

# Charlevoix County Herald.

Vol. 24

EAST JORDAN, MICHIGAN, FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 20, 1920.

No. 8

## Co. Fair Dates Sept. 13th-17th

### DIRECTORS HOLD IMPORTANT MEETING HERE LAST WEEK.

### Review Past Year's Work and Lay Plans for 1920 Event.

The Charlevoix County Agricultural Society held its annual meeting at the Russel House in East Jordan, February 11th. The meeting was well attended, all directors and officers being present but three.

The Finance Committee of the association made the following report:

**Receipts From All Sources.**

Gate receipts, Fair, 1919.	
Treasurer K. Carson	\$3,024.85
Subscription list collected by president	437.50
State appropriation 1918	329.50
State appropriation 1919	465.51
Charlevoix County appropriation 1919	1,000.00
Secretary receipts, concessions, advertising, bus licenses, etc.	1,107.77
Borrowed money, State bank	430.00
Balance depository, December 28, 1918	111.75
<b>Total receipts</b>	<b>\$6,966.86</b>
<b>Disbursements.</b>	
Premium orders	\$1,059.60
Appropriation to educational building	546.44
General expenses, improvements, etc.	5,236.24
Balance on hand	6,932.28
General fund	34.58
	\$6,966.86

We further find that the association carries an indebtedness as follows, covering the building of the educational building, etc.

Outstanding orders	\$ 41.65
Other indebtedness	3,553.82
<b>Total indebtedness</b>	<b>\$3,595.47</b>

The secretary reported costs and contributions to the educational building fund as follows:

"Original educational building contained 2,000 square feet of floor space. Addition built 1919 added 2,800 feet more space and added two sanitary toilets, also black board and furniture. This building was built and equipped at a total cost of \$3,083.62 and provided for as follows: Donations from school districts, etc. \$ 763.66 Appropriation from general funds Agricultural Society. 546.44 Leaving an indebtedness on this building of 1,773.52 This deficit has been cared for temporarily by loans which we hope to repay from future contributions to this building fund."

It is the plan of the association to raise the balance on the educational building through subscriptions from city and country school districts and it has been assured generous support by various school districts of the county. This building is one of great educational value to the county and it serves as a stimulant to good work in all schools. It is entirely fitting that it should be paid for by the school districts.

The following officers, committees and superintendents of divisions were elected:

S. E. Rogers, president; H. B. Hipp, vice president; D. L. Wilson, secretary, and Kit Carson, treasurer, were elected by membership vote at the 1919 fair.

Finance committee: Richard Lewis, F. H. Wangeman, Nat Burns. Executive committee: H. B. Hipp, E. B. Ward, Frank Bird.

Nat Burns was appointed chairman of the speed committee, with power to appoint other members of the speed committee.

Superintendents of divisions: Div. A, Ira Olney; Div. B, Terry Barber; Div. C, D. Martin Staley; Div. E, F. R. S. Shapton; Div. G, James Meggison; Div. H, W. F. Tindle; Div. I, K. Mrs. Nat Burns; Div. J, Mrs. W. F. Empey; Div. L, E. B. Ward; Div. M, Mae Stewart.

The association, at the present time, including the amount owing on the educational building, is in debt more than \$3,500. All of this indebtedness, however, represents improvements on the fair grounds and the directors declared themselves to be in favor of enlarging the fair with the expectation that a good fair will be so generously patronized that it will be enabled to wipe out this indebtedness.

The directors decided to hold the fair September 13th to 17th, inclusive, thus making it a five-day fair instead of a four-day fair, as it has been in the past. This will mean making entries on Monday, with the

Fair in full swing Tuesday and closing Friday evening. Night Fair will be held evenings of September 14, 15 and 16, and this year there will be an added attraction at night which will not be seen at the day fair. This will probably take the form of a big pageant put on by the school children of the county. It is planned to have free attractions of unusual merit, including some good musical organization to furnish music for the fair, night and day. Attractions of this class are very expensive, but the crowds which the fair association entertained in 1918 warrant the Association in going to this expense. There will be four days of horse racing and the extra days racing will undoubtedly bring the horses from a greater distance and will insure keen competition. The executive committee was authorized to revise the premium list and enlarge the premiums. It will act in conjunction with a special committee appointed from the Farm Bureau.

One feature of the 1920 fair which will be new will be exhibits from each of the farmers' co-operative associations in the county. With a premium sufficiently large to insure good representative exhibits, this will mean that each section of the county will be in competition with the other sections and will undoubtedly stimulate exhibition of all farm products.

As in the past few years, a special effort will be made to get all the registered live stock in the county entered at the fair. The cattle exhibit has been rapidly coming to the front and in 1920 the Charlevoix County Agricultural Society will have an exhibit of registered cattle which will not be equaled by any fair north of Grand Rapids.

Other interesting additions to the fair will be announced from time to time.

It is the hope of the fair association that it has in the past pleased its patrons and that it will in the future receive the hearty co-operation of all residents of Charlevoix county.

**Toothpick Brings Back Voice of Ex-Soldier**

Sioux City, Ia.—Swallowing a toothpick was a blessing in disguise for Donald Cullings of this city, an ex-soldier, here. At dinner a bit of toothpick lodged in his throat and he coughed violently, choked and nearly strangled before it was dislodged.

But when he had recovered he found that his voice, which he had almost lost following an attack at St. Mihiel, September 12, 1918—just a year to the day—had returned. After recovering from the gas attack Cullings could only speak in a husky whisper.

## WILLIAM JOHNSTON



This clever writer has made notable contributions to humorous literature in his "History Up to Date" and in "Solomon Sloan's Advice on How to Run the Universe." In "Lampy," he produced one of the sweetest, most appealing stories of a boy ever written. During the past few years he has found a delightfully happy field for his talents in mystery and detective fiction. "The House of Whispers" is the best thing he has done in that line. We will be our pleasure to offer you serially in this paper, that you get the first installment.

## Join the Board of Trade

### BIG DRIVE FOR MEMBERSHIP ENDS NEXT WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 25TH.

Before next Wednesday, February 25, every man and woman in East Jordan is expected to join the East Jordan and South Arm Board of Trade. It is the one material way of showing ones unquestioned loyalty to East Jordan. It is not a gift; it is an investment pure and simple, for every dollar of the money will be used to advance the interests of East Jordan.

From now on East Jordan will either go forward or backward. It is of the greatest concern to everyone living in East Jordan to see that industries are brought in which will make East Jordan grow. Industries can not be looked up, conferred with and induced to come here for nothing. It takes money to do all these things, and if they are going to be done it is necessary to have assistance from all.

Then, too, the Board of Trade is an organization that is a credit to every person living in East Jordan to belong to. It is a commercial organization, and every person indicates by joining it that he or she is interested in the commercial development of the community. The Board of Trade has a program of work laid out that will mean much to East Jordan and excellent results are certain to be accomplished if everyone gets into the game and helps.

The curtain goes down next Wednesday evening. See that your name is not missing.

**JAMES WESLEY JOHNSTON.**

J. W. Johnston, a well known resident of Eveline township for the past thirty years, passed away at his home Wednesday, Feb. 11th, following a fortnight's illness from bronchitis.

Deceased was born in the County of Huron, Canada, Dec. 4th, 1840. He was united in marriage to Miss Dorcas Clause Jan. 1st, 1867. They came to Michigan in 1890, locating on a farm in Eveline township, Charlevoix county, where they have since resided. Mrs. Johnston passed away some three years ago.

The following sons and daughters survive: George of Boyne City, I. H. of Charleston, W. Va., Joel and Clarence of Eveline and Mrs. Effie Hyde of Battle Creek.

Funeral services were held Friday forenoon, conducted by Rev. Greenman, pastor of the Evangelical church of Boyne City. Interment at East Jordan cemetery.

## PROCLAMATION!

**Influenza** is again prevalent in East Jordan and the surrounding districts. In the city proper, as yet, it has not gained much headway. As a matter of precaution and to prevent if possible the spreading of this dread disease the Board of Health of the City of East Jordan deems it advisable to close our public schools, our churches, theatre, dance halls, lodges and to dispense with all public gatherings, and it is hereby so ordered.

Parents are requested to keep their children at home and to report promptly any indication of influenza. Carelessness in mingling with other people by those who are indisposed will help to spread influenza.

It is requested that no social events be held and that our people avoid gathering together in the postoffice, pool rooms, and stores.

Let each citizen of East Jordan take it upon himself or herself to observe precautionary measures and this community will be able to avoid a general influenza epidemic.

Help the authorities in their effort to prevent the spreading of this disease by keeping your children at home and by staying at home yourself whenever possible.

**BOARD OF HEALTH OF EAST JORDAN**  
By D. L. WILSON, Mayor.

Dated, February 17th, 1920.  
Order to be effective until further notice.

## COUNTY MID-YEAR EXAMINATIONS.

Returns are now at hand from every part of the county on the rural school mid-year examinations. The commissioner has received all but five reports, three of these from schools in which the teacher has been unable to give the test because of enforced vacations due to illness in the district, and the remaining two in which the questions did not arrive, and it was necessary for the teacher to ask for a second supply. In these schools the examination is being given this week with an extension of time for report from the school.

The teachers liked the questions this year better than ever before. During the war, the rush of campaign work made necessary a number of shortcuts and the questions were purchased from a state agency that did not quite conform to our local conditions. In spite of the fact that school work in the office has more than trebled, Miss Stewart wrote the questions this year and had them printed locally, managing also to have them printed in half day leaflets, in quantities such that each child might have a set of questions for his personal use. This obviated the extra work of writing on the blackboard and of dictating the questions and the teachers were able to manage the two day test better than ever before. The teachers were particularly pleased with the great amount of oral work, with the summaries, and the special features that were food for thought. Never did an old time painful mid-year operation become a modern school pleasure more in reality than on January 21-22, 1920.

It is scarcely fair to rate a school on the results of the examination alone. Standards vary, bases of judgment vary, and the teacher in charge is the only one who actually knows the rating of her pupils and her school. A few schools, however, stand out in marked contrast for the good returns found in reports of the test.

These schools are: Horton Bay, Cramer, Boyne Falls, Harmon, Forest Hill, Major, East Chandler, Wildwood, Advance, Mountaintop, Walker, Star, Murray, Maple Grove, Hoffman, Nowland, Clarion, Howard, Walloon Lake, Hilton, Wilson School and Pleasant Valley.

The following students made unusually good records as indicated by the general average reported: Arthur Temmerman, Irving Coykendall, Fay Martin, Ruby Teboe, Olga Hipp, Ina Hutton, Dorcas Hipp, Daniel Green, Wilma Wells, Hilda Cook, Marguerite Sherk, Olga Jensen, Charlie Sherk, John Older, Mary Holmberg, Gretchen Webb, Alice Colton, Clifford Hankins, Willis Ecker, Eva Hime, Jennie Kent, Arthur Lloyd, Clinton Older, Alice Ecker, Viola Fine, Clara MacDonald, Laurence Milne, Annie Sevanski, Ruby Webster, Neva Webster, Frank Burnett, Viora Ferguson, Roscoe Wright, Daniel Reuch, Winifred Meggison, Eleanor Talmath, Cecil Skye, Earl Stallard, Alice Stallard, Ralph Clark, Iola Gaunt, Kenneth Bristol, Gwendolyn Bristol, Thelma Seymour, Louise Erfourth and Gertrude Louise.

Since there are 1,432 children enrolled in rural schools, the children have reason to feel very happy.

## LOVE CURED SHELL SHOCK

British Soldier, Wounded More Than a Year Ago, Has Memory Restored by Wife.

Brighton, England.—Loss of memory through shell shock and inability to disclose his identity took a happy turn a few days ago in the case of Charles Edward Morris, who became reunited with his wife in this city. He had been reported dead, and the supposed widow had taken employment as assistant in a shop.

Chancing to look through the shop door while a soldier in uniform was passing, Mrs. Morris, with a cry of delight, darted out and caught him by the arm. He stared blankly at her at first, then, slowly recognizing her, he took her in his arms.

Private Morris had suffered shell shock more than a year ago. When sent to hospital in Mons, Belgium, his identity was unknown. Not hearing of him, the regimental authorities reported him dead. By the time his identity was established the wife had moved, leaving no trace. As it was supposed she was in Brighton, Morris was sent there and ordered to walk about, with a paper pinned to him bearing his name.

He had been walking for two hours that morning when his wife saw him. When she had him back she quickly changed her black gown for one of bright blue. Since then the memory of Morris has wonderfully improved, and his full recovery is fully expected.

## "Drys In Fight Since Year 1808

### Growth of Prohibition Can Be Traced More Than Century.

Chicago.—Prohibition sentiment, culminating in the epoch-making amendment to the federal Constitution, has been growing steadily in this country since 1808, according to records compiled by the board of temperance of the Methodist Episcopal church. At that time a demand for moderation in the use of ardent spirits arose, followed ten years later by an even broader movement for abstinence from ardent spirits and for moderation in the use of malt liquors. This in turn gave way in 1840 to sentiment for abstinence from all alcoholic beverages. Agitation for abolition of the practice of licensing the sale of liquors did not come until 1847, resulting four years later in the enactment of prohibition laws in Maine, the first state to put prohibition into effect. Kansas was second, in 1880, and North Dakota third in 1889. Meanwhile the movement had grown to such proportions that the national prohibition party was formed at a convention in Chicago in 1889.

Women, always in the forefront of the activity to stop the sale of alcoholic drinks, organized for a concerted fight after the famous woman's crusade, 1873-74. Their association was later to become known throughout the world by the name of Women's Christian Temperance Union.

Anti-Saloon League in 1893. Another powerful influence in the fight for prohibition came into existence in 1893 in the formation of the Anti-Saloon League. It is noteworthy that both these organizations had their inception in Ohio.

The modern wave of prohibition legislation began with Georgia in 1907. Since that time, the movement gained strength more rapidly than any other reform in the history of the world, so that 33 states already have prohibition by state action, in 21 adopted by popular vote and in the others by legislative measures. At the time the constitutional amendment was submitted, 24 of the 48 states and considerably more than half of the territorial United States had prohibition. In states where prohibition was not state-wide, it has been adopted under local option laws by many communities.

In addition to state laws, there have been in effect stringent measures adopted by congress as aids toward winning the war, which gave a tremendous impetus to the prohibition movement. Studying the examples of foreign countries, a law was passed making it unlawful to provide any man in uniform with alcoholic beverages. Making of beer and whiskey was stopped under the food control act and the sale of drinks was terminated at midnight last June 30. Shipment of liquor into any states was prohibited by the bone-dry law.

Ratifications Took 13 Months. The constitutional amendment was finally adopted by congress on December 18, 1917, with a restrictive clause, hitherto unknown in legislative procedure, that it would be inoperative unless ratified within seven years. The vote in the house was 281 to 128 and in the senate 85 to 20. The ratification required only 18 months, the thirty-sixth state taking favorable action January 16, 1919. Frank L. Polk, acting secretary of state, proclaimed the amendment as part of the Constitution under date of January 29, 1919, but it went into effect one year from the date of ratification by the thirty-sixth state.

After that date nine states voted for ratification, making 45 in all. Rhode Island, Connecticut and New Jersey were the only exceptions.

## NOTICE TO THE TAXPAYERS OF SOUTH ARM TOWNSHIP.

Saturday, Feb. 28th, will be the last day that I will be at the Goodman Hardware Store, East Jordan, to receive taxes. Taxes must be paid on or before that date.

RALPH E. RANNEY,  
Township Treasurer.

## MONEY CANNOT BUY ANY BETTER.

E. D. Grappe, a leading merchant of St. Maurice, La., writes: "For a cathartic I especially recommend Foley Cathartic Tablets, knowing as I do that money cannot buy any better." They act promptly, without pain or nausea. They clear the bowels, sweeten the stomach and tone up the liver. No habit forming.—Hite's Drug Store.

All parties wishing to pay on their accounts with me, will find me at the old stand—C. H. WHITTINGTON.



## WARNS NATION OF RED PERIL

U. S. Department of Justice Urges Americans to Guard Against Bolshevism Menace.

### CALLS RED PLANS CRIMINAL

Press, Church, Schools, Labor Unions and Civic Bodies Called Upon to Teach True Purpose of Bolshevik Propaganda.

Washington.—Calling for the patriotic support of all true Americans in its fight to protect their homes, religion and property from the spreading menace of Bolshevism, the United States Department of Justice has issued a warning against the insidious propaganda of the "Reds" during the new year. It reads:

"It would be extremely helpful to the cause of good government, the maintenance of law and order and the preservation of peace and happiness in our country if the people on this New Year's day would resolve to study, understand and appreciate the so-called 'Red' movement. They can counteract it most effectively by teaching its purpose through the press, the church, the schools, patriotic organizations and labor unions, all of which are within the range of its insidious attacks.

#### "Red" Theories Criminal.

"The 'Red' movement does not mean an attitude of protest against alleged defects in our present political and economic organization of society. It does not represent the radicalism of progress. It represents a specific doctrine—namely, the introduction of dictatorships the world over by force and violence. It is not a movement of liberty-loving persons, but a distinctly criminal and dishonest movement. Lenin himself made the statement at the Third Soviet Conference, 'Among one hundred so-called Bolsheviks there is one real Bolshevik, thirty-nine criminals and sixty fools.' It advocates the destruction of all ownership in property, the destruction of all religion and belief in God. It is a movement organized against Democracy and in favor of the power of the few built by force. Bolshevism, syndicalism, the Soviet Government, sabotage, etc., are only names for old theories of violence and criminality.

#### Russian Labor Crushed.

"Though their adherents in this country are advocating and fomenting strikes, Lenin and Trotsky forbid strikes, and trade unions are being broken up and completely subordinated to the will of the few demagogues in control in Russia. This Bolshevik experiment on the living body of the Russian people has not proven in any sense of the word an experiment in Democracy. The Bolshevik leaders frankly repudiate democratic principles as we understand them. It has been a gamble which meant for Russia, and, indeed, for the whole of humanity, enormous losses in lives as well as in material resources. The Bolsheviks have run up a colossal bill which the Russian workmen and peasants will have to pay.

#### "Reds" Menace America.

"Having lived at the expense of the Russian people for two years, these speculators in human lives and other people's earnings are trying to move to new fields to the east and to the west, hoping to take advantage of the economic distress and confusion of mind in which humanity finds itself after the terrific strain of five years of war.

"Its sympathizers in this country are composed chiefly of criminals, mistaken idealists, social bigots and many unfortunate men and women suffering with varying forms of hyperaesthesia. They are enemies of the government, of the church and of the home and advocate principles which mean the abolition of all three of these safeguards of civilization.

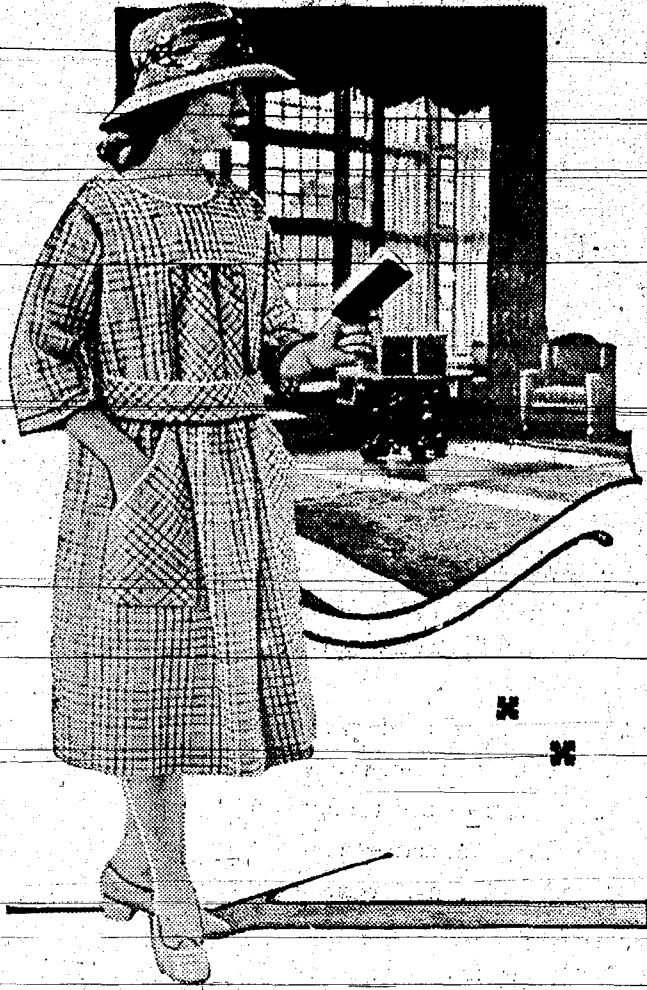
#### Would Rob Everybody.

"Twenty million people in this country own Liberty Bonds. These the 'Reds' propose to take away; 9,880,000 people in the United States own farms and 3,838,000 more own homes, which they would forfeit; 11,000,000 odd people have savings accounts in savings banks and 18,000,000 people have deposits in our national banks, at which they aim. There are hundreds of thousands of churches and religious institutions, all of which they would abolish. In other words, 110,000,000 hard-working and saving people who own property, love liberty and worship God are asked to abandon all the ideals of religion, liberty and government, which are the outcome of the struggles of their fathers and their own development; and to place themselves, their homes, their family and their religious faith in the keeping and their property under the domination of a small group of Lenines and Trozkys.

#### Protection Promised.

"This department, as far as existing laws allow, intends during the forthcoming year to keep up an unflinching, persistent, aggressive warfare against any movement, no matter how cloaked or disguised, having for its purpose either the promulgation of these ideas or the excitation of sympathy for those who spread them. The movement will not be permitted to go far enough in this country to disturb our peace and well-being or create any widespread distrust of the people's government. It will fall away before the light of popular knowledge and appreciation of its aims and purposes."

## Fashion's Eyes Linger on Fine Cottons



The shop windows are full of beautiful new cotton materials that lead our thoughts to the coming of spring. When the holidays are over, fashion has turned her back upon winter—all her talk is of summery clothes and summer lands, and it is evident already that her fickle eyes linger longest on fine cottons. Unless all the signs fail, they are to have a great vogue—the exquisitely fine weaves forecast designing and workmanship keyed up to their level in all kinds of apparel. This means a return to needlework, embroidery and laces for decoration and that clothes are to be well made.

But the average woman is less interested just now in the sheer, fine cottons, than in the new ginghams, or chambrays, and other weaves that are to clothe her small fry when summer rolls around—she is captivated by these immediately. They are here, and along with them are the displays of children's frocks for school and for other wear, made of cotton fabrics. They are simply and unusually well designed; women who do their children's sewing can hardly do better than to copy them; for they are the product of trained specialists.

The "difficult" age—anywhere from nine to fifteen—is taken care of by

these experts with wonderful skill; they know how to bring out the charms of the flapper and how to conceal her defects. In the picture a plaid gingham dress for a girl of twelve is an example of excellent designing that will prove becoming, even lending something of grace to an awkward child. It is nicely finished, with pipings of white pique and there are several little points in its making that deserve consideration—its length, which is about six inches below the knees, the gathered panel set in at the front, being the most outstanding. Large pockets sloped at the top into points, three-quarter length sleeves and a belt that is a wide French fold made of bias strip of the gingham, are items that give it its chic character. The fastening on the shoulder with round pearl buttons is a little detail, but it is in keeping with the rest of the designing.

Colors are pleasing in the new ginghams, and any of them can be used with white pipings. Some of the new frocks have white cuffs and collars; there is a great variety in them.

*Julia Bottomley*

## Pleading the Cause of Fans

There are some beautiful and more or less useless accessories of dress that fashion never frowns upon; although she treats them with considerable indifference for lengthy periods of time. Fans and long ear-rings are instances. About the time that we think they are forgotten, not to be recalled, they emerge and find a welcome as if they were something new. This season has seen the reappearance of fans—with fashion smiling upon those made of feathers, and certainly nothing ever pleaded the cause of fans more convincingly than these airy and smart luxuries.

The holidays developed the vogue of fans made of ostrich feathers, for they were bought more freely than others; but the ostrich feathers, however



sumptuous, cannot outshine the fans made of the splendid feathers of the peacock. These are as wonderful as jewels. Fans of lace and of painted or spangled satin are among the things that are never out of date, and they have benefited by the vogue for feather fans.

In the group of three fans shown above two of ostrich feathers and one of peacock feathers are pictured. At the top small, flat plumes; unadorned and mounted on ivory or other kind of

sticks, form the leaves of the fan. Fans of this kind are fairly large, and increase in size with the length of the feathers. They are made in many beautiful, gay colors. Cleopatra was never cooled by a fan more beautiful than that of peacock feathers shown at the center of the group. The incomparable markings and colorings of the natural feathers make them the most admired of the feathers used for fans. These are mounted on tortoise shell or other sticks, and are beautiful and unchanging.

Very long, curled ostrich plumes make the splendid fan at the bottom of the group. These are shown in many brilliant and many light colors, and carried as the most important item in the evening costume. They blend with the rich, metallic brocades and clothes that have held sway in the realm of evening gowns and coats. They are only at home in company of this kind.

The story of fans is too long to be so briefly told, but among the successful novelties are small palm leaf fans, painted in colors and bound about the edges with gold braid or tulle ribbon; small bouquets or silk flowers are mounted against the fans just above the handles, all wound with ribbon like that used for binding. A full bow of the same ribbon is tied over the stems of the flowers. This is something new in fans, revealing our old and useful friend, the palm leaf fan, all dressed up in fine attire.

*Julia Bottomley*

#### Sports Materials.

In sports materials one will find the most attractive materials both in silks and wools. Camel's hair, while not necessarily a sports material, is the material selected for some very distinguished models in sports suits and utility wraps or coats. The colors are very new, among them a slate color, a heather mixture, a greenish gray and a soft shade of tan. None of these have been so far able to supersede in favor the conventional chambray color, however, which is seen both in suits and the large and comfortable coat that is worn over the riding habit or in the auto.

## NEW SOURCE OF FOOD SUPPLY

Suggestion Made That Musk Ox Be Added to National Bill of Fare.

### VAST HERDS IN THE NORTH

Practically a Permanent Supply of Beef Assured by Domestication of the Animal, According to Vilhjalmur Stefansson.

Washington.—Having already done remarkably well in reindeer farming in Alaska, Uncle Sam is to be asked now to try his hand with musk oxen, to the end that the national meat bill may be cut down and a permanent supply of beef assured. Explorer Vilhjalmur Stefansson brought back from the arctic a story of great possibilities in the way of meat production. He told this story to members of the Canadian parliament in Ottawa, and has also laid his facts and conclusions before some of the Washington officials. Both governments will be asked for appropriations to extend the reindeer industry and to attempt the domestication of the musk ox.

As Stefansson sees it, there are at least a million square miles of natural grazing ground in the sub-arctic, suited in every particular to the needs and tastes of the northern tribes and the still more northern musk ox. Vast herds of these animals, in the wild roam over the so-called "barren lands." Why not take them under protection, turn their feeding ranges into ranches and abattoirs and ship the meat to the hungry folks down south? The territory is Canadian, but the hunger and high cost of living are international; therefore, for the two countries co-operate in a scheme of conservation.

#### Reindeer Meat Liked.

Alaska and Labrador have proved that the reindeer can be domesticated into a public meat producer. Dried meat has been shipped from Nome and other Alaskan points to Seattle, Minneapolis, Chicago and even to New York, and people who have bought it have asked for more. Stefansson now suggests that the business be taken up seriously, its herding and ranching extended to the great prairies of the Canadian North, and the supply of meat to the whole continent begun on a really commercial basis. But he ventures still farther and urges a similar experiment with the musk oxen.

Now, the musk ox, being a peculiarly arctic animal, has never before figured in the American scheme of marketing. In its own country, however, it is greatly valued for its meat's sake, and explorers who have eaten musk ox roasts up there say it is a pity that the Eskimos should have a monopoly of so good a diet. The meat is hardly distinguishable in taste, it seems, from regulation beef; and in nutritive value is quite its equal.

There is wool to be considered, too. The average sized musk ox carries 15 pounds of just-as-good-as-sheep's wool, which it wears as a thick cold-proof vest under a shaggy hair topcoat. In fact, the musk ox is pretty nearly as much sheep as cattle. It is two and one-half or three times the size of a sheep, running about 700 pounds, and is in that same proportion a more prolific source of raw material for suits and socks.

Thick-set, with massive head and short legs, the musk ox looks clumsy, but is surprisingly nimble on its feet. It travels usually in herds of 25 or 30, and its feed is grass, saxifrage plants and dwarf willows. Stefansson points out, as an argument in favor of his sub-arctic ranching scheme, that the musk ox needs neither to be housed nor fed, being quite able to fend for itself and even to protect itself against wolves.

#### Provides Beef, Milk and Wool.

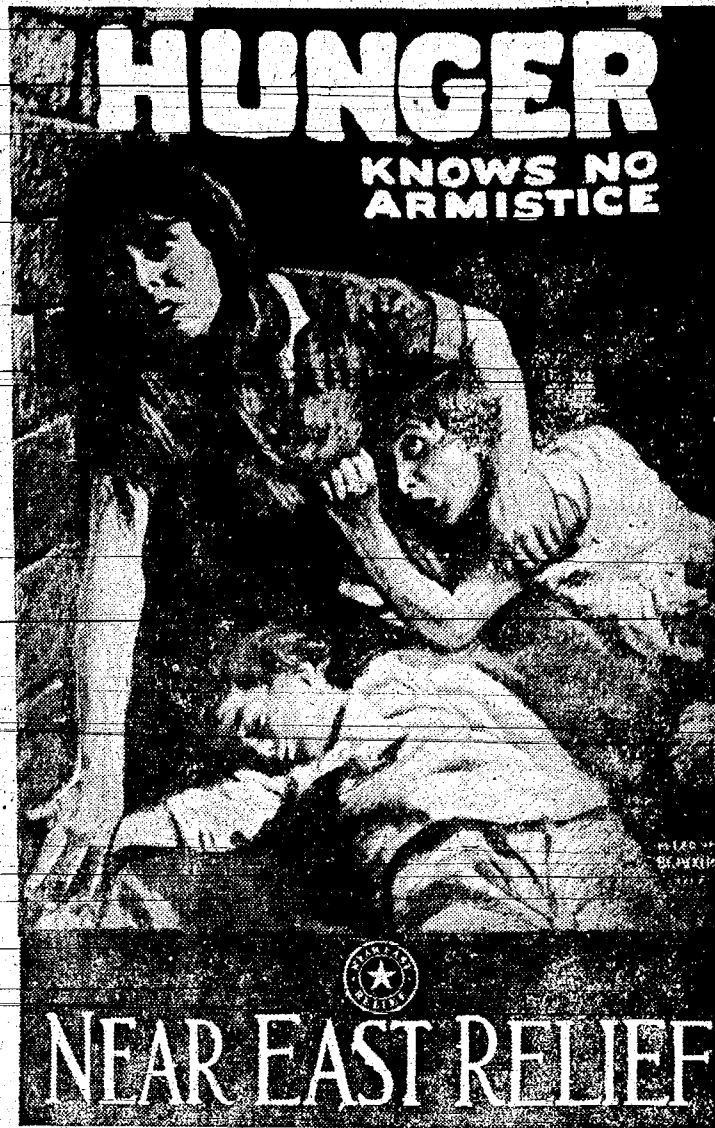
The habitat of this zoological non-descript, which gives beef as tender as a prize steer's, milk as rich as Jersey cream and wool as good as a sheep's, is the very "top country" of America. The herds never come farther south than halfway down the coast of Hudson bay, and they do not go west of the Mackenzie river. On the north they roam along the arctic mainland coast and on the islands beyond. There does not seem to be any good reason, however, why the musk ox could not be kept successfully within the nearer bounds of the "barren lands," or in Alaska, where transportation facilities would be more easily possible.

Nearly enough like the musk ox to be a distant cousin, the woodland buffalo is another denizen of the North that may some day be made the base of a new meat supply. His habits are somewhat the same as those of the arctic ox, but the country that he inhabits is an area of wooded land at the extreme north of Alberta, west of Slave river. Through the forests of this region roam small buffalo herds, whose total numbers probably do not exceed 500 head. They are the only survivors in a natural state of the countless blain that once covered the western plains.

#### A True Sport.

Women have been accused of lack of sportsmanship; yet was a woman ever known to beat a carpet when it was down?—Boston Transcript.

## Poster Tells Dramatic Story



This picture, painted especially for the Near East Relief by M. Leone Bracker, vividly portrays what words fail to express—the horrible suffering of the women and children of Armenia and adjacent countries. Peace has blessed Europe and America for more than a year but in Western Asia conditions more frightful than any war time experiences of the martyred populations of Belgium and France still exist. Thousands of women and children escaped massacre by the Turkish soldiers only to face the terrible agonies of death by starvation. At the present time it is estimated that 1,250,000 adults and fully 250,000 orphaned children are completely destitute and in imminent danger of death by starvation and exposure.

The Near East Relief, 1 Madison Avenue, New York, is at present the only organization giving aid to these suffering people and lack of funds still prevents the reaching of more than a small part of the stricken people.

## WOMEN ADOPT 10,000 ORPHANS

Connecticut to Provide Foster Mothers for Little Victims of Turks.

### CHURCH COUNCIL ENDORSES N. E. R.

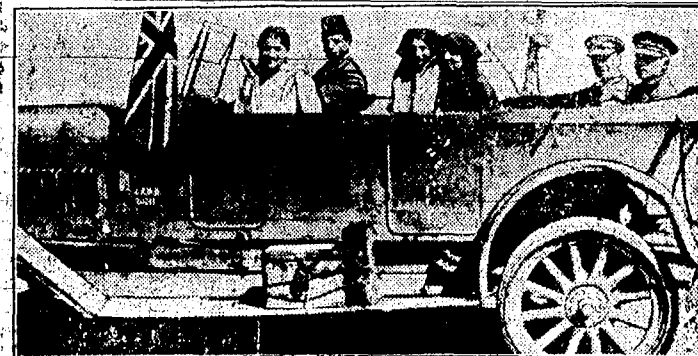
Federal Body Says No More Compelling Need in All the World.

Departing from custom, the Federal Council of Churches has endorsed the work being done by Near East Relief, 1 Madison Avenue, New York City, the former committee for Armenian and Syrian Relief which has essayed the task of caring for 1,250,000 starving people in Western Asia.

Resolutions adopted by the executive committee, as announced by Charles S. Macfarland, general secretary, are as follows: "Your committee recommends that prayers be offered in all our churches for the suffering children throughout the world, especially those who are in distress and peril as the result of the war.

"They further recommend that we reaffirm and emphasize our interest and co-operation in the plans of 'Near East Relief.' We know of no need in the world that is more compelling than that of the Armenian, Syrian and other peoples in the Levant who have already received and must still receive the generous sympathy of the American people."

## SAVED FROM HAREM



Armenian Girls Rescued from Turks Being Taken to Near East Relief Home. The three pretty Armenian girls in the auto are taking a real "joy ride," joyful having another meaning from that generally associated with auto riding here. They have been rescued from the harem of a Turk after four years of shameful servitude and are being taken to one of the Near East Relief rescue homes. No wonder they are smiling for the first time since their captivity. The Near East Relief is caring for many thousands of these girls until they can find their relatives. Also it is working to save 250,000 orphans and over a million adults from starvation this winter. That is why it is making a nation wide appeal for funds to carry on its noble work.





# The House of Whispers

By William Johnston

Illustrations by Irwin Myers

### CHAPTER I.

With an exclamation of annoyance I crumpled up the note from my great-uncle Rufus and flung it on the floor. My disappointment at its contents was the one thing needed to complete the utter misery of a wretched day.

Only that morning my roommates, Birge and Roller, fortunate fellows, had been informed that their applications for the ambulance service had been accepted. Our year of happy companionship had come to an abrupt end.

"Cheer up, old man," cried the optimistic Birge, "your luck will change some time."

"Right," said Roller, as he stooped to give a final tug to the straps of his new kit bag, "a chap as crazy about Adventure as you are is bound to meet her soon."

"Stop it," I cried in desperation. "It is you two who are to have the great opportunity. Soon you'll be seeing straggled, burst, airplanes battling, regiments charging, heroes dying, and I'll be sitting here alone in a hall-room, eating my heart out with loneliness and envy, spending my days at an unbecoming desk, and my nights, God knows how, after you fellows have gone."

"You never can tell," chirped old Birge, "all kinds of strange things happen right here in New York. You may be the one that had had a beautiful adventure before we return—if we do."

His last three words gave us all a sobering thought. "There was a chance, more than a chance, that never again on this earth would we three be together again. Eight of our college mates had preceded Birge and Roller to the great battlefield. Already three of them lay in hero graves somewhere under the lilies of France.

The silence of a sad parting fell on us. The taxicab came and we drove together to the pier with hardly a word spoken.

As we shook hands at the gangplank old Birge spoke again, a glint of tears in his eye, something almost prophetic in his voice.

"Nelson," he said, "I feel it in my bones that something is going to happen to you soon, something thrilling."

"I wish to God something would!" I answered bitterly.

Disconsolately I waved them a last adieu from the dock. In a black mood I railed against the fate that had left me behind, pathetically lamenting the lack of the eight hundred dollars that would have set me free to accompany them.

Two letters, thrust under the door in lodging-house fashion, awaited my homecoming. One of them I recognized at once as my mother's weekly billet of good advice, and tossed aside to be read when I was in a better frame of mind. The other was in a cramped, unfamiliar handwriting. As I studied the envelope curiously a suspicion as to the writer's identity flashed into my mind and eagerly I tore it open.

My great-uncle, Rufus Gaston, was an old, old man. It must be from him. What could he be writing to me about? Rufus Gaston was rich—worth many millions.

It was merely an invitation to dine with him and his wife. Disgracefully I flung it aside. It capped the climax of my dissatisfaction with everything. Here were my two chums starting off to the war, and here was I, Spalding Nelson, twenty-six, strong in physique, save for a "football knee" that had barred me from military service, thirsting for excitement, left behind in the prosaic business world and now bidden to an uninteresting meal with two decrepit old relatives. I made up my mind not to answer the note. My great-uncle Rufus could go hang, for all of his millions. I would not go near him.

The sight of my mother's letter lying unopened on my desk served to recall to me that it was she who had prevented my going. Poor mother! She and I had been at cross-purposes ever since my father's death while I was a youngster. It seemed to me that always she had opposed everything I wanted to do.

After I left college she had found a place for me in the office of one of my father's friends in the little western city where our home was. I had been two years getting away to join Birge and Roller in New York. Most of all, she had set herself against my going to France. She did not believe in war. I was the only man left in the family. She was far from well. If anything should happen to her, my young sisters had only me to look to.—When these pleas had failed to move me she had not hesitated to remind me that I was in her debt.

Unfortunately this was true. My years at college had cost me more than my small patrimony. I had borrowed freely from her, expecting soon to be able to repay her. Like all young graduates I had vastly overestimated my earning capacity. Three years had elapsed and I still owed her eight hundred dollars.

"Do not see," she had written me, "how you can honorably feel free

to go while you are in my debt. To furnish you funds at college your mother and sisters practiced many economies. The girls are now reaching an age when their expenses will be much greater. I need the money for them. The least you can do is to pay it back before you give up your position and go off on wild-goose chases."

For this argument I could find no answer. My obligation to her was a debt of honor that must be paid before I could be my own master. Each week I had been putting away five dollars, and as it accumulated had been sending her a money order.

While I was debating what to do I began to read my mother's latest letter. The first part of it repeated her many arguments. She wrote:

"Two days ago I received a letter from my father's brother, Rufus Gaston, upon whom you called when you first went to New York. He asked about you and made me a proposition concerning you. I did not venture to give him an answer. Your views and mine are so seldom in accord. I gave him your address and suggested that he write to you himself. Probably he has done so by this time."

Hastily I rescued my great-uncle's crumpled note from the floor and smoothed it out. If Rufus Gaston—with his millions and no direct heir—had made a proposition concerning me, his letter took on a vastly more interesting complexion. Carefully I reread it, seeking for some hidden meaning between the lines, but it gave no clue to what he had in mind. He merely expressed the hope that I would be able to dine with him and his wife informally next Thursday evening.

What could it mean? It was at least well worth looking into. Mr. Gaston was seventy-four. He had made a fortune in the South American trade, retiring at sixty-five. There was only himself and his wife. On the Gaston side, through my mother, my sisters and I were the only blood relations. I wondered if it could be that old Rufus was thinking of making me his heir—his heir to the Gaston millions!

As I penned a cordial acceptance of his dinner invitation I determined to set myself to pleasing the old couple, whom I had met only once, on the occasion of my call. A few years ago I would have despised the thought of catering to wealth, but since I had discovered how difficult it was to earn money and how much more difficult to save it, my views had changed.

I could hardly wait for the day he had set for me to dine with them to arrive. I found myself approaching their residence fully three-quarters of an hour before the time named. When I discovered how early I was I decided to loiter in the park for a few minutes. Old Rufus recently had given up his Avenue residence and now lived in one of those stately apartment buildings erected in the East Eighties. I turned into Central park, opposite my great-uncle's street and dropped into the first bench I came to, depositing beside me a bunch of roses I had purchased as my first move toward winning my great-aunt's affections. Lighting my pipe I gave myself up to pleasant reveries, from which I was aroused by finding my roses tossed suddenly to the ground at my feet.

"Pardon me," I said indignantly, "but those belong to me."

"Benches ain't for bundles," croaked an evil voice beside me.

Recovering my flowers, I turned to find seated beside me a fat-eyed, young fellow, cheaply dressed, eying me with an insolent stare. As I looked at him he began crowding over toward me. Plainly it was his intention to oust me from the bench.

"There's plenty of room on those other benches over there," I suggested resentfully.

"Beat it yourself if you don't like it here," he retorted, blowing the smoke from a cheap cigarette in my face. "I got a date here, and I'm going to stay, see?"

I answered with an angry retort and hot words followed. We had almost come to blows when the bushes opposite us suddenly parted. I caught sight for just a second of a villainous face, that of a man about forty, an unforgettable face with a red scar across the left cheek. He raised one finger in an imperative gesture, signaling to my unwelcome companion on the bench. With a profane exclamation of dismay, the fat-eyed fellow sprang up and walked hastily away along the park path. Wondering what it was all about, I watched him out of sight around a turning of the asphalt and then glanced toward the apartment house where in a few minutes I was to be a guest.

As I looked a young girl came out of the house and walked slowly toward the park. At the corner she hesitated. She seemed to be debating whether to continue on down the avenue or to turn into the park. Apparently the lure of the greenery won her, for she came on slowly toward where I was sitting. As she drew nearer I observed her with interest, for she

was one of the prettiest girls I ever had seen. Her slim figure, her dainty ankles, her carriage, everything about her suggested the patrician. Her face, rosy and youthful, was set off by a jaunty feathered toque, from under which a pair of soft, black, roguish eyes, shaded by long lashes, looked out above a dainty nose, just a bit tip tilted, on either side of which a fugitive dimple played.

To my great amusement she walked right up to me and stopped short. I observed then that she seemed to be greatly agitated. Involuntarily I sprang to my feet and removed my hat, feeling certain that she had mistaken me for someone else.

She looked straight at me with an odd tightening of the lips. Into her great dark eyes came a look in which pride and fear seemed to mingle with utter loathing.

"I am here," she said.

In my confusion I mumbled something, I hardly knew what. She looked



"You Were to Wear One, Too."

ed me up and down with a puzzled air and raised her hand to a red carnation she was wearing.

"You were to wear one, too."

"I don't understand," I answered. "Didn't you," she asked hesitatingly, "didn't you come here about the papers?"

"What papers?"

"You know."

"I don't know," I replied. "I know nothing about any papers. You must have mistaken me for someone else."

"But this was the place—this bench—the first bench?"

"I sat down here quite by accident."

"Oh!" she exclaimed with a sigh of relief. "And you're not wearing a red carnation, either."

I recalled then with misgiving that the ill-favored youth who just a moment ago had disputed the bench with me had been wearing a red carnation, and that he had muttered something about having a date. Yet it did not seem possible that a girl of this sort would be having a rendezvous with a scamp like him. I determined if possible to ascertain the girl's mission.

"I am merely waiting here," I hastened to explain, "until it is time for me to keep a dinner engagement with some relatives in the apartment house from which you came."

As I spoke I noticed that the fear and loathing had vanished from her eyes and that she was looking with relief at a little college pin I was wearing. She was blushing now from confusion at her mistake, and the rising red in her cheeks added greatly to her exquisite loveliness.

"I was to meet someone here," she faltered; "you quite understand, don't you?"

"I understand perfectly," I answered, and recalling the scar-faced man who had been lurking in the bushes, I hurried on to say, "but I—I can be of any service—"

"No, no," she sobbed, apparently overwhelmed by whatever it was that was besetting her. "It's nothing—nothing anyone can help."

"Tell me about the man you were to meet here."

"Who are you?" she demanded, her suspicion suddenly rising at my question. "You're not a detective?"

"Far from it," I answered abusedly. "I'm just plain Spalding Nelson, on my way to dine with my great uncle Rufus Gaston."

"Oh!" she said, relieved, "their apartment is on the same floor as ours."

"Tell me about the man you were to meet," I insisted. "I may have seen him."

"Did you? What was he like?" she demanded eagerly.

"Don't you know him?" I countered. "No, I never saw him. I don't even know who he is. I only know that there was to be a man waiting here on this bench this evening. We were both to wear red carnations. I was to come here alone, to see him and to get the—"

She stopped abruptly and tearing off the flower she was wearing, trampled it viciously under her foot. "Not so loud," I warned her, fearful lest they might still be lurking about and overhear us. "There were two of them."

"Two," she whispered, turning pale. "Yes, one waiting here on this bench, and the other, a villainous scar-faced fellow, hiding in the bushes yonder."

their plans. Come, let me escort you, Miss—

As I hesitated over the name she answered simply: "Bradford—Barbara Bradford."

She pondered for a moment over my suggestion and then turned to walk with me toward the apartment house.

"What were the men like?" she asked.

"I described them as best I could, though really the impression that the youth on the bench had left was vague. His voice, an insolent, hoarse, uncultivated one, was almost all I could recall about him."

"I wonder who they were? I wonder how they knew?"

"Knew what?"

Her lips tightened into a straight line. "I can't tell you, I don't. It isn't my secret."

By this time we had reached her home and the bowing doorman was swinging back the great-iron door for us. It had been my intention to announce my arrival, but recalling that Miss Bradford had said that the Gaston apartment was on the same floor as hers, I stepped with her into the elevator. When it had descended, leaving us together in the corridor, she turned to me and offered her hand.

"Thank you so much, Mr. Nelson."

"I wish you'd let me help you," I cried.

She shook her head.

"Well, promise me one thing," I insisted.

"What is it?"

"That you never again will go alone to the park to meet those men."

A tremor shook her body, and once more a look of terror crept into her eyes.

"I can't promise that. I must meet them. I must! I must!"

I reached out and took her hand. "Promise me, then, that before you go again you will let me know."

"You must not try to stop my going," she cried desperately and freeing her hand turned quickly and unlocking her door left me standing there alone, staring after her.

Perplexed beyond measure as to what I ought to do, after a moment I pressed the bell and was admitted to the Gaston apartment and to the presence of my aged relatives.

Although I tried to pretend an interest in their conversation and absent ly answered their questions about my family, my thoughts kept constantly recurring to the strange trouble of the girl across the hall, her plight interesting me far more than the purpose for which my great-uncle had sent for me. I had expected that he would broach that subject himself, but the coffee arrived and still the conversation had been limited to stilted family chat. As we returned to the living room, I decided to give him a lead:

"My mother wrote me—" I began.

"Oh, yes," said old Rufus, looking relieved.

"Yes, yes, of course," echoed Mrs. Gaston.

I waited for one or the other of them to proceed but for some reason they both seemed at a loss for words.

"You tell him, Rufus," said my great-aunt at last.

His tired old eyes studied my countenance carefully, searchingly, as if he was trying to read my soul.

"What is it?" I asked impudently.

"It is this," said old Rufus, speaking slowly and with effort, as if he hated to disclose his intentions.

"Three days from now—that will be Sunday morning—my wife and I are going to Maine to be gone for some months. We have leased a furnished cottage there and shall take our servants and our motor with us. We do not like to leave this apartment wholly untenanted, and it occurred to Mrs. Gaston that you might occupy it in our absence."

I am afraid my countenance at that moment must have betrayed my consternation. My great expectations vanished, blew up, disappeared. They did not want me for an heir but for a caretaker. What a fool I had been to imagine for one moment that this penniless old couple had contemplated doing anything for me. They wanted me to do something for them. A sarcastic refusal of their proffer trembled on my lips but was stayed by my great-aunt speaking:

"It will enable you to save your room rent. Mr. Gaston will pay the rent in advance before we go. There will be no one here to serve your meals so you will have to get them elsewhere, but I will arrange with my landlady to come in once a day to make up your room, and you'll be under no expense."

Her suggestion that I would have no room rent to pay decided me. Two other considerations also influenced me. It might be a plan on the part of the old people to try me out and see if I was trustworthy, and then, dwelling under the same roof with Barbara Bradford, I might have opportunities of seeing her again, and who knows, perhaps of assisting her out of her mysterious plight.

"I shall be very glad indeed to come," I found myself saying. "It was nice of you both to think of me."

"A safe deposit box would be better, then."

"No," said old Rufus shortly. "Both my safe deposit boxes are full and there is no use hiring another one. The jewels will be all right where they are. In case of fire you can remove them to a place of safety. This is the combination—see that you remember it—six right, four left, two right, eight left, 6, 4, 2."

"I'll remember it," I replied, mentally repeating it over and over again.

"And now, my dear," said the old gentleman, "if you will get the keys from my desk, we can permit our nephew to depart."

My great-aunt left the room to do his mission. The minute she was safely out of hearing old Rufus's whole manner underwent a startling change. Into his deep-set gray eyes came a

look of terror. His face became ashen, and the withered hand with which he clutched my arm was trembling violently.

"Listen, boy," he hissed, leaning forward that he might speak into my ear

and looking about apprehensively as if he feared to be overheard. "Listen—there's something wrong here."

My first thought was that he had been suddenly stricken with senile dementia, but recalling his perfectly rational conduct throughout the rest of the evening, I dismissed the theory as absolutely untenable. His fear, whatever caused it, certainly seemed very real.

"Something wrong?" I repeated, wonderingly. "What do you mean? What is it?"

He clutched my arm in a still tighter grasp, and his voice, suppressed to a terrified whisper, became more insistent.

"I don't know," he breathed. "I wish I did." He glanced timidly about and went on, "There's something wrong! I sense it. I feel it. I can't find out what it is. All kinds of queer things happen. I am always hearing voices—whispers, whispers, whispers! That is why we are going away. My wife thinks it is on account of my health. I don't want her to know. Please, please, Spalding, find out what it is before we return. I have no son. There is no one else but you to do it. Solve the mystery for me. Find out about the whispers. Promise me you will. Ssh—not a word to her! Not a word!"

He withdrew his hold on my arm and laid his finger on his lips as he heard his wife returning. With a visible effort he straightened up, and when she entered the room he apparently had entirely recovered his self-possession and was his natural self again, a dignified, world-weary old man.

"I can't find your keys, Rufus," said my great-aunt, "you had better get them yourself."

The minute he left the room she hastened to my side and she, too, began to whisper mysterious warnings, exhibiting a terror hardly less than her aged husband's.

"This is a house of mystery," she announced. "I'm always hearing strange sounds here. He doesn't know—with a nod in the direction old Rufus had gone, "and I do not want him to. That is the reason I am taking him away. Solve the mystery of it before we return. I'll pay you, I'll make it well worth your while."

Her husband's shuffling in the passage warned her of his return, and she quickly dropped my arm. As he entered she was telling me in quite normal tones to be sure to remember her to my mother the next time I wrote.

Old Rufus handed me the keys, explaining which was which.

"And remember," said my great-uncle, as he escorted me to the door. "You are not to come until Sunday morning at ten, after we have gone. And remember the combination of the safe—Remember!"

The insistent way in which he repeated the word conveyed to me forcefully that what he most wanted me to remember was the strange warning he had given me, and as I clasped his hand in parting I tried by the firmness of my grip to let him know that I understood.

"Remember," repeated my aunt, too, as she stood there in the door a little behind him, at the same time giving me a significant look.

Yet, puzzling as had been the conduct of both of them, my memories that night were not of their warning nor of the combination of the safe nor of the hour at which I was to arrive. They were of the most beautiful eyes I ever had seen and of the haunting terror written to them.

### CHAPTER II.

Sunday morning came at last.

It was hardly eight when I set out for my new quarters, taking with me only one small handbag and leaving my two trunks for the expressman. In the time intervening since my visit to the Gaston home I had done but little except speculate on the mysterious warnings that both of the old people had surreptitiously given me. It seemed so utterly improbable and impossible that there could be any inexplicable mystery about a home in a modern, up-to-date apartment house in the center of a civilized city. And if there was a mystery, why did they stay there? Why didn't they move?

Yet, as I pondered over the matter, I was convinced that both my great-uncle and his wife were rational. I dismissed without hesitation the theory that there could have been any supernatural happenings to frighten them. It was probable, I decided, that their fears might have been played on by some conspiracy on the part of their servants to induce them to spend a season in Maine. Perhaps there was some specter from my great-uncle's past now rising to confront him that he was seeking to hide from his wife. It might be that she knew of it or had received threats and was trying to conceal the matter from him. There are few men of millions without some secret shameful pages in their lives. As I remembered that old Rufus Gaston's dollars had been made in South America, all that I had heard and read of plots and counterplots below the equator came bustling into my brain. If such should be the case, that some betrayed conspirator now was seeking vengeance, more than ever I welcomed the unexpected chance that had thrown this opportunity for adventure in my prosaic path.

Yet maybe their warnings were justified. There was Barbara Bradford, who lived under the same roof, on the very floor with them. She seemed to be caught in the web of some plot, to be living in fear of some mysterious peril.

Was she, I wondered, in any way connected with the mystery that overhung the Gaston home? Did my great-uncle and his wife know her? Her mission to the park had been to get some papers. Could they have been in any way involved with what was menacing my great-uncle's peace of mind? How I regretted now that I had not asked the Gastons if they knew Miss Bradford. How I welcomed the opportunity I was now to have of living in the same apartment house with her, close at hand if ever I could serve her. I was glad now that circumstances had prevented my going to France with Birge and Roller.

As I arrived at my great-uncle's corner, I saw Miss Bradford approaching from the opposite direction. She was in riding togs. I timed my steps to reach the corner as she did. "Would she, I wondered, consider our strange meeting a few evenings before sufficient introduction to justify her speaking to me."

"Good morning, Mr. Nelson," she greeted me pleasantly. "Making an early call, aren't you?"

"I'm coming here to live for a while," I answered, falling into step with her. "The Gastons are going to Maine and have asked me to occupy their apartment while they are away."

As we chatted we had entered the building, and as before I went into the elevator with her. As I left her at the door, wondering if she had had any more encounters in the park, yet hardly daring to ask, she turned to me, half apologetically, and said:

(Continued Next Week)

CHAPTER II.

"Something Wrong Here—in This House—I Tell You!"

and looking about apprehensively as if he feared to be overheard. "Listen—there's something wrong here."

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## Hopes Women Will Adopt This Habit As Well As Men

Glass of hot water each morning helps us look and feel clean, sweet, fresh.

Happy, bright, alert—vigorous and vivacious—a good clear skin—a natural, rosy complexion and freedom from illness are assured only by clean, healthy blood. If only every woman and likewise every man could realize the wonders of the morning inside bath, what a gratifying change would take place.

Instead of the thousands of sickly, anaemic-looking men, women and girls with pasty or muddy complexions; instead of the multitudes of nerve wrecks, "rundowns," "brain fags" and pessimists we should see a virile, optimistic throng of rosy-cheeked people everywhere.

An inside bath is had by drinking, each morning before breakfast, a glass of real hot water with a teaspoonful of limestone phosphate in it to wash from the stomach, liver, kidneys and ten days of bowels the previous day's indigestible waste, sour fermentations and poisons, thus cleansing, sweetening and freshening the entire alimentary canal before putting more food into the stomach.

Those subject to sick headache, biliousness, nasty breath, rheumatism, colds; and particularly those who have a pallid, sallow complexion and who are constipated very often, are urged to obtain a quarter pound of limestone phosphate at the drug store which will cost but a trifle but is sufficient to demonstrate the quick and remarkable change in both health and appearance awaiting those who practice internal sanitation. We must remember that inside cleanliness is more important than outside, because the skin does not absorb impurities to contaminate the blood, while the pores in the skin are of less importance.



## OLD MAUNA LOA BECOMES CALM

Hawaiian Volcano Ends Its Pyrotechnical Display.

### EXHIBITION LASTED A MONTH

Starting Ahead of Scheduled Time, the Performance Was Accompanied by Series of Tidal Waves and Quakes Fully Equal to Anything the Old Mountain Has Ever Done.

"After more than a month of unprecedented activity, Mauna Loa is now quite dead," writes Mrs. Shirley Foster Allen in a communication to the National Geographical society.

"It seems that Hawaii, though small, must have just so much attention, and so every so often she explosively projects herself into the arena of the world's happenings. Not content with her share in the 'big show' in Europe, she decided to stage a first-class side show all her own—and the two volcanoes, Mauna Loa and Kilauea, have certainly done their best to make it the 'biggest show on earth'."

"Although scheduled for performances every nine years Mauna Loa took the volcanologists by surprise and gave her celebration several years too soon. Heralded by earthquakes and accompanied by a series of tidal waves and quakes, she has proceeded to give us the most spectacular exhibition within the memory of the oldest kamaiaines (old residents)."

#### Cloud Warned of Danger.

"The first indication of volcanic activity was the presence of a peculiar cauliflower-shaped cloud hanging over the mountain. Three days later, on September 29, the whole heavens were lit up with an apricot glow, when from a huge vent in the mountain's side, a flood of molten lava was belched forth. Spreading out into a great shallow stream it came roaring down the mountain slope, burning forests, carrying huge trees and immense boulders on its surface, sweeping everything be-

fore it. With a speed varying from one to twenty miles an hour, according to the country it was passing over, it broadened out until it was nearly a mile in width. After wiping out the government belt road, razing telephone poles and destroying a vast amount of property, the red-hot lava tumbled over a high precipice and plunged hissing into the sea.

"This outbreak was on the western slope of Mauna Loa, occurring at the 8,500-foot level, less than half way to the top of the mountain, whose rounded summit rises majestically 13,675 feet above the sea. This flow reached the ocean on the Kona coast of Hawaii, near Aikua, the small village for which it has been named. In its downward course it followed the general direction of the 1916 flow, but was much more rapid in its progress, as it was only some twenty-six hours from the time of the outbreak until the first lava poured into the ocean. In the case of the earlier flow a period of more than a day of apparent inactivity intervened between the gas explosion which tore the great hole in the mountain and the actual appearance of the lava.

**Glow Visible Many Miles.**  
"Several excursions were made in October from Honolulu, and in approaching the flow from the sea in the early evening the glow from the lava was visible for many miles before Aikua was reached. Drifting within 200 yards of the point where the liquid rock was rushing into the sea, the scene stretching before one was awe-inspiring.

"Slowly the smoky haze from the burning forests, which hung over the source, 20 miles away, lifted and the river of fire stood out in its full glory, holding one speechless and spellbound. Leaping from pali to valley, rushing uphill and roaring down, the fiery flood thundered upon its bosom rocks as big as houses that were tossed about as if they were mere pebbles.

"As the stream of blazing lava neared the coast line it appeared to gather greater speed, taking the final plunge over a 100-foot cliff at a terrific rate, and looking for all the world like a fiery Niagara. As the red-hot lava came in contact with the water great columns of steam and gas, like huge water spouts, were forced hundreds of feet into the air. Huge boulders hurled into space, exploded with thunderous reports into auras of red and green light, while flashes of what looked like lightning added to the chaos.

"Miles up the mountain the lava stream became blocked, forming a great lake, which spread out on each side, seeking a new point of egress. Suddenly, as if a giant hand had tipped the bowl, the lake overflowed. The whole heavens were lit up as the lava, like a great cataract, plunged and boiled over the cliff.

#### Fires Died Suddenly.

"As days passed by, the aspect of the flow gradually changed. Great banks of cooled and blackened lava were piled up on either side and the stream of pahoehoe (smooth lava) shrank to a width of about 40 feet. Thus confined in a deep gorge, a river of swiftly moving molten stone sped silently for ten consecutive days toward the sea, building up the floor of the ocean into new land—and then it stopped. The volcanic fires died as suddenly as mysteriously, as they had appeared, and standing on the still warm lava, gazing at the great black river bed, one can but marvel.

"This outbreak was followed by several others at slightly higher elevations. The source of the second showed great activity, it was reported, fountains of lava 400 feet high being thrown into the air, while the flow equaled in magnitude that from the Aikua crater. This flow became dammed up on the mountain's side and did not succeed in reaching the government road. Considerable pasture

land was destroyed, however, and a small herd of cattle was imprisoned on an island between the fresh lava and the still hot Aikua flow.

### MAKE RICH GERMANS MOAN

Heavy Taxes Cut Deeply into Fortunes of the Wealthy Huns.

The lot of the multimillionaire in Germany will be a hard one under the new emergency levy and income and inheritance taxes. Dr. Felix Pinner, financial writer of the Berlin Tageblatt, estimates that under these taxes a German industrial fortune of 10,000,000 marks would be reduced by 1925 to 3,114,000 marks. This would mean that the state had taken nearly 7,000,000 marks by various forms of taxation designed to solve the tremendous financial problem which Germany faces.

If the owner of this fortune were to die, say in 1925, and should leave one son, the son would have to pay to the state as inheritance tax 1,280,000 marks.

The Tageblatt's commentator points out that this would be insufficient to continue an industry which in peace times had required a capital of 7,000,000 marks, and that this operation would weaken the productive power of industrial concerns by over-severe liquidation of their wealth. "The high capital taxes will saw off the limb upon which income and industrial taxes should sit," concludes Dr. Pinner.

### MADE RECORD AS PATIENT

Chinaman Twenty-Four Years in Los Angeles Hospital Was Well Liked.

Charles Ah How, 85, most famous and oldest patient of the Los Angeles county hospital, has carved his last image from the bones which surgeons spared him from their operations.

Charlie died while fashioning a tiny skeleton with his knife, an exquisite specimen of his workmanship, polished to look like ivory.

The nurse found him reclining in his chair, where he had been every day for 24 years, and the figure was held as though he were presenting it to her.

Charlie came to Los Angeles in 1873 and was employed as cook by the early families. His entry slip, now yellow with age and upon which the ink is faded, relates that he was admitted to the hospital after an injury from which both legs were paralyzed.

### CARRYING JOKE TOO FAR

English Judge Frowns on "Assistant" Husbands and Wives.

"Assistant-husbands" are the latest thing in substitutes to be tried in England. These and "substitute wives" are post-war developments of the London lounge lizard and "vamp."

Recent court cases disclose countless cases of wives or husbands "finding it necessary" to acquire half-time soulmates to help while away the time.

There wasn't much said about the little game until a demobilized officer recently asked a judge's assistance in ridding his home and fireside of his former platoon sergeant who had become about as much a permanent fixture about the house as the hatrack or the five-color picture of Earl Haig.

The officer didn't mind the sergeant's presence up to the platonic friendship stage, but he didn't care for theater parties and long walks and talks thrown in on the side. The case was tried and ended with the wife choosing the sergeant for her very and only own.

### CLAIM RIGHT TO STEAL

Berlin Servants Insist on Privileges Under Bolshevik Order.

The bolshevik idea that the other fellow ought to be compelled to share his property even if one must resort to theft to obtain it seems to actuate some of Berlin's thieves.

Two sisters, servants of a well-to-do family in Hanover, who recently stole \$100,000 worth of valuables from their employers, declared, when arrested, that they felt it was perfectly right, under the new order of things to take a share in the property of those better situated.

Large quantities of jewelry and valuable articles are being stolen in Berlin. Servants are often the offenders and frequently are captured because they are amateurs.

### Won't Find Brides for Yanks.

An American soldier who can't find a bride at home, thinks Sir Nevil Macready, chief commissioner of London police, can do the trick for him.

"The only thing is, I cannot bank on the American girls," he writes, "for I have seen too much of them, so if you can find me a nice young woman in the twenties," etc.

The doughboy can't "bank on" the head of Scotland Yard, either. He positively refuses to take up the assignment.

### Thousands Frozen to Death.

Washington.—A blizzard which swept across Estonia, Russia, on New Year's day froze thousands to death. The bodies of 800 refugees were found in a forest. Many babies were frozen at their mothers' breasts, according to word received by American Red Cross workers at Reval.

### CHARLEVOIX CO. HERALD

G. A. LISK, Publisher  
Subscription Rate, \$1.50 per year.

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

### MEN'S CLASS AT PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH

Owing to the quarantine, the 9:30 session for Sunday, Feb. 22nd will be suspended. May I ask the men to be thinking of a suitable name and be ready at our next meet to submit suggestions. The teacher of our class asked me two questions last night.

1st—Is their disinterested religion to-day?  
2nd—Is it fair to accuse Job of self-righteousness?

—President.

### VICTIM OF MEAT SWINDLE

"Inside" Forgery Job Cheated Famous Prison of Sing Sing, New York, Out of \$1,000.

Ossining, N. Y.—Sing Sing prison has been robbed. The state has been cheated out of \$1,000. It was an "inside" job.

The trick was turned a few days before Warden Daniel J. Grant took office. Convicts employed in the prison—central office, working in conjunction with an outside criminal, received an invoice sheet purporting to come from a firm dealing in woolen supplies. It was made to appear that a cargo of woolen material had been received at the prison for the prison factories. Convict clerks "O. K." vouchers to show the goods had been received.

Vouchers were sent to the mythical wool merchant at Newark, who duly countersigned them and sent them back to the prison to receive payment for his "goods." Two checks, aggregating about \$1,000, were sent to the imposter. Prison attaches, learned eventually that the whole transaction was a fraud.

Last spring it was discovered swindlers had got \$8,100 by tricking Warden Meyer into sending them checks for coal bills.

### Commission Proceedings.

Regular meeting of the City Commission held Monday evening, Feb. 16, 1920. Meeting was called to order by Mayor Wilson at the commission rooms, and on motion by Crowell was adjourned to the Mayor's office.

Present—Wilson, Gidley and Crowell. Absent—None.

Minutes of the last meeting were read and approved.

Bills were presented for payment as follows:  
East Jordan Lbr. Co., lumber, \$400.69  
D. E. Goodman, mdse, 17.94  
Standard Oil Co., gasoline, 96.40  
Mrs. St. Charles, cleaning library, 2.50  
Harry Simmons, fire team, 40.00  
E. J. Iron Works, labor & material, 19.12  
People's State Sav. Bank, ins. on town hall, 15.90  
Charlevoix Co. Herald, printing, 29.40

On motion by Crowell, the bills as listed above, were allowed by an aye and may vote as follows:  
Ayes—Wilson, Gidley and Crowell.  
Nays—None.

Several bids were received for furnishing steel and constructing a bridge across the South Arm of Pine Lake, and on motion by Gidley, all were referred to the Fargo Engineering Company for their recommendation.

On motion by Crowell, meeting was adjourned.

OTIS J. SMITH, City Clerk.

### IN-MEMORIAM.

MAPES.

(In loving memory of my dear mother, Mrs. Mary Mapes, who went to be with Jesus, Jan. 11th, 1919.)

Oh, dear mother,  
You are not forgotten;  
Far and oft my thoughts do wander  
To a grave far, far away.  
Where they laid my darling mother  
Just one year ago today.

But I know that you are happy  
In that heavenly home to dwell.  
I loved you, yes, I loved you,  
But Jesus loved you more,  
And He sweetly called you  
To yonder shining shores.  
And again I hope to meet her  
When my day of life is fled  
And in heaven with joy to greet her,  
Where no farewell tears are shed.

MAY.

### ROCK ELM.

The grades have just completed a floral design for their poster work.

Quite a number have almost completed the number of books which is required in order to receive their diploma from the Michigan Young Reading Circle, some of the books which we find very interesting ones.

Father Thrift and his Animal Friends by Sindelar, Mr. Turtle's Flying Adventure by Paine, Bun o' Wild Rabbitt by Lippincott, Red Feather by Norcomb, Rhymes and Tales for Children by Blaisdell, Adventures of Groofur Family by Nyce, Modern Americans by Sanford and Owen, Lads Who Dared by Constable, The Princess Jack by Aldis, Collette in France by McDonald, How to Have Bird Neighbors by Patterson, Adventures of Tom Sawyer by Twain, Huckleberry Finn by Twain, Boy Life of Theodore Roosevelt by Haxelorn, Young Heroes of the American Navy by Porter, The Mission of Justice Day by Long, The Silver Cache of the Pawnee by Lange.

Thursday was spent very pleasantly. Mrs. E. Kowleski, Mrs. Hipp and Mrs. Dan Swanson spent the day at school. The invitation is extended. The fourth have completed the Alvin Davis and is now taking book one of the Gulick, by Frances Gulick Jewett.

Eighth Grade has completed their Upham's Agriculture and now are going to take up Waters' Agriculture.

Word was received from Miss Hutton that she will visit us before the Club year is closed. Hope we may have more visitors next time. School is closed for the "flu" suspects until Monday unless further notices are sent out.

Those receiving certificates of award for the past month are as follows: Lillah and Lester Danforth, Dorcas Olga, H. B. Hipp, Greta Easton, Bruce Donaldson, Merritt Shaw, Jimmie Myers, Russel Duffey, Barton Henry, Herbert and Walter Teboe.

Fifth graders have completed their Michigan Scrap Books.

## NIGHT READING

Does the print which you are reading nights blur?

Does there seem to be a mist which covers the paper? These are signs that your eyes are getting weak.

There is no chance for you to rob Peter to pay Paul. Have your eyes attended to or they will be the losers. The only remedy is to have your eyes fitted with proper glasses by

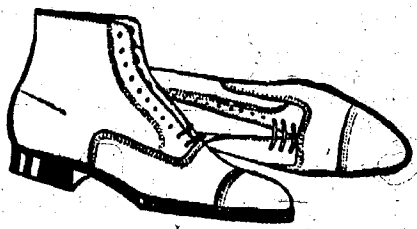
### C. Hunsberger

Optician and Jeweler  
Expert on Eye Strain.

**Ralston**  
Shoes for Men

"Comfortable as an old shoe" is an outworn phrase. Happy experience has taught wise buyers to say, "Comfortable as a new RALSTON."

Style, too. And wear aplenty.



CHAS. A. HUDSON

## EAST JORDAN LUMBER CO. STORE



**New Gingham**  
**FOR SPRING SEWING**

Stormy weather is a good time to get Spring Sewing done. We are fortunate to have received a few new Ginghams that are very good patterns, colors and qualities.

Get your Wash Dresses made for summer before the busy season begins.

We sell the WHITE Sewing Machine which surely makes sewing a pleasure.

"J. N." Green Premium Stamps Given with all cash purchases.

East Jordan Lumber Co.

**Briefs of the Week**

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Allison returned home Monday from Elk Rapids.

Miss Lella Howe went to Charlevoix, Thursday, for a short visit with friends.

Roscoe Mackey and A. G. Rogers were at Petoskey on business, Thursday.

Charles Beebe was called to Elk Rapids, Wednesday, by the illness of his niece.

Samuel Richardson left Thursday on a business trip to Central Lake and other points.

Mrs. Len Swafford went to Charlevoix, Wednesday, to visit her sister, Miss Eunice Carr.

Mr. and Mrs. Warren Perkins left Tuesday for Lansing, where they will make their home.

Mrs. Julia Wayshe, an Indian, passed away at Camp 23, Wednesday, Feb. 18th, aged 60 years. Funeral services were held Friday morning, conducted by Rev. John Duncan. Interment at East Jordan Cemetery.

Owing to influenza in our city our Board of Health deemed it advisable to close our schools, churches and theatre and to discontinue all social gathering for awhile. Several cases have been reported both in the city and adjoining territory, but the past few days not many new cases are developing except in the families already quarantined.

With the ice harvest season at hand and no indication that East Jordan would have a supply, members of our Board of Trade got busy and raised a fund to guarantee the work of harvesting and storing. The ice house near the Argo Mill has been leased, tools purchased, and active work commences this Saturday. Messrs James Gidley, A. G. Rogers and Jos. Ekstrom are the committee in charge.

Mrs. Bert Grossett, passed away at her home in South Arm township, Thursday afternoon, Feb'y 19th, following a brief illness of pneumonia. Mrs. Grossett was formerly Miss Florence Hurlbert, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. James Hurlbert of this city. She leaves her husband and two daughters. Funeral services will be held at her late home this Saturday morning. Interment at East Jordan Cemetery.

Earl Farmer was at Grand Rapids on business this week.

Miss Mae Brown was home over Sunday from Bellaire.

Harry Walstad was home from Charlevoix first of the week.

Miss Ellen Dahlquist left Wednesday for a visit at Traverse City.

A. Danto was a Grand Rapids and Detroit business visitor this week.

Mrs. George Walton and children visited relatives at Bellaire this week.

Dr. W. H. Parks was called to Augusta, this week by the illness of his father.

Mrs. Levi Pratt with son returned to Flint, Thursday, after a visit with relatives here.

Mr. and Mrs. E. E. Hartman left last Saturday on a business trip to Lansing and other points.

John Craig received last week a pair of thoroughbred Durock Jersey pigs from Howell, Mich.

Robert Knudson of Detroit was here this week visiting at the home of his sister, Mrs. Claude Bowen.

Mrs. Bert Martin was at Petoskey, first of the week, where she took treatment at the Keycraft hospital.

Mrs. W. S. Chambers and son, Melvin, of Detroit, are here visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Elias W. Giles.

Evart, Gilbert, John and Edgar Sturgell left Wednesday for Kentucky, called there by the death of their father.

Mrs. Sidney Sedgeman and daughter returned to Alba, Thursday, after a week's visit with her mother, Mrs. A. Kile.

Mrs. W. Krotovich returned to Traverse City, Monday, after a two-week's visit at the farm home of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Nemecek.

Mrs. Ralph Ranney and Fred Moore were called to Elk Rapids, Wednesday, to attend the funeral of their sister, who died at Detroit.

The Maccabee Club will meet at the home of Mrs. Thos. Passenger on the West Side, Friday afternoon, Feb'y 27th. Mrs. Wm. Boudrie and Miss Goldie Snyder assisting. Visitors welcome.

Ed. Weldy was a Charlevoix visitor over Sunday.

Miss Donna Hoyt left Thursday for a visit at Gaylord.

Miss Effie Cook visited her parents at Charlevoix over Sunday.

Carlton Green left Friday for Detroit, where he will seek employment.

Miss Emma Lou Hoyt left Thursday for a visit with her sister at Detroit.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank J. Gruber left Friday for a few days' visit at Detroit.

Mrs. Matt Summerville left Friday for a visit with her husband at Munising.

Dance at the Sherman Hall next Saturday night, Feb'y 28th. Everybody welcome.

Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Weldy returned home Tuesday from a visit at Logansport, Ind.

O. M. Cummings left Thursday for Flint, after a week's visit with his son, H. H. Cummings.

Kit Carson, who has been attending school at Chicago, came home Thursday for a few week's visit.

FOR SALE—My residence on corner of 5th and William Sts, Inquire of John W. Hawkins at Bakery.

WATCH LOST—Ladies gold watch in wrist strap. Will finder kindly return same to Charles F. Dickinson.

Mrs. C. E. Johnson returned to Fayette, Thursday, after a week's visit at the home of Mrs. W. C. Hoover.

George Grenon returned to Detroit, Thursday, after being called here by the death of his father, Jos. Grenon.

Edward Wood left Friday for his home at Spring Lake, after a visit at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Claude Pearsall.

Miss June Hoyt left Thursday for Miami, Florida, where she will spend a few months with Mr. and Mrs. Walter L. French.

FOR SALE—My residence and Lot on Bowen's Addition; also my Hotel Furniture. Inquire of MRS. H. DEWITT at Commercial Hotel.

Mr. and Mrs. Dan Barlow returned to their home at Allegan, Thursday, after an extended visit at the farm home of their daughter, Mrs. Russell Thomas.

Mesdames John and Albert Vanderyacht of Linden, Wash., who have been guests at the home of their sister, Mrs. Bert Martin, left Thursday for a visit at Central Lake.

W. P. Porter returned Thursday from Buffalo.

Miss Mary Berg came home Friday from Grayling.

Miss Pearl Booth is home this week from her studies at Big Rapids.

Mrs. George Ward left Friday for a visit with her son, Kenneth, at Lansing.

Mr. and Mrs. James Clunk of Central Lake were in the city on business this week.

Mrs. Melvin Donaldson of Detroit is visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Grossett.

Mrs. Walter Petrie leaves this Saturday for her home at Detroit, after a visit with her sister, Mrs. Leo LaLonde and other relatives.

Wednesday, Feb'y 25th is Free Stamp Day at the East Jordan Lumber Co. Store. Ten S. & H. Green Stamps Given free on that day only. Bring in your Coupons from soap wrappers, etc., and exchange for stamps Wednesday next.

The heavy snow storm the past week completely isolated East Jordan for several days as far as through train service was concerned. The E. J. & S. kept their tracks open to Bellaire but the P. M. was closed. On the East Jordan branch of the Michigan Central no trains were running until Thursday.

**Temple Theatre**

WHERE EVERYBODY GOES.  
**PROGRAM**

From Feb'y 23rd to Feb'y 29th

MONDAY, Feb'y 23rd  
Ray and Fair in "The Lost Princess"  
A round the world Romance full of pep  
10c and 15c

TUESDAY  
Monroe Salisbury in "The Blinding Trail"  
A mighty picture of the Frozen North.  
10c and 15c

WEDNESDAY  
Marie Walcamp in "Cody Rides Wild"  
"A Lion Special" Comedy, Ford Weekly.  
10c and 15c

THURSDAY  
Evelyn Greeley in "Bringing Up Betty"  
A crisp, funny and lively comedy of the seashore.  
10c and 15c

FRIDAY  
High School Entertainment

SATURDAY  
7th chapter Pearl White in "The Black Secret."  
Mutt & Jeff—News Weekly.  
Comedy.  
10c and 15c

SUNDAY, Feb. 29th  
June Elvidge in "Love And The Woman."  
This picture has everything to make it good entertainment.  
10c and 15c

Watch for Big Special Program, Friday March 5th.

**Farm for Sale**

Now is the time to locate a Farm. I have 40 and 80 acre farms, 3 to 8 miles from East Jordan; on good roads, buildings of all kinds, orchards, well watered; suitable for stock raising, good soils wood enough on some of them to pay for them, terms are easy, come in and get full particulars.—E. A. LEWIS, Real Estate Agent.

**COUGHED NIGHT AND DAY.**

John Vognue, Elberton, Ga., writes: "I coughed night and day and my throat was raw and sore. I got a bottle of Foley's Honey and Tar and my condition began to improve and in a few days I was as well as ever. In my opinion Foley's is the best cough medicine made." Best for colds, croup, whooping cough. Children like it. Hite's Drug Store.

**PIG, NOT BRITISH COLONEL**

Italy's Chamber Gets Laugh Over Story of Mistaken Identity of "Drowned Personage."

Rome.—In the general debate on the reply to the king's speech, Count Frola, who, although the ex-mayor of Turin, belongs to the socialist group, denounced several abuses in the army. He declared that while during the war the front trenches had not sufficient automobiles to transport the wounded to hospitals, there were plenty of automobiles to transport officers to theaters in neighboring towns.

When in Albania, Frola said, his general had a pig farm from which he sent daily suckling pigs in automobiles, accompanied by an officer, to Santa Quaranta; from which port the pigs were shipped on a transport to friends of the general in Italy. A daily telegram was sent from Santa Quaranta to the general announcing the arrival of the pigs, which were designated as "personages."

Once a pig was drowned, Frola continued, and the telegram to the general read "personage drowned." Unfortunately an English colonel was due to arrive, so the general believed the victim to be the colonel and ordered an inquiry into the drowning which lasted 15 days. The entire chamber was convulsed with laughter over this revelation.

Have you ever realized how easily and cheaply a

**Water Motor Washing Machine**  
will do a week's washing.

ALL IT REQUIRES IS BOILING HOT WATER AND SOAP.

TRY ONE AND BE CONVINCED Price \$25.00

**Stroebel Bros.**

FOR SALE At Once—To clear estate, Wm. Barkley Farm, 2½ miles southwest of East Jordan, 19½ acres, improved land, 6-room house, barn and sheds, orchard, good water. A bargain at \$1,000. Write or call—MRS. C. A. WALTER, East Jordan, Lock Box 4.

GIRLS WANTED—In our yarn, knitting and finishing departments. Steady employment and good wages. Those between 18 and 45 preferred. Experience not necessary. Beginners start at \$1.75 per day. Board and room furnished at \$3.00 per week at Company's Boarding House. All modern conveniences. Apply at—WESTERN KNITTING MILLS INC., Rochester, Mich.

**Frank Phillips**

Tonsorial Artist.

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

If You Have Never Used Strong Feeds Like:

Old Process Oil Meal  
Cotton Seed Meal  
Schumachers Feed  
or Stevens 44

YOU HAVE NOT BEEN GETTING ALL THE MONEY YOU SHOULD FROM YOUR COW. CALL US FOR A SACK OF ANY OF THESE.

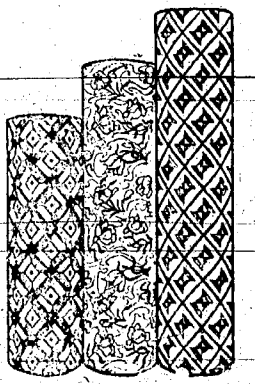
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To Buy That New Floor Covering

**SANOLIN**

Will Not Crack, Buckle or Crawl Lies Flat To the Floor Without Tacking.



Congoleum Rugs The Ideal Rug for Kitchen & Dining Room.

**Bamber & Watson**  
FURNITURE DEALERS

Successors to C. H. Whittington  
R. G. Watson, Licensed Embalmer and Funeral Director.  
A GOOD STORE IN A GOOD TOWN. Day and Night Service Phone 66

**M. E. Ashley & Co.**

OFFER

For Three Days Only---

Feb'y 24th-25th-26th

**1/4 OFF! 1/4**

On Their Entire Stock!

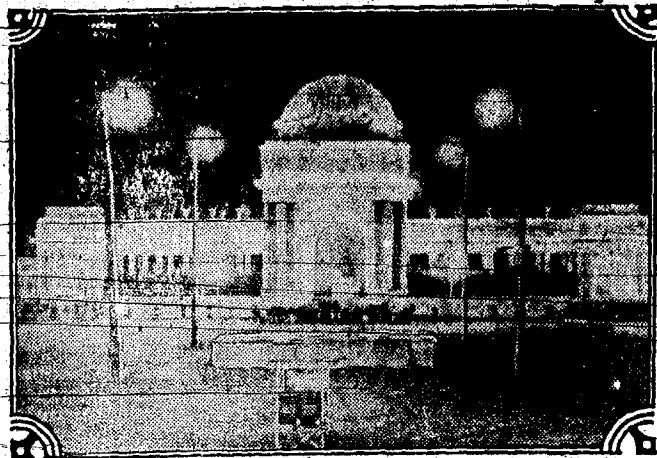
THINK WHAT THIS MEANS TO YOU AND ACT QUICKLY.

**3 DAYS ONLY 3**

**M. E. ASHLEY & CO.**



### MANILA CARNIVAL BIG ATTRACTION OF FAR EAST



This is the season of the year when the Philippines become the playground for the entire Orient. It is carnival season in Manila.

In 1908 the first Philippine carnival was held on historic Wallace Field in Manila in February, when the climate of the islands is at its best, and each succeeding year there has been a larger and more elaborate celebration. The 1920, or Victory Carnival, will be the greatest event of its sort ever held anywhere in the Far East.

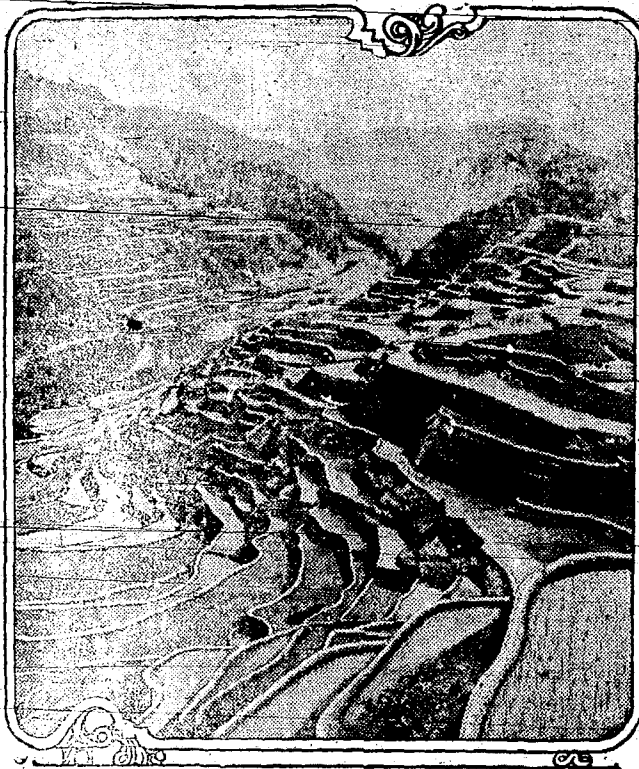
There are commercial and government exhibits in connection with the carnival, and on no other occasion is it possible to gain at once such a comprehensive idea of the production and

development of resources of the archipelago as that which is offered the visitor at the carnival city.

In the evenings the carnival becomes the center of Philippine and oriental social activity. A huge open air auditorium serves for the elaborate nightly balls, and on its mammoth floor thousands of couples swing together to the strains of music furnished by the famous Constabulary and other military bands. Probably at no other place in the world will one see an equally impressive cosmopolitan spectacle.

The Manila visitor who can plan his trip to arrive at the Pearl of the Orient for carnival time may well deem himself fortunate.

### Rice Terraces Are World's Masterpieces

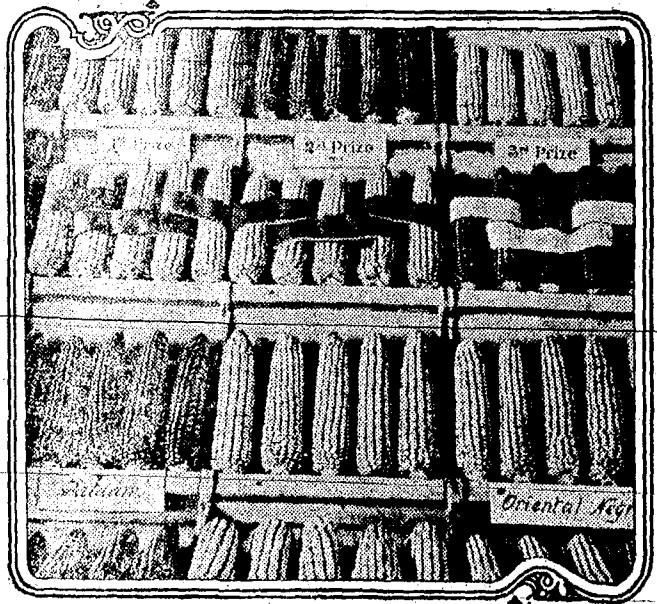


This is a photograph of the Ifugao Igorrot rice terraces, which are among the most remarkable of their kind in the world. They are one of the many marvelous sights for the tourist to see in the Philippine Islands and are to be found in the Ifugao district of the Mountain province, Northern Luzon.

The height of these terraces, which are held up by stone walls, is from 4 to 15 feet, averaging 8 feet high. It is estimated there are 12,121 miles of eight-foot stone walls in the Ifugao terraces, which is approximately half the distance around the world.

These terraces are skillfully irrigated by water brought in troughs along the precipitous mountain sides over long distances.

### How Would You Like to Harvest Two Crops of Corn a Year as They Do in the Philippines?



No, reader, this corn was not grown by one of our local farmers! It wasn't grown in the United States, even. It was grown in the far-off Philippine Islands by Filipino schoolboys. Two fine crops of corn a year are produced in the Islands.

The Philippines are doing some wonderful things in the agricultural line. The Philippine government has fine agricultural schools throughout the Islands, and the Philippine legislature, composed entirely of Filipinos, is each year making larger and larger appropriations for this important work.

The staple food of the Islands is rice, but corn is coming right along in popular favor. Its use was given great impetus in the last year because of a rice

shortage. Other important Philippine crops are hemp, sugar cane, coconuts, coffee, tapioca and pineapples. Lumber is also an important industry.

There are hundreds of thousands of acres of land lying idle in the Philippines, which have a greater area of fertile land than Japan—this in spite of the fact that the population of the Philippines is 11,000,000 while that of Japan is around 55,000,000. There is every reason to believe that some day the Philippines will have a population as large as that of Japan today. The Filipinos are the only Christian people in the Orient, and their young men are working night and day to prepare themselves for the responsibility of citizenship in the Philippine Republic, which they believe to be near at hand.

### "RED" MENACE MOVING EAST

Whole World in Grave Danger Through Advancing Tide of Bolshevism.

### NOW FLUSHED WITH VICTORY

Practically All of Asia is Open to the Propaganda, and Result May Be Bloodiest Chapter in World's History.

Washington.—The danger to the world from bolshevism was never greater than at the present moment.

The collapse of the Russian national forces under General Kolchak in Siberia and the retreat of General Denikine's army from the Moscow front are regarded in every capital in Europe and in Washington as constituting a threat of a possible invasion of Europe, a certain penetration by the bolsheviks in Asia and a menace to the peace of the entire world.

Even Prince Michael Cantacuzene, husband of a granddaughter of President Grant, who has just arrived in the United States, while hopeful that the Russian national forces may still save themselves, confesses that their plight is desperate unless allied aid reaches them. "They have no shoes, no clothes, very little ammunition and very little food. If the allies wish to stop the spread of bolshevism throughout the world they must come to the rescue of Kolchak and Denikine."

This is the belief of a man who is fresh from Siberia and who is optimistic enough to advance the opinion that if bolshevism can be kept isolated in Russia it will wear itself out by its own excesses.

### On the High Tide of Victory.

The word "if" makes all the difference in the world. But the fact is that bolshevism is now riding on the high tide of victory and there does not seem one chance in a million that it will be confined to Russia. Nearly all of Asia is now open to its propaganda. The defeat of the forces of General Denikine opens the door between Moscow and the Black sea. The connecting military link between the former Kolchak and Denikine lines has been obliterated and nothing remains to prevent the agents of the bolsheviks from moving toward Armenia, Persia, Afghanistan and India. Agents of the Russian Reds have already stirred up considerable trouble among the hill tribes on the northern confines of India and British troops are now engaged in suppressing uprisings.

As for Siberia, the red propaganda is moving eastward rapidly. It has become so serious a menace to China and Japan that the government of Japan is taking steps to halt the advance of the reds before it reaches the very threshold of Manchuria and the island empire itself.

Among the ignorant masses both of China and India there is great opportunity for the bolsheviks to spread their doctrines, and if these countries embrace the propaganda, the sequel will be written in the bloodiest chapter in history.

But it is not against Asia merely that the bolsheviks are plotting. An invasion of Europe is among their plans. All recent developments indicate that it is the program of the reds to bring military pressure to bear against the Baltic provinces, Poland and the new nations, which the Versailles conference has been erecting in central Europe and that the soviet military machine will this year be hurled against that front.

### No Peace With Bolshevism.

It is idle, nay, it is criminal to talk of peace while bolshevism remains in Russia, ever threatening to spread its accursed cult throughout the world. Treaties of peace may be drawn up at Versailles and signed at Paris, as the treaty with Germany was the other day, but such treaties have no more effect on bolshevism than the passing of a sedition bill by the senate. Bolshevism must be suppressed if the world is to know peace. And bolshevism must be ended if the world is not to become bolshevik. Between it and the principles of government in other lands there is an irrepressible conflict and one or other of these opposing forces must perish.

A few years ago in the United States communism was regarded as a "joke." Is it a "joke" today? Two years ago bolshevism in Russia was regarded as a passing mania. But it has not passed. It is in Russia still and it threatens to overflow its confines and plunge the world into another bath of blood.

### Thieves Took Big Chances.

Baltimore, Md.—Taking chances of being dashed to death, a pair of daring hotel robbers used a narrow ledge outside the Hotel Emerson to enter the fourteenth floor rooms of Mr. and Mrs. William F. Stutz of Washington.

They filled a suitcase with fine dresses and lingerie owned by Mrs. Stutz and valued at \$600 and escaped, carrying the plunder by the same dangerous route, a single slip upon which would have been certain death.

### Groom's Father Dropped Dead.

New York.—A marriage ceremony was postponed when Michael Moutafeco, sixty years old, dropped dead in the presence of his son, his son's bride-to-be and 500 guests who had assembled to witness the wedding.

### Moro Chieftain Lived to Be Eighty-Three Years Old; Remarkable Age for Tropics

The tomb of some of the Moro chiefs of the Philippines are a curious combination of native ingenuity and civilized finery. An ancient and distinguished Moro chieftain is said to have lived to be 83 years old—a remarkable age for the tropics where men and women mature early and die young, according to American standards. This chieftain, Benguito, was not only a distinguished warrior of a powerful tribe, but also a wise diplomat. He held his tribe under firm control during many turbulent periods. He was usually at peace with the Spaniards when they had control of the islands, but when he occasionally struck, perhaps on the advent of a new Spanish governor-general, he struck hard, and with such savage ferocity and good generalship, followed by a masterly disappearance of the entire tribe into the jungle fastnesses, that the Spaniards, after some show of pursuit, were glad to make a peace treaty and leave Benguito to the management and administration of his own tribal affairs. When the Americans took possession of the Philippines, Benguito with unusual discrimination for a native refused to be led into the Agulnaldo revolution, maintaining a dignified but armed and watchful neutrality, and when he saw clearly, long ahead of the other native chiefs, the rising star of the Americans, he gracefully suggested a coalition or treaty with the United States which nearly took the breath away from the American authorities, some of whom had about concluded that the only way to make peace with the Moro was with a Krag rifle.

Benguito's body lay in state for 35 days within his tomb, constructed of bamboo framework, but decorated with white cloth after the Moslem fashion, for he and his tribe were devout Mohammedans. The body of the old chief was placed in a sitting posture.

### SHIFTS LUNCH TO SAVE COAL

Vienna Orders Some to Eat at 11:30 and Others Must Dine at 12:30 P. M.

Vienna, Austria.—As a further economy in coal, the city government has altered Vienna's age-old custom of the midday meal hour. Instead, households in even numbered houses must dine at 11:30 a. m., and those in odd numbers at 12:30 p. m. As most of the houses are very dark at this season, even at midday, lighting is necessary, and it is hoped by this measure to avoid excessive pressure on the power plants between noon and 1 p. m.

### Kindled Fire With Bonds.

East Burlington, N. J.—Shortly after stuffing a quantity of paper in the stove to kindle a fire, Harry Woolman missed \$4,500 in negotiable bonds which he brought home with him. A search failed to reveal them and now Woolman thinks they were a part of the supposed waste paper with which he kindled the fire.

# WRIGLEYS

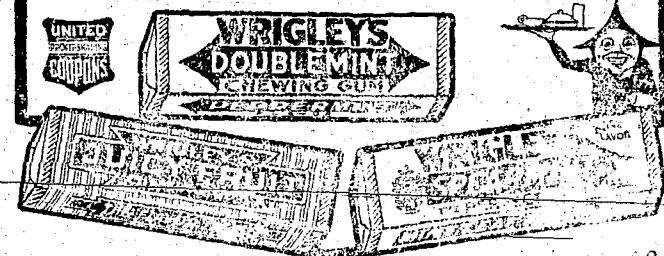


After a hearty meal, you'll avoid that stuffy feeling if you chew a stick of

## WRIGLEYS

Other benefits: to teeth, breath, appetite, nerves. That's a good deal to get for 5 cents!

### Sealed Tight—Kept Right



→ The Flavor Lasts ←

### Present Automobile Shortage Is Placed at 1,000,000 Cars

New York.—A shortage of automobiles this year was predicted by members of the National chamber of commerce, although they estimated that the passenger car output for the year would exceed 2,000,000. The shortage at present was placed at 1,000,000 cars. One of the most prominent manufacturers, it was said, is preparing to double the factory capacity this year because of the steadily increasing demand.

### Farm for Sale

Will sell my 80-acre farm, located three miles west of East Jordan on the Ellsworth road, at reasonable terms. About 50 acres cleared; 1 1/2 acres orchard; dwelling, barn, granary and other buildings.

Also 40 acres near Miles school house. Timber enough on land to pay for it. Good springs and fine location for building.

THOMAS ZESS,  
East Jordan, Route 1.



GOOD IDEA! Open your Lucky Strike package this way—tear off part of the top only.

Protects the Lucky Strike cigarette—a cigarette made of that delicious real Burley tobacco. It's toasted.

Guaranteed by  
The American Tobacco Co.  
INCORPORATED







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

**Hugh W. Dicken**  
Physician and Surgeon  
East Jordan, Mich. Phone No. 128  
Office Hours:  
11:00 to 12:00 a. m.  
2:00 to 4:00 and 7:00 to 9:00 p. m.

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

**Doctor Branch**  
Office Second Floor of the Monroe Block.  
PHONE 77

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

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

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

**DRINK MORE WATER IF KIDNEYS BOTHER**  
Eat less meat and take Salts for Back-ache 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 uric 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 nervous twinges when the weather is bad. Eat 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 uric acid, 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.

**SOUND BUSINESS BASIS FOR CHURCH**

**Interchurch World Movement**  
Natural Growth of Tendency to Eliminate Waste.

**AVOID USELESS COMPETITION**

**Religious Financing Revolutionized by Success of Men-and-Millions Movement and Co-operation in Result.**

The Interchurch World Movement of North America is an attempt by forward-looking leaders of the various evangelical denominations of the United States and Canada to co-ordinate the resources in men, money and material of Protestant America. Historically it is the logical outgrowth of a tendency of the national boards in each denomination to form working alliances among themselves, in which each board shall preserve its identity and control its own personnel and treasury. In former times, the home mission society, the foreign mission society, the church mission society and the various philanthropic and eleemosynary agencies of each denomination conducted their affairs independently of one another. Each surveyed its own restricted territory, prepared a budget of money and workers for its own purposes and made its own appeal to its constituency for support. This could only mean that these agencies were more or less in competition with one another; that there were waste and duplication of work and money, and that among them all some work was neglected and some denominational resources were entirely overlooked. Because of their specialized training, the leaders of each agency regard themselves as peculiarly fitted for their tasks, and jealously regarded attempts at outside interference. **Decide on Experiment.** After decades of such haphazard methods, the leaders of one denomination decided on an experiment. They thought it would be possible for the agencies to get together for a common study of all the opportunities and resources of their brotherhood, to make out a unified budget of men and money, and to conduct a concerted appeal for funds. It was made clear that each constituent board should preserve complete autonomy. When the board representatives met they found it possible to eliminate a great amount of organization expenses. They ultimately worked out a budget and plan of campaign that was satisfactory to all. This resulted in the famous Men-and-Millions Movement of the Disciples of Christ, which brought in what was then considered the staggering sum of \$8,800,000 for a five-year program. The members of the communion were so pleased with this business-like method of conducting affairs that they contributed even more generously than had been expected. The success of this enterprise revolutionized the whole business of church financing. The other great denominations immediately adopted the plan. The denominational associations have come to be known as "forward movements," and some thirty of them are in existence today. Each one has clarified all the information in relation to the enterprise within the denomination, and has reduced the business of collecting and spending money to a science. **World-Budget Formed.** The Interchurch World Movement is simply a plan to do interdenominational work—what the forward movements have done within the various communions. It means that every denominational budget will be made in the light of world needs instead of in the semi-obscure of incomplete information. It means that contributions to one denomination will not be in wasteful competition with contributions to another, because all the fellowships will have worked out their program together. The functions of the Interchurch World Movement are threefold. First, it collects, by means of world surveys, all the pertinent facts on which denominational programs may be built. Second, it sets up the practical machinery of co-operation. Third, it acts in an advisory capacity whenever its advice is requested. The Movement has nothing to do with organic church union or matters of creed or doctrine. Each constituent unit preserves complete autonomy, and is bound only so far as it wishes to be bound. Financial appeals are made by each denomination to its own constituency. Any surplus in undesignated funds, over and above the actual cost of administration, will be engaged among the denominations engaged in a given financial undertaking. An illustration of one thing—the Movement can do is to be found in a western community of 1,800 persons in which thirteen denominations have been supporting separate churches with missionary funds, while an adjacent territory of 50,000 persons has only three churches. By seeing that all missionary boards are supplied with information in such cases, the Movement will make possible a wiser distribution of funds. Its first goals are to reduce unnecessary duplication and overlapping to a minimum and to bring about an intelligent division of labor in unoccupied fields. The Movement is, at bottom, an attempt to put church business on the sound, business-like foundations on which the great commercial institutions of America are built.

**OPEN NOSTRILS! END A COLD OR CATARRH**

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

Count fifty! Your cold in head or catarrh disappears. Your stuffed 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; no 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 in your nostrils. It penetrates through every air passage of the head, soothing and healing the swollen or inflamed mucous membrane, giving you instant relief. Head colds and catarrh yield like magic. Don't stay stuffed-up and miserable. Relief is sure.

**PROBATE ORDER.**

STATE OF MICHIGAN—The Probate Court for the County of Charlevoix.

A session of said court, held at the probate office in the City of Charlevoix, in said county, on the 5th day of February, A. D. 1920.

Present, Hon. Servetus A. Correll, Judge of Probate.

In the matter of the estate of, Orlando Ferris, deceased. William F. Porter and Frank M. Severance having filed in said court their petition praying that said court adjudicate and determine who were at the time of his death the legal heirs of said deceased and entitled to inherit the real estate of which said deceased died seized.

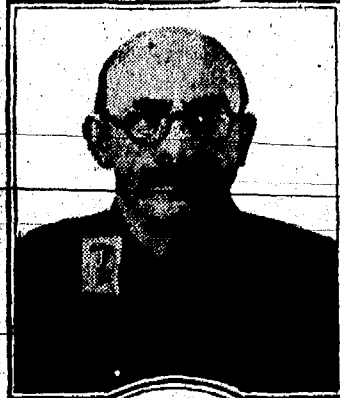
It is ordered, that the 2nd day of March, A. D. 1920, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, at said probate office, be and is hereby appointed for hearing said petition.

It is further ordered, that public notice thereof be given by publication of a copy of this order, for three successive weeks previous to said day of hearing, in the Charlevoix County Herald, a newspaper printed and circulated in said county.

SERVETUS S. CORRELL, Judge of Probate.

A true copy. SERVETUS A. CORRELL, Judge of Probate.

If you want to buy, sell, or exchange Farms or city property see E. A. LEWIS, Real Estate Agent.



ALEXANDER BERKMAN and EMMA GOLDMAN, Deported by U. S. Department of Justice as Leading Spirits in Communist Plots.

**RED PAMPHLETS YANKS SPURNED**

Poison Propaganda to Russian A. E. F. Revealed by U. S. Secret Service.

Extracts from pamphlets, published by the English-speaking Communists in Russia, and distributed among the American troops in the North—now in the possession of the U. S. Department of Justice.

"Comrades! Drop this dirty work. Turn your guns on your real enemies, the sweaters and capitalists.

"Come with us in the far nobler struggle to establish the triumph of labor the world over.

(Signed) N. LENIN."

"East and Central Europe is aflame with the revolt. The exploiting class has in some countries fallen, and in others are on the point of falling. The dawn of the day of Labor's emancipation has come!"

"You have arms. You know how to use them. Will you, like slaves, use them in defense of your master, or will you use them to help your class be free? If the former, then you know that you will meet with determined resistance of the united revolutionary people of East and Central Europe, and History will be your judge. If the latter, then here's a hearty welcome into the ranks of international labor."

"We want you to understand that every country in the world—including your own—can become a socialist state, a workmen's country, if only it follows the Russian example. Every nation in the world—including the 'yankee race'—can become a really free nation, if it only does away with the trusts, the money lords and the bloodthirsty exploiters. It is up to you American soldiers to do it! It is up to you to bring the great lesson of the Russian Revolution home to your telling and suffering brothers. It's up to you to start it there—in your own America, you just start it—and your brothers will follow you! You just dare! You have nothing to lose but your chains. You have a world to gain.

"You just dare to take home with you the Red Banner of the Revolution—and inscribe upon it:

"Down with capitalism!"

"Long live Industrial Freedom!"

"Long live Socialism!"

"You probably would let us alone and go home, if your officers would let you. But they do not intend to let you do so. You are under their orders, and they are under the orders of 'higher-ups,' and these are under the orders of 'still higher-ups,' etc. At the top of the whole pile are the wealthy capitalists who want to get their greedy hands upon the mines and factories, railways, etc., of Russia. That is the reason you are here to rob workmen and make millionaires richer.

"We know that you are bound, hand and foot by discipline and have been in blind ignorance of what you were doing here or why you came. The only way that you can do the decent thing is by breaking the discipline that drives you to this crime against your own kind, the working class.

"The war is over. There is no honest reason for you to submit to military orders. You are not fighting 'German militarism.' You are submitting to it when you obey the commands of your own officer.

"You can break away. We know that you can, for we did. You are powerful enough and numerous enough to arrest the officers or to do with them what you please. Or you can come over to us."



**Burpee's Annual**

The Leading American Seed Catalog  
Burpee's Annual is a complete guide for the vegetable and flower garden. If you are interested in gardening Burpee's Annual will be mailed to you free. Write for your copy today.

W. Atlee Burpee Co.  
21 Burpee Bldg. Philadelphia



**Edward Thorsen**

R. F. D. 3 East Jordan, Mich.  
BREEDER AND IMPORTER OF PURE BRED O. I. C. Swine.

**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 the 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.

**These Are Not Bargain Prices**

30x3 1/2 Goodyear Single-Cure Fabric, Anti-skid tread \$17.65  
30x3 1/2 Goodyear Double-Cure Fabric, All-Weather Tread \$20.00  
Sizes 30x3 and 31x4 Also

You Ford, Chevrolet, Maxwell and Dort car owners need not buy tires of lesser quality and worth than

**GOODYEARS**

The same quality, the same material and the same workmanship which have made GOODYEAR—

**THE WORLD'S MOST POPULAR TIRE**

is found in these clincher tires built for the smaller cars. Why not use the best. It costs no more.

All other sizes in stock. Our Service Will Increase Your Tire Mileage.

**East Jordan Lumber Company**



We Have Goodyear Heavy Tourist Tubes Too.



**Carrying a Ton a Mile for less than a Cent**

Freight rates have played a very small part in the rising cost of living.

Other causes—the waste of war, under-production, credit inflation—have added dollars to the cost of the necessities of life, while freight charges have added only cents.

The average charge for hauling a ton of freight a mile is less than a cent.

A suit of clothing that sold for \$30 before the war was carried 2,265 miles by rail from Chicago to Los Angeles for 16 1/2 cents.

Now the freight charge is 22 cents and the suit sells for \$50.

The cost of the suit has increased 20 dollars. The freight on it has increased only 51 cents.

Other transportation charges enter into the cost of the finished article—carrying the wool to the mills and the cloth to the tailors—but these other charges amount to but a few cents more.

The \$10 pair of shoes that used to sell for \$5 goes from the New England factory to the Florida dealer for a freight charge of 5 3/4 cents—only one cent more than the pre-war rate.

Beef pays only two-thirds of a cent a pound freight from Chicago to New York.

American freight rates are the lowest in the world.

**This advertisement is published by the Association of Railway Executives**

Those desiring information concerning the railroad situation may obtain literature by writing to The Association of Railway Executives, 61 Broadway, New York.