

Charlevoix County Herald.

Vol. 22

EAST JORDAN, MICHIGAN, FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 27, 1918.

No. 39

Lecture Course Opens Tuesday

Four Excellent Numbers Provided for the Season.

The Lecture Course for this winter will consist of four numbers as follows: Filipino Singers and Players; Saxophone Sextette; Clarissa Harrold, Dramatic Reader; Prof. Hilton I. Jones, Lecturer. The first number will appear at the Temple Theatre next Tuesday, Sept. 24th, and is a musical program given by native Filipino Singers and Players. This music will be very similar to Hawaiian music, so that lovers of the famous Hawaiian music will be given a rare treat. The members of this Quintet are cultured Philippine Islanders, native born musicians with genius and ambition, calculated to place their country on the musical map of the world. Their melody is the kind that moves the heart and has won the approval of the eminent critics of Europe, where they were appearing at the outbreak of the war. They will play stringed instruments in a manner similar to that of the Hawaiians and with a skill and technique that will call forth any appreciation ever paid to the Hawaiians. This will be the first time that native Filipinos have appeared on a musical program and they will be entertaining particularly because they represent a race of people who are a part of the Dominion of Uncle Sam.

The other musical number is the great Chicago Orchestra Sextette. Without doubt this will be one of the finest musical programs ever heard in East Jordan. A variety of instruments will be played but their principal achievement will be when all play saxophones. In novelty and versatility their saxophone playing will rival that of the famous Brown Brother's Sextette. This organization has been headed by the famous band master, Bohumir Kryl which is enough to insure the very highest type of musical perfection.

Clarissa Harrold is one of the greatest dramatic readers who has ever appeared on the lyceum platform. Some people do not like dramatic readers, but she is so different from the usual reader and her personality is so unique and charming that she should not be judged by any other dramatic reader. She will please everybody. There is no question but that she has the ability to hold an audience better than any other reader on the platform today. She is to the lyceum platform what Sarah Bernhardt and Maude Adams are to the stage.

Prof. Hilton I. Jones gives a popular scientific lecture. Prof. Jones is a fellow of the Academy of Science, of the American Association for the Advancement of Science, Fellow of the Chemical Society (London), and a research-worker of marked ability whose articles have frequently appeared in the great scientific publications of the world; also, a man of great talents. He is billed to discuss scientific subjects in terms readily understood by every one. He uses demonstrations in connection with his lecture and this alone will be interesting and instructive.

These four numbers are unsurpassed in excellence. They will supply a form of elaborate entertainment for the winter and merit the support of every one. The Senior class of the high school will have charge of the sale of tickets and will begin the work of disposing of the tickets at once.

Commission Proceedings.

Regular meeting of the City Commission held at the commission rooms, Monday evening, Sept. 16, 1918. Meeting was called to order by Mayor pro tem Gidley. Present—Gidley and Crowell. Absent—Cross.

On motion by Crowell, the following bills were allowed:

Dan Kale, labor	\$ 12.00
Geo. Hayes, labor	3.00
Alonzo Graves, hauling lumber	1.50
C. J. Crowell, salary	25.00
Enterprise Pub. Co., printing	3.00
James Gidley, salary	25.00
E. J. Hose Co., Mill A. fire	12.00
Standard Oil Co., oil	15.54
E. J. & S. R. R. Co., coal and freight	782.70
Harlan Coal Co., coal	105.51
Joseph Parks, labor	26.00
James Lilak, labor	51.00

On motion by Gidley, the chief of police was authorized and instructed to appoint the necessary special police to assist him during the Fair.

On motion by Crowell, meeting was adjourned.

Otis J. Smith, City Clerk.

Liberty Loan Mass Meeting

At Temple Theatre Sunday Evening, Sept. 29th.

A big Patriotic Rally will take place at the Temple Theatre this Sunday evening, Sept. 29th, commencing at 8:00 o'clock.

Dr. J. M. Magil of Muskegon will be the orator of the evening and this in itself assures the success of the rally. Dr. Magil favored our city with an address during the last Liberty Loan drive and his speech was so thoroughly enjoyed that the committee in charge requested that they again be favored with him. Dr. Magil was born in Switzerland, was educated in Germany and Belgium, and is thoroughly conversant with the entire war territory. You are requested to be present at this big opening rally for the Fourth Liberty Loan. Admission free.

In addition to the lecture of the evening, there will be a number of musical selections by our local talent.

THREE GOLDEN WEDDINGS IN A MONTH.

Well are we reminded that a half century has rolled around since the dreadful struggle which threatened to rend our country in twain, and yet many of our boys came back to live happily for a half century to tell the tale of battle and of victory.

The G. A. R. and W. R. C. recently celebrated the golden wedding anniversary of Mr. and Mrs. James F. Handy of Bowen's Addition, remembering them with a golden souvenir and congratulating them on their health and happiness. Again on Saturday the 21st a double golden wedding was celebrated. Mr. and Mrs. Frank L. Smith were presented with a golden souvenir and Mrs. Geo. Bowen, a similar souvenir together with the good wishes of both Post and Corps. Table decorations in yellow, hordes of good things to eat, sunshine, and thanksgiving were the order of the day and all fellow lodgemen and guests left feeling that in the remembrance of these soldier lives and the epoch following, after all dark days are worth while.

Red Cross Notes

All ladies who had dishes at the Fair Grounds will call for them at the Red Cross Headquarters.

More workers are needed at the workrooms.

Meeting places are needed for the Knitting Bees. Any one who will entertain, please notify Mrs. A. E. Ashley.

CAT FOILS KIDNAPING PLOT

Meowing Betrays Attempt by Whisky Men to Seize Preacher.

Lewistown, Pa.—How the meowing of a cat saved him from being kidnaped was related by Charles F. Weigle, an evangelist, when he visited friends here a few days ago. In Lansdale the evangelist incurred the enmity of the whisky interests, he said, and they planned to kidnap and lock him in an old schoolhouse. A cat's cries one evening drew the attention of a woman to a corner. Here she saw several men lurking in the shadows near a waiting automobile. Suspecting a plot she notified the evangelist and the scheme was frustrated.

BANISH MAN FROM HOME TOWN

Court's Punishment for Elopement With Niece.

Aurora, Ill.—Albert Powers has been banished from his home town of St. Charles as an outgrowth of the elopement with his 17-year-old niece, Beattie Haynes, last August. Powers has been in the Kane County jail at Geneva, waiting trial. The father of the girl insisted on prosecuting Powers, but the girl's mother wished to avoid the publicity incident to a trial and the unique sentence resulted.

HOW ANY GIRL CAN HAVE PRETTY EYES.

No girl is pretty if her eyes are red, strained or have dark rings. ONE WASH with pure Lavoptik eye wash will brighten the eyes and a week's use will surprise you with its INCREASING results. A small bottle Lavoptik often makes eyes healthy, sparkling and vivacious. The quick change will please you. Aluminum eye cup FREE.—Gidley & Mac, Druggists.



Letters from Our Boys "Over There"

From W. C. SPRING

(To W. A. Stroebel)

Somewhere in France.
Aug. 19, 1918.

My Dear Bill:

I received your letter a few days ago which was dated May 18th. I cannot imagine where it has been all this time as our mail usually arrives within a month. Just about the time you were writing, we were going into the trenches on our initial trip. Since then I have had quite a varied experience, I have seen war as it actually is and am quite satisfied of the truth of many things we used to read about and wonder if it were true. I would not take a good deal of money for the experience I have had thus far, and if I return safely as I intend to, if possible, I can tell you some very interesting stories.

I know just what it feels like to be under fire. I know now what it means to experience an Artillery bombardment from German 77's to 210's in calibre including gas. I know just what kind of a sensation it causes when machine gun bullets swish around your head and cut the leaves off the bushes around your ears. In fact, I have experienced a whole lot of sensations that are new to me, hard to describe, and not easy to forget.

I have slept in a dugout, as my platoon and myself shared it with the trench-rats, in reality they owned it as they were much in the majority, and we were occupying only by their courtesy should they have become an ally of the "Bosche" suddenly, I am afraid it would have been up to us to move. All kind of lurid stories are told about how apt they are to attempt to lurch off your ears while you are asleep but that is fiction and in reality they are quite harmless. They are very large however and fearless of the men and a genuine nuisance. There is nothing more annoying than to have a huge rat trot across your face when you are asleep, and when a sudden burst of epithets breaks loose from a bunch of tired men who have been sound asleep you do not need to investigate, you can conclude that a rat has just completed such a trip in their neighborhood. You cannot resist saying "Amen" when you know the cause of the outburst.

Our soldiers are wonderful Bill and a genuine credit to the old U. S. A. It would do you good if you could see the way they adjust themselves to conditions and hardships. Such a thing as complaining apparently has never dawned upon them. I think I have always felt my responsibility as an officer but never as keenly as I do now. To realize you have a bunch of men depending absolutely upon your judgment under the most trying circumstances men can experience, and ready to go to their death if you suggest it surely brings a sense of responsibility home to you. One thing I have discovered is that when under fire not a man will take cover until I do. The spirit of the American is wonderful. He thinks he cannot be beaten and when you find a man of that type he is almost unbeatable for he doesn't realize when he's hit. The French are jubilant over the showing the Americans have made. With the French now there is no question of the result of the war the only question is now, "How soon can we do it."

This war is a crime Bill an absolute crime and no one knows it as well as we who are engaged in it. The nation who caused it must be made to suffer just as any criminal suffers for the commission of such a crime.

President Wilson's declarations as to our policy is appreciated nowhere more than among our troops. No one could be more anxious for a speedy ending

than the men who are enduring the hardships and no one would be more disappointed if it ended without a decisive beating of Germany than these same men. There is just one thing to do. With our great nation united to a man and solidly behind the army Germany must be on her knees and on her own soil when she asks for peace. Our men who are dying must not have given their lives in vain, but Germany must feel the just wrath of our country for the taking of their lives merely to satisfy the greed of an ambitious nation.

At present I am not with my regiment but am on detached service. I was fortunate enough to be sent to attend the A. E. F. School here and upon the completion of the course was selected as an instructor and have had charge of the instruction of a division in my specialty during the last seven weeks and expect to accompany them to the front. I then hope to go back to my regiment as I am anxious to see how they are getting along for a whole lot can happen to a regiment in two months and besides the only home we have in France is our regiment and it will seem good to get back. I haven't any idea where they are as they have moved and moves are as secret here as in the U. S. A. Having been away so long and hearing nothing direct during that time, I cannot give you much news of our E. J. boys, but will let you know when I get back if the Germans give me time to write.

This is a busy place and you never know just what you will do tomorrow and the Germans are not in the habit of taking us into their confidence.

I am glad to hear from you and get the news from there for an American paper here of almost any date is read until worn out. Will be very glad to get an Enterprise, Bill, or anything you see that is news, if you just clip it out drop it in an envelope and send it I will appreciate it. Tell the boys in E. J. that I would write oftener and to more of them, but it is almost impossible to do so just now, but that any letters I may write includes my best wishes and hearty greetings to all of them until I can extend to them personally.

Tell the Red Cross to keep up their great work for they cannot realize how much they are doing until it is all over and we return to tell them. While we were on our way to the front, we came into a French city tired and dusty, as we came into the station a number of American and French ladies came out of the depot dressed in Red Cross uniforms and carrying baskets of fruit, sandwiches, coffee and cigarettes. The whole train caught sight of the Red Cross and if the ladies of the E. J. unit could have heard the cheers that went up from the several hundred soldiers they would feel repaid for part of the efforts they have made. The Red Cross is sacred to the American soldier and he regards it today as his best friend. Hundreds of our boys will owe their lives to the untiring efforts of this great organization and thousands more in the hospitals from wounds are made comfortable by its work. We cannot say enough in praise of this work.

I cannot give you much detail that would make a letter more interesting, but I am near enough to hostilities that the sounds of the guns furnish music every day and air-raids at night are no novelty. Extend my best wishes to all and assure them that we haven't any soldiers that are acquitting themselves with any more credit than those in Hdqrs. Co. 125th Inf., and it is my hope that we may bring credit to Charlevoix County whatever the cost.

Yours truly,
W. C. SPRING.
N. B.—If this letter will interest any one else use it any way you wish.

From WM. E. MOORE
(To George Ward, East Jordan Station Agent for M. C. R. R.)

Somewhere in France.
Aug. 8, 1918.

Dear Friend George:

I am sitting on the bottom of a rather damp hole in the ground which has served two of us a home for a matter of weeks, and will probably continue to do so for a matter of months or years more. Walked guard four hours during the night, worked all day from 5:15 a. m. to 8:00 p. m., yesterday and expect to do so today, and my partner is asleep and snoring.

This is one of the 300 days per year, that it rains in France, but is not raining hard so will pass as a good day here. This part of France is hilly with a great many woods, and quite a few very narrow deep streams and is very pretty especially when the sun shines. The great amount of rain keeps everything green and the wheat, which is the principal crop in this section, is the finest I have ever seen. It is being harvested now, cut with cradles, hauled on carts, threshed with flails or horse thrashing machines and ground into flour by windmills, like those of Holland.

August 12th.
Was suddenly interrupted while writing this letter a few days ago, and ordered to come to this place a few miles back of the lines and now live on the ground instead of in it, and are no longer burdened with our iron hats and gas masks. Fritz is rather reluctantly going home. The day is fine. I have a good job and everything seems fine.

Am working with the English at present with no other American on the job. I work eight hours on, and eight off, days in a Mairie, and nights in a cave, 50 ft. wide and 100 ft. deep, dug over a thousand years ago. The Mairie of a village is, by far, the best building in it, and houses the mayor and other village officers, Justice of the Peace, Schools for Boys, Postoffice, Telegraph Telephone, Police, etc., in peace times.

Last night at midnight, I was going to work considerably faster than usual on account of Fritz in an aeroplane overhead busy chucking bombs overboard, when he was caught in our search light, one of our one man planes then got above him and dropped a bomb on him setting him on fire and exploding his petrol tank. He then fell to the ground and on arrival there his load of bombs exploded and blew him up. It was a wonderful sight and one we will long remember. The crew of eight were badly broken up and burned and were buried nearby.

Write me when you can. With best regards to yourself and wife.
Your Friend,
WM. E. MOORE.
Co. A. 108 Field Signal Bn. A. E. F.

From LT. JOHN P. SELLERS
(To Mrs. Malinda Sexton relative to the death of her son, Henry E. Watkins.)

August 28, 1918.

Mrs. Malinda Sexton:

Having just received your inquiry in regard to Henry Watkins, I will answer it at once. I have written once in regard to his death but the letter may not have been received by you at the time of your writing.

It is certainly a very hard and sad task to notify relatives of men who have given their lives in this great cause, but with the sorrow that it brings to your hearts should go the thought that he has given his fullest devotion and supreme sacrifice for an ideal that is the highest that man can conceive. We have as the highest example of sacrifice which we can look up to the man who gave his life that the world may be saved. We should in these times of sorrow take our part with strength of heart and believe that these things are the will of God who will take care of us all in the end. It is a time when those who pay the highest should hold their head a little higher than they have been called upon to do so. Our cause is right, saving the world from the vandalism of the Russian, it is in freedom's cause we have taken up the sword and in victory we will lay it down; but as all valuable things must be gotten through our sacrifice so in this the highest cause the highest sacrifices must be made. Believe that Henry has done the most noble thing a man can do today and try to let the honor that is yours in giving him assurance the sorry in losing a true and loving son however hard that may be at this time.

In the first days of June our Company took its position in the front line on the Marne River. During our tour of duty there, we of course were in

danger from the Germans who were only a few hundred yards from us. On June 8th I believe it happened that several artillery shells fell among men of my platoon and Henry among others were struck. This is certain he did not suffer any pain, probably did not know what struck him for when I reached his side he had passed away.

Having been on the front for some days and we do not carry much with us there besides our equipment. Henry had no articles of value with him except a few pennies and they have been sent to the Effects Depot A. E. F. In our movements about over here the small belongings that one would have kept when in the States are lost or thrown away so in this Company we have nothing which we could send you of his. We necessarily reduce our equipment to the absolute requirements of battle.

As Henry was in my platoon I was able to see how he worked and know that he was a fine soldier and young man. I was deeply grieved to lose so fine a man for even this cause and the men felt the loss of a fine comrade in his death. I will always remember him as a willing, brave, cheerful soldier of excellent character. Your loss is great, but the nation and the army's loss is also great when it loses men like Henry E. Watkins.

I extend to you my deepest sympathy and may God in his good time repay you for this sorrow and bring peace and happiness to you in the days to come.

Very respectfully,
LT. JOHN P. SELLERS
Co. H. 4th Infy A. E. F.

P. S.—I cannot tell you exactly where the grave is but it is on the battlefield of the second battle of the Marne in which he fought. The Graves Identification Dept. can tell you the spot. Much fighting was done there.

Lon Cummings Still In Hospital.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Cummings received a letter this week from their son, Alonzo B., (dated Aug. 31st) stating that he was still confined to a hospital in France.

Lon enlisted with the U. S. Marines over a year ago and went over the pond with his contingent a year ago this month. He was with the Marines in two big battles. In the last battle he was severely gassed and has since been confined to the hospitals—a period of some five months.

From "LARRY LEMIEUX

(Two Letters to his Mother and Sister—Mrs. M. A. LeMieux and Miss Marjorie)

Somewhere in France.
Aug. 17, 1918.

Dear Sis and Mother:

Have been trying to get time to write you for two weeks but we have been traveling most of the time. We are in a wonderful old French village now, in southern France, we are billeted right in the city, our Band is in the city Dance Hall and we have a fine home, the people here sure do use us fine and will do anything for us.

This town is situated on the top of a mountain and has a castle on it that is hundreds of years old and was captured by Julius Caesar at one time after a hard battle, we can see the country for miles around from here and it's a very beautiful sight, the whole country looks like a garden, War is the last thing one would think of here.

The people here like our Band very much, we play two or three times a day and they are always out to hear us, we played in a big religious procession yesterday and marched right into the Church playing, the Church is about 1500 years old, they say. All the buildings here are built of stone and last for hundreds of years.

Our whole Company is going down to the river Loire today, we take our supper and swim and wash our clothes.

It's funny to watch the fellows learning to speak French, most of us get our books and a couple French children, the children here all can read and write, and will spend hours with us trying to teach us, and if we can stay here awhile, we will be regular Frenchmen.

We are going to another town Sunday to play for some celebration. It's very hard work to play so much, but when the people enjoy it I'm willing to play all day and half the night, and we get a chance to see more of the country that we haven't gotten any mail yet but expect some soon now that we are settled, up to now, we would get to one Camp, rest a day or two and go to another and the mail has hard work finding us.

(Continued on Last Page)

THE STANDARDS OF TRUE AMERICANISM



**"THIS IS MY WAR
YOUR WAR, OUR WAR"**

**We Must All Dig Up Our Dollars to
Invest in This Liberty Loan
to Win It.**

By MEREDITH NICHOLSON.

This is my war. The outcome, whether defeat or victory, vitally concerns me. No one urged that America declare war upon the Teutonic empires more stridently than I. I rejoiced in my soul when my country joined with the other great civilized powers in driving back the barbarian. In the strictest sense, in all the connotations of the phrase, this is my war, as completely as though I stood on my own doorstep, gun in hand to protect my household from sword and brand.

That I am only one of a hundred million American citizens who share my sense of responsibility in the conflict does not greatly matter. This is my war; it pleases me to think of it as something personal and intimate, undertaken at my behest and imposing upon me responsibilities which I should be the basest coward to shrink. Within a short distance of my home sleep my two great-grandfathers who were soldiers under Washington and my father who fought under Lincoln. They made this my war. The American citizens who perished on the East tania made this my war. Every shot fired at an American ship, every man wounded or killed under the Stars and Stripes intensifies my realization that this is indeed my war.

The right of my children to freedom, happiness and peace make this my war. And it is my business, my politics and my religion to do my utmost, at any sacrifice, that this war, my war, may be carried to a triumphant conclusion. No dollar I can earn, no privileges I enjoy, no faith I hold in man or God will avail me aught unless I win this war.

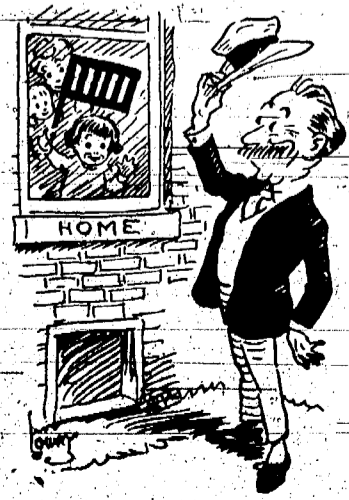
This war is my job. I stand alone and take counsel of my conscience as to whether I am doing all that I can to win it. The demands are constant. The war that my blood cried for is not cheap. But viewing the mighty conflict as a vast undertaking, carried on by the United States of America for my benefit, it is not becoming in me to fret or quibble over the cost.

The fourth Liberty loan is about to be offered. It is in my heart to subscribe the whole issue, but this being impossible, it is with elation that I reflect upon the millions who will say to themselves: "This is my war and dig up their dollars and buy bonds."

This is my war, your war, our war. Every investor in the Liberty loan qualifies as an active member of the great fellowship of American democracy. Every oversubscription of a Liberty loan is an American triumph, a stunning defeat for autocracy and barbarism.

Win the war and win it quickly. Whip the devil; and beat the kaiser. This is my cause and yours; this is our war!

SAFEGUARD THE HOME.



**LIBERTY LOAN A TEST
OF AMERICAN SINCERITY**

A Test of Real Sacrifice to "Do Without" So That Money May Do Its Bit.

By COL. S. BURKHARDT, JR.,
Commandant Fourteenth Division,
Camp Custer, Michigan.

On the battlefields of France and Italy and Belgium there are more than a million and a half of American soldiers, who are watching with great interest the results of the fourth Liberty Loan. They will insist upon knowing whether the men and women safe at home are freely dedicating their dollars to the cause of Liberty, or whether they feel they have performed their duty when they have noted the day's gains made by the American army.

The fourth Liberty Loan will be a further test of the sincerity of the American people in their belief in the principles of democracy. It will test the willingness of the American people to really sacrifice—to "do without," that their money may be loaned to our government to be used for the unceasing and relentless battering down of the German defenses.

The huge sum asked for in the fourth loan should merely strengthen our determination to provide any amount the government wants. To fall short of the full amount would be a national disgrace and a comfort to the kaiser. There can be no excuse for failure, for never has our country been enriched by such crops of wheat and oats and corn and every product of the soil. Never has the wage of the great army of industrial workers been so high.

It is the duty of every able-bodied man and woman to find some way of buying twice as many bonds as ever before. The men in uniform are fighting and suffering for those who stay at home. They will buy their full share of bonds as well, as they have in the past. Your part is to be with them with your hearts and your souls and your money.

BACK THE BOYS WITH BONDS

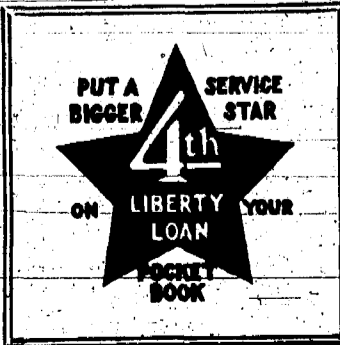
Our Hearts and Souls and Money Must Help Win This War.

By GERALDINE FARRAR,
Famous Operatic Star.

At a theater the other day a box party was given in honor of half a dozen heroes disabled while fighting for that victory at the battle of Chateau Thierry. Some were without arms and others without legs; others so badly injured by the deadly poisons of the Germans they probably will not live more than a year. But from every one of them came a strange spirit of spiritual gladness. They held their heads erect and smiled as though to say, "It was fine to have done what we did."

And the rest of us in the audience—we who were safe and whole and well—something tugged at our hearts and brought stinging tears to our eyes. What have the most actively patriotic of us done to compare with them?

We are past the time of mere logical calculations. Our hearts and souls, as well as our minds and bodies are in the struggle. And we are winning, winning, winning! Every day brings tidings of new victories. But remember, we have yet to strike the final decisive blow. And without money we cannot do it.



**THE BOYS AT THE FRONT
WATCHING LIBERTY LOAN**

By Lieut. George Sauvage, Fighting Priest of the French Army, Who Fought in the Trenches More Than Three Years.

France did not want war. She did everything that she could in honor do to prevent war, but war was forced upon her by Germany.

For four years France has waged this war with her whole soul and now America has come into the struggle with all her power in man and material resources.

We are now sure that we can win this war. We have for the last few months witnessed the turning of the tide in favor of the allies, but we should not, however, be led away by our recent successes.

Let the people at home understand that they, as well as the men on the fighting line, have to take their share in the struggle. This war is not a war of soldiers alone, it is a war of nations. The front is not "over there" only, it is everywhere.

The men over there are doing their share. They are giving their lives. Let the people at home understand that the only business today is to win the war.

Let nobody be deceived as to the duration of the war, or conclude from our recent successes, that the end is near. We shall win. We are at a turning point. But the end is yet far away. It is my conviction—and all soldiers who have been two or three years at the front, will tell you the same thing, that this war may last two or three years more. Woe to us, if, by false optimism or weakness in our determination, we should come to slacken in our efforts. Our mistakes should have to be corrected with the blood of our boys.

The boys at the front are watching this Liberty loan. They shall judge by the amount subscribed of the interest the people at home, in the state, in the county, or town are taking in their efforts and in their sacrifices. They know that when the order comes to attack it is their duty to go and to give their lives if necessary, and they are willing to do it. But they feel, too, that when the call comes from the president to the people at home to give the money necessary for the prosecution of the war, it is the duty of every one to give all that he can and that the people at home should be willing to do it. It is their share—and how small when compared to that of the fighting man—in the struggle.

Let the men at the front know and feel that the people at home are heart and soul with them in this war; that the people at home are ready to make every effort and every sacrifice as long as will be necessary to win that complete and decisive victory which shall secure for all nations freedom and lasting peace.

SET PACE FOR YOUR NEIGHBOR.

Don't wait to see how much your neighbor is going to subscribe to the Fighting Loan, but buy bonds to the utmost limit of your ability and set the pace for him. A loan quickly oversubscribed will have a wonderful effect in stimulating the morale of the allied countries and allied armies, while the reverse will be the effect in Germany, whose people at last are being told that United States is fighting them to the extent of its tremendous resources.

**WHOLE NATION AT WAR;
NOT ONLY SOLDIERS**

By C. H. Martin, Major Gen. U. S. Army, Commanding Camp Grant, Illinois.

The Fourth Liberty Loan should again forcibly remind everybody that the whole nation is in the war, and not merely the men in uniform.

We are team-mates in a mighty game; a game which has been developing for centuries. The contending teams are Autocracy and Democracy, and life is the stake for which they are playing. We are now at the very climax of that age-long struggle.

Your part on the team requires a devotion and disinterested forgetfulness of self as complete and unflagging as you expect from the men in uniform. No one can do his duty on any team who measures his duty by any other standard than his entire abilities. It cannot be measured by comparisons with the performances of others.

Do not think that the front, only, is the war; the front is a part of the team. I like to think that it is a part of sufficient importance to engage your enthusiastic interest and support. The anxiety with which you wait for good news from the front is of the same variety as that which the front waits for good news from the back. Any especially good plays on any part of the team strengthens the heart of every member of the team.

It is your play now; oversubscribe this loan cheerfully and with enthusiasm. Get into the game.

**CHARLEVOIX COUNTY HERALD
ONE DOLLAR PER YEAR**

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

**GHOSTS ALWAYS WHITE!
NO, HERE'S A BLACK ONE**

Deputy Sheriffs Solve Mystery When They Obtain Confession From Negro Boy.

Fayette, Mo.—The well grounded notion that ghosts are always white and shimmering was given a setback here when Deputy Sheriffs Dollard and Robinson brought in Jack Black, a negro as dark as his name, from the Missouri River hills. Black had been playing spook so cleverly around the farm of young Albert Rainsberger that Rainsberger had contemplated selling out and moving away from Howard County, and the whole countryside had become stirred up by the nocturnal visits.

Rainsberger lives with his wife on a farm in the edge of Boonsboro. For two weeks so many mysterious things happened around the home, without any apparent cause or sequence, Rainsberger became greatly disturbed. The thing which disturbed his sleep and destroyed his appetite was the mysterious lights which were flashed on him at night.

The glare of the lights would illuminate momentarily the inside of his home and then would disappear without even giving him a chance to look for the clever manipulator. He shot in the direction of the lights on one or two occasions, but he heard and saw no one run.

But perhaps the most mystifying evidence of ghosts were the tracks which he saw in the light snow at his front door one morning. The tracks leading to the door were small, almost dainty, while those leading from the doorstep were huge.

What human being could thus change his pedal extremities and bewilder the occupant of the home? Things became so unendurable Mr. and Mrs. Rainsberger left home one

or two nights and when they returned they found their furniture turned topsy turvy as if the guests of Halloween had made a visit out of season. Half burned rags were found under the ice box. Things were misplaced, but nothing was taken away. Finally Mr. Rainsberger appealed to Sheriff Dollard, who spent a night at the Rainsberger home, but he saw no ghosts. He later sent his deputies, Kirk Dollard and W. H. Robinson, who spent a night with the Rainsbergers.

The two deputies visited Jack, a negro boy who lives in a shanty near the Rainsberger home and who is employed by Mr. Rainsberger. While they were there they saw a very large overshoe under the bed. They asked Jack about that overshoe and the truth about the nocturnal ghosts came out in a deluge of narrative punctuated with laughter.

Jack was unable to explain fully to the justice court here his motive for such conduct, but it is believed he was coached by some one who was envious of the prosperity of the Rainsbergers.

CUT THIS OUT—IT IS WORTH MONEY

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

Old Bill Shakespeare, who classified the seven ages of man, would have enjoyed himself on Sept. 12. He'd have found most of them at the registration stations.

UP AND ABOUT AGAIN.

"I was sick in bed with kidney trouble," writes C. F. Reynolds, Elmira, N. Y. "I commenced taking Foley Kidney Pills and in a few days was out of bed. Keeping up the treatment, I was able to go to work. Since then I have had no more backaches." Foley Kidney Pills stop sleep-disturbing bladder ailments.—Hite's Drug Store.

Not Upheld Simply by Reputation.

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

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

C. A. HUDSON

Prepare for Changeable Weather.

H. B. Miller, R. F. D. 10, Wooster O., writes: "By the changing of beds and the weather, I took a very bad cold and sore throat. Four doses of Foley's Honey and Tar put me right in a day's time." It pays to get the genuine Foley's and avoid substitutes and counterfeits.—Contains no opiates. Hite's Drug Store.

Frank Phillips
Tonsorial Artist.

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

EAST JORDAN LUMBER CO. STORE

New Winter Coats

Now on Display

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**Sweaters
Yard Goods
Wool Suitings.**

Make Our Store Your Headquarters while in the city.

Men's Sweaters in V-necks, Jerseys, and Coat Sweaters.

All sizes and prices.

Some broken lots of Wool Underwear.

East Jordan Lumber Co.

The Web of Destiny

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

We agreed and saw his stooped figure shuffle back into the building. Then we turned and walked slowly up the street, looking idly into the windows of the shops and saying little or nothing. Dual had taken place beside Reich and Sheldon, and that left me with Lucille.

She nodded at Semi's back.

"How does he do it?" she whispered. "How did he know that we would meet that woman in that place? Why did he say we had gone too far, and then say this was the place? What told him?"

"His soul," said I.

"Don't," she laughed shortly, putting a hand on my arm. "I am like Reich. So many of Mr. Dual's remarks have a possible double meaning. Please, Mr. Grace, don't you begin to speak in riddles."

"I'm not," I protested. "I mean just that. If you don't like the word soul, call it the subjective self. You noticed Dual's expression while you walked beside him this evening. I saw you study his face. Didn't you realize that you were walking beside a man whose objective intelligence was for the time asleep?"

"Merciful Heavens!" cried Miss Foote. "Do you mean that he was making his subjective mind lead him to the place where that woman would come?"

"Precisely, Miss Foote."

"But how could his subjective mind know?"

"That I can't tell you, save that Dual says that from the subliminal self nothing is hidden."

I sensed that she trembled.

"Are you cold?" I questioned, because the fog had thickened and dripped from the awnings at times as we passed.

For a moment she made no answer, then:

"No—unless it is my subjective self that shivered. The idea you expressed made me feel oddly, that was all."

Again she laughed nervously.

"Do you know, this whole affair is having an odd effect on me—Mr. Grace. Some way I feel as if we were all moving in the midst of such a fog as lies over the city to-night and that, after all, Mr. Dual was the only one among us who saw clearly where we were going. Ah, little one!"

She paused and glanced down at a beady-eyed baby which had toddled across the pavement and thrown itself against her, clasping her limb in its pudgy arms and gazing up toward her face.

She stooped and drew its pudgy hands into hers and all the time it never winked from its stare. Back of it in the door of a shop a man sat smoking a pipe.

He looked on and smiled slightly.

Lucille shook gravely one of the little hands, as she glanced at the man.

"How'd you do, baby? Your baby?" she asked.

The Chinaman nodded.

"Yeh," he replied withdrawing the stem of his pipe and smiling in a sort of sheepish friendliness of manner.

"Him want to be friendly—say how do. Alla time him do alle same that way."

He broke off and spoke in Chinese to the child.

Very gravely it extended its hand again to Lucille. She laughed, shook it and fumbled in her purse for a coin, pressing it into the warm, little palm. We turned away.

"Good-by," said the man.

"Cute little tyke," Lucille spoke to the child.

"Do you like babies?" I questioned.

"Love 'em," she smiled. "Being a police woman, without any home, I naturally would."

Dual, Sheldon, and Reich turned back to retrace our steps.

We fell in behind them once more, and so again we passed the door of the shop and saw the yellow baby, cuddled in its father's arms, under his long-stemmed pipe. He saw us, nodded and smiled.

We walked on, back toward the gaudy lanterns of the restaurant, behind which Greek Annie, and the police agent lurked. Again as all along, we were waiting. It seemed to me as we walked down that fog-dampened street that throughout all the days we had waited, and that our progress had been rather a species of drifting upon a slow current than one of volitional advance.

And all about us, as we drifted, other strange currents of purpose had flowed with us, crossing and twisting and weaving about us, to bring us at last to this strange street of a foreign quarter where still other currents had seized us and swept us along.

And there had been times when I had glimpsed some of those other currents. There was the something in the life of the woman beside me, which whispered of a tragedy untold; there was Reich's constant and almost inane outbursts which had threatened to throw us upon the shoals of unsuccess; there was Semi Dual's speech to me, which told me that he acted alone, because necessity forced it, and Lu-

cie's remark that if not with us, then she would come to San Francisco alone.

Why, I asked myself, should she have felt so keen an interest in this one case, over and above others she had doubtless handled. Oh, it was a very maelstrom of cross currents, cross purposes as it seemed, on which we drifted on a fog-clouded night. Even the fog seemed in keeping with the rest of the affair, as Lucille had said.

We had nearly reached the red and gilt entrance. Dual swung his companions up to a window, where costly treasures of the Orient lay behind the glass. Lucille and I, too, turned in beside them, and we stood gazing through the thin barrier which shut us out.

Then I heard the girl at my elbow catch her breath in a gasp of quickened attention. I followed her eyes as she turned them.

A figure had come to the entrance of the restaurant and stood for a moment, gathering up its skirts. It was short and heavy, clad plainly in black, and above it quivered and nodded a hat crowned with waving willow plumes.

The woman glanced up and down the street, stepped down and turned directly past us. I swung back to the window and gave it my attention.

I heard the click of her heels as she passed, and swung away from my forced inspection, in time to see a stooping figure emerge from the doorway she had left, and shuffle after McKabe was on the trail.

Not until he was well past did Semi give the signal which turned us from the window and started us on the heels of the detective along the street.

Himself he forged slightly ahead of Sheldon and Reich walking with a long stride, his head thrust slightly forward, his eyes never, as I believe, losing sight of the shuffling figure of McKabe.

The woman went straight on. So far as her actions showed she was without suspicion of the man who dogged her footsteps, but at that she observed the axiom, that the longest way round is the safest way home.

She walked slowly up Grant toward Clay, passed that and continued to Sacramento; swung up that partially darkened thoroughfare toward Stockton, and so brought McKabe to a pause. He was waiting as we came up.

"She's foxy," he muttered. "I don't believe she's on to my follow, but she knows something could happen, so she leads us clean out of the town and ducks west along here. You can glimpse her around the corner, and if we was to start after, she'd spot us too quick. You folks wait here for a while and then come round in a body. Now I'm goin' ahead, I reckon."

He broke off and peered up the street in the direction Greek Annie had taken, looked back and nodded and was gone. We stood huddled together and waited, and presently we, too, were off again on the trail.

Two-thirds through the block we could see a shadowy figure trotting forward in a slouching gait. We quickened our own pace to keep it in sight. We forged up the slope at something like a dog-trot. Lucille's hand struck against mine and I took it into my fingers.

She gripped mine in turn and we ran on. I glowed as we ran. This was something like. At last we were on the track of something. And I smiled as I asked myself if ever there was a hunt just like this. Literally we ran in a pack to the chase.

McKabe's figure slid around the corner of Stockton, going north, and as we followed it sank back out of sight. We slowed and went forward boldly, waiting for his reappearance. Midway of the block he stepped from a doorway.

"Hurry up," he panted. "She stepped on the corner and I ducked." He set off running, darted around on to Clay going east, and ran forward, with us at his heels.

Thus it came that at the corner of Grant when we had completely circled the block—and McKabe started to cross and continue along Clay still east, Reich once more attempted interference.

"Where are you going?" he snapped, springing forward and laying a hand on McKabe's arm. "What are you going down there for. She went up this street. I saw her."

He waved a hand along Grant.

McKabe shook off his hand. "Not much you didn't," he retorted. "She went straight down Clay here, toward Kearny. You mind your own business and don't try to teach me my own tricks."

"I'm not trying to teach you a thing," Reich persisted. "I tell you the woman went the other way. You just didn't happen to see her. Come on. Don't stand here talking about it or she'll slip away."

"That's right, too," said McKabe. "Mr. Sheldon, call off your cub here, he's foggin' the game."

"Go ahead, McKabe," advised Sheldon, stepping up beside Homer. "Cut it out, son, can't you?"

But Reich appeared to have thrown discretion to the winds. "Oh, you fools, you fools," he stormed wildly. "Had the game in your hands and lost it! All right, go your own way if you want to. I'm done. I quit. From now on I go it alone."

Before Sheldon could lift a hand he had turned and ran along Grant in the direction he alleged Greek Annie had taken.

For one instant the colonel stood as if frozen to the pavement, then with a wordless bellow, turned and bolted after the flying figure, at a most surprising pace for one of his age.

Not until then did Semi Dual speak, and his words were but a direction.

"Go on now, Mr. McKabe," McKabe shook his head.

"If we can," he suggested. "Any way, she went down this way. Let's try to follow. I reckon she hit through the square, here. Well, come on."

We set off down the street, and midway of the square the buildings on our left fell away and showed the dark blot of a shrub and bush grown little park, checked by light and shadow from the street lights.

"Fortsouth Square," said McKabe, turning across the pavement in his direction. "I've a hunch she struck through here, because I had her in plain sight till that feller butted in, and when I turned around she was gone. She either cut across the square or along this street here." He indicated a narrow thoroughfare which bounded the parking on the west.

"Now I tell you," he went on. "You, Mr. Dual, go along this street straight through to the next one. Miss Foote, you take Grace and take a stroll through the square, and I'll run down to the foot of the street and go around to the upper corner and meet Dual. That's the best I can think of. We'll all meet at that place. All right."

He started off down the street, and Dual, without comment, began to walk along the alleylike course of the street to the west. Lucille and I plunged into the shadows of the little park and threaded its paths, slowly scanning every bench and seat as we went.

It was growing late, and the fog had evidently driven the loungers to cover. We found the place deserted as we walked through its length and breadth.

We passed the spot where bowered in trees stands the monument to Stevenson, with its little bronze ship in full sail. Lucille waved her hand toward it. "There," said she, "was another man, in many ways like your friend Semi Dual, I think."

We moved up the path from the monument toward the northwest corner of the square.

"Do you think she suspected?" I asked.

Lucille shook her head. "I hardly think so. Why should she? We are here pretty close on her heels. I don't think she'd expect us this soon. They tried to steer us off to Seattle in Salt Lake, as you saw."

"That Greek, Paulos, is her husband, and he may have wired her about us, probably did; but as we left Salt Lake on the Portland and Seattle train, and Mr. Dual bought tickets straight through and changed them at Ogden, as you know, he probably thinks that we went there, unless he had a spy at Ogden, and I didn't notice any."

"No, I believe she thinks herself safe yet, but she is going home by a roundabout way as a matter of principle. These people, like foxes, rarely run straight to cover. They double."

"If only she'd double back this way," I remarked in rather rueful tones. "I wonder if Sheldon caught up with Reich?"

"From the rate at which he started he should have," Miss Foote rejoined.

"We could see Dual's figure standing at the corner, from where we were, and hastened forward to join him. Yet, before we had recovered the ground, McKabe shuffled up, spoke to Semi, and went on west along the street."

A moment later we came up, and I addressed Dual.

"Not a trace, Semi."

He smiled slightly.

"Probably not," he returned. "McKabe just followed her off. She passed on the other side a moment ago, and just after, our guide came along. We had better follow."

"Then she did double back?" I exclaimed.

Lucille nodded.

"Kismet," she said. "It is fate. To call it luck would be an insult to the goddess of chance. Now I feel sure we will win out yet. She's probably running to cover right now."

We moved up the street in the wake of McKabe, whom we could see at times, dodging back and forth through the scattered pedestrians on the pavement.

Dual, still silent and introspective, walked beside us as we mounted the hill toward the street, we had first traversed this evening.

Greek Annie, whatever her destination might be, had led us around several city squares and then turned and back-tracked toward her objective point.

I agreed with Miss Foote that it seemed as though her fate must have driven her back into our hands after Reich's interruption had caused us to lose her.

At the same time I prayed that that fate might hold until McKabe should be able to locate the point of her ultimate disappearance.

Glancing ahead, I realized that the detective was no longer in sight. The fact brought me out of my mental straying, into active question. Where, I wondered, had he gone now?

I glanced at Semi, and found him still moving forward without hesitation, and decided that the best thing I could do was to follow his lead. At the same time I called Miss Foote's attention to McKabe's disappearance.

"Can you see McKabe?" I asked.

She shook her head.

"No. I did a minute ago, but he seems to have turned in somewhere. Let's see, where are we? Oh yes, we're

pretty close to the native theater now."

Hardly had she spoken when we saw our missing companion shuffling toward us. He came up and met us and began speaking at once.

"She went into the theatre here. I followed her clear to the steps and saw her go inside; then I went up and bought tickets. Come on."

He led us to a wide front and up some steps to the entrance. A slant-eyed Chinese took our tickets, and we passed into the barlike structure where the native Thespians portray the Oriental form of drama, the play running on in an unbroken stretch from night to night, at times for weeks before the dénouement is reached.

Before us as we came in stretched a sea of heads, occupying the pit of the house. A low balcony-roofed stage reached across the major one side of the entrance.

Everything was in a half light from the stage illumination, but even so I could see that there was little, at least at ornamentation in the hall. Evidently with these people gathered before us the play was the thing of interest.

And the play was in progress on a stage which reached across the major portion of the end of the room. To the Occidental it would have lacked in setting. There was a surprising lack of scenery or stage properties about it. Things appeared to be indicated rather than portrayed in the presentation.

There appeared to be a sort of symbolism about it, rather than any representation of actual every-day affairs. At the same time the costumes were gaudy and rich at one and the same time, and made a scintillating bit of color and life upon which the audience gazed in rapt attention.

They took their pleasure silently, but with seemingly sincere relish.

On one side a set of wooden steps led up from a side passage running back along the seats of the pit, and reached the level of the stage through a wooden door in the foot of a wall between the auditorium and that portion of the house usually designated "behind" by actors and stage Johnnies.

All this I saw as my eyes roved about the place searching for a glimpse of a heavy-set figure and a feather-crowned hat. I didn't see it, however, and I saw by their faces that McKabe and Lucille had met with a similar lack of success.

We had taken places at the back of the audience, not sitting down, but standing behind the last row of seats, from which point we could sweep all before us.

"Wait a minute," McKabe counseled and turned away up the balcony stairs. In a moment he was back with a disappointed face.

"She ain't up there either, so far as I can see," he announced.

"You're sure she came in here?" I suggested.

"Sure," he answered shortly.

"Wait a bit. It's just a chance, and yet it might be."

He knit his brows and in a moment began again to speak.

"About a month ago we raided this joint on suspicion. I was tellin' you to-night, if you remember, that there was a lot of underground runways under this part of town. Well, when we come in here we found the start of one all right. It goes down from back there on the stage, and just where it goes after that I don't know, for I didn't see it; but the boys was tellin' me it didn't seem to end nowhere."

"Anyway, they said there was a lot of little rooms down there and a lot of passages leadin' by and to 'em. Now, supposin' this here dame came in here and ducked straight back onto the stage and down there. Maybe the girl might be stowed away in a place like that. It would be like them and by the lord Harry I believe that's the answer."

"Mr. McKabe," said Dual, "I am inclined to believe that you are right."

"Think so?" McKabe made eager query. "Well, then, see here—here's what we'll do: You folks stay here and I'll go out and get a bunch of the boys and come back here, and we'll pull off another raid. If she's down there and we have luck, we'll get her. I won't be long."

"Oh, go to the devil! I haven't any ticket, but I'm coming in. Get out of the way."

The sound of a protesting-singsong was followed by an involuntary exclamation, and a figure came through the entrance with a rush.

Without pausing, it turned and ran along back of the seats to the side passage, which led forward, turned again and dashed down this, mounted the steps and dragged open the door in the wall; at the end of the stage, sprang through, and pulled the door shut.

It happened quickly—so quickly that it left barely more than a fleeting impression, and that of a frantic, almost desperate haste. Yet because of our position at the rear, the man had been forced to dash past us as he ran; and in the instant of his passage, we had looked into a white, open-lipped, drawn and distorted face.

Now, as we turned and faced one another, there was one thought in the minds of each. Lucille was the first to voice it.

Her hand went out and gripped the arm of Dual, and her words were a sibilant whisper of something like dismay.

"Reich! Did you see him? That was Reich!"

CHAPTER VIII.
The Underground Web.

Dual nodded.

"Yes, it was Reich," said he.

"You bet it was Reich," snapped McKabe. "Well, what's the thing? You saw where he went? He's thought on to something. I didn't think he had it in him, but he must have spotted this Annie some way, and he ain't wise to the chance he's taking. We've got to follow, and we've got to do it quick or they'll get him. Now, see here—"

But he was interrupted. Breaking into his words there came again the sound of an alteration from the street-front, a voice raised in protest, and the sound of a snarling bellow, like that of an animal suddenly brought to bay. Out of it broke words short, panting, as of one impatient of restraint.

"Let go of me, you yellow fool. Let go, I tell you! Get out of the way. Oh, for the Lord's sake, I'm in a hurry!"

Followed then a scuffle, a shrill outcry and another and a huddled jumble of figures pushed its way inward to resolve into that of Colonel McDonough Sheldon, striding doggedly toward between two of the theater's attaches, who clung frantically to his clothing and did their very best to try him up.

"Let go!" he bellowed. "Let go, you darned shirt-washing runts. Git out from under my feet!"

McKabe sprang forward and so did I.

"Sheldon!" I cried.

With the same sort of motion a dog uses in shaking itself free of water, Sheldon shed his clinging human burrs, who sprawled grotesquely on the boards of the floor.

"Grace," he exclaimed loudly. "Say, did you see him? He come in here. I seen him. The danged fool's been runnin' around like he was bughouse, and I thought he'd give me the slip. Then I seen him come up these steps and I followed. Dual told me to stick to him, and I done it; but it's been one sweet job."

"He came in here. We were just going after him when you came," I told him.

"You all here?" he queried, and drew his sleeve across a sweat-dampened brow.

The two Chinamen who had vainly sought to hold him had risen, and stood half-minded to resume the attack. McKabe addressed them in hurried singsong, and they drew back scowling. The detective turned to us and rushed into advice and direction:

"There ain't no time to go get a squad now. If we're going to save a killin' we've got to move. That fool's gone down there alone, from the looks. Miss Foote, you go outside—Take care you ain't followed, too. Grab the first harness man you see and tell him about this. Tell him Mac said to get a bunch and come back here, and take the first door under the stairs to the actors' rooms. Now hurry. The rest of use 'll try to follow Reich and see where he's gone, and pull him out 'fore it's too late. Come on, the rest of you."

He set off at a run toward the side passage.

Lucille darted out of the front door, and Dual, Sheldon and I followed McKabe. He led us straight down the passage at the side of the house to the stairs at the end, leaped up them and wrenched open the door. In a crowding rush the rest of us followed; and I closed the door behind me. We stood in a space to one end of the stage, with its occupants plainly visible through some cheaply painted wings.

Before us stretched a narrow passage, midway of which a wooden stairway ran upward. McKabe darted straight for this.

But instead of mounting he ran around it to a small door half hidden in shadows, set into what appeared to be a closet built in under the slant of the stairs. A spring-lock held it shut. McKabe twisted back the latch and dragged it open. The interior yawned empty of anything save shadows, as it seemed.

The detective drew a pocket-flash and swept it inside, along the walls, and over the floor. There at our feet the light showed a metal ring and a square of boards, which, unlike the rest of the floor, were free from dust.

"Here we are," he exclaimed, and stooped down, grasping the ring and dragging up the trap-door to expose a yawning hole like the mouth of a mine-shaft, and the dimly lighted upper rungs of what appeared to be a vertical ladder.

"Come on," he directed shortly.

Letting the trap door fall back on its hinges out of the way, he lowered himself upon the ladder and began to descend. Dual went second and Sheldon third, and I came last.


I had to admire the nerve of the little plain-clothes man as I crept down the ladder. Here he was advancing into an admittedly unknown region of tangled passages and alleys dug beneath the city as calmly as he might have walked its streets. He was a cool little pickle all right, was McKabe.

I reached bottom in a moment or two and joined the others.

It was dark down there as the tomb, the only light the brilliant point of McKabe's flash as he threw it over the flood and walls. And it was foul, indescribably foul, with an odor of decomposition, and a smell of sewers and rotting life. I felt my feet sink into a spongy surface which I sensed was soggy earth, sour from lack of sunlight. The beam of the search-light showed walls shining damply with moisture and a ceiling stained with the damp, from which dropped down the bulb of an electric lamp.

NOW RAISES 600 CHICKENS

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



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

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

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

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

TRIED MANY, FOUND THE BEST.

Foley Cathartic Tablets keep the bowels regular, sweeten the stomach and tone up the liver. J. G. Gaston, Newark, Ind., says he used a great many kinds of cathartics, but Foley Cathartic Tablets gave him more satisfaction than any other. He says they are the best cathartic tablets made. Hite's Drug Store.

QUIT MEAT IF YOUR KIDNEYS ACT BADLY

Take tablespoonful of Salts if Back Hurts or Bladder bothers—Drink lots of water.

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

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

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

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

Get the Habit of Drinking Hot Water Before Breakfast

Says we can't look or feel right with the system full of poisons.

Millions of folks bathe internally now instead of loading their system with drugs. "What's an inside bath?" you say. Well, it is guaranteed to perform miracles if you could believe these hot water enthusiasts.

There are vast numbers of men and women who, immediately upon arising in the morning, drink a glass of real hot water with a teaspoonful of limestone phosphate in it. This is a very excellent health measure. It is intended to flush the stomach, liver, kidneys and the thirty feet of intestines of the previous day's waste, sour bile and indigestible material left over in the body, which if not eliminated every day, become food for the millions of bacteria which infest the bowels, the quick result is poisons and toxins which are then absorbed into the blood causing headache, bilious attacks, foul breath, bad taste, colic, stomach trouble, kidney misery, sleeplessness, impure blood and all sorts of ailments.

People who feel good one day and bad the next, but who simply can't get feeling right are urged to obtain a quarter pound of limestone phosphate at the drug store. This will cost very little but is sufficient to make anyone a real crank on the subject of internal sanitation.

Just as soap and hot water act on the skin, cleansing, sweetening and freshening, so limestone phosphate and hot water act on the stomach, liver, kidneys and bowels. It is vastly more important to bathe on the inside, than on the outside, because the skin pores do not absorb impurities into the blood while the bowels do.

UNCLE SAM: "NOW, ALL TOGETHER!"



LIBERTY DAY OF THE FOURTH LIBERTY LOAN

Anniversary of Discovery of America Designated as Liberty Day of the Big Freedom Drive.

Saturday, October 12, the anniversary of the discovery of America, has been designated as the Liberty day of the fourth Liberty loan drive.

It has been the custom in previous Liberty loan campaigns to select the second Friday of the drive as Liberty day. For the fourth loan the plan suggested by the United States bureau of education to designate October 12 as Liberty day has been adopted.

The day will be celebrated throughout the country, and it is proposed to have a Harvest Home festival in every school district in the United States. The treasury department of the United States, in co-operation with the United States bureau of education, will request every school district from the Atlantic to the Pacific to arrange for the celebration of the discovery of America with an appropriate festival.

The plans made for the observance of the anniversary of the discovery of America by the Liberty loan organization as Liberty day are contained in a letter from L. B. Franklin, director of war loan organization.

In outlining the plans, this letter states:

"There is a logical unity between both these ideas and the Liberty loan. When the people of a community recount the fruits of their summer's labor, they will naturally ask themselves what share of them they ought to invest in Liberty bonds. When they come to realize what the discovery of America has meant to them personally, what is has meant for the cause of freedom and democracy, what it will mean for the salvation of the world in the present world tragedy, when they begin to feel all this, they must of necessity say, this is worth investing in, worth fighting for, worth making any sacrifice for.

"To create this state of mind is the purpose of celebrating the discovery of America. It is our hope that the nation-wide celebration will stir such enthusiasm over America's mission in the world as to enable each community to reach its quota by that day. Let every local community make this its goal and on Liberty day announce the achievement and rejoice over it."

The 300,000 schools in the United States will receive suggestions for a Harvest Home festival from the bureau of education. This form of festival is the earliest form of American celebrations, and it is thought desirable to carry the idea over into city life as well as of the country. City and country communities will celebrate the day each after its own fashion, but the Harvest Home idea will dominate both.

"Whatever a community's particular type of product may be, on Liberty day its aim should be to reap a harvest of dollars for democracy," said Mr. Franklin. "On this day we meet, not as city people or country people, but as citizens, all united for the single purpose of serving the nation by devoting a part of our products to its needs.

"There is something vastly inspiring in the thought of all the local neighborhoods in the United States meeting the same day on the basis of citizenship with united devotion to the ideals for which America stands. Morale is to force as three to one," said Napoleon. To mobilize the spirit of America is of paramount importance. October 12 furnishes the occasion for expressing the nation's spirit in definite terms of service to meet the nation's present need.

"The idea is big, the opportunity is great. The time is short. This should be made the most successful national celebration since the war started."

Help Buy More Tanks.

Tanks are a big factor now in rolling back the German lines. They are saving the lives of thousands of men by crushing the vicious machine-gun nests which are the worst obstacle to infantry advance. Invest in Liberty bonds and Uncle Sam will be able to protect our storm troops with a life saving screen of tanks.

AMERICAN WOMEN CALLED INTO COUNTRY'S SERVICE

Must Conserve Every Resource, Save Labor and Money to Make Fourth Liberty Loan Success.

By MRS. ANTOINETTE FUNK, Vice Chairman Woman's National Liberty Loan Committee.

This is a war that belongs to women. It is not being waged for conquest, nor for glory, nor for any empty rite, nor for material gain. It is a war for humanity, and wherever men, women and children are concerned it is woman's business.

In this great world crisis that is now upon us the president of the United States has called American women into the service of the world. Our allies remain unconquered because of the devotion, heroism and sacrifice of their women. We, too, shall prove invincible with the complete consecration of our womanhood. When Secretary McAdoo called the women of America to do their part in financing the world, he reminded them that while battles were won by men, wars were won by money, and that money could only be raised with the aid of the nation's women.

Women do not often handle large sums of money, but a giant army of them hold a large per cent of the fifty and the hundreds of the last Liberty loan. Those with small savings, too small to invest in high class securities are purchasing the finest securities under the sun in the market of the world.

Money alone will not win the war. For, if all the gold in the world were placed in a shining heap, it would be useless unless converted into terms of labor.

Labor means everything that we must use in the war—food, clothing, munitions, ships, houses, railroads, all the vital elements that make up the everyday life of individuals and of the nation.

Woman must conserve labor as she conserves food. No woman has a right to anything to wear or to eat, to look at or to listen to, that she can possibly do without. All of these take labor to produce and detract from the necessities of war.

When the government has reached out its hand and laid it on the lives of its men nothing else matters. When our men have been asked to give all-life itself if need be—nothing that we can do or suffer really matters.

What do the graces of life matter when our plowshares are beaten into swords? What does the quality of food or the kind of clothing matter when men and women must ask themselves, "Is my boy hungry?" "Is he frozen?" We can give nothing that has not already been given by the youth that has marched out of our homes.

Liberty bonds are as good as coin of the realm, but if they were not and America needed the money, the women of the nation would frame those bonds and hand them down to their children's children as certificates of loyalty.

ABE MARTIN.



A Feller Should Be Engaged in Some Useful Occupation an' Own at Least Four Liberty Bonds Before He Starts 'Our Boys'

AMERICANS FROM ALL LANDS HELP LOAN

Folk Songs, Dances and Sports in Gait Effort of Foreign Division of Four Liberty Loan.

"The Star-Spangled Banner" sung in English by a chorus of more than thirty persons, none of whom are of the same nationality and most of whom are foreign-born; the "roll call of nations," directed by the only simon-pure American, an Indian; nationalistic demonstrations of the history, sports, art and industries of the peoples of every corner of the world; unique displays of the quaint customs and habits of many races differing widely in almost every way; these and many other striking features have been taken unto themselves by the woman's council of the fourth Liberty loan organization as part of their share in raising the billions for the fourth loan. To handle this work committees of foreign-speaking women have been formed in every state, county and other subdivision. The loan opens September 28 and continues until October 19.

According to Felix J. Streyckmans, federal reserve director of the foreign language division, and Mrs. Constance Howard, executive secretary of the woman's council, some idea of the stupendous task which the women of the foreign division have set out for themselves can be gained from the fact that virtually all that the members of their choruses and other participants in the pageants which are to be given have in common is that they are all Americans now.

In placing before the public the "roll call of nations," every nationality in each district, state, county, city and town will be asked to designate one person to represent that nation in the dress of his or her native land. They will also be asked to sing their native airs or relate some of the folk lore of the country which they or their ancestors left. Native dances, sports and games will also be on the program.

The food question being one of the most important before the world today, the women of the foreign-language division believe that there is much to be learned from a conservation and economic standpoint from the foods used and methods of preparation employed in the kitchens of the foreign-speaking woman. To this end every nationality represented in a community is to prepare a food exhibit to show English-speaking Americans how they can save to help win the war.

That the all-American choruses, roll calls, pageants and exhibits shall have proper artistic setting, the woman's council has secured the services of Pierre Nuytens, celebrated Chicago artist, as consulting director of the council. Nuytens will also be chairman of the council's committee on production of spectacles.

"There is no greater force toward the final welding of the American soul than by bringing together for patriotic purposes the foreign-speaking persons of the country," says Mrs. Howard.

WHAT LIBERTY BONDS DO

How They Keep Our "Watch Dogs" of the Navy on Guard.

The following list shows to the purchasers of Liberty bonds the cost of various kinds of supplies and equipment in the navy department. This list has been supplied by Paymaster General McGowan.

Approximate Cost of Vessels Completed Prior to June 30, 1917.

Table listing costs of various vessels: Battleship (\$13,000,000), Armored cruiser (\$9,500,000), Fuel ship (\$2,000,000), Destroyer (\$1,000,000), Submarine (\$600,000)

Estimated Cost of Various Types of Vessels Now Under Construction.

Table listing costs of vessels under construction: Battleships (\$23,075,000), Battle cruiser (\$24,900,000), Scout cruiser (\$7,220,000), Destroyer (\$4,590,000), Coast submarine (\$850,000), Sea-going submarine (\$1,450,000)

Cost of Various Guns, Based Upon Late Contracts.

Table listing costs of various guns: 3-in. (23 caliber) (\$4,000), 4-in. (\$9,000), 5-in. (\$12,000), 6-in. (\$15,000), 8-in. Howitzer (\$10,000), 14-in. (50 caliber) (\$158,000), 16-in. (45 caliber) (\$218,000), 18-in. (50 caliber) (\$258,000), 24-in. (50 caliber) (\$550,000)

Cost of Various Kinds of Ammunition.

Table listing costs of various kinds of ammunition: 1 pounder cartridge (\$0.72), 6 pounder cartridge (\$1.70), 3-in. shell (\$3.00), 4-in. shell (\$8.00), 5-in. shell (\$13.00), 6-in. shell (\$18.00), 14-in. shell from \$9 for common shell to \$80 for armor piercing, Torpedoes, \$5,000 to \$10,000 each

Issuing Price of Various Items of Clothing.

Table listing prices of various items of clothing: Rubber boots, pair (\$2.45), Blankets, each (6.50), Jerseys, each (2.75), Jumpers (blue) each (4.25), Jumpers (dungray) each (3.00), Jumpers (dress) each (1.70), Jumpers (dress) each (1.00), Legging, pair (1.00), Neckerchiefs, each (1.25), Overshirts, each (5.50), Overcoats, each (12.00), Shirts (blue P. O.) each (4.50), Shoes (high), pair (5.00), Shoes (low), pair (4.00), Trousers (blue) pair (4.00), Trousers (dungray), pair (1.25), Trousers (blue) pair (1.75), Undershirts (heavy), each (1.50), Undershirts (cotton), each (40)

The cost of the navy per man per day during the first six months of the fiscal year 1918 varied from \$0.49 on the larger types of vessels to \$0.52 on the smaller types.

HERE'S THE COST OF JUST A LITTLE BATTLE

Liberty Bonds Furnish Munitions and Supplies That Win Battles and Save Lives of Fighters.

French naval statisticians have carefully figured out the cost of a modest little naval battle. The sea fight at Jutland in 1916, when the Germans thought to prove the inferiority of the British war fleet, supplies plenty of material for such computations. The battle in the Skagerak lasted 45 minutes.

It cost England and Germany combined \$300,000,000. Each minute of fighting cost \$6,666,666.

We have some new war financing in the fourth Liberty loan. The United States wants to borrow enough money to carry on the fighting. All our preparations up to the present time have been tared, for by the first, second and third loans. The fourth is the "fighting loan."

The fourth loan may seem large when stated in terms of billions. The amount is not large when considered in terms of fighting. Just to illustrate: At the rate of expenditure shown during the naval battle of Jutland the United States wants to borrow on the fourth Liberty bonds enough to support only 16 hours and 40 minutes of fighting.

The question is, will you be one of 25,000,000 loyal Americans to "put up" your ratable share of fighting the Germans for 16 hours and 40 minutes? Will you lend the government your trivial pro rata?

It is a small thing to ask. Let's look into the arithmetic of it. Your personal share of the national wealth \$2,140.00 Your personal share in the national annual income 740.00 That is to say, you get a "dividend" of about 35 per cent on your "pro rata" of the national wealth.

You are asked to be one of 25,000,000 loyal Americans who will consent to lend about a third of that "dividend" to help fight the German for 16 hours and 40 minutes.

The United States isn't "passing the hat." The United States isn't asking anybody for a "hand-out." No more is the government asking you to "stand for a touch." Just the reverse of that.

The government asks to borrow one-third of the "velvet" that comes in to your bank account annually as your "dividend" from the business operations that are possible only because the United States protects your life and property on land and sea. And in evidence of its borrowing the government merely takes the kind of money you have in your pocket and gives you another kind of money as security for the loan.

To make it clearer: The United States issues "promises-to-pay-on-demand"—without interest—and that's the kind of money you have in your purse. When you lend that kind of money to the government you receive as security Liberty bonds, which are United States "promises-to-pay-at-maturity"—with interest. In other words, you only swap one kind of money for another kind that is better—\$4.25 better on each \$100.

However, the upshot of the matter is this:

We are fighting a war—and it is a real, bona fide war, without any "stage business" or imitation. It is known (on the authority of President Wilson) that the war is to a finish—no "draw," "stalemate" or "lie down." It may run into a cost as heavy as \$6,666,666 a minute if it gets to the scale of the little battle of Jutland. The United States must be ready for anything and everything.

Therefore you and everybody else must lend the government every free dollar that has been saved or can be saved as we go along. We must take all the fourth Liberty bonds that we possibly can pay for.

CAPT. KIDD WAS A HOARDER

Hoarding Money and Hiding it Does Nobody Any Good—Buy Bonds.

It takes very little ingenuity to "cache" money where the government can't find it. Captain Kidd buried a lot of his pirate "swag" somewhere along the Spanish main, where no one ever did find it—where it never did a living soul any good—never built a hospital—never alleviated human suffering—never helped along the works of civilization and humanity—just dead money; absolutely dead, like the soul of the pirate who hid it.

The brave thing now isn't hiding money. The only thing that counts in this terrible time is service.

Service with the colors, or service backing up the fighters who have offered their lives for the righteous cause. Hiding and hoarding money is not service. It is the opposite; it is taking money out of service. It is a species of desertion.

A deserter in the army stands up before a firing squad and pays the proper penalty. A hoarder is a money deserter who is entitled to the same penalty. Sometimes he is merely thoughtless. Sometimes he is just selfish.

But anyway he is doing a great wrong to the United States and a deadly wrong to the world and civilization.

The world does not need Captain Kidds. Nor does America. But America does need 20,000,000 more Liberty Bond buyers. If you have any money stowed away out of sight bring it out and have it changed into the most useful of all money—the fourth Liberty bonds.

Why Michigan Women Want the Ballot

LOWEST INFANT DEATH RATE IN FULL SUFFRAGE COUNTRIES; BALLOT SAFEGUARDS THE HOME

New Zealand, First Country to Grant Suffrage to Women, Has Lowest Infant Mortality Rate in the World—Women Use Ballot to Further Legislation for Home and State.

In days gone by dire accusations were brought against women who dared nurse an ambition to have a voice in the government of their country. Every untoward epithet in the English dictionary—and there are several—was bestowed upon them. They were home-wreckers, child-haters, family destroyers. But year by year woman suffrage was tried out, country by country, state by state, and lo! it was discovered that woman was using her vote, not to wreck the home, to protect it; not to the hurt of children, to their great good; not to destroy the family, to strengthen and secure it. So widespread has been the discovery that opponents of woman suffrage no longer dare make these charges. save in backwoods places—or places that they consider backwoods.

In view of the facts, it is to flout the intelligence of a community to tell it that to give a woman the right to protect her home and her children by a vote is to make her hate home and children. Every time and everywhere that woman gets a chance to vote she proceeds to use that vote for the benefit of home and children. Consider the record:

Over 300,000 babies die every year in the United States before they are one year old. The National Conservation Commission estimates that an individual is worth \$2,900 to society. At this rate the 300,000 babies represent a yearly loss of \$870,000,000 to the United States.

Five countries have a lower infant death rate than the United States. They are New Zealand, with an infant death rate of 50 per 1,000 births; Norway, 68 per 1,000; Australia, 72 per 1,000; Sweden, 72 per 1,000, and France, 78 per 1,000. The women in

all five countries leading the list now have full or municipal suffrage. Women have had the vote in New Zealand for twenty years and New Zealand has the lowest infant death rate in the world.

In the United States, California, a full suffrage state, is the banner baby state. It has the highest birth rate in the Union; and a very low death rate: One of the lowest infant death rates in the United States, 47.7, is in Berkeley, California.

In Portland, Oregon, the infant death rate is 55.1 per 1,000 births; in Spokane, Washington, 57.7. Kansas has reduced its rate from 120 to 70 since it adopted a Public Nursing Association in 1913. Washington gave women the vote in 1910, California in 1911, Kansas and Oregon in 1912.

When, of all the civilized world, the country that has had woman suffrage the longest has the lowest death rate, and the countries with the next lowest rate all have woman suffrage, can there be a doubt that woman suffrage helps to bring about better and healthier living conditions for all the people?

Isn't it evident that when mothers are represented in government and their opinions and interests are consulted, babies have a better chance? Isn't it proved that women with the ballot do not neglect their homes and babies?

Giving the ballot to women not only helps them to do their own work more effectively, but actually increases the wealth of the nation, both in manpower and in dollars and cents.

Michigan voters have it in their power to confer a great service upon the homes of their own state and the homes of the nation by voting for the suffrage amendment November 5.

HOUSEKEEPER NEEDS THE VOTE

Ballot Is Necessary to Protect the Home Under Changed Conditions.

WOMAN'S VOICE IS NEEDED.

Michigan Voters Will Have an Opportunity to Change One-Sided State of Affairs on November 5.

Housekeeping today is not what it used to be.

One hundred years ago our great grandmothers spun the cloth and made the clothes for the family. They employed the family cobbler for a week at a time, who made shoes for the year from leather cured and tanned on the premises. They baked the bread, churned the butter, cured the meat, and made the candles. In short, housed under their roofs all the activities that ministered to the necessities and comforts of the family.

Today all these processes are carried on outside of the home. The shoes are made in factories, the clothes go through the sweatshops, the meat is cured by big companies, the bread is made at the bakeries, and the butter comes from the creameries.

Instead of living in houses open on all sides to the sun, we have the tenement house; instead of water directly from a well or spring, we have piped water; instead of the simple problem of letting the small amount of garbage decay in the sun, we have the vast problem of a city's disposal.

All of these matters of food, clothes, housing, water and garbage are subject to legislation. The state has taken the place of the parents. The question of regulation of all of these matters so vital to a housekeeper is one of collective opinion, expressed by the ballot.

Michigan has settled her municipal housekeeping problems by the collective opinion of men only. Women, the natural housekeepers and home makers, so far, have not had an opportunity to make their opinions felt through the medium of the ballot. Michigan voters, it is predicted, will change this one-sided state of affairs on November 5 by voting for woman suffrage.



EVERYTHING TO GAIN

If Michigan Votes Yes on Woman Suffrage November 5.

MEN LOSE NOTHING—they keep their votes.

THE HOME WILL GAIN A VOTE in addition to the one it had before.

THE WIFE WILL GAIN more interests in common with her husband.

THE MOTHER WILL GAIN the power to reduce the high cost of living, to get better schools and recreation places for her children and decent working conditions for her older sons and daughters.

THE CHILDREN WILL GAIN double protection when the father and mother both can vote.

THE FARMER WILL GAIN because farm women will vote for farm interests.

THE STATE WILL GAIN because it will have the service of experts in housekeeping.

GOVERNMENT WILL GAIN because it can use the intelligence of ALL THE PEOPLE instead of only one-half.

VOTE FOR WOMAN SUFFRAGE NOVEMBER 5.

Briefs of the Week

Mrs. Wm. Dunlop returned Tuesday from Flint.

Mrs. W. T. Boswell was a Traverse City visitor first of the week.

Mrs. G. Blake of Bellaire was guest of Mrs. Henry Cummings this week.

Josiah St. John left Monday for a visit with a brother at St. Lawrence, N. Y.

Mrs. Wm. Nice returned home Friday from a visit with her sister at Chicago.

E. N. Clink is at Grand Rapids this week attending the Republican State Convention.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Utter of Melvin are visiting the latter's parents, Mr. and Mrs. A. H. Shepard.

Miss Gertrude Bretz returned to her home at Hersey, Monday, after a visit at the home of her brother, Frank Bretz.

Mrs. G. W. Bechtold left Friday for Bellaire, where she joined her sister-in-law and from there goes to Maryland and other states for a three-week's visit.

Mrs. A. D. Grigsby passed away at her home at Morrice, Mich., this Friday morning. Funeral services will probably be held this Saturday with interment probably at Saginaw.

Private and Mrs. Harry Bliss, who were here for a visit with the latter's parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. P. Porter, left Friday—Mrs. Bliss to her home at Pittsburgh, and Mr. Bliss to Washington D. C., where he reports for work in the research department.

Sergeant Edward Kamradt, who was guest of his parents here on a short leave of absence, left Tuesday to report for duty at Camp Sherman, Ohio. Serg't Kamradt, who was with our "Co. 1" boys in France, left there about the middle of August. He was one of about forty selected from his regiment as drill sergeants to return to the U. S.

In the illustrated news section of last Sunday's Chicago Herald appeared a large picture of "The American Regimental Band entering the Public Square in Massenaux," the occasion being American Independence Day celebration. And at the head of the column is our own Capt. Winters—or, if not him, then his twin brother.

A letter to Otis J. Smith, dated Aug. 19th, Capt. Winters writes in part as follows: "Every one of our bunch lived up to every expectation that yours truly ever had, so I am more proud than ever." "Just got a cable today regarding money from East Jordan. Will answer as soon as money arrives. Some East Jordan boys injured, but not seriously."

Rev. Myron E. Hoyt, who applied for the position of Chaplain in the U. S. service sometime ago, has been ordered to report to the Training School for Chaplains at Camp Taylor, Oct. 4th. He passed the physical examination at Flint first of this week. The course is about five weeks duration, so this coming Sunday will be the last he will occupy the Methodist pulpit for some time.

Dep'ty Sheriff Cook did a good piece of police work Thursday night when apprehended Charles Tripp, alias Jim Morris, alias Charles Babbitt, wanted to answer for a series of burglaries at Cadillac, Traverse City, Boyne Falls, Elmira, and other places. Sheriff Cook picked him up about nine o'clock and after over an hour's grilling finally obtained a confession that he was the man wanted. Sheriff Novak came over about midnight, took the prisoner to Charlevoix, and locked him up.

Mrs. W. F. Empey was at Traverse City, Tuesday.

Mrs. George Zoulek and child returned home Friday from a visit at Suttons Bay.

Chas. A. Hudson returned Wednesday from a business trip to Grand Rapids.

Miss Josie Cihak who has been employed at Petoskey, returned home Tuesday.

Mrs. A. K. Wilson of Ann Arbor is guest at the home of her son, Atty D. L. Wilson.

Miss Regina Johnson returned to Flint, Monday, after a visit with Miss Julia Ellison.

Mrs. E. Whaling and children went to Gladwin, Monday, for a visit with her mother.

Mrs. W. M. Free of Battle Creek is visiting at the home of her son, Clarence Wright.

Mr. and Mrs. A. Walstad returned home Friday from a visit with their son at Engadine.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Bussler left Monday for Kalamazoo and other points for a visit with friends.

Mrs. Frank Porter and daughter Alice left Wednesday, for Lansing to remain for the winter.

Miss Wilma Wootan returned to her home at Ovid, Monday, after a visit with Miss Wilma Pickard.

John F. Winters returned to Chicago Monday, after a visit at the home of his niece, Mrs. Henry Winters.

Mr. and Mrs. Milo Fay returned home Saturday last from their auto trip thru southern Michigan.

Mrs. F. Ellis of Traverse City was called here this week by the illness of her niece, Mrs. Roxanna Seymour.

Mrs. Harry Sutherland returned to Roscommon, Monday, after a visit with her sister-in-law, Mrs. Frank Stewart.

Jim O'Leary and family now occupy the residence near the high school, recently vacated by W. H. Sloan and family.

Mrs. J. A. Porter returned to her home at Wixom, Wednesday, after a visit with her daughter, Mrs. Newton Jones.

Mrs. C. Walsh went to Grand Rapids, Wednesday, to attend the funeral of her niece's grandmother, Mrs. James Hefferan.

The L. D. S. Ladies Auxiliary will hold a miscellaneous sale at the West Side Meat Market on Saturday afternoon, Oct. 5th.

Mrs. Sarah Spencer and daughters, Mrs. Henry L. Winters and Miss Carrie Spencer, left Monday for their new home at Seattle, Wash.

Mrs. R. L. Post will return to her home at Lapeer this Saturday, after a visit here with her sisters, Mrs. J. W. Rogers and Miss Mary A. Collins.

Charles Danto and Donald Porter left Wednesday to resume their studies at the U. of M. They will also enroll in the Students' Army Training Corps.

Mr. and Mrs. L. G. Balch recently entertained the former's brother, Noble Balch of Shepard. Also Miss Marion Savage of Reed City and Miss Gladys Van Fleet of Boyne Falls.

Frank Phillips, Ben Smatts and Orrin Bartlett, with their wives, also Edward Smatts, were at Charlevoix last Friday forenoon to attend the funeral services of their relative, George A. Crouter, who passed away at the U. S. Naval Training Station at Paris Island, of pneumonia.

Miss Blanche Boakes left Friday for Lansing, for a visit with friends.

Blaine Harrington has accepted a position at the E. J. & S. Depot.

Mrs. A. Devish of Flint has been visiting her sister, Mrs. Henry Humes-ton.

Miss Lydia Blount went to Ann Arbor Friday, where she will attend the U. of M.

Special meeting of East Jordan Lodge No. 379 F. & A. M., this Saturday evening.

George Burley went to Escanaba, Thursday, where he will seek employment.

Mrs. Robt. Grant was called to Lansing this week by the illness of her daughter.

Miss Aurora Stewart left Friday for Ypsilanti, where she will attend the State Normal.

Samuel Richardson and family moved last week into the apartment over the Peoples Bank.

Mrs. S. M. Gagnon of Northport is visiting at the home of her daughter, Mrs. A. J. Hite.

Mrs. Clark Schlichter of Vanderbilt is guest at the home of her sister, Mrs. LeRoy Sherman.

Mrs. A. J. Hite and Miss Mina Hite were Traverse City visitors Wednesday and Thursday.

Chas. Baker and family left Wednesday for Muskegon, where they will make their future home.

Misses Margaret Kenny and Louise Brennan left Friday for Detroit, where they will secure positions.

Rev. and Mrs. M. E. Hoyt and daughter returned home Thursday from a visit at Flint and other points.

Mr. and Mrs. Thos. Green and children left Thursday for a visit with relatives at Detroit and Whiting, Ind.

Mrs. Gertrude Bowen of Fife Lake was guest at the home of her sister, Mrs. Robt. Grant, first of the week.

E. C. Madison returned to his home at Cadillac, Friday, after a visit at the home of his daughter, Mrs. A. Hilliard.

Mrs. Arthur Shepard with son left Friday for Muskegon, where she joins her husband and will make their home.

W. H. Sloan and family now occupy their newly purchased residence on Second-St.—the former Weisman property.

Wm. LaValley, who is attending a Mechanic Training School at Ann Arbor was home a couple of days first of the week.

Mrs. Robert Miles left Monday for her home at Lansing after an extended visit here with her daughter, Mrs. R. A. Brintnall.

Mr. and Mrs. T. J. Dare and daughter returned to Cleveland, Monday, after a visit here with Mrs. C. A. Say and other relatives.

Mrs. J. Holden, who has spent the summer here, guests of Miss Belle Roy and Miss Jennie Philo, left Friday for her home at Lansing.

Mrs. Louis Bancroft with children returned home Thursday from an extended visit with relatives at Rossville, Ill., and South Bend, Ind.

Misses Leaneore Kenny and Helen Hilliard went to Grand Rapids, Friday, for a few days visit with friends. From there they will go to Lansing to attend the M. A. C.

Mrs. John Whiteford and daughter, Mrs. John McKinnon were called to Traverse City last Saturday by the death of the former's niece's little boy who was killed in an elevator there.

The rooms of the G. A. R. and the Woman's Relief Corps were the scene of a Golden Wedding Anniversary last Saturday, Sept. 21. On the 22nd of September 1868 at Scott, Wisconsin was a double wedding, Frank L. Smith and Nancy Bowen, and George Bowen and Eunice J. Warden were the contracting parties. Both Mr. Smith and Mr. Bowen had been honorably discharged from the United States Army. After a short time the two families separated. Mr. and Mrs. Bowen came to this county in 1872. Mr. and Mrs. Smith came in 1894. Geo. Bowen died in May 1916. Members of both families met Saturday noon with the G. A. R. and the Relief Corps and in all about 75 people sat at the table. The members of the Corps had prepared a very tasty dinner, and all present did full justice to the meal. Their was no wedding ceremony, but on behalf of the Corps and the G. A. R. the Rev. R. S. Sidebotham presented Mr. and Mrs. Smith and Mrs. Bowen with a golden wedding souvenir. This is the second Golden Wedding Anniversary celebrated in the Post rooms this year. It reminds us very forcibly that the men who fought in the 60's are no longer young. East Jordan is proud of its old soldiers. They are men who are no longer able to do active work, but we gratefully remember the heroism and the sacrifices that they and their families endured before the birth of the present generation. The community at large unites in congratulations and best wishes to Mr. and Mrs. Smith and to Mrs. Bowen; and prays for many long years of happy life to all members of the Post and Corps.

Bert Hughes left Thursday on a business trip to Dayton, Ohio.

Mr. and Mrs. Claude Beales returned home Monday from a visit at Fife Lake.

Miss Agnes Vogel left Wednesday for a visit with relatives at Grand Rapids.

Mrs. James Gidley was called to Morrice, Wednesday, by the illness of her mother, Mrs. A. D. Grigsby.

Mrs. Florence Reitzel returned to Saginaw, Tuesday, after a visit here with her mother, Mrs. D. McColman.

Mrs. J. H. Milford and children left Monday for Detroit, where she will join her husband and make their future home.

Mr. and Mrs. M. H. Robertson left Tuesday for Cleveland, Ohio, for a visit with their daughter, Mrs. B. A. Dole. From there they will go to Florida for the winter.

Mrs. Walter Currier returned to her home at Toledo, Ohio, Thursday, after a visit at the home of her grandmother, Mrs. Emeline Lemieux. Mrs. Currier was formerly Miss Louise Monroe of this city.

Presbyterian Church Notes

Robert S. Sidebotham, Pastor.

Sunday, Sept. 29, 1918.

Home Coming Day.

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

12:00 Noon—Sunday School.

5:00 p. m.—Vesper Service. "Righteousness."

6:00 p. m.—Christian Endeavor.

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

This is the day we want every person of Presbyterian inclination to be present at the church services. If you can't be at all, be at as many of the services as you can. We want the inspiration of having the entire church family together. Every member, every one who has a child in the Sunday School. We hope to have all the congregation present.

No Vesper services this Sunday on account of the Patriotic Rally that evening at Temple Theatre.

WANTED!

Female Help for Government contract work. Good wages. Steady work. Write for full particulars.

WESTERN KNITTING MILLS

Rochester, Michigan.

A Woman's Heart Recommendation.

Worry and overwork cause kidney trouble, and women suffer equally with men. Miss Sara Westen Belvidere, Ill., writes: "I could not stoop and when down I had to crawl up by a chair. I was so lame I suffered agony. Now I feel like a new person, stronger and better in every way I heartily recommend Foley Kidney Pills."—Hite's Drug Store.

IN BED 20 YEARS, BUT ALWAYS HAPPY.

Gifted Cripple Sends Greetings to All Mankind on Occasion of New Year.

New York.—"I never see a cloudy day! It's because I make my own sunshine. Everybody else can do the same!"

From his "mattress grave"—his bed—which he has not left in twenty years, Charles Noel Douglas, called "Uncle Charlie," poet, playwright, song writer and purveyor of sunshine, sends this message broadcast with a "Happy New Year!" to all mankind.

This remarkable man never sees the bright lights or gaiety of Broadway, but has written such song hits as "The Coxy Corner Girl" and "I'm Not That Kind of a Girl," written 700 other song lyrics and edited a sunshine page in a magazine for thirteen years.

"I'm always cheerful because I figure I ought to have been dead for twenty years," he says. "I was stricken with an obscure nervous disease and they told me I was an incurable cripple. My first thought was to beat the poor farm."

"I had been an actor. I knew what the public wanted. I borrowed pencil and paper and between twitches of pain wrote a song. I sold it for \$20."

"From that day I realized there was something in the world for me to do, and I've been doing it."

"I find joy in creating stories, songs and verses that bring sunshine into the lives of others."

In connection with his magazine work "Uncle Charlie" has organized a league of young folk, every one pledged to do "sunshine work." Through this league he has brightened the lives of thousands of poor, helpless shut-ins.

At 50, still a helpless, hopeless invalid, Douglas has won success and brightened the lives of thousands of shut-ins.

And this man has not enjoyed a painless day or night in twenty years.

NEGROES EMPIRE GOES ON ROCKS

DISEASES OF AFRICA DECIMATE "KING SAM'S" LEGION

Steamer Which Carried U. S. Blacks Over Towed Back in Face of Great Odds.

Brooklyn, N. Y.—How an American negro's dream of an Ethiopian empire in Africa became a nightmare was related here when the steamer Liberia arrived at the end of an 800-foot tow-line.

Two years and eight months from the day it lifted anchor, the ship was home again, and "King Sam" and those of his followers who escaped drowning and disease are scattered among the villages of the west coast of the continent of their ancestors, "King Sam" himself, according to officers who were sent out to bring the ship home, has married the dusky stenographer he took with him and has had himself elected "omahin," chief of a village in the "bush" where he lives, clad in one garment, and does a small business buying and selling cocoa beans. His "empire" consists of a tiny group of African natives living in mud huts in the jungle.

The Liberia came in towed by the Zealandia, a ship of the Universal Transportation Company, after a message that in itself was one of the great romances of the sea. When the Universal company, in scouring the seas for ships with which to carry the wealth creating cargoes that followed the beginning of the war, learned that King Sam's ark was lying deserted off the African coast, they offered it, is said, a prize of \$65,000 to any one who would go out and bring it back the six thousand miles to Brooklyn.

Wrecking and towing companies, whose business is to take hazards in salvaging ships, and even mushroom companies ready for almost any wild adventure from which money is to be gained, passed the offer by.

Eventually the C. W. Morse, a wooden tug, started out on the long trip loaded with less than half enough coal for the voyage. It was never heard of again, and shipping men believe the tug, its captain, his wife and the crew are lost.

Finally the officers of the company made a proposition to the crew of the Zealandia, their own vessel. The crew accepted.

Two Brooklyn men were sent out ahead to disentangle the Liberia from the snarl of maritime litigation in which "King Sam's" peculiar system of financing had involved it.

In October the Zealandia drew up beside the rusty "ark" off Animagoa and toward the end of the month the long return passage, which took fifty-five days, began. Captain Miller and his chief officer stayed on the Liberia with a crew of seven "Fantees," coal black surf men from a neighboring African settlement, who wore one small blanket and no shoes, and who were so lazy that "a hookworm is chain lightning beside them," according to one of their white superiors.

The long return passage was made in almost perfect weather and that, according to an officer on the Zealandia, was the only thing that saved the ship in tow.

As the ships came northward the "Fantees" began to suffer with the cold. In November the ships stopped at Barbaros for coal and there clothes were obtained for the natives. They donned them for comfort and not for modesty's sake, but, on their arrival here, they covered with two and three suits apiece and wearing head coverings all the way from leopard skin caps to bath towels, they could not endure the shoes.

In port here curious seafarers wandered over the Liberia's deck trading from what they saw the story of "King Sam" and his voyage back to the land of black men, and they found the ship a veritable historical museum of the undertaking.

Sam's "Holy Room" was the star exhibit. A little twelve-foot room aft of the saloon it was, where Sam was said to have secluded himself when he withdrew from the rest of the company for "meditation." Outside the door hung a sign lettered in gilt with the word "Holy." On the wall hung a crude oil painting of a landscape, in the background of which were roughly drawn red roofed houses and near them three crosses against the sky. Above them all were the strange words:

"Whi Onyankopong Guama."

"And underneath the cushions of the seats about the wall in curious proximity, mildewed, were a white robe and an ironbound "billy club" which looked as if Sam might have held it in reserva to influence his followers when exhortation failed.

In the saloon, backed against the wall, was an upright piano, the life of many a clog dance and many a "meetin'" on board, but today capable of voicing only a muffled tunk-tunk-tunk.

Near the piano a circle of a double thickness of lilloleum had been worn thru by heels of clogging dancemen, and all around the wall in front of the seats were jagged marks where heels had stamped the tempo in the floor.

On the same seats were scraps of hymnals and inscribed with names of the colonists and the home towns in Oklahoma and Kansas which they had left behind.

ST. LOUIS DROMIDS ARE DOOLEY TWINS

SO ALIKE THEY FOOL THEIR OWN SWEETHEARTS

Romance of Each Began When They "Switched" in Making Calls on Two Girls.

St. Louis, Mo.—Joe and Will Dooley, well known in business circles of this city, are 22 year-old twins. They look so much alike that even lynx-eyed book agents can't tell them apart. The complications that are constantly arising because of their remarkable similarity in looks are frequently laughable and soon develop into stories to be floated about town. A good one is still told about the twins and a negro elevator man.

Several years ago one of the twins worked in the office of the Union Electric Light and Power Company. One day he came down the elevator and chatted with the negro elevator man. The negro bade him good-by and saw him go out the door. Almost at the same time the other twin, who had called at the office for his brother but missed him, walked down the stairs near the elevator.

"I done seen double," cried the negro, running out of the building. According to tradition, he never came back to his elevator job.

Before they formed a partnership one of the twins was working for an insurance agent in the Pierce Building. Returning from lunch one day he met his "boss" on the street. Going up to him he said:

"How is my brother getting along in your office?" "Splendidly," replied the boss. "He is one of the best employes I have and he is going to make good. I'm glad to see you are so deeply interested in his progress, Mr. Dooley."

The deceptive twin hurried back to the office and was at his desk when the "boss" returned.

"I met your brother on the street," said the "boss." "He is a fine young man."

The likeness of the brothers enabled them to economize in one direction. One would go to a photographer and have his picture made. He would order a dozen and give six of them to his friends. The other brother would take them and distribute them as likenesses of himself. No one could tell the difference. When one brother was too busy to keep a "fitting" engagement with his tailor he would send the other.

This is what was planned to make the announcement just yet; it has become known that the Dooley twins are engaged. Joe is to wed Miss Edmee Anheuser of 3131 Russel avenue, and Will is betrothed to Miss Cornelia Howe of Webster Groves.

In social circles the Dooley twins have been noted for their accomplishments as dancers, but have been a constant source of confusion to their dancing partners. A girl might know that she had danced with one of the Dooley twins, but she could never be sure which one.

About a year and a half ago, according to one of their close friends, Joe was to make an evening call on Miss Howe and Will was to visit Miss Anheuser. In a spirit of fun they "switched." Joe went to the Anheuser home and was greeted by Miss Anheuser as "Will." At the Howe residence Will was received as "Joe."

Neither young woman discovered the deception and they could hardly believe it when the joke was told to them later, when they found themselves engaged to the wrong men. The brothers, however, never made the "switch" back.

MAN HANGED BY HOG

HE TRIES TO STEAL

Farmer Finds Animal and Negro Suspended on Opposite Sides of Barrier.

Frank, N. O.—Jim Shads, a negro of Lick Log Gap, a colored settlement one mile south of this village, was hanged by a hog.

The story is told by Horton Cooper of Frank, as follows:

"When the weather became colder, Isaac Ollis, a white farmer of this place, slaughtered a 200-pound porker and left it hanging where it had been dressed that it might thoroughly cool overnight.

"When Mr. Ollis went early next morning to finish his work he found much to his chagrin, that the porker was missing. Guessing what had happened, he began a systematic search for trace of the thief.

"Strange footprints had gone in the direction of the Lick Log Gap, and following them, Mr. Ollis soon came to a place where signs indicated that the thief had dropped his slippery burden and had had trouble in replacing it upon his shoulder.

"Mr. Ollis hurried on. Scarcely fifty yards farther the object of his search broke upon his surprised sight. A high, old-fashioned rail fence ran directly across the trail, and from the topmost rail, and on the side next to Mr. Ollis, hung the carcass of the hog; on the other side, his head between the gambrel-stick and one of the hog's hind legs, dangled the lifeless body of Jim Shads. His neck was broken.

"When the heavy and slippery burden was being hoisted across the fence it had slipped and substantially hanged the pork-hungry dandy."

How You Can Help What to Save & What to Use NATIONAL PROGRAM.

SAVE SUGAR—Two pounds per person per month is the American honor ration. Try to eat less and add to the national surplus for canning. Do this that the fighting forces may be kept fully supplied, and that England, France and Italy may receive their greatly restricted requirements. USE FRUITS—Take advantage of the season in your diet, thus conserving not only meat and wheat, but transportation and labor. Don't use canned goods now, while the fresh are available. USE DAIRY PRODUCTS—Always give the children plenty of milk, milk products and eggs. Use them your- selves freshly now, and thus conserve what for export. USE FISH—New species are being popularized and supplies increased. Eat this nutritious but perishable food several times a week and let the non-perishables go abroad. RESULT—Our efforts during the fiscal year 1917-18 sent the Allies 18,844,000 pounds more meat and fats and 90,900,000 bushels more cereals than during 1916-17. From American sources of supply also 1,284,400,000 pounds more sugar was shipped than the pre-war annual average. HOW MANY POUNDS WILL YOU SAVE FOR THEM IN 1918-19?

VINOL MAKES WEAK WOMEN STRONG

Positive—Convincing Proof
We publish the formula of Vinol to prove convincingly that it has the power to create strength.

Any woman who buys a bottle of Vinol for a weak, run-down, nervous condition and finds after giving it a fair trial it did not help her, will have her money returned.
You see, there is no guess work about Vinol. Its formula proves there is nothing like it for all weak, run-down, overworked, nervous men and women and for feeble old people and delicate children. Try it once and be convinced.

HITE DRUG CO., East Jordan and Druggists Everywhere.

Armies are always capturing the key to this place and that. They'd have had some fun with Balpate and its seven keys.

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

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

Dr. C. H. Pray
Dentist
Office Hours:
8 to 12 a. m. 1 to 5 p. m.
And Evenings.
Phone No. 223.

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

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

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

LETTERS FROM OUR BOYS "OVER THERE"

(Continued from First Page.)
It's time for inspection, so I'll say good-bye for now. I'm in the best of health and enjoying myself very much. Hope you are all well and happy.
Bushels and Pecks of Love
"LARRY."
My address now is
338 Infy. H. Q. Co.
American Expeditionary Forces.
France, via. New York.
Somewhere in France.
Aug. 25, 1918.

My Dear Sis—
Just got back from Church, we have a very old church here, in fact, this whole town is old, there is an old Castle here that was captured in 55 B. C. Leslie Miles just came up to see me and he and I got a permit and went up to the top, you can see for many miles from the top, the Castle was built in 45 B. C., and was seized for 42 days by Caesar before he captured it, it is about 100 high and is on top of the mountain, the walks are over ten feet thick and there is a dungeon in the bottom.
Leslie is stationed in a town near here, and Ferneau is there too, I'm going to try and get down to see him and see if he is as fat as he used to be when I played with him last winter. I saw a fellow from East Jordan named Hasted the other day too, it seems good to see someone from home way over here in this dreamy old place.
The Band went down to the river Loire yesterday to swim, its about three miles from here and is a fine place to swim, we start about one o'clock and get back about six, it sure is some climb back up here too, I thought we had some hills back home but they are mere bumps on the ground compared with these. Most all the fellows are asleep and the snores seem to interrupt my chain of thought.
Have you had your vacation yet? Where did you go? I hope if you got down to Grand Rapids you went up to see Aunt Mary, she sure did want to see you.
I am in that picture I sent you from Custer, you can tell me if you can find a snare drum.
I wish we were allowed to have a camera over here, we sure could get some swell pictures to take back.
Last Sunday we went to a city near here to play, it is about the size of Grand Rapids, we had a nice trip and a good feed, the towns are awfully close together here, when we were on the trains it seemed as though we were passing thru a town every five minutes.
We have a Canteen here now and I had the first candy last night that I've had for three weeks, and you know how I like candy, but I appreciate it all the more for going without it so long. I sure do miss those Sunday dinners and that Sea-foam you used to make.
We have a fine home here now, we are in the town Ball Room, it's kinda crowded but we have a congenial bunch of fellows and get along fine. I sent you and mother some souvenirs, I hope they reach you O. K. for they were very pretty. Tell mother to write to me whenever she gets time for I sure do enjoy her letters and your letters-do me as much good as a pay day.
The crops are getting ripe here now, and they have a lot of them here to; every foot of ground has something growing on it, they raise a great many grapes here, the people don't believe in drinking water here when they can raise grapes and make wine. Well Sis, us "Boiler-Makers" have got to go out now and give the natives some real American "Jazz" so I'll say good-bye for this time.

With Oodles of Love,
"LARRY."
Give my regards to Mark Chaplin, Mr. and Mrs. Gruber, McNamara, Bill and Mrs. Kenny, Mrs. Carr, Cook, Litter, and the gang at the Bank and the Lbr. Co. office and store, I haven't time to write to them all.

"A SHINE IN EVERY DROP"
Black Silk Stove Polish is different. It does not dry out; can be used to clean, wash, and polish; no dust or dirt; it saves your money's worth.
Black Silk Stove Polish is not only most economical, but it gives a brilliant, silky lustre that cannot be obtained with any other polish. Black Silk Stove Polish does not rub off; it lasts four times as long as ordinary polish—so it saves you time, work and money.
Don't forget when you work stove polish, use the Black Silk Stove Polish. It's the best stove polish you ever used—your stove will thank you for it.
Use Black Silk Stove Polish for stoves, ranges, iron, brass, and other metal. It cleans, polishes, and shines. It is the best for all metal work. It has no equal for metal maintenance.
Get a Can TODAY

Black Silk Stove Polish
The principal items for which congress has made appropriations available for the present fiscal year are as follows:
Artillery.....\$1,050,000,000
Automatic rifles.....200,000,000
Small arms.....100,000,000
Artillery ammunition.....1,200,000,000
Small arms ammunition.....340,000,000
Small arms, ammunition practice.....150,000,000
Stores and supplies (personal horse and organization).....220,000,000
Armored motor cars.....100,000,000
\$4,100,000,000

WHAT UNCLE SAM DOES WITH MONEY
How Funds Raised by Sale of Liberty Loan Bonds is Expended by Government.
FIGURES ARE STAGGERING
Estimated Total of \$24,000,000,000 Will Be Spent This Year for Preparation and Maintenance of Our Fighting Forces.
Now that the people of the United States are to be asked in the Fourth Liberty Loan drive, which opens September 28 and continues three weeks, to lend the government at least twice as much money as has been asked before, the treasury department realizes that there is a natural curiosity on the part of the public to know for what all this money is being expended. The amount already spent on preparation and the maintenance of the fighting forces staggers the imagination, and the prospect is for an even larger expenditure in the present fiscal year, the total being estimated at \$24,000,000,000.
Figures received at Liberty Loan headquarters for the Seventh Reserve district from the war department give an idea of the vast sums which have been expended and which will have to be spent to win the war, and this information brings home to all Americans a concrete idea of how much money it takes to wage a modern war and how our money is being used to win victory.
The following figures are an answer to the query of the average Liberty Bond buyer: "Just what will Uncle Sam do with the money from my \$500 bond? A single bond does not go far toward meeting the expense of war, it is pointed out, but when the bonds of millions of Americans are brought together, the total of cash provided reaches stupendous totals.
Since the United States entered the war in April, 1917, the war department has raised, equipped, trained and, with naval help, sent across the sea upward of a million and half of soldiers, and has practically as many more under training at home. Of all this vast number of men sent abroad, the number lost in transit as a result of U-boat attacks up to September 1, 1918, was less than 500.
During this same time 2,000,000 rifles have been made, inspected, assembled and issued, and the weekly production is growing.
The total amount of money directly appropriated by congress for the ordnance program, for which authorization has been given to incur obligations, amounts to approximately \$12,000,000,000.
From the beginning of the war to June 30, 1918, the last day of the past fiscal year, contracts were placed by the ordnance department from appropriations and authorizations existing at that time amounting to \$4,800,000,000. It is now estimated that during the present fiscal year ending June 30, 1919, the actual cash expenditures for ordnance will reach a total of \$7,000,000,000.
The major items for which cash expenditures were made or for which contracts were placed up to June 30, 1918, were as follows:

COME ON! YOU CAN'T SWAMP ME!
LET IT COME! I CAN TAKE CARE OF IT! YOU BET I CAN! WE'LL BE HERE!
REALLY THE ONLY WAY TO MAKE YOU BETTER HOME UNCLE.
WISPERITY

Black Silk Stove Polish
The principal items for which congress has made appropriations available for the present fiscal year are as follows:
Artillery.....\$1,050,000,000
Automatic rifles.....200,000,000
Small arms.....100,000,000
Artillery ammunition.....1,200,000,000
Small arms ammunition.....340,000,000
Small arms, ammunition practice.....150,000,000
Stores and supplies (personal horse and organization).....220,000,000
Armored motor cars.....100,000,000
\$4,100,000,000
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Small arms ammunition.....340,000,000
Small arms, ammunition practice.....150,000,000
Stores and supplies (personal horse and organization).....220,000,000
Armored motor cars.....100,000,000
\$4,100,000,000
An immense system of railroads in France has been built, with new docks



EVERY LIFE A REASON FOR PURCHASING BONDS
Duty to Our Country Far Greater Than to Dearest Friends in Time of Need.
By LILLIAN GISH, Famous Screen Actress.
I know 600,000,000 reasons for buying a Liberty Bond, and not one against a bond. Certainly every life in this country and in the lands of our allies offers a reason, for each one considers his or her life and freedom worth any protection necessary, even to death.
No matter how pressed for funds one would loan a dearest friend a few dollars in time of greatest need, knowing the money would be returned with interest. And how much greater is the duty to one's country than to one's dearest friend!
If you had been with me in London one afternoon, a "Four-Minute" man of a different breed than ours would have given you so many reasons to buy bonds you would never think of reasons, but just give, and give, and give. He was a Hun aviator and he was over London just four minutes. And he dropped bombs.
One dropped on a public school where little children were at their studies. It was a big school. Nearly all were killed or maimed. Their mothers came, when the alarm was spread. They fought with the police. Most of the mothers had husbands at war. Their faces and their outcries! How much those women had to give!
A few Liberty bonds measure up pretty small compared with a little child, or a brother, or father, or husband, or sweetheart, or friend. In the past we have put our raw efforts in the mint of commerce, and got money; and now we put our money in the mint of patriotism and get Liberty bonds.
In the prayer book of democracy today the fly-leaf should be a Liberty bond. Have you got yours?
How Farmers' Clubs Can Help.
Meetings of the Grange and Farmers' clubs in rural communities should be utilized for the purpose of stirring up enthusiasm for the Liberty loan. The war which is now being brought home to all of us in the daily casualty lists will be the chief topic of interest, and it will be an easy matter to turn the discussions to the necessity and duty of participating in the war work by buying Liberty Loan bonds.
A Double Saving.
Money invested in Liberty bonds not only secures quick assets when most needed with a good monetary return if held to maturity, but after the war the buying power will be greatly enhanced, making a double saving.

Article	Quantity	Value
Shoes, gaiting	1,333,000	\$55,481,850
Shoes, fields	16,843,000	71,851,370
Coats, cotton	6,673,000	16,999,080
Coats, wool	12,864,000	87,217,920
Shirts, cotton	14,961,000	34,270,580
Breeches, wool	15,459,000	74,512,350
Shirts, cotton	4,098,000	4,098,000
Undershirts, cotton	50,545,000	30,327,500
Undershirts, winter	33,225,000	66,450,000
Shirts, flannel	21,289,000	74,981,500
Drawers, cotton	41,352,000	24,811,200
Drawers, winter	41,352,000	83,398,000
Stockings, cotton	42,854,000	3,624,840
Stockings, wool, ft. wt. 70,592,000		24,707,200
Stockings, wool, hvy.	83,426,000	34,884,300
Hats, service	7,778,000	16,558,800
Blankets, 3 lbs.	14,134,000	91,871,000
Blankets, 4 lbs.	6,871,000	64,968,000

United States Tires are Good Tires
You will find the right tire for your car at the nearest United States Sales and Service Depot.
We KNOW United States Tires are GOOD Tires. That's why we sell them.
EAST JORDAN LUMBER CO.



"We'll take it Home in the Car"

The average motor car is paying its way now more than ever before.
It is helping to make up man-power shortage by saving time,
—by taking part of the burden of store deliveries,
—by relieving freight and passenger congestion.
Make your car as useful as possible.
Make it as economical as possible.
Equip it with United States Tires for greater usefulness—more continuous service—utmost mileage at minimum cost.

Chain Tread **Usco Tread**
United States Tires are Good Tires

THE "TEA PARTY" AND THE KAISER
By LOUIS ALBERT LAMB.
My granddads painted red his hide In ancient Mohawk style, And crept down to the Mystic side To wait a little while.
Then other Yanks in redskin guise Collected at the bay And took the 'tea ship by surprise And threw the tea away.
Old George the Third was much averse To freedom for the Yanks; His taxes were a deadly curse— He taxed and gave no thanks.
But when the Mohawk Boston men Dumped all the tea to port King George began to think again And arm for warlike sport.
He sent his Hessians over here To kill Cap. Barker's boys, To burn the school and meeting house And other such annoy;
But when they came to Bunker Hill That jolly day in June And Warren met 'em with a will They piped another tune.
The Yanks have got a job today That's worthy of the race; The Kaiser treads a rocky way And spars to save his face.
But all the Yanks have gone to France En route for old Berlin; If we buy Bonds at every chance You bet the Yanks will win!
Our granddads dished King George's will And salted all his tea. Our boys will do the same for Bill, Kaiser of Germany!
The only way to push the work And make Berlin our own, Is this: Get busy, do not shirk But BUY THE "FIGHTING LOAN!"

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