

# Charlevoix County Herald.

Vol. 22.

EAST JORDAN, MICHIGAN, FRIDAY, AUGUST 30, 1918.

No. 35

## The Primaries Rather Quiet

### About 2000 Republican Ballots Cast in County.

The primaries of last Tuesday were rather quiet although a fairly good vote was polled. In the contests in Charlevoix county on the Republican ticket the winners were:

- For Representative in the State Legislature—Jacob E. Chew.
- For Sheriff—George W. Weaver.
- For County Clerk—Richard Lewis.
- For Treasurer—Charles H. Emrey.
- For Register of Deeds—Malcolm A. McDonald.
- For Prosecuting Attorney—E. A. Ruegger.
- For Surveyor—Ernest A. Robinson.
- For County Road Commissioner—Joseph M. Courier.

In the U. S. Senatorship contest, Newberry has a walk-a-way, carrying nearly every county in the state. For Congressman, Frank D. Scott easily defeated his opponent. For State Senator, Herbert Baker receives the nomination by a substantial majority.

## LIVE LIKE MISER WORK LIKE HORSE

### That is What Every American Must Do in Order That War Shall Be Won.

## DEMOCRACY BEING TESTED

### Victory Over Teuton Despotism a Matter of Money and Each Patriot Will Deny Himself All but Necessities That It May Be Achieved.

By HERBERT QUICK.

It has become a common saying that democracy is inefficient. We have often read that it takes a despotism to do things. The Germans believed that they could win this war and conquer the world for two reasons: first, because, in spite of some things which look democratic, the German empire is a despotism; and second, because, it is the first despotism in the history of the world which has reached a very high point in general physical and mental development. They and many people in the democratic countries believed that they could win against the democracies of the world. Democracy, they said, would be the anvil; despotism the hammer. Democracy would be the whale; despotism would be the swordfish. Democracy would be the target; despotism the gun. Democracy would be the deer; despotism the wolf. Democracy the huge, unwieldy grazing animal; despotism the flesh eater with fangs and claws.

### Surprises for Despotism.

The splendid resistance of Belgium and France, the magnificent rallying of Great Britain to the trumpet call, and the untrepid decision of Italy to join in resistance to the German attack, were the greatest surprises which up to that time had ever been encountered by a despot. Before the war had been going on for six months some of the wisest of the cold and cruel minds of Germany began to wonder whether after all the democracies of the world were not too strong to be overcome. And then came the biggest surprise of the war—the greatest democracy of the world—the United States—slowly began to realize that the whole cause of freedom for the common man, not only in Europe and in Asia, but here in America, was at stake in this war. Slowly the idea began to penetrate the American mind that the machinations of Germany constitute a greater peril to this country than did the issue fought out in the American revolution or the decisive strife of our own war between the states. America saw at last that if Germany wins this war democracy will have failed; not only the democracy of European countries, but the democracy of the world. There would be nothing left for us through all the future but a losing fight against the most cruel and efficient despotism of all time. And finally, in spite of our own peaceful history, in spite of our own love of peace, in spite of German lies and German propaganda, and the deplorable plots of German spies, the United States acted.

The nation reached slowly for the

## Schools Open Next Monday

### Supt. Keyworth Makes Brief Announcement.

The below brief announcement was sent us by our new Supt. of Schools M. R. Keyworth, who is at present at Gaylord.

Aug. 26th, 1918

Dear Mr. Lisk: Will you be so kind as to announce this week that school begins next Monday, Sept. 2nd. It is impossible for me to give you further details now but I wish the opening announced so that all may understand when pupils should start.

Very truly yours,  
M. R. KEYWORTH, S.

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## THE JACKIE BAND IS COMING!

A FEATURE OF OUR CHARLEVOIX CO. FAIR NOT HERETOFORE ADVERTISED, WILL BE THE APPEARANCE HERE OF ONE OF THE FAMOUS JACKIE BANDS FROM THE GREAT LAKES TRAINING STATION.

THE BAND, WHICH WILL BE ON THE FOURTH LIBERTY LOAN DRIVE THEN, WILL PROBABLY MAKE EAST JORDAN DURING THE LAST DAY OF THE FAIR—SEPT. 20TH.

## School Commissioner's Notes

May L. Stewart, Commissioner

We are now ready to announce officially that Supt. Fred L. Keeler of the Department of Public Instruction will be with us as first assistant instructor of our county teachers' institute combined with the school officers' meeting on October 3rd. We shall also have with us for two days, Oct. 3rd and 4th, Supt. Francis B. Pearson of Columbus, Ohio, who is the Ohio State Superintendent of Public Instruction. Mr. Pearson is a man of broad vision and strong convictions. We are doubly fortunate in having both state leaders with us. John Ketcham of Hastings, Mich., the National Grange Lecturer, and for a number of years, State Grange Master, will serve as instructor for teachers and visitors. Mr. Ketcham is a real orator, enthusiast, and typical humorist and his many friends among the farmers and business men of the county will be welcomed to Charlevoix High School Building to hear all of his addresses.

Oct. 2nd will be War-Worker's Institute Day for the teachers of the county, as well as sectional program work for varying subjects and grades. We expect to have Mrs. F. B. Carroll of Detroit, Mrs. M. B. Ferrey of Lansing, and Supt. Tice of the Palmer Co., for general instruction purposes on this day. We look forward to the biggest institute the county has ever had, and though we pray that the sun may shine, Charlevoix County teachers have demonstrated again and again that they are not afraid of the elements.

Once again we are approaching the date when the schools expose to public view the work which they have done during the past year. School Day at the County Fair—Sept. 19th. Hon. H. R. Pattengill of Lansing will lead community singing in the Educational Hall in the afternoon and will deliver one of his live wire peppery addresses to the young. Don't miss the spelling match, county winners of townships competing for county championship in the Educational Hall. Look for program in the premium list. Work up your Junior Red Cross displays and send them in. Get your work mounted ask Miss Stewart to reserve wall space but send it in!

Supt. Fred L. Keeler asks that the following be published in our local papers and we welcome the opportunity which it affords along line in which over three fourths of our school districts are already working: (The farmer and the rural school are at last publicly recognized in the southern part of the state and we say three cheers for the farmer and his future.)

Model Rural School on State Fair Grounds.

The Michigan State Fair Association has erected and equipped a model rural school building on the State Fair Grounds at Detroit. The plans and specifications of the building were furnished by the Superintendent of Public Instruction. The building embraces all the essentials of a modern schoolhouse. The dimensions of the room, interior arrangement, lighting, heating, ventilation, wardrobes, toilet facilities, seating, etc., are all correct. The equipment is complete.

No one interested in rural education from the standpoint of parent, pupil or officer should fail to spend a half hour in this building sometime during the session Aug. 30 to Sept. 8, 1918.

This building is not a temporary structure but will be a permanent feature of the Fair each year. It will be used as headquarters for the State Fair Boy's School, for canning demonstrations, for Boys' and Girls' State Club Work, and as a concrete example of the proper construction and equipment of a rural school building. The possibilities of the educational value of the feature of the Fair are very great. The State Fair Association is to be commended for its cooperation in securing better rural school advantages.

At the Board of Examiners' meeting Aug. 17th, certificates were granted as follows: Second grades to Mrs. Susie Flagg, Alice Kerry, Olive Underhill, George Redfield, Mary Berg, Georgia Scroggie, Ellen Walter, Mary Walsh, Mary Kuhn, Louise Klees, Mary Donahue. Third grade certificates were granted to Grace Malpass, Ruth Malpass, Orthelia Porter and Ellen Wacha. Second grade renewals were granted to Annie Metcalf, Grace White, Mary Donahue, Mary Mahoney, and Audrey Correll. County Normal renewals were recommended to state and endorsed as follows:

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## PIERRE, S. D. — A pair of pocket shears, which accidentally slipped from his pocket and within reach of his hand enabled A. F. Moore to save the life of his wife and himself when they were trapped under their automobile which overturned on a road near here.

The upholstering of the car was pressed against their faces so that they were smothering, but by using the scissors Mr. Moore enabled his wife and himself to breathe until farmers arrived and rescued them.

## MILITARY DRILL BY 32 PIGS.

Can Perform Their Evolutions Without a Commander.

BELCHERTOWN, Mass. — Jack Newman has organized his piggery according to the infantry drill regulations. From out of a company of a hundred pigs he has picked a squad of thirty-two.

Every morning before breakfast these thirty-two pigs follow their drillmaster for two miles around the edge of the field, just inside the wire, and then parade across the center.

Newman purposely delayed his appearance one day and found that the pigs went through their usual evolutions alone.

## SURE, IT PAYS TO ADVERTISE.

Experience of This Maine Woman Lends Further Proof.

BUCKSPORT, Maine. — Anna Cagley, answering an offer to wad in a matrimonial magazine because of the man's many fine points, found it was her divorced husband. They were married for the second time this week. Mrs. Cagley says she never knew till she read the advertisement what a fine man her husband was, or they never would have parted in the first place.

## GROUNDHOG AND WIND BUILD SAND MOUNDS.

Unusual Sight at Midway, N. Y., Arouses Interest of Travelers and Visitors.

MIDWAY, N. Y. — When strangers enter this village by automobile or railroad trains they observe numerous mounds in North street at the corporate limits, and often see little animals disappear in them. When they reach the village hotel the majority of strangers are sure to inquire about the mounds.

The mounds are the work of groundhogs—woodchucks, as they are known here—and the wind. The earth surrounding the mounds is a light sand. Years ago woodchucks appeared in the sand lot and dug holes. After a time it was observed that mounds had appeared in the sand lot.

The woodchucks had packed the sand so hard around the holes that the wind had no effect, but blew it away from the holes for several feet, thus forming the mounds.

At the approach of persons the woodchucks climb the mounds and disappear in the holes. Many of the mounds are very steep and the woodchucks often slip back several times before they are able to reach the summit and disappear.

The man who marries a widow usually finds out that he is the successor to her ideal husband.

## IT'S IN THE AIR

Windblown pollen, carrying the germs that cause hay fever, is abroad in the land. One remedy is known to give relief and comfort from choking, gasping asthma and tormenting hay fever. Foley's Honey and Tar spreads a healing coating on inflamed membranes, stops coughs and colds. Hite's Drug Store.

follows: Second renewal for Mary Berg and Georgia Scroggie, first renewals for Rose Groszick, Jennie Allen, Clara Thomas, Edna Taylor. County Normal original certificates were transferred from Emmet County as follows: Irma Tibbs ex. 1920 and Mary Doyle ex. 1921.

Two business trips toward the eastern end of the county and one or two very interesting letters from the central part of the county bring the following good news to all welfare boosters and school enthusiasts:

The Pleasant Valley schoolhouse has an entirely new clean painted interior, ceiling in approved light cream paint, walls in buff, desks freshened with Japalac and all woodwork freshened with new coat of paint. A new globe is ready for the teacher and library books for the new year are being planned. All was quietly planned to surprise Miss Underhill and she was not to know a thing about it until the day these notes go to the editor. She will surely consider this a welcome to her new district.

Miss Allen of Ironton writes as follows: "Our schoolhouse or rather the rooms, are being transformed. That awful nauseating shade of green of former years has given place to a beautiful buff color. It looks like a different room."

News comes that the Mountain school has built a new woodshed attached to the rear of the schoolhouse, and that they have included in their construction a kitchenette for social purposes, and have provided a large shed for teams.

The Tainter school district voted \$150 at the annual meeting said sum to be applied toward school improvements in the direction of Standard School. The first movement planned this fall is moving the woodshed to the rear of the building, cutting a door thru directly to schoolroom near the heater. It will save steps and aid in discipline problems. Other plans for this year and next include warm cloak rooms, left side bank of windows, and walls tinted for vision service, besides many of the little things which a thoughtful board has noted in the service of the boys and girls and their hard working teacher.

We are ten teachers short at the present time. We need teachers for three schools offering \$60 per month, five offering \$50 and one paying \$45. The three paying sixty will probably be filled this week, but there are no applicants in view for the remaining schools. During the past week three teachers accepted business positions in the southern part of the state and inform us merely that they are getting better pay. While we always condemn the lack of honor which will cause any one under contract to formally resign without the entire consent and good will of the parties by whom they have been employed, there is no doubt but that a great deal of the temptation will be removed, and danger of closed schools averted, if our teachers receive to begin with a living wage. Engaged in a profession which requires by law more training than any of the clerical positions, which necessitates much expense in preparation, teachers have for some time taught for little above ordinary expense. There were not always other positions open to the women of our country but now they are everywhere in demand and are offered more money with no further training necessary. Many of our most patriotic women have wished to continue teaching during this crisis, but we know of only one solution to the amazing shortage before us—pay sixty dollars to attract teachers to the profession or transport to a neighboring district.

## GOOD REPORTS PLEASE EAST JORDAN.

There has never been anything with the QUICK results of pure Lavoptik eye wash. One man's eyes were so badly strained he could not read without pain. TWO applications of Lavoptik relieved him. A lady had tried three different glasses for weak, inflamed eyes. ONE Lavoptik wash surprised her. We guarantee a small bottle to benefit EVERY CASE weak, strained or inflamed eyes.—Gidney & Mac, Druggists.

## LOCOMOTIVE ENGINEER WRITES

When the kidneys are not working properly, back aches, stiff joints, rheumatic pains and suffering result. George McLain, Turtle Lake, N. D., writes: "I am a locomotive engineer. I had a bad pain in my back and my bladder action was very irregular. I took Foley Kidney Pills and was relieved in a couple of days." Hite's Drug Store.



WHEN YOU WAKE UP DRINK GLASS OF HOT WATER

Wash the poisons and toxins from system before putting more food into stomach.

Says inside-bathing makes anyone look and feel clean, sweet and refreshed.

Wash yourself on the inside before breakfast like you do on the outside. This is vastly more important because the skin pores do not absorb impurities into the blood, causing illness, while the bowel pores do.

For every ounce of food and drink taken into the stomach, nearly an ounce of waste material must be carried out of the body.

A splendid health measure is to drink, before breakfast each day, a glass of real hot water with a teaspoonful of limestone phosphate in it, which is a harmless way to wash these poisons, gases and toxins from the stomach, liver, kidneys and bowels.

Never cry over spilled milk. There is enough water wasted as it is.

PREPARE FOR THE HOT WAVE

The hot sun is doubly dangerous if there is a mass of undigested food in the stomach. Foley Cathartic Tablets give prompt and sure relief.

PROBATE NOTICE

State of Michigan, The Probate Court for the County of Charlevoix. In the matter of the Estate of Peter K. Winters, Deceased.

PROBATE NOTICE

State of Michigan, The Probate Court for the County of Charlevoix. In the Matter of the Estate of John F. Quye, Deceased.

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.

Doctor Branch

Office at rear of East Jordan Drug Store.

PHONE 77

GREATEST CHANCE A MAN EVER HAD

Can Help Himself, His Boy and His Country By Buying Liberty Bonds.

WE MUST ALL DO OUR BEST

Scores of Things We Can Do Without Which Seem Necessities and Yet Are Really Luxuries—Get Into the Fight.

By EDWARD BOK.

Editor of the Ladies' Home Journal. Each time a new Liberty loan is announced we should hail it with pleasure.

It will, of course, be argued by some when the fourth Liberty loan is announced that they have not as yet paid for the third loan bonds for which they subscribed.

Must Do Our Best.

Never, really, was there such a stimulant given us to do without the nonessential and save. Not only is it saving for our boys and helping them to fight, but it is saving for them when they come home and saving for ourselves.

It isn't as if we can't do it. We can, if we will only set our minds to the job of real saving. There are scores of things we can do without which seem necessities and yet are really luxuries.

Must Lend or Be Taxed.

Another point we must remember, taking this whole matter simply on an economic basis: That the more of these Liberty bonds we buy the less taxes we will have to pay.

It's all a question of saving, saving, saving—and never was there a better time to begin than now with the Liberty loan bonds as an attraction.

Black Eye for the Hun. Seventeen million individual subscribers were part of the third Liberty loan. That means one in every six of the population of the United States.

coming round again this month not be changed to one in every three persons in the United States and finally that every person in the United States shall own a bond.

U-BOATS USE OIL CAMOUFLAGE

Submarine Commanders Try a New Trick, but "Y" was Quickly Found Out.

London.—Tricky German U-boat commanders have conceived a new plan designated to deceive crews of the allied submarine destroyers in the game of hide and seek in European waters.

WOMEN HANDLE BIG SHELLS

Young British Mother Settles Question of Their Physical Fitness to Do So.

Liverpool, Eng.—When women first were put to work in shell factories here they handled only the light field-gun shells.

FINDS SON AMONG WOUNDED

New York Woman in Paris Voluntarily Aiding Nurses Discovers Own Boy.

Paris.—A New York woman attached to the American Red Cross happened to be in Paris and volunteered to help in caring for the wounded coming in from the battle field.

FAILS TO REMOVE HIS HAT

Manager Knocks Down Employee and Then Hands Him "Blue Envelope."

Miami, Okla.—Because an employee of the Riverside park here would not take off his hat when the band played "The Star-Spangled Banner," Manager A. H. De Vaux knocked the offending lid off the man's head.

CHARLEVOIX COUNTY HERALD

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

WALKED 37 YEARS IN 10-FOOT CIRCLE.

Obsessed, Would "Travel" to North Pole in Summer and Equator in Winter.

COUNCIL BLUFFS, Ia.—Walking in a circle never more than ten feet in diameter, Hugh White, an aged inmate of the Johnston county infirmary, who died in that institution recently, had traveled, according to the officials, 162,060 miles in thirty-seven years without stepping outside the boundaries of the farm—a distance of more than six times around the world.

Some days he would announce to the other inmates that he had reached Paris and for a day or two he would rest. Then he started on the back track for Iowa.

In hot weather White usually went north—sometimes as far as the north pole. And no matter how torrid the weather, when he crossed into the arctic regions he always put on all the clothing he had.

When winter came he took a trip south. Sometimes he stopped in Florida or southern California. At other times he went all the way to the tropics. In the latter he had small use for clothing, and upon those occasions he wore the minimum permitted by law.

CAPTURE LOST PARROT; DIVIDE \$50 REWARD.

Bird Resists Two Farm Hands Who Find It in Cornfield.

PETERS CORNERS, N. Y.—Several weeks ago a parrot belonging to Bernard Roop disappeared from the Roop home. A thorough search was made for it, but it could not be found.

Tuesday afternoon Ashton Fleck and George Piper were working in a corn field near here. The men were attracted by a chattering a few rods away, and believing there was an insane man in the field, started an investigation.

They walked to the center of the lot and found two crows perched upon a stalk of corn and heard oaths uttered. The crows flew away at their approach. The men were about to abandon their search when they saw a large green bird hopping around a hill of corn.

It was Roop's lost parrot. The bird chattered at the men a few minutes and then flew to a tall stalk of corn. Fleck and Piper followed the parrot and were surprised to find that it had built a nest in a corn shock, and had made a comfortable home.

It was captured and returned to its owner, who paid them the promised reward.

Before you call on your best girl always send flowers to her to tell her the things you are too stupid to say.

If the average woman had to choose between brains and beauty she wouldn't hesitate long.

A man's wealth brings him a lot of unhappiness if he loses it.

A cynic is a man who would make a fool of himself in the society he satirizes.



Not Upheld Simply by Reputation.

There's more back of Ralston Shoes than simply an honorable name.

Forty years of expert shoe-making have taught the manufacturers how to make good shoes—and, what's more they are making good shoes.

C. A. HUDSON

Frank Phillips

Tenorsial Artist.

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

CAUGHT COLD AT PALM BEACH

Southern climate is no protection against summer colds. Helen R. Saunders, 626 2nd Av., W. Palm Beach, Fla., writes: "My severe cold on the chest was relieved by Foley's Honey and Compound." This fine old family remedy can be depended upon to relieve summer colds, hay fever, asthma and croup. Hite's Drug Store.

EAST JORDAN LUMBER CO. STORE
Ten Reasons for Buying Linoleum
Commencing Sept. 2nd One Week Only
1 Its warmest in winter—no wind can get up through the floor.
2 It's the cheapest because carpets and rugs have practically doubled in price.
3 It's much more easily kept clean than carpets.
4 It's more sanitary.
5 It's more durable.
6 There's less danger from fires than with carpets.
7 It's cooler in summer.
8 By varnishing once a year it will out-wear carpets two to one.
9 Much more easily laid down and taken up.
10 BECAUSE IT IS CHEAPER THIS WEEK THAN IT WILL BE PROBABLY FOR SOME TIME TO COME.
\$1.70 A RUNNING YARD
East Jordan Lumber Co.



# The Web of Destiny

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

Hardly had he taken his chair, when without warning his voice boomed out above the other voices of the room: "Well, my Lord, look at the girl!"

I had noticed it already, but it was evident that Sheldon had not. Now, however, we all turned and looked at the little animal which ran about the tables.

It was white, with pinkish eyes and the merest suggestion of a tail, and seemed very much at home. It was roaming from group to group of patrons, accepting a bite of bread, or cheese, or bologna, or a mouthful of salad, very much like a pet dog might have taken a scrap of meat.

More than one dark face greeted the colonel's outburst with a flashing smile at his recognition of what was evidently an established custom of the place. The colonel, as usual, was sincere in his enjoyment, and in no way sought to detract from the prominence he had gained. Instead, he leaned over and snatched his fingers in a desire to be friendly.

"Here, Billy—C'mere," he wheedled. "C'mere, you funny little devil. Well what d'ye know about that?"

In the midst of the diversion Stakos rose and excusing himself approached another table well back beside the cigar-case, where he spoke to a couple of men. After a moment he came back and in quite audible tones requested that we come over and meet his friends.

"It was well played and I'm sure you not informed of its true purpose would have been completely deceived. We rise after a bit of urging and accompanied him half across the room to the place where the other two sat. Introductions followed.

We learned that the larger of the two men who were both dark was called Paulos, and the smaller Hermostyle. At their invitation we sat down. A waiter slid up and after a friendly byplay Stakos ordered the drinks, and we were alone. Not until then did Reich speak.

"These are my friends of whom I told you," he explained in a low voice. "They want to know about the girl."

"Mr. Dual an' Mr. Glace, the detective, an' Mr. Sheldon, quite so," said Paulos. "Those were the names you gave us. Very well. There is not such a very large quantity to tell. Perhaps Mr. Reich have tell you what we air?"

"We're wise," muttered Sheldon. Dual and I nodded. For no apparent reason Hermostyle saw fit to duck his head also.

"Well then," continued Paulos, "the ozzier day it was teeped off to my very good fren' Hermostyle an' me, zat zere was a girl in a room in a house down in thees parts. Zat have happen before, have it not Hermostyle?"

Again the little man nodded.

"Ze one who was inform us of thees, say zat they think perhaps thees girl was wat you call detain' agains' her will, an' was not zere of her own accord. Zen it was to us to investigate in wat you call official capacity, was it not?"

"It was," rumbled Sheldon. "Did you?"

Paulos opened his brown eyes in surprise, then shrugged his shoulders in deprecation.

"But—" he began and paused—once more as our waiter returned with our order. "But of course," he resumed, lifted his glass of beer and sunk his mustache in the foam, "Hermostyle and I acted at once. What did we do? What should we do? We go to thees place, an' we deman' to see thees girl, an' we ask her the question 'Have you experience?' to which she say, 'Oh, yes.'"

"Then what could we do? Wis her nozzing. She say she is of the age, she hat no people. Is she doin' anything wrong? We may know but can we prove it? Eh, Hermostyle, my fren'?"

Hermostyle answered by a nod, and went on consuming beer.

"You asked her if she had experience. What's mean?" said Colonel Mac.

"Det is contradistinction from persons who have been persuaded or led away from home by false representations," explained Paulos. "As one would say, 'do you come of your own free will?'"

"An' she told you yes? She wouldn't do it. I don't believe you."

Sheldon's voice threatened to rise to an unwise pitch.

"Sssh!" hissed Reich laying a hand on the colonel's arm. "Maybe she had to. Maybe they scared her into saying what they told her. Colonel, they're devils. They've killed girls who wouldn't do what they told them, haven't they, Mr. Paulos?"

"Indeed, yes," declared the Greek. Hermostyle nodded.

Colonel Sheldon's gray eyes hardened. "All right," he muttered. "I ain't very wise to this game I reckon, but I got a hunch that that leetle gal wouldn't 'a' been afraid to cash in if that was the only way to slip this bunch. Go ahead. I won't butt in any more. I reckon I kin think to myself. What did you do then?"

"We investigate, sair," replied Paulos, coldly. "We try to find out where she come from, an' we fin' she came from the south. Then we decide to see her again, because there has been too much trouble here of lately an' when we go to see her yesterday we find she is gone."

"Gone where?" I asked.

"We do not know. We ask the man who runs the house. He say, she say, she goes to Seattle. That is all."

"They moved her, that's all," said Reich dully. "They knew we'd follow and they wouldn't take chances. We were just too late. If only you'd

let me come up when I wanted to, Sheldon. I'd have had those men and identified the girl and we'd have grabbed them before they got action. Oh, God what a mess! I'm used sick, I tell you. I—" he paused abruptly and turned his face away.

"How are you sure this girl was Lilly, anyhow?" Colonel Mac's tones were strangely throaty.

"I showed them her picture—the one in my watch," choked Homer. "Oh, it was her all right. This is what happens from waiting. And I won't wait any longer. I'm going to Seattle."

Behind us a girl laughed shrilly. Aside from the cashier she was the only woman in the room. She had come in while we were talking together, with a young fellow of a handsome though dissipated appearance, and taken a seat at a table to the side and back of ours.

She was young and pretty in a way. Now she lay half across the table laughing into the face of the man. As Homer pushed back his chair she glanced at us and laughed again loudly.

Colonel Mac reached out and pulled the boy back to his chair.

"Steady, boy," he cautioned. "Maybe I was at fault in the first place. It begins to look like I was, but this ain't no time to cry about that. I told you I'd see you through an' I will. I reckon I think a little of Lilly myself. Well, go back to the hotel an' talk this over in a minute. You sit down."

Throughout his words I had noticed Semi Dual. He had not spoken once since he acknowledged the introduction to Paulos and Hermostyle, but now I saw that he was listening intently to the talk at the table next to ours.

The half maudlin girl had followed her laughter with a stream of rapid speech directed to her companion, and though it was all an unintelligible jargon to me, I became imbued with the belief that Semi understood.

Reich sank back into his chair and gloomed straight before him. I glanced at Stakos, who lifted his eyebrows in mute interrogation. I nodded and he arose.

We made our adieus and after thanking the two Greeks for their information, led Homer from the place. The boy seemed completely beyond self-control and staggered as he walked beside Colonel Mac. His actions had attracted considerable attention again toward our party and I was glad to get him outside.

Even there, however, he refused to listen to anything either Sheldon or I could say, and at our rooms he slumped into a chair and burst into bitter speech.

"There isn't any use of you fellows talkin'. I suppose Mister Dual will say everything is running along nicely, but I say the thing's been hashed from the start. I won't listen to anything except takin' the first train to Seattle to-morrow. There's one in the morning, and now I'm going to bed."

"I reckon you'd better, son," agreed Sheldon. "An' I reckon we're all goin' with you in th' morning. It ain't much of a steer but it's all we got. Come in an' I'll put you to bed. I ain't feelin' very chipper myself. Maybe I'll turn in with you."

"Do," said Dual, "but first I want to ask Mr. Reich a question. Do you Mr. Reich, perhaps know anything of a woman known as Greek Annie?"

"I do not," replied Homer, frowning. "What's she got to do with the thing?"

"That is to find out," Semi responded. "The reason I ask is that she was mentioned by a girl who sat at a table behind ours this evening. She said that Greek Annie had left town yesterday morning, with a girl."

"Left town with a girl?" Reich sat up in his chair and leaned forward. "You heard her say that? Why—then you understand Greek?"

"Oh, yes," said Semi Dual.

"But a girl?" Reich began and faltered, and then went on with a rush: "Sheldon, maybe she took Lilly to Seattle."

"But how could she?" queried Sheldon sorely puzzled. "How could she get her to go? My Lord, she couldn't handcuff her and take her. Why couldn't the girl make a holler and get help? It gets by me."

"You don't understand," said Reich almost fiercely. "That's the trouble. You don't understand. They wouldn't take her by force."

"This woman, say, would pretend to be sorry for her and be helping her to escape; then she'd get her to go with her quiet, and the next thing she knew she'd find they'd betrayed her again. Oh, they work it a dozen ways, Sheldon. I can't tell you how it was done. I'm sick. Let's go to bed."

Dual, who had seated himself at a table and drawn some sheets of paper before him, looked up and nodded.

"Do," he urged. "If we are to make an early start, rest is the best thing for you. I have some work I want to finish, but you and Sheldon had better retire."

He turned back again to his papers, yet, as he did so, swept me with his eyes.

"If it won't disturb you, I think I'll read a bit," I remarked, because in that fleeting glance it came to me that he wanted my presence.

"As you please," he assented without looking up.

"Good night," said Sheldon, and led Homer into their room, closing the door.

I sat down and reviewed the evening.

Dual bustled him self with the papers before him. Once he rose, went to the phone, and ordered a pitcher of tea-water sent up. Not once did he address me.

I tapped with a paper and smoked several cigarettes.

For the life of me I couldn't see where the drift of things was leading. Like Colonel Mac, I began to think that after all Seattle might be the one best bet despite the fact that the information we had gathered from Paulos and Hermostyle had not impressed me as being sincere.

I twisted and turned it, and out of it I gathered the one fact that Lilly Lawton had undoubtedly been held for a time in the so-called Greek town. That was a fact I no longer doubted; nor did I doubt that she was a victim of the white-slave trade.

I glanced at Dual where he sat bent slightly above the table. I wondered why he had asked me with his eyes to remain up—what possible use he might have of me.

His great head and shoulders made a dark outline between me and the little reading lamp on the table, and recalled other times when I had watched him at work over his occult calculations, by which he peered into the destinies of souls.

Still he worked on, and my thoughts flew away and took up the police woman, Miss Foote. I felt a subtle interest in her and her work. I wondered what she, working alone, might have learned this night, and if we would see or hear from her again.

I wondered what it was about her that I rather sensed than felt, which spoke to me of a mystery in her own person, and I wondered what had got into Semi Dual.

Like Reich he impressed even me as doing little. Never had I felt more in the dark in all my workings with him.

When he shot me that glance which had held me here on the excuse of reading I had hoped that at last we were to have one of our old-time talks in which he would point out to me the leading of at least some of the threads. But an hour had passed and he had not spoken.

I was half minded to speak to him myself when once more the telephone rang—or rather clicked, for it was a mere tapping which reached my ear. My interest bounded on the instant.

Dual had risen and crossed to the phone, and even as he did so I realized that he must have loosened the bells to prevent their ringing at the time he had ordered the water—which I had noticed he did not touch. If he had done that I knew he had had some vital purpose.

Even as I wondered, Dual was speaking, had hung up the receiver, and turned to me.

"Gordon," he addressed me. "I want you. Miss Foote is below, and we are going down."

I rose and followed him out of the suite and down the hall, where he rang for a cage. When it came we dropped swiftly, and I followed him out on the mezzanine floor.

Lucile Foote was waiting for us in the now deserted space. She turned and led us to chairs well away from the cages, and began to speak.

"I had to come, Mr. Dual, to keep my promise. I told you I had agents down there, and as it happens you chose the cafe where the cashier is in our pay. I know what those two told you, and it's all a plant. They are even suspected of being white-slave agents themselves."

"Of course," I understood that from the first," said Semi Dual.

She smiled.

"I believe you understand more than you say," she replied. "At the safe time I wanted to tell you this. I also have some reason to believe that the girl was taken to San Francisco."

"By Greek Annie?" Dual inquired.

Miss Foote started slightly.

"What do you know of her?" she said quickly.

"Merely that she left town yesterday morning with a girl."

"But how did you learn?" Miss Foote seemed puzzled.

"From the girl who sat behind me. I understand Greek," Dual explained.

"I see," said Lucile. "There is a specimen of their work. That girl used to be a daughter of a family not fifty miles from this city. Well, she's going the pace. You saw. Oh, isn't it hellish, isn't it—Oh, I don't want to talk of that."

"Miss Foote," said Dual, "do you know this Greek Annie?"

"By sight, yes," she responded. "She is the wife of Paulos."

I gasped.

"Would you consider going with us to San Francisco?" Semi suggested.

Again Miss Foote smiled.

"I believe you can read minds," she made answer. "Not only will I, but if you hadn't asked me I was going alone. I want to see this case cleared up and I want to help."

"Good. You will go with us then," said Semi.

"I used to live there," informed Lucile. "I am sure I can help you."

"I am sure you will," affirmed Dual.

"By the way," she remarked. "It seems Mr. Reich told the truth about meeting it last week. The cashier tells me he was in there with him one evening. I understand he made quite a scene to-night."

"He's on a pretty keen edge as to nerves," I suggested.

"Can you blame him?" she answered. "Well—I'll say good night. Do I meet you here or at the train in the morning, and what road will we take?"

"The Short Line. Meet us at the depot. I'll arrange your ticket," replied Semi Dual.

"Always ready, even with an answer," she accepted lightly. "Really, Mr. Dual, I'm beginning to want to know more about you. Well, then, adieu till to-morrow." Declining Semi's escort, she moved away.

I glanced at my friend and found

him smiling his at times well-nigh inscrutable smile.

"Ever while he had talked with the woman I had sensed a subtle understanding between the two, to which I was not admitted, nor did Dual offer me the slightest explanation as we turned and regained our rooms.

Yet the night held, as it chanced, still another surprise for my dared lack of understanding. Hardly had we regained the parlor of our suite, with Dual gathering up his papers from the table and I thinking of bed when a tap fell on the door.

Impatiently I crossed the room and flung it wide.

CHAPTER V.  
A Man of Mystery and Sympathy.  
A uniformed messenger-boy stood outside.

"Which of youse calls himself Semi Dual?" he wanted to know.

I lifted a hand and waved him to Semi at the table. He crossed and produced a telegram and receipt-book from his cap, showing them like an automaton into Dual's hands.

Semi took the message and signed the book, slit the envelope open and gave the message one glance, turned, and tossed it to me.

I caught it as it fluttered and spread it before my eyes, and then I continued to stare. It was brief and seemingly without meaning as all the other things which had been treading on each other's heels, and it consisted of merely one word of current slang:

Gotcha.

BRUCE.

I folded it up, put it back in its cover, and walked over to the table. There I laid it down and raised my eyes to the gray ones of my friend. Deep within them I fancied I saw a faint spark of something like invitation, and I burst out in brief piqued question:

"For the Lord's sake what does it mean?"

Dual bunched his papers in his hands, folded them twice, and thrust them into his pocket.

"It means," he replied in a somewhat offhanded manner, "that we leave for San Francisco in the morning."

If you are going to San Francisco by the northern route from Salt Lake you have to go first to Ogden, where the Short Line turns you over to the Southern Pacific. Consequently, the next morning found us steaming out of the Union Station bound north.

Lucile had met us just before we boarded the train, not a little to Homer's surprise. He eyed her with an almost antagonistic stare as she gained our side beyond the barriers, and as soon as possible made an opportunity to speak to me.

"What is that woman doing with us?" he wanted to know.

"She's going along with us, I understand," I informed him.

"What for? Why don't your friend Dual take the whole town on this hunt?" he scowled.

"She's going along to identify Greek Annie, as I understand it," I replied.

"Oh," said Reich. "Well, I hadn't thought of that."

He lapsed into silence and presently moved to a seat with Sheldon, to whom he began to talk. Meanwhile Lucile and Semi had found a seat together and were conversing in lowered tones. I leaned back in my seat and gave myself up to my own thoughts as we steamed up the valley.

I thought of Connie and wondered what she was doing. Surely Dual had been right that morning out of Grand Junction when he predicted that my honeymoon would be interrupted. I reviewed the whole matter thus far, and as before I ran up against the blind wall of Semi's reticence.

The farther we went the more I wondered at his course.

Of course I knew that he was acting from some purpose, but for the life of me I could not understand why I was shut out. I confessed that I was beginning to feel as if I imagine a sailor must who moves through a blind fog under the guidance of a pilot.

I had every confidence in my pilot's ability, and with reason, and yet instinctively I wondered—where we were going, and just when we would arrive—where?

Such things held me until the train ran rumbling across a considerable river, and Dual rose and began gathering up his and Lucile's bag.

"Ogden. We change cars here," he announced.

Reich's head came around with a jerk.

"Change cars! What for? This train goes straight through to Portland," he said quickly, and I realized then that neither Semi nor I had mentioned our changed destination to either him or Sheldon. Semi did so now briefly.

"But we go on to San Francisco," he replied.

"San Francisco?"

Reich almost shrieked as he sprang to his feet and confronted Dual.

"We do not. I won't do it! We're going to Seattle on this train; do you hear me, you fake sleuth—Seattle! You can come or get out if you like. You've done nothing but blunder. This is Sheldon's and my affair after all, and what we say goes. Ain't that right, Colonel Mac?"

Sheldon struggling with his own surprise cleared his throat in a visible effort to adjust himself to changed plans, before committing himself to words, and in that moment Dual spoke again.

"That is undoubtedly right in part. Colonel Sheldon as the man who was acting as Miss Lawton's protector at the time this happened has the entire right of decision in the matter. You at present Mr. Reich have no part in it at all save as the man who was to

marry the woman.

"Colonel Sheldon asked me to take on this case, and I have done so. Throughout you have persistently raised objections. We have reached the time for a final decision. Colonel Sheldon, I advise our change of destination on the strength of things which happened after you and Mr. Reich retired last night."

"Then, by God, she goes," Sheldon decided. He turned to Reich who stood pallid with clenched hands and distorted face.

"Homer, I'm backin' Dual's play right through to the last turn, an' I'm cooperatin' anybody else's bet. He as says Frisco, I say Frisco, too."

"I never was stook on that Seattle idea now. Now, I reckon that settles the mater even accordin' to your tell, son. Be good. We're all tryin' to help you find your girl."

Muttering under his breath, Homer seized his bag and Sheldon and I followed the others out of the car to the depot platform, as the train sighed to a stop. There was a very large unanswerable question in Colonel Mac's eyes, which he managed to voice in the end passage of the car.

"What happened last night, Glace?"

"We got wise to the fact that the Greek's tip was a plant," I responded. "Lucile came up after the folks went to bed."

Sheldon whistled softly, then chuckled.

"False steer, eh?" he remarked.

"Well, my Lord, that girl's a worker. It's lucky she got wise."

Reich, who preceded the colonel, turned his head but refrained from speech until he had reached the platform when he spoke directly to Lucile.

"So you're the one who advised this jaunt to Frisco, are you? I might have known it. Trust a woman to ball things up. What's there in it to you?"

"Satisfaction, I hope," she made answer. "The satisfaction of seeing justice done, Mr. Reich."

Reich snorted.

"I've a notion to go it alone and keep on to Seattle," he growled, glancing back at the car we had left.

"And I've a notion you won't," flared Sheldon. "And I've another that you'll cut out this here actin' like an unlicked cub. I'm gettin' a new line on your make-up, my boy, an' I don't like it."

"You might have sense enough to see that we're all doin' everything we kin to help you an' find Lilly, an' to jump in an' help stead of beefin' around like you do."

"Dang me if I ain't kinder glad Lilly didn't get hitched up to you no matter what's happened. Now shut up an' come along. I'm runnin' this show as it happens. Get that under your hat."

I felt like shaking the old man's hand, and telling him I agreed most fully with him. Reich's actions were becoming rather galling even to me and threatening to kill the natural sympathy by which I had at first sought to excuse them.

This last flare up of his, even though it brought a sort of ultimatum from Sheldon, at the same time served also to yet further strain the situation at a time when Heaven knows we should have all been acting in concert to the common end.

I felt that I was in accord with Sheldon in thinking Lilly Lawton was lucky to have escaped marriage with the erratic Reich.

I left him under the escort of Sheldon and joined myself to Dual and Miss Foote, and we made our way to the waiting-room, where under Semi's directions I arranged for our reservations on the limited, then nearly due.

I confess I felt much better when it came in and we took our sections and rumbled away toward the west.

At least I felt that anything Homer might do from now on would consist of nothing more overt than words, which while they might be unpleasant, could in no way militate against the final end of our trip.

However, he didn't even go that far, but contented himself with sulking in the buffet all afternoon.

(Continued Next Week)

It is sometimes easier to apologize than it is to explain how you got that black eye.

**COMB SAGE TEA IN  
FADED OR GRAY HAIR**

If Mixed with Sulphur it Darkens so Naturally Nobody can Tell.

Grandmother kept her hair beautifully darkened, glossy and attractive with a brew of Sage Tea and Sulphur. Whenever her hair took on that dull, faded or streaked appearance, this simple mixture was applied with wonderful effect. By asking at any drug store for "Wyeth's Sage and Sulphur Compound," you will get a large bottle of this old-time recipe, improved by the addition of other ingredients, all ready to use at very little cost. This simple mixture can be depended upon to restore natural color and beauty to the hair.

A well-known downtown druggist says everybody uses Wyeth's Sage and Sulphur Compound now because it darkens so naturally and evenly that nobody can tell it has been applied—it's so easy to use, too. You simply dampen a comb or soft brush and draw it through your hair, taking one strand at a time. By morning the gray hair disappears; after another application or two, it is restored to its natural color and looks glossy, soft and beautiful. This preparation is a delightful toilet requisite. It is not intended for the cure, mitigation or prevention of disease.



## 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 PRETTY BOUDOIR SET**  
2530—Comprising a smart cap and dainty nightgown, both of which are suitable for lawn, batiste, dimity, nainsook, crepe, washable satin and silk. The cap could be of net, lace, or embroidery.

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 4 1/2 yards of 36-inch material for the gown. The cap requires 3/4 yard.

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



**2531**—Here is a simple but pleasing model, suitable for gingham, seersucker, chambray, percale, gabardine, serge, velvet and silk. It is a one-piece style, with a broad belt arranged at high waistline. Either style of sleeve will be becoming.

The Pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 6, 8, 10 and 12 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 SIMPLE PRETTY FROCK**  
2529—Net over organdie, or dimity, organdie, batiste, lawn, crepe, washable silk, foulard and charmeuse, voile and marquisette; all these are nice for this style. The waist is made with surplus closing. The sleeve may be gathered to the cuff, or finished in short length, loose and flowing. The skirt is joined to the waist. A girlish or sash of ribbon forms a suitable trimming.

The Pattern is cut in 3 sizes: 16, 18 and 20 years. Size 18 requires 5 1/2 yards of 36-inch material. The skirt measures about 1 1/2 yard at the foot.

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



**A PRETTY DRESS FOR MOTHER'S GIRL**  
2522—You can have this in batiste, dimity, dotted swiss, lawn, organdie, crepe and silk or in flouncing, with any lingerie material. The waist front may be trimmed with lace insertion or embroidery edging to simulate a vest. The sleeve may be finished in wrist or elbow length.

The Pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 4, 6, 8 and 10 years. Size 6 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 NEAT APRON DRESS TO BE SLIPPED OVER THE HEAD, OR CLOSED AT THE BACK**  
2526—Striped percale, with trimming of white line, is here shown. This style is also nice for gingham, jean, chambray, lawn, sateen, or alpaca. It is cut in kimono style, and low at the throat where it may be finished with or without a collar, in sailor style. Generous pockets are added to the front, and the short, loose sleeve is comfortable. The fullness at the waist may be free, or held in place by a belt.

The Pattern is cut in 4 sizes: Small, 32-34; Medium, 36-38; Large, 40-42; Extra Large, 44-46 inches bust measure. It requires 4 1/2 yards of 36-inch material for a Medium size.

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



**JUST THE SUIT FOR YOUR LITTLE BOY**  
2518—For warm days, in cool linen, gingham, or seersucker; for cool weather, in flannel, serge, velvet, gabardine or cheviot. Khaki and galize, also, are nice for this model.

The Pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 2, 4, 5 and 6 years. Size 4 requires 3 yards of 36-inch material. The trousers are made with side closings.

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

### SOME TOWNS MIGRATE TO GAIN PROSPERITY.

**When Snubbed by the Railroad Oklahoma Settlers Move Over to the Tracks.**

**RINGLING, Okla.**—Every little while a whole town moves its location in Oklahoma. Industrial conditions, the developing of new regions, the advance of the railroad to places where there were untamed cattle and horses before have instilled the moving-day spirit. A man from the little and practically unknown village of Staunton said the other day:

"Well, we had a meetin' the other night and it was the consensus of opinion that Staunton ought to move. She'll never do any good where she is at. We can't expect any railroads and it looks like they ain't an oil well in ten miles of us. One of these days all that is to be seen of Staunton will be seen no more."

Just the day before this meeting the inhabitants of Staunton heard that the postoffice at the neighboring village of Healdton had been moved to John Ringling's new town named New Healdton. Staunton is in the woods, far from where the train toots, and for twenty years they have had no ambition to establish a thriving metropolis. But Healdton moved, and seemed to better itself. Cornish, once an outpost of civilization when Indians were bad and cowboys little better, also moved, and so did Hewitt, for many years a prosperous country village in the Bayou country of Carter county. Nearly all the neighbors of Staunton moved and the indications are that a majority of those who moved prospered. At any rate they became citizens of railroad towns where there were new blood and new energy and new ambition.

There was a Walters down on Beaver Creek. The railroad built a new Walters upon the Hill. A fight between the towns ensued, grew bitter and more bitter. At last a compromise was effected and the railroad won. There was a Bottsford in the new country. The railroad built a new town near it and called it Temple and old Bottsford was abandoned.

There are many more instances. Every time the Rock Island built a new line into that country it trespassed upon the aspirations of the people of prosperous country villages that had to be abandoned.

### CUP OF COFFEE GIVEN TRAMP BRINGS \$27,000

**Man, Once Down and Out, Rewards Girl Who Befriended Him.**

**INDIANAPOLIS, Ind.**—Mrs. Mattie Hannum of Vincennes is today digesting the almost unbelievable fact that interest on a cup of hot coffee presented by her to a tramp thirty years ago amounts to just \$27,000. At the time she gave the tramp the cup of coffee Mrs. Hannum was a servant on a farm.

The tramp's name was Marshall McMurrin, who, having ceased being a tramp, died at Swanville a short time ago. The will by which he left his entire holdings to the woman who had befriended him was contested by his half-brothers and sisters, but the Indiana Supreme Court held the instrument valid.

McMurrin, after a youth of wandering, died on May 10, 1913, leaving a will which had been made twenty-five years before. It read:

"I do this 7th day of September, 1888, in favor of Mattie Drain, that poor servant girl who gave me a good bite to eat and a hot cup of coffee when I was weak and feverish from hunger and near ready to drop and the said man she worked for was cursing her for giving it to me and ordering me out of the yard, and I do will all I have at my death, all the money or property I have shall be hers."

Mattie Drain is now Mrs. Hannum.

## One Year of Food Administration



The Food Administration by permission of the White House makes public the following letter, written by Mr. Hoover to the President:

11 July, 1918.

Dear Mr. President:

It is now possible to summarize the shipments of foodstuffs from the United States to the Allied countries during the fiscal year just closed—practically the last harvest year. These amounts include all shipments to Allied countries for their and our armies, the civilian population, the Belgian Relief and Red Cross. The figures indicate the measure of effort of the American people in support of Allied food supplies.

The total value of these food shipments which were in the main purchased through, or with the collaboration of, the Food Administration, amount to, roundly, \$1,400,000,000 during the fiscal year.

The shipments of meats and fats (includes meat products, dairy products, vegetable oils, etc.) to Allied destinations were as follows:

Fiscal year 1916-17	2,186,500,000 lbs.
Fiscal year 1917-18	3,011,100,000 lbs.
Increase	844,600,000 lbs.

### Meat Exports

Our slaughterable animals at the beginning of the last fiscal year were not appreciably larger than the year before and particularly in hogs; they were probably less. The increase in shipments is due to conservation and the extra weight of animals added by our farmers. The full effect of these efforts began to bear their best results in the last half of the fiscal year when the exports to the Allies were 2,133,100,000 pounds, as against 1,268,500,000 pounds in the same period of the year before. This compares with an average of 801,000,000 pounds of total exports for the same half years in the three-year pre-war period.

In cereal and cereal products reduced to terms of cereal bushels, our shipments to Allied destinations have been—

Fiscal year 1916-17	259,900,000 bushels
Fiscal year 1917-18	340,800,000 bushels
Increase	80,900,000 bushels

### RIGID SAVING IN FOOD ASKED

Allied Directors Say Situation Now Good But Must Plan For Future.

### LARGE RESERVE IS NEEDED

New York, Aug. 2.—The federal food board made public Thursday night the text of a joint resolution adopted by the food controllers of the United States, France, Italy and Great Britain and received from abroad from Federal Administrator Hoover with the request that it be given "wide publicity." The text follows:

"Resolved, That while the increased production of the United States renders it possible to relax some of the restrictions which have borne with peculiar hardship on all people it is absolutely necessary that rigid economy and elimination of waste in the consumption and in the handling of foodstuffs as well as increased production should be maintained throughout the European allied countries and North America.

"But it is only by conservation and elimination of waste that the transportation of food supplies from North America to the European front can be accomplished and that stocks of foodstuffs can be built up in North America as an insurance against the ever present danger of harvest failure and the possible necessity for large and emergency drafts to Europe. We cannot judge the food problem on the basis of one year's war. We must be prepared for its continuance if we are to insure absolute prosperity."

### UNITED STATE FOOD ADMINISTRATION FOOD CONTROL IN AMERICA

By willing service of a free people to do these things:

- To feed the Allies that they may continue to fight.
- To feed the hungry in Belgium and other lands that they may continue to live.
- To feed our own soldiers overseas that they may want nothing.
- To keep prices steady and the food of distribution even that the poor at home may be fed.
- To make everyone's effort count its utmost for winning the war for freedom.

FOOD CONTROL IN AMERICA IS FOR THE PEOPLE.



HOOPER



WILSON

Of these cereals our shipments of the prime breadstuffs in the fiscal year 1917-18 to Allied destinations were, wheat 181,000,000 bushels, and of rye 13,900,000 bushels, a total of 144,900,000 bushels.

### Grain Shipments

The exports to Allied destinations during the fiscal year 1916-17 were, wheat 186,100,000 bushels and rye 2,800,000 bushels, a total of 187,400,000 bushels. In addition, some 10,000,000 bushels of 1917 wheat are now in port for Allied destinations or en route thereto. The total shipments to Allied countries from our last harvest of wheat will be, therefore, about 141,000,000 bushels, or a total of 154,900,000 bushels of prime breadstuffs. In addition to this we have shipped some 10,000,000 bushels to neutrals dependent upon us and we have received some imports from other quarters. A large part of the other cereals exported have also gone into war bread.

It is interesting to note that since the urgent request of the Allied Food Controllers early in the year for a further shipment of 75,000,000 bushels from our 1917 wheat than originally planned, we shall have shipped to Europe or have en route, nearly 85,000,000 bushels. At the time of this request our surplus was already more than exhausted. This accomplishment of our people in this matter stands out even more clearly if we bear in mind that we had available in the fiscal year 1916-17 from net carry-over and as surplus over our normal

consumption about 300,000,000 bushels of wheat which we were able to export that year without trenching on our home loaf. This last year, however, owing to the large failure of the 1917 wheat crop, we had available from net carry-over and production and imports, only just about our normal consumption. Therefore our wheat shipments to Allied destinations represent approximately savings from our own wheat bread.

These figures, however, do not fully convey the volume of the effort and sacrifice made during the past year by the whole American people. Despite the magnificent effort of our agricultural population in planting a much increased acreage in 1917, not only was there a very large failure in wheat but also, the corn failed to mature properly and our corn is our dominant crop. We calculate that the total nutritional production of the country for the fiscal year just closed was between 7 per cent and 9 per cent below the average of the three previous years, our nutritional surplus for export in those years being about the same amount as the shrinkage last year. Therefore the consumption and waste in food have been greatly reduced in every direction during the year.

I am sure that all the millions of our people, agricultural as well as urban, who have contributed to these results should feel a very definite satisfaction that in a year of universal food shortages in the northern hemisphere all of those people joined together against Germany have come through into sight of the coming harvest not only with health and strength fully maintained, but with only temporary periods of hardships. The European Allies have been compelled to sacrifice more than our own people but we have not failed to load every steamer since the delays of the storm months last winter. Our contributions to this end, could not have been accomplished without effort and sacrifice and it is a matter for further satisfaction that it has been accomplished voluntarily and individually. It is difficult to distinguish between various sections of our people—the homes, public eating places, food stores, urban or agricultural populations—in assessing credit for these results but no one will deny the dominant part of the American women.

Yours faithfully,  
(Signed) HERBERT HOOVER.

### DOING WITHOUT WHEAT

Bread and milk make a meal; so will mush and milk.

Bread and gravy go together; potatoes and gravy are just as nourishing.

Toast and fruit are fine for breakfast, but any other cereal with fruit will stay the stomach as effectively.

Griddle cakes, muffins, all sort of quick breads, can be filling and appetizing without any wheat.

There is one test. Wherever bread is used for convenience, that is the place to leave it out.

### America Deeper In This War Than Any Other Nation

By President Ray Lyman Wilbur, of Stanford University.

We must realize that we are deeper in this war than any other nation, for we have said, through our President, that our peace is to be with the German people, not with the Hohenzollern. We have then the problem of providing the additional offensive strength needed to defeat the greatest war lord in history with millions of trained veterans under his control. To do this, we must see the issues clearly and back up those at the front by our actions each hour of each day. The morale of the fighting armies will settle this war. We must see that the morale of our men and that of those who fight with us is kept at high tide. We can do so if they can feel our support all of the time.

Now is the great opportunity of the American people to demonstrate that our form of government is a success. If we do not all of us, at once, voluntarily and willingly get behind those who fight and die for us, in every phase of our life, and now particularly realize that food is powder to win the war, then we are going to fall in this, our immediate pressing duty, and be a despoiled and humiliated nation. We must be a great united democracy fighting our way forward toward a final victory. There can be but one outcome of this war and we must steel ourselves for any misfortune, for any reverse, with our minds united and fixed upon the idea of a final victory.

### IN FLANDERS FIELD

Lieutenant-Colonel John C. McCrea, an officer serving with the British forces in Flanders, wrote a short poem that was printed in Punch. During the war men serving in the field have written several that will live long after they themselves have been resolved to dust. Taking high rank among these noble offerings is Colonel McCrea's poem, in Flanders Fields. We print it here:

In Flanders Fields the poppies grow  
Between the crosses, row on row,  
That mark our place, white in the sky  
The larks, still singing bravely, fly  
Unheard amid the guns below.

We are the dead. Short days ago  
We lived, felt dawn, saw sunset glow,  
Loved and were loved, and now we lie  
In Flanders Fields.

Take up our quarrel with the foe;  
To you, from falling hands, we throw  
The torch, be yours to hold it high;  
If ye break faith with us who die  
We shall not sleep, though poppies blow  
In Flanders Fields.

Colonel McCrea himself now sleeps in Flanders Fields. New rows of crosses have been added to the old. There in the long alignment he has found his place. He who lived, felt dawn, saw sunset glow, loved and was loved, now with his comrades lies in Flanders Fields. Let us take up his quarrel with the foe. To us he flung the torch. It is ours to hold it high and carry on. As we keep faith so shall they sleep well where poppies blow on Flanders Fields.

It is not for all of us to serve in uniform. For every one who takes his place in the trenches scores must remain at home. We, too, can help—we, too, be torch bearers. It is as we buy bonds we keep our faith with those who fought our fight, and dying, died reporting trust in us. Shall they have died in vain? Shall their trust be broken?

"Our Pilgrim fathers lived entirely without wheat, and surely no one ever looked upon them as weaklings," said Dr. J. N. Hurty, secretary of the Indiana State Board of Health, and one of the most famous "health cranks" in the world. Dr. Hurty sees nothing unreasonable in the Food Administration's appeal for an entirely wheatless diet.



## Briefs of the Week

School opens Monday, Sept. 2nd.

Benj. Keller went to Wetzel, Friday, for a visit with his sister.

Dalton Gay is now employed as baggage man at the M. C. R. R. depot.

Misses Leone Donaldson and Mildred King are visiting friends at Bellaire.

Miss Pearl Snyder returned Monday from a visit with friends at Rapid City.

Miss Arlene Ashbaugh of Alba spent the week here with Miss Maude Chapman.

Miss Grace Dunson of Bellaire is guest at the home of her brother, Ray Dunson.

Joe. Wetland and family left Wednesday for Detroit where they will make their home.

Miss Mildred Lennox, who has been visiting at Lakeview, returned home, Wednesday.

Miss Myrtle Joynt left Friday for Bad Axe where she will teach this coming year.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Soukup of Chicago are guests at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Joe. Nachazel.

Mrs. Eugene Adams with children went to Grayling, Friday, for a visit with relatives.

George A. Bell returned Friday from Detroit, where he visited his daughter, Mrs. Harold Boyd.

Lost—An "Eastern Star" pin. Will finder kindly leave at Herald office.—Mrs. Susan Flagg.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Stebbins left this week for Detroit where they will make their future home.

Miss Sylvia Hall left Friday for Detroit, where she will enter the Detroit Business University.

Miss Kate Malpass returned to Petoskey, Sunday, after spending a two-week's vacation here.

Miss Florence Maddaugh, who has been at Charlevoix for the summer, returned home, Tuesday.

Mrs. A. Walterhouse, who has been visiting at Millington and Baldwin, returned home Wednesday.

Miss Margaret Geck leaves this Saturday for Romeo, Mich., where she will teach this coming year.

Mrs. Charles Logan left Friday for Muskegon where she will join her husband and make their home.

Mrs. John Nachazel with sons Will and Francis returned Monday from a visit at Maple City and Traverse City.

Mrs. L. Archer was called here from Central Lake, Wednesday, by the illness of her daughter, Mrs. Samuel Brigham.

Austin Donagan returned to his home at Vinton, Pa., Thursday, after a visit at the home of his brother, Bert Donaldson.

Rev. and Mrs. R. Sidebotham, Mrs. Frank Bretz, Elmore McBride and Jim O'Leary were at Cadillac this week attending the State S. S. convention.

Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Adams with children of Grayling were guests at the home of the former's brother, Eugene Adams and family first of the week.

Rev. and Mrs. M. E. Hoyt, Mrs. M. H. Robertson, Mrs. E. T. McDonald and Mrs. J. E. Houghton attended the State S. S. convention at Cadillac this week.

Miss Anna Ellis of Oshawa, Ont., and Miss Irene Meddaugh of Dundalk, Ont., who have been guest of Mr. and Mrs. George Ward, left Thursday for their homes.

Walter Cook was thrown from a horse which he was riding, Thursday noon. In the fall he fractured a collar bone, and was taken to a Petoskey hospital for treatment.

Mrs. Harry Sloan with children arrived here Friday for a visit at the home of Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Sloan. Harry Sloan is moving their household effects from Sidney, Ohio, to Flint, Mich., where they will make their future home.

Miss Lizzie Gilkerson and Harry Sloop were united in marriage Sunday morning at the home of the bride's brother, Claude Gilkerson. Rev. J. W. Ruchle performed the ceremony. Mr. Sloop is among the men going from Charlevoix County to Camp Custer next Wednesday, Sept. 4th.

J. E. Strong received a telegram, Tuesday, from Washington, notifying him that his son, Clyde Strong, was severely wounded in action "over there" on Aug. 4th. The young man was a member of our old Company I boys and indicates that our boys are now seeing active service on the battle front.

Our public schools open this coming Monday and our corps of teachers are commencing to arrive. Those coming Friday were Miss Margaret McMaster, Ludington, Miss Opal Bigelow of Northport, Miss Edith Sprague, Miss Ruth Bouton of the Soo, Miss Donna Hoyt of Gaylord, Miss Sarah Scheerer of Hope and Miss Nena Randall of Mesick.

School opens Monday, Sept. 2nd.

Miss Hazel Gill visited her mother at Levering over Sunday.

Miss Erzella McMillan returned to Traverse City, Monday.

Miss Ellen Rich of Mancelona is guest of Mrs. J. P. Sjeler.

Samuel E. Rogers left Wednesday on a business trip to Detroit.

Roy Sherman and family were guests of Vanderbilt friends, Friday.

A. R. Ostrander went to Flint, Monday, for a visit with his daughter.

Mrs. C. Walsh left Wednesday for a visit with friends at Grand Rapids.

Mrs. Earl Holliday with son visited relatives at Traverse City this week.

Mrs. Aldrich Townsend left Friday for a visit with a daughter at Wayne.

Miss Grace Malpass left Friday for Yuma where she will teach this coming year.

Mrs. Nelson Holton of Bellaire is visiting at the home of Mrs. Wm. Robinson.

John Ross left Wednesday for a visit with relatives in Wisconsin and Saskatchewan.

John Dolezel was at Mancelona first of the week, called there by the death of his brother.

Mr. and Mrs. Roy Green and children returned home Thursday from a visit at Rapid City.

Walter Davis and family will occupy the residence recently vacated by Geo. Hamilton and wife.

Claude Wood and family are moving their household this week to the Mrs. C. Walsh residence.

Mrs. Sophia Birrell of Chicago is guest at the home of her sister, Mrs. James Nice and family.

Miss Jessie Metz left Friday for Bad Axe where she teaches in the public schools the coming year.

Mrs. J. Jamison and daughter, Miss Anna, left Friday morning for their home at Pittsburgh, Pa.

Mrs. M. E. Yerks with daughter, Julia, left Wednesday for Kalkaska for a visit with her daughter.

Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Holland returned to Traverse City, Monday, after a visit with relatives here.

A. B. Chew and family of Bay Shore were guests at the home of Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Chew over Sunday.

Miss Hazel Peterson returned to Mancelona, Friday, after a visit with her sister, Mrs. Albert Anderson.

Miss G. F. Gates, who has been spending the summer at Eveline Orchards, returned to Bay City, Friday.

Wm. Mulholland returned to Grand Rapids, Monday, after a visit at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Claude Wood.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Clifford Monk are here from Chicago, guests of the latter's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Zoulek.

Kenneth Raino and Francis Coykendall left Monday for a visit with relatives at Smith Falls and Toronto, Ont.

Supt. Oral Misener left Monday for St. Clair, Mich., where he has charge of the Public Schools for the coming year.

Mrs. Mary Griffin, who has been guest at the home of her brother Geo. Chapman and family, left Friday for Detroit.

Mrs. Harry A. Bliss arrived Thursday from New Haven, Conn., for a visit with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. P. Porter.

Kenneth Flagg left Monday for a visit with relatives at Frederic. From there he goes to Detroit where he will spend the winter.

Mrs. E. L. Stanford with daughters, Misses Cleo and Thelma of Marquette are guests at the home of her sister, Mrs. D. L. Wilson.

Mrs. Della Green with daughter, Irene, returned to Waterford, Monday, after a visit at the home of her brother, G. A. Lisk and family.

Miss Eva Waterman, who is taking a course of training as nurse at a Cleveland hospital, is home for a visit with her parents and friends.

Mr. and Mrs. E. E. Hartman (Hart & Dymond) leave latter part of this week for Chicago, where they open their fall season at the Palace Theatre.

Mrs. W. S. Gordan and daughter, Miss Hazel, returned to Chase, Mich., Friday, after being called here by the death of her sister-in-law, Mrs. W. A. Stone.

B. F. Kindig of the M. A. C., state inspector of apiaries, was in our city and this vicinity this week on an inspection tour. Mr. Kindig is a comparatively new man in Michigan and this is his first trip into this region. He expressed surprise at the development of the bee-keeping industry in western Michigan particularly from Traverse City north—stating that this territory was as good if not better than any other territory in the state.

School opens Monday, Sept. 2nd.

Bruce Flannery returned to Detroit Tuesday.

Thos. Joynt is confined to his home by illness.

Misses Ula and Iva Dewey visited friends at Bellaire, Tuesday.

Mrs. A. R. Scheid of Detroit is visiting her mother, Mrs. Jas. Brezina.

Miss Wilma Ward returned home Tuesday from a visit with friends at Bellaire.

Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Brabant visited relatives at Manistee this week, driving there by auto.

Postmaster Chas. Hudkins was at Petoskey this week—taking mineral baths for rheumatism.

Miss Naomi Grant is home from Lansing for a visit with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Robt. Grant.

Mr. and Mrs. Cal Bennett of Flint are visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Peter Lanway and other relatives.

The Presbyterian Ladies Aid Society will be entertained at the home of Mrs. Ray Benson next Friday, Sept. 6th.

Misses Julia Elliott and Elsie Johnson were at Cadillac this week attending the State Sunday School Convention.

Amos B. Jones and daughter returned to Flint, Wednesday, after a visit at the home of his sister, Mrs. Guy King.

Miss Ula Dewey left this week for Chicago, where she will enter a hospital and take a course of training as nurse.

Mrs. Samuel Brigham received a paralytic stroke Wednesday morning, in which her left side was badly affected.

Mrs. John Williams returned home from Midland, Tuesday. She was accompanied by her daughter, Mrs. Carl Heinzelman and children.

Wm. Blanshan, who was injured at the Furnace dock some time ago and has been at the Lockwood Hospital at Petoskey, was able to return home again this week.

Mr. and Mrs. P. J. Schriver of Grand Rapids and Mr. and Mrs. Albert Arnston of Mancelona were guests at the home of the latter's sister, Mrs. Albert Anderson over Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. John Hart took their daughter, Vadah, to the Reycraft hospital at Petoskey, Monday, where her tonsils and adenoids were removed. They returned home Tuesday evening.

A farewell party was held at the home of Mr. and Mrs. E. S. Brintnall of Wilson township Saturday night in honor of their son, Luther, who left with the contingent Tuesday, for Camp Custer.

WANTED—Indian stone axes, chisels and copper spear heads, general curios, old firearms, also relics of present war. Write me and I will call.—Donald O. Boudeman, Belvedere Resort, Charlevoix.

### TO CAMP CUSTER NEXT WEDNESDAY

- The following eight men will be sent to Camp Custer, Sept. 4th.
- Martin Coeling Charlevoix, R 4
  - Ervin Puckett Ellsworth
  - Walter McClure East Jordan, R 2
  - Millard G. Winstone East Jordan
  - Harry Elton Sloop East Jordan
  - Floyd Altan Davis Boyne City, R 2
  - Leslie Oden Barkley Boyne City, R 2
  - Lawrence F. Cincush East Jordan

### Red Cross Notes

The Knitting Bee will be entertained at the home of Mrs. W. J. Ellison next Monday afternoon. All are welcome.

The country auxiliaries are turning in some very good work in sewing, which is much appreciated.

Meals will be served during the Fair, in the Dining Hall at the Fair Grounds by the local Red Cross.

### Presbyterian Church Notes

Robert S. Sidebotham, Pastor.

Sunday, Sept. 1, 1918.

10:30 a.m.—Morning Worship. "Amos the Prophet of Judgement."

12:00 Noon—Sunday School.

5:00 p. m.—Vesper Service. Patriotic.

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

The Vesper Services of September will be devoted to the general topics of "Fundamental Ideals of the War." Five ideals will be considered:

- 1.—Patriotism.
- 2.—Brotherhood.
- 3.—Sacrifice.
- 4.—Democracy.
- 5.—Righteousness.

### Stenographers Wanted.

All ladies who registered for stenographic work and desire positions apply at once to Belle Roy, Chairman of Placement, East Jordan, Mich.

If a man or a machine is unable to accomplish a task it should be turned over to a woman and a hairpin.

### MRS. WM. A. STONE PASSES AWAY

Jessie Belle Bowman was born June 20, 1867, at Groveland, Michigan. Shortly after she with her parents, Jonas and Mary Lettingwell Bowman moved to Holly, Mich., where she resided until eleven years of age. At that time they came to East Jordan which has since been her home.

On Feb. 23, 1881 she was united in marriage to Wm. A. Stone and to this union were born four children, three of which survive the deceased—Harry J. Stone of Marshallfield, Wis., Mrs. Carl Andrews of St. Landry, La., and Mrs. Wm. Stroebel of this city.

After spending the past winter with her daughter in the south and the early summer with her son in Wisconsin, Mrs. Stone returned in July to the home of her daughter in this city. For a number of months she has been in ill health, but not until the week previous to her death was her condition considered critical.

She passed away on Wednesday morning, Aug. 28, 1918, her children being with her at the last. Of her own family she is survived by her sister, Mrs. Chas. H. Berger of Flint, and two brothers, H. Dexter Bowman of Almont, Mich., and Mrl C. Bowman of Flint, Mich.

Funeral services were held from her late residence Friday morning, conducted by Rev. Sidebotham. Interment at East Jordan Cemetery.

### NOTICE TO REPUBLICANS.

The Republican County Convention for the County of Charlevoix, Michigan shall be held at the Court House in Charlevoix, Michigan, on Tuesday the 10th day of September, 1918, at 2 o'clock in the afternoon.

This Convention is called for the purpose of electing eight delegates to attend the State Convention at Grand Rapids, Michigan on the 28th day of September 1918, and for any other business that may properly come before the Convention.

William J. Pearson, Chairman.  
Charles H. Emrey, Secretary.

### WOMAN GIVES AWAY HER \$200,000 MANSION

Presents it to Salvation Army on Condition Costly Statuary Will Not Be Draped.

Covington, Ky., Sept. 2.—A \$200,000 mansion, furnished complete, is yours for the asking, if you do not drape or disturb the statuary therein.

This is what the Salvation Army in this city was told and the mansion and its contents have been accepted, as well as the conditions laid down by the giver. Here is the story:

Several months ago a well-to-do woman called upon Brigadier Dunham, the representative of the Salvation Army at Cincinnati. She informed him that she was Mrs. Bradford Shinkle of Covington. She said the family had decided to give the homestead to the Salvation Army, to be used as a woman's training school, where domestic science would occupy first place in the curriculum.

But the quiet woman stipulated that none of the statuary should be removed, draped or in any way tampered with. She declared that no member of the family would tolerate any attempt on the part of any person to improve on the work of the famous sculptors.

Brigadier Dunham communicated the wonderful offer to headquarters and also the conditions under which it was offered, which by this time had become neighborhood gossip and it was being said that every piece of sculpture would suggest evil thoughts and the gossips pretend terrible things for the girls who would come within the compass of their malign influence.

Commander Eva Both commissioed Col. Margaret Beville, who is secretary for the woman's and children's departments, to go to Covington, look over the ground and report if the objections were well founded. Mrs. Beville who is the mother of five children visited the home and after careful examination, strongly recommended that it be accepted and that all the conditions be scrupulously observed.

There is nothing that any pure minded person could possibly regard as suggestive in the statuary," Mrs. Beville said.

The Shinkle mansion is one of the best appointed private dwellings in Kentucky. It is situated on a lofty eminence which commands Covington, Cincinnati's Gretna Green. It is surrounded by gardens and lawns, in which fountains play continually. Playgrounds, walks and other attractions are found on the two acres of land surrounding the mansion.

The interior of the house is gorgeously decorated with some of the finest specimens of the painter's art. Thirty-five rooms are at the disposal of the young woman. Among these is a classroom, where all arts which concern the housekeeper will be taught. It is planned to receive as guests only such young women as are willing to qualify themselves for the proper conduct of a household.

Coffee is like the earth—when it is ground.  
His shady character never kept a man cool.  
If a man has a poor memory he should stick to the truth.

## Watch For The Pre Autumn Sale



### Begins Monday, Sept. 2d and continues Ten Days!

Ginghams, 19c yard

Outing Flannel, 24c yard

Ladies' Hose, 11c pair

MANY OTHER BARGAINS. CALL AND SEE US.

## M. E. Ashley & Co.

### RESIDENCE AND LOT FOR SALE

Finely Located on North Main street. House and Premises in good condition. A bargain to anyone wanting a home. Reasonable terms.

GEO. F. CHAPMAN

### HUSBAND AND WIFE

Mrs. Frank P. Wood, Box 18, R. F. D. 2, Morrill, Me., writes: "Foley Kidney Pills help me so much. My husband also has received much benefit from them. He was so lame he could not stoop over and now he feels no pain." Lame back, sore muscles, stiff joints, rheumatic aches and pains quickly conquered by Foley Kidney Pills. Hite's Drug Store.

### NOT TO BE IGNORED

The kidneys are as important to good health as the heart, lungs, stomach or any organ in the body. Lame, back, swollen joints, sore muscles, rheumatic aches and pains, are most often signals of kidney trouble. Foley Kidney Pills give relief to kidney trouble sufferers. They banish bladder irregularity. 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 Breeting Post Cards, Camp Scenes, Sailor Toys, Soldier Boys, Battleships, Hallowsen, Thanksgiving, Christmas, New Year, etc.
- 1 Silver Plated Souvenir State Tea Spoon.
- The Ladies Fancy Work Manual for Crocheting and Embroidering.
- Mytic 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.

## Every Home Should Have a HALL Cold Pack CANNER

The Hall Cold Pack Canner enables you to do your canning of fruits and vegetables strictly according to the method recommended by the United States Department of Agriculture.

It is a complete canning outfit and has a capacity of twelve pint or quart jars and of some styles eighteen pints.

The easy to follow directions furnished with every canner enables any housewife to successfully can her fruits and vegetables by the cold pack method, regardless of previous experience.

All canned goods will be way up in price next winter. The only way to make sure that you will have fruits and vegetables for your table next winter is to do your own canning.

A Hall Cold Pack Canner offers you an ideal method of canning. This complete canning outfit sells for only \$4.50.

## EAST JORDAN LUMBER Co



# What Is It To Be An American?

By Franklin K. Lane

SECRETARY OF THE INTERIOR



We are not gathered to speak bitterly of others or to speak boastfully of ourselves. We have gathered to talk together as to the future of America and how it can be made a more nearly perfect nation.

We see clearly now what we have not so clearly seen before, that a democracy must have a self-protecting sense as well as a creative spirit.

We have lived in the full expression of the most liberal and idealistic political philosophy. There has been nothing of paternalism in our government. We have conceived it to be our high privilege to open this continent to those who came seeking the advantages and the beauties of a new land, in which the individual mind and heart could have free and full development.

The Statue of Liberty Enlightening the World at the main gateway of our country has been symbolic of our national attitude. We have believed, and we still believe, that liberty contains a magic healing power for many of the woes of man; that if we can turn its rays upon those troubles which have caused bitterness between peoples the world will be made sweeter, safer, and saner.

But in the ecstasy of our enthusiasm over the discovery of this curative agent which we had thought a panacea, we have overlooked our own responsibility. We have thought that it was enough to say, "This is a land of freedom and equal opportunity," without teaching what these terms meant. "Let us keep our hands off—let each man go his own way—let all things be thought, said, and done which each may choose to think or say or do, and sooner or later, by the conflict of minds and acts, truth will prevail." This has been our attitude, and it is one that in the long run is right.

### Americans of Native Lineage Have a Great Duty.

It is only in emergencies, such as that at present, when we realize that this attitude of laissez faire, of a high indifference or of a supreme faith, is a reason for self-reproach. The native Americans, those men into whom the traditions of liberty have been sunk by experience of generations, are primarily responsible for whatever indifference has been shown by this nation in the education and enlightenment of those whom they have invited to these shores.

If we are to have a nation that has but one conception of national purpose, we must have that conception in our own souls in the first instance, and then we must enlighten those who come here as to what that conception is. The suppression of wrong-doing is the work of the State after the act. Courts and jails are, after all, but poor protections to a community. As a nation, we are looking for curatives, when we should long since have been looking for preventives. Modern medicine is devoting itself now not so much to the cure of ills as to their prevention. Modern statesmanship should follow the same course.

The greatest disappointment of the year has been the downfall of Russia. And yet downfall is not the precise word that should be used. The crumbling of Russia is perhaps a better expression, for I cannot believe that Russia is destroyed, and that that great nation of a hundred and eighty million people, with 7,000 miles of straightaway territory, can be crushed out of existence by the iron heel of the Kaiser, like some stray beetle. A race that is so near to its beginning cannot be so near to its end. There will be another Russia some day—a wiser, a more intelligent, a better educated, a more intensely national Russia.

The truth as we now see it is that Russia was not a nation. She had been long held together by the fear of the enemy on her western border and by the domination of a ruling class.

### Russia Like a Child Reaching for a Butterfly.

She had a love of freedom, but she had no knowledge of what freedom is. Her revolution, from the orderly overthrow of the Czar to the anarchy of Lenin, has been a simple and a natural process, because what she wanted was not the kind of independence, liberty, and freedom of which we know and which we cherish. It was not political power that her people sought and through which they might express themselves. Within six months after their revolution came they had degenerated into a mob who believed that liberty meant nothing less than the extreme of individualism, without a common love for anything excepting a desire to make some material gain at the expense of those who had land and lived in luxury.

Russia was like a child that reached out of the window after the butterfly, and reached so far that it fell to the ground and was crushed. She abandoned orderly processes within her own country and abandoned her allies on the outside.

Because she was young, she did not realize that it takes time and a common purpose to make a nation, and she threw her present chance of nationality away. She resigned herself to the control of a group who believed that there was but one thing in the world worth struggling for, and that was the establishment of a new economic order, and this group undertook to compel that order by methods as ruthless as those that have filled Siberian prisons. Russia broke when her constitutional convention was dissolved by force.

### Russia's Unprecedented Sufferings.

Russia was broken because her people did not know that political strength is a condition precedent to economic or social reform.

Russia was sick of war, and it is no wonder. She had called out twenty million men—All of them did not go to the front. Many of them could not be armed. But she sent wave after wave through Galicia and through Poland and through East Prussia, until six million Russians lay dead. Then her spirit broke. The word went out that a new day had dawned, a day in which justice would be done—that the land was to be free. The army resolved itself into its individual units, turned its back upon the front, and each individual went in search of that piece of land which should be his and which meant to him liberty.

Now what is the meaning of this to us? You say that Russia was the victim of German propaganda, and that, through the hundreds of thousands of German and Austrian prisoners, the control of Russian industries, the sympathy of the Russian property-owning class, through the insidious and devious means of suggestion now being so clearly revealed, there came Russia's break-up. This may have been true superficially, but not fundamentally.

The cause of the Russian disaster, the reason that she has deserted that eastern front and has thrown the whole burden of supporting civilization upon us in the West, is the ignorance of the Russian people, 80 per cent of whom cannot read or write, none of whom, practically, had ever participated in the affairs of their own country. They did not know Russia as a nation. They had followed their leaders. They did not know the significance of Russia's position in the world.

They did not understand what it meant to have a republican form of government, through which, by their own intelligence, energy, and aspiration, they could give Russia whatever form of life they desired she should have.

### Out of Ignorance Has Come Russia's Ignominy.

Russia was the victim of the ignorance of her people, and out of her ignorance has come her ignominy. Her people were noble, charitable, kindly; they had the sense of neighborliness, but not the sense of nationality. The Czar was the head of the common church, and the Czar was the leader of the people. When he fell they collapsed, because they did not have the power to visualize any other leadership.

If they had had a Washington he might have saved them, though I doubt it; for behind a Washington there must be a people who have a sense of conscience and a sense of conservatism which keeps them from destroying themselves while attempting to make themselves.

If America is not to be Russified—and there is no fear of that—we must put into our own hearts a truer appreciation of the things that we believe America to represent; and when we say represent we imply that we are not the exclusive possessors of Americanism. There are men in Poland, in Russia, in Spain, and in all the countries of Europe, in Germany herself, who represent the spirit of Americanism, which is, in a word, that each man shall have his chance.

What is it to be American? We say that it is to love the Stars and Stripes. But a flag is no more than a symbol. It represents hopes and fears, struggles and achievements, something done and something yet to be done.

### The Real Story of America.

The story of America is not to be told in the landing of the Pilgrim fathers, the fight with the Indians, Bunker Hill and Yorktown, Gettysburg and Appomattox, Santiago and Manila; nor is the story told in the advance of the pioneer from the Atlantic to the Pacific, in the building of great railroads and the conquering of the wilderness, in the searching of the mountains and

the establishing of great industries, in the founding of the Government, or in the philosophy of Emerson and of James, or the poetry of Whitman and Poe, or the greatness of Whittier and Edison—not even in the lives of our great leaders.

All these and expressions of the American spirit of adventure, of purposeful searching after the thing that is better. It is an expression of a divine dissatisfaction. It may be that this nation, like all others, will come to a period of decline. We cannot expect to live forever. But if we do come to such a period, it will be because we rest content.

We are trying a great experiment in the United States. Can we gather together people of different races, creeds, conditions, and aspirations who can be merged into one? If we cannot do this, we will fail; indeed, we will have already failed.

### Making America the Greatest of Nations.

If we do this we will produce the greatest of all nations, and a new race that will long hold a compelling place in the world. It is well, therefore, that we come together at such a time of stress as this, and we should have come together long since, and put our heads to the problem as to what are the initial steps in bringing about that harmony within our country which will give it meaning, purpose, and cohesion.

We should not be moved to this by fear. There is nothing to fear. Our wars have been fought by men of foreign birth—Irishmen, and Germans, and Swedes, and Scotchmen. We see their names every day in the list of those who are dead on the battlefields of France.

There is no such thing as an American race, excepting the Indian. We are fashioning a new people. We are doing the unprecedented thing in saying that Slav, Tuton, Celt, and the other races that make up the civilized world are capable of being blended here, and we say this upon the theory that blood alone does not control the destiny of man; that out of his environment, his education, the food that he eats, the neighbors that he has, the work that he does, there can be a former and realized spirit, an ideal which will master his blood. In this sense we are all internationalists.

### Some Unpleasant Discoveries.

Now there are several things which we have come upon recently which seem to be discoveries to those of us who have not been wise.

The first is that we have a great body of our own people, five and a half millions, who cannot read or write the language of this country. That language is English. And these are not all of foreign birth. A million and a half are native born.

The second is that we are drafting into our army men who cannot understand the orders that are given them to read.

The third is that our man power is deficient because our education is deficient.

The fourth is that we, ourselves, have failed to see America through the eyes of those who have come to us. We have failed to realize why it was that they came here and what they sought. We have failed to understand their definition of liberty.

To be an American is not to be the embodiment of conceit as to all things that are fundamental in America, or to be satisfied with things as they are, or to let things drift.

We are taking a leaf out of Germany's book in many ways these days. Our ways of war must conform to her processes of destroying human life. She has made herself a composite, compact, purposeful nation by methods of education as well as by authority. We can make ourselves a composite, purposeful nation and impose no authority, other than the compelling influence of affection, sympathy, understanding, and education.

### The Responsibility of the Hour.

Out of this conference should come not a determination to make more hard or difficult the way of those who do not speak or read our tongue, but a determination to deal in a Catholic and sympathetic spirit with those who can be led to follow in the way of this nation, and as to those others who cannot, other procedure must be applied. The keynote of this conference is "our responsibility."

It is now a year since we entered into this war, and our men are standing shoulder to shoulder with Frenchmen on their right and Englishmen on their left, holding the line that is to save civilization. The war is coming nearer and nearer to us each day. Each morning we turn with anxious and with proud eyes to read the list of our own heroes who have made the supreme sacrifice.

In a few days more this list will swell from a few short inches into continuing columns and pages. Then we will first clearly see the horror of this war. And then there will surge through our souls a passion of indignation and outrage that will close our ears to talk of peace and fix our will to win.

### Where Streams Run Red With Blood.

For now almost four years we have been looking afar off at a series of unprecedented battles, in every one of which more men were killed than all the joint participants in either Waterloo or Gettysburg. There is hardly a stream in northeastern France, hardly a village, that has not been given a permanent name in history as the center of a great battle.

For many days now the Germans have been advancing upon Amiens, another of the historic cathedral towns of France. This time the Kaiser himself has announced to the world that he would be present and in supreme command. There has been no such battle before. Let us hope there may never be such another.

The determination of the Germans has been shown in their unprecedented recklessness of life. Amiens, the great railroad center leading from Calais to Paris, must be seized. There never has been greater courage shown by men than the Germans have shown in this advance. The men march in solid ranks and are mowed down by rapid-fire guns. As the front line falls the rear advances. As it falls, too, another line appears to take its place. And so by increments of death the Kaiser wins his way.

### The World's Greatest Battle, But Not the Last.

This is the world's greatest battle. Mere men are involved, more cannon—they say there is a gun for every 40 feet along the western front—more airplanes, more tanks, more lethal weapons of every kind, more poisonous gases and more of hell is seen upon that 60-mile front than the eyes of the angels have ever looked upon before. We call it the world's greatest battle, but the last great battle of this war has not been fought and cannot be fought now.

That line may bend, but it will not break. Remember, there are Scotchmen there—Scotchmen from Glasgow and from Edinburgh and from the far islands of the north, Scotchmen who never surrender; and Englishmen from Liverpool and Manchester and London, from the Soft Lake country and from Surrey; and Irishmen from Killarney, the gallant Irish, who are fighting that there may be an Ireland saved to which will come home rule; and men from Australia and New Zealand; Canadians, who love war no more than we do, but can make it just as well. There are Frenchmen there, the Frenchmen of Verdun. Need I say more? No more can be said.

### More to Live and Die for Than Ever Armies Had Before.

Those men do not yield. They have not fought for nearly four years that they may crumple up now. It is a thin line that holds the Kaiser back, but it is a line in which there is more of spirit and more of resolution than in any line the world has seen, because it has more to live for and more to die for than any other group of men ever gathered together; and into this thin line we are weaving our men in khaki. These are but an assurance. More and still more are to follow, until that thin line is made a thick line.

Von Hindenburg said after the first week of offensive that the first act was over. It is never the first act that tells the story. The climax comes in the closing scene, and in that closing scene America will play her part; and it will be a noble part. It is solemn conviction that when success comes to the Allied armies, under General Foch, it will come because of what we do, because of our men in the field, and the spirit and sacrifice of our men and women and our boys and girls at home.

### A New Spirit in America.

America has never sought to be a world power. She does not now. But America has nothing to live for if Germany becomes the one dominant power of the world. And against that possible day our boys and our boys must give their lives, their ambitions, their dreams, if need be.

And we who are not permitted to fight, what shall be our part? Let it be our resolution that when our sons return they shall find a new spirit in America, a deeper insight into the problems of a striving people, a stronger, firmer, more positive and purposeful sense of nationality. We shall make America better worth while to Americans and of higher service to the world.

An address delivered before an educational conference in Washington, D. C.

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

# FOUR DAYS IN AFRICAN JUNGLE

## BRITISH FLIER IS MENACED BY LIONS AND LEOPARDS.

Officer Falls in a Bog and Suffers Agonies Until Rescued by Band of Natives.

LONDON, England.—Horrible experiences of a British aviator who came down in an East African jungle are described by him in a letter just received by a relative here. The aviator, Lieut. G. Garwood, went out to bomb a German ambush on the Rufiji river, but through engine trouble had to descend in the bush, the machine landing with a broken propeller in a bog. It took him four days to make his way to a place of safety.

He tells how in the dusk he was confronted with an ugly black animal about four feet high with vicious tusks. He climbed a tree and prepared to put in the night there. Later he opened his eyes and saw something like two green electric bulbs about thirty feet from the tree. They moved round in a circle. This continued for forty-five minutes.

"The tension was unbearable," he writes. "I wanted to scream, shout and yell all in one, but instead I burst out with 'The Admiral's Broom,' and with a full-throated bass I roared out the three verses. No applause, but a reward—the leopard slunk away. Why had I not thought of it before?"

"I went through my repertoire. I laughed as I finished 'Two Eyes of Graw.' It seemed so ridiculous. Then I got on to hymns, remembered four verses of 'O God, Our Help of Ages Past,' and sang the 'Amen,' too. The whole thing had its ludicrous side."

Next morning while swimming a river he passed seven yards from a crocodile's mouth, but just reached the bank in time. Without food or arms—his only weapon of defense his nail scissors—his progress through the awful bush was about one hundred yards an hour. His clothing was in ribbons, and his flesh exposed to the thorns, sword grass and flies.

He swam seven more rivers that day and sank down exhausted against a tree. He could hear a lion roaring about 500 yards away, and somewhat nearer, the grunting of a hippopotamus.

"Being exhausted, I more or less lost consciousness for perhaps half an hour or so. Nothing short of a hippo charging could have made me climb a tree. Am afraid I had little to offer about that time."

It was while lying here that the lieutenant had the annoying experience of surveying two large baboons, the size of a small man, quarreling over his trousers, now in threads, and among the tops of forty-foot trees.

It was not until he had passed another horrible day and equally terrific night in the bush that he at last was picked up by some natives.

"Their eyes seldom left me," he adds. "Undoubtedly I was a strange sight—my legs bare and bleeding, my short vest sodden, dirty and torn, no trousers, of course, just a dirty sun helmet, a short stick in my right hand and with four days' growth of beard on my dirty face."

## SWEET WEDDING GIFT FOR ST. LOUIS PAIR.

Given 10,000 Pennies in a Bucket of Molasses.

ST. LOUIS, Mo.—The wedding present which Guy Wright, manager of the Wright building, gave to E. B. Wainwright, superintendent of the building, was just too sweet for anything. It was \$100 in pennies, 10,000 of them, all in a five-gallon bucket of molasses.

Wright had to have help in carrying his gift into the office of the building, where the formal presentation took place.

Wainwright declared that he and his bride, who was Miss Ethel Kayser of Semple avenue, would surely find some way to sift the coppers out of the sorghum.

## PIGS DRUGGED WITH OPIUM.

They Eat Some Poppy Stalks and Sleep Three Days.

JERSEY SHORE, Pa.—Ashur Tomb of Oriole, a nearby village, thought his pigs were some kind of a sleeping sickness when, not without prodding, they came up to the trough with eyes half shut.

They were too drowsy to eat, leaving their corn half finished, quite contrary to hog usages. They remained in this condition three days, and then got well.

The explanation came when it was remembered the pigs had been fed the stalks from a bed of poppies which had been mowed down. The poppy is the origin of opium.

## His Reason for Leaving.

He had come in answer to the advertisement of a position open for a book-keeper, when the following conversation took place:

Manager—"The last man we had here had the place for forty-three years."

Applicant—"Why did he leave?"

Manager—"Oh, he was one of those fellows that's never happy unless he's on the go."

"Does your wife neglect her home in making speeches?"

"Not a bit of it," replied Mr. Applicant. "She always lets me hear the speeches first."

# A NERVOUS BREAKDOWN

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

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



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

**Dr. W. H. Parks**  
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Phone 558-4 rings  
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**Dr. G. W. Bechtold**  
DENTIST  
Office Hours: 8:30 to 12:00 a. m.  
5:00 to 9:00 p. m.  
Evenings by Appointment.  
Office, Second Floor of Kimball Block.

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Office Hours: 8 to 12 a. m. 1 to 5 p. m.  
And Evenings.  
Phone No. 223

**HEAVY MEAT EATERS HAVE SLOW KIDNEYS**  
Eat less meat if you feel Bahkazy or have bladder trouble—Take glass of Salts.  
No man or woman who eats meat regularly will make a mistake by flushing the kidneys occasionally, says a well-known authority. Meat forms uric acid which excites the kidneys, they become overworked from the strain, get sluggish and fail to filter the waste and poisons from the blood, then we get sick. Nearly all rheumatism, headaches, liver trouble, nervousness, dizziness, sleeplessness and urinary disorders come from sluggish kidneys.  
The moment you feel a dull ache in the kidneys or your back hurts or if the urine is cloudy, offensive, full of sediment, irregular of passage or attended by a sensation of scalding, stop eating meat and get about four ounces of Jad Salts from any pharmacy; take a tablespoonful in a glass of water before breakfast and in a few days your kidneys will act fine. This famous salt is made from the acid of grapes and lemon juice, combined with lithia, and has been used for generations to flush and stimulate the kidneys, also to neutralize the acids in urine so it no longer causes irritation thus ending bladder weakness.  
Jad Salts is inexpensive and causes no injury; makes a delightful effervescent lithia-water drink which everyone should take now and then to keep the kidneys clean and active and the blood pure, thereby avoiding serious kidney complications.