

Charlevoix County Herald.

Vol. 22

EAST JORDAN, MICHIGAN, FRIDAY, DECEMBER 13, 1918.

No. 50

Extension School at Ironton

Will be Held at Grange Hall Next Tuesday and Wednesday.

There will be a two day Extension School in the Grange Hall at Ironton on Tuesday and Wednesday of next week, Dec. 17th and 18th. Sessions will begin at 9:45 in the morning and at 1:00 in the afternoon. Program is as follows:

FIRST DAY

9:45 a. m.—Make the Child Sake—For Democracy, His Health, Food and Clothing.

Community singing.

1:00 p. m.—A Year of Hoover.

Mobilizing Vegetables.

Demonstration.

SECOND DAY

9:45 a. m.—Textiles and the War.

Helps in Buying.

Renovating Materials.

Community singing.

1:00 p. m.—Use of Machine Attachments.

Artistic Remodeling.

Sewing Room Helps.

Program for the Mens Schools will be announced later, but it will include Lectures and Demonstration on Soils and Animal Husbandry.

All are cordially invited to attend these sessions and we trust you will avail yourself of this opportunity if you are at all interested in Rural Life and the Problems of Agriculture.

Come out and enjoy yourself by joining in with the community singing and taking part in the discussions of the topics which are presented at these meetings. For those that are coming from a distance a pot-luck dinner is planned so that the farmers may come in and spend the entire day and have an enjoyable as well as instructive entertainment.

School Notes

Received last week, too late for publication.

Kindergarten.—The children are very busy getting ready for Xmas, making decorations and other things necessary for the occasion. They are making scrap-books for those of their mates who have been ill and unable to attend school. The number of pupils enrolled has reached sixty-five pupils.

Fifth and Sixth Grades.—The campaign for War Stamps is on. The quota required is fifty dollars.

Second Grade.—Mrs. Squier was a visitor of the second grade, Friday of last week. Evelyn Webster has been promoted from the First Grade into the Second. The handwork and decorations are being changed from Thanksgiving designs to Xmas designs, much to the satisfaction and delight of all the pupils, as it makes them think of Santa Claus and the presents they will receive; but, nevertheless, this does not make them forget Thanksgiving.

Early in the year a debating society was organized in the High School. It has had six meetings so far and nineteen members have enrolled. This society is composed of Juniors and Seniors and will debate with the Michigan High School Debating League. Their subject for debate is "Minimum Wage." Each class has elected a team for debating. The 7th grade will debate against the 8th, the Freshmen against the Sophomores and later the Juniors against the Seniors. Next Tuesday the first of the series of debates will be held at the High School between the Freshmen and Sophomores. The subject for debate is "Resolved, That motion pictures as they ordinarily appear are beneficial." The contestants are as follows:

Sophomores, Affirmative:—Gladys Batterbee, Paul Franseth, Richard Malpass.

Freshmen, Negative:—Rosabelle Deato, Raymond Hocketad, Virginia Pray.

The 7th and 8th grade teams are composed of the following members:

Eighth Grade—Sybil Bradford, Elsie Stockle, Mondane Hogsten.

Seventh Grade—John Danforth, Jasper Stollard, Omata Maddaugh.

Your sin may not find you out. Offener it finds you in.

The fact that lazy men are invariably good natured makes everybody about them ill-natured.

Don't look down upon the rich. In these times of fluctuating fortunes you may be rich yourself, some day.

M. A. C. WILL OPEN TRUCK AND TRACTOR SCHOOL.

Training in the operation and care of motor trucks and tractors will be offered by the Michigan Agricultural college in a course which will open on Jan. 20 and run for one month. The splendid equipment of the disbanded army engineering school at the college will be used by the men who take the truck and tractor work.

The course is planned to meet the great demand for trained men to handle gas machinery, particularly on the farm. The important features of the regular army course will be included and students in the work will be trained for the practical operation of all types of gasoline engines.

Any man interested in the work is eligible for admission to the course, no previous training being required. There will be no fees or tuition charges. By using the army equipment the college is able to accept a large number of men for the course. Information may be obtained by writing to H. H. Musseiman, Farm Mechanics Department, Michigan Agricultural College, East Lansing, Mich.

U. S. HEALTH SERVICE ISSUES WARNING

Increase in All Respiratory Diseases After the Influenza Epidemic Probable.

Influenza Expected to Lurk for Months. How to Guard Against Pneumonia. Common Colds Highly Catching—Importance of Suitable Clothing—Could Save 100,000 Lives.

Washington, D. C.—With the subsidence of the epidemic of influenza the attention of health officers is directed to pneumonia, bronchitis and other diseases of the respiratory system which regularly cause a large number of deaths, especially during the winter season. According to Rupert Blue, Surgeon General of the United States Public Health Service, these diseases will be especially prevalent this winter unless the people are particularly careful to obey health instructions.

"The present epidemic," said Surgeon General Blue, "has taught by bitter experience how readily a condition beginning apparently as a slight cold may go on to pneumonia and death. Although the worst of the epidemic is over, there will continue to be a large number of scattered cases, many of them mild and unrecognized, which will be danger spots to be guarded against." The Surgeon General likened the present situation to that after a great fire, saying, "No fire chief who understands his business stops playing the hose on the charred debris as soon as the flames and visible fire have disappeared. On the contrary, he continues the water for hours and even days, for he knows that there is danger of the fire rekindling from smoldering embers."

"Then you fear another outbreak of influenza?" he was asked. "Not necessarily another large epidemic," said the Surgeon General, "but unless the people learn to realize the seriousness of the danger they will be compelled to pay a heavy death toll from pneumonia and other respiratory diseases."

Common Colds Highly Catching. "It is encouraging to observe that people are beginning to learn that ordinary coughs and colds are highly catching and are spread from person to person by means of droplets of germ-laden mucus. Such droplets are sprayed into the air when careless or ignorant people cough or sneeze without covering their mouth and nose. It is also good to know that people have learned something about the value of fresh air. In summer, when people are largely out of doors, the respiratory diseases (coughs, colds, pneumonia, etc.) are infrequent; in the fall, as people begin to remain indoors, the respiratory diseases increase; in the winter, when people are prone to stay in badly ventilated, overheated rooms, the respiratory diseases become very prevalent."

Suitable Clothing Important. "Still another factor in the production of colds, pneumonia and other respiratory diseases is carelessness or ignorance of the people regarding suitable clothing during the seasons when the weather suddenly changes, sitting in warm rooms too heavily dressed or, what is even more common, especially among women, dressing so lightly that windows are kept closed in order to be comfortably warm. This is a very injurious practice."

Could Save 100,000 Lives. "I believe we could easily save one hundred thousand lives annually in the United States if all the people

All You Need Is a Heart and a Dollar



By courtesy of Chaplin.

THE RED CROSS COMES

By JEANNE JUDSON.

Lest we forget the simple joys,
The kindly thoughts, the human tears,
The harmless laughter and the song
We knew in other happier years,
Lest we grow hard, and cruel and cold,
And being young, our hearts are old,
Held in the grasp of death undied,
The Red Cross comes to fill again,
The cup of mercy long since spilled;
Bid in our hearts the birds to sing,
Reviving joy that anger killed.

would adopt the system of fresh air living followed, for example, in tuberculosis sanatoria. There is nothing mysterious about it—no specific medicine, no vaccine. The important thing is right living, good food and plenty of fresh air.

Droplet Infection Explained in Pictures.

"The Bureau of Public Health, Treasury Department, has just issued a striking poster drawn by Berryman, the well-known Washington cartoonist. The poster exemplifies the modern method of health education. A few years ago, under similar circumstances, the health authorities would have issued an official dry but scientifically accurate bulletin teaching the rote of droplet infection in the spread of respiratory diseases. The only ones who would have understood the bulletin would have been those who already knew all about the subject. The man in the street, the plain citizen and the many millions who toil for their living would have had no time and no desire to wade through the technical phraseology."



COLDS, INFLUENZA, PNEUMONIA, AND TUBERCULOSIS ARE SPREAD THIS WAY

Copies of this poster can be obtained free of charge by writing to the Surgeon General, U. S. Public Health Service, Washington, D. C.

PAIN KEPT HIM AWAKE NIGHTS.

J. W. Peck, Coraopolis, Pa., writes: "I suffered terrible pain; unable to lie down at night. Tried three different doctors. Three weeks ago began taking Foley Kidney Pills; improvement in my condition is really wonderful." Use Foley Kidney Pills for kidney, bladder trouble, backache, rheumatism.—Hite's Drug Store.

UNCLE SAM BADLY IN NEED OF MUSICIANS

Sixty-Three Bands of 30 Men Each Being Organized Under Army Bill.

Fort Leavenworth, Kan.—An army without music is almost as bad off as an army without guns, and Uncle Sam is badly in need of musicians. No fewer than 63 bands, each of 30 musicians, are being organized under the new army bill, and young men musically inclined are given an excellent opportunity for learning any instrument. If he likes, the soldier musician need serve only one year with the army, although he must remain in reserve six years longer and liable to be called upon for active service.

The army maintains the Institute of Musical Art at Governor's Island, New York, to teach these musicians. Young men who have musical talent are sent there to be trained after their enlistment, which means that with the steady practice required, good musicians are turned out in a few months.

On enlistment the army musician receives \$24 a month, and the usual allowances. As proficiency is acquired he is promoted to second and then first-class musician with increases of pay. Band leaders get a maximum of \$99 a month, quarters, fuel, rations, medical attendance and other things which go to make a total which is equal to what a musician can earn in civilian life, if not more.

In addition to their regular pay, army musicians earn extra money by playing at private post functions. At a good post, these earnings will double the pay or more in the winter season.

Army band men are not required to fight. Their duty in action is with the headquarters company, behind the line, either in a supply capacity or as stretcher bearers.

In all there are 132 regimental bands, one at West Point and one at the Disciplinary Barracks here. Each regiment of infantry, each regiment of cavalry and each regiment of field artillery has a band, and there is one for the Engineer Corps, this band being always stationed at Washington. Eighteen bands are provided for the Coast Artillery Corps, which has no regimental organization.

CONVICT RECAPTURED

Oklahoman Who Prospered on Colorado Claim Hopes to Obtain a Parole.

Parsons, Kan.—Unless the Governor of Oklahoma grants him a parole, Roy Kent, 24 years old, will have to serve the remainder of a nine-year penitentiary sentence for killing a Deputy Sheriff, although for the last three years he had "made good" on his 160-acre claim in Colorado and became a respected citizen of the community.

A few months after Kent had been imprisoned he learned that his wife and baby were in destitute circumstances and facing starvation, so one night he eluded his guards and gained his freedom. He beat his way on freight trains to Montrose, Colo., where he filed a claim in the Government land office for a quarter section of mountain land.

By working in mines Kent saved enough money to purchase tools and in a few weeks he had cleared enough timber from his claim to build a comfortable log house. Then he sent for his wife and child. He prospered and recently he wrote a letter to a relative in Quinton, Ok., telling the relative of his prosperity, but the missive fell into unfriendly hands and the authorities were notified of Kent's whereabouts. One night an officer rapped at his cabin door and told him that he would have to return to Oklahoma.

On this return journey Kent carried with him a letter signed by the Sheriff, the County Clerk and the Judge of the county in which his claim is situated, begging the Governor of Oklahoma to parole him and declaring him to be a law-abiding, industrious and good citizen. "If you parole Kent," the letter says, "you will help him to continue to be a good and useful citizen," and it adds that hundreds of other signatures to a request for a parole could be obtained in the county. His wife and children are holding down the claim in his absence.

MAKING AMERICA 100% RED CROSS

By its Christmas Roll Call, to be held in the week beginning December 16, the American Red Cross aims to enroll the entire available population in the ranks of the organization in order to make America 100 per cent. Red Cross, so that the world may know that the country stands solidly and uncompromisingly for the principles of honor, mercy and good faith among the nations.

School Commissioner's Notes

May L. Stewart, Commissioner

Burgess school has organized a Hot Noon Lunch Club, and is raising funds for incidentals. Miss Canniff is planning a box social and also a fine Xmas program. New readers are being ordered and spirit is at its height.

The Mountain school district has organized a Literary Society with a meeting every week. Evidently this is one of the splendid functions having place for parents, and made by them. Earl Clark is president and Miss Lalonde tells us things are going just splendidly.

The school at Clarion raised over fifty dollars for the United War Worker's Fund. They had already more than raised their quota for the Junior Red Cross.

Four more changes in the teaching corps during the Xmas month. Directories are under way and we hope to have them out by the last of this month.

Our county will be 100 per cent Junior Red Cross the last of this week. Those not able to earn money will be admitted on pledge of service.

Arithmetic charts are here in all three of our cities, ready for regular school work. Have you obtained yours?

The week's report in Thrift and W. S. S. shows rural school and Boyne Falls purchases to total \$117.50 Total for past six weeks is \$932.25.

Thursday and Friday the Com'r enjoyed a splendid visit with the County Normal and Training Class in Charlevoix. Miss Bates has a much larger class this year than in 1917, and they promise to be good prospective teachers when their training is completed.

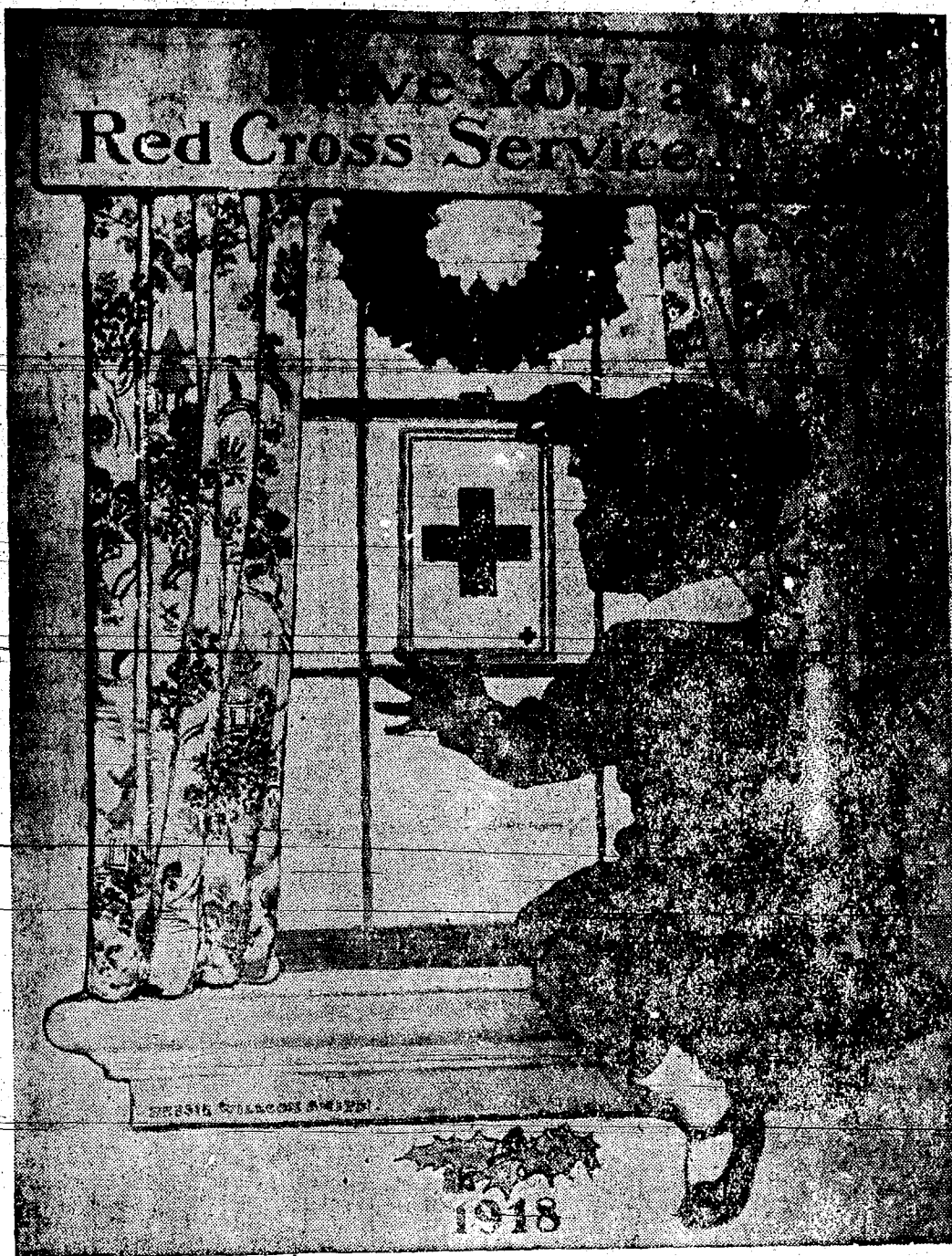
The critic teacher, Miss Morrison, is living with her little folks in prose and poem. The sixth grade were dramatizing the story of Ulysses and his sailors in the giant's cave, and they surely appreciated the spirit of the play.

Several school boards have nearly arrived at the "Standard Ideal" school house in their workmanship and have inquired if all is well. The Com'r is looking up the state inspection of these buildings and will mail copies to them soon. It is very possible that several of these buildings may receive their plates before spring, and it may be well to plan all for the same month, and declare a "Standard School" week in which we could procure the services of a state assistant to personally present to us the plates which will so much honor the districts that have earned them.

Miss Duthie, Assistant Emergency Club Leader for Boys and Girls was in the County, Tuesday and Wednesday of last week. Accompanied by the Com'r of Schools, County Club Leader Mrs. C. F. Smith, and County Agent, G. F. Smith of Boyne City, she was introduced to several schools of the county where the teachers had expressed a desire for this kind of work. Hot noon lunch clubs were organized in Burgess, Ironton and the Ranney School. A Handicraft Club for Boys was organized in Bay Shore. This form of extension work was fully explained to the County Normal class and last year's clubs in East Jordan were interviewed regarding reports and stories of their work. The party left the Com'r on the second day in Charlevoix while they proceeded to Boyne City for the evening to receive from the Canning Kids there the complete reports of their work.

CHINA AND JAPAN AID CAUSE OF HUMANITY

The activities of the American Red Cross are almost boundless in scope, both geographically and financially. China and Japan have added considerable members and liberal contributions during the past year. In addition to these, the following countries are actively engaged in promoting the cause: The Hawaiian Islands, Cuba, Porto Rico, the Dominican Republic, the United States of Argentina, Brazil, the Canal Zone, Chile, Guam, Haiti, Honduras, Mexico, Peru, Nicaragua and Spain. The insular and foreign chapters have reported contributions of more than \$1,400,000, with returns still incomplete. From China came more than \$100,000, and in addition 50,000 Chinese became associate members of the American Red Cross. From Japan more than \$200,000 have been contributed.



SNAP 'GUNS' UNDER THE ENEMY'S FIRE

"NO DANGER LOOMS SO LARGE AS THE DANGER OF MISSING A GOOD PHOTOGRAPH."

REAL PICTURES OF THE WAR

British Correspondent in France Tells of Risks the "Almost Soldiers" Run.

London—No danger looms so large as the danger of missing a good photograph, says W. Beach Thomas, a London correspondent with the British army in France, in expressing admiration for "those almost soldiers" who spend their days not in fighting but in taking pictures of those who fight. They run a soldier's risk, if not daily, at any rate once a week; and on occasion the risk is very great indeed. Sometimes this is the fault as well as the virtue of the photographer.

He tells of the preparations made for taking a photograph of the destruction of a German blockhouse.

"An officer turned his ingenuity, learned in shooting big game in India, to the work of finding and organizing a hiding place for the photographer. A loophole was punctured at night in the front parapet, which was perhaps 100 yards from the target. This hole was then carefully blocked so as to be invisible; and the photographer installed behind it was ordered not to open it till after the first heavy shell was fired and the enemy were taking shelter. But photographers, in my experience, are not made quite like other people. No danger looms so large, in their nature as the danger of missing a good photograph.

"So it was with the artist on this occasion. A nervous terror possessed him that the first shell from the 9.2 would do the deed and render further shots unnecessary. His photographer's nature gave him no alternative, and he opened the loophole at once. Of course the enemy saw, and, of course, turned guns onto the spot. Happily, our 9.2 was punctual. The photographer was forgotten in bigger things and he got an excellent picture of the dissolution of the blockhouse, which shot up in dust and ashes under the stimulus of the eighth shell.

"Often on such occasions the nervousness of the photographer's work has been increased by the complete clearance of the trench. There is always the danger of a mine or shell kicking back, so for a short period in certain circumstances the front trench may be cleared. But the soldier's withdrawal is occasion for the photographer's advance. To miss taking the explosion of a big mine, such as that of the Hawthorn Redoubt on July 1, would be as serious as a soldier's failure to take a strong place. It was while holding such a trench alone that the garrison of two photographers had one of their machines crippled. A fragment of a high-explosive shell cut the leg of the camera off.

"One of the most disagreeable facts of the war for photographers and some others is the enemy's unpleasant habit of sniping with artillery, even heavy artillery. I have seen a shell pitched within 10 yards of two observers who had exposed themselves on a hilltop in Flanders. At least as good shooting was made at a camera set down above the parapet in the neighborhood of Hebuterne. Possibly the Germans thought they had discovered some new mortar or infernal machine.

"At any rate, they began almost at once to snipe with their 5.9. The excellence of the shooting suggests that the spot had been already registered. The first shell fell just in front. It was followed by another within a few yards, and the third hit the parapet just as the two were packing up their apparatus. Like wise men, they fell on their faces at the first sound of the whistle; but even a recumbent position has its dangers. One of them was covered up with mud and needed his friend's help to get clear.

"I have met the official photographers in many places. There is nothing in or behind the lines that escapes their ministrations. Indeed, one is inclined to feel that the future history of the war should be photographs as to a good half of its contents. But the most vivid picture I have is of a buoyant figure, equipped, of course, with shrapnel helmet and gas mask, picking his way between German prisoners and our wounded in the neighborhood of Mametz. He was, I think, on the track of captured guns in the wood, but on his way was busy with prisoners. He had a great way with prisoners. His refusal to speak German impressed them and did not seem to interfere with the crisp clarity of his instructions, which were obeyed to the letter.

"All the official photography, kinematograph or other, is done by men who fly about with extreme activity from one part of the front to the other. One of them has been up in aeroplanes over the enemy lines and all of them have endured almost the worst thing in war, a trench under heavy bombardment, besides, of course, the common danger of 'whistling Perceles' and other far-dung shells."



The Farmer Receives More Than Five Thousand Dollars a Minute From Swift & Company

This amount is paid to the farmer for live stock, by Swift & Company alone, during the trading hours of every business day.

All this money is paid to the farmer through the open market in competition with large and small packers, shippers, speculators and dealers.

The farmer, feeder, or shipper receives every cent of this money (\$300,000 an hour, nearly \$2,000,000 a day, \$11,500,000 a week) in cash, on the spot, as soon as the stock he has just sold is weighed up.

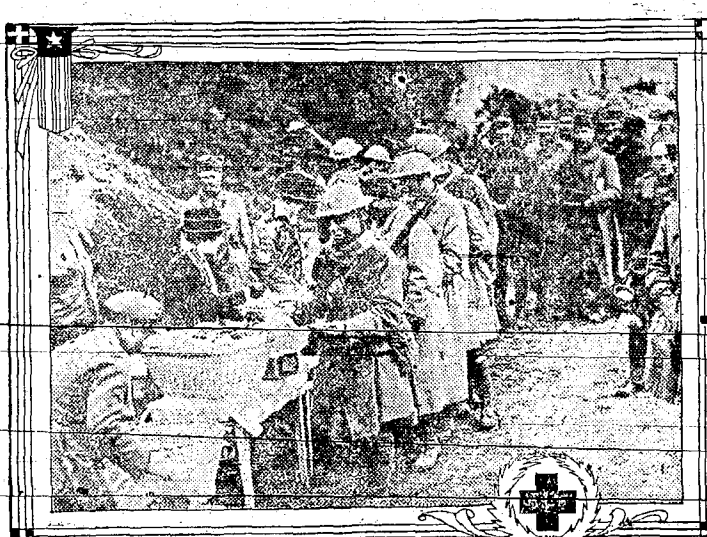
Some of the money paid to the farmer during a single day comes back to the company in a month from sale of products; much does not come back for sixty or ninety days or more. But the next day Swift & Company, to meet the demands made by its customers, must pay out another \$2,000,000 or so, and at the present high price levels keeps over \$250,000,000 continuously tied up in goods on the way to market and in bills-owed to the company.

This gives an idea of the volume of the Swift & Company business and the requirements of financing it. Only by doing a large business can this company turn live stock into meat and by-products at the lowest possible cost, prevent waste, operate refrigerator cars, distribute to retailers in all parts of the country—and be recompensed with a profit of only a fraction of a cent a pound—a profit too small to have any noticeable effect on the price of meat or live stock.

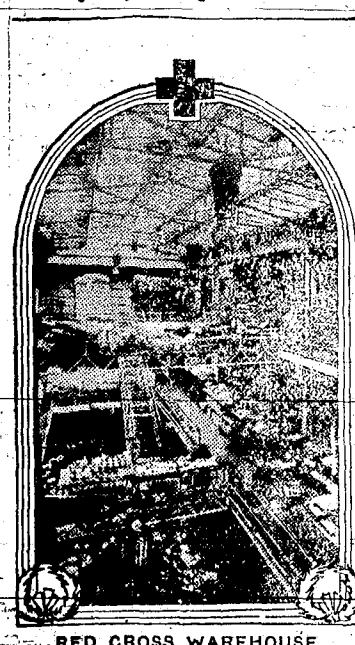
Swift & Company, U. S. A.



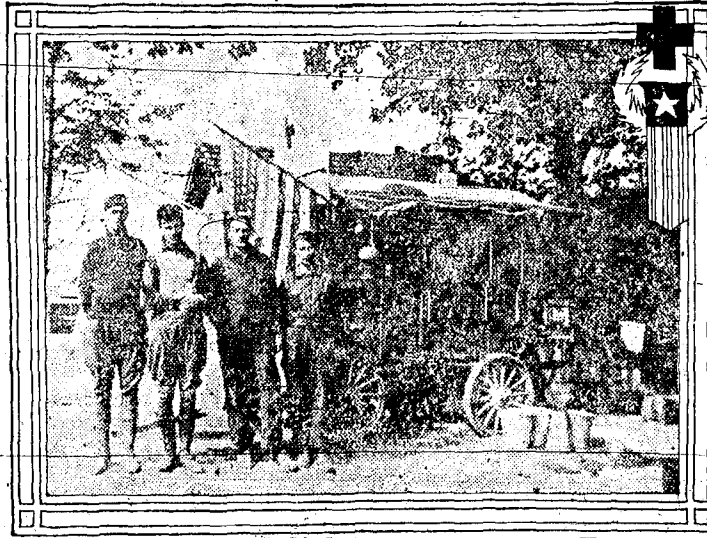
Young Italy sharing the cares of war



RED CROSS WORKERS DISTRIBUTING REFRESHMENTS.



RED CROSS WAREHOUSE.



RED CROSS ROLLING CANTEN AT FRONT.



American Red Cross officers on frozen White Sea. Captain Mills, secretary of mission to Rumania, quenches his thirst with telele.



CONVALESCENT SOLDIERS AT RED CROSS HOME COMMUNICATION SERVICE STATION.

BEES CRAZY DRUNK

Suits Based on This Theory of Offensive Reported Likely in Ill. City

Mattoon, Ill.—Twenty five residents of this place threaten to bring suit against the city for the alleged acts of a swarm of drunken bees, made so through the carelessness of the police department. That suit or recovery in some manner will be brought seems to be certain, as attorneys have been engaged.

The bootlegging condition in this section of the state is blamed for the situation. In raids on a number of illegal establishments here ten days ago, the police confiscated a large quantity of liquor. This was emptied into a sewer at the rear of the city building.

The outlet of the sewer is, within two blocks of the home of William Welsh, owner of a large number of bees. The bees, according to Welsh, for months have been depending on this sewer outlet for their water supply.

On the day the whiskey was emptied into the sewer, the bees made their customary trip to the watering place. On their return to the hives in Welsh's yard, an uprising such as had never before occurred among the honey makers took place. Several prominent citizens were severely stung by the insects. A patrolman was stung so severely that he was obliged to remain at his home for a week.

Welsh, in a statement to the police says:

"My honey makers have been accustomed to the water at the sewer outlet and consequently drank from it on the day the whiskey was poured into the sewer. There is but one plausible solution to the entire incident. The bees were crazy drunk. I tried to pacify them by giving them water, but they refused," declared Welsh.

Neighbors of Welsh share in his theory.

The first bananas were imported into this country in 1869, and at the present time special machinery is employed to unload them at the fruit wharves, so great are the importations.

For Croup, "Flu" and "Grip" Coughs.

M. T. Davis, leading merchant of Bearsville, W. Va., writes: "A few nights ago one of my patrons had a small child taken with croup about midnight. Came to my store and got Foley's Honey and Tar Compound. Before morning the child entirely recovered. Parents can't say enough for Foley's Honey and Tar."—Hite's Drug Store.

DRINK HOT TEA FOR A BAD COLD

Get a small package of Hamburg Breast Tea at any pharmacy. Take a tablespoonful of the tea, put a cup of boiling water upon it, pour through a sieve and drink a teaspoon full at any time during the day or before retiring. It is the most effective way to break a cold and cure grip, as it opens the pores of the skin, relieving congestion. Also loosens the bowels, thus driving a cold from the system.

Try it the next time you suffer from a cold or the grip. It is inexpensive and entirely vegetable, therefore safe and harmless.

RUB BACKACHE AND LUMBAGO RIGHT OUT

Rub Pain and Stiffness away with a small bottle of old honest St. Jacobs Liment

When your back is sore and lame or lumbago, sciatica or rheumatism has you stiffened up, don't suffer! Get a 30 cent bottle of old, honest "St. Jacobs Liment" at any drug store, pour a little in your hand and rub it right into the pain or ache, and by the time you count fifty, the soreness and lameness is gone.

Don't stay crippled! This soothing, penetrating oil needs to be used only once. It takes the ache and pain right out of your back and ends the misery. It is magical, yet absolutely harmless and doesn't burn the skin. Nothing else stops lumbago, sciatica and lame back misery so promptly!

Snared

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

CHAPTER IV.

Lucile Takes Up the Story.

Mr. Gordon Glace had asked me to take up the story of those strange events which took place during the day when that wonderful man, Semi Dual, fought the secret power of one of the most vicious bands of organized evil, and carry it on from that point where he ceased to be an eye witness until he comes into the action again. I shall try to set down each important incident as nearly as it occurred, though, of course, not being a writer, I shall probably not do it justice.

All my life, until I took up police work, I lived in San Francisco. I knew my city, and I may add that in a sense I knew my Chinese.

Much of my first work was in my home city, among the people I was now fighting again. As a result I felt competent to begin the search for this high-caste Oriental who might hold the life of the captured man in his hands, if Connel were correct.

My knowledge of the Chinese customs and ethics, if one may call them so—told me that a man of that type would be the last on earth to forget such a service as McKabe seemed to have rendered; the more so since the child he had saved was an heir, arrived after it was well-nigh despaired of by its father.

There was one queer thing which made me decided upon the step I took in leaving Mr. Glace to go back to the hotel with his report alone.

Shortly after we had left Connel, and while I was debating the likelihood of Kim Lee's granting a request for aid, it seemed as though something began urging me to act at once. It was as if something actually led me to do what I did.

I know some people scoff at telepathic communication, but I have come to believe in it myself, and I know Mr. Dual says that it can be accomplished by those who know the proper methods, or by any one unconsciously—under the stress of some driving circumstance or emotion.

And Mr. Dual has since told me frankly that he sent me a telepathic direction that morning. In view of all that happened, I would be the last one on earth to doubt.

Therefore, after becoming assured that it was the best I could do, I told Mr. Glace of my determination, overruled his objections, and left the taxi on the corner of Grant and Geary.

I stood for a moment until I saw him go up toward Union Square and the hotel, and then turned to the long slope at the top of which Chinatown began.

It was a beautiful day, soft, and actually warm for San Francisco. All about me were the crowds of the busy city—people like myself, hurrying this way and that.

Girls and women passed me in street costume, wearing great bunches of violets and carnations and little "baby" roses, from the flower markets down on Kearny and Market.

Men of my own race pushed by on errands of their own forming. I stood for still another moment watching.

It seemed hard to realize even then that a few blocks north from here would plunge me into a maelstrom of foreign life—a totally different atmosphere of life—where the current of living flowed with a sluggish surface, which masked a seething passion of intrigue and plotting too deep to be discovered by any casual glance.

And it seemed doubly hard to believe that a man had been snatched from his every day round last night, and now lay shut in some secret dungeon awaiting a fast approaching doom.

That last thought set my feet in motion.

I don't know whether at that time I loved Danny McKabe or not. I am sure that the man's personality had taken a strong hold upon me the night before.

At first I had regarded him only as the ordinary city detective. It was only later, when we had won our point and were back at the Hall of Justice and I saw him straightened from his assumed stoop, and met the full fire of his exultant eyes, that something waked in my heart and answered his look, in a way I had never known before.

Also I knew that when I heard of his capture, for just a moment I felt dizzy and feared I would fall.

And from that time until I saw him again, I am sure he was never fully out of my mind.

And then, when I saw him—as I saw him—I knew that there would never be any other man who would mean what he did to me, and that whether he cared or not it would be the same with me, in my heart, and I would never be quite the same woman again, unless he did care as I wanted him to.

Any way, I began to walk up the slope of Grant street, toward Clay and the great emporium of Oriental goods, which Connel had said was owned principally by Kim Lee.

I didn't hurry, for the simple reason that I did not wish to attract attention.

There was every probability, I knew that some fragment of the people who

had captured Danny would be keeping an eye upon the movements of Semi Dual and those with him. They would hardly neglect so obvious a point.

I kept purposely in the most crowded part of the street, therefore, and slipped along without any apparent purpose, acting more as though waiting for some one to meet me than anything else.

Yet all the time I was keeping a keen outlook, as I had learned to do, to see if I could detect any one who seemed interested in my movements. I felt sure that our visit to Connel would be known. They would certainly keep the Hall of Justice under observation.

But I had left there with Glace in the taxi, and I had left it quickly of purpose. I hoped that if it had been kept under surveillance, my movements might have escaped detection.

I went on up the hill, crossing street after street, losing little by little the touch of Occidental life, and coming gradually into the fringe where the two edges of east and west met and mingled.

Then all at once, as it seemed, the faces on the sidewalks took on a yellow cast.

Slant eyes gazed out of them upon me, and the singsong of speech, the shuffle or slipper-shod feet, replaced the sharper accentuation of voice and step which marked the course of the race I had left.

So far as I could I now adopted the air of a sightseer merely, walking along the narrow pavement, pausing now and then to stare through a window at the wares of the East, on exhibition. I even went in one place and purchased a few little things to carry out the simulation and came out carrying them in my hands.

After a time I came to the corner I had made my destination. The three-story building of the store I sought rose with pagodalike roof and tower before me.

The sunlight glistened from its great windows, behind which a wealth of beautiful things from the East found place.

I knew it well. To all intents and purposes it was a great department store.

Its interior arrangement was mostly Occidental. Its saleswomen wrote your order or purchase in a duplicate book, and kept record of their sales as precisely as any shop girl down on Kearny.

Its floor walker—small, dapper, Occidental clad—would direct you to anything you might desire. It maintained a magnificent tea-room upon the second floor.

I had been in it dozens of times now and then, but never before had I heard of Kim Lee as the governing spirit of the place. That shows you how secretive those people are.

I wondered as I stood for a moment before it what luck I would have in reaching him today.

Then I pressed my lips and made up my mind that reach him I would in one way or another. In a way, I put it up to fate to lead me on from this point to the end.

I went inside the great plate glass and bronzed front doors, and approached the dapper little genius who walked here and there with clasped hands behind his back.

"One moment, please," I said. He paused, glanced up, and allowed a bland smile to grow upon his otherwise impassive face. In a moment he was all attention to what I might require.

"Yes, madam," he returned in excellent English.

"I have a message—a message of importance—to deliver," I told him, endeavoring to impress him at the outset, so that he might perhaps tell me what I wished. "It is a message which I cannot deliver except in person. It is a message for Kim Lee."

If I had asked for a paper of pins it would have been all the same, I suppose. Not one muscle in the yellow face changed under my scrutiny.

Yet I fancied that deep down in the brown eyes which met mine fully a little something stirred, looked up quickly, and dropped its head.

"Kim Lee, madam?" he questioned softly—"who is Kim Lee?"

"Surely you must know," I suggested, smiling as though very certain of what I was saying. "He is the man who controls this great business."

He shook his head.

"I am afraid there is some mistake," he responded. "I am sorry. Madam must have the wrong store in mind."

But those narrow-lidded eyes were not quite steady, and I knew he was lying.

"See," I said quickly. "I understand that Kim Lee is not known as the owner of this business, but I know for I was told before I was sent, and the message is one of importance."

Even your Oriental has the human failing of curiosity. I thought the little man wavered.

"And did not the one who sent, madam, tell her how to reach this Kim Lee?" he inquired.

"Only to come here and say what I have," I returned. "Also, that it might be denied that there was a Kim Lee, but that I was to insist that I be taken to his presence."

He smiled faintly and shook his head.

"I do not know—I am sorry," he repeated.

him. But it was not through this man. Forbidden to admit the slightest knowledge of the overlord, he would maintain his steady denial.

What, I asked myself, was I to do?

"It is the wrong store, I think, madam," he suggested when I did not speak.

After all, it was a combination of senility and childhood which stepped in to save the situation.

There was a stairway leading to the second floor and the tea room, coming down on the central aisle of the main floor, where I stood with the man I had questioned.

Down these stairs as I waited, striving desperately to find some final argument to gain me, my point, there came a small child in gaudy silken blouse and breeches and a small satin cap.

Behind him, shuffling from step to step, came an old man, at whose appearance I gasped. I was sure I had seen him before.

Hardly had the partial recognition filled my thought when the child cried out gaily.

Taking the last two steps at a bound, he rushed upon me and threw himself against me, clasping my thigh with two little circling arms and smiling up into my face.

Recollection became complete. On the night before, when Mr. McKabe, Semi Dual, and the rest of us had walked down this same street, and later when Mr. Glace and I had strolled by while McKabe waited for Greek Annie to appear, I had seen this same old man and this same little child as I passed.

More, the baby then, as now, had run out and thrown himself against me, holding me fast, and I had opened my purse and given him a piece of money, and I had spoken to the old man, who had seemed to be watching the child.

Now beyond any doubt the little one seemed to recognize me, to judge by the smile on his face.

At the time it seemed to me that I acted purely on impulse in what I did. At least I am certain that I did not plan any way to take advantage of the situation to further my own cause, because I did not dream that it could.

But I have always loved children, and the little midget, with his shining brown eyes, was in a way appealing.

"Baby!" I exclaimed, stooped, and lifted him into my arms. "Why, whose baby are you?"

He laughed and laid a hand on my face while the old man paused just above the foot of the stairs and watched with a grin on his toothless mouth.

"Him like you velly well, maybe," he mumbled after a moment.

"Whose baby is he?" I asked, little expecting what was to follow.

The old man smiled, and without noticing a hasty gesture of the little man who had denied me, answered my question.

"O-o-h, him baby blong Kim Lee. Kim Lee him papa."

If looks could have stricken him dumb I am sure his tongue would have ceased right then to wag.

The little man I had questioned at first shot him a glance which was brack with anger, and burst into a rapid fire of speech.

"The old man listened for a minute, drew himself up, and waved him to silence. He turned on me with a question.

"What for you wan' see Kim Lee, maybe? What for you come this house?"

"I have a message for Kim Lee," I told him, despite the frowns of the man beside me.

The ancient nodded. He came down, shuffled to my side, and took the baby from my arms.

"I go look, see?" he suggested. "I tell Kim Lee maybe so one white lady want see him. I tell him white lady what baby velly much like. You wait."

He turned back to the stairs with the child in his arms.

I think the man beside me called to him to stop, for half way up to the turn of a landing the old nurse paused and poured out a few guttural phrases in a tone which left nothing to the imagination.

Then he was gone, and I was left standing there beside the crestfallen little dandy, who had been exposed in the deception he had tried.

I walked over to a show case and began looking at the articles it held. After a moment my companion took himself away.

Still, though fate had been kind, I was hardly prepared for what followed. Standing there waiting, I was surprised to hear a soft, resilient step come down the stairs.

I turned to confront the figure of a very striking man. He was tall, well built, with excellent head and features. His forehead was high and his nose distinctly bridged, and his lips firm in repose. Beneath his heavy brows his eyes were almost black and piercing.

"I am Kim Lee," he replied. "My servant told me one waited below with a message. You are she?"

I inclined my head again.

"And? Miss Foose? I was denied access to you," I explained. "I was about to give up the endeavor to see you when your little son came down and saw me and seemed to remember having seen me last night."

Kim Lee smiled slightly.

"I know," he replied. "Wah Lee has told me that last night little Kim ran to you on the sidewalk and that he repeated it today. He forns sudden likes and dislikes."

He turned his face and smiled up at his son.

"But the message—what is it?" "I must speak to you of it alone," I said.

"Indeed?" His heavy eyebrows were lifted just a little. "Then—"

He paused for a moment, stepped back, and bowed. "If you will precede me up the stairs."

Success! My heart leaped in my bosom. I had won my point, and I had seen the glance he threw to his child.

It was a glance which said more than any words could have done of love for the little Kim Lee.

As he requested, I turned and mounted the stairs, and he followed close behind me, old Wah Lee going ahead with little Kim looking back over his shoulder.

So we reached the third floor at last, and the old servant opened a door and led me into a small reception closet.

I caught my breath at that room. Walls and ceiling—it was all done in blue and gold lacquer, paneled and inlaid, and the floor was a blue and golden rug, across which writhed tangled dragons.

The furniture was of teak, inlaid with mother of pearl. It was gorgeous, magnificent, in keeping with the quarters of the man at my back, with his air of the man of the world and his well-modeled Manchu face.

Kim Lee passed me.

"Your pardon," he murmured, opened a door on the far side of the room and stood back for me to proceed.

I entered a wonderful room. Unlike the abodes of the lower-caste Orientals, this place was lofty, airy, full of light.

Its floors were of polished woods in arabesque of inlay. Its walls supported wonderful works of tapestry art. Its windows flooded it with the gold of the outside day.

Swinging lanterns of metal work in every conceivable design of fancy surrounded the globes of the electric which gave it light. The rugs on its floor were of the finest Persian and Turkestan—Cushions stiff with golden thread were piled about it.

Tabourets held jardinières of cut and growing flowers and plants and dwarfed varieties of vegetation brought from the distant East. Its furniture was of teak, for the most part massive and heavily carved, some of it plain, some of it trimmed with inlay of what seemed ivory to me.

Kim Lee led me to an immense chair of carved-out teak and waited until I was seated. He took a place at a wonderful table of the same wood and raised his inquiring eyes to mine.

"And now the message, Miss Foose, if you please," he said.

I rushed into the story.

I told it all from the very beginning up to my coming to him. I gave him every detail of the action—even my meeting with little Kim the previous night, and my speaking to old Wah Lee, and at the end I asked his aid in saving Danny McKabe.

He heard me through without so much as a quiver of an eyelid—just sat at the great desklike table and toyed with a gilded paper knife with a jade handle, and held his deep eyes on my face, as though to verify the truth of what I was saying by my expression.

Even after I had finished he did not speak for a moment, but sat still, tapping the paper knife on the top of the table.

And little Kim ran to you on the street, and today he came down as you were leaving and recognized you again," he remarked at length.

"Yes," I reaffirmed. "If he hadn't chanced to come just then I fear your man would have kept me from reaching to you."

"Kismet!" said Kim Lee. "It was more than chance, Miss Foose. It was fate which led you to me. I think it was fitting for fate to use the child which Mr. McKabe once saved."

My heart leaped. "Then you—" I began. A queer, little whistling squeak filled the room.

"Your pardon a moment," said Kim as he reached down and lifted a bronze moustache from beneath the table and set it to his lips before lifting it to his ear. I saw it was a sort of artistic speaking tube.

In a moment, still holding the tube in his hand, he swung back to me and fastened his eyes on my face.

"I am Kim Lee," he replied. "My servant told me one waited below with a message. You are she?"

I inclined my head again.

"And? Miss Foose? I was denied access to you," I explained. "I was about to give up the endeavor to see you when your little son came down and saw me and seemed to remember having seen me last night."

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"Your pardon a moment

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

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

This is the time for automobile owners to make application for their license and car numbers for the year 1919. By so doing shipments will come more promptly than will those ordered later, when the rush season is on. Better place your order now and avoid future delay and annoyance.

Alonzo Wilcox, for some time an inmate at the county home, was adjudged an insane person in Judge Correll's Court last Monday, and admitted as a patient at the State Hospital at Traverse City, where he was taken by Deputy Sheriff Fred Coon, Tuesday.

As there has been a great many people here have asked me if I did funeral work, I will say for the benefit of the people, I have been doing the work for 22 years. I have graduated from the Barnes College of Chicago, and have Indiana and Michigan License, and prior to coming to East Jordan, served the people at Charlevoix and gave the best of satisfaction with the resorters as well as the home people for the past 12 years, so when in need of good work I am ready to serve you and give you the best work for what you have to pay.—J. E. REDMON.

Presbyterian Church Notes
Robert S. Sidebotham, Pastor.

Sunday, Dec. 15, 1918.

10:30 a. m.—Morning Worship. "The Good Samaritan."
12:30 Noon—Sunday School.
5:00 p. m.—No Vesper Service.
6:00 p. m.—Christian Endeavor.
Thursday at 7:30 p. m.—Prayer Meeting.

2:00 to 5:00 p. m.—Financial Canvass for year 1919. Each home of the congregation will be visited by two of the men, to secure pledges for the church Budget and Benevolences. Last Sunday the congregation adopted the Budgets for 1919. Next Sunday afternoon we expect to complete the canvass.

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

Sunday, Dec. 15, 1918.

10:30 a. m.—Morning Worship.
12:00 m.—Sunday School.
3:30 p. m.—Junior League.
6:00 p. m.—Epworth League.
7:00 p. m.—Evening Service.

Church of God
J. W. Ruehle, Pastor.

Sunday, Dec. 15, 1918.

9:30 a. m. Sunday School.
10:30 a. m. Morning Service.
6:30 p. m. Evening Service.
Wednesday 7:00 p. m. Prayer service.
Friday 7:00 p. m. Cottage Meeting.

1:30 p. m. Sunday School at Three Bell School House.
2:30 p. m. Divine Worship at the Three Bell School House.
Thursday 7:00 p. m., Cottage Meeting.

TAX NOTICE

Taxes of the City of East Jordan, levied for state, county, county road and school purposes, are due and payable at my office over Hite's Drug Store, on and after December 10, 1918. If paid on or before January 10, 1919, no collection fee will be added. Thereafter a charge of four percent will be added.

WM. T. BOSWELL,
City Treasurer.

INFLUENZA GETS OLD AND YOUNG.

"Grip" and "Flu" coughs should not be neglected. Profit by the experience thousands like Mrs. Mary Kisby, 3533 Princeton Ave., Spokane, Wash., who writes: "Our little boy found relief in wonderful Foley's Honey and Tar. It surely cured me. I'm 75 yrs. old, had very bad cough from lagrippe. Hite's Drug Store."

A girl who is a lily before marriage sometimes continues to be one afterwards—a tiger lily.

You man have noticed that the friends who are willing to lend you money are those who have no money to lend.

The father who is always repeating the bright sayings of his children may be good-natured, but he is tedious.

One seldom sees a woman on the street without a shopping bag. This should be sufficient warning to old bachelors.

If a rich man tells you that the greatest happiness is to be found in poverty, remind him of what David said in his haste.

A good printer is truly a man of the highest type. He attends to his own case and makes it a rule never to be out of sorts.

DAVISON APPEALS FOR BIG ROLL CALL

Head of Red Cross War Council Sends Stirring Message to the Public.

VAST PROBLEMS ARE AHEAD

Sees No Necessity for Further Campaigns for Funds if People Respond Properly to Christmas Drive.

Washington, D. C., Dec. 4.—Henry P. Davison, chairman of the war council of the Red Cross, today issued to the 3,854 chapters and the 22,000,000 members the following statement outlining the future policy of the American Red Cross:

"The whole American people will be invited in the week preceding Christmas to enroll as members of the Red Cross. It is confidently believed there need be no further campaigns for Red Cross funds, but instead the annual roll call will constitute the foundation of the Red Cross. The people should therefore know as definitely as possible the plans of this, their national humanitarian society.

"Since the armistice was signed I have had an opportunity to confer in Paris with the heads of all American Red Cross commissions in Europe, and later in Washington with the president of the United States, the war council of the Red Cross, the managers of the fourteen Red Cross divisions of the United States, and with the heads of our department at national headquarters. I am, therefore, able to speak now with knowledge and assurance in saying that the beneficent work of the American Red Cross is to go forward on a great scale—not alone, as heretofore, for purposes of relief of war, but as an agency of peace and permanent human service.

"Since America's entry into the war the purpose of our Red Cross has been primarily to aid our army and navy in the care of our men under arms, and, secondly, to extend relief to the soldiers, sailors and civilians of those nations which were fighting our battles along with their own. With the funds which have been so generously contributed by the American people this war work of the Red Cross will continue and be completed with all possible sympathy and energy.

Wherever our soldiers and sailors may be the Red Cross will stay with them until they are demobilized. Nothing which we may do will be left undone, either for the men in the war zone, for those returning, for those in the camps and hospitals or for their families at home, to whom will continue to be devoted the ministrations of the Red Cross home service. In this latter effort 50,000 trained Red Cross workers are now engaged at 2,500 different places throughout the land.

"The problems of reconstruction, involving feeding and caring for the distressed civilian populations of Europe, are of such magnitude that necessarily they must be met very largely by the governments of our allies, with whom our own government will co-operate.

"The great tasks of fighting tuberculosis, promoting child welfare, and caring for refugees, with which the American Red Cross has concerned itself so effectively in France, Italy and Belgium, will at an early date be assumed by the governments, the Red Cross organizations, and the relief societies of those countries, which, now that they are released from the terrible burden of waging war, naturally desire to take care, as far as they can, of their own people.

"The war problem of the American Red Cross will thus steadily and rapidly merge itself into a peace program. The wake of the war will, however, reveal the prevalence of disease, and give rise to epidemics and emergencies which in all parts of the world will call for unlimited voluntary effort, the cutting of red tape and manifestation of those qualities of human sympathy which government action cannot display. Here will be the opportunity for the American Red Cross. But even our Red Cross must not act and cannot act most effectively alone; we must labor in co-operation with the National Red Cross and relief societies of other nations, to the end that not alone the heart of America but the

heart of all mankind may be mobilized on behalf of suffering humanity."

"While, therefore, the plans of the American Red Cross in this direction cannot be formulated specifically, in advance of the general relief program of the allied governments, the American Red Cross is nevertheless planning to develop its permanent organization in this country upon a scale never before contemplated in time of peace. The commissions which are now conducting the activities of the American Red Cross in foreign countries, as well as the temporary war organization in this country, will as a matter of course ultimately merge their energies with those of the permanent organization of the Red Cross.

"With the war has developed the striking and important fact that many men and women, some of whom had with great success devoted their lives entirely to business, came into the Red Cross organization at the outset of the war simply that they might serve their country, but have realized such a satisfaction to themselves in the opportunity to serve mankind that they now desire to become a part of the permanent peace organization of the American Red Cross.

"There may be, therefore, perfect confidence that the peace activities of the Red Cross will be conducted under able and inspiring leadership. The chapters will maintain their organizations upon a scale adequate to the new demands to be made upon them. Local committees will indeed appreciate more and more the value of having in their midst strong and efficient Red Cross chapters. The divisional organizations, with honorary and permanent staffs, will be maintained always ready for service; and national headquarters will have a large and efficient personnel to direct the activities of the organization as a whole.

"Study is being given by the national organization not alone to problems of international relief, but to plans in this country for enlarged home service, the promotion of public health education, development of nursing, the care and prevention of accidents, and other correlated lines, which may contribute to the health and happiness of men, women and children. Such plans when developed will, it is believed, provide both for world relief and for home community service, and thus constitute a channel for the continued and useful expression by Red Cross workers and members of those qualities of sympathy and love which our whole people have poured out so unstintingly during the war.

"For the completion of its war work and for the institution of its peace program, the Red Cross is fortunately in a healthy financial condition. Abundant occasion for the use of large funds of money and great quantities of garments and other supplies will continue to arise, but it is believed that there will be no further need for intensive campaigns for funds. The work of supplementing governmental activities, which the Red Cross will be called upon to do in all parts of the world, will be upon a great scale, but it will call for human service rather than for large expenditures.

"What the American Red Cross needs now is not so much contributions of money, as the continued devotion and loyalty of its members. This is peculiarly true at this moment of transition from war to peace. Annual membership involves the payment of only one dollar. The moneys thus received not only defray all the administrative expenses of the organization, but leave a substantial balance, which, together with all funds subscribed directly for relief, are devoted solely to that purpose. The roll call of the nation is thus to be called at Christmas time, that through enrollment in their Red Cross the American people may send a message to our soldiers still overseas and to the peoples of the world that we are not merely content with seeing our arms united with our allies in victory, but that our abiding purpose is that the love, the sympathy and the intelligence of all America shall be rededicated to the permanent service of mankind."

RED CROSS WELFARE WORKERS LOOK AFTER SOLDIERS' KIN

From Red Cross home service workers with the army abroad, twenty or more inquiries after the welfare of soldiers' families reach Washington every day by cable, and a hundred more come in the daily mail to national headquarters.

If conditions are such that a satisfactory answer cannot be sent the Red Cross home service committee makes them as near right as possible, and then sends its reassurance of further help and watchfulness.

THE GREAT CROSS OF MERCY

By THEODOSIA GARRISON.

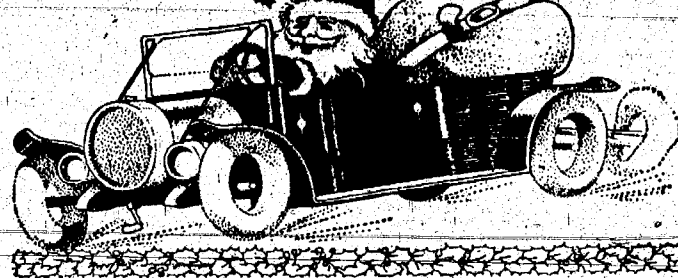
Glorious with scars and rents the battle-banners rise,
And the great flags of triumph are spreading to the skies;
Our tears, our prayers, our praise for them, but when the last is said,
Our hearts extol the banner that bears the Cross of Red.

The great Cross of Mercy that calls a world in pain
To lift its soul to courage, to look on hope again—
The signs of Love victorious that hate hath never slain.

Ask those who have awaited it upon the field of strife,
Ask the stricken towns-folk it has given back to life,
Ask the lips of childhood, the valiant hosts of dead,
What this banner means to them that bears the Cross of Red.

The great Cross of Mercy—O, lift and keep it high;
Send its flaming message to all humanity
That pity is immortal and that Love shall never die.

MAKE WAY



The Ban Is Off!

Now for an Old-Time Xmas!

Up to a few weeks ago it was thought there'd be NO ROOM for Christmas in the old-fashioned American sense this year—then they told us we could proceed on the GUM-SHOE plan.

Now the war is won! The Council of National Defense says it need not interfere any more. We still have a few days in which to make up for lost time. What shall we do with the days that REMAIN?

There's only one answer! Let Kris Kringle come in! Mars has held sway long enough!

REVISE the shopping lists. Go back and GET the things which for patriotic reasons you had decided to do WITHOUT.

We are prepared to supply Xmas Presents that will make each member of the family happy.

An especially complete line of LEATHER GOODS from tiny Telephone Books to TRAVELING BAGS. All kinds of PURSES, pure leather, a splendid assortment of TOURISTS TABLETS, leather, MEMO PADS and BOOKS with leather bindings.

Lots of Toys and Games for the little people.

Beautiful assortment of Stationery.

Toilet Sets always a correct present to make.

Serving Trays always a welcome present.

Umbrellas, either ladies' or gentlemen's.

FURS, no more expensive than other years and almost a necessity.

One Present that is a thing of beauty and a joy for the rest of your life is a

White Sewing Machine

Sold on Payments When Desired.

"IT'S EASY TO FIND SOMETHING FOR A MAN"

The Clothing Dep't Has Many Appropriate Presents for Men and Boys.

A good warm Suit or Overcoat, Mackinaw Sweater, Fur Mitts, Kid Gloves or Sox.

We have a big assortment of TIES at 25c, 50c, 65c, 75c, \$1.00.

HANDKERCHIEFS 15c to 50c

NECK SCARFS from 50c to \$3.50

MEN'S SILK SHIRTS from \$3.50 to \$5.00

SUSPENDERS and HOSE SUPPORTERS in Fancy Boxes

A few Detroit shape FUR CAPS at \$4.50 and \$5.00

A nice assortment of genuine INDIAN TAN MOCCASINS and HOUSE SLIPPERS.

Buy Him a Trunk, Bag or Suit Case

A nice FLANNEL SHIRT or WARM FELT SHOES—in fact

"IT'S EASY TO FIND SOMETHING FOR A MAN"

East Jordan Lumber Co. STORE

Briefs of the Week

Att'y D. L. Wilson is a Detroit business visitor this week.

In Friday's Casualty List is the name of Private Harry J. Kowalski of this city—wounded—degree undetermined.

Born to Mr. and Mrs. James Palmiter at Detroit, a daughter, Nov. 28th. Mrs. Palmiter was formerly Miss Etta Allen.

Postmaster Hudkins did a land office business in money orders, Wednesday. He issued ninety-four orders ranging in value from 95c to \$50.00.

It is not necessary to look at your calendar for evidence that Christmas day is near at hand. A look at the decorations in the various business establishments in this city will convince even the most skeptical person that the holiday season is just ahead. Do your shopping early.

Chaplain Myron E. Hoyt received his discharge from the service at Camp Sherman, Ohio, Sunday. He returned to his home here, Wednesday, accompanied by Mrs. Hoyt and daughter, who have been visiting at Kalamazoo. Rev. Hoyt has again taken up his duties as pastor of our Methodist Church.

Mrs. LeRoy Sherman was called to Vanderbilt last Saturday by the serious illness of her sister, Mrs. Clark G. Schlichter. She passed away Sunday morning, influenza being the cause of her death. Mrs. Schlichter was formerly Miss Lucy Menzie, and was a former teacher in our public schools. She was united in marriage to Mr. Schlichter, January 1st, 1917 at the home of Mr. and Mrs. LeRoy Sherman in this city.

James Foster Handy passed away at his home near this city Saturday night, Dec. 7th, following an illness of a few months. Deceased was born in New York state 76 years ago. He served his country during the civil war and was a member of Stevens Post G. A. R. Mr. and Mrs. Handy recently celebrated their golden wedding anniversary. Funeral services were held from his late home Tuesday afternoon conducted by Rev. Sidebotham.

Daniel B. Jerrue, a former business man of East Jordan, passed away at his home near Los Angeles, Cal., Nov. 28th. Mr. Jerrue was, prior to 1888 a well-known resident and business man of this place. He conducted a saloon here for years, and built the store building now occupied by Stroebel Bros. hardware. Later he purchased the Commercial House. In 1888 he was elected to the office of sheriff on the democratic ticket, but never qualified, leaving for the west that fall. At Los Angeles he embarked in the real estate business and prospered.

Mr. and Mrs. Richard Barnett received the sad intelligence, Friday, that their daughter, Mrs. Olive Reid, had passed away at Tacoma, Wash., Dec. 12th, from influenza. Deceased was born in Canada and came with her parents to East Jordan when a small girl where she grew to womanhood. She was married to Andrew Reid Oct. 14th, 1894, in this city. Beside the husband, she leaves four children, Theresa, Clare, Harold and Howard. In early years she united with the Methodist church here and throughout her life was a conscientious christian, later uniting with the church at Tacoma. She was also a member of the Eastern Star order.



Smokers' Supplies for the Holidays

His Favorite Brand of Tobacco in One-Pound GLASS JARS. A gift that he will appreciate.

Small and large boxes Cigars in Holiday wrapping.

Pipes—all sizes and shapes.

Cigarettes, Cigar Holders, Tobacco Pouches, etc.

MONROE'S
SEGAR SHOP.

H. H. Cummings was a Detroit business visitor this week.

Miss Mary Green returned to her work at Detroit, Friday.

Private Merle Havens returned home Friday from Camp Taylor.

Mrs. Wm. Ashton of Mancelona is visiting friends in the city.

Private Ross Alexander came home Thursday from Ann Arbor.

Mrs. Myrtle Huiburt came home from Grand Rapids, Friday.

Mrs. Winnie Walden and Mrs. Lon Graves left Thursday for Detroit.

All kinds of Pipes and Cigars for Xmas Gifts at Monroe's Segar Shop.

Miss Emma Severance left Monday for Bay City, where she has employment.

Mr. and Mrs. George Pringle left for Flint, Monday, for a visit with their daughter.

Thurlow Palmer went to Niles, Mich., first of the week, where he will be employed.

Mrs. Clyde Hipp returned home Monday from a visit with relatives at Gagetown.

Mrs. R. Gleason with daughter left Monday for a visit with a daughter at Muskegon.

Mrs. Jos. Devish and Mrs. W. C. Drew visited friends at Petoskey first of the week.

Mrs. Jasper Warden who has been visiting friends at Detroit, returned home, Monday.

Mrs. John Sutton left Monday for Flint, where she will spend the winter with a brother.

Mrs. Enoch Giles with children left Saturday last for a visit with relatives at Mackinaw City.

Mrs. Fannie Tillotson left Thursday for Grand Rapids, where she will spend the winter with her son.

Christmas Special—Splendid Coats in Wools, all reduced for Christmas week. Be sure and see them.—ASHLEY'S.

Mrs. Thomas Whiteford with children returned home Saturday last from an extended visit with relatives at Vanderbilt.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Trumbull of Toledo, Ohio, are guests of Mr. and Mrs. Isaac Bowen, also other friends and relatives.

Miss Bertha Larson, Registered Nurse, left Friday for Ishpeming, Mich., where she has accepted a position at the new hospital there.

Mr. and Mrs. A. H. Shepard left Tuesday for Detroit, called there by the illness of their son, Russell, who is confined to his bed with influenza.

Dr. G. W. Bechtold, who went over to Bellaire last week for a visit, became ill with influenza and has since been confined to the parental home there.

Private Wm. LaValley returned home from the Ann Arbor Training School, Friday. He was accompanied by Mrs. LaValley who has been staying in that city.

Announcements have been received here of the wedding of Miss Emma A. Gibson and Frederick W. Zimmerman at Jackson, Mich., Saturday, Nov. 30th. They will make their home at 105 Richmond Ave. The lady is daughter of E. A. Gibson and grew to womanhood in this city.

The public schools at Boyne City have been more or less broken up during the past few weeks due to an epidemic of influenza in that city. Owing to the prevalence of the disease the members of the school board last Thursday, as a precautionary measure, continued the school vacation to January sixth, when it is hoped that conditions will warrant the teachers and students in continuing their school work.

The Herald is in receipt of a friendly line from Rev. A. D. Grigsby, former Presbyterian pastor here. He is now located at 2018 London Square, Toledo, Ohio, with a son. In his letter he says: "I don't expect to be a pastor any longer, but a pulp supply under auspices of the Toledo Church Federation Ass'n, and expect to supply for any church without reference to denominational name."

The Young People's Bible Class of the Presbyterian Sunday School had a pot-luck supper at the home of the President, Frank Bretz, Wednesday evening. Twenty-six persons were present. After supper the evening was spent in playing children's games. From what can be learned of the proceedings, even the dignified school teachers forgot dignity and acted like school children. These suppers are held each month and the members voted unanimously that the committee for the next supper, Mrs. Peter Lalonde and Miss E. Sprague, be instructed to make the next supper as early as possible in January. The class meets for study each Sunday at 12 noon.

Mrs. Wm. Robinson was a Bellaire visitor, Thursday.

Your favorite Tobacco in glass jars at Monroe's Segar Shop.

Mrs. J. A. Nickless left Wednesday for a visit with her daughter at Standish.

Mrs. Louis Johnson with children left Thursday for a visit with relatives at Flint.

Mrs. Joseph Killarney was here from Deward first of the week, guest of Mrs. Seymour Burbank.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Shepard returned home Thursday from a visit with Charlevoix friends.

Miss Gladys Bustard returned home from Vanderbilt last Saturday, where she has been teaching school.

Private Verschel Hengy returned home from Camp Custer, Wednesday, having received his discharge.

Christmas Special—Splendid Coats in Wools, all reduced for Xmas week. Be sure and see them.—ASHLEY'S.

Miss Martha Freiberg returned Thursday from a visit with her sister, Mrs. William Richardson, at Walloon Lake.

The Electa Club was entertained at the home of Mrs. Fred Longtin, Thursday evening. Mrs. Henry Clark assisted.

Lafayette Conway returned to his home at Ashland, Ky., Monday, after a week's visit at the home of his son, Sherman Conway.

Mrs. Elida Brown with granddaughter, Miss Louise Bricker, who has been visiting relatives here, left Wednesday for the latter's home at Lansing.

Mrs. F. A. Hargourt returned to her home at Toronto, Ont., Wednesday, after an extended visit at the home of her daughter, Mrs. W. H. Parks.

Mr. and Mrs. LeRoy Sherman returned home from Vanderbilt, Wednesday, where they were called by the death of the latter's sister, Mrs. Clark G. Schlichter.

Dr. Winifred Heston, eye specialist from Detroit, will be in this city from Dec. 21st to January 1st, inclusive. She will meet patients by appointment at the residence of Mrs. Heston on Second Street.

FOR SALE—A Heavy Harness for One Horse.—J. A. NICKLESS.

A talkative barber is bound to make cutting remarks.



M. E. ASHLEY & CO.

HUSBANDS:

Be sure to take home that MUFF or FUR SHE has been longing for. We have them in all colors.

WIVES:

The comfortable Bathrobes, Slippers, Hose and Umbrellas for HIM are here.

OPEN EVENINGS DURING HOLIDAYS.

M. E. ASHLEY & CO.



NOTICE!

THE LAST CHAPTER OF

Pearl White in "The HOUSE OF HATE"

Will Be Seen at the TEMPLE THEATRE

Next Week, Saturday, Dec. 21st

DON'T MISS IT.

Also See the Start of the New Serial

"HANDS UP!"

THE BEST YET

And Don't Forget there will be THE NEWS WEEKLY and a COMEDY Making a Big Show of

7 REELS 7

FOR 10c AND 15c

Don't Forget the Day and Date:

SATURDAY, DEC. 21ST

Fashions for Herald Readers

Unless otherwise specified, all Fashion Patterns published in these columns are Ten Cents each.

Send or leave orders for same at the CHARLEVOIX CO. HERALD



A SMART TWO-PIECE SUIT
Coat—2654. Skirt—2653.
Comprising Ladies' Coat Pattern 2654, and Ladies' Skirt Pattern 2653. Brown wool velour, or blue velvet would be nice for this. The coat is made with waist and plastron portions. The skirt is a new five-gore model. The coat pattern is cut in 7 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. The skirt in 7 sizes: 22, 24, 26, 28, 30, 32 and 34 inches waist measure. It will require about 8 yards of 44-inch material for a medium size, for the entire suit. The width of the skirt at lower edge with plaits drawn out is about 2 yards. This illustration calls for TWO separate patterns which will be mailed to any address on receipt of ten cents FOR EACH pattern in silver or stamps.



A SEPARATE WAIST AND SKIRT.
Waist—2649. Skirt—2673.
For business and home wear the separate waist and skirt are still popular. The design here shown portrays Ladies' Waist Pattern 2649, and Ladies' Skirt Pattern 2673. The waist is nice for linen, batiste, nainsook, lawn, silk, satin, flannel, pique, or voile. For the skirt one might choose sports goods, jersey cloth, serge, plaid or check suiting, gabardine, velveteen or corduroy. The Waist Pattern is cut in 7 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. It will require 3 yards of 36-inch material for a 38-inch size. The skirt is cut in 7 sizes: 22, 24, 26, 28, 30, 32 and 34 inches waist measure and requires 2 1/2 yards of 54-inch material for a 24-inch size. The width at its lower edge is a little over 8 yards. This illustration calls for TWO separate patterns which will be mailed to any address on receipt of ten cents FOR EACH pattern in silver or stamps.



A GOOD SERVICE DRESS OR BUSINESS GOWN
2670—For small women, this style is especially attractive. The closing is effected on left side and shoulder and the fullness is held over the sides by the belt. This model is good for serge or gabardine, for satin, velvet, silk, corduroy, duvetyne and jersey cloth. It will be nice in plain cloth combined with checked or plaid suiting. The Pattern is cut in 3 sizes: 16, 18 and 20 years. Size 18 requires 5 1/2 yards of 40-inch material. Width of skirt at lower edge, is about 2 1/2 yards, with plaits drawn out. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.



JUST A SIMPLE, EASY-TO-MAKE AND EASY-TO-WEAR APRON
2672—Good for seersucker, gingham, drill, lawn, percale, sateen and alpaca. There is nothing cumbersome or uncomfortable about this style. The Pattern is cut in 4 sizes: Small, 32-34; Medium, 36-38; Large, 40-42, and Extra Large, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. Size Medium requires 4 yards of 36-inch material. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.

The proportion of men who can and men who can't, closely approximates that between men who will and men who won't.

Girls have a very fair understanding of many things till they get married and their husbands revise their knowledge.

In union there is strength, but the unknown husband of a prominent woman doesn't believe it is equally distributed.

If you are sick, and the doctor discovers what you like best, the chances are that is what he'll tell you to give up.



A DAINTY FROCK FOR MOTHER'S GIRL
2660—One could make this of voile or crepe for a best dress, or of velvet or poplin, or the waist could be of soft batiste or crepe and plastron portions and skirt of contrasting material in a matched shade. The design is fine for growing girls. The sleeve may be in wrist or elbow length. The Pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 8, 10, 12 and 14 years. Size 12 requires 4 1/2 yards of 40-inch material. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.



A SIMPLE BUT ATTRACTIVE MODEL FOR A SLENDER FIGURE
2664—This gown is made with an underportion in one-piece style, over which the long blouse is worn. The sleeve may be in wrist length, or cut shorter, in loose style. A belt or sash confines the fullness at the waistline. Satin, velveteen, duvetyne, serge and satin, or silk and jersey cloth combined are nice for this also. The Pattern is cut in 3 sizes: 16, 18 and 20 years. Size 16 will require 5 1/2 yards of 40-inch material, with 1 1/2 yards of 27-inch lining. Width of Skirt at lower edge, is 1 1/2 yards. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.



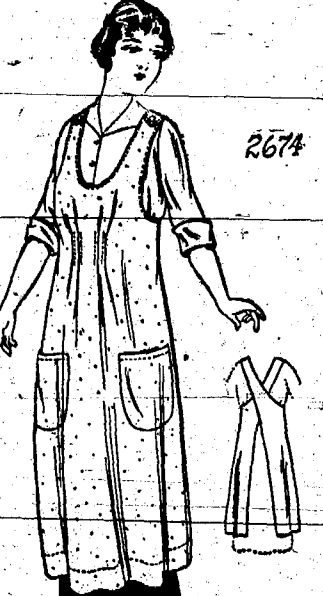
A PRETTY DRESS FOR MOTHER'S GIRL
2665—Here is a frock that will look well in any material. Plaid suiting, in brown and green tones, was selected, with brown serge for trimming. The pockets may be omitted. The sleeve in wrist length is good for cool weather, while the shorter sleeve is equally attractive and comfortable. The Pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 8, 10 and 12 years. Size 10 requires 3 1/2 yards of 44-inch material. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.



A CHIC STYLE FOR THE YOUNG MISS
2666—Here is a splendid model for the growing girl. It has straight lines and comfortable fullness, and the design lends itself well to all kinds of material. One could combine plaid suiting with serge, or checked or mixtures with contrasting plain fabric. For linen, corduroy and velveteen this is very appropriate. The Pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 8, 10, 12 and 14 years. Size 12 will require 3 1/2 yards of 44-inch material. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.



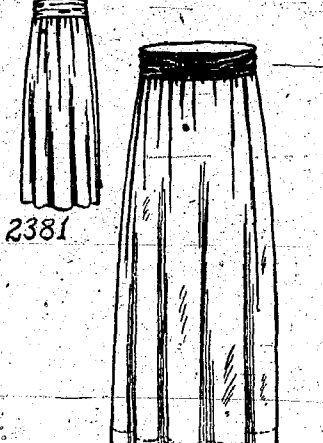
A GOOD SET FOR LEFT OVERS OR CAST OFFS, REMNANTS AND ODDS AND ENDS
2668—An old waist, or set of sleeves, of velvet, silk, serge, cloth, plush or fur may be used to make this jaunty "Tam". Your old felt hat may be ripped, washed and used to make a pair of shoes for the baby. You need not throw away small pieces of fur, plush velvet, or your old long kid gloves—even old woolen stockings and sweater sleeves, old worsted scarfs and caps may be used to make warm mittens. For resoling and foot-knitting things, your merino and wool underwear—sleeves of an old sweater or a soft shirt may make a pair of socks or stockings. All from this conservation set of useful "little things." The Pattern is cut in 3 sets: Ladies', Misses' and Children. The Ladies' size requires for the cap, 1 1/2 yard of 20-inch material, 1 pair of stockings, 1 yard of 30-inch material, 1 pair of mittens, 3/4 yard of 30-inch material. The shoes is cut in one size (infants) and requires 1/2 yard of 20-inch material. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.



A SERVICEABLE AND BECOMING APRON
2674—This model is easy to develop and easy to adjust. It is provided with ample pockets. Gingham, alpaca, sateen, drill, cambric, lawn and percale may be used for this style. The Pattern is cut in 4 sizes: Small, 32-34; Medium, 36-38; Large, 40-42, and Extra Large, 44-46 inches bust measure. Size Medium will require 3 1/2 yards of 36-inch material. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.



A NEW AND STYLISH MODEL
2669—This design is good for satin, velveteen, gabardine, crepe, and also for linen, taffeta, batiste and voile. There is a choice in the neck finish, which may be made with a chemisette in low or high outline, or without it, or the waist may be finished with the collar. The Pattern is cut in 7 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. Size 38 requires 3 1/2 yards of 27-inch material. Collar and chemisette will require 3/4 yard of 30-inch material. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.



A SIMPLE, UP-TO-DATE SKIRT
2381—This style has good lines, sufficient fullness to make it a graceful model, and it is easy to develop. Serge, gabardine, linen, gingham, crepe, satin, foulard and other silks may be used. The Pattern is cut in 6 sizes: 22, 24, 26, 28, 30 and 32 inches waist measure. Size 24 will require 2 1/2 yards of 44-inch material. The skirt measure about 2 1/2 yards at the foot. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.



A PRETTY AFTERNOON DRESS
Waist—2663. Skirt—2671.
Comprising Ladies' Waist 2663, and Ladies' Skirt 2671. Taupe color satin charmeuse with a lighter shade of organdie crepe for sleeve and vest, would be nice for this. The vest could be embroidered in self color worsted or beaded. The waist pattern is cut in 7 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. The skirt pattern is cut in 7 sizes: 22, 24, 26, 28, 30, 32 and 34 inches waist measure. It will require 8 1/2 yards of 36-inch material for a 38-inch size for the entire costume. Width of skirt at lower edge is about 1 1/2 yards. This illustration calls for TWO separate patterns which will be mailed to any address on receipt of ten cents FOR EACH pattern in silver or stamps.

WOMEN PRISONERS TAUGHT BABY CARE

BEING INSTRUCTED IN THE BEAUTIES OF MOTHERHOOD BY PSYCHOLOGIST

IT IS A REDEMPTION—MEASURE

Influence Being Brought to Bear on Women to Care for Their Children

Chicago, Ill.—The mother spirit hovers over the Bridewell. For the women inmates of the House of Correction are being instructed in the beauty of motherhood nowadays. Miss Mary R. Campbell, formerly with Chief Justice Harry Olson, the psychopathic laboratory in the City Hall, has been appointed as psychologist for the women's department.

Miss Campbell is at her task of fostering the mother instinct to lead young women and old repeaters in the footsteps of the Madonna instead of the Magdalen. For the redemption of erring women can come through baby hands—not reformers—she contends.

As psychologist it is Miss Campbell's duty to lift the gray atmosphere that hangs over the House of Correction. And this is to be accomplished by baby hands. As an illustration of her theory Miss Campbell pointed to 18 year old Marie crocheting desperately about a table. A dozen friends were busy plying their needles also—for her. Among them was "Buster" who was given six months at the Bridewell for wearing boy's clothes and flipping freight cars in the Northwestern yards. "Buster" was industriously embroidering for-get-me-nots on a towel for Marie's new baby.

About the table on which stood the psychological tests were gathered the drab-clad women inmates. They were trying to understand that what brought disaster to them could be turned to good account. The young girls were making an attempt to overcome the repulsion they felt for their future, and with determined face were preparing for the stark. The old timers stood by and offered suggestions in the fashioning of the small garments. And there came a far-off look in their hardened faces and a softness from memories of long ago. They had performed the tasks that since had been forgotten until then.

"The same impulse fundamentally makes one woman good and another bad," says the psychologist. "The idea is to foster the mother spirit to keep the bad women good. This is done by psychologically suggesting to an unfortunate mother that she should keep her baby—never give it up. This is the influence which will keep her from straying into the broad path again.

"The mothers will be trained scientifically in the care of their babies during their imprisonment. From the care of their own experimental babies they will become excellent nursery maids, for they will have learned everything about a baby's care. The new line of work as nursery maids will give them a chance for employment when they leave the Bridewell.

A baby is an advantage to a mother in securing employment in country places, according to Supt. John L. Whitman. Many prefer a mother with a baby to a woman unattached in the country, he declares.

Besides this reform, there will be more handicraft work at the House of Correction—rug weaving, pottery, glove-making and toy industries. The advantage to the women of educational training for two or three different trades is considered in order to insure their independence in other lines, than as servants, it is said. But the psychological tests will be the ability of doing. And more than anything else will the women be taught the care of their babies.

A school of mothercraft for women under 25 years old is one of Miss Campbell's hopes. The course in mother training will cover from one to two years. After the women leave the Bridewell they will continue their training in mothercraft in some home provided by the generosity of club-women.

STUCK ON HER PRODUCT
Harrison, N. J.—A little brown hen journeyed from William Aiken's in Sunset Avenue, got on top a barrel of soft tar in an adjoining yard, and laid an egg. Then she cackled at first with pride in a task well accomplished, but presently in note that expressed surprise, alarm and finally anguish as the tar stuck fast and the little brown hen was held to the barrel.

So agonized were her utterances that Mr. Aiken and James Flannigan, a neighbor rushed to her assistance. They plunged their hands into the tar beneath her and stuck fast, too.

The previous vocal efforts of the hen were as nothing compared to those she made under this new complication, and a local member of the S. P. C. A. telephoned to Chief of Police Fred Riepe for police protection for the fowl.

The chief hurried to the spot and with his help the men and the hen were freed. The egg was past saving.

JOIN OUR CHRISTMAS BANKING CLUB and HAVE MONEY YOU CAN START NOW START

YOU CAN START WITH



It Costs Nothing To Join Our Christmas Banking Club and it is an easy way to have money next Christmas. The plan is simple. You start with 10c, 5c, 2c or 1c and increase with the same amount each week. Or you can deposit 50 cents, \$1.00 or more each week and deposit the same amount each week.

How To Join! Look at the different Clubs in table below and select the one you wish to join—the 1c, 2c, 5c, 10c, 50c, \$1.00 or \$5.00—then **COME TO OUR BANK WITH THE FIRST WEEKLY PAYMENT.** We will make you a member of the Club and give you a Christmas Banking Book showing the Club you have joined.

WHAT THE DIFFERENT CLUBS WILL PAY YOU

1c Club	2c Club	5c Club	10c Club	50c Club	\$1 Club	\$5 Club	Special Club
PAYMENTS 1st week 1c 2nd week 2c 3rd week 3c Increase every week by 1c. Total in 50 weeks \$12.75	PAYMENTS 1st week 2c 2nd week 4c 3rd week 6c Increase every week by 2c. Total in 50 weeks \$25.50	PAYMENTS 1st week 5c 2nd week 10c 3rd week 15c Increase every week by 5c. Total in 50 weeks \$63.75	PAYMENTS 1st week 10c 2nd week 20c 3rd week 30c Increase every week by 10c. Total in 50 weeks \$127.50	PAYMENTS 1st week 50c 2nd week 1.00 3rd week 1.50 Deposit 50c every week Total in 50 weeks \$25.00	PAYMENTS 1st week \$1.00 2nd week \$1.50 3rd week \$2.00 Deposit \$1.00 every week Total in 50 weeks \$50.00	PAYMENTS 1st week \$5.00 2nd week \$7.50 3rd week \$10.00 Deposit \$5.00 every week Total in 50 weeks \$250.00	Special Club for ANY AMOUNT

YOU CAN BEGIN WITH THE LARGEST PAYMENT FIRST AND DECREASE YOUR PAYMENTS EACH WEEK

The Reason For The Club

To provide a way for those of moderate or even small means to bank their money.
To teach "the Banking habit" to those who have never learned it.
It makes your pennies, nickles and dimes, often foolishly spent, grow into dollars; dollars grow into a fortune. Start your fortune today.
To give you a Bank connection and show you how our Bank can be of service to you.

For Old and Young

The sensible thing for all parents to do is to join our Christmas Banking Club, and also to put every member of their family into it. This will teach them the value of money and how to Bank and HAVE MONEY. Maybe this little start you give them now may some day set them up in business or buy them a home. How often have you wished that your parents had taught you early the value of banking your money. You would be well-off today. Don't make the same mistake with your children.

WE PAY 4 PER CENT INTEREST IN OUR CHRISTMAS BANKING CLUB

PEOPLES STATE SAVINGS BANK

WANTED!

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

WESTERN KNITTING MILLS
Rochester, Michigan.

HAVE ROSY CHEEKS AND FEEL FRESH AS A DAISY—TRY THIS!

Says glass of hot water with phosphate before breakfast washes out poisons.

To see the tinge of healthy bloom in your face, to see your skin get clearer and clearer, to wake up without a headache, backache, coated tongue or a nasty breath, in fact to feel your best, day in and day out, just try inside-bathing every morning for one week.

Before breakfast each day, drink a glass of real hot water with a teaspoonful of limestone phosphate in it as a harmless means of washing from the stomach, liver, kidneys and bowels the previous day's indigestible waste, sour bile and toxins; thus cleansing, sweetening and purifying the entire alimentary canal before putting more food into the stomach. The action of hot water and limestone phosphate on an empty stomach is wonderfully invigorating. It cleans out all the sour fermentations, gases and acidity and gives one a splendid appetite for breakfast.

A quarter pound of limestone phosphate will cost very little at the drug store but is sufficient to demonstrate that just as soap and hot water cleanses sweats and freshens the skin, so hot water and limestone phosphate act on the blood and internal organs. Those who are subject to constipation, bilious attacks, acid stomach, catarrh, rheumatism, also those whose skin is sallow and complexion pallid, are assured that one week of inside-bathing will have them both looking and feeling better in every way.

INDIAN CHIEF, 73 ROYALLY MARRIED

FULLBLOOD OSAGE AND WIDOW. ED DELEWARE TRIBESMAN CELEBRATE ACCORDING TO OLD CUSTOM

ALL JOIN IN DANCING FOR A WEEK

Old Ones Hop to Hurdy Gurdy, While Young Folks Do Latest Steps

Tulsa, Okla.—A Prince of royal Indian blood has been married and the Osages are making a great occasion of it out in the hills where only a few of the fullbloods are left.

Chief Henry Spybuck was married in Tulsa, according to the ceremony of the white man, but the celebration that followed was a revival of the traditions of the red men. It was not exactly a romantic affair, for Chief Spybuck is 73 years old and a widower, and his bride, Nancy Caesar, a full-blood Delaware, and almost the last of her tribe, is 68 years old and also has been married before.

When Chief Spybuck and his bride-to-be came to Tulsa to take out the marriage license and go through the ceremony the white man's law requires of them, they were dressed in the garb of fullblood Indians.

There was a procession through the streets from the railroad station to the courthouse, but Chief Spybuck might have been walking alone in the primeval forest for all the notice he took of it. Men and women, dozens of them followed the trail of the Indian party, led by the aged chief himself. Children were in the procession and boys ran along the sides of it, but the old chief did not see them.

Spybuck wore the gaudy garb of the fullblood Osage chief, for he is still a chief in that tribe. A tall, feather headdress topped his crown and about his form, regardless of the sweltering weather was the inevitable blanket of bright colors. He wore buckskin trousers,

serfs, nervily fringed, and moccasins with many beads. His attire was Indian made and not from the white man's factory.

Six paces behind him walked the bride. Other Osages were in the line among them a daughter of Chief Spybuck, dressed so much like the girls of the city that one could not have distinguished her from the girls of the white race except that her skin was darker.

At the courthouse Chief Spybuck took the pen in his hand, held it awkwardly and under the direction of his daughter made his mark on the page. The bride to do did the same. Then the daughter signed as a witness in a clear hand as legible as any.

From there the Indians made their way through the crowd that had gathered to the office of Justice Lee Daniels, where the wedding took place. They left the courthouse as they had come, walking in the same order, Chief Spybuck leading, his bride following, and the others in the party coming behind, all in single file. No two of them walked abreast at any time. Three hours later the entire party left the city, bound for the Osage hills.

In his home in Osage county Chief Spybuck lives very much as his ancestors lived a century ago. His home is a tepee of dried skins, and although he is the owner of a handsome house, well furnished and having all the modern conveniences, he scorns to live in it. He could not sleep in a bed, but only on the ground in his tepee, his bed of skins is as good as he asks.

Hanging inside the tepee of Chief Spybuck are 50 scalps, taken many years ago. Most of them are from the heads of Indians, although some are plainly from the heads of white men, and others have upon them the long hair of women. Chief Spybuck never speaks of them, but sometimes he sits and looks at them a long time.

The marriage celebration of the Osages probably is being fully observed for the last time by Chief Spybuck's wedding party. The fullbloods of the tribe are not numerous and only the older ones cling to the customs of the past. They dance to the hurdy-gurdy on the greenward, but at the same time the younger ones, back from school and their farm work over dance to orchestra music in the fine house owned by Chief Spybuck which he never uses.

JUMPING COW KICKS TOP OFF LEAD MINE

"Old Punkins" Brindled and Crumple horned, Uncertain Wealth for Missouri Farmer.

Springfield, Mo.—It is ordained that Mrs. O'Leary's cow that kicked over a lamp—and incidentally the greater part of Chicago is to have a rival in the Ozark country of Missouri. "Punkins" is just a brindled cow, largely yellow, as her name indicates. She has no long pedigree with miles of blue ribbons and medals, but she is some "Punkins" just the same.

Three years ago she first broke into the limelight as the caucus bell of a law suit between Fred Banfield and J. L. Lyman, two neighbors living near Galloway. She was owned by Banfield, and one day she strayed into the beet field owned by Lyman and made sad havoc of the beet crop. The indignant Lyman put her up and refused to deliver her until Banfield paid damages, which he placed at a round sum. This Banfield refused to do and at once brought suit in replevin in justice court for possession of the cow. The matter dragged slowly thru lower court and on up into Greene county Circuit court where it was tried twice. On final settlement of the cause the total expenses of the suit were \$325, and, as is usually the case the lawyer got the cow.

This was not glory enough for Punkins for she now comes into prominence more as a maker of wealth than a destroyer of temper, peace and products.

E. N. Wright, a Springfield attorney who defended Punkins in the series of lawsuits still owns her and she still manifests an anxiety to study the geography of the surrounding country, unmindful of fences and other barriers. Last week while out on one of her exploring trips she strayed into a nearby cornfield. Her discovery here by Ellis Achenas led to considerable activity on his part, during which Punkins was forced to flee for life and liberty, a la Villa.

In the pursuit of liberty she was chased by Achenas, who was ably aided and abetted by a pack of Missouri hounds in full chorus. It is just possible that her bovine mind was filled with visions of the past litigation in her mad rush for more congenial company. In any event her heavy weight and rapid flight caused her to sink

deeply in the newly plowed cornfield which had been considerably softened by recent rains.

Achenas who was encouraging his hounds and was himself in hot pursuit happened to notice several shining pebbles where she had sank deeply in the softened ground. Further investigation revealed to the astonished Missourian that the shiny particles were galena, and that old Punkins had kicked up quite a number of pieces of lead.

The whole neighborhood about the little town of Galloway is excited over Punkins finding lead, and preparations are being rushed for mining on a large scale.

There are old Spanish legends to the effect that much lead is to be found in that vicinity. Local historians are busy with these legends and are also comparing Punkins with Huaiipa who accidentally discovered the celebrated Mexican silver mines while climbing a mountain. And so old Punkins has come into her own and if she is not worth a lead mine she seems at least to have led to the discovery of one, and she is no longer considered an outlaw, but is looked upon as a regular "sheerline."

REFUSES \$5,000 FOR VIOLIN

Illinois Man Recently Bought Instrument for \$75 and Declines to Sell

Lawrenceville, Ill.—A violin thought to be the most valuable in the country is owned by Prof. E. A. Nelson of this town. It was made in 1732 by Otto Bergonzi, at Cremona, Italy. Nelson recently bought it from the Bierhaus family at Vincennes, Ind., for \$75. The violin is supposed to have been used by Jason, who is mentioned in "Alice of Old Vincennes," as "Jason" is carved in it. Nelson has refused several offers of \$5000 cash for the instrument.

CUT THIS OUT—IT IS WORTH MONEY

DON'T MISS THIS. Cut out this slip, enclose with 5c to Foley & Co., 2836 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.

IF HAIR IS TURNING GRAY, USE SAGE TEA

Here's Grandmother's Recipe to Darken and Beautify Faded Hair.

That beautiful, even shade of dark, glossy hair can only be had by brewing a mixture of Sage Tea and Sulphur. Your hair is your charm. It makes or mars the face. When it fades, turns gray or streaked, just an application or two of Sage and Sulphur enhances its appearance a hundredfold.

Don't bother to prepare the mixture; you can get this famous old recipe improved by the addition of other ingredients at a small cost, all ready for use. It is called Wyeth's Sage and Sulphur Compound. This can always be depended upon to bring back the natural color and lustre of your hair.

Everybody uses "Wyeth's" Sage and Sulphur Compound now because it darkens so naturally and evenly that nobody can tell it has been applied. You simply dampen a sponge or soft brush with it and draw this through the hair, taking one small strand at a time; by morning this gray hair has disappeared, and after another application it becomes beautifully dark and appears glossy and lustrous. This ready-to-use preparation is a delightful toilet requisite for those who desire dark hair and a youthful appearance. It is not intended for the cure, mitigation or prevention of disease.

OPEN NOSTRILS! END A COLD OR CATARRH

How To Get Relief When Head and Nose are Stuffed Up.

Count fifty! Your cold or catarrh disappears. Your clogged nostrils will open, the air passages of your head will clear and you can breathe freely. No more snuffing, hawking, mucous discharge, dryness or headache; so struggling for breath at night.

Get a small bottle of Ely's Cream Balm from your druggist and apply a little of this fragrant, antiseptic cream to your nostrils. It penetrates through every air passage of the head, breaking away the swollen or inflamed mucous membrane, giving you instant relief. Head colds and catarrhs yield like magic. Don't stay snuffing and miserable. Relief is sure.

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Do You Want to Get **THE MOST MONEY** for your **RAW FURS?**

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Some say: "We will pay you more than anybody else." We do not know what the other fellows pay, but WE will pay you every cent you are entitled to.

Write for price list.

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42 Jefferson Ave., DETROIT.

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.

DRINK MORE WATER IF KIDNEYS BOTHER

But less meat and take Salts for Backache or Bladder trouble—Neutralizes acids.

Uric acid in meat excites the kidneys, they become overworked; get sluggish, ache, and feel like lumps of lead. The urine becomes cloudy; the bladder is irritated, and you may be obliged to seek relief two or three times during the night. When the kidneys clog you must help them flush off the body's urinous waste or you'll be a real sick person shortly. At first you feel a dull misery in the kidney region, you suffer from backache, sick headache, dizziness, stomach gets sour, tongue coated and you feel rheumatic twinges when the weather is bad. But less meat, drink lots of water; also get from any pharmacist four ounces of Jad Salts; 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 has been used for generations to clean clogged kidneys and stimulate them to normal activity, also to neutralize the acids in urine, so it no longer is a source of irritation, thus ending bladder weakness.

Jad Salts is inexpensive, cannot injure; makes a delightful effervescent lithia-water drink which everyone should take now and then to keep the kidneys clean and active. Druggists here say they sell lots of Jad Salts to folks who believe in overcoming kidney trouble while it is only trouble.

Secretary Baker Urges Letters With "Home-touch" For the Boys

WAR DEPARTMENT
WASHINGTON

My Dear Mr. Foslidge:

The eyes of the world are upon our soldiers overseas today not more for what they have done than for what they are now called upon to do. Before them lie the tasks of helping to rehabilitate the devastated lands of France and Belgium and of making sure that the victory in which they have so gloriously shared shall be a permanent one.

This means that we may not expect soon to have them all with us here and to greet them face to face. The postponement of their homecoming will be often uppermost as well in their minds as in ours. They will yet meet and must overcome many difficulties without either the incentive or the excitement lent in the past by the activities of war. They need our help and encouragement now perhaps more than at any other time since they left home in order that they may be inspired and strengthened to maintain that fitness of character, manner and conduct which has earned for them such universal respect.

I believe that among all the influences which may be focused upon this object, the strongest and most far-reaching is that which emanates from home letters, and I therefore urge the mothers, fathers, wives and sisters of our soldiers overseas to express themselves earnestly in their letters as their share in seeing that the high standards which America represents both here and abroad shall be constantly upheld.

Cordially yours,

Newton D. Baker
Newton D. Baker
Secretary of War.

Mr. Raymond B. Foslidge,
Chairman, Commission on Training Camp Activities.

TURN THE BOYS' THOUGHTS HOMEWARD, SAYS FOSDICK, ASKING CO-OPERATION

Washington. — (Special.)—Just before leaving for France to superintend the demobilization activities of those organizations which recently took part in the United War Work Campaign, Raymond B. Foslidge, Chairman of the Commission on Training Camp Activities, was interviewed with regard to the present situation of our overseas forces.

"The problem presented by the gradual demobilization of more than two million men three thousand miles from home is one which will tax all our social resources," said Mr. Foslidge. "It is above all a morale problem, and it must be faced as such, with the full co-operation of families and friends here in this country, if it is to be solved successfully. Every one who has a son, a brother, must help.

"While the war was on our boys were fully occupied; they were still filled with the spirit of adventure, looking forward rather than back. Now, however, the fighting is at an end. They are going to remain, most of them, many months doing work which will be neither exciting nor particularly interesting. They will get lonesome, bored and terribly homesick.

"The \$170,000,000 raised in the recent United War Work drive is to be used precisely to bridge over this period by providing recreation and amusement. But no amount of mere money expended in such a way will be enough. What these boys really want is not diversion, but human interest and sympathy. These things expressed in letters from home will warm their hearts and create a home atmosphere around them, even while they are absent from the family circle.

"Such letters may be a very necessary sheet anchor to windward in the case of some boys. The thought of some one waiting for them, counting on them, will more than anything else, make them hold back and think twice before plunging into situations which might mean harm and unhappiness for them.

"We have raised the cleanest army in the world. We have kept it clean. We hope to bring it back as clean and strong as it was when it left us." But while we believe our soldiers will stand the present test—the hardest of all in some ways—as bravely and successfully as they have stood every other test of their manhood and endurance, it is our duty to give them all the help we can.

"This, as I have said, can best be rendered by means of letters which will begin now, at once, not only to satisfy their home longings, but to turn their thoughts from tasks already accomplished in the long years of life ahead of them."

HOME FOLKS MUST HELP.

Washington. — (Special.)—The War Department Commission on Training Camp Activities has hit upon an important and entirely new idea in the "Letters-from-home" plan just announced.

Full the boys through the most trying period of their service by writing the right kind of letters, letters full of the home feeling, the mother feeling. This appeal is made to mothers, fathers, sisters and sweethearts by the War Department. It is hoped that millions of inspiring letters will be written the week of December 15, designated as "Letters-from-home" week. Pencil and press are co-operating to make a great success of the plan.

Suggestion for Mother's Letter.

Son of Mine:

They're sending you home to me at last. Through all these months of waiting and longing I've been wearing a star for you and holding my head high and thinking wonderful thoughts about you. I've watched you through ocean mists and dreamed anxious dreams. Yes, and cried a little, too, but not when people could see.

And now you're coming home. Oh, it seems too good to be true. I've just read your letters again. They say so much more than you ever thought when you were writing them. Just happenings—that's all most of the things you wrote about were to you. But to me they said you were facing the biggest thing in life, facing it bravely, as I should want my son to face it. You were offering your body and your soul for a thing bigger than you or me or America.

When I wrote to you I tried to write cheerful, encouraging letters, because I did not want you to go into battle feeling that I was holding you back from the big sacrifice. It's only now, when the fighting is over, that I can let down a little and be just your mother, just the woman who loves you better than anything else in the world—and is so glad to know you're coming back to her that she doesn't care who sees her cry.

Perhaps for some of the boys who have stood with you so finely through these trials the fighting is not yet all over. The fighting I mean is that between a man and himself, and for many of them this will be the hardest battle of all. During the long days and evenings of waiting before they can start for home thoughts will creep into their minds which will be hard to resist. There will be times after all these months of action when the longing for change and for the companionship of women may lead them into associations which will spoil their homecoming and cause them shame and humiliation, and even perhaps make them unfit to receive the love that awaits them here.

You, dearest boy, are just as human as your comrades, and feelings like these may come to you too. I don't ask you to crush them. They are natural, and they only prove that war has failed to dry up the well spring of your emotions. I ask you only to recognize them when they come and to control them with the fine strength you have gained while fighting for the ideals and principles of America. Just remember that many joyous years of life are ahead of you and that the risk of spoiling them and the love that will fill them is too tremendous to run for a short hour of seeming pleasure.

Many of the boys who will come home with you have no mothers to write to them. Some of them may think that no one cares what they do. But somebody does care. America cares. And the girls they will marry some day care. And, oh, the difference it will make in their lives if they will just remember that there is always somebody, always!

Help them to remember. Help them to come home clean and fine. Don't let them spoil everything now. They have been so splendid. If you think this letter will help them give it to them. If they have no mothers let me be their mother until they have come back and taken the high places that await them here. Tell them to write to me. How I should treasure their letters!

And, of course, you will write to me. Just say that you understand—that you know why I have written this letter. Then I can wait months—yes, even years—knowing that you will come home to me as fine and clean as you were when I sent you away to camp so long ago.

MOTHER.

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SPECIAL: A nice line of Photo Frames for pictures of soldiers. Not many. Come early.



HIS PIPE SEEMS TO BE GONE

Man Fails to Find it Where He Hid it Fifty Years Ago

Winsted, Conn.—Half a century ago, when 65-year old Horace Emmons of Northville, a village in this county attended the little school house in Winsted, the scene this week of a reunion of teachers and pupils or other days, he then a boy of 15, concealed a pipe in a cavity formed by two stones near a stone wall close to the school house. He hid it so that his teacher, Mrs. Nellie Miller, would not find it on his person.

Mr. Emmons visited the school for the first time in fifty years, and after climbing over the stone wall, got down on his hands and knees and felt beneath the two stones. Old classmates asked Mr. Emmons what he was doing.

"Looking for my first pipe, which I hid here from the teacher," he replied. He didn't find it.

HE WAS WEAK AND ALL RUN DOWN.

"I thought my kidneys might be the cause of my rundown condition and weakness," writes W. H. Frear, 63 Myrtle Ave., Albany, N. Y., "so I took Foley Kidney Pills and they did the work. I cheerfully recommend them. You can use my name wherever you wish." They stop rheumatic aches. Hite's Drug Store.

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