

Charlevoix County Herald.

Vol. 22

EAST JORDAN, MICHIGAN, FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 22, 1918.

No. 8

Two Residences Destroyed by Fire

Mothers and Heath Homes Guttered By Flames.

The homes of M. M. Mather and William Heath were destroyed by fire this week together with most of the household effects. A small insurance was carried on both properties.

Sunday morning about 9:30 the home of M. M. Mather near the Argo Mill was discovered afire, and before it could be put under control the building was a mere shell, and practically all the contents were destroyed. Mrs. Mather was alone with the children at the time, Mr. Mather being on his milk route. An insurance of \$500 was carried on the household goods, which included a piano and other valuable furnishings. At present they are located in the E. A. Gibson residence.

Wednesday morning, about 10:30 the residence of William Heath on Bowen's Addition was found in flames and before it could be extinguished was a mass of debris. It is thought the fire originated from a stove exploding as it had gained considerable headway before discovery. An insurance of about \$500 was carried on the contents and \$400 on the structure.

The long continued and intense cold winter we are passing through has increased the danger from fires to an alarming extent, and each and all of us must constitute himself a fire warden until milder weather prevails.

Red Cross Notes

The Knitting Bee will be held at Mrs. Geo. Carr's, assisted by Mrs. Will Stroebel next Monday afternoon, Feb. 25th, 7:30 p. m.

\$10 was raised at Mrs. Brabant's last Monday afternoon.

The ladies of the Red Cross want to thank John Severance for a fine load of wood.

Wilma Pickard and Nell Maddaugh have put in the 32 hours required for the Red Cross emblem.

Over \$5.00 was realized from the Japanese Tea, Tuesday evening.

Commission Proceedings.

Regular meeting of the City Commission held at the commission rooms, Monday evening, Feb. 18, 1918. Meeting was called to order by Mayor Cross. Present—Cross and Gidley. Absent—Crawell.

Minutes of the last meeting were read and approved.

On motion by Cross, the following bills were allowed:

L. Syd Sigler, snowplowing..... \$ 2.50
Standard Oil Co., gasoline..... 61.32
Stroebel Bros., mdse..... 19.55
G. A. Lisk, printing..... 12.70
Darling Pump & Mfg. Co.,
hydraut etc.,..... 47.70
Barclay, Ayers & Bertsch, packing 10.07

The resignation of A. Cameron as member of the East Jordan Library Commission, was received and read, and, on motion by Gidley, was accepted and ordered placed on file.

The Mayor appointed John Porter as member of the East Jordan Library Commission to succeed A. Cameron, resigned, and, on motion by Gidley, the appointment was confirmed.

On motion by Gidley, meeting was adjourned until Friday evening, Feb. 22, 1918.

OTIS J. SMITH,
City Clerk.

RULES FOR BAKERS

Bakers are now using at least five per cent of wheat flour substitutes in all bread and rolls. The amount must be increased as rapidly as possible until by Feb. 24 they are using at least 20 per cent of substitutes in all bread and rolls. Milk may be used in any form or quantity, provided bread containing milk is sold at the same price as that to which milk is not used. Such bread shall not be advertised or sold as milk bread. From February 1 to July 31, bakers of crackers, biscuits, cakes, pies, friedcakes, pastry, sweet yeast dough goods are limited to 70 per cent of wheat flour used for the corresponding period last year.

As soon as the rat finds that he is trapped he loses all interest in the little piece of cheese that caused his downfall.

WARNING ISSUED AGAINST SCHEME TO SWINDLE FARMERS

Another scheme for swindling the farmers of the United States has been discovered by the Federal Farm Loan Board. A man advertising himself as an authorized organizer of national farm-loan associations is sending out advertising matter emblazoned with the national flag, stating that he will organize such associations at \$500 each, and will teach others the trick for a certain sum of money. His advertisements have reached farmers and business men over a large part of the United States. He claims to be so busy organizing national farm-loan associations that he needs help, but will take time to teach others for a monetary consideration.

All such representations are fraudulent. In order to borrow under the farm-loan act, it is necessary for farmers to organize cooperative national farm-loan associations in their local communities. It is a violation of a ruling of the Federal Farm Loan Board, published more than a year ago, for a national farm-loan association or a joint-stock land bank to spend any money for promotion purposes. Associations thus organized will not be chartered by the Federal Farm Loan Board. Farmers are warned therefore against anyone asking a fee for his proffered services in connection with applying for a loan under the Federal farm-loan act.

PATRIOTIC PLAY HAS A CAST OF NOTABLES

In "Draft 258," which is the feature at Temple Theatre next Monday evening, Feb. 25th. Mable Taliaferro, and a cast of unusual prominence has been chosen. As John Graham, Walter Miller appears as the fiance of Mary Alden (Mable Taliaferro). He is a true patriot who enlists at the first call for volunteers, in vivid contrast to his role as the slacker in "The Slacker." The part of Matthew Alden, a "soap-box" orator, is played by Earle Brunswick, well known on screen and stage. Eugene Borden is seen to advantage in the role of George Alden. He has been seen in many stock productions and screen plays.

William H. Tooker, who interprets the role of Amiel Van Bierman, master spy, lends a fine characterization to the part. Mr. Tooker has played leads in Fox and Ivan features. Robert Anderson, who plays Nicolo Reisso, appeared in Griffith's "Intolerance." Camilla Dalberg, the portrayal of Marcita, the newspaper woman, has appeared in many Edison pictures. Sidney D'Albrook gives a fine character study of an Italian who wants to be a soldier. As a little Belgian waif, Baby Ivy Ward does some clever acting, which will delight all audiences.

To each one the world is but a mirror of himself.

GYPSIES NOW FLIT ALONG IN TOURING MACHINES

Romany Princess Rides Thru Kansas in 8-Cylinder Car—Will Go to Paris

Salina, Kan.—The motor car has taken the place of the wagon with a band of gypsies that, passed thru Salina, and it was not in any sense such a band as is usually seen on the streets of the Kansas towns. This band was living in style and the long white road with its campfires, fortune telling and nomadic thrills, is a thing of the past.

This band is soon to lose its princess—Princess Mary, who is going to Paris to study. Mary Matrine, or, as she preferred, Princess Mary, is a real princess of Romany and with her parents is on her way to New York, where she will take passage for Paris to improve her education. The mother, father, several sisters and brothers are making the trip from the west overland in a large 8 cylinder car, completely equipped as a Pullman.

"I've been with the wagons since I was a tiny baby," said Princess Mary, who is pretty, with olive complexion, beautiful teeth and bright eyes. "You know my father was king for a while and I have the royal blood in my veins and I want to be educated and live like you Americans; have training in music and the languages. And just think, I am going to get it."

She is now 17 years old and is enthusiastic over her future prospects. She speaks French, German and English and her instructors have been her parents only. And the pretty embroidery she showed to the visitor reluctantly indicates that she has one of the American girl's habits at least.

Prescott Explains "Chicken Rules"

Food Administrator Beseiged With Requests For Complete Information.

Lansing, Mich., Feb. 19.—The big end of the food administrator's mail for the last few days, has been from farmers wives, who request information concerning the new ruling, relative to the sale and killing of chickens.

"You see," said Mr. Prescott, "many of these women have the chicken and egg money for their personal use and of course the new rules knocks out considerable of their revenue."

"By restricting the killing of chickens which should soon be heavy layers, the Food Administration hopes to increase the production of eggs, adding to the available market supply and at the same time allowing them to go into storage during the season of high production at a price which will not necessitate unreasonable figures for storage eggs next fall and winter. Further slaughter would possibly reduce this year's production to the danger line," says Mr. Prescott.

"Increased cost of feeding, combined with present attractive market prices has influenced many poultry raisers to dispose of birds which should add to the spring and summer egg production. If the slaughter should continue at the rate which has ruled in recent months, there would be a very real shortage of eggs this spring, with correspondingly high prices paid for those placed in storage."

"Both the Food Administration and the department of agriculture have advised saving all hens and pullets for egg production. The Food Administration some time ago requested dealers to reduce the slaughter of possible egg producers, urging them to procure wherever possible cocks and cockerels. It has now taken a further step and placed the full power of its authority behind a definite prohibition. Failure to observe this ruling constitutes a violation of the Food Control Act. It will be followed by revocation of license or can be punished by a fine or not more than \$5,000 or by imprisonment for not more than two years or by all three. Licensed dealers have been notified that fresh stock of this kind already purchased must be disposed of by Feb. 23 and that additional stock may not be purchased. They may still handle stored or frozen stocks," concluded the State food chief.

It's as easy for most women to be good as it is for some men to be no good.

BRAZIL SUPPLIES WORLD WITH A MEDICINE

It is Chrysoarobin, Used for Skin Diseases and is Dangerous to Handle

Bahia, Brazil—The world's supply of araroba, or gao, powder is said to come entirely from the state of Bahia. It contains the substance known as chrysoarobin, widely used in medicine in the treatment especially of parasitic skin diseases.

The product is found in the form of a pulp or small solid masses in crevices of the heart wood of the tree known as "amargosa do matto" and is said to be a morbid growth. The trees are not cultivated. They are from 80 to 100 feet high, and often attain a diameter of more than three feet.

To extract the powder the trees which must have attained full growth and development, are felled and split open in order to reach the deposits of araroba at their center. There is always present a very caustic liquid, which is drained off. The damp pulp and lumps of araroba are then removed, dried and finally powdered.

The pulp yields about 50 per cent of chrysoarobin. It occurs in a micro-chrysoarobin, odorless, tasteless powder, very slightly soluble in either water or alcohol. Chrysoarobin gradually oxidizes to chrysoarobanic acid and glucose, and it is in the form of this acid that the drug is generally used. It is administered in the treatment of eczema, psoriasis, and in ringworm and other similar maladies. The yield per tree may be as high as 80 or 85 pounds.

The powder is exceedingly dangerous to handle, for if it enters the eyes it causes blindness, and sores from the caustic liquid produce sores that may incapacitate a person for a long period. Those engaged in the work for any length of time, although protected by gloves and masks with glass eye pieces, invariably lose their hair, eyebrows and eyelashes, and sometimes even become blind.

AUTOMATIC INSURANCE COVERS MEN LOST ON TORPEDOED TRANSPORT

Any American soldiers lost on the torpedoed transport were protected by United States Government insurance and Government compensation. Those who had not applied for insurance were covered by automatic insurance which is payable to a wife, child, or widowed mother. The automatic insurance aggregates about \$4,300, netting \$26 a month for 240 months. Insurance that had been applied for is payable to a much larger class of beneficiaries and can go as high as \$10,000, netting \$57.50 a month for 240 months.

The compensation in case of death, given by the Government without charge and regardless of rank or pay, ranges from \$20 to \$75 a month, based on the number of dependents. Payments under the compensation feature of the military and naval insurance, act in case of death are payable to a widow, children, or dependent widowed mother.

The automatic insurance ceased on Feb. 12, but the compensation feature of the act is a separate provision. The scale of compensation in case of death follows:

- For a widow alone, \$25.
 - For a widow and one child, \$35.
 - For a widow and two children, \$47.50, with \$5 for each additional child up to two.
 - If there be no widow, then for one child, \$20.
 - For two children, \$30.
 - For three children, \$40, with \$5 for each additional child up to two.
 - For a widowed mother, \$20.
- The amount payable under this subdivision shall not be greater than a sum which when added to the total amount payable to the widow and children, does not exceed \$75.

BLACKSMITH SAYS CLAIRVOYANT BEAT HIM OUT OF \$2400

Pennsylvania's Money Used in Effort to "Draw" \$98,000 From the Earth.

Hazleton, Pa.—William Shepperly, a blacksmith, appealed to Chief of Police Crittenden to apprehend two clairvoyants, whom he charges with defrauding him out of \$2400, which he raised by mortgaging his home. He claims they told him \$98,000 was buried in his yard and that money was needed to "draw" it to the surface.

He put up \$850 which was made the subject of incantations, in which the Bible played a prominent part. This sum was insufficient, the clairvoyants declared, and Shepperly raised \$1250 more, he said. This was placed in a box over which the Bible was read as mystic papers were burned.

Shepperly was told to prepare to dig in his garden and left the clairvoyants in charge of the money while he obeyed their directions. They failed to appear and he learned they had hurriedly left town, taking his money with them. No warrants have been sworn out.

Several years ago Shepperly's wife, now dead, lost \$400 in a similar manner at Hale Park and \$800 at another time at West Hazleton. On both occasions she was told that a fortune was hidden in the Shepperly yard and when Shepperly was told that \$98,000 awaited him he said he thought that there surely must be something to it, so he plunged heartily.

TWO CALIFORNIA U. GIRLS LIVE ON PEANUTS 3 MONTHS

"We Never Felt Better," They Say, After Testing Theory for Professor.

Berkeley, Cal.—Living on peanuts for three months is the feat performed by two University of California girls. They did it under instructions from Prof. M. E. Jaffe, head of the department of nutrition, who carried on the experiment to test his theory that peanuts are among the best and most concentrated foods available for humans.

"We never felt better," said one of the girls, "but I can't bear the sight of them now."

The peanuts cost each girl 15 cents a day. This cut their expenses down to \$4.20 a month, breaking the record for frugality on the campus.

As a healer of domestic wounds the jeweler is superior to the physician.

Practice doesn't always make perfect, but it makes some lawyers and doctors wealthy.

When a man is found guilty of love in the first degree, he should not kick if he and his accomplice are given a life sentence.

YOU ARE NEEDED TO BUILD SHIPS

If you can use tools you are needed for patriotic service; at good wages, to build ships.

The following list shows the kinds of trades most needed in shipbuilding. If you have skill in any of these trades and are ready when wanted to devote it to our country's service, communicate at once with the U. S. Public Service Reserve, of the Department of Labor, either through a local Enrollment Agent or by writing to 1712 Eye St., Washington.

Acetylene and Electrical Welders.
Asbestos Workers.
Blacksmiths—Anglesmiths, Drop Forge Men, Flange Turners, Furnace Men.

Boiler Makers—Riveters, Reamers.
Carpenters—Ship Carpenters, Dock Builders.

Chippers and Calkers.
Electrical Workers—Electricians, Wiremen, Crane Operators.

Foundry Workers.
Laborers—All kinds.
Loftsmen—Template Makers.

Machinists and Machine Hands—All Sorts Helpers.
Painters.

Plumbers and Pipe Fitters.
Sheet-metal Workers and Copper-smiths.

Ship Fitters.
Structural-iron Workers—Riveters, Erectors, Bolters-up.

Other Trades—Cementers, Cranemen

BOY EXPLORER TUMBLES AMONG GRINNING SKULLS

Lands on Coffins, Human Bones Rattling Over Him—Rescued From Pit by "Cop."

New York.—Several years ago the City of New York purchased a piece of ground at the southeast corner of Second street and Second avenue on which to erect a new Magistrate's Court. There was some hitch in the arrangements for construction and the officials put up a high picket fence to protect the property from trespassers.

Flowers and weeds suddenly began to spring in all parts of the plot where had stood for an age a small two-story dormer window dwelling.

No one had been seen to enter the plot for many months. Then the inquisitiveness of James Lucia, aged 12, got the better of him. He decided he would vault the fence and explore among the flowers and weeds, some of them towering above his head. So he got several boys together and proceeded to explore.

They found nothing particular that appealed to them. They were about to leave when James tumbled. He was plucking the blossom of a dying geranium when suddenly the earth opened and took him in. His companions screamed, in which respect, however, they had little the better of the boy, for his cries from a living sepulchre aroused Policeman Wittenberg, and fully a thousand persons in the neighborhood.

The boy's screams came from an opening in the earth of two feet wide and three feet long. The policeman vaulted the fence, ran to the opening in the earth and shot down the rays of a pocket electric lamp.

The light brought out the features of the boy whose arms rested on top of a hermetically sealed coffin. At his back was another huge casket and to his left still another. At his feet lay a dozen or more skulls and innumerable bones which had been scattered from a barrel he shattered in his descent. Further away was another barrel, whose top cover in the rays of the light of the policeman's lamp showed more skulls.

Wittenberg yelled to the boy to be calm and soon lowered himself into the hole finding himself in a huge vault of cement walls. The big caskets had browned with age, and the other barrel of skulls came apart when the policeman's heavy feet hit the floor.

Wittenberg saw he was in a tomb, and after assuring the boy of his safety, set about to bring him to the surface. Meantime, Second avenue had become crowded with men, women and children, some highly excited after having heard the boy's cries. A passer-by sent in a call to the Fifth street police station, and reserves came to clear the streets. Then Wittenberg drew up the boy and sent him home.

He learned a short time later that the plot was the site of one of New York's oldest cemeteries, abandoned probably seventy-five years ago.

Some men attempt to practice what they preach, but they soon get out of the practice.

School Notes

The sixth graders are now busy beginning the study of grammar and literature for language. They are also doing their bit by gathering tin foil for the Red Cross. The other grades are doing the same and quite a bit has been gathered. This month the fifth and sixth grades are singing patriotic songs only.

Lawyer Wilson talked before the high school students on Monday, Feb. 11th. His topic was the opportunities offered by the high school and how to make the most of them.

The 7th and 8th grade English classes gave a Lincoln program in class, Feb. 12th.

The girl's debating society chose the following members to act on the trial debate given at the High room, Tuesday. The affirmative side was composed of Julia Ellison, Ruth Malpass and Aurora Stewart. The negative side was composed of Gertrude Hockstad, Theresa Flagg and Violet Chamberlain. The question for debate was "Resolved, That freedom of the press is necessary to maintain a true democracy." The affirmative side won.

The 8th grade party Friday evening, Feb. 15th, was a very enjoyable one and there were plenty present to make it lively. Each person in the 8th grade invited a friend, making in all nearly 100.

The Entertainment Committee had planned games and dances with an orchestra of eight pieces. The class wish to thank the participants of the latter for the enjoyable music rendered them.

The party started at 6:30 and closed at 10:00 standard time, with an intermission at 9:00 for refreshments. It is reported a great success, owing to the co-operation of the class and officers.

The class advisor, A. E. Wells was presented with a fine service kit. Mr. Wells expects to leave in the near future to join the United States ship-building service.

It may interest the patrons of the school to know that the cooking department recently started is going nicely. The food and dishes prepared by the girls are sold at cost to students who bring their lunches, if not to the members of the domestic science class or to outsiders, thereby making it self-supporting. The first few lessons have been on "war bread" and potato dishes. The plan to provide students from the country with something hot to go with their noon lunches is also working out very well. The high school students are served with chocolate, a hot soup or escalloped potatoes on Tuesdays and Thursdays, while the lower grades are served on Wednesdays and Fridays. We extend an invitation to all who are interested in the work to come and see for themselves.

Presbyterian Church Notes

Robert S. Sidebotham, Pastor.

Sunday, Feb. 24, 1918.

10:30 a. m.—Union Services in Presbyterian Church. Rev. M. E. Hoyt will speak.

12:00 a. m.—Union Sunday School.
3:30 p. m.—Junior League of M. E. Church.

4:30 p. m.—Vesper Service. Mr. Jim O'Leary will speak.

5:30 p. m.—Union meeting of the Methodist and Presbyterian Young People's Societies in the Presbyterian Church.

Tuesday 7:30 p. m.—Regular monthly meeting of the Board of Trustees.
Thursday 7:30 p. m. Union Prayer Meetings.

Mr. Jim O'Leary, who speaks at the Vesper Service, is the Supt. of the Union Mission in Duluth. For the last three years he has been at this work, and has devoted much of his time to work among the Woodsmen of Miquensota. He is here at present looking over the Lumber Camp work, as outlined by Jack McCall who spoke for us last fall. To hear Jim O'Leary tell of his work will be a treat.

If a man is a hustler he gets busy and secures a key to the door of success.

Some folks make a specialty of exchanging their brass for other people's gold.

EAT CEREALS TO REDUCE FOOD COSTS

The most practical means of reducing table expenses without decreasing the wholesomeness and adequacy of the diet lies in increased use of cereal foods, especially boiled grains, mushes and breads made of corn meal and cereals other than wheat.

Cereals contain most of the important food elements which the body needs and yet are comparatively inexpensive. They are primarily a source of starch, needed by the body to yield energy. They furnish also considerable quantities of protein, one of the most important and usually one of the most expensive food elements, needed to build the body and keep it in repair. In addition, cereals furnish mineral matter, fats, fibre and, especially if part of the bran is left in, little-known substances which regulate body activities.

Cereals, therefore, may be used as the relatively inexpensive basis for meals. It then becomes necessary only to eat with them comparatively small quantities of higher-priced foods to make up the proper balance among the needed elements.

With animal foods or other nitrogenous foods, fruits, and vegetables also are used in the diet, the various grains may be interchanged freely as availability, cost or preference dictates. The starch of all the cereals is practically the same. Protein, fat, and mineral matter vary somewhat in the different kinds, but so slightly that the difference need not be considered in ordinary mixed diet. In such a diet, therefore, corn or oatmeal, for example, may be satisfactorily substituted for wheat when the latter is scarce.

The most common form in which cereal food is consumed is bread. The food value of bread, however, comes from the cereal of which it is made, and it makes little difference whether we get our cereal ration in baked or boiled form. If cereals are to be made a more important feature of the diet, mushes and boiled grains, as well as baked doughs, should be eaten in greater quantity. Practically any of the cereals may be used in making some type of bread. Wheat has been most used because its gluten makes possible the raising of the dough with yeast. Flours and meals of the other grains, however, may be made into baking-powder breads and many of them can be substituted for some of the wheat flour in making yeast breads.

Breakfast foods should be chosen carefully if economy is desired, since the form in which the food is purchased largely determines the cost. Meals from which mushes may be made may be obtained for a few cents a pound, while specially prepared grains may cost up to 58 cents or even more per pound. Bulk breakfast cereals, such as oatmeal, commonly may be purchased at lower prices than the same kinds put up in cartons.

One way to lessen the cost of breakfast foods is to buy whole grains from a feed store and grind them coarsely in a coffee or other hand mill. The cracked grains, when salted properly, boiled thoroughly, and served with butter or sugar and cream or milk, make wholesome and palatable foods. These home-ground grains, used alone or with flour, also may be used satisfactorily in bread making. Boiled grains, such as rice, barley, corn meal or hominy, may be used in the same way, or any of these may be combined into dishes with cheese, eggs or meat, which add both flavor and nitrogenous food elements.

Recipes.

BOILED SALSIFY—Wash the root of salsify, or vegetable oyster as it is also called, to remove loose dirt, then scrape thoroughly, throwing in to water as quickly as scraped that the white roots may not become discolored. Cut into inch lengths, place in a saucepan, cover with boiling water, add a little salt, and boil until tender when tested with a fork. Drain and the salsify is ready to be finished in any way.

BEANPOT ROAST—One and one-half pounds of clear stew meat, cut into two-inch bits. Put into beanpot and cover. Set in oven two hours and bake slowly. Do not add anything but one-half teaspoon salt. It will be rich with lots of nice gravy. If cooked slowly. When nearly done take out of oven and put into a good-sized shallow dish, put a thick layer of mashed potatoes on evenly all over. Set back in oven to brown slowly.

BREAD AND PARSLEY OMELET—Soak six tablespoons of grated bread crumbs in six tablespoons of cold milk for ten minutes and season with one-half teaspoonful of salt, and one-eighth of a teaspoonful of paprika. Separate the whites and yolks of three eggs and beat until light. Add the crumbs and milk to the yolks with two tablespoons of chopped parsley and fold in the stiffly whipped egg whites. Heat in an omelet pan two tablespoons of butter; turn in the omelet mixture and cook over a moderate heat until well risen. Loosen the sides of the omelet from the pan with a cake turner, turn over into a neat half-circle, brown for a couple of minutes on the under side and serve fried on a hot platter. Garnish with crisp greens and slices of broiled tomatoes.

Ink stains can be removed from goods by covering the spot with salt; squeeze lemon juice over this, and let dry in the hottest sunshine.

Needlework Notes.

Of course, children get loads of fun borrowing a table napkin or a scarf to throw over their play table, but how much happier they would be if you made for them a cover which they could claim as their very own. You could do it in very little time, using a strip of linen sufficiently long and wide enough to fit the table. To make it doubly attractive, outline on it three or four figures taken from the rhyme book. Of course, the cover should be made either white or ecru, so that it may be sent regularly to the laundry without looking any worse for the frequent application of soap and water.

When the invitation to the "shower" reads something like this, "Please bring something appropriate for the bride's kitchen not costing more than fifty cents," this kitchen sash curtain will be just the thing. It will require two yards of fifteen cent cheesecloth and two skeins of Dutch blue cotton floss. The sash curtain is made double, with a two-inch hem all around and a sufficient amount of material allowed at the top so that the curtains can be adjusted to any length of window. With the floss are outlined up and down and across the bottom of the curtains small insignias of the kitchen, like a teapot, a steaming double boiler, frying pan, mixing bowl, etc. The outlines for these small designs can be found in the advertisements in the back of any woman's magazine and can be traced with carbon paper.

For the Housewife.

Old window shades, when soaked and boiled clean to take out the dressing, make excellent roller kitchen towels.

Ink stains on boards may be removed by vinegar or salts of lemon.

A fine grater is better than a knife for removing the surface of anything that is burned.

Crumpled tissue paper is one of the best things for polishing mirrors and glass of all sorts after washing.

Do not take time to grate chocolate; put the bars in the saucepan and place over the top of the kettle until melted.

If a tack has been driven far into a floor and is too rusty to get out easily, it can be removed more easily if a drop of oil is poured on it.

Silk frocks, silk shirts and so forth, says a laundry expert, may be washed in lukewarm water and pure white soap. Borax and ammonia will make white silk yellow.

To keep light gloves clean rub with fine bread crumbs after each time of wearing.

Health Notes.

Eggs are considered one of the best remedies for dysentery. Beaten up slightly, with or without sugar, they tend by reason of their emollient qualities, to lessen the inflammation of the stomach and intestines and form a transient coating on these organs.

Neuralgia is relieved sometimes by applying a bag of hot salt, and it will relieve earache sometimes.

There is no drink more wholesome than buttermilk. The late famous Metchnikoff attributed the health and long life of Bulgarian peasantry to their diet of sour milk and black bread. Cold bonny-clabber or junket is a delicious dish on a warm day, and with golden-brown bread, fresh butter and a crisp green salad constitutes a meal fit for the gods. Those who do not care for turned or buttermilk should remember cottage cheese. It is one of the most wholesome, most simple and most neglected of foods; seasoned to taste with salt and leek, it should recommend itself to any palate. Leek is one of the articles of diet containing a high percentage of iodine.

Recipes.

JUMBALAYS—After washing one cupful of rice, let it soak one hour. Cut up a cold roast chicken and a slice of lean ham and fry them in a tablespoonful of lard. Stir in the rice slowly; while stirring add one pint of hot water. Cover closely and let simmer until the rice is nearly dry. A couple of spoonfuls of tomato may be added if the flavor is desired.

LEFT-OVER MEAT-SCRAPS—One cup cold, chopped lean beef or boiled chicken. Either will do, but chicken is nicer; then add one cup of boiled rice, salt to taste; one tablespoonful melted butter. Fry to a nice brown in salt pork after making into small cakes.

SOUP WITH BREAD CRUMBS—One quart skim milk, one cup bread crumbs or two large slices stale bread, salt, small amount spinach or outer leaves lettuce (not more than four ounces), one small slice onion. Cut the vegetables into small pieces and cook with the bread crumbs in the milk in a double boiler. If a large quantity is being prepared as in a school lunchroom, for example, put the vegetables through a meat chopper. In this case slices of bread may be ground with the vegetables in order to absorb the juice.

Health Notes.

Don't read books that irritate you. Books are plentiful. Therefore put away the offending volume and choose another. If a noise at night worries you don't let it continue to do so. Get up and see to the matter and put it right.

When soap and water are employed it is essential that the former perfectly agrees with the skin and this ablation should be permitted but once a day. When the skin is inclined to be too dry or oily, soap should never be used, but prepared almond meal instead. This is sprinkled from the can directly to the cloth, which should be changed at least every other day and thoroughly rinsed and aired.

"WRITERS' CRAMP" PROBLEM.

Complaint and the Ingenious Contrivances Devised to Meet It.

The subject of writer's cramp has been studied scientifically ever since 1881, but the results of attempts to prevent or cure it have not been very satisfactory. The demand made upon the writer's hand is considerable, and when he was to write for many hours together, and at high speed, it is not surprising that the fingers become cramped and the muscles exhausted. The amount of work demanded of the muscles is considerable, for not only must the pen be held, more or less firmly, but it must be twisted to form the letters, so that almost all of the muscles of the hand and forearm are called into play.

It must not be forgotten that there is considerable nerve strain at the same time, and the writer who is composing as he writes is much more apt to get the cramp than he who is merely copying. Cramp really means a lack of power of co-ordination or control of the muscles. In the act of writing a page of manuscript the muscles of the hand are called upon to perform thousands of movements, and the work is not absolutely automatic, the play of the brain being constant for the infinite variations required. For this reason writer's cramp should not be confused with other functional cramps, for there is much more of the psychological here.

While some practitioners have advised all kinds of tonics, from strychnine to belladonna, and others have tried surgical operations, severing certain muscles, the real line of endeavor should be toward relieving the strained muscles and bringing ethers into play. Massage, water treatment, electric treatment, all help. A number of devices have been invented for relieving sufferers and they are at-



Devices for Avoiding or Curing Writer's Cramp.

Effective in giving the hand greater muscular power and a new position which relieves the strain.

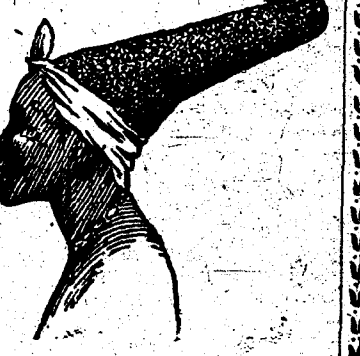
There is, however, something to be said as to psychotherapy. Some have advised rest, but I have found hypnosis to be of considerable use. I would not, however, advise its general use, as it has certain dangers. Some have advised music as a valuable adjunct, it relieving the strain upon the nerves. The mechanical aids are, however, most useful and will appeal to the large majority. Dr. Casanova devised an apparatus by which the pen is guided without the strain on the fingers. He had before tried to effect a cure by bandaging the muscles of the forearm. But his scheme of strapping the pen to the fingers has worked well in some cases. Duchenne tried to achieve the same end by altering the angle at which the pen is held, but this is not always effective. Ferdinand Martin has a very simple idea—a very large pen-handle with grooves into which the fingers fit, and this is an excellent and practical device.

Velpeau's device had the advantage of permitting the entire hand to grasp the pen, as it was held by a large bulb. In this way all the muscles of the forearm are called into play rather than the smaller and weaker muscles of the fingers and hand.

Duchenne perfected still another, more complicated device, consisting of a stand into which the hand fits, moving on ball-bearing casters, so that the position can be easily changed.

A Zulu Girl's Headdress.

Of the many strange methods of dressing the hair the strangest is perhaps that of the Zulu girl shown in the accompanying illustration. Not every girl of the same tribe may wear such a headdress.



It is a mark of approaching marriage, which carries with it perhaps more dignity than grace. The stiff roll is composed entirely of the wearer's own hair, which is laboriously sewn until the desired effect is obtained.

Meat Starvation in the Tropics. "All natives of the overpopulated tropics are in a condition of meat starvation and need much more meat and fat than they can possibly get."—Major Woodruff, U. S. A.

Ulster County's Epidemic. New York State's Board of Health believes the Ulster County epidemic of typhoid fever was caused through flies or mosquitoes.

Stomachs of Coeks. Ulcer of the stomach of coeks sometimes due to taking too hot

CHARLEVOIX COUNTY HERALD

G. A. Lisk, Publisher
ONE DOLLAR PER YEAR

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

HARD BOILED EGG MYSTERY

Where's the Sherlock Who can Figure This Out?

Connelville, Pa.—John Layton of near Dawson, Pa., avers that he had the prize chicken of the country. Layton works at the Boyd Sand Works. While eating his lunch he broke the shell of an egg, and was about to eat it when he noticed something black in the yolk. Closer investigation showed a needle within the egg. How the needle got into the egg, which was perfectly sound when taken from the nest, is a mystery.

TOWN TO PROVIDE HUSBANDS

Promise Extended to School Teachers at Baxter, Kansas

Baxter Springs, Kan.—This town has undertaken to provide a husband for every unmarried school teacher in the country who desires to wed.

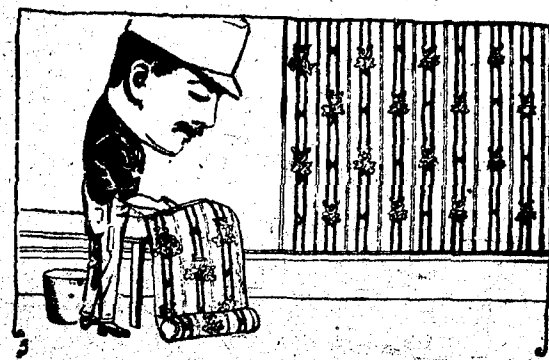
According to an advertisement in the News, published here, over the name of R. C. Wear, president of the Board of Education, "every female school teacher in the country is asked to put in an application for a school in Baxter Springs. A wedding guaranteed."

POOR CANOEIST, GOOD SWIMMER

Man Rescues Bride After Current Capsizes Craft

Allentown, Pa.—Unskilled in navigation, Mirris Gallino took his bride on the river in a canoe, which capsized in a battle with the current.

Gallino is a better swimmer than canoeist, and after his wife had sunk to the bottom of the river he dived and got her to the surface. He was exhausted when help arrived. It was with extreme difficulty that the young woman was restored to consciousness.



Our New Line of Wall Paper

Is Now On Display.

We Invite You to call and examine this fine line.

Priced Reasonable.

Whittington

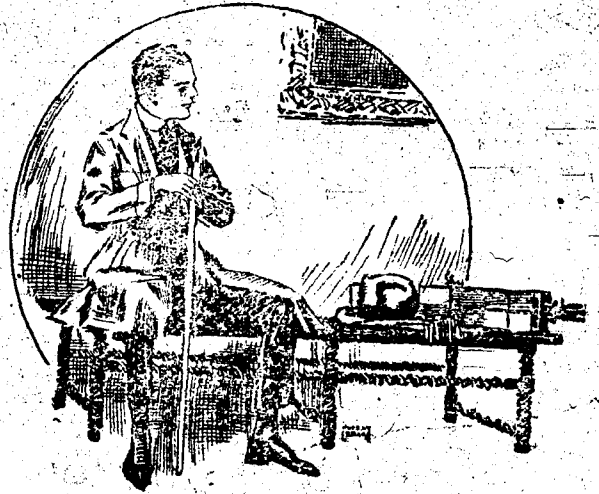
EAST JORDAN LUMBER CO. STORE



OH BOY!

Wait for that swell line of Spring Suits, Hats, Shoes, Etc.

Some Class



East Jordan Lumber Co.

VINOL MAKES GOOD BLOOD

Positive—Convincing Proof

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

It Cod Liver and Beef Peptones, Iron and Manganese Peptones, Iron and Ammonium Citrate, Lime and Soda Glycophosphates, Calcium.

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

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

HITE DRUG CO., East Jordan

A man may pocket his pride, but a woman has to conceal hers elsewhere.

NOW IS THE TIME TO BE CAREFUL

Avoid imitations or substitutes, get the genuine Foley's Honey and Tar, and you have a cough medicine you can depend upon. It gives prompt relief, clears throat, loosens phlegm, soothes, heals. Checks coughs, colds, whooping cough, lagrippe, bronchial coughs. Contains no opiates.—Hite's Drug Store.

Words resemble sunbeams—the more they are condensed the deeper they burn.

W R T WINTER IN YEARS.

Snow, wind and extreme cold caused more cots this winter than in years. Foley's Honey and Tar proved its worth in thousands of homes. Mrs. Edward Strevey, R. 37, Clinton, O., says: "I think Foley's Honey and Tar is the only medicine for coughs and colds and recommend it highly." Fine for children.—Hite's Drug Store.

URIC ACID IN MEAT CLOGS THE KIDNEY

Take a glass of Salts if your back or bladder bothers you—Drink more water.

If you must have your meat every day, but flush your kidneys with salt occasionally, says a noted authority who tells us that most forms of uric acid which almost paralyze the kidneys in their efforts to expel it from the blood. The blood becomes sluggish and weak, then suffer with a dull misery in the kidney region, sharp pains in the back or headache, dizziness, your stomach sour, tongue is coated and when the weather is bad you have rheumatic twinges. The urine is cloudy, full of sediment, the kidneys get sore and irritated, and you seek relief two or three times a night.

These irritating acids, to purify the kidneys and flush out the body's urinous waste get four ounces of Jad Salts from any pharmacy here; take a tablespoonful in a glass of water before breakfast for a few days and your kidneys will then act fine. This famous salt is made from the acid of grapes and lemon juice, combined with bicarbonate, and has been used for generations to stimulate sluggish kidneys, neutralize the acids in urine, longer irritates, thus ending uric acid attacks.

It is inexpensive; cannot injure; is a delightful effervescent.

OLD-TIME COLD CURE—DRINK HOT TEA!

Get a small package of Hamburger Breast Tea, or as the German folks call it, "Hamburger Brust Tee," at any pharmacy. Take a tablespoonful of it, put a cup of boiling water upon it, pour through a sieve and drink a cup full at any time during the day or before retiring. It is the most effective way to break a cold and cure grip, as it opens the pores of the skin, relieving congestion. Also loosens the bowels, thus breaking up a cold.

Try it the next time you suffer from a cold or the grip. It is inexpensive and entirely vegetable, therefore safe.

RUB RHEUMATISM FROM STIFF, ACHING JOINTS

Soreness from joints and muscles with a small trial bottle of old St. Jacobs Oil

Stop "dosing" Rheumatism. It's pain only; not one case in fifty requires internal treatment. Rub soothing, penetrating "St. Jacobs Oil" right on the "tender spot" and by the time you say Jack Robinson—out comes the rheumatic pain. "St. Jacobs Oil" is a harmless rheumatism cure which never disappoints and doesn't burn the skin. It takes pain, soreness and stiffness from aching joints, muscles and bones; stops sciatica, lumbago, backache, neuralgia. Limber up! Get a 25 cent bottle of old-time, honest "St. Jacobs Oil" from any drug store, and in a moment you'll be free from pains, aches and stiffness. Don't suffer! Rub rheumatism away.

WINS A HUSBAND BY PITCHING HAY

KANSAS STUDENT HER MATE IN HARVEST, PICKS HER FOR HIS MAUD MULLER

UNUSUAL ROMANCE TOLD IN COURT

Young Woman Also Wins Suit for Back Pay When She Still Was a Farm Hand

Wichita, Kan.—Maud Muller, according to Whittier raked the meadow sweet with hay, and forgot all about her brier torn gown, and her graceful ankles, bare and brown, as she won the heart of the judge. But Mary L. Bennett, a Kansas Maud Muller, won her sweetheart while wading a pitchfork and wearing blue denim overalls.

This is the story that Mary told and she has a husband to prove it, and she made her word good enough for a court to order her employers to pay her \$52, which she had earned by making a "hand" in a hayfield.

Mary Bennett, is an orphan, with a sister living in Texas. At the death of her parents she went to live with neighbors, Mr. and Mrs. Peter Jason, in Sedgwick county. She grew to young womanhood in her home, and during the summer she was paid the regular wages of a farm hand. She was strong and young and as good a farm hand as the average man.

For three years Mary Bennett pitched hay alongside the men. Last summer Charles Lee was one of the workers in the field. The girl and the young man worked side by side. He was a college student working to earn money to help pay his way thru school. They got along so well at their haying and in the wheat fields that Lee decided they would be exceptionally good teammates for life.

Lee was graduated early in May and was offered a job at Wichita. He first went to the Jason home and took Mary over to a minister's and they were married. Then he went to work.

When Mary left the Jason household she said the Jason's owed her \$76 in wages which they refused to pay. So the young husband hired a lawyer and suit was brought in Judge Grover Pierpont's court for the money. Mrs. Lee, as a witness told how she had pitched hay 12 hours a day, day in and day out, for three years, and blushing admitted to the court that she and Lee had made love over their pitchforks.

The Jasons maintained that they had helped rear her and had taken care of the girl, when she was ill. Judge Pierpont decided that Mrs. Lee should pay for care during her illness and awarded her \$52 in cash and told Jason he did not want any delay in payment as the young couple needed the cash for furniture.

WOMAN MADE DUMB BY SIGHT OF SNAKE

Among Gifts of Flowers and Fruit She Finds Bottle of Cider—Bang!—Cured.

St. Louis, Mo.—Mary Zubotaki, 26, of East St. Louis, is the happiest patient in St. Mary's Hospital. Her voice, which for two months was gone from her has returned. She is no longer "so lonesome," as she says in her broken English.

Two months ago Mary was walking home from work thru Emerson Park. Some boys were playing with a snake and threw it at her. She became so frightened that she could not scream, and from then she was unable to speak a word.

She continued to go to her work daily, but often had nervous spells. Her nerves became worse, and she temporarily lost her hearing. She was taken to St. Mary's Hospital.

Her friends brought her gifts of flowers and fruit, and one brought her a bottle of fresh cider. This cider remained in the room, bottled, and in the night the warmth of the room caused it to ferment, so that the stopper shot off making an explosive sound so loud that Mary was able to hear it.

The noise frightened her and brought back her voice. She began to talk in the middle of the night and has been able to talk a little more each day.

MINISTER VICTIM OF TRANCES

Cleveland, Ohio.—Rev. Henry Shrader is of the opinion that trances work for good and evil. For it was the result of a trance that he married and it was the result of a trance that he and his wife separated.

So he testified when seeking a divorce before Judge Pearson of the court of common pleas. Shrader gave his present occupation as a salesman of corn salve and bunion plasters. Before the trances, to which he said his wife was subject, he was a United Brethren minister in churches in Bremen, Norway, Baltimore and Concord. He testified his marriage took place after his fiancée told him she had conversed with his widow during a trance.

In another trance she accused him of stealing her watch, and the separation resulted. Mrs. Shrader lives in Abdon, Ohio.

POTATO RECIPES

POTATO SOUP—Three potatoes, of medium size, 4 cups skim milk, 1 small onion, 4 tablespoons butter or other fat, 2 tablespoons flour, 1 1/2 teaspoons salt, 1 1/4 teaspoon celery salt, or 1 stalk of celery cut in inch pieces, 1 1/2 teaspoon chopped parsley, little cayenne pepper or paprika. Boil the potatoes and when soft rub them through a sieve. Slice the onion and scald this and the celery with the milk. Take out the onion and celery and add the milk slowly to the potatoes. Melt two tablespoons butter or fat, into which mix the dry ingredients, and stir into the boiling soup. Boil one minute; strain, add the remainder of the butter, or fat, and sprinkle with the parsley when ready to serve. The parsley improves the looks and adds a little to the flavor, but may be omitted if this is more convenient.

STUFFED POTATOES—A nice way to secure variety is to cut a slice from the top of each baked potato and scrape out the inside. Mash, season with salt, pepper, chopped parsley or chopped celery leaf, or onion juice (if liked), and butter, or savory fat, and heat in a little hot milk; add 2 well-beaten whites of eggs. Refill the skins, sprinkle with grated cheese or bread crumbs, and bake in a hot oven about 6 minutes.

CREAMED POTATOES—There are several different ways in which creamed potatoes may be prepared: (1) Freshly boiled or cold boiled potatoes may be cut into small cubes and served heated in cream sauce. (2) Wash, pare, and cut potatoes into small cubes. Put into frying pan with a few slices of onion cut up very fine, and parboil 10 minutes. Pour off water. Add one tablespoon butter drippings, or other fat, seasoning of salt and pepper, and milk enough to cover. Cook for 15 minutes, or until the potatoes are well done, and the sauce thick and creamy. It is necessary to stir the potatoes frequently to prevent sticking. The starch in the potatoes thickens the sauce. Creamed potatoes are particularly good to serve with fish or chicken.

HASHED BROWN POTATOES—Cut cold boiled potatoes into small pieces (2 cupsful), season with salt and pepper, cook three minutes in one-third cup of bacon drippings, stirring constantly. Let stand a few seconds to brown underneath; fold like an omelet, and serve on a hot platter.

These are very good with broiled or fried fish or meat.

MEAT AND POTATO PIE WITH POTATO CRUST—Boil meat, cut into small pieces. Mix with potatoes separately boiled and cut up, and put in to a baking dish. Make a crust by mixing smoothly mashed potatoes to which a tablespoon of shortening has been added, with enough flour and water to make them roll out easily. A pie made of a pound of meat will require five or six small boiled potatoes, a cupful of mashed potatoes, and eight or ten tablespoons of flour, and should be baked about twenty minutes in a hot oven. Salt, pepper, and other seasoning, as onion and carrot, may be added to taste. A teaspoon of baking powder makes the crust lighter.

POTATO PUDDING—1 1/2 lb. mashed potatoes (5 small potatoes), 4 tablespoons butter or good cooking fat, 2 eggs, 1 1/2 cup milk, 1 1/4 teaspoon salt, 1 1/2 lemon (juice and rind), 1 tablespoon sugar, 1 1/2 cup raisins or raisins and nut meats. Boil potatoes, mash, and add butter, eggs, milk, lemon juice, grated peel, and sugar. Beat all the ingredients together and bake in a buttered dish for three-quarters of an hour or longer.

Notes for the Knitters.

An old and experienced knitter gives the following points which the beginner should keep in mind and practice for progress:

Select a chair without arms or else very low ones, because any impediment in the way of the arms means restricted and hence uneven knitting.

Some knitters advise knitting the first row slowly until the needles fill with stitches and the work can then go on more quickly. Others say that it is a good idea to set a speed from the beginning as it makes the work look more even. This is something each beginner will have to find out for herself.

Never let the needle support the weight of a piece of work. This drags the work and stretches the garment terribly.

Beginners should learn to count stitches occasionally to make sure that none of them have been dropped. Be very careful not to pick up a split thread. Make every stitch as clean as possible.

To remedy a dropped stitch in plain "garter stitch" knitting, draw the straight thread through the loose loop from the back. This can be done, best with a crochet hook.

As the "split" stitch sometimes catches up more than the single thread, this often accounts for extra stitches.

Aim to keep the tension fairly loose and easy. The experienced knitter will know that work which she can move easily along her needle with one finger is just about the right tension. Loose knitting is especially good when as high as seventy or eighty stitches are held on the needle.

Try not to stop in the middle of a row. If you have to do so try to keep the needles flat together or the stopping place will be evident with a stretched place or hole.

Needlework Notes.

Something different as a finish for the library table runner and cushion to match is seen in a new set which uses a heavy silk cord in a novel manner. The cord is run around the entire edge of both pieces, but at the corners it becomes a little more leisurely and takes the time to be knotted into regular buttonhole stitches for four inches on each edge; thus it forms a weighty and artistic finish for the corners. When heavy silk tassels are added in the exact middle of these knotted sections, the effect is artistic in the extreme.

Among the many new apron patterns there is one which is extremely simple and practical, and just the thing to wear when doing the family mending. It is made of two large pieces of white dotted swiss, cut round at the bottom and sewed together at the edge. A slit is made in the center of the front piece from the waistband to within eight inches of the bottom. The edges of the opening are hemmed. This forms an apron which is also an enormous pocket, in which the sewing materials may be placed—out of reach of baby's inquisitive little fingers.

One way to get smooth work is to pass the thread, after drawing it to the skin, through the thumb and finger to find out which way the twist runs. Then insert the thread in the eye of the needle so that the twist runs down from the needle.

In making cross-stitch letters or monogram on the damask it is extremely difficult to make even stitches. The work will be easier and more satisfactory if you baste a piece of the old fashioned cross-stitch canvas on the table cloth or towel, place the article in an embroidery hoop and proceed with the stitching. A piece of canvas only a very little larger than the letter or monogram is needed and, when finished the threads of the canvas can be drawn, leaving the completed letter upon the linen.

Health Notes.

No one can help feeling nervous at times in this age of rush and racket, but every woman should remember that the more she controls this feeling the longer she will retain her beauty. It is quite possible to put on the brake, as it were, and not let the nerves run away with us. If people fret you it is not necessary to be rude to them. Try instead to avoid them.

Fresh air is the best of all medicines, and there is only one proper way of taking it. That is by deep breathing all of the time, not merely once or twice a day when you happen to think of it. The ideal deep breath is the kind you get when you yawn.

No one can sleep in a hot, poorly ventilated room and be in condition to resist colds and contagion. In a bedroom with but one window raise the window at the bottom and lower it correspondingly at the top. If there is more than one window, raise one and lower another at the top. When the windows are on but one side of the room a transom should be opened or a door left ajar to help the circulation of air.

Recipes.

HOT SLAW—To a quart of finely shredded cabbage add a cup of boiling water, a teaspoon of salt, and cook one-half hour. Then add one-half cup of milk, a teaspoon of butter and cook down until it is quite dry, being careful not to burn. Make a sauce as follows: Beat an egg until frothy, add a tablespoon of vinegar, in which has been dissolved a pinch of mustard, pepper, salt and sugar. Add a tablespoon of butter and set over a kettle to cook until slightly thick, then add one-half cup of boiling milk. Pour over the cabbage, stir together, then serve.

RHUBARB TURNOVERS—Make a little good pastry, roll out to thickness of a quarter of an inch. Stamp it out in rounds from four to six inches in diameter, lay upon one-half of the pastry a little young rhubarb, cut small or a little stewed. Add sugar to taste and sprinkle a little powdered ginger over the fruit. Turn pastry over, pinch edges closely together and brush the turnovers with white of egg. Sprinkle a little powdered white sugar over them, bake in tins in a brisk oven about twenty minutes.

BREAST OF VEAL AND PEAS—The best part for this is the thick end of the breast, cut into pieces. The pieces are cut with the bone, and then cut into lengths of about two or three inches. Place them in a casserole with one or two onions cut into dice and one ounce fat, sprinkle with salt and pepper and cover with a lid. Put on the fire and let sweat until the veal begins to fry; turn the pieces and fry all sides, add the dried peas (soaked over night), and cover with water. If desired, a pinch of mint can be added. See that the seasoning is right. Cover and let simmer till the whole is well cooked.

For the Housewife. Bits of ham left over can be mixed and used to give flavor and relish to a dish of scrambled eggs.

Soap should never be rubbed on flannels, but a soapy water prepared and the flannels washed in that.

When airing feather pillows do not hang them in the sun, as sunshine "dries" out all the oil from the feathers, making what is known as "dead feathers." Hang in a shady place where there is a light breeze.

Muslin flour bags are excellent for keeping vegetables. Lettuce washed and put inside the bag, then placed on the ice, will keep cool and crisp a long time. Other vegetables, like cabbage, will keep longer than usual if placed in a bag that has been wrung out of cold water and hung in a cool though not a freezing place.

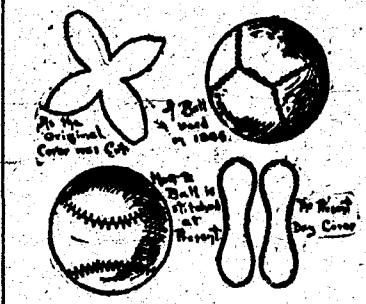
THE BASEBALL COVER.

It is a Mystery Who Invented the Double Figure 8.

Look at it—the baseball of to-day! It is perfectly spherical. The seams of its cover present the only perfect solution of one of the most difficult problems in the application of geometry. The sewing of the seams presents the only solution of a problem equally difficult, yet arrived at by the dogged, stubborn slogging of repeated experiment. It has saved you fortunes; it has cost you fortunes. It has swung away one vast fortune and is making other fortunes. It is an American wonder.

The modern baseball is a miracle of mathematics, a prodigy of patience, a triumph of science which the nation has made its work and its play, its world-famed industry and its world-famed relaxation. And it bids fair, also, to be the national mystery, the eternal enigma, more dubious than the riddle of the Sphinx.

For who invented the double figure 8 cover now universally in use? That is the great mystery of baseball manufacture. The man who invented the modern cover and neglected to patent it missed a great fortune. One sporting goods firm alone manufactures 1,400 dozen standard baseballs every working day of the year. Anyone can calculate the millions in the twelfth month; and anyone can count the millions of dollars that the total out-

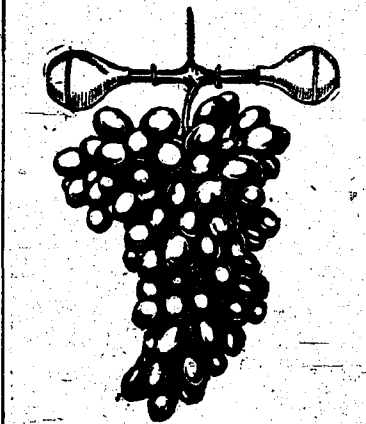


put brings—the best spent millions any people ever paid for the health that comes of honest outdoor sport.

That four-leaf clover thing, among the illustrations, is the cover of the old-time baseball; and that sphere with the straight line of stitching across the top, where the seams of the clover leaves join, is the ball itself. The other pictures show the cover of the regulation baseball of to-day, and the ball itself, displaying the hard, even stitching.

To Keep Grapes Fresh for Months.

A great firm of wine growers at Saint Benast, France, has devised a simple method of keeping grapes perfectly fresh for several months. To keep grapes fresh they must not be allowed to dry, while, on the other hand, they lose all their good qualities if they are immersed in water. There-



fore, they must receive moisture just as they receive it while still on the vine—through their stalks. The grapes must not touch anything and they must be handled as little as possible.

The device which has just been put into use in France is well illustrated in the accompanying picture. In cutting the grapes an inch or two of stalk is left on each side of the twig that bears the bunch, and to each end of the stalk is fitted a bulb of rubber or glass containing sterilized water. The whole is then hung up where the grapes may swing free. The water in the bulbs is sucked up by the stalks and supplies the fruit with the wherewithal to keep fresh. This water can be renewed as often as necessary without touching the grapes and any grape that withers can be slipped off without disturbing its neighbors. It is said that by this method freshly picked grapes can be kept fresh for two or three months.

Eggs Inside of You.

Two soft-boiled eggs leave the stomach in 1 1/2 hours, two poached 2 1/2, two in omelets 3 hours. On the "Bower," "Bring me two poached on toast," Walter hollers, "Adam and Eve on a raft." Changes his mind and orders a scramble. Walter yells, "Wreck 'em." Some can't beat eggs at all, get sick at the stomach, bilious and headache. Women don't like eggs like men.

Typhoid Cases and Cure.

Colonel Temple of England believes he is decidedly helping typhoid cases with a set of bacterial vaccines. Medicines of Greece are fully believing that Mrs. Mosquito spreads most of the typhoid around those old parts of the old country.

Germs to Sour and Kill.

Thunder sours milk and kills lobsters in shallow boxes near the sea surface. Germs may do this killing and scouring.

Appetite of Diabetics.

Some diabetics have no control of hunger and thirst; will even eat a cake of soap.

AND NOW THEY ARE COOKING TOBACCO TO MAKE IT BETTER

For a good many years The American Tobacco Company have been conducting a series of experiments having as their object the improvement of smoking tobaccos.

And it is interesting to know that one of the greatest of their discoveries was one of the simplest, and that was that cooking or toasting tobacco improved it in every way, just as cooking most foods improves them.

They took a real Burley tobacco, grown in this country; toasted it as you would toast bread; moistened it to replace the natural moisture driven off by toasting; made it into cigarettes, called them "LUCKY STRIKE, the toasted cigarette," and offered them to the public.

There's been the greatest demand ever created for any tobacco product in a similar length of time.

The change produced by toasting is not only most wholesome, but the flavor is greatly improved, just as cooking improves meat, for example.

SAYS HOT WATER WASHES POISONS FROM THE LIVER

Everyone should drink hot water with phosphate in it, before breakfast.

To feel as fine as the proverbial "Idiot," we must keep the liver washed clean, almost every morning, to prevent its sponge-like pores from clogging with indigestible material, sour bile and poisonous toxins, says a noted physician.

If you get headaches, it's your liver. If you catch cold easily, it's your liver. If you wake up with a bad taste, furred tongue, nasty breath or stomach becomes rancid, it's your liver. Sallow skin, muddily complexion, watery eyes all denote liver uncleanness. Your liver is the most important, also the most abused and neglected organ of the body. Few know its function or how to release the dammed-up body waste, bile and toxins. Most folks resort to violent calomel, which is a dangerous, salivating chemical which can only be used occasionally because it accumulates in the tissues, also attacks the bones.

Every man and woman, sick or well, should drink each morning before breakfast, a glass of hot water with a teaspoonful of limestone phosphate in it, to wash from the liver and bowels the previous day's indigestible material, the poisons, sour bile and toxins; thus cleansing, sweetening and freshening the entire alimentary canal before putting more food into the stomach.

Limestone phosphate does not restrict the diet like calomel, because it can not salivate, for it is harmless and you can eat anything afterwards. It is inexpensive and almost tasteless, and any pharmacist will sell you a quarter pound, which is sufficient for a demonstration of how hot water and limestone phosphate cleans, stimulates and freshens the liver, keeping you feeling fit day in and day out.

SAGE AND SULPHUR DARKENS GRAY HAIR

It's Grandmother's Recipe to Restore Color, Gloss and Attractiveness.

Almost everyone knows that Sage Tea and Sulphur, properly compounded, brings back the natural color and lustre to the hair when faded, streaked or gray. Years ago the only way to get this mixture was to make it at home, which is messy and troublesome. Nowadays, by asking at any drug store for "Wyeth's Sage and Sulphur Compound," you will get a large bottle of this famous old recipe, improved by the addition of other ingredients, at a small cost.

Don't stay gray! Try it! No one can possibly tell that you've darkened your hair, as it does it so naturally and evenly. You dampen a sponge or soft brush with it and draw this through your hair, taking only a small strand at a time; by morning the gray hair disappears, and after another application or two, your hair becomes beautifully dark, glossy and attractive.

Wyeth's Sage and Sulphur Compound is a delightful toilet requisite for those who desire dark hair and a youthful appearance. It is not intended for the cure, mitigation or prevention of disease.

PUT CREAM IN NOSE AND STOP CATARRH

Tells How To Open Clogged Nostrils and End Head-Colds.

You feel fine in a few moments. Your cold in head or catarrh will be gone. Your clogged nostrils will open. The air passages of your head will clear and you can breathe freely. No more dullness, headache; no hawking, snuffing, mucous discharges or dryness; no struggling for breath at night.

Tell your druggist you want a small bottle of Ely's Cream Balm. Apply a little of this fragrant, antiseptic cream in your nostrils, let it penetrate through every air passage of the head; soothe and heal the swollen, inflamed mucous membrane, and relief comes instantly. It is just what every cold and catarrh sufferer needs. Don't stay stuffed-up and miserable.

THE ST. DUNSTAN MYSTERY

By PERRY NEWBERRY.

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CHAPTER I.

The Girl in the Elevator.

I should cease packing a gun; that was one thing. For eighteen years I had lugged a forty-one caliber six-gun in a pocket-holster at my hip, and I was tired of it. I pulled out the leather case with its deadly contents and, consigning it to a bureau drawer where my collars and cuffs reposed, went back to my Morris chair before the fire.

It was my fortieth birthday—whew! Forty! Forty years old! Going some on life's highway, that! And what to show for it?

This was a good time to take inventory, before I went to bed. I had come home late from the office, as usual, same as any night in eighteen years, but there was a difference. I was forty, and I had resigned.

I had come home late but was it home? To begin the inventory, did I have a home? Could I call this apartment of two rooms by any such name? I had lived here six—no, eight years; that is, I had slept in the rear room and sat before the gas-grate in winter and the open window in summer in the front room what few hours I was in the place and not asleep. Well, let it go at that; call it a home.

Item one, a home. A two-room apartment in the St. Dunstan, bachelors only, sixth floor; conveniences and service; rent paid until end of month.

Item two; that should be friends. Without home ties, one should have friends. Let me see, there are— but they're all business associates, newspaper men like myself—or like I was. Thank God, I've resigned! Cut out item two. I haven't had a chance to make friends, working from one-thirty to twelve, afternoon and nights. When could I see friends if I had them?

Item three, funds, money, coin of the realm, capital. After eighteen years' labor, a fair-sized bank-account might make up for loss of friends, and for a two-room home. I had saved, I am proud to say. I was not like most newspaper men who spend their salaries Tuesday night—pay-day Tuesday—except what they spend before and owe. I had a bank-book and a balance; business of figuring stubs, adding and subtracting; one hundred and twenty-seven dollars and thirty-three cents. That seems to be correct—one hundred and twenty-seven dollars and thirty-three cents. Eighteen years' savings, one hundred and twenty-seven dollars and thirty-three cents!

Item four, experience. I had that all right! Value? Well, I'd be finding out the value soon enough for that experience had to land me something outside the newspaper game which would pay for a roof and three square meals a day.

Item five, a hard, rugged constitution, which I had never bothered over what went into its interior or when; which reminded me that I was hungry. A quarter past two; time for supper long past. Of course I was hungry. Darn these newspaper habits! Won't I ever get over them? I had come right home from the last day on the paper, intending to get to bed early, to get up early, and to turn over a new leaf. Now I'd have to go down and find an all-night chop-house; I'd never sleep with my stomach craving food. I should hurry the inventory, then chase a sandwich and a couple of cups of coffee.

Item six, a rather tired-looking face, as the mirror shows, with a plentiful crop of black hair in proper place, grizzled a bit here and there; item, one pair of keen eyes taught to observe and transmit to the brain the impression on the retina; item, a straight body with a barrel chest and no surplusage of waist, owing to conditions of a profession which keeps the body, at least, active; item, two good legs and two good arms, properly muscled.

Inventory complete; and now for supper! Slipping into my coat in place of a smoking-jacket, I went to the door and had the feeling that I was forgetting something—some article of apparel; I wasn't fully dressed. Hat? I had that on. My left hand went to my pocket, the other to my pocket for assurance as to money. Coat, yes; trousers, of course; shoes, I could see them. Then what?

As I drew my brows down in concentration on the problem, I heard the soft purr of the elevator going down. It meant nothing—then; but afterwards, I remembered that I heard it just at the second when I recalled the fact that I had discarded my revolver. I wasn't completely dressed without a gun tugging down my hip-pocket! I couldn't feel apparel unless I lugged a cannon. Well, I'd get over that newspaper habit, starting right now.

I closed the door to my apartment and walked down the hall to the elevator, pressing the button which brought the automatic lift to my floor. It came up, purring softly like a lazy house cat. I opened the door, stepped within, and pushed the button of floor one on the indicator. Then, as it started down, I switched on the light.

In the corner on the cushioned seat was a woman—a young woman by her appearance, though her face was down, her chin on her breast. Her two hands were crossed on her lap.

small hands in brown gloves. She wore a brown toque, or do they call them turbans? And her coat and skirt and dainty shoes were of the same shade and color.

"Are you ill?" I asked quickly. She made no reply. The elevator came to a quiet stop at grade.

I put a hand on her shoulder and her head fell over against me, the hat dropping to the floor. That hat had never been pinned on. I lifted her face so I might look into it; with gentle fingers I pressed back the eyelids. She was dead. I placed the body at length on the seat, covering the face with my handkerchief, then went out the front door and blew a shrill blast on my fingers, repeating it after a moment's interval.

A patrolman came before I expected him. I knew him—he was one of item two I overlooked. I showed him the reason for whistling, told him where I would be the next half hour or so, and went on my way to supper.

I didn't have to telephone any newspaper; I had resigned, and the story would be caught by the late man on police. I was through with newspaper work, once and for all, and I did not care whether the young lady in the elevator had died of heart disease, apoplexy, poison, knife, or bullet, or her reason for being in the elevator after 2 a. m. I did not have to speculate or conjecture who she was, why her turban was not pinned, where she came from, and what had happened; and I could quit thinking about her just as soon as I pleased.

Thus assuring myself, I ate supper and thought about her.

I had heard the elevator go down not sixty seconds before I entered it; that was she. Had I heard the elevator close when she went inside? No, only the hum of the dropping lift. No other door had opened or shut to my hearing, and I had good ears. Item, two good ears. Oye looked that. She was in the elevator before I opened my door.

She had been a fine-looking woman—girl was better. She was richly dressed and becomingly. All in brown to match hair and eyes. About twenty-five, allowing two years either way; one couldn't be certain about the age of the dead. Nothing in her expression to indicate cause of death, no look of surprise or horror, just the pallor of the corpse.

Hat not pinned on, and she never made a habit of wearing it without pins; it came off too easily. Gloves on, coat on when she met death; hat not on. She wasn't the kind to get into an elevator half dressed. "She didn't cross her hands on her lap when her turban was not pinned. Somebody stuck that hat on her head after she was dead."

It was not my business to begin Sherlock Holmesing or to make obvious deductions. I should call the unpinned hat to the attention of the central-office men, take a squint at it to satisfy myself it needed pins, then lie myself to bed and dreams. Mysteries were no longer my avocation, and they had been too long my business to hold an interest.

Detective Sergeant Marcus was there when I got back, and a quite numerous crowd, some from the apartments, and others night-birds of the streets, who had gathered with the coming of the patrol-wagon. The body had been carried to the office of the building and a police surgeon was making an investigation as to the cause of death. Marcus was questioning tenants, trying to get a line on the woman's identity, but he called to me as soon as I pushed through the fringe.

"What do you know about this, Gilmore?" he asked.

"Only that I found her in the elevator as I told Cobb. I heard the lift go down a minute before as I stood at my door. When I got aboard, she was propped into one corner. I put a hand on her shoulder and her hat fell off. It hadn't been pinned on."

Marcus grinned. "Is that important?" he asked.

"Yes, I guess. Let me look at the headgear and I'll tell you definitely." I stepped to where it had been placed on a table and found that two hats had transfigured it, both sides. I held it for Marcus to see. "She had not put on her hat when she died," I declared.

"She put it on and didn't pin it, more probably."

"And you a married man!" I exclaimed in disgust. "Anything else I can do for you? It's my bedtime."

"What's the matter with the Sentinel? Aren't they looking for stories?"

"They are; I'm not. I've quit."

"So? Resigned, eh? Not interested in the case?"

"Only casually. What did it, doc?" The medical man had turned from the body, looking at Marcus. The detective crossed the room to his side and I followed.

Dr. Clampett pointed to a bullet wound in the left breast in which he had left his probe to show direction of the perforation. She had been shot from a position above her head, assuming she was standing or sitting erect at the time, or approximately ninety degrees angle. The bullet had pierced the left ventricle of the heart.

"Shot in the elevator from above," said Marcus, and I smiled.

"Send her to the morgue, sergeant," commanded the surgeon. "I'll be around by nine and make a more thorough investigation. Here's the bullet." He handed Marcus a twisted bit of lead. "It had to pierce a rib on its route," he said in explanation of its mutilation.

"I'd guess it's a thirty-eight," said Marcus, appraising its weight in the palm of his hand, then passing it to me.

"Thirty-eight or forty-one, I hazard. 'Is it all here, doc?'" He was putting his instruments into their case. "The bullet? Oh, yes. A particle may have been scroyed off,

but not enough to bother the scales. They will give you the caliber all right." I handed the bit of evidence to Marcus.

Patrolman Cobb and the wagon man carried the body out and drove away, most of the curious disappearing with it; the surgeon refused my invitation to refreshment in my rooms, hurrying home in his runabout, and Marcus and I took the elevator for the sixth floor. He would have just one tall one and a minute's talk with me before getting back to report. I let him have the Morris chair and placed a bottle of Scotch and a siphon at his elbow.

"What do you make of it?" he asked, when he had taken the first edge of fatigue and wiped his lips.

"Anyone hear a pistol shot?" I returned.

"Nobody has reported it. I haven't interviewed all the tenants. This is exclusively a male hang-out, isn't it?"

"Bachelors all, supposedly. Particularly respectable, too; so I have been led to understand."

"I'll have to rout a lot of them from sleep. Someone must have heard that shot."

"Yes, if she was shot in the elevator, there will be no difficulty there. I couldn't have missed hearing it myself. I was awake enough."

"But you say you didn't."

"I didn't, therefore she wasn't shot in the elevator. Get that idea out of your mind, Marcus. She was dead when she went into the lift."

The detective considered. "Perhaps," he said, finally, but it was not convincing. "You may have been doing or it happened several floors down. You are on the top, aren't you?"

"Yes. I suppose whoever shot her ran up to this floor then down to grade for excitement, eh? That your theory?"

"You heard the elevator going down was it from this floor?"

"It was. I am certain of that."

"It could not have been the fifth?"

"No. The sound would have been less evident."

"The person who shot her was not in the elevator. She was shot from above."

"And she ran the elevator up and down a time or two, then sat down in the corner and forgot to pin her hat?" I remarked sarcastically. "Or else the murderer ran up the stairs to this floor and pushed the car button to bring it up, then ran down five flights and punched the knob to run it down. It doesn't sound right, Marcus. The elevator was empty at five minutes to two when I came up in it. Twenty-five minutes later I heard it go down from the sixth floor. It may have carried the girl's dead body; it may have been empty; but there was no shot fired between that time and my discovery of the corpse a minute later."

"There are two ways of sending that elevator from the sixth floor to the first; one is to press the button inside, after you have closed the door and latched it; the other is to press a button in the hall down-stairs. Get me clearly, Marcus. You can't step inside that elevator, press the button, then slide out and watch it slip away from you. It won't answer the button until the door is closed. I've walked up these stairs too many times, cursing, not to know that an open door is a bar to that elevator's performing its functions."

"She was shot from above," persisted Marcus.

"Botheration, yes! Lean forward in that chair, Marcus—more—more! Now I shoot, standing here. What's the angle?" I pointed my finger at his breast.

"It might be," he admitted.

"More likely than your elevator theory. She may have been carried from some room on this floor and placed in the elevator before I opened my door, and the person went down with her in it, leaving the house after closing the elevator door; or she may have been brought in from the outside and placed in the elevator by some one who brought the elevator down from the sixth floor, where I left it, by pushing the lower hall button. Either one is possible, plausible, and in either case she was dead before she entered the elevator. But, Marcus! It's no affair of mine; I'm not a newspaperman."

"I'll be getting on, thank you, Gilmore. I'll think over your suggestions. Good night."

I walked to the elevator with him and showed him how it was manipulated. "Good night," I said as I closed the door behind him.

"By the way, what was it about her hat?" He asked the question as he was about to press the button.

"Her hat was placed upon her head after she was carried into the car. A man did it."

"Why a man?"

"No woman would attempt to put on a hat without pulling the pins," I explained. Marcus grinned as the car purred down the shaft.

CHAPTER II.

The Empty Shell.

I slept badly, obsessed by dreams that grew out of the horror of the murder combined with the racket of a number of air-riveters which began work on an adjacent building frame at some unearthly hour of the morning, speaking from a newspaper man's viewpoint. They hammered a battle into my dreams, and when Kodak's knock came at the door, it was a cannon shot amidst the machine-gun fire.

"It is yer' good morning, sir," said the little Jap, bowing ceremoniously in the doorway. "The breakfast is serve."

"Two jiffies!" I said, jumping for the bath. I had intended to begin my first day's liberty from the newspaper grind with early rising, but the habit proved stronger than will. It was half past eleven when I sat down at table

"Any mail?" I asked, picking up the Sentinel beside my plate.

"I present note of writing given by boy in buttons," responded the Jap, passing me an envelope. It was from the Sentinel's city editor. I swore as I tore it open and read:

"Dear Gilly:

"Give us another week or ten days on St. Dunstan murder. It looks like a big story. Come out of your trance."

"Edwards."

I found the story on the front page of the Sentinel, brief because of its late discovery, but conspicuous with black-face type, my own name a feature. After breakfast I left word by telephone for Edwards that under no conditions would I undertake the mystery, and I was through with newspaper work forever, then put the matter out of my mind and went about my business of finding a meat-ticket substitute for the office.

Although I had resigned suddenly, my reason for it was ten years old. I was forty, and thirty in the old-age limit for newspaperers. I had improved not a bit professionally in a decade, and I wasn't fool enough to think I had. The natural gain in faculty was offset by lack of interest, enthusiasm, and energy, vital necessities in the game, and the ardent desire of my earlier years to shoulder difficulties, had been succeeded by a tendency to shrink.

Boys whom I had started in the race were passing me, for my race had been run. I was old Father Time, gray-whiskered and baldheaded, in the young man's game of gathering news, and there was no other part of newspaper-making that interested me.

Although I had no definite prospect of employment, I had an idea of what I wanted to do, an inheritance from my first years as a reporter. The water-front detail, as they call the long news-beat from Fisherman's wharf on North Beach to the LaJolla Creek inlet, in San Francisco, had been one of earliest assignments, and its romance, its salt breezes and tarred doors had persisted.

I presume I have a Viking ancestor somewhere in the roots of my family-tree, for I never recovered from my desire for a sea-faring life. I intended to try for employment that would necessitate occasional sea voyages; something connected with shipping.

I knew Thurston, of the Thurston Line, running a fleet of coasters to Mexican and South American ports, having met him frequently in a professional way, and I made him my first objective in the search for a job. They let me into his private office without difficulties, and he greeted me cheerfully.

"You're breaking into the news columns yourself, Gilmore," he cried, after his "Hello."

"That St. Dunstan affair? Yes; found the body. I came to ask you about—"

"Excuse me. Have they identified her yet?"

"I don't know. I have quit the Sentinel and newspaper work, so am not interested. I called, Mr. Thurston."

"Quit the Sentinel? And a story like this murder right under your very nose! What you mean, Gilmore?"

I was annoyed. I had not come there to discuss the St. Dunstan case, but as I was in the way of asking favors, I could not be peevish. I explained my reasons for resigning, and gave him details so far as I had them of the mystery, answering his keen questions. Then I stated the reason for my visit.

"Mr. Thurston," I began, "I am looking for a position with some shipping concern giving me opportunity for travel."

"Any experience?"

"I've journeyed as far as Los Angeles—once," I smiled. "I have also crossed the bay frequently on the ferries."

"Old Salt!" chuckled Thurston. "Deep-water sailor!"

"I have what is valuable in any business; the efficiency of newspaper training where results are all that counts, where close observation and trained deduction are essentials; I also know the names and tonnage of almost every ship that comes through the heads. It has been my pet hobby, ships and shipping, and my spare time has been spent on the docks and in the engine rooms and forecastles of boats. I probably know more about the mechanism of a ship than most seamen."

Thurston drew his gray brows into a frown of concentration.

"Why don't you become an efficiency expert?" he said finally. "Show us old boys how to run a steamship line economically. Every other business has the pests—why not ours?"

"Do you need one?" I asked quickly.

"Not on your life! Not me!"

"I laughed. 'I suppose there are others in the business with the same idea of the necessity,' I suggested. 'My knowledge of ship-owners tells me that what little they don't know about running their business is locked up in heaven.'"

"Most of them haven't sense," agreed Thurston. "Most of them need some darn fool to tell 'em how to run their boats, but they wouldn't admit it. You'd better try for a job as purser—that's mostly bookkeeping, anyhow."

"Not big enough nor pay enough," I replied. "But you've given me an idea, Thurston; I'll try out the economy expert suggestion, and I'm much obliged for it. Good afternoon." And I arose to go. Thurston was too busy a man to waste minutes.

"Wait," he commanded, and rang for a stenographer. "I'll give you a note as my share in your maritime adventure." He dictated to the young lady who appeared at the signal. "To any captain, Thurston Coast Line S. S.—Grant Mr. John Gilmore all courtesies at any time and the freedom of

your boat. He is an efficiency expert."

Then he chuckled. "Cut out that last phrase," he told the stenographer. "I'm afraid you wouldn't receive much courtesy with that introduction," he said to me. "That's all," to the typist, "and give it to me to sign."

"It'll take you to any of our ports," he went on, turning to me once more, "on any of our boats, any time you please. Don't thank me; some day I'll point with pride to having started you on a career. Good afternoon."

He handed me the paper, and I left him there, an idea in my head that his letter had made a possibility. I would voyage on one of the Thurston Line steamers and see for myself whether Thurston's idea was a practicality; regardless of his confidence in his management, he was doubtless no more economical than the rivals he condemned.

I bought a newspaper to find on the shipping page the sailings of his fleet, and its front page flare of red-typed head-lines gained first attention. The story of the early morning hours was told in full, but there was no additional information save conjectures. The body had not been identified, and there was nothing resembling a definite clue to identification.

The shoes bore the imprint of a Paris manufacturer, the gloves were American—a well known make. There were no markings on linen, no engravings on the jewelry, which was limited to a modest ruby ring and gold necklace chain with small Swiss watch, all in excellent taste and expensive, but not individual in any way.

Nobody had been found at the St. Dunstan who had heard a shot in the night or would admit any knowledge of the affair. Neither had there been the customary volunteers of information of mysterious cabs or taxis, furtive strangers or night prowlers. It seemed a case particularly devoid of starting-places for investigation.

When I read the story I turned to the shipping page and clipped out the sailing schedule of the Thurston Line. They made ports all the way down the coast from Mazatlan to Valparaiso. I should study the map of South America before deciding upon my first voyage, get down my encyclopedia and learn a little of the cities and countries to which I now might go. It would be pleasant work for that evening.

At the St. Dunstan, waiting for me, I found Edwards and Holme of the Sentinel. The latter was one of the young men who, I was willing to admit, had beaten me in the race for news. He had come to us from Stanford University and was a born newspaperman, and they are not born every minute. I am not going into essentials of a reporter, for this is decidedly not a newspaper story; but Holme had them all.

Edwards began on me with a plea to resume work on that paper; at least to stay-by until the murder was explained or had passed from the front page—a request which I promptly negated, excusing my perversity on the plea of intended travel in the immediate future. Then my city editor asked me to help Holme.

"Gilly," he said, "you have happened on that impossible situation for a reporter, accidentally becoming an actor in a real mystery story. You know more of this affair than any individual in the open. Give Holme a helping hand."

I agreed to that readily enough, in so far as my present knowledge might be of assistance. "I'll cough up all I have," I said, "and I'll surmise and conjecture to the limit of my guesswork; but I won't get out on it and run it down."

"Very good," said Edwards. "I'll leave it then to you and Holme."

"To Holme," I declared emphatically. "In no way am I connected with the Sentinel in this. As a friend of the paper and of you and Holme I'll do what I can. That's all."

"Understood. Good-luck to you, Gilly," and Edwards hurried away to the office.

Holme grinned amiably. "He seems to be scared of me," he remarked.

"You're still the babe to him. Come up to my room and we'll talk," I said, steering him to the elevator. "Just notice how this machine works," I suggested as we stepped inside. "I push the button for my floor, the sixth seat and nothing happens because the door is open. I close the door, then push—'We started up with the smoothness of well-oiled mechanism."

"Which proves the door was closed when you pressed the button last night—this morning, I mean," said Holme.

"Just that and this much more. When the elevator ran down from the sixth floor a few seconds before I brought it back up with the lady aboard, it either ran down empty as the result of a button call from the first floor, or it ran down with the corpse inside for the same call, or it held in it the corpse and another, the other pushing the button here for descent. That's all the possibilities."

"Then either the body was placed in it here at the sixth and was taken down by the murderer who used the elevator in making his escape, or the body was placed inside at the first floor between the time of the lift's descent and your call. Wouldn't you have heard that?"

"I might not, but the time was short."

"Show me," Holme pulled his watch, while I went to my door and as nearly as I could repeated my performance of the night before. I heard the elevator again in fancy, closed my door, walked to the shaft, and touched the button.

"Twenty-two seconds," said Holme, putting back his watch. "Mighty little time that. Now tell me just how the body was placed."

"Come inside then," I said, and after I had closed my window to shut out the din we got comfortable in my quarters. I told him exactly the position of the body, and my theory of the hat, which was new to him, the police having either discredited it or refrained from its mention.

Holme agreed with me that it had been placed on her head after she was arranged in sitting posture in the lift, and it made more impossible the theory of the first floor.

"She was killed up here," he said, "and taken down. You interfered with the removal of the body by your signal."

"And no shot heard?" I countered.

"Is that impossible?"

"Improbable rather. The walls here are not thick."

"A silencer?"

"Not on a revolver. There are none."

"Might have been a rifle?"

I smiled. "Bullet would have gone through here. By the way, what was the caliber of that bullet?"

"Forty-one."

"They do not make silencers for heavy caliber rifles, nor is a forty-one a customary rifle size. It is a revolver size."

"Holme studied the matter privately for a moment.

"The only other theory is that she was placed in that elevator in a sitting position—none to easy a job with a limp body—and her hands crossed in a natural position, her hat placed on her head, and the door closed, all so quietly that you at the top of the open shaft did not hear, in less than twenty-two seconds."

I nodded. "Take your choice," I said lightly. "You noted the direction of the bullet?"

"Yes. Shot from above."

"She might have been sitting way forward in a sitting position," I said.

"Wait. I'll show you."

I went to my bureau, returning with my own revolver still in its holster. Taking it out, I threw the leather case on the chair and broke the pistol to extract the cartridges. As they fell into the palm of my hand I gave a gasp. One cartridge was an empty shell, and that revolver held a full cylinder of ball cartridges when I placed it in my bureau drawer.

CHAPTER III.

A Close Shave.

"What's the matter?" asked Holme quickly.

"Let me think," I cried, sinking in to a chair. Had I shot the pistol at any time since last I loaded it? Certainly not! There had been no occasion for its discharge in a year—more than a year—and I cleaned it, oiled it, reloaded it at least once a month. The last time I had shot it was on the Kim Quey case in Chinatown, when Wong Ling was cornered in Bartlett's Alley, fifteen months before.

I would not, could not possibly have reloaded with an empty shell the next time. I would have no empty shells, even if I might be so careless as to place one in the cylinder without moving it. When a man's life may depend on his revolver, he pays attention to its condition, and I had had occasion to need my gun more than once in the eighteen years I had been a reporter.

"What is it?" repeated Holme.

I opened my hand, showing him its contents of cartridges.

"One has been fired," he said.

"Yes, and I didn't fire it."

"When?"

"Last night—this morning, I believe."

"You are sure?"

"I placed that gun in the drawer when I came from the office at five minutes of two. I believe it was fully loaded then."

I tore a strip of linen from my handkerchief, ramming it with a pencil through the barrel. It came out black with powder stain.

"The gun has been fired," declared Holme. He took the bit of cloth to the window. "When did you shoot this revolver last?"

"Not recently enough to leave powder stains if I never cleaned it, and I do keep it clean, Holme. Until last night that gun has been a part of my clothes for eighteen years. I wasn't dressed until it was in my hip pocket, and it came out only when I undressed for bed. Until I laid it aside on my resignation from newspaper work, it was as much a part of me as my fingers."

"This stain is greasy fresh," said the reporter, handing me the rag. "You see what this leads up to?"

"Of course. My revolver was used to kill the girl."

"Looks like that. Look a bit farther."

I saw, and jumped from my chair in excitement.

"You don't believe it Holme?" I cried.

"No. Because I'm here and have seen

Briefs of the Week

Born to Mr. and Mrs. Floyd Rice a daughter, Monday Feb. 18th.

Born to Mr. and Mrs. Archie Quick, a daughter—Mildred Irene—Feb. 20th.

Regular meeting of Mystic Lodge No. 379 F. & A. M. this Saturday evening, Feb. 23rd.

Dr. F. P. Ramsey was at Central Lake a few days this week on professional business.

Jim O'Leary, Supt. of the Rescue Mission of Duluth is guest at the home of Rev. R. S. Sidebotham.

M. Ruddock who has been visiting relatives here, left Friday for Lullington to visit her daughter.

Mrs. Chas. Johnson returned to Flint Thursday, after spending a few days here visiting friends and relatives.

Miss Eunice Carr came home from Big Rapids, Thursday, having completed her course at Ferris Institute.

Mr. and Mrs. W. P. Porter left Thursday for Pittsburg, Pa., to visit their daughter, Miss Esther, and other relatives.

Mrs. John Williams returned home from Midland, Thursday, after a week's visit with her daughter, Mrs. Gari Heinzelman.

Otto Evans of Traverse City was in the city on business a couple of days this week and visited at the home of John Whiteford.

Mr. and Mrs. R. Kleinbans returned to Midland, Monday, after a visit here at the home of the former's brother, Ellis R. Kleinbans.

Dee Healey has sold his residence on Bowen's Addition to Jacob Roberts. Mr. and Mrs. Healey expect to move to Ohio in the near future.

Mrs. Whiteford left Monday for her home at Washington, after an extended visit here at the home of her daughter, Mrs. Richard Supernaw.

Mrs. Jas. Gidley and daughter, Fern, left Thursday for Morrice, Mich., called there by the serious illness of her mother, Mrs. A. D. Grigsby.

Hector McKinnon, who has been at the General Hospital at Traverse City, returned home Monday. Mr. McKinnon has been there having his eye treated.

Mr. and Mrs. Geo. R. Aldrich, who have been guests at the home of the latter's brother, Ellis R. Kleinbans, returned to their home at Ithaca, Monday.

H. A. Goodman was at Charlevoix, Monday, where with the other Superintendents of the Poor, they made their semi-annual inspection of the county jail.

Make your plans now to attend the annual Firemen's Dance to be given at the Armory the eve of St. Patrick's Day, Saturday, March 16th. You'll miss it if you miss it.

"The St. Dunstan Mystery," by Perry Newberry, commences in this issue of The Herald. A page will be published each week. Complete in seven issues. If you enjoy a good mystery story you will read this.

All persons having rooms to rent during the School Officers Meeting to be held in this city next Tuesday are requested to hand or telephone their names to Com'r May L. Stewart by next Monday noon.

Ray Fox was here from Spring Lake this week on business connected with the administration of his father's estate, and renewing former acquaintances. He reports the firm of Potter & Fox as prospering with fine prospects for the coming summer.

East Jordan business men will extend the glad hand to the School Officers of Charlevoix County at the K. of K. Hall next Tuesday noon from 12:00 to 2:00 o'clock. A luncheon will be served and a social hour enjoyed. All business places will be closed during these hours.

The Perkins Phonograph is at once a beautiful piece of furniture and a wonderful musical instrument. Built by an old established Company having a wide reputation for honesty, integrity and fair dealing. Call at C. C. MACK'S and let us show you this instrument. Do not wait to BUY if you must wait, wait to PAY for it.

Only a few more days to shop at the Sale at ASHLEY'S.

A pathfinder car has started on a new line of mapping out Army truck roads for the Government, one official route having already been laid out from Detroit to the Atlantic coast and another from Buffalo to the seaboard. The car will go as far west as the Mississippi River and will map routes from cities in Wisconsin, Illinois, Michigan, Indiana, and Ohio. When this trip is completed the Government will have four main highways forming connecting links between the great manufacturing centers and the Atlantic seaboard. Motor trucks on their way to France will follow these routes.

GOATS must go regardless of cost, at ASHLEY'S

Washington's Birthday.

Smoke-White Holly—5c Cigar.

Get the hatchet for the weather man. Norman Risk of Petoskey was here this week.

Get that FUR while the sale is on at Ashley's Store.

C. S. Abbott of Detroit was in the city this week.

R. O. Bisbee is a business visitor this week at Engadine.

D. Hockin and family have gone to Kewadin, where they will make their home.

J. Leahy, the Optometrist, will again visit East Jordan, March 8th and 7th. See adv.

Charles Ashley celebrated his birthday anniversary Monday evening with a party.

The Electa Club was entertained at the home of Mrs. A. Danto, Thursday evening.

Zero weather and trains stalled. No mail on the P. M. R. since first of the week.

Mr. Seiler of Indiana is in the city on business this week and is also visiting a brother here.

Miss Sophia Berg is expected home the latter part of this week from Gaylord to visit her parents over Sunday.

Mrs. Eliza Bowman who has been visiting friends and relatives here for some time, left last Monday for Ontario, Cal.

Members of South Lake Lodge Knights of Pythias and their friends enjoyed a social evening at their hall Wednesday night.

Victor Cross lost his eyebrows and eyelashes when the furnace back-fired at his home, Sunday morning. His face was singed quite badly, but a cap which he was wearing saved his hair.

Perkins Phonographs—the only really high-grade machines at popular prices—for sale at C. C. MACK'S. We take pleasure in demonstrating the rare qualities these machines possess.

The Letter Day Saints Auxiliary Society will serve a pot luck lunch at the home of Mrs. D. E. Housknecht on the West Side, next Thursday evening, Feb. 28th. Price is 5 cents a plate. Everyone is invited to come.

The Income Tax man will be at the City Commission Rooms over the Post-office in this city next week from Monday to Friday inclusive, and will be glad to assist you in finding out if you have any income tax to pay. He urges every one to call on him early, as he absolutely will not stay a day over his scheduled time of leaving and wishes to save all from paying the penalty which will be exacted in case your report is not filed in time. People have been very patriotic in this matter in other places and many have been disappointed to find out that they had no tax to pay.

GOATS CLEAN UP SASSAFRAS' FIELD

Also They Return Good Profit to Owner While Doing This Useful Work

Hopkinsville, K.—Farmers of this county have found a new and profitable use for goats. They have learned that goats will eradicate sassafras bushes by eating them to such an extent that the bushes are killed.

Furthermore a field well grown thick in sassafras bushes will furnish plenty of forage for a herd of goats during an entire winter. Then when spring comes and it is time to cultivate that ground, it will be found entirely free of sassafras, fertilized and ready for immediate use.

The goats will graze as well on the tender sassafras shoots as on grass. They also eat buds and leaves of the larger bushes and even gnaw the bark off the body of young trees. The constant eating of the buds in the top of the bushes soon causes the plant to die, even the roots dying. The old method of cutting out the bushes with an ax or grubbing hoe, was laborious and productive of even more sprouts the second season.

People who know anything about the baneful effects of sassafras bushes on the farm, and how nearly impossible it is to combat them, will readily appreciate the value of the goats' services.

The first farmer to try the experiment was F. M. Harned. He has a herd of fifty goats and not a sassafras bush in any of the fields where they have grazed. Witnessing this success, neighbors adopted the plan and now there are numerous herds in that section and the demand for goats as an antidote to sassafras is growing rapidly in all sections.

Not only are the goats profitable in that way, but they are money makers. Goats multiply rapidly. There is a ready market for the kids for fresh meat, and now there is a demand largely in excess of the supply for goats to combat the sassafras.

Old Fenian Relics Found

Dublin.—While engaged in turf cutting operations in county Roscommon, men unearthed some relics apparently of the Fenian uprising in 1796, in the shape of pikes of crude manufacture, also a number of muskets. The relics were in a fair state of preservation.

GERMAN WOMEN BEAT BUTCHER

INCIDENT ONE OF MANY ARISING OUT OF FOOD SCARCITY AND DEALERS' "FOOD USURY."

COCOA MADE OF MUSKS AND SAND

Farmer Shaves His Pig to Prevent Odor of Burning Bristles, But Is Caught

Berlin.—The appointment of a food dictator for Germany came at a time when the practices of food usurers and the inability of many persons, especially the poor, to get the food they wanted, were causing serious outbreaks, necessitating in many cases the calling of the police. Here are some of the instances of food troubles which have appeared in leading German newspapers:

The Berlin Tagliche Rundschau says that Charlottenburg citizens had observed that a butcher, after dark, removed meat from his shop to an adjacent building. One evening he packed bacon and sausage in a wash basket and was sending it across the street by children when neighbors opened the basket and discovered the meat beneath a lot of shirts and stockings. The police, says the paper, were summoned, and the meat was sold in the shop by them at reduced prices to an eager crowd. The "mob of women" then, according to the account dragged the butcher from a cafe into the back yard and there beat him to absolute unconsciousness. The account continues:

"The enraged avengers then repaired to the butcher's house," where the butcher's wife was violently assaulted and subsequently ducked in a big cistern, then rolled by the crowd in a heap of still smoldering cinders."

The Munich Post tells of a man who sold to a number of dealers a total of 40,000 pounds of what was termed finest imported Dutch powdered cocoa. When, at the request of a Cologne firm, what remained of the stock about 20 small kegs, was analyzed, it was found to consist solely of cocoa husks, sand and other articles containing no part of cocoa. Not less disgraceful than the conduct of so despicable a wretch as this man was the inexplicable leniency of the Dusseldorf court, which merely inflicted on him a fine of \$12.50 and ordered the seizure of the few pounds of cocoa which remained, says the paper. The man we understand is well connected.

A lady customer at a leading meat store purchased a ham, or which the butcher demanded \$9.25. The lady, having only \$7 in her purse, paid that sum as deposit, and promised to send her servant with the remaining \$2.25 to fetch home the ham, according to the Frankfurter Zeitung.

The conversation was overheard by a man who was in the shop. He left hurriedly and handing the first servant girl he encountered in the street the \$2.25, with a tip, he dispatched her to the shop to demand the ham already partly paid for by the original purchaser who was not personally known to the butcher. By this audacious stroke the man secured a \$9.25 ham for \$2.25.

The Frankfurter Zeitung tells how Nemesis waited on a farmer who decided to defy the law as to the private slaughter of food animals:

The farmer killed his best fat pig, and in order to prevent his act becoming known through the pungent odor caused by the burning of the bristles, the man carefully lathered the animal all over and then gave it a clean shave.

All went well until the mysteries of bacon curing began, when the betraying odors penetrated the nostrils of some passerby, who promptly informed the authorities.

A gendarme was dispatched to the farm, but the farmer flung on his head the contents of a kettle of boiling water. The gendarme's howls of pain soon brought to the spot a number of neighbors, who made a furious assault on the house with pickaxes and other implements, and the premises in a very short time were reduced to ruins.

The cured and uncured parts of the meat were then seized and conveyed in a cart, escorted by an excited, shouting mob, to the town hall. The farmer received serious injuries in the fray; the gendarme's face and hands were scalded.

The government recently denied reports that egg rations were contemplated. The rumors had led to wholesale hoarding of eggs all over the country and to unprecedentedly high prices. Dealers in some towns established a semi-rational system, by declining to sell more than four or five eggs to any one customer. Official assurances were made that there was no danger of an egg famine, as hens were doing their full duty.

Must Pay \$100 for Spanking

Washington, Pa.—Being spanked with barrel staves, between which dynamite caps were placed, with the result that he was under the care of a physician for days, is worth \$100 to John Lasut. Lasut was being introduced into the mysteries of the Order of Owls when the spanking stunt was pulled off.

MAINE WOMAN, 67, TAMES FIERY COLT

Madame, Undaunted, Trains Blooded Animal to Be "Perfect Lady" on the Road

Aurora, Maine—Mrs. Elsie Rowe had, or did have, something of a spoiled child on her farm—a handsome four year old colt named Lona.

Lona's early education was neglected, for somehow none of the men folks around here seemed anxious to accept the engagement as tutor for Lona. She gave all signs of being altogether too temperamental. Besides, she was big and strong, and carried a threat in her ears and heels at the slightest attempt at familiarity.

So Lona grew up in idleness until nearly four years old, never having a harness on her back, and spending her time running in the pasture or eating in the barn while the other horses on the farm did the work.

Mrs. Rowe, after vainly trying to find some one to train the colt, "got her dander up" and announced that she would break Lona herself.

Mrs. Rowe is 67 years young, but she has handled horses all her life and thought it was about time that Lona was some good around the place.

So, in the presence of a good sized gallery of spectators at a safe distance, Mrs. Rowe harnessed Lona without much trouble, then attempted to hitch her into a gig. Lona was so indignant that she kicked the gig to smithereens and kept on kicking, rolling her eyes around to her owner in sheer impudence.

But Mrs. Rowe had no idea of being beaten by a green four year old colt. As soon as Lona had kicked everything clear and calmed down a bit, Mrs. Rowe led her into the barn and closed the doors for a private interview.

There were several sessions of the conference, apparently, and finally the door opened and Mrs. Rowe led out a thoroughly subdued colt.

She was backed into a wagon and seemed only too willing to be buckled in. Not a move did she make to kick and never has since.

Now she is one of the best roaders in the county. Coming from a line of racing blood on one side and from a famous mother, she has every license for speed and power.

Mrs. Rowe has trained her not only to be a perfect lady on the road, but a number of tricks such as shaking hands and bowing how-de-do.

HORSE KEPT 20 YEARS IN CHAIN BOUND SHACK

Humane Agents Said to Have Found Strange Cruelty Case on Rich Man's Farm

Felicity, Ohio—Squealing with delight, a black horse said to have been held in captivity in a shed on a farm near here for twenty years, was released a day or two ago by agents Anthony Brothers and Louis Drummond, of the Ohio Humane Society.

The agents say the owner who is said to be one of the wealthiest farmers in Clermont county, his property being estimated at \$100,000, admitted having caused the animal to be confined within an isolated shack on his farm for five years.

For more than an hour the two officers wrestled with the problem of severing the bonds which held the animal captive.

There were numerous iron chains about the shack, all being welded. The agents were forced to file these before they were able to liberate the horse.

The animal had practically lost the use of its legs.

As the horse was led into the open air its eyes bulged in an alarming manner and the agents say that a good sized fist easily could have been lodged in the nostrils of the horse, the expansion for the moment, having been so great.

With much difficulty the horse tried to use its legs. It acted like a trained animal in a circus which had been taught to keep time with a two step. The legs were raised unusually high at each movement, then were lowered as though the horse was afraid its hoofs never would reach the earth.

The owner was a silent spectator to the liberation of his horse. He had little to say to the agents. When asked why the horse had been subjected to such ill treatment, he answered: "I had no use for the horse."

The shack was so bolted and barred that the only way to enter it was thru a three foot opening. This was used, it is said, in giving the animal food and water.

Complaint that the animal was being ill treated reached the Ohio Humane Society, and the two agents immediately went to the farm, first stopping at Moscow and at Felicity, from which places they obtained information tending to show, they assert, that the horse had not been out of its shack in twenty years.

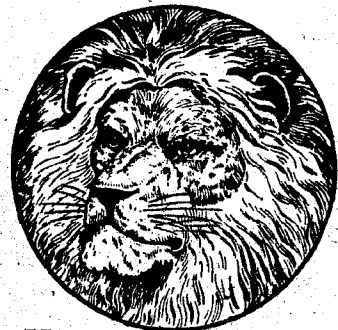
GIRL AGED 6, HAS NO HAIR

Otherwise She Is Perfectly Normal and Happy

Eastport, Maine.—The little daughter of Chester Watson in a way is phenomenal. Altho in her fifth year, there has so far been offered no promise of any hair on her head. Being light complexioned, the down covering her scalp is flaxen in color, and about an eighth of an inch long. Like that seen on some adult faces, but in no wise discernible a yard or so away. Otherwise, this child is a perfect normal, happy girl, but will probably have to wear a wig when reaching maturity. Both her parents have abundant tresses.

Whole Families Taking To Drink - - -

Entire Neighborhoods as well—



Monarch Coffee

DID THE MISCHIEF.

On Saturday, Feb'y 23

You can purchase this high grade coffee at popular price 3-lb. can for 90c.

ONE DAY ONLY

We also offer the following REAL BARGAINS—
Nifty brand PEAS, extra standard quality, . . . 10c can
Logan brand LIMA BEANS 10c can
No. 3 Red Cap HOMINY 10c can
Topic brand PORK and BEANS 10c can

EAST JORDAN LUMBER CO

Church of God
J. W. Ruehle, Pastor.

Sunday, Feb. 24, 1918.
9:30 a. m. Sunday School.
10:30 a. m. Morning Service.
1:30 p. m. Sunday School at Three Bell School House.
2:30 p. m. Divine Worship at the Three Bell School House.
7:00 p. m. Evening Service.
Wednesday 7:00 p. m. Prayer service.
Friday evening cottage meeting.

A-rolling stone accumulates no dust.
It is a poor elevator that won't work both ways.
February Sale still on at M. E. Ashley's Store.

The wisdom of nature is proverbial, but why she gave to man a jawbone and teeth that enable him to bite off more than he can chew is a mystery.

A WORD TO MOTHERS.

Mrs. E. J. Bedard, Cowich, Wash., says, "Foley's Honey and Tar is the best I ever used. I always keep a bottle in the house for the children. A quick cure for coughs and colds." It heals raw, inflamed surfaces, loosens phlegm, eases hoarseness and difficult breathing, checks racking coughs. Hite's Drug Store.

GLASSES FITTED

CONSULT

J. LEAHY

Optometrist

Expert on Eye Strain

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

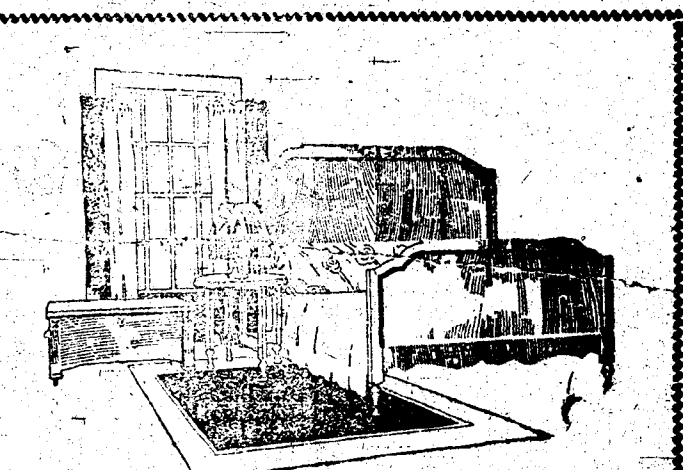
Crossed Eyes Straightened Without an Operation.

Fitting Children's Eyes a Specialty.

Difficult Cases Solicited.

Glasses Guaranteed to Fit.

Office at Hotel Russell
Date, Wednesday, March 6th
Will remain two days.



SERVICE QUALITY

Be a Booster! Patronize Home Trade!

WE ARE WILLING TO TAKE THE SAME PROFITS AS THE BIG CATALOGUE HOUSES IN HOME FURNISHINGS. IT WILL PAY YOU TO CALL AND SEE US.

FRENCH & REDMON

Housefurnishings and Undertaking.

