

Charlevoix County Herald.

Vol. 24

EAST JORDAN, MICHIGAN, FRIDAY, MAY 28, 1920.

No. 22

Rural Schools Class of 1920

List of Charlevoix County Pupils To Receive Diplomas.

At the Township Commencement Exercises, diplomas will be given as follows:

BAY—Ester Fletcher (1st place—Valedictorian), Ralph E. Ford (2nd place), John Schneider, Louise Scornia (3rd place), Violet Stoldt.

BOYNE VALLEY—Gladys Arnold, Bessie Brooks (2nd place), Rena Dargie, Raymond Davis, Frieda Dietze, D. C. Glem, Bertha Harmon, Cecil Locke, Gladys Morton (1st place—Valedictorian), Casimer Paskey, Ash Stewart (3rd place) Victor White.

CHANDLER—Gayle Dye (1st place), Gertrude Hughes (2nd place).

EVANGELINE—Kenneth Brown (1st place).

EVELINE—Marvin Anderson, Orville Boyer, Margery Brown, Rosabelle Lane, Virginia Lehmann (1st place—Valedictorian), Irene Looze, Daniel Lynn, Anita MacDonald (2nd place), Anna Pascal, Marion Russell, Bertha Simmerman, Ralph Sweet, A. J. Wangeman (3rd place) Walter Wurn.

HAYES—Agnes Armstrong, Celia Edna Hunt (2nd place), Robert McClellan, James Smith, Wesley Smith (1st place—Valedictorian), Ruby Webster (3rd place) Clara Winnick, Alice Worth.

MARION—Hazel Beattie, Glen Ingalls, John Krichak (3rd place), Fay Otto (1st place—Valedictorian), Joseph Pesek (2nd place), Ruby Welsh, Charlotte Williams.

MELROSE—Lawrence Brill, Theodore Colton, Marion Ecker, Murray Follette, John Older (1st place—Valedictorian), Evelyn Sherk, Margaret Sherk (3rd place) Julia Strickler (2nd place).

NORWOOD—Anna Jones (1st place—Valedictorian), Josephine Rebidew, Margaret Swartout (2nd place) Jiles Warner (3rd place) Clyde Warner.

SOUTH ARM—Minnie Gineush, Russell Duffey, Barton Henry, Dorcas Hipp, Ina Hutton (1st place—Valedictorian), Theodore LaCroix, Jesse Lawton, Azalia Liskum, Gerald Nice, Eva Olney (3rd place) Merritt Shaw, Sarah Sherman (2nd place).

WILSON—Eva Barber, Harry Chorpene (3rd place) Ralph Collins, Willard Gould, LeRoy Martin, Edna Reinhardt, Ivan Nowland (1st place—Valedictorian), Anna Shepard, Arthur Walton (2nd place) Muriel Walton, Fred Zoulek.

BEAVER ISLAND—Mary Boyle (3rd place) Catherine Gallagher (First—Valedictorian), Consuela Gillespie, Violet McCafferty, Edgar O'Donnell (2nd place) Arthur Pischner.

COUNTY VALEDICTORIANS—1st Place, Fay Otto, Marion Township; 2nd Place, Catherine Gallagher; Beaver Island; 3rd Place, Virginia Lehmann, Eveline Township.

WINNER IN STATE FAIR TEST (Awarded trip to Detroit, expenses paid.)—First Place, Glen Ingalls, Marion Township; Second Place (alternate), Theodore LaCroix, South Arm.

Lesson to Be Remembered.

The presence of the veterans of the world war with boyish faces gives a fresh impulse and renewed strength to our Memorial day exercises, and as should it stir a new devotion to the things for which these men fought and for which their brothers died. World freedom was won by them upon the battlefield, but if its fruits are not to wither and decay they must be preserved by us. The meaning of their sacrifices must be taught in our homes, in our schools and in our churches as well as in our memorial exercises. Thus only can we raise up a generation which shall translate those ideals into law and custom for the blessing of mankind.

Worthy of All Tribute.

In France today people, regardless of race, are strewing new graves with flowers and their eyes are misty with the tears of thanksgiving that the terrible conflict is over. Right again has triumphed, and with that triumph come the fresh responsibilities as well as the fresh courage to meet them and to make our tortured world a better place in which to live; a better place in which to die. Soldiers of all the ages, their sleep is sweeter today for the sincere tribute that we pay them.

Wooing by Temperature.

A West Dallas widow says the reason she broke her last engagement was because her fiancé was a doctor who wanted to keep a thermometer in her mouth while he held her hand.—Dallas News.

Senior Play Great Success

Big Audience Hugely Enjoyed Cleverness of Class of 1920.

The Class of 1920 of the East Jordan High School, because of their many achievements is naturally expected to do things unusually well, but at the senior play, Temple Theater, last Monday night, they fairly outdid themselves. The play was a college farce and from start to finish the audience was in a continuous uproar. There were four-teen characters in the play and every one of the fourteen parts was cleverly played. The play was full of actions and one humorous and bewildering circumstance followed another in rapid succession throughout the entire evening. It is impossible to name any one character or part that stood above the others so well were they all played.

Nugata, The Japanese servant, played by Charles Ashley, was cleverly done because of the unsuspecting difficulty of the part. Two seniors in college, played by Conard Hughes and Sherman White, were screams from start to finish. Glenn Lane played the part of a college freshman in a very commendable manner while Carl Elispn acted the part of a college professor like a veteran. Elsie Johnson played the part of Mrs. Wiggins, the college landlady, in a manner that refreshed the memories of all present who had ever had the experience of rooming-house days in school. Of course there had to be winsome girls in the play and Geneva VanDeventer, Eleanor McBride and Eleanore Harmon fitted into these dainty parts in a manner hard to improve on. Will Donaldson acted the proud father of Tom Harrington to perfection while Richard Malpass made a very typical western miner of wealth. Jennie Franseth, a college shopkeeper, Robert Barnette, a professor, and Wesley Woods, a college collector of bills rounded out the play with acting equally as good as the others.

The Class of 1920 will long be remembered for this excellent play alone. The gross receipts of the play were \$238.00 which makes it a record breaker performance.

HIGH POTATO PRICES CALL FOR GOOD SEED

East Lansing, May 25th—That high potato prices make seed treatment vital this year in the planting of Michigan's tuber crop, is the opinion of Dr. G. H. Coons, plant disease expert at the Michigan Agricultural College. Because of expensive seed and the general scarcity of labor, farmers of the state will have to pin their faith to increased per acre production, and proper treatment of the potato planting stock is necessary to guarantee a full stand of the crop.

"With seed potatoes worth \$4.00 or more a bushel, Michigan farmers face the prospect of planting from \$30 to \$60 worth of seed to the acre this year," says Dr. Coons. "Fortunately potatoes have become a safe money crop, without the danger of destructive price reductions such as prevailed in 1912, but even so the farmer cannot afford to take chances with his high priced seed. Proper treatment of the tubers before planting is absolutely necessary if the grower wishes to safeguard his crops against Scab and Black Scurf.

"Two methods of treatment are open to the farmer. The first is to treat with formaldehyde, soaking the uncut seed from one-half hour to one and one-half hours in a solution made with one pint of formaldehyde in thirty gallons of water. This is the cheapest treatment and a speedy one, but with it the tubers must be sorted before cutting and all showing Black Scurf thrown out, for the treatment does not control Black Scurf.

"For those who wish a treatment where no sorting is necessary, the corrosive sublimate treatment is recommended. In this four ounces of corrosive sublimate (a deadly poison) is dissolved in a little hot water and added to thirty gallons of water. Potatoes are soaked in this for one-half hour to an hour and a half. An ounce of corrosive sublimate must be added to the treating bath after each batch is dipped, in order to keep the solution up to strength. This treatment gets both diseases at once.

"It is unsafe with either treatment to leave the tubers in the treatment bath for longer than a one-and-a-half or two-hour period.



PROGRAM MONDAY, MAY 31ST, 1920

FORENOON

9:45—Assembly of G. A. R. and W. R. C. at the Post rooms.
10:00—March to Bridge.
10:15—Services at Bridge.

NOON

Basket Dinner at Armory.

AFTERNOON

1:30—Assembly of G. A. R., W. R. C., American Legion, Ex-soldiers and Sailors, and School Children at G. A. R. rooms on State-st.
1:45—March to The Inn.

SERVICES AT THE INN

2:00 1—Star Spangled Banner..... Band
2—Invocation..... Rev. Fr. Bierens
3—Legion Services..... Post
4—Recitation..... Miss Inez Colden
5—Music..... Band
6—Address..... Rev. Merrell of Boyne City
7—Music.....
8—Address..... Att'y E. N. Clink
9—Music.....
10—Gettysburg Address..... Paul Franseth
11—America.....
12—March to Cemetery..... American Legion

NOTE—In case of inclement weather, afternoon services will be held at Temple Theatre.
All ex-soldiers are requested to meet in uniform at the Armory at the dinner hour.

Director of Ceremonies..... M. R. Keyworth
Marshal..... Henry W. Cook

A Proclamation by the Mayor

Monday, May 31st, is the day set aside for the observation of Memorial Day and throughout the United States fitting services will be held in memory of the departed soldier and sailor heroes of this country.

It is expected that as a mark of respect, all places of business in the city of East Jordan will close at ten o'clock in the morning and remain closed throughout the balance of the day and all business men are hereby requested to keep their places of business closed during this portion of the day.

DWIGHT L. WILSON, Mayor.

BRITISH TO STAY IN TURKEY

Government Cancels Decision to Withdraw Troops After Non-Moslem Massacres.

Constantinople.—Decision to withdraw British troops from Batum has been cancelled, according to information received here. Circulars urging that attacks on non-Moslem people be prevented have been sent to the provincial authorities by the Ottoman minister of the interior. He bases his appeal on the ground that such attacks prejudice the good disposition of the powers toward Turkey. The circular is a result of a warning from the British high commissioners who declared that failure of the Turks to accord non-Moslem elements adequate protection would lead to a modification of the supreme council's most recent decision regarding Constantinople which would be less favorable to the Turks.

That Busy Stork.

Elizabeth is a clever, observing little girl. A few months ago a baby brother came into the family, and it was only explained to her that the stork brought it. On her birthday, when she was admitted to the room where her gifts were displayed, she spied a large doll sitting on a little chair. She regarded it attentively for a moment, then remarked as if to herself: "If that stork hasn't been here again!"

WHAT IS YOUR WIFE WORTH?

London Judge Says It's a Question Requiring Much Thought as Reserve Judgment.

London.—What is the cash value of a wife? Is a question which agitated the London divorce court for a time. Counsel for the husband in a case, arguing on the question of damages, said that "the old theory that a wife was a chattel and that the jury had to award damages to the owner of the property still holds true with some slight modification." "Then you call her a quasi-chattel," said the judge. The court found the matter too heavy for hasty decision and reserved judgment.

Black and White Wed.

London.—Black and White were the names of the bride and bridegroom at a North London wedding. The name of the best man was Brown.

HELPED MAN AND WIFE

Walter Farrand, 1083 Springfield Ave., Irvington, N. J., writes: "My back ached continuously, as did my wife's." After taking Foley Kidney Pills, we were surprised with the quick results. I recommend them to any one who has kidney or bladder trouble." Hite's Drug Store. adv.

It isn't always the coat that makes the man; sometimes it's the padding.

E. J. Crossman Passes Away

Formerly Identified With East Jordan Business Interest.

E. J. Crossman passed away at his home in Grand Rapids Tuesday, May 25th, following an illness extending over several years.

Mr. Crossman was traffic manager of the East Jordan & Southern Railroad, making his home in this city and identifying himself with our city's business and social life. Prior to his service here, he was with the Pere Marquette Railroad.

He was a member of East Jordan Lodge No. 379, F. & A. M.

Besides his widow, he leaves a son, Earle L. Crossman; a daughter, Mrs. Robert MacFarland, of Lake Gogebic, Mich., a brother, Clarence W. Crossman, formerly of Grand Rapids, and a sister, Mrs. Mary Lynch. Deceased was 62 years of age.

Funeral services were held from his residence Thursday afternoon with interment at Oakhill cemetery, Grand Rapids.

COMMANDERS OLD AND YOUNG

Interesting Comparison of Great Leaders of the World Conflict and Our Civil War.

The French correspondent of the Army and Navy Journal, J. B. Gautreau, comments on the maturity, not to say advanced age, of the generals victorious in war. Of the three marshals, 118 generals of divisions and 251 generals of brigades in the French active service, the youngest of the brigade generals is forty-four; the youngest general of division is fifty; all the army group commanders are beyond sixty. It is a contrast, Mr. Gautreau says, with the wars of the French Revolution, which brought to prominence generals who were scarcely more than twenty-five, such as Bonaparte, Hoche, Pichegru, and other great soldiers.

It is not necessary to go back so far as that to find groups of military commanders comparatively young. Our own Civil War supplies enough. To mention the oldest of the prominent generals on the Union side, Hooker was forty-nine when Lee beat him at Chancellorsville; Meade, forty-seven at Antietam; Sheridan thirty-three when he galloped to Winchester. Of the Confederate leaders, Albert Sidney Johnston was fifty-eight and Lee and Joe Johnston were fifty-four when the war began; Longstreet was forty. Stonewall Jackson, whose board and pety are to the schoolboy evidences of extreme age, was only thirty-nine when he was killed at Chancellorsville. Hood was but thirty-three when he took command against Sherman.

MEMORIAL FLAGS.

On this Memorial day when o'er The soldiers' graves we strew The lilac and the budding rose, And daisy gammed with dew, Our thoughts revert with grief and pride To those beyond the sea Who lost their young, heroic lives Defending Liberty.

We cannot deck with garlands sweet The places where they rest, Nor moisten with our tears the earth Upon each gallant breast; But let us to the gentle winds Our service flags unfold, And hang a fadeless laurel wreath O'er every star of gold. —MINNA IRVING.

Day of Sacred Memories.

So the day is a twin festival, dedicated to brave men and true patriots, who in great crises did their duty with a courage and devotion that will ever be a reproach to civilian slackness, and should be an inspiration to more faithful and unselfish service. Only so can the American people make good their "resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain." It ought not to be difficult to serve and be loyal to a country for which gallant men were content—and proud—to lay down their lives, whether in the Virginia or the Argonne wilderness. So we come to another Memorial day.

Day Belongs to All Heroes.

This day of American consecration is for the heroes of all of America's wars, the living and the dead, those who laid down their lives and those who offered the supreme sacrifice but were spared to a later generation.

The Marchers

By T. C. HARBAUGH
(Copyright, 1918, Western Newspaper Union.)



A tattered flag with a riven star
At the head of a thin blue line,
A muffled drum says "Here they come—
The men of the oak and the pine."

Fame weaves a wreath for the marchers old
Whose locks are as white as the snow—
A wreath that is plucked by loving hands
On the fields of the long ago.

They all recall, 'neath the flags that wave,
The deeds they did in their prime,
And hearts beat fast as they go past
Down the avenues of Time;
They thrill at thought of the captured hill,
The old, old camps they see,
And they march again o'er shot-term plains,
On, on to victory.

They live in the Nation's heart to-day,
Enshrined in a People's love,
The waving grass beneath their feet,
The arching skies above;
No trumpet's blare disturbs them now,
No long roll breaks their rest,
As on they march with heads erect,
Our bravest and our best.

Their pride is in the land they saved
On many a field of fame,
Their thoughts are with their comrades dead,
Each one they love to name;
As on they march let flowers fall,
Hats off to the thin blue line!
"They come, they come!" says the muffled drum,
"The men of the oak and the pine."

Before them rise toward the skies
Life's last and grim redoubt,
And countless tears will fall when all
Are finally mustered out;
A tattered flag with a riven star
Is a symbol of deeds well done,
And our brave will live on the roll of Fame
As long as the rivers run.

Indian Silk.

There are 1,000,000 persons in India engaged in the production of silk. Caterpillars and moths of the mulberry silk industry of India are entirely domesticated creatures.

HE WANTS TO HELP OTHERS

"I had such an awful cold," writes Russell Deckwa, 631 Chestnut St., Topeka, Kan. "Foley's Honey and Tar Compound helped me wonderfully. I hope this reaches others and helps them as it did me." Get the genuine Hite's for coughs, colds, croup and whooping cough. Hite's Drug Store. adv.

The AMERICAN LEGION

ALONG WITH THE NATIONAL SERVICE MEN

THE LINE OF MARCH



(Copy for This Department Supplied by National Headquarters of the American Legion)

TELLS OF LEGION'S PROGRESS

National Commander D'Olier Makes Clear Wonderful Work Accomplished in Only One Year.

Addressing a large audience of members of the American Legion and their friends, in Indianapolis recently, Franklin D'Olier, National Commander of the American Legion, gave the following explanation of the organization and purposes of the legion.

It was only a little over a year ago, in France, that all were asking what kind of a veterans' organization we should have, corresponding to the G. A. R. and the Confederate Veterans. We had all seen the wonderful spirit of those in the service and we thought it would be more than unfortunate if that spirit were allowed to die out. It, therefore, was decided to form a great veterans' organization to which every person would be eligible, who was in service, regardless of whether he were an officer or enlisted man, and whether he served in this country or France.

The movement was started on the fifteenth of March, last year, only a year ago. In a year's time from that small beginning it has become an organization with an active organization in every state of the Union, with some 8,500 posts and a membership well over a million.

Why is it that the American Legion in such a short time has grown so rapidly? The reason is simply this: That it was formed for the purpose of keeping alive that spirit of service which we all know about. And that spirit of service is service to our country and service to our comrades.

When we were over there, we saw ourselves the radical tendencies in France. We heard from officers coming from England of the radical tendencies in England, and we heard there was some concern in this country as to what might happen when over four million men were demobilized. We made up our minds the first service we should render to our country as civilians would be to see to it that this government, this country that we were protecting against the enemy, we would protect against the foes within.

You have heard a great deal about the stand of the American Legion for law and order. That stand for law and order has done more for our country than most of us realize.

I was talking a short time ago to a member of a foreign embassy and he was discussing the American Legion, and he said:

"Do you realize most of the disorder and lawlessness in our country is caused by ex-service men, whereas in your country you have your ex-service men putting down lawlessness and disorder?"

I was talking in Washington in the office of the military intelligence of the war department which is connected with the attorney general's office, and they both told me that the greatest central factor in curbing the activities of the reds and the radicals who would overturn our government by force was the American Legion. Those who would overturn our government by force know they can only do so by force and the only great group of citizens who recognize fully the power of force are the ex-service men who were fighting force with force. And when they appreciated the fact that there were 8,500 posts throughout the country and not a locality of any size, but what had an American Legion post, and that it was a rallying point around which the ex-service men can gather in case of lawlessness, and that through the legion all service men would stop the attempts of the radicals—that has turned the tide and made an improvement since last summer.

Let me give you an illustration of the soundness of their judgment. When the steel strike began in a town in Ohio, the posts called a meeting and they offered their services to the mayor. The mayor immediately swore in about two hundred, one hundred he held in reserve and the other hundred he put patrolling the residence section.

The next day the labor union called a meeting for the purpose of denouncing the legion for strike breaking. The head of the American Legion post happened to be a union man and he went to the meeting and he explained just exactly what they were doing. That they were taking no part whatever in the controversy and were simply interested in the protection of their homes and those of the union workers.

"You are loyal patriotic American citizens. So are we. We are interested in the same things, and therefore, this meeting which you have called for the purpose of denouncing the American Legion when you understand what we are trying to do, to

protect your homes from disorders, for which you will not be responsible—we are trying to protect your homes as well as our own."

As a result of this very frank statement by the post commander the meeting of organized labor approved the action of the legion, and there was no disorder whatever in that community.

This is a small thing and yet it shows just what the American Legion is trying to do. You need have no fear about the stand of the American Legion for law and order. That is one point upon which every member of the American Legion is pledged and is one thing on which we agree unanimously, the maintenance of law and order in this country, and in that way we hope to serve our country.

In addition we are going to serve our comrades through mutual helpfulness. We will see that the dependents of those who made the supreme sacrifice are taken care of—that those disabled physically are properly cared for.

Unfortunately, although a year had elapsed since the signing of the armistice, congress had not done what it should have done for the disabled men. The American Legion called a meeting in Washington last December, and explained what they thought was fair treatment to the disabled men, that they might not be objects of charity of a private character, and legislation which we considered Monday morning was actually passed by both houses by Saturday afternoon, because what the American Legion asked was fair and just, and congress knew it had the support of the entire country. And as a result a man can now live on the compensation he receives from his government where he has become physically disabled.

We are now asking congress to do something for those of our comrades handicapped financially because of their service in the army or navy. We have been criticized for doing this on the basis that we were putting a price on our patriotism, due to the fact that anyone making that statement does not appreciate the situation.

I understand it is a historical fact that George Washington, the father of our country, received a grant of several thousand acres of land from this country, in recognition of his service during the revolution. No one has ever criticized the father of our country as having put a price on his patriotism.

Referring to a recent illustration; when this country appreciated what Admiral Dewey had done, by popular subscription they presented him with a house, and no one ever said that Admiral Dewey had put a price on his patriotism.

The ex-service men in what they are asking for beneficial legislation is that this country shall merely help them overcome the disadvantages incidental to their military and naval service. We have suggested a four-fold optional plan, covering land settlement, home aid, vocational training, and, for those who are not able to avail themselves of any one of those three, an adjustment in their compensation based on length of service. The American Legion every time it refers to this legislation has asked congress to make it as liberal as is consistent with the welfare of the country, and no one is in position to take exception to a statement like that.

The American legion knows that while we were in France our strength in the face of the enemy was not the strength of the two million men in France, or the strength of the two million men in the states. But it was the strength of the hundred million Americans back of those four million of us in service. We were the spear point; the hundred million patriotic Americans back of us were the shaft and the strength.

The American legion realizes that its future usefulness for good in this country will depend on the support and approval we get from the hundred million other Americans, and we know we could do nothing without your support, and you may rest assured in all our acts we shall see to it that we keep constantly in mind the one hundred million other Americans who are just as patriotic and just as loyal as we are.

Sherman Was Wrong.

The night the armistice was signed was a wild one in Paris. All restrictions were off. Every one was happy and saluted every one else French fashion as they met on the boulevards. All American soldiers were kissed to their beards' content. Buttons and oversens caps were stolen by the souveniring mademoiselles. Along toward midnight up the Boulevard des Italiens staggered a big black colored boy. His button was open to the breeze, all his buttons gone, and his head bare. Evidently his cap had also gone to swell some one's collection. As he turned one corner, two chic mademoiselles grabbed him, one kissed him on one cheek and one on the other. It was too much for the darkey. Throwing both arms in the air, he cried fervently: "O Lord! what Mistah Sherman said about war's a lie! Dis sho' must be hebbin'!"

Feeding the Bedridden.

Administering liquid food or medicine to persons lying on their backs in bed is difficult, even for a trained nurse. A novel hospital drinking glass overcomes this difficulty, says Popular Mechanics Magazine. The lower portion of the vessel is similar in shape to an ordinary tumbler. On top of this is a tapering hood, which is provided with an eccentrically placed slanting opening. If not more than half filled the device can be held in a nearly horizontal position without spilling the contents.

Customs Worth Preserving.

In Bavaria, before the war at least, there were all sorts of kindly little celebrations and other things which made life friendlier and more pleasant. If an employee had remained in the same place for five, seven, ten years, etc., his employer frequently gave him a sort of little jubilee celebration. Nor did the employees forget the chief's birthday or "nameday." Nothing expensive—a glass or two of wine, a cake, a little friendly speech.

Wedding Superstitions.

The popularity of June for weddings is due to the pretty omen that Juno takes an especial interest in marriage and she protects and blesses all who are wedded in June. The girl who becomes a bride on Christmas day has nothing to fear. If a widow marries a second time in the same month in which she was married before, she will be a widow twice.



TONIGHT— Tomorrow Afloat

NR Tablets stop sick headaches, relieve bilious attacks, loosen and regulate the eliminative organs, make you feel fine.

"Better Than Pills For Liver Use"



Get a 25c. Box.

GIDLEY & MAC, Druggists

Animals as Weather Prophets.

Few beliefs are older or more widely spread than that animals, and especially wild animals, have foreknowledge of what the weather is to be, and something that animals to such foreknowledge many of them doubtless do possess, but there is no reason, and only poor excuses, for assuming that there is a source of information accurate enough and of application remote enough to give any appreciable extension to the weather bureau's prognostications.—Exchange.

How Fish Eat.

When a codfish eats it takes an eye-sticker in its mouth, cracks the shell. Crabs crack the shells of their smaller neighbors and suck out their meat. This accounts for the mounds of shells which are found beneath the waves. And, as further illustrating the constant destruction going on in the oceans' depth, it is said that if a ship sinks at sea it will be eaten by the fish with the exception of its metal portions.

Birds That Speak.

Ravens, crows and magpies are all better speakers than parrots. They are not so versatile and the sounds they utter are less varied, but their voices and articulation are far more human. A crow's talk in the next room may easily be mistaken for that of a person. Parrots are the best imitators—that is to say, they mimic whistling and other noises, particularly laughing, to admiration. It has been remarked that their voices in speaking are like that of a crazy person.

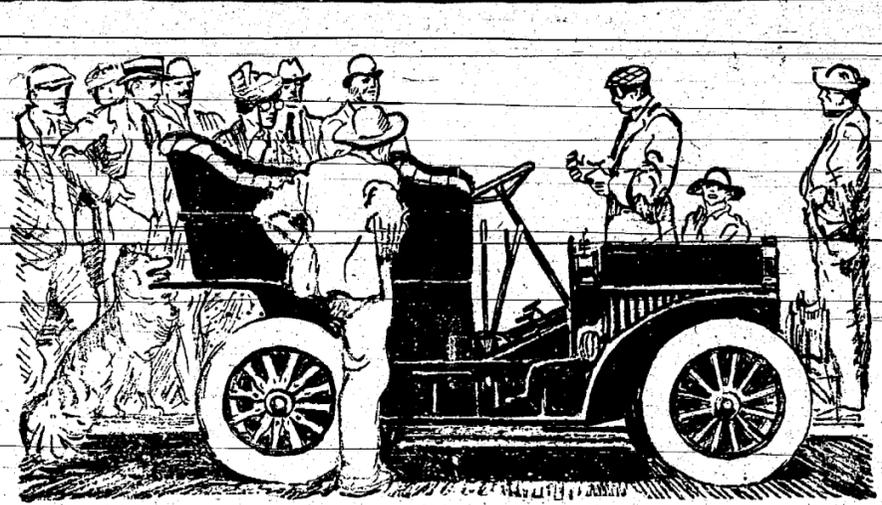
Lead and Steel.

Lead is said to act like steel at ordinary temperatures in liquid air. It will serve as a helical spring, for example. This behavior of soft non-elastic metals is interesting. It shows how very important temperature is. Just as iron is soft and inelastic at a high red color, so lead is dull and soft at ordinary temperatures, for it is well on its way to be melted.

GLASS OF SALTS IF YOUR KIDNEYS HURT

Not less meet if you feel Restless or have Bladder trouble—Salts fine for Kidneys.

Most forms uric acid which collect and clog the kidneys in their efforts to filter it from the system. Regular users of most must flush the kidneys occasionally. You must relieve them like you relieve your bowels, removing all the acids, waste and poisons, also you feel a dull misery in the kidney region, sharp pains in the back or sick headache, dizziness, your stomach aches, tongue is coated and when the weather is bad you have rheumatic twinges. The urine is cloudy, full of sediment; the channels often get irritated, obliging you to get up two or three times during the night. To neutralize these irritating acids and flush off the body's urinous waste get about four ounces of Jad Salts from any pharmacy; take a tablespoonful in a glass of water before breakfast for a few days and your kidneys will then act fine and bladder disorders disappear. This famous salts is made from the acid of grapes and lemon juice, combined with lithia, and has been used for generations to clean and stimulate sluggish kidneys and stop bladder irritation. Jad Salts is inexpensive; harmless and makes a delightful effervescent lithia-water drink which millions of men and women take now and then, thus avoiding serious kidney and bladder diseases.



They used to call a man a "sport" when he bought an automobile

THAT was before the days when pretty nearly everybody owned one—or could, if he wanted to.

There was a lot of waste about motoring in those days. A man spent a lot of money on his car and never thought very much about what he was getting in return.

When a man buys a tire nowadays he has a pretty definite idea of what he expects to get out of it.

The dealer who sells him one that gives him less than he expects isn't likely to get any more of his business.

That's one of the reasons why we handle U. S. Tires—and recommend them to the

motorists of this community.

The U. S. reputation for quality is not built on any one tire.

There is not one standard for large U. S. Tires and another standard for small ones.

Every tire that bears the name "U. S." is built the best way its makers know how to build it. The oldest and largest rubber concern in the world cannot afford to play favorites in seeking its public.

Come in and tell us what you are looking for in tires.

We can probably tell you whether you need a U. S. Nobby, Chain, Usco, Plain, or a Royal Cord.

Select your tires according to the roads they have to travel: In sandy or hilly country, wherever the going is apt to be heavy—The U. S. Nobby.



For ordinary country roads—The U. S. Chain or Usco. For front wheels—The U. S. Plain. For best results—everywhere—U. S. Royal Cord.

United States Tires

EAST JORDAN LUMBER COMPANY

The Strange Case of Cavendish

By **RANDALL PARRISH**

Author of "The Devil's Own," "My Lady of the North," etc.

Copyright, by Randall Parrish

(Continued)

He had no clearly defined plan, only a desire to learn exactly what was being done. The office beyond the shaft was lighted, although the faint gleam was only dimly revealed along the edge of lowered curtains concealing the interior. However, this evidence that some one was within served to attract Westcott's attention and he crept around, under the shadow of the dump, and approached the farther corner. He could perceive now two men on the hoisting platform and hear the growl of their voices, but without being able to distinguish speech. Revolver in hand, he made the round of the building to assure himself that no guard had been posted there, then chose the window farthest away from the shaft and endeavored to look in.

The heavy green curtain extended to the sill, but was slit in one corner. With his eye close to this slight opening he gained a partial glimpse of the interior. There were three men in the room, and Westcott drew a quick breath of surprise as he recognized the two faces fronting him—Bill Lacy at the desk, a pipe in his mouth, his feet elevated on a convenient chair, and Beaton, leaning back against the wall, apparently half asleep with his eyes closed. The third man was facing Lacy, but concealed by the stove; he seemed to be doing the talking, and held a paper in his hand resembling a map. Suddenly he rose to his feet and bent over the edge of the desk, and Westcott knew him—Enright!

Desperately determined to learn what was being said, the valiant thrust the heavy blade of his jackknife beneath the ill-fitting window sash and succeeded in noiselessly lifting it a scant half inch. He bent lower, the speaker's voice clearly audible through the narrow opening. "There was a dead man back East, wasn't there?"

"What difference does that make?" "None, particularly, except to naturally increase the worth of my services. I'm not squeamish about stiffs, but I like to know what I am doing. What are you holding on to this other fellow for?"

Enright walked nervously across the room, chewing at his cigar, only to come back and face his questioner. "Well, I suppose I might as well tell you, he said almost savagely. 'You're in too deep already to wiggle out. We made rather a mess of it in New York, and only a bit of luck helped us through. We had the plans ready for three months, but nothing occurred to give us a chance. Then all at once Cavendish got his first telegram from Westcott and decided to pull out, not telling anyone where he was going. He employed me to draw the will, and told me he planned to leave the city for some time. As soon as I could I told the others over the phone, and we got busy.'

Lacy stared incredulously. "And there hasn't been no killin'?" Enright shook his head. "Not by any of us."

"Then how about that dead man in New York—the one that was buried for Cavendish? Oh, I read about that. Beaton showed it to me in the paper."

"That's the whole trouble," Enright answered gravely. "I do not know who he was, or how he came there. All I know is, he was not Frederick Cavendish. But his being found there dead in Cavendish's apartments, and identified, puts us in an awful hole, if the rest of this affair should ever become known. Do you see? The charge would be murder, and how are we going to hold the real Cavendish alive, and not have it come out?"

"The other one—the stiff—wasn't Cavendish?" "Certainly not; you know where Cavendish is."

"I never saw Fred Cavendish; I wouldn't know him from Adam's ox-cox. I've got the fellow Beaton turned over to me."

"Well, he's the man; the dead one isn't."

"How do you know?" "Because Frederick Cavendish bought and signed a round-trip ticket to Los Angeles, and boarded the midnight train. My man reported that to me, and Beaton just had time to catch the same train before it pulled out. Isn't that true, Ned?"

"Yes, it is, and I never left him."

"But," insisted Lacy stubbornly, "did you see the dead one?"

"Yes. I kept away from the inquest, but attended the funeral to get a glance at his face. It seemed too strange to be true. The fellow wasn't Cavendish; I'd swear to that, but he did look enough like him to fool anybody who had no suspicions aroused. Dammit, it's spooky, the very thought of it."

"But you saw a difference?" "Because I looked for it; I never would have otherwise. But anyway, I was already convinced that he was not the man. I am not sure what I should have thought if I had met him alive upon the street."

Lacy appeared amused, crossing the room, and expectorating into the open stove. "You fellows make me laugh," he said grimly. "I am hardly idiot enough to be taken in by that sort of old wives' tale. However, if that is your story, stick to it—but if you were to ever tell it in court, it would take a jury about five minutes to bring in their verdict. Let's get to business. You want me to help out in a sort of accident, I presume—a fall over a cliff, or the premature discharge of blasting powder; these things are quite common out here. And to prevent any stir at this end, before you fellows get hold of the stuff, you want me to call off my working gang and let Westcott alone. Come, now, speak up."

"Yes," acknowledged Enright. "I don't care so much for Westcott, but I want things kept quiet." Lacy whistled a few bars, his hands thrust deep into his trouser pockets. Then, after a few minutes' cogitation, he resumed: "All right then; we'll take it as it lies. The only question unsettled, Enright, is—what is all this worth to me?"

CHAPTER VII.

Miss La Rue Pays a Call.

Some slight noise caused Westcott to straighten up, and turn partially around. He had barely time to fling up one arm in the warding off of a blow. The next instant was one of mad, desperate struggle, in which he realized only that he dare not relax his grip on the wrist of his unknown antagonist. It was a fierce, intense grapple, every muscle strained to the utmost, silent except for the stamping of feet, deadly in purpose.

Twice Westcott drove his clenched right into the shadowed face, smashing it the last time so hard the man's grip relaxed, and he went staggering back. With a leap forward, the battle fury on him, Westcott closed before the other could regain position. Again the clenched fist struck and the fellow went down in the darkness, whirling backward to the earth—and lay there, motionless.

An instant, panting, breathless, scarcely yet comprehending what had occurred, the victor stared at the huddled figure, his arm drawn back. Then he became aware of excitement within, the sound of voices, the tramp of feet on the floor, the sudden opening of a door. A gleam of light shot out, revealing the figures of men. With one spring he was across the shapeless form on the ground, and had vanished into the darkness beyond.

Lacy was first to reach the unconscious body, stumbling over it in the black shadow, as he rushed forward, revolver in hand. He cursed, rising to his knees, and staring about in the silent darkness.

"There's a man lying here—dead, likely. Bring a light. No, the fellow is alive. Dammit, it's Moore. Here you—what happened?"

The fellow groaned, opened his eyes, and looked about dazedly.

"There—there was a fellow at that window there. I—I saw him from be-

hind."

Again the clenched fist struck.

low, and crept up behind, but he turned around just as I struck."

"He was at that window, you say?" "Yes; kneeling down like he was lookin' into the room. Oh, Lord!"

Lacy crunched over to the side of the shack, and bent down to get a better view. His fingers came in contact with the knife which upheld the

man, and he plucked it out, holding it up into the beam of light passing through the rent in the torn curtain. He stared at the curiously carved handle intently.

"That's Jim Westcott's jack-knife. He's been listening to all we said. Now we are up against it."

"What's that?" The question came from Enright, still at the corner of the house, unable to tell what had happened.

"Westcott has been here listening to our talk. He pried up the window with his knife, so he could hear. Moore caught him, and got knocked out."

"He—he heard our talk in—in there," repeated the dazed lawyer, his lips trembling. "And—has got away? Good heavens! man, where has he gone? After the sheriff?"

Lacy stared at him through the darkness, and burst into a roar of unrestrained laughter.

"What? Jim Westcott? The sheriff? Well, hardly at this stage of the game. That's your way down East, no doubt, but out in this country the style is different. No, sir, Westcott isn't after any sheriff. In the first place he hasn't any evidence. He knows a thing or two, but he can't prove it; and if we move faster than he does we'll block his game—see?"

"What do you mean?"

"Lacy leaned forward, and hissed his answer into Enright's ear.

"Put Cavendish where he can't get at him. There's no other chance. If Jim Westcott ever finds that fellow alive our goose is cooked. And we've got the advantage—we know where the man is."

"And Westcott doesn't?" "Exactly, but he will know. He'll comb these hills until he finds the trail—that's Jim Westcott. Come on back inside, both of you, and I'll tell you my plan."

The door closed behind them, shutting out the yellow glow, and leaving the hillside black and lonely.

Miss Donovan did not go down to supper. Beaton waited some time in the office, his eyes on the stairs, but she failed to appear, and he lacked the necessary courage to seek her in her own room. Then Enright called him and compelled his attendance. The absence of the girl was not caused from any lack of appetite, as she subsidized the Chinaman to smuggle her a supply of food by way of the back stairs, which she ate with decided relish, but she had no desire to show any anxiety regarding a meeting with the newcomers.

Her newspaper experience had given her some knowledge of human nature and she felt convinced that her task of extracting information would be greatly simplified if these people sought her company first. She was at the window when some one rapped at the door. She arose to her feet, and took a step or two forward, her heart beating swifter.

"Come in."

The door opened, and the light from the windows revealed Miss La Rue, rather tastefully attired in green silk, her blond hair fluffed artfully, and a dainty patch of black court-plaster adorning one cheek.

"Pardon me, please," the voice somewhat high-pitched, "but they told me downstairs you were from New York."

"Yes, that is my home; won't you come in?"

"Sure I will. Why I was so lonesome in this hole I simply couldn't stand it any longer. I know your name; it's Stella Donovan—well, mine is Celeste La Rue."

"A—very pretty name; rather unusual. Are you French?"

The other laughed, crossing her feet carelessly, and extracting a cigarette case from a handbag.

"French? Well, I guess not. My dad's name was Capley, and I answered this other when I was on the stage. It tickles the Johnnies, and sounds better than Sadie Capley; you liked it yourself?"

"It is better adapted to that purpose—you are an actress then?"

"Well, nobody ever said so. I can dance and sing a bit, and know how to wear clothes. Tell me; when were you in New York?"

"About a month ago."

"Well, didn't you see the Revue?" "The last one? Certainly."

"That's where I shone—second girl on the right in the chorus, and I was in the eccentric dance with Joe Stearns; some hit—what?"

"Yes, I remember now; they called you the Red Fairy—because of your ruby ring. What in the world ever brought you out here?"

Celeste laughed, a cloud of smoke curling gracefully above her blonde hair.

"Some joke, isn't it? Well, it's no engagement at the Good Luck dance hall yonder, you can bet on that. The fact is I've quit the business, and am going to take a flyer in mining."

"Mining? That sounds like money in these days. They tell me there is no place making any longer, and that it requires a fortune to develop. I wouldn't suppose a chorus girl—"

"Oh, pahaw!" and Miss La Rue leaned forward, a bright glow on each cheek. "There are more ways of making money in New York than drawing a salary. I've caught on to a few things in the last five years. It pays better to be Celeste La Rue than it ever did to be Sadie Capley. Do you get me?"

Miss Donovan nodded. Her acquaintance with New York fast life supplied all necessary details, and it was quite evident this girl had no sense of shame. Instead she was rather proud of the success she had achieved.

"I imagine you are right," she admitted pleasantly. "So you found a better? A mining man?"

"Not on your life. None of your wild west for me. As soon as some business is straightened out here, it's back to Broadway."

(Continued to Sixth Page)

SPRING HARDWARE

EVERYTHING FOR THE GARDEN

GOOD STEEL

Hoes and Rakes

SEE OUR

NORCROSS HAND Cultivators

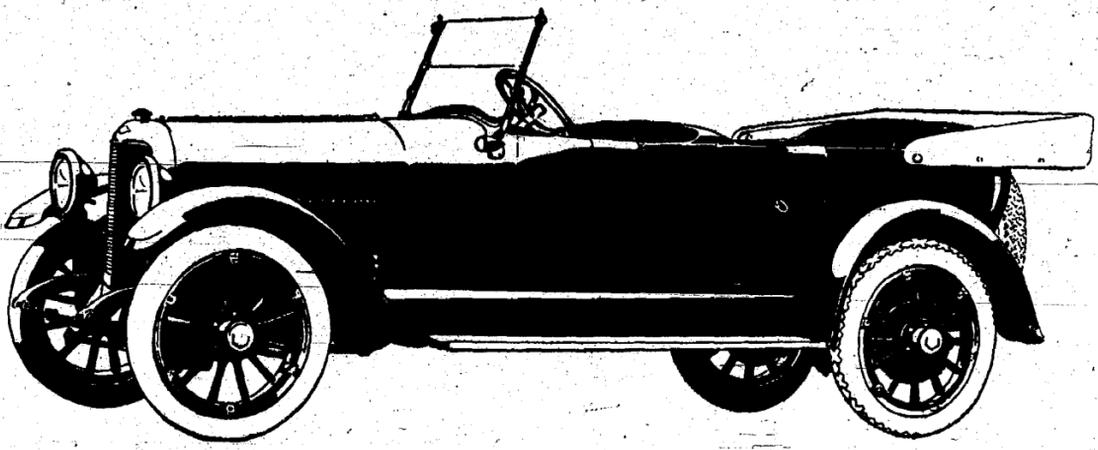
Stroebel Bros

Hydrogen and Oxygen Gases.
Oxygen and hydrogen are very different gases; the former helps other substances to burn, but is not itself inflammable, while the latter is inflammable, but does not support the combustion of other materials. For this reason hydrogen gas will not set fire to the oil as oxygen would do, but as it is an inflammable gas it is very dangerous to handle and care should be exercised.

Pin and Candle Auction.
The many centuries old custom of letting "Poor Folk's Closes" every fifth year has again been observed at Old Bollingbroke, where Henry IV. was born in 1386. The biddings cease when a pin inserted in a burning candle falls. The field, three acres, was let for \$12 10s. For about twenty years it has not made more than \$5.—London Daily Mail.

Never Fined for Speeding.
"Humbleness may drive unto a fine," says Shakespeare in "The Merchant of Venice." Must mean for obstructing the traffic.—Boston Transcript.

At J Not Be Blue.
When you know a man to be yellow it is just as well to draw the color line.—Cartoons Magazine.



PAIGE

The Most Beautiful Car in America

THE mere fact of owning a motor car counts for but little these days unless it is a car of which its owner may justly be proud.

And this, we believe, is one of the reasons why the Paige Seven-Passenger Touring Car commends itself so highly to the car-owning public. It excites such general admiration, that it is a constant source of pride to its owner.

Ever since the Paige Six-35 first appeared three years ago, it has held an unquestioned position of leadership among the finest seven-passenger motor cars on the American market.

Its handsome body, sturdy chassis and smooth-running motor are features often commented upon as being quite exceptional in a car of such moderate price.

You have undoubtedly, at some time or other, ridden in a Paige Six-35. But, if not, you will certainly wish to do so before deciding on your next motor car purchase.



With the demand for the Paige Six-35 far exceeding our utmost production efforts, a prompt decision is advisable. Orders placed now mean just so much more of the best touring season assured for your enjoyment.

PAIGE-DETROIT MOTOR CAR COMPANY, DETROIT, Michigan
Manufacturers of Paige Motor Cars and Motor Trucks

BOYNE CITY SALES COMPANY
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL AUTOMOBILES

Distributors of PAIGE Cars and Trucks in Cheboygan, Emmet, Charlevoix, Otsego and Montmorency Counties.
Address All Communications To The Office.



low, and crept up behind, but he turned around just as I struck."

"He was at that window, you say?" "Yes; kneeling down like he was lookin' into the room. Oh, Lord!"

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"What's that?" The question came from Enright, still at the corner of the house, unable to tell what had happened.

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 the first insertion and one-half cent for subsequent insertions, with a minimum charge of 15 cents.

Lost and Found

FOUND—A new pair of ladies tan OXFORDS were left at our store over a week ago. Will owner kindly call for same. STROEBEL BROS.

Help Wanted

WANTED—Diningroom Girls, Cook and Kitchen Help. Apply, THE COMP-TON, Bay View, Mich. 22x

WANTED—Live Automobile Salesmen for Charlevoix, Otsego and Emmet Counties. Apply, BOYNE CITY SALES CO., Mr. Rouse. 21-1f.

WANTED—Girls to work in kitchen and dish-pantry, also experienced waitresses and chambermaid for Resort Season. Good wages. HOTEL HALLETT, Charlevoix, Mich. 18-6

Why not get into business for yourself? We have an opportunity for a real live wire. We need a district manager for East Jordan and vicinity. Our liberal policies are easy to sell; they give complete protection to wage earners, business and professional men. Special policies for women employed. If unable to give full time to the work, here's your chance to improve your spare time. Write today. NATIONAL CASUALTY CO., Detroit, Mich.

For Sale—Real Estate

FOR SALE—60 acres of Land, well watered with running spring brook. Also 15 nice Lots near the School, size of Lots 60 x 157 feet, \$40 to \$50 each, on very reasonable terms. Also some Lumber, door and window frames and casings, and also Brick for sale. I have also a very fine Brick Store 25 x 100 feet with full basement and first class heating plant, best location in town, next door to post-office. Will rent or sell on very reasonable terms. Inquire of W. F. EMPEY, Phone 109. 21-4

FOR SALE—The Blaine Harrington property on the West Side. A real bargain. For particulars see ROBERT PROCTOR, East Jordan. 21-4

FOR SALE—Eight acres of land with good house and barn and other out-buildings in good condition. Water at door. Orchard bearing—a good place for growing small fruit. Finest view in town of the lake and city. Property is in city limits only 3 or 4 blocks from good sidewalk. For price and terms call at residence. JACOB QUICK. 20-8

FOR SALE—Small house in Bowen's Addition. STROEBEL BROS.

WILL TRADE FARM for City Property. For information inquire of R. O. Bisbee at Peoples State Savings Bank. 17f.

FOR SALE—Seven-room house, good barn, good water, fruit trees and shrubbery bearing. Eight acres land. For terms see H. A. Goodman. 17f.

FOR SALE—On Maple-st., East Jordan, Seven Acres Good Land with Good Buildings. Get price and terms of J. A. NICKLESS. Also Dray Wagon. 10-1f.

WHY PAY—\$100 for a 50 foot lot when you can buy an acre in the east end of town for \$100? See H. A. Goodman.

FOR SALE CHEAP—Five room House and two Lots, good location. Inquire of Mrs. Richard Barnett, Third Street. 9-8

For Sale—Miscellaneous

FOR RENT—40 acres with good buildings, 6 acres of orchard, 20 acres plowed land. I want to rent this on shares, 3 miles from town, 1 1/2 miles from the Fair Grounds, known as the Joseph Votruba forty. HENRY WILSON, Ladysmith, Wis. 22-2

I have FOR SALE a flock of seventeen Blue Orpington CHICKENS. Inquire of MRS. ROY HAMMOND, Phone No. 90. 22-2

FOR SALE—One Gretors Popcorn and Peanut Machine, Model D. Ready to run. Fully equipped, cost \$1500. Good as new. You can buy it for \$800. and on time, all the time you want. I. W. LEACH & SON, Petoskey, Mich.

FOR SALE—3 good milk cows. Inquire of ARTHUR BRITNALL, phone 178-2 rings. 21-1f.

TEAM For Sale—Having purchased a tractor, I offer for sale my farm team at a bargain. Weight 2700 lbs. For particulars inquire at the store. J. J. VOTRUBA. 21-2.

FOR SALE—Used auto at right price. STROEBEL BROS.

FOR SERVICE—Big Type Poland China Boar ready for service. Address or phone HENRY SLOOP, East Jordan; Phone 178F11. 20-8

Bring Your Laundry Work to Monroe's Segar Store—Agency for Petoskey Laundry. 13

inverse Ratio.

Jed Tankins has noticed that as the contents of a package grow smaller the bragging on the label gets bigger.

GRIM END OF PERFECT DREAM

Living Conditions in Russia Pictured in Diabolical Colors by Prof. Zeidler.

DISEASE TAKES HEAVY TOLL

Typhus, Cholera and Influenza Are Rapidly Depleting the Population—Cold, Hunger, and Despair Are Lot of the Living.

Helsingfors.—Reports of serious living conditions at Petrograd have been received by Prof. Hermann Zeidler of Viborg, showing that typhus, cholera and influenza are taking a heavy toll of the depleted population.

Up to January 15 deaths in Petrograd were reaching a total of 3,000 a day. The coffin factories could turn out only 1,000 coffins daily, and most of the bodies were being carried into the country on sleds and left in the snow.

Many bodies were being dropped through the ice in the River Neva. Funerals were prohibited owing to the scarcity of horses and because of the depressing effect of funeral processions.

Stagnant Broken Sewers.
"Living conditions are intolerable," Professor Zeidler said. "It costs 80,000 Lening rubles a day for food alone. Petrograd at night is without light and there is very little drinking water. Houses are flooded by the bursting of frozen pipes. The sewers are stopped and sanitary conditions are deplorable."

"A month ago the number of typhus cases was 300 a day and steadily increasing. Hospital conditions are indescribably bad. There is no bed linen, no medicines, no soap and no disinfectants, the last of the supply of substitutes having given out January 1, when 35 disinfecting stations were closed.

"The people have given up hope and they do not wish to live. They make grim jokes among themselves as to how much longer they will hold out."

Rich Still Rich; Poor, Poor.
Conditions among the soviet peasantry, cost of living and scenes at Moscow and the other soviet centers are given by the staff correspondent of the Amsterdam Handelsblad, G. Nyels, just back from an extended tour through soviet Russia.

"At the railway station in Smolensk," the correspondent writes, "there is a long row of stalls in which people sit behind little barred windows and sell all sorts of merchandise."

"I noticed the prices. One pound of salted meat was 320 rubles; a pound of black bread, 100 rubles; a little piece of potato cake, 40 rubles. A little water glass full of makhorka (tobacco root) was 100 rubles."

"On the station platform one sees the soldiers lying about amidst the dirt which covers the ground. They roll their cigarettes with bits of paper torn from newspapers, and wait patiently for what will happen next."

"By the side of a big cash register stands a barmaid selling salted meat, cake and pastry to the smartly dressed men gathered about her. The poor devils lying on the ground do not even notice it, for they know very well that in the new state there are rich men and poor men just as before."

MICKIE SAYS

"MOST EVERY TOWN HAS A FEW FELLERS WHO NEVER SPEND A NICKEL WITH TH' HOME PAPER YEAR IN AN' YEAR OUT, AN' YET THEY FALL LIKE A TON OF BRICK FER ANY SMOOTH GRAFTER AN' A FAKE ADVERTISING SCHEME! NO WONDER THEY 'DON'T BELIEVE IN ADVERTISING!'"



Of Treasure.

Those who marry for business may repent for pleasure!—Cartoons Magazine.

"FOR THOSE NASTY SUMMER COLDS"

An irritating bronchial cough breaks your sleep and lowers strength and vitality. Foley's Honey and Tar soothes and heals raw, inflamed membranes, stops tickling in throat, eases stuffy, wheezy breathing and is the best remedy for all colds, coughs, croup and whooping cough. Contains no opiates. Children like it. Hite's Drug Store, adv.

Church of God.

P. M. Burgess, Pastor.
Services as follows:
(Eastern Standard Time.)
Sunday, May 30th, 1920.
10:00 a. m.—Sunday School.
11:00 a. m.—Preaching Service, Subject: "Divine Healing."
7:30 p. m.—Preaching Service, Subject: "Pure Religion."
Prayer meeting at the Chapel every Tuesday evening at 8:00 o'clock.
Come out and hear the new preacher. Welcome to our services.

Presbyterian Church Notes

Rev. John Duncan, Pastor.
Sunday, May 30th, 1920.
10:30 a. m.—"Ex-patriation."
11:45—Sunday School.
11:45 a. m.—Every Man's Bible Class. Subject: Democracy the Organized Principle of the World." Mr. A. J. Sufferin—Leader. The whole hour last Sunday was devoted to business so last weeks study was carried over.
6:30 p. m.—Young Peoples Christian Endeavor. Leader—Dorthea Severance.
7:30 p. m.—"Some Musts" of Bible."

First Methodist Episcopal Church

Rev. M. E. Hoyt, Pastor.
Sunday, May 30th, 1920.
10:30 a. m.—"Thy Kingdom Come."
12:00 m.—Sunday School.
3:00 p. m.—Junior Church.
7:30 p. m.—"Fellowship."
Tuesday evening, June 1st, Pot-luck Supper of the Men's Fellowship. All men invited.

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.

Latter Day Saints Church.

L. Dudley, Pastor.
Sunday, May 30th, 1920.
10:00 a. m.—Sunday School.
11:00 a. m.—Prayer Meeting.
7:30 p. m.—Preaching.
Wednesday, June 2d.
7:00 p. m.—Prayer Meeting.
Friday, June 4th.
7:00 p. m.—Religio.

EX-KAISER OWES FALL TO ILL-STARRED GEM

So Some Folks Believe in View of History of "Blaze of Glory."

An ill-starred diamond, which last shone as central gem in the crown of Prussia, is now credited with having been a factor in bringing about the ruin of the Hohenzollern dynasty. It is known as the "Blaze of Glory."

According to the tale about it, the diamond was given by King Solomon to the Queen of Sheba, having been plucked by him from his turban for her adornment. Curious carvings on two sides of it are supposed to be heraldic tokens of the two ancient lovers. Tales of the gem were carried into Persia, where they excited the greed of the nomadic King El-Hakim II., who robbed the Queen of Sheba's grave to secure it for himself. Within two weeks thereafter he was slain in his palace, and thereafter, through the centuries, rulers and princes who acquired the gem came to grief.

The margrave of Brandenburg, whose house started the Prussian dynasty, found the gem on a Jewish merchant in one of the margrave's raids into Silesia, and seized it, declaring that he would place it in the crown of a great kingdom he was to establish. The merchant was instantly slain when he ventured to remind the captor of the evil influence of the diamond. It seems to have been handed down the Prussian line until finally it reached the one time emperor now in retreat in Holland.

It is said that Herr Zunkelhorn, a learned antiquary, who had learned the fateful history of the gem and who in some way had forecast that ruin would come to its owner between the years 1918 and 1922, implored the young emperor to rid himself of it before his coronation, and that to this entreaty William replied: "You must understand that I am crowned by the Spirit of God and the will of my people. The Hohenzollerns must endure forever. No curse of evil can harm our dynasty." So he kept the gem in his crown, and tradition seems to have justified itself.

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.

MICKIE SAYS

COUNTRY MERCHANTS COMPLAIN THAT TH' AUTO IS HAULING TRADE AWAY FROM TH' COUNTRY STORE, FERGETTIN' THAT THE SAME CAR WILL BRING FOLKS TO TH' STORE IF THEY'RE JUST INVITED THROUGH TH' COLUMNS OF TH' HOME PAPER. ADVERTISING 'N GASOLINE WILL RUN A CAR IN ANY DIRECTION! VESS!!



A Secret.
"Who, you," said Miss Partie Goodwin to her intimate friend. "Harry and I are going to have a secret wedding. Not a soul is going to know of it till it's over. Haven't you heard?"

The "Game" of Life.
Life is like a game of whist. I don't enjoy the game much, but I like to play my cards well and see what will be the end of it.—George Elliot.

Trying' to Look Poor.
Personally we try to be economical in our dress, but we have to wear fine clothes to keep from being mistaken for a capitalist.—Dallas News.



We now have a display a fine assortment of

Hand Embroidered UNDERWEAR

Made by the Phillipinos.

These will make a most beautiful present for any of the "Sweet Girl Graduates."

Also Many Other Staple Articles Suitable for Gift Remembrances.

See Our Window Display!

East Jordan Lumber Co.

Briefs of the Week

Born to Mr. and Mrs. Enoch Giles, a son, May 24th.

Dance at the Afton Grange Hall, Saturday evening, May 29th.

Born to Mr. and Mrs. Lyle Keller, a daughter—Daphne Valera—May 23rd.

Born to Mr. and Mrs. Roy Bancroft at Flint, a daughter—Thelma Mae, May 15th.

Born to Mr. and Mrs. Albert Trojanek of Jordan township, a daughter, Helen, May 12th.

Mrs. Margaret Patrick of Chicago is here visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Kenny, and other relatives.

Martin Ruhleng left Tuesday for Lancaster, N. Y., where he was called by the death of his father who was 92 years of age.

W. H. Sloan was at Saginaw this week as representative of East Jordan Masonic Lodge at the Grand Lodge meeting.

George Shanauquit and Miss Lois Scott of this city were united in marriage by Rev. Charles Rice at Charlevoix, Tuesday, May 25th.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Dye (Esther Monroe) announce the birth of a daughter, Katherine Elizabeth, on March 25th, 1920. Mr. and Mrs. Dye have recently purchased and are now occupying their new home in Redford, just outside of Detroit.

Ed. Bedell of Bellaire was in our city this week on business. He has purchased the newspaper press belonging to the former Enterprise office of B. L. Lorraine and is moving same to Bellaire, where he plans to establish a newspaper in the near future.

North Star Tent No. 130, K. O. T. M. held an interesting meeting Wednesday evening. Great Commander E. W. Thompson of Port Huron and Deputy Commander Charles Perry of Cadillac were present. At this meeting officers were elected as follows: Commander, Earl Batterbee; Lt. Com., Henry Roy; R. K., Wm. F. Bashaw; F. K., C. H. Whittington. Wm. F. Bashaw was Commissioned Post Commander.

Temple Theatre

WHERE EVERYBODY GOES.

PROGRAM

From May 31st to June 6th.

MONDAY, May 31st.

Gladys Brockwell in "Flames of the Flesh." A strong dramatic play.

10c and 20c

TUESDAY

"Loot." A Universal Special attraction with a good cast.

10c and 20c

WEDNESDAY

"Blind Chance," a western. "Lucky" Comedy. "Screen Magazine."

10c and 20c

THURSDAY

Madeline Traverser in "What Would You Do." Charming actress plays a most delightful role.

10c and 20c

FRIDAY

Madge Kennedy in "Our Little Wife." A Bright star in a breezy comedy.

10c and 20c

SATURDAY

Jack Dempsey, Champion of the World in "Dare Devil Jack." Mutt and Jeff. News Weekly. Snub Pollard Comedy.

10c and 20c

SUNDAY, June 6th.

Mary Miles Minter in "Ann of the Green Gables." Picture and star the best. Don't miss it.

10c and 20c

Fatty Arbuckle is Coming Monday, June 7th.

Lawrence Jensen left Monday for Detroit.

Mrs. Ed. Mayes left Friday for a visit at Mancelona.

George Burley of Escanada is here visiting friends.

Miss Alice Woolcott, was at Petoskey on business this week.

Miss May Odykirk returned Monday from a visit at Cadillac.

Lyle Jepson left Monday for Flint, where he has employment.

County Farm Agent C. W. Wing was in our city on business, Friday.

Roy E. Webster left Friday for a visit with his parents at Big Rapids.

Mr. and Mrs. Jos. Cummins left Friday for a visit at Detroit and Flint.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Conway and daughter left Friday for a visit at Flint.

Mrs. Etta Elcey with son of Watersmeet is visiting her sister, Mrs. Thomas Thompson.

Mr. and Mrs. Michael Quinn left Tuesday for a visit with their daughter at Ludington.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Clifton of Frederic are visiting his sister, Mrs. Delbert Turk.

Mrs. Joseph Durant of Gladstone is visiting at the home of Mrs. Jas. Hignite and other relatives.

Presbyterian Ladies Aid will meet with Mrs. C. H. Pray, Friday, June 4th. Mrs. L. Nyquist will assist.

Fred Mette returned to Detroit Monday after a week's visit at the home of Mr. and Mrs. James Bredzina.

Misses Agnes and Neta Rebec, who have had employment at Rochester, Mich., returned home Monday.

Miss Gertrude VanDerArk returned to Central Lake Wednesday after a visit with her sister, Mrs. Fred Reasma.

Mr. and Mrs. James Boyd were called to Central Lake Monday to attend the funeral of the latter's mother, Mrs. Sarah Orr.

A farewell and surprise party was given at the home of Mrs. George Carr Thursday afternoon in honor of Miss Florence Ashley.

About twenty girl friends of Florence Ashley gathered at her home last Saturday afternoon to help her celebrate her 11th birthday anniversary.

Elder P. M. Burgess, the new Pastor of the Church of God of this city, was called to Boyne City, Tuesday afternoon, to preach a funeral sermon.

Mrs. H. W. Dicken and Mrs. George Carr entertained a number of friends at the former's home, Tuesday afternoon in honor of Mrs. E. A. Ashley.

Mrs. John Williams with sons, Leo and Elmer, Mrs. George Pringle and Mrs. Lon Sheldon arrived here by auto Thursday from Flint for a few days' visit.

Mr. and Mrs. John Lee and children returned to Manistee Tuesday after a week's visit at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Clyde Hollingshead and other relatives.

The Metropole Orchestra will furnish the music next Tuesday evening at the Boyne City Commercial Club Dance to be given at the Gymnasium in that city. East Jordan citizens are invited to attend. Bill \$2.00.

A large number of ladies of this city attended the annual meeting of the Charlevoix County Association of Lady Maccabees at Charlevoix, Tuesday May 25th. At the morning session the officers of the East Jordan Hive conferred the initiatory work upon a class of five candidates and in a highly impressive manner. The next meeting place is Boyne City.

Wm. Heath left Saturday last for Kalamazoo.

Miss Sylvia Hall of Detroit is here visiting friends.

Ruben Liskum returned home Monday from Detroit.

Mrs. John Lalonde of Pontiac is here visiting relatives.

Mrs. W. M. Sexton left Thursday for a visit at Mancelona.

Mrs. Ed. Kake left Thursday for a visit at Roscommon.

Mrs. H. W. Graham of Detroit is guest of Mrs. Lyle Fenner.

Felix Gogua is home from Detroit for a two weeks' visit.

Guy Sedgman of Flint spent the week end here with friends.

Frances Bashaw returned to his work at Lansing Wednesday.

Mrs. Millie Williamson was a Central Lake visitor Thursday.

Miss Helen Milford of Springvale is visiting friends in this city.

Mrs. M. Sedgman of Flint is visiting her son, Sidney and family.

Mrs. Jennie Handy returned home Tuesday from Grand Rapids.

Miss Esther Phelps was here first of the week from Traverse City.

Miss Magdalene Josefek left Tuesday for a visit at Lapeer and Flint.

Mrs. Anna Sundstedt was a Petoskey business visitor first of the week.

Miss Alfhild Hastad left last Saturday for Flint where she has a position.

Mr. and Mrs. Jas. Conway and children left Thursday for a visit at Flint.

Mrs. H. Roulson left last Saturday for a visit with relatives at Boulder, Colo.

Mrs. Ed. Bashaw left Wednesday for a visit with her daughters at Blissfield, Mich.

Mrs. Orve Hurlbert of Detroit is visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Milton McKay.

Mrs. W. A. Stroebel and daughter Barbara, are visiting friends at Detroit this week.

Miss Gladys Holton of Bellaire was here a couple days this week visiting Mrs. Coryell Sevrey.

Albert Zinke and family—recently moved to Benton Harbor, where they have located on a farm.

Miss Nora Johnson of Elk Rapids was here this week visiting at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Julius Johnson.

Mrs. J. E. Hutchins of Traverse City was here over Sunday visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Evans.

Mr. and Mrs. George Humeston of Bellaire were here over Sunday visiting their son, Henry Humeston.

Mr. and Mrs. Neil Kemp returned to Bay City, Wednesday after a visit with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Kemp.

Mr. and Mrs. John Wetzel returned to Port Huron Tuesday after a week's visit with his mother, Mrs. Thos. Wetzel.

Virgil Walling returned to Grand Rapids last Saturday after a visit with his daughter, Mrs. A. Ward, and other relatives.

Mrs. John Shimel and children returned to Roscommon, Thursday after a two weeks' visit at the home of her sister, Mrs. Frank Stewart.

Mr. and Mrs. E. H. Fortune returned to Ludington Wednesday after a visit at the homes of Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Sloan and Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Fuller.

Mrs. Howard Porter and children left Tuesday for a visit with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. A. E. Cross at Fairfield, Wash. Mr. Porter accompanied her to Chicago.

Wilbur Meeks with son, Clebert, and daughter, Mabell, of Gladstone, who have been visiting his sister, Mrs. James Boyd, left Thursday for Ashland, Kentucky.

Mrs. John Monroe, who has been visiting with her two daughters, Mrs. Charles Kenward of Gary, Ind., and Mrs. Fred Dye of Redford, Mich., for the past several months, returned home Thursday.

Shoe Dealers Fined for Profiteering. Three Boston men, officers of the F. G. Collins Shoe company of Providence, R. I., were each fined \$1,000 on charges of profiteering. It was alleged that they instructed the salesmen in their store to obtain as much more than the actual sale prices on shoes as they possibly could get.

Austrians Perish in Siberia. Nearly 375,000 of the 500,000 Austro-Hungarian prisoners of war taken by Russia have perished in Siberia from smallpox and typhus fever, according to information obtained by the Red Cross.

Insect Mother's Sacrifice. The last act in the life of the female cochineal insect is to lay a large number of eggs upon which her dead body rests, protecting them from the burning rays of the sun until the little ones emerge.

Nutmeg Once a Perfume. In olden times the ladies in England used nutmegs as a perfume. The nutmegs were set in silver and ornamented with pearl and precious stones, and hung from a lady's belt like a modern scabbard.

OBITUARY—ISAAC DALTON

Isaac Dalton passed away at the Charlevoix hospital last Friday, May 21st, from heart trouble. He received a broken leg a few weeks ago while employed at the Chemical Co. yards and was at Charlevoix taking treatment for the injury.

Deceased was born in Virginia, Sept. 18, 1868. He came to Michigan in 1902 and in July 1919 located in East Jordan. He leaves his mother and one brother, John, of this city.

The remains were brought here to the home of his brother, and a short service was held Monday morning, conducted by Rev. Hoyt. The remains were then taken to Mancelona where funeral services were held Monday afternoon, conducted by Rev. Parshall of that place. The Oddfellows, of which Mr. Dalton was a member, sent a delegation to Mancelona with the remains.

Notice.

To whom it may concern:—I, the undersigned, forbid anyone permitting my wife, Mrs. Lucile Aikens Bixby, to run any bills in my name and will not become responsible for any bills run in her name.

Signed: JAY W. BIXBY, Flint, Mich.

Redeemed Early Failure. Thomas Chambers, the noted missionary and preacher, was the despatch of his school teacher. Another famous preacher, Isaac Barrow, was so slow and quarrelsome that he was counted a disgrace to the school.

Baby's Dire Peril. Mother and little Kathryn were upstairs when they heard little sister fall off the couch. Kathryn said: "O, mother, if that baby doesn't stop falling she's going to ruin herself."

Given the Leavings. At the close of formal dinners in Japan the guests are presented with any meat they may have failed to eat. However great or small the quantity they may have left, it is carefully wrapped up, and they are expected to take it home.—Brooklyn Eagle.

Introduction of the Umbrella. The umbrella was used in England as a luxurious sunshade early in the seventeenth century. Ben Jonson mentions it in a comedy produced in 1616. The eighteenth century had half elapsed before the umbrella had even begun to be used in England by both sexes as it is now.

A Failure in Life. A sad story reaches us from South-west London. It appears that a girl of twenty attempted suicide because she realized she was too old to write either a popular novel or a book of poems.—From Punch, London.

Dogs Taxed According to Size. In some of the cities of Europe a dog is taxed according to its size—a little tax for a little dog and a big tax for a big dog.

OLD—BUT FEELS LIKE NEW. J. E. Williams, 1035 E. Boulder St., Colorado Springs, Colo., writes: "I feel lots better since I started to take Foley Kidney Pills. I am 73 years old, and as far as that trouble I am a new man." Foley Kidney Pills strengthen and restore the kidneys and bladder to healthful activity. Hite's Drug Store. adv.

The Human Touch Lacking. A way is said to have been found for washing linen by electricity. In future patrons will have to tear the buttonholes themselves.—Punch, London.

MACCABEES

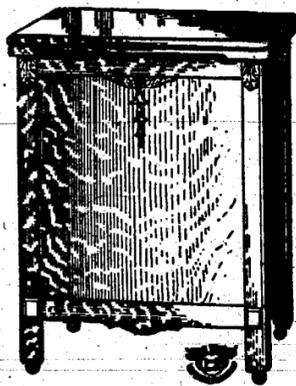
TAKE NOTICE

Pay May and June Assessments at the Peoples State Bank.

C. H. Whittington, F. K.

Keep Up With the Times!

Do you want to know about the only really improved sewing machine that has been made since the time of Elias Howe, over 50 years ago?



Do you want to hear about a sewing machine that is a truly beautiful piece of furniture, and yet is twice as efficient as the ordinary sewing machine?

Do you want to know how to cut the work of sewing in half?

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THE FREE SEWING MACHINE

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LINE BUSY?

If 95 Is Busy, Call 226

DOES IT ANNOY YOU TO HAVE THE OPERATOR TELL YOU "THE LINE IS BUSY"? TO ELIMINATE THIS TROUBLE THE

E. J. & S. R. R.

HAS INSTALLED AN ADDITIONAL TELEPHONE

Freight Office, 95
Traffic Manager's Office, 226

"Strange Case of Cavendish"

(Continued From Third Page)

"Who is it?" ventured the other cautiously. "Mr. Beaton?"

"Ned Beaton!" Miss La Rue's voice rose to a shriek. "Oh, Lord! I should say not! Why that fellow never had fifty dollars of his own at one time in his life. He's only a tin-horn sport."

"Then it is the other?"

"Sure; he's the real thing. Not much to look at, maybe, but he fairly oozes the long green. He's a lawyer."

"Oh, indeed," and Miss Donovan's eyes darkened. She was interested, now, feeling herself on the verge of discovery. "From New York?"

"Sure; maybe you've heard of him? He knew you as soon as Beaton mentioned your name; he's Patrick Enright of Enright and Dougherty."

Miss Donovan's fingers gripped hard on the footboard of the bed, her teeth clinched to keep back a sudden exclamation of surprise. This was more than she had bargained for, yet the other woman, coolly watching in spite of her apparent dizziness, observed no change in the girl's manner. Apparently the disclosure meant little.

"Enright, you say? No, I think not. He claimed to know me? That is strange. Who did he think I was?"

Miss La Rue bit her lip. She had found her match evidently, but would strike harder.

"A reporter on the Star. Naturally



"There's More Ways of Making Money in New York Than Drawing a Salary."

she couldn't help wondering what you was doing out here. You are in the newspaper business, aren't you?"

"Yes," realizing further concealment was useless, "but on my vacation. I thought I explained all that to Mr. Beaton. I am not exactly a reporter. I'm a feature-stuff."

"Whatever that is."

"Human-interest stories; anything unusual; strange happenings in everyday life, you know."

"Murders, and—robberies."

"Occasionally, if they are out of the ordinary." She took a swift breath and made the plunge. "Like the Frederick Cavendish case—do you remember that?"

Miss La Rue stared at her across the darkening room, but if she changed color the gloom concealed it and her voice was steady enough.

"No," she said shortly, "I never read those things. What happened?"

"Oh, nothing much. He was rich, and was found dead in his apartments at the Waldron—evidently killed by a burglar. The case is probably forgotten by this time. Let's speak about something else—I hate to talk shop."

Miss La Rue stood up, and shook out her skirt.

"That's what I say; and it seems to me it would be more social if we had something to drink. You ain't too nice to partake of a cocktail, are you? Good! Then we'll have one. What's the hotelkeeper's name?"

"Timmons."

"Do you suppose he'd come up if I pounded on the floor?"

Miss Donovan slipped off the bed.

"I don't believe he is in the office. He went up the street just before dark. You light the lamp while I'll see if I can find the Chinaman out in the hall."

She closed the door behind her, strode noisily down the hall, then, silently, and swiftly retraced her steps and stooped slowly down to where a crack yawned in the lower panel. That same instant a match flared within the room and was applied to the wick of the lamp. The narrow opening gave only a glimpse of half the room—the wash-stand, the chair, and lower part of the bed. She saw Miss La Rue drop the match, then open her valise and go through it, swiftly. She found nothing, and turned to the wash-stand drawer. The latter was empty, and was instantly closed again, the girl staring about the room, as though at her wit's end. Suddenly she disappeared along the edge of the bed, beyond the radius of the crack in the door. What was she doing? Searching the bed, no doubt; seeking something hidden beneath the pillow, or mattress.

Whatever her purpose, she was gone scarcely a moment, gliding silently

back to the chair beside the window, with watchful eyes again fixed on the closed door. Miss Donovan smiled and straightened up, well satisfied with her ruse. It had served to demonstrate that the ex-chorus girl was far from being as calmly indifferent as she had assumed and it had made equally evident the fact that her visit had an object—the discovery of why Miss Donovan was in Haskell. Doubtless she had made the call at Enright's suggestion. Very well, the lady was quite welcome to all the information obtained. Stella opened the door and the eyes of the two met.

"The Chinaman seems to have gone home," the mistress of the room said quietly. "At least, he is not on this floor or in the office, and I could see nothing of Timmons anywhere."

"Then I suppose we don't drink," complained Miss La Rue. "Well, I might as well go to bed. There ain't much else to do in this jay town."

She got up and moved toward the door.

"If you're only here viewing the scenery, I guess you won't remain long."

"Not more than a day or so. I am planning a ride into the mountains before leaving," pleasantly. "I hope I shall see you again."

"You're quite liable to," an ugly curl to the lip, "maybe more than you'll want. Good-night."

Miss Donovan stood there motionless after the door closed behind her guest. She was conscious of the sting in those final words, the half-expressed threat, but the smile did not desert her lips. Her only thought was that the other was angry, irritated over her failure, her inability to make a report to her masters. She looked at the valise on the floor, and laughed outright, but as her eyes lifted once more she beheld her traveling suit draped over the head-board of the bed, and instantly the expression of her face changed. She had forgotten hanging it there. That must have been when the woman went when she disappeared. It was not to rummage the bed at all, but to hastily run through the pockets of her jacket. The girl swiftly crossed the room and flung coat and skirt onto the bed. She remembered now thrusting the telegram from Farris into a pocket on the morning of its receipt. It was gone!

Her first thought was to search elsewhere, although she immediately realized the uselessness of any such attempt. The message had been in her pocket, as she recalled distinctly; she had fully intended destroying it at the same time she had torn up the letter of instruction, but failed to do so. Now it was in the hands of the La Rue woman, and would be shown to the others. It was some time before she could recall to memory the exact wording of the telegram, but finally it came to her bit by bit:

"If any clues, advise immediately. Willis digging hard. Letter of instruction follows."

"FARRIS."

There was no mention of names, yet these people could scarcely recognize that this had reference to the Cavendish case. The woman's personal danger never once entered her mind. Timidity was not part of her nature and she gave this passage of the matter no thought. But she must communicate with Westcott, tell him all that had occurred. She would send him a note the first thing in the morning.

Somewhat reassured by this reasoning, she was still seated there, staring out into the night, when Enright and Beaton returned. Stella heard the tread of horses' feet, before her eyes distinguished the party approaching, and she drew back cautiously. In the glow of the light she could perceive four men in saddle halt in front of the hotel, three of whom dismounted and entered the building, the fourth grasping the reins of the riderless animals and leading them up the street. She heard the murmur of voices below and the heavy steps of the men as they came slowly up the stairs. Then a door opened creakingly and she caught the sound of a woman's voice.

"Is that you, Ned?"

"Sure; what are you doing up at this hour?"

"Never mind that. Who have you got with you?"

"Enright and Lacy—why?"

"I want you all to come in here a minute; don't make so much noise."

A voice or two grumbled, but feet shuffled along the bare floor and the door creaked again as it was carefully closed behind them. Stella opened her own door a crack and listened; the hall, lighted only by a single oil-lamp at the head of the stairs, was deserted and silent. She stole cautiously forward, but the voices in Miss La Rue's room were muffled and indistinct, not an audible word reaching her ears. The key was in the lock, shutting out all view of the interior. Well, what was the difference? She knew what was occurring within—the stolen telegram was being displayed, and discussed. That would not do her long and it would never do for her to be discovered in the hall.

Convinced of the uselessness of remaining, she returned to her own room, closing and bolting the door.

This time she removed some of her clothing, and lay down on the bed, conscious of being exceedingly tired, yet in no degree sleepy. She rested there, with wide-open eyes, listening until the distant door creaked again, and she heard the footstep of the men in the hall. They had not remained in the chorus girl's room long, nor was anything said outside to arouse her suspicions. Reassured, Miss Donovan snuggled down into her pillow, unable to distinguish where the men went, but satisfied they had

sought their rooms. They would attempt nothing more that night, and she had better gain what rest she could. It was not easy falling asleep, in spite of the silence, but at last she dropped off into a dose.

Suddenly some unusual noise aroused her, and she sat upright, unable for the moment to comprehend what had occurred. Then something tingled at the glass of her window, sharply distinct, as though a pebble had been tossed upward. Instantly she was upon her feet, and had crossed the room, her head thrust out. The light in the office had been extinguished, and the night was black; yet she could make out dimly the figure of a man close in against the side of the house, a mere hulking shadow. At the same instant he seemed to move slightly, and some missile grazed her face, and fell upon the floor, striking the rug with a dull thud. She drew back in alarm, yet immediately grasped the thought that this must be some secret message, some communication from Westcott.

Drawing down the torn curtain, she touched a match to the lamp and sought the intruding missile. It had rolled beneath the bed—a small stone with a bit of paper securely attached. The girl tore this open eagerly, her eyes searching the few lines.

"Must see you tonight. Have learned things, and am going away. Go down back stairs, and meet me at big cottonwood behind hotel; don't fall. J. W."

Her breath came fast as she read, and crunched the paper into the palm of her hand. She understood, and felt no hesitancy. Westcott had made discoveries so important he must communicate them at once and there was no other way. He dare not come to her openly at that hour. Well, she was not afraid—hot of Jim Westcott. She paused in her hasty dressing, wondering at herself, dimly aware that a new feeling partly actuated her desire to meet the man again—a feeling thoroughly alien to the Cavendish mystery. She glanced into the cracked mirror and laughed, half ashamed at her eagerness, yet utterly unable to suppress the quickened beat of her pulse.

She was ready almost in a minute, and had blown out the lamp. She almost held her breath as she opened the door silently and crept out into the hall. Twenty feet down this passage ended in a door. This was unlocked, and yielded easily to the grasp of her hand. It opened upon a narrow platform, and she ventured forth. At the bottom she was in a gloom almost impenetrable, but her feet felt a cinder path and against the slightly lighter sky her eyes managed to distinguish the gaunt limbs of a tree not far distant, the only one visible and doubtless the cottonwood referred to in the note.

Shrinking there in the black shadow of the building she realized suddenly the terror of her position—the intense loneliness; the silence seemed to smite her. Still it was not far to the tree, and surely there could be no danger at this hour. If there had been Westcott would never have asked her to come. The very recurrence of his name gave her strength and courage.

It was a rough path, sandy, interspersed with small rocks, and led down into a gully. The tree stood on the opposite bank, which was so steep she had to grasp its outcropping roots in order to pull herself up.

Even after gaining footing she saw nothing of Westcott, heard no sound indicating his presence. Suddenly something moved to her right, and she shrank back against the tree, uncertain if the shapeless thing approaching was man or beast. He was almost upon her before she was sure; then her lips gave utterance to a little sob of relief.

"Oh! You frightened me so!"

The man stopped, scarcely a yard away, a burly figure, but with face indistinguishable.

"Sorry to do that," he said, "but no noise, please."

She shrank back to the edge of the bank, conscious of the grip of a great fear.

"You—you are not Mr. Westcott?" she choked. "Who are you? What is it you want?"

"You've been playin' in a game what's none o' your business. Now I reckon it's the other party's turn to throw some cards. Thought yer was comin' out yere ter meet up with Jim Westcott, didn't yer?"

She made no answer, desperately seeking some means of escape, the full significance of her position clear before her.

"Got a nice little note from Jim," the fellow went on, "an' lost no time a gittin' yere. Well, Westcott is not liable to be sendin' fer yer again very soon. What ther h—"

She had dashed forward, seeking to place the trunk of the tree between them, the unexpected movement so sudden, she avoided his grasp. But success was only for an instant. Another hand gripped her, hurling her back helplessly.

"You are some sweet little lady's man, Moore," snarled a new voice raspingly. "Now let me handle this business my own way. Go get that team turned around. I'll bring the girl. Come on now, miss, and the less you have to say the better."

She grasped at the bark, but the fellow wrenched her loose, forcing her forward. "Keep still, you d—tiger cat, be kissed, or I'll quiet you for good."

"What is it you want of me? Who are you?"

"We'll discuss that later. Just now, move on—yes, straight ahead. You see that wagon over there? Well, that



"Keep Still, You D— Tiger Cat," He Hissed.

is where you are bound at present. Move on pronto."

She realized the completeness of the trap into which she had fallen, the futility of resistance. She was as helplessly in his power as though bound and gagged. Before them appeared the dim outline of a canvas-covered wagon silhouetted against the sky, to which was hitched a team of horses.

As they approached, the shapeless figures of two men appeared in the gloom, one at the head of the team and the other holding back the canvas top. Her guard gripped her arm, and peered about through the darkness.

"Isn't Ned here yet?"

"Yes, all right," answered a muffled voice to the left. "I just came out here are the grips and other things."

"And about the note?"

"She wrote that, and pinned it on the pillow."

"Good, that will leave things in fine shape," he laughed. "I'd like to see Jim's face when he reads that, and the madder he gets the less he will know what to do."

"And you want us to stay?" asked the other doubtfully.

"Stay—of course; I am going to stay myself. It is the only way to divert suspicion. Good Lord, man, if we all disappeared at once they would know easy enough what had happened. Don't you believe Westcott is that kind of a fool. All ready, Joe?"

The man at the wagon muttered some response.

"Then if you go miss; here, put your foot on the wheel; give her a lift, will you?"

Anxious to escape further indignities, and comprehending the uselessness of any further struggle, with a man on either side of her, Miss Donovan silently clambered into the wagon, and seated herself on a wide board, evidently arranged for that purpose. The fellow who had held back the top followed, and snuggled into the seat beside her. She noticed now he held a gun in his hand, which he deposited between his knees.

"All set?"

"Sure."

"Well, keep awake, Joe, and mind what I told yer. Now, Moore, up with you, and drive like h—; you must be in the bad lands before daylight."

A fellow clambered to the seat in front, his figure outlined against the sky, and picked up the reins.

"Whoa, there, now; quiet, Jerry. Did you say I was to take the ridge road?"

"You bet; it's all rock and will leave no trail. Take it easy and quiet until you are beyond Hennessey's ranch, and then give them the whip."

The next moment they were under way, slowly advancing through the darkness.

Marooned

A man marooned on a desert island will not get far without a boat; neither will he be much good to himself or anybody else.

A telephone company without sufficient income to meet expenses is in just about the same condition as a man marooned. Without fair rates telephone material can not be bought and wages can not be paid. Without material and employees the telephone can not operate.

The telephone can not get along without money to meet all necessary expenses any easier than you can.

Unless you are fair with the telephone the telephone can not give you proper service. So the answer to the operation of the telephone is in your hands. You must decide.

MICHIGAN STATE TELEPHONE COMPANY

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- 1 That the quality of heating service assures a comfortable, clean, healthful home in any weather.
- 2 That the convenience of simple operation, regulation, and quick heating compares favorably with much more expensive types of heating systems.
- 3 That the low first cost is due to economy of material and labor instead of cheapness of construction.
- 4 That the fuel bill can be reduced from 1-4 to 1-3—enough to save handsome dividends on the amount invested.
- 5 That the "upkeep," or expense for repairs, is positively less than any other types of heating systems.
- 6 That you are protected at this store, because of the manufacturer's refusal to authorize installation where their trained heating engineers cannot safely guarantee it to operate efficiently in your home, their decision being made after careful study of conditions in your home—no guess work—thus protecting all concerned.
- 7 That the purchase will increase the value of your property more than the amount invested.

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SKILLFULLY made in stylish shapes that refine but never distort the natural lines of the foot—that's the RALSTON SHOE,—your kind of a shoe.

CHAS. A. HUDSON

A FAVORITE MODEL

Work never killed no-one yet. No and it ain't going to kill me!—Draw no Daa.

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this right now!**

No man ever smoked a better cigarette than Camell
You'll find Camells unequalled by any cigarette in the world at any price because Camells combine every feature that can make a cigarette supreme!

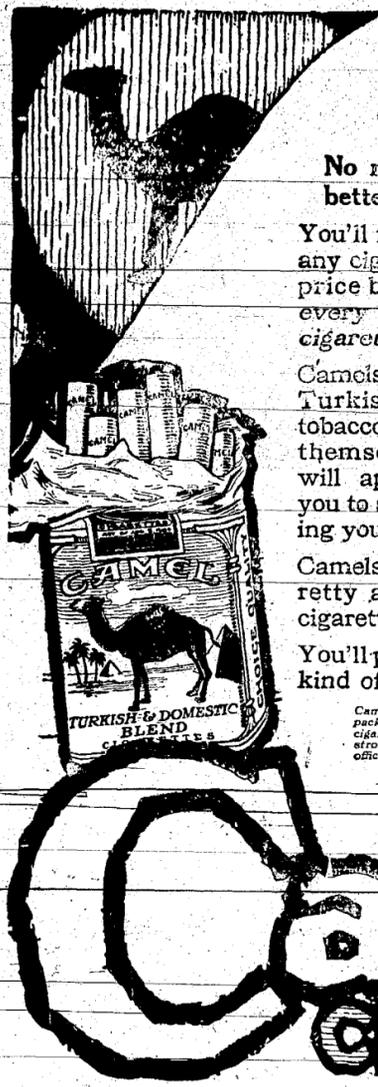
Camells expert blend of choice Turkish and choice Domestic tobaccos puts Camells in a class by themselves. Their smoothness will appeal to you, and permit you to smoke liberally without tiring your taste!

Camells leave no unpleasant cigarette aftertaste nor unpleasant cigarette odor!

You'll prefer Camells blend to either kind of tobacco smoked straight!

Camells are sold everywhere in scientifically sealed packages of 20 cigarettes; or ten packages (200 cigarettes) in a glassine-paper-covered carton. We strongly recommend this carton for the home or office supply or when you travel.

R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co.
Winston-Salem, N. C.

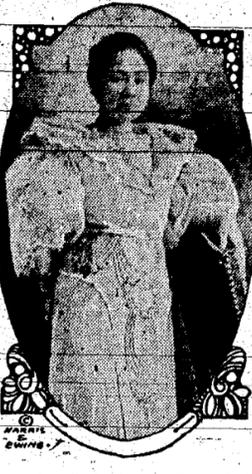


**Camel
CIGARETTES**

MEET THE DE VEYRA FAMILY!
They Are Putting the Philippines on the Map in Washington



Hon. Jaime C. de Veyra, Who Has Just Been Re-elected as Philippine Commissioner to the U. S.



Mrs. Jaime C. de Veyra. She is Doing Important Work for Her People in America.

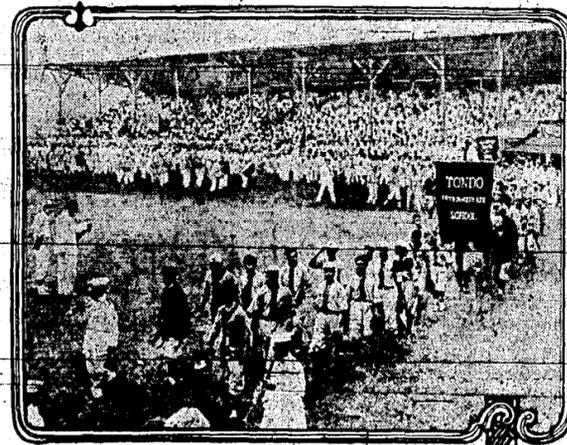


THE CHILDREN OF THE PHILIPPINE COMMISSIONER.
The Baby of This Group Speaks Three Languages—Visayan, Spanish and English.

Permit us to present the De Veyra family. The Hon. Jaime C. de Veyra is the Resident Commissioner from the Philippine Islands to the United States and has just been elected to a second term of three years. As Resident Commissioner he has a seat on the floor of the American Congress, the privilege of taking part in debates, although no vote. Commissioner de Veyra has an interesting wife and four bright Filipino kiddies. The De Veyra family, individually and collectively, constitute the best argument as to the tact and capabilities of Filipinos that the Philippine Islands have in Washington. The commissioner is a 100 per cent Filipino, a Visayan, and is one of the foremost leaders of the party in power in the islands. During American occupation he has been successively governor of his province, member of the Philippine legislature, cabinet member and executive secretary of the islands. Like many statesmen of the Philippines, he was originally a newspaper man. He was one of the founders of El Nuevo Dia of Cebu, the first Filipino paper published advocating Philippine independence. The paper came under the censorship of General McIntyre, and on the appearance of the first number the editors were left in the singular position of seeing every prominent article blue penciled. Mrs. de Veyra, like her husband, is a "live wire" in the Philippines cause. She is the best known Filipina in America. She is an interesting public speaker and is constantly giving illustrated lectures at women's clubs and other gatherings. Mrs. de Veyra is a publicity bureau all in herself and has put the Philippines on the map, so far as the women folk of Washington congressional circles are concerned. "I find that the Filipino people have been much misrepresented in the United States," says Mrs. de Veyra. "I do not mean to infer we are perfect, for we are not. My people have most of the defects, I suppose, that other humans have, but at the same time we are far from the people that many Americans have been made to believe. Not only are we a Christian people, but our race has a history that we are not ashamed of. Throughout the Philippine Islands the people are now working earnestly to improve themselves and their conditions so they will be prepared to take over their own affairs. We all love America for giving us a chance to help ourselves and for having promised us our independence, which is one of the dearest desires of the entire citizenship of the islands." To American women whose ideas of Filipinos have been founded on Sunday supplement descriptions of wild tribes, Mrs. de Veyra's gentle manner and evident culture have been a revelation. She is sought by women's clubs because of her charming manner as an impromptu speaker on the subject nearest her heart—the women of her country. At a recent Washington gathering she gave in perfect English a concise account of the work of a woman's club in Manila which supplies milk to the babies of the poor and trains mothers to care for their young children. She told of another woman's club which has branches all over the Philippine Islands and which maintains day nurseries for the children of the working women, provides Christmas cheer for the lepers, the insane and the convicts, and gathers data to influence legislation for the benefit of Filipino women and children. The four little De Veyras, shown in the picture, having attended the public schools in Manila, slipped right into the same grades in the schools of Washington. Even little Mary, the baby of the family, speaks three languages—her native tongue, Spanish and English.

Continued support of such welfare work as the Young Men's Christian association is now carrying on for enlisted men in the American army and navy in the United States and its possessions and overseas wherever American troops are still held. This recommendation includes the maintenance of the permanent Young Men's Christian association buildings for American soldiers and sailors, also needed additions thereto and new buildings for such purposes. Continuation of the support of the work now being carried on for the soldiers and sailors of our allies beyond the year 1920, should the seriously unsettled conditions occasioned by the war continue. Setting apart of a substantial portion of the surplus to be regarded as a reserve fund which might be used at any time for rendering Y. M. C. A. service in any grave national emergency. This reserve fund should certainly be held for these purposes for at least two years. Continuation of the educational program for ex-service men. We recommend also a study of the needs of the wounded ex-service men who are now having vocational training. Recommendation that the total amount that seems now to have accrued in the operation of the canteen, approximately \$500,000 (brought about by the government's cancellation of the charges aggregating \$2,500,000 and for which we had a reserve fund), to be used for the benefit of ex-service men, either through an appropriation direct to the American Legion or to the relief of incapacitated ex-service men, or to such other purposes for the benefit of ex-service men as might be agreed upon between the officers of the national war work council and the officers of the American Legion.

"PLAY BALL!" They can do it the year around in the Philippines.



Here's indisputable evidence that the Filipino people have been Americanized! The great American game of baseball is the rage in the islands. This photograph shows a parade which preceded one of the big games in Manila. Baseball is played from one end of the archipelago to the other and, as in other branches of athletic sports, some classy players have been developed.

**\$508,899 PROFIT
IN "Y" HUTS**

Adjustments Show This Gain and Wipe Out "Book Loss" of \$1,478,084.

PUBLIC GIVES \$161,722,649

Report Reveals Approximate Balance of \$17,000,000—Largest Sum Expended on American Fighters While Abroad.

New York.—A financial statement of operations by the national war work council of the Y. M. C. A. from the beginning of our participation in the war to January 1 last reveals that the canteens operated for soldiers and sailors returned a net profit of \$508,899.79. A previous report in March, 1918, reported a loss on canteen service of \$1,478,074.14.

The United States carried Y. M. C. A. supplies free of charge on transports, and furnished rail transportation and motor supplies in France.

The report also shows that \$161,722,649.42 had been contributed by the public to Y. M. C. A. war work up to January 1. The report of William Sloan, chairman of the war work council, reveals an approximate balance of \$17,000,000, the principal expenditures to the end for which the money was given having been as follows:

Itemized Expenditures.
Spent on soldiers, sailors and marines in the United States, \$99,809.50; abroad, \$52,928,726.00; other expenses not itemized, \$7,000,000. The fund of more than \$101,000,000 was made up as follows: First Y. M. C. A. campaign, \$5,118,000.98; second Y. M. C. A. campaign, \$53,834,546.81; United War Work campaign up to January 1, \$100,759,731.17; other sources, \$2,514,704.46.

The balance of \$17,000,000 revealed in the report is surplus, writing off more than \$21,000,000 of "commitments already made for continuance of the work not only on behalf of the American army and navy at home and overseas, but also among the allied armies in the troubled areas of Europe and Asia." Recommendations for continuance of work adopted at the last joint meeting of the executive and finance committees of the national war work council include the following:

Recommendations Made.
Continued support of such welfare work as the Young Men's Christian association is now carrying on for enlisted men in the American army and navy in the United States and its possessions and overseas wherever American troops are still held. This recommendation includes the maintenance of the permanent Young Men's Christian association buildings for American soldiers and sailors, also needed additions thereto and new buildings for such purposes. Continuation of the support of the work now being carried on for the soldiers and sailors of our allies beyond the year 1920, should the seriously unsettled conditions occasioned by the war continue. Setting apart of a substantial portion of the surplus to be regarded as a reserve fund which might be used at any time for rendering Y. M. C. A. service in any grave national emergency. This reserve fund should certainly be held for these purposes for at least two years. Continuation of the educational program for ex-service men. We recommend also a study of the needs of the wounded ex-service men who are now having vocational training. Recommendation that the total amount that seems now to have accrued in the operation of the canteen, approximately \$500,000 (brought about by the government's cancellation of the charges aggregating \$2,500,000 and for which we had a reserve fund), to be used for the benefit of ex-service men, either through an appropriation direct to the American Legion or to the relief of incapacitated ex-service men, or to such other purposes for the benefit of ex-service men as might be agreed upon between the officers of the national war work council and the officers of the American Legion.

SCOFF AT "WHITE CANNIBALS"

Explorers Declare No Such Tribe as Reported Exists on Tiburon Island.

Los Angeles, Cal.—Members of the mining expedition Capt. Harry De Windt, an English explorer, said he plans to land on Tiburon Island, in the Gulf of California, need not fear "white cannibals" reported there, according to Los Angeles residents who have visited the island.

Persons returning from Tiburon, however, have given it an unpleasant reputation. They have reported that it is overrun with reptiles and that the few Indians living there, while not actively hostile, are sullen and distrustful.

Stories of a strange white tribe, using poisoned darts and an ancient blunderbuss to bag occasional visitors to provide native feasts, are scooped here. Some Los Angeles residents have reported having seen natives carrying modern firearms.

"Tempus Fugit"
The teacher gave Margaret some yarn and cardboard, and after showing her how to work a design, told her to finish it at home. When she came to school the next day with the half-finished work, the teacher asked her why she had not finished it. If she had run out of yarn "Oh, no," answered Margaret: "I just run'd out of time."

Tunis Agricultural State.
The regency of Tunis, having its northern or Mediterranean limit in the same latitudinal position as the state of North Carolina and like North Carolina, supporting an estimated population of 2,000,000 on an area of about 50,000 square miles, is essentially an agricultural country, deriving its wealth from farm and mine.

Reasons for Using Stone.
The forest rangers on Mount Rainier have a house on top of the mountain built of stone, whereas under usual conditions it is the custom to construct these buildings of wood. The proximity of the stone and the scarcity of wood and the difficulty of obtaining it from the lower levels is responsible for this departure.



**Certain-teed
Is Easy to Lay**

Certain-teed Roofing can be easily laid by anyone who will follow the simple instructions enclosed in every roll.
You don't have to hire experienced roofers. You don't even have to worry about finding skilled workmen. They are mighty hard to get these days.
This fact means two things to you. You save the difference between the wages of skilled and unskilled men. You get your roof laid quickly by men who can be easily obtained.
But Certain-teed Roofing provides far more than a roof that is easily laid. It is guaranteed for five, ten or fifteen years, according to weight. It has never been known to wear out on the roof. It is weather-proof, fire-retarding and spark-proof.
Though there is a shortage of many kinds of roofing, you can always get Certain-teed Smooth-Surfaced Roofing.
See your dealer at once. He either has Certain-teed or can get it quickly from a nearby Certain-teed warehouse.

Certain-teed Products Corporation
General Office, Saint Louis
Offices and Warehouses in Principal Cities

Certain-teed



PAINT-VARNISH-ROOFING & RELATED-BUILDING-PRODUCTS

DARKEN GRAY HAIR, LOOK YOUNG, PRETTY

Sage Tea and Sulphur Darkens
So Naturally that No
body can tell.

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

PUT CREAM IN NOSE AND STOP CATARRH

Tells How To Open Clogged Nostrils and End Head-Colds.

You feel fine in a few moments. Your cold in head or catarrh will be gone. Your clogged nostrils will open. The air passages of your head will clear and you can breathe freely. No more dullness, headache, no hawking, snuffing, mucous discharges or dryness; no struggling for breath at night.

Tell your druggist you want a small bottle of Ely's Cream Balm. Apply a little of this fragrant, antiseptic cream in your nostrils, let it penetrate through every air passage of the head; soothe and heal the swollen, inflamed mucous membrane, and relief comes instantly. It is just what every cold and catarrh sufferers needs. Don't stay stuffed-up and miserable.

Superstition Concerning Diamond.
The losing of a diamond is considered, apart from its material value, an omen of mishap. To be efficacious as a talisman the diamond should be given freely, and "never sold, never lent, never coveted, and never taken by fraud or force."

Where He Slips.
The man who thinks he knows everything always gets into difficulty when conditions require him to verify his information.

Mending China.
Broken china after mending should be allowed to "set" in a box of saw dust. Place in any desired position and its own weight will hold the piece steady until the cement hardens.

A COMFORT TO STOUT PEOPLE
Men and women over normal weight find Foley Cathartic Tablets comforting because of the light, free feeling they bring. You need not suffer from biliousness, sick headache, sour stomach, gas, bloating or other results of indigestion, because Foley Cathartic Tablets give prompt relief. Hite's Drug Store. adv.

APPLY SULPHUR TO HEAL UP YOUR SKIN

Broken Out Skin and Itching
Eczema Helped Over Night

For unsightly skin eruptions, rash or blotches on face, neck, arms or body, you do not have to wait for relief from torture or embarrassment, declares a noted skin specialist. Apply a little Mentho-Sulphur and improvement shows next day.

Because of its germ destroying properties, nothing has ever been found to take the place of this sulphur preparation. The moment you apply it healing begins. Only those who have had unsightly skin troubles can know the delight this Mentho-Sulphur brings. Even fiery, itching eczema is dried right up.

Get a small jar from any good druggist and use it like cold cream.

ONLY ONE STLYE IN THIS MILLINERY SHOP



TRIMMING A BONNET

A TRY-ON IN THE ONE-STYLE BONNET SHOP

There is a millinery shop in New York which guarantees its hats never to go out of style. With every purchase goes the understanding that in five or ten years from now the bonnet bought today will be just as attractive, just as much admired and even more in vogue.

It is the Salvation Army "Millinery Shop," located at 120 West Fourteenth Street, New York city, in which establishment every bonnet which enters the tenement houses, rescue homes, orphanages, nurseries or slum settlements first sees the light of day. And the shop does a rushing business. Three hundred bonnets each week are trimmed, boxed, sent out to all parts of the country and started on their mission of spreading cheer and hope to every corner of the United States. And the Salvation Army is an im-

porter—not the type that sticks the covered word after its name as a matter of course, but a real one. Every bonnet that graces the head of every Salvation Army lassie came all the way from across the Atlantic for that purpose. The bonnet itself is English, the trimmings are American, and the wearers embrace every nationality in the world.

Many times each week big trucks draw up to the door of the shop and deposit their cargoes of untrimmed hats. At frequent intervals the piquant bonnets, with their long blue streamers, blue guching and satin folds, leave the establishment bound for years of service in the slums and bleak spots of the nation. The familiar blue bonnet—shaped like nothing else under the sun—is a symbol of unselfish service in nurseries, hospitals and tenements the whole world over.

Then and Now



ON Decoration day, it was then called; he always climbed the hill out to the graveyard with his little hand in that of his grandmother. It was a day that he looked forward to for he was to carry some of the flowers from his own garden to place upon the grave of his grandfather, a Northern captain who had lost his life in the charge at Chattanooga. On all other days the sword hung over the mantel-piece at home. On this one day the boy was allowed to take the precious relic from its resting place and examine it to his heart's content.

The years passed. No longer a youth, now a man with a son of his own, he heard the call of country and answered. The blood of the best American patriotism ran in his veins. Among the first troops he crossed the sea to fight for country and for justice. Stricken on the Argonne, he too poured out his blood on the fields of France. Today he lies among the noble, forgotten dead. As in former times he learned of the spirit of sacrifice, his boy today is learning of the same spirit of sacrifice which exalts human life and makes it divine.

So a great tradition binds the generations to each other, enriched by the thousands of unselfish, noble men and women who live and die to make men free.—Indianapolis Star.

CALF IS 21 INCHES HIGH

Dwarf Hereford Attracts Attention in Colorado.

J. L. McNutt, rancher, living near Hugo, Colo., has visions of a young fortune to be made from a freak calf that is drawing scores of visitors from eastern Colorado to his farm. The calf of purebred breeding, is ten months old and weighs 250 pounds, but stands only 21 inches high. It has a normal head and perfect markings, but stopped growing when it was seven months old. Its legs are 7 inches in length.

Already McNutt has had several lucrative offers to exhibit the calf in circus sideshows.

Prairie Dogs.
The little ground squirrels, or prairie dogs of the western plains, have their homes 12 or 15 feet underground; with corridors and rooms. In some of these chambers the squirrel family lives, and in others food and various materials are stored.

Or Belong to a Union.
Even women who do not work for a living have a natural yearning to make a striking appearance.—Cartoons Magazine.

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.

Simple Explanation.
Why is it that fishes make no disturbance when swimming through the water, although there is a rushing noise when a stone is flung in? This is explained by the fact that, in the latter case, it is the filling of the cavity that is made, rather than the mere impact, which causes the noise, whereas the body of the fish is so shaped that when it moves through the water it leaves no such cavity behind it and therefore there is no disturbance.

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 10th day of May A. D. 1920.

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

In the Matter of the Estate of Jennie Watson, Deceased.
Dwight H. Fitch having filed in said court his final administration account, and his petition praying for the allowance thereof and for the assignment and distribution of the residue of said estate.

It is ordered, that the 29th day of May, A. D. 1920, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, at said probate office, be and is hereby appointed for examining and allowing said account and 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.

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 17th day of May A. D. 1920.

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

In the Matter of the Estate of Mary Brown, Deceased.
Frank Brown having filed in said court his petition praying that the administration of said estate be granted to petitioner or to some other suitable person.

It is Ordered, That the 7th day of June A. D. 1920, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, at said probate office, be and is hereby appointed for hearing said petition.

It is Further Ordered, That public notice thereof be given by publication of a copy of this order, once each week 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.

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. 53.

Lowe's

Paint to-day Walk on to-morrow

Isn't it true that you would paint your floors oftener if you didn't have to keep the house upset so long waiting for the paint to dry?
Wouldn't you do it oftener if you could paint one half of the floor one day, then move the furniture over from the other half and paint that the next day?
Well, that's just what you can do with Lowe's Hand Drying Floor Paint. This fact, together with the way it stands wear and tear is the reason it is used so much on restaurant floors and ship decks.
Come in and ask for descriptive literature.

STROEBEL BROS.

Paints

Doctor Branch

Office at
The Russell House.

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. W. H. Parks

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

Dr. F. P. Ramsey

Physician and Surgeon.
Graduate of College of Physicians and
Surgeons of the University of
Illinois.
OFFICE E. J. LUMBER CO. BLOCK
East Jordan, Mich.
Phone No. 196.

Frank Phillips

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

DRINK HOT TEA FOR A BAD COLD

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

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

RUB BACKACHE AND LUMBAGO RIGHT OUT

Rub Pain and Stiffness away with a small bottle of liniment
St. Jacobs Liniment

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

Don't stay crippled! This soothing, penetrating oil needs to be used only once. It takes the ache and pain right out of your back and ends the misery. It is magical, yet absolutely harmless and doesn't burn the skin.

Nothing else stops lumbago, sciatica and lame back misery so promptly!

ASPIRIN FOR COLDS

Name "Bayer" is on Genuine Aspirin—say Bayer



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

THE CLANCY KIDS

Twas Ever Thus

By PERCY L. CROSSBY
© by the McClure Newspaper Syndicate

HE JUST GOT LICKED FOR SASS IN HIS MA!

CRY BABY! CRY BABY! SHAME! SHAME!

OOH! HE'S CRYIN'

THE LITTLE GIRL NEXT DOOR STARTS A CHOICE BIT OF SCANDAL IN THE NEIGHBORHOOD