

Charlevoix County Herald.

Vol. 24

EAST JORDAN, MICHIGAN, FRIDAY, APRIL 9, 1920.

No. 15

Charter Amendment Carries

EAST JORDAN ADOPTS COUNCIL FORM OF GOVERNMENT.

Howard Porter Elected Commissioner.

After working under the commission form of government for the past nine years, the citizens of East Jordan at the election held last Monday, decided to adopt the council form, by about 25 votes over the required three-fifths majority. The votes by precincts is as follows:—

	YES	NO	TOTAL
First Ward	33	10	43
Second Ward	60	20	80
Third Ward	112	66	178
TOTALS	205	96	301

The newly-adopted amendments provide for two aldermen from each of the three wards with a Mayor at large. As we understand it, the present elected officials hold office until their terms of office expire, the councilmen being elected to fill the vacancies.

Howard Porter was elected Commissioner for a three-year term by the following vote:—

	Porter	Crowell	Total
First Ward	25	18	43
Second Ward	57	27	84
Third Ward	129	54	183
TOTALS	211	99	310

In the ward elections the following gentlemen were placed in office, with the total vote cast.

First Ward—Supervisor, Wm. F. Bashaw 39; Constable, Allen J. Malone, 40.
 Second Ward—Supervisor, Horace B. Hipp 74; Constable, John Nickless, 69.
 Third Ward—Supervisor, Charles H. Whittington, 174; Constable, Henry Cook, 160.

Owing to the official reports being sealed in the ballot boxes and the second copy sent to Charlevoix, we are unable to give the total votes in our three precincts on the Presidential Primary Election.

Results of the Twp. Elections

EVELINE TOWNSHIP

Supervisor—Robert Sherman
 Clerk—Joseph W. Flanders
 Treasurer—Tom O'Brien
 Highway Com'r.—Albert Reich
 Justice Peace—Grant Hammond

SOUTH ARM TOWNSHIP

Supervisor—H. E. Hutton
 Clerk—S. E. Rogers
 Treasurer—James Keat
 Highway Com'r.—Arthur Stewart
 Justice of Peace—Levi Metz
 Justice of Peace—Ira Bradshaw
 Member Board Review—Robert G. Gonsolus

Constables—Elmer Jensen, Frank Boyd, Clifton Heller, Wm. Murray.

WILSON TOWNSHIP

Supervisor—Edward S. Britnall
 Clerk—George Jaquays
 Treasurer—A. R. Nowland
 Highway Com'r.—E. L. Nowland
 Members Board Review—Claude Pearsall, Harry Behling,
 Justice of Peace—Terry S. Barber

JORDAN TOWNSHIP

Supervisor—Homer E. Shepard
 Clerk—Geo. C. Craig
 Treasurer—Earl L. Gould
 Highway Com'r.—Jos. Nimecek
 Board Review—Chas. Stanek
 Justice Peace—Frank Nimecek

There's no colder job than nursing your wrath, to keep it warm.

If you tell your troubles to yourself you'll always be sure of a sympathetic audience.

Babies are very interesting and can be made more so by not being thrust too long upon strangers.

You may take no thought of the morrow but you'll find the morrow taking plenty of thought of you.

The war has something else to answer for—it's made every man think he is an orator and must deliver a four-minute speech whenever he can get a cuckoo clock for an audience.

New High School Building

Plans Well Laid for a Structure Being Rushed to Completion

The old central school building is practically torn to the ground. The excavation for the new building is also about completed and the progress thus far made toward the construction of the new building has been exceedingly rapid.

Pupils who were in the central building have been placed in various parts of the city, including the Methodist church, Presbyterian church, Church of God Chapel, the Swedish-Lutheran church, the G. A. R. hall and the library. These rooms were quickly moved out during school hours so that the pupils could look after their books. Through the kindness of various organizations the pupils are very conveniently and comfortably housed.

Contractor Alfred Rogers, who has charge of the construction of the new school house, is carrying the work on in a most energetic and economical manner. In tearing down the old central building practically everything has been preserved, either for use in the new building, or in a condition to be sold. Most of the material is on hand and the foundation will soon be laid for the new school house. It is planned to have the building ready for the opening of school on the first day of September. If the work continues as well as it has started out, no doubt those plans will be realized.

REPUBLICANS TAKE NOTICE

Official Call is hereby made, for the REPUBLICAN COUNTY CONVENTION for the County of Charlevoix, for the expressed purpose of electing Delegates to Attend the State Convention at Kalamazoo, Michigan, the 5th day of May 1920. The said County Convention shall be held at Charlevoix, Michigan on the 21st day of April (Wednesday) 1920 at 2:30 p. m.

The Delegates to attend the County Convention shall be chosen in Caucus by the Republican electors of each Township and City Ward on Friday the 9th day of April at 7:30 p. m. at the usual voting places in the Townships and City Wards.

Ladies who are affiliated with the Republican Party are cordially invited to attend the Township and City Caucuses and to take active part in the proceedings.

The number of delegates to be chosen at the Township and City Caucuses are as follows:

Bay Township 1, Boyne Valley 1, Chandler 1, Charlevoix 1, Evangeline 1, Eveline 2, Hayes 2, Hudson 1, Marion 1, Melrose 1, Norwood 1, Peaine 1, St. James 1, South Arm 2, Wilson 1.

Boyne City—First ward 1, Second ward 2, Third ward 2, Fourth ward 2.

Charlevoix City—First ward 1, Second ward 3, Third ward 3.

East Jordan—First ward 1, Second ward 2, Third ward 3.

J. M. HARRIS,
 Chairman Rep. Lec. Committee.
 CHARLES H. EMERY,
 Secretary.

REPUBLICAN WARD CAUCUS

There will be Republican Caucuses for the three wards of the City of East Jordan on Tuesday, April 13th, at 7:30 p. m. standard time, at the regular voting places in each ward, for the purpose of electing delegates to attend the Republican County Convention to be held at Charlevoix, Wednesday, April 21st, at 2:30 p. m.

The number of delegates to be elected are:—First Ward 1, Second Ward 2, Third Ward 3.

There is this excuse for the braggart—if he didn't boast of himself nobody would.

Every cloud has a silver lining, of course, but when it rains it doesn't rain its lining.

Things in this world are not well balanced or it wouldn't be so much easier to lose money than to make it.

Creditors never seem to suffer from paper shortage.

Motion picture shows will never be perfect until they eliminate the noisy gum-chewers, the women who read the titles out loud and the turtle-doves tooing in the dark corners.

They wouldn't try to sweeten honey, but a good many young and rosy-cheeked girls don't know any better than to paint their faces.

GILES & HAWKINS OF WHITE STAR BAKERY DISSOLVE PARTNERSHIP

The well-known firm of Giles & Hawkins, proprietors of the White Star Bakery and Restaurant was dissolved this week by mutual consent, Enoch Giles continuing with the business.

John W. Hawkins, the retiring member of the firm, has found the work of baker too confining and expects to spend the coming summer in the outdoors. He has sold his residence in this city, and, with his wife and family, expects to leave next week for a visit with relatives at Boyne City. From there Mr. Hawkins goes to Flint and Muskegon, combining business and pleasure.

The "White Star" has been a financial success since starting something over five years ago, and Mr. Giles has the ability to continue its prosperity.

Supposing the school teachers receive the additional pay for which they are asking—do you suppose they will squander it foolishly on Packards, this summer?

Who remembers the old-fashioned home "library" that consisted of a bible an out-of-date dictionary, "Pilgrim's Progress," a red plush photograph album and Ayer's almanac?

EDUCATIONAL WEEK

Governor Sleeper has announced that the week of April 11th, will be Educational Week. State Supt. Johnson follows this proclamation with a request that educators everywhere bring before the public actual conditions showing the serious dangers resulting from teacher shortage; the lowering of standards due to the higher wages in other lines of work, and the harm of this lowering of standard on the lives of the school children.

Ministers are urged to select educational topics for Sunday, April 11, in order that they may emphasize the need of high standards in education accompanying all lines of religious welfare. Statistics are not yet at hand but as soon as they arrive the actual facts and figures will be presented to the public.

NOTICE TO CONTRACTORS

The City of East Jordan will receive sealed bids until 3:00 o'clock p. m. Monday, April 19th, 1920, for the laying of eight hundred feet, more or less, of sewer according to plans, plats, diagrams and specifications now on file in the office of the City Clerk of said city.

The city reserves the right to reject any or all bids.

OTIS J. SMITH,
 Clerk of Said City.

Extra Session Of Legislature

Governor Sleeper Calls Special Meeting to Act on Tax Issue.

Lansing, April 7.—Late yesterday afternoon Governor Sleeper issued a call for a special session of the Michigan Legislature to take action on the matter of legislation for state equalization of tax assessments.

The governor set the date of the special session as April 19th, and stated in the call that the tax question was the only matter to be acted upon.

The call was issued because of the apparent universal demand in almost all counties, except Wayne, for legislation which will make effective the Read bill passed at the 1919 session calling for annual equalization between counties. The state tax commission already has nearly completed its valuations of the state, and has cut down its force and equipment.

House cats kill half our song birds and song birds can't kill cats, but the rest of us can.

If every time you find a fault in a friend you would make it a point to find one in yourself, you'd soon discover that your friends are perfect.

IDLE LAND PROBLEM UP FOR DISCUSSION

Greater Agricultural Possibilities of State Considered

East Lansing, April 5th.—The question of utilizing Michigan's great areas of idle lands, as well as consideration of the land problems of the entire state is being taken up this week by the Michigan Academy of Science at its twenty-fifth annual meeting, at Ann Arbor, March 31—April 2.

Speeches by leading agricultural authorities and a report from a committee appointed last year by the academy to investigate the general land problems of the state will feature the meeting. Unusual emphasis is being placed upon agricultural questions this year by the Academy of Science, and far-reaching effects upon the farming interests of the state are expected to follow.

"The Peril of Michigan's Idle Lands" will be discussed at a general symposium on Thursday evening. Dr. Carl O. Sauer, Professor of Geography at the University of Michigan, will take up the general situation, while P. S. Lovejoy, forestry department at the U. of M. and J. F. Cox, of the farm crops department at the Michigan Agricultural College, will discuss different phases of the state's cut-over lands. Professor Filibert Roth, University of Michigan, will discuss the fire menace at this meeting.

An open forum on Friday afternoon will find L. Whitney Watkins, of Manchester; Dean R. S. Shaw, of the Agricultural College; and George Lusk, of the Public Domain Commission, leading discussions on the need of an inventory of Michigan's land resources, the stimulation of use in areas now agriculturally settled, and the question of fire control, respectively.

At the meeting of the agricultural section of the academy, further consideration of questions bearing upon the general problem of idle lands will be taken up. Dr. M. M. McCool, of the soils department at M. A. C. will discuss "The Value to Agriculture of a Practical Soil Survey," while Dr. O. C. Sauer, of the University of Michigan, will take up problems of land classification.

East Jordan Canning Co.

BRIEF STATEMENT OF ORGANIZATION, PLANS AND ADVANTAGES.

PROGRAM. The East Jordan Canning Co. is to be in operation this summer. The stock is to be sold at once and the building erected and machinery installed within 90 days.

SITE. The factory will be located in the city of East Jordan, on the E. J. & S. track.

BUILDING. The main building will be about 60 feet wide by 150 feet long. Additional sheds will also be built.

MACHINERY. All machinery will be new and of the most modern and up-to-date kind.

MANAGEMENT. Mr. Gill, who is now the successful manager of the Central Lake Canning Co., will probably manage both plants. Mr. Gill has an excellent reputation all over the country as a successful canner. He knows what can best be grown in this section and his splendid reputation with big buyers will enable him to sell the entire output at top market prices. The manager is the most important part of such an institution and Mr. Gill is precisely the man to make it a success.

PRODUCTS. It is proposed to can corn, beans, beets, pumpkins, squash, cherries, apples, and other fruits. A cider mill will also be installed. This will create a market for many farm products which could not be sold heretofore.

EMPLOYMENT. The number employed will vary with the season but during the busy time from eighty to one hundred will be needed. Both men and women will find employment in this factory.

POSSIBILITIES. The fine farming country surrounding East Jordan is sufficient to supply a large canning factory. In fact it is expected that the factory will have to be enlarged within a short time. An abundance of fruits and vegetables can be grown here because the soil and climate are ideal.

ADVANTAGES. A ready market for a great variety of cash crops will be provided. Every farmer will find something that he can raise for the factory to his advantage. There will be money in cherry and apple orchards and small fruits. The location of the canning factory in this locality will have a tendency to raise the prices of farms and will bring in buyers of farms. A canning factory in East Jordan will provide employment

for many people, will increase the assessed valuation of the property and thereby lower taxes, will create a demand for more homes and thus increase the price of real estate.

CANNING FACTORIES. There are several canning factories in this section of the state. All are doing well. All are making money. All are paying dividends. All are making farming more profitable in the regions where they are located. All are furnishing a good grade of employment to many people. All are big factors in the general prosperity of their respective communities. Few are as favorably located as a factory would be in East Jordan.

LOCAL CAPITAL. Everywhere the experience is that factories built by local capital have a better chance of success than factories controlled by outside parties. There will be no charge for the sale of the stock and there will be no inflation. Every dollar paid in will go to the last cent into the factory. The investment is as safe as any investment can possibly be.

CAPITALIZATION. This corporation will be capitalized at \$75,000, all common stock. At least \$50,000 worth of stock must be sold in order to begin operation.

STOCK. All the stock in the corporation will be common stock, \$100 per share, to be sold at par. Each share will give the holder one vote in the business meetings of the corporation. Thus the corporation will be controlled by the stock holders.

WHO SHOULD BUY. Everybody in East Jordan and the farmers surrounding East Jordan are going to be asked to buy at least one share of stock. It is believed that all should purchase this amount for in addition to the investments being safe it will bring indirectly other benefits even greater than the investment itself. At least 10 percent must be paid at the time of purchase but the remainder may be paid at a later period, preferably by the month.

PURPOSE. The purpose of this brief statement is to acquaint all with facts and conditions so that when solicitors call all will be ready with little explanation to make arrangements to purchase at least one share of stock.

Peoples' Wants

MUNNIMAKERS

Notices of Lost, Wanted, For Sale, For Rent, etc., in this Column is 25 cents for one insertion for 25 words or less. Initials count as one word and compound words count as two words. Above this number of words a charge of one cent a word will be made for subsequent insertions, with a minimum charge of 15 cents.

Help Wanted

MAN WANTED—to work on farm for the season. Cash or shares. Will need help about May 1st. Write or phone Joseph Trojaneck, R. F. D. 4, East Jordan; Phone 261-F14.

Lost and Found

LOST—String of glass colored beads. Will kindly return to the Post-office and receive reward. 15

For Sale—Real Estate

FOR SALE—The former Blaine Harrington residence on the West Side. For particulars see ROBERT PROCTOR, Licensed Real Estate Agent. 15-4.

FOR SALE—Six room House on Main St. Easy terms. It is now vacant and ready to occupy at once. For terms see H. A. GOODMAN, Licensed Real Estate Agent. 12tf.

FOR SALE—Forty Acres Land just outside city limits. About half under cultivation, balance good pasture land. Also Five Acres with Dwelling and Barn in city limits on Boyne Falls road. For information inquire of JAMES ROSS, East Jordan. 10-tf.

FOR SALE—An ideal small fruit and poultry farm of about 25 acres, laying 4 miles south and west of East Jordan. Some orchard, and good buildings. Poultry and equipment to go with farm. Also seventy acres of pasture land, fenced, also for sale cheap. Will consider trade on city property. Inquire of E. R. TAYLOR, R. F. D. 5, East Jordan. 13-4.

WEST SIDE PROPERTY FOR SALE—An attractive home, good location, 8 room house, basement, woodshed, city and well water, barn, three lots are included with this. Price \$1300. Terms easy.

6 room house and three lots, a porch across the front and side, cement basement, water inside and out, stable, shade trees, near school house. Price \$800. Terms easy.

4 room house, porch, woodshed, electric lights, sewer, near new factory and school. Price \$400. Terms easy.

6 room house, stone foundation, cellar, drive well at door, 4 lots, chicken house and park, barn, eleven cherry trees, 3 apple trees, small fruit, strawberries and raspberries, near school. Price \$1200. Terms easy. E. A. LEWIS.

FOR SALE—Economy King Cream Separator, 5 Gal. Barrel Capacity, in good repair. Also a One Horse Wagon and Single Buggy. Inquire of JOHN LIGHT. 14-4

OVERLAND CAR—35 h. p. Overland 6-passenger Touring Car in good condition. Completely equipped with cord tires. Inquire at East Jordan Lumber Co. Office. 13-3

Singer Sewing Machines are the best in quality, the lightest to run, and the easiest to pay for. \$5.00 down and \$3.00 per month until paid for.—E. A. LEWIS.

PASTURE FOR RENT—Can furnish pasture for about 100 head of cattle. Plenty of feed and water, salt furnished. Buy a bunch of Herford Steers, turn them in my pasture and leave the rest to Jim. For terms see or write JAMES DAVIS, East Jordan, Route 4. 15

Presbyterian Church Notes

Rev. John Duncan, Pastor.
Sunday, April 11th, 1920.
10:30 a. m.—Morning Service.—Subject—"The Lord's Supper, a sample of the Christian Life."
11:45 a. m.—Sunday School.

11:45 a. m.—Every Man's Bible Class. Subject—"The Decadence of the Non-Christian Religions," presented by Prof. M. R. Keyworth. You Mr. Man are world-size so please participate with your presence and ideas in the above review.

6:30 p. m.—Young Peoples Christian Endeavor. Leader, Miss Emily Olson.
7:30 p. m.—Service will be adjourned because of the special meeting at the Methodist Church. The pastor requests that we all attend that service.

First Methodist Episcopal Church

Rev. M. E. Hoyt, Pastor.
Sunday, April 11th, 1920.
10:30 a. m.—"The Sacrifice of Love."
3:00 p. m.—Meeting of all children and young people interested in the formation of the Junior Church which was organized last Sunday afternoon. The King's Heralds will meet jointly.

7:30 p. m.—Evangelistic Service. "The Most Important Business of Life." The special meetings will continue next week. You are missing a blessing by staying away.

St. Joseph's Church.

G. Bierens, Pastor.
Masses on 1st and 3rd Sunday of each month at 8:00 and High Mass at 10:30.
Mass on 2nd Sunday of each month at 8:00 o'clock.
High Mass on 4th Sunday of each month at 10:30.
On 5th Sundays Masses at 8:00 and 10:30.
Masses on Holy days and Devotions will be announced.

St. John's Church.

Bohemian Settlement.
High Mass on 2nd Sunday of each month at 10:30.
High Mass on 4th Sunday of each month at 8:00 o'clock.

CROSBY'S KIDS



Oldest Christian Festival.
Easter is the oldest festival of the Christian church. The celebration of it is really continued from Sunday to Sunday, and will be till at last the dawn of the Eternal Sabbath breaks, and the everlasting Easter morning shall rise on a new heaven and a new earth. The Resurrection was an announcement of the greatest victory which has ever been won, a victory over bondage and over death. Many victories have been celebrated since, but none can compare with this; though many have been the result of it.

The man who says he has no bad habits has at least one—lying.

RESTFUL RESULTS FOR HER.

Only a person who has experienced that awful "all night" cough that sometimes follows influenza can appreciate what a good night's sleep can be. Mrs. Annie Davison, 2080 Myrtle St., Long Beach, Cal., had such a cough. She writes: "The result of using Foley's Honey and Tar was a awful one for me." Hite's Drug Store.—adv.

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.

LILA LEE



Miss Lila Lee is a most able dispenser of cheer. Only a few short years ago she was a little tot playing "Ring Around a Rosie," in the streets of Union Hill, N. J. She was induced to enter vaudeville, and a little later was entered as a candidate for laurels in the silent drama, soon becoming a "movie" star. "Keep smiling" is the motto of this little film favorite.

"Off Agin, On Agin"

Strickland W. Gillilan
(Copyright.)

TWO BRANDS OF PROPHET.

Two kinds of prophet I have met
Upon my journey here below—
Two kinds! And I am free to bet
Both kinds you also chance to know.

One kind keeps still before events,
And later says, "I told you so."
I must admit I am too dense
To see why he keeps lying so.

The other kind blurts out his say,
And when the day is past and gone
He hiccups, if things don't go his way,
And keeps as still as Coal Oil John.

Two kinds of prophet—each no good—
Both you and I have always known;
Two kinds of prophet; and we should
Be scared if neither "pulled a bone."

'SNOTHIN'!

Recently one of the greatest painters of poultry was operated on at a St. Louis hospital. Poultry painting, perhaps, does not require great ability. We know a butcher who never had an art lesson in his life who can draw a chicken in a minute, so skillfully that the most careful cook has only to wash it a little and put it in to roast.

Couldn't Be Done So Soon.

A proverbially indigent though honest citizen in a western town lately applied to the president of the local bank for a 30-day loan of \$50.

When the president refused the loan, the man was astonished.
"I know you're honest, but you might die."
"Might die? Gosh, but a fellow couldn't die in just 30 days!"

THE WAIL OF A MERE MAN.

I ain't no lizzie; I live.
At Sisseton, S. D.
But why can wife wear such pretty things
For clothing, and not me?

An Ally Dog.

Evidently there are dogs in this country that are opposed to hyphenated, but not hydrophobated Americans. Lately at Ames, Ia., a German scientific laborer, employed in the state agricultural school work, was bitten in the face by a rabid or unneutral dog and had to be taken to the Paustourizing studio in Des Moines. Bitten by an American dog and given French treatment, all inside of 24 hours, is going some for a German!

Nine-tenths of the conceit in this world is monopolized by men under 40.

What every woman knows is that leap year is a joke and that every year is leap year.

Give a woman the choice between caring for a sick man and a yelling baby and she'll choose the baby every time.

HIGH PRICES MAY CAUSE ILLNESS.

At this season of the year when fresh vegetables are so high many persons suffer from deranged digestion. If you feel dull and sluggish, or if you suspect indigestion or constipation you will feel better tomorrow if you take a Foley Cathartic Tablet tonight. They banish biliousness and headaches. Hite's Drug Store.—adv.

BUSINESS TRANSFER

Dr. A. A. Swinton Acquires Interest of Charlevoix Coal & Wood Co.

A contract entered into a few days ago will when completed transfer the business of the Charlevoix Coal & Wood Company to Dr. A. A. Swinton who acquires not only the business of the Wood & Coal Company but also 182 ft. of water front on Round Lake formerly used as a coal yard, extending south to Belvedere avenue, the office building and equipment used in connection with the business by L. S. See.

Dr. Swinton expects to assume full control of the property on the fifteenth of this month and for the present will maintain the office in its present location but eventually will combine the same with the office of the Argo Milling Co., thus eliminating the extra expense of maintaining one of the offices.

The deal is an important one and involves a large amount of capital in the purchase price and a greater amount will be required to furnish and stock necessary for the fuel consumption of our local people. This deal has been under consideration for some weeks during which period the parties interested have overcome enough of their differences in opinion as to valuation of properties, to make and enter into an agreement that will, when carried out place the business and property under the management and ownership of Dr. Swinton. Charlevoix Sentinel.

O, JOY!

There's a printer in Mexico who has the well-remembered Colonel Sellers of "There's Millions in It" fame, looking like a piker if he'll just follow up his idea—his name we will omit—but he is somewhere in Mexico, and writes as follows to a local printer with whom he fought in the famous battle of Paris:

"Dear Sam—When I was a boy (some years ago) I made the southwest country; and while waiting for a freight train to come my way I wandered out to where the inviting shade of a cactus beckoned for a siesta. My dream was a vision—and when I awoke I was still under its influence, which continued for several hours. "At the time I was unable to ac-

count for it; but later on I made the acquaintance of an old soldier who explained that I had selected for my 'room' the shade of the cactus from which mescal is made. It seems that a bug which lives on this plant had dropped on me and had taken a bite. The bug and his forbears had tarried around this mescal for so long that their system were full of the Mexican joy spirit and the bite had inoculated me. This is the prelude; have patience.

"Viewing with alarm the advent of prohibition, some time ago I took up the study of how to beat it—and do it legally. No illicit distilling, no smuggling for me. I spent many nights poring over old chemistry books—but they didn't have what I wanted; they all forced me up against Old Man Law. Then came the light. I remembered the bug of the cactus plant—and here I am in Mexico working out souls like yourself.

"I have succeeded in isolating the bug of the mescal plant, the bug of the toquita plant, and the bug of the sotol plant. A bite from either one is sufficient to start an Irish republic. It is really too violent.

"To get away from this sudden war and destruction quality I have systematically cross-bred these different bugs—sort of concocted a cocktail, as it were, and have produced a species that is safe to keep around the house.

"And the beauty of it all is that I am within the law.

"I haven't worked out the commercial end of the scheme as yet; but that will be simple. In a short time I will have a million of these bugs which I have not named as yet. At 10 cents a bite—three bites for two bits—and all of them working—think of it!

"Am sending you in a separate package two of my pedigreed bugs—male and female. Let nature take its course. Don't use them before they have reproduced, for there is only one efficient bite in each bug. They die soon after their mission in life is fulfilled.

"As to a name for the bugs or commercial use, I have thought of calling them after 'Buck Lewis' or 'Meckey Hickey' (the latter has more of a lifting sound to it) or for you, my friend—want no lasting fame myself, only the knowledge that I have been a benefactor to mankind, and the royalty, of course, is sufficient.

"The two bugs I am sending you are named Lillie and Billie. It won't

be necessary for you to know which is which—they know."—Exchange—Somewhere in America.

THIS SHOULD INTEREST OTHER WOMEN.

"My kidneys were giving me trouble for some time," writes Mrs. L. Gibson, 12th and Edison St., LaJunta, Colo. "I took Foley Kidney Pills and they helped me right away." Backache, pains in sides, sore muscles, are rheumatic twinges and "always tired feeling" are symptoms of kidney trouble. Hite's Drug Store.—adv.

All women, except the one he gets, take it as a personal insult when a widower marries.

CUT THIS OUT—IT IS WORTH MONEY.

Cut out this slip, enclose with 5c to Foley & Co., 2835 Sheffield Ave., Chicago, Ill., writing your name and address clearly. You will receive in return a trial package containing Foley's Honey and Tar Compound, for coughs, colds and croup, Foley Kidney Pills and Foley Cathartic Tablets. Hite's Drug Store.—adv.

APPLY SULPHUR ON YOUR ECZEMA SKIN

Costs Little and Overcomes Trouble Almost Over Night

Any breaking out of the skin, even fever, itching eczema, can be quickly overcome by applying Mentho-Sulphur, declares a noted skin specialist. Because of its germ destroying properties, this sulphur preparation instantly brings ease from skin irritation, soothes and heals the eczema right up and leaves the skin clear and smooth.

It never fails to relieve the torment without delay. Sufferers from skin trouble should obtain a small jar of Mentho-Sulphur from any good druggist and use it like cold cream.

Frank Phillips

Tonsorial Artist.

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

New Coat and Suit Styles That Breathe the Spirit of Spring

The season's prettiest styles finds fullest expression in this unusually attractive and complete assemblage of new styles, reasonably priced.

This premier showing adds another garland to our long established and enviable reputation for beautiful Spring Garments. In the display you will see the latest ideas of the reliable

THE Palmer GARMENT

—styles and materials that are exceptionally attractive, superb in quality and exclusive in design.



POLO COATS

The great rage—ready for your immediate selection. No wonder they are so popular for it has been many a day since there has been created a style more practical, so smart and extremely becoming.

East Jordan Lumber Co.

The House of Whispers

By WILLIAM JOHNSTON

Illustrations by ERWIN MYERS

Copyright by Edwin, Brown & Co.

(Continued)

Although we had been acquainted but a few days, and although hardly a word of love had passed between us, I knew that her feeling for me already was something greater than friendship. I knew that she trusted me and that she would remain faithful in her affection for me, no matter what accusations were brought against me. I had been madly in love with her from almost the first time I saw her. Whatever happened, I must keep her out of it. I must find some means of warning her to say nothing to any one. I knew that her first impulse as soon as she heard of my arrest would be to come to my rescue, regardless of the fact that in establishing an alibi for me she would be blasting her own reputation. Under no circumstances, even if I was convicted, must she be permitted to speak. No explanation can account for the presence of a young girl alone in a man's rooms at eleven o'clock at night, even though she and I both knew how utterly undeserving of censure her presence there was and how important had been her motive in coming there.

Mention of Barbara's name in any way in connection with a murder case would be certain to wreck her sister's matrimonial plans. It would mean the ruin of her mother's ambitions and the unmasking of the parlous condition of their finances. It would mean that the reproaches of her mother and sister would be heaped on my Barbara's poor head.

I was still unsatisfied in my own mind as to just what part Claire Bradford was playing in the web of mystery about us. She was emotional and flighty, given to doing rash things. I felt that there was a strong possibility that relations with her ex-husband had been in some way re-established. I felt at times that she was being used as a tool by the conspirators in the Granddeck mysteries. If Claire was involved in any way, it behooved me to move carefully lest she should be betrayed in my efforts to clear myself.

There was nothing for me to do but to sit tight and take my plight as philosophically as I could until I could get in touch with Gorman. As soon as it was morning, I bribed a jail attendant to bring me a morning newspaper. On the first page I found an account of the murder under glaring headlines and read it with intense interest, my conviction growing with each line that I read that the police case against me was far better backed up than I ever imagined it could be.

Then and there I made up my mind never again to believe anything on purely circumstantial evidence. No one knew better than I how utterly innocent I was of that crime, how upright my conduct in New York had been, and how honest my motives for all my recent actions had been, yet this is what I read in the newspaper:

BURGLAR MURDERS WELL-KNOWN ACTRESS

Miss Daisy Lutan Found Mysteriously Shot in her Luxurious Apartment in the Granddeck.

Marks on Throat Where Murderer Had Choked Her

Police Arrest John S. Nelson, a Clerk Out of Work, in Whose Rooms They Found a Revolver.

Daisy Lutan, an actress, whose matrimonial affairs recently brought her much notoriety, was found last night murdered in her apartment in the Granddeck. She had been instantly killed by a bullet wound through the heart, and there were marks on her throat where her assailant had tried to choke her. John S. Nelson, a clerk out of work, who had been acting as caretaker for one of the tenants in the building, was arrested.

There was blood on his coat when Detectives Cullen and Edwards took him prisoner, and they found in his room a revolver with one chamber empty hidden under a pile of shirts in the dresser.

The apartment Nelson is occupying is directly above that of Miss Lutan. The police theory is that Nelson let himself into the apartment by swinging down from his window, and that Miss Lutan, returning unexpectedly, found him ransacking her rooms.

The crime was discovered by James Wick, superintendent of the apartment house, who was in the elevator when he heard screams followed by a shot. Getting out of the elevator to investigate he found Nelson at the door of the Lutan apartment.

Nelson glibly explained that he had heard a shot and was trying to see where it had come from. Mr. Wick's

suspicious were aroused by his manner, and he made Nelson come with him into the apartment and kept him there until the arrival of the police.

Little is known at the Granddeck about young Nelson, and he stubbornly refuses to make any statement about himself. He was employed only a few days ago by Rufus Gaston as caretaker for his apartment. As Mr. Gaston is absent from the city, it cannot be learned how he happened to give Nelson employment. The police believe he may have obtained the position through false references in order to gain an opportunity to loot the apartments in the building.

Superintendent Wick had ascertained that Nelson was once employed by a shipping firm in the Wall street district but had been discreditably discharged. His former employer confirmed this, but would say nothing about Nelson beyond stating that he had been discharged for cause.

Although Nelson was not over well supplied with money he had been seen recently ordering elaborate meals in some of the most expensive restaurants. Miss Nellie Kelly, the telephone girl at the Granddeck, reported that only the night before Nelson had taken her to dinner, ordering champagne and hiring taxicabs, and had tried to pump her about the tenants in the building.

The one fact that stuck out in the whole article that seemed of vast importance to me was the fact that Wick had informed the police that I had been discreditably discharged from my last place of employment. How did he know that? Certainly I had not told him. I had told no one of the occurrence except Barbara Bradford, and I was sure she had not revealed it to anyone.

If it was indubitable proof to me that Wick, or someone with whom he was conniving, had been having me shadowed. Even my great-uncle Rufus did not know where my place of employment was. Evidently the plot to discredit me had begun the day I arrived at the Granddeck. I had been discharged on account of some mysterious note my employer had received. I began now to believe that Wick must have had me followed to my place of business and to have sent that note for the express purpose of bringing about my discharge. But why? That was the puzzle.

As I pondered over it I decided that my chance meeting with Barbara Bradford in the park had upset the plans of a blackmailing band, and that they were avenging themselves on me for my unwitting part. I was certain that Wick and Lefty Moore's wife were in connivance with them, and that the gang possibly included Claire Bradford's ex-husband. Wick had a passkey that enabled him to enter the Lutan apartment. Undoubtedly he could also enter mine as well. But Wick could have nothing to do with the planting of the revolver in my rooms. I was positive about that. He had not been out of my sight for a single moment from the time that we had discovered the body. The only way that it seemed possible to involve him in that was on the theory of a prearranged plot to make me appear the murderer. Was it possible that Claire Bradford had participated in this? I knew she had been in my rooms after the murder. It must have been she who put the revolver there.

One of the detectives who had arrested me appeared at my cell door. "Come along," he commanded gruffly.

As I came out I was again shackled and led to the patrol wagon that was waiting. I had supposed that I was being taken to court to be arraigned, but such was not the case. I found myself at police headquarters, where both my photograph and my fingerprints were taken. I refrained from giving any information about myself, beyond giving my name and age, being careful to have my name recorded as John S. Nelson. Out in my home town everybody for years had known me by my middle name "Spaulding," and I was hopeful that they might fail to identify me if they read anything about me.

When everything that might serve to identify me had been recorded, I was taken into a large room where perhaps half a hundred men were assembled, most of them wearing masks. I looked about with curiosity. I had read of this ceremony. I was being "lined up" before the members of the city's detective force to see if any of them could identify me and to give them an opportunity to familiarize themselves with my features in case it should ever be necessary to arrest me again.

"Never saw him before," I heard one of them say. "Guess he must be a western crook."

"He's no amateur," said another. "That job up at the Granddeck was done by a professional."

Many slighting comments were made, too, on my personal appearance. I learned for the first time that I had a "bad ear," and that my eyes were shifty. The only emotion these comments aroused in me was a feeling of pity, not for myself but for all poor unfortunates who fall afoul of the law. Even though a man is presumed to be innocent until he has been convicted I had observed that since the first moment of my arrest everybody had taken it for granted that I must be guilty and had treated me with little respect or consideration.

From headquarters I was taken to the police court and without further delay brought before a magistrate.

"John S. Nelson, arrested for the murder of Daisy Lutan," said the detective.

"Have you counsel?" asked the magistrate.

"No," I replied.



A WORLD REBUILT

By the Golden Rule not by the rule of Gold

THIRTY denominations of the Church are uniting in a simultaneous campaign in the week of April 25th-May 2nd.

They are uniting because the task before the Church is too great for any one denomination; because there must be no duplication of effort; no waste.

These churches know that the world needs many things; but it needs Faith most of all.

They know that there can be no final solution of our economic problems that is not a spiritual solution, based on the teachings of Jesus Christ and His Golden Rule.

They have had the courage to survey the whole task, and to ask for a budget large enough to sustain (1) the work abroad, (2) the work at home including the church's part in the huge task of Americanization, (3) the colleges and (4) hospitals supported by the Churches, (5) the religious training of the young, and to provide (6) a living wage for the Church's ministers.

The budget is large in the aggregate; yet if each person who loves America would increase his contribution by only a few dollars the whole amount would be easily subscribed.

We face the task of rebuilding the world. Let the cornerstone be a strong and vital church in every American community; and the measuring rod by which the builders build must be the Golden Rule.

United Financial Campaign April 25th to May 2nd



The INTERCHURCH World Movement of North America

The publication of this advertisement is made possible by the cooperation of thirty denominations.

"I will assign Mr. Myers as the prisoner's counsel," he announced.

A young chap, evidently just out of law school, stepped forward, and drew me a little to one side.

"Plead 'Not guilty,'" he directed, "and be careful to say nothing more."

"Of course," I replied. "I'm not guilty. I had nothing to do with it."

I could see by his face that he did not believe me and as I turned again to the court I made up my mind that even if the court had assigned him as my counsel I would tell him nothing.

"How do you plead?" asked the court.

"Not guilty," I replied.

"Remanded without bail for further examination until Thursday morning," snapped the court, and I was led back into an anteroom. Mr. Myers and the detective accompanying me. The latter there surrendered me to some official, presumably a prison keeper.

"Looks pretty bad for you," said Myers, as we were left alone for consultation.

"I suppose it does look that way," I laughed.

"No chance to make it self-defense," he went on, plainly amazed at my manner. "No jury'd ever stand for a burglar shooting in self-defense."

"No," I admitted, "I suppose they wouldn't. Fortunately I'm no burglar."

"If we could make out it was a lovers' quarrel," he suggested.

"If I had ever known Miss Lutan," I admitted, "that might not make a bad defense."

"Look here," he replied indignantly, "young fellow, you are up against it harder than you seem to realize. They've got the goods on you, and it'll be the chair for you if you're not careful. You've got no chance proving an alibi."

"Why not? I never saw Miss Lutan until I saw her body in her room. I never was in her room until I went

in there with Mr. Wick after we had heard the shot. What's more, I never owned a revolver in my life and never saw the one the detectives found until they pulled it out of my dresser drawer."

Incredulously he listened. I could see that he did not believe a word I was saying.

"You don't look like a dope fiend, either," he observed scathingly.

"Look here," I retorted, "it is bad enough to have the police take it for granted that I am a criminal and a murderer, but when the counsel the court assigns me starts out on the same course, we quit right now. I'll get a lawyer of my own when I need one."

"I'll come around this afternoon and see you again," he said coolly. "A few hours in the Tombs will make you see things differently."

A few minutes later I found myself ensconced in a cell again, still confident of my speedy release, but somewhat puzzled as to what would be my best method of procedure. I was unacquainted with any lawyers; in fact, with any one in the whole city with whom I could consult. My immediate hope lay in my friend, Detective Gorman. There was nothing for me to do but to wait until I heard from him.

Fortunately I had had the forethought when the detectives were arresting me to take from my hiding-place in the bookcase my little hoard of money. This enabled me to send out of the prison and have a luncheon brought in. Making myself as comfortable as possible, I sat down to wait for Gorman, occupying my mind meanwhile with thinking of Barbara Bradford.

The thing uppermost in my mind was how to prevent her from being in any way involved. She must never know that only by her testimony would I be able to prove an alibi. Should she ever realize this, I knew that her sense of justice would make her come

forward and tell the truth, even though it meant the loss of her own reputation and the scandalizing of all her acquaintances. She must not be permitted to talk.

She must not even try to see me while I was in prison.

The one way—the only way—I saw by which I could escape from the law's toils without implicating her was through the speedy rounding up of the band of criminals who I was positive were responsible for Miss Lutan's murder as well as for all our troubles. I was relying on Gorman to do this.

A keeper's voice interrupted my chain of thought.

"You're wanted down in the counsel room," he said. "There is a visitor for you."

"A visitor," I cried excitedly. "Who

is it?" I thought of course it must be Gorman come to my rescue.

"It's your sister," he announced.

My sister! A thrill shot through me at his announcement. I knew of course it could not be my sister. Both of them were mere children far away in the West. It must be Barbara. Undoubtedly she had resorted to this ruse to make sure of seeing me while at the same time concealing her own identity.

Overjoyed at her coming, delighted to know that I had read her heart aright and that my confidence in her trust in me was justified, I hastened with the keeper to meet her.

Delighted as I was at her coming, I was formulating in my mind how best to make it clear to her that she must leave at once and that no matter what happened she must keep her lips closed about the events of last night. Under no circumstances would I permit her to sacrifice herself to save me.

In the counsel room a veiled figure awaited me. I sprang forward eagerly toward her. The woman standing there put up one hand in a repelling gesture and then flung back her veil.

I stood there astounded. It was not Barbara. It was her sister Claire.

"I stood there astounded. It was not Barbara; it was her sister Claire.

is it?" I thought of course it must be Gorman come to my rescue.

"It's your sister," he announced.

My sister! A thrill shot through me at his announcement. I knew of course it could not be my sister. Both of them were mere children far away in the West. It must be Barbara. Undoubtedly she had resorted to this ruse to make sure of seeing me while at the same time concealing her own identity.

Overjoyed at her coming, delighted to know that I had read her heart aright and that my confidence in her trust in me was justified, I hastened with the keeper to meet her.

Delighted as I was at her coming, I was formulating in my mind how best to make it clear to her that she must leave at once and that no matter what happened she must keep her lips closed about the events of last night. Under no circumstances would I permit her to sacrifice herself to save me.

In the counsel room a veiled figure awaited me. I sprang forward eagerly toward her. The woman standing there put up one hand in a repelling gesture and then flung back her veil.

I stood there astounded. It was not Barbara. It was her sister Claire.

"I stood there astounded. It was not Barbara; it was her sister Claire.

is it?" I thought of course it must be Gorman come to my rescue.

"It's your sister," he announced.

My sister! A thrill shot through me at his announcement. I knew of course it could not be my sister. Both of them were mere children far away in the West. It must be Barbara. Undoubtedly she had resorted to this ruse to make sure of seeing me while at the same time concealing her own identity.

Overjoyed at her coming, delighted to know that I had read her heart aright and that my confidence in her trust in me was justified, I hastened with the keeper to meet her.

Delighted as I was at her coming, I was formulating in my mind how best to make it clear to her that she must leave at once and that no matter what happened she must keep her lips closed about the events of last night. Under no circumstances would I permit her to sacrifice herself to save me.

In the counsel room a veiled figure awaited me. I sprang forward eagerly toward her. The woman standing there put up one hand in a repelling gesture and then flung back her veil.

I stood there astounded. It was not Barbara. It was her sister Claire.

"I stood there astounded. It was not Barbara; it was her sister Claire.

is it?" I thought of course it must be Gorman come to my rescue.

"It's your sister," he announced.

My sister! A thrill shot through me at his announcement. I knew of course it could not be my sister. Both of them were mere children far away in the West. It must be Barbara. Undoubtedly she had resorted to this ruse to make sure of seeing me while at the same time concealing her own identity.

Overjoyed at her coming, delighted to know that I had read her heart aright and that my confidence in her trust in me was justified, I hastened with the keeper to meet her.

Delighted as I was at her coming, I was formulating in my mind how best to make it clear to her that she must leave at once and that no matter what happened she must keep her lips closed about the events of last night. Under no circumstances would I permit her to sacrifice herself to save me.

In the counsel room a veiled figure awaited me. I sprang forward eagerly toward her. The woman standing there put up one hand in a repelling gesture and then flung back her veil.

I stood there astounded. It was not Barbara. It was her sister Claire.

"I stood there astounded. It was not Barbara; it was her sister Claire.

is it?" I thought of course it must be Gorman come to my rescue.

"It's your sister," he announced.

My sister! A thrill shot through me at his announcement. I knew of course it could not be my sister. Both of them were mere children far away in the West. It must be Barbara. Undoubtedly she had resorted to this ruse to make sure of seeing me while at the same time concealing her own identity.

Overjoyed at her coming, delighted to know that I had read her heart aright and that my confidence in her trust in me was justified, I hastened with the keeper to meet her.

Delighted as I was at her coming, I was formulating in my mind how best to make it clear to her that she must leave at once and that no matter what happened she must keep her lips closed about the events of last night. Under no circumstances would I permit her to sacrifice herself to save me.

In the counsel room a veiled figure awaited me. I sprang forward eagerly toward her. The woman standing there put up one hand in a repelling gesture and then flung back her veil.

ing you in the park. I know that she has lunched with you at the Astor." She hesitated and her face crimsoned—"I know that she has even visited you in your rooms late at night. Oh, please, please, I beg of you, if there is a spark of manhood in you, do not take advantage of a silly girl's weakness. Please help me protect my little sister's name; promise you will, won't you?"

"Why should I?" I replied carelessly, repressing my desire to leap at once to Barbara's defense and explain how pure and honorable her conduct had been and how lofty the motive that had governed her actions.

Tempted though I was to defend her, I realized that this might be an opportunity to learn something of Claire Bradford's associates, and I determined to make the most of it. How else could she know of all my meetings with Barbara unless she was in league with the persons who had been having me shadowed? How the knowledge that Barbara had been in my apartment could have come to her was a mystery beyond me. I would have sworn that that was a secret sacred to our two selves.

"Listen to me," she commanded, speaking in low tones. "Barbara is my baby sister, innocent of the ways of the world. I must save her from herself, and her heedlessness. Never, never, if I can help it, shall she suffer the agony and shame and disgrace that I have known. Years ago I, just as she is now, became infatuated with a man far below me in the social scale. He, too, was a criminal."

I snuffed indignantly at the "he, too," but she paid no attention.

"I ran away from school and married him and learned too late that he had a wife and child already. All my life, ever since, that terrible thing has followed me. It's like a specter ever rising to confront me. Even if I have to kill you, I am going to save my little sister from following in my steps."

"Where is Gaston Maurice now?" I asked. "Have you seen him recently?"

She gasped and shuddered, looking at me incredulously.

"You," she breathed excitedly, "who are you? How do you know his name?"

"Never mind how I know it," I replied. "What I want to know is where is he now? When did you see him last?"

"Not for years—not since long before my father's death—not since the marriage was annulled."

"Nor heard from him," I persisted. "No, nor heard from him," she hesitated, "unless—"

"Unless what?" I insisted, as she stopped abruptly.

"I can't tell you," she said firmly. "I don't know." They must have come from him, from someone that knew—the letters.

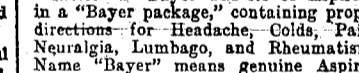
"What letters? Tell me about them."

"I can't tell what I don't know. I

(Continued to Next Page)

ASPIRIN FOR HEADACHE

Name "Bayer" is on Genuine Aspirin—say Bayer



Insist on "Bayer Tablets of Aspirin" in a "Bayer package," containing proper directions for Headache, Colds, Pain, Neuralgia, Lumbago, and Rheumatism. Name "Bayer" means genuine Aspirin prescribed by physicians for nineteen years. Handy tin boxes of 12 tablets cost few cents. Aspirin is trade mark of Bayer Manufacture of Monoacetic-ester of Salicylic acid.

OLD-TIME COLD CURE—DRINK HOT TEA!

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

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

RUB RHEUMATISM FROM STIFF ACHING JOINTS

Rub Soreness from joints and muscles with a small trial bottle of old St. Jacobs Liniment

Stop "dosing" Rheumatism. It's pain only; not one case in fifty requires internal treatment. Rub soothing, penetrating "St. Jacobs Liniment" right on the tender spot, and by the time you say Jack Robinson—out comes the rheumatic pain. "St. Jacobs Liniment" is a harmless rheumatism cure which never disappoints and doesn't burn the skin. It takes pain, soreness and stiffness from aching joints, muscles and bones; stops neuralgia, lumbago, backache, neuralgia, limb pain! Get a 30 cent bottle of old-time, honest "St. Jacobs Liniment" from any drug store, and in a moment you'll be free from pain, aches and stiffness. Don't suffer! Rub rheumatism away.

"The House of Whispers"

(Continued from preceding page)

haven't the least idea where Gaston Maurice is. I had hoped he was dead in the war. Yet he can't be. I have had anonymous letters threatening me. They must have come from him or from someone whom he told of my marriage? How else could they know?

Her distress was so real and her manner so convincing that I decided that she must be telling the truth. "Well," said I, "if you cannot tell me where to find Gaston Maurice, there is one thing that you can tell me."

"What is that?" "Why did you visit my apartment late last night? Why did you put that revolver in my dresser?"

"Revolver," she queried in a puzzled tone, "what revolver?" "The revolver with which Miss Lutan was killed."

She eyed me in shocked surprise. "Why do you say this to me? I never saw the revolver."

"You cannot deny that you were in my apartment last night." "But the revolver," she protested.

"You Cannot Deny That You Were in My Apartment Last Night."

"What do you mean by that? I know nothing of any revolver."

"Last night, a few minutes after Miss Lutan was murdered," I said sternly, "some man or woman entered my rooms and placed a revolver with one chamber discharged in the dresser in my bedroom. It was evidently placed there for the purpose of throwing suspicion on me, of making me out the murderer. The detectives found it there and arrested me. If you did not enter my apartment to hide the revolver, why then were you there?"

"I knew nothing about the murder," she answered irrelevantly, "until this morning—until I read about it in the papers."

"What about Wick?" I buried at her. "Didn't Wick tell you?"

"Wick," she repeated in a puzzled way. "Oh, Mr. Wick, the superintendent. No, I have not seen him for several days."

"Did you do nothing yesterday at his direction?" "How absurd! Of course not."

"Why, then, did you go into my rooms?" She looked at me with a frightened face, and her manner became more confused.

"I really believe you are trying to implicate me in your crime," she ejaculated. "It's absurd for you to try to question me this way."

"Lady," interrupted the keeper, "you'll have to be going now. Time's up."

"Promise me," she begged hastily in an undertone, as she departed, "whatever you think about me, you'll keep my sister out of it."

"I'll promise nothing, unless you confess everything," I repeated, determined. If I could, to drag her secret from her, even though I, as well as she, was eager to shield Barbara's name.

Claire Bradford's attitude, I must confess, puzzled me greatly. Her denial that she had seen the revolver, or that she had been working in conjunction with Wick seemed to ring true, and I was also inclined to believe her statement that she knew nothing of her former husband's present whereabouts. While I was pondering over her statements, my cell door opened and Gorman was let in.

"Well, young fellow," he said, "this sleuthing business didn't turn out exactly the way we expected it to, did it?"

"I was watching you all the time you were talking to her." "But how did you know who she was?" "I saw the other one this morning. They look alike."

"But how did you know which sister it was?" "You didn't seem to get along well enough in your talk for it to be Barbara," he answered with another grin. It had not been my intention to reveal even to him, Claire Bradford's second visit to my apartment, but I saw how foolish it would be of me to attempt to deceive or to withhold any information from such a shrewd observer.

Without reserve and with the utmost detail I proceeded to relate everything that had happened since I had seen him the afternoon before. I told of my discovery of the secret panel in my room and of the blind passageway into which it apparently led, of Barbara's having made the perilous journey over the window ledge to inspect my find, of the screams we had heard, followed by the shot, of how Barbara had fled back by the way she came, and I had run downstairs and with Wick had discovered the body. I told him every detail so far as I could remember it, winding up with my catching Claire Bradford leaving my apartment, just before my arrest and the finding of the revolver.

"You don't think the detectives themselves planted the gun on you?" he asked. "I've heard of them doing things like that."

He spoke with such an air of innocence that I had to smile. I doubt if there were many tricks of detectives that Gorman did not know all about.

"They had no opportunity whatever. Neither of them had been near the dresser before, and I was watching their every moment."

"Well, who did hide the revolver there, if they didn't?" "I don't know."

"Couldn't Wick have done it?" "I was with him every moment after we discovered the body."

"Maybe it was Claire Bradford?" I shook my head. "I thought at first it might have been she, but I'm convinced since talking with her that it was not. She's either entirely innocent or else the most wonderful actress in the world."

"I think we can leave her out of it," ventured Gorman. "That leaves only Wick."

Gorman shook his head positively. "No, Wick didn't do it. He's a bad one all right, and he has done time, but he's only a tool."

"Wick has done time!" I exclaimed. "How did you find that out? What have you learned about him?"

Gorman grinned at my eager questioning. "I don't know much about him yet, but I'm sure he's an ex-con. While you were in court this morning," he explained, "I went up to the Granddeck to take a look at things for myself. Wick showed me through the Lutan apartment, thinking I was from the copner's office. I spotted him at once. A crook that has done time is always sure to give himself away."

"How?" I asked. "Well," said Gorman judicially, "men's businesses leave their marks on them. A clergyman don't have to be wearing a high vest for you to spot him, and nobody ever took a dancing teacher for a pugilist. A man that has looked at as many crooks as I have knows them by instinct, and then there's little ways you can tell. As I was going up to the apartment with Wick he just naturally fell into step with me, showing he had been used to marching with other prisoners. He talks, too, without moving his lips. That's a sure sign. They learn that in prison so they can talk without the guards knowing it."

"That's so," I cried. "It struck me that there was something funny about the way Wick talked, but I couldn't have told just what it was."

"Wick's a crook, all right," but I think he comes from somewhere upstate or maybe out West, but he hasn't intelligence enough to be anything more than a runner for the gang."

"Well, what's your theory?" I asked. "If Wick didn't murder Miss Lutan, who did?"

"I don't know yet. Wick ain't big enough. Big jobs take big men to plan them. This whole thing is a big affair, carefully planned out. It takes more brains than Wick ever dreamed of having to plant anonymous notes and terrify people nearly out of their senses with mysterious whispers and then to steal the Bradford papers and the Gaston pearls and then when things get hot to have you already framed as the goat to blame things on."

"Then you think my discharge from the office was part of the plot?" "Sure it was. You butted in on their blackmail plans, and they wanted to get square with you, and a young fellow out of work and discharged in disgrace is always an easy mark for suspicion."

"And was it part of the plot to blame Miss Lutan's murder on me?" "I don't think so. The Lutan murder was an accident. Even the biggest crooks seldom deliberately plan murder. They're all afraid of the chair. She came in and surprised some one of the gang in the apartment. He had to shoot her to make his getaway. It was quick thinking on somebody's part after the murder to plant that gun in your room. That sort of scheming takes brains, and Wick hasn't got them."

"Who was it, then?" "We've got to find," said Gorman, speaking slowly and with emphasis.



"We've Got to Find the Crook That Is Back of All This—the Master Mind."

"The big crook that is back of all this—the master mind."

"The master mind," I echoed. "Yes," he said, "there's a big crook ed brain somewhere that has been directing the whole plot, and planning the actions of Wick and of the telephone girl, and maybe of Claire Bradford, too."

"I wonder if it could be her ex-husband. She told me, though, a few moments ago, that she had not heard of him for years, and she seemed to me to be telling the truth."

"I don't think it was him," said Gorman. "He was only a chauffeur. If he's in it at all, he's only one of the gang. He's not the master mind."

"I hope we can keep the Bradfords out of it altogether," I said. "You see, Gorman—"

"I understand," he interrupted. "I know how the land lies. You need not worry about that. If Claire Bradford had any part in the plot, you can bet she was forced into it and driven to do what she did. Have you seen her sister?"

"No, and I hope she'll make no effort to see me. She mustn't. You'll see her, won't you?"

"Leave it to me," said the detective. "I'll manage to reach her without even her own family knowing anything about it. I'll make her understand that if she tries to see you or says anything, she'll only be damaging your case. Don't worry about her."

"There's one thing, though," I said, "that I wish you could do."

"What's that?" "Can you find some way of getting to the Gaston apartment and exploring that secret passage and see where it leads?"

He turned savagely on me. "Say, young fellow," he said, "if I didn't know that you were innocent, I'd swear that you were a dope fiend with this tale of a secret passage. You've been reading too many thrillers or going to the movies too much. They don't have secret passages in modern apartment houses. You better keep quiet about that. You can't get anybody to believe you, and you'll only hurt your case."

"But I know there's a passageway there—along the hall. I found the opening, a panel in my bedroom. There's a place there big enough for a man to walk in. I saw it."

He looked at me pityingly, and I could see that he did not believe a word I was saying.

"All right, there's a passage there, and we'll leave it there. A young fellow in love is apt to imagine all sorts of things."

I saw there was no use in my insisting further about the passageway. His mind was stubbornly made up that it could not exist. He was the only friend I had in all the great city, and I must leave it to him to work the thing out in his own way.

"What about a lawyer?" I asked. "Didn't the court assign you one?"

"Yes, but he took it for granted that I was guilty, so I got rid of him."

"Well, there ain't much a lawyer could do yet. I'll dig up one when we need him. Bail is not possible in a murder case, so there is nothing for you to do but to sit tight and take it as easy as you can. By the way, have you heard anything from old Gaston since you were arrested?"

"Not a word," I answered. "I have not the least idea where he is or how to reach him."

CHAPTER XI.

Fortunately for me, there had recently been a wave of public criticism of the courts for the long delays in bringing criminal cases to trial, and the district attorney was moving with all celerity to bring my case to a conclusion. An indictment against me for the murder of Daisy Lutan had been quickly found and the date had been already set for the trial—one week hence—so that the period of my incarceration and doubt as to my ultimate fate seemed likely to be very brief.

Utterly absurd as the situation was, accused of murdering a woman whom I never had seen and hardly had heard of until I saw her lying dead in her apartments, conscious as I was of my entire innocence in the matter, still, as in the solitude of my cell I reviewed the case, I found myself facing the ordeal of a trial for murder with considerable apprehension.

Circumstances certainly looked much against me. There was absolutely no way in which I could refute the testimony of the two detectives that they had found the revolver with one chamber discharged in the drawer of my dresser. I myself had seen them find it. While Gorman still held that there was a possibility that they themselves had put it there, I knew that neither of them had been near the dresser after I had admitted them to my rooms. The only person whom I had the slightest ground for suspecting was Claire Bradford, yet what motive could she have had?

Wick undoubtedly would testify that he had met me at the door of the Lutan apartment directly after he had heard the shot. He might say that I appeared to be greatly excited. This would be the exact truth. There was even the possibility that he might swear that he had found me coming out of Miss Lutan's apartment. Even if he did not make the statement direct, shrewd questioning on the part of the district attorney could easily make it appear that I had just left the Lutan apartment. How could we possibly controvert his testimony?

Then, in addition, there were the damaging statements that would be offered by Nellie Kelly. She would swear that the evening before I had taken her out to dinner and had been questioning her about the other tenants in the house. Even though we knew that she was a tool of Wick and was the wife of Lefty Moore, the burglar, unless Gorman was able to discover that she herself had a criminal record, it seemed utterly hopeless to attempt to confute her statements.

It would also militate against me that at the time of the murder I was out of a job and almost without funds. They were likely, too, to bring out the fact that I had been discreditably discharged from the only position I had held in New York. The only man who knew anything about the matter, Mr. Wood, the head of the firm, had been suddenly called to France in connection with an order for munitions, and was not expected to return for several months. The fact would weigh against me, too, that I would be unable to offer the testimony of any character witnesses. Birge and Roller, my classmates with whom I had roomed ever since I had come to New York, were "somewhere in France" with the American troops and could not possibly aid me.

All of this was pointed out to me by John McGregor, a young attorney whom Gorman had employed for me. While Gorman and I had, I think, succeeded in convincing him of my innocence, the fact that he was continually citing the difficulties in the way of our proving it made me realize that he was very dubious as to the outcome.

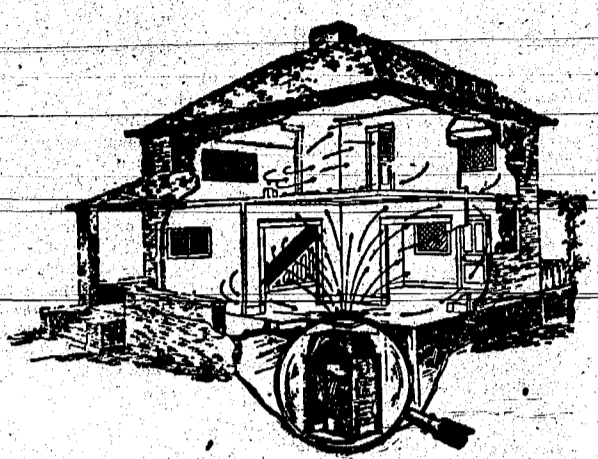
The trouble was that we were absolutely without witnesses. Old Rufus Gaston's whereabouts still remained a mystery. If we could discover him in time, we could at least explain satisfactorily my presence in the Granddeck and could establish that I was not the homeless, penniless vagrant they would try to prove me. The longer old Rufus remained in hiding, the stronger became my suspicion that he might be in some way involved in the plot. His action in keeping his address a secret from me seemed to have been with deliberate intent.

After some discussion Gorman and I had agreed not to mention either of the Bradford girls.

(Continued Next Week)

The Modern Heating System In Reach of Every Home Owner IS THE

The Best Pipeless Furnace on the Market Round Oak Pipeless Furnace Bolted Gas Tight—Patent Applied For



WHAT IT WILL DO FOR YOU

Safeguard the health of your family by warming the home to a comfortable temperature in any weather—flooding it with an abundant supply of pure, warm, ever-changing, moist air, permanently free from dust, gas, or smoke. IT will burn any kind of fuel, coal or wood, or whatever is most available, and save from 1-4 to 1-3 the fuel bill.

WHY THE NAME "PIPELESS."—It heats your entire home, large or small, upstairs or down, old or new, with but one register, located directly at the top of heater, doing away with the usual heat-pipes and registers to each room. It accomplishes this upon one of nature's own principles, as old as time—the law of gravity.

INVESTIGATE TODAY. REID-GRAFF PLUMBING CO.

RESTFUL RESULTS FOR HER. Only a person who has experienced that awful "all night" cough that sometimes follows influenza can appreciate what a good night's sleep can be. Mrs. Annie Davison, 2080 Myrtle St., Long Beach, Cal., had such a cough. She writes: "The result of using Foley's Honey and Tar was a restful one for me." Hite's Drug Store.—adv.

LESS MEAT IF BACK AND KIDNEYS HURT

Take a glass of Salts to flush Kidneys if Bladder bothers you—Drink lots of water.

Eating meat regularly eventually produces kidney trouble in some form or other, says a well-known authority, because the uric acid in meat excites the kidneys, they become overworked; get sluggish; clog up and cause all sorts of distress, particularly backache and misery in the kidney region; rheumatic twinges, severe headaches, acid stomach, constipation, torpid liver, sleeplessness, bladder and urinary irritation.

The moment your back hurts or kidneys aren't acting right, or if bladder bothers you, get about four ounces of Jad Salts from any good pharmacy; 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 flush clogged kidneys and stimulate them to normal activity; also to neutralize the acids in the urine so it no longer irritates, thus ending bladder disorders.

Jad Salts cannot injure anyone; makes a delightful effervescent lithia-water drink which millions of men and women take now and then to keep the kidneys and urinary organs clean, thus avoiding serious kidney disease.



Burpee's Annual 1920 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

There's sure to be one among our new RALSTONS that will give just the right keynote to your Fall outfit.

All are fresh in style, easy on the feet, durable. Whichever best serves your taste is yours.

CHAS. A. HUDSON

COLDS brood and Spread INFLUENZA KILL THE COLD AT ONCE WITH HILL'S CASCARA QUININE BROMIDE

Standard cold remedy for 20 years—in tablet form—safe, sure, no opiates—breaks up a cold in 24 hours—relieves grip in 3 days. Money back if it fails. The genuine box has a red cap with Mr. Hill's picture. At All Drug Stores.

HAD A COLD ALL WINTER. Colds that "hang on," coughs that rack your body and wear you down, the weakening that comes from loss of sleep—these are afflictions from which relief is a blessing. Nick J. Whess, Zehl, N. D., writes: "Had a cold all winter, but since taking Foley's Honey and Tar it has entirely disappeared." Hite's Drug Store.—adv.

Briefs of the Week

Emil Budnick left Monday for Muskegon.

George Grenon of Detroit is here visiting relatives.

Will Hawkins was a Traverse City visitor Tuesday.

Earliana Tomato Seed in Bulk.—Stroebel Bros. adv.

Bruce Dickie left Thursday on a business trip to Chéboyan.

Mrs. Sidney Stafford left Tuesday for Grand Rapids and Detroit.

Miss Viva Olney visited friends at Traverse City first of the week.

Miss Mary Berg returned to Grayling Saturday, after a week's visit here.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Evans visited their daughter at Traverse City this week.

George Ward was at Lansing over Sunday visiting his son, Kenneth Ward.

Mrs. George Walker visited her daughter at Bellaire first of the week.

Miss Ellen Cook of Charlevoix was here first of the week visiting her sister, Miss Effie Cook.

Mr. and Mrs. L. C. Monroe and daughter left Tuesday for a visit at Gary, Ind., and Chicago.

Sweater-Coats—both light and heavy weights—all wool. At the East Jordan Lumber Co. Store. adv.

Mrs. George Palmer and daughter, Miss Edna, left Thursday for a visit with relatives at Grand Rapids.

Mr. and Mrs. George Gruber moved here this week from Flint, and will make their home at Cherryvale.

Manager Gruber of the Temple Theatre has installed a motor-driven motion picture machine—one of the very latest models.

Mrs. D. A. Ramsey with children returned to Bay City, Monday, after a visit with her sister, Mrs. George Stokes.

Mrs. Wm. Boudrie with daughter, Anna, were at Piuconning first of the week to attend the funeral of her nephew.

Mr. and Mrs. Glenn Snyder and daughter, returned to Grand Rapids, Monday, after a few days' visit with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. S. Snyder.

Miss Julia Ellson returned to her studies at the Milwaukee Downer College at Milwaukee, Wisconsin, Tuesday, after a few days' visit here with her parents.

The East Jordan Fish & Game Club will have some forty cans of brook trout fry for planting in our streams next Wednesday, April 14th. The Club needs volunteers to help in planting them and all who will help are requested to notify W. M. Swafford.

Miss Martha Frieberg returned to Lansing Monday.

W. S. Carr was at Bay City and Detroit on business this week.

Clifton Heller and Orvie Gunsolus were at Fife Lake on business this week.

Alabastine is the cheapest wall finish made. Anyone can apply it.—Stroebel Bros. adv.

Mrs. S. Way of Rapid City was here over Sunday visiting her daughter, Mrs. Leon Brown.

Miss Olivet Bartlett who has been attending the State Normal at Ypsilanti, came home Tuesday.

Miss Agnes O'Neil returned to Charlevoix Sunday, after a visit with her sister, Mrs. Peter Hipp.

Gilbert Sturgill left Monday for Milwaukee, Wis., where he will sail on the great lakes this season.

Mrs. J. H. Milford returned to Detroit this week, after a visit at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Fred Longtin.

How about a good, warm Sweater these cool spring days. Look at the East Jordan Lumber Co.'s line. adv.

Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Driggett and children of Charlevoix were here over Sunday visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. G. L. Thorne.

Joseph Courier this week purchased the John W. Hawkins residence, corner Fifth and Williams streets, and with his family, will occupy same in the near future.

Mr. and Mrs. Earl Isaman and children were here first of the week from Lansing, for a visit with his father, James Isaman. They left Thursday for Castor, Alberta, where they will make their home.

Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Snell and children arrived here Wednesday from Grand Rapids, and will make their home on a farm in Echo Township which they purchased from the East Jordan Lumber Co.

A. J. Suffern has purchased and, with his family, now occupies the former E. J. Crossman residence on Second-Street. This residence was built by Mr. Suffern's father years ago who resided there for a number of years.

Grass Seed just arrived.—Stroebel Bros. adv.

New Hats arriving daily at The Hat Shop.—adv.

Ed. Lalonde came home last Saturday from Detroit.

Most popular Alabastine color in bulk at Stroebel Bros. adv.

Curtis Brace returned to Detroit, Saturday, after a visit here.

Miss Ursula Crawford is visiting her sister at Charlevoix this week.

Miss Marjorie LeMieux visited her parents at Flint first of the week.

Mrs. David Sumner of Vanderbilt is visiting her son, George Sumner.

Miss Leone Donaldson returned home Monday from a visit at Muskegon.

Louis Mayville returned home first of the week from Indianapolis, Ind.

Miss Ethel Crowell came home this week from her studies at Big Rapids.

Mrs. Chas. Ribble of Leland is visiting at the home of her son, Henry Ribble.

Edward Shepperly of Mancelona was here this week visiting his sister, Mrs. John Dolezel.

Martin Ruhlning returned home Thursday from a visit at Alden, N. Y., and with his daughter at Jackson.

Margaret and William Loader returned to Detroit Saturday, after a visit at the home of Geo. Anderson.

Mrs. Claude Greenman and daughter of Boyne City were here this week visiting her sister, Mrs. Fred Moore.

Gilbert Mayhew is here from Detroit where he has spent the winter. He will assist his father on the farm this summer.

Mrs. Trinivilla Hardy returned to Gladstone, Friday, after a two weeks' visit with her daughter, Mrs. Jas. Hignite.

Mrs. Chas. McAllister returned to her home at Suttons Bay, Friday, after spending the winter with her daughter Mrs. Frank Zoulek.

Earl Gee, Charles Irvin, Matt Summerville, Joe Hosler and William Densmore left Friday for Sand River, where they have employment.

The Boyne City Business Girls Club will give another of their popular dances at the gymnasium, Boyne City, Monday night, April 12th. Music will be furnished by East Jordan's Metropole Orchestra. Members of the East Jordan Dancing Club and their friends are invited to attend.

The Loose Evangelistic Party, who conducted a religious campaign in East Jordan three years ago, opened a campaign at the Presbyterian Church, Boyne City, last Sunday. Dr. Loose was over from Boyne City, Friday, renewing former acquaintances, and many from our city are planning to drive over to hear him from the platform once more.

Choice Garden Seeds in Bulk.—Stroebel Bros. adv.

Miss Ruby Grant was at Petoskey this week on business.

R. C. Supernaw was at Cadillac on business first of the week.

Mrs. Roscoe Mackey and daughter, Marjorie, are at Detroit this week.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Oliver and children were Bellaire visitors this week.

H. J. Carpenter returned to Flint, Tuesday, after a few weeks' visit here.

Miss Adeal Gorman returned home Monday from a two weeks' visit at Flint.

Mrs. Thos. Locke left Wednesday for Gary, Ind., to visit her niece, Mrs. John Davern.

Clarence Murphy came home Saturday last from Lansing, where he has been employed.

All repair work left over 90 days will be sold for repair charges. C. HUNSBERGER, Jeweler.

Harry Phelps left Wednesday for Traverse City, where he will work on a farm near that city.

Miss Laura Brown returned to Detroit Wednesday, after a visit at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Hugh Tumath.

Mr. and Mrs. Archie Kowalski and daughter, and Mrs. J. E. Houghton returned home from Detroit, Tuesday.

Roy Cole, E. V. Chamberlain, Frank Hinds and Marshall Griffin left Wednesday for Muskegon, where they will seek employment.

M. E. Ladies Aid will be entertained at the home of Mrs. Charles Crowell on North Main St., Wednesday afternoon, April 14th, at 2:30 standard.

Mr. and Mrs. John Smedley with children and her father, A. W. Hurlbut left Wednesday for Traverse City, where they will make their home on a farm near that city.

Have you tried that little adv. in THE HERALD? Its amazing what power there is in a few lines of type, placed right. Many in East Jordan have discovered the remarkable ability to get help, a job, a business opportunity, and even money. Try that little want adv. yourself and see what wonders it will work for you.—adv.

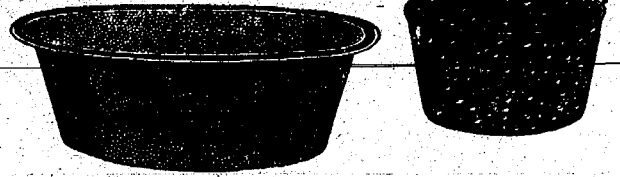
Since the disappearance of beek beer fresh air has taken its rightful place as a spring tonic.

GREAT SALE

of good quality **Blue**

Enameled Ware

The Best Sacrifice We Ever Offered.



Fine quality ware Selling at \$1.50 each **99c** to be closed out at

LARGE DISHPANS, PRESERVING KETTLES, TEA KETTLES and WATER PAILS.

Sale begins **Saturday Apr. 17th** AT 7:00 P. M.

STROEBEL BROS.

Special communication of East Jordan Lodge No. 379 F. & A. M. Saturday evening, April 10th. Work in F. C. degree.

MRS. ANNA M. BANCROFT PASSES AWAY

Mrs. Alfred Bancroft passed away at her home in South Arm township, March 30th, from apoplexy.

Deceased was born in Indiana, Aug. 11th, 1854, her maiden name was Anna M. Wilson. On February 22, 1871, she was united in marriage to Alfred Bancroft, at Hartford, Mich., who survives the deceased together with following sons and daughters: Fred of South Arm, Lewis of Ionia, Richard of Alberta, and Mrs. Mildred Shaw of South Arm.

Funeral services were held from the South Arm Grange Hall Friday afternoon, April 2nd, conducted by Rev. Myron E. Hoyt. Interment at the Jones Cemetery.

Deceased was a member of the Free Methodist Church.

One sweetly solemn thought Comes to us o'er and o'er— Our taxes are higher this spring Than they've ever been before. —Arcola, (Ill.) Record-Herald.

Temple Theatre WHERE EVERYBODY GOES. PROGRAM

From April 12th to April 18th

MONDAY, April 12th. Peggy Hyland in "The Web of Chance." A comedy drama that carries a message of happiness. 10c and 20c

TUESDAY Frank Mayo in "A Little Brother of the Rich." A sensational success with a brilliant cast. 10c and 20c

WEDNESDAY "Tempest Cody The Kidnapper." "Squabs and Squables Comedy." Ford Weekly. 10c and 20c

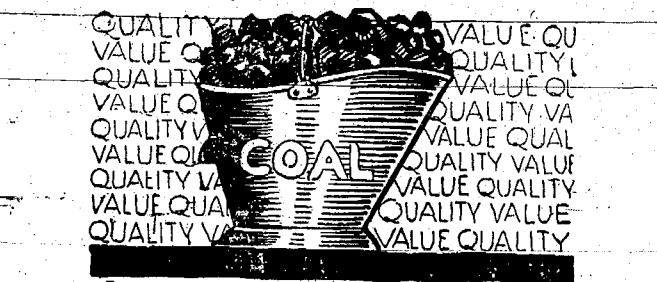
THURSDAY Lewis Stone in "Inside The Lines." Spies, Love, Intrigue, Adventure and thrills. 10c and 20c

FRIDAY Mae Marsh in "Sunshine Alley." This is the dainty star that played Polly of the Circus. 10c and 20c

SATURDAY 2nd last chapter of Pearl White in "The Black Secret." Mutt & Jeff. News Weekly. Comedy. 10c and 20c

SUNDAY, April 18th. June Elvidge in "The Woman of the Year." Her hair no fury like a woman scorned. 10c and 20c

Special—Mae Allison in "Fair and Warmer" and Mrs. Joe Martin (The Monkey) in "Baby Doll Bandit." Tuesday, April 20th.



QUALITY & VALUE STAND BEHIND OUR COAL.

MAY WE HAVE YOUR NEXT WINTER'S COAL ORDERS NOW?

Tell us what you want. **Argo Milling Co.**

THERE'S A CHARM ALMOST IRRESISTIBLE

To These Topy Little Sport Coats for Spring!



WHEN COATS are being considered, naturally thoughts are of this store, which long has featured them. Especially is that true this feason, when the woman economically inclined is looking for the best place for her dollars.

For here she will find coats low in price, desirable, too

The short coat has the call, but that does not mean there will be no longer ones worn. The full length garment is always in style.

We have some that are particularly handsome in Tricotine, Gabardine and the attractive Plumette. An inspection now, when the stocks are at their best, is well worth your while.

Shirt Waists and Blouses IN WASH MATERIALS Just in. **Millinery** FOR LADIES AND CHILDREN received each week. **M. E. Ashley & Co.**

Bamber & Watson

FOR **Good Furniture**

Phonographs, Table Lamps, Floor Coverings, Baby Carriages, Wall Paper and Rugs.

MODERN FUNERAL EQUIPMENT.

Service and Quality PHONE 66

NR
TONIGHT—
Tomorrow Afloat!
 NR Tablets stop sick headaches, relieve bilious attacks, tone and regulate the eliminative organs, make you feel fine.
 "Better Than Pills For Liver Ills"

 Get a 25c. Box. Your Druggist

GIDLEY & MAC, Druggists

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.

SAGE AND SULPHUR DARKENS GRAY HAIR
 It's Grandmother's Recipe to Restore Color, Gloss and Attractiveness.
 Almost everyone knows that Sage Tea and Sulphur, properly compounded, brings back the natural color and lustre to the hair when faded, streaked or gray. Years ago the only way to get this mixture was to make it at home, which is messy and troublesome. Nowadays, by asking at any drug store for "Wyeth's Sage and Sulphur Compound," you will get a large bottle of this famous old recipe. Improved by the addition of other ingredients, at a small cost.
 Don't stay gray! Try it! No one can possibly tell that you darkened your hair, as it does it so naturally and evenly. You dampen a sponge or soft brush with it and draw this through your hair, taking one small strand at a time; by morning the gray hair disappears, and after another application or two, your hair becomes beautifully dark, glossy and attractive.
 Wyeth's Sage and Sulphur Compound 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.

What Summer Will Bring



WE know now what summer will bring in the way of clothes for children and the end of Lent ought to see their little wardrobes completed and out of the way. There never was a time when their belongings were more carefully thought out or more tasteful and practical. Designers of little girls' dresses and hats seem to have been inspired and to have turned out apparel that interprets what childhood is—or ought to be—and the result is a lot of simple and dainty, or simple and sturdy clothes, according to the childish demands to be made on them.
 Two good examples of the straight-forward but ingenious modes for girls of eight to thirteen, for every sort of ordinary wear are pictured above. The little dress at the left is made of plain chambray and might be of any of the several cotton materials that are used for substantial summer-dresses. They

all come in pretty colors and are usually made up with collar and cuffs, and sometimes pipings, of white cotton goods. In this chambray dress white bariste answers for the accessories and the narrow frills that edge the collar and cuffs are finished with a picot edge.
 Crossbar dimity or lawn, or a fine gingham will make the other dress successfully with white organdie in the collar and cuffs, or the design can be copied in heavier cottons. The tiny bow of narrow black ribbon at the front of the collar is not to be overlooked because it is everywhere present in the new cotton clothes for both grownups and children.

Julia Bottomley

Hats—"Among Those Present"



BUYING a trousseau is, of course, the most alluring of all shopping, but standing right next to it is the perennial joy of buying a new hat—an event that comes along often in these modern days. When a woman loses interest in her headgear, something has gone very wrong with her, and life has lost a lot of flavor. Some women declare that buying a new hat proves a comfort and an inspiration in time of trial, and is better than medicine; there is a lot in the psychology of clothes—otherwise they would not be worth writing about.
 Now is the season when millinery shops are flourishing, for they are full of enticing spring millinery—in which sports hats occupy more space than ever. But, leaving out this particular line, we find among those present in all displays, hats of which the four shown above are types, and all of them worth considering.
 At the top of the group is a flame-colored model in which a soft shape, made of narrow ribbon and piping braid, provides a hat of much distinction to begin with, finished with a wreath of airy feathers in the same color. It is beautiful in any of the fashionable light shades—just below it at the left is a joy forever in hats, with satin crown and braid trim, the latter having a flounce of waltzes bordered with ribbon draped over it. You can imagine it in leghorn color with garden roses and fine grass completing it—picturesque enough for any time. A delightful street hat of silk, at the right, is considerably trimmed with a wreath of blonde feathers, narrow ribbon and an ornament, in taupe tones. Finally one of the endless varieties that appear in the ribbon hats reveals that they have an important place in the old season's styles. This hat is faced with prun velvet and covered with ribbon loops.

Julia Bottomley

Again the Painted Hat.
 After the artist has laid down his brushes, only a little work remains for the milliner to do on the hat of taupe Panama; merely to adjust the bow and band of French blue moire ribbon and to put in the facing of bright blue. The painter uses colors almost futuristic—yellow, blue, green, rose.

Rann-dom Reels

By HOWARD L. RANN

THE BABY CAB.

THE baby cab is a round-shouldered vehicle which can be used over and over again with satisfactory results, and usually is.
 Very few homes in which babies appear with cheerful regularity attempt to get along without a baby cab. This is because the average baby cannot be carried for any great distance without causing a fond father to wheeze like a leaky accordion. We have often wondered why it is that a wife who is a model in other respects will allow a two-year-old baby to toddle down town, when she is shopping, and then compel the father to turn himself into a human hack by lugging the said baby home with both lungs reaching out for more air at every step.
 In the early dawn of civilization woman was kept in a lower sphere and was obliged to get along without baby cabs and kid curlers and similar luxuries. The Indian wife and mother carried her baby on her back, in a neat crate, which was a sensible and satisfactory arrangement all around. Today, however, we see thousands of embarrassed young husbands compelled by their wives to push a collapsible baby cab through the crowded streets, wearing a sickly look of resigned martyrdom.
 Baby cabs are built in several models, and can be made to accommodate twins or triplets with perfect ease. There is nothing more inspiring to all who love our country and delight to watch it grow than the sight of a



"Ever and Anon Lifting Melodious Voices in Song."

set of chubby triplets reposing in a willow-basket baby cab and ever and anon lifting melodious voices in song. The twin baby cab is also a popular variety, and it can be propelled over frozen ground with less danger of string halt than the triplet type.
 The baby cab, as used in many homes, is a sign of man's bondage to woman, and yet the average husband remains cheerful and uncomplaining, which teaches us that heroism is not always found in high places.

(Copyright)

Just Folks

By EDGAR A. GUEST

MEMORY.

I stood and watched him playing,
 A little lad of three;
 And back to me came straying
 The years that used to be;
 In him the boy was Maying
 Who once belonged to me.

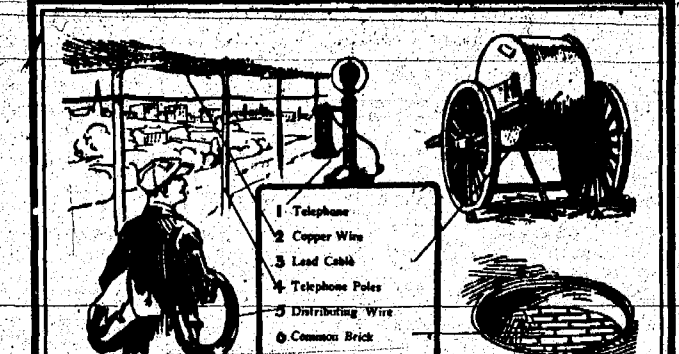
The self-same brown his eyes were
 As those that once I knew;
 As glad and gay his cries were,
 He owned his laughter, too.
 His features bright and size were
 My baby's, through and through.

His ears were those I'd sung to;
 His chubby, little hands
 Were those that I had clung to;
 His hair in golden strands
 It seemed my heart was strung to
 By love's unbroken bands.

With him I lived the old days
 That seem so far away;
 The beautiful and bold days
 When he was here to play;
 The sunny and the gold days
 Of that remembered May.

I know not who he may be
 Not where his home may be,
 But I shall every day be
 In hope again to see
 The image of the baby
 Who once belonged to me.
 (Copyright by Edgar A. Guest.)

MILITANT MARY
 I have no wealth or influence,
 I can't go forth to FIGHT
 But I can fill my own small sphere AND DO MY OWN WORK RIGHT!



A Losing Proposition

The materials that go into the telephone instruments and switchboards, including steel, platinum, tin and other metals, have increased more than 100 per cent; copper wire 55 per cent; outside wire 45 to 55 per cent; and so on.
 Telephone poles that cost us \$5.43 in 1915 are now \$13.05 each, while lead cable has risen from \$1.10 to \$1.55 a foot, brick from \$7.00 to \$22.00 per 1,000, cement from 45c to \$1.00 per sack, crossarms from 54c to \$1.37 each, clay conduit from 2.9 cents to 7.5 cents per foot and teaming from \$4.00 to \$12.00 per day.

Staples used and dealt in every day have risen enormously, of course. Corn in 1915 was 70c a bushel and now is \$1.60; wheat was \$1.25 a bushel and is now selling for \$2.52, while beef sold five years ago at \$11.42 per 100 lbs. compared with \$17.77 today. The retailer of these products has advanced his selling prices to meet increased costs.

The Telephone Company, on the other hand, has been unable to follow this plan. Costs have risen rapidly but rates are regulated by law and have not kept pace, so we have come to a point where we cannot meet the bill. Our income is not sufficient.



MICHIGAN STATE TELEPHONE COMPANY

PROBATE ORDER

STATE OF MICHIGAN, The Probate Court for the County of Charlevoix.
 At a session of said court, held at the probate office, in the city of Charlevoix in said county, on the 3rd day of April A. D. 1920.

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

In the Matter of the Estate of Maggie Barkley, Deceased, Marion Barkley Walker having filed in said court her petition praying that said court adjudicate and determine who were at the time of her 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 twenty-seventh day of April A. D. 1920, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, at said probate office, 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 A. Correll, Judge of Probate.

Statement of the Ownership

Management, Circulation, etc., of The Charlevoix County Herald, published weekly at East Jordan, Michigan, required by the Act of August, 24, 1912.
 Editor and Publisher—G. A. LISK, East Jordan, Mich.
 Owner—G. A. LISK, East Jordan Mich.

Known bondholders, mortgagees, or other security holders, holding one per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities—State Bank of East Jordan.

(Signed) G. A. Lisk, Publisher.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 3rd day of April, 1920.

ANDREW J. SUFFERN, My Commission expires July 28, 1920.

Almost any striking color is appropriate for an automobile.

Edward Thorsen

R. F. D. 3 East Jordan, Mich.

BREEDER AND IMPORTER OF PURE BRED

O. I. C. Swine.

Goodyear Clincher Tires for Smaller Cars

We have a full supply in stock.

We carry Goodyears because they make more satisfied customers.

We offer you a real honest, dependable Service in connection with the sale of tires which enables you to realize their full mileage value.

All other sizes in stock.

East Jordan Lumber Company

They Are Best, But—They Cost No More—Goodyear Heavy Tourist Tubes.

