

Charlevoix County Herald.

Vol. 22

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

No. 12

APRIL 1 LAST DAY FOR FEDERAL RETURNS

Penalties for Income Dodgers Are Severe—Get Your Return In if You Are Liable.

April 1, 1918, is the final day allowed under the federal income tax law for the filing of federal income tax returns. Persons who are required to file returns under the provisions of the law and who fail to get their returns in on time are subject to severe penalties, as follows:

For making false or fraudulent return, not exceeding \$2,000 or not exceeding one year's imprisonment, or both, in the discretion of the court, and, in addition, 100 per cent. of the tax evaded.

For failing to make return on time, not less than \$20 nor more than \$1,000, and, in addition, 50 per cent. of the amount of tax due.

If on account of illness or absence from home you are unable to render your return within the time prescribed by law you may obtain an extension of 90 days if a request therefor is filed with the collector of your district before the due date of the return. In this request you must state the reason why the return cannot be filed within the time prescribed by law.

Collectors of internal revenue are not authorized to grant extensions of more than 90 days, but the commissioner of internal revenue has authority to grant a reasonable extension beyond 90 days in meritorious cases. If you desire an extension of more than 90 days your request should be addressed to the commissioner and should contain a detailed statement covering the reasons which make it impossible for you to file your return on or before April 1.

The internal revenue men are now completing their tour of the country, during which they were in touch with the collector of every city and town. If you failed to get in touch with the collector which visited your section it is not too late to get advice. Consult your postmaster as to where the nearest deputy is now. Get your blank form, study the directions and the requirements as shown thereon and make your return without fail if your income was sufficient to come within the bounds named in the law.

It is pointed out by Commissioner Roper that it is important that the people comply with the federal laws as fully as they are complying with the drafts for men and the conservation of foods and fuel. "The war must be paid for," says Commissioner Roper. "Congress has as much right to conscript a just portion of income as it has to conscript our boys. The tax for 1917 is designed to reach moderate as well as large incomes, so that all persons who are in financial position to bear a portion of the heavy government expenses can be assessed in proportion to their ability to pay."

"The man who is barely making a living or barely supporting a family is not affected by the 1917 law. But the man who is able to bear a share of the burden has been reached by the new law, and he should accept his responsibility in the same patriotic spirit that our young men have shown in offering themselves for this great purpose of the country to make the world safe for people of all kinds to live in and to govern themselves."

This tax is one which recognizes women as on an equal basis with men. The unmarried woman or the married woman with a salary must make a return just the same as any man. Only the woman supporting her mother or other members of her family may take out \$2,000 exemption.

Under the law the head of the family is the one whose earning power contributes to the family's support.

Similarly a widow with small children to support can take out \$2,000 exemption and \$200 additional exemption for each of her children under eighteen. Thus it is intended that the law shall work no hardship to women having to struggle to get along. But each must file return if her income is \$1,000.

A man whose wife dies and who is left with small children to support with a moderate income may also take the exemption under the new tax law and also claim \$200 exemption for each of his children under eighteen.

The widower under the law is a single man and must make tax return accordingly. Married men need not file returns unless they are earning \$2,000 or more.

"This is as much a national obligation as the reporting for duty of a man drafted for service with the colors," says D. C. Roper, commissioner of internal revenue. "As it stands, it is such a matter of the man or woman's own conscience. It is for him or for her to determine just how far he is liable to the tax. He must figure his own income and if it reaches the figures named in the law must make a report upon it to the proper

authority. "This tax is distinctly a war measure and will be in effect during the war." "This is a people's tax—it reaches right down into the pockets of the small wage earner; it makes him a partner in the job of winning the war."

School Notes

A box social was held by the 8th grade last Friday evening at the school house. Dancing was one of the chief amusements and those who did not wish to dance played games. Everybody had a delightful time. The proceeds of the social amounted to over \$5.00 and is to be used to buy War Saving Stamps.

The Sophomores entertained the other grades of the high school Monday morning with a very fine program. The program was as follows: Sophomore boys gave a debate, the question for debate was "Resolved: That bonds be issued to the amount of \$350,000 for the purpose of constructing and maintaining county roads in Charlevoix County." The boys of the affirmative side were Conrad Hughes, Wesley Woods and Everett Havens. The negative were Will Donaldson, Carl Ellison and Robt. Barnette. The judges decided for the negative.

The Sophomore girls gave a play "Pyramus and Thisbe," taken from Shakespeare's "Midsummer Night's Dream." The parts were taken by Geneva Vanderventer, Emily Olson, Alberta LaClair, Elsie Johnson, Elva Barnette, and Nettie LaValley. A class poem was read by Sherman White which was composed by Audrey St. John and Eleanor Harmon.

Seed corn is being tested in the agricultural laboratory. We would be glad to help the farmers at any time.

An interesting debate was given by the 8th grade English class Tuesday. The question was, "That women should have the right of suffrage." The speakers for the affirmative side were Raymond Hockstad, Russel Johnson and Fern Johnson. The speakers for the negative side were George Phillips, Cecil White and Rebecca Painter. Geo. Phillips gave the rebuttal for the affirmative and Raymond Hockstad for the negative side. Many good points were given for both sides but the affirmative side got the decision by a close margin.

Food problems are being worked out in the arithmetic classes.

The pupils of the school are gathering wearing apparel for the relief of the people of Belgium and France.

Plans are being made for school and home gardens. The slogan is "Every pupil have a garden, and thereby feed a soldier." No slackers have been found so far.

A call has come through the Library department of the state asking for books. Large posters are on display in the schools. Books along technical lines as well as books of fiction are wanted. Send a good book to the soldier boys. Bring them to the school library. They will be boxed here and sent to the camps.

"OH DOCTOR"

Big Theatrical Feature at Temple Theatre, Next Monday

If you can go to sleep during the performance of that carnival of fun and music, "Oh Doctor" in which Hal Johnson, the world's famous impersonator will appear in at the Temple Theatre next Monday, Mar. 25th you will be entitled to a medal as the champion sleeper of the world. There is not a dull moment in this exceedingly funny musical show. It is guaranteed as a sure cure for the blues and is filled to the brim with catchy songs and pretty girls. The plot deals with the efforts of a young chap to gain the consent of a sporty old man with whose ward he is in love. To do this he impersonates a celebrated musical comedy prima-donna with whom the old man has had an "affair." Johnson's impersonation of the actress is one of the most artistic and comical pieces of work seen in musical comedy for many a year.

Failure is the only thing a man can achieve without effort.

Sometimes it is what we don't know about people that causes us to have a good opinion of them.

Never hit a man when he is running. Hit him when he is up a tree, then run away before he can get down.

PROGRAM FOR MUSICAL CAMOUFLAGE

A Musical Camouflage, a free Patriotic Entertainment, at the Armory, Tuesday Mar. 26, at 8 o'clock p. m.
Piano Solo—Miss Eva King.
Private Part—Miss May Stewart.
Columbia—Majé Quartette.
German Diplomacy—Supt. Crawford.
Mandolin Solo—Mrs. M. E. Hoyt.
Over the Top—Miss Ada Coleman.
Flag Song—Miss Bernice Horton.
Flag of the Free—Mrs. Wm. Palmiter.
Star Spangled Banner—Assembly.
What 'Tis and What 'Taint—Andrew Sufferin.

The Last Resort—Att'y E. N. Clark.
A Land United—St. Joseph's School.
Keep the Home Fires Burning—E. J. H. S. Glee Club.

Everyone over 12 years of age, welcome. Ladies especially invited.

STEWART-BRINTNALL

Miss Leden K., daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. R. Stewart of this city, was united in marriage to Arthur W. Brintnall of Wilson township at the Presbyterian Church, Saturday morning, March 16th, 1918. The pastor, Rev. R. S. Sidebotham, officiated. Miss Aurora Stewart, a sister of the bride, acted as bridesmaid, and Luther Brintnall, brother of the groom, as groomsmen. Following the ceremony a wedding dinner was served at the home of the bride's parents on North Main-St. Mrs. Earl Pillman of Montague, a sister of the bride, was here to attend the event.

Both Mr. and Mrs. Brintnall are well-known and popular young people of our vicinity and have a host of friends, who wish them happiness. They will make their home on the Richardson farm in Wilson, which Mr. Brintnall has rented.

Commission Proceedings.

Regular meeting of the City Commission held at the commission rooms, Monday evening, Mar. 18, 1918. Meeting was called to order by Mayor Cross. Present—Cross, Gidley and Crowell. Absent—None.

On motion by Crowell, meeting was adjourned until Tuesday evening, Mar. 19, 1918.

Adjourned regular meeting of the City Commission held at the commission rooms, Tuesday evening, Mar. 19. Meeting was called to order by Mayor Cross. Present—Cross, Gidley and Crowell. Absent—None.

Minutes of the last three meetings were read and approved.

On motion by Gidley, the following bills were allowed:

E. J. Lbr. Co., wood & coal \$ 25.04
R. Bingham, express charges... 2.43
Giles & Hawkins, lunch for firemen 5.70
Charles Logan, labor... 21.90
Thos. Passenger, labor... 8.28
Chas. Shedja, repair work etc., 7.45
E. J. & S. R. Co., wood & coal 461.39

The following members of election boards for the several wards, as recommended by the clerk, were appointed, and on motion by Crowell, the appointments were confirmed:
First Ward—Herman Goodman, H. J. Carpenter, Wm. Harrington, Benjamin Smatts and Bert Hughes.
Second Ward—Wm. Aldrich, M. J. Williams, H. B. Hipp, Fred Longtin and W. F. Empey.
Third Ward—A. W. Clark, M. S. Berger, W. A. Pickard, W. G. Boswell, and Arthur Ward.

The Mayor appointed Wm. F. Bashaw as city assessor, and on motion by Crowell, the appointment was confirmed.

The following named persons were appointed as members of the East Jordan Board of Library Commissioners for three years, all to succeed themselves, and on motion of Gidley, the appointments were confirmed:
John Porter, R. O. Bisbee, and Roy E. Webster.

On motion by Crowell, meeting was adjourned.

OTIS J. SMITH,
City Clerk.

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.

Red Cross Notes

The Knitting Bee, will be held at Mrs. Jas. Malpass Monday afternoon, assisted by Mrs. Will Malpass.

Mrs. Redmon and Merle Ritter have earned their Red Cross.

The school children are becoming very much interested in surgical work being there Wednesday night.

About \$40.00 was realized from the Cafeteria Supper Friday night.

Directions for Knitting Socks.

1 hank of yarn, (1-4 pound.)
Socks must not have a ridge under the heel nor at the end of the toe, nor a back seam stitch.

Do not knit coarse yarn on fine needles.

Do not make double heel.
Break any knots in the wool, and join again by running each end into the other with a darning needle for about six inches.

Always knit loosely.
Always shrink yarn before using.
Always wash the socks carefully before turning them in.

Length of foot when finished—Not less than 10-12 (ten and one-half) inches; not over twelve inches.

Medium sizes are required in the largest numbers—Foot 11 inches.
Needles—4 (Four) No. 10 steel, or corresponding size in bone, celluloid or wood.

Loosely cast on 56 stitches; 4 inches, 2 plain, 2 puri; knit plain 7 inches (11 inches in all).

Heel—Knit plain 28 stitches onto one needle, turn, puri back these 28 stitches, turn, knit plain, repeating these two rows (always slipping the first stitch) for 28 rows, making heel about 3 inches.

With the inside of the heel toward you, puri 16 stitches, slip 2 together, puri 1.

Turn, knit 6 stitches, slip 1, knit 1, puri slipped stitch over, knit 1, turn, puri 7 stitches, puri 2 together, puri 1.

Turn, knit 8 stitches, slip 1, knit 1, puri slipped stitch over, knit 1, turn, puri 9 stitches, puri 2 together, puri 1.

Turn, knit 10 stitches, slip 1, knit 1, puri slipped stitch over, knit 1, turn, puri 11 stitches, puri 2 together, puri 1.

Turn, knit 12 stitches, slip 1, knit 1, puri slipped stitch over, knit 1, turn, puri 13 stitches, puri 2 together, puri 1.

Turn, knit 14 stitches, slip 1, knit 1, puri slipped stitch over, knit 1, turn, puri 15 stitches, puri 2 together.

Turn, knit 15 stitches, slip 1, knit 1, knit 1, puri slipped stitch over.

Now pick up and knit the 14 stitches down the side of the heel-piece.
Knit the 28 stitches of the front needles onto one needle. Pick up and knit 14 stitches at the other side of the heel piece. Divide the heel stitches on to the 2 side needles, and knit right around again to the center heel.

First needle, knit to within 3 stitches of the front end of side needle, knit 2 together, knit 1.

Front needle plain.
Third needle, knit 1, slip 1, knit 1, puri slipped stitch over, knit plain to end of needle.

This reducing to be done every other row until there are 56 stitches on the needles (front needle, 28, side needles 14 each.)

Knit plain until the foot from the back of the heel measures 8-12 inches, or 9 inches for a longer sock.

To Narrow for Toe.

Begin at the front needle, knit 1, slip 1, knit 1, puri slipped stitch over, knit plain to within 3 stitches of the end of the needle, knit 2 together, knit 1.

Second needle, knit 1, slip 1, knit 1, puri slipped stitch over, knit plain to end of needle.

Third needle, knit plain to within 3 stitches of the end, knit 2 together, knit 1.

Knit two plain rounds, then narrow as before every other round until you have 20 stitches on three needles, 10 on front needle and 5 on each side needle. Then knit two plain rounds.

Slip stitches on side needles all onto one needle, giving you 10 stitches on each of the two remaining needles.

Intake of Toe—Having 10 stitches each on front and back needles, break off wool leaving 12 inches with which to finish off sock and thread it into a darning needle. Put darning needle into first stitch of the front knitting needle as if to knit, pull wool through and take off stitch. Put darning needle in next stitch of front needle as if to puri, pull wool through but leave stitch on. Go to back needle, being particularly careful that the wool is taken under the knitting needle each time and not over. Put darning needle in first stitch of the back needle as if to puri, pull wool through and take off stitch; put darning needle in next stitch of back needle as if to knit, pull wool through but leave stitch on. Return to front needle, put wool in first stitch (the one previously puried) and repeat. In finishing off end of yarn, run yarn once down side of toe, so as not to make ridge or lump.

Tie together below ribbing at back of leg.
Leg, from tip of heel to top of leg, not less than 14 inches.

Let's not be overanxious to grasp an opportunity that is too hot.

If men's faults were written on their foreheads they would never remove their hats.

It sometimes happens that the man who has a wife and an automobile has two unmanageable things on his hands at once.

School Commissioner's Notes

May L. Stewart, Commissioner

Returns from the mid-year test of Jan. 17-18 were complete sometime ago but the loss of one or two of the reports and an extra amount of work has somewhat delayed this summary. There were this year very few schools with low averages and a larger number with very good returns. The great bulk of the returns were so nearly even that it is difficult to make a comparative study. This is however a good fault.

Schools having grand averages above 90 per cent are as follows: Springvale school, average 92 per cent, teacher—Miss Ruth White, Mackie school, average 91.5 per cent, teacher—A. E. Stanchina. 1-2 grades of St. James, 92 per cent, teacher—Sr. Veritas. Mountain school, average 92 per cent, teacher—Catherine LaLonde. Clarion Primary room, average 95 per cent, teacher—Mona Bardwell. Cedar Valley, average 91.4 per cent, teacher—Irene Murphy.

Schools with averages above 85 per cent and below 91 per cent are: Nowland, Curfew, Walloon Lake, Howard, Johnson, Davis, Hoffman, Three Bells, Gill, St. James (grammar grades), Sudman, Cramer, Ironton Primary, Wildwood, Bay Shore, Polish, Boyne Falls Intermediate grades, Sunnyside.

There were many individual pupils who did very excellent work, some of them not included in the enrollments of the above list of good schools. Shortness of space will not allow all of the good records to be published nor will it permit of the names of schools in these cases, grades, ages and other details. Suffice it to say that the record is much better than it has been at any previous time and the list of excellent averages is just three times as long as it was last year. The following received school averages in all subjects above 85 per cent on the mid-year tests:

Margaret O'Donnel, Catherine Gallagher, Edward Retzel, Frank Pacl, Herman Lew, Rose Novotny, Josephine Organek, Della Trojanek, Mary Chiak, Will Zoulek, Hilda Young, Clinton Older, Alice Ecker, Laureen Milne, Alice Colten, Fred Holmberg, Mary Holmberg, Lucius Younce, Henry Holmberg, Maude Hankins, Lena Hime, Kenneth Milne, Nellie Kent, Elizabeth Green, Preston Green, Irving Coykendall, Irma Jones, Eva Jones, Reva Brooks, John Parshall, Kenneth Russell.

In Chandler No. 1, the three Skelton children have been neither absent nor tardy for five months, and the roads? Sometimes they were a minus quantity.

Through some fault of fate or fact the Chandler spelling contest was omitted from the notes. The Com'r is grateful to the kind bluebird that informed her of this oversight and only wishes that the bluebird had been near in December when the omission might not have existed for so long a period. Chandler really had a very good spelling contest with six schools represented, every contestant present in spite of dreadful roads and zero weather. The program consisted mainly of patriotic selections, flag drills, salutes, and songs. Decorations were in red, white and blue, tastily arranged. And the contest? The winner was Orne Fraley standing last after spelling a word which his little sister had just missed. Both had stood for some time alone and the interest was tense. The prize was awarded to Chandler No. 1, and the flag given to Orne for his own use.

In addition to the Com'r and all three City Superintendents, the following wide-awake teachers of Charlevoix County subscribed for Moderator Topics: Ernest Peaslee, Mable E. Dunlop, Lela Genett, Esther Palmer, Agatha Kenny, Catherine Lalonde, Ada Bardwell, Effie Cook, Muriel Kerry, Emma Knop, Verona E. Clark, Dominican Sisters.

For City Commissioner

I wish to announce that I will be a Candidate for the office of City Commissioner to succeed myself at the election to be held Monday, April 1st. Your support will be appreciated.

JAMES GIDLEY.

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.

ELECTION NOTICE.

To the Qualified Electors of the City of East Jordan, Michigan:
Notice is hereby given that the next ensuing Annual City Election will be held on

Monday, April 1st, A. D. 1918

At the places in the several Wards of said city as indicated below, viz:—
First Ward—Passenger Building.
Second Ward—Town Hall.
Third Ward—Hose House.

At which Election the following officers are to be elected, viz:
1 Commissioner, full term; 1 Justice of the Peace, full term; 1 Supervisor and 1 Constable in each ward.

Also for the purpose of voting upon the following propositions, viz:—
To amend the charter of the City of East Jordan.

WOMEN ELECTORS

Should there be any propositions to vote upon at said election involving the direct expenditure of public money or the issue of bonds, every qualified woman elector will be entitled to vote upon such propositions provided her name is duly registered.

The Polls of said election will be open at 7 o'clock a. m. and will remain open until 5 o'clock p. m. of said day of Election.

Dated Mar. 12, 1918.

OTIS J. SMITH,
City Clerk.

All love isn't blind; some of it is merely nearsighted.



SINGING THE WAY TO WAR SAVING

Two Detroiters Create the Official W. S. S. Song in Their "Dress Up Your Dollars in Khaki."

One of the greatest aids in bringing home to the people the necessity for marshalling their small change in the coffers of the government for a successful termination of the war, according to the national war savings committee, is the new war song hit, "Dress up Your Dollars in Khaki and Help Win Democracy's Fight."

Both words and music were written by Detroiters, the lyrics by Lester B. Alwood, and the music by "Dick" Whiting, of Jerome H. Remick & Co., creator of numerous other popular melodies.

The song as originally written was intended to be used only in the state campaign. Copies of it were submitted to other state directors, however, with the result that from Maine to Texas orders for thousands of copies of the song have been sent in to the local committee.

It is planned to have it sung by school children, singing societies and in playhouses and movie theaters throughout the country. In Texas alone, the song will be sung by school children in 39,000 schools.

The song has been written to a snappy march time music, and the lyrics eloquently express the sentiment which is prompting millions of people to buy the thrift stamps. The lyrics follow:

From lowland and highland,
In your land and my land,
Our warriors are marching away
To join their commanders
In France and in Flanders,
To help the world win in this fray,
But Uncle Sam's calling the stay-at-home, too,
For the pathway to freedom is rocky,
So prove you're a soldier by saving—yes you!
And dress up your dollars in khaki.

CHORUS:
Oh, dress up your dollars in khaki a spell
And help win Democracy's fight,
With your nickels and dimes and your quarters, as well,
You can set the whole question right
For the lender is Freedom's defender,
But the spender is worst of them all—
Let a War Saving Stamp send your money to camp,
And answer the President's call!

Speaking of loyalty, your money talks, but it shouts through a megaphone when turned into War Savings Stamps.



BY
PUBLIC
DEMAND
RETURN
ENGAGEMENT
OF
"DRAFT 258"
Temple Theatre Mar. 28th
Not a War Picture. Prices 10c and 25c
One Show starting at 8:15
This Is Your Last Chance To See This Great Picture.

Re-living The Slogan of '76

Remember that cry (deep as the seas, wide as the heavens) which burst from the thirteen American colonies when threatened by unjust taxation!

The whole-hearted, fight-to-the-limit, Americanism of it!

Listen: "MILLIONS FOR DEFENSE, BUT NOT ONE CENT FOR TRIBUTE."

Not one cent for tribute. Yet the question was merely one of those easily-adjusted matters between parent country and child colony which mutual tolerance and mediation might correct.

Millions for defense. And our crude Atlantic-coast forefathers hadn't even thousands then, where the wide-winged states and cities of our modern America have hundreds of thousands!

Doesn't the character-braveness, the sheer brute bravery, of that cry of '76 shock you into admiration—into a pride of race that is beyond all pride of wealth or attainment!

Millions for defense! Thank God we have them. For here is no puny point of politics confronting a few infant colonies, but a tremendous, world-eclipsing struggle of Right against Might, whose stake is the Tomorrows of the World!

Let's coin the courage of our forefathers—"Millions for defense, but not one cent for tribute"—into War Savings Stamps, proving that the slogan of '76 is not a dead, historic memory, but a present, live, indomitable creed of co-operation and of victory!

For as we lend to the limit, so America will defend to the limit!

The house of a tidy woman and a motion to adjourn are always in order. You can't discourage the prohibition movement by throwing cold water on it.

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.



"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

A man always admires another who says the right thing in the right place—especially if he be thirsty.

PROBATE ORDER

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

At a session of said Court, held at the Probate Office in the City of Charlevoix in said County, on the 11th day of March A. D. 1918.

Present: Hon. Servetus A. Correll, Judge of Probate.

In the matter of the Estate of Mary Matilda Liskum, Deceased.

Nathan Liskum having filed in said court his final administration account and four annual accounts and his petition praying for the allowance thereof and that my official bond be cancelled, letters heretofore granted be revoked, and that I be discharged.

It is ordered, That the 3rd day of April A. D. 1918, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, at said probate office, be and is hereby appointed for examining and allowing said accounts and hearing said petition.

It is further ordered, That public notice thereof be given by publication of a copy of this order, for three successive weeks previous to said day of hearing, in the Charlevoix County Herald a newspaper printed and circulated in said county.

SERVETUS A. CORRELL,
Judge of Probate.

A true copy.
Servetus A. Correll,
Judge of Probate.

OPEN NOSTRILS! END A COLD OR CATARRH

How To Get Relief When Head and Nose are Stuffed Up.

Count fifty! Your cold in head or catarrh disappears. Your clogged nostrils will open, the air passages of your head will clear and you can breathe freely. No more snuffling, hawking, mucous discharge, dryness or headache; so struggling for breath at night.

Get a small bottle of Ely's Cream Balm, from your druggist and apply a little of this fragrant antiseptic cream to your nostrils. It penetrates through every air passage of the head, soothing and healing the swollen or inflamed mucous membrane, giving you instant relief. Head colds and catarrh yield like magic. Don't stay stuffed-up and miserable. Relief is sure.

WHAT THE PATRIOTIC FAMILY DID WITH \$1,000

When the Solicitor approached this Household he was received enthusiastically as a Neighbor who was asking the Householders to join him in the mutual effort to protect their Homes and Families from the cruelties and harsh exactions of Autocracy—and with the True Spirit of those who are saving and buying for Liberty.

Mr. Head-of-the-Household signed a subscription card for 200 War Savings Stamps.

His Wife signed for 40 War Savings Stamps, and she also signed for two of the stamps for Baby Daughter.

They bought the Stamps on the Child's fourth birthday anniversary—the latter part of February—at \$4.13 each.

Daddy's 200 Stamps, at \$4.13, cost \$826.00
Mother's 40 Stamps, at \$4.13, cost \$165.20
Baby's two Stamps, at \$4.13, cost \$8.26
Total invested by the Family... \$999.46

Daddy's Stamps had a maturity value of \$1,000.00
Mother's were worth, on Jan. 1, 1918 165.20
Daughter's had a value, when she was 3 years old, of 8.26
Total value at maturity... \$1,173.46

Now we deduct the cost of the Stamps \$999.46
And we find the Family's Net Profit to be \$174.00

On an investment of \$999.46—and they still have 84 cents left over from their \$1,000 with which to buy two Thrift Stamps toward another War Savings Stamp for Daughter, and 4 Cents besides.

Now, let's see what the Percentage of Profit was to this Household:

We'll assume that Adversity did not overtake the family and that it was not necessary that their money be withdrawn until the due date (although they would have done this if it had been necessary), in which case they would have received the value of the Stamps at the time of withdrawal, with what would be the equivalent of practically 3 per cent interest.

The length of time this Family had its money invested in War Savings Stamps was fifty-eight months, so we will divide the Family profit of \$174.00 by 58, and we find the monthly profit to be \$2.99, or \$35.88 a year.

The Family invested practically \$1,000 and received interest of 4.35 per cent on the investment—free from all Taxes, county, state or federal.

This family subscribed for its Stamps in the True Spirit of Patriotism, and discovered that through purchasing them it had not only done its Duty to its Country, but that it had made a most excellent investment at a remunerative Rate of Interest—an investment backed by all the wealth and earnings power of the nation.

The Family had done its Full Duty in protecting its Home and that of its Neighbor from Autocratic Rule—and helped the Whole World to achieve Liberty, besides making a Fine investment for the Family Funds, and laying the Foundation for the Teaching of the Habits of Thrift to the Little Daughter.

The Example set by this Family can—and WILL—be duplicated by many other Families in the state of Michigan.

TIRE, NERVOUS HOUSEWIFE TOOK VINOL

Now She is Strong and Well

Berkeley, Cal.—"I was nervous, irritable, no appetite, could not sleep, and was always tired, so my housework was a great effort. After many other medicines had failed, Vinol built me up and made me strong. I have a good appetite and sleep well. Every nervous, weak, ailing woman should try it."—Mrs. N. Edmunds, 2007 Dwight Way, Berkeley, Cal.

We ask every nervous, weak, run-down, ailing woman in this town to try this cod liver and iron tonic on our guarantee to return their money if it fails to help them.

HITE DRUG CO., East Jordan

Little whiteles live long and prosper. Love is the only sure cure for coquetry.

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, Hallweens, Thanksgiving, Christmas, New Years, etc.

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THE ST. DUNSTAN MYSTERY

By PERRY NEWBERRY.

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We would make San Diego, the last port in California's jurisdiction, at an early hour next morning, and there I should be arrested if Marcus had changed his mind. Farther south was either high seas or foreign ports and Captain Blake would have to be the jailor. I decided to remain up and greet San Diego, half hoping that officers would take me quietly away in the gray dawn while the ship and Isabelle Reade were sound asleep.

I stayed with Reedley and Chief Steward Hunt until they must have thought I never would let them sleep, talking steamers and shipping; then went below to the engine rooms and started a friendship with the second engineer which only began getting chummy at the end of his watch. There was nothing to do after that but pace up and down the deck or sit in my stateroom and wonder how Isabelle had spent the evening without her chaperon, neither of which made time fly on wings.

It was a perfect night of soft winds, smooth sea and bright stars, and I finally settled down in an overcoat and rug in Isabelle's chair on deck. Because I had not drunk my after-dinner coffee, my eyelids were heavy as lead and five minutes after I sat down I was slumbering.

CHAPTER IX.

The Last to Leave.

A hand on my shoulder awoke me to broad daylight, to a beaming sun and the immediate knowledge that it was late morning.

"You are not allowed to sleep all day," said Isabelle Reade, and I wondered feebly if I had snored. Horrors! Had my mouth been hanging open?

"Where are we?" I cried, gaping like a fish. "What time is it?"

"It is nine o'clock or more and I have been sitting here since eight, so I woke you. You are not interesting company asleep."

"Are we past San Diego?" I questioned, still confused, but able to look at my watch and verify the suspicion that newspaper habits had again conquered me.

"Miles and miles—I mean knots and knots—were you intending to get another drink at San Diego, Mr. Gilmore?"

"That was sarcasm. I caught it, even in my dazed condition.

"Yes—no, certainly not," I replied. Then, "Did I snore, Isabelle?" I asked meekly.

"Not enough to disturb the man at the wheel," she said maliciously.

"Children screaming, women fainting? Nothing like that?" I asked.

"No. Quite a gentlemanly exhalation and inhalation of the breath. Were you out all night in that steamer chair?"

"Mostly. Too beautiful to remain indoors. Intended to study the stars but fell asleep. Needed coffee," I explained.

"I noticed you left before coffee last evening. Why?"

"Didn't need it. Important business. Had to hurry away." I was certainly not awake enough to yet stand cross-examination. I must get away from her before I betrayed myself by some lingual slip. "Important business now," I said. "Must hurry away."

"You sit down, Mr. Gilmore," said Isabelle Reade, a determining hand with more muscle behind it than her gentle curves warranted, laid on my arm.

"Sit right there until you have said several words of apology due me since yesterday afternoon. Begin!"

"I—I apologize," I muttered.

"Begin again!" she commanded.

"I humbly apologize."

"Humbly apologize."

"For my rudeness to Miss Reade in refusing her a drink in a saloon and sending her to a curly haired captain who grins," she continued.

"For all that and more."

"Then why did you do it?"

"Why?" I paused to gather myself together; to seek help of my wandering faculties; to reinforce the thin line of my wits. It was hopeless. The reserves wouldn't come up. "Why?" "Why?" I repeated, aimlessly. "I don't know—Can't tell you why."

"If I had only the wit to have lied to her!" Her hand on my arm was drawn quickly away and a hot flush mantled her cheeks—the blush of shame—that she was seeking an undesired friendship, the poignant fear that she was forcing herself on a man. And even then, she was brave enough to make a last battle for that friendship. With averted face and lowered voice from which all the gentle rallery had gone, she persisted: "If I was wrong—in anything did not do right—have hurt you unknowingly—I am very, very sorry, Mr. Gilmore," she almost whispered.

I could not stand it. If I had remained another minute I should have taken her in my arms and made a mess of everything! I ran away down the deck while she still spoke.

That blew over the side and I heard it so bitterly that a man with bearing of my language plausibly crossed himself. I went to my cabin

and forgot breakfast—coffee in my first big heart-trouble.

One takes it hard at forty. Like the measles and youthful contagions generally, love should have its spasms in the years of prompt reaction and superabundance of vitality. I moped about during the next four days like an elderly hen with the pip. Pursuer Reedley was the only man aboard who would have put up with me, for he could counteract my effect with his rag time drone. I changed my meal hours to his, which were not the captain's, and spent much of my time learning how to run a line of passenger-steamers carrying freight, from this cheery-faced lad.

As we neared Mazatlan and my fears that Marcus might decide to hold me grew less each hour, I hated myself worse. If there was to be no excuse for ruining this wonderful friendship, spilling what might have been an Arcadian journey in perfect tropic seas, I would want to jump over the side out beyond the three-mile limit where the water was deep. The relief of knowing I was not to be arrested for murder would never offset the fact that I had fatuously killed the greatest hope my life had ever held.

I went to Reedley's cabin the night before we should reach Mazatlan, talking little because of the memory of the two days she and I might have spent together there; Reedley as quiet save for the wordless song that ebbed from his chest. He sat at his desk, checking up his books or drumming to the tune, and twice his careless elbow brushed a yellow sheet of paper to my feet and I replaced it.

The second time I laid it back on his desk, he began words to the tune he hummed, singing them low, and somehow they penetrated my abstraction, they were such misfit words. The tune was familiar enough, from a popular light opera, but the words didn't belong. "Every little minute, you're a dammed fool! Why in Hellen Blazes don't you read what's wrote? Every little minute that your wits are wondering you are taking chances like a goat!" Again the yellow paper fluttered to the floor.

Reedley was totting up a column of figures, his eyes riveted on the book, while I read:

Captain Blake, S. S. Wilton: Arrest John Gilmore at Mazatlan, outside limit, tranship to Nanaimo in iron.

Murder suspect. Warrant here.

It was signed by San Francisco's chief of police and made doubly certain by Thurston's counter-signature.

I replaced the paper on his desk. "Thanks," he said idly, pinning it face down on a spindle.

"When will we reach Mazatlan?" I asked after a pause.

"Three o'clock or thereabouts tomorrow afternoon," he answered.

"Thank you, Reedley. I'll turn in. Good night," and I left him humming wordlessly and adding up columns of figures.

As I stepped from the door I heard the ship's bell strike four—ten o'clock. Still early for planning, plenty of time to decide what to do. I would take a spin around the decks and let my thoughts cool off; I was too mad for sober consideration of a grave problem. Thurston's name to that wireless message was one insult I had not expected and it had bitten deep. Even my friends were turning on me.

"Tranship to Nanaimo in iron," Thurston had ordered. I laughed grimly at my foolish idea of a nominal imprisonment, a detention in my cabin, perhaps a guard. There was nothing nominal about iron; that meant a dark cell in the fore-hold and the darbies; even bread-and-water diet quite likely.

Blake would arrest me three miles out of Mazatlan, say at two-thirty in the afternoon. Nice people crowding the deck, waiting to get into port; whole crew up from below; actors and audience, with Isabelle Reade in a loge-box.

Enter Captain Blake, curly hair blowing in tropic breezes; "Seize that man!"

"Aye, aye, sir!" from chorus of deck-hands.

Proper business of seizing. "Spare me!" from me, on knee. "Un-uh! No, indeed!"

I would go to Blake right now and insist on being stuck into the brig quietly and undramatically. But that would give Reedley's kindness a solar-plexus jolt; cost him his job, maybe more. To walk around the deck

until my brain cooled was the only thing to do spontaneously.

I was passing Isabelle's deck-corner when she spoke to me. "John!" she whispered. I paused. "Don't stop—go on! But come back!" she said quickly.

I returned, but she was not there. A few paces farther, where the main cabin crowds close to the rail, she was waiting in the shadow. "Follow me—to my room," she whispered, and flitted away in the dark.

I went to her stateroom and she closed its door behind me. There was no light, but she found my hand and she held it tightly in both hers. "John," she said, and her voice was filled with tears. "What is it? What does it mean?"

"The muckle-headed idiot told you, did he?" I groaned. "What a blithering beast of double-distilled asininity!"

"Don't swear so, John. He showed me the message. I was there—on the bridge—with him—Oh, I was with him! With him when it came!" She was weeping now, and I just folded her into my arms and pulled her up tight to me and kissed her hair, her cheeks and nose—wherever I chanced to land, it being dark.

I had no practice at it; I wasn't experienced. I shouldn't have found her lips at all if she had not been kind

and help my loneliness. She was kind, and she loved me; she told me so; and I told her how I had waited forty years for this greatest love that ever had been known! For many minutes we forgot that I was a murder suspect with a handcuff prospect, and everything else save that we loved one another.

She brought our dreams tumbling. "You won't let them put you in irons?" she whispered with her cheeks against mine, and I said "No," quite firmly, just as though I might prevent it.

"You'll get away at Mazatlan," she continued, "and we will hide you—mother and I. Mexico will be safe."

Mexico might be; it was outside the jurisdiction of the chief and Thurston; but I never swam three miles in my life. I told Isabelle my maximum swimming capabilities were two miles and a half, which was not more than two miles exaggeration.

"A boat!" she suggested, hopefully, but I shook my head. The whole crew of the Wilton might get a boat down, but not Isabelle and I; besides, as I explained to her, carefully, I had to go back and clear myself of this false charge.

"It will break down of its own absurdity," I said. "Then I can return and visit Durango—if I am invited."

"You, are," she whispered; then, "but you must tell me why you are so unkind to me at San Diego."

"There were two policemen on the deck and I—I was panic-stricken."

"And walked into their arms?" she asked. "I understand! You sent me away from you so I might not see."

"I wanted you kept out of it." She pressed a little closer to me. "I want you out of it completely, Isabelle when it does happen. Please promise that. From now on we are strangers."

"Are we?" she asked, and she pulled my face down to hers and kissed me. "Are we strangers?" she whispered, and I negated it fitfully.

Then we planned. I should go to Captain Blake early in the morning and tell him that there need be no compulsion; I should go back to San Francisco on the Nanaimo willingly and not in irons; and the arrest could be quietly effected and no one need know of it. Isabelle would go with her mother to Durango and wait for me to come to her. It was all simple, and as I told it, pleasant enough; only a fortnight separation, then happiness forever.

But I saw two obstacles in the way of its pleasant realization; first, the positive order to Blake to tranship me in irons; second, his blond-headed obstinacy and—yes, vanity! He would hate to pass up this opportunity for dramatic prominence; he had shown that by letting Isabelle know of the order. Probably half the ship knew of it already!

I left Isabelle, feeling quite happily content with conditions, and went to my cabin to mull out another problem. Why had Marcus changed his mind? More incomprehensible, how had he convinced the chief and Thurston of this necessity? Certainly, not on the evidence at hand when I sailed from San Francisco. They had nothing to excuse a warrant for murder. Had Holme talked of the empty shell? No, I was sure he had not. The hat-pin was in the tray of my trunk where I had concealed it. I opened the trunk to make certain, felt for it, and it was gone!

I remembered the light, switched off in my bedroom, and the fear I had held then of incrimination; it was explained now. The hat-pin had been taken from my trunk and placed elsewhere to be found. Marcus had gone through my vacant rooms, perhaps even my stored cases, and he had discovered what was meant for him. That, with the coincidence of my finding each murdered body, would be enough to warrant the order of arrest.

Well, it would mean another thing to clear away, that was all. Until they identified the bodies, they could not prove motive; and I knew what they did not, that the identification of those bodies would lead a trail far from my rooms in the St. Dunstan, to a Greek church wedding which did not take place because of the murders.

I went to sleep finally, to be awakened by a hammering on my door and a voice which shouted "Fire!" and heavy footsteps running, and I leaped from my berth in the dark and found the lighting switch. Before I could more than get into trousers the ship was confusion. I ran to the aft companion and crowded my way to its top, pushing by others regardless, remembering only that Isabelle was in danger. Her stateroom was off the upper deck, and I found it lighted.

"Isabelle!" I cried, and she answered at once.

"I was coming to you," she said. "Wait one second."

"Slip on anything. Don't try to dress," I shouted.

She opened the door and came into my arms. "It is the answer," she said joyfully, reverently. "I prayed."

I went inside her room and found its life-belts, buckling one about her, one on myself, then led her to the forward deck, for now flames were rising aft, showing black clouds of smoke that pallid the starlit sky, and there were shouted orders to the fighting crew, telling that the battle was raging there. Fortunately not more than a score of passengers were left on the Wilton, and there were mostly men, gathered together in a group at the bows.

Captain Blake came to the bridge. I knew from the direction of the waves that he had already turned the ship's nose shoreward, running to land. Now he shouted to us: "All

right," he reassured. "We're close in, and there's no danger. Keep cool."

"Can we help any way, captain?" came a voice from the group.

"No. We're doing everything possible. Don't worry, that's all," and he ran aft.

The fore-deck was almost as light as day. Isabelle, her arm around me, stooped us in the shadow. "We must get away now," she whispered. "We have been given this chance."

I kissed her softly. "We'll stay and help as we can, Isabelle. We'll not worry about that. Only," I chuckled, "I hope the irons burn up!"

A tiny girl, one of a family of three children, the only little ones aboard, came running toward us, having broken away from her distracted mother, and she was laughing delighted with the bright flames, and excitement of confusion. Isabelle ran for her, and the little tyke, thinking it was a race, toddled across deck shrieking with joy. Isabelle made a quick capture, carrying the babe to her mother.

"I'll look after this one, if I may," she volunteered, and I knew there would be nothing more said about escape.

There was little excitement and few signs of fear among the passengers, the fire being toward the stern of the boat, and the efforts to control it an indistinct turmoil of shouted orders, hurrying feet, the crash of falling timbers, and over all, the roar of the flames. Suddenly the mate and a number of the crew dashed around the deck-house, and simultaneously Captain Blake appeared again on the bridge. "We'll take to the boats now, people," he cried. "Take it easy, there'll be room for all. Women and children first, of course," and he smiled quite naturally.

"There's a brave man!" I said to Isabelle, involuntarily paying my tribute of respect to his coolness. "Even if he did want to jall me," I added laughingly.

The forward bow port-boat was in the water now and the mother of the three, with her wee babe, was lowered carefully into the arms of the waiting coarsmen. The oldest child, a boy of about nine, went next, then four women passengers, Isabelle passing her turn when it came. By this time a second boat was under the lee, and was being rapidly filled by men who could slide down the falls.

"Go down, Isabelle," I commanded, as the mate turned to see that the women were all taken care of. "Take the kid to her mother."

At that second there came an explosion which almost shook us from our feet. I gripped Isabelle to hold her up, and she clung to the child. From the boat, the mother gave an agonized cry and held out her arms for the babe. Then a man seized the little one, leaping over the rail into the water, and we saw the two dragged into the boat, father and child.

"Pull away there!" roared Captain Blake. "Both boats away!" and the men at the oars gave quick obedience. In another moment a wide span of water separated ship and boats, and Isabelle was still on the deck beside me.

Reedley came running up to us, and for once he was not humming rag-time. His round and ruddy face was smeared with smoke and sweat. "We're left, by God!" he swore; then, seeing Isabelle, he immediately began an apology for his profanity.

"How long will we float?" I asked him, spoiling his effort.

"Ten minutes—five. She's settling fast. We'll try to lower the—"

But Captain Blake interrupted him. He came up to us, shouting orders to the four men still aboard, orders that sent us all scurrying to the starboard boat. In a minute we had the tarpaulin off and the dory hanging over the side.

"Get in!" he ordered Isabelle, and grasped her arm, but she shook herself loose.

"I'll get in without help from you," she cried, and climbed into the boat in its davits.

Blake scowled, not understanding at all why she spurned his help. He knew that he had been acting gallantly, bravely, and believed he was entitled—as he was—to the gallery applause. He did not know that her dislike of his touch dated from the display of a Marconigram mentioning "iron."

"At the bow falls, Reedley," he shouted. "Keep her on even keel. Now, lower away!" and himself took the stern falls that the boat might not capsize in its launching. As it touched the water, the two seamen, who had dived as the boat ran down, clambered aboard.

"Over you go, Reedley," cried Blake, and the purser dove.

"Now, Gilmore, you and I together. The last to leave the ship, her captain and his prisoner." Just for that, I was glad Isabelle had shaken off his hand.

CHAPTER X.

Captain Belrag.

Before we were fairly settled in the boat, the Wilton sank by the stern, and black night was all around us. In a single instant the glow of the flames was succeeded by darkness that was unpenetrable in the contrast. I had an oar in my fists and tried to make it act as I knew oars should, but I had no idea where we were headed, and could see not even the man on the thwart before me.

When my eyes did right their focus and the numerous stars above began to do business, I made out that there were six of us in the boat; Captain Blake in the stern steering; Isabelle on the thwart before him; Reedley at the stroke oar, then the two seamen, and myself bow-oar. I was almost the length of the boat from Isabelle, but I was even farther from Blake, which was some compensation.

There was no sign of the two boats which had pulled out earlier. If they had lain by for the ship to go down, it was too dark to see them, and several deep-voiced "Ahoys" from the captain brought no response to our ears. He had swung the boat around to the surge of the waves, and what little wind there was helped us on.

None of us said anything; I was too busy keeping the heavy oar dipping in time with the man aft, and perhaps so were the other oarsmen, but Blake was quiet because he was peeved, and he did not understand. The offer of his heavy jacket had been rejected by Isabelle, adding another hurt to his feelings. Then, too, he had lost his ship, and that is somewhat important to a young captain.

I wished Isabelle had taken that coat. I had none to offer her, having overlooked all apparel save trousers over my pajamas, and these I not only needed for appearances, but, like every other bit of clothing in the boat, save and only Isabelle's dressing gown and the captain's pea-jacket, they were soaking wet. Blake had been careful enough to throw his outer coat in the boat before he leaped, a thoughtfulness that stood him in good stead now, for the tropic night was not tropical. I was shivering rowing, and I guessed that Isabelle's teeth were a-chatter.

However, it was the last of the night, and soon streaks of gray dimmed out the stars and gave shape to the waves, making them seem quite appallingly large and threatening to our small boat. Then the sun bobbed up out of the sea ahead of us, and immediately began its functions of a tropic day, drying out wet clothes and forcing my bare feet into the shadow of the thwart.

From being too cold, I became too hot, and also had blisters forming on the palms of both hands. I had not rowed since my college days, and I began to think of the brig manacles, and bread-and-water without malevolence.

Blake stood up in the stern as the sun came up and tried to find something of interest on the horizon-bordered sea, looking long under his hand in every direction. "Nothing doing," he said as he returned to the tiller, and the words struck me as being quite unnaughty. I tried to think what I would have said in his place, while my back ached at each stroke of the oar.

One of the seamen gave in first; he wasn't in love with Isabelle. "Captain," he said, and he stopped pulling; so did I. "I'm a bit weak in the shoulders. May we rest?"

"Why, certainly, Mr. Clifton," Blake responded, and I knew then the seaman was not a sailor. "I forgot you are not used to an oar. Rest oars."

Reedley gave a great sigh of relief and began to hum "Billie." I dropped the oar, then lunged for it and caught it before it slipped quite into the sea. Clifton asked if any one had a cigarette, which nobody did, then asked the captain if he knew where we were.

"We are not fifteen miles from the coast of Lower California, off San Lucas," he replied. "We can make land in a few hours' pulling. When you're ready, lads."

I wasn't ready at all. Isabelle made a diversion by asking if she might take the seat in front of the boat, meaning, of course, the bow thwart. She asked me, but I let the captain answer. "Certainly," he said gruffly; then, as she started forward, "Trim boat!"

I felt sorry for Captain Blake. He was being as decent as any man could be, and this young lady's strange and sudden distaste for his company was inexplicable. I wanted to tell him that Isabelle and I were engaged, about it at him down the length of the boat, but that would not do either. I still had the same reasons for not tangling her up with me, so gave her only the courtesy of a helping hand as she passed to her new place, with a private added pressure on my own account.

For half an hour more we rowed, when Blake discovered a streamer of smoke on the horizon to the north, and after a study of several minutes, put the boat about to get into the course of the approaching ship. She came up rapidly, and we could soon see the funnels and hull of a steamer that must pass close to us unless she shifted her course. It was much better being picked up than to row into the inhospitable coast of the Californian peninsula, not considering blistering palms and aching backs.

"She's somebody's private yacht," said the captain, rigging his handkerchief to Reedley's oar for a signal, "and that means she may make any port or none; but we can have her put up on the Nanaimo." I thought, with an inner grin, that he wouldn't transship me in irons.

"Rest oars," he commanded, and we lay to on the soft roll of the waves. I could turn now and survey the approaching ship. I had seen her before, making out of the Golden Gate late one afternoon not so long ago. Now I could find out what flag she carried.

We were off her port bow less than a couple hundred yards, and we could see the men on her decks lining the rail to look at us, but she did not slacken speed. "Ahoys, there! Take us aboard!" shouted Captain Blake, and I saw a man run up to the bridge and start an argument with the captain, a great, impassive mass of flesh. Several of the men at the rail joined the group.

"What in blazes does this mean?" quoted Blake. "Is that a ship or a picnic? Ahoys, there!" he shouted. "Stop her and let us board you!"

"She was by us now, but I heard the engine-room bell, and Blake handed Reedley his oar. "Pull alongside," he

ordered. "She'll come to," and we bent our backs to the task.

They lowered the ladder, and we were met at the top by a tall, gangling mate in a mist uniform who addressed us in Italian. As I spoke that language colloquially, due to a fondness for spaghetti and ravioli, I answered, telling him of our predicament, and he escorted us to the main deck saloon, a handsomely furnished cabin from which opened a half-dozen staterooms. At his command, a sailor went to one of the doors, and in a minute a woman approached us, to be met by a rush from Isabelle that landed them in each other's arms.

From the minute we made out the yacht I had noticed a peculiar look of mingled astonishment and anxiety on Isabelle's face, a fear come to her eyes, but it had slipped by me as the emotion incident to a rescue. Now I was flabbergasted! She was weeping and rattling Italian endearments to the fond ear of an elderly lady who hugged her more tightly than I had ever dared! The Italian mate smiled and led us away, leading out staterooms to us as though accommodations were the simplest of matters aboard ship.

Blake took it upon himself to be my cabin-mate; I should have preferred Reedley, but was given no choice. When we were within and the door closed, he turned on me.

"Gilmore," he said, "you'll remember that I am your jailor, responsible for your return to—"

"Sit down, Blake," I interrupted, disgustedly. "We'll have this thing out right now. I like you if you are sixteen kinds of an ass." I motioned him to the settee, taking my place on the lower berth. He sat.

"I'm going back to San Francisco," I continued, "but I prefer my own company to yours. For that same reason I intend to change my cabin—or you will. We're not going to hitch well together."

"I'll stay by you till—"

"You'll choke! Blake, you have no more authority over me than a piece of cheese. You're not even captain of a steamer now, let alone being an officer of the law in Mexican waters. You're just nothing now, Blake, nothing at all. Get that?"

"I'll tell the captain—"

"So shall I; don't worry."

"Aboard the Nanaimo—"

"If you're aboard the Nanaimo, I'm not. If you're not, I will be; but no irons, Blake. I don't like irons. Now do we understand one another?"

Blake scowled, but he was thinking deeply. "We'll see," he said presently, and it was a threat.

"You'll see," I said promptly. "It's going to be as I plan, not as you. This is a new deal and I'm shuffling. I may have to slip a few cards off the bottom of the pack, but I'll hold the stronger hand, Blake; I'll beat you. Now drop it! I stood up, speaking vehemently. "Forget your brass buttons and your quarter-deck vanity! Come down off your hipped dignity and be a man!"

"And do what? Let you escape?" It was a sneer.

"Listen to reason, a fair story and an honest one, and listen to reason. That's all I ask—insist on. Want it?"

"My orders are distinct—"

"You are not taking orders or giving them now, Blake. Will you hear?"

"There came a rap at the door. "Damn!" I cried, but I opened it.

"The captain's most honorable compliments, and please come—"

Then Kodani saw my face. His jaw dropped, his beady eyes opened; he turned and ran. I looked after him with what must have been an equally grotesque astonishment. Kodani, St. Dunstan valet, my Jap of the deaf fingers was aboard the yacht.

Blake was beside me. "We'll finish this talk later—perhaps," he said. "I'll talk to the captain now," and pushed by me he threw the door shut in my face. But I was too quick for him, and my bare foot was between wood and jamb, my shoulder pressing outward. I had the purchase and he gave over at once.

"We'll both talk," I said, smiling, although I limped as I walked beside him.

In the captain's cabin, sitting at the end of the map-table, was the mountain of flesh I had seen on the bridge. The mate introduced us to Captain Belrag, who puffed out his cheeks portentously and nodded. He was a barrel—a hoghead of a man, weighing easily three hundred weight on the hay-scales.

Immaculate in a neat undress uniform of some foreign rank, he was still gross and beastly; too strong for a pig, not dignified enough for a bull. His arms were like an athlete's leg, his wrists coarse ankles, his hands something abnormal, not comparable. He had no neck, his head, fore and aft, running into sloping shoulders. More than anything else, he reminded me of the cartoons Davenport used to draw of Mark Hanna.

"Where are the others?" he asked the mate in Italian, and he went away to find out. "Sit down," said the captain to us in English.

His voice was entirely out of keeping with his shapelessness, a mild tenor with rich music in its inflections. While we waited, he blew out his fat cheeks as though exercising them.

Isabelle and the woman who had greeted her so strangely came in together, and Reedley, Clifton, and the sailor followed. The woman spoke to Captain Belrag, too hurriedly for me to follow, and he nodded. I looked eagerly at Isabelle, striving to get the meaning of all this, but her eyes were on

"A SHINE IN EVERY DROP"

Black Silk Stove Polish is different. It does not only shine, it also cleans. It does not only clean, it also shines. It does not only shine and clean, it also saves you money. It does not only save you money, it also saves you time. It does not only save you time, it also saves you trouble. It does not only save you trouble, it also saves you worry. It does not only save you worry, it also saves you peace of mind. It does not only save you peace of mind, it also saves you health. It does not only save you health, it also saves you life. It does not only save you life, it also saves you everything.

Black Silk Stove Polish

Get a Can TODAY

A wise man always pretends to take the advice his wife hands him.

A nice thing about being a millionaire is the society of all the merchants to sell you goods on credit.

If a man agrees with a woman she thinks he is a fool. If he doesn't she considers him stubborn.

A man always admires another who says the right thing in the right place—especially if he be thirsty.

When one woman out of a hundred has nothing to say the other ninety-nine are asking what is the matter with her.

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.—Hite's Drug Store.

HAVE ROSY CHEEKS AND FEEL FRESH AS A DAISY—TRY THIS!

Says glass of hot water with phosphate before breakfast washes out poisons.

To see the tinge of healthy bloom on your face, to see your skin get clearer and clearer, to wake up without a headache, backache, coated tongue or a nasty breath, in fact to feel your best, day in and day out, just try inside-bathing every morning for one week.

Before breakfast each day, drink a glass of real hot water with a teaspoonful of limestone phosphate in it as a harmless means of washing from the stomach, liver, kidneys and bowels the previous day's indigestible waste, sour bile and toxins; thus cleansing, sweetening and purifying the entire alimentary canal before putting more food into the stomach. The action of hot water and limestone phosphate on an empty stomach is wonderfully invigorating. It cleans out all the sour fermentations, gases and acidity and gives one a splendid appetite for breakfast.

A quarter pound of limestone phosphate will cost very little at the drug store but is sufficient to demonstrate that just as soap and hot water cleanses, sweetens and freshens the skin, so hot water and limestone phosphate act on the blood and internal organs. Those who are subject to constipation, bilious attacks, acid stomach, rheumatic twinges, also those whose skin is yellow and complexion pallid, are assured that one week of inside-bathing will have them both looking and feeling better in every way.

GLASS OF SALTS IF YOUR KIDNEYS HURT

Get best meat if you feel backache or have bladder trouble—Salts are for Kidneys.

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

To neutralize these irritating acids and flush out the body's urinous waste get about four ounces of Jad Salts from any pharmacy; take a tablespoonful in a glass of water before breakfast for a few days and your kidneys will not act fine and bladder disorders disappear. This famous salt is made from the acid of grapes and lemon juice, combined with lithia, and has been used for generations to clean and stimulate sluggish kidneys and stop bladder irritation. Jad Salts is inexpensive; harmless and makes a delightful effervescent lithia-water drink which millions of men and women take now and then, thus avoiding serious kidney and bladder disease.

CHARLOTTE FIRST "100%" CITY IN U. S.

MICHIGAN TOWN "GOES OVER THE TOP" IN W. S. S. CAMPAIGN.

"Who Will Be Next?" Is the Query on Every Tongue.

Charlotte, Michigan—After three days of campaigning in behalf of the treasury department's new movement for the sale of thrift stamps and war savings certificates, in order to enlist in government financial aid hundreds of thousands of wage earners and small investors, who do not find it convenient to absorb Liberty loan issues, Charlotte is now able to point to the fact that there is not a single citizen within her borders who is not the possessor of one or more thrift stamps and war savings certificates, the first town in the nation to make that record.

This result was attained only after strenuous activities on the part of practically every inhabitant of the town, from the mayor down to the smallest school boy.

"Dress Your Dollar in Khaki."

Thrift stamp stations were in a score of drug stores, groceries, the local postoffice, and elsewhere, and over the streets were displayed as "Dress Up Your Dollar in Khaki"—"Save and Serve—Buy War Savings Stamps"—"Don't Be a Sparer, Be a Saver"—"Thrive By Thrift, Buy War Savings Stamps," and every occasion was improved by speakers and clubs and musical organizations to spread the gospel of saving in small amounts.

The campaign started January 29, and lasted three days. On the twenty-eighth a rousing meeting was held at the Phoenix hotel; speeches were made by Joseph P. Standart, of Detroit, and E. J. Elles, of Charlotte. Tuesday night 28 teams made up of two men each left the war savings headquarters which had been established at the community association office and started their city-wide campaign. About one-third of the city was covered on the first night. Everything was made as easy as possible by printed forms and advertising in the local newspapers, as well as by banners stretched across the streets, window displays and a series of personal letters to each individual in the city.

People Flocked to Pay.

One man in each of the selling stations gave practically all his time to taking care of the rush of people who wished to fill up the thrift cards and buy war savings stamps after they had made their family 100 per cent from purchases made from the solicitors. The postoffice and the banks did a record business during the three day campaign, many employees working over time checking up returns.

During the campaign the headquarters office looked at all times as though some political meeting were in progress, people flocking there by the scores to make their purchases. The spirit of making Charlotte the first 100 per cent city in the nation prevailed throughout the entire community. One practical joker remarked to one of his friends that a new lady had settled over the city, and called it "Stampitis".

Thrift is Big Lesson.

The national war savings committee is now on the alert to see which of other small towns enrolled in the year-round war savings campaign will be the first to follow Charlotte, and thus be second on the list of 100 per cent cities. The fact of becoming 100 per cent is not considered by the government to be so important financially, much as there small savings are needed by the treasury department to prosecute the war, but its chief value lies in the lesson of thrift which the great American commonwealth will derive from local drives of this sort and their success. The government has repeatedly gone on record in this war savings movement that the fundamental purpose of it is not only to raise the \$2,000,000,000, allotted as the necessary quota, but to inculcate the spirit of saving, spending and investment instead of hoarding, which will be one of the biggest constructive lessons of the entire war to this country.

The Coming of The Coins

The coins are coming, Uncle Sam, From every state you hold, sir; An avalanche of gold, sir, From God-knows-who way up in Nome To what's-his-name in Macon, The Thrift Cards all are bringing home To Washington the bacon!

The burglar, bless his nighty soul, No more is Garfield's honest, For the old sock and the sugar-bowl Stand emptier than they use to, And everywhere that space permits America's success signs Remind us all to do our bits— Three cheers for W. S. S. signs!

So, like the flood that springs sends down From winter's snow-packed summits, The Thrift coins pour from every town— A tide too deep for plummet, And when the war-lords count the cost, Each more or less by guesswork, They'll find we've saved more than we thought.

Thanks to our W. S. S. work! LISTER E. ALWOOD.

"WE WON'T WIN IF WE WASTE"

Tested Wartime Recipes FOR USE IN MICHIGAN

(Clip and save these recipes for future reference.)

Earnest Co-operation Needed.

Remember, that the more which is being given here, the more which you will find in your own home. It is merely suggestive. What can be done. But it will not solve the problem unless you give to the matter and sincere thought. The problem is for you to decide. But see that it is done.

Below are some tried recipes for war bread which may be found interesting and useful. When liquid yeast is used a cupful may be counted as equal to one cake of dry or compressed yeast, and a slight reduction must be made in the total amount of liquid used.

Do your bit—small sacrifice now may save you from making greater ones later.

Chicken Salad

1 C cooked chicken
1 C celery
3 lettuce leaves
4 T salad dressing (or more)
Mix chicken and celery with salad dressing. Arrange on lettuce leaves. Serve very cold.

Pie Crust.

There are other ways of reducing the amount of white flour we use. Excellent Pie Crust may be made by using 1/2 cup flour and 1/2 cup barley. Use your customary recipe, reducing the amount of shortening. If barley is used, serve pie less often than formerly. Set most of these in one crust pie. Try the New England deep Apple pie, with only a top crust.

Corn Meal Crust.

Grease a pie plate, well. Cover with a thin cornmeal, giving the plate a rotating motion so that an even layer of the meal will stick to the plate about 1/16 of an inch in thickness. Fill the plate with pumpkin or custard pie mixture. Bake in a hot oven.

Oatmeal Crust.

2 C finely ground oatmeal
1 C boiling water
1 t. fat.
Scald the oatmeal with the water. Add fat and mix thoroughly. Roll very thin. Line small pie or tart pan with the mixture. Bake in hot oven. Fill with fruit marmalade or other thick mixture. If desired, spread a meringue on top and brown in the oven.

Mush.

Serve corn meal mush, oatmeal mush, graham mush, or barley mush, either fried or with milk. Remember that all cereals in form of mush must be thoroughly cooked and well salted.

Barley Mush.

1 C ground barley
3 C boiling water
1 t. salt.
Stir barley gradually into boiling salted water. Cook thoroughly for two hours.

Tapioca.

Tapioca is rich in iron. Use tapioca puddings often now. They make the best of batter for fried pastry, both of which require little fat. Cook tapioca thoroughly. Many people dislike it because it is uncooked, but taste which is very tasty.

Vegetable.

1 C chopped carrots
1 C peanut-ground
1 C strained tomato or m.
1 C boiled rice
1 C bread crumbs, or
1 C mashed potatoes.
Season well with salt, pepper and onion. Chutney and other seasonings may be used.
Mix well. Shape into loaf. Bake as meat loaf. Serve with gravy, white sauce, or tomato sauce.

Carrot Souffle.

1 cup White Sauce, medium thickness
1 cup carrots, boiled and mashed
1 tablespoon minced onion.
2 eggs
Salt
Paprika

Add the carrot, the onion, and the seasoning to the White Sauce. Beat the beaten egg yolks and beat the whites of the eggs until they are stiff. Turn them lightly into the first mixture and turn this into a greased baking dish in a pan of hot water. Bake in the souffle in a moderate oven, allowing 30 minutes at once from the time in which it was baked.

Carrot and Cheese Salad.

1 pint grated raw carrot
1/2 cup grated cheese
Salt
Paprika
Toss the ingredients lightly together and serve them on lettuce with either French or Bolognese Dressing.

NOTE—In all of these recipes all measurements are level, and T equals tablespoon, 1 equals teaspoon, C equals cup, f. g. equals few grains, f. d. equals few drops.

THE PENALTY FOR HOARDING

Any person who willfully hoards any necessities shall upon conviction thereof be fined not exceeding \$5,000 or be imprisoned for not more than two years or both. Necessaries shall be deemed to be hoarded when either held, contracted for or arranged for by any person in a quantity in excess of his reasonable requirements for use and consumption for himself and dependents for a reasonable time.

BOY SCOUTS ENLIST WAR SAVING ARMY

SEC'Y McADOO APPEALS TO THEM TO GO TO EVERY HOUSEHOLD IN LAND.

RED POST-CARD CAMPAIGN

President Wilson to Thank Leading Scout Salesmen for Distinguished Service.

Washington—The 350,000 Boy Scouts of America have been asked by the Secretary of the Treasury to enlist an army of war savers throughout the country. The scouts have instructions from their national headquarters to ring every doorbell in the land, deliver a short talk on the necessity of saving, and take orders for Government war-saving securities—the 25-cent and \$5 thrift stamps.

President Wilson will write a personal letter of thanks to the scout in each State who has the highest record of sales during the year, and the wives of the Cabinet members have offered to give a victory flag in each State to the troop standing at the top at the end of the year.

Secretary McAdoo, in his appeal to the scouts, says:

Your splendid work in the Liberty Loan campaigns proved that the Government can count on you and your organization. Knowing that you are always ready to serve your country, and realizing how widely war-savings stamps may be sold through your efforts, I take pleasure in presenting you another opportunity.

Five million red post cards have been printed by the Government for the special use of the scouts. These are orders for the local postmaster to deliver savings stamps. The boys will take the orders for stamps from house to house, drop the signal cards in the mail box, and the post office will do the rest.

SPEAKING OF Thrift Stamps

Have you bought any? Don't stop with one. Thrift Stamps enable you to save quarters and at the same time you will be helping your government. Let's have no stampless days.

20,000 THRIFT CLUBS FOR MICHIGAN

Society Leaders Everywhere Identifying Themselves With W. S. S. Promotion Work.

"The newest thing in fashionable war activity is to become a member of a 'War-Savings Society,' or to organize one yourself and develop it to the utmost limits of membership," says F. Howard Russ, Director of Publicity for the National War Savings Committee in Michigan. The movement has spread throughout schools, business offices, manufacturing establishments, hotels, etc., and has now been given the hearty endorsement of the Federation of Women's Clubs, which comprises the leading social and literary clubs of the fair sex throughout the country.

Organizing one of these War Savings Societies is simplicity itself. Such a society is open to recognition by the National War Savings Committee as soon as it has an enrollment of ten or more members, each of whom pledges himself or herself to the purchasing of a stipulated number of Thrift Stamps or War-Saving Stamps in a given period of time. In recognition of their spirit of patriotism, the Government bestows upon members of these War Savings Societies badges designating degrees of service. Not only is every individual who becomes a member given an attractive badge bearing the design of the torch of liberty encircled with the words, "War-Savings Service," but special badges are also conferred on those securing additional members, one star indicating the securing of ten new members, two stars indicating that twenty-five have been secured, three stars, fifty new members, four stars, one hundred, and five stars that the worker has secured two hundred new members for his War Savings Society.

An enumeration of all the clubs, as well as of the individuals, prominent in Michigan society who have inaugurated these Thrift Clubs throughout the state, would be too lengthy for space at our disposal, but so important is this phase of W. S. S. work in itself that it deserves special consideration on the part of those who have not yet become War-Savings Society members or boosters.

LUCKY STRIKE CIGARETTE

IN a year it has become famous; the man's cigarette for the men who are working over here, and fighting over there.

The reason? Because it's made of Burley pipe tobacco and because—

IT'S TOASTED



Guaranteed by The American Tobacco Co. INCORPORATED



"BOY WANTED—TO EARN THRIFT STAMPS"

When you see the sign, "Boy Wanted—to Earn Thrift Stamps," or its companion sign, "Girl Wanted," hanging in the window of any Michigan home, you are to understand that the first schoolboy coming past is eligible for the job which awaits him. By simply knocking at the door and saying, "I've seen your sign and am ready to do your work," it means that the householder can use him with windows to scrub, ashes to empty, an errand to run, dusting to be done, something to fix, or any one of dozens of odd jobs which the schoolboy can do as well as the skilled laborer. The basis for payment has been fixed at 25 cents per hour, payable to the school-children, however, not in the form of money, but in Thrift Stamps, of which the householder will already have a supply, or can readily obtain at the nearest drug store, grocery store, or other authorized station, or from the postman.

In order to foster the success of this movement, house holders are being requested to reserve such odd jobs, to display the card calling for a Thrift Stamp boy prominently in the window, and in every case to pay for such service only in Thrift Stamps.

As Frank A. Vanderbilt has so pointedly defined the work which the War Savings Certificates and the Thrift Stamps are intended to accomplish: "They are going to raise \$2,000,000,000. That is a big thing; the biggest financial transaction ever undertaken in this country, except the two Liberty Loans."

But that is not the great thing about it. It is going to teach thrift to America. That is a great thing. We needed the lesson. We needed it desperately. We have not stood up very well under the hardest test of all—prosperity. We have become careless; we have become a spendthrift people. Our savings do not compare per capita with those of much poorer countries. Sweden has five times as much savings per capita as we have in this country. So has Switzerland. We have fifteen million depositors in savings banks. I believe we shall see thirty million holders of these certificates. That will be something. It will be thirty million stockholders in the United States.

Briefs of the Week

Harry Curkendall was a Petoskey and Harbor Springs business visitor this week.

Maple sap is commencing to run, so watch for dates of the annual W. R. C. Sugar Social.

Dr. W. K. Branch returned home last Monday from Big Rapids, where he went to undergo a minor operation at the hospital there.

Mrs. Richard Gidley was called to Lansing, Friday, by the death of her son-in-law, Joseph Moran, who passed away at that city from pneumonia.

Robert Kinney, a well-known resident of Echo township passed away Friday afternoon after a long illness. Funeral arrangements have not been made yet.

Frank Larson passed away at his home in South Arm township last Friday, March 15th. Deceased was 61 years of age. Funeral services were held Monday.

In the Republican Ward Caucuses held in the various wards of our city last Friday, Supervisors Wm. F. Bashaw of the first, and W. R. Barnett of the second wards were renominated. In the third ward LeRoy Sherman was nominated for supervisor. Nominations for constables were: First ward, Ed. Danno; Second, Charles Alexander; Third, Charles Coykendall.

Bernt Johnson and Leslie Lemieux are East Jordan's latest addition to Uncle Sam's Army. They left for Traverse City, Wednesday, where they took preliminary examinations and from there were sent to Grand Rapids for a final examination. A telegram from them, Friday, indicated they had successfully passed and were on their way to Columbus, Ohio. They enlisted in the medical branch.

Wm. Knight and son Raymond, went to Elk Rapids, Monday.

Will Ripley of Charlevoix visited friends in the city this week.

Mrs. Anna Bulow left Thursday for a two week's visit with relatives at Detroit.

Chas. W. Farmer left Monday for Kenville, Manitoba, to visit his brother, Fred Farmer.

Mrs. Clyde Hipp left Monday for West Branch, called there by the illness of her sister.

Mrs. Will Hawkins returned home Wednesday, from White Cloud, after a few week's visit with relatives.

Miss Naomi Grant of Lansing is here this week visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Robt. Grant. She returns this Saturday.

Mrs. E. Pillman returned to her home at Montague, Friday, after a week's visit with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. R. Stewart.

Mr. and Mrs. M. M. Mather and children plan to leave East Jordan in a few days for Traverse City, where they will make their future home.

"Jim" O'Leary, the lumber-jacks sky pilot who has spent many years of labor among the lumbermen of Minnesota and Michigan, will make East Jordan his home in the future and cover Northern Michigan from here. He expects his family here in the near future.

Leonard LaCount, of East Jordan, is spending a few days in town at the home of his brother, Robert LaCount. Mr. LaCount has bought the Verne Chapin farm, north of Harbor Springs, and he will move his family here from East Jordan about the first of April.—Harbor Spring's Correspondence in Petoskey News.

Ed. Price was here from Midland last week.

Frank Sevéance was a Bellaire visitor, Wednesday.

Howard Porter is a business visitor at Chicago this week.

A. K. Hill was a Traverse City business visitor this week.

Mrs. Robt. Spence returned last Friday from a visit at Detroit.

Mrs. Len Swafford returned home Monday from Traverse City.

Mrs. A. E. Cross is visiting her parents at Central Lake this week.

Miss Hilda Olson left Monday for Grand Rapids to visit her sister.

Mrs. Roy Sherman visited her parents at Vanderbilt over Sunday.

W. E. Malpass returned Saturday from a trip to Flint and Detroit.

Mr. and Mrs. Orrin Bartlett moved onto their farm near here this week.

Harry Walstad went to Charlevoix this week, where he has employment.

Mrs. M. Emmons and children went to Central Lake, Tuesday, to visit her parents.

Mrs. Russel Harrington of Flint is here visiting her mother, Mrs. Jos. Cummins.

Regular meeting of Mystic Lodge No. 279 F. & A. M. this Saturday evening, March 23rd.

Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Alexander went to Alba Friday for a few day's visit with friends.

Mrs. Rose Painter left Thursday for Florida, where she visits her daughter, Mrs. Hathway.

Mrs. Elias Giles and daughter, Miss Laura, left Tuesday for West Branch to visit relatives.

Mr. and Mrs. Roger Plant left Friday for Burdickville, where they will make their home.

Miss Catherine Nuffer returned to Big Rapids, Monday, after a visit at the W. S. Carr home.

Mrs. Jos. Cummins and daughter, Mrs. Russel Harrington were Petoskey visitors a few days this week.

Mrs. W. P. Porter returned home Wednesday from a visit with relatives at Pittsburgh, Pa., and other points.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Boudrie and daughter left Monday for a visit with relatives at Pinconning and Bay City.

Samuel Richardson and family have moved from their farm in Wilson township and now occupy the Weisman residence on Second-St.

Ernest Eskey and family, who have been on a farm north of the city for some time, left Thursday for Chicago, where they will make their home.

Born to Dr. and Mrs. Henderson of Harbor Beach, a daughter, Lois Mae, March 19th. Mrs. Henderson was for merly Miss Leto Stewart of this city.

The W. F. M. S. of the Methodist Church will meet with Mrs. French next Friday afternoon, Mar. 26th. All members and friends of the church are urged to be present.

Mrs. Chas. Brown arrived Tuesday from Muskegon. Mr. and Mrs. Brown are here preparing to move their household goods to Muskegon, where they will make their future home.

The Willing Workers of the Red Cross will hold an Easter Bazaar at the Armory, Thursday evening, Mar. 28th, a short program will be given, one of the pleasing numbers will be a Rainbow, the first one of the season. Tea and a fine lunch will be served. Many pretty gifts for Easter. Admission 10 cents. Everyone welcome.

John Gilbert Mobio died at the home of his parents in South Arm township last Saturday, Mar. 16th, from tuberculosis. Deceased was born at Ellsworth, April 9th, 1889, being nearly 29 years of age. He leaves, besides his parents, one brother, Carl, and two sisters, Mrs. Elmer Reed and Miss Katherine Mobio. Funeral services were held from his late home Tuesday morning, conducted by Rev. R. S. Sidebotham, pastor of the Presbyterian Church. Interment at East Jordan.

LOST—Pocketbook containing money between Main-St., and Bowen's Addition. Will finder kindly return same to Mrs. A. Blawick or leave at this office.

Curtain Stretchers, for Sale or Rent, at French & Redmon's

Smoke White Holly—5c Cigar.

EASTER MODELS

—IN—

COATS SUITS DRESSES

NOW IN.

Do your shopping early!



Materials and prices to please all.

Let us serve you.

M. E. Ashley & CO.



There is CORRECT STYLE and REAL ECONOMY in

Our Millinery

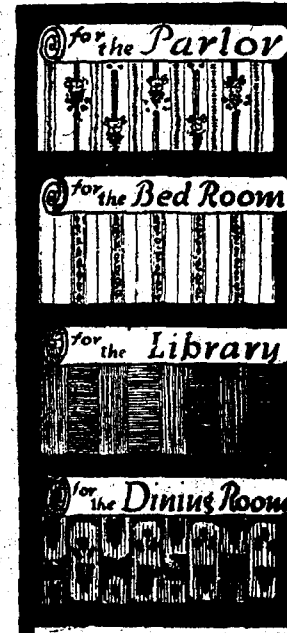
Let Us Prove It.

G. E. BOSWELL

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 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.

Help wanted by many women

If a woman suffers from such ailments as Backache, Headache, Lumbago and Nervousness—the symptoms indicate the need for PISO's Tablets, a valuable healing remedy with antiseptic, astringent and tonic properties. A local application simple but effective—response comes quickly causing refreshing relief with invigorating effects. Backed by the name PISO established over 50 years, satisfaction is guaranteed.

PISO'S TABLETS

Sole Distributors THE PISO COMPANY Warren, Pa.

Presbyterian Church Notes

Robert S. Sidebotham, Pastor.

Sunday, Mar. 24, 1918.

10:30 a. m.—Morning Worship. "The Gospel of Jesus."

12:00 Noon—Sunday School.

4:30 p. m.—Vesper Service. "The Scotch."

The sermon at the Vesper Service will be a further study in the great men and races that have had such wonderful influence in modern religion. It will also be of a patriotic nature dealing with the debt that America owes to Scotland.

5:30 p. m.—Junior and Senior Endeavor.

Tuesday 7:30 p. m.—Regular monthly meeting of the Board of Trustees.

Thursday at 7:30 p. m.—Prayer Meeting.

First Methodist Episcopal Church

Rev. Myron E. Hoyt, Pastor.

Sunday, Mar. 24, 1918.

Palm Sunday will be observed in this Church, Sunday. Everyone should hear the beautiful solo "The Palms" as sung by Miss Bernice Horton. The choir will also render appropriate music.

Pastor's sermon, "The Triumphant March."

In the Sunday School the day will be observed as Acknowledgment Day.

6:00 p. m.—Epworth League. The young people are having fine meetings now. All greatly enjoyed the solo by Mrs. Kowalski.

7:00 p. m.—Evening Worship. Them, "The Eternal Question."

Easter Sunday, Mar. 31. Special services all day with the exercises of the Sunday School to be held in the evening.

The Benevolence Committee of the Church have decided to ask all the members and friends of the church to observe Passion Week as a week of Self-Denial, the financial returns of which shall be devoted to the world-wide interests of the Kingdom of God.

Church of God

J. W. Ruehle, Pastor.

Sunday, Mar. 24, 1918.

9:30 a. m. Sunday School.

10:30 a. m. Morning Service.

1:30 p. m. Sunday School at Three Bell School House.

2:30 p. m. Divine Worship at the Three Bell School House.

7:00 p. m. Evening Service.

Wednesday 7:00 p. m. Prayer service.

Friday evening cottage meeting.

Temple Theatre Mar. 25

THE WOODHALL AMUSEMENT COMPANY, Inc. Politely Proffers the World's Greatest Impersonator

HAL JOHNSON

And a Supreme Company of Farceurs

Big Hilarious Fun and Girl Show

"OH! DOCTOR!"

STARTING AT A FAST PACE AND INCREASING ITS SPEED EVERY MINUTE FOR TWO and a HALF HOURS

20 Tinkling, Teasing Tunes to Hum and Whistle.

60 Great, Big Hearty Laughs Every Minute.

Chorus of Beauty & Refinement

PRICES: 25c 50c 75c \$1.00
War Tax Extra: 3c 5c 8c 10c
Seats Now On Sale at Mack's.

This is the SAME SHOW and COMPANY that played at the Lyceum Theatre, Detroit.

To The American People

There is no foundation for the alleged violations of law attributed to our Company by agents of the Federal Trade Commission and I want to say emphatically that Swift & Company is not a party to any conspiracy to defraud the Government. Nor has Swift & Company been guilty of improperly storing foods or of making false entries or reports.

Conferences of packers, where prices have been discussed, have been held at the urgent request and in the presence of representatives of either the Food Administration or the Council of National Defense. And yet the packers have been accused of committing a felony by acting in collusion on Government bids!

We have done our best, with other packers, large and small, to comply with the directions of the United States Food Administration in all particulars, including the furnishing of food supplies for the U. S. Army and Navy and the Allies, now being handled through the Food Administration.

We will continue to do our utmost, under Government direction, to increase our production and assist the Food Administration. We consider that the opportunity to co-operate wholeheartedly and to our fullest powers with this branch of the Government is our plain and most pressing duty.

The Trade Commission Attorney has, by false inference and misplaced emphasis, given to disconnected portions of the correspondence taken from our private files and read into the Record, a false and sinister meaning with the plain purpose of creating antagonistic public opinion.

The services of the packers of the United States are most urgently needed, and I regret exceedingly that we should at this time have to spend our efforts in defending ourselves against unfounded, unproved, and unfair assertions such as are being daily made public.

L. J. Swift, President

Swift & Company, U. S. A.

Disappointment is the saucer belonging to the cup of sorrow. Where one man has been ruined by his enemies, hundreds have been ruined by their friends.

OLD-TIME COLD CURE—DRINK HOT TEA!

Get a small package of Hamburg Breast Tea, or as the German folks call it, "Hamburger Brust Tee," at any pharmacy. Take a tablespoonful of the tea, put a cup of boiling water upon it, pour through a sieve and drink a teacup 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. If it's pain only, not one case in fifty requires internal treatment. Rub soothing, penetrating "St. Jacobs Oil" right on the "tender spot," and by the time you say Jack Robinson—out comes the rheumatic pain. "St. Jacobs Oil" is a harmless rheumatism cure which never disappoints and doesn't burn the skin. It takes pain, soreness and stiffness from aching joints, muscles and bones; stops sciatica, lumbago, backache, neuralgia. Limber up! Get a 25 cent bottle of old-time, honest "St. Jacobs Oil" from any drug store, and in a moment you'll be free from pains, aches and stiffness. Don't suffer! Rub rheumatism away.

SAGE TEA DARKENS HAIR TO ANY SHADE

Don't Stay Gray! Here's an Old-time Recipe that Anybody can Apply.

The use of Sage and Sulphur for restoring faded, gray hair to its natural color dates back to grandmother's time. She used it to keep her hair beautifully dark, glossy and attractive. Whenever her hair took on that dull, faded or streaked appearance, this simple mixture was applied with wonderful effect. But brewing at home is messy and out-of-date. Nowadays, by asking at any drug store for a bottle of "Wyeth's Sage and Sulphur Compound," you will get this famous old preparation, improved by the addition of other ingredients, which can be depended upon to restore natural color and beauty to the hair. A well-known downtown druggist says it darkens the hair so naturally and evenly that nobody can tell it has been applied. You simply dampen a sponge or soft brush with it and draw this through your hair, taking one strand at a time. By morning the gray hair disappears, and after another application or two, it becomes beautifully dark and glossy. Wyeth's Sage and Sulphur Compound is a delightful toilet requisite for those who desire a more youthful appearance. It is not intended for the cure, mitigation or prevention of disease.

If there were no fools in the world wisdom would be at a discount. 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.

ARRESTED ON HIS HONEYMOON

18-YEAR-OLD TEXAS GIRL'S ARMY ROMANCE PALES DURING THE WEDDING TRIP

CAMP FOLLOWER'S CONQUEST

Indiana Man Had Posed in Border Town as an Army Contractor With Money.

Llano Grande, Tex.—Charles Walker of Crawfordsville, Ind., who under the assumed name of Harry Southern, paid court and was married to pretty Amy Martin, the 18-year-old daughter of a well-to-do merchant of this place, was arrested at Houston while the couple were on their honeymoon and he is in jail on the charge of having committed several forgeries. He also has confessed that he has a wife and three children living in Crawfordsville. It was with tearful eyes that the de-luded bride of Walker returned to her home here. She was accompanied by her father, who went to Houston to take charge of his daughter, as he learned of the man's arrest. "I wish you had killed me," he said, "instead of arresting him," he said to the police officers.

The romance with its tragic ending which has come into the life of Amy Martin was due to the mobilization of troops upon the lower Rio Grande border. Before the coming of the soldiers there was no more peaceful community in the entire frontier region than Llano Grande. When the Indiana National Guard came to Mercedes, situated only three miles from Llano Grande, Walker, alias Southern, soon became a familiar figure in the camp. He was not a soldier, but he came down on the same train with the troops. He worked at different jobs at Mercedes and put in his idle time in the camp of the troops. A few weeks ago he came to Llano Grande with a party of soldiers and happened to meet Miss Martin in her father's store. He made other visits and the couple were soon in company with each other almost every day. Southern claimed that he was making good money as a contractor of supplies for troops. His only basis for this statement was that he had acted as intermediary in placing orders for ice cream for the mess of the Indiana company with which he spent much of his time.

Finally Southern obtained the promise of the girl to be his wife and the wedding took place a few days ago at the Martin home. It was quite an event in Llano Grande, and the couple departed immediately after the ceremony for Kansas to spend their honeymoon with a sister of the bride, amid the blessings of relatives and soldiers. Walker's money ran out when they reached Houston and he left his bride in the railroad station with the explanation that he would go "up town to an ice cream factory where he had been buying supplies and get a check cashed. He placed an order for a small quantity of ice cream to be shipped to Indiana troops at Mercedes and offered a check for \$38 in payment. He received the difference in cash and returned to the depot.

In a short while he visited the ice cream factory a second time and asked to have another check cashed. In the meanwhile the ice cream manufacturer had telegraphed Sergt. Bradley, whose name was on the check, and the reply came back that it was a forgery. Walker was taken into custody and placed in jail. He loudly protested his innocence.

"You will break the little girl's heart," he told the police. The bride was heartbroken when notified that her husband had been arrested. She was permitted to visit the jail and have a talk with him. "Will you stand by me?" he said. "Maybe I will," she said. But that was before she learned he already had a wife and children. She willingly came back to her home here with her father.

It is stated by the police that Walker has confessed other misdeeds and that there are enough charges against him to keep him in the penitentiary a long time, even if the charge of forgery in Texas is not pressed against him.

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.

Proof that Some Women do Avoid Operations

Mrs. Etta Dorion, of Ogdensburg, Wis., says:

"I suffered from female troubles which caused piercing pains like a knife through my back and side. I finally lost all my strength so I had to go to bed. The doctor advised an operation but I would not listen to it. I thought of what I had read about Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and tried it. The first bottle brought great relief and six bottles have entirely cured me. All women who have female trouble of any kind should try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound."



How Mrs. Boyd Avoided an Operation.

Canton, Ohio.—"I suffered from a female trouble which caused me much suffering, and two doctors decided that I would have to go through an operation before I could get well."

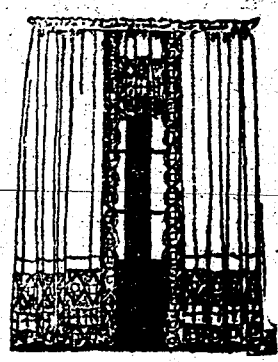
"My mother, who had been helped by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, advised me to try it before submitting to an operation. It relieved me from my troubles so I can do my house work without any difficulty. I advise any woman who is afflicted with female troubles to give Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound a trial and it will do as much for them."—Mrs. MARIE BOYD, 1321 5th St., N. E., Canton, Ohio.

Every Sick Woman Should Try
LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S VEGETABLE COMPOUND
Before Submitting To An Operation

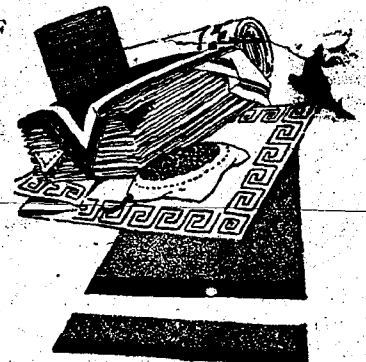
LYDIA E. PINKHAM MEDICINE CO. LYNN, MASS.

Everything New for Spring!

That's Just What You'll See When You Come To Our Store.



OUR NEW SPRING LINE OF CURTAIN MATERIAL and RUGS AND NEW FURNITURE ARRIVING DAILY.



IT WILL PAY YOU TO COME IN AND SEE WHAT RIGHT BUYING AND RIGHT PLANNING HAS DONE.

Oh! Yes! Our Sheet Music JUST CAME IN WITH THE SONG ENTITLED—"THE OLD GLORY, THE FLAG WE LOVE," by J. Will Callahan and Ernest Ball. Also Other Patriotic Songs.

MAKE OUR STORE YOUR HEADQUARTERS; Visit and Enjoy Good Music.

FRENCH & REDMON

HOMEFURNISHINGS UNDERTAKING

Doctor Branch
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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.

Fame is but a bubble. The laurel wreath is less strenuous than a barrel hoop. Once there was a woman who thought large feet preferable to a small understanding.

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.

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

Dr. C. H. Pray
Dentist
Office Hours: 8 to 12 a. m. 1 to 5 p. m.
And Evenings.
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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.

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 since 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.