriage. I will join you ten seconds later. Get command of yourself. Do not hurry."

She gave me one look and went down the piazza steps.

CHAPTER XVII.

A Wild Ride.

I remained behind, intending to cover her retreat in case the door should be broken down before she could get to the carriage; but the hall door was strong and resisted all efforts, and these were now open and violent. On the floor of the room the wounded officer lay without moving, but as I took a last look into the apartment Melton had recovered sufficiently to lift himself to his elbow, and he was looking around in a bewildered

fashion. I saw that he was far from having been seriously injured, and that the first thing he would do would be to admit the clamoring dragons. I might have returned and killed him with my rapier, but I could not bring myself to do it; and now I am glad, although I was yet to have trouble with the fellow.

Seeing that the conditions were favorable, I left the piazza and hurried around the house until I came in sight of the chariot; then I slowed down to an easy walk (a pace that tested my nerves), and finally entered the vehicle and seated myself at the girl's side. It was an intense moment. I thought the chariot would never start, and I made up my mind that if the negro hesitated the facts and rebelled I would pass my rapier through his body and seize the reins myself. And that he did not rebel was remarkable; for, besides the half dozen horses hitched to a hall beyond the gates,

there was enough to make him suspicious in the sounds of dull blows on the door within.

But he evidently scented nothing wrong at that time, for he gave head to the restless horses, and we were driven away. Ours had been a masterly retreat in the face of the enemy. I felt for the girl's hand and pressed it. It was cold as ice.

Now it seemed as if our troubles had drawn to an end, but at the barrier we were threatened with more, because it appeared that our coachman had no pass. I had not figured on him, and for a few minutes (and minutes were valuable) I thought we were to be turned back, which would have been the same as destruction. But it happened that Agnes knew the officer of the guard; and when she assured him that the negro's pass had been overlooked, and that we were only bound to Kips Bay and would return by sunset, he consented to our going on, won more by the girl's bewitching witchery than by argument.

As we rolled out into the country, melancholy in his barrenness, for it had been well-nigh denuded of trees near the city, I bent close to the girl's ear.

"Why did you tell him Kips Bay?" I asked in a whisper.

"To throw him off the scent. We are bound to be pursued ere long."

"I thought, perhaps, you had some plan."

"I have none. My head is used up." "And small wonder! But I think I see a way out. You have told Peter we were going to Bloomingdale. We will go there; and what is to prevent our waiting until dark, taking the governor's pleasure boat—for he must have one—and rowing across the river?"

"He has a boat," whispered the girl, "but it may have been put up for the season. Oh, why could not I have thought of such a simple thing? The Apthorpes have a boat. They are a mile beyond Robinson's, but they are intensely loyal. I know them well."

"The Apthorpes?" I exclaimed, and in my surprise, for the family had been friends of my father's, I spoke the name too loud. Peter pulled up. "Did you order me to do Apthorpes, sir?" he asked, turning his head.

"Yes," I answered desperately, cursing myself for my carelessness. "Drive to the Apthorpes; we will let Kips Bay go for today. It is beginning to rain!" The last was the truth, for as I spoke a cold drop struck me in the face. It gave a good complexion for the sudden change of program.

"As we drive by the governor's house I will make an excuse to stop and investigate his house-boat, and—Hark!" I said as the boom of a distant gun drifted from the barrier we had left behind. The girl and I looked at each other.

"The alert gun!" she exclaimed, drawing herself together as if she were suddenly cold. "Our escape has been discovered!"

"I hardly think so," I returned, to comfort her; but I was without a doubt that she was right. Our line of flight had been marked. I stood up and looked back, but as yet there was no sign of pursuit; indeed, the road was deserted of both wayfarers and vehicles as far as I could see in either direction. Nor was there the first sign that we were being followed until just before we were turning from the Kingsbridge Road to the narrower highway leading up the west side of the island.

But then I saw enough to become aware that our time of stress was not yet over; for as I stood up in the vehicle for the twentieth time and looked back I saw plainly against the sky, and topping of a hill at least a mile in our rear, the silhouetted figures of several horses being driven at speed.

"Faster, Peter, faster!" I cried to the negro; but he did not appear to heed me, for though the rain was now beginning to fall smartly, we went at the gentle pace of six miles an hour. My temper rose as I stood there and saw the immobile back of the uniformed driver. "Lash your horses, you black devil!" I shouted, this tension being worse than active danger; but instead of obeying he hauled the animals up short. "What in Satan's name do you mean?" I demanded, wild at the sudden stoppage.

Peter turned on his hammercloth.

"Ah doan like this, sah," he said, "dere's something wrong! I hear de 'larm gun a while back—"

I whipped out my rapier and cut him short. "Drive on, or I'll leave you in the road!" I cried, though I knew I wouldn't kill him. And he seemed to know as much himself, for he shook his black head until the loose cockade in his hat fell off. "No, sah! I don't get in no trouble! Ah don't run away from nobody, no!"

My anger at the stubbornness of the man leaped to a white heat, and I stopped him; not with a rapier stab, but with my fist I struck him a blow behind the ear, the force of it knocking him from the box to the road. He was on his feet in an instant and stood rubbing his head to gather his scattered wits, while I, with but one object in view, caught up the loosened reins, reached for the whip, and leaning over the driver's seat lashed the spirited animals into a run.

But the chariot was heavy, and I was perfectly aware that the squad of dragons behind us was progressing two feet to our one and at that rate we would be overhauled before we came near to Robinson's house. And this knowledge drove me desperate. We were then tearing down a steep hill, at the bottom of which was a bridge crossing a small brook. I turned to the girl who was holding to the side of the heaving chariot. "Can you ride?" I shouted. She nodded an affirmative, and when we came to the bridge I drew up on its center, thereby blocking the road.

"Quick!" I cried. "They are after us, and about a mile back, and gaining. We have but one chance that I can see. Peter will tell them we are bound for the Apthorpe mansion. We must get to Robinson's and trust to finding a boat there—or, by the Lord, I'll swim the river on a plank. Can you ride bareback? You must!"

"I never have since I was a little girl, but I will," she replied, with a set to her lips that showed the stress she was enduring.

In less than three minutes I had thrown the harness from the panting animals, all save the bridles, and seating the girl on one of them, threw myself across the other, and away we went, leaving the narrow bridge impassable until the chariot should be hauled aside.

I will never forget that wild ride. It was a wonder how the girl stuck to the woolen loin-blanket with its embroidered arms which I had left on both horses, for it was all I could do to retain my own seat, and I had been used to such riding. On the whole she was a better horsewoman than was a horseman.

And now we flew. The wind, which had hitherto been a dead calm, roared in my ears; the rain, now falling faster and faster, stung my cheeks like buckshot, the water streaming into my eyes and well high blinding me. Agnes's close hood somehow became loosened and was lost, and soon her unstayed hair was streaming behind her like the golden tail of a comet. Never will I forget the rush of the air as we sped through it, the clatter of hoofs, the spatter of mud and loose pebbles, the way that roadside objects reeled past.

The tremendous danger threatening us no longer oppressed me; my spirits became exuberant for the moment, and I yelled like one possessed. It was growing dusk by then, but I did not seem to realize it.

I do not know how far we were from Robinson's when we took to bareback riding; but it made no difference; the horses knew the road, and possibly thought they were bound for the stables, for without being guided they swung into the driveway, nor did they ease their pace until they were well behind the house and close to the great stone barn, then the finest on the island. A mile beyond I could see the tall chimneys of the Apthorpe mansion.

I leaped from my horse and lifted down the girl, and then knew we had stopped none too soon for her, for her face was ashy white as she stretched out her arms to me, with a little wan smile forced to her lips, and had I not been there to catch her she would have gone to the ground. I then saw she was unconscious.

Even as I stood there holding her lifeless form in my arms I heard the clatter of many hoofs come plainly through the hiss of the falling rain, and then between the trees along the distant road I saw six dragons flash past and go tearing up the highway. Behind them came a seventh rider, going as if his horse was too weary to keep with the rest. I uttered a "Thank God!" as I saw the little troop going on a fool's errand, they probably having been misled by the negro.

But the respite for us would not be long. I must risk the boat, if there was one, and risk it by daylight—unless Agnes was dead. My heart almost stopped as the possibility struck me, for I was not used to seeing fainting women. If she were dead what mattered what became of me, though even then I swore they would have the body of neither of us. I would find a boat somehow, and with her cross the river in the face of hell itself. And I would have but one regret beside that of my own loss: I had neglected to kill the villain who was at the bottom of my trouble. Twice we had encountered since his escape from Jersey, and he still lived. I wished there were to be a third time.

I laid the unconscious girl on the now soaking ground, and taking a short cut for the river, went down an almost precipitous incline. And I came upon a boat-house at the end of a long flight of steps leading from the high ground, and in it was a boat with oars and cushions, just as it had been left by the last user, probably one of the caretaker's family.

Liberty seemed close to me then, but it did not lift my spirit; I had something beside flight on my mind. But when I returned to where I had left the collapsed girl I saw her sitting up on the sudden earth, conscious, but very weak. I could have shouted then for joy.

"But I cannot go," she said wearily, when I told her a boat was at hand

and the dragons gone by. "I am cold to the bone. I am so—so tired! I—I would die."

"Never!" I said, trying to encourage her, but again feeling the awful clutch at my heart. She rolled her eyes up to mine and whispered faintly: "Go—go to the house. I haven't slept for three nights—I haven't had a mouthful since—since—"

I didn't catch the last, for her words trailed off into a moan, her head fell sideways on my shoulder, and she was off again.

So there lay the trouble! The girl lacked food and rest, and that, together with her awful strain, had been her undoing. Go to the house for food! I would have stormed a castle single handed and stimulated. For now I saw she was in danger of death from sheer lack of nerve force. I eased her to the wet ground again, and whipping out my sword went straight and openly to the stone mansion.

It was a majestic building, with tall, fluted columns reaching above the second story, and on its top was a fine cupola; but there was no banner flying from the staff above it. And nature had taken a hand at beautifying the structure, for its entire rear was covered by a climbing vine that had overreached the roof and was twining around the chimneys or hanging in festoons from the eaves, the leafy curtain showing the advancing season in blooded splashes.

CHAPTER XVIII.

The Last Encounter.

As I approached the place I saw a horse with military trappings, standing by the back piazza steps, its bridle and rein thrown over the newel post. I wondered if it had been there all the time, or why I had not seen it arrive, but I was not greatly troubled about it or its rider. I was on edge then; one man was as nothing to me, and I would have fought the devil himself had he stood betwixt me, and what I was after.

But though desperate enough for anything, I was not quite a fool, and so instead of going at once to the door, I sidled up to the window beside it and looked in.

The door led not into a hall, but into an apartment, undoubtedly the caretaker's quarters, and though he was not present, a girl, probably his daughter, was. She was a buxom wench of nineteen or twenty, and she sat at a table with her elbows on it, looking curiously and timidly at the man on the opposite side who was drinking from the bottle in front of him.

It took me a moment to recognize him; but that man was Lyander Melton.

He was considerably the worse for the way he had been handled that day. Both his eyes were blackened as if from a blow; he was wet, hairless, his hair was disordered, and around his throat, which I had twice gripped, was wound a handkerchief. The uncolored portion of his face was ghastly white. Though he had been unarmed when I had fled from Cherry Hill, he now had a sword, probably the one belonging to the officer Agnes had wounded, and the weapon lay on the table before him.

And so my prayer was about to be answered. As I looked at him drinking his wine, his attitude being one of extreme exhaustion, I saw fairly well through the run of events. I was satisfied that he had quickly recovered after I had gone, and our line of flight was easily guessed at by the absence of the chariot. He had arrived at the barrier too late to catch us, but with an increased force had continued the pursuit. Undoubtedly Peter had unintentionally sent the party astray—all but Melton, who was exhausted and could no longer keep up, and so had stopped for rest and refreshment at the Robinson mansion, where he was undoubtedly known. I was now certain that he did not dream of the possibility of my near presence.

It was God's providence which had saved us thus far, and I felt that He would not now desert us; yet I was far from feeling charitable and forgiving as I marked the wily devil at the table. With a muttered curse I strode to the door, and seizing the bronze knocker, brought it down with a thunderous bang. There was little time lost after that.

I heard a scream from the young woman, and the next moment she threw open the door, shrieking back as she saw an armed man. As if I owned the place I walked into the room. Wet through as I was, bedraggled and mud-spattered, I do not believe Melton knew me at once, especially as my back was against the weakening light; but when he saw me stride in with a drawn sword he jumped to his feet and grasped the weapon on the table.

And then he knew me, even before he drew his blade; eye and it was plain that I was about the last person he expected to meet in that house. I marked his eyes spread in astonishment, then he ripped out a forcible oath and stood staring at me. He did not speak, but I did. Advancing to him, I said:

"Lyander Melton, this is our third meeting this day! Have you faith in odd numbers? Look you, sir, I am about to settle with you. Defend yourself, sir, for by the Lord of Israel, I shall try to kill you, and I have no time to lose."

Not a word did he return, and, indeed, he could have been little for him to say. He knew he had got to fight for more than my mere capture; he was perfectly aware that he must fight for his life. And there were no other preliminaries, besides my few words: the affair might have been arranged for hours before, but he quickly did

we engage. The girl gave a piercing scream as our swords crossed, and with her hands over her ears she ran from the room.

I was aware that Melton knew nothing of my ability as a swordsman, but surely the stigma placed on his lack of skill by the man, Merwin, was justified. The fellow was an infant at fencing. I might have played with him all day without myself receiving a wound, but I had no time to waste, and I hated him with an intensity that was unholly. I would kill him quickly and rid the world of a devil.

But it was not for me to do it, Melton knew just enough of the art of fencing to be aware that he had no chance against me, and as I drove him backward and would presently have him against the wall where he could not escape, he took the only possible way to save his life; that is, he suddenly threw down his sword and ran from the room.

However, I would not let him get away in that fashion, and so I put after him, cursing him for a coward as I gulfed open the door he had slammed after him, and which led into the hall of the great building. I was out in time to see him go bounding up the front stairs, feet having put wings to his heels.

Up I went after him, both of us meeting the wench, who flattened herself against the wall to let us pass, and who screamed again as she saw my face. At the top of the stairs he turned, and seeing me following, sword in hand, he, too, screamed, giving vent to a yell that could only come from the throat of a coward in fear of sudden death; then he tore up the second flight to the attic. I was close behind that by the time he was on the top step I was at the bottom.

I thought to have him there, there being no higher spot save the cupola, but, to my surprise, he made for the little flight of steps leading aloft, and as I reached the level of the attic he had got to the door at the foot of the boxed staircase and ran in, drawing the door close and holding down the fall of the latch so that I could not open it. He had escaped me for the moment, but I had him treed, though I could spend little time on him just then.

But whatever else happened Melton must not be allowed to become aggressive. As he had made a prisoner of himself, a prisoner he should remain, at least until Agnes and I had gone. For now my rage and exertion had cooled my blood somewhat, and as the way of escape appeared open, I was rather glad that I had not slain the man in a moment of passion. However, I made him fast, and it was an easy matter. The attic contained plenty of ancient furniture, and I dragged piece after piece against the cupola door.

Then I went down-stairs and met the girl in the room she had run from, her round cheeks white with fear. She whimpered as she saw me. "Did you kill him?" she whispered in an awe-stricken voice.

"No, I don't kill cowards," I said. "Do you know Miss Agnes Robinson?"

"Her face brightened. "Of course." "She is outside now. She has been persecuted by that villain. She is wet, faint, cold, and hungry. Give me something for her."

Heaven bless the wench! If she thought of Agnes as a political refugee she gave no sign of it, and she was all solicitude at once.

And I patrolled the house from front to rear, my ear trained for what might be happening in the cupola, my eye on the road from the north, watching for the returning horseman. Agnes had recovered sufficiently to walk, and I was to give the alarm the moment the troopers were in sight. Then we were to go. I had already robbed the governor's blanket closet and had quite a pile of plunder to take to the boat. Agnes should suffer no more. But not a sign of a dragon did I see, nor a threatening sound did I hear. Finally, as the dusk deepened, I determined to go.

And so we did. I taking a bundle of blankets for protection from the rain, and also Melton's sword for a trophy; and the sword I have now, I supported the girl, who was still weak, and thus we went from Governor Robinson's house, not pausing until we had passed over the rear lawn and reached the head of the stairway leading to the river below. There the girl halted to rest, and at that moment, through the drip of the rain I caught the rattle of hoofs and knew that we had escaped none too soon. "I think we may laugh at them now," I said, passing an arm around the girl's waist. She turned and looked back toward the great house we had left, and was about to make some answer, but instead, she grasped me by the arm and pointed.

"See there! See there!" she exclaimed.

I followed the direction of her extended finger, and then knew that my prisoner had escaped—or almost escaped; that is, he had got to the roof of the mansion through a window in the cupola, and it was now plain that he was going to attempt to descend to the ground by means of the vine. I could mark his every movement, his figure being clearly silhouetted against the gray sky. I do not know what he hoped to accomplish; I do not believe he suspected the nearness of the coming dragons. I only know that, with a lack of hesitation speaking loudly of his determination, he deliberately swung himself from the coping, and grasping the vine, began to lower himself hand under hand. My mind was made up. I turned to the girl. "Stay here," I said. "I will give him a warm welcome when he reaches the ground. By Heaven! I'll take

him with us as a prisoner and see him hanged, as he wished to see me! I have yet time enough!"

But I did not even take him prisoner again; for, hardly were the words out of my mouth when the end came. Suddenly I heard a breaking and tearing of twigs, and the creaking of heavier branches, and then a great section of the vine bent outward like a folding curtain, it being tipped by the weight of the now struggling villain who was still thirty-five feet from the ground. I heard the scream he gave; I saw him burdle through the air; and then came the thud of his body as it hit the turf.

Agnes groaned aloud. I left her and ran to the fallen man, who lay face down on the grass, and when I turned him over I knew his neck had been broken by the way it sagged to his shoulder. He was stone dead.

I did not linger. I hurried back to Agnes, and together we went down the long flight, neither speaking. At the bottom the girl stopped and turned to me.

"Was—was he killed?" she asked, a frightened look in her tired eyes.

"Your troth with him is broken pass mending," I said, and she knew what I meant. "And yet, I would have you in bonds again, my love—my own love."

I don't think she answered; I don't remember; but I kissed her on the mouth and held her in a close embrace, and she made no protest. And hand in hand we went to the boat.

A few minutes later the mist of the river infolded us, and an hour more found us standing on the Jersey shore. And then my real life began.

(THE END.)

A Fine Talker.

"I like the looks of this parrot," said the lady who had stepped into the bird store. "Is he a good talker?" The proprietor replied that the bird was an excellent talker, and it was evident the customer was favorably impressed.

"What is the price for him?" she asked.

The man had noticed the rich apparel worn by his customer, and he judged that there was a chance to make a little "easy money" at the expense of one who would never miss it.

"Ten dollars," he said, with just the slightest possible hesitation.

"Five dollars, madam," instantly croaked the parrot.

The lady looked at the proprietor, who had turned red.

"He certainly is a fine talker," she said, "and he also seems to have good sense. I am willing to take him at his valuation. Do I get him for that?"

"You do," answered the man, sadly.

The Unanswerable Argument.

Billy was about to be married, and his friends—married friends—were giving him good advice, the burden of which was "Forget it!"

But Billy was not to be dissuaded. "Oh, I don't know!" he replied. "Marriage is all right if you take it in the right way. Now all this talk about matrimonial quarrels, arguments, and so on is all nonsense. Surely you can accept one another's point of view!"

"And, anyway, there's always an answer to every argument."

"Oh, is there?" growled the old married man. "I tell you, my boy, there's one argument in married life that you'll never be able to answer."

"Really! And what's that?"

"Why, when your wife says, 'If the Browns can afford it, we can!' You try to find an answer to that!"

Forgot His Key.

It was very late when Mr. Bings came home. To his great annoyance he found that he had forgotten his latchkey and was obliged to ring the bell.

Mrs. Bings opened the window.

"Who's there?" she inquired.

"It's me, love!" said Bings.

"Where have you been, at this time of night?"

"I've been sitting up with a sick friend, my dear."

"Oh, you have, have you?" sported Mrs. Bings.

"Well, you'd better go right back to him. You ought to be ashamed of yourself to desert him at this hour."

Then she slammed the window down and retired.

Why They Applaud.

The chorus lady was talking in a matinee performance. After the appearance of the chorus she applauded frantically, somewhat to the surprise of her companion, who could see nothing unusually meritorious in ensemble's performance.

Finally she judged her escort on and gave him a hand," she urged. "If they don't get an encore for that the stage manager will read the riot act to them. When they don't get a good hand he doesn't put the blame on a grouchy audience, but thinks the girls didn't work hard enough."

Thereupon the escort understood why the stage people are so generous with their applause.

Merrily in Self-Defense.

Private McSwashetock had given twenty-one years' service for King and country, but meeting his late colonel one day he asked if he could rejoin the army.

"I'm sorry, McSwashetock," said the colonel, "but you're too old now. Have you any sons?"

"I've three," replied McSwashetock, "and all are in the army, sir."

"That's good! Have they been well behaved?"

"I'd be telling lies, if I said anything else," said the father proudly. "The truth is, sir, I have never had to lift a hand to one of them all their lives, unless in self-defense! Oh, they've been wonderful good boys!"

HER BROTHER

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"That must have been a pleasant one."

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"And what about Winston?" asked Edie.

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

Helped by the Saloon.

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

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

"What is your business?" yelled the orator.

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

When a woman marries she not only takes the man's name but everything else he has.

A man never complains of poor eyesight because he is unable to see his own faults.

There is nothing so likely to make a man economize as the lack of money.

Most men would be satisfied to do nothing if they could get paid for doing it.

WHY MEN HATE THEIR RELATIONS

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

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

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

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

After a man gets about so full he can make himself believe that other men think he is perfectly sober.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

The secret of a doctor's success lies in knowing how long he can keep a wealthy patient alive without disgusting him with the mode of treatment.

After a girl hypnotizes a young man into buying her a solitaire she begins to wonder what she could do with some other chap if it were not to late.

A regular woman is always glad when her husband has a holiday, so that he can put in about eighteen hours doing odd jobs at home.

CHARLEVOIX COUNTY HERALD

G. A. Lick, Publisher

ONE DOLLAR PER YEAR

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

THE ONE MAN SYSTEM

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

The average woman worries more about her complexion than she does about her prospective harp and crown.

When two men are talking each tries to work in his hobby first, so as to head off the other.

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

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

The Lord made woman that man might have an excuse.

CLIMBED STAIRS ON HER HANDS

Too Ill to Walk Upright. Operation Advised. Saved by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

This woman now raises chickens and does manual labor. Read her story: Richmond, Ind.—"For two years I was so sick and weak with troubles from my age that when going up stairs I had to go very slowly with my hands on the steps, then sit down at the top to rest. The doctor said he thought I should have an operation, and my friends thought I would not live to move into our new house. My daughter asked me to try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound as she had taken it with good results. I did so, my weakness disappeared, I gained in strength, moved into our new home, did all kinds of garden work, shoveled dirt, did building and cement work, and raised hundreds of chickens and ducks. I cannot say enough in praise of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and if these facts are useful you may publish them for the benefit of other women."—Mrs. M. O. JONHARRON, Route D, Box 190, Richmond, Ind.



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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Dark consequences sometimes result from light remarks.

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

Frank Phillips

Torsorial Artist.

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

THANKSGIVING PROGRAM

A VERY INTERESTING PROGRAM WILL BE GIVEN BY THE PUPILS OF

ST. JOSEPH'S SCHOOL

Tuesday Ev'g Nov. 27

Commencing at 8:30

Price, 25 Cents.

PROGRAM

- 1. Thanksgiving Song Room II
2. Let us give Thanks. (A Play) Representing the dance of the leaves, the frolic of children in the woods and the charity of a Farmer on Thanksgiving Day.
3. Piano Leona Hipp
4. The Moccasin Flower. The Indian Mother is found singing to her baby. Wannetah enters to obtain permission to go into the forest. While there she hears the growl of the bear. She runs to the father who kills the bear. In running Wannetah loses her moccasin. They search for it and discover the Moccasin Flower or Lady Slipper Orchid. End by singing "My Ragged Moccasin I'm Wearing"—in Indian, "Mooje Moccasino."
5. Piano Eileen Farmer
6. Laughing Song Room I
7. The First Thanksgiving. Representing the First Thanksgiving Dinner, Indian War Dance and Pilgrims firing guns.
8. Swing Song High School

Lunch Served After Program. Price 15c.

Other Interesting Things To Make You Enjoy the Evening.

EAST JORDAN LUMBER CO. STORE

For Thanksgiving! Would you like a new All-Linen TABLE CLOTH for your table for Thanksgiving Dinner?



Or would you like a pretty crepe or silk WAIST to wear to the dinner?

we have them all in a good selection of colors and patterns.

Also some very pretty READY-TO-WEAR DRESSES.

East Jordan Lumber Co.

MOTHER GAVE THIS DELICATE CHILD VINOL

And He Got Well and Strong, That's True

Monaca, Pa.—"My little boy, who is the youngest of three, was weak, nervous and tired all the time, so he was most unfit at school, and nothing seemed to help him. I learned of Vinol and gave it to him. It has restored his health and strength and he has gained in weight."—Mrs. Frederick Sommers, Monaca, Pa.

Vinol is a constitutional cod liver and iron remedy for delicate, weak, ailing children. Formula on every bottle, so you know what you are giving them. Children love it.

HITE DRUG CO., East Jordan



SHOES

"Beautiful and a Perfect Fit"

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

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

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

C. A. Hudson

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.

LAST PORT MADE BY PELORUS JACK

FAITHFUL DOLPHIN SUCCEEDS TO INFIRMITIES OF AGE.

After Piloting Ships 35 Years, He Grieved for Absent Friends and About War.

Sydney, Australia. — Pelorus Jack is dead. The famous New Zealand pilot fish had conveyed steamships from Wellington to Nelson at a point near French Pass for the last thirty-five years. According to Ben Ruddles, the tarry-handed, bronzed, and bearded bo' sun of a British freighter, the fishy pilot died from the infirmities of old age aggravated by grief of the war.

"I knew Pelorus Jack back in 1886," said Ben Ruddles, "when I was bo'sun of the old Wanagatiki, running between Australia and New Zealand, and he was a smart, young dolphin dashing blue and white in color and about fourteen feet long.

"In those days Jack, as the fish was known by all men in the coasting and deep-water trade to New Zealand, could swim like a streak, and moved so fast that when the sun was shining strong all the officers on the bridge and lookout forward could see a flash as he jumped out of the water ahead to show his dexterity.

"Jack always kept on the starboard bow as he knew that was the Captain's side of the ship, and was a regular nautical aristocrat in manner. Skippers who followed Pelorus Jack never grounded on any shoals or hit rocks, and this became so well known that many of the older mariners would not go thru French Pass unless he was ready to pilot them.

"They all took a delight in feeding him with pieces of beef and small fresh loaves, which Jack had a great fondness for. One of his best friends was Captain Inman R. Sealby, of the White Star Line, who afterward had the Republic, and the two were so chummy that Jack would miss two or three vessels when he knew that Sealby was about to leave Wellington for Nelson.

"In 1904 some young landlubber, with more money than sense, came along in his yacht and fired a shot at the old pilot fish as he came under the bow and knocked a chunk off his starboard fin. This cruel act upset Pelorus Jack so much he swam away and was not seen for three months, and many of the coast skippers believed that he had given up his job.

"Finally the New Zealand government sent a dispatch boat to look for him, and Jack was discovered hiding up a small inlet in a lonesome state and brought back to French Pass. To protect him from further attacks the governor of New Zealand issued a special order in council establishing a fine of \$500 for any person who attempted to injure Pelorus Jack.

"Just before the war began it was noticed that the famous dolphin was turning gray and was showing his age in other ways. He took on a shovelled whistling grampus called Billy to teach him the pilot business, but Billy had lost his port headlight, and had to carry so much starboard helm that he was continually going aground. Then Jack got hold of a frisky young dugong named Wifin which indulged in so much skylarking around the ships that the officers would not trust him, and the sailors used to chuck coal at him to chase him away.

"What with his age and scintics, in the part which wagged his tail, and missing all his old friends who had been called away to the Atlantic trade by the war, Pelorus Jack just pined away and died. His body was found on the sandy shore near French Pass, and out of respect for his long and faithful services the crew of a coast steamer dug a trench and put the body of the old fishy pilot in it on a bed of seaweed and planted a blue gum tree at the head and tail to mark the spot."

Ben Ruddles, who seemed much affected by the death of Pelorus Jack, said that after the war the officers and men in the Australian and New Zealand coast trade would take up a collection for a monument to the only fish ever known to have been honored by a special order in council.

BOY CLIMBS LOFTY TREE TO FREE TRAPPED BIRD

Ten-year-old Lad is Awarded a Medal for His Daring and Heroic Act.

Hartford, Conn.—The Connecticut Humane Society has informed 10-year-old Michael Ravoefe of East Hartford he is to have a medal for rescuing an imprisoned robin.

Little Michael had to climb an elm tree 75 feet high to effect the rescue. The robin had flown to one of the top-most branches with a long string in its bill for nest-building. The string caught in a stout twig, and as the robin worked to get it free, the string tangled about one of its legs. It was thus held prisoner.

It took the boy more than half an hour to work his way to the top of the tree. But he managed to reach the twig to which the string had fastened itself and snapped it off. With this hanging to its leg the robin fluttered to the ground, was released and flew off chirping at its restored freedom.

An up-to-date woman is seldom up to date with her age.

NUNNERS HOUSEMAID AS HE LOOTS PLACE

Lays Limp Form on Bed, Then Changes Towels on Her Head as He Robs Rooms.

New York.—Blackjack the maid, lay her gently on her bed, apply cold towels to her wounds, and rob the house thoroughly between visits to the patient—this is the routine established by New York's newest character, the Tender-hearted Burglar.

All this the Tender-hearted Burglar did the other night in the apartments of Mrs. Sadie Miller, 509 Cathedral Parkway. The loot was \$800 in all—jewelry and money. The cold towels were Mrs. Miller's own monogrammed best. The maid is now in Harlem Hospital. If she gets well it will be because of the timely aid.

Mrs. Miller, the wife of a traveling salesman, went with friends to the theater. There came a ring at the door. The maid opened it. There stood a big stranger who said he had come to deliver a package. The maid said nothing had been ordered, and besides, Mrs. Miller was out.

Before she could add another word the man seized her. Putting one hand over her mouth, he struck her on the head with a blackjack. When she came to she was on her own bed. Beside her sat the burglar, carefully applying cold wet towels to her head. She thinks she was so astonished that she immediately became unconscious again.

The next time she came to the burglar was gone. She could hear him moving around. Presently he came back, changed the towels gently, and then tiptoed into Mrs. Miller's room. When the maid lapsed into unconsciousness the last time he was still dividing his energies between making clean sweep of Mrs. Miller's valuables and looking after his patient.

When Mrs. Miller came home she found the maid unconscious and the apartment in disorder. She reported to Policeman Delaney of the West One Hundred and Twenty-fifth street station, and Miss Komopaa, before being taken to the hospital, gave an unwilling description of her assailant-nurse.

"But I hope they don't catch him," she said. "He was so nice and gentle."

Mrs. Miller disagrees.

DON'T READ TRASH

Reading! Everybody wants the best of everything. It is a sign of a high standard of living. In the end 'he best is always the cheapest. No where is this more true than in what one reads, yet many who demand the best in everything else read trash. "Everyone is influenced by what he reads, especially young people," said Mr. Chester S. Lord, the eminent journalist, in addressing the Kansas Editorial Association, "and cheap reading must of necessity breed cheap thinking and cheap expression of that thought—and consequently cheap moral conduct. It is in this direction that the sensational press and the cheap literature of the day have their chief influence. Cheap literature produces cheap mentality, and consequently a cheap people." Newspapers are not valuable chiefly as literature, but for their portrayal of life. So greatly do they vary in the picture of life which they present, that one's mentality may be judged by the sort of periodicals he reads and supports. —From Leslie's.

When you see a girl sit down to dinner and tackle a juicy steak smothered in onions, it's a sign that she isn't greatly worried over love affairs.

Statistics show that the sooner a man allows his wife to have the last word the sooner the controversy will end.

It's a woman's natural faith that enables her to believe only the things she wants to when she knows she doesn't.

A gosling never attempts to teach a goose, yet there are children who imagine they are wiser than their parents.

A good bluffer is a man who can keep the other fellow from finding out that he is afraid to fight.

Opportunity likes to knock at the door of the man who has a little cash saved up for a rainy day.

So many people wait in vain for their ships to come in because they were never launched.

The average girl never turns up her nose at a man who knows enough to turn down the gas.

A woman can get more pleasure out of a good cry than a man can extract from a good laugh.

When the meek inherit the earth we hope that they won't make the rest of us get off.

A lazy man is a dead one who can't be buried.

Wise is he who has the cage ready for the bird.

Time is money to a man who buys on time.

The wise girl never marries her ideal.

Never fool with a fool; he may fool you.

ALLEGED WOMAN FAKED ROBBERIES

Houston Man in Divorce Petition Asks For Custody of Their Child

Houston, Tex.—Mrs. Mary McKaskie, a bride of two months, has been sued by Clarence W. McKaskie for a divorce. At the same time and in the same court a former husband sued her for the possession of their 18-months-old child.

Mrs. McKaskie is a beautiful young woman whose recent performances have had Houston's police force guessing. She has reported five successive burglaries in the McKaskie home in as many weeks. All these burglaries were alleged to have taken place in the day-time, and on one occasion Mrs. McKaskie was found in a fainting condition from apparent fright, she having called her husband by telephone from his work in the Union National Bank. The furniture was thrown around in a promiscuous fashion, there were stains looking like blood about the floor and an overturned bottle of carbolic acid was found which Mrs. McKaskie asserted a burglar attempted to force down her throat.

McKaskie alleges in his petition for divorce that his wife developed ideas without a parallel in human history. "Ideas of imaginary murders, suicides, burglaries and other crimes frequently possess Mrs. McKaskie," reads the petition for divorce. "If she rehearses a sensational burglary, she poses and plays as the victim, pretends to lose valuables, to have been knocked down, ill treated and abused.

"The vulgar gaze of a curious public was trained upon the privacy of our home when the daily newspapers of Houston published glaring headlines, such as: 'Bride, 19, Found in a Faint,' 'Says Man Sought Her Life.'

When the police discovered that the supposed burglaries had not been committed, Mrs. McKaskie was quoted as saying she was merely testing the love of her husband for herself.

Parents of Mrs. McKaskie declared that the bride had pawned jewelry to purchase necessary supplies and had then resorted to what amounted to mere practical jokes.

The suit filed for the custody of the child by the former husband, J. Russell Winston, also asks for an injunction restraining Mr. and Mrs. Clarence McKaskie from removing from Harris County, Texas, Frances Rebecca Winston, 18 months of age. The child had been awarded to her custody at the time she was divorced from Winston last September, one month before she married McKaskie.

WOMAN EATS AN ONION; STARTS A RIOT IN CLUB

Apology for Violation of Boycott Angers Mothers and Hair-pulling Match Results.

Boston, Mass.—Mrs. May Levine ate an onion. The other night the meeting of the Maiden Mothers' League in Bryant Hall, was converted into a hair-pulling session and almost ended in a riot as a result.

As Eve partook of the forbidden fruit in the garden, so did Mrs. Levine allow a gnawing desire for an onion to cause her to fall from grace in the Mothers' League. For, be it known, the delectable and detectable onion is among the forbidden "fruits" in a boycott the club has started.

If Mrs. Levine had not been one of the important pickets in a recent siege of grocers her indiscretion might not have assumed such alarming proportions. But when she publicly confessed that the call of the onion had proved irresistible, her apology proved poor balm for the wounded feelings of her dumfounded compatriots.

A commotion followed, during which cries of sympathizers to the effect of: "Have a heart; maybe an onion's her weakness," only served to enrage the feelings of others.

Whether it was pure envy or a matter of principle, nobody took time to state. There was a generous reach for convenient heads and the squalls that followed showed that considerable enthusiasm was employed in tugging the crowning joy of woman.

The matter was finally arbitrated along the lines of every woman having a weak moment at least once in her life and of the irresistible qualities of the impressive and fragrant onion.

But the meeting did not close until a committee of five had been appointed to obtain a list of names and addresses of every person buying boycotted food with the avowed purpose of refusing to allow their children to play with the children of the non-boycotters.

"SMELLER" LOCATES OIL WELL

He "Scents" Metals Also by Walking Over Ground.

Wichita Falls, Texas.—Henry Zachary, an "oil smeller," was employed to locate the well of the Uncle Luke Wilson Oil Company on a lease on the Wilson ranch in the Archer district. He is said to be gifted with supersensitive olfactory nerves which enable him to find buried oil or metals by simply passing over the ground.

SEES FORTUNE IN OLD VIOLIN

Civil War Veteran Said to Own Genuine "Strad."

Sussex, N. J.—Mahlon P. Johnson, a civil war veteran, recently got out an old violin given to him by his grandfather in 1847. An expert in such matters discovered on the inside of the instrument the inscription "Antonio Stradivarius, Cremona Facit, Anno 1780." It is now valued at from \$10,000 to \$50,000.

SAVE YOUR WOOD ASHES

They're Valuable!

We will pay Five Cents per bushel for all your DRY WOOD ASHES on your premises, or Ten Cents per bushel if delivered to our place of business near the E. J. & S. R. R. depot.

Must be kept dry and free from coal ashes.

East Jordan Potash Co.

HITE & COLLINS, Proprs

East Jordan, Mich.

Phone 133F3

PROBATE NOTICE

State of Michigan, The Probate Court for the County of Charlevoix.

In the Matter of the Estate of Olivia M. Glenn, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given that 4 months from the 17th day of October, A. D. 1917, have been allowed for creditors to present their claims against said deceased to said court for examination and adjustment, and that all creditors of said deceased are required to present their claims to said court, at the probate office, in the City of Charlevoix in said county, on or before the 27th day of February, A. D. 1918, and that said claims will be heard by said court on Wednesday the 27th day of February, A. D. 1918, at ten o'clock in the forenoon.

Dated October 17th A. D. 1917.
SERVETUS A. CORRELL,
Judge of Probate.

Poverty is the only luxury the rich can't afford.

A small boy says the proper time to gather fruit is when the dog is chained.

One kind of curiosity is a small boy with two grandmothers who isn't spoiled.

Diamonds are seldom marked down low enough for short people to reach them.

According to an old Indian tradition, the chief end of a man is the one with the scalp.

Adding the postscript "Burn this letter" is your clue to start the conflagration yourself.

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 deranged or overworked kidneys. Foley Kidney Pills are good medicine for kidney trouble. —Hite's Drug Store.

SWINE BREEDERS.

Hog increase is necessary. Just received from Newman's Stock Farm, Marlette, Mich., a extra fine registered O. I. C. boar for service. It is your opportunity to bred to the very best at a reasonable price.
EDWARD THORSEN,
East Jordan, Mich., Route 3.

WORTH THEIR WEIGHT IN GOLD.

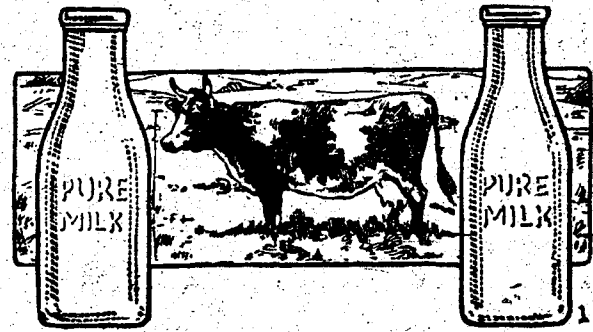
No man can do his best when suffering from backache, rheumatic pains, swollen joints or sore muscles. B. H. Stone, 840 N. 2nd St., Reading, Pa., writes: "For months I was unable to attend to business. I used Foley Kidney Pills and soon the pains and aches were gone. They are worth their weight in gold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

LATH BOLTS Wanted At Once!

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

Will pay \$4.50 delivered at Mill B.

East Jordan Lumber Co.



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

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Smoke White Holly—5c Cigar.

The average man doesn't add any dignity to the office he fills.

Let the other fellow have his way as long as it is only talk.

Life would be monotonous if we didn't make an occasional enemy.

Cupid has enslaved thousands, but refuses to be enslaved himself.

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Third Ward—J. W. Rogers, A. W. Clark, M. S. Berger, W. A. Pickard and James Reuhle.

The following resolution was offered by Commissioner Gidley, who moved its adoption; seconded by Commissioner Crowell:

Resolved, That no gate keepers are necessary, and that none be appointed for the special election to be held in the City of East Jordan, on Tuesday, Dec. 11, 1917.

Adopted by the City Commission of the City of East Jordan on the 22nd day of November, A. D. 1917, by an aye and nay vote as follows:

Ayes—Cross, Gidley and Crowell.

Nays—None.

On motion by Gidley, meeting was adjourned.

OTIS J. SMITH,
City Clerk.

NOTICE TO TAX-PAYERS.

All persons liable for taxes in the City of East Jordan are hereby notified that the tax roll for the year 1917, for State, County, County Road and School District taxes in said city is in my hands for collection, and the taxes can be paid on and after December 1st, 1917. If paid on or before January 9th, 1918, there will be no extra penalty, but on January 10th, 1918, four per cent penalty will be added to all unpaid taxes. Dated November 22nd, 1917.

WM. A. PICKARD, City Treasurer.

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.



8 Big Features of the Way Sagless Spring

make it the biggest value for the money ever offered in a bedspring.

1. Supreme sleeping comfort.
2. Perfect restfulness.
3. Absolutely sagless—guaranteed for 25 years.
4. Does not roll occupants toward the center.
5. Noiseless.
6. Sanitary—all metal.
7. Cannot tear bedclothes.
8. Stiff cable edges keep you from bumping on the siderails of the bed.

30 Nights To Prove Them

We'll send a Way Sagless Spring to your home and let you sleep on it for 30 nights before you decide whether you'll keep it or not. If you can't part with it after that trial, we'll buy it back at full price.

Whittington FURNITURE and Undertaking.

The Big Phonograph Sensation!

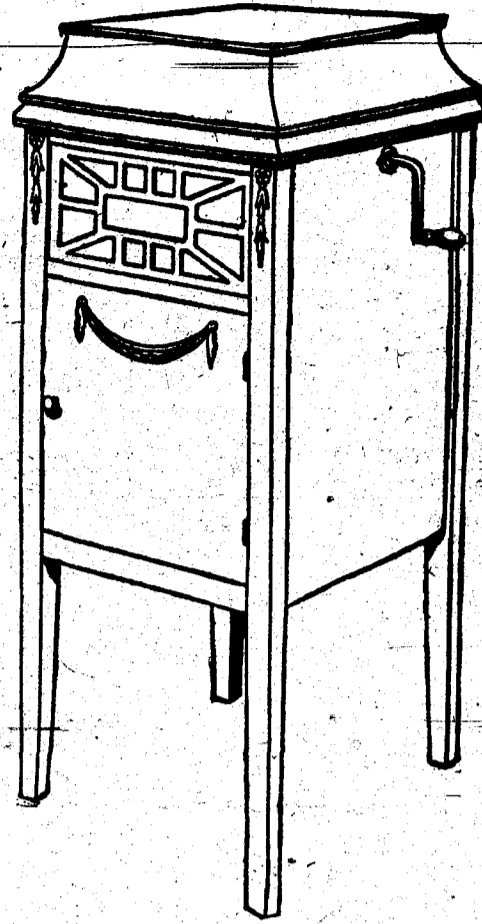
THE ONLY REALLY HIGH-GRADE PHONOGRAPH AT A POPULAR PRICE—\$40.00

The Perkins DeLuxe

is 44 inches high and plays any record including Edison and Pathe without extra attachments.

Oak and Mahogany Cabinets that will grace any home. Come in and let us demonstrate this better Phonograph, at a lower price than any other. We will arrange for the most suitable payments for you. Do not wait to buy, if you must wait—wait to pay for it.

C. C. MACK
JEWELRY MUSIC



MODESTY

Modesty is a quality mainly noticeable in folks who would lose by having attention called to themselves.

The modestest man we know has two or three other names on his waiting list, and there are oh, so many places he can't go at all.

Greatness is characterized by a tendency to efface one's self. This is true of great modesty also. The man we know who claims the most modesty that has effaced itself so utterly it must be very great modesty. One wouldn't notice that man's modesty at all unless one's attention were called to it, as it is sure to be by the owner thereof.

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

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

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

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

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

Facts You May Not Know

The term "Yankees" is supposed to have been derived from a corrupt pronunciation of the word English by the Indians.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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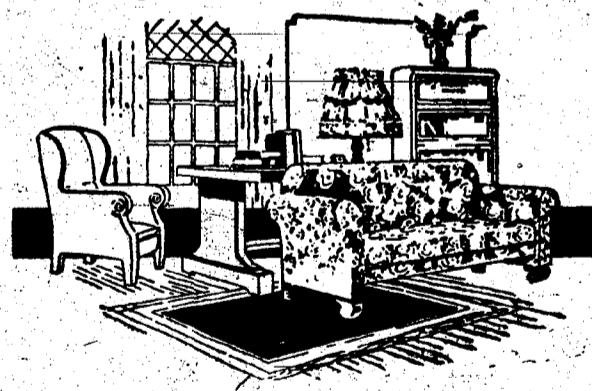
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IN PLAIN BLUE at \$10.50

Ladies' Suits
for The Week All Greatly Reduced in Price.

BATH ROBIN by the yard
in blue, grey, brown at 55c

See Our Window Display.

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FRENCH & REDMON
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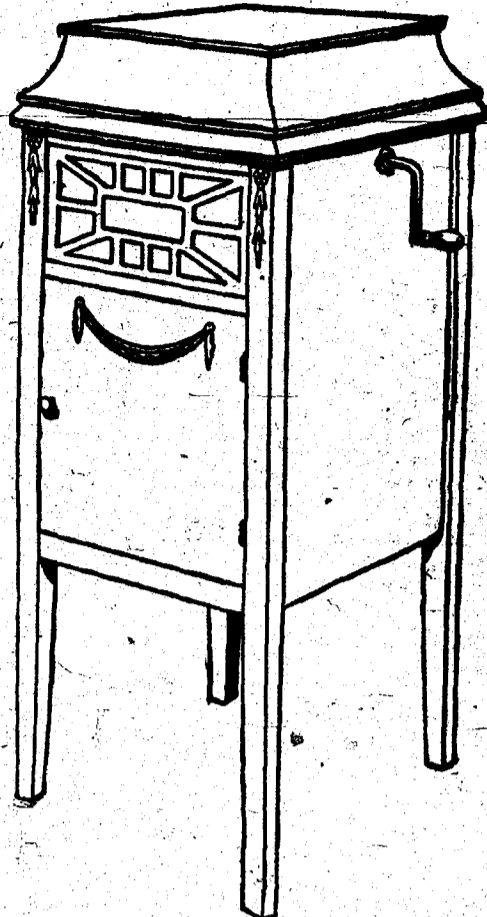
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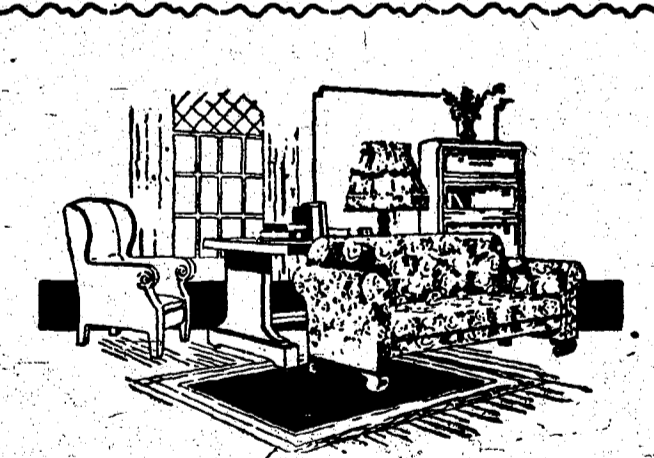
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Store Courtesy

We Consider Our Customers Our Guests and Bend Every Effort To Make Your Visit Pleasant. All Our Facilities Are At Your Disposal and There Is No Discourteous Insistence on Purchase to Mar the Occasion.

FRENCH & REDMON

HOUSE FURNISHINGS
and UNDERTAKERS.

FINELY IT STITCHES
WITHOUT ANY HITCHES
The WHITE ROTARY

Sold by the
EAST JORDAN
LUMBER COMPANY

MOTHER GAVE THIS DELICATE CHILD VINOL

And He Got Well and Strong. That's True

Monaca, Pa.—"My little boy, who is the youngest of three, was weak, nervous and tired all the time, so he was most unfit at school, and nothing seemed to help him. I learned of Vinol and gave it to him. It has restored his health and strength and he has gained in weight.—Mrs. Frederick Sommers, Monaca, Pa. Vinol is a constitutional cod liver and iron remedy for delicate, weak, ailing children. Formula on every bottle, so you know what you are giving them. Children love it.

HITE DRUG CO., East Jordan



"Beautiful and a Perfect Fit"

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

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

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

C. A. Hudson

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.

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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.

LAST PORT MADE BY PELORUS JACK

FAITHFUL DOLPHIN SUCCEEDS TO INFIRMITIES OF AGE.

After Piloting Ships 35 Years, He Grieved for Absent Friends and About War.

Sydney, Australia. — Pelorus Jack is dead. The famous New Zealand pilot fish had conveyed steamships from Wellington to Nelson at a point near French Pass for the last thirty-five years. According to Ben Riddies, the tarry-handed, bronzed, and bearded son of a British freighter, the finny pilot died from the infirmities of old age aggravated by grief of the war.

"I knew Pelorus Jack back in 1886," said Ben Riddies, "when I was boss of the old Wanagatiki, running between Australia and New Zealand, and he was a smart, young dolphin dashing blue and white in color and about fourteen feet long.

"In those days Jack, as the fish was known by all men in the coasting and deep-water trade to New Zealand, could swim like a streak, and moved so fast that when the sun was shining strong all the officers on the bridge and lookout forward could see was a flash as he jumped out of the water ahead to show his dexterity.

"Jack always kept on the starboard bow as he knew that was the Captain's side of the ship, and was a regular nautical aristocrat in manner. Skippers who followed Pelorus Jack never grounded on any shoals or hit rocks, and this became so well known that many of the older mariners would not go thru French Pass unless he was ready to pilot them.

"They all took a delight in feeding him with pieces of beef and small fresh loaves, which Jack had a great fondness for. One of his best friends was Captain Inman R. Seaby, of the White Star Line, who afterward had the Republic, and the two were so chummy that Jack would miss two or three vessels when he knew that Seaby was about to leave Wellington for Nelson.

"In 1904 some young landlubber, with more money than sense, came along in his yacht and fired a shot at the old pilot fish as he came under the bow and knocked a chunk off his starboard fin. This cruel act upset Pelorus Jack so much he swam away and was not seen for three months, and many of the coast skippers believed that he had given up his job.

"Finally the New Zealand government sent a dispatch boat to look for him, and Jack was discovered hiding up a small inlet in a lonesome state and brought back to French Pass. To protect him from further attacks the governor of New Zealand issued a special order in council establishing a fine of \$500 for any person who attempted to injure Pelorus Jack.

"Just before the war began it was noticed that the famous dolphin was turning gray and was showing his age in other ways. He took on a shovelled whistling grampus called Billy to teach him the pilot business, but Billy had lost his port headlight, and had to carry so much starboard helm that he was continually going around. Then Jack got hold of a frisky young dugong named Wilfin which indulged in so much skylarking around the ships that the officers would not trust him, and the sailors used to chuck coal at him to chase him away.

"What with his age and scattica, in the part which wagged his tail, and missing all his old friends who had been called away to the Atlantic trade by the war, Pelorus Jack just pined away and died. His body was found on the sandy shore near French Pass, and out of respect for his long and faithful services the crew of a coast steamer dug a trench and put the body of the old finny pilot in it on a bed of seaweed and planted a blue gum tree at the head and tail to mark the spot.

Ben Riddies, who seemed much affected by the death of Pelorus Jack, said that after the war the officers and men in the Australian and New Zealand coast trade would take up a collection for a monument to the only fish ever known to have been honored by a special order in council.

BOY CLIMBS LOFTY TREE TO FREE TRAPPED BIRD

Ten-year-old Lad is Awarded a Medal for His Daring and Heroic Act.

Hartford, Conn.—The Connecticut Humane Society has informed 10-year-old Michael Raycoffe of East Hartford he is to have a medal for rescuing an imprisoned robin.

Little Michael had to climb an elm tree 75 feet high to effect the rescue. The robin had flown to one of the top-most branches with a long string in its bill for nest-building. The string caught in a stout twig, and as the robin worked to get it free, the string tangled about one of its legs. It was thus held prisoner.

It took the boy more than half an hour to work his way to the top of the tree. But he managed to reach the twig to which the string had fastened itself and snapped it off. With this hanging to its leg the robin fluttered to the ground, was released and flew off chirping at its restored freedom.

An up-to-date woman is seldom up to date with her age.

NURSES HOUSEMAID AS HE LOOTS PLACE

Lays Limp Form on Bed, Then Changes Towels on Her Head as He Robs Rooms.

New York.—Blackjack the maid, lay her gently on her bed, apply cold towels to her wounds, and rob the house thoroughly between visits to the patient—this is the routine established by New York's newest character, the Tender-hearted Burglar.

All this the Tender-hearted Burglar did the other night in the apartments of Mrs. Sadie Miller, 509 Cathedral Parkway. The loot was \$800 in silverware, jewelry and money. The cold towels were Mrs. Miller's own monogrammed best. The maid is now in Harlem Hospital. If she gets well it will be because of the timely first aid.

Mrs. Miller, the wife of a traveling salesman, went with friends to the theater. There came a ring at the door. The maid opened it. There stood a big stranger who said he had come to deliver a package. The maid said nothing had been ordered, and, besides, Mrs. Miller was out.

Before she could add another word the man seized her. Putting one hand over her mouth, he struck her on the head with a blackjack. When she came to she was on her own bed. Beside her sat the burglar, carefully applying cold wet towels to her head. She thinks she was so astonished that she immediately became unconscious again.

The next time she came to the burglar was gone. She could hear him moving around. Presently he came back, changed the towels gently, and then tipped into Mrs. Miller's room. When the maid lapsed into unconsciousness the last time he was still dividing his energies between making clean sweep of Mrs. Miller's valuables and looking after his patient.

When Mrs. Miller came home she found the maid unconscious and the apartment in disorder. She reported to. Policeman Delaney of the West One Hundred and Twenty-fifth street station, and Miss Konopas, before being taken to the hospital, gave an unwilling description of her assailant-nurse.

"But I hope they don't catch him," she said. "He was so nice and gentle."

Mrs. Miller disagrees.

DON'T READ TRASH

Reading! Everybody wants the best of everything. It is a sign of a high standard of living. In the end the best is always the cheapest. Nowhere is this more true than in what one reads, yet many who demand the best in everything else read trash. "Everyone is influenced by what he reads, especially young people," said Mr. Chester S. Lord, the eminent journalist, in addressing the Kansas Editorial Association, "and cheap reading must of necessity breed cheap thinking—and consequently cheap moral conduct. It is in this direction that the sensational press and the cheap literature of the day have their chief influence. Cheap literature produces cheap mentality, and consequently a cheap people." Newspapers are not valuable chiefly as literature, but for their portrayal of life. So greatly do they vary in the pietism of life which they present, that one's mentality may be judged by the sort of periodicals he reads and supports. —From Leslie's.

When you see a girl sit down to dinner and tackle a juicy steak smothered in onions, it's a sign that she isn't greatly worried over love affairs.

Statistics show that the sooner a man allows his wife to have the last word the sooner the controversy will end.

It's a woman's natural faith that enables her to believe only the things she wants to when she knows she doesn't.

A gosling never attempts to teach a goose, yet there are children who imagine they are wiser than their parents.

A good bluffer is a man who can keep the other fellow from finding out that he is afraid to fight.

Opportunity likes to knock at the door of the man who has a little cash saved up for a rainy day.

So many people wait in vain for their ships to come in because they were never launched.

The average girl never turns up her nose at a man who knows enough to turn down the gas.

A woman can get more pleasure out of a good cry than a man can extract from a good laugh.

When the meek inherit the earth we hope that they won't make the rest of us get off.

A lazy man is a dead one who can't be buried.

Wise is he who has the cage ready for the bird.

Time is money to a man who buys on time.

The wise girl never marries her ideal.

Never fool with a fool; he may fool you.

ALLEGED WOMAN FAKED ROBBERIES

Houston Man in Divorce Petition Asks For Custody of Their Child

Houston, Tex. — Mrs. Mary McKaskle, a bride of two months, has been sued by Clarence W. McKaskle for a divorce. At the same time and in the same court a former husband sued her for the possession of their 18-month-old child.

Mrs. McKaskle is a beautiful young woman whose recent performances have had Houston's police force guessing. She has reported five successive burglaries in the McKaskle home in as many weeks. All these burglaries were alleged to have taken place in the day-time, and on one occasion Mrs. McKaskle was found in a fainting condition from apparent fright, she having called her husband by telephone from his work in the Union National Bank. The furniture was thrown around in a promiscuous fashion, there were stains looking like blood about the floor and an overturned bottle of carbolic acid was found which Mrs. McKaskle asserted a burglar attempted to force down her throat.

McKaskle alleges in his petition for divorce that his wife developed ideas without a parallel in human history. "Ideas of imaginary murders, suicides, burglaries and other crimes frequently possess Mrs. McKaskle," reads the petition for divorce. "If she rehearses a sensational burglary, she poses and plays as the victim, pretends to lose valuables, to have been knocked down, ill treated and abused.

"The vulgar gaze of a curious public was trained upon the privacy of our home when the daily newspapers of Houston published glaring headlines, such as: 'Bride, 19, Found in a Faint.' 'Says Man Sought Her Life.'"

When the police discovered that the supposed burglaries had not been committed, Mrs. McKaskle was quoted as saying she was merely testing the love of her husband for herself.

Parents of Mrs. McKaskle declared that the bride had pawned jewelry to purchase necessary supplies and had then resorted to what amounted to mere practical jokes.

The suit filed for the custody of the child by the former husband, J. Russell Winston, also asks for an injunction restraining Mr. and Mrs. Clarence McKaskle from removing from Harris County, Texas, Frances Rebecca Winston, 18 months of age. The child had been awarded to her custody at the time she was divorced from Winston last September, one month before she married McKaskle.

WOMAN EATS AN ONION; STARTS A RIOT IN CLUB

Apology for Violation of Boycott Angers Mothers and Hair-pulling Match Results.

Boston, Mass. — Mrs. May Levine ate an onion. The other night the meeting of the Maiden Mothers' League in Bryant Hall, was converted into a hair-pulling session and almost ended in a riot as a result.

As Eve partook of the forbidden fruit in the garden, so did Mrs. Levine allow a gnawing desire for an onion to cause her to fall from grace in the Mothers' League. For, be it known, the delectable and detectable onion is among the forbidden "fruits" in a boycott the club has started.

If Mrs. Levine had not been one of the important pickets in a recent siege of grocers her indiscretion might not have assumed such alarming proportions. But when she publicly confessed that the call of the onion had proved irresistible, her apology proved poor balm for the wounded feelings of her dumfounded compatriots.

A commotion followed, during which cries of sympathizers to the effect of: "Have a heart; maybe an onion's her weakness," only served to enrage the feelings of others.

Whether it was pure envy or a matter of principle, nobody took time to state. There was a generous reach for convenient heads and the squeals that followed showed that considerable enthusiasm was employed in tugging the crowning joy of woman.

The matter was finally arbitrated along the lines of every woman having a weak moment at least once in her life and of the irresistible qualities of the impressive and fragrant onion.

But the meeting did not close until a committee of five had been appointed to obtain a list of names and addresses of every person buying boycotted food with the avowed purpose of refusing to allow their children to play with the children of the non-boycotters.

"SMELLER" LOCATES OIL WELL

He "Scents" Metals Also by Walking Over Ground.

Wichita Falls, Texas.—Henry Zachary, an "oil smeller," was employed to locate the well of the Uncle Luke Wilson Oil Company on a lease on the Wilson ranch in the Archer district. He is said to be gifted with super-sensitive olfactory nerves which enable him to find buried oil or metals by simply passing over the ground.

SEES FORTUNE IN OLD VIOLIN

Civil War Veteran Said to Own Genuine "Strad"

Sussex, N. J.—Mahlon P. Johnson a civil war veteran, recently got out an old violin given to him by his grandfather in 1847. An expert in such matters discovered on the inside of the instrument the inscription "Antonio Stradivarius, Cremona Faciet, Anno 1780." It is now valued at from \$10,000 to \$20,000.

SAVE YOUR WOOD ASHES

They're Valuable!

We will pay Five Cents per bushel for all your DRY WOOD ASHES on your premises, or Ten Cents per bushel if delivered to our place of business near the E. J. & S. R. R. depot.

Must be kept dry and free from coal ashes.

East Jordan Potash Co.

HITE & COLLINS, Propr's
East Jordan, Mich. Phone 133F3

PROBATE NOTICE.

State of Michigan, The Probate Court for the County of Charlevoix.

In the Matter of the Estate of Olivia M. Glenn, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given that 4 months from the 17th day of October A. D. 1917, have been allowed for creditors to present their claims against said deceased to said court for examination and adjustment, and that all creditors of said deceased are required to present their claims to said court, at the probate office, in the City of Charlevoix in said county, on or before the 27th day of February A. D. 1918, and that said claims will be heard by said court on Wednesday the 27th day of February A. D. 1918, at ten o'clock in the forenoon.

Dated October 17th A. D. 1917.
SERVETUS A. CORRELL,
Judge of Probate.

Poverty is the only luxury the rich can't afford.

A small boy says the proper time to gather fruit is when the dog is chained.

One kind of curiosity is a small boy with two grandmothers who isn't spoiled.

Diamonds are seldom marked down low enough for short people to reach them.

According to an old Indian tradition, the chief end of a man is the one with the scalp.

Adding the postscript "Burn this letter" is your clue to start the conflagration yourself.

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 degenerated or overworked kidneys. Foley Kidney Pills are good medicine for kidney trouble.—Hite's Drug Store.

SWINE BREEDERS.

Hog increase is necessary. Just received from Newman's Stock Farm, Mariette, Mich., a extra fine registered O. I. C. boar for service. It is your opportunity to breed to the very best at a reasonable price.

EDWARD THORSEN,
East Jordan, Mich., Route 3.

WORTH THEIR WEIGHT IN GOLD.

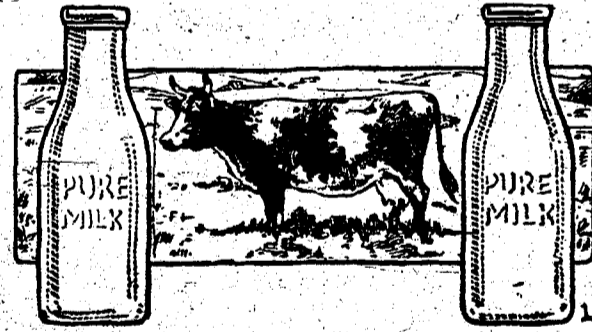
No man can do his best when suffering from backache, rheumatic pains, swollen joints or sore muscles. B. H. Stone, 840 N. 2nd St., Reading, Pa., writes: "For months I was unable to attend to business. I used Foley Kidney Pills and soon the pains and aches were gone. They are worth their weight in gold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

LATH BOLTS Wanted At Once!

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

Will pay \$4.50 delivered at Mill B.

East Jordan Lumber Co.



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