

# Charlevoix County Herald.

Vol. 24

EAST JORDAN, MICHIGAN, FRIDAY, JUNE 4, 1920.

No. 23

## Our Postoffice Second Class

### Means Additional Help and Increased Salaries.

U. S. Postoffice Inspector Murphy of Grand Rapids was in our city between 11 and 12 o'clock Tuesday noon and imparted the cheerful tidings that effective July 1st the East Jordan Postoffice will be placed in the Second Class.

The East Jordan Postoffice has been entitled to this classification for a number of years but owing to war-time conditions the government officials deemed it advisable to continue the office as it is in third class.

Owing to the third-class rating, Postmaster Hudkins has been handicapped in trying to maintain a first-class service as he was only allowed clerk-salary in accordance with the office's classification.

The new rating gives Postmaster Hudkins additional help and an increase in salaries to all employees.

## FARM WOMEN ADOPT BUSINESS METHODS

### Home Account Books Solve Household Problems.

More than a thousand Michigan farm women have joined their husbands in the great movement toward business methods in the country, by starting to keep definite records of all their household transactions and expenses. Home account books prepared by the extension specialists at the Michigan Agricultural College are being used for the records.

By means of the account books these farm leaders in home management are able to keep track of every dollar that passes through the household treasury, with the result that great savings are made possible. The income for the upkeep of the house is spread out over a budget, items covering food, clothing, shelter, operating expenses, and general advancement being included. In this way the "head of the house" knows just where the money goes, and is able to regulate the family budget to best advantage.

"The need for a larger budget for recreation and general advancement is one of the things brought out by the average farm woman's account book," says Miss Edna V. Smith, household management specialist at M. A. C. who is in direct charge of the home account book work. "Also the fact that the farm home realizes large decreases in operating costs because of the amount of foodstuffs produced on the farm, is made clear."

Although the first home account books were printed only a little over a year ago, the work has proved so popular with Michigan farm women that a second edition of the books has already had to be printed. Those who have studied them point out that the account books are fully as valuable for city women as they are for their farm sisters. The books may be had at cost from county home demonstration agents or directly from the Extension Division, M. A. C. East Lansing.

## BIDS WANTED

Will receive bids up to and including Tuesday, June 15th, for transportation of U. S. Mail between the East Jordan Postoffice and the East Jordan & Southern Railroad Depot. Term—one year or more from July 1st, 1920.

E. J. & S. R. R.

W. P. Porter,  
General Mgr.

## ANNOUNCEMENT

To the Elector of Charlevoix County: I will be a candidate for State Representative on the Republican ticket, at the Primary Election, August 31, 1920. Appreciating your favors, I am  
Yours truly,  
J. E. CHEW.

South Arm Twp., East Jordan, Mich.  
• 23-2.

You can never be sure what impression a "knock" will make on your hearer as to the one who is "knocked," but you may be sure that his impression of the "knocker" is always bad.

Things are so arranged in this world that the investment we scorned would have made us rich and the one we took up makes us poor.

It's better to draw a blank in the marriage lottery than a prune.

## E. J. C. H. S. Commencement

### St. Joseph's School Exercises Next Monday Evening.

Commencement Exercises of East Jordan Catholic High School will be held at St. Joseph's Church next Monday evening, June 7th, commencing at 7:30. Below is the

#### PROGRAM

Grand March—Wolin and Organ Selection  
Chorus—"Our Country and School Forever," "Just For Today."  
Address To Graduate—Rev. T. Kroboth  
Hymns—"Our Father," "Ave Marie."  
Presentation Of Diploma—Rev. G. Bierens  
Hymn—Our Lady of Good Counsel  
Benediction—Te Deum Laudamus  
Accompanist—Irene Bashaw  
Violinists—Agnes Nachazel, Bernard Brennan, Casimir Quinn, Norbert Hart.  
Twelfth Grade Diploma  
Glady's King  
Bookkeeping Diplomas  
Glady's King Agnes Nachazel  
Mabel Zulek Irene Bashaw  
Clara Trojaneck Adelina Trojaneck  
Liona Hipp Bernard Brennan  
Delephine St. Charles  
Eighth Grade Diplomas  
Helen Nachazel Florence Kraemer  
Mary Brown Eileen Farmer  
Anna Boudrie Archie LaLonde  
Frederick Kenny Leonard Kraemer.

## FLAG DAY PROCLAMATION

By the Governor.

In paying homage to the flag of our country we honor not merely a piece of bunting but those things for which the flag stands, liberty, justice, equality. The flag of the United States symbolizes the national ideals for which our fathers were willing to give their lives, and in our day their sons have proved that they too are ready to defend to the uttermost "Our great, free institutions which are the hope of the home as well as the nation."

It is proposed this year to celebrate, in conjunction with Flag Day, June twelfth as Neighbors' Day to promote nation-wide neighborliness; and June thirteenth as Community Sunday to impress men and women of all faiths with the spiritualizing influence on the individual of unified neighborhood service.

Therefore, I, ALBERT E. SLEEPER, Governor of the State of Michigan, do issue this my Proclamation, and urgently request that Monday, the fourteenth day of June, 1920 be observed as Flag Day.

I further suggest, in compliance with the request of the National Neighbors' Day Committee, that Saturday, June twelfth and Sunday, June thirteenth be observed respectively as Neighbors' Day and Community Sunday. On these three days let flags be displayed on both public and private buildings.

Let us honor the flag.  
Given under my hand and the Great Seal of the State this First Day of June, in the year of our Lord one thousand nine hundred and twenty, and of the Commonwealth the eighty-fourth.

ALBERT E. SLEEPER,  
Governor.

## UNCOVERED WAR FRAUDS

### Investigation Showed Illegal Transactions Involving Millions.

Large sums will be saved for the government through civil and criminal prosecutions now completed or under way, announced Attorney General Palmer in a statement in which he declared a department of Justice investigation of alleged fraudulent war contracts had "uncovered illegal transactions involving millions of dollars."

## LONDON STOPS BIG BUILDING

### Action Taken So That Building Trades Might Concentrate on Residences.

The action of the city council of London, England, in stopping all building, except residences, under powers granted by the health ministry, to overcome the housing shortage, has caused a crisis in the London building trades.

Not more than 40 per cent of the men displaced by this shortage can be used in house building, leading business men declare.

## The Close of School Year

### Splendid Class of Twenty-one Finish Work in High School.

One of the most successful years in the history of the local schools has come to a close and with it one of the largest and best graduating classes complete their work.

Temple Theatre was packed to the limit last Friday night when the Class of 1920 held Class Day Exercises and received their diplomas.

Elsie Johnson, having the highest record in the class, was Valedictorian and Bessie Tausch, second in honors, was Salutatorian. Geneva VanDeVenter gave the Class History, Will Donaldson, the Prophecy, Eleanor McBride, the Will, and Sherman White, winner of the District Oratorical Contest, the Class Oration. All did splendidly and their efforts were warmly appreciated by the audience. Mr. Ira D. Bartlett, in an appropriate manner, gave the class their diplomas.

The class of 1920 by their high scholarship, their school spirit, their leadership in school activities, and by their splendid exemplification of young manhood and womanhood have set a pace that succeeding classes may well aim at.

The Junior Class took charge of the decoration of the stage and showed themselves both capable and original.

During the past year the East Jordan High School has outstripped all the other high schools in Northern Michigan in Debating, Orating, and Athletics with the exception of football. The school plays have been of a very high standard while the commercial department has made a record never before excelled.

With a new building next year we may look forward to great things.

## FARM PRODUCE BUYING POWER SHOWS DECLINE

East Lansing, June 1st.—The exchange value of farm crops for manufactured goods is less today than it was before the war, declares Prof. J. F. Cox, head of the farm crops department at the Michigan Agricultural College. Wheat at \$3.00 a bushel will trade for less things which the farmer must have than did the old \$1.50 crop, and the same is true of beans and other crops. While the actual price that the farmer receives has increased from 50 to 100 per cent, this increase has just about kept pace with the decreased purchasing power of a dollar, whereas clothing and other manufactured goods have increased in many cases several hundred per cent.

"The serious labor shortage existing on Michigan farms and the alarming rate at which farm homes are being vacated, and lands allowed to lie uncultivated, are facts which demand the careful attention of all who eat food in Michigan, as well as those who produce and handle food products," says Professor Cox. "Manufacturers must do all in their power to facilitate the release of labor for work on the farms during planting and harvesting times."

"Conditions in the country must be placed on such a basis as to make the farmer, his family, and his helpers desire to stay on the land, and to bring back enough of those who have already left to insure adequate handling of our farm lands. Farm life must be bettered and farming as a business must be stabilized. The welfare of the entire state demands that this problem be met."

"The recently organized Michigan Farm Bureau is one of the most powerful influences working toward a stabilizing of farming as a business, such as the handling of wool, the seed business, the cooperative grain business, etc. It does this in the interests of the producers, and handles the business in such a way that the result should be a less number of middlemen, and a better regulation of production and distribution. All interests in the state, including manufacturers, professional men, and others of the city should be in sympathy with this new Farm Bureau movement."

## HE WANTS TO HELP OTHERS

"I had such an awful cold," writes Russell Deckwa, 831 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 Foley's for coughs, colds, croup and whooping cough. Hite's Drug Store, adv.

## Wins Six Out of Eight

### East Jordan High School Makes Average of .750

The East Jordan High School has closed a most successful baseball season. Starting early they have played on the whole a splendid brand of baseball and their efforts have been crowned with success. The one weakness that cost the team the two games lost was the infield. Not until the final game of the season did the infield play up to the standard of the other departments of the team. Of the two games lost, both were played when the boys were hard at work on other school functions and were not in condition for the games.

But two players on the team graduated this year, Woods at first and Hughes behind the bat. The team has two other capable catchers but will have to develop a new first baseman.

In one respect the East Jordan baseball team has an average of one hundred per cent. This is in clean playing and gentlemanly conduct. On the field and off, at home and abroad, the boys have been a credit to their school and to East Jordan. The results are as follows:

East Jordan—18	Boyer City—8
East Jordan—16	Boyer City—1
East Jordan—5	Charlevoix—11
East Jordan—5	Charlevoix—4
East Jordan—10	Mancelona—4
East Jordan—10	Mancelona—9
East Jordan—8	Gaylord—5
East Jordan—20	Gaylord—1

## WAR HERO WINS BRIDE DESPITE CUBAN RIVAL

### Man Who Served Under Eight Flags Surrenders to Washington Girl.

A veteran of five wars, serving under eight flags, decorated by two kings for bravery—Capt. Pat O'Brien has finally lowered his flag and surrendered: His captor is the present Mrs. Pat O'Brien. He capitulated to the charms of the American girl whom he met in Cuba and asked for no quarter. Overcoming all obstacles, including a rival in the person of a high Cuban official, Captain O'Brien finally won the young woman, who, before her marriage, was Miss Virginia E. Allen of Washington, D. C.

The captain won fame when, as Lieut. Pat O'Brien, he fell 8,000 feet in an airplane and found himself 60 miles inside the German lines. He crawled most of that distance back to the allied army, taking 71 days to make the trip.

Captain O'Brien started out when twenty years old to be a soldier of fortune and he liked it so well that he followed the profession until at last fortune smiled on him when he won his bride in the green of the southern island. His life as a free lance would furnish suitable plots to meet the desires of any Harold MacGrath or Richard Harding Davis.

The captain and his bride are now visiting in Detroit. They will continue their honeymoon trip to California, where they plan to "live happily ever after."

## BABY ALLIGATOR TAKING FIRST EGG



"Peter," a youthful alligator, is taking his first breakfast egg with an apparent great relish. The most comical mutters he's in a hurry and is trying to bolt it whole.

## School Day In South Arm

### Township Held Annual Event Last Friday.

The schools namely: Chaddock, Miles Rock Elm, and Ranney met for their Township School Day, Friday, May 28, 1920, at Peninsula Grange.

The Judges of the wall exhibit work were as follows: Mrs. Blount, Chairman, Mrs. Keyworth and Miss Hodges found it very hard to make the decision, but decided as follows: Miles, First; Rock Elm, Second; Ranney, Third. The dinner was served by the Grange ladies who are to be complimented for the manner in which all were handed out a fine picnic dinner.

The athletic program followed, Rev. Hoyt, as judge, resulting in a tie between the Rock Elm and Ranney schools.

The Chaddock and Miles school-rendered songs, a flag drill by the former, suitable occasion.

The Township carried four very successful Clubs throughout the year. Two Hot Lunch Clubs at Ranney and Rock Elm schools, Ranney school chosen as the best, and Marian McKeage represent Charlevoix County, at Michigan Agricultural College for Boys and Girls Club Week, June 21st, 1920.

The Blue Bird Garment Making Club won first place in the County, Dorothy DeShane of Rock Elm will represent the County at M. A. C. for Boys and Girls Club Week.

The Eagle Handicraft Club gave a fine exhibit. Merritt Shaw first in township and second in county.

Miss Robb of East Lansing was here to judge the work.

## USE LANGUAGE OF SHAKESPEARE

### Mountaineers Talk as in Queen Elizabeth's Time.

## NEAR JOHN FOX'S HOME

Teacher in Kentucky School Tells of Interesting Life in Wilds—Englishman Finds Verbs of Old Balled That Had Been Sought for Years—Games Long Forgotten in England Played by Mountain Folk.

Opening a school in a region where still prevail the language of Shakespeare, the games and ballads of Queen Elizabeth's era and the simple hospitality of the day of Robin Hood, is the work of Miss Katherine Pettit, one of the heads of the Pine Mountain Settlement School of Harlan county, Kentucky.

As one of the organizers of the school twenty years ago, Miss Pettit occupies the position of close friend to scores of the mountain people, who are being acclimated by writers as one of the most interesting developments of American life. The school is "just across the mountain" from the home of the late John Fox, Jr., and the author of "The Trail of the Lonesome Pine" was a frequent visitor to the old log house and the house in the woods where classes are held.

A visitor to the settlement was Cecil Sharp of Oxford university, considered the world's greatest authority on English folklore. He had been told of the Kentucky mountain region by an American student and journeyed all the way from England in the hope of finding a ballad or two to add to his collection.

He remained two years and gathered enough material to publish a new volume, which is dedicated to the Pine Mountain school. His delight at finding the store of old English customs almost in their original form several thousand miles away from the old country is expressed in the introduction to the work.

Old Folklore Picked Up. One day the English expert had packed his belongings and was on his way across the mountains to the nearest town where he might take a train, satisfied that he had culled the rich store of material to its last fragment. As he tramped along he overtook an aged woman driving her cow home for the evening, singing to herself as she wended her way down the path. The ear of the Oxford man caught a familiar strain. He hurried down the path, dragging out a notebook and pencil as he ran.

"How many of those verses do you know?" he asked.

"Eighteen," was the reply. Down they sat on the roadside, while Mr. Sharp took down the words and music

of a ballad for which English collectors had been searching many years. They had hoped somewhere to find four verses, which they believed composed the story of "Edward," with the refrain of "Edward, How Came That Blood on Your Shirtheleeve?" The eighteen verses the old mountain woman sang off with faithful accuracy made a find at which historical groups rejoiced all over the world. The Englishman remained three months more and collected almost enough to fill another volume from the memory of the aged woman.

## Gives England New Dance.

The "Running Set," found by Sharp at Pine Mountain school, is being danced today all over England, where the ancient forms are being revived in schools. It is not considered a dance in the Appalachians, where dancing is regarded with a somewhat Puritan distrust. It is a "play," and when the young folk gather to enjoy themselves they go to "a play" and not to "a hop." The institution is described as seen for the first time after dark one evening on the porch of one of the larger school buildings with only one dim lantern to light up the scene.

"The moon streamed fitfully in, lighting up the mountain peaks in the background and casting its mysterious light over the proceedings and seeming to exaggerate the wildness and the breakneck speed of the dancers as they whirled through the mazes of the dance," Mr. Sharp writes. "There was no music, only the stamping and clapping of the onlookers. The air seemed literally to pulsate with the rhythm of patters and the tramp of dancers' feet, while over it all floated the even, falsetto tones of the caller, calmly and unexcitedly reciting his directions."

Harlan county is the seat of numerous feuds of long standing—for centuries it has lived in a state of miniature warfare, kept alive by the vigorous sense of honor and family pride that exists among the mountaineers. At the beginning of the war the Pine Mountain school called upon some of the expert knitters of the district to make garments for French soldiers. As she handled the soft wool, one woman remarked regretfully:

"What a pure waste to use this nice yarn for shot-up men!"

## Shooting Up Isn't Uncommon.

"But it is for the soldiers, the brave Frenchmen who are risking their lives for their country. Nothing is too good for them, is there?" asked one of the teachers. The mountain woman smiled indulgently.

"When you've been here long as we have you won't get so upset by shot-up men," she replied.

The coming of the war to America

brought a flock of eager recruits from the mountains. Few of them had been beyond their own valleys, but if there was fighting to do they were ready. Afterward they came home, thankful for the familiar scenes again.

"We ain't changed," a mountain soldier assured the community when they returned. "We don't even smoke cigarettes. All us boys got together over there and made up our minds it would be a bad benefactor us to smoke 'em, and we didn't want to do nothing of had benefit that fur from home."

The hospitality of the region is a quality at which the outside world can only marvel. Aunt Judy, a champion spinner and weaver of Pine Mountain, with her two big sons, parted with acres of timber land at a charge of \$1 a tree for the most valuable woods in the state. Her boys journeyed across the mountains and brought back \$17,000 in saddle bags after they had waited several days for the bank to collect the sum in cash. Years later the money still reposed, virtually untouched, in the bags under the old lady's bed. They had no use for it.

"I'd be a sorry mother if I couldn't spin enough to keep my boys in clothes and raise enough to feed us," she said simply.

## Vicious Mule Kicked Woman to Death.

An enraged mule, which had attacked a horse in a stall, kicked Miss Maude J. Padgett, twenty-four years old, of near Mount Vernon, Ill., to death when she attempted to force it to quit its attack on the horse.

## Girls Set Barn Afire for Excitement.

In pleading guilty to the charge of setting fire to the hay barn at the girls' industrial school at Concordia, Kan., three young girls stated they "just wanted excitement."

## Seeks Divorce From Her Fat Husband.

The obesity of her husband, who weighs 300 pounds, is the ground upon which Mrs. Pauline Chavias, twenty-four years old of Newark, N. Y., seeks to have her marriage annulled.

A man who seems to know most about the problem of capital and labor and to do most of the talking about it, is the one who never had any capital and never would labor.

Don't be too hard on them. Many a silk shirt covers an honest heart.



# 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**—Child's Gold Ring, on Decoration Day. Owner may secure same of Mrs. George Palmer, East Jordan. 23x

**LOST**—Wrist watch, on link bracelet, either on Maine or State St. Finder please leave at Herald Office. Reward.

**LOST**—Between Boyne City and White & Co.'s old headquarters on Jordan River, Sunday, May 30th, a 33 x 4 new Fisk Tire on demountable rim. Finder notify Boyne City Hardware Co. and get reward. 23-2x

**STRAYED**—From my farm in Chestonia, Sunday night, a team of mares, black and sorrel, weight about 2200. Will finder please notify GEORGE SCOTT, Alba, Mich. 23x.

## Help Wanted

**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

## 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 front 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.

**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 RENT OR ON SHARES**—About five acres land suitable for potatoes. Not worked for 5 years, **JOHN T. CARLISLE**, (Cherryvale) East Jordan. 23x.

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

**FOR SALE**—One Cow, part Holstein and Jersey. Inquire of **HENRY RIBLE** on West Side. 23-1f.

**FOR RENT**—One modern furnished room. Inquire of Mrs. John Severance. 23 x

**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. 20-6

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

**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 health and activity. **Hale's Drug Store**, adv.

## MICKIE SAYS



## GERMANS 'LEARN' OF EVIL DEEDS

Say French Tried to Sow Discord in Palatinate.

## PUBLISH CONFISCATED BOOK

Alleged to Have Been Written by French Officer on Staff of General Geraud, and All but One Copy Destroyed by Government Order—Say Officer Was Court-Martialed for Making the "Disclosure."

From a Frenchman the Germans now claim to have obtained undeniable proof of France's persistent efforts to alter parts of Germany for its own benefit.

Shortly after General Geraud removed from the command of the Eighth French army an officer of his staff, Commandant Paul Jacquot, wrote a book describing the general activities during the eleven months they occupied the area. According to German sources, the French government immediately ordered all copies of this book confiscated and destroyed, but a single copy escaped. This fell into German hands and is now republished.

The German author, in an introduction, asserts that Jacquot was ordered court-martialed for his "disclosures."

The German Translation. The German text is a frank declaration and defense of the Geraud policy of attempting to win the sympathy of the people of the Palatinate and encourage them to create a state independent of Prussia.

For the purpose, the book declares, he used all available means of propaganda—free sessions to the French, lectures on the history of the Palatinate, showing it was once French territory, with movies, literature, and exhibitions.

Jacquot wrote that several village and district delegations assured Geraud that they favored annexation to France.

Was Tactful. "But, although the general sympathized with their desires," continues the author, "he was not satisfied to let the matter rest with so narrow a circle, especially as it did not represent the general feeling of the people. He told these delegates that they would better renounce their personal interests and support a definite policy in harmony with the temper, character, and history of their country—namely, the idea of an autonomous republic separated from Bavaria and Prussia." Jacquot declared the Palatinate was so much like Alsace-Lorraine that it couldn't be considered German.

## PROFANITY NO PROOF

Its Use is Not an Evidence of Intoxication is Ruled.

A ruling that profanity does not prove a man intoxicated was made by Judge Thompson in federal court at Philadelphia when Robert Ferguson, skipper of the steamship Boykin, was arraigned on charges of jeopardizing the ship and the crew by drinking too much cognac.

Ferguson is a salt of the old fashioned, eloquent days, according to the description of him given by First Mate George O. Fretwell. The ruling was made when United States District Attorney Kane asked Fretwell to repeat some of the skipper's cuss words "to support the charge that he was drunk."

"The kind of language a man uses doesn't prove that he is drunk," said Judge Thompson. "A sober man might use the most profane language, but you can't prove by words that he is or was drunk."

If you do as you like, you'll not necessarily like as you do. It is no credit to have no credit.

## CHARLEVOIX CO. HERALD

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

## Church of God.

P. M. Burgess, Pastor.

Services as follows:  
(Eastern Standard Time.)  
Sunday, June 6th, 1920.  
10:00 a. m.—Sunday School.  
11:00 a. m.—Preaching Service  
7:30 p. m.—Preaching Service  
Prayer meeting at the Chapel every Tuesday evening at 8:00 o'clock.  
Welcome to our services.

## Latter Day Saints Church.

L. Dudley, Pastor.

Sunday, June 6th, 1920.  
10:00 a. m.—Sunday School.  
11:00 a. m.—Prayer Meeting.  
7:30 p. m.—Prayer Meeting.  
Wednesday, June 9th.  
7:00 p. m.—Prayer Meeting.  
Friday, June 11th.  
7:00 p. m.—Religio.

Better a wandering foot than a wandering mind.

It's the possessions your friends have that break you.

An old maid's idea of a good baby is an absent baby.

A good many of the objections to painted faces are due not to the fact that they are painted but because they look like the job had been done by non-union painters.

## "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. **Hife's Drug Store**, adv.

## Presbyterian Church Notes

Rev. John Duncan, Pastor

Sunday, June 6th, 1920.  
10:30 a. m.—"The True Emphasis in Life."  
11:45—Sunday School.  
11:45 a. m.—Every Man's Bible Class.  
F. L. Bretz—Leader.  
6:30 p. m.—Young Peoples Christian Endeavor. Leader—  
7:30 p. m.—"Four Imperative Musts" of New Testament.

## First Methodist Episcopal Church

Rev. M. E. Hoyt, Pastor.

Sunday, June 6th, 1920.  
10:30 a. m.—Communion Service, "The Corner Stone."  
12:00 m.—Enthusiastic Session of the Sunday School.  
3:00 p. m.—Junior Church. "The Wonder Book of the Temple."  
7:30 p. m.—Evening Worship, "The War of Good and Evil Forces."  
There will be a Pot-luck Supper of all the members and friends of the Church next Tuesday evening, June 8, at 6:00 p. m. Dr. Snee will conduct the third quarterly Conference and other business of interest and importance will be taken care of.

## St. Joseph's Church.

G. Biersens, 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.  
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# The Strange Case of Cavendish

By RANDALL PARRISH

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

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(Continued)

The gray dawn came at last, spectral and ghastly, gradually yielding glimpse of the surroundings. They were traveling steadily south, the horses beginning to exhibit traces of weariness, yet still keeping up a dogged trot. All about extended a wild, desolate scene of rock and sand, bounded on every horizon by barren ridges. Nowhere was there slightest sign of life—no bird, no beast, no snake even, crossed their path. All was dead, silent, stricken with desolation.

Stella stared about at it, and closed her eyes, unable to bear the sight; her head drooped wearily, every nerve giving away before the depressing scene outspread in every direction. Sikes, watching her slightest movement, seemed to sense the meaning of the action.

"Bad, ain't it?" he said expressively. "You know what we are?"

"No; but I never before dreamed any spot could be so terrible."

"This is the Shoshone desert; that ain't nobody ever comes in here 'cept wunst in a while a prospector, maybe, or a band of cattle rustlers. Even the Indians keep out."

She lifted her eyes again, shuddering as they swept about over the dismal waste.

The sun rose a red ball of fire, coloring the ridges of sand, and painting the grotesque rocks with crimson streamers. In the shadow of a bald cliff the wagon was halted briefly, and the two men brought forth materials from within, making a hasty fire, and preparing breakfast. Water was given the team also, before the journey was resumed; while during the brief halt the girl was left to do as she pleased. Then they moved on again, surrounded by the same drear landscape, the very depression of it keeping them silent.

They settled down to the same monotony, mile after mile. The way became rockier, with less sand, but with no more evidence of life. Far away ahead a strange buttress of rock rose into the sky resembling the turret of a huge castle. The sun was directly overhead when Moore turned his team suddenly to the left, and drove down a sharp declivity leading into a ravine.

"Drop the canvas, Joe," he said shortly, "there's only 'bout a mile more."

The passage was so narrow, and so diversified by sharp turns, that Miss Donovan, shut in behind the closed cover, could perceive little of its nature. The cliffs arose precipitously on either side, absolutely bare. To the left nothing could be seen but black rock, but on the other side an open space yawned, perhaps twenty feet across, its bottom imperceptible. The horses stumbled over the rough stones, held only by Moore's firm grip on the reins, and the light began to fade as they descended. At last nothing appeared above but a narrow strip of sky, and the glimmer of sun had totally vanished. Almost at the same moment the driver released the creaking brake, and at a trot the wagon swept forward between two pinnacles of rock, and came out into an open valley.

The transition was so sudden and startling as to cause the girl to give utterance to a cry of surprise. They were in a green, watered valley, a clear stream wandering here and there through its center, shadowed by groves of trees. This valley was heavily square, possibly extending not over a mile in either direction, merely a great hole rimmed by desert, a strange, hidden oasis, rendered fertile and green by some outburst of fresh water from the rocks. Emerging upon it in midst of the barren desolation through which they had been toiling for hours, blinded by alkali dust, it seemed like some beautiful dream, a fantasy of imagination.

Miss Donovan doubted the evidence of her own eyes, half convinced that she slept. It was Moore's voice which aroused her.

"Mendez must have got back, Joe," he said eagerly. "There are horses and cattle over yonder."

The other pushed up the canvas and looked out.

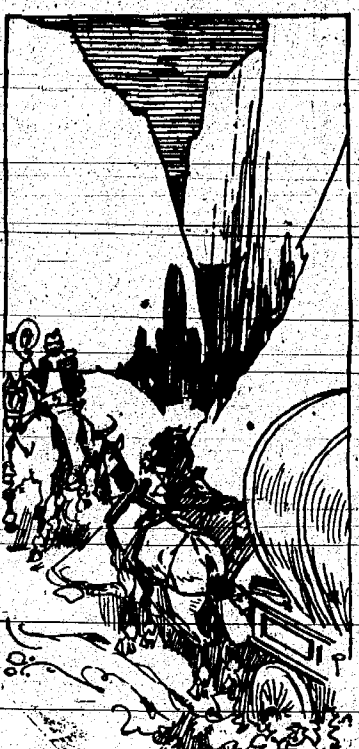
"That's right. The fellow is comin' now—see?"

He was loping along carelessly, Mexican from high hat to jingling spurs, sitting the saddle as though molded there, a young fellow, dark faced, but with a livid scar along one cheek.

"Juan Caters, the little devil," muttered Sikes, as the rider drew nearer. "There's some pot brewing if he is."

The rider spun up his horse, and lifted his hat, the smiling lips revealing a row of white teeth.

"A pleasant day, senior," he said graciously, his dark eyes searching the



"A Pleasant Day, Senior," He Said Graciously.

faces of the two men, and then dwelling with interest on the woman. "Ah, your pardon, seniorita; your presence is more than welcome here." He rested one hand on the wagon box, the expression of his face hardening. "Yet an explanation might not be out of place—the senior Mendez may not be pleased."

"We came under orders from Lacy," replied Moore confidently. "You have seen us both before."

"True, but not the lady; you will tell me about her?"

Sikes climbed down over the wheel. "It is like this, senior," he began.

"Lacy did not know your party was here; he thought you were all south for another month yet. He would keep this girl quiet, out of the way for a time. She is from New York, and knows too much."

"From New York?" The quick eyes of the Mexican again sought her face. "She is to be held prisoner?"

"Yes, senior."

"Then I will ride with you to Mendez; 'tis well to have the matter promptly over with."

The wagon rumbled on, Moore urging the wearied team with whip and voice to little result. Sikes remained on foot, glad of the change, striding along in front, while the Mexican rode beside the wheel, his equipment jingling, the sunlight flashing over his bright attire. He made a rather gallant figure, of which he was fully conscious, glancing frequently aside into the shadow beneath the canvas top to gain glimpse of its occupant. At last their eyes met, and he could no longer forbear speech, his English expression a bit precise.

"Pardon, seniorita, I would be held your friend," he murmured, leaning closer. "You know senior Mendez?"

She shook her head negatively.

"'Tis strange! Yet I forget you come from New York. They know him here on this border. If you ask these men they will tell you. Even senior Lacy takes his orders from Pascual Mendez. He care not who he kill, who he fight—some day it come his turn, and then he liberate Mexico—see? The day is not yet, but it will come."

"But you, senior?"

"I am his lieutenant—Juan Caters," and he bowed low, "and I ride now to tell him of his guest."

She watched him as he spurred forward, proud of his horsemanship, and making every effort to attract her attention. Moore turned in his seat, and grinned.

"Some tin soldier," he said sneeringly, "that's a feller I always wanted ter kick, an' some day I'm a goin' ter do it."

The wagon lurched down a steep bank, splashed its way across the narrow stream and up the other side, the horses straining in their harness to the sharp snap of the driver's whip. A towering precipice of rock confronted them, and at its very foot stood two cabins of log construction, so closely resembling their stone background as to be almost imperceptible at the distance of a few yards. Sikes leaned on his rifle waiting, and as Moore halted the panting team and leaped over the wheel to the ground Caters came forth from one of the open doors and crossed the intervening space on foot. He was smoking a cigarette, the blue wreath of smoke circling above his head in the still air.

"The lady is to be placed in my care," he said almost insolently. "Your hand, seniorita."

Miss Donovan hesitated. Moore broke the silence with a protest.

"In your care, senior? The girl is here as prisoner to Bill Lacy."

"So I told Mendez," he said indifferently. "But he is in ill humor this morning and took small interest in the affair. It was only when I promised to take full charge that he consented to your remaining at all."

"If there is evil done, the debt will be paid."

Caters laughed, one hand at his hip.

client mistake.

"Billy Lacy, you mean, no doubt. That is a matter for him to settle with Mendez. It is not my affair, for I only obey my chief. However, seniors, 'tis no evil that is contemplated, only we prefer guarding the secrets of this valley ourselves. That is what angers Mendez, the fact that Lacy was this rendezvous as a prison during our absence. We found one here when we returned—guarded by an American. Now you come with another. How do we know what may result from such acts? What sheriff's posse may be on your trail? Bill Lacy! Dies! If Bill Lacy would make prisoners, let him keep them somewhere else than here. Mendez takes no prisoners—he knows a better way than doing things like that."

"But, senior, this is a woman."

"Of which I am well aware," bowing gallantly. "Otherwise I should not have interfered and offered my services. You know what to do with your team; then the both of you report to Casas at the upper camp—you know him!"

"Yes, senior."

"Tell him I sent you. He will have his orders; they are that you be shot if you attempt to leave before Mendez gives the word. 'Tis not long now till we learn who is chief here—Bill Lacy or Pascual Mendez. Come, seniorita, you are safe with me."

Concealing a dread that was almost overpowering, yet realizing the impossibility of resistance, Stella permitted him to touch her hand and assist her to clamber over the wheel. Under some conditions the change in captors might have been welcomed—certainly she felt no desire to remain in the hands of the two who had brought her there, for Sikes, plainly enough, was a mere drunken brute, and Moore, while of somewhat finer fiber, lacked the courage and manhood to ever develop into a true friend.

Yet she would have infinitely preferred such as these—men, at least, of her own race—to this smirking Mexican, hiding his devilish instincts behind a pretense of gallantry. He had hastened ahead to Mendez; told a tale in his own way, rendering the chief's suspicions of Lacy more acute and thus gaining permission to assume full charge. Her only hope was to go herself into the presence of the leader and make a plea to him face to face. Caters, smiling, pressed her arm with his fingers.

"This way, seniorita."

"Wait," and her eyes met his, showing no sign of fear. "You take me, I

presume, to senior Mendez? I am an American woman, and you will yet pay dearly for this outrage. I demand an interview with the chief and refuse to go with you until it is granted."

"You refuse! Ha!" and he burst into laughter. "Why, what power have you got, you little fool? Do you know where you are? What fear do we have of your d—Americanos. None!" and he snapped his fingers derisively. "We spit on the dogs. I will show you—come!"

He gripped her shoulder in his lean hand, his eyes glaring into her face savagely. The grasp hurt, and a sudden anger spurred her to action. With a quick twist she freed herself and, scarcely knowing how it was done, snatched the heavy driver's whip from Moore's hand. The next instant, before the astounded Mexican could even throw up his arm in defense, the inflated girl struck, the stinging lash raising a red welt across the swarthy cheek. Caters staggered back, his lips giving utterance to a curse.

Again she struck, but this time his fingers gripped the leather and tore it from her hands with sufficient force to send her to her knees. With a spring forward the man held her in his grasp, all tiger now, the pretense at gentleman forgotten. He jerked her to her

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Where Brains Don't Count. One of the strangest things in this world is how difficult it is for an intellectual to change tires on a motor car.—Dallas News.



"Come, Take This Spittle, Caramba! We'll Teach Her!"

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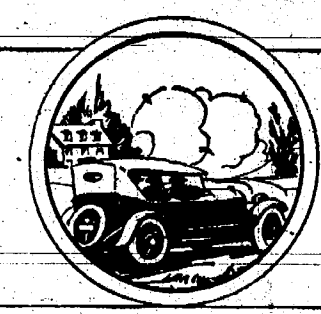
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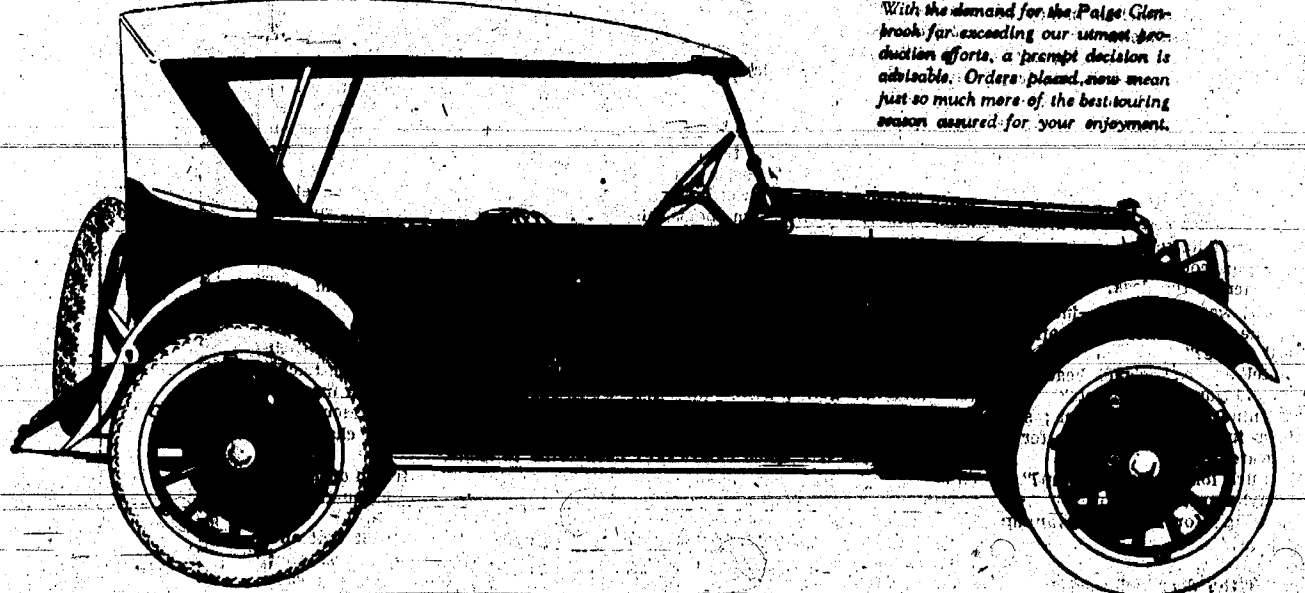
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# "Strange Case of Cavendish"

(Continued From Third Page)

feet with fingers clutching her neck mercilessly.

"Here Silva, Mercedes," he cried, "come take this spitfire. Caramba! We'll teach her."

Two men ran from between the huts and Cateras, flung her, helpless from her shaking into their grasp.

"Take her within—no, there; the second door, you fools."

Breathless from effort, a mere child in their grip, Miss Donovan struggled vainly. They forced her through the door and Cateras, still cursing furiously, followed, the whip in his hands.

## CHAPTER IX.

### Westcott Finds Himself Alone.

It never occurred to Westcott on his escape through the darkness that his night's adventure would in any way endanger Miss Donovan. He was on the property of La Rosita Mining company upon his own account, and not in reference to the Cavendish case at all—or, at least, this last was merely incidental.

From where he lay he could see across the bare, rock-strewn hillsides to the distant hut, outlined by the gleam of light within, and perceive the black silhouette of the shafthouse. He could dimly distinguish figures as they passed in and out of the glare of light, and was aware that Moore had been found and carried within the hut, but remained ignorant of the fact that the leaving of a knife in the window had revealed his identity. There was no attempt at pursuit, which gave him confidence that Lacy failed to comprehend the importance of what had been overheard, yet he clung to his hiding place until all the men had re-entered the office.

It was late the next morning before Westcott rode into Haskell and, stabling his horse, which bore all the marks of hard riding, proceeded toward the Timmons house. He had utilized, as best he could, the hours since that cavalcade had departed from La Rosita to put his own affairs in order so that he might feel free to camp on the conspirators' trail and risk all in an effort to rescue Cavendish. The night had been a hard one, but Westcott was still totally unconscious of fatigue—his whole thought centered on his purpose. As he rode slowly up the street in the bright sunlight his mind reverted to Stella Donovan. Eager for the greeting which he felt assured awaited him, he strode through the open door into the office. The room was vacant, but as he crossed the floor toward the desk the proprietor entered the opening leading into the barroom beyond.

"Hello, Jim!" he cried at sight of the other. "Thought you'd be back, but d— it, yer too late—she's gone; almighty pretty girl, too. I told the boys it was a blame shame fer her ter run off thataway."

"Who has run off?" And Westcott's hand crushed down on the man's shoulder. "What are you talking about?"

"Me! Let up, will yer? Yer was here hopin' ter see that New York girl, wasn't yer?"

"Miss Donovan? Yes."

"Td forgot her name. Well, she ain't yere—she's left."

"Left—gone from town?"

"Sure; skipped out sudden in the night; took the late train East, I reckon. Never sed no word to nobody—just naturally packed up her duds an' hiked."

Westcott drew a deep breath. "Surely you do not mean she left without any explanation? She must have paid her bill."

"Oh, she was square enough—sure. She left money an' a note pinned to her pillow; sed she'd just got a message callin' her home—want ter see what she wrote?"

"You bet I do, Timmons!"

Timmons waddled around behind the desk and ran his hand into a drawer. Evidently he considered the matter a huge joke, but Westcott snatched the paper from his fingers impatiently and eagerly read the few hastily penciled lines:

"Have received a message calling me East at once. Shall take the night train, and inclose sufficient money to pay for my entertainment. "S. D."

He stared at the words, a deep crease between his eyes. It was a woman's handwriting, and at first glance there was nothing impossible in such an action on her part. Yet it was strange, if she had departed so suddenly without leaving any message for him. His eyes narrowed with aroused suspicion as he looked up from the slip of paper and confronted the amused Timmons across the desk.

"And that was all, was it—just this note and the cash? There was nothing addressed to me?"

The hotelkeeper shook his head. "When did you see her last?"

"Bout nine o'clock, I reckon; she came down into the dinin' room fer a drink o' water."

"How much longer were you up?"

"Oh, maybe an hour."

"No message for Miss Donovan up to that time?"

"No."

"You left the door unlocked?"

"Sure; them New York fellers was loth out. I oughter waited till they come in, maybe, but I was plum' tired."

"When did they come back?"

"Oh, 'bout midnight, I reckon. Bill Lacy an' Matt Moore was along with 'em."

"I see! And these New York people—they are still here?"

"They was all three down ter breakfast; ain't seen nuthin' of 'em since."

"What became of Lacy?"

"He's down in his saloon; he sed if you showed up, an' asked fer him, we tell yer that's whar he'd be."

"He told you that? He expected me to show up, then?"

"I reckon as how he did," and Timmons grinned in drunken good humor. "He's pretty blame smart, Bill Lacy; he most allars knows whar's goin' ter happen." He leaned over the desk and lowered his voice. "If yer do jont him up, Jim," he said confidentially, "you better go heeled."

Westcott laughed. The first shock of the discovery of Miss Donovan's disappearance had passed, and he was himself again. He must have time to think and arrange some plan and, above all, must retain a clear mind and proceed coolly.

"All right, old man," he said easily. "I'll try and look out for myself. I haven't eaten yet today. What can you find me in the larder?"

Although feeling the need of food, Westcott entered the dining-room of the Timmons house more desirous of being alone than for any other purpose. He realized that he was suddenly brought face to face with a most serious condition, and one which must be solved unaided. So Bill Lacy expected him? Had left word where he was to be found? What was the probable meaning of this? Westcott did not connect this message directly with the strange disappearance of Miss Donovan. Moore must have recognized him during their fight, and reported to his master who it was that had been discovered listening at the window. Realizing the nature of that conversation, Lacy naturally anticipated being sought the very moment Westcott came to town. That was what this meant. All right, he would hunt Lacy as soon as he was ready to do so; and, as Timmons suggested, would go "heeled."

But the girl? What had really become of the girl? Westcott drew the brief note from his pocket, smoothed out its creases and read the few words over again. The writing was unquestionably feminine, and he could recall seeing nothing Miss Donovan had ever indited, with which it could be compared. But would she have departed, however hurriedly, without leaving him some message? Unconsciously he still held the letter in his hand when the waitress came in with his breakfast. She glanced about to make certain they were alone and leaned over, her lips close to his ear.

"Is that the note they say that New York young lady left?"

"Yes, Sadie," in surprise. "Why?"

"Well, she never wrote it, Mr. Westcott," hurriedly placing the dishes before him, "that's all. Now don't yer say a word to anybody that I told yer; but she didn't go East at all; she was took in a wagon down the desert road. I saw 'em take her."

"You saw them? Who?"

"Well, I don't just know that, 'cept it was Matt Moore's team, an' he wuz drivin' it. I didn't see the others so es to be sure. Yer see us help sleep over the kitchen, an' 'bout one o'clock I woke up. I thought I heard a noise outside, an' got up an' went to the window. I couldn't see much, not 'nough so I could swear to nuthin'; but there was three or four men out there just across that little gully, you know, an' they had a woman with 'em. She didn't scream none, but she was tryin' ter git away; wunst she ran, but they caught her. I didn't see no wagon then; it was behind the ridge. I reckon. After a while it drove off down the south trail, an' a little later three men come up them outside stairs back into the hotel. They was mighty still 'bout it, too."

"You couldn't tell who they were?"

"They wa'n't like nuthin' but ehad-ders; it was a purty dark night. Say, did you ever hear tell of a Mexican named Mendez?"

"Well, rather; he's a cattle thief, or worse. Arizona has a big reward out for him, dead or alive."

"That's the gink, I bet yer; has he got a hangout anywhar 'round this country?"

"Not so far as I know. What makes you suspect this?"

Sadie leaned even closer, her voice trembling with excitement, evidently convinced that her information was of utmost importance.

"You know the feller they call Enright, I reckon he's a lawyer?"

Westcott nodded.

"Well, he was doin' most of the talkin', an' I was foolin' round the side-board yonder, pretendin' ter clean it up. Nobody thought I was in ear distance, but I got hold ov a word now an' then. He kept tellin' 'em 'bout this Mexican, who's a friend of Bill Lacy, an' I judge has a place whar he hangs out with his gang somewhar in the big desert."

"Was anything said about Miss Donovan?"

"Not by name; they was too smart fer that; but that was the direction Matt Moore drove off last night—there's Enright comin' downstair now; won't yer hav' some more cakes, sir?"

Westcott pushed back his chair and rose to his feet. He had extracted all the information the girl possessed, and had no wish to expose her to suspicion. There was no longer a doubt in his mind as to the fate of Miss Donovan. She had been forcibly abducted by this gang of thieves, and put where her knowledge could do them no harm. But where? The clue had been given him, but before it could be of any value he must learn more of this Mexican, Mendez. The fellow had

always appeared a rather mythical character, but now became suddenly real. The marshal might know; if not, then he must choke the truth out of Lacy. Determined to make the effort, he muttered a swift word of thanks to Sadie and left the room.

From the open doorway Westcott took careful survey of the street, adjusting his belt so that the butt of his revolver was more convenient to the hand. He had no conception that his coming interview with Lacy was to be altogether a pleasant one, and realized fully the danger confronting him.

At that moment the little marshal, his broad-brimmed hat cocked over one eye, emerged from the narrow alleyway between the Red Dog and the adjacent dance hall, and stood there doubtfully, his gaze wandering up and down the deserted street. As Westcott descended the hotel steps the marshal saw him, and came forward. His manner was prompt and businesslike.

"Hello, Jim," he said briskly. "Had a little trouble up your way last night, I hear."

"Nothing to bother you, Dan; my Mexican watchman was shot up through a window of the shack."

"Kill him?"

"Instantly. I told the coroner all about it. Whoever the fellow was I reckon he meant the shot for me, but poor Jose got it. Seen Bill Lacy this morning?"

The marshal's thin lips smiled grimly as his eyes lifted to Westcott's face.

"He's back there in his office. That's whar I stopped yer for. He said he rather expected ye'd be along after a while. What's up between yer, Jim? There ain't goin' ter be no fight er nuthin'?" anxiously.

Westcott laughed.

"I don't see any use for any," he answered. "But Bill might be a bit touchy. Maybe, Dan, it might be worth while for you to hang around. Do as you please about that."

He turned away and went up the wooden steps to the door of the Red Dog. The marshal's eyes followed him solicitously until he disappeared within; then he slipped back into the alleyway skirting the side of the building until he reached a window near the rear.

Westcott closed the door behind him and took a swift view of the barroom. There were not many present at that hour—only a few habitual loafers playing cards. Westcott recognized most of the faces with a slight feeling of relief. Neither Enright nor Beaton were present, and it was his desire to meet Lacy alone, away from the influence of these others. He crossed to the bar.

"Where's Bill?" he asked.

"Back there," and the dispenser of drinks inclined his head toward a door at the rear. "Go on in."

The fellow's manner was civil enough, yet Westcott's teeth set with a feeling that he was about to face an emergency. Yet there was no other way; he must make Lacy talk. He walked straight to the door, opened it, stepped into the room beyond, and turned the key in the lock, dropping it into his pocket. Then he faced about. He was not alone with Lacy; Enright

credit. Now, Lacy and I have got a little affair to settle between us and, being a fair-minded man, he sent for me to talk it over. However, he realizes that an argument of that nature, might easily become personal and that if anything unpleasant occurred he would require a witness. So he arranges to have you present. Do you see the point, Mr. Enright?"

The lawyer's eyes sought Lacy, and then returned to the stern face confronting him. His lips sputtered:

"As—as a witness?"

"Sure; there may be honor among thieves, but not Lacy's kind." He strode forward and with one hand crushed Enright back into his chair. "Now, listen to me," he said fiercely. "I've got only one word of advice for you: don't take any hand in this affair, except as a peacemaker, for if you do you are going to get hurt. Now, I came to ask you a question and one of you two are going to answer before I leave—keep your hands up, and in sight, Lacy; make another move like that and it's liable to be your last. I am not here in any playful mood, and I know your style. Lay that gun on the desk whar I can see it—that's right. Now move your chair back."

Lacy did this with no good grace, his face purple with passion. "Some considerable gun-play just to ask a question," he said tauntingly, "must be mighty important. All right, what is it?"

"Where did your man Moore take Miss Donovan last night?"

Neither man had anticipated this; neither had the slightest conception that any suspicion of this kind pointed to them. The direct question was like the sudden explosion of a bomb. What did Westcott know? How had he discovered their participation in the affair?

"You have rather got the better of me, Westcott," Lacy said, shrugging his shoulders, as though dismissing the subject. "You refer to the New York newspaper woman?"

"I do—Miss Stella Donovan."

"I have not the pleasure of that lady's acquaintance, but Timmons informed me this morning that she had taken the late train last night for the East—isn't that true, Enright?"

The lawyer managed to nod, but without venturing to remove his gaze from Westcott's face. The latter never moved, but his eyes seemed to harden.

"I have had quite enough of that, Lacy," he said sternly, and the watchful saloon keeper noted his fingers close more tightly on the butt of his revolver. "This is no case for an alibi. I know exactly what I am talking about, and—I am going to have a direct answer, either from you or Enright."

"This is the situation: I was the man listening at the window of your shack last night. Moore may, or may not have recognized me, but, nevertheless, I was the man. I was there long enough to overhear a large part of your conversation. I know why you consented to close down La Rosita for the present; I know your connection with this gang of crooks from New York; I know that Fred Cavendish was not murdered, but is being held a prisoner somewhere, until Enright, here, can steal his money under some legal form. Enright told you who Stella Donovan was, and what he suspected her object might be. Force is the only method you know anything about, and no other means occurred to you where by the girl could be quickly put out of the way. This was resorted to last night after you returned to Haskell."

(Continued Next Week)



### A Mile Below Surface

Striving mightily in his rock-hewn chamber a mile below the surface of the earth labors the northern Michigan miner, getting out the copper or the iron that help build your telephone. Drilling the holes, filling them with powder, setting off the castrum-shattering blast, he undergoes myriad dangers to aid the speeding of your message.

This man is paid more today than ever before—and he earns his wage. His living costs have advanced and he must be paid well. He blasts out the copper bearing rock or the iron ore at ever increasing costs, and from these ores must be reduced, at increasing costs, the refined metal. Then the drawing of the wire in Michigan's mills, the packing, the shipping and the stringing of the wire, each costs more than ever before.

The great lead cables, the material of which comes from our neighboring state, Wisconsin, have gone up nearly 50 per cent. Everything else that goes into the makeup of a telephone system costs more than a few years back and the operation costs are not the least.

Still you are getting your telephone service, and at a rate that does not begin to bear the expense. In fact the income of the telephone company is totally inadequate to meet the bill.

**MICHIGAN STATE TELEPHONE COMPANY**



### STYLISH as RALSTONS are, we suspect it is the way they fit and feel and wear that brings men back to our store season after season for "another pair of RALSTONS, please."

Have you tried them yet?

**CHAS. A. HUDSON**



"What the H— Does This Mean?" He Demanded Hotly.

sat beside the desk of the other and was staring at him in startled surprise. Westcott also had a hazy impression that there was or had been another person. The saloon keeper rose to his feet, angry, and thrown completely off his guard by Westcott's unexpected action.

"What the h— does this mean?" he demanded hotly. "Why did you lock the door?"

"Naturally, to keep you in here until I am through with you," returned the miner coldly. "Sit down, Lacy; we've got a few things to talk over. I supposed I would find you alone."

Lacy sank back into his chair, endeavoring to smile.

"This gentleman is a friend of mine," he explained. "Whatever you care to say can be said before him."

"I am quite well aware of that and also that he is now present so that you may use him as a witness in case anything goes wrong. This is once you have got in bad, Mr. Patrick Enright of New York."

The lawyer's face whitened and his hands gripped the arm of his chair.

"You—you know me?"

"By reputation only," and Westcott bowed, "but that is scarcely to you"

# FISK

## CORD TIRES

Built to give unsurpassed mileage—and they give it.

Next time—BUY FISK

**L. C. MONROE**





## Briefs of the Week

C. C. Mack of Gladwin is here on business and visiting friends.

Harold Atkinson and John Blank of Detroit are here for a visit.

Born to Mr. and Mrs. Wm. J. Schroeder, a son—Robert John—May 31st.

Ragnar Olson of Grand Haven is here for a two weeks' visit with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Olson.

Uncle George H. VanPelt and A. A. Swinton were up from Charlevoix on business, Wednesday afternoon.

Among marriage licenses recently issued at Charlevoix was one to Alfred Walden and Theresa Hosler of East Jordan.

The Steam barge Lewiston was in on a couple of trips this week with iron ore from Escanaba for the East Jordan Furnace Co.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter French with daughters, Misses Ellagene and Catherine are here from Miami, Fla. Mr. French has sold his Esterly St. residence to A. R. Van Husen, and they are packing their household effects. They plan to occupy the Mrs. Walsh residence on Garfield-St. for a couple of months and then go to Florida where they will make their future home.

With the close of our public schools there has been an exodus of teachers returning to their homes. Among those going are:—Mildred Barber to Petoskey, Sarah and Wilma Shearer to Midland, Dorothy Sample to Walkerville, Ont., Mary Hendrick to Grand Ledge, Leila Howe to Detroit, Ruth Palmittier to Colon, Myrtle Coad to Detroit, Donna Hoyt to Gaylord, and Opal Bigelow to Northport.

Jay Parmenter, a resident of Boyne City, was placed in the county jail late last week. Parmenter is charged with having committed a serious statutory offense. When taken before Justice Nurko he waived examination, failed to furnish a bond for \$1000 demanded by the court and as a result Sheriff Weaver became responsible for his appearance at the next term of circuit court or until such bond as required by the court is furnished.—Charlevoix Sentinel.

## Temple Theatre

WHERE EVERYBODY GOES.

### PROGRAM

From June 7th to June 13th.

MONDAY, June 7th.

Big Double Show.  
Fatty Arbuckle in "Camping Out."  
Peggy Hyland in "Faith." A program you will never forget. First show at 7:00, second at 9:00.  
15c and 30c

TUESDAY

Mary MacLaren in "Bonnie Bonnie Lassie." Here is a picture you will like.  
10c and 20c

WEDNESDAY

Pat O'Malley in "The Prospector's Vengeance." The Jail Birds Comedy. "Screen Magazine."  
10c and 20c

THURSDAY

"Something Good."  
10c and 20c

FRIDAY

"Venus Model." One of Goldwyn's Star pictures.  
10c and 20c

SATURDAY

Jack Dempsey, Champion of the World in "Dare Devil Jack." Mutt & Jeff. News Weekly. Snub Pollard Comedy.  
10c and 20c

SUNDAY, June 13th.

Constance Binney in "Eastwhile Susan." Our Sunday night pictures speak for themselves and this one is a peach.  
10c and 20c

Bruce Flannery returned to Detroit Thursday.

Walter Cook left Thursday on a business trip to Chicago.

Miss Katherine Budnick left Tuesday for a visit at Muskegon.

Dr. C. H. Pray and family were Mancelona visitors, Monday.

THOMPSON'S have what you need—Tuesday, June 8th. adv.

The Inn will be opened for business with dinner, Sunday, June 6th.

Miss Alice Malpass left Friday for a visit at Detroit and East Lansing.

Mrs. Victoria Kake returned home Friday from an extended visit at Detroit.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Cummins returned Thursday from a visit at Detroit and Flint.

Miss Mildred Lennox who has been attending school at Lake View returned home Thursday.

Mrs. Alexander Fulton came Friday from Detroit to join her husband and make their home here.

Mrs. George Morgan and child of Bay Port, Mich., are here visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. A. McKeage.

Solon Barnes of Prince Albert, Sask., is visiting at the home of his aunt, Mrs. John Hosler and other relatives.

Mrs. Perry Shooks and children of Manistique are visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Walter Hunsberger.

Miss Mary Stanek went to Charlevoix Thursday where she has employment at the Club House for the summer.

Miss Vera Lohr, who has been attending school at Alba, came Friday for a visit with her sister, Mrs. Glenn Smith.

Mr. and Mrs. H. Rosenthal entertained the former's brother, A. Rosenthal and family of Traverse City, first of the week.

Watch for Bamber & Watson's big announcement next week. It will interest every householder in this territory. adv.

Rebec-Sweet Post, American Legion, will meet at the Armory next Monday evening, June 7th, at 8:00 o'clock. Legion members please take notice.

Miss Gertrude Bretz who has been here the past three weeks, visiting at the home of her brother, Frank Bretz, left Friday for a visit at her home at Hersey, then she will return to Detroit.

A. K. Hill and Harvey Bashaw, together with some Charlevoix men, were at Toledo this week and drove back a number of Overland cars for the Brown & Strehl Auto Agency of East Jordan and Charlevoix.

Wm. E. Knight, master of the Steamer Mabel, is here from Grand Rapids and is placing the steamer in running order. He expects to start the East Jordan-Charlevoix run sometime the coming week, leaving East Jordan at 7:00 a. m. and 1:00 p. m.; and returning leave Charlevoix at 10:00 a. m. and 4:00 p. m.

A special train carrying some of the new Michigan Central Railroad officials was in East Jordan a few hours Friday morning. They were on a tour of inspection. Among the party was R. E. Laidlaw, Division Supt., and trainmasters P. E. Gardner and G. C. McDonald—all of Bay City.

Edward W. Weldy and Miss Effie M. Cook were married at the home of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Edwin Cook in Charlevoix, Thursday evening of this week, the ceremony being performed by Rev. Myron E. Hoyt. The bride has been a teacher in our rural schools. The young people will make their home on their farm in the German Settlement.

Gerald Brock left Monday for a visit at Detroit.

Be on hand at THOMPSON'S Tuesday June 8th. adv.

Miss Mable Maddock was a Bellaire visitor, Tuesday.

Leo Umfor was at Traverse City on business this week.

Miss Eunice Carr left Tuesday for a visit at Grand Rapids.

Mrs. Eliza Flynn left Monday for a visit at Mackinaw City.

Leon Grant left Thursday on a business trip to Grand Rapids.

Roy S. Webster returned home Wednesday from a visit at Big Rapids.

Wilbur King was home over Sunday from Flint for a visit with his family.

Miss Hazel Sheldon was here from Flint first of the week visiting friends.

Charles Phillips left Thursday for Detroit where he plans to spend the summer.

Miss Doris Hayden left Tuesday for a visit at Ann Arbor, Chicago and other points.

Mrs. W. P. Porter and Mrs. R. O. Bisee were Traverse City visitors first of the week.

Mrs. Adam Neepner left Wednesday for a visit with her sister at Bellefontaine, Ohio.

Miss Wilma Ward returned to Detroit Saturday last, after a visit here with relatives.

Mrs. Mary Umfor returned to Traverse City, Tuesday, after a visit with her son, Leo Umfor.

Mrs. M. E. Hoyt and daughter, Marjorie, left Thursday for a visit with relatives at Ludington.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Conway and daughter returned home Wednesday from a visit at Flint.

Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Kile of Muskegon were here the past week visiting his mother, Mrs. A. Kile.

Miss Gladys Howard is here from Detroit for a visit with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. James Howard.

Walter Bigelow returned to Pellston last Saturday after a visit with his brother, Robert Bigelow.

Mrs. Viola Wood went to Hardor Springs last week and plans to occupy a residence there this summer.

Mr. and Mrs. Ray Lyons and son of Grand Rapids are here visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Oleson.

Ellis Malpass returned to Muskegon, Monday, after a few days' visit with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. James Malpass.

Mrs. G. W. Bechtold and Mrs. Grace Boswell were at Ludington this week attending the Pythian Sisters Convention.

D. C. Loveday and daughter, Miss Louise, who have spent the winter at St. Petersburg, Fla., arrived home first of the week.

Mrs. Teressa Wilcox and son of Central Lake were here first of the week visiting at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Roy Hurlburt.

Susan M. Flagg has completed her year's teaching at the Barnard school, and, with son, Robert, returned to her home here Friday.

Don't buy that piece of Furniture until you see Bamber & Watson's announcement in next week's Herald. You'll be money ahead. adv.

The Presbyterian Missionary Society meets with Mrs. W. P. Porter, Friday, June 11th. Please study the 5th chapter of the Mission Study Book.

Mrs. John Swafford and daughter, Mrs. Lonnie Watson of Mancelona were here first of the week, guests at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Matt Swafford.

Dr. W. H. Parks moved his physician's offices this week to the second floor of the Kimball Block in the apartment recently vacated by Frank Gruber.

Mrs. Richard Durant left Wednesday for Butte, Mont., where she will join her husband and make their home. Her sister, Miss Emma Lou Hoyt accompanied her to Chicago.

Ralph Pollitt, while working on his farm in Echo township recently, picked up a piece of metal which, upon inspection, proved to be copper weighing about three pounds.

Miss Florence Jepson left Tuesday for Chicago where she will take a commercial course at the Gregg school. Her sister, Mrs. Roy Gregory and children accompanied her.

George Ward left Monday for Warrington, Ont., called there by the illness of his sister. Mrs. Ward accompanied him to Lansing, where she will visit their son, Kenneth and family.

Miss Violet Gilbert left last Saturday for a visit at the Soo and Flint. From there she will go to her home at Conklin. Her sister, Miss Mildred, accompanied her, after a week's visit here.

W. J. Cummins, of Bay City, relief station agent of the Michigan Central Railroad, is in charge of the East Jordan station during the absence of Agent George Ward who was called away by the illness of relatives.

Elder P. M. Burgess of the Church of God left Tuesday for his former home at Cassopolis, where he will pack his household effects and ship to his new home in this city. From there he goes to attend a church conference, returning to East Jordan about July 1st.

Ralph Josefek returned home from Flint, Tuesday.

Mrs. Albert Carson returned home Tuesday from a visit at Lake View.

Miss Mary Groenick of Ellsworth was here on business first of the week.

Mrs. Grover Blaine and children left Wednesday for a visit at Grand Rapids.

Walter Davis has purchased the Supply LaLonde cottage near the Catholic Church.

Miss Magdaline Josefek returned home Tuesday from a visit at Flint and Lapeer.

Mrs. Florence Stacey of Detroit is visiting at the home of Mr. and Mrs. D. E. Goodman.

Rueben Winstone and Cecil Higby left Wednesday for Newberry where they have employment.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter Davis attended the Rural Letter Carriers Convention at Petoskey last Monday.

Mrs. Jos. Durant returned to Gladstone Wednesday after a visit with her mother, Mrs. Trinvilla Hardy and other relatives.

Misses Gladys Johnson and Iva Dewey went to Petoskey, Wednesday where they have positions at Potchman's Dept. Store.

Tuesday, June 8th—See THOMPSONS' adv.

The "Annuals" put out by the Class of 1920 are now for sale. Get the history of the High School for this year in a bound book for \$1.25. For sale at Gidley & Mac's. adv.



Special communication of East Jordan Lodge No. 379 F. & A. M. Saturday evening, June 5, 1920. Work in F. C. degree.

### Obituary—HIRAM HOFFMAN

Hiram Hoffman passed away at the home of his sister, Mrs. Charles Cox, in this city, Tuesday, June 1st, from pneumonia. Deceased was born at East Saugatuck, Mich., April 5th, 1875, his parents being William and Gertrude Hoffman. He came to East Jordan in 1919 and was employed at the Malpass & Bretz Foundry.

He leaves besides his father, the following brothers and sisters—Ellis Van Beake, Katie Reamsa, Ida VanUen, Ed. Hoffman, Mrs. Charles Cox, Maggie DeYoung, John, Joe and Gerritt Hoffman.

Short funeral services were held from the Cox residence Friday conducted by Rev. Hoyt. The remains were then taken to Atwood where services were held conducted by Rev. J. D. Pickard. Interment at Atwood cemetery. The pall-bearers were fellow workmen of the Foundry.

A man has a fight and maybe gets a black eye and goes right on about his business. But a nation has a fight and gives the other fellow two black eyes and doesn't get over it for a hundred years.

Statesmanship used to be a gift of autocracy; now it's often a gift of talk-racy.

## TEMPLE THEATRE

# Monday June 7th

## BIG DOUBLE SHOW

# Fatty Arbuckle

# CAMPING OUT

HIS FUNNIEST PICTURE UP TO DATE  
A SIDE-SPLITTER AND GLOOM CHASER.

THEN WE HAVE

# PEGGY HYLAND

# "FAITH"

A PICTURE THAT IS WORTH THE PRICE OF ADMISSION ALONE.

This is one of the best bargains in Picture Programs you can get, and we say DON'T MISS IT.

TWO SHOWS—7:00 and 9:00

PRICES—15c and 30c

Remember, Monday, June 7th  
TEMPLE THEATRE

If you think you are fooling your friends it means that you are fooling yourself.

### HELPED MAN AND WIFE

Walter Farraud, 1093 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.

When a woman has very old-fashioned furniture in her home it is a sign that she's very poor or very rich.

## MACCABEES

TAKE NOTICE

Pay May and June Assessments at the Peoples State Bank.

C. H. Whittington, F. K.

## Pull Together for an American Merchant Marine

The war resulted in the creation of a great merchant marine—10,000,000 tons of American ships which cost us \$3,000,000,000.

Everybody agrees that we must keep this fleet on the seas.

If we fall back to pre-war conditions—when only 9 per cent of our foreign trade was carried in American ships—We shall be in the position of a department store whose goods are delivered in its competitor's wagons.

Congress is considering legislation which will perpetuate our war-built merchant marine.

Until this is done the ships we have should not be sold to face conditions which, prior to the war, resulted in the decline of our merchant marine to insignificance.

This Committee calls attention to these facts because a right solution of our shipping problem is vital to the future prosperity of shipbuilding, but equally vital to the safety and prosperity of the nation.

Send for free copy of "For an American Merchant Marine."

Committee of American Shipbuilders  
30 CHURCH STREET, NEW YORK CITY

# ROBERTSON & JENNINGS AMUSEMENT CO.

WILL EXHIBIT IN EAST JORDAN

## Week June 7th to 12th

\$8000 Merry-go-Round; Big Eli Ferris Wheel; Lyon Show and Four Others, and

All Kinds of Amusements for Young and Old.

DON'T FORGET THE DATES

Come One--Come All--to East Jordan

**Lowe's**



**At last a floor varnish that lasts**

Not only stands up under ordinary wear and tear, but you can freeze it one minute and throw boiling water on it the next without affecting it.

That's Lowe Brothers Durable Floor Varnish. Makes floors smile and reflect their happiness. Won't turn white nor crack. Further, it's easy to apply. Flows off your brush like melted butter. We recommend it for your floors.

**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.

**Dr. G. W. Bechtold**

**DENTIST**

Office Hours: 8:00 to 12:00 a. m. 1:00 to 5:00 p. m. Evenings by Appointment.

Office, Second Floor of Kimball Block.

**Dr. C. H. Pray**

**Dentist**

Office Hours: 8 to 12 a. m. 1 to 5 p. m. And Evenings.

Phone No. 223.

**The American Legion**

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

**MORE THAN 800 AUXILIARIES**

Women's Organizations Request Charters at Average of More Than Four Per Day.



Records on women's auxiliaries in the statistical division of the American Legion national headquarters at Indianapolis show there are more than eight hundred of these in existence throughout the country at the present time, and requests for temporary charters from new ones being formed are coming in at the average rate of more than four a day. Membership figures have not yet been compiled, but when it is realized that at least ten women are a necessary requisite for the formation of any one auxiliary unit of any American Legion post it is seen that probably 12,000 or 15,000 women were thus indirectly associated with the legion through its auxiliary units before the end of last month. To what proportions this total will have grown in another six months is for experts to say, but an estimate of 4,000 units with a total membership of more than 75,000 is not considered extravagant.

Minnesota, with an aggregate of 78 such units completely organized, has a substantial lead over all other states in the Union in the matter of arousing its women relatives of former fighters to a realization of their privileges and opportunities for constructive social and economic service through direct liaison with the legion in its avowed "war after the war" for 100 per cent Americanism—a pledge which its 1,500,000 members in more than 9,000 posts throughout the land are unqualifiedly committed.

Massachusetts, with 64 chartered auxiliary units, is only 14 behind the leading state, while Pennsylvania, with 45 and rapidly organizing new ones, gives promise of giving the other two a hard race for first place before the summer is many weeks older.

The complete list of units chartered on May 5 in the different states follows:

Alabama, 1; Arizona, 8; Arkansas, 4; California, 20; Colorado, 15; Connecticut, 2; Cuba, 1; Delaware, 2; District of Columbia, 2; Idaho, 12; Illinois, 42; Indiana, 27; Iowa, 36; Kansas, 25; Kentucky, 4; Maine, 19; Massachusetts, 64; Michigan, 34; Minnesota, 78; Missouri, 10; Montana, 17; Nebraska, 29; Nevada, 7; New Hampshire, 11; New Jersey, 17; New Mexico, 1; New York, 39; North Carolina, 1; North Dakota, 28; Ohio, 12; Oklahoma, 13; Oregon, 14; Pennsylvania, 45; Rhode Island, 1; South Dakota, 28; Tennessee, 1; Texas, 9; Utah, 1; Vermont, 5; Virginia, 14; Washington, 30; West Virginia, 1; Wisconsin, 17; Wyoming, 3.

Mrs. Frank Moore, a "gold-star mother" whose son, Frank Murchison Moore, lost his life when an American airplane was shot down near Pismes, France, on September 2, 1918, is the head of the women's auxiliary of Thomas Dismuke post No. 52, at Houston, Tex., which now has a paid-up membership of more than two hundred. This is said to be almost double the membership of any other auxiliary unit in the state of Texas.

**The Legion's Share.**

One of the first posts of the American Legion to take part in the funeral of a comrade whose body was brought from overseas was Roy W. Kelly post of Ashland, Wis. The body of Pvt. William B. Boyle arrived at Ashland recently with Private Ford of the Twenty-second Infantry as escort. A committee of Roy W. Kelly post escorted the coffin from the train to a chapel where legionaires stood guard until the services on the following day. The members of the post attended the funeral in civilian clothes, with the exception of the pall bearers and the firing squad, who were in full uniform. The body was escorted from the chapel to the church, where legion members were seated in a group. After the services the post formed ranks in front of the hearse and marched to the city limits. Here the ranks were opened and the men uncovered while the hearse passed through. The pall bearers and the firing squad followed the cortege to the cemetery for the final ceremonies and salute.

**Benefit Program Plans.**

Posts wishing to learn of the possibilities of a theatrical program should send for that recently issued by George A. Amole post No. 47 of Pottstown, Pa. The 44 pages issued in connection with the presentation by the post of "Over There—Over Here" were made to carry, in addition to a wealth of advertising, the program proper, photograph of Commander D'Oller, the cast of characters and prominent local officials, with a short history of the post, a photograph and history of the two companies forming the post.

**AIR HIGHWAY OVER ANDES BRITISH PLAN**

**Mountains Not High Enough to Interfere With Scheme, Experts Say.**

Establishment of an aerial route from the Pacific to the Amazon as a means of surmounting difficulties of road travel among the Andes is advocated by G. M. Dyott, until recently a squadron commander of the British Royal naval air service.

"There is no serious difficulty in the way, so far as the scheme's practicability is concerned," Mr. Dyott told the Royal Geographical society. "We have heard of the great height of the Andes, but there are low altitudes at which they may be crossed. One of the Andes ridges can be negotiated at a height of 7,000 feet, but there is another rising to 15,000 feet.

"Peru," he continued, "is peculiarly suitable for aerial traffic. Aerial large ways will undoubtedly play a large part in the future development of that country. It is of importance that rapid communication should be established between the interior and the coast, and in order to do this the airplane must come to the rescue."

Discussing the difficulty of traveling by road, Mr. Dyott said that it took him five days to travel from one part of the Andes to another, whereas the airplane would cover the distance in 15 minutes, and in another stage of the journey it took him exactly a week to travel a distance which would be negotiated by the airplane in 30 minutes.

**MENNONITES PREPARE EXODUS FROM CANADA**



In order that they may abide by the wishes of their church 8,000 members of the Orthodox Mennonite church are preparing to leave their valuable farm lands in Manitoba, Canada, and seek a new "promised land" in the state of Mississippi.

The Mennonites, who constitute one of the largest international bodies opposed to war and military service from religious convictions, assert that they were harassed and disturbed in Canada during the war. This photograph was made in the Mennonite village of Blumenort, Manitoba.

**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, he 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.

**PROBATE NOTICE**

STATE OF MICHIGAN, The Probate Court for the County of Charlevoix

In the Matter of the Estate of Ida Proctor, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given that four months from the 15th day of May, A. D. 1920, have been allowed for creditors to present their claims against said deceased to said court for examination and adjustment, and that all creditors of said deceased are required to present their claims to said court, at the probate office, in the city of Charlevoix in said county, on or before the 22nd day of September A. D. 1920, and that said claims will be heard by said court on Wednesday, the 22nd day of September A. D. 1920, at ten o'clock in the forenoon.

Dated May 15th A. D. 1920.

Servetus A. Correll, Judge of Probate.

**Frank Phillips**

Tonesorial Artist.

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

**"MENTAL MURDER"**

Man Will Be Compelled to Face a Trial on That Charge.

A man is to be tried at Monganfield, Ky., on the rare charge of "mental murder." It was announced by Earl Fowler, commonwealth attorney of Union county. The defendant is Robert Millstead, alias Thomas Logan, a paroled convict, who is said to have served time in an Ohio penitentiary. The man is alleged to have driven to death, with fear as a weapon, Robert Morehead, a prominent Union county farmer, who committed suicide on December 7. The specific charge against Millstead is accomplice before the fact.

Attorney Fowler says he will seek to prove that Millstead impersonated a federal officer, causing Morehead to choose between death and disgrace which would come from the exposure of some deed of his of which Millstead had knowledge. Morehead made known that he would rather die than have his family disgraced. The case is the first of its kind ever reported in this section of the country and is attracting wide attention.

**SNAKE SCARES POPULACE**

Terrorizes St. Michaels, Md., and Vicinity for Thirty Years.

A monster snake that has been seen at intervals during the past 30 years in the vicinity of St. Michaels, Md., again made its appearance a few days ago when a man and his son came upon it in the woods.

The reptile, according to persons who have seen it, is from 15 to 20 feet long and as big around as a good sized saucer.

A posse of young men, armed with shotguns and pistols made a search of the woods after the snake's last appearance, but failed to come across the reptile.

**Animals Being Shipped Caused Men a Lot of Trouble.**

The Pacific Mail freighter Haleskaka arrived at San Francisco recently from Calcutta, and had a lively voyage, according to Captain Flewing and members of the crew.

An orang outang worked the reverse gear of the engines while the engine room crew took pot shots and finally killed him, a monkey scurried aloft and nearly defenestrated all hands by swinging from the whistle cord, a 100-year-old elephant, which died aboard ship became a derelict in mid-Pacific when the carcass failed to sink after it had been weighted with iron and heaved over the side, and enraged tigers took bites out of all who approached too near.

Four men were in the sick bay when the ship made port, three suffering from tiger bites and one with his arm torn from wrist to shoulder by an enraged monkey. The animals are coming to American zoos.

**Asks More Criminal-Hunting Funds.**

An additional \$500,000 for prosecuting and detecting crime has been asked of congress by Attorney General Palmer, who previously received an appropriation of \$2,600,000.

**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.

**SOMME RUINS RECLAIMED**

Great Progress Made in Restoring Towns and Farms.

Great progress has been achieved by the inhabitants of the devastated regions of the Somme during the 18 months which have followed the armistice in restoring something like normal conditions.

Of 400,000 acres in a completely useless state, statistics show nearly half have been put in cultivation and this year's harvest will yield a cereal crop of more than 3,000,000 bushels. At the end of the year it is expected there will remain only 70,000 acres un reclaimed.

At the time of the armistice there were 250 towns and villages more or less demolished, giving an area of 4,500,000 square yards of debris to be cleared. About a quarter of this has been done. The towns of Amiens, Corbie, Ham, Nesle, Boves and Alisy-sur-Noye and a number of neighboring villages have been almost entirely cleared and more than 8,000 of the 20,000 damaged houses repaired.

**ANNOYED SHIP CREW**

Animals Being Shipped Caused Men a Lot of Trouble.

The Pacific Mail freighter Haleskaka arrived at San Francisco recently from Calcutta, and had a lively voyage, according to Captain Flewing and members of the crew.

An orang outang worked the reverse gear of the engines while the engine room crew took pot shots and finally killed him, a monkey scurried aloft and nearly defenestrated all hands by swinging from the whistle cord, a 100-year-old elephant, which died aboard ship became a derelict in mid-Pacific when the carcass failed to sink after it had been weighted with iron and heaved over the side, and enraged tigers took bites out of all who approached too near.

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**Influenza Restored Woman's Hearing.**

Deaf in her left ear for 47 years, as a result of scarlet fever when she was three years old, Mrs. Lillian Benny of Lewistown, Pa., is now able to hear perfectly following an attack of influenza.

**Dogs' Feet a Delicacy.**

In the Island of Formosa dogs' feet are considered a great delicacy.

**Nature's Remedy**

**Good to Remember**

**N-T-O-N-I-G-H-T**

**Paste In Your Hat**

GIDLEY & MAC, Druggists

**ASPIRIN FOR HEADACHE**

Name "Bayer" is on Genuine Aspirin—say Bayer



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

**SULPHUR CLEARS UP ROUGH OR RED SKIN**

Face, Neck and Arms Easily Made Smooth, Says Specialist

Any breaking out of the skin, even fiery, itching eczema, can be quickly overcome by applying a little Mentho-Sulphur, declares a noted skin specialist. Because of its germ destroying properties, this sulphur preparation begins at once to soothe irritated skin and heal eruptions such as rash, pimples and ring worm.

It never fails to remove the torment and disfigurement, and you do not have to wait for relief from embarrassment. Improvement quickly shows. Sufferers from skin trouble should obtain a small jar of Mentho-Sulphur from any good-druggist and use it like cold cream.

**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? Then you will want to know about

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