

Charlevoix County Herald.

Vol. 22

EAST JORDAN, MICHIGAN, FRIDAY, OCTOBER 4, 1918.

No. 40

The Fourth Liberty Loan

East Jordan District Has \$40,000 Yet to Fill Quota

The Fourth Liberty Loan opened in the East Jordan District last Saturday morning with a quota of \$109,000 to raise. The district comprises the City of East Jordan and townships of South Arm, Wilson and Eveline.

Up to Friday morning, when the below list of subscribers was compiled, the District had voluntarily subscribed a total amount of \$69,000. This leaves \$40,000 yet to be raised. Those who have not already subscribed to this loan are urged to call and make their subscriptions. This will relieve the committee responsible for raising the quota a considerable amount of unnecessary work.

THE HONOR ROLL FOR EAST JORDAN DIST.

Below is a list of those who have voluntarily subscribed to the Fourth Liberty Loan. This list includes the three wards of East Jordan and the townships of Eveline, South Arm and Wilson. The names are alphabetically arranged but the precincts are unclassified. There are undoubtedly some errors in the names and these will be gladly rectified.

- E. A. Ashley
- E. I. Adams
- Chas. R. Alexander
- William Aldrich
- Jacob Anderson
- Charles E. Ashley
- William H. Alexander
- Bert R. Arnston
- Mike Addis
- John M. Burney
- W. R. Barnett
- F. E. Brotherton
- L. G. Balch
- Frank Behling
- E. L. Burdick
- Mrs. R. O. Bisbee
- G. W. Bechtold
- Mrs. G. W. Bechtold
- Wm. T. Boswell
- Vernon D. Barnett
- Roy Bishaw
- C. A. Brabant
- Ethel E. Brintnall
- G. A. Bell
- Frank L. Bretz
- Geo. Bogart
- Edward Bellinger
- Margaret Brown
- Mary Brown
- Kenneth Blossie
- Wm. F. Bashaw
- Berpard Bowen
- Glenn Brennan
- Bernard Brennan
- Mrs. Carrie Bonnette
- Frederick Bergman
- Philip Bishaw
- Keith Bartlett
- Robert Barnett, Jr.
- Ben H. Brock
- Ira D. Bartlett
- Edward Bradford
- Fred H. Bennett
- Edward Borland
- Mrs. Bessie Bennett
- Glen Bulow
- John P. Bickler
- H. C. Blount
- James Cihak
- Curtis Coonan
- J. Alden Collins
- Walter M. Cook
- Chas. C. Coykendall
- Henry Clark
- Harry Coonan
- Mrs. Josephine Clark
- George Carr
- Hazel A. Conway
- Geo. F. Chapman
- J. E. Chew
- Henry Cook
- Joseph Cihak
- H. J. Carpenter
- E. C. Couch
- H. H. Cummings
- John D. Cutler
- Geo. Crawford
- Herbert Chorpensing
- W. S. Carr
- Frank Cook
- Levi J. Calkins
- Charles Cox
- Geo. W. Crawford
- Mrs. Verschia Canda
- Albert Coucher
- Mrs. Maria Crowell
- James R. Coldren
- Frank LeRoy Cole
- Thomas Crothers
- June W. Coon
- Basil C. Cummings

- Louis Cobb
- Mrs. A. Cameron
- A. L. Darbee
- Bert Danforth
- A. Danto
- R. H. Davis
- A. Dean
- John Dolezel
- Mrs. H. W. Dicken
- Dick W. Dicken
- Hugh Charles Dicken
- Mrs. Clara Depew
- Felix Detlaff
- Charles F. Dickinson
- Alva Davis
- Gladys W. Davis
- Earl Danforth
- Rocco DeMaio
- Oscar Dell
- W. J. Ellison
- East Jordan Lumber Co.
- W. F. Empey
- Burdett Evans
- Nels Erickson
- Clifford J. Evans

- Andrew Francis
- Milo F. Fay
- W. H. Fuller
- Louis Fitch
- W. G. Fortane
- A. W. Freiberg
- Earl Farmer
- Arthur W. Farmer
- Mrs. Walter Fowler
- Ellagene French
- Mrs. W. A. French
- Kathryn French
- Walter L. French
- Hugh Francis Francis
- Chas. F. W. Freese
- John Fitzgibbons
- Mrs. Clyde G. Fuller
- Martha Freiberg
- Mrs. Eugene Fuller
- Mrs. A. E. Fay
- Giles & Hawkins
- James Gidley
- F. J. Gruber
- Mrs. F. J. Gruber
- Robert Gunsolus
- Harry S. Gregory
- Arthur Gagnon
- Herman Goodman
- Lon Graves
- D. E. Goodman
- Noah Garberson
- Earl Gee
- George Geck
- Morris Gee
- Marshall Griffin, Jr.
- Marshall Griffin, Sr.
- Ray Gee
- Jacob H. Graff
- Felix Gagnon
- Philip B. Gothro
- F. Hazel Gill
- C. Gerner
- Arthur Gidley
- Florence L. Gleason
- Claud Gilkerson
- D. Gaunt
- Laura Giles
- Edward Gallagher
- Leon Grant
- James Gordon
- Charles H. Gray
- Ruben D. Gleason
- Michael Gunderson
- Louis Gass
- Florine Hudkins
- H. B. Hipp
- Charles A. Hudson
- A. K. Hill
- Clyde Hipp
- Hannah A. Hite
- Glenn Holliday
- H. G. Hipp
- Frank J. Haney, Jr.
- A. J. Hite
- Chas. H. Hudkins
- E. E. Herrington
- Walter Hunsberger
- W. E. Hawkins
- James Howard
- A. L. Hilliard
- Ernest G. Howell
- Cort Hayes
- John Howell
- Mrs. T. Hardy
- J. E. Houghton
- A. S. Hammond
- Ernest Handy
- William Havens
- James A. Hart
- Geo. Hayes
- Samuel A. Hayden
- Mrs. Sarah Ellen Harrison
- James F. Handy
- E. S. Havens
- James Hignite
- John M. Hart
- Herbert H. Hart
- Fred Holland
- Chas. Hollingshead
- Hans Hastad
- Clyde E. Hollingshead
- H. E. Hutton
- Ernest Higby
- Richard Hosegood
- Kenneth P. Hathaway

Review Board Liberty Loan

Objects of Organization and the Committee in Charge.

As requested by the County Executive Committee of the Fourth Liberty Loan, we, the undersigned, have accepted the appointment and will act on the Review Board for East Jordan. We enter upon this duty fully realizing the seriousness of the responsibility and all decisions of the Committee will be actuated only by a desire to see that this loan is evenly and fairly distributed.

We will try to see that every man in East Jordan buys bonds in proportion to his means. We will see that no man is forced to buy more than his share of these bonds. We will see that the man who, for financial reasons, is not able to buy any bonds is not persecuted. It will not be the purpose of this committee to intimidate or drive people into undertaking more than their share but we wish the public to feel that rather than acting as dictators, we should be considered as advisors, and we earnestly request the hearty support and co-operation of the citizens of East Jordan.

W. P. Porter, Chairman.
A. J. Sufferin D. L. Wilson
R. O. Bisbee R. T. McDonald
A. K. Hill Arthur Farmer
Roscoe Mackey Alfred Rogers
Frank Stewart Kenneth Hathaway
James Gidley Roy Webster
The Chairman of the above committee has appointed to assist him this active committee:

- A. K. Hill
 - D. L. Wilson
 - Roscoe Mackey
 - Chas. Coykendall
 - Frank Stewart
 - Alfred Rogers
- This committee will be in session daily each evening beginning Oct. 3rd. All subscriptions made by subscribers in East Jordan will be reviewed by this acting committee and if the amounts in its judgment are not what they should be, such subscribers will be asked to appear first before the active committee and if a mutually satisfactory conclusion cannot be reached then such subscribers will be asked to appear before the entire committee for its final action.

- Gaylord J. Hough
- Peter C. Hegerberg
- Frank Hinds
- Everett G. Hough
- James M. Howard
- Blaine Harrington
- Donna V. Hoyt
- Mrs. Boyd Hipp
- Rollin Jones
- Elizabeth A. Joynt
- Geo. Jacquays
- Thomas Joynt
- James W. Joslin
- Cora Ingalls
- Harry Kling
- Dan Kale
- J. R. Kenney
- Fred Kowalski
- Eph. Kidder
- H. J. Korthase
- Gus W. Kitsman
- Wm. Kenny
- Ed. Kowalski
- Joseph Kenny
- W. M. Keyworth
- M. A. Kogomo
- E. J. Kauffman
- Joseph Kubicek
- Hugh King
- Philip King
- Mrs. Arnold Kaiser
- Frank Kitsman
- Frank Kotalik
- John B. Lalonde
- John A. Lenosky
- John P. Lenhard
- Fred Lalonde
- Peter Lalonde
- Leo Lalonde
- Joseph A. Lalonde
- Mary F. Larson
- Fred Larson
- Edward Larson
- Margery Lemieux
- Mary Lalonde
- Clinton Lamerson
- Mrs. Jennie Lalonde
- Andrew Lalonde
- Ferry Looze
- Archie Lalonde
- Victor LeCroix

- John B. Lalonde
 - John A. Lenosky
 - John P. Lenhard
 - Fred Lalonde
 - Peter Lalonde
 - Leo Lalonde
 - Joseph A. Lalonde
 - Mary F. Larson
 - Fred Larson
 - Edward Larson
 - Margery Lemieux
 - Mary Lalonde
 - Clinton Lamerson
 - Mrs. Jennie Lalonde
 - Andrew Lalonde
 - Ferry Looze
 - Archie Lalonde
 - Victor LeCroix
- (Continued on Last Page)



Letters from Our Boys "Over There"

From VICTOR CROSS

(To his Parents— Mr. and Mrs. A. E. Cross.)

Sunday, Sept. 1, 1918.

Dearest Mother and Father:— It is Sunday again, but I am on dry land today. It was a great trip coming across, I was not sick at all, very few of the men were sick and not bad. We traveled by rail 24 hours after we reached this side. This is a good station where I am now, have a good place to sleep, and good things to eat. The railroads here are awfully funny to look at, but they ride smoother than ours do. The box-cars hold 10 tons and it would take about a dozen cars to weigh as much as a Pullman. We surely realize the war more and more as we travel through the country and see so many soldiers, and the women do all kinds of work, they even clean the streets, which is something I can't imagine an American woman doing, and when it comes to looks, the American girl can sure beat the girls on this side. I suppose it will be sometime before I will get any mail from home, but you must write often to the address on that card, and I will get it sometime. You must not worry at all about me, because there is no chance of any danger. They only have us over here now to keep the Germans in, and they are afraid to show their boats at all. I went to church this morning. It was a small stone church that would hardly hold the pipe organ at home, and the music they had was a little old organ that has not been tuned since St. Patrick was alive. It seemed good to get on a road and walk. I do not know how long we will be here, but do not think it will be a great while. The weather here is much the same as it is at home this time of year. I don't think it gets very cold here in the winter. The country is hilly and the fields are awfully small, they use no fences at all, but they have hedges all over. The people seem awfully slow and backward. The people talk as if they thought the war will be over in a few months. No one can wish more than I do that it will end soon. The Navy is surely the best branch of the service to be in, but it is nothing like home to me. I am always wondering how long it will be after the war ends, before they will send the men home. I suppose the corn in the garden is about ready to eat by now. You must dry all you have time for, because there is nothing I miss as much as the things I had to eat. They feed us as well as we can expect, but when I get home I am going to try and eat until I am sick. I will write as often as I can from now on, but you must not worry if you do not get mail very often as I might get on a boat where it is hard to reach a mail boat often. You write often and remember I am thinking of home and you always.

Your loving son,
A. V. CROSS.

From FLOYD E. WIGGINS

(To his Mother Mrs. Frank Wilson.)

Somewhere in France, August 1918.

Dear Mother and All:— Well being as we are located somewhere in France for a few days at least, will write you a few lines to let you know that I am O. K., and feeling fine and hope these few lines find you all the same. I wrote you a couple of cards from England. Did you get them all, if not I will say we arrived safely overseas and had a fine trip.

We have saw quite a few curious things on our trip, especially in France which we do not see in the U. S. I was in a church yesterday which was about three hundred years old and their is quite a lot of other old buildings where we are stationed, they are all built out of stone. The French people show us lots of courtesy and we are welcome to pretty near anything they have and I think it will continue that way unless some of the fellows queer it, which I do not think they will. The people here all drink wine with every meal, so I guess that is the reason we are allowed to drink it certain times in the day, but I have only had one glass of wine and nothing stronger since my arrival overseas, so I guess that is pretty good. Well this is about all I can write this time. Do you know what Truck Company brother enlisted in, if so let me know. Will close with love to all.

From Floyd.

My address is
PVT. FLOYD E. WIGGINS
Co. D. 310 Reg. of Engrs.
American Expeditionary Forces.

From J. T. NACHAZEL

(To L. G. Balch)

France, Aug. 27th

Friend Lee:— How's everything. Well I promised myself that I'd write you but always neglected it, so I'll try and make up for it because I might kick in and then my promise wouldn't be worth-much. Well, old man, you know where old E. J. Co. is and we are the division on their left. They moved here the same time we did or a little after. There's plenty of doings alright. This is open warfare to a great extent. We dig in when we get to a place and try to hold it. I remember distinctly one place where I had nine guns (I had eight and put up a Boche gun making nine). A young chap relieved me from our battalion and we made our way back, dodging shells. One hour after I was relieved the Boche came on. We layed out a pile of them but had to fall back as this was a bad position. Next night, however, it was retaken and all is serene again. Nothing doing but shelling and M.G. fire. I told him I expected a counter attack and wished I were there to help him, but orders are orders and it might be me next time. He sure ought to get the D. S. C.; I've known him a long while. Reconnoitering positions in this man's country is "par bon." Just luck and Divine Providence. At one time I was the only officer left. Gas. Have been gassed myself. Made me blind for three or four days, but am Jake now. You should see some of the junk the Boche is issued for tobacco. Nothing but ground up oak leaves. I sent a package of it to Harry Curkendall for his tobacco store. They eat potatoes when they get them that are all dried up, skins and all. How they stand for it is more than I can say as a steady diet. We have plenty of tobacco. A runner when he comes up always if it's handy brings up mail and tobacco. You'll see the fellows, when it's their turn to rest, smoke a pipe and read a letter while four feet above their heads the M.G. Boche bullets are sizzling. They act just like they would in target butts at Cheboygan, Mich. Our outfit is resting in a wood and getting reorganized. A little machine gun drill to bring back pep, cooperation and discipline; gas drill, pistol practice. Take them down to a town four miles from here for a bath. Give them decent eats and they are ready

for another stab at it. If a fellow could get warm food in the far front it would be o.k., but he gets little sleep and cold food so he needs tuning up for a few days. As we are in delays we are o.k. The enemy is not far from the guns in line. I've had M. guns 160 feet from the Boche line and the Boche didn't know it either. When he came over the other outfit who took our same positions sure soaked it to him and Jerry learned that the "American fools" though they think they are, put one over on him.

I had a P. C. (post of command) in a hillside—a dugout 4x3—where I was most of the time except when the ball started rolling. Then of course we go along, darn the Boche, and tell the boys to "soak it to him" and maybe say "Well, Roberts, just get me a nice fat one." Roberts laughs and keeps busy with his gun team. A fellow could send home tons of Boche equipment. I just sent my dad a Boche mess kit. I used it for shaving when I lost my outfit. Also the bolt of a Mauser. I am enclosing a button taken off a Boche coat in the country the papers talk about.

I haven't ran into Winters, Spring, or that bunch, though I know where they are; but we never leave our command so they might live one kilometer (5-8 mile) from me and I'll never know it.

It's a strange coincident but I am a plumber and the other day I was asking my platoon their occupation in civil life. Here's the result:—Platoon sgt., plumber; 1st section sgt., steamfitter; 2nd sec. sgt., plumber; corp. 1st squad, gas-fitter; corp. 2nd squad, plumber; three privates 2nd squad, plumbers; corp. 3rd squad, plumbing manufacturer; two privates, fitters; 4th squad, steamfitter and three plumbers. My captain, a fine specimen of man and all man too, calls it the rough-neck platoon. She's some platoon. Of course we have a few blank files but not many.

Well, Lee, my regards to all my friends and to the lady. Must close. Hope you get this o.k. Your friend,
"NAZY."


306th M. G. Bn.

From CARL SHEPPARD

(To his Mother— Mrs. A. H. Sheppard)

Somewhere in France
American Ex. Forces

Dear Mother and All:— I suppose you think I am dead, but not yet. The German never was born to get me. I am alive and feeling fine. I have been in England and am now in France. I can't tell where and could not if I did know. I am close enough that we have air raids here. England is a pretty place but France has it beat by a mile. I was in England about a week, then they shipped us across the channel. England is a rich fertile country and everything looks so pretty the way they have things arranged. Every foot is in grain or something. But the people in England I never could get along with, at least what I saw. We were about (deleted) coming across. I was talking with some of the fellows here and they came across in (deleted). They were lucky I'll say. An officer took us for a sight-seeing trip in England, down through town and around, showing us some of the old castles and a church. He also showed us a table which some great king used when he was ruler of England. And the funny part is we are not to the end of our journey yet. We still have a long way to go so I'm told. We never know where we are going anyway. Once in a while they tell us. I never saw a stump fence in England; they are all hedge or stone. I saw lots of potatoes and grain. The weather is not bad; it rained once while I was there. The nights are cold and the days quite warm. They have awful heavy dew there, you can't sit on the grass there after dark—that was the first thing I learned. Oh, yes; and if dad sees a Y. M. C. A. man, and he is around after money for the men over here, let him have what he can spare for they are certainly a great help over here. And what they have is free to the boys in uniform. They give band concerts and have a big time. I don't know, but I look to be back by Christmas but don't look for me. There is no use of my giving war news I suppose. Wait until we get after them; we will make them run if they don't us. Ask dad if he wants to follow me now like he did that time I was on the lakes. We have some time with changing money here—it is not like American. Well, I will close. By
CARL SHEPPARD
Company E, 388th Infy.



Ralston

Not Upheld Simply by Reputation.

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

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

C. A. HUDSON

Those contemplating the purchase of a Monument can save money by interviewing Mrs. George Sherman who is local agent for a well-known manufacturer of high grade monuments.

A Woman's Hearty 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.

LATH BOLTS Wanted At Once!

Must be not less than 5 in. diameter and 49 in. length. HEMLOCK, Spruce, Balsam and Cedar. Hemlock Bolts must be separate.

Will pay \$4.50 delivered at Mill B.

East Jordan Lumber Co.

Frank Phillips
Tonsorial Artist.

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

DRINK HOT WATER IF YOU DESIRE A ROSY COMPLEXION

Says we can't help but look better and feel better after an inside bath.

To look one's best and feel one's best is to enjoy an inside bath each morning to flush from the system the previous day's waste, sour fermentations and poisonous toxins before it is absorbed into the blood. Just as coal, when it burns, leaves behind a certain amount of incombustible material in the form of ashes, so the food and drink taken each day leave in the alimentary organs a certain amount of indigestible material, which if not eliminated, forms toxins and poisons which are then sucked into the blood through the very ducts which are intended to suck in only nourishment to sustain the body.

If you want to see the glow of healthy bloom in your cheeks, to see your skin get clearer and clearer, you are told to drink every morning upon arising, a glass of hot water with a teaspoonful of limestone phosphate in it, which is a harmless means of washing the waste material and toxins from the stomach, liver, kidneys and bowels, thus cleansing, sweetening and purifying the entire alimentary tract, before putting more food into the stomach.

Men and women with sallow skins, liver spots, pimples or pallid complexion, also those who wake up with a coated tongue, bad taste, nasty breath, others who are bothered with headaches, bilious spells, acid stomach or constipation should begin this phosphate hot water drinking and are assured of very pronounced results in one or two weeks.

A quarter pound of limestone phosphate costs very little at the drug store but is sufficient to demonstrate that just as soap and hot water cleanse, purify and freshen the skin on the outside, so hot water and limestone phosphate act on the inside organs. We must always consider that internal sanitation is vastly more important than outside cleanliness, because the skin pores do not absorb impurities into the blood, while the bowel pores do.

HOOVER OUTLINES 1919 FOOD PROGRAM

FOOD CHIEF GIVES FIGURES SHOWING WHY AMERICAN PEOPLE MUST CONSERVE.

Gospel of the Clean Plate Will Go a Long Way Toward Turning The Trick. Allied Table Will Be Less in Spite Of All Our Efforts.

Lansing, Oct. 1.—The following statement by Mr. Hoover outlines the food conservation program recommended for the American people during the coming year:

There is no prospect of a proper ending of the war before the campaign of the summer of 1919. To attain victory we must place in France three-and-a-half million fighting men with the greatest mechanical equipment that has ever been given to any army. While we expect the position on the Western front may be improved, from a military point of view, between now and then, there can be no hope of a consummation of the end that we must secure until another year has gone by.

If we are to accomplish this and in 1919 we will save a million American lives that will be expended if we have to continue until 1920. To give this final blow in 1919 we have not only to find the men, shipping and equipment for this gigantic army, but this army, the Allied Armies and the Allied civil population must have ample food in the meantime if we are to maintain their strength. We can do all these things and I believe we can bring this dreadful business to an end if every man, woman and child in the United States tests every action every day and hour by the one touchstone—does this or that contribute to winning the war.

The food program is no small part of this issue. To provide ships for our army, we have not only to build all that we can but we must have the help of Allied shipping. In order that the Allies may provide this, they must take food ships from the more distant markets and place them upon the shorter run to the United States. We must decrease our imports of sugar, coffee and tropical fruits.

Under these conditions, the demand upon us is for larger supplies. The conferences on food supply and shipping we have held in Europe enable us to estimate our burden. Compared with previous years, the Allied civilians and armies, our own armies, the Belgian Relief and certain neutrals who are dependent on us require the following round amounts from us:

Meats and Fats—(Beef, Pork, Dairy, Poultry and Vegetable Oil Products), average 3-year pre-war shipments, tons 645,000; shipped year ending July 1, 1918 tons 1,550,000; must ship year ending July 1, 1919 tons 2,600,000; increase this year over last year tons 1,050,000.

Bread Stuffs—(Wheat and substitutes in terms of grain), average 3-year pre-war shipments, tons 3,220,000; shipped year ending July 1, 1918 tons 4,800,000; must ship year ending July 1, 1919 tons 10,400,000; increase this year over last year tons 5,600,000.

Sugar—(From United States and West Indies), average 3-year pre-war shipments, tons 1,200,000; shipped year ending July 1, 1918 tons 1,520,000; must ship year ending July 1, 1919 tons 1,850,000; increase this year over last year tons 330,000.

Feed Grains—(Mostly Army Oats), average 3-year pre-war shipments, tons 950,000; shipped year ending July 1, 1918 tons 1,550,000; must ship year ending July 1, 1919 tons 2,700,000; increase this year over last year tons 750,000.

Totals—Average 3-year pre-war shipments, tons 5,521,000; shipped year ending July 1, 1918 tons 11,820,000; must ship year ending July 1, 1919 tons 17,550,000; increase this year over last year tons 5,730,000.

Even this program means further self denial by the Allies next year. They are making this sacrifice in the common cause. We must maintain the health and strength of every human being among them or they will be unable to put their full strength alongside our own in the supreme effort. At the President's direction, I have assured them that "in this common cause, we eat at a common table", and upon entering these conferences in Europe we promised them that whatever their war-food program called for from us we should fulfill.

If we survey our ability to meet this definite promise to them we find that our wheat production this year is better than last year, our production of other cereals is less. We have had severe losses through drought in many sections. On balance our resources are no great than last year. We find however that we can give this increase in food supplies, of 5,730,000 tons over last year, and still have a margin over the amount necessary to maintain our own health and strength.

At best the Allied table will be less than ours, for the Allied peoples are denying themselves more in order to transport our soldiers. We can do no less than fill the ships they send us.

Our imports, we shall apparently have sufficient sugar to maintain the present consumption and take care of the extra drain of the Allies from our markets, instead of compelling them to send their ships to the Far East. We can secure in sailing vessels the coffee we need, if no one makes an over-brow. Of our own products we must secure a reduction in consumption and waste in the two great groups of first, breadstuffs; and second, meats and fats;—that is, in all bread and cereal, beef, pork, poultry, dairy and vegetable-oil products. The average consumption of our people of

breadstuffs amounts to about six pounds per week and of meats and fat to four pounds a week for each person. A reduction in consumption of less than one-half pound per week per person in each of these two great groups of foods would accomplish our purpose. We wish to emphasize, however, that we do not want curtailment in the use of milk for children.

Some of our homes by reason of limited income cannot now provide more food than they should have to maintain health in the family. They cannot rightfully be asked to make the suggested reduction in consumption. But the great majority of our homes can do more than suggested.

We need even greater simplicity of living than last year amongst all that section of the community to whom foodstuffs are a secondary item in expenditure.

We estimate that nearly 2,000,000 people eat at our public eating places,—hotels, restaurants, boarding houses, clubs, dining cars and so forth. The food consumption in these places is larger than in the average homes. We are asking the proprietors and employees of these institutions to undertake in many particulars a more strict program than last year, and we are confident that they will willingly do this.

This is not rationing—a thing we will never have if our people continue to support us as in the past. We are simply making an appeal to the intelligence in the homes and public eating places of America to work out for themselves the means and manner of saving.

This year as last I believe we can accomplish the necessary ends by voluntary action of our own people. The willingness to assume individual responsibility in this matter by the vast majority is one of the greatest proofs of the character and idealism of our people, and I feel it can be constantly relied upon. Our simple formula for this year is to further reduce consumption and waste of all food. We have so arranged the International Food Program that, except for a moderate substitution of other cereals in bread, it will not, we hope, be necessary to substitute one food, stuff for another, nor to resort to wheatless and meatless days. What we need is to reduce directly our consumption of ALL foodstuffs, laying especial emphasis on the staples. The Allies are in need of all the surplus of the great staples that we can provide.

It is necessary that every family in the United States study its food budget and food ways to see if it cannot buy less, serve less, return nothing to the kitchen and practice the gospel of the clean plate.

Food News in Paragraphs

When wheat is to be stored on farms, special care should be taken to clean the granary thoroughly and avoid mixing the new crop with old grain. A clear statement entitled "The Plan of Wheat Flour Control for the 1918 Wheat Crop" has been prepared by the Food Administration and has already received wide circulation through the press, official channels and the grain trade. It is now in the form of an eight-page pamphlet which may be secured by persons having difficulty in marketing their wheat. In addition to discussion of the general plan, the pamphlet contains a list of the primary markets with fair prices, gives directions for shipping wheat to the Grain Corporation and discusses wheat grades over which the U. S. Department of Agriculture has jurisdiction.

Save Food and Buy Bonds.

"From a deficient 1917 crop we have, through conservation, accomplished a seemingly impossible task in maintaining with food the Allied armies and civilian population," says G. A. Prescott, food administrator for Michigan. "While conservation will continue to be a constant text, prices will take a more important part in the coming year's program. It is the hope of the Food Administration to have price interpreting boards installed in every county. These boards are the Food Administration's protection to the consuming public against profiteering. The public, therefore, should demand best-price interpretation and the continuous publication of a fair price list."

Save Food and Buy Bonds.

The United States Food Administration announces that beginning September 21 no maiting of grain will be permitted for the purpose of brewing beer or near beer. Maiting will be permitted for the purpose of manufacturing yeast, vinegar, cereal breakfast foods, malt extract and other such products, but no grain shall be maited for these legitimate purposes until sales have actually been made. Maltsters are now permitted to purchase grain to cover maiting of this character.

Save Food and Buy Bonds.

An unprecedented sorghum yield in Indiana is expected to materially relieve the sugar situation, especially in rural communities, according to reports received by Dr. Harry E. Barrett, federal food administrator for Indiana.

Save Food and Buy Bonds.

Packing of spaghetti and macaroni in cans will be discontinued after October 15.

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

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

SOLDIERS DRAW LOTS WHEN GIRL PROPOSES

Romance Starts in Theater and Culminates a Few Minutes Later With Marriage.

Wichita, Kan.—"Gee, I wish I was married." Charles L. Todd, 20 years old, was speaking. He was sitting in a picture theater with five other members of the 2nd Kansas Infantry, just back from the border. A film depicting the joys of married life had evoked his comment.

"So do I," said Harry Van Horn, another of the party.

"And so do I," said Donald Jones, a third. "This bachelor stuff is getting on my nerves."

Aaron Maynard and Sergeant Harry States, the other two, said nothing. They already were married.

Hardly had the film spoken when a form in the row in front of them turned and pair of big blue eyes swept the trio. The eyes belonged to Myrtle Wood, pretty and 18. Myrtle spoke.

"I will marry the first soldier who asks me," she said, and smiled.

Then this is what happened. All three asked her at once. So one of the married men produced three matches, broke them up, and concealed their length behind his hand, told the bachelors to draw lots, the one who drew the longest match to wed the girl.

The longest stick fell to Todd. The soldier leaned forward, kissed the girl and placed a ring with the United States seal on it upon her finger. Then the entire party were driven to the courthouse, where Miss Wood and Todd were married by Probate Judge Jones.

After the marriage the bride gave as her reason for marrying Todd that "I always did say if I couldn't have a soldier I didn't want anybody."

MAGNETIC NAZIMOVA
IN THE GREAT SENSATION
"REVELATION"



NAZIMOVA, IN A SCENE FROM METRO'S SPECIAL PRODUCTION DE LUXE "REVELATION"

A BIG SPECIAL FEATURE THAT WILL MAKE YOU SIT UP AND TAKE NOTICE. See the Artist's Model and the Paris Cabaret; also the Latin Quarter of Paris. Truly a Wonderful Picture.

TEMPLE THEATRE, Thursday, Oct. 10th

One Show, 8:15. Children, 11c. Adults, 28c

EAST JORDAN LUMBER CO. STORE

COLD FEET!

Not if you put them in a pair of those **HEAVY ALL-WOOL SOCKS** they have at the Co. store.

A LUCKY PURCHASE

put us in possession of a quantity of **WOOL GOODS** hard to beat:

Socks, Mittens, Gloves, Liners, Union Suits, Shirts and Drawers, Heavy Wool Pants, Mackinaws, Overshirts, Caps, Sweaters, Etc.

"Get them while the getting's good."

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.

"There's a light," said McKabe's voice, "but blessed if I know where the switch is. Probably upstairs."

He went the light to the ground at his feet and showed it black, and blotched with patches and streaks of white.

"When they were in here last month the boys made 'em throw lime around," the detective continued.

"Thought maybe it would sweeten a smell. If it did, I don't quite see it. Hello! Look here!"

He dropped the light close to the floor, and bending forward we saw the outline of feet pressed into the wet earth of the passage.

Not only that, but they were the marks of shod feet, and, judging from their size, those of a man.

"Reich's, for a guess," declared McKabe. "Where's his next one? Oh here. Good ways off. He was still running. Well we got to chance it. We'll follow these tracks. Come on."

We started onward. A second light spring up, and I realized that Dual had drawn a pocket-torch also, and was advancing side by side with McKabe.

So we went forward down the passage, following the tracks.

The walls seemed to me to be brick, covered with a thin coating of whitewash, now smeared and streaked and stained with the underground seepage.

There was no sound save our stifled breathing and the drip, drip of water from the roof.

The ground grew more soggy, ever muddier at times, beneath our feet. The wavering points of light from the flashes showed side passages leading off from the one we followed on either hand at every conceivable degree and angle.

Save for the line of footprints we would have been utterly confused as to direction, for so far as I could see there was no way to distinguish one tunnel from another.

One not acquainted with the angles and turnings of that place would have been hopelessly lost inside of five minutes.

It was a labyrinth, a maze, a literal web in the bowels of the hill.

Dual and McKabe paused and brought us to a halt. The passage angled now and split into three new tunnels, more narrow and not quite so high, and close by the right-hand passage our companions were bending above some new object of interest.

Pressing forward we saw that it was another print, smaller and but faintly pressed into the earth, save at the back where the heel had cut and torn the surface of the floor.

"I guess Annie must have made that," said McKabe quickly. "It's fresh if you notice. She turned here and threw her weight on this foot as you can see. Well, they're ahead of us all right. Reich must have spotted this mark for he's followed—that is, if he made these other tracks, which I think he did."

"But, great cats!" rumbled Sheldon. "How could he see anything at all in this place? How'd he follow her this far?"

"Speak softly, colonel," warned Semi Dual. "Mr. Reich or some man did follow. We must go on."

Just beyond the turning of the right-hand passage was a door set into the wall. McKabe's light fell upon its boards, and he paused to try it. It swung open and showed a tiny room not bigger than a closet, which held a filthy cot covered by a moldy blanket, on which lay a bamboo pipe.

After a glance McKabe swung the door shut, and we went on.

I heard Sheldon breathing at my elbow, like one seeking to suppress his feelings. Then he broke into whispers as we walked.

lifted again, and we rose once more to our feet. To each hand and ahead the tunnels continued. Dual's light picked up the steps turning to the left. The floor sloped sharply and led us down hill. We ran forward now and came to a blind end, beyond which there was nothing but solid earth.

I heard McKabe exclaim softly. He swung around and began searching the floor more closely. The footsteps led quite to the end wall and stopped, turned back and stopped again in front of a little door not over three feet high.

"Huh!" growled McKabe and fell upon it. It swung outward, and without hesitation he ducked through, with his light swinging before him.

"Come on," he called deeply, and waited while we followed.

We stood in a little room, floored with rotting boards. On one side a steep wooden stairway ran up, and beyond us was yet another door. The detective nodded to the stairs.

"One way out," he observed dryly; "but Reich seems to have gone straight on."

He dropped his light upon a bit of damp lime lying beside the opposite door, crossed the room and pushed the door before him.

We emerged into a passage so low that we walked with a stoop. It was lined on either side by little doors not over two feet high. They were just about large enough to admit a human body, creeping.

It seemed almost inconceivable that they had been designed as even a temporary abode for human beings.

We crept along it, still led by the prints of shod feet, sometimes now of a man, sometimes of a woman, sometimes of both.

I heard McKabe whispering to Dual and pricked my ears to listen.

"I've an idea that if they brought the girl in here they'd stick her into one of these cribs," declared the detective. "It would be just about im-

possible for any one not wise to the place to get this far in. If it wasn't for the trail we've had we couldn't have done it in a thousand years.

"What gets me is how the fellow who made it ever done it unless he followed the marks of the woman and blotted them with his own. At that he must have had a light."

"Well, all I can say is, he had his nerve. They could grab a man and croak him like a rat down here, and nobody's ever know. See here. He was walkin' along here. He'd quit runnin'. We'd better go slow."

His whisper died away and the silence came back.

The passage turned at right angles and ran both ways. We crept to the end and the trail led down-hill. On the instant the lights in the hands of McKabe and Semi died.

I glanced forward and found the cause.

There before us, as we crouched under the low, pressing roof, for the first time in all our searching, was light. It shot from one of the kennel-like doors and streamed across the tunnel, striking in an oblong blot on the opposite wall.

It was faint, like the glow of a candle, yet in the gloom of the passage it struck out distinctly and as we watched it wavered and paled and brightened as though from a flickering flame.

We crouched and listened with every nerve drawn tense. As we turned toward the light, we had seen that the footsteps we had followed ran directly toward it.

Whether they passed the light beam or stopped we did not know, but I think we all asked ourselves what had happened in or in front of that lighted room.

"Had we come too late after all?" Had the man Reich rushed blindly to his death in this underground burrow?

Had some one sprung upon him and sunk a knife into his body? Was he even now perhaps lying there in the shadows beyond the wall of light?

Yet there was nothing to answer. No sound filled the low walls save our own beating hearts and low breathing. After a moment of painful waiting Dual began to move forward. McKabe joined him, and Sheldon and I followed. So we came to the light and bent down to peer inside of the little door.

It was merely a cell, with a board cot and a box on which stood a little glass lamp with a flaming wick. McKabe thrust in his head and shoulders and crawled through and on the instant he spoke.

"Sheldon. Wait. Don't try to run in the dark."

McKabe and I joined the others and we bent to examine the floor. I heard Sheldon breathing as one under the grip of an overwhelming emotion.

McKabe's flash showed the foot prints of a man and what seemed like two women running off along the passage beyond the beam of light from the door. We rose and ran in the direction they pointed.

Again we came to a blind end and a low arch in a foundation wall. With-out a word we crawled through and rose and ran on up a slanting floor which seemed to lead back the way we had come.

It came over me now that we must be getting close. It seemed that they must have left the room behind us in a hurry, not to have put out the light. That would mean that perhaps they had even heard our advance and slipped out just before we turned the last corner beyond the room.

Yet why, I asked, should Reich have gone along as he seemed to have done and the thought came that perhaps he had compelled Greek Annie to lead him out some shorter way than the back track would have been.

We came to yet another lighted room far larger than any of the others we had seen. As we ran past I caught a glimpse of its interior through the half-opened door.

It was furnished, and well furnished at that. It looked like a comfortable apartment. I wondered at it and ran on.

Another angle led us off at a slant, continued for perhaps fifty feet, and divided again.

McKabe bent to follow the prints with his light, and I heard him grunt and speak quickly to Dual.

"One of the women went up here," he said, pointing with his torch, "and the man turned off up this way." He

dropped the light on the larger tracks which led into the other passage. Sheldon swore.

"They're wise to us, an' they're tryin' to fool us," he growled and quite without warning, cried out loudly: "Lilly! Oh, Lilly! It's Colonel Mac, Honey, Leetle gal!"

His voice woke the echoes of the place and rang weirdly through the passage.

McKabe straightened and whirled upon him.

"Quit it!" he rasped, and stiffened into surprised attention.

Muffled, choked, distorted yet clearly perceptible to our ears, a woman's voice had screamed.

Its shrill appeal rang thin and eery in the darkness, thrilled us once and died in a gurgle, and it seemed to me that there came the sounds of a scuffle somewhere beyond us.

McKabe leaped into the passage marked by the large track and ran forward.

We followed with what speed we could gather in the dark.

"Lilly!" cried Sheldon again as we ran. "Lilly! Reich! We're comin'! Wait!"

Quite abruptly a voice spoke out of the gloom before us.

"That you, Sheldon?" "Thank God!" gasped the colonel, even before he answered. "Sure, Homer! Where are you, you darned lucky fool!"

"Here," answered Reich. "Stop where you are. I can see your light." We paused and waited. Dual's and McKabe's flashes came up and pointed in the direction of the voice. They met and focused beyond us in a blot-like spot of a theatre's light and into their beam stepped the figure of Reich half supporting a woman who leaned on his arm.

"Lilly! Thank God!" whispered Sheldon hoarsely at my elbow. It was a gripping tableau. The slender, tawny youth, his hat gone, his fair hair awry, his pale face, with wide eyes blinking in the brilliant light, and the girl, brown-haired, sweet-faced yet haggard, clinging to him for support and protection.

I felt my own heart swell and throb with emotion and thanksgiving as I gazed upon them in that night-soaked passage where we stood.

Homer advanced and joined us while the light played upon him.

"Why didn't you call sooner?" he questioned. "We've been running away for the last fifteen minutes and then Annie gave us the slip back there."

After being over a lot of underground passages he said maybe Annie would hit for here. I thought it was a chance so I came down, and after a bit I saw her go in. Then I knew where she was, and I began to hunt for you folks again, but I must have missed you.

"When I was sure I could not find you and was just about desperate I decided to chance it alone. I ran into the theatre and came down here and followed some footsteps and came to a room where Annie had Lilly shut up, and—"

"Just a minute," McKabe interrupted. "How did you follow those footsteps?"

"With a light, of course," returned Reich. "I had a pocket-light like what you fellows use, but I dropped it back there somewhere when Annie broke away. Well, Annie was in a hate room with Lilly and I made her promise to take us out of here quick. I told you I had a gun and we were getting along all right when all of a sudden she ducked into a passage back there and knocked my light out of my hand as she did it. Then I heard you people behind us, and we ran up here, and then you yelled. Lilly screamed, and I was so surprised I grabbed her and dragged her into a side passage up there, and that's about all. Let's get out."

"Good boy!" exclaimed Sheldon. "I reckon this has got a dime novel skinned to death. Where'd that she-wolf go to anyway?"

"I don't know," said Reich. "There's about a million of these and she ran off in the dark. But I guess we can follow her tracks back with your lights."

"Listen!" Dual commanded. We obeyed on the instant and it seemed that somewhere feet were running. Their echo came in dull, thudding falls through the darkness, not one but many, as of a body of people within the alleys which honeycombed the hill.

"Back!" hissed McKabe. "Beat it. Stick together!"

"Stand where you are," said Dual. On the word light filled the blackness.

Overhead, before and beyond us, the swinging incandescents grew luminous and glared at the bidding of a hand unseen. All the tunnel's length grew visible in the glare, and into its sweep, springing out of the mouth of a passage, came a woman's form.

It was still clad in black, but its hat was gone, and the tumbled hair on its head hung in tendrils and strands above a face distorted by every stage emotion. She leaped out and turned toward us, and at her back ran a pack of yellow wolves.

My heart bounded and seemed to stop as I gazed upon them racing to the attack. The light struck upon their yellow faces, their glaring eyes, and snarling lips.

Some of them ran in flapping garments, some of them half-naked as they had sprung from sleep. Their naked torsos glistened under the lamps as they strained forward behind their leader.

Light was flashing from the gleaming blades of knives clutched fast in bony fingers and shone on yellow teeth in half-opened animal mouths.

They poled out of the mouth of the passage like a yellow wave, and turned down upon us where we stood.

Greek Annie pointed at us. Her voice rose in a scream.

"Kill them. They're stealing the girl. Stay them and spare not. Kill! McKabe sprang past me, drawing his own weapon. I reached for my own. My glance fell on Sheldon at the moment.

The old fighter had lost his hat somewhere in the tunnels, and his hair glewed grizzled in the light of the incandescent over his head. Beneath it his face was set into a snarl of a creature at bay; his lips drawn back, his eyes glaring.

He had drawn his revolver and was swinging it loosely in his hand in the manner of the gunman of old, ready to lift it and fire swiftly from the hip. I thought with a sense of satisfaction that he would give a good account of himself, and that before the commands of the woman heading the yellow pack could be fulfilled, some of her wolves would die. I even resolved somewhat grimly that I would add to the score myself.

I looked for Reich. He stood somewhat to the rear of the others, close beside Lilly Lawton, who had sunk down in a huddled heap and hidden her face in her arms.

Dual, too, I noticed had drawn out an automatic and was holding it ready.

So much I thought in an instant of time, while Greek Annie led her pack into the tunnel and turned toward us, still leading the charge.

One thinks fast at such times, and I glanced back to find that some twenty feet still separated us from the yellow horde. In that moment I lifted my weapon, my finger went to the trigger, and then—

"Stop!" The word boomed out in irresistible command, with a subtle power such as only Dual could have given to it at such a time. For it was calm, positive, arresting in its intonation. Under its sudden, whiplike demand the onrushing mob faltered and wavered, and lost headway.

For the first time, perhaps, they sensed that we were armed and would fight, and that some one besides ourselves would die; and perhaps it was all in the power of that word and the way it was uttered which fished their cool brains and demanded obedience to one who spoke like that.

They paused and huddled in a restlessness, ragged front before us, with the dark, wild figure of Greek Annie be-

tween us and them. And it was then that McKabe took action. I have said he was a very little man, and he proved it then. Even as her followers checked their advance he sprang forward, seized the woman by an arm, and dragged her back to our sides.

"Call off your dogs!" he gritted hoarsely. "Call 'em off or, so help me, I'll drop you. You ain't a woman, you're a she wolf, an' I got you. If they rush us, I'll drill you if it's the last thing I do. Call 'em off!"

"No!" she hissed at him shrilly. "No!"

Dual spoke again. His voice rang out against the crowding figures like that of a master to slaves. Not that I understood one word that he said. It was the intonation, the subtle meaning which lay in accent and gesture.

He advanced slightly as he spoke, until he stood almost midway between us and them. His figure towered like something majestic, and his words poured forth upon them in a steady stream of sibilant, almost musical rhythm, which rose and fell and ran on and on in variant gradations of sound.

And as he spoke it came upon me that this man I had known for so long was speaking to them in their own language; addressing them as a ruler of their country, as a mandarin of highest caste might have hurried contempt and contumely upon them.

For they covered away before the things he said. Like culprits before an implacable judge they shuffled and cast down their eyes, and drew back as though each might be seeking to escape too prominent observation.

Dual raised his arms and swept them forward as though driving them before him, and they retreated. He lifted one arm and pointed, and they fell back. And even as he ceased came the shrilling of whistles from behind, and I knew the police had arrived.

They came storming around the angle where we had turned at Lilly's cry and charged down upon us. Their blue coats and glinting brass filled the passage from side to side. With them ran Lucile. I gave them one glance, and turned my eyes back to Dual and beyond him.

The passage was clearing. Like rats into their holes the yellow men of this underground world were leaping and darting in an effort at escape. Not one stood his ground against the menace of the force they feared and yet defied.

Without a word or a cry, or a sound save the pad of their feet, they turned in frantic flight, and left Greek Annie still in the hands of the grinning McKabe.

Upon her Reich advanced with a scowl and a threatening hand.

Starting into her face he spoke swiftly some words I did not understand.

Without any apparent reason Greek Annie laughed in his face.

Lucile had bent and lifted Lilly Lawton to her feet. McKabe snapped a pair of handcuffs on Annie's wrists and surrendered her to two of the policemen. We turned back along the underground tunnels to the room where the stairway ran up, mounted it, and came out in the back room of the squalid shop.

No one sought to bar our passage, and our sudden advent seemed to bring consternation to the proprietor of the place. He stood silent and staring while we made our way through to the street.

McKabe glanced up and down the thoroughfare and broke into a chuckle.

"Washington," he said. "Well, that's some tunnel. We came under one street and ran around in the back of a circle. Come on and we'll close this business up."

CHAPTER IX. Retribution.

The Hall of Justice stands at the corner of Washington and Kearney. A great gray sandstone oblong, its massive walls and deep-set windows give it an appearance as immovable, as mighty, as unswayed and unswayable by any transient condition as the justice it was built to house, and as somber as the penalty of sin dealt out within its walls.

Here McKabe led us when once the underground passage had given us back to the upper air, and here was played out the last chapter in the tangled web of events which had led us to its doors.

He straightened as we passed beneath its portals, and the stoop went out of his shoulders until he seemed to have gained a couple of inches in height.

At the same time the shuffle fell from his feet, and he walked with a jaunty step. He scarcely seemed like the same man who had led us on our strange adventure, and he saw I noticed the change and grinned.

"Whew!" he whistled. "It's good to get rid of the stoop and the shuffle, Glace, and stand up straight again. Exit the Chinatown guides. It's a good part, but tiring sometimes."

He broke off and spoke to a man coming down the hall.

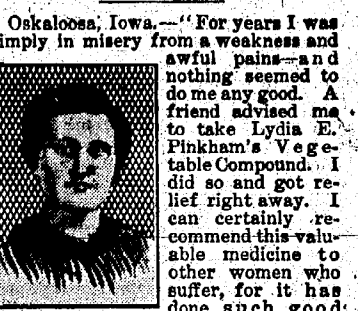
"Captain Connel still here?" "I think so," replied the other and saluted. "Shall I see?"

"If you will," said McKabe. "Tell him Mac's here. He'll understand."

We stood in a group and waited while the man retraced his steps down the hall and rapped on the door of a room. In a moment he struck his head through the doorway, stood so for a moment, and withdrew it to beckon us to advance.

IN MISERY FOR YEARS

Mrs. Courtney Tells How She Was Cured by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.



Oskaloosa, Iowa.—"For years I was simply in misery from a weakness and awful pains—and nothing seemed to do me any good. A friend advised me to take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. I did so and got relief right away. I can certainly recommend this valuable medicine to other women who suffer, for it has done such good for others if they will give it a fair trial."
—Mrs. LIZZIE COURTNEY, 108 8th Ave., West Oskaloosa, Iowa.

Why will women drag along from day to day, year in and year out, suffering such misery as did Mrs. Courtney, when such letters as this are continually being published. Every woman who suffers from displacements, irregularities, inflammation, ulceration, backache, nervousness, or who is passing through the Change of Life should give this famous root and herb remedy, Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, a trial. For special advice write Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., Lynn, Mass. The result of its long 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.

With all the prisoners we have to exchange, places like Switzerland will feel like a metropolitan clearing-house. When Children Start To School. School opens at a time of year when the change of seasons is likely to cause coughs, colds, croup, hay fever and asthma. Prompt action at the first sign of infection may keep children in prime good health and help them to avoid losing time. Foley's Honey and Tar is an ideal home remedy.—Hite's Drug Store.

DARKEN GRAY HAIR; LOOK YOUNG, PRETTY

Sage Tea and Sulphur Darkens So Naturally that Nobody can tell.

Hair that loses its color and lustre, or when it fades, turns gray, dull and lifeless, is caused by a lack of sulphur in the hair. Our grandmother made up a mixture of Sage Tea and Sulphur to keep her locks dark and beautiful, and thousands of women and men who value that even color, that beautiful dark shade of hair which is so attractive, use only this old-time recipe. Nowadays we get this famous mixture improved by the addition of other ingredients—by adding at any drug store for a bottle of "Wyeth's Sage and Sulphur Compound," which darkens the hair so naturally, so evenly, that nobody can possibly tell it has been applied. You just 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; but what delights the ladies with Wyeth's Sage and Sulphur Compound is that, besides, beautifully darkening the hair after a few applications, it also brings back the gloss and lustre and gives an appearance of abundance. Wyeth's Sage and Sulphur Compound is a delightful toilet requisite to impart color and a youthful appearance to the hair. It is not intended for the cure, mitigation or prevention of disease.

IF BACK HURTS USE SALTS FOR KIDNEYS

Eat less meat if kidneys feel like lead or Bladder bothers you—Meat forms uric acid.

Most folks forget that the kidneys, like the bowels, get sluggish and clogged and need a flushing occasionally, else we have backache and dull misery in the kidney region, severe headaches, rheumatic twinges, torpid liver, acid stomach, sleeplessness and all sorts of bladder disorders. You simply must keep your kidneys active and clean, and the moment you feel an ache or pain in the kidney region, get about four ounces of Jad Salts from any good drug store here, take a tablespoonful in a glass of water before breakfast for a few days and your kidneys will then act fine. This famous salt is made from the acid of grapes and lemon juice, combined with lithia, and is harmless to flush clogged kidneys and stimulate them to normal activity. It also neutralizes the acids in the urine so it no longer irritates, thus ending bladder disorders. —Jad Salts is harmless; inexpensive; makes a delightful effervescent lithia-water drink which everybody should take now and then to keep their kidneys clean, thus avoiding serious complications. A well-known local druggist says he sells lots of Jad Salts to folks who believe in overcoming kidney trouble while it is only trouble.

THE BLUE TRIANGLE ON BABEL'S TOWER

Lucia pulled her shawl farther across her face and shrank down on the station platform bench as the soft blue figure suddenly bent down over her. Excitedly she shook her head in answer to the question that she could not understand. She searched through her red plaid waist for the paper that Tony had folded into a little square and given to her. The writing on it, in the English that Tony knew and she did not, told the house where she lived, Tony had explained it all to her again at the station. Then, waving his hat, he had disappeared into the train with the rest of the men, and Lucia had been left standing outside the gate. There were crowds of women pushing all about her. They were weeping. So Lucia wept, too.

Lucia had been betrothed to Tony in the old country. Five years before, with a long ticket for New York pinned into his inside pocket, her lover had left her. He wrote in every letter that he had made her a home in the new country. Her dowry money had finally provided her own transportation, and for two months Tony and she had been married. Then he had drawn a ticket with a number on it, and this morning he had gone off to war.

To the policeman Lucia told all these things in rapid Italian. But the policeman only talked back to her as rapidly in a language that was not Italian. She followed him dumbly to headquarters. An hour later a woman wearing American clothes gently began talking to her in beautiful Italian.

Italian Lucia was only one of thousands of foreign-born women, Syrians, Italians, Armenians, Russians, Lithuanians, Polish, who, when the draft called their men folk to the American colors, asked in helpless confusion what it was all about. When would their men be back? What did people mean when they told them they would receive money through the mail? Where could they find work that they knew how to do? Was there no one who could explain it all to them in their own language?

The Y. W. C. A. was ready to offer assistance, but it would be of no value to offer it in English. Consequently it had to supply a corps of women who could talk to the foreign-born woman at her own door in the language that she was used to hearing in the home-land. To teach her English was an essential factor in her Americanization as to find her a job. Therefore the war council of the Y. W. C. A. set out to find her English.

A year before the war began in Europe, the leaders of the Young Woman's Christian association foresaw just such a situation, and made ready to meet it. They studied the needs of the immigrant. They trained skilled American social workers to become familiar with the home habits and to speak the language of the Lett and the Hungarian and the Greek and the other foreign mothers who brought babies and bundles over from Ellis Island to Battery park.

The organization into which this experiment has developed was named by the Y. W. C. A. national board, "The International Institute for Young Women." In terms which these women can understand, it is teaching the foreign-born how to sew and cook and care for the baby.

To girls like Italian Lucia, who confusedly lingered on the station platform when the draft trains pulled out, the W. Y. C. A. is giving direct assistance. Educated European women, appointed to the regular staff of workers at the camp Y. W. C. A. Hostess Houses are able to talk to the drafted men in their own language, assist them in writing letters home, and in arranging furloughs and little visits to the camp.

The Home Information Service for Foreign Families of Enlisted Men is doing practical relief work for the wives and mothers. The purpose of the board is to help the women folk left behind to understand where their boys are and how they are being treated; how they need home support and cheer, how to send them comforts, and to keep pace themselves by learning English and other things, so that when the boys come home they will not find their women still very un-American and out of sympathy with them.

Food conservation bulletins have been translated into 18 or 19 languages. At the factories and munition plants interpreters are available for the non-English speaking women by whom the real war industries of the country are being largely carried on. In 25 important cities International Institute Bureaus are training American and foreign women for full time social service work with foreigners. Twenty-four trained women are employed on the national and district field staff of the Y. W. C. A. On June 15 there were 105 trained women working at Americanization.

When more than 75,000 Chicago men filled out their blue cards for the September 12 draft, Gang Luo Wong appeared at one pre-draft bringing with him Mrs. Gang Wong and the three children. All five wished to register. The enrolling clerk explained, but the Gang Luo Wongs make many broken Chinese remonstrances before the master of the camp. Mrs. Wong could not speak English. What would his family do in a strange country if Gang Luo went to war? All over the United States Chinese and Poles and Serbs were asking the same question. It is to just such needs that the War Council of the Y. W. C. A. is organized to give assistance.

DOROTHY ARNOLD IS STILL MISSING

AGED FATHER OF THE GIRL WHO VANISHED DECLARES NOW THAT SHE IS DEAD

SEARCH COST HUNDRED THOUSAND

An Entire Absence of Any Motive One Striking Feature of the Case.

New York.—Six years have passed since Dorothy Horlette Camille Arnold kissed her mother good-by at her home, 108 East Seventy-ninth street, and went away upon a shopping trip from which she never returned and in the course of which she left no clew to lead to a solution of the mystery of her disappearance.

Six years, however, have not been enough to blunt popular recollection of the case. Reports still come to the family that the girl has been seen, that inquiry in such and such a place may yield trace of her, and that information which will determine her fate may be had for a price. Patiently, though with no hope that any of these reports will bear fruit, the family and its representatives give due consideration to these reports. None of them has brought to light a single thing that was not established during the police investigation which immediately followed.

"My daughter is dead," Francis R. Arnold, the father recently said without faltering in the conviction he reached within three months of the disappearance. Mr. Arnold is now nearly 80 years of age.

The money that has been spent in the prosecution of the search for Dorothy Arnold has now considerably exceeded \$100,000. It has made it possible to establish a good many negative things. Of the positive things there are no more than the four that have been known from the first. They are these:

At 11:30 o'clock on the morning Miss Arnold left her home, telling her mother that she would be home for dinner.

At noon Miss Arnold bought a box of candy at the store of Park & Tilford, Fifth avenue and Sixtieth street.

At 1:30 o'clock Miss Arnold bought a copy of "An Engaged Girl's Letters" at Brentano's, Fifth avenue and Twentieth-sixth street.

At 2:45 o'clock Miss Arnold met a girl acquaintance at Fifth avenue and Thirtieth street and talked with her for a few moments.

Beyond these facts nothing was established, though to the private detectives called in there was soon added the Police Department, and to the Police Department the resources of Scotland Yard and of most of the public authorities of the United States.

Thousands of circulars containing the complete description of Miss Arnold were distributed throughout the world. Tens of thousands of reproductions of a dozen different pictures of her appeared in the newspapers. Classmates of Miss Arnold at Bryn Mawr, extended the systematic search for her beyond the limits to which authorities would carry it. But none of these agencies ever accomplished anything.

One of the most striking aspects of the Arnold case has been the complete absence of motive. Francis R. Arnold, the father, had been for years a prosperous importer of perfumes. The family lived well, if not luxuriously. Miss Arnold's social position was pleasant, although she had few interests that went on from day to day. There was no other "love affair" in her life than a friendship with George S. Griscom Jr. of Pittsburg, who returned from Florence within a short time to demonstrate that he had no knowledge of her whereabouts.

No suggestion that could ever be substantiated arose that Miss Arnold had been kidnapped or was being detained against her will. The inevitable assumptions of foul play have no more concrete basis than the possibility that Miss Arnold deliberately left home and has since been successful in thwarting discovery.

Formal search of Miss Arnold extended over a period of three months only. When she did not return to her home the family was surprised but not alarmed. When the next day brought no word from her the matter was put in the hands of private detectives. It was not, however, until after a month that the case was put before the Department of New York Police and was allowed to be made public through the newspapers.

In the course of the ensuing four weeks District Attorney Whitman offered the service of his office to Arnold and had them declined. Within a few days thereafter the case became, so far as the Police Department was concerned an "open" one. This meant that it had not been solved, but that no more systematic work was being done on it. Since that spring the search has been in the hands of the family and its lawyers.

BIG, IMPUDENT BLACK BASS

Jumps Into Rowboat and Occupants Nearly Drowned. Lake Mills, Wis.—While boating up the Fox River a 54-pound black bass jumped into the rowboat of Lloyd and Ione Thomas, of Waukesha, 10 and 12 years old, respectively, and became a serious accident narrowly averted. Other fishermen came to the rescue of the children.

DUCKS MINE GOLD ON WESTERN RANCH

Owner Sprinkled Creek Bed With Grain to Encourage Their Activities.

Beaver, Okla.—There are miners and miners, but did you ever hear of ordinary Indian Runner ducks in that role? No? Well, then, read on.

Joseph Bryson, who lives on a big ranch on Ten Mile Creek, southwest of here, drives up in his automobile about twice a year to the First National Bank of Liberal, Kan., and deposits a bag of gold dust. Also Mr. Bryson is constantly getting in big shipments of Indian Runner ducks for his ranch. These things cause some of the country folk to call Mr. Bryson "Gold Dust Joe," and his ranch the "Gold Duck Ranch."

For a long time no one thought of coupling the two—the ducks and the gold dust. Bryson always said at the bank that the gold dust came from his claim in Arizona.

Then, it is said, came the discovery that the gold dust came from the ranch on Ten Mile Creek, and that the placer mining was being done by the thousands of ducks on the ranch. Some of the "old timers" claim that several years ago Bryson bought a few pairs of ducks and placed them on his ranch for the eggs they might produce. He had no idea that they one day would be laying golden eggs for him.

One day, say these old settlers, he killed a couple of ducks for dinner. In dressing them he was surprised to find a considerable quantity of gold dust in their craws and also lining the stomach and intestines. He killed some more. In nearly every bird gold dust and fine nuggets were found.

As the only possible explanation, they quote the fact that Ten Mile Creek, as other streams of the section, rises in the edge of New Mexico. It is well known that gold sands from Colorado and New Mexico have been washed down the streams and deposited in the sandy soil. The ducks, in wading about in the mud occasionally had dived down, taken up a bill full of mud, liberally sprinkled with gold dust, which stuck to their craws or lined the walls of the stomach and intestines.

"And," says an old farmer, "Bryson began a systematic propagation of the ducks, and encouraged them to eat plenty of mud. He sprinkled the bed of the creek with grain and bugs to encourage the ducks to get mouthfuls of the golden mud. Of course, he had to kill a good many ducks to get much gold, but the ducks are easily propagated, and he shipped in many of them.

"The ducks yielded enough gold to bank a substantial sum in gold dust every six months. As a by-product the feathers were sold to an Eastern concern. The carcasses were fed to swine in the ranch and went toward fattening the hogs with a ration of grain. The ducks gave the pork a flavor which made his hogs in demand."

"WHAT PLACE IS THIS?" SHOUTS MORGUE CORPSE

"Undertaker's? Well, It's Nice and Warm Here; Guess I'll Stay All Night."

Cedar Rapids, Iowa.—A prostrate body, covered with a blanket, was borne into the embalming room of a local mortuary at the early hour of 2 a. m. Solemn-faced men stood by in the dim light as the undertaker drew back the blanket and gazed down on the still face and the closed eyelids. Suddenly the corpse sat up and looked around.

"What place is this?" he asked unconcernedly. "An undertaker's? Well, it's warm here anyway. Guess I'll stay all night." And he settled back to continue his nap, drawing the blanket up around his chin.

There had been a most confusing mistake. A body destined for burial in this city and an injured convict being returned from a prison camp at Granite to the reformatory at Anamosa, arrived on the same train.

"There's your corpse," a policeman had told the driver of the morgue wagon as he saw the stretcher bearing the injured man hauled out of the baggage car. The driver asked no further questions.

Nor did the deputy in charge of the man interfere. He believed the wagon to be an ambulance which had been ordered to meet the train. And the next minute the "corpse" was conversing pleasantly with the custodian of the embalming fluids. Was the undertaker frightened? He was.

But what would you do if your corpse sat up and shouted "Where am I?" in your right ear?

WORLD RULED BY SQUARE HEADS

Analyst Says This of Men With Cubical Craniums.

Cleveland, Ohio.—Square-headed men are the ones who rule the world and the keenest people are those with small, beady, black eyes.

William Judson Kibby, character analyst, told this to the Cleveland Rotarians at their last luncheon gathering.

Kibby said 187 people demand more amusement than dark ones and that those with sloping foreheads think much more quickly than those with straight ones.

The fellow who can see himself as others see him without using a magnifying or reducing glass, never yet failed in business.

Sometimes a cigar draws better than the actor it is named after.

UTOPIA IS FOUND; NATIVES SINLESS

ISOLATED SOUTH SEA ISLAND A SOCIALISTIC COLONY

Inhabitants Have Never Tasted Intoxicants or Used Tobacco—No Illness.

New York.—Found—Utopia! The dreamland where all is bliss is not a myth after all.

Utopia is Pitcairn Island, in the South Seas. Ninety-nine persons out of one hundred never heard of Pitcairn Island, for isolation has kept the doings of the little realm out of the public prints. But when Emily McCoy, one of the inhabitants, had come to the United States, received a diploma as a nurse at Bridgeport, Conn., and prepared to start back home, Pitcairn's secret was bared in an interview.

"There is no sin on the island," said Miss McCoy, "for the reason that the only book the inhabitants study is the Bible. No elopements are of record and no violations of the marriage vow have been known in the history of the island. None of the inhabitants ever has tasted intoxicants or no illness.

"Three days of each week every one who is able-bodied works at building roads and improving the island. The next three days are devoted to their homes. Sunday, after attending church for three hours, the people calls or rest.

"The only animals on the island are several hundred goats, from which milk is obtained. Everything is socialistic, all sharing alike in the products that are raised. The people have no money, their motto being 'all for one and one for all'."

Miss McCoy is the daughter of Matthew McCoy, sometimes called "King of Pitcairn."

Pitcairn lies in the Pacific, midway between California and Australia. It is a mountain or rocks 2,000 feet high, with an area of about two miles square. Its inhabitants number exactly 160, including a clergyman and his wife.

The natives of Pitcairn are the direct descendants of the crew of H. M. S. Bounty, which, April 28, 1789, mutinied and seized the vessel after setting the commander, Lieut. William Bligh, and those of the crew who wished to go with him, adrift in open boats. The Bounty put in at Pitcairn, where it remained for several months. Fletcher Christian, leader, and fourteen men then went to Tahiti, where twelve men and their wives were taken aboard and the return trip to Pitcairn was made. The Bounty was then set on fire and destroyed.

No one except the masters of sailing vessels and steamships set foot on the island and no one ever stopped there more than a few days until twenty years ago, when a clergyman and his wife went from Melbourne on hearing that the natives of Pitcairn were very religious, but without a minister.

The clergyman on his arrival found a small hut of branches and straw built among the trees, which was used as a school where the mothers of the children gathered each day and gave instructions. He was so impressed with the piety of the natives that he has never left the island. The result is that all of the 160 persons know how to read and write.

The soil of Pitcairn is volcanic and fertile, the climate variable and rainy, with a temperature ranging from 70 to 100 degrees. The people live on fruit and fish and wild birds. "They do not like beef or pork.

The inhabitants are excellent painters. The women do the finest of needlework, while the men make the finest of straw hats.

The ambition of the inhabitants at present is to build a schooner large enough to trade their fruit for clothing with the inhabitants of other islands.

BOTH LEGS PARALYZED, BUT HOW HE COULD RUN!

"Crippled" Beggar Beats Dog in Long Chase and Climbs Tree.

Stony Point, N. Y.—Altogether offended a score of residents, Andrew Curran, a newly arrived beggar, was not arrested. Each time he was identified by complainants they refused to prosecute him because he was to all appearances crippled and was compelled to use crutches. But finally he was arrested and previous charges will be brought against him.

Two jars of fruit were resting on the fence of the home of Eric Beamer when Curran came along, placed one arm around one of the jars and started off. Brindle, the watch dog of the Beamer home, saw the fruit vanish, leaped the fence and started in pursuit.

Curran, despite his supposedly paralyzed legs, ran six blocks and climbed a tree.

STEALS TURKEY; FINED \$500

Man Also Is Sentenced to Six Months in Prison.

Terre Haute, Ind.—Joseph Ferguson, a negro who stole a turkey from a cold storage house was fined \$500 and sentenced to six months in prison by Judge Newton.

The biggest fish are caught with hook and lynx.

\$1,000,000 SWINDLE CHARGED AT TRIAL

Cowpuncher Captures Only Twenty-three Wild Horses in Arizona in Six Months.

Omaha, Neb.—One million dollars was obtained from the sale of "phantom" herds of wild horses in Coconino County, Arizona, by the "promoters" on trial here, according to Government attorneys prosecuting the case. Many were victims of the alleged swindle, the attorneys say, sums ranging from \$1,000 to \$25,000 being wrung from them.

Forty-two persons originally were indicted by a Federal grand jury on a charge of being implicated in the alleged swindle. Of these two pleaded guilty to using the mails to defraud, twelve were released, and eleven, arraigned in the United States District Court, pleaded not guilty. These eleven are the defendants in the trial now on.

Examination of witnesses has developed that one of the alleged victims sought in vain for two months, with field glasses, for a sight of the animals he had purchased.

Joshua A. Robinson, real estate man of Draper, S. D., testified he traded an apartment building at De Soto, Iowa, value \$4,000, for ninety head of wild horses.

"I didn't know much about horses," said the witness. "I went out on the rocks of the mountains with field glasses and looked for them. Occasionally I saw a small bunch two or three miles away, but not in great numbers."

Robinson said cowboys he employed succeeded after two months in rounding up seven horses, but they did not bear the brand his horses were supposed to have.

Willis S. McDonald of Harding, Mont., testified he traded a six room house and five acres of land for sixty horses, after being assured he would have no difficulty in "capturing sixty choice animals."

Elbert L. Garner, Belle Fourche, S. D., said that without having seen any of the horses he exchanged a \$11,000 stock of merchandise at Fayette, Iowa, and forty-five lots on Puget Sound, Washington, for 1,000 head.

Ed Mason, cowpuncher and cattleman of Mitchell, Neb., testified that he met Clyde Smith and his brother in Omaha and thru a deal with the former made arrangements to get twenty-five of the wild horses for some property he owned at Villisca, Iowa, valued at \$1,500. He was almost tempted to back out, he said, when he was told that he would have to go out and catch the horses himself, but after being assured the undomesticated equines would weigh in the neighborhood of 1,000 pounds each, as his contract specified, he declared he thought he would take a chance.

But it was different, he testified, when he went to Flagstaff, Ariz., to corral his stock. For ten days, with the aid of four cowpunchers, he was not able to rope a single wild animal, notwithstanding that he had been a "puncher" all his life.

Coconino County is about 245 by 135 miles in area, and Mason was resolved that he should have some of the horses, which he "collected," he had seen but had been unable to get within a half-mile of. Accordingly, some time later, he said, he set out in earnest search of the elusive animals, and in the course of six months of constant camping on their trails was able to lasso and bring home twenty-three horses.

These, he testified, were very small and weighed much less than 1,000 pounds. After halter-breaking the "brones" and keeping them about a year he was able to realize from \$10 to \$20 per head, he testified.

Bernard C. Black, reputed as one of the best gunmen and cowpunchers of Arizona, testified he was hired to go with some of the defendants to look over the range where the animals were said to be. He declared there were wild horses to be seen, but that it was impossible to tell how many there were, because he and the party never got close enough to catch more than a glimpse of them.

POLICE CONFESSES HE IS \$20,000 BANDIT

Admits He Threw Pepper in Eyes of Los Angeles Express Messenger After Hold-up.

Los Angeles, Cal.—The mystery of one of the boldest robberies in this city was solved the other day when A. J. Griffith, policeman, confessed that he was the man who held up Herman Rosenblum, Wells-Fargo Express messenger, and stole \$19,900 from him on the principal street.

Griffith climbed up on Rosenblum's wagon and compelled Rosenblum, at the point of a revolver, to open a money box. Then he threw a handful of pepper into the messenger's face and escaped.

Checks and drafts worth \$13,750, part of the loot, were received by mail at the First National bank the day following. Of the sum stolen, \$6,150 was in gold coin.

Suspicion was directed against Griffith, who is a "plain clothes man," when he bought an automobile the day after the robbery, paying for it in gold coin.

"I had been sick and up against it," Griffith said. "I followed the wagon around for three days. Then I saw my opportunity and took it. After buying the automobile I deposited the rest of the money and mailed the checks back to the First National bank. Then I took the empty bags out to the edge of the town and threw them away."

Sun and Earth Compared. The sun exceeds the earth in surface 11,750 times; in volume 1,260,000 times, and in mass 326,800 times. The diameter of the earth is 8,000 miles; that of the sun 860,000 miles.

A WALLED CITY OF WOMEN

A little sunny village has grown up inside a high wall in France within the last year. Its square flat houses stand in straight even rows and along one side of the city wall is a long dormitory for single women. There are many more of them than of the families in the drab little houses. The village is full of women—old, young, middle-aged—whose faces, hands and hair slowly are turning yellow from the powder which it is said will eventually affect their lungs. But most of them are refugees and the fact that they are giving up their good looks, their health, and perhaps their lives in the munition factory, is of little moment to them. They have come into the walled town from ruined villages and devastated farms with their frightened little children, their despairing old people, carrying all their earthly possessions in tiny bundles. In their individual lives there is no future; in all their world there is no interest but the conquest of the Hun.

No one comes into this little war community that centers around the big new munitions plant but those who work. Because of the danger and the blighting yellow powder, the work is highly paid and all the workers are volunteers.

The women wear overalls or apron dresses, some of black satwee, some nondescript. The dull garb harmonizes with the yellowing faces and despairing eyes.

Into this modern walled city of despair the Blue Triangle has flushed the first message of hope. The Y. W. C. A. foyer is the only recreational center within reach. The cars which find cafes at the end of the line a mile away, stop running at seven o'clock to save fuel. The city is three miles from the factory.

"My problem," writes the Y. W. C. A. secretary in charge, "is to keep the women occupied in the evenings, to give them good healthy amusement so that they will forget their sorrows and go to bed and sleep, physically tired out from playing."

She goes on to tell of some of the women and girls who come to the foyer:

"There is a pretty little found, rosy-cheeked girl here who is just beginning to show the effects of the powder. The roots of her hair and her forehead are a pale yellow. The palms of her hands are a deep burnt orange and her hands and arms a bright yellow.

"There is an ex-professional dancer, an interesting girl who enjoys the foyer and helps entertain the other girls. This is a professional pianist who does her bit at the moon and evening hours. There is one rough-and-ready girl who speaks English whose father was an unkeeper in northern France. There is a pretty little girl who is engaged to a French soldier who still is lingering over the five minutes she had with him recently during an air raid. His mother is the caretaker here and he is one of six sons in the war. Two of them are German military prisoners, two are civil prisoners in Germany and two are soldiers in the trenches. Her home in the north of France was destroyed and she escaped with a small bundle of such things as she could carry in her hands.

"There is a sweet-faced girl who was a lacemaker in Valenciennes, who came direct to us from the German-ruled section after a hard experience in getting away."

These are the women the Blue Triangle is helping to forget—perhaps only for an hour at a time—the horrors that have blackened their hearts, stones and darkened the world.

"My foyer," the secretary writes, "consists of a hall and two large rooms with cement floors. One has a writing table and paper, pens and ink, sewing machines, a cupboard with tea-cups in it, a large table with papers and magazines, easy chairs and my desk. The other room has a piano, more tables, chairs, ironing boards and a Victrola. There are unframed French pictures and American and French war posters around the room. The walls are painted gray and white."

Saturday evenings they sing and dance. "First they have a chorus," writes the secretary, "such as 'La Reve' or 'The Hymn des Aviateurs' or something equally thrilling, and at the final notes of triumph a voice at my ears begs, 'Un polka, mees.' The polka finished, there is a call for the 'Hymne American' and we sing the 'Star-Spangled Banner' (Le Drapeau Etiole) in two languages."

These foyers have been established in several munition centers in France. Each one has a cafeteria, a recreation hall and rooms fitted up as rest rooms, writing and sewing rooms. At night these rooms are filled with French girls learning English, book-keeping or stenography, that they may work in the offices of the American Expeditionary Forces. In connection with each is a large recreation field or park.

At the request of the French ministry of war the Young Women's Christian association has opened club-rooms for the sixteen thousand French women employed in the offices of the war department.

So successful has been the foyer work in France that a call has come from England to the American Y. W. C. A. to bring its Blue Triangle huts and foyers across the channel. The English Y. W. C. A. has established centers for munition workers on a smaller scale, but after inspection of the American work in France the four English representatives to the Allies' Women's congress in Paris in August, officially requested that the American Y. W. C. A. undertake similar work in England.

Briefs of the Week

Mrs. W. E. Palmeter is visiting relatives at Clare, Mich.

Miss Mildred Dunning of Manacelon is guest of Miss Grace Pickhaver.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Joynt and Mrs. M. E. Heaton were Petoakey visitors, Friday.

Julius Johnson and family now occupy the Squier's Cottage on Willow Brook Addition.

Mrs. Albert Trojanek returned home Wednesday from a visit with her husband at Camp Custer.

Misses Irma Pinney, Etta Kiser and Rose Zoulek are now employed at the local telephone station.

Rev. M. E. Hoyt left Wednesday for Camp Taylor, to report for five weeks instruction in the duties of army chaplain.

Miss Emily Malpass returned home Tuesday from Muskegon, where she has been visiting her brother, Ellis and family.

Glenn Richards, who has been visiting Mr. and Mrs. Roscoe Mackey, left Monday to resume his studies at the Alma College.

Mr. and Mrs. John T. Carlisle of our Cherryvale Theatrical Colony left last Saturday for New York City for their season's work.

Mr. and Mrs. Richard Byer have been receiving a visit from his mother and sister, Mrs. John Byer and Mrs. M. Lee of Antigo, Wis.

Gus Muma and family moved this week into their newly purchased home the former H. L. Winters residence on North Main Street.

Mrs. Harry Sloan and children left this Saturday for their new home at Flint, after a visit at the home of her sister, Mrs. W. H. Sloan.

Mrs. Fred Mahl and children of Washington, D. C., arrived last Saturday for a visit with her mother, Mrs. M. Frieberg and family.

Wallace Merchant, Will Nachazel and Harold Nachazel left last Friday for Detroit, where they will enter the Student's Training Corps.

Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Sufferin with daughter, Miss Faye, drove by auto to Alma first of the week, where the latter will attend the Alma College.

Miss Gladys Knight, daughter of Capt. and Mrs. Wm. E. Knight, passed away at the home of her parents on the West Side, Friday morning, Oct. 4th. The young lady was taken ill Sunday last with the prevailing grip, which developed pneumonia. She was born at Charlevoix, Oct. 29, 1902, and was nearing her sixteenth birthday. She was a pupil in our High School. Funeral services will probably be held at Charlevoix, Monday.

E. L. Burdick sold his grocery and meat market this week to Messrs Ashland and I. L. Bowen, who will continue to operate the store under the firm name of Bowen Bros. The new proprietors are experienced men and well-known to the purchasing public of our city. Mr. Burdick is closing out his interests in our city, and with Mrs. Burdick, plan to leave latter part of this month for their new home in California. They have made our city their home for over a score of years and their going is a matter of sincere regret to their many friends here.

Att'y E. N. Clink returned Wednesday from Detroit.

George Allen was a Grand Rapids visitor this week.

Leo Phillips returned to his work at Detroit, Tuesday.

E. E. Brown of Flint was here this week on business.

Mrs. C. Depew returned to her home at Cadillac Tuesday.

Mrs. Grover Moore returned Tuesday from a visit at Detroit.

Mrs. F. C. Pillsbury returned Wednesday from a visit at Detroit.

Mrs. M. I. Fryman of Petoakey was guest of Mrs. A. Danto this week.

Miss Emma Nachazel went to Detroit Monday, where she has a position. Alex Lapeer went to Cheboygan last Saturday for a visit with relatives.

Miss Cora Heath left Monday for Kalamazoo for a visit with relatives.

Harold Murner went to Detroit, Tuesday, where he will seek employment.

Miss Madeline Josifek left Monday for Mt. Pleasant to attend the Normal.

Miss Bernice Piggott left Thursday for a visit with relatives at Sarnia, Ont.

Mrs. C. Spring has rented rooms in the A. K. Hill residence on Second-St.

Mrs. Jos. Booth returned Monday from a visit with relatives at Traverse City.

Mrs. Emma Dunham is here from Chicago on business and visiting friends.

Noah French left Monday on a business trip to Grand Rapids, Jackson and Detroit.

Miss Florence Provost returned Monday from a visit with relatives at Pellston.

Mr. and Mrs. H. Woodcock with son returned home Monday from a visit at Rapid City.

Mrs. Joe Whiteford was here from Detroit this week on business and visiting relatives.

Mr. and Mrs. F. J. Gruber now occupy the apartment at the rear of Dr. Bechtold's office.

Mr. and Mrs. Thos. Bussier returned home Thursday from a visit at Detroit and other points.

Mrs. M. R. Drescher of West Olive was guest of Mrs. A. Hilliard a couple of days this week.

S. E. Rogers and W. R. Barnett left Wednesday for Detroit with a couple carloads of cattle.

Mr. and Mrs. Clinton Bowen returned to Detroit, Tuesday, after a visit with relatives here.

Mrs. F. Edwards of Reed City is guest at the farm home of her daughter, Mrs. James Secord.

Mrs. Phil S. Johnson and Mrs. C. S. Johnson of Alba are visiting at the home of Mrs. W. C. Hoover.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Gidley went to Detroit, Monday on business. They expect to return in a short time.

Thomas McCalmon returned to his home at Chicago, Friday, after a visit here with friends and relatives.

Mr. and Mrs. Ed. Fortune of Ludington are guests at the home of the latter's sister, Mrs. W. H. Fuller.

Mrs. James Gidley returned home Thursday from Morrice, where she was called by the death of her mother.

Miss Ruth Malpass who is teaching at Hortons Bay is home for a three week's vacation during potato digging time.

Dr. and Mrs. J. L. LaCore with son of Elk Rapids were guests at the home of Mrs. Estella Sherman last Wednesday.

Merle Jones, Glenn Snyder and Wallace Kemp went to Mt. Pleasant, Monday, where they will attend the Normal.

Mrs. Mary Robertson who has been visiting at the home of her brother, James Gidley, returned to her home at Eastport, Friday.

Miss Myrtle Keefe, who has been visiting at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Heath, returned to her home in Detroit, Monday.

Mrs. D. Conway of Detroit is visiting Mrs. Louis Johnson and other relatives. Mrs. Conway was formerly Miss Rose Whalen of this city.

Mrs. R. Franklin returned to her home at White Cloud, Saturday last, after a visit at the home of her sister, Mrs. Elias W. Giles.

A Cafeteria Chicken Pie Supper will be served by the M. E. Ladies at the church parlors next Wednesday, Oct. 9th. From 5 o'clock until all are served.

The Presbyterian Missionary Society will meet with Mrs. L. Nyquist on Friday, Oct. 11th. A book review will be given by Mrs. Frank Bretz. All are cordially invited to attend.

Mrs. Ida Proctor of this city was taken to Charlevoix, Friday last, where Judge Correll committed her to the Traverse City Hospital. She was removed to the hospital that day.

Mrs. G. Blake went to Bay City Saturday to visit relatives.

Watch for "Blanket Day" at the East Jordan Lumber Co. Store.

Mrs. Mickel Yeager of Grand Rapids was guest of Mrs. W. A. Frederickson Thursday.

Miss Winnie Raino left Saturday last for Detroit, where she will secure a position.

Misses Alice and Sarah Green went to Detroit, Saturday last, where they have positions.

Mr. and Mrs. LeRoy Merrick and child returned to Toledo, Ohio, Saturday, after a visit with relatives here.

Mr. and Mrs. Ray Lyons and her brother, Ragnar Oleson returned to their home at Grand Haven, Saturday, after a visit with their parents, Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Oleson.

With the approach of cold weather you should have your chimney cleaned and put in order for the winter. WILL KOGOMO will do the work for you. Leave orders at Herald Office.

Watch for "Blanket Day" at the East Jordan Lumber Co. Store.

First Methodist Episcopal Church
Rev. Myron E. Hoyt, Pastor.

Sunday, Oct. 6, 1918.

In the absence of the Pastor at the Camp Zachary Taylor Training School for Chaplains, the Methodist pulpit will be supplied during the coming weeks as follows:

Oct. 6.—Rev. Mr. Pillsbury

Oct. 13.—Rev. N. D. Jenkins of Bellaire.

Oct. 20.—Rev. Jenkins

Oct. 27.—Rev. R. E. Meader, D. D.

Nov. 3.—Rev. Pillsbury

Nov. 10.—Rev. Pillsbury

No evening service next Sunday.

6:30 p. m.—Epworth League. Fine Young People's Meeting now every Sunday evening. Everybody is enjoying the 'sing' as a feature of each meeting.

Presbyterian Church Notes.
Robert S. Sidebotham, Pastor.

Sunday, Oct. 6, 1918.

10:30 a. m.—Communion Service.

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.

The session meets Sunday at 10 a. m. to see those who wish to unite with the Church.

Theme for the Vesper Service will be that announced for last Sunday.

Monday, Elder W. H. Sloan, Jim O'Leary and the Pastor expect to leave for Alma to attend the meeting of the Synod.

RESULTS WILL STARTLE
EAST JORDAN

People report quick results from pure Lavoptik eye wash. A girl with weak, strained eyes was helped by ONE application. Her mother could not sew or read because of eye pains. In one week her trouble was gone. A small bottle of Lavoptik is guaranteed to help EVERY CASE weak, strained or inflamed eyes. ONE WASH startles with its quick results. Aluminum eye cup FREE. Gidley & Mac, druggists.

WATER TAX NOTICE.

The water tax roll has been placed in my hands for collection. If paid on or before the 10th, ten per cent discount will be allowed. If not paid by the 20th, service may be cut off.

W. T. BOSWELL,
City Treasurer.

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.

WANTED!

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

WESTERN KNITTING MILLS
Rochester, Michigan.

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.

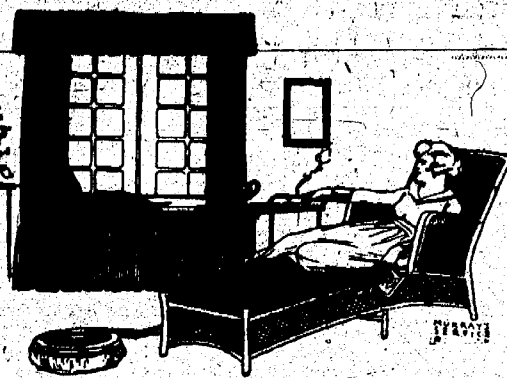
NOW IS THE TIME

TO GET READY FOR THE LONG WINTER, so we invite you to come in and see our nice, large

COMFORTABLES

AT REASONABLE PRICES

We bought early and can save you money.



WE CAN ALSO SAVE YOU MONEY ON

Dishes or Mattresses

In Fact Anything In

Home Furnishings.

FRENCH & REDMON
SERVICE QUALITY

ADMINISTRATOR'S SALE!

ESTATE OF GEO. G. GLENN

The Entire Stock of
HOUSEHOLD GOODS

Of This Estate Is Now Offered For Sale.

Complete Beds, Mattresses, Springs, Blankets, Pillows, etc. Commodes and other Bedroom Furniture.

Library, Dining and Other Tables.

Chairs of All Kinds—LEATHER COVERED AND PLAIN; ROCKERS' DINING CHAIRS and FINE CHAIRS IN SETS.
Carpets and Rugs, large and small.

Hundreds of Books by standard and 'well-known authors. Many fine sets of Books.

Dishes and Kitchen Utensils, all kinds.

Porch Shads, Swing, and other Porch Furniture.

Vacuum Cleaner, Double-barrel Shot Gun, and hundreds of other articles not listed.

THIS IS A SPLENDID CHANCE TO SUPPLY YOUR NEEDS
At Greatly Reduced Prices!

THIS SALE IS NOW ON

At the Late Residence of Geo. G. Glenn on Second and Nicholls Streets, and Will Continue Until This Stock Is Sold.

THE RESIDENCE IS ALSO FOR SALE.

W. P. PORTER, ADMINISTRATOR.

Your Ford
Casings & Tubes
ARE WORTH MONEY



Time to Retire?
(Buy Flek)

\$1.25 to \$3.00 allowed on
Casings
50c to 75c allowed on Tubes

GUARANTEED
MILEAGE TIRES.

MONROE'S

VINOL MAKES CHILDREN STRONG

And Invigorates Old People

Any doctor will tell you that the ingredients of Vinol as printed below contain the elements needed to improve the health of delicate children and restore strength to old people.

Cod Liver and Beef Peptones, Iron and Manganese Peptones, Iron and Ammonium Citrate, Lime and Soda Glycophosphates, Casein.

Those who have puny, ailing or run-down children or aged parents may prove this at our expense.

Besides the good it does children and the aged there is nothing like Vinol to restore strength and vitality to weak, nervous women and over-worked, run-down men.

Try it. If you are not entirely satisfied, we will return your money without question; that proves our fairness and your protection. Millions of people have been convinced this way.

HITE DRUG CO., East Jordan and Druggists Everywhere.

How about trading guns, Wilhelm? We got a few of yours last month.

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.

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

Special Offer

to the Readers of This Paper

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

Your choice of 10 High Grade Assorted Breeding Post Cards, Camp Scenes, Sailor Toys, Soldier Boys, Battleships, Halloween, Thanksgiving, Christmas, New Years, etc.
1 Silver Plated Souvenir State Tea Spoon.
The Ladies Fancy Work Manual for Crocheting and Embroidering.
Mystic Oracle and Gypsy Dream Book.
The Boy's Book on Toy Making.

Enclose 4c stamps to help cover cost and postage.

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

THE HONOR ROLL FOR EAST JORDAN DIST.

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Louis Lemieux
August Lew
- M—
Irvin McGowan
Pauline Munson
James Malpass
C. C. Mack
Roscoe Mackey
W. E. Malpass
C. J. McNamara
Fr. J. W. McNeil
Richard Malpass
L. C. Monroe
Chas. L. Moore
W. C. Merchant
James M. Marvin
John Monroe
John Martin
Fred Martin
Cyril McKenney
Stanley E. McKenney
R. T. McDonald
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Kate J. Malpas
Theodore E. Malpas
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- N—
Joseph Nachazel
Wm. Nice
C. Edward Nelson
Vet Newson
Mrs. Eustena Nachazel
- O—
A. R. Ostrander
Ole B. Omland
Gilbert O'Dell
John R. H. O'Dell
- P—
Howard Porter
C. H. Pray
Robert Price
Mrs. E. A. Palmiter
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D. S. Payton
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J. J. Porter
W. H. Parks
Grace Pickhaver
Isaac Peters
Mrs. Mary Porter
Torval Pederson
Ida M. Price
Allison B. Pinney
O. W. Pearl
Dan Painter
Frank Phillips
- Q—
Archie Quick
Francis M. Quinn
- R—
H. Rosenthal
Earl Rahling
Eugene Raymond
Sam G. Rogers
Fred Richards
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Sam F. Richardson
W. M. Robinson
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Ray F. Rugg
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Mrs. Agnes Raino
Robert V. Richardson
Percy Riness
Harold E. Reid
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Ernest Raymond
Geo. Ramsey
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- S—
May L. Stewart
R. H. Sill
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Henry Scholls
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Stephen Shepard
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David Shepard
R. S. Sidebotham
Glenn F. Supernaw
W. A. Stroebel
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Carl Stroebel
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W. H. Sloan
Del Smeltzer
H. L. Saxton
Harry Sirmans
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Chas. Stohman
Willie Saxton
Wm. St. Charles
John Stohman
Wm. L. Saxton
Chas. E. Sturgell
Gilbert Sturgell

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Thos. Trimble
Albert Tusch
Chas. Tusch
Albert Todd
Mort Tyner
Nicholas Torenga
Trangotte A. Tanner
John A. Tooley
Millard Touchstone
Thos. Thompson

—U—
S. Ulvund
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BLIND CHUMS SKATE THRU CITY STREETS

Both Are Experts on Rollers or Wheel, and One is a Regular "Daredevil"

Eaton, Ohio.—Eaton has grown so accustomed to seeing William Bennett and Scott Rayburn, young blind men, roller skating on the paved streets that the town sees nothing remarkable about it. Even Bennett riding a bicycle doesn't attract much attention any more. Both men are roller skating "fans." Rayburn doesn't ride a wheel, and says Bennett is a "daredevil."

"I don't ride a wheel as much as I used to, because I hit a telephone pole not long ago and mashed my nose," said Bennett.

Both boys were educated at the State blind school in Columbus, and played on the football team. They are broom-makers and piano tuners. Both are married and have one child each.

They refer to their canes as their "eyes." Whenever they go roller skating one of them carries an "eye" to keep from running into the curb.

Neither man ever asks directions, yet they are able to go direct from their homes to any store or office. "We've lived in Eaton all our lives, and carry the location of every street and building in our heads," says Bennett.

This is the Stove Polish YOU Should Use

IT'S different from others because more care is taken in the making and the materials used are of higher grade.

Black Silk Stove Polish

Makes a brilliant, silky polish that does not rub off or dust off, and the shine lasts four times as long as ordinary stove polish. Used on simple stoves and sold by hardware and grocery dealers.

All we ask is a trial. Use it on your cook stove, your parlor stove or your gas range. If you don't find it the best stove polish you ever used, your dealer is authorized to refund your money. Insist on Black Silk Stove Polish. Made in liquid or paste—one quality.

Black Silk Stove Polish Works
Sterling, Illinois

Use Black Silk Air-Drying Iron Emulsion on metal. It is the best stove polish for silver, nickel or chrome. It has no equal for use on metal.

A Shine in Every Drop

WHOLE STATE TO RAISE FUNDS ON WAR CHEST PLAN

MICHIGAN PATRIOTIC FUND CREATED BY GOV. SLEEPER TO STAGE UNION DRIVE IN NOVEMBER.

7 AGENCIES REPRESENTED

Action in Accordance With Request of President Wilson; Organization is Perfected.

The Michigan Patriotic Fund, recently created by Governor Sleeper to combine all appeals for funds by war relief agencies in one yearly drive, embracing the whole state, will make its first campaign the week of November 11. The amount to be raised is approximately \$10,000,000.

A number of counties are already raising funds through their own county war chest organizations and have their quotas in hand for this year. For that reason their participation in the first campaign will be passive and they will be credited with their respective quotas just as though they were taking an active part in the drive.

Different Agencies Essentially One

Establishment of the Michigan Patriotic Fund is in accord with the request of President Wilson, as voiced in a letter to Raymond D. Fosdick, Commissioner on Training Camp Activities. In this letter the president pointed out that the services rendered by the different agencies to our army and to our allies are essentially one and must of necessity be rendered in the closest co-operation. He asked that appeals for funds be united in order that the spirit of the country may be expressed without distinction of race or religious opinion.

Seven large national organizations engaged in war work will be represented in this drive. They are the Y. M. C. A. War Fund, the Knights of Columbus, the Jewish War Fund, the War Camp Community Service, the Y. W. C. A. War Fund, the Salvation Army and the American Library Association.

Each of these organizations had planned a campaign for funds for some period within the next six months. This would have meant a series of "drives" following one another in quick succession and even overlapping. By joining forces in a single campaign, conducted by the Michigan Patriotic Fund, they will save time and annoyance both for the public and the solicitors and promote a better feeling all around.

Giving on Efficient Business Basis

In other words, the object of the Michigan Patriotic Fund is to place Michigan's war time giving on an efficient business basis, and at the same time distribute the burden equitably among all the people. The people of Michigan have shown in the past that they are no shirkers when it comes to backing up the men who have gone to the front from within its borders. The Patriotic Fund will greatly simplify the task of collecting this money and save many precious hours for the real work of winning the war.

Organization of the fund was perfected at a recent meeting held in Detroit. Campaign headquarters have been established at 115-117 West Fort street, Detroit, and the work of organizing the counties is already begun under the direction of the executive committee. The war board in each county will be asked to head up the respective county organizations, and counties already operating on a war-chest basis will be asked to cooperate to the fullest extent.

Plan Copied After Detroit's Big Drive

The Michigan Patriotic Fund is an elaboration of the Detroit plan, which proved so popular that, with a goal of \$7,000,000, Detroit and Wayne county raised \$10,500,000 in a seven-day campaign last May. Executives of the state organization are confident that the people of Michigan will welcome the war chest idea, which affords them an opportunity to give once a year for all patriotic purposes and practically insures them against further solicitation in the meantime.

The Liberty loan campaigns, of course, are entirely separate, the purchase of a bond being in no sense a gift but a sound business investment.

Officers of the Michigan Patriotic Fund are: Carroll F. Sweet, Grand Rapids, general chairman; David A. Brown, Detroit, general vice-chairman; Mark T. McKee, Detroit, general secretary, and State Treasurer Samuel O'Dell, treasurer.

The executive committee is composed of the officers and the following: E. J. Bullard, Detroit, chairman of the state quota committee; H. H. Dow, Midland; Col. A. E. Kimball, Detroit; W. J. Norton, Detroit; Ernest A. O'Brien, Detroit; Helen Penrose, Detroit; Adam Strohm, Detroit.

Each of the organizations participating in the drive is represented on the committee. Mr. Brown will be in general charge of the publicity and of the campaign.

REGISTRATION NOTICE

To the Qualified Electors of the City of East Jordan, State of Michigan, Notice is hereby given that in conformity with Act 128, Public Acts of 1917, I, the undersigned City Clerk, will upon any day except Sunday and a legal holiday, or the day of any regular or special election or official primary election, receive for registration the name of any legal voter in said City not already registered who may apply to me personally for such registration, except that I can receive no names for registration during the time intervening between the Second Saturday before any general or special election or official primary election and the day of such election.

Saturday, October 26th, 1918
LAST DAY for General Registration for General Election, Nov. 5th, 1918.

All electors not already registered and intending to vote at said Election, should make Personal Application to me on or before the 26th day of October, A. D. 1918.

Notice is further hereby given that I will be at my office in the Post-office Building on

Oct. 12, and Oct. 19, 1918
From 8 o'clock a. m. until 8 o'clock p. m. on each said day for the purpose of Reviewing the Registration and Registering such of the qualified electors in said City as Shall Appear and apply therefor.

The name of no person but an actual resident of the precinct at the time of registration, and entitled under the constitution, if remaining such resident, to vote at the next election shall be entered in the registration book.

REGISTRATION OF ABSENTEE BY OATH

If any person whose name is not registered shall offer and claim the right to vote at any election, and shall, Under Oath, state that he is a resident of such precinct and has resided in the Ward twenty days next preceding such

election, designating particularly the place of his residence, and that he possesses the other qualifications of an elector under the constitution; and that, owing to the sickness or bodily infirmity of himself, or of some member of his family or owing to his absence from the City on public business or his own business, and without intent to avoid or delay his registration, he was unable to make application for registration on the last day provided by law for the registering of electors preceding such election, then the name of such person shall be registered, and he shall then be permitted to vote at such election. If such applicant shall, in said matter, wilfully make any false statement, he shall be deemed guilty of perjury, and, upon conviction, be subject to the pains and penalties thereof.

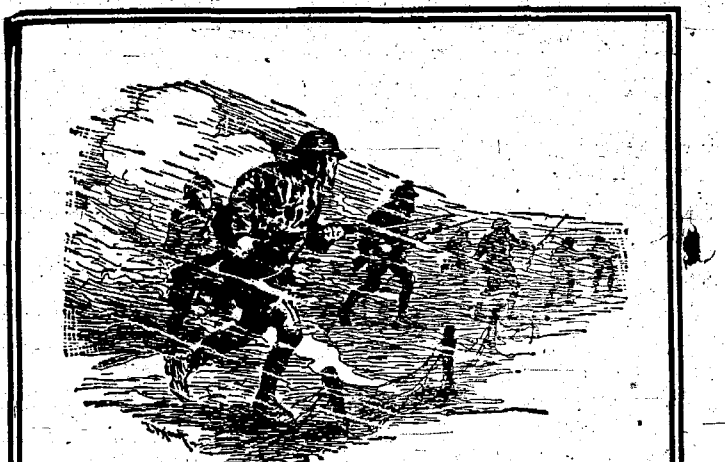
PROVISION IN CASE OF REMOVAL TO ANOTHER PRECINCT

Any registered and qualified voter who has Removed from One Election Precinct of a Ward to another election precinct of the same Ward shall have the right, on any day previous to election day, on application to the City Clerk, to have his name transferred from the registration book of the precinct from which he Has Removed to the registration book of the precinct in which he then resides. Such elector shall have the right to have such transfer made on Election Day by obtaining from the board of inspectors of election of the precinct from which he has removed a certificate of transfer and presenting the said certificate to the Board of Election Inspectors of the Precinct in which he then resides.

WOMEN ELECTORS

The names of all qualified Women Electors not already appearing on the registration list will be registered, provided Personal Application is made in conformity with the foregoing provisions.

Dated Oct. 1, 1918.
OTIS J. SMITH,
Clerk of the City of East Jordan.



Forward!

With no thought of bursting shrapnel and poisonous gases into which they plunge—with every muscle tense, with every faculty of mind alert, with one thought only—TO FIGHT AND WIN.

That is the way our men are going into battle. When the shrill whistle sounds the advance, out they go—their whole heart in the task before them. No power on earth can hold them back.

Forward!

The same sharp challenge to battle is sounding for us. We must answer in the same proud way—the way of our fighting men—the American way. We must lend the way they fight.

We must show the war-maddened Hun a united American people moving forward shoulder to shoulder, irresistibly, to Victory.

Our task is to supply the money, the ships, the guns, the shells that we must have to win. It is a tremendous task. We must do it as our fighting men do theirs—with the indomitable spirit of Victory.

We must work, and save, and lend with one thought only—TO FIGHT AND WIN.

Get into the fight—with your whole heart. Buy Bonds—to the utmost!

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