

Charlevoix County Herald

Vol. 22

EAST JORDAN, MICHIGAN, FRIDAY, APRIL 5, 1918.

No. 14

East Jordan To Cooperate With Surrounding Territory

Board of Trade Invites All To Make This City Their Trading Center.

Team Sheds Under Construction

Trade Discounts — Specials For Saturdays — Free Motion Pictures—Part of the Program.

Starting Saturday, April 13th

That the friendly relations already existing between the farmers of this region and the people of East Jordan may be furthered, the business houses of this city, through the East Jordan Board of Trade, have entered upon an extensive campaign, to become effective on Saturday, April 13th.

The plan as adopted embraces the following:
A cash trade discount of two per cent for each purchase amounting to ten dollars or over.

A market for all butter at the highest retail price, quality considered.

Special Saturday Bargains to be offered by our merchants each week.

Free Motion Picture entertainment at Temple Theatre each Saturday afternoon until further notice.

The construction of Team Sheds for the free use of the public. East Jordan is in the heart of one of the finest farming regions to be found anywhere. Substantial farmers with well-kept lands bound our little city on all four sides, and this is there natural trading point. That the friendly relations between farmer and business man may be extended our merchants have, through their Board of Trade, inaugurated this campaign and it is hoped that it will meet with the approval of all. They extend a hearty invitation to all to make this their trading-center and will leave no stone unturned to make the weekly visits here both pleasant and profitable.

FREE MOTION PICTURES

Each Saturday afternoon, commencing April 13th, the merchants invite the families of our surrounding country to be their guests at a Free Entertainment to be given at the Temple Theatre. Manager Gruber has this matter in charge and will see to it that a high class entertainment is offered each week.

SHEDS FOR TEAMS.

Heretofore East Jordan has had no suitable place where the farmer could place his team while in our city. Our Board of Trade, realizing that a suitable place should be provided, have raised a nice sum of money among our merchants which will insure ample accommodations. Plans for the Team Sheds have already been approved by the committee in charge and it is expected the structure will be ready for the opening day—Saturday, April 13th.

A BUTTER MARKET.

All our groceries will pay to the farmer producers the highest retail price for butter, quality considered. In other words there will hereafter be a top-market price paid to everyone bringing butter to East Jordan.

TRADE DISCOUNTS.

The farmer pays cash for his purchases and delivers them himself. He is entitled to a concession. Realizing this our merchants will hereafter make a discount of two per cent for each cash purchase amounting to ten dollars or over. We believe this plan will meet with the approval of all.

SATURDAY SPECIALS

Commencing Saturday, April 13th, every merchant in our city will offer for sale at a special reduced price one staple article each Saturday. These special bargains will be advertised from week to week and will be worthy the consideration of everyone in search of real values.

Talk is scarce during courtship, but married life brings up the average.

An undertaker is probably so called because he eventually overtakes the rest of mankind.

Woman's nature is a mystery that man has never been able to solve. Neither has woman.

You never see a married man applaud a wife who gets the best of her husband in a play.

BEST FOR CHILDREN

Experience proves that Foley's Honey and Tar is the best family medicine for children for coughs, colds, croup and whooping cough. Mrs. M. E. Schlarb, 556 Oakland Ave., Ashland, Pa., writes: "When my little girl gets cold I give her a dose of it and it always relieves her. I cannot praise it too highly."—Hite's Drug Store.

Many an eloquent speaker, like a river, is greatest at the mouth.

By holding her tongue a woman can keep her husband guessing.

It is easier for the borrowed umbrella to keep lent than it is for the average man.

Nature supplies a man with character; but the neighbors furnish his reputation.

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

Many a man is sorry he spoke after spending an hour prying furniture and such things.

Says a female lecturer: "The men hold the reins, but the women tell them which way to drive."

Carnegie's wealth wouldn't begin to pay for enough hero medals if kissing were really dangerous.

Commis'n Work Is Endorsed

Amendments Carried By Substantial Majority.

In the election of last Monday the voters endorsed the work of our City Commission by voting the new amendments in to our city charter and the re-election of Commissioner James Gidley.

The amendments carried in the city by a vote of 205 to 89. Votes by wards were:—First Ward, Yes 31, No 28; Second Ward, Yes 57, No 38; Third Ward, Yes 117, No 28.

Commissioner Gidley was re-elected by a vote of 203 in the city, Mr. Goodman receiving an even 100. Votes by wards were:—

	1st	2nd	3rd
Jas. Gidley	42	62	99
D. E. Goodman	21	32	47

Commission Proceedings.

Special meeting of the City Commission of the City of East Jordan, Michigan, held at the commission rooms in said city on Friday, the twenty-ninth day of March, A. D. 1918. Present—Mayor Cross, Commissioners Gidley and Crowell. Absent—None.

Commissioner Gidley offered the following resolution and moved its adoption. Seconded by Commissioner Crowell.

Whereas, The Carnegie Corporation have offered to donate to this city the sum of ten thousand dollars for the purpose of building a public library, and

Whereas, The said Carnegie Corporation ask that the said city guarantee that said library building can be built for the said sum of ten thousand dollars according to plans and specifications prepared therefor by A. E. Munger, Architect, of Bay City, Michigan, Therefore

Resolved, That the Mayor and Clerk of this commission be, and they hereby are, directed to guarantee on behalf of the city that said proposed library building can be constructed for the said sum of ten thousand dollars according to the said plans and specifications as prepared by said A. E. Munger.

Adopted by the city commission of the city of East Jordan, by an aye and nay vote on this twenty-ninth day of March, A. D. 1918, as follows:

Ayes—Alden E. Cross, Jas. Gidley, Chas. B. Crowell.

Nays—None.

State of Michigan, County of Charlevoix.

I, Otis J. Smith, City Clerk of the city of East Jordan, Michigan, do hereby certify, that the above and foregoing resolution was adopted by the city commission of the city of East Jordan, on March 29, 1918, at a special meeting duly called and held, at which all members were present.

On motion by Cross, meeting was adjourned.

OTIS J. SMITH,
City Clerk.

A woman says it is almost as solemn to be married as not to be.

Misrule is bad enough, but Mrs.-rule is worse—so a married man says.

Dress may influence a woman, but it's the Easter hat that dominates her.

Modesty is a principal ingredient in the composition of a truly great man.

A man who is supposed to know says that his better half's idea of beauty is only sealskin deep.

Money talks, and it is also the only thing that understands the language of the flowers on an Easter bonnet.

Somehow a man never discovers that he is a fool until long after his neighbors have found it out.

A woman declares that she has the best husband on earth, but that is no sign that she expects to meet him in Heaven.

There are two kinds of women—those whose clothes seem to have been made for them and those who seem to have been made for their clothes.

HE CAN REST FINE NOW

"I suffered greatly from kidney and bladder trouble," writes F. B. Fairbank, 55 Grand River Ave., W. Detroit, Mich. "Had to get up six or seven times during the night. Foley Kidney Pills have worked wonders and I can recommend them as the best medicine I have ever taken." Tonic in action; quick, sure.—Hite's Drug Store.

Boys for Farm Work

Through the Department of Labor of the United States Government a plan has been formed to give help to the farmer in this time of labor shortage. It is called the United States Boy's Working Reserve and is now a permanent organization in every state.

We must have food to feed our men and our allies. The only available source in this country to meet this labor shortage must come from the ranks of our boys between the ages of sixteen and twenty. There are by estimate 2,000,000 of them who can, and gladly will, qualify physically and in every other way for this service.

In order for a boy to be a member of the reserve he must qualify on three points: (1) That he obtain the consent in writing of his parent or guardian; (2) That he be free from communicable or other disease and possess no inherent weakness unfitting him for the rigors of his intended service, as attested by a physician or a physical director; (3) That he subscribe to the oath of service before the enrolling officer.

An official badge, upon which is inscribed "United States Boy's Working Reserve," bearing the National seal is awarded, if the boy works six weeks and shows fitness for the occupation.

Arrangements are being made whereby boys over sixteen may be excused before the school year is over, if they can qualify and are passing in their work. All pupils under sixteen and over fourteen must be in school even if in high school, unless legally excused. And if excused, they must have a labor permit from the Supt. of Schools or the County School Commissioner.

To the boys who cannot join the reserve—plan now for your home garden. Find out where you can get seed and test it out to see if it is good. Let's not let any vacant lot raise weeds, tin cans and brick bats this year. You are not asked to work because you need the money you are asked to work because your country needs your help and relies upon you to put aside false pride and join in the team work. If your big brother can dig trenches, surely you can learn to plow.

Any further information regarding the Boy's Working Reserve will be gladly given by any Supt. of Schools, the County Commissioner of Schools, or by the County Agricultural Agent.

School Commissioner's Notes

May L. Stewart, Commissioner

Clarion, Walloon, two room schools have already engaged teachers for next year. A number of rural school boards have written that they wish to keep the same teacher a second or third year. There were few changes last year and it looks as if there would be comparatively few this year.

If a teacher receives \$50.00 per month and pays \$5.00 per week for board, how much has she clear gain? How much is this each week above her payment for board? How much could this same girl earn in housework? What would be her wages in the city as maid, board free? How much could she earn as clerk for Uncle Sam? How much does she earn as stenographer? Compare the amount of training necessary in each case? How much money does a teacher invest in normal training before applying for a position? Could she afford to teach for \$60.00? Then why the shortage?

Miss Howard reported a few weeks ago a number of new pictures for her school wall. Her school is also the first in the county to formally apply for recognition as a Junior Red Cross Auxiliary.

Tuscola county schools have raised astonishing sums for Red Cross. Several country districts have exceeded \$200 each.—Exchange.

Miss Vera Mears of last year's normal class was unfortunate in losing her certificate in a fire at her boarding place. A duplicate is this week being sent to her.

The Michigan State Fair Educational Department is very anxious to have rural work exhibited this fall. Why could our rural schools not compete for prizes here as usual and then if prize-winning plan on sending work to the State Fair? Surely it would be worth while in effort and reputation.

Miss Mable Thayer writes that a new 4x8 ft. flag has replaced the old one.

The Agreement

Commencing Saturday, April 13th, we, the undersigned, merchants of East Jordan, do hereby agree to inaugurate the following trade concessions to stimulate a more friendly business relationship with the people of this section:—

First.—We will allow two per cent off for cash on all purchases amounting to \$10.00 or over.

Second.—We will pay the highest retail price for butter to all farmer-producers—quality considered.

Third.—We will advertise and offer for sale at a special reduced price one staple article each Saturday.

Fourth.—We will arrange a Free Motion Picture Program for our customers each Saturday afternoon.

Fifth.—We approve and will further the construction of Team Sheds for the free use of the public.

East Jordan Lumber Co.

James Gidley

George A. Bell

East Jordan Drug Co.

C. C. Mack

H. C. Blount

E. L. Burdick

Clyde Hipp

Stroebel Bros.

A. Bartlett

R. C. Supernaw

W. E. Palmiter

M. E. Ashley & Co.

George Carr

D. E. Goodman

A. Danto

Chas. Malpas

C. H. Whittington

Reid & Graf

Hite Drug Co.

French & Redmon

H. Rosenthal

C. A. Brabant

Fred Bennett

C. A. Hudson

City Food Store

The director purchased a smaller flag also during the winter in order that Michigan Day might have suitable decorations.

County Truant Officer Jas. R. Dean of Boyne City has tendered his resignation, saying that he wished to give more time to his livery business. Mr. H. S. Scheaffer of Boyne Falls has been appointed truant officer and will take up the work of the spring term.

Enrollment week for women of the U. S. showing what women can work and which ones could give part time to help win the war—enroll at any school-house beginning April 4th. The blanks have not yet arrived but the plans will be completed as soon as possible. Letter concerning same arrived from State Department March 30th.

The Com'r spent the 28th and 29th in Charlevoix making business calls, and giving a series of talks to the normal class on their work for next year. Topics discussed were: "Causes of Failure and Elements of Success," "School Equipment and Sanitation," "School Law and School System," "The Responsibility of the Teacher during the World War." Early in the year as it is every member of the class has been assigned to a school for the coming year.

In Washington D. C., an Interstate Character Education Methods Research is being launched for the year of 1918. There are nine collaborators from each state in the union and at the recommendation of Supt. Fred L. Keeler, the Commissioner of this county was placed on this committee. Because she feels that the study thus made necessary may be of material benefit to her in her work in Charlevoix County she has accepted the appointment. Other members of the committee are: Pres. C. T. Grawn, Mt. Pleasant; Supt. W. B. Arbaugh, Ypsilanti; Prof. A. S. Whitney, University of Michigan; Supt. H. M. Slauson, Ann Arbor; Mrs. Cornelia Steketee Hulst, Grand Rapids; Prof. J. E. Lautner, Marquette; T. W. DeHaven Houghton; Flora E. Hill, Northern State Normal, Marquette.

Junior Red Cross Notes

Deer Lake and Eveline Peninsula schools have socials this week to complete Junior Red Cross funds.

Circulars on "What to Do to Raise Funds," and "What to Do for the Work Room," were sent out to teachers last week.

The St. Joseph School of East Jordan gave a St. Patrick's Entertainment and serve-self social raising the Red Cross fund in one night. The formal application is not yet submitted.

The Slaughter school where Miss Grace Howard is teaching, is the first school in the county to formally apply for recognition. They raised the sum required by an earning contest and as a little rural school may well be proud of first place.

A letter from Sr. Leo of St. James asks several questions concerning the organization and correct proceedings in formation of Junior Red Cross

Auxiliary. She says: "We have collected the required sum from the children. Some of them have earned it; and others have saved it by denying themselves gum and candy." The method of raising money certainly meets the state requirement of "democratic" and the Beaver Island school is ready for recognition upon application and pledge of satisfactory work.

The Charlevoix City schools are on the job. Supt. H. A. Gray, Chairman of Junior Red Cross of Charlevoix Branch, explains that they had organized and had raised the required before the drive. Thru mistake as to red tape they sent their application to Detroit before the County Junior Red Cross was organized, and received no response. They will send this week to County Junior Red Cross Chairman May L. Stewart, and the qualified application will be sent by her to state committee. They will receive diplomas of acknowledgement from County chapter only but will be recognized in Detroit. The pledge of faithful service is also required, but the Charlevoix Branch commends in advance that the Charlevoix work is immensely satisfactory.

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First Methodist Episcopal Church

Rev. Myron E. Hoyt, Pastor.

Sunday, April 7, 1918.

10:30 a. m.—"The Loom of Thought."

12:00 m.—Sunday School.

3:00 p. m.—Junior League.

6:30 p. m.—Epworth League. Will be led by members of the Junior League and a mighty interesting hour awaits all who come.

7:30 p. m.—Evening Worship. Theme "Camping on the Road to Heaven."

Let it be noted that the time for all evening services is changed to one-half hour later from new year's observance.

Sunday afternoon services at the Walker Schoolhouse.

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

The Junior League invites all juniors of that age to meet with them for a pot-luck supper next Friday evening at 5:30 o'clock.

Presbyterian Church Notes

Robert S. Sidebotham, Pastor.

Sunday, April 7, 1918.

10:30 a. m.—Communion Service.

12:00 Noon—Sunday School.

5:00 p. m.—The Story of Korea.

Attention is called to the change of time of the Vesper Service from 6:30 to 5:00 p. m. The Vesper services Sunday will be the almost marvelous story of the great awakening of a nation since 1881.

6:00 p. m.—Junior and Senior Endeavor.

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

Friday at 2:30 p. m.—The Synodical Society meets with Mrs. E. Supernaw.



WATCH HIM GROW!



—King in The Chicago Tribune.



WAGE EARNER AND PAYER MUST UNITE

By MICHAEL J. HICKEY, Manager Industrial Department, National Association of Manufacturers, New York.

Business in 1918 is to be war. It will primarily be war against a well prepared enemy without our borders. We must not permit it to be war within our borders, as it will be if the bickering, misunderstandings and social unconsciousness are not effectively and constructively dealt with by those who are directly concerned with American industry.

The National Industrial Conservation Movement will continue to exert every possible and legitimate energy at the command of its writers, public speakers, printed literature, moving picture films, co-operating chambers of commerce, boards of trade, religious, civic, social and patriotic bodies, to spread the gospel of industrial co-operation.

Certain agencies abroad in this land are constantly seeking, creating and seizing upon every possible form of excuse and opportunity to sow the seeds of dissatisfaction, discontent and unrest in our industrial world. These agencies thrive on misrepresentation, exaggeration and agitation of destructive varieties.

Must Combat "isms."

They preach hair brained "isms," class hatred and sedition.

To defeat them is not only an imperative work for our national safety, but a patriotic duty incumbent upon every thoughtful American. It cannot be done by the occasional denouncing of such national enemies, thus affording them the notoriety by which they thrive, but must be combated in the public interest by a carefully worked out campaign to present the impartial truth on the industrial, social and economic problems at stake.

Wage earners must be made to more fully appreciate that their interest in American industry is mutual with that of our wage payers so far as our industrial prosperity is concerned.

Wage payers who do not realize the value of cultivating the human element in their plants must likewise be shown the necessity for them to literally interpret and practically apply the lesson of co-operation.

It must also be recognized by our public officials and communities in general that a healthy industrial atmosphere is only possible when friendly relations rather than class antagonisms are fostered by law and public print.

It shall continue to be the purpose of our work on a national scale to diplomatically and truthfully correct the misinformation and spirit of thoughtlessness which has so frequently led the public into acts of reprisal that are inimical to their own interests as well as to the interests of the industrial institutions upon which our national welfare as well as our individual comfort and convenience is so dependent.

The patriotic importance of this work must be evident to all careful observers of events at this time. In its relation to our future industrial development the intrinsic value of a better understanding all round cannot be overestimated.

Spread the Truth.

We will dedicate our energies to the spreading of the truth, the awakening of public thought and the public's sense of mutual interest and responsibility. We believe there is no more room in this country for profiteering on the part of so called Capital or so called Labor.

Our work will also involve a further extension of the campaign to protect and conserve the lives, limbs and general health of wage earners; the reabsorption by industry of jobless warriors and such of our soldiers who may be partially crippled in our military service, the maintenance of our armed forces in the field and comforts of our home staying citizens as well as our brave allies. Our industries must likewise do their full and important share in the financing of our war operations. — Industrial Conservation, New York.

DOING AWAY WITH THE INDUSTRIAL SCRAP HEAP

Railroads and Manufacturers Are Learning to Eliminate Waste, Including Drainage of Man Power.

Confronted by the necessity of utilizing every possible traffic facility for war material, the railroads are going to the scrap heap for additional equipment. They are patching up discarded locomotives and engines 25 years old have been rebuilt and made "better than when they were new."

No doubt the railroad scrap heap is the largest of all American scrap heaps and by that token the one from which most material can be salvaged. But the conditions of railroad waste and extravagance in the name of efficiency equally characterize all American industry, and the new railroad policy of reclamation is important as an example and a precedent.

What the garbage pail is as an index of household thriftlessness the scrap heap is as a monument to wasteful methods of manufacture. But the greatest of all wastes, progressive manufacturers now realize, lies in the careless manipulation of man power. — Industrial Conservation, New York.

CHARLEVOIX COUNTY HERALD
G. A. Lisk, Publisher
ONE DOLLAR PER YEAR

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

MR. AVERAGE CITIZEN-- DO YOU PRODUCE AS MUCH AS YOU CONSUME

Modern Society Founded on Principle of Co-operative Effort of All.

WE DEPEND ON EACH OTHER

Simple Lesson in Economics Proves That Industry is the Source of Necessities, Comforts and Luxuries. Individual Has Debt to Organization.

Can you picture an average American family seated at a table in the average American home about to partake of the average American meal? It is a familiar enough sight. There is the table covered with its white cloth, the utensils made from porcelain, steel, glass and silver, and there is the food—bread and butter, milk, tea or coffee, salt and pepper, sugar, meat, vegetables, fruit, etc. But scarcely anything there is the direct result of the labor of any person who sits about that table!

When you sit down to a meal do you ever think who provided it? Do you even know, in most cases, where the different components of that meal came from? Did the salt and the pepper drop as manna from heaven? Did the flax or the cotton which forms the tablecloth grow upon the home place? Were the fibers spun into yarn by your housekeeper, and was the cloth woven on the household loom? Did you rear the animal which supplied the meat for the repast? Did the fruit come from your orchard? Are the milk and the butter the products of your cow? Who delved into the earth for the silver, the steel, the lead, the clay which have been used to make up the utensils necessary for your most simple meal? And who changed those raw products into the knives and forks and dishes you use?

No thoughtful man can consider such questions without being tremendously impressed with the utter dependence of even the most independent man in our present civilization upon the co-operation of hundreds of thousands of his fellow men whom he has never met and probably never heard of, largely engaged in some occupation different from his own and scattered about, not only all over his own country, but many of them located in far distant parts of the earth!

It makes no difference what vocation a man follows. He may be a farmer and cause two blades of grass to grow where only one grew before. He may be a manufacturer, a retail merchant, a mechanic or a banker—no matter what he is, he depends for his very existence, not only upon those who till the soil and deal in its products, but also and to the same extent upon the great organizations of manufacture, transportation, communication and finance which are scattered about all over the earth.

It has taken the combined efforts, the co-operation of thousands of people and organizations concerning which the average individual may know nothing, to bring about the development of what we call our modern civilization. The economic value of your efforts and those of your employee or of your employer, as the case may be, both depend upon the value of the efforts of millions of other men, and the economic value of one cannot be damaged without impairing the economic value of all.

Let us not become so thoroughly specialists that we forget the other fellow. If our work narrows down at least let our knowledge and sympathies broaden. If we do not know something of the problems of each other and have some sympathetic interests in those problems we cannot hope to attain, either individually or collectively, the very great benefits which are known to be the direct results of helpful co-operation. — Industrial Conservation, N. Y.

SPEED IN PRODUCTION ESSENTIAL TO VICTORY

Industrial Efficiency Will Protect Lives of Our Boys in the Trenches.

Industrial efficiency and economy will play as important a part as military organization and genius in determining the outcome of the war, according to Frank A. Scott, chairman of the War Industries Board, which has charge of government buying and supervision over the general industrial activity incidental to the prosecution of the war. The preparatory stage of the war has passed for this country, says Mr. Scott, and the time has arrived when every resource, human and material, must be placed at the disposal of the government.

"If it can be said there has been a preliminary stage of our share in the war it is over now," says the government's industrial director. "Our troops are already in France, and we have begun the actual raising of a huge army here at home to be sent abroad when the time is ripe. We

Are You Going TO BUILD?

NO MATTER WHAT YOU INTEND TO BUILD—whether it is a house, barn, or merely a shelf in the pantry—you have to have tools. And the better the tools, the better the job. Poor tools are expensive at any price. They last only a short time and never do first class work.

To be sure of getting tools worth buying, get them from us and you will be proud of your purchase.

In addition to the tools, you most likely will need other things in the hardware line.

We have Locks, Doorknobs, Hinges, Brackets, Nails and everything you will want.

HARDWARE THAT STANDS HARD WEAR AT PRICES THAT STAND COMPARISON

EAST JORDAN LUMBER CO. HARDWARE DEPARTMENT

Get Behind the Government



Special Offer

to the Readers of This Paper

If you will send us the names of five ladies in your town who you think would like to read the FAMILY STORY PAPER, we will send you and them each a sample copy, and will also send as a reward for your effort your choice of any one of the following:

Your choice of 10 High Grade Assorted Breeding Post Cards, Camp Scenes, Sailor Toys, Soldier Boys, Battleships, Halloween, Thanksgiving, Christmas, New Years, etc.

1 Silver Plated Souvenir State Tea Spoon.

The Ladies Fancy Work Manual for Crocheting and Embroidering.

Mystic Oracle and Gypsy Dream Book.

The Boy's Book on Toy Making.

Enclose 4c stamps to help cover cost and postage.

N. L. MUNRO'S PUB. HOUSE

338-340 Pearl St., New York

DRINK A GLASS OF REAL HOT WATER BEFORE BREAKFAST.

Says we will both look and feel clean, sweet and fresh and avoid illness.

Sanitary science has of late made rapid strides with results that are of untold blessing to humanity. The latest application of its untiring research is the recommendation that it is as necessary to attend to internal sanitation of the drainage system of the human body as it is to the drains of the house.

Those of us who are accustomed to feel dull and heavy when we arise, splitting headache, stuffy from a cold, foul tongue, nasty breath, acid stomach, can, instead, feel as fresh as a daisy by opening the sluices of the system each morning and flushing out the whole of the internal poisonous stagnant matter.

Everyone, whether ailing, sick or well, should, each morning before breakfast, drink a glass of real hot water with a teaspoonful of limestone phosphate in it to wash from the stomach, liver and bowels the previous day's indigestible waste, sour bile and poisonous toxins; thus cleansing, sweetening and purifying the entire alimentary canal before putting more food into the stomach. The action of hot water and limestone phosphate on an empty stomach is wonderfully invigorating. It cleans out all the sour fermentations, gases, waste and acidity and gives one a splendid appetite for breakfast. While you are enjoying your breakfast the phosphated hot water is quietly extracting a large volume of water from the blood and getting ready for a thorough flushing of all the hidden organs.

The millions of people who are bothered with constipation, bilious spells, stomach trouble, rheumatic aches, others who have sallow skins, headaches and sickly complexions are urged to get a quarter pound of limestone phosphate from the drug store. This will cost very little, but is sufficient to make anyone a pronounced crank on the subject of internal sanitation.

GRAY HAIR BECOMES DARK AND BEAUTIFUL

Try Grandmother's Old Favorite Recipe of Sage Tea and Sulphur.

Almost everyone knows that Sage Tea and Sulphur, properly compounded, brings back the natural color and lustre to the hair when faded, streaked or gray. Years ago the only way to get this mixture was to make it at home, which is messy and troublesome. Nowdays we simply ask at any drug store for "Wyeth's Sage and Sulphur Compound." You will get a large bottle of this old-time recipe improved by the addition of other ingredients, at very little cost. Everybody uses this preparation now, because no one can possibly tell that you darkened your hair, as it does it so naturally and evenly. You dampen a sponge or soft brush with it and draw this through your hair, taking one small strand at a time; by morning the gray hair disappears, and after another application or two, your hair becomes beautifully dark, thick and glossy and you look years younger. Wyeth's Sage and Sulphur Compound is a delightful toilet requisite. It is not intended for the cure, mitigation or prevention of disease.

THE ST. DUNSTAN MYSTERY

By PERRY NEWBERRY.

Copyright,

The Frank A. Munsey Co.

Belgrag was expecting us, but not so impetuously. There were three men in the cabin with him besides the mate. I knocked one sailor down with a harsh blow of the marline-spike before I got my hands on the captain, and I heard Blake fire twice.

When I had guessed Belgrag for putty-soft, I was judging from looks, not feel. That great envelope of seeming fat was muscled hard as nails, and he took the marline-spike out of my hands as though I had offered him a cigar. I was a baby in his giant arms, and he gave me one squeeze that cracked ribs, tossing me aside to attend to other matters.

Bruised, crushed, in an agony from the piercing of broken bones, I crawled from under feet to the side of the cabin and watched the fight go on. Blake, his weapon arm held aloft in the clutch of his adversary, was

struggling with the mate, and at the moment had the better of it. Clifton, like me, was down on the floor, he with the added trouble of a man on his chest. Only Reedley was unattached. He stood against the door, which he had closed, and he was firing his revolver, slowly and deliberately. If he was humming rag-time, I could not hear it.

Belgrag gave the map-table, which stood in his way, a lift with his knee that turned it completely over and made a rush for the pursuer that was like an elephant charge, Reedley stopping him with a bullet which would have downed any ordinary man. The Igerian gripped at his chest, then cursed musically in his mother tongue, and continued the rush. I saw Reedley's gun-hand come up again, coolly, heard the snap of the hammer on a dead shell, and the pursuer was in Belgrag's hands.

Holding against the wall, I got to my feet, and I had the clinch-bar which Clifton began with, in my hand, and that arm was still good. I could not cross the room to aid Reedley, but the bar did. With my remaining strength I hurled it at Belgrag's head.

There was a crash of splintering glass and the room went dark. The whirling iron had caught the light-bulbs, shivering them into a million pieces, but whether it had reached its mark I could not tell. The door was flung open, and in the lighter square were the figures of hurrying men, blotted out in a second by the huge frame of the Sakuntala's captain making exit. He was still up, still fighting!

"Reedley! Gilmore!" I heard Blake cry, and I managed to answer him as the pursuer shouted cheerfully, "All right, captain!"

"Can you follow me?" asked Blake. "Here's one who can," said a new voice, and Burns rushed through the door. "I'm with you, captain."

"Good!" from Blake, and Reedley gave a cheer. "Where's Clifton?" "Some place on the floor," I said. "Strike a light and see what we have here." I had found a corner where I could stand with my back supported two ways.

A match flamed up, and I saw a shambles. There wasn't an article of movable furniture left standing in the room, and bodies were piled three deep in its center. The Italian mate was sprawled at his whole attenuated length, face down, and there was no doubt he was dead. The entire top of his head was blown off. Two of the three sailors were in the center mess and so was Clifton.

"What's your trouble?" asked Blake of me as the light went out.

"Bear-hug; ribs," I answered. "I'm kicking them into place, though, captain. Ready when you are, although pretty well knocked out."

"Come on then. It's them or us now, lads. Drive 'em below or over the sides!" And he started through the door.

I could stagger on behind, clinching my lower lip between my teeth, but I was empty-handed of anything like a weapon and as useless in a scrap as a piece of French pastry. Blake led us aft, and as we came around the end of the deck-house I was surprised to hear the noise of fighting.

"They're at it!" shouted Blake. "Thank God, there are others!" and he bellowed defiance as he ran down the deck. I limped in the rear, spitting blood that was oozing up from my perforated lung, and we shouldered into the melee. It was the Scot, Hugh Wallace, in opposition to the captain now, and he was fighting alone against four of the men.

Belgrag, leaning his bulk against the rail, looked on, fluting suggestions or warnings in several languages, as the engineer waved a great steel wrench, like a claymore, about his head. Belgrag had a revolver in his hand, but he wasn't wasting cartridges on the Scot. He wanted them for us.

We were inside the outer circle before he could fire, and then it was so nextricably mixed that there was no chance in putting bullets into the mess, I couldn't tell friend from foe. I went down at the first impact, an elbow in the same hurt ribs, but I caught a sailor's leg at the ankle, toppling him over. Then the big bull

shed again, but it was too late: Blake, Reedley, Burns and the Scot were all over him in a minute, and hammer and thrash as he might, they pinned him down. The battle was finished. I had strength still to toss Blake my bits of cord, and the job which was to have been nearly done in the captain's berth was knotted tight on his quarter-deck.

There wasn't a whole sailor above decks when we began taking inventory of our victory; the mate was dead, and two Italians who had fought with him were bullet-wounded; there was one man in the cabin with his head cracked, two on the deck, all unconscious, and the rest were nursing minor injuries in the fore-castle.

Of our end of the scrimmage, I was the only one seriously hurt, for Clifton when pulled out from under the cabin mess, revived quickly from a head wound with a spike, Reedley and Blake had but surface bruises to show while our Scotch ally had received not a scratch.

When they lugged me down to my cabin and into a berth, we were a quite happy bunch of mutineers. Blake had gone at once to the bridge to attend to the ship's navigation, so I had Reedley rap softly twice, then three times on Isabelle's door. I went to sleep, sort of, after that and didn't know anything more till late the next afternoon.

CHAPTER XIII.

The End of the Trail.

I was nicely bundled up in swathe-bags about the midriff when I came out of my lethargy, and Isabelle and

the signora were close at hand to tell me I must not talk and ask if I was feverish, hungry, thirsty, wanted a taste of brandy or an egg-nog, felt better, was too hot or not-hot enough, and the thousand and one foolish questions which make it pleasant to be sick and nursed by women-folks.

I told Isabelle my brow needed the cooling touch of her hand, and the signora attended to it; and I explained that a steak, porterhouse size, with French fried potatoes, corn on the cob, two fried eggs and a strip of bacon, stewed tomatoes or creamed cauliflower, with something light for dessert, and two—maybe three—cups of coffee would be a palatable sop to my appetite, and received beef-tee in a thimble-sized cup. But I was out of pain and on the mend, and the Sakuntala was pointing her nose for Mazatlan.

Kodani, extremely subdued and valentful, divided his time between Captain Belgrag and me, giving needful assistance to the invalids; for the Igerian was in worse situation than I, the bullet having pierced his lung. Lacking other medical attention than the clever Jap was able to give, he was a rather hopeless case, and Captain Blake's decision to make Mazatlan rather than Guayaquil was due to the knowledge that there was a better hospital there.

With Blake, or Reedley—promoted to mate—on the bridge, and the Scot, Hugh Wallace, in charge of the engine-room, the crew was as docile as anyone could wish; in fact, seemed pleased with the exchange of masters, and from them and Wallace, Blake learned much of the situation aboard which had been so puzzling.

Captain Belgrag was making his first journey as the grand duke's sailing master, and his calm brutality had made him enemies among the crew long before they had sailed through the Golden Gate. Although they were not in the secret of the Sakuntala's intentions, there was every opportunity to surmise, and they expected to leave San Francisco with the grand duke aboard.

Instead, Captain Belgrag ran away from that port, ran away so hurriedly that he left half his crew behind with one of the boats, and his subsequent queer handling of the yacht, shifting the course whenever the smoke of an approaching steamer appeared on the horizon, coaling in secret outside the harbor of San Diego, finally refusing, until forced, to pick up a boatload of the castaways, had convinced the thinking men of the crew that something was far wrong.

And I made Kodani talk. As Holme had said, when first suspicion rested on the Jap, he was but a cog in the machine, but the information he gave led me to a complete knowledge of the mysterious murders in the St. Dunstan. I would not need to force the story out of Belgrag.

That same day Clifton brought me the information that there was a complete wireless equipment aboard, installed except for wiring and antennae. If desired, he could have it in operation in a few hours, and I eagerly sent him to it. Then, with a board on the blanket over me, a couple of pillows propping my head, I went back to newspaper work.

Well, I needed something to support a wife, didn't I? I could not ask the mother of this black-haired, black-eyed girl for her daughter's hand, and me without an occupation? I wrote the first story that any newspaper in the country—in the world—printed of the death of the Grand Duke of Igeria, the end of as beautifully sad a romance as history has ever told; and I wrote it for the Sentinel.

But the first message that sparkled from the foremost of the Sakuntala was to Holme, and read:

Catch Ignatz Greg and hold. Answer, Gilmore.

Soon the word came back: Greg under arrest. What next, Holme.

Then only did I hand Clifton the first sheets of what kept him at the key most of the night.

There were three unidentified bodies lying in San Francisco's morgue, to which I gave the names: Marnee Taate, the Grand Duke of Igeria, and his gentleman-in-waiting, valet and

guard, Franz Pallfys. From the knowledge gained through Kodani, from my own observations and a deductive imagination, I portrayed the happenings of Tuesday afternoon in the St. Dunstan apartments Numbers 229 and 630, the northwest corner of the sixth floor, from the time Marnee Taate knocked at its door at something like four o'clock.

Kodani opened for her; the duke, or James Freel as he was known there, was not in, but would be back shortly, Kodani said; she was to wait. Then he left her alone.

She looked about the room, probably straightening it up as women will when opportunity comes, and she took off her hat to be more at ease. Then she stood at the window, looking out at the steel frame of the great structure, twelve stories high, which was building next door, watching the riveters handle the hot iron rivets, deafened by the sharp staccato of the pneumatic hammers; and from above her through the opened window—left purposely open—came the bullet to her heart, and the pistol's discharge was soundless in the greater din of the clanging riveters.

Brought to the St. Dunstan by a trick similar to the one which lured Marnee to her death, the grand duke met his fate as he stood over the lord body, and Captain Belgrag, who had planned the murder, and Ignatz Greg, who fired the shots, had but to remove the bodies from the building to some place remote enough to avoid suspicion.

I had interrupted their endeavor of Tuesday night—or Wednesday morning early—after Greg had placed Marnee's corpse in the lift, and Belgrag, below, had brought it down. I had driven them away by signaling the elevator before Belgrag could remove the body, and there was of course no other opportunity.

The fact that Franz Pallfys, the duke's confidant, was still alive was a menace to the murderers, so he was lured there Thursday and was done away in the same manner which had proved so effective before; a shot from the steel skeleton, covered by the racket of the riveters. And Franz Pallfys's shadowing of me, the uncle of the girl he knew the duke was to wed, was unquestionably with a hope that I would lead him to his missing master.

When the discovery of Marnee's dead body made certain that suspicion would be directed to some occupant of the sixth floor, I was selected to stand as the murderer, quite naturally, because I was Marnee's uncle and might have a motive for the crime; and Kodani was bribed to build evidence against me, discharging one cylinder of my revolver and placing the hatpin in my handkerchief box; then to give Greg the key to my room when Belgrag took the Jap on the Sakuntala. It was Greg who restole the hatpin from my trunk and changed the set of the alarm-clock.

Whether Greg or Belgrag wrote the purple-ribboned notes to the detective department, I did not know, but they were to give impetus to the suspicion against me, just as the note to Isabelle was to ward off inquiry which might lead to discovery. Either might have typed them; which did so was unimportant.

Only the motive for this series of crimes was lacking now, and my brain ached trying to find an explanation for this conspiracy of murder. It was planned long in advance, for Greg had taken his apartment in the St. Dunstan a month before the murders, almost as soon as the elopement was planned in Igeria, half across the world; and, unless I was greatly mistaken, Greg had secured employment as a rivet-driver on the steel construction for the express purpose of these crimes.

He must have been a laborer there to fire the shots; but why this elderly, benevolent-appearing man should do such atrocities I could not imagine. Would monarchical objection to this marriage go to such extremes in its prevention? Could a political opposition to the duke be excuse for the murders? I might only surmise, for the truth was locked in the stolid mind of Belgrag, in the reticent Greg and in the heart of a country still as medieval as the Dark Ages, the Grand Duchy of Igeria.

"Senora Reade," I said to Isabelle's mother, "you may have seen—guessed that I love your daughter."

She looked up from an embroidery frame, and her eyes smiled so like Isabelle's that I was sure she would not be harsh to my request. It was the afternoon of my first day in Durango, and we sat in the cool shade of the patio at the senora's hacienda in the hills.

"Yes, senor," said Isabelle's mother, which was non-committal and meant go on—say it—finish—conclude. I looked around for help from Isabelle, but she had vanished.

"Of course I am not worthy," I continued weakly and tritely. "In fact, I'm worse than that—I'm forty, twice her age. That is a fearful disparity, Mrs.—Senora Reade!"

"Mr. Reade was forty-eight," she replied. "Forty-eight and I was sixteen when we wed, and it was not disparity—nor fearful! We were greatly happy and blessed!"

Here was encouragement! Now let me get across all the good points in the inventory of my possessions and qualifications. How did that go? Item one, a home—but I had given that up; I no longer had a home to offer. Item two, friends—I had more now than when I last inventoried, anyway Isabelle and her mother more, but I couldn't offer them as a reason for permission to marry Isabelle. Skip item two.

Item three, money, funds, capital, fortune. "I am not very wealthy, senora," I ventured a bit nervously, for I wanted to be real honest about my financial condition, and that \$127-33 had shrunk woefully! "In fact, I'm not at all wealthy. I'm just a pauper, but I lo—"

"Ah! So like him!" interrupted the senora. "So like my dear husband! Never a thought of the morrow or a worry or care for the meal that should be next! Those were happy, happy days, Senor Gilmore!" She sighed blissfully at the memories of the past, and I sighed blissfully that item three was past.

Item four, I recalled, was experience, and I was strong on experience. "But I am an experienced man of affairs, Mrs. Reade," I urged, brave again. "I am a steamer efficiency economy expert." Then I remembered that I had not matriated; was just beginning the freshman's first semester. "I mean a newspaper writer, of course," I concluded lamely. "A reporter; just a dub reporter on a morning paper. But I do love isa—"

"A writer? A journalist? Mr. Reade was the representative of the London Times at Madrid when first I met him; a brave and fearless writer! I must always have a great admiration for you journalists, Senor Gilmore, because of my husband."

"I have a good constitution, some arms and feet, and eyes and nose and mouth—a chin; don't forget the chin, senora!" I was certainly musing up those last items of the inventory. "Hair and a face and—and—nothing at all to offer Isabelle—but a love which means all that is good in me!"

And you must give her to me because—"

"Because you will make her happy, senor," said Isabelle's mother placing her hand on mine, "and there is nothing better to give her than happiness. So I shall send her to you now that you may tell her that you love her. I wish you every success, John Gilmore." I raised her hand to my lips in gratitude.

"Because of ribs, I had to wait for Isabelle to come to me, which she did, very quietly, demurely."

"My mother said you wished to see me," she said softly, and her eyes were cast down.

And I was tongue-tied. It is one thing to tell the girl you love her when you have your arms around her with darkness all about, and quite another to say it in answer to "My mother said you wanted to see me," while she stands, tall and slender, beside you, out of reach, her black hair reflecting the sun and shadow, her red lips opened just to show pearl teeth in a deliciously mysterious smile, her thick lashes hiding the telltale eyes which might answer the mystery of the lips, and her bosom rising and falling to the rhythm of her breath!

"And didn't you want to see me, John?" whispered Isabelle.

Then the fetters fell away from my tongue and words came free to tell her a part of what she meant to me, to ask her the question I had forgotten to ask before; and with her lips against mine, she answered, "Yes."

(THE END.)

THE GREAT WAR HAS MADE CIGARETTES A NECESSITY.

"Our boys must have their smokes. Send them cigarettes!" This is a familiar appeal now to all of us.

Among those most in demand is the now famous "toasted" cigarette—LUCKY STRIKE. Thousands of this favorite brand have been shipped to France. There is something homelike and friendly to the boys in the sight of the familiar green packages with the red circle.

This homelike, appetizing quality of the LUCKY STRIKE cigarette is largely due to the fact that the Burley tobacco used in making it has been toasted. "It's toasted" was the slogan that made a great success of LUCKY STRIKE in less than a year. Now the American Tobacco Co. is making 15 million LUCKY STRIKE Cigarettes a day.

A good part of this immense production is making its way across the water to cheer our boys.

CUT THIS OUT—IT IS WORTH MONEY.

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

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.

BUY LIBERTY BONDS TO VERY LIMIT OF RESOURCES

Everyone Should Give the Boys "Over There" the Financial Support Needed for Victory.

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, thunderous 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.

Carnegie's wealth wouldn't begin to pay for enough hero medals if kissing were really dangerous.

PUT CREAM IN NOSE AND STOP CATARRH

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

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

Tell your druggist you want a small bottle of Ely's Cream Balm. Apply a little of this fragrant, antiseptic cream in your nostrils, let it penetrate through every air passage of the head; soothe and heal the swollen, inflamed mucous membrane, and relief comes instantly.

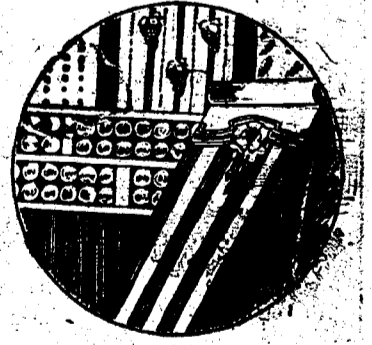
It is just what every cold and catarrh sufferer needs. Don't stay stuffed-up and miserable.

HAVE YOU EVER NOTICED IT?

We seldom do any advertising.

When we do we offer something worth mentioning. We are Closing Out our stock of

Wall Paper



NOT A REMNANT SALE.

Our stock is complete and it is all going.

SEE OUR STOCK. GET OUR PRICES!

EAST JORDAN DRUG CO.

THE REXALL STORE.



Burpee's Seeds Grow

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

NOW RAISES 600 CHICKENS

After Being Relieved of Organic Trouble by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Oregon, Ill.—"I took Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound for an organic trouble which pulled me down until I could not get my feet to the floor and could scarcely do my work, and as I live on a small farm and raise six hundred chickens every year it made it very hard for me."



"I saw the Compound advertised in your paper, and tried it. It has restored my health so I can do all my work and I am so grateful that I am recommending it to my friends."—Mrs. D. M. ALTERS, R. R. 4, Oregon, Ill.

Only women who have suffered the tortures of such troubles and have dragged along from day to day can realize the relief which this famous root and herb remedy, Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, brought to Mrs. Alters.

Women everywhere in Mrs. Alters' condition should profit by her recommendation, and if there are any complications, write Lydia E. Pinkham's Medicine Co., Lynn, Mass., for advice. The result of their 40 years experience is at your service.

QUIT MEAT IF YOUR KIDNEYS ACT BADLY

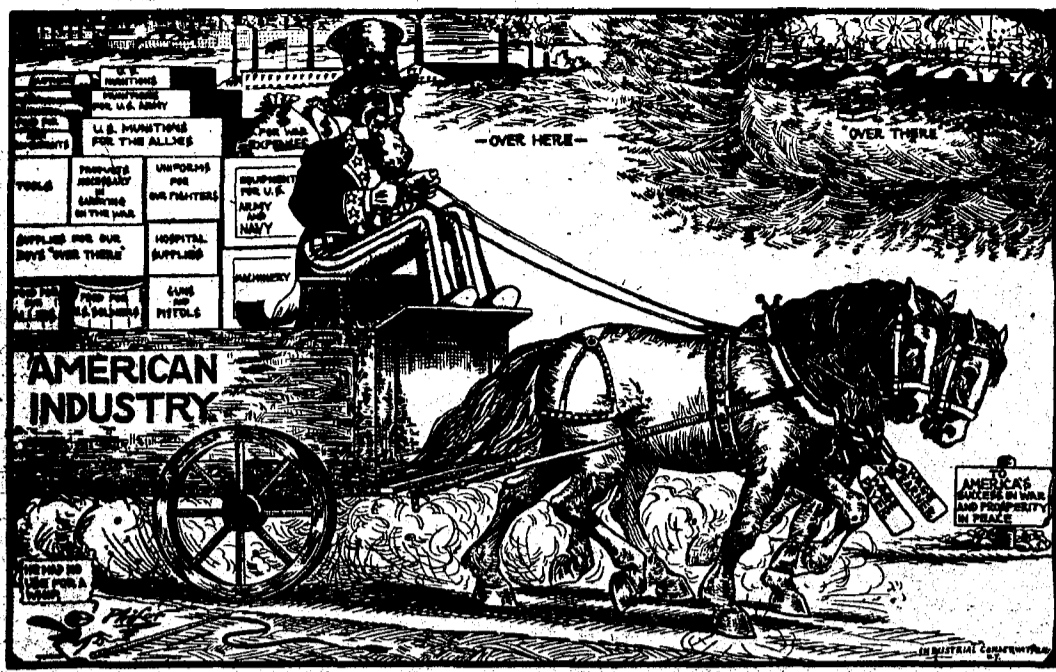
Take tablespoonful of Sals if Sals hurts or Bladder bothers. Drink lots of water.

We are a nation of meat eaters and our blood is filled with uric acid, says a well-known authority, who warns us to be constantly on guard against kidney trouble.

The kidneys do their utmost to free the blood of this irritating acid; but become weak from the overwork; they get sluggish; the eliminative tissues clog and thus the waste is retained in the blood to poison the entire system.

When your kidneys ache and feel like lumps of lead, and you have stinging pains in the back or the urine is cloudy, full of sediment, or the bladder is irritable, obliging you to seek relief during the night; when you have severe headaches, nervous and dizzy spells, sleeplessness, acid stomach or rheumatism in bad weather, get from your pharmacist about four ounces of Jad Salts; take a tablespoonful in a glass of water before breakfast each morning and in a few days your kidneys will 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 flush and stimulate clogged kidneys, to neutralize the acids in urine so it is no longer a source of irritation, thus ending urinary and bladder disorders.

Jad Salts is inexpensive and cannot injure; makes a delightful effervescent lithia-water drink, and nobody makes a mistake by taking a little occasionally to keep the kidneys clean and active.



TEAM WORK COUNTS!

**AN EXPERIMENT IN GROUP OWNERSHIP;
OR THE FABLE OF THE PERFORMING MULE**

Back in the Dark Ages of American Culture, before the French Accent had found its way to the Farm, and when the Cabbage Coaxers in our rural Districts still pronounced Vaudeville "vawdavi" instead of "Vodeviel," there lived a Showman whose chief Asset was a performing Mule. The name of the Showman was Wage-Payer and the Source of his Income was dubbed Industry.

Now it so happened that Wage-Payer had spent a number of tedious year-teaching Industry to perform certain clever Tricks such as would tend to stimulate the Consumption of chewing gum and Peanuts among the gaping Audiences, and had burned

countless gallons of Midnight Oil studying the Diseases that Mules are heir to so that He might keep Industry in the best of Health and Spirits; for Industry, like all other Stage Artists, possessed a Temperament which varied with the condition of his Liver. In return for the Effort He had expended in the Education of the Mule, Wage-Payer figured that He was entitled to a Fair Share of the Income derived from Industry's Performances, but it appears that his arithmetical



"Such a Man as is Known as an Agitator."

and at the urgent suggestion of Agitator each Delegate carried a knotted cudgel to help along the peaceful Process of Arbitration. When they proposed that they be given a larger Proportion of the Gross Receipts, Wage-Payer, who had become nettled by the



"He Gets the Dough and We Get the Crumbs."

Increasing Expenses, threw up his hands and cried in Classic English: "I'm sick of this job, anyway. Take the old Mule and do what you want with him. Good-bye, Good Luck, God Bless You!" Whereupon Wage-Payer tied a wet Towel about his fevered Brow, tele-



"I'm Sick of This Job Anyway."

phoned for a nerve Specialist, and went to Bed for a Rest. Meantime, the Wage-Earners, somewhat Panic-stricken by the unexpected turn of Events, set about putting Industry through his Paces for the Matinee Performance, but never having studied mule Pedagogy, they got their Signals mixed and

caused the Mule to count Ten in computing the Age of a Moth-eaten Octogenarian in the Audience. Whereupon the audience forgot to Hooverize in the use of Eggs and Vegetables.

But that didn't conclude the Troubles of the Mule Minders. The Extortioners began to arrive with their Accounts Due and Payable and the Wage-Earners in their Efforts to Economize cut down on Industry's Diet. Industry began to get groggy on his Pins, and after two or three performances collapsed altogether. Whereupon the Mule Minders held a conference and decided that Agitator was the only man capable of handling the Situation, so they sent for Him and asked his advice.

"The Mule's faking," responded Agitator. "He needs a good Beating."

The Wage-Earners applied Agitator's cure until their Biceps ached, and then came to the Conclusion that although Agitator was a fancy Swimmer in the Sea of Theories, he needed a Pair of Water Wings when it came to practical application. There was but one Alternative left for the Wage-Earners.



"My Friends, the Mule Suffers from Malnutrition."

Either they must persuade Wage-Payer to come back on the job, or starve to death, so they packeted their Pride and sent a hurry call for the former Chief of Mysteries.

"My Friends," announced Wage-Payer, with his Hand on Industry's pulse, "the Mule suffers from Malnutrition. He is in a serious condition, but we can pull him through if you follow my advice. Bear one Thing in mind if you would manage Industry so as to get the Best out of him: You can't skimp on his Food."

"But we don't want to manage him any longer," chorused the Wage-Earners. "That's what we got you back for. We can wash him and curry him, and feed him, when we have the Food to feed him with, but we need some one to put him through his Paces and take care of the Finances."

Moral: You can't shift Scenes and run the Show at the same Time.—Industrial Conservation, New York.

WHO IS THE EMPLOYER?

Manufacturers, contractors or those who undertake the production of anything that the market demands are almost invariably considered the employers. This is erroneous; they are simply the directors of the industry and are themselves employees of those who desire the product.

These directors engage the services of other employees—manual workers, etc.—in behalf of the purchasers of the product. The purchasers are, therefore, the real employers. The directors and the workers are actually fellow craftsmen engaged in a common service.—Industrial Conservation, New York.

UNDERSTANDING EACH OTHER.

War surely pulls people together, and its effects in better understanding among business men are already so plain that if peace comes tomorrow the new co-operative measures adopted by many of our industries and trades the last six months would go far toward paying for the enormous war outlay to date.

All the co-operation now existing and planned between manufacturers is recognized by labor to be ineffective without its whole hearted support, and every day is strengthening the growth of a new spirit among American workmen.—Industrial Conservation, New York.



"Certain Clever Tricks Tending to Stimulate the Sale of Chewing Gum and Peanuts Among the Gaping Audiences."

countless gallons of Midnight Oil studying the Diseases that Mules are heir to so that He might keep Industry in the best of Health and Spirits; for Industry, like all other Stage Artists, possessed a Temperament which varied with the condition of his Liver. In return for the Effort He had expended in the Education of the Mule, Wage-Payer figured that He was entitled to a Fair Share of the Income derived from Industry's Performances, but it appears that his arithmetical



"The Muleteers Were Known as Wage-Earners."

calculations were at variance with the Computations made by the Squad of Husky Mule Tenders whom Wage-Payer had hired to minister to the material Needs of Industry. Now, these Mule Tenders, who were known as Wage-Earners, had always been content with the Wages they were getting until there appeared in their Midst a Man named Agitator, who never did any Work himself but spent his valuable Time in spreading the Doctrine that the Laborer is Worthy of his "Higher."

And so Agitator took the Muleteers, or Wage-Earners, to the Box office and aroused their Jealousy by pointing out to them the gladsome Spectacle of Wage-Payer raking in the fat Simeleons with his right Hand. They lost sight of the fact that his South paw was equally busy rolling out the silver clinkers to a hungry crowd of creditors. They only had eyes for the Intake, and their hitherto substantial Wages began to assume the propor-



Housecleaning Time Is Here!

Our business is to minister to the Home Beautiful by affording furnishings in fine harmony that reflects the good taste and judgment of the housewife.

WE INVITE YOUR ATTENTION

To Our Linoleum Department. Linoleum in six and twelve foot lengths.

New spring patterns in Curtain Material & Rugs.

Our open stock in dishes are making a great hit.

Oh! Yes! We have some fine **BUGGIES** for that new baby, and **KIDDIE-KARS** for the youngsters.

FRENCH & REDMON

HOMEFURNISHINGS AND UNDERTAKING QUALITY SERVICE



Our Spring Suits Have Arrived.

We Have Navy and Sand **POPLIN** in Up-to-Date Styles at \$20.00.

JERSEY Suits In Green for Misses at \$25.00.

Silk and Wool Skirts
\$5.50 to \$15.00

Ladies and Misses Coats

Checks, Plaids and Velour \$9.50 to \$12.50

Muslin Underwear

All Sorts and Sizes. Best Values On the Market.

NEW GEORGETTE WAISTS

Can't be seen elsewhere for the price—

\$4.50 to \$6.50

COME IN AND SEE US.



M. E. ASHLEY & CO.

Briefs of the Week

Lookout for The Hidden Hand.
Charles McNamara went to Gladwin, Thursday.
Miss Rena Alstram returned Tuesday from Ludington.
Supt. L. P. Holliday of Lake Linden visited friends and relatives here over Sunday.
John Dolezel and family have moved to Cadillac, where they will make their future home.
Mrs. G. W. Kitsman and children returned home Thursday from a visit with relatives at Standish.
Special meeting of Mystic Lodge No. 379 F. & A. M. Saturday evening April 6th. Work in the second degree.
Our Public Schools will, commencing Monday, operate on the following time schedule:—9:00 a. m. to 12:00 m. 1:30 to 4:00 p. m.
Mrs. M. S. Beyer with children and her sister, Miss Bernice Horton are visiting relatives at Frankfort this week. They return this Saturday.
The farm residence of Gilbert La-Clair, near the Miles school house was destroyed by fire, Wednesday morning. Household goods on the second floor were lost.
Wm. H. Supernaw will open a wood-working plant in the old Wilhelm Block in the near future. At present he is busy installing machinery. Mr. Supernaw is a first-class "job" man, and he will undoubtedly make a success of his venture.
Look for The Hidden Hand.
Mrs. Elizabeth Anderson passed away at her home in this city Saturday morning from pneumonia. Deceased was born in Norway in 1873. Funeral services were held from the home Monday, conducted by Rev. Sidebotham. The remains were taken to Elk Rapids for interment. Deceased leaves a husband, Jacob Anderson, and two sons.
Will you see The Hidden Hand?

Girls beware see The Hidden Hand.
Mrs. Wm. Robinson went to Bellaire, Tuesday.
Miss Agnes Green returned Wednesday from Detroit.
C. R. Brownell returned home Thursday from Gaylord.
Fred Kowalski is a business visitor at Jackson this week.
See "The Hidden Hand" at the Temple Theatre, Saturday.
Bert Hughes left Wednesday on a business trip to Jackson.
Miss Agnes Porter is visiting friends at South Haven this week.
Mr. and Mrs. Hector McKinnon went to Traverse City, Thursday.
Miss Rosabelle Danto is visiting friends at Petoskey this week.
Mrs. Russel Harrington returned to her home at Flint last Saturday.
Mrs. Frank P. Ramsey was a Traverse City visitor first of the week.
Mrs. Geo. Ramsey and children are visiting relatives at Central Lake this week.
Miss Jessie McKinnon of Boyne City is visiting at the home of Mrs. Felix Green.
Donald Porter and Chas. Danto are expected home this Saturday from Ann Arbor.
Mrs. Joe Whiteford returned Wednesday from a visit with her sister at Detroit.
Mrs. John Petrie of Echo township visited at the Thos. Joynt home over Sunday.
Mrs. A. Hilliard has returned home from a visit with relatives at Grand Rapids.
Mrs. W. S. Carr will spend the weekend at Charlevoix with her daughter, Eunice.
Born to Mr. and Mrs. Edmund Bogart, a daughter, Virginia Marie, Sunday, Mar. 31st.
Born to Mr. and Mrs. Bert Hogstein, a daughter, Mildred Geneva, Sunday Mar. 31st.
Born to Mr. and Mrs. Frank Hengy, a daughter, Katherine Oriane, Saturday Mar. 30th.
Mrs. L. C. Madison returned home last week from a visit with relatives at Brimfield, Ind.
The Methodist Ladies Aid will meet with Mrs. Noah French, next Wednesday, April 10th.
Miss Lydia Blount is expected home this Saturday from Ann Arbor to spend a week's vacation.
The Red Cross Knitting Bee will meet at the home of Mrs. Peter Lalonde next Monday afternoon.
Misses Myrtle Joynt, Norma Johnson and Ruth Gregory returned to Mt. Pleasant, Monday.
Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Brooks returned home Tuesday from a visit with relatives at Flint and Jackson.
Misses Marie McDonald, Catherine Bogart and Dorothy Joynt are visiting relatives at Central Lake this week.
Mrs. R. O. Bisbee and daughter, Harriett left Tuesday for Beloit, Wis., to visit her sister, Mrs. Morgan Lewis.
The Presbyterian Missionary Society will meet with Mrs. Richard Supernaw next Friday April 12th. All members are urged to be present.
A. E. Wells has returned from Muskegon and will resume his duties as manual training teacher until he is called into Uncle Sam's service.
Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Richardson left Friday for their new home near Walloon Lake—Bay Shore, Route 1. They will operate a farm at that place.
E. Flagg left Wednesday to visit his relatives at Frederic. From there he goes to Chicago for a visit, and then plans to make his home in Detroit.
Neil McArthur died at the County Farm, Monday, aged about 75 years. Deceased has been confined to his bed for some time. Interment Tuesday.
The Lady Maccabees gave a farewell party at their hall, Wednesday afternoon in honor of Mrs. Minnie Jones. She was presented with a beautiful cut glass dish. Mrs. Jones with her husband expect to leave soon for Montana.
Beware of women, see The Hidden Hand.
Friendship L. & T. Circle met at the home of Mrs. Glenn Burton, last Tuesday. Forty-five ladies were present. A dainty lunch was served and a fine program was given. They will meet at the home of Mrs. Harvey Scott next Tuesday, April 9th. Visitors welcome.
Find out about The Hidden Hand.

What is The Hidden Hand?
J. Leahy, the Optometrist will be here again April 10-11th.
Mrs. A. Hammond returned home Thursday from a visit at Detroit.
Misses Wilma and Virginia Ward are visiting friends at Petoskey this week.
Curtain Stretchers for rent or sale at French & Redmon's. Rental 35c per day. Price \$2.00.
Mr. and Mrs. Norman Rice of Petoskey were guests of the latter's sister, Mrs. A. Ward, Thursday.
Mrs. C. Schulthies and children of West Branch are guests at the home of her sister, Mrs. Enoch Giles.
Mrs. E. C. Noffert returned to Detroit last Saturday, after an extended visit here with her sister, Mrs. A. K. Hill.
George L., the infant son of Mr. and Mrs. Louis Hayashi died Sunday at Camp 5. The remains were taken to Peshawbatown for interment Wednesday.
The Willing Workers of the Red Cross gave a very pleasing entertainment at the Armory last week, each one doing their part in a very satisfactory manner and netted the sum of \$18.00.
Would you marry an heiress? See The Hidden Hand.
The Red Cross Service Flag will be dedicated at the Armory this Saturday evening, April 6th at 8:30 o'clock. A program is being prepared suitable for the occasion after which a bake-sale will be given at which bread, cakes, and cookies will be sold. You are cordially invited to attend and spend a social evening. No admission.
HELPLESS CHINA A LESSON
Every Man, Woman and Child Should Contribute to Success of Third Liberty Loan.
Within the last few months the terrible bubonic plague has been sweeping over western China. Starting in Mongolia, it crossed the great wall and, with appalling speed, invaded province after province. And China—great, helpless China—is unable to care for its unfortunate people. Missionaries and the Rockefeller institute have been doing much to alleviate suffering, but their efforts have been little enough to stem the tide of the dread disease. China lacks the organization and the initiative to do much more than bow before the inevitable.
"There is a lesson for America at this time in the conditions in China," said a United States army medical officer a few days ago. "The United States is at war. Food, guns, clothing are needed for the soldiers, and ships are necessary to carry them to the battlefields in Europe. To conduct this enormous business of war, money is needed—billions in money. If the nation does not show initiative and organization, if every individual and every community are not closely knit to every other individual and every other community and interest by a common impulse, a common purpose to defeat the enemy, America will fall in this war as surely as China has fallen in her hopeless battle against the bubonic plague."
"Every man, woman and child should contribute to the limit toward the success of the third Liberty loan. There must be no sectional feeling, no racial hatreds, no ancient grudges, no political ambitions, no community interests or individual schemes to stand in the way. If this nation of more than a hundred million souls stands together as one, the government at Washington will be provided with the money with which to finance ourselves and our allies in this war against a selfish and autocratic power that plots our political and commercial ruin as it plotted and accomplished the ruin of Belgium and Serbia and northern France."
"A prominent politician once protested against the 'China-fying of the United States.' Let the United States prove to itself and to the common foe that there is nothing of China's helplessness in us. It can do so by acting with a single purpose in this matter of a world war for democracy."

Church of God
J. W. Ruehle, Pastor.
Sunday, April 7, 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.
DON'T LET IT LINGER
A cough that "hangs on" wears down the sufferer, leaving him unable to ward off sickness. Jos. Gillard, 148 Fillmore St., Nashville, Tenn., writes: "I was suffering with a dry hacking cough and a pain in my chest, but since taking Foley's Honey and Tar Compound, I have been relieved." It soothes, heals and cures.—Hite's Drug Store.
Farm for Rent on a main road, good house, 40 acres cleared and 10 acres of alfalfa.—Clink & Williams.
NOTICE—Mystic Workers of the World, East Jordan Lodge No. 882, have changed their regular meeting nights to only one meeting each month. That one meeting to be the last Thursday night in each and every month.
For Sale:
Edison Home Phonograph, with records, cost \$57.00, at a bargain.
Matched Team Mustangs.
Finely located Corner Lot and Barn.
160 A Farm, fenced for cattle.
55 A. cleared, basement, barn etc.
See R. A. BRINTNALL.



SPRING HARDWARE

THE MOST IMPORTANT ITEM IN THE SPRING IS

Good Seed!

But it will SOON BE EXHAUSTED and we will not be able to secure more.

TA Nice Lot of FIELD CORN SEED on the Way.

STROEBEL Bros




Stunning Millinery

Our Millinery Showing this spring far excels any of our previous efforts. Dozens of the most exquisite hats are here—the creation of America's most famous hatter. We invite the ladies to call and examine these.

G. E. Boswell



Palton

SHOES OF REAL COMFORT

Comfortable shoes make "care free" men. It's queer, this feeling of "all's right with the world" which radiates through the man whose feet feel "fit."

C.A. Hudson

Be a Fighter and Buy Bonds.
It is time that we all realize the country is at war. The railroads found themselves relieved of the management of their properties over night. Prices have been set for food and steel and coal. The draft is in full operation. It is no longer a question of patriotism in supporting the government, it is an absolute necessity. If the soldiers refuse to fight, the war is lost. If we at home refuse to buy bonds, the war is lost because the government will be unable to finance the operation. The man who refuses to buy bonds in this great crisis is in a class with the soldier who refuses to fight.
WHY NOT BE GOOD TO YOURSELF?
If you awaken weary and unrefreshed in the morning, or tire early in the day, are bilious and "blue," with coated tongue and bad breath—if you are suffering from indigestion or constipation—you will find Foley Cathartic Tablets quick to relieve and comfortable in action. They are wholesome and health-giving.—Hite's Drug Store.

EAST JORDAN LUMBER CO. STORE



SPECIAL BOY'S SUITS

Worth up to \$8.00

\$4.98

SEE WINDOW.



East Jordan Lumber Co.

OVERWORKED, TIRED WOMAN TOOK VINOL

Now She is Strong and
Hearty

Philadelphia, Pa.—"I was overworked, run down, nervous, could not eat or sleep. I felt like crying all the time. I tried different remedies without benefit. The doctor said it was a wonder I was alive, and when Vinol was given me I began to improve. I have taken eight bottles and am now strong and perfectly healthy in every respect, and have gained in weight. I can not praise Vinol enough."—Mrs. Sarah A. Jones, 1025 Nevada St., Philadelphia, Pa.
We guarantee Vinol to make overworked, weak women strong or return your money. Formula on every bottle. This is your protection.
HITE DRUG CO., East Jordan.

Beware of people who never get angry.
A full purse is the best pocket companion.

**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

MONEY AS NEEDFUL AS MEN, SAYS GOVERNOR

Wage Earners, Business Men, Farmers and Capitalists Are Vitrally Interested in Triumph of Our Arms.

By FRANK O. LOWDEN,
[Governor of Illinois.]

This is a war to establish the right of people to govern themselves. It is, therefore, a people's war. But a people cannot govern itself successfully unless it is willing to finance a war waged upon it by military autocracy. Democracy is doomed, unless it has the vitality to put forth its resources in support of a war, in which its very right to exist is challenged.

Our enemy frequently has said that we, as a nation, care for money alone. More than a million of our young men have given the lie to this charge by offering the supreme sacrifice—the sacrifice of life itself—that their country might endure. Shall it now be said of the other millions—the millions who remain at home—that this charge is true? Will not our people at home, for whose security and future our soldiers have gone to the colors, will not they loan their dollars to the government in the support of a cause for which these men gladly offer to give their lives?

Remember, money is as needful as men, if we are to prevail. Remember that if we do prevail, these bonds will be the best investment we shall have made during the period of the war. If we fail, even then they will be worth more than our cattle and lands, our factories and stores, or any other property we may own.

Our wage earners, business men and capitalists are vitally interested in the triumph of our arms. Let all subscribe in proportion to their means. The number who shall partake of this loan is as important as the total amount subscribed. If our people generally are united in absorbing our Liberty bonds, it will prove to the world that democracy knows what its liberties are worth, and is willing to defend them at any cost.

COST TO CRUSH THE KAISER

Boersianer, Financial Expert, Gives Figures as Boost to Liberty Loan.

By BOERSIANER,

[Financial Editor, Chicago Examiner.]
Not many years before Abraham Lincoln became president Mr. and Mrs. Lincoln were fed and sheltered in the Globe tavern, Springfield, Ill., at four dollars a week. In other terms, they each paid two dollars a week for room and board at what then was one of the best family hotels in the state capital. Incredibly cheap? To us today, yes, but not to the Americans of the 50's and 60's. The purchasing power of a dollar in those days was tremendous.

When the Civil war broke out the wealth of the United States was appraised at \$17,000,000,000. Let us be liberal and make it \$20,000,000,000 at the end of that internecine strife, the total cost of which was \$4,000,000,000. At that time the national debt was \$2,625,000,000. Put in another way, the country had spent in the Civil war one-fifth of her entire wealth.

What happened? Within eighteen years the whole of the national debt was paid off; extinguished by a commonwealth with only one-third of the present population; with little or no prestige as a world power; with all her railways, half of her city real estate and 60 per cent of her farms mortgaged to European capitalists; with bank resources of only \$4,000,000,000 and with not a dollar's worth of investments abroad.

There are estimates that ere kaiserism shall be crushed our national obligation will stand at \$20,000,000,000. That would mean about 8 per cent of the wealth of the nation (which is not less than \$250,000,000,000) or 4 per cent less than the percentage in 1865.

America today is the leading power, the wealthiest country in the world. It is a creditor nation. Its railways, real estate and farms are owned by her own people and her bank resources total \$49,850,000,000.

After this, is it necessary to ask if a United States government bond is a safe investment? There is nothing safer in the world; nothing which promises so rapid and so high an appreciation once the war is ended. These are the cold facts of the proposition. There is another side: the love-of-country, the love-of-Liberty, the great-humanity-cause side.

War and the Weather.

The Almighty makes the weather, not man, and if the weather doesn't suit us, we have to wait. The farmer knows what a day's rain will do in the way of upsetting plans. One can't plow in the mud and a cutting of hay or wheat may be damaged or ruined by one night's downpour.

The war department, too, is up against the weather in France. Three inches of rainfall may make the country impassable for half a million men and horses and motortrucks and ruin the chances of victory or bring defeat. When the war department has the weather to worry about, don't add to its worries by withholding money and, consequently, supplies. The purchase of Liberty bonds will help Pershing a lot this summer.

Germans Buy Bonds; Why Not You?
Germany's last loan was over-subscribed. The Germans are determined to win this war. We have more money than they, and we must spend it. Lend to your government by buying Liberty bonds. Crush Germany's armies under the weight of American dollars.

SAYS HIT THE HUN BY BUYING BONDS

Major General Barry Says Aid Liberty Loan to Avert Indemnity Fund.

By MAJ. GEN. THOMAS H. BARRY,
[Former Commandant at Camp Grant, Rockford, Ill.]

Four years ago the German government started a war, which evidence makes certain had for its object the domination of the world; the crushing of democracy and the establishment of autocracy in its stead.

Evidence of this far-reaching plot appeared as the war was prosecuted by the Germans with such lawless cruelty, that in an effort to parallel their inhuman savagery a shocked world has revived the mediaeval word "Hun."

The government of the United States observed neutrality until their sovereign rights were openly and contemptuously invaded. They were then called upon to decide whether to surrender their rights and their liberty or to engage in war. Rightly they decided to engage in war: "That war is now in progress and it will be won by 'hitting the Hun.'"

To hit the Hun, soldiers must go to the firing line in Europe, but that costs money, and if we are to "hit the Hun" from the firing line at the front there must be no faltering in the fund line at the rear.

To prosecute the war successfully larger sums of money are needed by the government than it ever has needed before. I have read an estimate that it costs a thousand dollars to shoot a Hun.

To provide the stupendous total the government asks its citizens for a temporary loan of the cash they have to invest. As security, it gives its promise to repay the full amount with a good rate of interest. The promise to repay the amount borrowed constitutes the Liberty bonds. They are offered in denominations to suit all purses, and whoever subscribes to a Liberty bond is helping to "hit the Hun."

A time will come when so many have been hit that just one more will constitute his defeat, the collapse of his government and the triumph of liberty. But the war will not be won until some one has hit this last Hun.

So I beg every American who has in his heart a love for the liberty he enjoys and cash to invest to purchase Liberty bonds, and I urge every social club or society, every school, factory, department store, boy scout company and other organizations and individ-

Why Women Suffer
BECAUSE you are a woman there is no need to suffer pain and annoyance which interfere with work, comfort and pleasure. When you suffer again try PISO's Tablets—a valuable, healing local application with astringent and tonic effects. The name PISO established over 50 years guarantees fair treatment. Money refunded if not satisfied. If you would be rid of Backaches, Headaches, Nervousness, Weariness as symptoms of the condition—a trial will convince.

PISO'S TABLETS
Sold Everywhere 60 Cents
Sample Mailed Free—address postcard
THE PISO COMPANY
500 Pine Bldg. Warren, Pa.

uals to form "Hitting the Hun clubs" and purchase Liberty bonds enough to take a shot at a Hun.

It will give strength to the firing line to observe strength in the fund line, and some one will have the honor of subscribing the fund that hits the last Hun and the war will be won.

If we do not subscribe now to the Liberty bonds, to win the war, we will be compelled to subscribe later to an indemnity fund for losing the war.

Put Money into the Land.

Occasionally when driving through the country some attractive farm will be passed. Everything is in good shape; there are windmills, there is a silo; the fences are up and the land in excellent tith. What is the secret of this? The answer always is: "That farmer has put money in his place."

America is a great farming nation, as well as a great manufacturing nation. It is wonderfully prosperous today. There are railways, bridges, factories, mills, workshops and school-houses. All this shows we have put money into it. But there is today the shadow of war hanging over the entire land. The nation is in peril.

Now is the time of all times when money must be put into this land of the free and the home of the brave if it is to remain prosperous and happy. The purchase of Liberty bonds puts your money where it will do the most good in this grave crisis.

Be a Bond Salesman for Uncle Sam.

When you have bought your bond, don't stop. Become a bond salesman for your government and see to it that your neighbor buys a bond. Explain to him that you and he have to do this, as the soldier at the front has to fight.

Russia failed to support its army and its army failed to fight for Russia, and today Germany is taking over thousands of square miles of rich farming and mineral lands, title to which is held by Russians who will have their deeds considered mere scraps of paper by their conquerors. Buy bonds from your government and sell them for it. Make the United States a success instead of a failure, like Russia.

Farmer, Hired Man and Liberty Loan.

Intelligent farmers know that a hired man does better work if he is bountifully fed, pleasantly housed and warmly clad. Uncle Sam today has abroad close to 1,000,000 hired men, engaged in the most toilsome and hazardous work. They cannot be fed, clothed and housed unless money is provided. The purchase of Liberty bonds provides the government with funds to finance this gigantic task. The men in the trenches must be cared for by the men at home. Give the boys the best we can afford. They deserve it all.

Bonds Are Police Protection.

Everyone knows the value of police protection. The purchase of Liberty bonds provides the government with money to build ships to police the high seas and guard America's commerce.

Frank Phillips

Tonsorial Artist.

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

Starting This Saturday
APRIL 6TH
AT THE TEMPLE THEATRE

"The Hidden Hand"

THE FOUR STAR SERIAL FEATURING
DORIS KENYON SHELDON LEWIS
ARLINE PRETTY MAHLON HAMILTON

Come and see the start of this
Great Serial and also see the last chapter of
Pearl White in "The Fatal Ring."

TEMPLE THEATRE Saturday, April 6th 10c
15c

WALL PAPER
Is Economical

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

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

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

Stop in and let us discuss patterns and prices.

HITE DRUG CO.

Send for

Swift & Company's 1918 Year Book

It shows that Swift & Company sells the meat from a steer for less money than the live steer cost!

Proceeds from the sale of the hide, fat, and other by-products covered all expense of dressing, refrigeration, freight, selling expense and the profit of \$1.29 per steer as shown by Swift & Company's 1917 figures as follows:

Average price paid for live cattle per steer	\$84.45
Average price received for meat	68.97
Average price received for by-products	24.09
Total received	93.06
This leaves for expenses and profit	8.61
Of which the profit per steer was	1.29

There are many other interesting and instructive facts and figures in the Year Book.

We want to send our 1918 Year Book, to anyone, anywhere — free for the asking. Address Swift & Company, Union Stock Yards, Chicago.

Swift & Company, U. S. A.