

Charlevoix County Herald.

Vol. 22

EAST JORDAN, MICHIGAN, FRIDAY, ~~March 8~~ 1918.

No. 10

No Primary This Spring

Only Two Candidates Out For City Commissioner.

The time for filing petitions for City offices at the primary has passed and as only two candidates came forward for the City Commission, there will be no primary election, and the contestants will "go to the mat" on Monday, April 1st.

James Gidley, who is just completing his first three-year term, is a candidate to succeed himself. His business neighbor and also brother-in-law, Daniel E. Goodman will also be a candidate for the office. Both gentlemen are well qualified for the office and the election of April 1st will undoubtedly be rather close.

Notice Relative to Primary.

In accordance with the provisions of Sec. 10, Chapter III of the City Charter, as amended, there being no more than two candidates for nomination to any one office, a primary election will not be necessary, and none will be held.

OTIS J. SMITH,
City Clerk.

For City Commissioner.

I wish to announce to the electors of the City of East Jordan that I will be a candidate for the office of City Commissioner at the annual election to be held Monday, April 1st, 1918.

DANIEL E. GOODMAN.

Snake Eats Cement; Also Chews the Bag

In Fine Fix Now, but May Win Fame as "Ossified Reptilian Wonder."

Boston, Mass. — Cement-eating snakes beat anything any explorer with prominent teeth ever discovered in South America, and the City of Brockton arises to claim the distinction of producing one.

En route from Brockton to Raymond L. Dilmars, curator of the Bronx zoo in New York City, is a slate-colored snake six feet five inches long. His digestive tract is a thoroughly reinforced with about half a bag of cement, including the bag. The snake ate it.

Molten by the digestive fluids of the snake the cement was slowly hardening when he was found. He is alive but helpless. His long, lithe body is of the consistency of warm sealing wax. Bend him in the shape of a dollar sign and he stays that way.

A new concrete entrance to the Brockton fair grounds is being built. Yesterday morning an Italian workman, who is distinguished as No. 8, was taking bags of cement from a pile of 100 heavy sacks, near the Belmont street entrance.

He uncovered the tail of a huge snake and fled. Cautiously the rest of the snake's body was uncovered and the big reptile showed no desire for flight or fight.

It was discovered that about half of the cement in the bag near the snake's head was gone and the cloth of the bag eaten away. The snake's mouth was full of cement. His body was puffed and heavy. It could be bent with difficulty, but the snake was alive, and may be starred as the "only ossified reptilian wonder."

For the Housewife.

When broiling chickens, lay them skin side up.
When washing blouses or handkerchiefs put a small lump of orris root in the rinsing water. It gives a perfume of violet which is as lasting as a sachet placed among the clothes.
To remove paint from glass, wet the spot with strong liquid ammonia, being careful not to let the ammonia run down on the window paint or varnish. After two or three applications scrub gently with a piece of soft soap, then rub with a paper wet with ammonia.

Women's inconsistency is the greatest of her charms.
A woman can hold her age better than any other secret.

SPRING IS NICE, BUT

Lack of fresh vegetable food and interrupted, changing habits make these trying weeks for any one inclined to constipation. Foley Cathartic Tablets are just the thing for indigestion, gas on stomach, biliousness, furred tongue, headache, or other condition indicating clogged bowels. Cause no bad after-effects. —Hise's Drug Store.

Failed to File Questionnaires

County Clerk Lewis Gives List of Those Failing to Report.

Charlevoix County Herald, East Jordan, Michigan.

Gentlemen:—Enclosed you will find a list of names of registrants of which we have not yet received the questionnaire filled out by them. We would like to have this list published in the next issue of the paper, so that if the parties themselves, or any of their friends should see their name advertised, they can communicate with the Local Board and see that their questionnaire is filed so that they would not be placed on the deserters list.

There is no provision made, to my knowledge, for this kind of printing, but we would like to have this list published so as to give the boys a show to get their questionnaire in and not be listed as a deserter.

It is now past the time that this list should be made up, but unless compelled to do so by the government, we are going to delay a few days to give the boys another chance to file their questionnaire.

Respectfully,
RICHARD LEWIS,
County Clerk.

Order No. Name & Address Serial No.

36	Frank Borkowsky, Boyne Falls	43
345	Joseph DonLevy, St. James	421
539	Clarence T. Anderson, B. City	533
617	Earl Strong, East Jordan	1295
102	Stanley Vincent, Boyne City	969
198	Steven Ashley, Pilotok, Ky.	588
264	Nestor Kallosa, East Jordan	1240
273	Antony Krajowski, Boyne Falls	49
333	Claude W. Graham, St. James	450
446	Lon Jones, Boyne City	883
607	Clyde C. Gallagher, (St. James)	429 (Superior, Wis.)

664.	Albin Plisko, Boyne Falls	55
754	Stanley E. King, Boyne Falls	84
771	John Skope, Boyne Falls	1298
797	Paul Fultz, Boyne City	873
892	Grover J. Niver, Boyne City	630
893	Albert M. Rebec, Boyne City	901
914	Frank Shampine, St. James	467
966	Mikotez Kondrat, Boyne Falls	50
967	Win. Naquam, Bay Shore	244
1000	Jesse G. Miller, East Jordan	1247
1024	Mike Gratosky, Boyne Falls	45
1072	John Tobaczynski, Boyne Falls	60
1088	John Sand, Charlevoix, R. 1.	123
1131	Archie D. Cameron, B. City	719
1132	Wingfield Nicholls, E. Jordan	515
1159	Geo. Saleen, Boyne City	722
1186	Marion F. Stevens, E. Jordan	1271
1204	Joe Schabiginee, St. James	466
1219	Alex L. Sauters, Charlevoix	1019

Red Cross Notes

The service flag purchased by the Red Cross has been received and will be on display down town. It has 41 stars, one gold one in memory of Melvin Roy.

Comfort kits have been given to our three boys just gone.

\$65.00 was realized from the dinner, Tuesday at the Armory.

The following garments were shipped this week:

- 4 Sweaters
- 24 Helmets
- 2 pairs of Wristlets
- 33 pairs of Socks
- 1 Lap Robe
- Surgical work—
 - 75 gauze-comp. 8x4
 - 520 strips, 6x3
 - 10 Five-yard Rolls
 - 25 T Binders
 - 475 Gauze Sponges
 - 35 Heel Rings
- Sewing—
 - 12 Pajamas
 - 4 Bed Shirts
 - 7 Helpless Shirts
 - 4 Napkins

Mrs. Empey has put in the 32 hours in the surgical work, giving her the right to wear the Red Cross on her apron.

Caffeteria, Mar. 15th, please tell to others.

Better a budding genius than a blooming idiot.

Wise men bump into a fool's game now and then.

Honest men are almost as scarce as silent women.

Run for office and read the opposition newspapers if you would see yourself as others see you.

Small-pox Scare Subsiding

Public Schools, Churches and Theatre Re-open.

Dr. Boylan, health officer of Boyne City, came over to East Jordan, Saturday last as a deputy of the State Health department. After going over the situation here, he authorized the resumption of public meetings. Our public schools were re-opened Monday morning, with a request that all attending should be vaccinated. The Temple Theatre resumed their evening's entertainments Monday. Church services and other public meetings will be resumed as heretofore.

So far the contagious disease situation here is well in hand. No new cases have developed and it is hoped that the disease will be confined to the four families affected.

SOUTH LAKE LODGE KNIGHTS OF PYTHIAS INSTALL OFFICERS

The following officers of South Lake Lodge No. 180, Knights of Pythias, were installed at their meeting held Wednesday evening, March 6th:—
C. C.—R. A. Brintnall.
V. C.—A. E. Bowen.
M. E.—A. J. Sufferin.
M. F.—Geo. W. Bechtold.
K. of R.—and S.—Merle Crowell.
M. W.—C. H. Whittington.
Prelate—R. F. Durant.
M. at A.—Glenn Burton.
I. G.—Win. Boswell.
O. G.—M. S. Berger.
Trustee—James Gidley.

KEEPER WANTED FOR COUNTY FARM

The Superintendents of Poor of Charlevoix County wish to secure a suitable keeper for the Poor Farm of the county. Applicants should consist of man and wife with a good knowledge of farm management. A couple without small children preferred. Application should be filed with Herman A. Goodman, Sup't of Poor, East Jordan, on or before Saturday, March 16th.

What Dan Reed of U. S. Food Commission to France Told 5,000 People At Two Big Overflow Meetings At Flint.

(Flint Journal of Feb. 11.)
Our boys are in Sunny France, but they are not in the sunny part of France.
The fact that our boys are over there fighting for us places a responsibility on us that we must meet or be branded as traitors.
The thought that clings to me—the one that I can't shake off—is a little phrase of our guide who, time and again pointing out a few scattered bricks or a piece of curb, said "There was a town."
When the day air raiders come, the little children, playing in the street, look up and then run for cover, for all the world like little chickens when the hawk appears.
The shell that hits you never hears.
The Germans will never take Verdun.
Over here in America we don't yet know the fundamental principles of patriotism. We haven't yet realized that we've got a country that is worth fighting for.
Germany is spending \$500,000 a month in Switzerland alone to try and make you think as they want you to think.
Tonight you people must become apostles to saving and thrift to the end that we will back those boys over there to the limit.
Herbert Hoover is loved and admired in Belgium. They know him over there.
And now the time has come when we must say to the Hun: "Take your bloody hands off the throats of women and children and keep them off."
To you people my message is that the blood of our soldiers will be on your hands unless you save and conserve the food—the wheat and the fat—that is necessary to feed our boys over there.
When America told the people of France that we would send 20,000 aeroplanes and a million men over there they believed it; they believe implicitly in what we have said to them and we've got to make good.
If it takes five years to get our 100,000,000 people into this war and behind our soldiers, ready to strike one blow as a unit, it will take that long to win the war, and our boys in the high school today will be in uniform before we over.
The time has come when we can call ourselves a nation; when the man who refuses to line up and support the government and the things we are standing for will be taken out and shot.
The soldiers of America and France are farming behind the lines in France during their rest periods, to supply the food that is needed for them to eat, while the farmers in this country are quibbling over the price of wheat before they raise it. It takes 25 tons of food a day to supply our boys over there.
A finer group of men I've never seen in uniform than our boys in France. This talk about them not living straight comes from Germany. They are many per cent better men than the best young men in our communities at home.
We will be proud of our boys over there and what they are doing for their country and my hope is that when they come back they will be as proud of the people over here.

Pythian League Plans Meeting

Potoskey Knights To Attend Convention at East Jordan.

(From Potoskey News, Mar. 6)
Plans are under way for the annual meeting and contests of the Northern Michigan Pythian League, composed of Knights of Pythias lodges from Potoskey, Harbor Springs, Cheboygan, Charlevoix, East Jordan, Cadillac, Traverse City, Manistee and all of the other Northern Michigan Lodges of this order. This year the league will hold its annual convention at East Jordan as guests of the East Jordan lodge. That city has arranged to give the visiting Knights a royal welcome. It is likely that the city opera house will be used in which to put on the work of the degrees by the contesting first and third degree teams. Isawandiwa lodge of Potoskey has entered a third degree team and will make the trip to East Jordan in automobiles. Henry Lindig, chancellor commander, will head the delegation, while the lodge will be officially represented by E. J. Leveck, keeper of records and seal, who was elected delegate Monday night.

Notice To Autoists.

Owners and drivers of automobiles and all motor vehicles are hereby notified that they must secure their "1918" license together with their chauffeur license issued by the State of Michigan before said automobiles or motor vehicles can be operated upon the streets of the City of East Jordan. There will be no exceptions in the enforcement of the law.

HENRY COOK,
Chief of Police.

Board of Health Notice.

All persons having small pox in their homes MUST report same to the local Health Officer. Failure to do so means prosecution under the state law. The State Board of Health urges everyone liable to exposure to this disease to be vaccinated.
By order of
Local Board of Health.
East Jordan, Mich., Mar. 1st, 1918.

Commission Proceedings.

Regular meeting of the City Commission held at the commission rooms, Monday evening, Mar. 4, 1918. Meeting was called to order by Mayor Cross. Present—Cross, Gidley and Crowell. Absent—None.
Minutes of the last meeting were read and approved.
On motion by Crowell, the following bills were allowed:
D. H. Fitch, salary, rental and expense, \$ 59.17
Henry Cook, salary, 75.00
R. Bingham, freight, and express charges, 3.16
W. A. Pickard, salary, 41.87
E. J. Chemical Co., coal, 132.02
C. B. Crowell, salary, 25.00
Jas. Gidley, vaccine points etc., 36.43
Otis J. Smith, salary, 25.00
James Gidley, salary, 25.00
E. J. Lbr. Co., "hog feed", 117.00
State Bank of E. J., surety bond 5.00
E. J. Hose Co., Cameron, Matthews, Empey, Mather, Heath and Gardiner fires, 139.50
Reid-Graff Plumbing Co., labor and material, 184.74
Mich. State Tel. Co. rentals, 6.26
Moved by Gidley, supported by Crowell, that the city attorney be, and hereby is, instructed to draft an ordinance regulating the ownership, custody, licensing and registration of dogs within the city limits. Carried.
On motion by Crowell, meeting was adjourned until Wednesday evening, Mar. 6, 1918.

OTIS J. SMITH,
City Clerk.

School Commissioner's Notes

May L. Stewart, Commissioner
Junior School Auxiliaries are now being organized in every school of the county. We hope they succeed. This merely means that the school has a Red Cross fund of its own, keeps it for Red Cross supplies, and elects its own officers to take charge of the buying and the making. One more mark in the child-citizen movement.

Miss Anita McDonald of the Three Belle school spelled the entire 1000 words correctly in the written contest at Eveline township. She is only 11 years old and is in the sixth grade. Anita did well indeed and the Com'r is sorry that her name was left out thru mistake in last week's notes.

Two of the mid-year examination returns were lost either in the mail or in this office. The teachers kindly consented to copy the reports again and directly after this the best results will be published.

The Com'r is anxious now to learn the names of all who are planning to teach next year as well as all who will be interested in attending our County Normal next year with splendid openings awaiting them in 1919.

All teachers wishing to change locations next year are urged to communicate with the Com'r now.

All schoolboards wishing new teachers are urged to secure their teachers EARLY. The Com'r is ready to help in every way to bridge over the shortage of teachers that exists all over the state. Wages will necessarily have to be higher if we are to do at all well or in some cases if we are to get any teachers at all.

Supt. Keeler has issued an honor call to teachers to stand back of their contracts when once they have entered into them. We would not wish to duplicate the German trick of considering contracts as "mere scraps of paper."

Supt. Keeler has also published a call to school boards urging them to hire their teachers NOW.

Miss Mary Berg of Advance has been compelled to give up her school because of ill health. Mrs. Crane takes her place. Mrs. Crane has a life certificate.

Mr. Byers of the Springwater school has resigned because of the illness of his sister. Mrs. Flagg takes his place.

Miss Hansen of Rock Elm feels that she cannot return to her school. The school board has accepted her resignation and has hired Mrs. Hutton to take her place.

Miss Chaney will not return to the Harmon school for the spring term. Three teachers are in view for this position.

Miss Redfield of Murray writes, we want some Red Cross work to do. What can we do? Just now they plan a social.

The Chaddock school, so Director Chew reports, has 30 new books from the Young Folk's Reading Circle.

Miss Bardwell of Wildwood writes that 8 of her pupils have been neither absent nor tardy for four months. Splendid in a small school, too.

The Ironton primary room is doing Red Cross work for busy work. They are using five-cent classics for supplementary reading. They plan bird study from now on for morning exercises.

The Business Manager of the Directory stated that the promotion tests for rural schools would be held on April 25-26. Since this is also the date of the teachers' examination in Charlevoix many teachers could not be present at their schools to conduct these tests. They are therefore changed to one week earlier, Thursday and Friday, April 18-19th.

The Magee school reported "All present" for the two weeks ending Feb. 14th. Many children have very bad roads to travel and this is an unusually good report. The South Deer Lake or Sudman school reported only 65% absence in two weeks. This day's absence was due to illness.

In the game of life a good deal depends on a good deal.

A SHORT BUT STRONG STATEMENT

Women with backache, rheumatic pains, sore muscle, stiff joints or other symptoms of kidney trouble should read this statement from Mrs. S. C. Small, Clayton, N. M. "Foley Kidney Pills have done me more good than all other medicines." They strengthen weak kidneys and banish sleep-disturbing bladder ailments.—Hise's Drug Store.

WOMAN HELD FOR FAKE ARMY PULL

CHARGED IN LONDON WITH COINING AMBITION OF ENGLISH LIEUTENANTS INTO MONEY

HER PROMISES FOUND "FANCIFUL"

Undischarged Bankrupt Officer Involved in Case of Impetuous Adventuress

London.—Hilda Sutherland, otherwise Mrs. Walker James, a tall, attractive woman, said to be the daughter of a colonel, was summoned at Bow street, on a charge of obtaining money by false pretenses from Lieutenants in the army by offering to secure their advancement. She was charged with obtaining \$250 from Lieutenant George Francis Walker Yeats and \$200 from Lieut. Jacob Emil Robert Zimmerman.

The statement of the prosecution was that Mrs. Sutherland stopped at Morley's Hotel, Charing Cross, posing as Mrs. Walker James and that she left after a month owing \$60. During that period, it was stated, she met Lieutenants Yeats and Zimmerman, who were staying at the hotel.

She was accused of representing to Yeats, a man of some means that two staff appointments were vacant, that her father was engaged at the war office and distantly related to the responsible head. There would be expenses incurred in getting next, she was charged with saying, and mentioned \$250.

Yeats, said the statement for the prosecution, paid this \$250 to a Lieutenant Hartford, with whom the defendant was associated, and there were reports of progress, followed by other payments by Yeats of \$35 and \$50 and then an advance of \$2750 on the security of a second mortgage on Hartford's home. The woman, it was stated, promised to repay out of an expected inheritance of \$7500. Yeats afterward, it was said sent \$500 to Hartford.

Hartford, said the prosecution, was married, with children, and appeared to divide his time between his wife and the defendant.

Later, in order to show Yeats that something was being done, Yeats was introduced through a matrimonial agent, to a retired major general, who took him to the war office with no result. No money was paid to the Major General.

According to the evidence it was declared Mrs. Sutherland was an impetuous adventuress and Lieut. Hartford is an undischarged bankrupt, while her connection with the war office was entirely fanciful. Evidence was heard regarding the case of Zimmerman, who had hoped to obtain a commission in the Royal Naval Air Service, and the hearing was adjourned, with the accused woman on \$500 bail.

VINOL MAKES CHILDREN STRONG

And Invigorates Old People

Any doctor will tell you that the ingredients of Vinol as printed below contain the elements needed to improve the health of delicate children and restore strength to old people.

By Cod Liver and Beef Testones, Iron and Manganese Peptonates, Iron and Ammonium Citrate, Lime and Soda Glycero-phosphate, Casearia.

Those who have puny, ailing or run-down children or aged parents may prove this at our expense.

Besides the good it does children and the aged there is nothing like Vinol to restore strength and vitality to weak, nervous women and over-worked, run-down men.

Try it. If you are not entirely satisfied, we will return your money without question; that proves our fairness and your protection. Millions of people have been convinced this way.

HITE DRUG CO., East Jordan

It doesn't pay to bunko a woman whose only asset is a gift of gab.

If a poor man has the sand he may win a rich girl with the rocks.

One-half the world doesn't let his better half know how he lives.

Some people are sadder when they sing and there's a reason why.

Your ship will never come in unless you go out with a tug to meet it.

It's love that makes the postman go around with a lot of silly letters.

GRANDMA USED SAGE TEA TO DARKEN HAIR

She mixed Sulphur with it to Restore Color, Gloss, Youthfulness.

Common garden sage brewed into a heavy tea with sulphur added will turn gray, streaked and faded hair beautifully dark and luxuriant. Just a few applications will prove a revelation if your hair is fading, streaked or gray. Mixing the Sage Tea and Sulphur recipe at home, though, is troublesome. An easier way is to get a bottle of Wyeth's Sage and Sulphur Compound at any drug store all ready for use. This is the old-time recipe improved by the addition of other ingredients.

While wispy, gray, faded hair is not sinful, we all desire to retain our youthful appearance and attractiveness. By darkening your hair with Wyeth's Sage and Sulphur Compound, no one can tell, because it does it so naturally, so evenly. You just dampen a sponge or soft brush with it and draw this through your hair, taking one small strand at a time; by morning all gray hairs have disappeared, and, after another application or two, your hair becomes beautifully dark, glossy, soft and luxuriant.

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

Red Cross Notes

Mrs. Carl Johnson, and Mrs. John Burney have each earned the privilege of wearing the Red Cross on their aprons, requiring 32 hours work.

They have been making pneumonia jackets in the surgical rooms this week.

Remember the St. Patrick Cafeteria Supper given by the Red Cross, Friday Mar. 15th at their Headquarters. Menu—Irish Stew, 5c; Hot Meat Loaf, 5c; Escalloped Irish Potatoes, 5c; Irish Potato Salad, 5c; Rye Bread, 5c; Corn Bread, 5c; Oatmeal Bread, 5c; Coffee 5c; Tea, 5c; Paddy Cakes, 5c; Pickles.

The Knitting Bee will be held at the home of Mrs. James Hart, Monday afternoon. Everyone invited, please leave names at Mrs. Ashley's store before Saturday evening so sleighs may be provided for all. Sleighs will leave from the State Bank corner at 1:30 p. m.

We have received 6 pair pajamas from the Sister Circle, South Arm township.

7 pair pajamas, 4 bed shirts, 1 knitted wash cloth from the ladies at Ironton.

There is to be another gold star put on the Service Flag in memory of Joseph Weiderbrok.

More workers needed at the rooms, please try and give at least one day.

FOCHTMAN DEPT. STORE BUYS WILLIS A. GIBSON HARBOR SPRINGS STOCK.

W. A. Gibson Retires from Business.

On March 1st the entire stock of merchandise owned by Willis A. Gibson, of Harbor Springs, was sold to the A. Fochtmann Department store, of Petoskey, Michigan. The stock consists of a fine line of men's and boy's suits, overcoats, and neckwear, shirts, drawers, hats, caps, raincoats and furnishings. Mr. Gibson will still remain in Harbor Springs and will no doubt continue in the tailoring and dry cleaning business, as he has been operating this successfully separate from his regular store for some time. The A. Fochtmann Department store are moving the stock bought to their big store at Petoskey, Mich., and will no doubt include same in their big public sale.

—Adv.

Don't attempt to swindle a mule; he is apt to get back at you.

When a man tells you all his troubles he becomes one of yours.

Women seldom or never admire the life work of Father Time.

A man with a single idea is a crank. That's why so many men are cranks.

He who hasn't time to be happy today will find that it is too late tomorrow.

CHARLEVOIX COUNTY HERALD

G. A. Lisk, Publisher

ONE DOLLAR PER YEAR

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

REGISTRATION NOTICE.

Important Change in Registration Laws.

To the Qualified Electors of the several Wards of the City of East Jordan, State of Michigan,

Notice is hereby given that in conformity with Act 126, Public Acts of 1917, I, the undersigned City Clerk will upon any day except Sunday and a legal holiday, or the day of any regular or special election receive for registration the name of any legal voter in said City not already registered who may Apply to me Personally for such registration, except that I can receive no names for registration during the time intervening between the second Saturday before any general or special election and the day of such election.

March 23, 1918 last Day for General Registration for Election April 1st.

All electors not already registered and intending to vote at said Election, should make Personal Application to me on or before the 23rd day of March, A. D. 1918.

Notice is further hereby given that I will be at my office in Post-Office Building on

Mar. 9, and Mar. 16, 1918

From 8 o'clock a. m. until 8 o'clock p. m. on each said day for the purpose of Reviewing the Registration and Registering such of the qualified electors in said City as Shall Appear and apply therefor.

The name of no person but an Actual Resident of the precinct at the time of registration, and entitled under the constitution, if remaining such resident, to vote at the next election shall be entered in the registration book.

REGISTRATION OF ABSENTEE BY OATH.

If any person whose name is not registered shall offer and claim the right to vote at any election, and shall Under Oath, state that he is a resident of such precinct and has resided in the City Twenty Days next preceding such election, designation particularly the place of his residence, and that he possesses the other qualifications of an elector under the constitution; and that, owing to the sickness or bodily infirmity of himself, or of some member of his family or owing to his absence from the City on public business or his own business, and without intent to avoid or delay his registration, he was unable to make application for registration on the last day provided by law for the registering of electors preceding such election, then the name of such person shall be registered, and he shall then be permitted to vote at such election. If such applicant shall, in said matter, wilfully make any false statement, he shall be deemed guilty of perjury, and, upon conviction, be subject to the pains and penalties thereof.

PROVISION IN CASE OF REMOVAL TO ANOTHER PRECINCT

Any registered and qualified voter who has Removed from One Election Precinct of a City to another election precinct of the same City shall have the right, on any day previous to election day, on application to the City Clerk, to have his name transferred from the registration book of the precinct from which he has removed to the registration book of the precinct in which he then resides. Such elector shall have the right to have such transfer made on Election Day by obtaining from the board of inspectors of election of the precinct from which he Has Removed a Certificate of Transfer and presenting the said certificate to the Board of Election Inspectors of the Precinct in which he then Resides.

WOMEN ELECTORS

The names of all qualified Women Electors not already appearing on the registration list will be registered, provided Personal Application is made in conformity with the foregoing provisions.

Dated Feb. 27, 1918.

OTIS J. SMITH, City Clerk.

HEAD STUFFED FROM CATARRH OR A COLD

Says Cream Applied in Nostrils Opens Air Passages Right Up.

Instant relief—no waiting. Your clogged nostrils open right up; the air passages of your head clear and you can breathe freely. No more hawking, snuffling, blowing, headache, dryness. No struggling for breath at night; your cold or catarrh disappears.

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

It's just fine. Don't stay stuffed-up with a cold or nasty catarrh.

IOWA WOMAN INVENTS SELF-LIGHTING CIGAR

"The Idea is Absolutely New," Patent Office Writes.

Waterloo, Iowa—Ever since William Rolke, in the early settlement of Jamestown, Va., introduced tobacco among white men, users of cigars have been stepping up to the lighter or saying to a friend, "Lend me a match."

It was left, finally to a woman to invent the self-lighting cigar. The inventor is a Waterloo woman—Mrs. Oscar C. Morten, formerly Miss Emma Voros, who has been employed here by the Western Union Telegraph company.

Mrs. Morten has applied for a United States patent on her invention. In reply to her inquiry, the patent office reported the records showed nothing of the sort on its files. "The idea is absolutely new," the director of the patent office writes.

The self-lighting cigar will be equipped with a match attachment inserted in the end of the weed. When the device is put on the market all the smoker will have to do is to "strike" his cigar instead of striking his match or striking his friend for a light.

While on her way to northern Minnesota in the summer Mrs. Morten observed two young men who, after several vain attempts, failed to get a light for their cigars because of the wind. One said, "The thing ought to light itself." This set Mrs. Morten to work solving the difficulty. "She began her experiments by inserting a paper match into the end of the cigar. There were difficulties which patient tests finally overcame.

It is sometimes deceiving to judge the importance of a matter by the amount of talk over it.

A man can acquire a reputation by getting into jail, but the right character will keep him out.

There is usually dissatisfaction when one member of the matrimonial firm wants to do all the talking.

A man might have some excuse for exercising the privilege of playing the fool if it affected no one but himself.



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.




DON'T WORRY
Just send it to the
DYERS and CLEANERS

WE HAVE ACCEPTED THE BRANCH AGENCY FOR THE
Cosendai Dye Works and Cleaners of Saginaw

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THE ST. DUNSTAN MYSTERY

By PERRY NEWBERRY.

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Then I began a systematic survey of my connection with this case, which was beginning to get on my nerves. Twice I had escaped police suspicion, probably arrest, and these recurring attempts to make me out a criminal were not, to my mind, either practical jokes or malicious pettiness. It was conspiracy, and it was time for me to take measures to defend myself.

I have had some success, as Marcus knew, digging out the solutions of criminal affairs, and that success has been largely due to my theory that the past life of any participant in a mystery, if it could be spread out and read, would develop the answer in the reading. I have always begun to work back for motive, hunting the past for a clue to the present. In this case my own life was the only possible one for study; where in its pages did the St. Dunstan horror touch?

Eighteen years in a newspaper office, making the passing friendships and enmities of a reporter, none so serious that I might give them a second thought in this connection. No love affairs to bear on the solution, for although not immaculate, I had kept clear of petticoat scandal, and the more serious heart troubles feminine I never found time to acquire. Eighteen years of my life could be obliterated in a bundle, so far as the St. Dunstan affair was concerned.

To start at the beginning, my father, John Gilmore, had been a Californian pioneer and forty-niner, not financially successful, but able to take care of his family fairly well, who died in his bed when I, the youngest child, was twelve.

My mother had died at my birth, and two brothers, much older than I, lived now in New York. After my father's death I had lived with my sister Marian, the oldest of the children, who, married to a wealthy San Franciscan, and I was given the opportunity of a university education, graduating into the Sentinel office.

Marian's husband, an Austrian by birth, had taken her and the daughter on a visit to his ancestral land, and they decided to remain in Vienna. I heard from her occasionally and sometimes through my brothers, but we were never much of a family for correspondence, any of us, and my sister had never revisited this country.

There was the story, bald, prosaic enough, and nowhere in its details could I discover cause for any one attempting to place on me the necessity of defending my neck from a false murder charge. Reviewing it carefully, I must believe that I had been chosen at random from the occupants of the St. Dunstan to bear the onus of the murder discovered within its walls.

All day I remained in my rooms, packing boxes and trunks, hoping for a telephone call from the St. Francis Hotel which never came. At seven I dressed and went to Brenta's on the remote chance that Isabelle Reade would come again.

I saw her before I entered, through the windows, and she was sitting as before watching the entrance door, but there was a difference in the expression of her eyes. The anxiety and fear were gone, and a happy smile came to her lips as I opened the door.

"You have found your friends?" I asked as I reached her side and took the hand she gave me. I had forgotten she was so beautiful, had not realized how happiness would become her.

"I have heard. It is all right—everything is all right now," she replied. "Sit down, please, and order quickly—quickly, for I am again starved. All day I have been going from place to place in your city, anxiously searching, too worried to eat at all. Then, when I did hear all was well, I waited for you to be with me."

"That was delightful!" I hastened Francis into the kitchen with orders. "Now, tell me—are your friends happily married?"

She shook her head, laughing gleefully. "I must still be mysterious, partly because it isn't my secret, partly because I really don't know. Will you forgive me?"

"After waiting all day for a telephone call that never came?" I countered.

"But I was not to telephone unless I needed you; and I did telephone when I knew all was right. You had left."

"Just now!"

"A very few minutes ago, to tell you that I would be here surely for dinner and for you to come."

"But you know I would come," I said, smiling. "You were certain of that."

from home before. My mother told me how to deport myself in every contingency, and last night was a contingency. She made an absurdly sad little moue, shaking her head. "I did not behave at all right last night," she said. "When you offered assistance, I should have looked at you disdainfully and coldly said, 'Pardon, but I do not know monsieur.' When you sat down at my table I should have called a policeman, for my mamma had warned me against strange young men."

My heart gave a bound. She had placed me in the category of dangerous youth rather than fatherly advisers.

She went on in happy rallery: "So I misbehaved in an unseemly manner, trusting you and accepting your help, for which I beg your pardon. But my mamma had also enjoined me to express proper gratitude for courtesies done me, and that, too, I forgot last night. It was an altogether improper day, yesterday, for in everything I disobeyed mamma. Tonight I am being good again."

"You are going to obey by expressing gratitude?"

"I am. I will carry out her admonitions. Gratitude is my excuse for being here with you, and gratitude shall be the theme of my discourse. It is a gratitude evening."

"And here is a reason for gratitude," I remarked as Francis brought on a soup tureen and began service.

It was gratitude evening, for her heart was filled with happiness and her mind freed of its anxieties. She gave me thanks each minute of her being there, nor did she say one word more of thanks aloud. She was my friend of long acquaintance, of complete understanding, and of frank liking. We talked of ourselves mostly, and intimately, find a similarity of dispositions, enthusiasms, sympathies, humors, and moods. I found she was older in thought than I had believed.

and that I was younger than my years. There was but one note of sadness in our pleasure, that this evening would be the only one. She would leave the next day, where she did not say nor did I ask. It was a part of the secret which was not hers. I kept that regret in the back of my brain that it might not spoil the happiness of the few hours left to us, salving the sore with the thought that I, too, would soon be far away in new adventures.

This meeting was to be an incident in my life, made momentous by the fact that I had been so shut off from opportunities to meet young women of her kind and attractiveness.

That the same regret was in her thoughts would never have entered my mind had she not spoken it frankly in the last few minutes of our meeting.

"These have been two wonderful evenings for me," she said when a partial eclipse of the restaurant lights indicated a desire on the part of the proprietor and employes to discontinue the business of the day. We were the only people left at the tables. "I have been made to feel more and greater emotions than in all my life before. I have known fear and anxiety, the dread of apprehension, and the mortal funk of disappointment. That was yesterday. Tonight I have been happier, more free from care, lighter of heart, and much more foolishly volatile than I ever knew. I shall always remember these two evenings, Mr. Gilmore; so you will always be a most pleasant part of my biggest memory."

"There will come greater happiness with added years and experience, blotting out memory," I said rather sadly. "My hope of permanent place in your thoughts is that I am a part of your first real experience. It will not be the greatest."

"You mean that I am very young?"

"Very uninitiated in life's happenings. I who have lived forty years can say it."

"Forty years?" I nodded. She blushed that she had expressed surprise or comment. "To you it is but an incident of many," she said. "You have been kind because that, I know, is your nature. But to me, always—always, Mr. Gilmore, you will be the gallant knight riding out in silver mail, lance poised, to rescue a maiden in distress. It is not an image to be lightly blotted out to be easily forgotten. I shall remember always, Mr. Gilmore."

There was more red in my cheeks than their customary color as I thanked her gravely, and she was blushing rosy as I helped her into her coat. Perhaps to lighten the moment, she handed me a piece of paper she took from a pocket of the jacket.

"That is why I have been so foolishly happy tonight," she said. "Read it."

"I opened its folds.

"Sit down, Miss Reade," I said, and my voice sounded not my own. She obeyed, wondering. Even at my first glance I had recognized it. It read: They were married one day sooner than planned and sailed yesterday. You will learn all particulars.

Like the two brief notes I had in my pocket, it was unsigned. Like them, the purple ink of the letters was pale as though made by an old ribbon, and the letter "o" had cut away its paper center in each instance of its use. The same fingers which had written the warnings to Detective Marcus, dragging me into the tragedy of the St. Dunstan, had given Miss Reade reassurance of the safety and happiness of her friends.

CHAPTER VI. More Tragedy.

"Do you know who wrote this?" I asked Miss Reade, when the overworked waiter had disgustfully righted our table and carried away the debris of the dinner.

"It was—No; I don't know, really. I suppose it was written by my brother, Why?"

"Because I have notes written by the same hand, and they are important in an affair of a serious nature." I had said nothing to her of the St. Dunstan mystery; I did not wish to know.

"Can you be certain of this, Mr. Gilmore?"

"I am certain," I replied with decision. "This was a typewriter of distinguishing characteristics." I pulled the notes Marcus had left me from my pocket. "Look at the small 'o's,'" I said, handing them to her.

"The letter 'o' of the paper, but might that not happen often?" she queried but she was impressed by the similarity not less than by the portent of the messages: "Look at John Gilmore's revolver for evidence in the St. Dunstan mystery," and "Search John Gilmore's apartment for evidence in St. Dunstan murder."

"It is the indication of a worn-out ribbon under the heavy fingers of a novice at the machine. Alone it would not be convincing, but here we have the identical paper, the same faded purple ribbon, an even length of typed line, the same weakness of stroke at the top of each capital. There can be no doubt, Miss Reade."

"And you know who wrote these?" she asked.

"I shook my head.

"Then tell me their meaning," she said.

I hesitated. In one moment Isabelle Reade had become linked with the tragedy on which I had turned my back, pushed from out my life, almost run away to avoid. The girl sitting, now pale-faced, before me, with her missing friends, her Greek church wedding, her lonely journey to a foreign land, was an important factor in the St. Dunstan mystery. I must decide now whether I should be a mailed knight on a piebald steed or a dead-head passenger on the Thurston liner Wilton.

"Miss Reade," I said, ignoring her question, "if convinced of its vital importance to yourself, could you confide the secret of which you have spoken, give me the reasons for your journey here?"

"No," she said softly. "Not even if it is vitally important to you—as these indicate." She pointed to the notes. "It is hard for me to have to say that, Mr. Gilmore."

"I know. Please do not think of me in the matter. Fortunately I am not involved, but I fear that in some way you are. I do wish you could answer even a few of the questions which are in my mind."

She shook her head, and her mouth, which I had thought almost too perfect in softness of line and beauty of color, became firm and strong.

"I may not be questioned, Mr. Gilmore," she said decidedly; then, "Please do not make me seem horrid, but, truly, I cannot answer."

"Were you going back to your home tomorrow?" I asked, hardly realizing that I was doing what she had forbidden.

She bit her lip to hold back tears which trembled behind the eyelids, but the negative shake of her head was a firm refusal to answer. I quickly apologized, withdrawing the question, explaining I had not intended to cross-examine. "I was only planning for your safety—trying to find a way out," I said.

"I know you are thinking of me," she almost whispered, "and that makes it all the harder to have to deny you. Will you please take me to my hotel?"

"Sit down!" I ordered, and she dropped back into the chair almost before she had left it. "When I leave you tonight, Miss Reade, I am going to be sure that no such—such accident happens as the St. Dunstan affair. You are alone in this city except for me. I must be regarded by you as your guardian."

"What was the St. Dunstan accident?" she asked, and her face was pale.

"Are you brave enough to face a horror?" I asked in return.

"What is it?" she cried. "I am not brave—not brave at all!"

"There is a woman—a young woman—lying dead at the morgue. I wish you to see her."

The tears broke through her calm, and she wiped her eyes on the napkin until I forced my handkerchief into her fingers. Francis, hovering near, looked at me with suspicion, and I sent him away for cognac.

"You know that I would not suggest this unless I believed it absolutely necessary," I continued, holding myself back from the inclination to soothe her fears and wipe her tears away, forcing myself to cool impersonality, to hardness of voice and manner. "But it must be done, Miss Reade, and now—tonight. Will you try to be strong? Pull yourself together, please."

She made the effort and her tears stopped their flow, but her face was colorless, as she asked the question I knew must come. "You think she—my friend—is there?"

"I fear so. I want you prepared to find it so, yes. I may be all wrong, may be foolish in my suspicions, but we must know at once. Drink this, Miss Reade," and I gave her the brandy Francis had brought.

"Now," I continued, "whether I am right or wrong, you are not to give any sign at the morgue—not the slightest evidence of emotion, even if my fears are realized. There will be a deputy there who will attend us as we inspect the body. One reason we go there now rather than tomorrow—"

"I could not wait—now!" she interrupted.

"I might have waited, not you," I explained. "I could have left you another night of happiness, but now there will be but one man to look at your face when you see the corpse, and he will be half asleep. You must deceive him completely. They know me well at the morgue, and will believe I have brought a friend with a morbid curiosity. Should there be other bodies we must look at them, but no greater show of emotion, remember, no matter who you may find. Can I trust you, Miss Reade?"

"I'll try," she faltered, but I saw that the cognac was beginning to steady her nerves.

"Come," I said, taking her arm. I handed Francis a coin which may have increased his suspicions, but I did not care. I led her out of the restaurant and down the street to where the city's morgue hid away behind the Hall of Justice. As we turned into its narrow alleyway the tower clock struck twelve.

Ned Harris was on the night watch, and, as I hoped, was but half awake. "Slumming," I explained, and he smiled knowingly.

"Not much of a show tonight," he said, as I stumbled an introduction of Miss Reade under another name. "Just the one you discovered yourself."

I was glad it was to be easy, and I kept a reassuring hand on the girl's arm as we followed the deputy into the cold room beyond. She was trembling. "A little nervous?" I asked her, so that Harris might hear.

"It gives me the creeps," he chuckled. "I suppose that's why they come." He pulled the sheet down from a form lying straight on its marble slab. "Enough!" I cried roughly. I had made my first suspicious certainties in Miss Reade's first look at the face.

She was wonderful in her courage of spirit. Although the fingers on my arm clenched convulsively, she made no cry, and the glance I gave her face showed me she would restrain emotion that might be perceptible to the deputy. I led her to the door, remarking calmly to Harris that little of his exhibit was plenty for most people.

"Many thanks, Ned," I cried, hurrying through the outer office as he replaced the covering over the dead face. "See you again," and passed quickly out with a cry of "Good night" over my shoulder.

There was a cafe on Merchant street at the end of the morgue alley, and it had a side entrance which kept open all night. I hastened Miss Reade within and to one of its tiny boxes, seating her on the leather-covered bench beside the table.

"Now cry—cry all you please," I said softly. "You will not be disturbed by any one, and I shall be close at hand." I pulled the curtains behind me, said a word to the bartender, and placed myself on guard before her door.

It was only a few minutes later when the curtain opened and she motioned me to join her. "Thank you," she said, trying bravely to smile. "I have cried, and I am better now. That was she."

"I knew." I sat beside her and placed a gentle hand upon her arm, seeking her confidence. "Does this make a difference in what you may tell me, Isabelle?" I asked.

"She took my hand in both her own. 'Dear friend,' she said, and her voice was very sad. 'This makes it all the more impossible to say one word—to answer a single question. Oh, I must be dumb—dumb—dumb! You must not question, for my eyes, my manner, may reveal another secret—more secret than ever, now that it is a tragedy. Promise that you will not try to learn!'"

"I could not give that promise. It may be that I must know to save you, Isabelle," I explained. "For that reason only, I must learn what is behind this murder."

She shuddered. "It was murder then—not—no?" She could not say the word.

"She was shot by another's hand." "That is better—better for her! At that place—the morgue—the man said something about you discovering her. I do not understand."

"I wanted to find her. Do you want to hear all that I know of it?"

She nodded, too distressed to speak, and I told of the St. Dunstan mystery even to the meeting with my revolver and the strange appearance of the hatpin in my effects. If I had tried I could not have learned anything from her expression, for, during my story, she never looked at me, holding her head lowered, her face between her hands. Nor did she make a single comment or ask a question when I had finished.

"Isabelle," I said, after a pause which I hoped she would break: "Would you know of this girl's name—the name of the murderer?"

"No, no, no!" she answered quickly. Then, "Please do not question me—please!"

There was a sparkle in the smile she gave me. "Is that reassurance, John?" she asked, and I let loose a "Dinn!"

"I'm going home and think this thing out, Isabelle," I said, "and when I get through thinking, I'll know what I'm going to do. At nine tomorrow morning I shall be here—right there"—pointed at a chair in the rotunda—"waiting for you to come down, and I'll be either a decent reassurer without a question in me, or I'll take you by the shoulder and shake the truth out of you for your own good. At nine—remember!" And I turned to go.

"Good-by, John," she said.

"Good night," I replied, over my shoulder.

I felt a hand on my arm and she was before me. She put both her little hands into mine. "John Gilmore, you are a good man and a strong man," she said. "I do not want you to shake the truth out of me. Good-by, John." And she was gone.

I smoked two pipes before the gas grate, one convincing myself that I must know all Isabelle Reade knew, was satisfying myself that I could help her best by leaving her secret alone. Such was the condition of my usually logical mind that I could not reason clearly for the mixture of extraneous matter bearing only indirectly on the subject. It seemed of vital importance that she had called me "John," and had become "Isabelle" to me in this one evening; that she had given me her hands and held my own; and the fact that I was double her age placed a cloud on my reasoning faculties.

I decided to set my alarm clock and go to bed, determining the question in the morning when my brain was fog cleared. I found the little demon sleep-destroyer, wound it, set the alarm-hand at six, placed it close to my pillow, then went back to the gas grate for another pipe.

This one was just rosy dreams of the kind most men have at half my age, but hitherto barred out of my life by its contingencies. It glided on pink-lipped clouds through its various phases to the one where a beautiful face hovered over a breakfast coffee urn, and that reminded me I was hungry. I squirmed in my soul at this sort of disillusionment, but habit was stronger than sentiment.

It was after two o'clock when the morning-paper man, and for eighteen years I had eaten then. Habit pulled me from my dreams, my pipe, and my chair. I threw an outer coat over my smoking jacket, grabbed up a cap, and ducked around the trunks and scattered paraphernalia to the outer door.

As I opened it I heard the elevator go down; just as two nights before, it started from my floor, and there was no sound of its closing door. I ran hastily to the shaft, my feet making no sound on the thick carpets, and looked down. It was too far below me to be visible, but it had not yet reached grade.

Its soft purr ceased and I waited for the jar of the opening door. A second—two—three—I was counting my heart-beats—all was still. For what seemed an interval of minutes I waited, but the door was not opened. The St. Dunstan was wrapped in the silence of late night, the hall light dimmed. At the bottom of the shaft the automatic elevator was at rest, and its door had not opened to allow egress of its occupant.

I looked at my watch, holding it so I might see the circling second-hand. I pressed my head against the steel bulkhead of the shaft, my ear eager to catch any sound from below, and I barely breathed while five long minutes were checked off. The ticking of my watch was the only thing my ear caught of sound; there was no movement audible from below.

For another minute I waited in hesitation of doubt. I might return to my room, leaving the St. Dunstan mystery to those whose business its solution was, asking no questions of this strange happening of the night, seeking no explanation of the self-operating elevator; or I might push the button beside me and bring the elevator up to make answer.

I might run away from this enigma, crowd it outside my thoughts for the remaining hours before the Wilton sailed, and get far away from danger, free from the machinations of secret enemies and chance conspirators, or wait in deeper, become more seriously involved, and perhaps be forcibly detained by the law. It was really none of my business, and Isabelle Reade had shown me she did not desire any help.

The temptation was strong to walk back to my room and get into bed. I could insist next morning that Isabelle start for her home at once, see that she did start. Then I would get away on the Wilton and forget the whole affair in new interests and excitement. The alternative of bringing that elevator up was a job for the strongest nerves.

And then I remembered the foolish thought of a romantic girl that put me into a cast-iron suit with a plume in my bonnet and a rollicking steed between my legs, and I—I compromised. I walked down-stairs, five flights. I went carefully, cautiously, prying around corners before venturing, and I realized how much of bravery may be represented by a revolver. For eighteen years I had relied on six leaden stags in the cylinder of my forty-one; that missing, I was a coward.

The strength of my arms, nature's weapons, had no meaning, for I had never depended on fists empty of steel.

The last flight I negotiated on tiptoe, and so slowly that I scarcely made progress. When I could see around the cornering wall into the

lower hall, I stopped completely, studying its every detail. The night light burned before the elevator, the outer doors were closed, the large plate glass windows stared at empty side-walks, dim in fog.

There were four large chairs, set with almost geometrical exactness in the corridor; one large writing-table near the front; two rubber plants. I studied the shadows. A door to the private office was open, beyond it darkness, and I feared that darkness.

I bolstered my courage to sneak along the walls to the outer office door and look within; desk, table, wastebasket, chair, and emptiness; then I went to the elevator.

Its door was tightly closed, but the electric globe above made a checker-board of light and shadow within, and I did not need to open it. Someone sat in the corner, as someone had sat with me two nights before. It was a deepening of black shadows, vague and formless, but there could be no mistaking it for anything but that it was. I ran to the outer door, placed two fingers against my teeth and let out the night call for the help of the law.

Patrolman Cobb came running, hammering the stone wall with his night-stick as he ran, sending the signal for help to his kind, and in a moment we were before the elevator door. Cobb threw it back and turned on the switch, flooding the car with light.

In the corner of the elevator, his head back against its steel side, was the man I had purposely humped against on Union street the night before, the shadow of Isabelle Reade; and he was stone dead.

CHAPTER VII. The New Tenant.

It was two hours later and Holme and I sat alone in my room. Marcus had just left, dubious, perhaps, of the story I told, but still willing to keep his wits with my Scotch whisky. To what lengths of suspicion his doubts might grow, time would have to prove.

"The trouble with us," I said to Holme, "is lack of individual knowledge of all the threads in this case. You hold some, so do I, and Marcus has more. We can't combine them for a solution."

"I don't think it would be healthy telling Marcus about the empty shell!" said Holme quizzically.

"No. It wouldn't do." I was thinking more particularly of Isabelle Reade, whose story I did not intend to tell either Marcus or Holme. "I am sure Marcus is not so constructed that he could believe in our empty shell theory. He is questioning my two-o'clock appetite right now, and God knows where that is going to lead him! I'm not a bit certain I'll last tomorrow morning, Holme."

"You can postpone that. What we must do is unravel this mystery."

I paced up and down the floor, deducing trunks. It seemed that everything and everybody was in league to keep me tied here in San Francisco when I should be at my new vocation, teaching steamers economy. Well, I wouldn't stand for it! I would place Miss Reade aboard her train with instructions to the conductor, and I'd sail on the Wilton.

My mind made up, I was perfectly willing to help Holme at his solving game, so long as it meant only the exercise of my gray matter. I'd go just that far and no farther, conjecture to my capacity and stop this side of action. Holme, his story written and sent to the office, was ready now to theorize.

"It's another part of the same crime," he began, "and the man is probably just as much a stranger here as was the girl. A quick identification would of course, set us galloping along the trail of both murders, but we needn't expect that. We have to start on the surmise that both are unknown, or little known, in San Francisco."

"You are ready to admit the murders were done in the building and on this floor?" I asked.

"I'll admit they were done here," he answered.

"On this floor," I amended quickly. "What do you know about the tenants up here?"

Holme referred to his notes. "There are fourteen suites," he said. "Eight three-room and six two-room. Four of the three-room suites are vacant."

"Been through 'em?" I asked quickly.

"Sure. Empty, except for air. Want me to read off the tenants of the others?"

"Yes, with all you've learned about them. Wait till I get my pipe."

I went into the rear room where I had left it on the table, snapping on the light as I entered, then remembered the light should be burning. I had not turned it out when I left. I stopped right where I stood, making certain of my memory. I had lighted up when I set the alarm-clock, and the light was burning when I picked up my cap, for I found it by the light; and I did not cross to the bed where the switch was after taking my cap. That light should be burning!

"What's the matter?" asked Holme, who could see me plainly.

"Oh, nothing!" I answered, sarcastically, picking up the pipe and a pouch of tobacco. "Somebody's been in here and turned off this light, that's all."

"Crispey!" whistled Holme. "You sure?"

"Certain; but hell's bells, Holme! Let's not go nutty over this thing. Sit down and read that list. Smoke—or drink, but keep away from these side-shows."

"Who—"

"Never mind who or why! Forget it! Get on that list!"

This is the Stove Polish YOU Should Use

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

Black Silk Stove Polish

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

Black Silk Stove Polish Works, Sterling, Illinois

A Shine in Every Drop

Wise is the baldhead who can fool fly.

A sure sign is one that reads, "No Trust!"

He who advertises for a wife may get what he advertised for, but he seldom gets what he wants.

TAKE CHILDREN OUT OF DANGER

If you saw a child on a railroad track you would endeavor to remove the little one from danger. When a child is "snuffling" or coughing, isn't it your duty to get him out of danger of severe consequences? Foley's Honey and Tar gives relief from coughs, colds, croup and whooping cough. Contains no opiates.—Hite's Drug Store.

Not a Bite of Breakfast Until You Drink Water

Says a glass of hot water and phosphate prevents illness and keeps us fit.

Just as coal, when it burns, leaves behind a certain amount of combustible material in the form of ashes, so the food and drink taken day after day leaves in the alimentary canal a certain amount of indigestible material, which if not completely eliminated from the system each day, becomes food for the millions of bacteria which infest the bowels. From this mass of left-over waste, toxins and poison-like poisons are formed and sucked into the blood.

Men and women who can't get feeling right must begin to take inside baths. Before eating breakfast, each morning drink a glass of real hot water with a teaspoonful of limestone phosphate in it to wash out of the thirty feet of bowels the previous day's accumulation of poisons and toxins and to keep the entire alimentary canal clean, pure and fresh.

Those who are subject to sick headache, colds, biliousness, constipation, foul breath, backache, rheumatic stiffness, or have a sour, easy stomach after meals, are urged to get a quarter pound of limestone phosphate from the drug store, and begin practicing internal sanitation. This will cost very little, but is sufficient to make anyone an enthusiast on the subject.

Remember inside bathing is more important than outside bathing, because the skin pores do not absorb impurities into the blood, causing poor health, while the bowel pores do. Just as soap and hot water cleanse sweaters and freshens the skin, hot water and limestone phosphate act on the stomach, liver and bowels.

SALTS IF KIDNEYS OR BLADDER BOTHER

Harmless to flush Kidneys and neutralize irritating acids.—Splendid for syneum.

Kidney and bladder weakness result from uric acid, says a noted authority. The kidneys filter this acid from the blood and pass it on to the bladder, where it often remains to irritate and inflame, causing a burning, scalding sensation, or setting up an irritation at the neck of the bladder, obliging you to seek relief two or three times during the night. The sufferer is in constant dread, the water passes sometimes with a scalding sensation and is very profuse; there is difficulty in voiding it.

Bladder weakness, most folks call it, because they can't control urination. While it is extremely annoying and sometimes very painful, this is really one of the most simple ailments to overcome. Get about four ounces of Jad Salts from your pharmacist and take a tablespoonful in a glass of water before breakfast, continue this for two or three days. This will neutralize the acids in the urine so it no longer is a source of irritation to the bladder and urinary organs which then act normally again.

Jad Salts is inexpensive, harmless, and is made from the acid of grapes and lemon juice, combined with lithia, and is used by thousands of folks who are subject to urinary disorders caused by uric acid irritation. Jad Salts is splendid for kidneys and causes no bad effects whatever.

Here you have a pleasant, effervescent lithia-water drink, which quickly relieves bladder trouble.

LETTERS SWAMP A POSTOFFICE

EXTRA FORCE REQUIRED IN MINNEAPOLIS TO HANDLE MAIL TO SWINDLERS WHO HAVE FLED

HUNDRED THOUSAND FOR POSTAGE

Mail Increasing Daily and 40 Per Cent of It Must Go to the Dead Letter Office.

Minneapolis, Minn.—Financing of the European war, through which the United States has come into possession of an abnormal gold supply, was but provision for Fortune for a "petticoat ring" enterprise that threatens to involve a sum of money far in excess of the circulation supply reported by the national treasury. This stupendous project is based upon a dime and two cents in postage for each of a deluge of letters developed.

From 40,000 to 50,000 letters a day are being received at the Minneapolis postoffice, each containing one dime, and there is no one to claim them. For more than a week this flood of cash has been pouring in, and those who started it remained to harvest but a trifling part of the crop.

About six weeks ago a concern styling itself the National Mail Order Brokerage Exchange, put out a chain-letter proposition that the woman receiving the letter could have a silk petticoat for 15 cents if she would send copies of the letter sent to her to 10 friends and forward her own dime, name and address to the company.

Naturally, it took a few days to get the enterprise going, but it wasn't long before the quantity of mail addressed to the Exchange, at 520 Globe building, impressed the Federal authorities and they went to investigate. The place was vacant.

While the disappearance of the persons who launched the Exchange out of the flow of dimes into their pockets, it had no effect whatever upon the tide of cash they had set to flowing in this direction. At the same time the burden of dealing with the flow fell upon the Government, which as yet has found no plan to check it and the expense attaching is steadily rising.

Incidentally, heavy increase of the working force in the postoffice has already been made compulsory. Here is the way the Government is being financially affected:

About 60 per cent of the letters bear return directions on the outside of the envelope and the return carries direct extra expense for mail transportation. The balance, with no return directions, must be forwarded to the dead letter office and thence to the writers, the outlay for this being estimated at 10 cents per letter.

Handling this mail here is already costing the Government \$50 a day for extra clerks hire, and this doubtless will have to be increased.

All over the United States today tens of thousands—perhaps hundreds of thousands—of women, unaware of the character of the enterprise, are busily mailing dimes and writing letters to 10 friends each. The letters have begun to come from such far distant places as Tucson, Ariz.; Tampa, Fla.; Lexington, Va.; from Montana, Delaware, Washington and Tennessee.

"It's safe to say," declared D. G. Sullivan, foreman of the general delivery, "that the letters come from every state and from Canada. The amount of mail we are getting simply isn't possible. I can see it, but it isn't so. Take my word for that."

Only one thing could have given the postoffice more work, and that would have been the actual mailing out by parcel post of the hundreds of thousands of silk petticoats the women letter writers thought they were going to get. This would have required, according to competent estimate, millions of pairs of silk. China and Peterson, N. J., would have known unprecedented prosperity.

The backers of the scheme must have felt reasonably secure in the knowledge that no woman was likely to stir up trouble about a dime. It was only the sudden mass of mail for the concern in the Globe Building that caused the inspectors to start an investigation.

Postal receipts all over the country have been boosted by the scheme. On the letters received in Minneapolis to date, postage of about \$10,000 was paid. If the writer of each of them wrote to 10 friends that meant an additional \$100,000. If these in turn write to 10 friends each, \$1,000,000 more will go for stamps. Carried through only three more multiplications, the sum amounts to considerably more than all the money in circulation in the United States, and in the Federal Treasury as well. That's just for postage alone. And where would the dimes come from, with all the money in the country used up buying stamps?

When men are not regretting that life is so short, they are doing something to kill time.

GAMBLE WITH DEATH JUST FOR TOBACCO

Two of MacMillan Rescue Crew Nearly Perish in 20-Mile Dash for a Smoke.

Boston, Mass.—A grim game with death—the stake, a pipeful of tobacco. Never was there a stranger Polar dash than this that a Lynn man made to satisfy his craving for a smoke. And it all occurred in the Cluett relief expedition, seeking MacMillan.

Twenty miles away in an Eskimo hut was the tobacco. A fearful icy waste, broken only by a treacherous 7-mile-wide glacier, lay between. The thermometer registered 60 degrees below. He took the chance and played with death.

Just one of the gripping yarns that Melrose Cotton tells is this—fully as gripping as the sternal cold of the region from which he returned recently.

"It was at Parker Snow Bay that the incident of the tobacco occurred," Cotton said. "You smoke, eh? Well, you know how it feels when you're off in camp somewhere and discover you're out of tobacco. Seems like unbearable torture to wait until the following morning.

"That's how a sailor man named Taylor, whom we picked up at Sydney, felt—only a thousand times worse—when he found that he had smoked up his whole allotment of tobacco. And he thought himself the luckiest man in the world when he found out that an Eskimo settlement some twenty miles away there was tobacco to be bought.

"So he persuaded Second Mate Norman, who hails from Lynn, to make the trip with him. Down here now it seems as tho it were the limit of foolishness, but up there you look at things in a different aspect.

"Dressed in the polar bearskins trousers and moccasins, sealskin coats and blue foxtail hats we all wore, they were prepared for the 60 degrees below temperature outside. And all went well until they struck a seven-mile glacier that lay across their route.

"You can never tell when the cold will get you up there—even the best fitted man succumbs to it after a short period of exposure. Half way across the glacier Norman was gripped by it. His arms, his face and his hands became numb. In vain Taylor tried to restore circulation.

"Luckily Taylor didn't lose his head. Half dragging and half beating his frozen companion, the Sydney man started him back toward the ship. The cold had grown more intense all the while. The staggering pair reached the edge of the glacier. Now Taylor could go no farther. He, too, succumbed to the cold.

"Here it was that Norman dropped and his heavy weight was too much for the tired Taylor to drag farther. So the Sydney man made the mate as comfortable as he could and set out for the ship.

"And he ran. Talk about your Marathons! Taylor fairly flew over the ice and the snow. Never faltering he slipped and slid over wide stretches of ice as smooth as glass. His moccasined feet broke thru the web of the snowshoes and every pace left a mark of blood upon the snow as he ran down and over the rolling plain.

"For two whole hours he ran, and at 8 o'clock that night he clambered up the ladder of the ship barely able to tell his story. It was the work of a minute to get the entire crew together and we started out with lanterns and sleds.

"Three hours later First Mate Davis found Norman within a foot of a seventy-five-foot cliff to which he had wandered in a delirium. So stiff was Norman that he halloped down to Doctor Hunt and myself that the mate was dead.

"Davis tied a rope around Norman's body and down into the pitchy black darkness of the sides of the cliff he lowered the supposed dead man. Doctor Hunt and I were waiting below and Norman was put on a sled.

"We got him back to the ship at 1 o'clock the following morning and from that time until 7 o'clock the whole crew worked over him in relays. It was mighty serious business. For we all loved Norman, but you can imagine the relaxation that followed in a regular gale of laughter when the mate came to and muttered: "Did I get the tobacco?"

"And next day an Eskimo rubbed it into Norman when he casually remarked, in the nearest that his Eskimo language can express, 'Was a very mild winter.'"

DIGS UP MASTODON'S TOTH

Kansas Man Finds Relic of Prehistoric Period.

Cottonwood Falls, Kan.—A big tooth, which is supposed to be the remains of the jaw of a mastodon of a prehistoric period, has just been unearthed by T. E. Nichols while he was doing some excavation work on Diamond Creek. The trench had been sunk to a depth of 83 feet when the massive tooth was found. It weighs over three pounds, measures 1 foot and 3 inches in circumference around its base and is 3 inches in height.

There are six inches or points to the tooth, which extend upward in regular pairs. The tooth has two large roots. From the peculiar formation of the points of the tooth it is believed that it belonged to a carnivorous or flesh eating animal. Another worker in the large hole nearby and discovered a knee cap.

SQUIRRELS FOOL MAN'S DOGS

Walk High Wire to Steal Neighbor's Choice Walnuts.

Atchison, Kan.—James Brown, who lives in the suburban district, has a number of pet squirrels. Aaron Davis, who lives directly across the street, has a few choice walnut trees in his back yard. The squirrels became to be such a pest that he purchased a couple of dogs to guard his crop of walnuts. The dogs performed this duty so well that Davis' hopes ran high for a good full crop. But the squirrels were not cheated out of their usual winter's supply of nuts. The local telephone company has a large wire cable crossing the street at this point. The cable intersperses the boughs of the walnut trees, and also the boughs of a tree in Brown's yard, and the squirrels utilize this as a highway over which they transport the nuts, far above the reach of the dogs.

HOOKED BY CHIN LIKE A FISH

Man Jarked From Auto When It Crashes Into Telephone Pole.

Wooster, O.—Caught like a fish in a stream, swung up on a hook and dropped was the experience of George W. Hiner, 45, of Lucas, who is in the hospital here. Hiner was on, of five in an automobile which left the road east of Wooster at night and crashed into a telephone pole. The pole was snapped off at the ground. The top sagged down until the wires became taut, when it was pulled back over the automobile.

An iron hook on the pole, used by linemen to get to the top, caught Hiner under the chin, lifted him from the machine and landed him some distance away. The jawbone was broken in two places and his face lacerated.

ANSWERS 'YEA, BO' AT WEDDING

Scores of Guests Cheer Bridegroom's Quaint Reply.

Pottsville, Pa.—"Yes, bo," is the new response in wedding ceremonies in the Lykens valley. It was introduced there when Harry Sallada of Lykens wedded Miss Mary Daub of Williamstown.

"Do you take this woman for your wedded wife?" asked Squire George W. Hensel.

"Yes, Bo," yelled Sallada, tossing his hat in the air.

Two hundred and fifty of Sallada's friends cheered and then paraded the couple around town.

MEAT TASTES BETTER COOKED

And tobacco now tastes much better toasted.

You'll know this when you smoke the famous Lucky Strike cigarette, the real Burley cigarette.

It's toasted

It's toasted to develop and seal in the Burley tobacco flavor.

10¢

LUCKY STRIKE CIGARETTES

Guaranteed by The American Tobacco Co.

MARK

SATURDAY, Mar. 9th

Will Be the Opening Day of the Momentous

13 DAY SALE

—AT—

FOTCHMAN'S

DEPARTMENT STORE

PETOSKEY, MICHIGAN

NOTICE—The Willis A. Gibson stock of merchandise, from Harbor Springs, which we purchased at a great sacrifice on March 1st, will also be included in this great event.

SEE BIG ANNOUNCEMENT

Briefs of the Week

Fr. J. W. McNeil is a Cadillac visitor this week. He expects to return home Saturday evening.

The new Carnegie library at Boyne City is completed and an informal opening will be held March 15th.

Mrs. S. Flagg with son, Robert, went to Boyne Falls, Tuesday, where Mrs. Flagg will teach the Springwater school near that village.

The local Oddfellow and Rebekah lodges have rented the Armory for lodge purposes and are moving their paraphernalia to their new location this week.

The closing number of East Jordan's Entertainment Course will be held Monday, March 18th. John B. Ratto, the prince of impersonators, will be the attraction.

Mrs. Margaret Hewitt who has spent winter here with her sister, Mrs. M. Raino, left Monday for her home at Smith Falls, Ont. Mrs. Raino accompanied her sister to Frederic.

Miss Marjorie Hoyt has been confined to her home this week by illness. Mrs. Duncan Crawford has been substituting for her as teacher of the 3rd grade of our public schools.

Upon complaint of Game Warden Stephenson, Roy Parks of this city was arraigned before Justice Blount Tuesday charged with spearing fish. He was found guilty and assessed a fine of \$5.00 or 30 days in the County jail. He took the days.

Frank Kotalik passed away at his home in Jordan township on Monday, March 4th. Deceased was 78 years of age. Funeral services were held from St. John's Catholic Church, Wednesday morning, conducted by the pastor, Rev. Fr. McNeil.

The roller rink at Gaylord belonging to Frank Heinzelman and his father, was destroyed by fire Monday night. An insurance of \$2,500 was carried on building and contents. Mr. Heinzelman operated the rink at East Jordan the past few summers.

Alarmed by the increased cost of fuel, salaries and electrical equipment, the Petoskey city council Monday night passed a resolution placing the revision of light rates up to a special committee. The council also declined to renew contract with Bay View association at the present rate.

Mrs. Frank Davis of Jordan township passed away at her home last Sunday morning, after a long illness. Deceased was aged 29 years. Funeral services were held Tuesday at the Chestonia schoolhouse, conducted by Rev. J. W. Ruehle, pastor of the Church of God of East Jordan. Interment at the Densmore Cemetery.

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.

Born to Mr. and Mrs. Mose Hart, a son, Mar. 4th.

Born to Mr. and Mrs. Ray Dennis, a daughter, Mar. 5th.

Fenton Bulow is confined to his home this week by illness.

Miss Anna Berg has accepted a position at Gladwin.

Dr. F. P. Ramsey was a Petoskey visitor first of the week.

Mrs. H. O. Nelson is visiting friends at Traverse City this week.

Miss Emily Malpass returned home from Traverse City, Monday.

Moses Lalonde went to Charlevoix Monday to visit his son, Tom.

Rev. R. S. Sidebotham left Monday on a business trip to Grand Rapids.

J. H. Lanway is reported quite ill at his home near Nettleton's Corners.

Dr. G. W. Bogtold and family visit relatives at Bellaire first of the week.

Ginghams, volles and wash goods for Spring now ready—M. E. Ashley & Co.

H. Rosenthal left Thursday on a business trip to Chicago and other cities.

City Atty D. H. Fitch returned home Tuesday from a business trip to Detroit and Lansing.

E. Skigga and family arrived Tuesday from Lexington, Ky., and will make their home here.

Mrs. Landis Smith, who has been teaching in our schools, left Monday for her home at Muskegon.

Special meeting of Mystic Lodge No. 379 F. & A. M., this Saturday evening. Work in the second degree.

Mrs. H. C. Blount has taken the place of Mrs. Landis Smith, who resigned, as instructor in our high school.

Mrs. John Mombberger leaves this Thursday for Buffalo and other points in New York on a business trip.

The Elects Club was entertained by Mrs. G. W. Bechtold at the home of Mrs. John Kenny, Thursday evening.

The Presbyterian Missionary Society will hold their postponed meeting with Mrs. W. F. Empey on Friday afternoon March 15th.

Ice harvesting started in earnest this week. The Supernaw icehouse is being filled and others having small ice-houses are filling them up.

Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Bush, who have been visiting at the home of Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Hudson, returned to their home at Charlevoix, Monday.

George Spencer returned home from Midland, Saturday last, where he has been in business. The partnership existing between himself and Carl Heinzelman has been dissolved, the latter continuing with the plumbing shop.

Patience, all ye who have hungered on sweetless days. The W. R. C. will hold their annual warm sugar social just the same this year, and every cent goes for a patriotic cause. Watch for the date, and hold your appetite for sweets.

Smoke White Holly—5c Cigar.

Roy Bancroft left Thursday for Flint to seek employment.

Hector McKinnon was at Traverse City first of the week.

Frank Severance returned home from Detroit, Tuesday.

Our new wash waists are here—\$1.00 to \$5.00.—M. E. Ashley & Co.

H. H. Cummings returned Tuesday from a business trip to Detroit.

Henry C. Clark came home Monday from Flint for a visit with his family.

Miss Doris Hayden left Wednesday for Ann Arbor for a visit with friends.

Mrs. Carrie Lanway was at Traverse City first of the week visiting her son, Merle.

Mrs. Henry Cummings returned Monday from a short visit at Grand Rapids.

Mr. and Mrs. A. Brooks left Saturday last for Flint for a visit with their daughters.

W. E. Malpass returned home Wednesday from a business trip to Flint and Detroit.

Atty D. L. Wilson was at Charlevoix this week attending a meeting of the Supervisors.

A. E. Wells returned Tuesday from Muskegon, where he visited his mother over Sunday.

Supervisor Wm. F. Bashaw is attending an adjourned meeting of the County Board this week.

Miss Eunice Carr went to Petoskey Saturday last, where she has a position at Levinson's Department store.

G. H. Anderson with daughter, Miss Dorothy, returned home, Tuesday from an extended visit with relatives at Petoskey.

Charles Phillips is here from Detroit, called to attend the funeral of his grandmother, Mrs. E. Smatts. He returns this Friday.

Mort Rowe left Monday for his home in Alberta, after an extended visit here with his mother, Mrs. Geo. Crawford and other relatives.

Mr. and Mrs. George Hayes went to Charlevoix first of the week, where they will operate a farm for Dr. Armstrong this coming year.

Mr. and Mrs. E. L. Stanford left Wednesday for their home at Marquette after a visit at the home of the latter's sister, Mrs. D. L. Wilson.

Our Firemen are planning to hold their annual Dance at the Armory, March 16th—the eve of St. Patrick's Day which this year falls on Sunday.

Supervisor W. R. Earnett was at Charlevoix this week attending a meeting of the Board. From there he went to Grand Rapids to serve as U. S. juror.

Arthur O'Dell and family who owned a farm near this city for several years, leave next Monday for Minnola, Manitoba, where they will make their future home, taking up a homestead.

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.

Mr. and Mrs. White of Hortons Bay were here the past week looking over the County Farm with a view of applying for the position as keepers of the farm to succeed Mr. and Mrs. Mombberger whose resignation takes effect April 1st.

Friendship L. & T. Circle No. 1 of the Rebecca Lodge met at the home of Mrs. Robert Atkinson, Wednesday last. About thirty-five ladies were present. A program was given and lunch served. They meet with Mrs. E. L. Burdick, March 12th.

The regular monthly meeting of the M. E. Ladies Aid will be in the nature of a miscellaneous shower for Mrs. Heath, who recently lost everything by fire. Any gift for refurbishing the home will be acceptable. All members of the Aid and Congregation and friends are invited. Will be held at Methodist parsonage on next Wednesday afternoon, Mar. 13th, from 2:30 to 5:00.

Henry Lee, train master for the B. C. G. & A., was seriously injured Monday morning at the yards of the Boyne City Lumber Company when, while assisting in switching, he slipped and fell, struck his head against a post, and rolled into close proximity to the tracks. Before he could rise his body was scraped by the trucks of a passing car, breaking several ribs and badly cutting and bruising his right side. He also received serious injury to his head. The result of his injuries can not be determined for a few days. The surgeons were promptly at the scene of the accident and report that there will be no cause for alarm unless there are internal injuries.—Boyne Citizen.

FOR SALE—I have a first class ESTEY ORGAN, taken in trade for piano, which I can sell at a very reasonable price.—C. R. Brownell.

SALESMAN WANTED—Lubricating oil, grease, specialties, paint. Part or whole time. Commission basis until ability is established. Man with rig preferred.—RIVERSIDE REFINING COMPANY, Cleveland, Ohio.

REPUBLICAN WARD CAUCUSES

Will Be Held In This City On

Friday, March 15th.

Republican Caucuses for the first, second and third wards of the City of East Jordan will be held Friday evening, March 15th, commencing at 7:30 at the following places:—

First Ward—Passenger Building.

Second Ward—Town Hall.

Third Ward—Hose House.

Each ward will place in nomination a candidate for the office of Supervisor, and a Candidate for the office of Constable. Also for the transaction of any other lawful business which may come before said caucus.

WARD COMMITTEES

First Ward—A. E. Cross, Herman Goodman, C. A. Brabant.

Second Ward—James Ross, Josiah St. John, Wm. Aldrich.

Third Ward—H. C. Blount, Walter Cook, D. H. Fitch.

MRS. EDWARD SMATTS PASSES AWAY AT DAYTONA, FLORIDA.

Mrs. Edward Smatts, who with her daughter, Mrs. G. W. Crouter, has been spending the winter at Daytona, Fla., passed away at that city Friday, March 1st, 1918, following a short illness from asthmatic heart trouble.

The remains were brought to her late home in this city, Wednesday evening, and funeral services were held from there Thursday afternoon at 2:00 o'clock, conducted by Rev. Myron E. Hoyt, pastor of the Methodist Church, of which deceased was a member.

Mary Ann Whitney was born Oct. 10th, 1851 at Brighton, Ont.; her parents being Samuel and Mary Whitney. In 1870 she was united in marriage to E. Phillips at Brighton, Ont. Mr. Phillips passed away in 1874 at Brighton, Ont. In 1877 she was united in marriage to Edward Smatts of Central Lake. Deceased came to Michigan in 1878 and, with Mr. Smatts, located at East Jordan in 1888 where they have since resided. Besides the bereaved husband, the following sons and daughters are left to mourn her loss:—Mrs. G. W. Crouter of Charlevoix, Frank Phillips of East Jordan, Mrs. Charles Waterman of Buffalo, N. Y., Mrs. R. M. Burr of Central Lake, Benjamin Smatts and Mrs. Orrin W. Bartlett of East Jordan.

Interment took place at East Jordan Cemetery. The pall-bearers were Geo. Crouter, Charles Phillips, Benj. Smatts and Orrin Bartlett.

First Methodist Episcopal Church

Rev. Myron E. Hoyt, Pastor.

Sunday, Mar. 10, 1918.

10:30 a. m.—The coming Sabbath will mark the close of the union services between the Presbyterian and Methodist Churches. In the morning Rev. Sidebotham will speak on the theme, "The Appeal of Danger."

12:00 a. m.—Union Sunday School.

3:00 p. m.—Junior League.

5:30 p. m.—Junior Endeavor.

6:00 p. m.—Young People's Meeting. Special music will be rendered.

7:00 p. m.—Evening service. Rev. Hoyt will use as his theme, "A Life Made Over," or "The Divine Potter."

Church of God

J. W. Ruehle, Pastor.

Sunday, Mar. 10, 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.

The less a man says the more guessing his wife has to do.

One of the worst things under the sun is a shady reputation.

Even a strait-laced man has been known to go crooked.

Things you try to keep dark will come to light sooner or later.

Those contemplating the purchase of a Monument can save money by interviewing Mrs. George Sherman who is local agent for a well known manufacturer of high grade monuments.

"IT SURE DOES THE WORK"

Mrs. W. H. Thornton, 3523 W. 10th St., Little Rock, Ark., writes: "My little boy had a severe attack of croup and I honestly believe he would have died if it had not been for Foley's Honey and Tar. I would not be without it at any price, as it sure does the work." Best remedy known for coughs, colds, whooping cough.—Hite's Drug Store.

MILLINERY

Mrs. G. E. Boswell takes pleasure in announcing the re-opening of her Millinery Parlors in the Loveday block, where she has on display a complete line of

Spring Models

The ladies are cordially invited to call and examine these at any time.

Mrs. G. E. Boswell

Watch for "Spring Opening" date to be announced later.



EXTRA

Have you heard the news about the large assortment of our

China Dishes (Open Stock)

WE HAVE BEEN HIGHLY COMMENDED AS TO THEIR QUALITY, BEAUTY AND PRICES. CALL AND SEE US.

FRENCH & REDMON

Housefurnishings and Undertaking. Remember Our Proposition Regarding the Catalogue Houses.

Gossard Corsets



GOSSARD CORSETS are made to fit any and all figures with perfect comfort.

Brocade and plain materials at \$2.00 and up.

See the full page adv in the February number of the Ladies Home Journal (pg 105) then call at this store and have your figure properly corseted.

M. E. Ashley & Co.

WALL PAPER Is Economical

The comfort, cosiness and beauty of a room double and triple with the addition of the most inexpensive of interior decorations—WALLPAPER.

New Wallpaper transforms the cold, confining walls into warm, pleasing backgrounds. Too, it enriches the woodwork—each bevel, bead and fluting is given emphasis; and every rug and piece of furniture is given a new splendor.

The reasonable cost of Wallpaper permits the delight of frequent changes.

Stop in and let us discuss patterns and prices.

HITE DRUG CO.



Another Pair Just Like These
MEASURED by service rendered, the supreme test, Ralston Shoes "make good."

Try Ralstons once and you'll find the reason so many of your friends have acquired the Ralston habit.

Among our newest shapes and patterns you'll find your style. \$4.00 to \$6.00

C. A. Hudson

CUT THIS OUT—IT IS WORTH MONEY.

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

Dr. W.H. Parks

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

Dr. F.P. Ramsey

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

Doctor Branch

Office at rear of East Jordan Drug Store.
PHONE 77

Dr. G. W. Bechtold

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

Dr. C. H. Pray

Dentist
Office Hours: 8 to 12 a. m. 1 to 5 p. m.
And Evenings.
Phone No. 222.

Frank Phillips

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

GOVERNOR LIKES POTATO WAR BREAD

REQUESTS MRS. STOCKMAN TO FURNISH ADMINISTRATOR PRESCOTT A SAMPLE.

STATE HAS SURPLUS OF TUBERS

Use of Potatoes in Bread Making Will Help Both to Reduce Surplus and Save Wheat.

Three or four years ago, Kaiser Wilhelm found that Germany could grow, on her comparatively small acreage, more potatoes than any other country in the world. Mixed with a small amount of grain, she could make an enormous amount of bread. And bread and bullets win battles. That is what started it.

Potatoes were the only normal big food crop in America last year. We did not have such a large amount per acre but we had a big acreage.

Just as Michigan was ready to market her potato crop, a cold wave hit us. That stopped potato shipping and started the railroad's coal hauling. We have been at it ever since. As a result probably one third of the surplus potatoes in Michigan did not get to market.

In December those of us who saw the wheat shortage coming, began to look for a substitute.

We did not have much rye, we raised only about one-tenth as much as we did of wheat. Much of the corn was soft and not fit for meal. In Michigan we did not have enough good corn for feed and we had to feed our soft corn to the hogs and cows to keep it from spoiling.

Last and most important of all, potato is the best substitute for wheat flour in bread. We housewives have known it from the days of the pioneer. Lincoln was raised on potatoes and Johnnycake, purely American products. Germany proved it beyond a doubt in using more than 80 per cent potato in bread.

Though the potato does not equal the cereals in fuel value pound for pound, yet it makes a nice, light, white, palatable bread. In fact you can substitute two cups of mashed potato for one cup of wheat flour in bread up to 25 per cent and a mere man who is not a baker will not know the potato is there. We tried it on Governor Sleeper and hundreds of our farmers at the State Grange. Governor Sleeper liked our potato war bread and said, "Bring some up to show the Food Administrator."

Seeing and tasting is believing and the Governor and Food Administrator said, "You can tell Michigan housewives, that potato bread that replaces one-fourth the wheat flour is legal war bread for wheatless days in Michigan."

The bakeries since March 1 are making "victory" bread with a 20 per cent cereal other than wheat, so the town folks will have "victory" all the while.

But we housewives will not be behind them in patriotism. We shall use our cornmeal, rice, oatmeal, buckwheat, etc., on wheatless days in Johnnycakes, pancakes and mush; and then we shall replace 25 per cent of the wheat flour in our wheat bread the rest of the time. So we shall have "victory" bread, too, 21 meals a week. By doing thus:

We shall save 25 pounds on every 100 pounds of wheat flour.

We shall make a market for the surplus potatoes, so the

Farmer can afford to grow more potatoes next year.

And next year we shall produce more potatoes to

Make more war bread

To beat the Kaiser at his own game.

Bread and bullets will win battles for America.

Did you hear some woman say: "I don't know whether 'He' will like potato war bread?"

Of course he will, my dear. He will not know the difference, unless it is to compliment you on your nice, white, good bread. And when you tell him, his conscience will trouble him and he will say: "Say, wife, this is no sacrifice. We must do something hard, something that hurts, so that I can feel worthy to call the fellows over there in the trenches 'Our Boys'."

And then she will say: "I saved enough on this to buy a Thrift Stamp this week. So eat your rolls, for here is the stamp to pay the freight to carry wheat we did not eat that will help Uncle Sam to lick the Kaiser. Potato war bread will help do it."

Yours for the flag,
DORA H. STOCKMAN,
Lecturer Michigan State Grange.

POTATO BREAD.

Many people have asked for a special recipe for potato bread.

The following recipe for potato bread has been so made as to use a large amount of potatoes as compared with flour. Excellent bread can be made with less potato. In using this recipe it should be remembered that a pound of mashed potato is about equivalent for the purpose, to a cup of wheat flour.

Straight Dough Method.
(4 one-pound loaves.)
4 C potatoes (mashed fine)
4 C bread flour
2 cakes compressed yeast, or 1 cake dry yeast, or 1 cup liquid yeast
2 t salt
1 t sugar
2 t water (omit if liquid yeast is used)
Clean thoroughly and boil, without adding any potatoes or medium glass, of

rowing them to become very soft. Pour off the water, peel and wash the potatoes white, hot, being careful to leave no lumps. Take solidly packed half-pint cups of mashed potato, and when cooled to the temperature of lukewarm water, add to it the yeast, rubbed smooth with 2 tablespoons of lukewarm water. Rinse the cup in which the yeast was mixed with another tablespoon of water and add to the potato. If dry yeast is used let it stand until morning. Next add the salt, the sugar and 1/2 cup of the flour, sifted. Mix thoroughly. Set in a warm place and let rise until very light; this will take about two hours. When very light, add the remainder of the flour, kneading thoroughly, until a smooth and elastic dough has been formed. Add more flour if necessary to form a hard loaf. (If moist potatoes are used, more flour must be kneaded into the dough at this stage.) The dough must be very stiff, since the boiled potato contains a large amount of water, which causes the dough to soften as it ferments. Set back to rise until it has doubled in volume, which will require another hour or two. Divide the dough into four parts, mold them separately, and place in greased pans which have been warmed slightly. Allow the loaves to rise until they have doubled in volume and bake 45 minutes. (If liquid yeast is used more flour will be needed.)

REGISTRATION NOTICE.

Important Change in Registration Laws.

To the Qualified Electors of the several Wards of the City of East Jordan, State of Michigan,

Notice is hereby given that in conformity with Act 123, Public Acts of 1917, I, the undersigned City Clerk will upon any day except Sunday and a legal holiday, or the day of any regular or special election receive for registration the name of any legal voter in said City not already registered who may apply to me personally for such registration, except that I can receive no names for registration during the time intervening between the second Saturday before any general or special election and the day of such election.

March 9, 1918 last day for General Registration for Primary March 18th.

All electors not already registered and intending to vote at said Election, should make Personal Application to me on or before the 9th day of March, A. D. 1918.

Notice is further hereby given that I will be at my office in Post-Office Building on

Mar. 2, and Mar. 9, 1918

From 8 o'clock a. m. until 8 o'clock p. m. on each said day for the purpose of Reviewing the Registration and Registering such of the qualified electors in said City as Shall Appear and apply therefor.

The name of no person but an Actual Resident of the precinct at the time of registration, and entitled under the constitution, if remaining such resident, to vote at the next election shall be entered in the registration book.

REGISTRATION OF ABSENTEE BY OATH

If any person whose name is not registered shall offer and claim the right to vote at any election, and shall, Under Oath, state that he is a resident of such precinct and has resided in the City Twenty Days next preceding such election, designation particularly the place of his residence, and that he possesses the other qualifications of an elector under the constitution; and that, owing to the sickness or bodily infirmity of himself, or of some member of his family or owing to his absence from the City on public business or his own business, and without intent to avoid or delay his registration, he was unable to make application for registration on the last day provided by law for the registering of electors preceding such election, then the name of such person shall be registered, and he shall then be permitted to vote at such election. If such applicant shall, in said matter, wilfully make any false statement, he shall be deemed guilty of perjury, and, upon conviction, be subject to the pains and penalties thereof.

PROVISION IN CASE OF REMOVAL TO ANOTHER PRECINCT

Any registered and qualified voter who has removed from One Election Precinct of a City to another election precinct of the same City shall have the right, on any day previous to election day, on application to the City Clerk, to have his name transferred from the registration book of the precinct from which he has removed to the registration book of the precinct in which he then resides. Such elector shall have the right to have such transfer made on Election Day by obtaining from the board of inspectors of election of the precinct from which he has removed a Certificate of Transfer and presenting the said certificate to the Board of Election Inspectors of the Precinct in which he then resides.

WOMEN ELECTORS

The names of all qualified Women Electors not already appearing on the registration list will be registered, provided Personal Application is made in conformity with the foregoing provisions.

Dated Feb. 2, 1918.

OTIS J. SMITH,
City Clerk.

Don't think that every sad-eyed woman has loved and lost. Perhaps she loved and got him.

POSSIBILITIES OF EFFICIENCY TODAY

PROMOTION RECENTLY GIVEN TO CHARLES B. WARREN IS GOOD ILLUSTRATION.

REWARDED FOR WORK WELL DONE

Colonel Warren Given Credit By War Department for Working Out Selective Draft Plan.

The highest honor as yet won in the great war by a Michigan man came the other day to Charles B. Warren, of Detroit, when he was promoted to Lieutenant Colonel in the National Army and assigned to the staff of Major General Crowder. The promotion was conferred as a reward for the able work done by Colonel Warren in connection with the selective draft. As stated in the report of General Crowder Colonel Warren was personally responsible for the plan that resulted in the first draft being successfully carried out in the country.

is Ranked As a Leader.

Colonel Warren, for years past, has been ranked as one of the most able attorneys and one of the leading business men as well, not only of Detroit, but of the whole state of Michigan. As a business man he has amassed his own property and as a lawyer has already had a career that included many distinctions. He was elected president of the Detroit Board of Commerce in 1914 and re-elected in 1915, being the first president ever accorded a reelection by the board.



COLONEL CHARLES B. WARREN

Graduating from the literary department of the University of Michigan in 1891, for which course he had been prepared in Albion college, Colonel Warren studied law in the offices of Don M. Dickinson, in Detroit, obtaining his law degree in 1893.

Accustomed to Doing Big Things.

He was only 25 years of age when he was appointed by President Cleveland to make one of the principal arguments in behalf of the United States before the international joint high commission at Halifax to settle the Berlin sea dispute between the United States and Great Britain. On this occasion he spoke for four days in submitting the case of his country. A dozen or so years later, when hardly 40 years of age, Colonel Warren was chosen by President Roosevelt as one of the counsel for the United States government to argue the North Atlantic fisheries dispute when it was submitted to arbitration by this country and Great Britain. On this occasion he made an argument extending over five days.

On Republican National Committee.

Colonel Warren was chosen Michigan member of the Republican national committee in 1912 and was soon thereafter made a member of the executive committee of the national committee, which he has since held. In this capacity he formulated the rules reducing southern representation in Republican national conventions and also for reorganizing the basis of representation in national conventions. In the recent contest for the chairmanship of the Republican party, Colonel Warren cast the deciding vote to invite the former Progressive party members to attend the meeting of the Republican national committee in St. Louis. Being in the military service of the country he did not attend the St. Louis meeting himself.

Quick to Respond to Country's Call.

The University of Michigan, in 1916, on the 25th anniversary of Col. Warren's graduation, honored him with a master of arts degree. With the rank of major, Colonel Warren was the first active officer of his corps called into service, the call coming from President Wilson in April, 1917, shortly after war was declared on Germany. He has been in active service ever since, giving up his legal practice and business without compensation.

"WE WON'T WIN IF WE WASTE"

Tested Wartime Recipes

FOR USE IN MICHIGAN

(Clip and save these recipes for future reference.)

War Breads Are Healthy.

"War Breads" (3-4 or 2-8 wheat and 1-4 or 1-3 other cereals) are even more healthful than those made entirely of white flour. They are light, wholesome, taste well, and are very nutritious, though the loaves are not so large nor so light.

As substitutes for wheat use oats, barley, rice, corn meal and potatoes. Rye with wheat makes an excellent bread; but our crop of rye is not as large as we had expected, so other cereals must also be used. Graham flour is a wheat flour; it is a wheat-saver, but is not a wheat substitute.

It is not a difficult matter to make these "War Breads." Follow your favorite bread recipe, using 3-4 the usual amount of white flour and 1-4 of some other cereal, such as oat meal, rice flour, corn meal, barley, etc., or potatoes.

Here is one reliable recipe for white bread to be used as a basis for substitution; if you have not one which is satisfactory, if you already have a good recipe, use that:

Four Loaf Recipe for Bread.

1 1/2 C lukewarm milk, water, or a mixture of the two
2 cakes compressed yeast, or
2 C lukewarm milk, water, or a mixture of the two
1 C liquid yeast
1 t salt
1 t sugar
For 2 t fat, if used
3 qt sifted flour
Original bulk of dough, two quarts; bulk when ready to be made into loaves, five to six quarts.

Put the water or milk, the milk, but the sugar and salt (omit bread if used) in a mixing bowl. Pour the hot liquid over it and allow it to become lukewarm. Mix the yeast with a little of the lukewarm liquid and add it to the rest of the liquid. If convenient, set this aside in a warm place, not over 85 degrees F., for one hour. With a good bread flour it will rise a little at a time and kneading until the dough is of such consistency that it sticks neither to the bowl nor to the hands. This requires about 10 minutes. Open and allow to rise 1 1/2 hours at a temperature of 85 degrees. It may be better to set it at a lower temperature; but the lower the temperature the longer the time required for rising. Cut down the dough from the sides of the bowl, grease the hands slightly. Knead a little and set aside to rise again for one hour. With a good bread flour it should be able to bulk in each rising. With a soft wheat flour it should not rise much beyond twice its volume. Divide into portions, mold and place in greased pans. Allow to rise until a light touch will make a slight dent. Bake about 30 minutes.

The above rule will make a good working basis for the various war breads. In place of 1-4 of the bulk of white flour use one of the other grains.—corn, barley, rye, oats, or potato. This amount will not greatly change either the texture or the flavor of the bread.

There are different methods of putting in the substitute. One way is to use the correct amount of substitute (1-4 amount of flour usually used) and a small portion of flour when the sponge is set, adding the remaining flour as usual. Another method is to set the sponge as usual, adding the substitute with the remainder of the flour. This last method is especially good if rye or barley flour is used; mashed potato can also be worked in very satisfactorily at this time. If potato is used as a substitute allowance must be made for the extra water content and enough flour added to make a very stiff loaf.

Illustration—Substituting 1-4 oat meal in above recipe.

Set the sponge with 2 cups of oat meal (scalded with one or two cups of boiling water). When lukewarm add the rest of the liquid, the yeast, two or three cups of flour, salt, etc. In the morning add the rest of the flour according to directions. If the short process is used, add all the flour at once and proceed with recipe.

Corn Meal Bread.

1 1/2 C liquid
1 1/2 t salt
2-3 C corn meal
1/2 yeast cake, dry or compressed, or
1/2 C lukewarm water
2 C liquid yeast
2 t fat
2 C flour

Pour the liquid over the corn meal and salt, and heat to the boiling point. Cook 20 minutes in the double boiler, or over hot water. Cool, add yeast and flour, knead, let rise till double in bulk, knead again, shape into loaf, and bake in the pan until the bulk has again doubled. Bake 50 minutes.

Sour Milk Corn Bread.

2 C corn meal
2 C sour milk
2 t fat (melted)
1 t sugar, white or brown
2 eggs
1 t soda
1 1/2 t salt
Mix all the dry ingredients, including the soda, together. Then add the sour milk and the eggs well beaten and butter. The bread should be baked for 30 minutes. Buttermilk may be substituted for the sour milk, in which case the butter should be slightly increased, or sour cream may be used and butter omitted.

NOTE—In all of these recipes all measurements are level, and 2 equals 1 table spoon, 3 equals 1 tea spoon, 4 equals 1 fluid ounce, 16 equals 1 cup, 2 equals 1 pint, 4 equals 1 quart, 2 equals 1 gallon.

NEW FOOD PROGRAM

Monday is Wheatless.
Tuesday is Meatless.
Wednesday is Wheatless.
Saturday is Porkless.
One Wheatless meal every day.
One Meatless meal every day.

MOTHERS TO BE

Should Read Mrs. Monyhan's Letter Published by Her Permission.



Mitchell, Ind.—"Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound helped me so much during the time I was looking forward to the coming of my little one that I am recommending it to other expectant mothers. Before taking it, I suffered with neuralgia so badly that I thought I could not live, but after taking three bottles of Lydia E. Pinkham's Compound, the neuralgia entirely relieved. I had gained in strength and was able to go around and do all my housework. My baby when seven months old weighed 19 pounds and I feel better than I have for a long time. I never had any medicine do so much good."—Mrs. PEARL MONYHAN, Mitchell, Ind.

Good health during maternity is a most important factor to both mother and child, and many letters have been received by the Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., Lynn, Mass., telling of health restored during this trying period by the use of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

LATH BOLTS Wanted At Once!

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

Will pay \$4.50 delivered at Mill B.

East Jordan Lumber Co.

ALMOST A YOUNG MAN AGAIN.

E. R. Whitehurst, R. F. D. 1, Norfolk Va., writes: "I had been suffering for more than a year, but after taking Foley Kidney Pills I feel almost a young man again." They strengthen and heal weakened or disordered kidneys, stop sleep-disturbing bladder ailments, banish backache, rheumatic pains, stiffness, soreness.—Hite's Drug Store.

Special Offer to the Readers of This Paper

If you will send us the names of five ladies in your town who you think would like to read the FAMILY STORY PAPER, we will send you and them each a sample copy, and will also send as a reward for your effort your choice of any one of the following:—Your choice of 10 High Grade Assorted Breeding Post Cards, Camp Scenes, Sailor Toys, Soldier Boys, Battleships, Halloween, Ghoulishing, Christmas, New Years, etc. 1 Silver Plated Souvenir State Tea Spoon. The Ladies Fancy Work Manual for Crocheting and Embroidering. Mystic Oracle and Gypsy Dream Book. The Boy's Book on Toy Making. Enclose 4c Stamps to help cover cost and postage.

N. L. MUNRO'S PUB. HOUSE
338-340 Pearl St., New York

OLD-TIME COLD CURE DRINK HOT TEA!

Get a tea, or a small package of Hamburg Breast Tea, or as the German folks call it, "Hamburger Brust Tee," in any pharmacy. Take a tablespoonful of the tea, put a cup of boiling water upon it, pour through a sieve and drink a teaspoon 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 and harmless.

RUB RHEUMATISM FROM STIFF, ACHING JOINTS

Rub 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. Lumber 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.