

# Charlevoix County Herald.

Vol. 22

EAST JORDAN, MICHIGAN, FRIDAY, MARCH 29, 1918.

No. 13

## The Charter Amendment

### Our Citizens Should Give This Their Attention.

Do not forget to vote upon the proposed charter amendment next Monday. It is important.

The purpose of the proposed amendment may be summed up in one word, "preparedness." No additional powers are conferred upon the city commission. Nothing whatever can be done by the city commission in the way of purchasing the present plant from the Electric Light & Power Co., or in the building of a new plant, until the matter is again submitted to the voters for their approval, even if the proposed amendment does carry.

The amendment merely defines the method of procedure to be taken in case it should appear to the commission later, or if there should be a popular demand on the part of our citizens, expressed by petition or otherwise, that the purchase of the present plant, or the building of a new one seems advisable. According to the amendment, if carried, an estimate of the cost must first be made and published and then the matter be submitted to the voters for their approval or rejection. The will of the voters at such an election binds the commission.

We are advised by the city commission that nothing has as yet been done by them in the way of granting a new franchise to the East Jordan Electric Light & Power Co., or in the purchase of their plant, or in the construction of a new one, and nothing will be done nor can be done until they take the voters into their full confidence, and obtain their approval. They are endeavoring to inform themselves fully and have caused an appraisal to be made of the present plant and when the report of the experts is received the public will be advised. This report has not yet been received.

The present franchise expires April 28, 1918. Then the city commission will insist upon some sort of an expression from the people. In the mean time they request a favorable vote on the proposed amendment to the charter that the matter may be properly dealt with when the proper time comes.

## Red Cross Notes

The Knitting Bee will be held at Mrs. Frank P. Ramsey's next Monday afternoon, assisted by Mrs. C. Hudson and Mrs. E. Adams.

\$3.25 was realized from the knitting bee at Mrs. Jas. Malpass last Monday.

6 helmets, 2 pair socks were received from the Ironing ladies. 8 pair pajamas were turned in from the Sister Circle.

Cards of thanks for the comfort kits sent to Nat Burney and Corporal J. H. Jensen in France were received and read at the Thursday business meeting.

### Garments Donated.

Garments given by the people of East Jordan to the destitute women, children and aged men in France and Belgium who are behind the German lines, thru the medium of the Red Cross.

**LADIES**—Coats 46, Suits 6, Skirts 8, Waists 47, Dresses 9, Suits Underwear 11, Apron 1.

**MENS**—Suits 2, Coats 5, Drawers 5, Shirts 5, Pants 6, Overcoats 2, Caps 32, Undershirts 5.

**BOYS**—Coats 2, Suits 4, Pants 9, Child's Pieces 17, Coats 8, Dresses 2, Night-dresses 2.

**GIRLS**—Dresses 27, Waists 3, Aprons 2, Petticoats 2.

Infant's Wear 55, Sweaters 5, Gloves 1 pair, Small Blankets 2, Shoes 37 pairs, Hose 17 pairs, Shawl 1, Child's Underwear 7. Total 393 pieces.

A man who does things is seldom heralded by an advance agent and a brass band.

A woman is interested in a man as long as he knows something she wants to find out.

### 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 "snuffing" 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.

## Daylight Saving Effective Sunday

### Turn Your Clock Ahead One Hour at Bedtime, Saturday.

The new daylight saving bill, passed by Congress, goes into effect at 2:06 a. m. Sunday, March 31st. This affects us locally as well as throughout the country. Both our railroads, our post-office and all other places of business will be governed by this time.

The daylight saving bill was signed last week by President Wilson. It puts all clocks forward an hour on the last Sunday in March and turns them back again the last Sunday in October.

The plan will become effective without the slightest disorganization or impairment of existing conditions. Trains will run as usual and daily life will remain unchanged.

Before retiring on the last Saturday of this month the American householder will set his clock an hour ahead and then may go to sleep and forget entirely about daylight saving until the last Saturday of October.

In the summer the American man will actually rise, transact his daily business and retire at an hour earlier than has been his custom, but with his clock an hour fast he will not know the difference. An hour of daylight thus will be conserved in the afternoon.

The plan's efficiency has been demonstrated in eighteen European countries. The following beneficial results will ensue.

Saving of illuminants, such as oil, gas and electric power.

Conservation of coal.

Increasing manufacturing production.

Improvement of working conditions.

Benefits to the national health because an additional hour of daylight may be devoted to recreation.

Deduction in the cost of living to persons who can raise garden truck for domestic consumption.

Improvement of the training condition for the fighting forces.

## OBITUARY—ALBERT KINNY

Albert Kinny, a well-known resident of Echo township, Antrim County, passed away at his home, Friday, Mar. 22nd. Deceased was 57 years of age and had been seriously ill for about four years. He leaves, besides his wife, one son, Harry, and four daughters—Mrs. Harry Dennis, Mrs. Frank Colburn, Mrs. Harry Hayes and Mrs. Carl Green. Also two brothers, Frank and George Kinney of Echo township; and three sisters—Mrs. K. W. Harris of Weatherford, Okla., Mrs. Nina Cleveland of Alvin, Texas; Mrs. Lillie Muma of Kansas.

Deceased was a member of the Gleaners and also a member of Jordan River Lodge No. 360, I. O. O. F. Funeral services were held from his late home Thursday afternoon, March 28th, conducted by Rev. R. S. Sidebotham, pastor of the Presbyterian Church. Interment at East Jordan Cemetery. The Odd Fellows had charge of the burial services at the cemetery.

## First Methodist Episcopal Church

Rev. Myron E. Hoyt, Pastor.

Sunday, Mar. 31, 1918.

**Easter Sunday**

The annual Easter Exercises of the Sunday School of this church will take place at the morning service at 10:30. The Cantata "The Gates of Life" will be rendered. The choruses being especially beautiful, the orchestra accompaniments. In connection with the exercises there will be a baptismal service with reception of new members both from probation and on probation. Let all those who have been observing the week as a Week of Self-Denial bring the offering to the morning service.

Notice is particularly directed to the following announcement: The morning service will be at the usual hour of 10:30 a. m., but the evening services will be held one hour earlier, Epworth League at 5:00 p. m. and Evening Worship at 6:00 p. m. The same rule will prevail henceforth with all services to conform to the Government idea of "More Daylight."

Never heap coals of fire on an enemy's head until you burn your own fingers.

The man who doesn't know right from wrong almost invariably does wrong.

## Tabloid Plays Temple Theatre

### Hal Johnson and Company in Two New Plays.

Coming to the Temple Theatre next Monday and Tuesday, Manager Gruber has booked "The Baby Grand Musical Comedy Tabloid Company of fifteen people.

This is the same Company that played "Oh Doctor" and gave the best of satisfaction when here before. This time they will present two new plays full of comedy, music and dancing. There will be a complete change of program each night and the regular picture program will open the show.

This will make one big show at prices that are within reach of all. With the scarcity of road shows this season Manager Gruber is not letting any of the good shows slip by him. That is why he booked the above Company for a return date in two new plays.

## TAX SLACKERS

### ATTENTION

### To You Who Have Not Filed Your Income Tax Return.

"Tax slackers will be prosecuted as vigorously and relentlessly under the war revenue act as draft slackers were prosecuted under the selective service act. The aid of all good citizens is invoked in bringing to justice the man who deliberately seeks to evade his just share of the war burden."

This was the statement today of Commissioner of Internal Revenue Daniel C. Roper. With only eleven days left in which to file income tax returns, he has practically completed the organization of a huge dragnet for bringing into camp all persons who fail to file their returns by April 1. Revenue officers in every section of the country are checking up returns with a view to beginning prosecutions against tax dodgers. The word has gone forth that such offenders need expect no leniency.

"Through its educational campaign the Bureau of Internal Revenue has endeavored to cover the field so thoroughly that ignorance of the law cannot be consistently offered as an excuse" said Commissioner Roper today. "The Press, the Four Minute men, the State and County Councils of National defense, the field force of the Department of Agriculture and other Government Departments, Banks, Post Offices and hundred of volunteer agencies have co-operated in bringing home to the taxpayer his duty.

"The man who failed to register under the selective service act was regarded by the War Department as a slacker and prosecuted as such. The man who fails to file his income tax return will be regarded as a "Money Slacker" and when discovered, as he will be, will be made to suffer full penalties of the law."

"To the credit of the Nation it may be said that I have gratifying and conclusive evidence that these income taxes will be paid by the great majority of the American people cheerfully and willingly. But the duty of the honest man does not end with the payment of his own tax. I call upon him to aid in bringing into camp the tax dodger. A man so niggardly as to seek to evade what his representative in Congress have declared to be his just share of a tax imposed for the support of our arms is deserving of no consideration and will receive none.

"Congress has distributed this tax justly and equitably. The rate is fixed so that the rich man and the men of moderate means are assessed, each according to his income. No man can offer the excuse that his neighbor escapes what he is made to pay. Therefore, it is incumbent upon all good citizens to aid in carrying out the intent and spirit of the law, which is that the burden of the war tax be evenly distributed and every man compelled to pay his just quota."

A woman's curiosity is exceeded only by that of the man who says he hasn't any.

A dog's bark may be worse than his bite, but give us the bark, please, just the same.

When a minister fails to stick to his text it may be that he believes that scattered shot hits the most birds.

She was a wise spinster who said she would rather be laughed at for not being married than to be unable to laugh because she was.

## Buy Liberty Bonds to Limit

### Farmers Urged To Do Their Bit in Coming Drive.

An article recently published in some papers of the central west gave an erroneous impression as to the part the farmer should play in financing the great struggle for liberty and world freedom. It suggested that the farmer should not borrow money with which to buy Liberty Bonds—that he should not "inconvenience himself" in lending financial support at this critical time in the history of the nation.

This is no time to think of inconvenience at home. If inconvenience is to be the basis of thought, let the American farmer consider first the inconvenience of the boys on the firing line in France. At this particular time it is up to all Americans to make sacrifices. This is no time to think of comfortable financial circumstances and freedom from inconvenience. The Government is at a great deal of inconvenience. If the boys at the blazing, thundrous front are standing in muddy trenches dodging shell splinters and Hun bullets and facing the terrible gas attacks, there is no reason why the farmer at home should not extend himself to help out.

Don't think of inconvenience. Think of the inconvenience and danger of your son, or your neighbor's son, at the front, and buy Liberty Bonds to the limit. Stretch your financial system to the breaking point, if need be, to support your Government and the boys who are actually engaged in the business of fighting your fight.

If you haven't the money at hand to do your full duty toward the great cause, go out and borrow it from your bank—borrow so that you may buy bonds "until it hurts." Your financial support may be a measure of your practical patriotism—and the nation needs practical patriots at this critical period.

Don't think of inconvenience—think only of success.

## Beware of Tongue

Washington, D. C., March 4—The house today passed a bill making it unlawful to circulate false reports with intent to obstruct the sale of Liberty Bonds.

As explained by Chairman Webb of the Judiciary Committee, the measure is "to protect the Government against those who would weaken its ability to raise the necessary funds to finance the war in the manner prescribed by Congress; by making it a crime for any one to wilfully make or convey false reports or false statements with intent to obstruct the sale by the United States of bonds or other securities of the United States or the making of loans by or to the United States."

The punishment is a fine of \$10,000, twenty years imprisonment, or both.

Signed,  
W. W. Keath,  
Executive Sec'y.

## Presbyterian Church Notes

Robert S. Sidebotham, Pastor.

Sunday, Mar. 31, 1918.

10:30 a. m.—Easter Thots in Wartime.

12:00 Noon—Sunday School.

4:30 p. m.—Vesper Service. "The Easter Story."

Both preaching services Sunday will be appropriate to the day. In the morning we shall have special numbers by the Choir. In the afternoon the pastor will tell the Easter Story and appropriate hymns will be sung by both choir and congregation. There will be special solo and also music by the regular Quartet.

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

Tuesday 7:30 p. m.—April meeting of the Session.

Thursday at 7:30 p. m.—Prayer Meeting. A study in the development of religion in the Bible and what religion should mean to us.

Thursday 8:30 p. m.—The Session meets with those who wish to unite with the Church.

Sunday, April 7th is Communion and Reception of members into the Church.

Some people make an awful fuss about a man's being his own worst enemy—but why should they care?

## Get Into the War Next Vacation

### School Students Planning to Improve Their Time.

What are you going to do next vacation? Already our students are making their plans. Some of the older boys have been trying to find out just how they can get into war-work, for every one wants to do something to help. Not that they are going to quit school to join the military. They have read the statements of President Wilson and many other war leaders that the most important thing for them to do is to finish school—that the United States already has more men, obtained thru the draft, than it can equip and arm, and that the fellow who sticks to his school until his course is completed is going to be more valuable to his country, in the war and after it, than the boy who, quitting before his mind is trained, can be only a follower, not a leader.

Now the Government has found a way for the older boys—those 16 and older—to do war service, to do just the thing that most needs to be done this year. It is to enlist in the United States Boy's Working Reserve, to obtain a commission and to wear the distinctive badge of that division of our fighting forces. The boy who does that will serve, we are sure, as faithfully as he would serve if he were in the trenches, struggling through mud, among rats and the bodies of his fallen comrades, as faithfully as though he were afloat on a sea strewn with mines and hidden submarines, not knowing what moment he would go down. And by performing well his enlistment in the Reserve, the boy will be doing his part as much as any other fighting man in the war.

What has the boy of the Reserve to do? It is easiest to explain and to understand, this way:

We can truthfully say of our Country in this war, as in the old poem, "We've got the ships, we've got the men, we've got the money, too." The only thing we're not sure about, the only weak point in our attack (using a football term) where we can fall down, is on food. And it looks like we may fall down there.

Just because you have enough to eat at home don't think everybody has. More than a million of our men are under arms now; they are not producing food, and they must eat—and goodness knows we want them to eat heartily. It must be awful to have to drill, drill, drill—hours and hours—days and days, or to struggle with the enemy in a trench, or out in No Man's Land, without a full stomach. Imagine yourself off there, away from "the folks," depending on food from back home—and none coming!

Then, besides our own soldiers, there are millions of others—our allies who are fighting side by side with our boys (and not producing any food) whose farms have become battlefields, torn and bloody, and who must eat, too; and other millions of women, boys, girls, little children, in those war-racked lands who have been living on short rations for two or three years and whose rations are getting shorter every month. The United States must help to feed them. Their boys must not grow thin and weak for want of food, they must be kept strong, for perhaps they will have to go into the war before long, taking the places of their slain and wounded fathers or brothers. Then there are all the men on the seas, the brave fellows who face death hourly as their ships patrol the ocean lanes, holding back the enemy from the ships that are carrying our boys, and ammunition, and food, to the scene of the war. They, too, must eat.

One's first thought perhaps would be that of course the United States, with the greatest farms in the world, can do this food-producing job all right, and so they might, if countless thousands of men hadn't gone into the war from the farms. Every man leaving the farm means the direct loss of food that would feed large numbers of men. Some 5,000 farm workers have gone into war work from the farms of Michigan alone. There are few men for their places. The papers the other day quoted the President of the Detroit Board of Commerce as saying that the only hope is the boys, that unless the boys go to the farms this summer the women will have to go! Government leaders in Washington have been saying the same thing. When responsible men, after careful investigation, talk

that way the situation is serious indeed.

Fortunately news comes from cities and towns all over Michigan that hundreds of boys are enrolling every week. Thousands will be needed. Our guess is that all physically fit boys of the East Jordan High School who are over 16 and under the draft age, will enlist, for they are patriots—not slackers—and will be glad to do this which our Country calls upon them to do, glad, also, to get the money (for regular wages will be paid them) and to have the fine experience of a season in the country. And they'll be glad, too, after the war is over, to possess the badge of the Reserve, with its pendant bar inscribed "Honorable Service—1918," evidence to all the world that they responded when their country called for volunteers and did their part, an important part, in the greatest war in history.

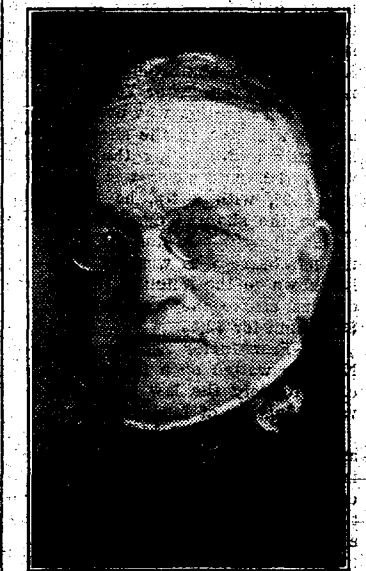
Supt. Geo. B. Crawford is the enrolling officer in this city and vicinity. He will explain the plans fully to each boy who asks him. It will be made clear that the National and State Governments are back of this phase of war work, the recruit will be fully protected, he can quit his job and return home at any time if he and his parents decide there is reason why he should do so. In short, everything is arranged in his favor.

We hope every boy over 16 will find out all about it right away. They should give the full information to their parents, obtain their consent, and go into service, shouting the "Battle Cry of Feed-Em." That's your best way to swat the Kaiser and to help the fellows who have gone "over there" and who, as they face the bitter fight, are depending upon YOU.

## TRUMAN H. NEWBERRY

### CANDIDATE FOR UNITED STATES SENATOR

Truman H. Newberry of Detroit, who is a Candidate for United States Senator, is leaving his campaign entirely in the hands of his friends. He is going to continue to give his attention to his duties as a Commander in the Third Naval District, which includes the port of New York and the Brooklyn Navy Yard. As Secretary of the Navy in the cabinet of President Roosevelt, Mr. Newberry proved him-



self the Roosevelt type of man, aggressive and efficient. Though Mr. Newberry will not be in Michigan to take part personally in his campaign, his friends throughout the State will be hard at work in his behalf. They are enthusiastic in their support, declaring that while politics should be kept in the background this year, there is, in view of the vital questions arising out of the war, no more important patriotic duty at this time than the selection of the right man for Senator. Those who are directing the work of the campaign are A. A. Templeton, President of the Detroit Board of Commerce, General Chairman, Paul H. King, former Sec'y of the Constitutional Convention and ex-Clerk of the House of Representatives, Executive Chairman, Charles A. Floyd, Grand Rapids business man, Secretary, and H. A. Hopkins of St. Clair, for 12 years Secretary of the Michigan Press Association, Director of Publicity.

### "IT SURE DOES THE WORK"

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



# GERMAN WOMEN BEAT BUTCHER

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

## COCOA MADE OF HUSKS AND SAND

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

### SAVE SKIM MILK FOR HUMAN BEINGS.

While Useful for Animal Feeding It  
Will Serve its Best Use As  
Food for Folks.

Although skim milk is recognized as having great value in feeding animals, the United States Department of Agriculture points out that its value as human food should be kept in mind. By substituting grain, green feed, buttermilk, and whey in animal feeding, much skim milk may be left for human use as a beverage, in cooking, condensing, or for making cottage cheese. Only the surplus of this valuable human food should be fed to stock.

While skim milk is good for stock, the fact remains that its highest efficiency can not be had through turning it into meat. Skim milk is used most economically in animal production when fed to hogs, yet it takes 30 pounds when fed alone to produce one pound of pork. The same quantity will make 3 pounds of cottage cheese. In addition, cottage cheese contains 1 1/2 times as much protein and one-third as much energy as pork, so that the skim milk in the cheese form gives quite as much energy and 4 1/2 times as much protein as it would if converted into ham or bacon.

Even at the highest prices recently paid for hogs, skim milk fed to them is worth not more than 1 cent a pound. Yet 1 cent a pound, approximately 1 cent a pint, is very cheap for any human food, and particularly for a food so high in nutritive value as skim milk.

**Recipes.**  
**CREAMED POTATOES**—Pare the hard and crusty parts off of cold boiled potatoes, place in spider with hot lard and butter, half and half. Chop the potatoes fine. Add one-half cup of milk, pinch of salt and pepper.

**TOMATO AND CORN PUDDING**—Mix one cup of canned corn, one cup of sliced raw tomatoes, two tablespoons of butter, one teaspoon of sugar, salt and pepper. Pour into a buttered baking dish, sprinkle with bread crumbs, dot with pieces of butter, and bake half an hour.

**SALAD DRESSING**—One egg, one teaspoon mustard, one-fourth teaspoon salt, two heaping teaspoons sugar, one-fourth teaspoon red or black pepper, one teaspoon butter or salad oil, one heaping teaspoon celery salt if liked. Beat all together and set over hot water. When it begins to thicken add one-half cup weak vinegar and stir till the whole is the consistency of cream. Will keep till used.

**DELICIOUS DESSERT**—3 oranges 4 English walnuts, 8 marshmallows, one-half pint cream. Sweeten to taste. To make: Peel and cut oranges into small cubes, lightly cover with granulated sugar, two hours before using. Just before serving place oranges in bowl, a layer of nuts, first cut in halves. Next layer, marshmallows. Cream sweetened and whipped as top layer.

**BEAN ROLL**—This is a good way to use left-over beans. To one good cup of baked beans add one cup cheese and one cup of bread crumbs. Put all through the meat grinder. Season well and bake in a loaf one-half to three-quarters of an hour.

**Needlework Notes.**  
Some of the "knitting girls" are making beautiful sweaters out of two colors of wool. They merely use the double strand, one of each color, and treat it as they would the single thread of wool in any other sweater. The effect at a distance is novel and artistic when the right colors are combined. The darker wool is usually used for the trimming bands, sash, collar and cuffs. Sleeveless sweaters made in this way of college colors are popular with the younger girls.

The woman who contemplates making a cotton rug should have all the old dimity gowns which are usually relegated to the ragbag. Even the awn portions of sheets which have fulfilled their destiny are useful for this purpose. When the cloth is finally torn in strips, sewed and wound in a firm ball, the next step is to start the rug. There is everything in making a good beginning. To assure this the rows of strands to be braided are fastened to a board with gilt thumb tacks, which are easily removed afterward. The worker proceeds to braid the strands until each one hangs from the board like a school girl's braid. When this is finished and the ends are fastened and sewed together, the braids are joined with the over-and-over stitch. Sometimes the braids run crosswise instead of lengthwise and sometimes a design is carried out in a star, cross or some floral pattern.

**For the Housewife.**  
To prevent olive oil becoming rancid, add two lumps of sugar to each quart as soon as opened.

Umbrellas should never be tightly rolled when put away, as this causes the cover to wear out quickly.

Instead of knotting thread, the experienced worker runs the end of the old thread up through the end of the new thread with a darning needle.

Hot water, ammonia and a little washing powder will clean an oil mop after water and soap have failed.

Steel wool and a neutral soap are good for removing discoloration from aluminum. Boiling in clear water, in which a spoonful of vinegar has been added, is also effective.

Fly specks may be removed from light-colored window shades by rubbing gently with fine sandpaper. Then clean by gently rubbing with a soft cloth wrung out of a mixture of one pint of hot water and a few tablespoonfuls of benzine (keep the benzine away from the fire). Dry with a soft, clean cloth.

### CHARLEVOIX COUNTY HERALD

G. A. Liak, Publisher  
ONE DOLLAR PER YEAR

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

### ODD FELLOWS DEDICATE SERVICE FLAG

Wednesday evening, March 20th, a service flag was presented to Jordan River Lodge, I. O. O. F. by Friendship Circle L. and T. in behalf of Jasmine Rabekah Lodge. After bugle call by Fenton Bulow, Mrs. H. C. Swafford in a pleasing manner made the presentation. Noble Grand C. LaValley in an appropriate speech accepted the flag and thanked the sisters in a touching manner. After the dedication services by Rev. Sidebotham and prayer by Rev. Hoyt, the following program was rendered. Piano solo, Una Burdick-Duet, Mesdames Sidebotham and Burton. Recitation, Mrs. Nettie Lavalley. Male quartet (Webster, Hoyt, Crowell, French). High School Glee Club. Address by Com'r Stewart. Following the program a lunch was served. Six stars are in the flag—Ed. Conrad, John Howell, Russell Barnett, Will Gleason, Floyd Vermillion, Geo. Hengy.

Church of God.  
J. W. Ruehle, Pastor.

Sunday, Mar. 31, 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.

### 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.

Nothing comes home to man so much as an unsettled bill.

### BRAZIL SUPPLIES WORLD WITH A MEDICINE

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

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The pulp yields about 50 per cent of chrysoarobin. It occurs in a micro-crystalline, odorless, tasteless powder, very slightly soluble in either water or alcohol. Chrysoarobin gradually oxidizes to chrysoarobinic acid and glucose, and it is in the form of this acid that the drug is generally used. It is administered in the treatment of eczema, psoriasis, and in ringworm and other similar maladies. The yield per tree may be as high as 60 or 65 pounds.

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

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## East Jordan Lumber Co.



# THE ST. DUNSTAN MYSTERY

By PERRY NEWBERRY.

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"You were the captain of the Wilton?" he asked me, and I indicated Blake by a motion of the hand; Blake flushed hotly. Belgrag's English was quite understandable.

"I am Captain Blake," replied our officer. "The Wilton burned last night. There are two more boats with the balance of the passengers and crew."

"Goot! They are likely in shore by now. Who are the others?"

"Miss Reade of Durango."

"She, I have the knowledge. The others?"

"My purser, Reeley, Wireless Operator Clifton, Seaman Burns."

"Goot! We are needful of sailors. Send him forward." It was a command.

Blake looked hard at the captain. Burns, who had come to his feet as his name was mentioned, drew back. Captain Belgrag spoke a soft order in Italian and the shambling mate put his hand on Burns's shoulder, which the sailor shook off.

"What do you mean, captain?" cried Blake.

"Send the man forward," he shouted with a volley of oaths, his face purpling. "We need the sailors for we are weak of men. Can he not work?" The question ended in the most blasphemous epithet I have ever heard applied to a man.

"He can, but he won't," Blake replied, and again I had to admire his pugnacity. "We're going to be off this craft in a few hours, captain, so it isn't worth while."

"So? You leave us, eh?"

"The Nanaimo, for San Francisco, will pass you late this afternoon. We want to be placed aboard her."

"You want? But that is impossible. Captain Belgrag's voice was like violin music in a lullaby. His suaver, his profanity was music.

"If there is anything to pay for loss of your ship's time, the Thurston line is responsible," said Blake.

Belgrag pursed up his lips, blew out his cheeks, then opened his mouth with a smack. "We will not the Nanaimo pass," he said abruptly. "You will not be put aboard her—no, nor any other north-bound ship. We shall, when we are ready, give you up."

"What do you mean?" cried Blake pugnaciously.

"Do I not myself make clearly understand? Hei! I mean you came on my ship without asking yes or no—eh? When you are to leave, I shall say; not you. The sailor goes to work; I need him. Perhaps, you, too, I need, then you will work. Is that so you understand?"

The voice was lowered to a key quite as musical, but forcible, as the bass clef of a piano. Captain Belgrag looked us over, one by one, his eyes two narrow slits in his puffed face.

Blake arose and leaned across the table. "Captain Belgrag," he said, and his voice was shaking with passion, badly suppressed; "this is the dirtiest treatment I ever knew accorded by one seafaring man to another. It is despicable, sir—despicable—and you, sir, are a damn filthy pig!" and he shook his fist as near the bloated face as the width of the table would permit. Captain Belgrag closed his narrow eyes and cursed until the air was blue.

Blake came back in my chair and was not seeing red, although I looked thoroughly with Blake. If Belgrag had shown any inclination to take exception to our captain's estimate of him, I might have placed my shoulder against his, but Belgrag merely swore and walked out.

There was to be no fight, and the situation as it stood was all in my favor. Blake would not take me north on the Nanaimo or on anything else very soon; Isabelle was here with me, and had one other new friend at least; and I wasn't sure that the woman said to Belgrag in Italian. I caught one word only, for she spoke rapidly, and my Italian friends are always more considerate of my ear; but that word, translated, meant "protract."

Burns went forward of his own section, saying that he would prefer having wages coming, so long as the cruise was to continue indefinitely. The Italian mate explained through me that the saloon was to be at our disposal and breakfast would be served there at once, and I, after finding out from Reedy that he held no objections to the company of a murderer suspect, went in to Blake to announce my change of cabins.

"Don't do it," said the captain. "It looks to me as though the murderer was needed about this craft, and I want you with me to plan out a way. The pig of a captain is no less than a pirate, and we've got to circumvent him somehow."

"I'm no murderer," I replied briefly.

"Well, you've got brains at least, and we'll need 'em. Stay by," he

begged, and I could do no less than agree.

We had a hearty breakfast, all together, and we were introduced to Signora Cesana. As she spoke no English, and I was the only man speaking Italian, I found myself able to talk freely in that language with Isabelle with the excuse of being polite to the signora, so asked her if she could give any information on the strange situation here. She replied in the negative, letting me understand that once more I was running against her secret. "But I have told the signora some part of our difficulties, so you may speak before her," she added.

"Does she know that I love—" "Yes, yes!"

"Signora," I said, "to this lady I have given all my heart, and now my heart is lightened because you are her friend. May I, too, be your friend?"

"Yes, signor," she answered smilingly, "for I am glad that my young mistress has found a good man to love and protect her, and my wish is your happiness."

Her young mistress? Was that a foreign form of expression or did it mean that Signora Cesana was Isabelle's servant? Could it be that Isabelle Reade had come to San Francisco upon this yacht? Were we now at the beginning of untangling the mysteries of the St. Dunstan and the Japanese bachelor's valet, Kodani?

## CHAPTER XI.

### A Strange Revelation.

The Sakuntala floated a flag strange to me, yellow and green with a turreted castle at her stern, and the pennant of the Kaiserlicher Yacht club of Kiel at her peak; and she was as pretty a toy steamer as I have ever seen, about one hundred and seventy feet over all and three hundred and fifty tons capacity, with turbine-driven single screw.

As Captain Belgrag had intimated, she was seriously short-handed, the crew, including that of the engine-room and the stewards, numbering but twelve, with almost as many different nationalities represented.

I gained this information in my first trip above, the mate being quite free in his conversation so long as I remained discreetly interested in commonplace, but not able to understand my Italian when I sought to draw out serious information. There seemed to be no restrictions other than those customary on any ship, and we went freely about the yacht, examining her at our leisure.

We did not pass the Nanaimo that afternoon, at least not closely enough to see her, and Blake explained that our course had been shifted a point or two south, taking us well outside the lane of the merchantmen. Neither did I see Kodani again, and the tall mate did not know him. When late in the afternoon, Isabelle and the signora came on deck, I sat down beside them.

"You know the Sakuntala, Isabelle?" I asked, and she nodded.

"I have seen it before, but never so closely," she replied. "It is my first time aboard," and she pointedly changed the subject. I accepted the hint, taking occasion to make a defence of Captain Blake.

"You have hurt him deeply—worse than he deserves," I told her. "He wants only to do his duty as he sees it, and he is a brave man who is quite apt to do his duty, as he sees it. Forgive him, Isabelle."

"Shall I be nice to him again?" she asked with a smile that indicated mischief.

"Not too nice," I suggested. "I remember the pain of my suffering during four days on the Wilton. 'Just sort of nice.'"

"I shall forgive him when he promises about the irons," she said decisively, and that was the best I could get from her. The irons rankled in her soul.

I could make love in Italian to Isabelle, for I did not mind Signora Cesana, and none other of my comrades understood, and I did tell her some of the things I had been restrained from saying ever since the fire, some of the things I had forgotten to say in the shyness of our private interview.

"Will you believe," I said to the signora, "that I quite overlooked asking her if she would marry me, and she has given no promise to me at all?"

"That is quite correct from our Latin standpoint," smiled the signora. "You will naturally wait to ask her mother. Now that I am here to chaperon her we shall do all in a proper manner."

"But, then, we are not engaged. No, no, signora! Our United States method is better, and I shall now propose to the lady in question."

"You shall not!" declared Isabelle, blushing. "I will not be proposed to before all these people."

"They'll not understand a word," I cried, teasingly; but I did not want her to make the promise before "all these people."

We had been fitted out quite comfortably with clothing and shoes from the stores, and I was jaunty in a semi-naval coat and cap that compensated for an overly ample pair of square-toed shoes. Reedy was a German admiral, at least, and Clifton not much lower in the scale. The Kaiserlicher Yacht club ran strong on uniforms and brass buttons, evidently. Only Blake remained a blue sea-jacketed American seaman.

That night, in the seclusion of our cabin, we talked long and seriously, and I told the story of my connection with the St. Dunstan affair to a man who, like Marcus, wanted to be shown. Blake's father and mother were both from Missouri, as Pike remarks in "The Man from Home." The long arm of coincidence would break in bits before it ever reached the captain's rough-sea brain. I knew I was

still a "murder suspect" when I finished my tale.

However, Blake agreed to compromise on the handcuffs, and I compromised by agreeing to his company north, should we ever get a chance to go north. I would allow him to take me back and deliver me, unironed, to Thurston, the only man he recognized as authority. San Francisco's chief of police was nothing at all to this sailor, but his own chief, the president of the Thurston Line, was the god of the machine.

We discussed our situation thoroughly, but it bettered not at all by analysis. Perhaps the fact that I held back all reference to Isabelle's connection with the San Francisco mystery, did not assist Blake's brain any. So far as he knew, the Sakuntala and the St. Dunstan were as far apart as the poles, and that one might be the reason for our detention on the other never entered his head. It did mine, and I felt sure we were here and not on the Nanaimo, either because Isabelle desired it, or she didn't desire it and our fleshy host did.

"We'll have to get off, that's all," Blake concluded. "If you'll stand by, I'll make a demand on that hunk of whale's blubber tomorrow that he put in to Guayaquil, or get into the course of the coasters and transfer us. If he refuses, we'll be free to act."

"How act?" I asked.

"Force the pig-headed idiot!" declared Blake, hammering the table with his fist.

I asked time to think it over before promising to stand by, agreeing to give him an answer in the morning, for I had to see Isabelle first, and we turned in, Blake to sleep quickly, if noisily, I to plan my course of action in the better knowledge I had of the situation.

If Isabelle was ready to leave the yacht, I was, and I didn't care how far I went into piracy or mutiny, whichever it might be, to get off. That responsibility I'd leave up to Blake from Missouri. One question I must ask Isabelle; did she want to leave the yacht?

I had my opportunity at breakfast, for the signora did not get out at an early hour. I made the inquiry in Italian, and the answer was "Certainly," just as if I should have known it all the time. She wanted to get to Durango as soon as she could, and she blushing added, she wanted me to go with her. I didn't see how I was to do it, with a promise to Blake and a mutiny on my hands, but I agreed to the happiness of the proposal. Then we resumed English and breakfast.

Back in our cabin, I told Blake that my mind was made up to stay with him as far as he wanted to go, and he went off to deliver an ultimatum to Belgrag. He returned frothing at the mouth. "The smooth-voiced pig!" he cried—he never lifted to a better simile than "pig." "He be damned! I'll dent in his carcass so deep it'll never come out! I'll—"

"What did he say?" I interrupted.

"Say? He asked me when I bought the ship! He trilled insults in soprano, piped threats in tenor, and cursed in bass. He said I could ride in the cabin, the forehole or the brig but ride I'd have to. He be damned!"

"And what's the answer?"

Blake dropped into a chair and motioned me to sit down, and we went at it. For two hours we planned, and it all looked good to me except the possible punishment, and that I meant to leave to Blake. He was angry, but he was cautious, and he knew the laws of the sea. I could change whatever he would.

We should accept the situation in seeming agreement until we were off Quayaquil, then take quiet possession of the ship—as quiet as we could, make it—and run into that port, where Blake was too well known for any foreigner, as he said, to get the better of him. The Thurston Line was a prominent part of commercial Ecuador, and Blake was certain of having the ear of officialdom.

When Signora Cesana came from her stateroom, she gave evidence of a bad night. Her eyes were red from weeping, and Isabelle carried her away to the bows, where I was certain they did not want me, so I began a still-hunt for Kodani. I needed to ask several questions of the Jap, primarily if he had meddled with my revolver and why; then, to whom he gave the key of my back door.

I found a nice big gally, with a pig-tailed Chinese installed at the range, who had never heard the name of Kodani, and shrugged one shoulder after another at the mention of Japanese. He certainly did not like his little brother across the Yellow Sea. I went down into the engine-room, where Burns was shoveling coal, much to his disgust, for he was an A. B., and I made the acquaintance of First Engineer Hugh Wallace, canny Scot.

Kodani was not in his crew; probably the captain's steward. For an hour or more I explored the ship, looking for the Jap, but gave over, finally, heading for the bows, where I was quiet sure Isabelle must be tired of my the signora's company.

As I wandered with seeming aimlessness around the corner of the fore companionhood, I overheard a remark from Isabelle which brought me up standing. "There could be no doubt," she said to the signora, "It was Marnee Taafe." And I leaned against the rail, breathing fast, my brain in a whirl.

What could it mean? Marnee Taafe was my niece, my sister's girl, far away in Vienna. My sister's little girl, just a babe when I had seen her last. How long ago? Almost twenty years—was it possible Isabelle was speaking of her then—my niece. What had Isabelle said?

I stood before them, and I was pale and trembling. "Marnee Taafe is my sister's child," I said. "What of her?"

Tell me what of her?" And Isabelle put her clenched hands to her cheeks, marring the flesh with her knuckles, and stared at me as though crazed.

"Her uncle—you? You are her uncle?" she cried. Then: "Oh, this is impossible! Impossible!"

"I am her uncle. Tell me what of her?" And in the silence that followed I heard again Isabelle's words: "There could be no doubt; it was Marnee Taafe."

"That was she?" I cried, and I knew, even as Isabelle's face drooped to her hands. My niece, little Marnee of boyhood memory, was the girl of the elevator, the corpse of the morgue.

"What is it all about?" asked Signora Cesana, not understanding; but neither answered her.

"Why did you not tell me, Isabelle?" I asked her finally, and she raised her face from her hands, looking through tear-dewed eyes into mine.

"I could never have guessed—might never have known you were her uncle," she replied. "New I may tell you all—everything I know—surprise—fear! Thank God, I may tell you now!"

"Yes, Isabelle; tell me your secret now," and I took a seat beside her on the deck.

A few words in explanation to the signora, and she, still in a maze, left us together, and Isabelle told the story—or all she knew of the story—of Marnee Taafe. They had been inmates at the Convent of Klosterneberg, for eight years like sisters, and when Marnee fell in love with the Grand Duke of Igeria, Isabelle was her confidant, even after she returned to her mother's former home at Durango, for long letters passed back and forth between the distant lands.

Marnee and her ducal lover could not be married in Igeria, nor anywhere else with the permission of his near relative, the reigning sovereign of a European power; but marry they would regardless of authority and laws of succession. So the duke began a tour of the world, ostensibly to complete a college education, in reality to run away from his duchy, his people, his relatives, and authority, and wed the girl he wanted.

That wedding was to have been in San Francisco, at the Greek church of his religion, and San Francisco had been chosen because of me. Marnee wanted me beside her in this great adventure, and had written Isabelle to join her there, mentioning me only as an uncle. Isabelle had heard of me, undoubtedly heard my name back in the Convent of Klosterneberg, but it had made no lasting impression, and "John Gilmore" meant nothing to her.

That wedding was to have been in San Francisco, at the Greek church of his religion, and San Francisco had been chosen because of me. Marnee wanted me beside her in this great adventure, and had written Isabelle to join her there, mentioning me only as an uncle. Isabelle had heard of me, undoubtedly heard my name back in the Convent of Klosterneberg, but it had made no lasting impression, and "John Gilmore" meant nothing to her.

Marnee sailed to San Francisco on the duke's yacht Sakuntala, a lay-sister of the convent accompanying her, and she arrived in San Francisco on the afternoon of the day she died. There Isabelle's story was merged into mine, and I told her the chapters which I had kept back until now; of the two subsequent murders; of James Freely, undoubtedly the Duke of Igeria, incognito, and the man who had been her shadow at the church.

It was still the mystery of the St. Dunstan, more strangely mysterious now with this romance of medievalism added. The duke had arrived on Monday, taken an apartment under the name of James Freely; had probably been sent there by Marnee because she knew I was a tenant. But he had gone away the next morning, or had said at the office he intended to go; and he was found by me, dead in his chair, early on Friday morning.

Marnee, on the Sakuntala, had sailed in through the Golden Gate on Tuesday afternoon and in the small hours of Wednesday morning I had found Marnee's corpse, found it and had not known it. I had a photograph of her somewhere among my belongings; she had sent it two years or more ago. But it had brought no realization of her identity to my mind. A poor likeness probably.

Was Freely dead when Marnee came to the St. Dunstan? More likely they were shot at the same time, for the downward trend of the bullets indicated similarity. Still the third man had been shot from the same angle, and we knew he was alive on Wednesday night when Isabelle and I visited the Greek church, he following. Marnee was killed Tuesday afternoon or night; the stranger, Thursday; Freely at sometime between Tuesday morning and Thursday at midnight; I could not say when.

This brought us up to Captain Belgrag of the Sakuntala. Had Marnee and the duke intended to leave San Francisco on the yacht? I asked Isabelle, and she answered that it had been out-fitted for their honeymoon. Then Signora Cesana's story of the happenings between the time the yacht dropped anchor in the bay Tuesday afternoon and sailed away Wednesday was all-important. Isabelle knew it and told it in a few words.

A small boat from the shore, with two men, had brought Marnee a note just as the yacht came to her anchorage, and Marnee had hastened into coat and hat, going back with them. She would not let the signora accompany her, but said she must go to the duke at once; nothing was wrong, but he must see her.

That was about three o'clock. Later on, after the ship was unrigged down, Captain Belgrag and a boat's crew of the men went ashore, leaving the mate in charge. Still later, another boat-load of the men put off, with the mate's leave.

Signora Cesana waited up all night for Marnee's return, but she never came back. She was not certain that the captain did that night, but one boat-load of seamen came in. The other boat had never shown up, was still missing, as were many of the

crew, just how many she did not know.

She saw Captain Belgrag the next afternoon, when the yacht was being made ready to get under way, and he told her what had been sent to Isabelle in the typewritten, unsigned note; that Marnee and the duke had anticipated the wedding by a day, and had sailed by another ship. It was not an unlikely story, for the signora knew that every force of diplomacy and pressure would be brought to prevent the marriage, should the duke's relatives have an inkling of it, and until she heard Isabelle's sad tale of Marnee's death, she had given it credence.

So it was Captain Belgrag who held the key to the solution of the mystery. He knew when he sailed Wednesday that Marnee, at least, was dead; probably that the duke was dead; otherwise there was no reason for the He. And Captain Belgrag was the very last man in the world I could imagine telling me a truthful tale of the happenings on that Tuesday night, when he went ashore in the boat.

"Isabelle," said I, when we had talked it all out, "it was my own mystery—my very own—and I tried to run away from it! There were you and Marnee and I, all involved, and I who had been solving these riddles for eighteen years turned my back on it and ran away!"

## CHAPTER XII.

### Mutiny.

"Igeria," I read in the encyclopedia, "is a duchy and crownland of southeastern Europe, bounded—" and the boundaries are given in detail—"area, four thousand and thirty-five square miles; population (1900) seven hundred and twenty-nine thousand nine hundred and twenty-one." Uninteresting details of mountain and rivers.

"The climate is healthy, especially in winter." Quite a bit about soil and agricultural products, commerce and trade, factories and minerals. "According to nationality, over forty per cent of the population are Ruthenians, thirty-five per cent Rumanians, and Armenians." Some mixture that!

"Nearly seventy per cent of the population belong to the Orthodox Greek church." Principal cities and towns; here we are: "The local diet, of which the grand duke is the head, is composed of—" and again uninteresting details. Almost a column, and that the only mention of Marnee's man in all its many words!

Before returning the book to the shelf, I ran over its pages, as one does, carelessly, and my eye lit on the capitalized word, "Greg." That had a familiar look to me, and I read the brief mention of Josef Greg, Hungarian general of the time of Maria Theresa. Why did the name Greg seem familiar? What had it to do with the St. Dunstan mystery?

The words St. Dunstan gave me the clue instantly. Ignatz Greg was one of the sixth floor tenants Holme and I had intended to interview the morning we discovered Freely's body. What had Holme said of him? In apartment six hundred and sixteen; no visible means of support; there but a month; a German accent—probably Igerian; Holme wouldn't know—old man with whiskers, reticent, benevolent-looking. That was all; but with my present knowledge that all was all-important. I certainly should have interviewed Greg—must interview him as soon as I might.

Captain Blake sat in our cabin studying a watch-compass compass laid on the table before him. "Gilmore," he said, "unless this toy has gone 'way wrong, we'll have no ruction at Guayaquil."

"What's the matter with it?" I asked.

"Says we're heading southwest by south."

"Which means what?"

"It means that the captain has changed her course, and is headed for a run across the South Pacific. That—" and he put his finger on the compass—"says Sydney, not Guayaquil."

"You mean that we're bound for Australia?"

"I don't know where we're bound, but unless my compass has quit business, we'll pass a darn sight nearer Australia than we ever will Ecuador. It means we must change our plans."

I sat down, thinking hard. "Blake," I questioned, "if you wanted to make a Mediterranean port—say Trieste for instance—would you go round Cape Horn or across the South Seas?"

"At this time of the year, across the Pacific, surely."

"And that would explain our present course as indicated by your compass?"

"It would—now; but why the detour?"

"Would an attempt to keep out of the line of regular traffic explain it?" I asked.

"Yes, it might. If this yacht doesn't want company, it is going the right way to avoid it. But are we to stand for this sea cruise, Gilmore?"

"What's the alternative?"

"Hell! Think this is to be a manuring session? Find yourself something that will either stab or crack a skull. Steal one of the marine-pikes on the foredeck, but get a weapon."

"When will the party take place?" I asked.

"Tonight, after Belgrag comes to his cabin from the first watch at midnight. We'll let him turn in, then you and I will truss him up in his berth, close the hatch on the men below, and deal with the middle watch as they decide. I believe if I get once on the bridge, I can make the men take my orders."

"Why this confidence? Is it in yourself or them?"

"Both. Gilmore, do you remember when we thought the yacht was not going to pick us up?"

"And the mate ran across and began argument with the captain? You asked if it was a church-social or something?"

"The mate and some of the men made the fat swine change his mind, which isn't proper discipline aboard ship. Some of these sailors have the same opinion of their captain that I have, and that is not fit for application. If we take the ship, we'll have support from inside."

"I believe you. The chief engineer is a decent white man—a Scot—Burns is in his watch. I'll get words to Burns."

"Tell him I want him in my stateroom at twelve-fifteen, and armed. Reedy and Clifton will take care of the fore-hatch and keep the men below. You and I will look after the pig. And we made all details of our plan."

It was after supper that I had opportunity to tell Isabelle of our intended mutiny, and I took her up into the bows where we would be safe from surveillance. I outlined our plan and told her to keep tight-lipped in her cabin whatever happened. I should knock at her door when all was right, two raps, then three, which would be the signal to go to sleep quietly, that we were headed for Mazatlan.

She had some minor objections to the plan—quite natural—but agreed thoroughly to the advisability of it as a whole. She had no desire to go cruising in the South Seas to Australia or Igeria, but she thought there were safer parts of the scheme that I could do better; such as watching outside the door while Blake and somebody else—anybody else—tied up the captain. I liked having her solicitous of my welfare, and anticipated, in her present anxiety, the pleasure of being told not to forget my overcoat in the future.

Reedy and Clifton had supreme confidence in Captain Blake, and were willing to take orders unquestioningly; and Burns, to whom I whispered the word, nodded agreement. There were three of us all able and willing to fight if need be, and the odds were in our favor should we be able to get the fore-hatch closed on the first watch.

Including captain and mate, there were fourteen men in the crew, and I felt sure Kodani and the Chinese cook might be counted out of the melee. Two engine-room men would probably never know of the affair until it was over, which left ten, five of whom should be beneath the hatch-cover along with the mate. Net fighting result—antagonistic, four; less than one apiece.

Blake took stock of actors and properties at eleven-thirty. He looked in on Reedy and Clifton; gave them final instructions, and saw to the former's gun and the iron rod Clifton had found for a weapon. Reedy was to hold the men from a rush up the companion with his revolver, shooting if necessary, while Clifton got on the cover and batted it down. They had inspected the place of their exploit, and knew what was to be done.

Then Blake came back to me. I had a marine-pike and four pieces of strong line, cut to proper length to reach around a half of way. It was my duty to attach those ropes to the struggling anatomy of Captain Belgrag, and Blake taught me the proper knots and hitches. He was to intimidate the Igerian with his revolver or my lying on top of his form, which ever seemed the most intimidating at the time. It all looked perfect at eleven-thirty.

At eleven-thirty-five, approximately, there was a rap at our outer door—a familiar rap to me—and I opened it to hear Kodani's "Ver' gracious compliments of most honorable captain—"

I did not give him time to finish. I hooked an arm around his neck, pressed a thumb against his aorta or thorax or whatever it is that supplies Japs with air, and jerked him inside before he could say "Jack Robinson" or jin-jitsu.

"The him while I hold the spring skunk!" I cried, and Blake used one of my cords on him. "Now come on!" I called. "Reedy, Clifton! To the captain's cabin!" and I led the rush aft.

Every man has a right to keep his opinions to himself.

Even a woman's club isn't expected to hit what it aims at.

One swallow may not make a summer, but a bent pin in a chair will make one spring.

CUT THIS OUT—IT IS WORTH MONEY.

DON'T MISS THIS. Cut out this slip, enclose with bc to Foley & Co., 2336 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.



# A NERVOUS BREAKDOWN

Miss Kelly Tells How Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound Restored Her Health.

Newark, N. J.—"For about three years I suffered from nervous breakdown and got so weak I could hardly stand, and had headaches every day. I tried everything I could think of and was under a physician's care for two years. A girl friend had used Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and she told me about it. From the first day I took it I began to feel better and now I am well and able to do most any kind of work. I have been recommending the Compound ever since and give you my permission to publish this letter."—Miss FLO KELLY, 476 So. 14th St., Newark, N. J.

The reason this famous root and herb remedy, Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, was so successful in Miss Kelly's case was because it went to the root of her trouble, restored her to a normal healthy condition and as a result her nervousness disappeared.

Kind words are never lost—but they are frequently mislaid.

Money talks conclusively, but occasionally it gets rattled.

Some men's charity consists of a willingness to pass the hat.

## Jump from Bed in Morning and Drink Hot Water

Tells why everyone should drink hot water each morning before breakfast.

Why is man and woman, half the time, feeling nervous, despondent, worried; some days headachy, dull and unstrung; some days really incapacitated by illness.

If we all would practice inside-bathing, what a gratifying change would take place. Instead of thousands of half-sick, anaemic-looking souls with pasty, muddy complexions we should see crowds of happy, healthy, rosy-cheeked people everywhere. The reason is that the human system does not rid itself each day of all the waste which it accumulates under our present mode of living. For every ounce of food and drink taken into the system nearly an ounce of waste material must be carried out, else it ferments and forms ptomaine-like poisons which are absorbed into the blood.

Just as necessary as it is to clean the ashes from the furnace each day, before the fire will burn bright and hot, so we must each morning clear the inside organs of the previous day's accumulation of indigestible waste and body toxins. Men and women, whether sick or well, are advised to drink each morning, before breakfast, a glass of real hot water with a teaspoonful of limestone phosphate in it, as a harmless means of washing out of the stomach, liver, kidneys and bowels the indigestible material, waste, sour bile and toxins; thus cleansing, sweetening and purifying the entire alimentary canal before putting more food into the stomach.

Millions of people who had their turn at constipation, bilious attacks, acid stomach, nervous days and sleepless nights have become real cranks about the morning inside-bath. A quarter pound of limestone phosphate will not cost much at the drug store, but is sufficient to demonstrate to anyone, its cleansing, sweetening and freshening effect upon the system.

## DRINK MORE WATER IF KIDNEYS BOTHER

Eat less meat and take Salts for Backache or Bladder trouble—Neutralizes acids.

Uric acid in meat excites the kidneys, they become overworked; get sluggish, ache, and feel like lumps of lead. The urine becomes cloudy; the bladder is irritated, and you may be obliged to seek relief two or three times during the night. When the kidneys clog you must help them flush off the body's urinous waste or you'll be a real sick person shortly. At first you feel a dull misery in the kidney region, you suffer from backache, sick headache, dizziness, stomach gets sour, tongue coated and you feel rheumatic twinges when the weather is bad.

Eat less meat, drink lots of water; also get from any pharmacist four ounces of Jad Salts; take a tablespoonful in a glass of water before breakfast for a few days and your kidneys will then act fine. This famous salt is made from the acid of grapes and lemon juice, combined with lithia, and has been used for generations to clean clogged kidneys and stimulate them to normal activity, also to neutralize the acids in urine, so it no longer is a source of irritation, thus ending bladder weakness.

Jad Salts is inexpensive, cannot injure; makes a delightful effervescent lithia-water drink which everyone should take now and then to keep the kidneys clean and active. Druggists here say they sell lots of Jad Salts to folks who believe in overcoming kidney trouble while it is only trouble.

### "WE WON'T WIN IF WE WASTE"

#### Tested Wartime Recipes

FOR USE IN MICHIGAN

(Clip and save these recipes for future reference.)

#### Some More Wheat Savers.

Remember that macaroni, spaghetti, crackers in general, are made of wheat savers, however; but should not be used at strictly wheatless meals.

Remember when using cornstarch or rice flour in puddings, or for thickening sauces and gravies, to use half as much as you would were you using flour.

Remember that Irish potatoes, sweet potatoes, rice, squash and pumpkin are all excellent for filling up wheatless gaps.

#### MEAT SUBSTITUTES

The average housewife has for years prepared and served dishes which are in reality excellent meat substitutes, although she has not thought of them in that way. By planning her menus so that one or more of these dishes will be served on the special days, the problem of "Meatless Day" will cause little inconvenience.

#### MILK AND MILK PRODUCTS.

A glass of milk may well take the place of a small serving of beef.

Use milk soups, such as potato soup, cream of pea soup, celery soup, etc. Reliable recipes for these are found in most cook books.

Skimmed milk is rich in protein. Use it often.

Cottage cheese is one of the best known meat substitutes. Have it for lunch or supper on some meatless day.

American cheese is also an excellent meat substitute. Use it for such. Add cheese (cut up fine) to rice, to kidney beans, etc. This makes the dish rich in protein and uses dry bits of cheese.

#### EGGS

Eggs are an excellent substitute for meat. When reasonable in price serve them often as a substitute. Eggs may be boiled, steamed, poached, baked, scrambled, etc. There are many simple methods of cooking eggs—look them up in a good cook book or government bulletin.

#### NUTS

Get into the habit of serving nuts occasionally as part of the meal at which no meat is served. Peanuts are very nutritious and comparatively inexpensive.

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

#### Macaroni and Cheese

Macaroni is made of Durum wheat flour—a flour containing too much gluten to be used in making a good loaf of bread. Dishes using macaroni may therefore well be served as meat and wheat savers.

1 C Macaroni broken in small pieces  
2 qts. boiling water  
1 C milk  
2 T flour  
Buttered bread crumbs  
1 T butter  
1-4 to 1-2 lb. cheese  
1-2 t salt  
f. g. cayenne pepper

Cook the macaroni in boiling salted water until tender. Drain in a strainer and pour cold water over it to prevent sticking. Make a sauce of the flour, butter, milk and cheese. Combine sauce and macaroni. Cover with buttered crumbs, heat in the oven until the crumbs are brown.

Macaroni may be heated in tomato sauce and sprinkled with grated cheese just before serving. Spaghetti or vermicelli may be used as the macaroni.

#### Cereals

Whole grains may well help to supplement a smaller consumption of meat. One simple suggestion:  
3-4 C graham flour  
2 C boiling water  
1-2 t salt  
Add graham slowly to salted boiling water. Cook at least 30 minutes. Instead of serving with sugar, add chopped dates. Nuts may also be added. This may be served hot as a lunch or supper dish; or cold, with cream, as a dessert.

#### Irish Stew

1 lb. mutton (or less)  
2 C potatoes (cut in cubes)  
1-3 C carrots (cut in cubes)  
1-3 C turnips (cut in cubes)  
1-4 C flour  
1-2 small onion (cut in slices)  
Seasoning  
Cook same as beef stew. Serve with dumplings, which may be made of cornmeal.

#### Club Sandwiches (Two)

2 slices toast  
2 leaves lettuce  
2 slices bacon (cooked)  
2 T chopped chicken (cooked)  
2 T salad dressing  
4 olives  
2 slices tomato  
1-2 egg (hard boiled)

On one slice of toast place a lettuce leaf, cover with 1 slice of bacon, 1 slice tomato, 1-2 T chicken. Cover with half the salad dressing, garnish with hard cooked egg and olives.

#### Creamed Chicken

1-3 C chopped cooked chicken  
1 T fat  
1 T flour  
1-3 C milk  
f. g. salt  
f. g. pepper

Make a sauce from the fat, flour, milk and seasonings. Add chicken and cook slowly until chicken is heated through. Serve on toast or wafers or in timbal molds.

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

# WAR PROFITEER PUBLIC NUISANCE

No Extortion to Be Tolerated, but Liberal Disposition Toward Business Needed.

Shrinkage of Values Would Curtail Capacity to Provide Shews of War.

"Conscription of Men, Conscription of Money," Analyzed.

By OTTO H. KAHN.

Much is being said about the plausible sounding contention that because a certain portion of the young manhood of the nation has been conscripted, therefore money must also be conscripted. Why, that is the very thing the government has been doing. It has conscripted a portion—a relatively small portion—of the men of the nation. It has conscripted a portion—a large portion—of the incomes of the nation. Capital and business pay more than four-fifths of our total war taxation directly and a large share of the remaining fifth indirectly.

If the government went too far in conscripting men the country would be crippled. If it went too far in conscripting incomes and earnings the country would likewise be crippled.

#### Results of Conscription of Capital.

I would ask those who would go further and conscript not only incomes, but capital, to answer the riddle not only in what equitable and practicable manner they would do it, but what the nation would gain by it?

It is true that a few years ago a capital levy was made in Germany, but the percentage of that levy was so small as to actually amount to no more than an additional income tax and that at a time when the regular income tax in Germany was very moderate as measured by the present standards of income taxation.

Only a trifling fraction of a man's property is held in cash. If they conscript a certain percentage of his possessions in stocks and bonds, what would the government do with them?

Keep them? That would not answer its purpose, because the government wants cash, not securities.

Sell them? Who is to buy them when every one's funds would be depleted? If they conscript a certain percentage of a man's real estate or mine or farm or factory, how is that to be expressed and converted into cash?

Are conscripted assets to be used as a basis for the issue of Federal Reserve bank notes? That would mean gross inflation, with all its attendant evils, dangers and deceptions.

Would they repudiate a percentage of the national debt? Repudiation is no less dishonorable to a people than in an individual, and the penalty for failure to respect the sanctity of obligations is no different.

#### The Thrifty Would Be Penalized.

The fact is that the government would gain nothing in the process of capital conscription and the country would be thrown into chaos for the time being. The man who has saved would be penalized, he who has wasted would be favored. Thrift and constructive effort, resulting in the needful and fruitifying accumulation of capital, would be arrested and lastingly discouraged.

I can understand the crude notion of the man who would divide all possessions equally. There would be mighty little coming to any one by such distribution, and it is, of course, an utterly impossible thing to do, but it is an understandable notion. But by the confiscation of capital for government use neither the government nor any individual would be benefited.

A vigorously progressive income tax is both economically and socially sound. A capital tax is wholly unsound and economically destructive.

It may nevertheless become necessary in the case of some of the belligerent countries to resort to this expedient, but I can conceive of no situation likely to arise which would make it necessary or advisable in this country.

More than ever would such a tax be harmful in times of war and post-war reconstruction, when beyond almost all other things it is essential to stimulate production and promote thrift, and when everything which tends to have the opposite effect should be rigorously rejected as detrimental to the nation's strength and well-being.

There is an astonishing lot of hazy thinking on the subject of the uses of capital in the hands of its owners.

The rich man can spend only a relatively small sum of money unproductively or selfishly. The money that it is in his power actually to waste is exceedingly limited. The bulk of what he has must be spent and used for productive purposes, just as would be the case if it were spent by the government, with this difference, however, that, generally speaking, the individual is more painstaking and discriminating in the use of his funds and at the same time bolder, more imaginative, enterprising and constructive than the government with its necessarily bureaucratic and routine regime possibly could be. Money in the hands of the individual is continuously and feverishly on the search for opportunities—i. e. for creative and productive use. In the hands of the government it is apt to lose a good deal of its fructifying energy and ceaseless striving and to sink instead into placid and somnolent repose.

There need not be and there should not be any conflict between profits and patriotism. I am utterly opposed to those who would utilize their country's war as a means to enrich themselves. The "war profiteer," as the term is generally understood, is a public nuisance and an ignominy. Extortionate profits must not be tolerated, but, on the other hand, there should be a reasonably liberal disposition toward business and a willingness to see it make substantial earnings.

For taxation presupposes earnings. Our credit structure is based upon values, and values are largely determined by earnings. Shrinkage of value necessarily affects our capacity to provide the government with the sinews of war.

#### The Conscription of Men.

Reverting now to the subject of the conscription of men, I know I speak the sentiment of all those beyond the years of young manhood when I say that there is not one of us worthy of the name of a man who would not willingly go to fight if the country needed or wanted us to fight. But the country does not want or call its entire manhood to fight. It does not ever call anywhere near its entire young manhood. It has called or intends to call in the immediate future perhaps 25 per cent. of its men between twenty and thirty years of age, which means probably about 4 per cent. of its total male population of all ages.

But it has called from incomes, business profits and other impost: falling principally on the well to do, approximately ninety per cent. of our war taxation, not to mention the contributions to the Red Cross, the Y. M. C. A. and other war relief activities.

Let me add in passing that the children of the well to do have been taken for the war in proportionately greater numbers than the children of the poor, because those young men who are needed at home to support dependents or to maintain essential war industries are exempted from the draft.

#### Our Laws Favor Sons of the Poor.

The draft exemption regulations discriminate not as in former wars, in favor of the rich man's son, but in favor of the poor woman's son.

I realize but too well that the burden of the abnormally high cost of living, caused largely by the war, weighs heavily indeed upon wage earners and still more upon men and women with moderate salaries. I yield to no one in my desire to see everything done that is practicable to have that burden lightened. But excessive taxation on capital will not accomplish that; on the contrary, it will tend to intensify the trouble.

Taxation must be sound and wise and scientific and cannot be laid in a haphazard way or on impulse or according to considerations of politics, otherwise the whole country will suffer. History has shown over and over again that the laws of economic cannot be defied with impunity and that the resulting penalty falls upon all sections and classes.

The question of the individual is not the one that counts. The question is not what sacrifices capital should and would be willing to bear if called upon, but what taxes it is to the public advantage to impose.

I do not say all this to plead for a reduction of the taxation on wealth or in order to urge that no additional taxes be imposed on wealth if need be. There is no limit to the burden which in time of stress and strain those must be willing to bear who can afford it except only that limit which is imposed by the consideration that taxation must not reach a point where the business activity of the country becomes crippled and its economic equilibrium is thrown out of gear, because that would harm every element of the commonwealth and diminish the war-making capacity of the nation.

# BAKED POTATO

BIG, white, mealy—with butter melting on it. Um-m-m! And you like it because it is baked. Same with Lucky Strike Cigarette

## IT'S TOASTED

Cooking makes things delicious—toasting the tobacco has made the Lucky Strike Cigarette famous.



Guaranteed by The American Tobacco Co. INCORPORATED

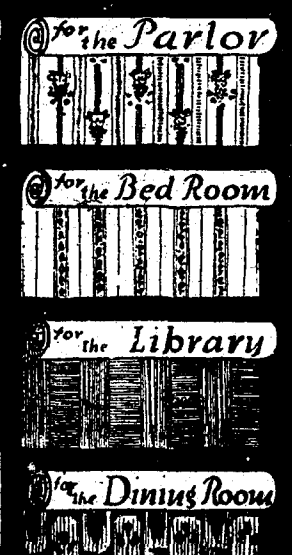
#### Notice To Autoists:

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.

The meek will of necessity have to inherit the earth—if they ever get it.

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



# WALL PAPER Is Economical

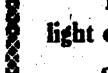
The comfort, cosiness and beauty of a double and triple wall addition of the most inexpensive of interior decorations—WALLPAPER.

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.



## Burpee's Seeds Grow

and are known the world over as the very Best that care and science can produce. Burpee's Annual for 1918 has been enlarged and improved so as to be of the greatest help to every gardener. Mailed free. A post card will bring it. W. Atlee Burpee Co., Seed Growers, Philadelphia

**Briefs of the Week**

Spring Vacation in our Public Schools next week.

Born to Mr. and Mrs. Thos. Brennon, a son, Mar. 25th.

Howard Porter returned home Saturday from Chicago.

W. A. Yeomans and family moved this week to Mnskegon.

Miss Jessie Stark leaves this Saturday for her home at Ann Arbor.

Mrs. Chas. Brown was called to Charlevoix Monday by the illness of her mother.

Dates for the next annual Charlevoix County Fair have been set for Sept. 17-18-19-20.

Bert Reid returned home Tuesday from Rogers City, after spending a few days there.

Ed Warren and family left Thursday for Rosebush (near Mt. Pleasant) where they will make their future home.

The new fire wagon purchased by our city has been shipped from Elmira, N. Y., and will be here in the near future.

Misses Ruth Gregory, Myrtle Joynt and Norma Johnson are home from the Mt. Pleasant Normal to spend their Easter vacation.

At the High School Friday afternoon, Wallace Kemp won the local oratorical contest and will represent our schools at the district contest.

D. E. Housknecht left Thursday for Luke, Maryland, where he has employment. His family expects to leave for there soon, where they will make their future home.

Mr. and Mrs. Bert White of near Charlevoix were selected by the Board of Poor Superintendents to manage the County Farm near this city. They will probably take charge this coming week.

The Red Cross City Service Flag will receive its official dedication at the Armory next Saturday evening, April 6th. A suitable program is being prepared. Further particulars next week.

Postmaster Hudkins received notice, Friday, that a charge of three cents per ounce on first class mail will be made for mail—goldfish no matter what they are located—either abroad or at home.

The "Musical Camouflage" given at the Armory, Tuesday evening, was an evening's entertainment enjoyed by all present. Fine music, recitations and some excellent talks made up a well-balanced program.

John Batsakis returned home first of the week from a winter's vacation at various points. He is anxious to reopen the "Sugar Bowl" but so far has been unable to obtain the much needed sugar. A "Sugar Bowl" minus sugar is nil.

Al Warda is the first of our Cherryvale Theatrical Colony to come home with the robins. Mr. Warda, who has been playing in Kansas and other western states the past winter, returned home, Tuesday, and will remain with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. G. J. Zerwekh, until fall.

An effort is being made to have just ONE time in East Jordan after Sunday. The East Jordan Lumber Co. will adopt this plan, and it is probable the Furnace, Chemical works, and other plants will do likewise. All going on standard time, turn your clock ahead one hour. Those going on "sun" time, turn your clock ahead one-half hour.

Mrs. J. Anderson is ill with pneumonia.

Chas. Brown returned to Muskegon, Thursday.

Frank Collard of Alba was in the city Wednesday.

Mrs. Geo. Geck left Thursday for Detroit to visit her daughter.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Curkendall are Grand Rapids visitors this week.

Mrs. Josiah St. John visited friends at Alba a couple of days this week.

Miss Florence Maddaugh is home from her school duties near Charlevoix.

Miss Virginia and Robert Pray went to Mancelona, Friday, to visit relatives.

Mrs. Joe Whiteford leaves this Saturday for Detroit for a visit with her sister.

Miss Eunice Carr is now employed at the office of Atty R. W. Kane of Charlevoix.

Mr. and Mrs. R. N. Spence left Thursday for Detroit, where they plan to locate.

Thos. Green and family now occupy the Jos. Cummins residence on the West Side.

John Nachazel and family are moving onto their farm, recently purchased of E. Flagg.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Boudrie and daughter returned Monday from a visit at Pinconning.

Mrs. R. S. Sidebotham and children leaves this Saturday for Munger, Mich., to visit relatives.

The Presbyterian Ladies Aid will meet with Mrs. Elizabeth Cook next Friday, April 5th.

Miss Emma Nachazel will return to Detroit, Monday, after an extended visit with her parents.

Mr. and Mrs. M. M. Mather, with children left Tuesday for their new-old home at Traverse City.

Miss Agnes Green leaves this Saturday for Detroit, where she will spend a few days with friends.

James Moore and family moved this week from the Lalonde residence to a residence on Orchard Heights.

W. E. Hampton of Charlevoix was in the city, Wednesday evening in the interests of the K. of P. lodge.

Miss Jeanette Morrow returned to her home at Central Lake, Monday after a visit at the Joynt home.

Len Swafford left Friday on a business trip to Buffalo, N. Y. Mrs. Swafford accompanied him to Frederic.

Misses Leane Kenny and Grace Malpass returned to their studies at the M. A. C. at Lansing last Monday.

Will Close returned to Detroit, Thursday after a visit here with his sister, Mrs. Alex Burbanks and other relatives.

Mrs. O. Hamilton returned to her home at Grand Rapids, Friday, after a week's visit at the home of her sister, Mrs. A. E. Cross.

Mrs. Ally Cox and daughter, Miss Pearl, who have been at Lansing for some time, returned to their home, here, Thursday.

Miss Rena Alstram received word Friday of the death of an uncle at Ludington. She leaves this Saturday to attend the funeral.

Mrs. Carl Heinzelman and son, Victor are expected this Saturday from Midland, for a visit with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. John Williams.

Mr. and Mrs. John Benford returned to their home at Mt. Pleasant, Thursday, after a visit at the home of the latter's parents, Mr. and Mrs. A. E. Cross.

Manager C. L. Arnold of the East Jordan Cabinet Co., who has been on an extended business trip through several states, returned home first of the week.

Fred Deschane was taken to a Grand Rapids hospital, Monday, where he is taking treatments. His father, Jerry Deschane, who accompanied him, returned home, Wednesday.

Abe Bennett, son of James Bennett, formerly of this city, enlisted recently at San Francisco in Uncle Sam's Army and is now stationed at Manila, taking the place of the regulars who were moved to France.

Friendship Circle No. 1, met at the home of Mrs. Chas. Evans, with 23 present, a fine lunch was served which was enjoyed by all. Adjourned to meet at the home of Mrs. Harvey Bowen next Friday afternoon, April 5th. Visitors welcome.

J. Leahy, the Optometrist will be here again April 10-11th.

The Stewards of the Methodist Church will serve an Easter Supper at Taylor's Inn, Saturday, Mar. 30th, from five to eight o'clock. Price 35 cents. Menu—Eggs—Fried, Poached, Boiled, Scrambled, Deviled. Creamed potatoes, Potato Salad, Escalloped corn, buns, oatmeal bread, Fruit Salad, Cake, Tea and Coffee.

**COMING!**  
Next **MONDAY - TUESDAY** April 1st-2nd **TWO** Nights  
**Baby Grand Musical Comedy Co.**

The same company that played "Oh! Doctor!" in

**Two New Tabloid Musical Comedy**  
PLAYS

COMPLETE CHANGE OF PROGRAM EACH NIGHT.

**15 People 15**  
and **5** Reels of Moving Pictures

**A Two and a Half Hour Show**

For **ADULTS** — 30c and 3c war tax  
**CHILDREN**— 20c and 2c war tax

No Reserve. Take Any Seat In The House.

**TEMPLE THEATRE** Next Monday & Tuesday

**M. E. ASHLEY & CO.**

**Spring Display**  
**All Next Week**



**THE WOMEN** of our allies have demonstrated to the world their courage and patriotism by dressing attractively and well in war-time but without undue lavishness and display.

To be becomingly garbed adds to the morale and spirit of the wearer as well as the observer.

General Pershing recognizing this force has made it imperative upon every soldier "over there" to look prim and well groomed at all times. We at home can do no less than to manifest our hope and faith in word, courage, dress.

Our spring assortments have been carefully selected with all these things in mind. No undue lavishness will be found here but an abundance of newest, charming, attractive, graceful yet practical styles.

Our pricings, too, have been especially planned to meet present conditions. We are glad to announce that we are still able to show you qualities and styles at reasonable prices.

**YOU ARE CORDIALLY INVITED TO VIEW OUR DISPLAYS.**

**Suits, Coats and Dresses**

The military influence is of course strongly evident in the spring fashions. Numberless charming variations of the one theme are disclosed. While our styles are of course complete and authentic the great surprise we have to offer you is the extremely moderate prices prevailing— notwithstanding advances in the price of materials. Comparison always has and will further substantiate this statement.

- Suits ..... \$20.00 to \$35.00
- Coats ..... \$9.50 to \$50.00
- Dresses ..... \$10.75 to \$35.00
- Skirts ..... \$5.00 to \$20.00

**New Silk Foulard Dress Patterns, \$10.00 to \$12.50**  
**Under Muslins Now Displayed.**

**M. E. ASHLEY & CO.**

**Palton**  
**FOR EASTER**

**NEW SHOES FOR EASTER**

are as appropriate and as necessary for the occasion as anything new in the line of wearables for men.

In fact, as they serve as the "foundations" upon which the well dressed man is built, and they are not even more important.

**Hudson**  
The Shoe Man.



# VINOL CREATES STRENGTH

## Positive—Convincing Proof

It is all very well to make claims, but can they be proven? We publish the formula of Vinol to prove the statements we make about it.

**Cod Liver and Beef Peptones, Iron and Manganese Peptones, Iron and Manganese Citrate, Lima and Soda Glycero-phosphates, Casearin.**

Any doctor will tell you that the ingredients of Vinol as published above, combine the very elements needed to make strength.

All weak, run-down, overworked nervous men and women may prove this at our expense.

There is nothing like Vinol to restore strength and vitality to feeble old people, delicate children and all persons who need more strength.

Try it. If you are not entirely satisfied, we will return your money without question; that proves our fairness and your protection.

HITE DRUG CO., East Jordan

It costs some people more to keep up appearances than it does to live.

A business man takes no note of time—if he can get spot cash.

# GLASSES FITTED

CONSULT  
**J. LEAHY**  
Optometrist  
Expert on Eye Strain

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

Crossed Eyes Straightened Without an Operation.

Fitting Children's Eyes a Specialty. Difficult Cases Solicited.

Glasses Guaranteed to Fit.

Office at Hotel Russell  
Date, Wednesday, April 10TH  
Will remain Two Days.

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

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

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

**Dr. C. H. Pray**  
Dentist  
Office Hours: 8 to 12 a. m. 1 to 5 p. m., And Evenings.  
Phone No. 222.

**Doctor Branch**  
Office at rear of East Jordan Drug Store.  
PHONE 77

## "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 recipes which are being given here, and those which you will find in other places, are merely suggestive. They show what can be done. But recipes alone will not solve the problem. Winning this year by food will not be possible unless you give to the matter your earnest and sincere thought and cooperation. The problem is for you to reduce by one-third the amount of wheat you have been using. How it can best be done in your household 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 sacrifices 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 producing the amount of white flour we use. Excellent Pie Crust may be made by using 1/2 white flour and 1/2 rye or barley. Use your customary recipe, reducing the amount of shortening, if barley is used. Serve pie less often than formerly. Let most of these be one crust pies. Try the New England deep apple pie, with only a top crust.

**Corn Meal Crust.**  
Grease a pie plate well. Cover with raw cornmeal, giving the plate a rotating motion so that an even layer of the meal will stick to the plate about 1-1/2 in. in thickness. Fill the plate with pumpkin or custard pie mixture. Bake in a hot oven.

**Oatmeal Crust.**  
1 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 and line small pie or tart tins with the mixture. Bake in hot oven. Fill with apricot 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  
1 C boiling water  
1 T salt  
Stir barley gradually into boiling salted water. Cook thoroughly about two hours.

**Tapoca.**  
Tapoca is rich in starch. Use Tapoca puddings often now, letting them take the place of batter puddings and pastry, both of which require flour. Be sure to cook Tapoca thoroughly. The reason many people dislike Tapoca is because it is uncooked, leaving a raw, starchy taste which is very disagreeable.

**Vegetable Loaf.**  
1 C chopped carrots  
1 C peanuts—ground  
1 C strained tomato or meat stock  
1 C boiled rice  
1 C bread crumbs, or  
1 C mashed potatoes.  
Season well with salt, pepper and onion. Celery 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, then add the beaten egg yolks and beat the whites of the eggs until they are stiff. Fold them lightly into the first mixture and turn this into a greased baking dish. Set the dish in a pan of hot water and bake the souffle in a moderate oven for 30 minutes. Serve it at once from the dish 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 equal, and T equals a tablespoon, C equals a cup, f. d. 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.

## 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.

## 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.

## 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.

## Frank Phillips

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

## 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 Lisium, Deceased.  
Nathan Lisium 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.

## 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 Brooming Post Cards, Camp Scenes, Sailor Toys, Soldier Boys, Battleships, Mallorens, Glanshawing, Christmas, New Years, etc.  
1 Silver Plated Souvenir State Tea Spoon.  
The Ladies Fancy Work Manual for Crocheting and Embroidering.  
Mystic Oracles and Gypsy Dream Book.  
The Boy's Book on Toy Making.

Enclose 4c stamps to help cover cost and postage.

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

## CONVICT TELLS OF HIDDEN FORTUNE

### JOILET INMATE RELATES AN AMAZING TALE

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

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

The thought of death—death in a prison cell—has brought the remarkable story of Convict No. 4725 to light. He recently told it for the first time in the private office of the warden of the penitentiary.

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

In December of 1915, No. 4725 was released from the penitentiary and began working to regain a place in society. For a time his efforts were rewarded. He began saving and made arrangements to marry and live down the past.

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

The envelope contained a key, a \$3 bill, and a paper of instructions. The paper directed him to a certain place where he would find a strong box wrapped in paper. This he was to keep with the key until a newspaper should tell him where to dispose of it.

Number 4725—his name is William Mansfield Williams—waited until the advertisement appeared. He kept the appointment. The advertiser did not. For some days he waited. Then he opened the box.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

## COUPLE MEET AFTER 23 YEARS

They Promptly Renew Old Quarrel Where It Left Off.

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

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

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

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

Magistrate Harris advised Hanley to pay his wife \$3 a week.

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

## BLINDS BULL AND ESCAPES

Man Jams Fingers into Its Eyes When Animal Charges Him.

Leith, N. D.—Louis Lokhammer, attacked by a bull and pinned by the animal against a barn yard fence, saved his life by jamming his fingers into the bull's eyes, and with the head blinded he was spalled to stumps.

## It Cost the Average Family

### Less Than 10c Per Week for Packer's Profit in 1917.

**The Meat-Bill is one of the large items in the family budget but**

less than 10 cents per week of it goes to the packer in profits.

In converting live stock into meat and getting it into the hands of the retail dealer, the packer performs a complex and essential service with the maximum of efficiency.

The above statement is based on Swift & Company's 1917 figures and Federal Census data:

Swift & Company's total output (Meat and by-products)	5,570,000,000 Pounds
Swift & Company's total Profit	\$34,650,000.00
Profit per pound	\$.0062
U. S. Meat Consumption	170 pounds per person per year
170 pounds at \$.0062	= \$.95 per person per year
The average family 4 1/2 persons	= \$4.72 per family per year

1918 year book of interesting and instructive facts sent on request.  
Address Swift & Company,  
Union Stock Yards, Chicago, Illinois

**Swift & Company**

U. S. A.

## 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.

## DRINK HOT TEA FOR A BAD COLD

Get a small package of Hamburg Brewster 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 teaspoon full at any time during the day or before retiring. It is the most effective way to break a cold and cure grip, as it opens the pores of the skin, relieving congestion. Also loosens the bowels, thus driving a cold from the system.

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

## RUB BACKACHE AND LUMBAGO RIGHT OUT

Rub Pain and Stiffness away with a small bottle of old-homestead St. Jacobs Oil

When your back is sore and lame or lumbago, sciatica or rheumatism has you stiffened up, don't suffer! Get a 25 cent bottle of old-homestead St. Jacobs Oil! at any drug store, pour a little in your hand and rub it right into the pain or ache, and by the time you count fifty, the soreness and lameness is gone.

Don't stay crippled! This soothing, penetrating oil needs to be used only once. It takes the ache and pain right out of your back and ends the misery. It is magical...yet absolutely harmless and doesn't burn the skin.

Nothing else stops lumbago, sciatica and lame back misery so promptly!

## NOSE CLOGGED FROM A COLD OR CATARRH

Apply Cream in Nostrils To Open Up Air Passages.

Ah! What relief! Your clogged nostrils open right up, the air passages of your head are clear and you can breathe freely. No more hawking, sneezing, mucous discharge, headache, dryness—no struggling for breath at night, your cold or catarrh is gone.

Don't stay stuffed up! Get a small bottle of Ely's Cream Balm from your druggist now. Apply a little of this fragrant, antiseptic cream in your nostrils, let it penetrate through every air passage of the head; soothe and heat the swollen, inflamed mucous membrane, giving you instant relief. Ely's Cream Balm is just what every cold and catarrh sufferer has been seeking. It's just splendid!