

Charlevoix County Herald.

Vol. 22

EAST JORDAN, MICHIGAN, FRIDAY, JUNE 14, 1918.

No. 24

East Jordan Soldier Wounded

Is First On This Section's U. S. Casualty List Reported.

In Tuesday's report from General Parshing four boys from Northwestern Michigan are on the hero list, and among that four is that of Private Earl M. Gierin of this city, who was severely wounded while in action.

A message to Dep'y Sheriff Cook first of the week asked him to locate the soldier's mother. Inquiry developed the fact that the young man is son of Mrs. George Jarman residing down at the Peninsula in Eveline township. We understand the lady has four sons, two of whom are already seeing service in France and two who are enlisted and in training.

GRAND TRAVERSE DIST. EPWORTH LEAGUE CONFERENCE

Will Be Held In East Jordan Commencing This Friday.

The annual Conference of the Epworth League of Grand Traverse District will be held at the Methodist Church in this city commencing this Friday evening and continuing until Sunday night.

Below is the program as arranged:—

FRIDAY EVENING

6:30 to 8:00—Registration and "Get Acquainted" meeting.

8:00—Devotional Service, Rev. M. Hoyt

8:30—Conference directed by Rev. Geo. F. Durgin, D. D.

SATURDAY MORNING

9:00—Devotional Service, Rev. Exner

9:30—Business Session.

11:00—Round Table, reports, etc.

SATURDAY AFTERNOON

2:00—Devotional Service, Rev. Stanton

2:00—Views and Previews.

(a) Social Service, Mrs. Chas. Coy, District Third Vice-President, Alden.

(b) Putting the League on the Map, Mrs. Quinton Walker, Charlevoix.

(c) Work Among the Juniors, Miss Mabel Greeno, Traverse City, District Junior League Supt.

(d) Our District League—Its Difficulties and Prospects, Rev. J. H. Rayle, Elk Rapids.

4:00—The Fundamentals as Seen by Our State President, Rev. Ray P. Norton, Belding.

SATURDAY EVENING

7:00—Praise Service, Rev. Hoyt

Address—Rural Epworth League Work, Rev. Merrill, Boyne City.

SUNDAY MORNING

10:30—Morning worship and sermon.

Sermon by Rev. Wentworth F. Stewart, D. D.

12:00—Sunday School.

SUNDAY AFTERNOON

3:00—Patriotic Service. Address by Dr. Stewart.

SUNDAY EVENING

6:00—Epworth League Devotionals.

7:30—Closing service directed by Rev. George F. Durgin, D. D., Area Supt. Young People's Work.

Commission Proceedings.

Adjourned regular meeting of the City Commission held at the commission rooms, Tuesday evening, June 10, 1918. Meeting was called to order by Mayor Cross. Present—Cross, Gidley and Crowell. Absent—None.

The city treasurer having filed with the city clerk a statement of delinquent water users, together with the several amounts due and unpaid, it was moved by Gidley, supported by Crowell, that the said clerk be, and hereby is, instructed to report these delinquent water users and several amounts due, to the city assessor, instructing him to spread the said unpaid amounts upon the city tax roll for the year, A. D. 1918, as provided in city ordinance No. 41. Carried.

OTIS J. SMITH, City Clerk.

No man is brave enough to allow a woman to see him making faces at her first born.

It is easy to pose as a charitable man—if you have the price and are willing to let go of it.

When a shiftless man gets sick his neighbors seldom lose much time worrying about it.

FLAG DAY PROCLAMATION

Flag Day seems to have been first observed in 1894, when by order of the Governor of New York, the national flag was hoisted on the public buildings of that state in honor of the one hundred and seventeenth anniversary of its adoption by congress, June 14th, 1777. The idea has spread until every state in the Union has adopted the custom.

This year the flag has for us a deeper meaning than ever before. It means more to the world. It carries a message of universal hope and cheer. It has become the symbol of the world's freedom. The world looks to us to save it, and by this sign we shall conquer. Our glorious banner proclaims America the hope of the world.

Let Flag Day be a day on which those who have come to us from other lands and have here found freedom and opportunity, shall re-affirm their loyalty to the United States and her institutions; and let us all on that day pledge anew our allegiance to our flag, and our faith

in those principles of liberty and justice upon which the Republic was founded.

Therefore, I, Albert E. Sleeber, Governor of the State of Michigan, do issue this Proclamation, and urgently request that Friday, the fourteenth day of June, 1918, be observed as Flag Day.

Let flags be displayed on both public and private buildings; and I suggest that appropriate exercises be given in all the schools of the State on the afternoon of that day.

Given under my hand and the Great Seal of the State, this sixth day of June in the year of our Lord one thousand, nine hundred and eighteen, and of the Commonwealth the eighty-second.

ALBERT E. SLEEPER, Governor.

When a man discovers that he has had enough he also discovers that he overestimated his capacity.

Many a man who poses as a public benefactor never thinks of giving his wife a dollar for her own use.

When some men get up in the world everybody appears small to them—and they appear small to everybody.

ROOT OF BARBERRY HAS MARKET VALUE

Bark From Underground Portion Worth 25c a Pound.

East Lansing, Mich. June 10—Opportunities for the man with business instinct to fatten the family exchequer are seen by the department of botany of M. A. C. in the campaign now in progress within the state for the eradication of the high bush barberry. The bark on the roots of the plants pulled is worth 25 cents a pound, the pathologists have been advised.

"I believe there is a good demand in the drug market at this time for this bark," says Dr. G. H. Coons. "This, of course, is for the dried bark, not green."

In some parts of the state shrubs to the number of 500 or more on single estates are being torn out in compliance with the orders of the state nursery inspector.

HIGH PRICES BRING FAKE FERTILIZERS.

M. A. C. Warns Farmers and Gardeners Against Two.

East Lansing, Mich., May 10—The shortage of materials which go to make up fertilizers, and the high cost of soil-enriching mixtures have brought a number of fake fertilizer products to the markets, according to the chemistry experiment station of M. A. C., which is warning farmers and gardeners against two in particular.

"One of these," a statement from the station declares, "is a mixture of pulverized limestone and raw rock phosphate, claimed to be inoculated with nitrogen-fixing bacteria. Its wonderful crop producing powers, its makers say, are due to these. As a matter of fact, an examination of two samples failed to show any nitrogen-fixing bacteria, and where they were found, the bacteria were several times fewer in number than are usually found in common, everyday soil. The material is put up in cartons of various sizes and sells at a fancy price. Evidently it is designed for city trade. The fertilizing value of the product is very slight and it is worth no more than a similar mixture of pulverized limestone and raw rock phosphate at the present market, or not more than \$6 per ton.

"The second product is not a stranger to Michigan as it was first offered for sale in the state two years ago, but was withdrawn. It is a mixture of worthless slag and raw rock phosphate and is not worth more than \$5 per ton. The selling price two years ago was \$40 per ton."

WANTED—TEACHERS.

S. O. S. Soldier Boys! S. O. S. Teachers! Both hearken to the call of the colors and in hearkening both enter into the training camps to fit themselves for more efficient service to their country.

We face the most serious shortage in the teaching ranks that our country has ever known. The earlier estimates of the year that Michigan's shortage would be at least one hundred now seem small compared to the latest figures indicating that at least one thousand positions can not be filled in the school rooms of Michigan. Three weeks ago it seemed that Charlevoix county might have her ranks filled but at the present time, several schools are still without teachers, and even now it is almost impossible to get in touch with qualified teachers who are unemployed.

Great as the danger may be of a few schools closing during the coming year, we face at the same time a greater danger. We can not take any and every applicant in to our school systems. Our teachers must be trained. Just as Uncle Sam drafts his men into service and then trains them so must we likewise note in the schools the great necessity for training. To lower our efficiency at this time when wages are rising, would be the biggest death blow to educational progress and the need for education is greater than ever before, becoming greater every day and week.

Women? "Register to teach," has been a patriotic slogan. Therefore, women, register that you will take training teaching, that you want pay for your services, but that you will pay for your own training in preparing for the war position which you will volunteer for. Summer schools open June 24th. Enter at that time for your training and appear for examination in August. Within one week from time of examination you will learn whether or not you have received a commission. Do not expect the commission without appearing for examination or attending officers' school. Do not appear for examination without preparation. In the face of this great danger, our efficiency shall not be lowered! Your country calls you! The teachers' call is to the colors! Do we hear your answer?

A girl loses her self-possession when she puts on a wedding ring. Nothing is more gratifying than the consciousness of doing good.

SAYS IT ACTED LIKE A CHARM

Coughs or colds which persist at this season usually are of an obstinate nature. All the more reason for using a reliable remedy. Mrs. Margaret Smale Bishop, Calif., writes: "Foley's Honey and Tar Compound is a grand remedy. Suffered from a cold last week, used the medicine and it acted like a charm. Hite's Drug Store."

School Commissioner's Notes

May L. Stewart, Commissioner

Miss Howard closed the school at Rock Elm on June 14th with a picnic. Miss Lalonde closes the East Chandler school the same date with a picnic.

The Knop school will close June 11th. Miss Cook will return with a fine increase in salary.

Miss Metcalf closes a successful term of school at Chandler June 6th. She will teach a neighboring school next year after spending the summer at Ferris Institute.

The commissioner received a friendly "Hello" from three Charlevoix County teachers who are resorting in F. I. for the summer. Miss Berg, Miss Scroggie, and Miss Worth had to be away from home but did not want to be left out of the registration and wished to be registered by proxy. The deed was done.

Miss Barkley writes that May 31st was her last day of school in the Clark district. The pupils went to Charlevoix in cars to celebrate the event.

It takes considerable adding, and several trials in estimates to arrive at the very best examination returns in a group of a hundred sets of papers. Thus the most important news regarding the examination comes late, after the essentials have been cared for. You are now waiting to hear that the four best averages in the county are as follows:

Ottilia Schmidt, Beaver Island, average 89.2 Teacher Sr. Ida.

Floyd Hausler, Boyne Falls, average 87.1 Teacher Marion Savidge.

Teresa O'Donnell, Beaver Island, average 87.0 Teacher Sr. Ida. Leo McDonough, St. James, average 85.4 Teacher Sr. Ida.

Leo also had the best special agriculture test and wins the trip to the Boys' State Fair School next fall.

Word comes from Supt. Keeler that the night of annual meetings of school districts will also be made night for patriotic rallies everywhere thruout the state. A local patriotic program in every schoolhouse, and a speaker for every district is what Mr. Keeler's message means. This means considerable work for the Charlevoix County War Board and for the school commissioner, as well as for the school officers of each district, but surely Charlevoix County will fall in line and plans will be made at once. We have done it before and we can do it again. Let us plan for a big night.

Junior Red Cross Notes.

Last week's notes told of Boyne's big drive and of her success. This week finds the formal application for enrollment on file. Miss Martin is city school chairman of the third ward. Application for her wards not yet received. The pledge is brief but unique simply, "We shall work to help the boys Over There."

Thrift reports should not decrease during vacation. The national drive for the entire W. S. S. quota comes in June. Our schools will be closed. Say they leave a Junior Red Cross committee to represent the schools in this drive?

Mr. Jeffers, of the State Board of Education tells us that he is frequently disgusted with speakers who tell of what they can not do in their schools by way of hand work just because they have so many boys. His boys knit, he says, and are proud to do it. The boys of his high school in Iron County, Painsville township knit 282 sweaters. His wife is the County Junior Red Cross Chairman and he says Iron County always goes over the top, and that they intend doing it in order to back the 500 boys they sent in the last quota. He says they have largely foreigners up there in the mining country but that they are more patriotic than other folks because they are Americans from choice and that the rest of us just take America for granted and don't realize just how much she stands for. It was a pleasant visit that we had with him but the station was called all to soon and we didn't have time to tell him all the good things that plain Americans have done in Charlevoix County. Just a chance visit on the train but the news from up there sounds good.

Some would be more likely to take hints if they could pawn them. Men with the least character are continually trying to have it vindicated. The less a man knows the easier it is to convince him that he knows it all.

THIS IS AN IMPORTANT ITEM OF GOVERNMENT NEWS that will have a direct bearing upon the securing of Michigan's \$70,000,000 quota in War Savings Stamps. It contains the War Savings campaign plan, together with a brief but clear explanation of the Government's war saving proposition. These are things with which every citizen should be familiar; and the National War Savings Committee is depending upon the newspapers of the country to give these matters fullest publicity. The Michigan War Savings Committee urges all editors to publish this:

IMPORTANT NOTICE!

HON. WILLIAM G. McADOO, SECRETARY OF THE TREASURY OF THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA, PROCLAIMS

FRIDAY, JUNE 28, 1918

AS NATIONAL WAR SAVINGS DAY

GOVERNORS AND MAYORS MAKE SIMILAR PROCLAMATIONS

MEETINGS WILL BE HELD IN EVERY COMMUNITY TO SECURE SUBSCRIPTIONS FOR WAR SAVINGS STAMPS

Pursuant to the call of the Treasury Department of the United States and the proclamation of the Governor of this State, I, War Savings Director for Michigan, acting under the authority of the United States Treasury Department, have called all tax-payers and wage-earners to meet on Friday, June 28th, to give their subscriptions for War Savings Stamps. In rural communities and the smaller towns and cities, meetings will be held in the school houses at 2 p. m.

The school officers will conduct the meeting in each school house, keeping a record of the proceedings and reporting the names of all persons present and the amount of War Savings Stamps subscribed for by them. The names of absent persons, and of those who refuse or neglect to subscribe, with their reasons for so doing, will also be reported.

War Savings Stamps (which are United States Government Bonds the same as Liberty Bonds) can be paid for during any month in the year 1918, but it is intended that subscriptions will be signed for them on June 28.

The price of each War Savings Stamp depends upon the month during which it is bought. During June each Stamp will cost \$4.17. In July each Stamp will cost \$4.18, and so on, one cent more each month during 1918. On January 1, 1923, the Government of the United States will redeem all War Savings Stamps at \$5.00 each, no matter during which month in 1918 they were bought. They cost less during the early months in 1918 than during the later months because the person who buys earlier has loaned his money to the Government for a longer time than if he should buy later.

By way of illustration, note the following table:

	Cost in June	Cost in July	Cost in August	And are Worth on Jan. 1, 1923
1 Stamp	\$4.17	\$4.18	\$4.19	\$5.00
50 Stamps	\$208.50	\$209.00	\$209.50	\$250.00
100 Stamps	\$417.00	\$418.00	\$419.00	\$500.00
200 Stamps	\$834.00	\$836.00	\$838.00	1,000.00

The law provides that no person can hold in his own name War Savings Stamps exceeding \$1,000 maturity value. War Savings Stamps, however, may be purchased for other members of the family, including minor children.

The money invested in War Savings Stamps is not a gift, or a donation, but is a loan to the Government. It will all be paid back with 4% compound interest. If, because of some serious financial reverse, or calamity, it should be necessary to get your money before January 1, 1923, you may do so by giving ten days' notice to any Money Order postmaster, in which case you can get what you paid for the Stamps, with interest to date of payment. The Stamps are free from all State and local taxes; when registered at the postoffice they are insured against loss; they are backed by all the property in the United States; they cannot fall in value below the price you pay; they are as convenient and as well paying an investment as has ever been offered by our Government.

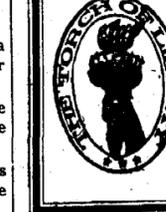
A definite quota of War Savings Stamps has been assigned each school district and community, which will be announced at each meeting on June 28th. The Government of the United States expects all the citizens of every school district and county to subscribe for its quota and to pledge themselves to save and economize to help win the war.

It is to be hoped that the subscriptions taken at the meetings in your county will show you and your neighbors to be loyal Americans to whom our Government, in this hour of need, does not call in vain.

SIGNED

Frank McAdoo

Michigan War Savings Director appointed and acting under the authority of the Secretary of the United States Treasury.



THIS WEEK, NERVOUS MOTHER

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

Philadelphia, Pa.—"I was very weak, always tired, my back ached, and I felt sickly most of the time. I went to a doctor and he said I had nervous indigestion, which added to my weak condition kept me worrying most of the time—and he said if I could not stop that, I could not get well. I heard so much about Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound my husband wanted me to try it. I took it for a week and felt a little better. I kept it up for three months, and I feel fine and can eat anything now without distress or nervousness."—Mrs. J. WORTHLINE, 2842 North Taylor St., Philadelphia Pa.

The majority of mothers nowadays overdo, there are so many demands upon their time and strength; the result is invariably a weakened, run-down, nervous condition with headaches, backache, irritability and depression—and soon more serious ailments develop. It is at such periods in life that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound will restore a normal healthy condition, as it did to Mrs. Worthline.

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, TUESDAY, JUNE 25th
will remain one day.

A schoolboy's definition of meantime is school time.

When a lazy man condescends to work he soon discovers that he is a little too good for his job.

Happy is the man who is married to a woman who did not take her cooking lessons at the piano.

Somebody with experience says: "The best throw a man can make with dice is to throw them away."

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.

WE BUY OLD FALSE TEETH

We will pay up to \$2.50 per set (diamond or not). Send now. Cash sent by return mail. Package held to 15 days subject to sender's approval of our offer. Highest prices paid for OLD GOLD JEWELRY, GOLD CROWNS, BRIDGES, PLATINUM AND SILVER. United States Smelting Works, Inc. 669 Goldsmith Bldg., Opp. Post Office, MILWAUKEE, WIS.

GLASS OF SALTS IF YOUR KIDNEYS HURT

Get less meat if you feel Backache or have Bladder trouble—Salts fine for Kidneys.

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

To neutralize these irritating acids and flush out the body's urinous waste get about four ounces of Jad Salts from any pharmacy; take a tablespoonful in a glass of water before breakfast for a few days and your kidneys will then set fine and bladder disorders disappear. This famous salt is made from the acid of grapes and lemon juice, combined with lithia, and has been used for generations to clean and stimulate sluggish kidneys and stop bladder irritation. Jad Salts is inexpensive; harmless and makes a delightful effervescent lithia-water drink which millions of men and women take now and then, thus avoiding serious kidney and bladder diseases.

LARGE BLACK BEAR ROUTED BY DOGS

BORE RESCUES YOUNG PIG BY MASSES ATTACK.

Shaggy intruder Takes to the Woods to Save His Heels and Hide.

GLARION, Pa. — Bears are notorious lovers of pigs, but in this instance a bear got more pigs than he bargained for. A big black bear attempted to make away with a pig in the woods in the Salmon Creek region of Forest County, and was driven to cover by the other pigs in the drove. A lumberman was an eyewitness to the affair, and tells of it as follows:

"I work in the lumber woods, and the people I board with have a drove of twenty-five pigs, several of them yearlings. They run wild thru the woods and feast on the beechnuts, which are plentiful. I made the remark at the table one day that some time a pig would be missing—a bear would come along and kill it. They only laughed at me.

"A day or two later, when we were at work, we heard one of the pigs squealing as loud as a pig can squeal. We went to see what was the matter and we found that a big black bear had come along and decided to have a meal of one of the pigs. He had grabbed the little fellow by the hind leg. When the pig began to squeal the other pigs all turned against the bear and fought him.

"They snouted him and jumped at him, kept biting his legs, and made it so interesting for him that he was obliged to let go of the pig to fight in his own defense. He then turned and beat it off into the woods, with the drove of pigs at his heels. Of all the noise I ever heard in my life I never heard a commotion that would equal the squealing of those twenty-five pigs."

BEES RUSH TO AID DISTRESSED WIDOW

Apparent Loss of Several Hundred Dollars is Made Good by Winged Workers.

SEDGWICK, Kan.—"It's an ill wind that blows nobody good," says an old saw, and here we have the truth of it presented in a new way.

Mrs. S. J. Krack, a widow, whose house was blown down during a tornado last spring, had a swarm of bees that had collected a supply of honey worth several hundred dollars before the coming of the storm. The "twister" wrecked the hives and scattered honey over the yard and thruout the wreckage, the rugs and furniture catching a major portion of it. It was believed the product was ruined, but this was not the case.

The bees soon got busy after the storm was over and began to assemble the scattered sweet stuff with all the alacrity of a hired man armed with a scoop shovel and tin pan. They settled over the lost sweetness and when a workman showed up to make a clearing of the tornado debris, they attacked him and made his work more strenuous and miserable.

Cold weather did not deter the honey collectors. Thru the wreckage they flew and "busier than bees" was no misnomer for them.

From dilapidated rugs and weatherboarding they collected the remains of what the tornado had left and today Mrs. Krack has a collection of honey that will nearly compensate her for the loss she sustained when the Kansas wind tore her house to pieces.

Honey by the cases has been brought to town and sold, and it was all due to the thrift and energy of her bees, that while they were made homeless by the storm, they have done a lot to help their mistress in her endeavor to make good.

HEN 23 YEARS OLD, IS KILLED BY VICIOUS HOG

Cut Off in the Heyday of Her Activities as Layer.

LEBANON, Ky. — On the farm of John Martin, in the Muldraugh Hill section of Taylor County, there lived until recently the oldest hen that has ever come to light in Kentucky.

Dotty, the name given the fowl when a pullet by her owner, is said to have been 23 years old at the time of her death. This is vouched for by Mr. Martin himself, and neighbors who knew the hen's age corroborate the story.

During Mrs. Martin's lifetime Dotty was her favorite among a flock of several hundred fowls. She knew her owner's voice from that of other members of the household, and was always eager to respond when her name was called. She was a constant layer, and had mothered numerous broods of young chicks.

Fate is a cruel master. Had Dotty not died an unnatural death she probably would have lived years longer. But while eating with a number of hogs on the Martin place one of the vicious swine grabbed her and crushed out her life.

BONNET STRINGS KILL BABY

TEMPLE, Texas.—Rowena Jeseck, 18 months old, met an unusual death here when, in attempting to climb through a wire fence, her bonnet caught on the wire. The bonnet strings, drawn tight, strangled her.

WILD DOG PACK IS FOUND IN ARIZONA

Famished Canines Pounce Upon Cow and Kill Her—They Flee When Leaders Are Shot.

PHOENIX, Ariz. — There are wild dogs in Arizona, dogs that are reputed to have been high in the ways of civilization, but that grew tired of the conventions of polite dog society and wandered off to become pariahs and outlaws after the fashion of the coyote.

A good-sized pack of these ferocious canines, led by a big brindie bulldog, was encountered in the Pinal Mountains, between Globe and Ray, by H. C. Malloy, a Los Angeles mining engineer. In a letter received by Al. Selby, Malloy writes that William Haggerty, engineer for an Arizona copper company, was treed by the pack and only prompt action on the part of Malloy, in shooting the leader saved the situation.

Both men were interested in a mining property located in a wild timbered country, writes Malloy, and started out to look over the claims. They reached the camp on horseback and Haggerty left Malloy in order to bring in some horses from a nearby pasture.

Malloy soon heard calls for assistance from his friend and on going into the pasture saw Haggerty effectively treed by a pack of yelping dogs, led by the most vicious bulldog Malloy had ever seen. The famished brutes had been attacking the panic-stricken horses when Haggerty wandered up to be attacked in turn. He took to the trees.

Malloy rushed back, procured a rifle and returned in time to see the pack hard on the trail of a terror-stricken cow, the brindie bulldog clinging tenaciously to her nose and another brute clutching the flank. The cow fought a game fight, shook off her enemies several times, but they returned to the struggle and finally brought her to earth and to death.

Haggerty was still talking in the situation from the tree-top. Malloy attempted to shoot the two leaders, but the brush prevented him from doing so until they discovered and made for him. When within fifty feet he brought down the leaders with two shots and the rest of the pack scampered off.

WOMAN, 100, TELLS OF SEEING CHRIST

"You Shall Live to See Me Come Again as I Went," a Voice Told Her.

ZION CITY, Ill.—"Grandma" Dillah King, the oldest woman in Lake County, not only has just celebrated her 100th birthday anniversary, but she also makes the startling statement that she has seen the Savior face to face in her wakeful hours and while in possession of her fullest faculties. She related her strange experience as follows:

"One morning just before daybreak I lay in bed sick and discouraged. I thought it would be a good thing if the Lord could take me home to be with Him.

"While I lay there Christ appeared to me at my bedside. He was dressed in a white robe and was so near me that I could see the fingernails on His fingers. As He looked down on me He smiled. Then He drew His skirts aside, as much as to say: 'Don't touch Me!' A moment later He vanished.

"I felt so full of joy that I got out of bed, and, kneeling down, asked the Lord to take me home. A voice said to me quite distinctly: 'You shall live to see Me come again as I went.'"

Mrs. King has a wonderful memory. She reads her Bible, converses intelligently and has a strong conviction she will live to see the Savior again take up His abode among the billions of this world. Last Sunday this wonderfully preserved centenarian mounted the platform at the tabernacle here and delivered an address to the people of Zion City.

Mrs. King never is idle, and her fingers are as nimble as they were years ago. She is usually busy making patchwork quilts. She makes her own bed and scorns the idea of anybody else taking care of her room.

Her appetite would arouse the envy of those much younger than she, for Mrs. King eats three hearty meals a day. She scorns elevators and climbs the stairways unassisted in the hotel where she makes her home. On Lord's day she takes part in the processionals at the tabernacle, and she rarely misses a meeting.

SAVED FROM SIXTY-FOOT FALL

Boy Holds Stricken Man Thirty Minutes in Midair.

OXFORD, Pa. — Paralyzed while working at the top of a windmill, John Z. Wilson, who weighs 240 pounds, was held helpless sixty feet in the air for half an hour by his helper, a 17-year-old boy, William Gordon of Russellville. Ex-sheriff Ingram, on whose farm the windmill was located, was the first to come to the boy's assistance.

Ingram, who is 75 years old, climbed the sixty-foot ladder upon the mill and held Wilson until the boy could go for help. John Cannon and Walter Biddison came and finally lowered Wilson with a block and fall. The stroke came without warning.

Young Gordon, noticing Wilson resting on the bar on which he was standing, caught the stricken man just as he fell and held him over a brace. No one was about the barn, however, and it was nearly half an hour before help appeared. Wilson's condition is critical.

CHARLEVOIX COUNTY HERALD

G. A. Lisk, Publisher

ONE DOLLAR PER YEAR

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

Men who have seen better days as a rule looked at them too often through the bottoms of whisky glasses.

Widows frequently lead bachelors to the marriage altar; they have been there before and they know the way.

Before marriage a man's display of affections is apt to be overdone; after marriage it is more likely to be rare.

Gold is a wonderful fertilizer. It has caused many a family tree to spring up and get its full growth in a few hours.

Everything comes to those who wait. The rich man has ice in summer, but the poor man has just as much in winter.

Age rarely brings us wisdom; about the best it can do is to teach us which particular brand of folly is least harmful to us.

The ancients believed the world was square—but that was long before political investigation committees were invented.

Some young men would get along better if they had less point to their shoes and a little more in their conversation.

Wives are more liberal than husbands. The wife who has a mind of her own is apt to give her husband a piece of it.

When crediting a man with his good intentions, let us remember that in order to get them cashed they must be backed by good deeds.

Occasionally you hear of a man having more money than he knows what to do with, but no one ever heard of a woman being in that delightful condition.

Woman's usual quest—conquest.

Experience must be a high school teacher.

Don't get into the habit of going around with your bristles up.

The prettiest bathing suits are found above the sea level.

Wise is the man who declines to take his troubles too seriously.

Misery loves company, but not any more than real happiness does.

If you can't keep your neighbor's mouth shut then shut your ears.

There wouldn't be enough worms to go around if every bird was early.

People make much of little troubles if they have never had any great ones.

Marriages are made in Heaven. (Some are made in the other place.)

It takes a lot of will power to enable a man to save himself from himself.

The miser who has money to burn ought to take it with him when he dies.

Girls think that old bachelors don't understand women, but widows know better.

We read of the seven ages of man, but one age is ample for the average woman.

Tomorrow is the day when people hire balloons and move into their air castles.

Remember what Jonah said to the whale: "You can't keep a good man down!"

Women have a clear way of saying mean things that men can never hope to equal.

Many a fool has sense enough to get a good wife, but hasn't sense enough to know it.

SAGE TEA DARKENS HAIR TO ANY SHADE

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

The use of Sage and Sulphur for restoring faded, gray hair to its natural color dates back to grandmother's time. She used it to keep her hair beautifully dark, glossy and attractive. Whenever her hair took on that dull, faded or streaked appearance, this simple mixture was applied with wonderful effect.

But brewing at home is messy and out-of-date. Nowadays, by asking at any drug store for a bottle of "Wyeth's Sage and Sulphur Compound," you will get this famous old preparation, improved by the addition of other ingredients, which can be depended upon to restore natural color and beauty to the hair.

A well-known downtown druggist says it darkens the hair so naturally and evenly that nobody can tell it has been applied. You simply dampen a sponge or soft brush with it and draw this through your hair, taking one strand at a time. By morning the gray hair disappears, and after another application or two, it becomes beautifully dark and glossy. "Wyeth's Sage and Sulphur Compound is a delightful toilet requisite for those who desire a more youthful appearance. It is not intended for the cure, mitigation or prevention of disease."

He who has health and owes nothing is both young and wealthy.

Those who work for the wages of sin try to postpone the date of reckoning.

Tenderness is all right in its way, but it is seldom weighed out by the butcher.

RHEUMATIC AND KIDNEY ILLS

Troubled with rheumatism, kidney or bladder affections? You need Foley Kidney Pills. Mrs. Frank P. Wood, R. F. D. 2, Morrill, Maine, writes: "I found relief as soon as I began taking Foley Kidney Pills." My husband also received much benefit from them. He was lame, could not stoop over; now feels no pain."—Hite's Drug Store.

EAST JORDAN LUMBER CO. STORE

Gifts for the Graduate!

We have a fine line of Graduating Presents suitable for the recipients needs, and we would be pleased to have you call and examine them.

The line embraces Tourist Tablets, Manicure Sets, Tourist Tablets, Books, Stationery, Coat Hangers, Fountain Pens, Hat Pins, Leather Hand Purses, Fans; also many articles in our Dry Goods Department suitable for Gifts including Silk Hose, etc.

East Jordan Lumber Co.

The Curse of Quetzal

By J. U. GIESY & J. B. SMITH
 Authors of Semi-Dual Stories
 Copyright,
 The Frank A. Munsey Co.

They stood or sat in a close little group in the otherwise deserted lobby. The guides had set down their lanterns, and they shone sickly in the electric glare. All eyes turned toward us as we approached. As I half expected, Dual took control. He spoke directly to the clerk:

"I have suggested to Mr. Dayton that he place the search in the hands of the guides as the best parties to conduct it quickly."

Both the guides nodded and the clerk rubbed his hands. "Exactly sir. It would avoid delay and unnecessary excitement. I agree with you completely."

Semi turned to the two men. "Then select your parties from these gentlemen here and proceed. Continue till you find Professor Wingarde."

One of the two men spoke to his companion. "You take half of 'em, Bill, an' we'll get on the job." He stooped to pick up his lantern.

"But I say," Dayton again protested. "I don't think Evelyn would wish me to stay about here when her father may be in danger or injured—or worse. Wait a bit, my chaps."

I took him again by the arm. "Do as Dual says," I whispered. "He knows what he's doing. I think he's the only one of us who does."

"But who gave him the authority to take hold?" he retorted, growing more and more flushed. "Who is the chap? What?"

"He's a detective," I said, choosing the word for what I hoped would be its impression.

He shot me a sharp glance. "Eh? Oh, by Jove—"

"Well, do we go or do we stand around and chew the rag?" Bill's tone was one of palpable disgust.

Dayton turned toward him. "Go on," he said, with a sudden decision. "I'll wait here. Stay till you find the professor. You'll be well paid."

At once they moved off.

They left the hotel, went down the steps, and we followed them to the veranda. Through the night we could see their lanterns separate and go bobbing off in two different directions.

With them went the bell-boys, who had joined the search while the clerk had turned his eyes for a moment.

Dual, Dayton, Laredo and myself remained standing at the head of the veranda stairs.

"Sit down, if you please," said Semi, taking a chair against the side of the house. "Gordon, bring up some chairs."

Both Dayton and I took one. I set mine so as to face Semi, and Dayton placed his at my side.

"I fancy I may intrude, is it not?" spoke Laredo softly.

"Not at all," Dual took him up. "I believe you knew the man who is missing. I should like you to remain."

The Mexican shrugged.

He dragged a chair over and sat down behind me in the shadow. Seated as we were, both Dayton and I were in the light from a lobby window. I found myself wondering if perhaps Dual had intended to place us all in such a position that our faces would be readily seen. I glanced about me just as he spoke.

"Draw in closer, gentlemen, if you please. We shall speak softly of this matter."

Dayton and I complied. Laredo as a matter of course, followed. Dayton cleared his throat. "And now I fancy I'd better ask you to explain, Mr. Dual. You know I can't just see by what right you are taking your stand in this matter. It was jolly good of you to send his wife in to Evelyn."

"I told him to," said Semi.

"Eh?" Dayton fairly gasped.

"You see," Dual went on, "I knew Miss Wingarde would need a woman's support when her father was found, and during the waiting. Permit me now to add, that if you are really interested in the young woman's welfare, as I feel sure you are—"

"Rather. We're to be married, you know," said Dayton quickly.

"You will offer me all the assistance you can in clearing up this matter of his death." Dual paused.

"But that's what I can't understand," the Englishman rushed on. "You say he is dead, but I can't believe it. How is one to know that till he is found?"

"That," said Dual, "is a matter for later explanation. What you must do now is to tell me all about the last few weeks of your association with Miss Wingarde and her father."

"Why?"

Dayton was not inclined to quiet surrender.

"Mr. Dayton," said Semi, "it is a truth that at times the most trivial things in their seeming lead up to the tragedies of life. For years I have made a study of such matters. If there should, by any chance, be more in this man's death than an accident, perhaps some fact you might mention in your narration would serve to point out the real cause."

"If you are unwilling I shall not insist, but as we have some time to wait for the searchers' return, I think we may as well employ it in gaining all

the facts of the past few weeks which you can recall."

"Let me ask you this," Dayton returned. "Are you and Glace detectives?"

"In a sense, yes. In Glace's case, unequivocally so."

"Very well then," Dayton lowered his voice still further and began: "I have known Professor Wingarde and his daughter for years. Possibly you may have heard of his name, for he has been known of late as an authority on archeology of no little weight."

"For a long time he has desired to make a trip to the cliff dwellings in this part of your country, in order to prove or disprove a theory of his in regard to those vanished people. Briefly, he believed that in them would be found the progenitors of the later Maya and Aztec civilizations, and some months ago he announced that he was about to make the trip."

"As I just told you, I am engaged to Miss Wingarde. For years, ever since her mother died, in fact, she has been in the habit of accompanying her father on his various journeys about the world. She declared that she would come over here with him, and I suggested that I come along."

"That was the way we arranged it. We crossed and went on to Mexico, where the professor made some investigations of the various ruins he could reach, as a preliminary step, toward his investigations up here: It was in the City of Mexico itself that we met Mr. Laredo, and from him the professor received no little help in his work."

Dual's eyes sought Laredo's. "You are interested in archeology?" he inquired.

"Not in the same way as the Senior Professor," the Mexican returned. "Always, however, have I felt an interest in the people of Montezuma. I have studied their history no little."

"The call of the blood?" said Semi.

It seemed to me that Laredo's eyelids narrowed. They left Dual's and turned on me as though to judge how much I had told him. "Perhaps," he replied at length.

Dayton nodded.

"That's right. Laredo here told us he was a descendant of Montezuma. He's up on their past records. Well, after we'd poked about a bit we came on up, outfitted, and got guides from the Indian camp a bit over here. We employed two brothers who said they knew the region where the cliff dwellings were to be found, and as it was beastly rough going, we left Evelyn at the hotel and the professor and I made it alone."

"And on my word it was a trip. Any man but one as deeply interested in the subject as Wingarde would have chucked it, I assure you. But not he. Seems he'd poked up a bit of something I hadn't heard about—something about a place up there where some sort of idol or image was stored. I don't know where he'd dug up the information, and I never asked him, but he was as eager about it as a dog on a hot trail. You didn't put him on, did you, Laredo?"

"No," Laredo answered shortly and shook his head.

"After a bit," Dayton went on, "we got up there, however. Rotten country. One can see why the original inhabitants moved out. Regular tumble of hills and draws—or canons, as you folks call 'em."

"Not much water, and what there was pretty poor stuff. We fogged along, though, getting deeper and deeper into the jumble of hills, and the guides seemed to know where they were going, though I'm blessed if I could have told from one day to another."

"Then one day we came to a place where there was a ruin, way up in the side wall of a cliff. It looked like a rather poor spot to have taken so much effort to reach, but Wingarde was delighted to get there. The next morning we tried to get up to the thing. There'd been a sort of road along the cliff once, but it was pretty well gone to pieces, and we had the deuce of a time from the start."

"After a bit, though, what, with the Indians' help and a good bit of work with ropes and some grapples we'd brought, I managed to get up on the ledge where the ruin stood and pull the professor up on a sling. Then we had a look at the place."

"It wasn't much but a jumble of stones. They must have built without mortar, just piling the stones up in a thick wall and chinking them up with mud maybe. Anyway, the thing was pretty much fallen to pieces, though we did find a sort of central space, which might once have been a big room."

"And right in the center of that there was a blackish sort of stone, about six feet long and three feet wide and maybe three feet high. It looked just like a big piece of cut stone to me, but when Wingarde saw it he let out a whoop, and ran over and stood leaning his hands on its top."

"The altar, Spencer," he said. "Here we have it—the old sacrificial altar."

"I know I made some remark about having sacrificed a lot to reach it, and being glad if it was up to specifications, for he grinned, and began counting the number of hand-spans in the thing's length. A bit after he was down on his hands and knees, digging alongside it."

"I guess there must have been a good deal of sand and dirt blown up there in the years since the old place had been falling down, because he scooped out quite a hole before he called me to come and help him pull out a stone."

"I went over and found he'd uncovered what looked like a loose slab of rock, set on edge just below the bottom of the big stone. Between us we got it loosened up and it came away, leaving a sort of hole under what Wingarde called the altar."

"He thrust in his hand and began to fumble around, frowning and twisting his face, and then after a bit he uttered an exclamation and pulled out something about as big as a hen's egg. He gave it a squint and yelled till I jumped."

"Then he handed it over, and I jumped again. The thing he held was an emerald. That's right, really. It was an emerald with one side flattened and a sort of rough picture, of a face, with a lot of lines rays off from it, cut into the smoothed-off surface."

A sort of sigh escaped the man at my elbow. "So large as a hen's egg, senior," he said in a voice of the deepest interest. "They had such intaglio stones—but so large as a hen's egg!"

"The Eye of Quetzal," said Dual.

"Dios!" hissed Laredo. "Senior—you mean—"

"That there was such a stone. The conquistadores sought to find it, but it was never found. Proceed, Mr. Dayton."

Laredo was breathing audibly as Dayton resumed:

"That wasn't all Wingarde found. There was a bally little idol in the hole under the altar. It was made out of bronze, with a round sort of face, a flat nose, and thick lips. Rotten-looking old god. It had a sort of handle attached to it, too, which, I reckon, the priests must have held it by when they were doing their mumming."

"Did it," said Semi, "seem to have long hair falling to its shoulders and a sort of draped head-dress, something like the pictures you have seen of Egyptians at times?"

"Precisely," nodded Dayton. "I remember Wingarde said it reminded him of some Egyptian images, he had found."

"It was an image of Quetzal," said Semi Dual.

CHAPTER III. The End of the Search.

Dual turned directly toward Laredo. "I fancy your friend Wingarde made a very interesting discovery up here, from what Mr. Dayton says. By the way, Mr. Dayton, did the Indian guides appear to find anything of unusual interest in these objects?"

Dayton shook his head.

"No, I hardly think so. They were stoical brutes, you know. One couldn't tell what they thought half the time. I know Wingarde showed them the idol and the stone, and asked them if their people ever had anything like them, and all they did was grunt something about their god living 'way up in the sky.' Struck me they rather looked down on the stuff."

Once more Dual addressed Laredo.

"Of course, you know the history of what this stone may have been. At the time of the Mexican conquest by Cortes, the worship of Quetzal, the earlier Aztec god, had largely fallen before that of Huitzil. Montezuma, the so-called child of the sun, worshipped the war god."

"At the same time the priesthood of Quetzal still existed and among the temple ornaments was an immense emerald worn during the religious rites. Quetzal translated into English means shining with green gold fire. Quetzal himself was the god of agriculture rather than violence and war."

Unlike the other Aztec deities he was said to be of totally different physiognomy from them, and to have long hair falling to his shoulders.

"The conquistadores looted the various temples, but they did not find the great 'Eye of Quetzal.' It disappeared. That brings us to the legend itself. The priests have always declared that Quetzal would be reestablished as the national god."

"As a result, when his temple jewel disappeared, a story started that not until it was recovered could the now enslaved Indians be freed; but should it be brought back, then Quetzal would lead his children out of bondage."

"Even yet, so great is the power of suggestion and superstition, that I fancy should one appear with the jewel in his possession, he might find a fanatical following waiting to follow his leadership in an attempt to overthrow the present government of the country. Now, I do not pretend to say upon what data the professor stumbled, but in some way he must have learned that the great stone had been carried into the north. Have you ever heard of such a thing, Senior Laredo?"

"I have heard, yes. To such a story I give no credence," said Laredo. "Yet, when you named the stone but now, it startled me at first. You appear to be well informed concerning the ancient peoples, Senior Dual."

"I have read somewhat," returned Semi.

We lapsed silent. A soft breeze fanned along the veranda. The great stars winked out of the night sky like a thousand eyes. From where we sat we could see the dark outline of the great gorge of the Colorado.

None of us spoke for a time. Each was busy with his own thoughts. Somewhere out there under the night a man was lying dead, if Dual was right. Other men went to and fro searching for his body.

Upstairs his daughter was waiting, hoping, counting, doubtless the slow drag of an eternity of minutes, until she should hear of his finding. And she did not know!

I glanced at Dual. He sat silent, his face in the shadow, inscrutable, calm, apparently unmoved by the emotions which stirred in the breasts of us other, less impassive mortals. My gaze rested lingeringly on his strong, shadowed features; and as though he sensed all I was feeling, yet keeping from voicing, he began to speak:

"The stars—silent monitors of the earth." His voice was low, soft

brooding as the darkness beyond us. "How much they have seen in all the ages they have looked out of the void at man. Harbingers of destiny, the stars! Through all ages mankind has looked up and questioned, and in each age a few have learned to read an answer from the fiery numerals set down on the Master's blackboard."

I sensed rather than heard Laredo catch his breath: Dayton turned his head slowly and regarded Dual as though half comprehending. I waited, knowing full well that he would go on.

"Those old people, the Aztecs, read them; they believed in their voices, gave heed to their predictions. So well they knew them that when Cortez came they showed him a calendar more nearly perfect in its fine calculation than the one he used. In a natural crisis of affairs, their priests not only inspected the augury of the sacrifices, but they stood on top the temple and questioned the stars."

"And if the priest were sincere in his question, desiring the truth and only the truth, then the stars answered him truly. For he who seeks the truth for the truth's sake shall ever find it, though he ask of a stone in the fields, or of a little child, or of a star in the sky."

"Mr. Dayton," Semi Dual went on, "an hour ago, perhaps, you asked me how I was able to make a certain statement; where I had gained my knowledge. What would you say should I tell you I, too, questioned the stars, and but voiced their answer to you?"

Dayton's head came up with a jerk. "I say—" he began and paused. "You wouldn't joke now, would you? You mean you believe in—"

"Astrology, Mr. Dayton. Yes."

"Wingarde spoke to me about it on one or two occasions," said Dayton. "He mentioned that all the old races believed in the thing. But I thought it had been given over by every one except fortune-tellers and that sort of chaps. I never thought there was anything in it. It seems a bit foolish, you know, to imagine the stars can have anything to do with our lives."

"How?" came a voice from the lips in the shadow.

"Why—why—how could they?" Dayton failed to marshal an argument to his need.

"Why could they not?" said Dual. "For ages mankind believed it—through ages of enlightened civilization, before the dark ages put out the light of achievement. They worked out a wonderful system of calculation by which to read their answers in the stars."

"And as the truth never dies, Mr. Dayton, so what truth was theirs has come down through the years to mankind; and those who wish may use it, as I did to-night, by taking the name of the man who was missing and questioning as to his fate."

Dayton's eyes were wide and staring in the light from the lobby. "I—er—if you'll pardon me, just what are you?" he stammered.

"A student of life," said Dual.

"And you really believe in this thing?"

"Why not? We send an invisible ray across a thousand miles of ether and believe the thing which it says to the man who sits there, the detector at his ears. Why not believe the invisible message the Omnipotent sends from a star?"

"Why deny their magnetic influence on life on this planet? Why accept the wireless and deny telepathy, Mr. Dayton? A thought is a thing generated by the cell action of a brain. It is no less real than a Hertzian wave. Once set into motion, it lives until it comes into contact with another brain sufficiently sensitive to translate it."

"Does that suggest another means to you of my learning Professor Wingarde's fate? Can you not see that when I learned from my astrological calculation that his probable fate was death, I, who have studied life forces, would seek for the ways of some other who knew? Presumably for a moment that he had died of murder. The one who struck him down would, beyond any power of his own volition, project the thought of his deed. Could I intercept it, then my certainty would grow."

"My God!" said Dayton.

Laredo had turned his chair so that he sat facing directly off the veranda and was staring out into the night.

"You believe, then, in telepathy, senior," he remarked at length.

"Having proven it, yes," Dual legged yet farther back in his chair. "If you will maintain silence a moment, perhaps I can give you an example. There are a series of thought-waves charging this atmosphere at present. I shall see if I can receive and translate them."

He deliberately closed his eyes, letting his hands lie relaxed on the arms of his chair. His chest rose and fell slowly, while we watched him. I felt Dayton's eyes upon me, and nodded.

Too often have I seen Dual lapse thus into concentrated attention on one point. Something like awe had come into the ruddy face of the Briton, and I saw he was holding his breath as he waited. Laredo on the contrary was sitting staring out into the night and not moving a muscle.

Suddenly Dual rose, stepped forward and stood by the veranda rail. "Your pardon," he addressed Laredo. "You are breaking the waves with your thoughts, as a wireless may be broken up."

He swung round and faced toward the night. For perhaps three minutes he stood there before he dropped his arms and turned round.

"They have found the body of Wingarde, and of one other," he said. "The second is an Indian guide. Both are dead."

"A thousand curses! Are you going to kill off the entire hotel, with your predictions, senior?" cried Laredo, springing to his feet.

Dual smiled, yet as I recall it now there was no humor in that smile.

Dayton, too, had risen. "The Indian," he rasped. "I never did trust that fellow. He attacked the professor, and Wingarde killed him. What a beastly mess!"

"Hah!" Laredo turned toward him. "But senior, that might be. If the fellow knew the emerald's worth, Wingarde would fight for the possession most surely."

"But—" he paused and his lips drew back. "Are we not like the children who believe and cry out at the nurse's story? What proof have we really that these things are so? The Senior Dual's remarks have interest to us deeply, so that for the moment we are carried away and forget that we are not children of Nature to tremble at thunder, but civilized men."

Dual returned to his seat.

"And civilized men must ever have proof," he remarked. "Material proof for material men. Perhaps it is as well. These higher forces of life are like high potential currents; improperly used, they would work incalculable harm."

"Just the same," said Dayton, "if Wingarde is dead, I believe that Indian killed him. I know he used to listen a lot when Wingarde and I talked. I told the professor he wasn't up to any good. I don't know how much of all you have said I really believe, but just now you certainly did something rather odd to my way of thinking. How did you know he had that guide with him? I didn't mention it in your hearing?"

"Suppose you tell me just what happened?" suggested Dual. "How did the professor come to go out to-night?"

Dayton complied.

Dual nodded. "And you do not know what the man said which made Wingarde go with him?"

"No. I didn't try to listen. I was talking with Miss Wingarde. Fact is I didn't consider it important until the professor said he was going off with the fellow."

"You must not confuse the real with the unreal, Mr. Dayton," said Semi. "My means of knowing of the guide was extremely simple. When you asked of Senior Laredo for the professor you mentioned his having gone with the guide."

"Mr. Glace heard you. He mentioned the affair to me, and of course I recalled it. Much of so-called 'mind reading' and such is but merely getting your subject to tell you something and repeating it to him in a different manner, or using information concerning him, already in your possession. There is a very close mixture of the false and the true. A great many people have pretended to powers they did not possess and so have thrown the genuine occult into disrepute."

"Exactly," agreed Laredo. "Having known of the guide, and drawn out the information that he knew of the Senior Wingarde's finding the emerald, and been shown it, and assuming to

hold it in contempt, you deduce that he sought to take it, and that Wingarde resisted."

"Therefore you assume that each killed the other in a hazard the statement on the probability that it is correct. Senior, you are clever. For one little minute, you stirred in me a latent superstition. But now I see, how you have arrive at the conclusion."

"Yours is the obvious conclusion, I fancy," said Dual.

"You mean this was mumming—at such a time?" Dayton's voice grew hoarse. "I say you know—"

"Rather a means to an end," said Semi. "From now on, Mr. Dayton, we deal with material things. As to mumming, no. Call it an experiment in psychology if you will. This is hardly the time for mumming."

"That's what I thought. Good Lord, won't those chaps ever get back and tell us what they find?" Dayton moved to the rail, staring down toward the dark gash of the canon, and the country around it.

"Has this hotel a detective?" said Semi.

"Eh? I don't know. I suppose so," Dayton turned around.

"But yes," Laredo informed. "I have met him."

"Then, Dayton, if you'll answer me a few questions?" Semi paused and waited.

The Englishman turned from the rail and came back. "Well?" He sat down in his chair.

"About the emerald and the idol; did Wingarde seem to value them highly?"

"Rather. He never left them out of his sight."

"Explain please."

"Why, he wrapped them up in some pieces of cloth and carried them in his clothes. A dozen times a day he'd get them out and looked them over. He used to try and get me to praise them, too, though I couldn't get up much interest."

"But he seemed excited himself?"

"Yes."

"The Indian guides knew that he carried them on him?"

"Of course."

"So that if they had desired to rob him of them, they would have known all they had to do was to get him alone?"

"By Jove, yes."

"And a lonely walk in the night would have accomplished that?" Semi nodded. "Was Wingarde a strong man?"

"He was too much of a student. He was wiry, but he wasn't of any great strength."

"And he was fifty-nine years old?"

"Yes. But—see here—how the

"Oh, my calculations with his name showed me that," said Dual. "The Indians were strong outdoor men?"

"Rather—active as cats."

"Now did Wingarde ever mention the emerald's value in their hearing?"

"He told me several times that its value was immense, but its sentimental value was ten times greater."

"They could have overheard that?"

"Yes."

"Cupidity is a dreadful thing. Men have killed to gain wealth or a jewel. Men have hired others to kill for them, for the same purpose," said Dual. Abruptly he switched the subject. "Now this image—you mentioned a handle by which you thought it was held. Was the handle an actual part of the bronze casting?"

"Just how do you mean?" Dayton inquired. "It seemed to be."

"You don't know whether it was a part of the figure or joined to it—Could it have been removed as a separate part?"

"I don't know."

"I once saw an Egyptian image of Bast," Dual continued, "something like this idol you describe. That also had a handle, but it could be detached. How large was this idol?"

"About six inches long, without the handle. That was perhaps three inches long, and as big around as my middle finger."

"Wrapped up it would have made quite a parcel to conceal about one," commented Dual. "It would have been easily felt through the clothing. One desiring to steal it could have ascertained easily enough if it were upon the person of his victim before leading him away."

"Senior," Laredo cut in; "you are clever. Can we doubt that if murder has been done, this is how it happened?"

Fashions for Herald Readers

Unless otherwise specified, all Fashion Patterns published in these columns are Ten Cents each. Send or leave orders for same at the CHARLEVOIX CO. HERALD



A SMART DRESS FOR HOME WEAR.

2374—This model is nice for gingham, linen, seersucker, percale, gabardine, serge and silk. The sleeve has a short seam at the back, below the elbow, which may be finished for a closing with buttons and buttonholes. The pattern is cut in 7 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. Size 38 requires 6 1/2 yards of 36-inch material. The skirt measures about 2 1/4 yards at the foot. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.



A NEAT, PRACTICAL APRON MODEL.

2368—Very attractive in brown checked gingham, with facings of brown or white, or in blue chambray, with white braid for trimming, or in khaki or galatea, with pipings of red or white. Percale, too, could be used in any of its pretty designs. For warm days this model will make an ideal work uniform. The pockets are roomy and gathered to a wide-shaped band. The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: Small, 32-34; Medium, 36-38; Large, 40-42; and Extra Large, 44-46 inches bust measure. Size Medium requires 6 1/4 yards of 36-inch material. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.



A NATTY SUIT FOR THE SMALL BOY.

2391—For this model, one could use serge or cheviot, velvet or corduroy, galatea, drill, linen, cotton corduroy, or gingham. The trousers are finished in "knicker" style. The belt is slipped through openings in the fronts. This pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 2, 3, 4 and 6 years. Size 4 requires 3 1/2 yards of 36-inch material. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.



A GOOD SCHOOL DRESS FOR THE GROWING GIRL.

2394—Striped seersucker, gingham, percale, galatea, linen, khaki, voile, taffeta, foulard, serge and gabardine are nice for this model. The skirt is a three-piece model joined to the gathered waist. The closing is at the side. The sleeve may be in wrist or elbow length. The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 8, 10, 12 and 14 years. Size 12 requires 3 1/2 yards of 44-inch material. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.



A DAINY DRESS FOR MOTHER'S GIRL.

2390—This model has full skirt portions, joined to a square yoke. The sleeve may be in wrist or elbow

length. The bolero may be omitted. Batiste, voile, linen, lawn, gingham, chambray, percale, silk and pique are nice for this style. The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 2, 4, 6 and 8 years. Size 6 requires 3 yards of 44-inch material. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.

The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 2, 4, 6 and 8 years. Size 6 requires 3 yards of 44-inch material.

A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.



A PRETTY AFTERNOON OR CALLING GOWN.

Waist—2384. Skirt—2381.

Embroidered voile with lace insertion, or bands of contrasting material would be nice. The waist fronts are finished with wide sash ends that are crossed at the center and fasten at the back. The Waist Pattern is cut in 6 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. The skirt is a medium size, as illustrated, will require 5 7/8 yards of 36-inch material. The skirt measures about 2 1/8 yards at the foot. This illustration calls for TWO separate patterns, which will be mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents FOR EACH pattern, in silver or stamps.



A SIMPLE, SMART DESIGN.

2401—Serge, voile, linen, gabardine, gingham, chambray, khaki, shantung and foulard are nice for this model. The waist is finished with a vest or plastron under which the closing is effected. There are two styles of sleeve. The skirt has straight, graceful lines with plaits in back and front. The pattern is cut in 3 sizes: 16, 18 and 20 years. Size 16 requires 5 1/2 yards of 40-inch material. The skirt measures about 2 1/4 yards with plaits down out. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.



A STYLISH GOWN.

Waist—2399. Skirt—2411. Blue serge and black satin could be combined for this, or shantung with pipings of a bright color. Brown voile with trimming of white Georgette crepe, would be nice. The model is composed of Ladies' Waist Pattern 2399 and Ladies' Skirt Pattern 2411. The waist is cut in 6 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. The skirt in 6 sizes: 22, 24, 26, 28, 30 and 32 inches waist measure. For a medium size, the dress will require 7 yards of 36-inch material. The skirt measures about 2 yards at the foot. This illustration calls for TWO separate patterns, which will be mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents FOR EACH pattern, in silver or stamps.



A GOOD AND PRACTICAL MODEL.

2387—This style is nice for percale, drill, gingham, seersucker, linen and alpaca. It has ample pockets and the fullness is held over sides and back by a belt. The sleeve may be finished in wrist or elbow length. The pattern is cut in 7 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. Size 38 requires 6 1/2 yards of 36-inch material. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.



A COMFORTABLE DRESS FOR MOTHER'S GIRL.

2398—This dress is easy to develop, and nice for all sorts of materials. You may have it with the sleeve in wrist length or with a short, elbow sleeve. Gingham, percale, chambray, gabardine, serge, linen or pique will be nice. The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 2, 4, 6 and 8 years. Size 4 requires 2 1/2 yards of 36-inch material. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.



A SMART CALLING GOWN.

2389—Taffeta, foulard, serge, voile, gabardine and linen would be nice for this model. The skirt has straight, narrow lines, but the plaits over the back and sides, lend added fullness. Braid, embroidery or fancy buttons may serve as trimming. The pattern is cut in 7 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. Size 38 requires 6 1/2 yards of 44-inch material. The skirt measures about 2 1/4 yards at the foot. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.



A STYLISH DRESS FOR THE SLENDER WOMAN.

2378—Black satin was selected for this design; the finish is simple stitching. Blue serge or brown Jersey cloth would be nice, too. The model is also good for crepe, corduroy and velvet, linen and other wash fabrics. The right front of the waist overlaps the left, at the closing. The skirt is a two-piece model, gathered over side and back and with the fronts plaited. The pattern is cut in 3 sizes: 18 and 20 years. Size 16 requires 4 1/2 yards of 44-inch material. The dress measures about 2 1/2 yards at the foot. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.



A GOOD SCHOOL DRESS FOR THE GROWING GIRL.

2394—Striped seersucker, gingham, percale, galatea, linen, khaki, voile, taffeta, foulard, serge and gabardine are nice for this model. The skirt is a three-piece model joined to the gathered waist. The closing is at the side. The sleeve may be in wrist or elbow length. The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 8, 10, 12 and 14 years. Size 12 requires 3 1/2 yards of 44-inch material. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.



A DAINY DRESS FOR PARTY OR BEST WEAR.

2396—This model is lovely for batiste, lawn, dimity or dotted Swiss. Likewise for voile, silk and linen. It may also be made of gingham or embroidered flouncing. The overblouse could be omitted or be made of contrasting material. The sleeve may be finished in wrist or elbow length and the skirt made with or without tucks. The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 8, 10, 12 and 14 years. Size 12 requires 4 1/2 yards of 36-inch material for the dress, and 1 1/4 yard for the overblouse. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.



JUST WHAT YOUR LITTLE ONE NEEDS FOR A SET OF SHORT CLOTHES.

2416—The dress is ideal, in that it is comfortable, neat and easy to make. The sleeve, cut in one with the body portions, may be finished in wrist or elbow length. The slip petticoat could do duty as a dress for warm summer days. The drawers are cut on comfortable, loose lines. One could use lawn or nainsook for all of these garments, or make the dress of dimity, batiste, crepe, linen, pique, voile or cashmere. The undergarments are also good for cambric, long cloth, lawn, outing and cotton flannel. The pattern is cut in 5 sizes: 6 months, 1 year, 2, 3, and 4 years. The dress will require 2 yards of 36-inch material. The petticoat, 1 1/2 yard of 27 or 36-inch material. The drawers, 1 1/4 yard of 27 or 36-inch material, for a 3-year size. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.



A PRETTY NIGHT DRESS.

2395—This model is good for cambric, lawn, batiste, crepe, silk, washable satin and also for flannel and flannelette. The body and sleeve portions are cut in one and the fullness of back and fronts is joined to a round yoke. The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: Small, 32-34; Medium, 36-38; Large, 40-42, and Extra Large, 44-46 inches bust measure. Size Medium requires 5 1/2 yards of 27-inch material. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.



A SMART DRESS FOR MOTHER'S GIRL.

2397—This design is cut with the front in yoke panel effect. The skirt portions are full and gathered. The sleeve may be in wrist or elbow length. The style is good for gabardine, batiste, voile, crepe, albatross, linen, pique and other wash fabrics. The pattern is cut in 5 sizes: 2, 4, 6, 8 and 10 years. Size 6 requires 3 1/2 yards of 36-inch material. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.

Briefs of the Week

Flag Day.
Born to Mr. and Mrs. Claude Pearsall a son, Monday June 10th.
George Crawford was a Pellston and Petoskey visitor, Thursday.
Misses Pauline and Christa Hoover are visiting relatives at Alba.
John Monroe, Sr., of Toronto, Ont., is guest at the home of his son, John.
A. G. Rogers left Thursday on a business trip to Bay City and Onaway.
Mrs. Teresa Wilcox and daughter Jane were Charlevoix visitors Thursday.
Miss Nell Hoff, who has been employed at Belding, returned home Monday.
Mrs. R. Loomis with son left Monday for South Haven to visit her parents.
Miss Mildred Howe of Charlevoix was guest of Miss Pearl Snyder over Sunday.
Mrs. J. W. Rogers and sister, Miss Mary Collins were Charlevoix visitors Thursday.
Mrs. Chas. Malpass with children are expected home from Grand Rapids, this Friday.
Mrs. Eugene Miles returned home Tuesday from a visit with her husband at Camp Custer.
Mrs. Alice Kenyon of Charlevoix is guest at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Brotherton.
Milton Ward is home from Lansing for a visit with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Ward.
Mrs. C. H. Whittington and Mrs. J. F. Kenny are Traverse City visitors, a couple of days this week.
Miss Agnes Kenny is home from Detroit for a visit with her parents Mr. and Mrs. Anthony Kenny.
Miss Ida Price, who has been teaching at Deckerville the past year, returned home first of the week.
Miss Martha Kitman is here from Standish, guest at the home of her brother, Gus Kitman and other friends.
Mrs. John Seckinger returned to her home at Ypsilanti, Thursday, after a visit here at the home of her son Cyril.
Mrs. Mona Bardwell returned to her home at Walloon Lake Sunday, after a visit at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Maddagh.
Prof. J. M. Tice was here from Chicago the past week guest of friends. Mr. Tice was Supt. of our public schools some 15 years ago.
Mr. and Mrs. Gus Muma with children of Koroelock, Mich., are guests at the home of the former's parents, Mr. and Mrs. M. Muma.
Mrs. D. L. Rogers returned to her home at Bellaire, Monday after a visit at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Brotherton over Sunday.
Martin Ruhlberg, who has been on a fortnight's visit at Grand Rapids, Jackson, Camp Custer and other points, returned home Saturday last.
A wedding took place at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Louis Ellis in this city Wednesday evening when the latter's brother, Herbert C. Sweet of Chestonia was united in marriage to Miss Belle Murphy of Echo township. Rev. M. E. Hoyt was the officiating clergyman. The groom was among the recent draft selects rejected at Camp Custer for physical disability. They will make their home on a farm belonging to Mr. Sweet in Jordan township.
Save money by taking advantage of the specials at M. E. Ashley Cos. next week.

E. E. Hall came home from Detroit, Wednesday.
Fr. Kroboth was here from Suttons Bay, this week.
Miss Lois Wallwood was a Bellaire visitor, Saturday.
Eddie Bennett of Hartford is visiting friends in the city.
Mr. and Mrs. Harold Boyd are Detroit visitors this week.
Roy Gregory returned home from Pinconning, Saturday last.
Mrs. G. E. Boswell was a Traverse City visitor first of the week.
Mrs. Archie Kowalski left Tuesday for a visit with relatives at Detroit.
Mrs. R. A. Brintnall was a Bellaire business visitor first of the week.
Harry Walstad left Wednesday for Engadine, for a visit with his brother.
Mrs. Joseph Love with daughter were here from Deward a few days this week.
Mr. and Mrs. R. C. Best and daughter visited relatives at Bellaire first of the week.
Miss Agatha Kenny, who has been teaching school near Charlevoix, is home.
Lieut. Bruce Dickie was here from Camp Custer over Sunday guest of friends.
Edward Knighton of Alanson was guest of Rev. R. S. Sidebotham first of the week.
Mrs. Frank Shepard returned home Monday from a visit with her parents at Standish.
Mr. and Mrs. A. M. Murphy visited their son, Wm., at Camp Custer first of the week.
Fenton Bulow left Wednesday for New York City to report for duty in the Coast Guards.
Mr. and Mrs. E. J. Crossman left Tuesday for a visit with their daughter at Bessemer, Mich.
Mrs. Gladys Jepson is here from Detroit for a visit with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. James Howard.
Mrs. J. W. Rogers returned home Saturday last from Lapeer, where she has been visiting her sisters.
Mrs. Lida Crozier went to Macinaw City, Wednesday for a visit with her mother, Mrs. D. McColeman.
Mrs. Frank Hinds with daughter of Harbor Springs is guest at the home of her mother, Mrs. Ed. Bashaw.
Mr. and Mrs. John Cutler were called to Central Lake, Tuesday, to attend the funeral of the former's mother.
Clyde Worth, who has been visiting at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Josiah St. John, returned to his home at Onaway, Wednesday.
Mr. and Mrs. John Dolezel with children came up from Cadillac last Saturday and now occupy the Arthur Farmer residence on Division St.
Mrs. Frank Chaney with son returned to her home at Charlevoix Saturday after a week's visit here at the home of her brother, Joseph Perry.
Mr. and Mrs. H. McColeman, who have been guests of the latter's sister, Mrs. Alex McColeman returned to their home at Alpena, Wednesday.
Miss Ruth Green returned to her home at Central Lake Saturday, after a visit with her grand-mother, Mrs. Thomas Moore, who is quite ill.
Miss Rose Gagnon left Wednesday for a visit with relatives at Greenville. From there she will go to Detroit, where she will spend the summer.
Russell Harrington returned home from Camp Custer, Tuesday. He reported there for service, but was released on account of a defective arm.
Mr. and Mrs. Lewis Lanway of Kingston arrived here Wednesday for a visit with the former's brother Joseph and the latter's brother, Wm. Harrington.
The Odd Fellows and Rebekahs of the local lodges will observe Memorial Services next Sunday at the Presbyterian church at 5:00 o'clock in the afternoon. All members of each order are requested to meet at their hall (Temple block) at 4:30 p. m. to march to the church.
Rev. John J. Maakstad was here from Suttons Bay over Sunday to conduct services at the Lutheran church. This was his last visit to East Jordan before going to his new field of labor in Virginia. On Saturday evening a farewell party was held at the home of Jacob Nelson.
Mrs. Blanche M., wife of Albert J. Schram, passed away at her home on State street last Monday evening, following a long illness. Deceased was born at Central Lake, Dec. 14th, 1888, being thirty years of age. She leaves, besides her husband, one son, John Arthur, aged nine years, her parents, two brothers and three sisters. Funeral services were held from the Latter Day Saints Church, Thursday afternoon. Interment at East Jordan Cemetery.

Miss Doris Smith of Mackinaw City is here visiting her sister, Miss Marie.
Mrs. W. R. Toyton of Grand Rapids is guest of her sister, Mrs. A. R. Nowland.
Milton Lanway of Fort Monroe, Va., is visiting his mother, Mrs. Carrie Lanway.
C. C. Mack and family left Thursday by auto for a visit with relatives at Gladwin.
Special meeting of Mystic Lodge No. 379 F. & A. M. this Saturday evening, June 8th.
Miss Mary Miller is here from Lansing for a visit with her sister, Mrs. Leon Grant.
Thos. Deschane, who has been employed at Muskegon, returned home Wednesday.
Guy Sedgman, who is attending a military training school at Lansing is home for a visit.
Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Shepard are here from Cadillac for a visit with relatives and friends.
Mrs. A. L. Colter of Indianapolis Ind. is guest at the home of Mrs. D. H. Fitch and Mrs. M. E. Heston.
The Horticultural class of the high school, accompanied by their instructor Ralph Sill, held a picnic at Intermediate lake, Wednesday.
Messdames Ashland Bowen, Frank Green, Wm. Crawford, and Neil Flannery, together with their husbands, were at Boyne City, Wednesday, to attend the funeral of the ladies' brother Roy Holt.
The Steamer America of Harbor Springs was in port, Thursday, taking the household effects of Harry Curkendall who has located at Harbor Springs. Mrs. Curkendall with children left on the boat for their new home.
Get your handles for knitting bags, next week, at Ashley's.
A man's good intentions seldom add to his income.
Go to M. E. Ashley's for bargains all next week.
CAR FOR HIRE—Afternoons and Sundays. Phone 226.
Rooms for Rent, with Lights and Water.—Harry Simmons.
Horse Pasture—On Deer Creek, the old dam farm. Inquire of George Etcher.
HOUSE FOR RENT—Corner of Third and Nicholas Sts. Phone—88-F 2.—MRS. C. WALSH.
FOR SALE—150 acres Antrim county out-over land. A bargain if you talk quick. GRIEF BROS. COOPERAGE CO., Cleveland, Ohio.
FOR SALE—Buildings on East Jordan Cooperage Company property. Also ground.—GRIEF BROS COOPERAGE CO., Cleveland, Ohio.

Live Agents Wanted.
To write automobile insurance in different districts. Address
R. H. FLETCHER, Jr.,
Bay City, Mich.

Presbyterian Church Notes
Robert S. Sidebotham, Pastor.

Sunday, June 16, 1918:
10:30 a. m.—The Eternal Question.
12:00 Noon—Sunday School.
5:00 p. m.—Odd Fellow and Rebekah Memorial Service.
6:00 p. m.—Junior and Senior Endeavor.
Thursday at 7:30 p. m.—Prayer Meeting.
Sunday at Vesper Service the special guests are the members of the Odd Fellow and Rebekah lodges. Their will be special music by the quartet and by the male quartet.

BAD KIDNEYS LAID HIM UP.
A slight kidney impairment may lead to dropsy or Bright's disease. Don't neglect it. Frank Miller, Bingham, Utah, writes: "Was troubled with my kidneys so bad I could not work. Tried many kinds of medicine which did me no good. Then I tried Foley Kidney Pills; now feeling as good as I ever did before."—Hite's Drug Store.

NEW POTATO YIELDS FOOD AND FLOWERS
Spud Crossed With Dahlia Is Latest Garden Plant.
EUREKA, Cal.—A Hickman, an aged gardener, of this city, has succeeded in crossing the familiar Irish potato with the dahlia, the combination producing a species of potato which is believed to be far superior to that found ordinarily on the market.
With the new potato one may have flowers for the decoration of his home and, when the plants have reached maturity, potatoes for his dinner.
The main value of Hickman's potato-dahlia comes from the fact that the plant follows closely the dahlia type and hence should be immune from the blight, the great potato scourge of the Northwest. The new potato is said to have a flavor far superior to that of the ordinary potato. It bears heavily.

Farmers Organize Next Tuesday

Will Complete Co-operative Marketing Organization.

A meeting of the farmers of this region will be held in East Jordan at the Armory next Tuesday evening, June 18th, at 8:30 o'clock.
Mr. Tenant, State Specialist in Marketing, will be in attendance, and a permanent organization of the Co-operative Selling Association will be made that evening.
Every farmer in this region interested in the matter of better marketing conditions for their produce, is urged to make it a point to be in attendance next Tuesday evening.

Red Cross Notes

Knitting Bee last week netted \$5.15. Hereafter the comfort kits for the soldiers will be issued by Uncle Sam instead of the local Red Cross.
Yarn has been ordered for the July and August quota of sweaters.
Ladies who have sweater needles not in use, will leave them at Miss Kneals' store.
The Knitting Bee will be entertained next Monday afternoon, by the Study Club at the home of Mrs. C. H. Whittington. Everybody come.
Mrs. A. Cameron, Mrs. C. H. Whittington and Mrs. Henry Sheldon visited the Red Cross Auxiliary at the Peninsula Grange Hall Wednesday afternoon. The ladies are doing fine work both in sewing and knitting.
Floating debts may sink a corporation.

NEGRO PROTESTS AGAINST ATTENDING OWN FUNERAL

Tells Police He Can't Convince Friends He's Alive.
LITTLE ROCK, Ark.—Altho the last sad obsequies may have been performed for R. T. Townsend, a derivative of darkest Africa, the rites were celebrated over R. T.'s vigorous protest.
R. T. began receiving reports of his death early in the afternoon, but took no stock in them. Later, as the reports became more circumstantial and details concerning his last words and the dissemination of his property became current, R. T. entered his denial.
His big protest was made when four of his friends came to "mesassa him fo' d' cawtin," and the altercation between the corpse and the mourners became so heated that R. T. called on the police for protection. He located himself in a pressing shop at Second and Rock streets, pending funeral arrangements.
"I keep uh tellin' dese yeah niggubs I ain' daid," he advised the police over the telephone, "but seem lak ain't none of um put no 'pen'ence in mah wuhd. Dey fu' of um got me heah an' dey low how I hafuh be daid, fo' d' reason evubody say so. Kain't abgy wid dese keen haid niggubs to do no good, an' jesan' some yu gemek' has'en ovuh heah dey gwine be d' makin's of uh fun' all right, but hit ain't gwine to be R. T.'s."
A rescue party put out from police headquarters upon receipt of R. T.'s S. O. S., but no pressing shop was found at, or in the vicinity of, Second and Rock. It is the opinion of the police and R. T.'s disputation may have progressed from the eyebrows up, or that his friends are simply holding a rehearsal on him to see if he can perform with the decorum and dignity of the principal actor of a high class cullud funeral.

JIMMIE, AGED SIMIAN, GETS WISE BY HIMSELF
Many Years Monkey Studies Human.
CLEVELAND, Ohio.—In a second-story window at 1119 St. Clair avenue sits "Jimmie." He watches the people on the street below. For fourteen years Jimmie has sat in the same window, growing old and wise.
Jimmie keeps his wisdom to himself. It is the one nonhuman trait about him. In every other respect Jimmie is like any fastidious old man.
He sleeps on feathers and rises to a breakfast which must be prepared in just a certain way. Jimmie demands an egg scrambled to a light brown turn. He shakes hands with callers and raises his voice in protest when the callers leave. He prefers company to being alone.
If life becomes lonely Jimmie goes downstairs to visit the barber of grocer. At dinner and supper time he sits in his own high chair at the table. The butter on his bread must be of the freshest creamery make. He eats the soft part of bread and leaves the crusts.
But Jimmie is humored on account of his age. He is a South American ring-tail monkey.
Mrs. Hattie Burkholder, Jimmie's owner, has raised him from his infancy.
"I do not want to think of ever giving him up," she says.

TWENTY-EIGHTH ANNUAL COMMENCEMENT

OF THE
EAST JORDAN HIGH SCHOOL
AT THE
Temple Theatre, June 14th, 1918

PROGRAM

March.....Mrs. L. G. Balch
America.....
Piano Duet, "Stand by the Flag".....Stalts
Dorothy Severance, Julia Ellison
Invocation.....Rev. R. S. Sidebotham
Male Quartette, "A Health to Our Friends".....
Messrs Blisbee, Hoyt, Webster, French
Address, "Education for Citizenship".....Chas. T. Grawn
Selection, "Wayside Roses".....Girl's Glee Club
Presentation of Diplomas.....Supt. Geo. B. Crawford
Selection, "When the Bonny, Bonny Heather is Blooming".....Girl's Glee Club

CLASS ROLL

Leone Donaldson	Wallace Kemp
Fred Giffin	Ruth Malpass
Sylvia Hall	Marie Smith
Josie Hammond	Pearl Snyder
Emma Lou Hoyt	Hazel Sheldon
Anna G. Hoyt	Aurora Stewart
Doris Hayden	Faye Suffer
Merle Jones	Alice Sedgman
Hazel Kale	Signa Thorsen

Valedictorian, Aurora Stewart
Salutatorian, Emma Lou Hoyt
First Honor Student, Josie Hammond

Class Flower—Am. Beauty Rose. Class Colors—Green and White.
Class Motto—"Over The Top."

Announcement

To the Electors of Charlevoix County: I will be a candidate on the Republican ticket at the August Primary Election for State Representative. Appreciating your favors,
I am cordially yours,
J. E. CHEW.

Church of God

J. W. Ruehle, Pastor.

Sunday, June 16, 1918.
10:00 a. m. Sunday School.
11:00 a. m. Morning Service.
2:00 p. m. Sunday School at Three Bell School House.
3:00 p. m. Divine Worship at the Three Bell School House.
7:30 p. m. Evening Service.
Wednesday 7:30 p. m. Prayer service.
Friday evening cottage meeting.

NOTICE

As many have inquired of me, to learn if I would be a candidate for the nomination of Prosecuting Attorney this year, I wish to announce at this time to all the electors of the County that I will be a candidate for the Republican nomination at the August Primaries. And I also wish to express my appreciation to the electors for the favorable manner in which they received my candidacy in the past.
Yours,
ROLLIE L. LEWIS,
Prosecuting Attorney.
[Pol. adv'g.]

Nearly all women are victims of the house cleaning microbe.

HOW SHE BANISHED BACKACHE
Mrs. Effie E. Kleppe, Averill, Minn., writes: "I was at a sanitarium three weeks at one time, two weeks another time, for rheumatism and kidney trouble and got no relief. On my return began using Foley Kidney Pills; found immediate relief; half bottle completed the cure. Always use when I feel pain in my back."—Hite's Drug Store.



Ralston

Not Upheld Simply by Reputation.

There's more back of Ralston Shoes than simply an honorable name.
Forty years of expert shoemaking have taught the manufacturers how to make good shoes—and, what's more they are making good shoes.

C. A. HUDSON

Refrigerators.

Preserve Your Food-stuff in Hot Weather and Will Help Win the War.

We Are Glad To Announce Our Handling the

ECONOMY FIBRE REFRIGERATOR

Sanitary, light, efficient and durable.

MADE FROM FIBRE NON-CONDUCTING MATERIALS. Call and let us explain its merits.

French & Redmon

FURNITURE and UNDERTAKING

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

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.

Doctor Branch

Office at rear of East Jordan Drug Store.

PHONE 77

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. 223.

Frank Phillips

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

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.

ADVICE TO GARDENERS

Gardeners! Have your peas and beans in your garden? Watch out for blight and anthracnose. The gardener must be very careful this year as to the time when he cultivates his peas and beans as several cases of blight and anthracnose have been found.

The blight is caused by a bacterial organism and can be easily told by the appearance at first as the diseased areas have a water-soaked appearance which soon dry out and become brown and brittle.

Anthracnose is caused by a fungus which attacks both the leaves, stems, pods and seeds. The disease is very noticeable because infected parts have an elongated, sunken, dark red canker which often produces deformed and yellow leaves.

These diseases are carried from plant to plant by the tools becoming wet with the dew or rain from the infected plants. The control of these diseases depends upon not infecting healthy plants and this is done by not cultivating when plants are covered with dew or rain.

RALPH H. SILL,
Charlevoix Co. Emergency Club Leader.

COUGHS AND COLDS VANISH

"Summer colds" are not hard to break up, coughs and hoarseness are easy to get rid of, if you will take Foley's Honey and Tar Compound. Mrs. Mary Sogham, 282 Maple St., Perth Amboy, N. J., writes: "It helped my throat; never had anything better." Slightly laxative. Contains no opiates or narcotics.—Hite's Drug Store

It sometimes happens that a man breaks his bank roll when he falls in love.

Go to the ant and get wisdom, young man and you may not have to visit your "uncle."

DANGERS OF CONSTIPATION

Neglected constipation may cause piles, ulceration of the bowels, appendicitis, nervous prostration, paralysis. Don't delay treatment. Best remedy is Foley Cathartic Tablets. Do their work surely, easily, gently, without injury to stomach or intestinal lining. Contains no habit-forming drugs. Fine for fat folks.—Hite's Drug Store.

Special Offer

to the Readers of This Paper

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

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

Start Tomorrow and Keep It Up Every Morning

Get in the habit of drinking a glass of hot water before breakfast.

We're not here long, so let's make our stay agreeable. Let us live well, eat well, digest well, work well, sleep well, and look well. What a glorious condition to attain, and yet, how very easy it is if one will only adopt the morning-inside bath.

Folks who are accustomed to feel dull and heavy when they 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 water and phosphate is quietly extracting a large volume of water from the blood and getting ready for a thorough flushing of all the inside organs.

The millions of people who are bothered with constipation, bilious spells, stomach trouble; others who have sallow skins, blood disorders 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 inside-bathing before breakfast.

GHOST FORCES MAN TO WRITE

INVADES AMERICAN'S BUNGALOW, SAYS HAWAIIAN.

Specter Smokes Cigars and Makes Maui Late House Owner Take Dictation, Native Asserts.

HONOLULU, H. I.—John Hamakua, a native Hawaiian who recently arrived in this port in a fishing yawl, coming from Maalaea Bay, located on the east side of the Maui island, has told a story among the Honolulu natives to the effect that a ghost is visiting the bungalow of an American named Mark Wellesly nightly, smoking the man's cigars and sitting in the bedchamber where Wellesly sleeps. Hamakua declares that he was Wellesly's servant until the ghost appeared, and that the specter frightened him so badly that he fled in Wellesly's yawl from McGregor's Landing.

"Wellesly is not afraid of the specter," says Hamakua. "It came one night, suddenly appearing in one of his big easy-chairs, and it looks like a filmy, white mist. When I first saw it the thing smoked one of Wellesly's best cigars while sitting in a big chair. When the ghost lighted a match its misty outline was not visible."

"I saw it while attending Wellesly, and was so frightened that I could not move, and the mystic thing looked at me, smiled, and sat down in the big chair and crossed its legs, which looked like fog, and started to read some lines on white, mistlike paper which was in one of the hands."

"I could not escape except by passing by the chair, so I got back in a corner and looked on. Wellesly sat on the edge of his couch and gazed at the ghost for a while. He then threw a shoe at it. The shoe landed in the chair with great force—in fact, it went right thru the foglike outline of a human being—but the ghost's face wrinkled in a grin, and when he laughed there was a noise like the squeaking of a rusty hinge on a door."

"Wellesly said: 'What's the big idea, Mr. Shadow?' The ghost pointed with one hand to the mistlike sheets of ghostly paper in the other, and replied: 'I've come here to dictate a story written by another spirit in the spirit world. You will have to take it down, and later spread it broadcast to fiction lovers.'

"Wellesly picked up the mate to the shoe he had hurled at the specter the first time and threw it with all his force at the ghost, but the ghost wheezed even louder than before in laughter, and said: 'Get the pen, ink and paper from the drawer of that writing desk and start.' The ghost pointed a finger at the desk."

"Can I send my man here for another man at the landing who writes shorthand?" Wellesly asked the ghost. "No," the thing said; "anybody else would be afraid of me, so get to work."

"Wellesly seemed to figure there was nothing else to do to get rid of the specter, and so he went to the table within two feet of the ghost, who sat with his legs crossed in the big easy-chair."

"It will take several nights in which to finish this task, and then I will return no more to bother you," the ghost said.

"Wellesly smiled at it, and the ghost smiled at Wellesly, and I rushed past them out the door, fled to McGregor's Landing, jumped into Wellesly's yawl, and have sailed thru the islands for weeks bound for this port."

THIS RABBIT HUNTER IS DOWNRIGHT CRUEL
He Lets Bunny Break Neck on Hoop Painted in Tree.

SANDUSKY, Ohio—Cal Jordan, of Kelly's Island, is the only man yet heard of near here who hunts rabbits—and bags them—without a gun. Cal is said to be the champion hunter of the island.

Nowadays, when Cal wants some bunnies, he simply goes forth with nothing more than his dog and a bucket of paint. He plants what looks like a hole at the bottom of convenient trees. Then he lets his dog loose. The dog stirs up a rabbit. The rabbit sees what he thinks is a hole in the tree. He makes for it pell-mell. Bang! The rabbit collides with the tree and breaks his neck.

Jordan picks him up and gets ready for the next one.

OWN IMAGE HER DEATH LURE.
Child Falls From Cliff Watching Reflections in River.

BRISTOL, Tenn.—Hattie May Graves, a pretty blue-eyed 6-year old girl, lost her life in a most peculiar manner, when she plunged from a 65-foot cliff into the waters of the Tennessee river.

The child, who had strayed from her mother's side to play among the rocks of the cliff, climbed to the edge and looking down saw her own image reflected from the waters of the river.

Circumstances indicate that—charmed for the moment with the idea she was looking into the eyes of another little girl below—she impulsively started to join the image in the water. She was dead before rescuers could reach her.

BIG WILD GOOSE MAKES HOME ON IOWA FARM

Pauses in Its Flight and Becomes Leader of Flock.

DUNKERTOWN, Iowa.—What appeared to be an approaching airplane, when first observed in the sky above the northwest horizon by persons near here, soon proved to be a large wild goose, the largest, in fact, ever seen in these parts, domesticated or otherwise. The huge bird—a gander—swooped down on the farm of John Rice, a few miles from this place, thru which runs a small stream.

One of the big fowl's legs is very crooked, evidently having been broken and knitted together in a manner resembling a capital L. When the goose is standing still its two legs form a perfect figure 4. Its walk is quite comical, one leg being so much shorter than the other. The goose was a trifle shy of Mr. Rice's domesticated fowls at first, but it soon joined his flock of geese and has become their "king," or leader. They follow him about the barnyard like a company of soldiers, and when the take their swims in the small pond formed by the creek a few yards back of the barn, which is not entirely frozen over, none seems bold enough to paddle ahead of their accepted commander.

Paul Beauvais, Rice's farm hand, who is a Canadian, opines that the big goose was forced to remain in the Kootenay Lake region of British Columbia, where there are several groups of hot springs, these warm waters enabling the injured fowl to survive the cold spells until it was able to resume its flight to the Mexican gulf. He marvels much at the bird's evident contentment here, as he also does its enormous size. He is positive that it is a wild gander, as he has shot many in the hills and mountains of the Kootenay Lake country.

The big goose has already acquired a nickname, the Rice children invariably calling it "Old Figure Four."

MAN TEN FEET TALL IS REALTY BOOSTER

Nathan Daniels Has Walked Thru 26 States on High Stilts.

KALAMAZOO, Mich.—They call him the "Human Spider" in this, his home town. Altho but 41 years old, Nathan Daniels has walked 1,000 miles in twenty-six States advertising real estate during the last twenty-three years of his life.

"Nate" stands ten feet above the sidewalk and claims to be the only stilt-walker, professional or amateur, who can stand still on his elongated legs.

At one time he was a still performer in Barnum's circus, but took to the advertising field as being more profitable.

His average working day is four hours of continuous walking, drawing his crowds by executing simple dance steps, which he has mastered, and keeping up intermittent badinage with the curious in his audiences.

His movements thru the crowded thoroughfares are so easy and natural that fully one-third of his throng believe him to be a genuine ten-footer, while the skeptical two-thirds ask him how long he is for this world and to what length he expects to serve his country.

Daniels was born in Detroit, but moved to Kalamazoo at an early age. He enjoys stilt-walking for a living. It is no sinecure, he admits, but it pays.

BIG TURKEY CAPTURED BY BAITED FISHHOOK

Seizes Worms Dangling From Wagon and Is "Towed" to Town.

BUFFALO, N. Y.—Oswald Buff, who lives a mile east of this city, hitched his horse to his democrat wagon, loaded his fishing tackle into it and drove to Star Lake, 10 miles distant, where he fished for perch. In the afternoon, having caught a generous supply, Buff decided he would go home. He placed his fishpole in the back end of the wagon and started.

When he reached here he stopped at a grocery to do some trading. Several men standing in front of the store observed a large turkey in the center of the road behind Buff's wagon seemingly entangled in a fishline. As Buff emerged from the store the men asked him where he got the turkey. He then observed the turkey for the first time.

Investigation revealed that the turkey, a large one, had swallowed the hook of the fishline. Buff says that when he left the lake he did not remove the worms from the hook and that the hook hung out of the back end of the wagon. The heavy sniker on the line may have caused the line to unravel, leaving the hook to drag on the ground. He had stopped for a drink of water at a farmhouse where there was a flock of turkeys.

DOG SCAMPERS AWAY WITH GOLD HEIRLOOM

Terrier Comes Back, but Without Prized Necklace.

MINNEAPOLIS, Minn.—Caroline Ruben, the little daughter of I. H. Ruben of this city, was setting in her father's automobile on Nicollet avenue. Her pet fox terrier, Trot, was with her.

The little girl was wearing a gold necklace that had belonged to her great-grandmother. Just for fun she took it off and put it around Trot's neck.

Just by chance Trot saw a dog he didn't like and jumped out of the car and chased it. Trot came back in a few minutes, but the necklace did not.

NEWBERRY for United States Senator

The Man Who Does Things



Truman H. Newberry

Now as never before this country must have in the United States Senate able men, experienced men, men far sighted and unafraid.

TRUMAN H. NEWBERRY is such a man. He is always to be depended upon. He is not a dreamer, but a worker, a man who does things. He is a business man of rare judgment. His breadth of vision, his ability to handle large affairs, and his sense of justice and fair play splendidly qualify him to serve in the United States Senate and to help solve the big problems arising and to arise out of the war.

Commander Newberry is now serving in the Third Naval District. He is going to continue to stay by his work and to do all he can to help win the war. His friends are actively presenting his qualifications to the people of Michigan as a man who would make a splendid United States Senator. Men of all walks of life are behind the movement because Truman Newberry would be a Senator who would stand squarely for right, for justice and for equality.

Published by The Newberry Senatorial Committee
A. A. Ferguson, General Chairman
Paul H. King, Executive Chairman



National and Local Meat Business

The meat business of the country is conducted by various agencies—

By small slaughter-houses in villages—

By local Abattoirs or small Packing Houses in towns—

both

Using only a part of the local live stock supply

and

Furnishing only a part of the local demand for meat.

These slaughtering and distributing agencies fill a well defined but necessarily restricted place in the distribution of the products of live stock.

But only packers like Swift & Company, organized on a national scale, are able to undertake the service that is more vitally important, involving

An Obligation to the Producer

To purchase for spot cash all the live stock the producer may send to market for slaughter.

An Obligation to the Consumer

To make available to every consumer, everywhere, in season and out, the full supply and variety of meat products, of the highest standard that the market affords.

Year Book of interesting and instructive facts sent on request. Address Swift & Company, Union Stock Yards, Chicago, Illinois

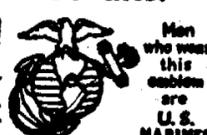
Swift & Company, U. S. A.

Sapolio doing its work. Scouring for U.S. Marine Corps recruits.



Join Now!

APPLY AT ANY POST OFFICE for SERVICE UNDER THIS EMBLEM



Men who wear this emblem are U. S. MARINES