

# Charlevoix County Herald.

Vol. 26

EAST JORDAN, MICHIGAN, FRIDAY, MARCH 3, 1922.

No. 9

## NORTHERN MICH. WORST STORM BLOCKADE

### East Jordan Without Mail Since Tuesday, February 21st.

SLEET STORM SOUTH OF US RAISES HAVOC WITH TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH WIRES.

Pere Marquette and East Jordan Branch of Michigan Central Still Blocked at This Writing.

Northern Michigan is still slowly digging itself out of the worst storm blockade it has ever known. The main line of the Michigan Central was opened last Sunday and the Pennsylvania system broke through on Tuesday. The Pere Marquette is still blocked. At this writing, Thursday morning, their working crew were at Bates, working north, and making very little headway owing to the snow and ice pack. On the East Jordan branch of the Michigan Central the working crew have broke through to Alba and undoubtedly this line will be opened in 24 to 48 hours, depending entirely on what they still have to combat.

The East Jordan and Southern cleared their line to Bellaire last Friday and have kept it open since then. They have their logging branches open and are hauling logs to their mills in the city.

There is some talk of sending sleighs from Bellaire to Traverse City after the mail consigned to East Jordan, the E. J. & S. R. R. going to Bellaire after same. It is a 30-odd mile trip each way from Bellaire to Traverse and whether this is possible or not is a question.

The Boyne City, Gaylord and Alpena opened their line Sunday evening and established communication with the state. The highway between East Jordan and Boyne City is passable, and the traveling men who were blockaded here since Tuesday the 21st, left Monday by this route.

South of us in the region of Big Rapids, Cadillac, Reed City, and Baldwin the sleet storm of last week raised havoc with telephone and telegraph wires. Covered with heavy coatings of ice they snapped the poles that held them up. Trees weighted down with ice broke down, mixing with the wires and necessitated practically a rebuilding. The financial loss on this alone, it is estimated, will run more than half a million dollars. Electric light wires went down and many cities in that region were without electricity for some time.

No sleet was experienced around East Jordan although it bordered on it at times. The snow fall was heavy and since last Monday we have had thawing days with bright sunshine, at night the thermometer hovered near zero. This alternate thawing and freezing makes the matter of opening the railroads all the more complicated.

### TRAINS PUSHING WAY THROUGH TO FREE NORTH

(From March 1st Grand Rapids Press) Normal passenger service has been resumed on the Pere Marquette railroad through the ice-bound districts as far north as Traverse City and work is being pushed on the snowbound stretch north from that point to Petoskey, according to railroad officials here. Heavy snow is being encountered but the line is expected to be cleared within the next 36 hours.

All telegraph lines with the exception of those along the Pere Marquette still are broken. Western Union messages are being sent over this railroad's line as much as possible. The Pennsylvania wires are complete to Reed City and from Cadillac to Mackinaw. Telephone service is available to Big Rapids. Agents along the route of both railroads report no serious shortage of fuel or coal. Train loads of necessities have been sent ahead on both roads.

**SNOWFLOW BREAKS WAY**  
A Pennsylvania work train succeeded in breaking through from Mancelona to Mackinaw City Sunday night, thus opening the line through the worst snow belt on that division. On Monday morning a passenger train was sent from Mackinaw to Petoskey, following a snowplow pushed by three engines. The plow continued on and reached Kalkaska about 4 o'clock Monday afternoon, releasing a passenger train which had been snowbound since early last Wednesday.

There now remains only seven miles between South Boardman and Kalkaska where the ice and snow is very bad. This is expected to be cleared away Tuesday, opening the line from Grand

Rapids to Mackinaw. Normal passenger service probably will be resumed on the Pennsylvania Tuesday night or Wednesday morning. Special ice and snow clearing equipment from Chicago is doing the work. A rotary snowplow sent from Calumet to assist at Mackinaw was wrecked near Marquette Sunday.

**RESCUE STRANDED SCORES**  
Traverse City, Feb. 28.—The first train to leave Traverse City in five days started from the Pere Marquette station headed south Monday afternoon. Two passenger coaches loaded with stranded here since Tuesday, and a mail coach carrying the first huge consignment of accumulated mail, formed the train. On the Pennsylvania rail road 200 men are working north from Walton and officials expect the first train in here Tuesday.

The Manistee & Northeastern line is closed between Hatches Crossing and Copemish and it probably will be 48 hours before trains can move.

Donald Weeks, high school student and news reporter, and Walter Thompson walked to Walton Monday with word of the local situation for outside papers.

**WEATHER AIDS WORKMEN**  
The prevailing mild weather is a distinct aid in opening tracks, two large gangs of laborers having shoveled their way toward a common point in a desperate effort to establish physical contact between Traverse City and the outside world.

A canvass of wholesale districts revealed food supplies here running low. The shortage was in staples. No concern is felt over the fuel supply.

**GROWERS OPTIMISTIC**  
Damage to orchards in the vicinity of Traverse is negligible, growers report.

Scores of travelers, marooned at points miles distant, walked or drove here Sunday and Monday, bringing tales of almost desolated territory. Travelers claim that the surrounding country was harder hit than Traverse by the storm.

On Sunday 200 commercial travelers staged a winter carnival.

**TRAIN BREAKS BARRIER**  
Petoskey, Feb. 28.—The first passenger train to enter and leave Petoskey in a week arrived Monday afternoon from Mackinaw City and after unloading considerable mail and anxious travelers, as well as taking on some, continued south to Mancelona where it may be held up for the clearance of tracks from snow and ice before continuing its southern progress.

Telephone and telegraph connections with outside world from here are still badly hampered. Lines are being stretched from fence posts and laid across the snow in an effort to get connections.

Snow is piled high in Petoskey streets and it is impossible for rural mail carriers to cover their routes. The Pere Marquette hopes to have a train into Petoskey some time Tuesday and a north-bound passenger train on the Pennsylvania line is expected early Tuesday. A rotary snowplow will be sent to Petoskey to open up the Pennsylvania spur line into Harbor Springs. This stretch of road is so badly drifted that the ordinary plow cannot make headway.

### MRS. LEWIS BASHAW PASSED AWAY FRIDAY LAST

Mrs. Lewis Bashaw passed away at her home in South Arm township, near this city, Friday, Feb'y 24th, following an illness of nine months from neuritis.

Esther Tate was born in Canada June 14th, 1860. She came to East Jordan about eleven years ago from Alpena and in October, 1911, was united in marriage to Lewis Bashaw.

Deceased was a member of the Latter Day Saints Church and funeral services were held from that church Sunday afternoon, Feb'y 26th, conducted by the pastor, Elder L. Dudley. Interment at Sunset Hill.

People who have the price are generally those who count the cost.

### Side-Lights on "Storm Bound"

Many Interesting Features Recorded During Past Week.

Without mail, telephone and restricted telegraph services, to say nothing of transportation service, many amusing events have happened in East Jordan.

Some twenty traveling men came into our city, week ago last Tuesday and made the rounds of our business places. Some worked assiduously to "cover" the town that night. Wednesday morning found them storm-bound, and the balance of the week was spent in idle occupation. Saturday afternoon a game of indoor baseball was staged between the men of the traveling fraternity and East Jordan business men at the H. S. Auditorium in which the latter won by a nine to four score.

One of the traveling men wrote a letter to his wife each day, only to find that, after a week, his letters still remained in the local postoffice. The Boyne City, Gaylord & Alpena R. R. was opened on Monday, and, with the highway passable between East Jordan and Boyne City, a majority of the traveling men left for Boyne City, Monday going from there down on the main line of the M. C. R. R.

Dr. George W. Morrow of Detroit, National Lecturer of the Anti-Saloon League of America, delivered a lecture at the Methodist Church last Tuesday evening. He became "storm-bound" with others, and on Sunday gave interesting talks at the Presbyterian and Methodist churches.

Probably one of the most amusing features of East Jordan being storm bound, was the lack of shipped-in bread. East Jordan has one of the best bakeries in Michigan, but some of our merchants persist in patronizing outside industries. Many housewives who have been accustomed to buy their bread through their grocer have secured bread at their local bakery for the first time. All of which reminds us of an article appearing in the Harbor Springs Republican recently urging the citizens of that community to purchase home-made baked goods in their own community. Evidently Harbor Springs is like East Jordan in the fact that "A prophet hath no honor in his own country," and that outside baked bread is being shipped into that town.

One of the subscribers to East Jordan's newspaper called at the publication office, Tuesday, for a copy. He lives just a few miles from East Jordan in East Jordan, but owing to the vagaries of our postoffice system is on Route One, Boyne City. The Herald is mailed Friday noon to him, goes to Mackinaw City, then down the G. R. & L. to Boyne Falls, thence to Boyne City via B. C. G. & A. R. R., where it finally gets to the R. F. D. carrier and delivered either Monday or Tuesday—just four to five miles from this city. The word "Service" is a joke in this case.

The Charlevoix County Herald, mailed last Friday, did not get to other out-of-town subscribers or R. F. D. patrons the past week owing to the storm blockade. They were promptly pouched by the local postoffice officials but blocked roads prevented their going further.

One of East Jordan's citizens, desiring to communicate by telegraph to a relative near Detroit last Saturday, found that the message had to go by way of Duluth, Minn., and thence in an almost three-quarter circle to its destination. This was caused by the wires being down across Michigan in a strip between Baldwin and Standish.

### KILLED IN LOGGING ACCIDENT

Stanley Goodman, aged 41 years, was killed by rolling logs while decking near Houghton, Feb'y 20th.

Deceased was son of Mr. and Mrs. John Goodman of Boyne City and nephew of H. A. and D. E. Goodman of East Jordan.

The remains were brought to Boyne City where funeral services were held Monday, Feb'y 27th. Elder Scriver of Gaylord L. D. S. church conducted the services. H. A. Goodman and Mr. and Mrs. D. E. Goodman attended the funeral.

It may be possible to reform the dance in this country, provided we first reform the dancers.

### Bad Fire at Boyne City

Watson Drug Store Destroyed; Nurko Building Guttered.

(From Boyne Citizen, Feb. 24.)

At a little after three Thursday morning fire of unknown origin completely destroyed the store and stock of the Watson Drug Company, located at the corner of Water and Lake streets, and badly gutted the store building of I. Nurko, that adjoined it on the North (This has no reference to the Nurko store building on Water street which was but slightly scorched).

The fire was discovered by Gerald Gannon, who with Floyd Morton was spending the night in the room which in summer was used by the Watson company as an ice cream parlor, and which this winter is being used by the Service Club, an organization of boys and young men of the Presbyterian church, as a club room.

Gannon, partially dressed, hastened to the fire hall, from which the first alarm was given at 3:15, this alarm was followed by another in ten minutes. Altho the blaze was but two blocks away, the department experienced considerable difficulty in reaching the scene, due to the huge drifts and crusted snow. Upon their arrival however four lines of hose were stretched, and while nothing could be done for the Watson building, most of the surrounding structures were saved.

The fire destroyed the Watson store owned by them; and the half used by them in the summer, but owned by Chilian Smith, agent, Petoskey; the Nurko building north of them occupied by George Reeves and used as a cobbler's shop, was practically destroyed; the Nurko building on Water street had its west side scorched; and several windows were broken in the Getty vulcanizing shop. The U. S. mail box located near the door of the Watson store became so heated that some 20 letters that had been dropped in during Wednesday, and not collected as it was a legal holiday, were cremated. People who deposited letters in this box will do well to note the above fact. The firemen did unusually splendid work and did not leave the scene of action until every spark had been extinguished, which was about noon. Linemen from the electric plant and telephone exchange were on the ground looking after loose or threatened wires: Even the winds of Heaven aided by blowing but moderately and that in a westerly direction; while disastrous the fire under different handling and conditions, could have easily been far more destructive.

As to the loss, no practical estimate is obtainable. Insurance is known to have been carried as follows: On the half of the Watson store owned and occupied by themselves, \$3,000, on store fixtures \$2,000, on the drug and phonograph stock \$6,000; on the other half of the building there was probably insurance placed by the Petoskey owner in his home town. On the Nurko building there was at least one policy for \$500. It is assumed that the minor damage done to other buildings is fully covered.

### STATISTICS SHOW RELATIVE COST OF GRADING AND PAVING

What part of the cost of a road goes into grading and structures that are more or less permanent, and what part goes into the paving, which may eventually wear out?

This question is answered fully by statistics compiled by the Bureau of Public Roads of the United States Department of Agriculture on 1,360 completed Federal-aid roads, involving 7,500 miles of road, at a total cost of \$112,000,000. Of the total cost, 21 per cent went into grading, 14 per cent into structure, 62 per cent into paving, and 3 per cent for engineering. These are the average figures for the whole of the United States, but there is considerable variation in different sections.

In the Middle Atlantic States, where grading is not heavy and paving must be built for heavy traffic, the cost of the paving rises to 75 per cent and the grading and structures fall to 15 per cent and 9 per cent, respectively. In the Mountain States the problem is very different, much of the work being new construction with heavy grading, and the highest type of surface is not necessary. In this group of States the cost of grading amounted to 33 per cent, structures 20 per cent and paving 42 per cent.

### Fine Entertainments by P.L.A.S.

"Merry Travelers" Meets Hearty Approval by Local Citizens.

One of the finest entertainments afforded the citizens of East Jordan was that given under auspices of the Presbyterian Ladies Aid Society at the High School Auditorium, Monday and Tuesday evenings, Feb'y 27-28th.

Under the directions of, and staged by Irene Douglass Reynolds it proved to be one of the best "hits" in East Jordan for years.

Many of the characters were remarkably good, particularly that of Mrs. G. W. Kitsman as "Mrs. Travelers," Mr. Snellenberg as "Billy Landon," Miss Porter as "Miss Bachelor." In the specialties, Evangeline Nice as the "Gypsy Dancer" was one of the outstanding features.

Following is a list of those who participated in this event and who, under the able instruction of Irene Douglass Reynolds, made it the success that it proved to be:

Pianist—Helen W. Stroebel.  
Music—High School Orchestra.  
Act I.—Lobby of Hotel American, London.  
Act II.—Garden in Spain.  
Act III.—Carnival at Coney Island.

—CAST—  
Mrs. Travelers, a society lady..... Mrs. G. Kitsman  
Mr. Travelers, henpecked husband..... Mr. R. G. Watson  
Grace Travelers, their daughter..... Miss Masselink  
Billy Landon, who likes the ladies..... Mr. Snellenberg

TOURISTS.....  
Mrs. Wyatt, Lillian Masselink, Ruth Gregory, Doris Hayden, Emma Southwell.  
HOTEL EMPLOYEES.....  
Clerk..... Donald Porter  
Bell Boy..... Ingram Little  
Maid..... Miss Hughes  
Stenographer..... Miss Vandevanter

COLLEGE BOYS.....  
Frank..... Mr. Gibbs  
Jack..... Ole Hagerberg  
Ned..... Merle Crowell

The Duke of Boredom—Roderick Davis  
Miss Bachelor, willing to be married..... Miss Agnes Porter  
Moses Seeds, a Bachelor..... Sherman White  
Hezekiah Seeds, just off the farm..... William Sloan  
Samantha Seeds, his wife..... Ethel Crowell

Gypsy Dancer..... Evangeline Nice

MUSICAL NUMBERS  
—ACT I—  
TOURIST CHORUS.....  
Evangeline Nice, Pauline Hoover, Carl Wright, Christine Vandevanter, Lawrence LaLonde, Miss Hughes, Raymond Hockstad, Miss Masselink, Ole Hagerberg, Ruth Gregory, Edith Olson, Francis Coykendall, Henry LaClair, Thurlow Payne, Esther LaLonde.

"You Can't Live Without The Girls"—Mr. Snellenberg, Lillian Masselink, Ruth Gregory, Doris Hayden, Emma Southwell, Mrs. Wyatt.  
"Goody Good"—Miss Hughes and Roderick Davis.

COLLEGE CHORUS.....  
Earl Reid, Kathleen Roy, Grace Atkinson, Marjory King, Ted Malpass, Roy Stewart, Clayton Henning, Lewis Halsted, Ruth Gregory, Doris Hayden, Norman Whiteford.  
"Nice People"—Ingram Little.  
"Meet Me At The Station"—Christa Hoover, Mr. Snellenberg and Chorus.

—ACT II—  
Solo Dance..... Evangeline Nice  
Kalua..... Mrs. Wyatt and Oriental Girls—Ruth Johnson, Julia Supernaw, Marjory King, Muriel Walton.

CLOWN CHORUS..... Thelma Lafreniere, Frieda Hastad, Hazel Sumner, Laberta Stewart, Reva Williams, Gertrude Shubrick.  
SOCIETY CHORUS..... Pauline Hoover, Julia Supernaw, Grace Atkinson, Christine Vandevanter, Christa Hoover, Edith Olson, Glen Supernaw, Roy Stewart, Clayton Henning, Roy Vance, Vernon Gibbs, Gerald Nice.

—ACT III—  
"Gee, Ain't It Great To Be Home"—Ingram Little, Pauline Hoover and Chorus.  
"All By Myself"..... Miss Agnes Porter

Wedding March—Miss Porter, Sherman White, Ethel Crowell, William Sloan.

ENGLISH GIRLS.....  
Belle Habel, Nellie LaLonde, Marian Sedgeman, Ermine Valencourt.

ITALIAN GIRLS.....  
Henrietta Severance, Helen Hammond.

JAPANESE GIRLS.....  
Bea Boswell, Virginia Hite, Helen Severance, Madeline Phillips.

FRENCH GIRLS.....  
Hope Fuller, Martha Zitka, Rosa Shanaquet, Betty Bretz.

DUTCH GIRLS.....  
Sarah Ekstrom, Isabella Kitsman, Ruth Alexander, Ella Reitzel.

IRISH GIRLS.....  
Dorothy McKinnon, Dorothy Hager, Lucile Ramsey, Margaret Staley.

U. S. A. GIRLS.....  
Dorothy Cook, Isabella Kitsman.  
MISS COLUMBIA..... Virginia Pray.

### SOCIAL EVENTS

#### MASONIC AND EASTERN STAR BANQUET

Covers were laid for one hundred and forty guests at the Chicken Pie Supper given by the Masons and members of the Eastern Star at the Masonic Hall on Friday night, Feb'y 24th.

The guests were met by the reception committee and presented with fancy caps, which carried out the colors of the Eastern Star and gave a festive air to the occasion.

At seven o'clock the guests were seated by the Worshipful Master, at the beautifully arranged tables, where a very delicious supper was served by twenty jolly Masons.

After supper the guests were favored with an interesting program consisting of music and talks. The program closed with some initiatory work by the Female Masons of Lodge No. 1 of East Jordan.

The guests left at a late hour declaring this to be the most enjoyable event of the season.

The officers and members of both organizations wish to thank Mrs. Mackey and her helpers for the wonderful way in which the banquet was served, the waiters for their proficient service and the program committee for the entertainment of the evening.

We especially wish to express our appreciation to Mr. and Mrs. Summers who made the supper possible by their contribution of most of the chickens.

### SCHOOL NOTES

The pupils in the seventh grade having finished the study of the United States, each one chose a state and tried in most convincing speeches to prove each state is the most desirable to live in.

The Ninth grade English classes are traveling through Scotland with Marjion, and enjoying the scenery of the North and the legends of the Middle Ages as they go along. Then daily, they write the account of their journeyings and the compositions are tested by the rules of good English.

The pupils in the Eleventh grade class in Agriculture are making plans for modern hog houses.

Watch for further announcements of the School Fair. This will be an event to break the tedium of snow-bound East Jordan.

The unwelcome guest is generally the last one to realize it.

Aim high but scatter the shot. There are plenty of good things lower down. "Bonus" may have a jarring sound to some people, but "ingratitude" is far worse to the majority of us.

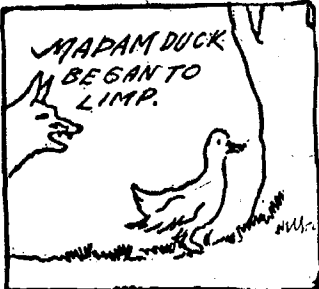
#### THIS MAN WAS HELPED

John Grab, 2533 Jackson Ave., New Orleans, La., writes: "My kidneys were weak and had a soreness and dull pain across my back. I felt dull and languid and my kidneys didn't act right. I began to take Foley Kidney Pills and soon relieved all that trouble and put my kidneys in a healthy condition." Hite Drug Store.

# THE SANDMAN STORY

## DUCKS FOOL MR. FOX.

MADAM DUCK was tired of swimming, so she scrambled up the bank to look for bugs in the field by the side of the river. She was waddling slowly about, when all at once she espied a pair of bright eyes peeping at her through the tall grass. Madam Duck knew at once it was Mr. Fox, and that he was waiting for a stray hen or anything that passed that way. She knew, too, that if she had happened to be near him she would now be on her way to his cave in the



woods. "While there is life there is hope," she thought. "I will try to fool him." Madam Duck began to limp. She spread her wings and let one drop, as though she had been wounded. Of course Mr. Fox thought Madam Duck had not seen him, and when she limped he crawled slowly toward her. "Some hunter has wounded that duck," he thought. "I will have to keep a sharp lookout that he does not see me, but I am thankful to him for helping me to get this fine bird, for I

shall not have to hurry. She cannot get away."

Every time Madam Duck flapped her wings she made a wider space between her and Mr. Fox, but she was careful every time to let one wing drag as she limped along.

"I am sure to get her," he thought. "So why run? It is a very wary day and, besides that, the hunter may be lurking about."

But when Madam Duck reached the river bank she seemed to be able to use her wings and legs without any trouble, and before Mr. Fox knew it she was at the water's edge.

"I am not going into that water after her," thought he. "I will grab her right off and end it."

Mr. Fox leaped for Madam Duck. But his front feet caught in a trailing vine, and down the bank he went heels over head and landed in the deep mud of the river.

He struck nose first, and while he was trying to get up Madam Duck sailed gaily away, calling back to him as she went:

Oh, Reynard thought he had me— He thought I could not fly. But that's the time I fooled you, sir— Good-by, Mr. Fox, good-by!

Reddy Fox crawled up the bank a sadder but a much wiser fellow, his mouth and nose filled with mud, and as he cleaned his coat and made himself tidy he thought:

"Sing your good-by song, Madam Duck, while you can, for if I ever meet you again it will be the 'Swan Song' you will sing—I promise you that."

But Madam Duck knew better than to go to the field again, and I expect she lived to a good old age, in spite of Mr. Fox's threat.

(Copyright.)

## Mabel Normand



Upon her recent arrival in Chicago, Mabel Normand, the winsome "movie" star, joined the decorators' union. She is seen at work here helping decorate a new million-dollar motion picture theater.

## THE RIGHT THING AT THE RIGHT TIME

By MARY MARSHALL DUFFEE

### HOW TO SET A TABLE.

Slight not what's near through aiming at what's far.—Euripides.

IS THERE anything more unappetizing than a carelessly set table? All of us, presumably, should have a soul so far above buttons that we would not notice our food overmuch. But few of us have reached the happy state where we eat only to be nourished. Most of us are quite susceptible to dainty food and dainty service.

This being so, the economical housewife should appreciate the value of serving every meal daintily. For food that is enjoyed will be better assimilated and therefore will do its full duty of giving nourishment to those who eat it.

A nicely set table is the first requisite for the dainty service of a meal.

Spotlessness and neatness are essential to a nicely set table. No matter how simple the meal or how simple the table appointments, they should and can always be clean and neatly arranged.

At breakfast and luncheon doilies or runners can be used. If some houses runners are used even at dinner. If they are used—or if doilies are used—the table must be perfectly clean.

When a cloth is used first spread a felt or asbestos covering to protect the table and hush the sound of plates and silver. Then spread a cloth with the fold that marks the middle of it laid evenly from end to end of the table. Always fold the cloth in the same creases, and lay it neatly in a drawer until it is wanted again. Or else fold it only once lengthwise and then roll it on a wooden or pasteboard cylinder.

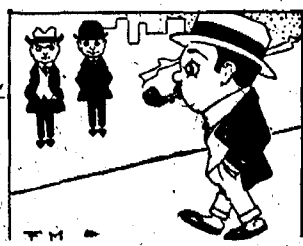
After the cloth is neatly laid, put on the silver. At the right of each place put the knives and spoons and at the left put the forks. At the end of the knives place a glass for water and at the end of the forks place a butter plate.

For an informal home dinner there should be a large knife next to the plate on the right for cutting meat, next to that a spoon for dessert and next to that a soup spoon. On the left there should be as many forks as will be needed—one for the meat, one for the salad and one for the dessert, or, if none is needed for dessert and there is no salad, only one fork should be placed. If oysters are served to begin with the oyster fork is placed at the right of the soup spoon. The butter spreader, unless it is large, is placed on the butter plate; if the spreader is large, it is placed next, on the right, to the knife for meat.

A centerpiece of some sort should be placed in the center of the table. Growing ferns or cut flowers can be used, or a little bowl full of evergreen leaves or foliage. A dish of fresh and beautiful fruit can also be used.

The napkin should either be placed at the right of the silver or else it should be folded and placed on the plate in front of each person. Of course, when clean napkins are not used every meal and the napkins are kept in rings, they should be placed at the right, or else in front of the plate, between the water glass and the butter plate.

(Copyright.)



### LIGHT

"Buzzer is a man who always weighs his words isn't he?" "Yes, but it takes a deuce of a lot 'em to weigh anything."

## True Detective Stories

### BROKEN GLASS

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WHEN Sergt. John F. Brennan of New York's police force reached Sixty-ninth street and Park avenue shortly after the accident which caused the death of John McHugh, he found practically nothing which could come under the head of "evidence."

McHugh, it appeared, had been driving along in a light buggy, shortly after dark. An automobile, speeding from behind, had struck the buggy and smashed it to bits, killing McHugh instantly. Apparently the only living witness to the tragedy was the horse, but, as Brennan said, "there's no way of makin' a horse talk."

So the sergeant set to work to collect what bits of evidence he could gather from the surrounding street.

Caught on one of the spokes of the buggy wheel, where it had evidently been torn off by the force of the collision, was a nickel-plated lamp rim bearing the name of the "Ham Lamp Company, Rochester, N. Y." That, and a small fragment of automobile tire about three inches in length, appeared to be the only results of the damage which the automobile had suffered.

But Brennan figured that, as the lamp rim had been torn from its socket, the lens of the lamp would naturally have been shattered, so he set to work to pick up the bits of glass. When he returned to headquarters that night he brought with him an envelope containing twenty-one pieces of glass, together with the nickel-plated rim, the buggy spoke on which it had caught and the jagged piece torn from the automobile tire.

"What are you going to do with that junk?" inquired his associates on the force. "If Sherlock Holmes had had those he could have told you the make of the car, the complexion of the man who was driving it, the license number and how many gallons of gas there was in the tank—but, outside of a book, what good are they?"

"Maybe none at all," admitted Brennan, "but if you'll use some brains when you look at 'em you'll note several things that may be of help in locating the car that killed McHugh and then drove off into the night. I never did take much stock in the Sherlock Holmes stories—it's easy enough to fix it so that your hero can solve a problem that you know the answer of—but here's one case in which I think that his deductive theories will come in pretty handy."

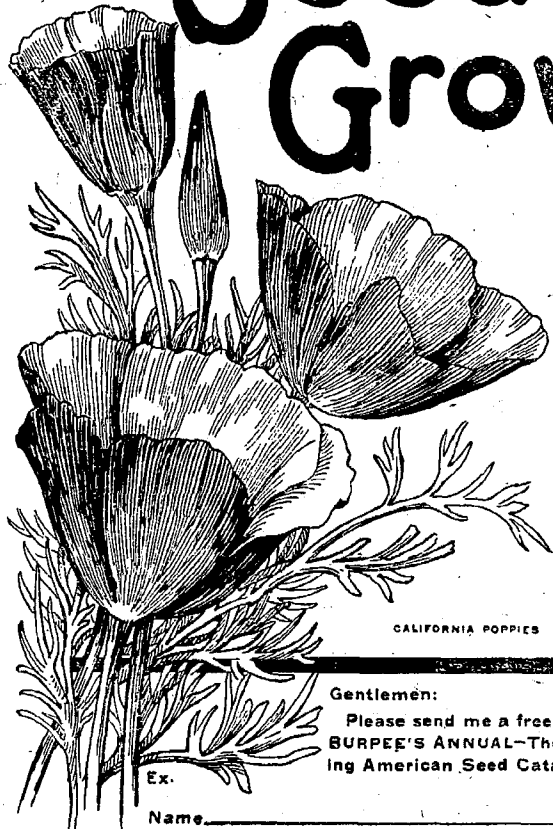
"See that smudge?" and the sergeant held up the buggy spoke and pointed to what appeared to be a worn place on the wood toward the end, which had been nearest the wheel. "At first I thought it was merely where the paint had worn off and the wood showed through. But the rest of the buggy was spick and span. Only a few days out of the shop. So I examined it more carefully and found that it was a bit of gray paint, scratched off the body of the death car itself!"

"Take that lamp rim, now. There are fourteen cars on the market that are equipped with lamps made by that company. So that reduces the number of suspects that much more. We've got to look for a gray car of one of those fourteen makes, which eliminates more than 70 per cent of the cars in the city."

"But what about those pieces of glass? What are they goin' to tell you?"

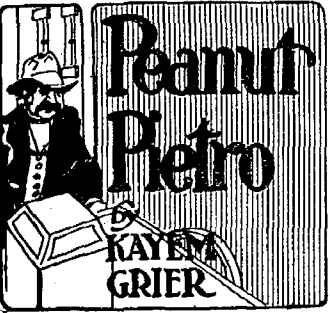
"Eventually, the name of the man who owned the car," replied Brennan. "There are three kinds of glass there—one plain glass, one mirror lens and one concave-convex lens. If you'll fit 'em together you'll see that the car carried eight-inch gas headlights and six-inch oil siphons. Therefore it was an old model. The bit of rubber was very evidently ripped off a four-inch tire. Now, you members of the

# Burpee's Seeds Grow



Gentlemen: Please send me a free copy of BURPEE'S ANNUAL—The Leading American Seed Catalog.

W. Atlee Burpee Co. Seed Growers Philadelphia



LASA mount my frien Tony, who fighta weeth General Persh for longa time, gotta home. Tree, four day after he reacha deessa country he finda job een da railroad shop. Other day he tella me een da letter he gotta plenta trouble.

Tony say dat shop he worka een go on da strike and he almosta losa da job. He say pretty soon after he coma dat place da beezness agent for da union show up.

Dat guy tella my frien he gotta joina da union. He say da union was gonna make da closed shop een dat place. But Tony was sure smarta guy. He say he no standa for dat. Tony tella da beezness agent come round next weenter and he joina da union.

But dat guy say nexa weenter too longa time gotta joina heem now. He say was gonna maka da closed shop een tree, four day.

So my frien tella da beezness agent go jumpa da lake or somating. He say eef wanta heem joina da union next weenter so can maka da closed shop een alla right, but he no lika dat now.

Tony tella me een da letter closed shop een all right een weenter time for keepa warm. But righta now he say een no good. He tella me da shop een open now and een too hot yet for feela good. He say everybody go seekk eef close da shop now.

I tink Tony een sure smarta guy alla right.

(Copyright.)



### ROPE

THE art of twisting cords to make stronger cords is very ancient. In 480 B. C. we read of Xorxes building a bridge with heavy cables made of twisted smaller cables. It was not till the Middle Ages that rope-making became general. The first "rope-walk" in America was located in Boston. John Harrison was the proprietor.

(Copyright.)



FOR MONEY She: You once said I appealed to you the first time you saw me. He: Yes, and since I married you, you're always appealing to me.

(Copyright.)

Proved it. "Where is your friend Scatterwitz going in such a hurry?" "To attend a seance given by a noted spiritualist." "He's crazy," "I agree with you. He told me he had a date with Helen at Troy."

## "What's in a Name?"

By MILDRED MARSHALL

Facts about your name; its history, meaning, whence it was derived, significance; your lucky day and lucky jewel.

### DORIS.

THOUGH etymologists do not directly connect Doris with Dorothy, and some believe that she is merely a modern version of a feminine fancy for a name a trifle out of the ordinary, it is impossible to believe that her source was not identical with Dorothea and that strange but correct reversal Theodora.

Such being the case, Doris comes from one of the early Christian Greek names, notably Thekla. St. Thekla was said to have been a disciple of St. Paul and to have been exposed, to lions at Antioch. Instead of tearing her to pieces, they crouched at her feet, but nevertheless she was considered the first virgin martyr, and no higher praise is possible for a woman than to compare her to St. Thekla.

From Thekla came the French Tecla and then through the Eastern church, Theodora, signifying "divine gift," and, much later, the incorrect Dorothea.

There have been two St. Theodoras, one a virgin martyr and the other a Greek empress.

Massinger composed a drama dealing with the story of St. Dorothea, the Cappadocian maiden who sent the roses of paradise by angelic hands as testimony of the joys of heaven. It is needless to go into the growth of Dorothea, followed by Dorothy, Dolly, Dora, and Dorinda. Her contractions, elaborations and diminutives are legion, but unfortunately history does not record what first enterprising mother named her baby Doris, though the name is almost as popular as Dorothy in England and America. Even Germany uses it. France alone finds it too harsh for her tongue and prefers the softer Dorette and Doralle.

The talismanic stone assigned to Doris is the agate, which gives her courage, guards her from danger and is also said to be a cure for insanity if worn as a pendant around the throat. Friday is Doris' lucky day and 5 her lucky number.

### A LINE O' CHEER

By John Kendrick Bangs.

### THE ANTE-ROOM.

WHATEVER that other world may be That all of us look forward to, In which a pure felicity Awaits the spirit true, Whatever be the nature of That golden realm of wondrous bliss, 'Tis sure that Honor, Cheer, and Love, Make Paradise of this. (Copyright.)

### Average Intelligence Low.

On a basis of tests made on 1,500,000 soldiers, 500 school children, 500 delinquent boys and 250 feeble-minded individuals, a writer in the Journal of Applied Psychology states that the average mental age of adults is only thirteen years. This means that the average thirteen-year-old boy, though of course he does not know nearly so much as the average grown man, is his equal in intelligence.

## Make More Money;—Sell the Hupmobile in This Town

Within a brief period, the Hupmobile will be represented in this community by a live-wire dealer.

You may be the man.

Whether you are in the motor car business, or in some other business, you will be interested in our liberal, money-making dealer proposition.

Just as long as you are a sound business man and a hustler, you can't help make exceptional profits by supplying the large potential demand for Hupmobiles in this territory.

Our definite, specific plan assures you of many prospects and sales.

More Hupmobiles in 1922 Heretofore, the metropolitan centers have entirely absorbed all the Hupmobiles the factory could make.

But the widespread reputation of the Hupmobile as a really fine car at a low price—\$1,250 f. o. b. factory—created an insistent demand in every city, town and countryside.

Greatly increased production now enables us, for the first time, to supply this demand.

You are invited to help us do this.

You will have the advantage of dealing with one of the largest motor car distributors in Michigan, with a very liberal policy. Our discount rate is much more liberal than that ordinarily offered.

This is a real opportunity. Grasp it. Write now, at once, without obligation for, all details;—which will be gladly given, and freely.

WILLIAMS & HASTINGS, Inc. Hupmobile Distributors 2965 Woodward Avenue Detroit, Michigan

## A. H. ASHBY Auctioneer

LET US CRY YOUR SALES Phone 176F3 Route 5 East Jordan. Dates Can Be Arranged for Herald Printing Office.

Embarrassing Query. A parrot had its cage near the door connecting the drawing room and the dining room. One evening, as the men of the party were dining in the dining room, the parrot eyed each entrant as if trying to recognize them. As the most diminutive of the gentlemen passed in, the parrot, evidently puzzled, said distinctly, "And who the deuce are you?"

Made It Plural. Frank, whose father is bald, caused much merriment by asking his mother, who was entertaining friends, "Mother, was daddy bald headed when we married him?"

Nature's Police Force. The following excerpt from Fabre's "The Story Book of the Field," gives a little insight into the many beneficial uses of the commoner field animals: "The bats deliver us from a host of enemies, and they are outlawed. The mole purges the ground of vermin; the hedgehog makes war on vipers; the owl and all night birds are clever rat hunters; the adder, the toad and the lizard feed on the plunders of our crops." Thus nature supplies the husbandman with an efficient police force.—Brooklyn Eagle.

Practice Self-Forgetfulness. Self-forgetfulness stores up happiness as the bees store up honey. The unselfish make joy for themselves as well as for everybody around them.



**"A SHINE IN EVERY DROP"**

Black Silk Stove Polish is different. It does not dry out; can be used on any surface; does not leave a greasy film; it lasts four times as long as ordinary polish. It saves you time, money and worry. You get your money's worth.

Don't forget—when you want a new stove, ask for Black Silk. It isn't the heat-resisting quality you need—your dealer will refund your money.

Black Silk Stove Polish Works, Sterling, Illinois. Use Black Silk Air-Drying Iron Enamel on grates, registers, stove pipes and similar metal surfaces. Prevents rusting. Try it.

Use Black Silk Metal Polish for chrome, nickel, tinware or brass. It works like magic. It leaves a brilliant surface. It has no equal for use on automobiles.

**Get a Can TODAY**

**DRINK HOT TEA FOR A BAD COLD**

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

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

**RUB BACKACHE AND LUMBAGO RIGHT OUT**

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

When your back is sore and lame or lumbago, sciatica or rheumatism has you stiffened up, don't suffer! Get a 35 cent bottle of old, honest "St. Jacobs Oil" at any drug store, pour a little in your hand and rub it right into the pain or ache, and by the time you count fifty, the soreness and lameness is gone.

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

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

**STOP CATARRH! OPEN NOSTRILS AND HEAD**

Says Cream Applied in Nostrils Relieves Head-Colds at Once.

If your nostrils are clogged and your head is stuffed and you can't breathe freely because of a cold or catarrh, just get a small bottle of Ely's Cream Balm at any drug store. Apply a little of this fragrant, antiseptic cream into your nostrils and let it penetrate through every air passage of your head, soothing and healing the inflamed, swollen mucous membrane and you get instant relief.

Ah! how good it feels. Your nostrils are open, your head is clear, no more hawking, snuffling, blowing; no more headache, dryness or struggling for breath. Ely's Cream Balm is just what sufferers from head colds and catarrh need. It's a delight.

**Where Your Taxes Go**

How Uncle Sam Spends Your Money in Conducting Your Business

By EDWARD G. LOWRY  
Author "Washington Class-UPS," "Banks and Financial Systems," etc. Contributor Political and Economic Articles to Leading Periodicals and a Writer of Recognized Authority on the National Government's Business Methods.

**OUR COSTLY NEGLIGENCE**

"Co-ordination" is a tired, haggard, nervous wreck of a word that was newly worked to death at Washington during the early days of the war. It was the first of the dollar-a-year words to come forward to do war work, and it was worn to a frazzle. I hate to drag the poor word thing out from the quiet retreat in my dictionary where it has been resting and recuperating, but I must say that this lack of co-ordination, lack of organization, duplication, inefficiency, waste, and haphazard hodge-podge structure of the national governmental machine is no secret to those at Washington, who run and manage it for us, and who are even more directly responsible than we are for the condition into which it has fallen.

I submit plans of avoidance and confession from both Democrats and Republicans. It is not a matter of politics. It is a matter of proved and confessed negligence on the part of the men we have hired to run the machine, and have kept year after year in places of trust and power and responsibility. They haven't kept up the plant. The form of organization is grotesquely inadequate. The morale of the working force is badly impaired, as I have set forth at length in previous articles. We have paid the price for this, grossly and hugely, in money and in poor service. This has been costly negligence on our part.

I said I had confessions. Here they are. I need Simon, Republican and a senator from Utah, speaking:

The administrative branches of the government have undergone no fundamental change since the organization was devised by Alexander Hamilton.

No other government in the world could have gone on as ours has done, and paid the bills involved in our wasteful methods of administration. We have been able to do it because this country has had resources and wealth unparalleled. But the war has brought us at last to realize that these will not last always. We need a complete survey of the whole situation de novo by a committee of men willing to recognize that it is a task of day and night for a year, and very likely, two years.

There is endless duplication of work among different departments, and it is the same through all the government functions, and now, when the burden of carrying our enormous debt is weighing on the people, we can no longer neglect to give it consideration.

When he said these things, Mr. Smoot was urging a concrete proposal to bring about the reformation so badly needed.

And now Franklin D. Roosevelt, for seven years assistant secretary of the navy and recently the Democratic candidate for vice president:

The entire system of relationship which exists between congress and the executive departments is fundamentally wrong. Let me illustrate: I made an offer one spring to the appropriations committees of both house and senate, telling them that I would tomorrow discharge 15 per cent of the employees of the Navy department if they, the committees, would give me complete authority to take one-half of the salaries of the employees so discharged and add it to the salaries of the other 85 per cent of the employees

still left in the department. . . . course, however, under the present system congress would not think of giving executive discretion of this kind.

Congress, for various reasons, has so tied the hands of the executive officers of the government that they have no discretion in the fundamental questions of employment. . . . My own wonder is that, considering the existing circumstances, the employees of the government are as efficient as they actually are. Congress legislates for every minute item of employment. . . . There is a lot of work being done in other departments which ought properly to be under the Navy department, and in the same way there is a lot of work done by the Navy department which could perfectly properly be transferred to other departments. . . . After seven years down here in an executive position . . . I cannot help the conclusion that our governmental methods are cumbersome and wasteful. The first improvement must come in what is, after all, the source of governmental activities—that is, the legislative branch. . . . This must come from congress. We need also a reclassification and redistribution of the work of the executive departments. This can only come if congress, working in accord with itself and with the executives, will discuss the whole question simultaneously and not merely piecemeal.

Well, there you are! A Republican who has been in the legislative branch of the government for seventeen years, and a Democrat who has been in the executive branch for seven years, both telling the same story of how badly the national business is managed.

The odd thing about it is that our agents and representatives at Washington who let this waste and inefficiency run on, year after year, pay no penalty. We pay the piper to the tune of millions and billions—literally that much. And the condition will endure until we make a real roar about it. Congress increasingly shakes its head over the situation and brings in various proposals of reform, and says how wrong it all is; but lacking a lively, inflamed public pressure, nothing gets done.

The lives of several kinds of plants have been doubted by a Vienna botanist who has discovered ways to delay their blossoming and germination.

**WE'RE COLD TO REFORMS**

We have not had in our time a President who was a business man or who had close acquaintance with business methods. The Chief Executives have, for the most part, not been executives as that term is now understood. Anything but. They regarded the governmental machine as one regards a hired motor car—a piece of mechanism in which to get somewhere, and with no thought of its power-transmission system or economy of operation.

Mr. Taft did sense the fact that he was at the head of an organization whose activities are almost as varied as those of the entire business world. Mr. Harding, I believe, shares this feeling.

As Mr. Taft pointed out, this great organization has never been studied in detail as one piece of administrative mechanism. No comprehensive effort has been made, until very recently, to list its many activities or to group them in such a way as to present a clear picture of what the government is doing. No satisfactory statement has ever been published of the financial transactions of the government as a whole. With large interests at stake congress and the executive have never had all the information which should be currently available if the most intelligent direction is to be given to the daily national business.

Congress, the President and the administrative officers have been attempting to discharge their duties without full information as to the agencies through which the work of the government is being performed. In the past, services, agencies, bureaus, what not, have been created one by one as exigencies have seemed to de-

mand, with little or no reference to any scheme of organization of the government as a whole.

Mr. Taft pointed out all this and made an earnest effort to change it. With what result? Why, just exactly none. Congress was cold. The public—meaning you and me—was colder. We didn't take any interest in the project, and therefore congress politely yawned it away into the fall grass and out of sight. Mr. Taft was given enough money to employ an efficiency and economy commission and to make inquiry "into the methods of transacting the public business of the executive departments and other government establishments."

The inquiry was made and the changes recommended, but nothing has ever been done about it. This economy and efficiency commission was very conservative and cautious. It took Mr. Taft's view that the problem of good administration is not one that can be solved at one time. It is a continuously present one. This commission, made up of excellent men, suggested that the revenue-cutter service be abolished and its activities be taken over by other services. It was estimated that by so doing a saving of not less than \$1,000,000 could be made.

Another report recommended that the lighthouse and life-saving services be administered by a single bureau instead of as at that time, by two bureaus located in different departments. It was estimated that this consolidation would result in a saving of not less than \$100,000 yearly.

The abolition of the returns office of the interior department was recommended, at an estimated direct saving of about \$25,000 a year, in addition to a large indirect economy in the reduction of work to be performed in the several offices.

The consolidation of the six auditing offices of the treasury and the inclusion in the auditing system of the seven naval officers who audited customs accounts at the principal ports was urged. The change was expected to produce an immediate saving of at least \$135,000 yearly.

From this modest start other changes and reforms and savings were to be made.

But we weren't interested in the high cost of government or the high cost of living eleven years ago. Mr. Taft didn't get a rise out of us. He didn't have much of a pull with congress, either, poor man, and all his inquiry went for nothing as far as any action was concerned.

He and his commission did bring out and establish, however, certain facts and conditions. It was a trustworthy and competent investigation as far as it went. That is something to be good.

There is a patent disposition in congress now to take the whole problem of the routine administrative processes of the government under consideration and see how best to improve them. Whether anything really worth while will come out of it will depend entirely on the degree of interest you display. If you will take the trouble to show that you know that the national business is mismanaged and costs too much, and that you are tired of it, there will be action.

**Patriotism Big Part of Life.**

Of the whole sum of human life no small part is that which consists of a man's relations to his country and his feelings concerning it.—W. B. Gladstone.

**Character Told by the Eye.**

All men of genius are said to have clear, slow-moving, bright eyes. This is the eye which indicates mental ability of some kind.

**Alice Lake**



The emotional force displayed by charming Alice Lake in her most recent pictures has placed her in the front rank of screen stars. Miss Lake is barely twenty-two years old. A few short years ago she was attending Erasmus Hall high school in Brooklyn. She is the daughter of a successful merchant. The winsome "movie" star is of medium height and lithe in figure. Her eyes are a dark hazel and her hair a rich brown.

**How It Started**

THE MODERN NEWSPAPER.

IN ANCIENT Rome military events, results of elections, etc., were written on tablets and posted under the head of Acta Diurna (daily acts). This was the antecedent of the newspaper. In China the Peking Tching-Pao (News of the Capitol) has appeared since 713 A. D. These examples, however, were not true journals. The first regular newspaper was the Frankfurter Journal, published by Egenolph Emmel in 1615.

(Copyright.)

**How's the Old Porch?**

Do you know a man whose porch is continually rotting out? asks the American Forestry Magazine. It could easily be made to last as long as the rest of the house by proper preservative treatment, and at an expense far less than the renewal cost.

**A LINE O' CHEER**

By John Kendrick Bangs.

**ETERNAL SLEEP.**

DEATH were an Eternal Sleep. As some have said, why should we weep. Since Sleep brings sweet forgetfulness. Of tribulations and distress. All lightened by the cheering gleams. Of lovely dreams. In which we seem to walk, and seize Right glorious realities. (Copyright.)

Cyniel

The principal trouble with matrimony is that you can't marry a girl and still want to sit alone with her in the dark.

**Have Pains?**

Aches and pains seem to be the lot of the ordinary mortal. However, these should be taken simply as nature's warning signals that some part of the human machine is out of order. It is a mistake to resign one's self to physical torture when the cause can be removed.

**Foley Kidney Pills**

tone up weak, inactive, sluggish kidneys and help rid the blood of poisonous waste matter that causes aches and pains in arms and legs, backache, rheumatic pains, sore muscles, stiff or swollen joints.

Dr. J. C. Hite, Asbury Park, N. J., writes: "My back caused me a great deal of trouble for some time. I experienced sharp, shooting pains which were due to the condition of my kidneys. One bottle of Foley Kidney Pills completely relieved me. The pains left my back. I recommend Foley Kidney Pills to my friends." Hite's Drug Store

**DRINK MORE WATER IF KIDNEYS BOTHER**

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

Uric acid in meat excites the kidneys, they become overworked; get sluggish, ache, and feel like lumps of lead. The urine becomes cloudy; the bladder is irritated, and you may be obliged to seek relief two or three times during the night. When the kidneys clog you must help them flush off the body's urinous waste or you'll be a real sick person shortly. At first you feel a dull misery in the kidney region, you suffer from headache, sick headache, dizziness, stomach gets sour, tongue coated and you feel rheumatic twinges when the weather is bad.

Eat less meat, drink lots of water; also get from any pharmacist four ounces of Jad Salts; take a tablespoonful in a glass of water before breakfast for a few days and your kidneys will then act fine. This famous salt is made from the acid of grapes and lemon juice, combined with lithia, and has been used for generations to clean clogged kidneys and stimulate them to normal activity, also to neutralize the acids in urine, so it no longer is a source of irritation, thus ending bladder weakness.

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

**RED PEPPER HEAT QUICKEST RELIEF FROM RHEUMATISM**

Concentrated Heat Penetrates—Brings Quickest Relief

Rheumatism, lumbago, neuritis, backache, stiff neck, sore muscles, strains, aching joints. When you are suffering so you can hardly get around, just try "Red Pepper Rub" and you will have the quickest relief known. Nothing has such concentrated, penetrating heat as red peppers. Instant relief. Just as soon as you apply Red Pepper Rub you feel the tingling heat. In three minutes, it warms the sore spot through and through. Frees the blood circulation, breaks up the congestion—and pain is gone.

Rowles Red Pepper Rub made from red peppers, costs little at any drug store. Get a jar at once. Almost instant relief awaits you. Use it for colds in chest. No matter what you have used for pain or congestion, don't fail to try Red Pepper Rub.

**MICKIE, THE PRINTER'S DEVIL**

By Charles Sughroe

Awarded by the "University of Hard Knocks"

Panel 1: "I GET MY 'A.M.' NEXT JUNE THROUGH COLLEGE YET, PERCY?"

Panel 2: "AND IF FATHER WILL KEEP ME IN FUNDS, I'LL BE LOOKING FOR A 'PH.D.' PRESENTLY"

Panel 3: "IF I WUZ YER OLE MAN, YA WOULDN'T BE LOOKIN' FER NO 'PH. D.'"

Panel 4: "NO SIREE! YOU'D BE HUNTING A 'J.O.B.'"

**AW, WHAT'S THE USE**

By L. F. Van Zelm

Well, One Good Turn Deserves Another!

Panel 1: "THERE'S THAT DOGGONE TAIL AGAIN!"

Panel 2: "GUESS I'LL CREEP UP ON IT SORTA EASY AND SEE IF I CAN'T GRAB IT THAT WAY"

Panel 3: "DARN IT! THERE IT GOES AGAIN!"

Panel 4: "I'LL JUST THROW INTO HIGH AND SEE IF I CAN OVERTAKE IT"

Panel 5: "GOSH, I'M ALL WORE OUT AND THE BLAME THING'S STILL THERE"

Panel 6: "AW, WHAT'S THE USE! I'VE NEVER CAUGHT IT YET ANYWAY!"

**True Detective Stories**  
**BOLAND, ALIAS GARDNER**

Copyright by The Wheeler Syndicate, Inc.  
HEN Hyman and Hess, dealers in cloaks and suits on State street, Albany, N. Y., sent a check for \$38.77 to Rels and Blum, garment manufacturers in New York city, they didn't have the slightest idea that they were starting a chain of evidence which would land one of the cleverest crooks in America behind the bars.

A few days later, before the New York firm had had time to report the nonarrival of the check and thus permit Hyman and Hess to look into the matter, a young man came into the National Commercial bank in Albany and presented a check for \$380, made out to "Bearer." The date on the check, filled in with a rubber stamp, corresponded to the day on which it was presented, and the man who handed it to the paying teller mentioned casually that the check "was to cover an option" and that he had to hurry back to New York in order to complete the transaction. The paying teller, feeling certain that the signature was genuine, cashed the check, and the man who had presented it walked out of the bank with \$380 in his pocket.

When Hyman and Hess had their account balanced they found that they were exactly \$380 short—for the original check had never reached its New York destination, but had been lifted out of the mail box by one of a gang of clever criminals, the body of the check erased with an ink eradicator and the date and amount filled in out top of the original signature.

"Only one man in the country could have done that and gotten away with it," growled George A. Fuller, assistant superintendent of the Pinkerton Detective agency, when the bank called the details of the case to his attention. "It's Boland's work!"

"Yes, Boland," replied Fuller. "Or Gardner, as he sometimes calls himself. He's got a regular organization for this sort of thing. Trains boys to loot the mail boxes, washes the checks with an acid preparation of his own invention, writes in a higher amount, makes them payable to 'Bearer,' and then another of his tools cashes them."

"If you know so much about the man," asked the amazed banker, "why hasn't he been arrested long before this?"

"It's easy enough to arrest a man," was Fuller's reply, "but it is sometimes very difficult to convict him. So far as the actual check-rising goes, Boland plays a lone hand. What's more, he pays his men well, and takes care of them if they happen to get caught. So far, none of 'em has turned state's evidence, and until they do—or until we catch Boland red-handed—there's nothing to do but be careful. We've got our eyes on him. He can't move without our knowing it."

Warned by Hyman and Hess check that the Boland outfit was once more conducting operations in New York state, the Pinkerton man kept close watch on all persons suspected of belonging to the organizations, with the result that three men were arrested and sentenced to terms in prison. But all of them steadfastly refused to implicate the "man higher up."

Finally Boland and three of his associates were arrested in Boston, after Fuller had shadowed a boy whom he suspected of robbing a mail box. Dano, the boy, and Devine, another of the organization, drew short terms for petty larceny, but Boland escaped on account of a technicality, and moved to New York where he tried to continue his operations. But the New York police and particularly Commissioner George S. Dougherty, made things so difficult, that he was soon reduced to the expedient of securing checks wherever he could—a necessity which led to the fatal slip which Fuller had predicted.

Out of the mail box of an up-town apartment house, one of Boland's apprentices secured a check for \$50, made out to a real estate company in payment of the rental for one of the apartments. It was child's play for Boland to wash off the original name and amount and to write in the words "Bearer" and "Two Hundred and Eleven Dollars." Once that was done, he had a perfectly good check (apparently) and he sent one of his men down to the bank on which the check was drawn, with minute instructions as to the cashing of it. But the cashier, being suspicious of a check of that size being made out to "Bearer"—particularly as he knew that the woman whose signature appeared upon it was very careful in her financial dealings—declined to cash it, and Boland's man returned with a story of having been watched and therefore very fearful to approach the paying window.

Boland, in a spirit of bravado, again altered the check, this time making it out in the name of "William Huth" and set forth to cash the check himself, something which he had never before attempted. One glance at the odd amount—\$211,—and the recollection that a check of similar size had been presented that morning, payable to "Bearer," was enough to convince the paying teller that something was wrong. The Pinkertons were immediately notified and Boland was caught, red-handed.

Fifteen minutes after his case came up in the County court in Brooklyn, Boland was on his way to Sing Sing.

**Something to Think About**  
By F. A. WALKER

**OUR WASTEFUL HABITS**

IT IS frequently remarked by close-observing Englishmen who visit America, that our people are shamefully wasteful, and fling away money without any apparent thought of the proverbial rainy day.

Whether these alien commentators have penetrated deeply into the subject is not definitely known, but judging from their oft-repeated averments, assuming at times a form of caustic criticism, there is doubtless more truth in the matter than we suspect. It is not without a pang of regret—a ruffling of our pride, perhaps—that we Americans, who are disposed to analyze conditions with unbiased minds, reluctantly admit that our English cousins are right.

We recognize that we have many spendthrifts, constantly setting a bad example to the young, that they are extravagant and decidedly foolish.

Money is poured out like water, as though, like Topsy, "it just grewed." There is consolation, however, in the thought that these profligates come mostly from the ranks of the newly rich and thoughtless inheritors. They have no idea of the stern realities of life, nor the long dragging years of incessant labor and self-denial that are necessary for a working or professional man to accumulate even a moderate competency for old age.

These people congregate where the music flows, where the tables are heaped with dainties. They smile and backbite, puff themselves up like frogs and spend recklessly. They fall naturally into a state which is common to their kind.

If we could follow them through their improvident course to the end, we would find them in pitiable plight, repentant and likely as not homeless.

The necessity of conserving time and money ought not be impressed upon all of us with considerable more stress than it has been in the recent past, and particularly upon the inconsiderate young men and women.

Let high thinking, hard work and thriftiness form the important part of our spiritual bill of fare, so that in the end we may be robust of body and soul, sound of purse, unafraid of landlords and in position in old age to accept all the vagaries of life with supreme confidence and complacency.

(Copyright.)

**LYRICS OF LIFE**

By DOUGLAS MALLOCH

**WHY NOT TELL HER SO?**

OF COURSE you love her just the same. As when at first you wed, Perhaps with not so hot a flame, But still the coals are red. The new-made blaze is bright with heat. And ruddy with desire; But time shall give you something sweet— Peace, and the quiet fire.

Of course you love her as of old, Your love she ought to know. New loves burn hot, new loves turn cold, With all the winds that blow. But time shall bring the steady blaze, The flame that never died; Yea, time shall bring contented days, The quiet ingleside.

Of course you love her as of yore— The years that you have shared Have made you love her even more Than ever you have cared. Of course you love her—just the same, Your love she ought to know, For time has brought the steady flame— But why not tell her so? (Copyright.)

**HOW DO YOU SAY IT?**

By C. N. LURIE

Common Errors in English and How to Avoid Them

**"SPOONFULS," ETC.**

IN CONSIDERING the proper form of the plurals of such words as "spoonful," "cupful," "armful," etc., it must be borne in mind that the unit considered is not the spoon, the arm, the cup, etc.; but the material that fills the spoon, etc. Thus, the unit is the spoonful, not the spoon; and as "spoonful" is the name of a thing in itself, the proper form of the plural is found by adding an "s" to the word "spoonful," and not to the part of the word "spoon."

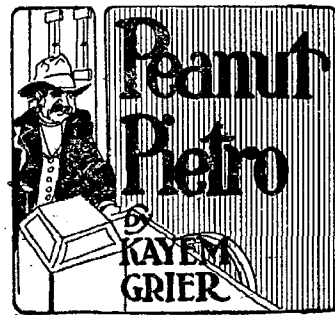
Of course, there are times when the unit is the spoon itself; that is, when two or more spoons are filled. When, for example, you have before you two spoons filled with sugar, you should say "two spoons full," and not "two spoonfuls." But when you take a spoonful, it is with sugar and empty it into your coffee cup, and repeat the process, you have taken two "spoonfuls" of sugar, and not two "spoons full."

(Copyright.)

**Patricia Crawford**



Among the countless popular "movie" stars none holds higher favor than Patricia Crawford, who will be readily recognized as having been seen in numerous popular productions.



SEEMS lika een da Uniteda State language ces boufa seexa tausand word wot worika two jobs sama time. I geeta acquaint weeth one weerd wot meana one ting and nexa weerd I finda he. But eacha time I dunno so moocha bout as da lasa time. I tink ees worika two jobs and meana somatung else.

You know two, tree time I geeva look at da baseball game, everybody was craze een da head for try feegure heem out. And one guy tella me I am craze een da head because I do no lika da game. But I gotta right for hava own idee, so I keepea right on tink he was craze.

I getta pretty mad other day when was too moocha hot. Every time da weathar getta more hot I teka more clothes off. Eet was so hot now I almosta gotta look een da mirror for tella for sure eef I am dressed.

I meeta one friend other day and he say he was gonna see da baseball game. He aska me eef I wanta go, too. I sny een da firsta place I no lika dat game and other place see too hot. I say I no tink anybody go see dat game now. But he tella me was gonna be ten or feefteen tausand fans at dat game.

So righta queeck I decida ees gooda idee see da baseball. I no care wheecha one win, but I feegure any place weeth ten or feefteen tausand fans was pretty cool.

But when I reacha dat ball game no even one fan show up—Jusa greata beegs crowd. My frien try explaina weeth me wot da fan was een da baseball, but I am too moocha mad for leesten. I decida was too many word meana sama ting een deesa country. Wot you tink? (Copyright.)



**How It Started**

THE first true friction match was invented by John Walter of Stockton-on-Tees, England, in 1827. Godfrey Hankwitz, in 1880, had noticed the principle of the ignition of sulphur and phosphorus by friction, but had made no use of the idea. The safety match, which strikes only on the box, was invented by a Swede named Lundstrom in 1855. (Copyright.)

**Maps as Paper for Stamps.**

Many of the new republics which were a by-product of the war are utilizing all kinds of material for their needs. For example, Latvia prints her stamps on the back of maps. Paper used for maps is generally good.

**A LINE O' CHEER**

By John Kendrick Bange.

**SNEERING AND CHEERING**

I'D ID a plan I wished to put in clover I'd rather cheer Than try to sneer It over— So down with cavil and with sneering— And let us give three cheers for cheering. (Copyright.)

**CHARLEVOIX CO. HERALD**  
G. A. Lisk, Publisher  
Subscription Rate, \$1.50 per year.

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

**Facts About Income Tax**

As Furnished By the Bureau of Internal Revenue.

(Article No. 5)

Former soldiers and sailors, in filing an income-tax return for 1921, should not include as gross income any amount received under the provisions of the war risk insurance and vocational rehabilitation acts and as pensions from the United States for military or naval service during the war.

The special exemption of \$3,500 formerly allowed soldiers and sailors in active service is not continued by the revenue act of 1921. "Persons in active military or naval service of the United States" are allowed only the exemptions granted other individuals, \$1,000 if single (or if married and not living with husband or wife); \$2,500 if married and the combined net income of husband and wife was \$5,000 or less; and \$2,000 if married and the combined net income of husband and wife was more than \$5,000.

An unmarried soldier, sailor, marine or ex-service man must file a return if his net income from all sources for 1921 was \$1,000 or more or if his gross income was \$5,000 or more. If married and living with his wife on December 31, 1921, he must file a return if the net income of himself and wife and dependent minor children was \$2,000 or more, or if the combined gross income was \$5,000 or more.

**PEANUTS VALUABLE FOOD RICH IN THE AMINO ACIES**

Peanuts are high in food value, says the United States Department of Agriculture, but there is no foundation for the recently circulated report that peanuts promote the growth of hair. Investigations carried on in the Bureau of Chemistry with regard to the chemical and nutritive properties of the proteins of the peanut have demonstrated that, aside from the oil, which is easily digested and which furnishes a large amount of fuel or energy, the shelled peanut contains about 20 per cent of a high nutritional quality.

When we eat protein we consume in reality 18 or 20 substances, known as amino acids, each one of which may have quite special functions in nutrition. Some proteins are deficient in certain of these acids and will not promote growth. Peanut protein however, is rich in the amino acids which are lacking in the proteins of corn and grain, and for that reason peanuts are an excellent supplement to a cereal diet, whether in the form of a meal or press cake fed with corn and cereal feeds to animals or as a supplement to wheat protein when used with wheat flour in bread making.

The erroneous idea that eating peanuts will affect the growth of hair may have arisen from the fact that hair, wool, feathers, and similar animal tissues, when analyzed, show a relatively large amount of cystine, which is one of the amino acids present in protein. Even were the assumption true that by eating foods containing cystine the growth of hair could be stimulated, it would not apply in the case of peanuts which do not contain as high a percentage of cystine as many other common foods.

**WILL DETERMINE ADEQUACY OF SKEWED BRIDGE ARCHES**

Methods of calculating the stresses and proportioning the size of skewed concrete-arch bridges which have been considered good practice in the past may be incorrect and result in the collapse of the structure, according to engineers of the Bureau of Public Roads of the United States Department of Agriculture. A skew bridge is one in which the center line of the bridge is not perpendicular with the abutment on which the bridge rests, and is used when the bridge crosses a stream or railway track diagonally. The bureau is jointly responsible with the several State highway departments for the correctness of the design of all structures on Federal-aid roads, and for this reason the problem is being carefully studied.

**MAYBE IT ISN'T SPRING FEVER**

If you feel tired, languid, "upset," morbid, blue—if you have a sick headache—don't say "spring fever" and let it go at that. Take a Foley Cathartic Tablet tonight and you will feel better in the morning. If your condition is the result of disordered digestion there is nothing better. Hite Drug Store.

Don't worry about the fellow who claims he can lick everyone in sight. His vision may be limited to kids.

**MICKIE SAYS**

WHAT HAS BECOME OF TH' OLE-FASHIONED GUY WHO USED TO BRING IN THINGS TO HELP FILL UP TH' PAPER, WHEN TH' BOSS WUZ RUNNIN' IN CIRCLES, WORRIN' BECUZ THEY WUZIN' ROOM FER WHAT HAD TO GO IN?



**NOTICE TO CANDIDATES!**

The state law provides that election ballots must be on file at least twelve days previous to an election.

The city primary will be held March 20th, 1922 (provided there be more than two candidates for any one office) and ballots must be printed by March 8th.

Therefore, any person seeking nomination to any city office, should file his or her petition with the City Clerk not later than March 6, 1922.

OTIS J. SMITH, City Clerk.

Ocean Floor Comparatively Flat. Nowhere on dry land are there such vast flat plains as occur at the bottom of the oceans. The success of the submarine telegraphic cables is due in part to the flatness of the ocean bottom. Steep slopes are rare, and it is in such places that breaks in the cable usually occur.

**Frank Phillips**

Tonsorial Artist.

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

**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—COON-SKIN MUFF—A good coon-skin muff was left at our store some two or three months ago. Owner may have same by paying charges on this adv.—THE LEADER DEPT. STORE, East Jordan. 9ft

**For Sale—Real Estate**

FOR SALE—Have recently purchased and offer for sale the F. A. Kenyon residence on Third-st and the Alex Fulton residence on the West Side.—H. A. GOODMAN, Real Estate. 9ft

FOR SALE—EIGHTY-ACRE FARM; also city DWELLING and Lot located in north side of East Jordan, and a used DODGE TOURING CAR. All reasonably priced for quick sale. See me for terms. MINA HITE-PIERSON, East Jordan. 7-4

FOR SALE—Seven-room DWELLING in Stone's Addition. Inquire of C. H. WHITTINGTON. 6ft.

**For Sale—Miscellaneous**

FOR SALE—NEW MILCH COW. Inquire at MCKINNON'S CAFE. 9x

NOTICE—Just arrived—New spring Samples of Buckley Brothers & Co. of New York City. Novelty Dress Goods, exquisite Canton Crepes, dainty Gingham, etc. Samples shown any time by appointment.—MRS. MAYBEL CARLISLE, Agent. 8-3

BULL FOR SERVICE—Thoroughbred Guernsey Bull, one year old, out of Juliann Second, owned by J. F. Kenyon.—GEORGE HOSLER, R. F. D. 3, East Jordan. 7x6

FOR SALE—REGISTERED HOLSTEIN BULL, two years old, natural Mulley. Inquire of A. W. BRINTNALL, R. F. D. No. 4, East Jordan. 6ft

Having secured the AGENCY for the WORLD STAR KNITTING CO. of Bay City, I will be pleased to show you our line of samples.—A. J. BROOKS, City. 6x4

DRY WOOD \$2.50 per Cord. Phone for particulars to HERBERT CHORPENING, phone 164-21 or address East Jordan, Route 4. 3ft.

**East Jordan Lumber Co**

**New Spring Line of SHOES**

Now Ready for Your Inspection

Patent, Sued and Kid, also Children's and Misses' Shoes and Oxfords.

**East Jordan Lumber Co**



## Detroit & Charlevoix R. R. Opens Line to East Jordan

**SNOW PLOW COMES IN THURSDAY NIGHT.  
FIRST MAIL THIS FRIDAY FORENOON.**

The snow plow on the East Jordan branch of the Michigan Central (D. & C. R. R.) broke through the snow barriers around Alba Thursday night and arrived in East Jordan at 9:30 p. m.

The first in-coming mail and passenger train will probably leave Grayling at 6:00 o'clock this Friday morning arriving in East Jordan about 9:00 a. m.

Since Monday the snow plow crew have been battling the heavy drifts between the Mancelona Road and a mile this side of Alba.

Railroad communication with the state will be a welcome relief.

### STANDING OF THE IN-DOOR BASEBALL LEAGUE

	Won	Lost	Percent
Independents	11	1	917
Presbyterians	10	2	833
Holy Name	7	3	700
Masons	6	4	600
I. O. O. F.	5	6	454
K. of P.	3	8	272
Firemen	2	8	200
Methodists	1	10	88

### ROCK ELM

(Edited by Mrs. Arthur Shepard.)  
Mrs. Levi Metz visited friends in East Jordan a few days last week.  
Leonard Baker was calling on old friends in this neighborhood last Friday.  
Mrs. Arthur Shepard visited in East Jordan Friday and Saturday of last week.  
Twenty young people of the neighborhood attended a surprise party given Miss Agnes LaCroix. The occasion being her 19th birthday. Games were the chief amusement of the evening. A delicious lunch was served.

Even the homeliest of girls need not be without a bow—if she plays a violin. Humorists seldom see anything funny in their own writings, and at times others agree with them.  
There is such a thing as can't, but few of the people of this community care to be caught in its company.

Both Equal.  
He—"And won't you give me a kiss?" She—"Certainly not. I never kissed a man in my life." He (emphatically)—"Neither did I."

### Katherine Spencer



One new film star who is rapidly coming to the fore is Katherine Spencer. Miss Spencer is a New York girl. Her father, Alvin W. Spencer, formerly of Cincinnati, O., at one time was United States consul to the West Indies. Katherine enjoys the distinction also of being the niece of John Robinson, the circus man.



LASA week I tella my boss I wanta vacash. And da boss tella me he was gonna taka sama ting. So we decida for sava da expense we go sama time. You know I tella you one time bouta stronga pipe wot da boss ees gotta? Well, he taka dat pipe on da vacash, too.

We go een da fleever to da ocean for da vacash. I dunno for sure, but for way dat pipe smella now I tink eet hava leetle ones on da road someplace. Dat pipe ees so stronga now he breaka da-prohibish law.

I try fiva, seera time losa dat pipe on da road, but no can do. I trow outside one time and den I maka dat fleever go so fasta he can. Pretty queeck da air was begin getta fresh an was no moocha smell. But when we reacha tree four mile down da road and was no moocha smell only leetle bit da boss, know hees pipe was gone. So he maka me go back and geeva look. I not gotta moocha trouble for locate—jusa follow da smell and when almosta knocka me down dat was da pipe.

When we reach da sea we go veest some fien. Da boss lighta hees pipe een da house and everybody go out. I no lika dat way so I tella heem eet wanta smoka da pipe go down by da ocean where ees open place and plenta weend.

So nexa day he taka my idee and go down by da ocean. I feegure nobody gotta go out eet he smoka on da beach. But I am meestake e. dat place lika other one. Da boss and hees pipe was be no more as coopla hours by da ocean when da tide could no standa smell and he go out, too. Wot you tink?  
(Copyright.)

## News of the Churches

**First Methodist Episcopal Church**  
Rev. Thos. Marshall, Pastor.

"A Homelike Church."  
Sunday, March 5, 1922.  
10:00 a. m.—Subject: "Christ and Faith."  
11:15—Church School.  
7:00 p. m.—Sermon by Pastor.  
Monday, March 6th—Father and Son Banquet. C. E. Doly of Grayling will speak.  
Wednesday:  
7:00 p. m.—Mid-week Prayer Service.  
Thursday:  
7:00 p. m.—Neighborhood Night Motion Pictures.

**Presbyterian Church Notes**  
Rev. C. W. Sidebotham, Pastor.

"A Church for Folks."  
Sunday, March 5, 1922.  
10:00 a. m.—Morning Worship.  
11:15 a. m.—Sunday School.  
6:15 p. m.—Christian Endeavor.  
7:00 p. m.—Evening Worship.  
When Warren G. Harding was inaugurated, as President on March 4, 1921, he kissed the Book open before him, it was the Holy Bible. "The Verse the President Kissed" will be the sermon theme Sunday morning.

**St. Joseph's Church.**  
D. M. Drinan Pastor.

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

**St. John's Church.**  
Bohemian Settlement.  
High Mass on 2nd Sunday of each month at 10:00.  
High Mass on 4th Sunday of each month at 8:00 o'clock.

**Latter Day Saints Church.**  
Leonard Dudley, Pastor.

10:00 a. m.—Sunday School.  
11:15 a. m.—Prayer Meeting.  
7:00 p. m.—Prayer Meeting.  
Wednesday—7:00 p. m.—Prayer Meeting.

**Church of God.**

Hours of services:  
(Eastern Standard Time)  
Sunday School—11:00 a. m.  
Bible Study—12:00 a. m.  
Bible Study—7:30 p. m.  
Wed. Prayer Meeting—8:00 p. m.  
The public is cordially invited to attend these services.

### SCHEME ASSURES GROWERS HOGS FOR HOME SLAUGHTER

Members of the live-stock shipping associations in DeKalb county, Ind., have solved the problem of having fat hogs on hand just when they are ready to do their home butchering, and the United States Department of Agriculture thinks the plan could be worked by other cooperatives. Many of the members of the association who do home butchering often found themselves with hogs ready for market or slaughter before the farmers were prepared for the work. Under these conditions they arrange with the manager of the association to ship their hogs to market at the time the animals are ready, and later, when the farmers are prepared to butcher, they buy the desired number of hogs from the association on the regular shipping day. The hogs are sold to them for the net market price returned to the members contributing hogs to the shipment. This practice is an accommodation to the members, as often a farmer who is raising hogs for home slaughter is not ready to butcher at the time the hogs are in best condition, and he is not prepared to feed them as long as he desires.

### HOW DO YOU SAY IT?

By C. N. LURIE

Common Errors in English and How to Avoid Them

"EITHER, EACH, BOTH."  
"ON EITHER" side of the street there was a row of tall buildings." The speaker meant to convey that both sides of the street were lined with tall buildings, not that there was a row on either side, for "either" means "one or the other." He might have used the word "each," and have said, "On each side of the street there was a row of tall buildings," and his idea would have been clothed in correct words.

In the English of the days of King James I the usage on which comment is made was correct, and the King James version of the Bible written in the early years of the Seventeenth century (1 King 8:15) says: "A line did compass either of them about," but the dictionary calls such use at the present day archaic; that is, ancient and outworn, and not to be approved in modern writing or speaking.  
(Copyright.)

### NORDUKE, A NEW VARIETY OF WILT-RESISTANT TOMATOES

In the course of work on the selection of tomatoes that will resist the wilt disease, which causes a large annual loss in the tomato-canning states, the United States Department of Agriculture has developed a new variety called Norduke, similar to Stone, but highly resistant to wilt. Four other wilt-resistant varieties have already been produced, known as the Marvel, which is a medium early tomato selected from Merveille des Marches, bearing a heavy crop of smooth red fruit; the Norton, selected from Stone, producing a heavy yield of large, smooth, solid red fruit, which ripens slowly, and therefore ships well; and Columbia and Arlington, medium late varieties, selected from Greater Baltimore.

The Marvel is an excellent variety for forcing, for medium early trucking and for home gardening. The Columbia, like the Arlington, which has been temporarily withdrawn for purification because of mixtures found in the seed in 1920, is better for canning than for the table, because of its somewhat flat shape, which does not permit slicing as successfully as some of the rounded tomatoes. The Norton and the newer variety, the Norduke, are late tomatoes, excellent for canning, for home canning, for home gardening and late trucking. The Norduke shows the highest resistance to wilt of any tomato, and also some resistance to the leaf spot disease.

Wilt-resistance strains of tomatoes are developed by selecting from a variety which possesses moderate resistance, which show individual higher resistance. This resistance can be combined with other desirable qualities in other varieties by crossing. Seeds from resistant strains have been distributed through State experiment stations to canners and others for testing and some of the varieties are now being carried in the catalogue lists of seed houses.

Inver.  
Inver is a prefix in the Gaelic language, and it means a confluence of rivers, the place where two rivers come together. The prefix is used in Scotland, particularly in the north, as an element of place names, as in the name Inverness. The River Ness here joins the arm of the sea known as Moray firth. Inverness is the confluence or junction of the River Ness.  
(Copyright.)

## Briefs of the Week

Born to Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Metcalf, son—Harold Omar—Feb'y 20th.

Born to Mr. and Mrs. William Groh, a son—Virgil Howard—Feb'y 25th.

Born to Mr. and Mrs. Lynn Evans a daughter—Mildred Jane—Feb'y 24th.

Mr. and Mrs. James C. Lewis of Alabama are here visiting at the home of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. James M. Howard.

Do you believe in Inter-marriage? "The Oath" showing at Temple Theatre Sunday evening answers a question that millions wonder at. adv.

Miss Annabelle Norton, teacher in the fourth grade of our public schools, received a fractured right wrist while skiing on the steep hills near the water tank.

Our public schools were forced to close Wednesday of last week owing to the deep snow, it being practically impossible for pupils to get from their homes to the school.

The Herald received its first batch of daily papers Wednesday afternoon, after being without news from the outside world since Tuesday, Feb'y 21st. These were obtained through courtesy of our neighbor publisher—Mr. Ormsby of the Boyne Citizen, and the kindness of Mr. Crowell of Crowell's Livery who was over to Boyne City and brought them back. They are up to March 1st and anyone caring to call at The Herald office and look them over are invited to do so.

Manager Olson of the Temple Theatre has been badly handicapped by the storm. He gave a show Saturday night, repeating films used the previous Tuesday. By using the wires he secured a show for this Thursday night, the films coming by way of Gaylord, Boyne City, driving there to get them. Shows will be given this coming Saturday and Sunday nights with the regular nights for the coming week. Owing to the general mixup he is unable to tell definitely just what films are to be shown.

Charles Serow, 33, who on Monday, January 30, killed with a club one Steve Durovick, a lumber camp companion when they met in Boyne Falls, after trouble which took place in the Cobb and Mitchell camp near Springvale, was up for trial in circuit court before Judge F. W. Mayne, last Tuesday. The case was most bitterly fought by Lisle Shanahan of Charlevoix defending the prisoner, while Prosecuting Attorney Rueggeger was assisted in the prosecution by J. M. Harris of this city. The trial, which lasted five days, went to the jury at 4:30 Saturday afternoon, and at 8:30 that evening they brought in a verdict of murder in the second degree. This offense is punishable by imprisonment for any term of years up to life, at the discretion of the court. Serow will probably be given his sentence the latter part of this week.—Boyne Citizen of Feb. 20.

Mrs. A. L. Thompson who has been quite ill is recovering.

Buy your Wall Paper early. Our stock is completed. R. G. Watson, adv.

It takes a bright woman to appear dull when an unwelcome suitor hovers around.

All dishes left at the Masonic Hall, from the banquet, will be found at the home of Mrs. Mackey.

Walter Davis was called to Boyne City Wednesday by the death of his mother, Mrs. Ira Davis.

The Sunshine Circle will meet at the home of Mrs. Clarence Healey, Thursday afternoon, March 9th.

Laundry Basket leaves Bulow Bros. store every Wednesday noon; laundry returned Saturday night. adv.

"The Oath," showing at the Temple Sunday is stamped with the seal of supremacy. Don't miss it. adv.

Why this suggested movement in favor of longer skirts in the future? Our eyesight remains perfectly good.

H. A. Goodman recently purchased the Alex Fulton residence on the West Side and the F. A. Kenyon residence on Third-st.

On the tablets of all creeds is written "Thou shall not inter-marry." See "The Oath" at Temple Theatre Sunday evening. adv.

A number of friends and neighbors tendered Mrs. Charles Crowell a surprise party, Thursday afternoon. The occasion being her birthday anniversary.

M. E. Ladies Aid will be entertained at the home of Mrs. Bader on the West Side Wednesday, March 8th, at 2:30 p. m. standard. Full membership in attendance is desired.

Dr. G. W. Morrow, National Lecturer of the Anti-Saloon League, was snow bound in our city over last Sunday. He spoke at a union meeting in the Presbyterian Church in the morning, and at another union meeting in the Methodist Church in the evening.

Charles Hodges, aged 59 years, passed away at his home on the West Side Wednesday noon. He leaves a wife; together with two sons, and one daughter, viz.—John Hodge of this city, Charles Hodge of Gladstone, Mrs. Sidney Swift of Bellaire. Funeral services will be held from his late home Saturday afternoon at 1:00 o'clock, conducted by Rev. J. C. Little. Interment at Sunset Hill.

With the hearty cooperation of the teachers, the milk distribution in the lower grades of our public schools is well under way. About 109 bottles were used at the West Side school and about 250 at Central. Very few of the underweight pupils not taking it. Even though the sessions of last week were irregular on account of the storm there was no waste. In examination, the children were recorded by charts issued by the State Board of health of Michigan. The State Federation of Women's Clubs urge this special line of work. East Jordan is in line.

Special Communication of East Jordan Lodge No. 379 F. & A. M. Saturday night, March 4th. Work in E. A. and F. C. degrees. Lodge convenes promptly at 7:00 o'clock.

Regular meeting of South Lake Lodge No. 180, K. of P., every Monday evening at 7:30 sharp. All members urged to be present. Visitors welcome

**Special on WAISTS**  
EAST JORDAN LUMBER COMPANY

The Electa Club will meet at the home of Mrs. P. LaLonde on Thursday March 9th, at 2:30 o'clock. All members are urged to come.

**THE GIRL ON THE JOB**  
How to Succeed—How to Get Ahead—How to Make Good  
By JESSIE ROBERTS

### FOCUS YOUR ENERGIES

"I WANTED to be a singer," said a successful illustrator to the writer. "I had a pretty fair voice. With cultivation it could have been made better. But I know if I spent the time necessary for its cultivation, I wouldn't have time to learn to draw. And I had more ability at picture making than at singing."  
"I didn't quit singing cold. I still sing a little. But I dropped it as a business. One business is all any man can attend to if he wants to get along."  
Today this man is one of the highest paid illustrators in the country. He might have been a fair illustrator and a fair singer, or a good singer and a bad illustrator. But he chose the career for which he had the greater talent, and stuck to it.  
The late Charles E. Van Loan in youth developed considerable talent for drawing. When he was fourteen or fifteen his teachers predicted that he would some day be a great artist. But he discovered that he could write better than he could draw, and thereafter he drew only to amuse his friends and his children.  
All his energies were bent toward learning to write, and learn to write he did.  
Many men are born with a little talent for several different activities. And many such ruin their lives by scattering their energies instead of concentrating them on the one thing they can do best.  
Time allotted to man is insufficient for the mastery of even a single art or profession.  
Few men, however great, ever die with the feeling that they have reached anything like the standards they set for themselves.  
There is always something still to learn when the summons comes to lay labor aside forever.  
The surest way to win the measure of success that your abilities can command is to select the profession or the trade or the business you most enjoy following, and keep at that to the exclusion of every thing else save needful recreation.

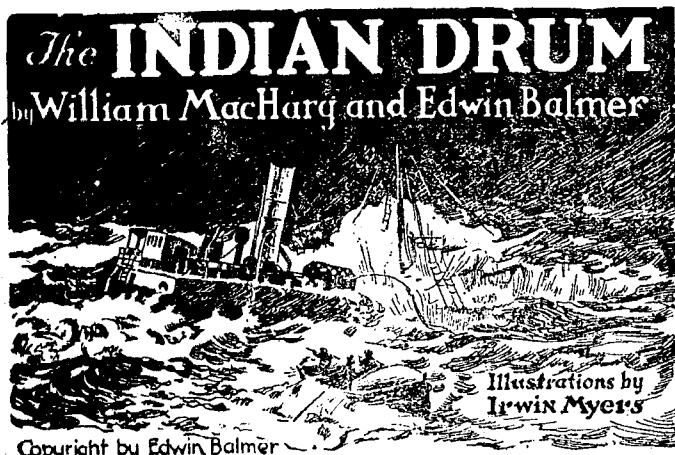
It is a poor set of brains that cannot learn to do one thing particularly well. It is a miraculous brain that can learn to do two things even fairly well.  
(Copyright.)

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CHAPTER I.

**The Man Whom the Storm Haunted.**  
Near the northern end of Lake Michigan, where the bluff-bowed ore-carriers and the big, low-lying, wheat-laden steel freighters from Lake Superior push out from the Straits of Mackinac and dispute the right of way, in the island-divided channel, with the white-and-gold, electric-lighted, wireless-equipped passenger steamers bound for Detroit and Buffalo, there is a cove of pine and hemlock back from the shingly beach. From this cove—dark, blue, primaval, silent at most times as when the Great Manitou ruled his inland waters—there comes at time of storm a sound like the booming of an old Indian drum. This drum beat, so the tradition says, whenever the lake took a life; and, as a sign perhaps that it is still the Manitou who rules the waters in spite of all the commerce of the cities, the drum still beats its roll for every ship lost on the lake, one beat for every life.

So—men say—they heard and counted the beatings of the drum to thirty-five upon the hour when, as afterward they learned, the great steel steamer Wenona sank with twenty-four of its crew and eleven passengers; so—men say—they heard the requiem of the five who went down with the schooner Grant; and of the seventeen lost with the Susan Hart; and so of a score of ships more. Once only, it is told, has the drum counted wrong.

At the height of the great storm of December, 1895, the drum beat the roll of a sinking ship. One, two, three—the hearers counted the drum beats, time and again, in their intermittent booming, to twenty-four. They waited, therefore, for report of a ship lost with twenty-four lives; no such news came. The steel freighter *Mitwaka*, on her maiden trip during the storm with twenty-five—not twenty-four—aboard never made her port; no news was ever heard from her; no wreckage ever was found. On this account, throughout the families whose fathers, brothers and sons were the officers and crew of the *Mitwaka*, there stirred for a time a desperate belief that one of the men on the *Mitwaka* was saved; that somewhere, somehow, he was alive and might return. The day of the destruction of the *Mitwaka* was fixed as December 5 by the time at which she passed the government lookout at the straits; the hour was fixed as five o'clock in the morning only by the sounding of the drum.

Storm—the stinging, frozen sleet slash of the February norther whistling down the ice-jammed length of the lake—was assaulting Chicago. So heavy was this frost on the pines of the Fort Dearborn club—one of the staidest of the downtown clubs for men—that the great log fires blazing on the open hearths added appreciable light as well as warmth to the rooms.

The few members present at this hour of the afternoon showed by their lax attitudes and the desultoriness of their conversation the dulling of vitality which warmth and shelter bring on a day of cold and storm. On one, however, the storm had had a contrary effect. With swift, uneven steps he paced now one room, now another; from time to time he stopped abruptly by a window, scraped from it with finger nail the frost, stared out for an instant through the little opening he had made, then resumed as abruptly his nervous pacing with a manner so uneasy and distraught that, since his arrival at the club an hour before, none even among those who knew him best had ventured to speak to him.

The man who was pacing restlessly and alone the rooms of the Fort Dearborn club on this stormy afternoon was the man who, to most people, bodied forth the life underlying all other commerce thereabouts but the least known, the life of the lakes.

The lakes, which mark unmistakably those who get their living from them, had put their marks on him. Though he was slight in frame with a spare, almost ascetic leanness, he had the wiry strength and endurance of the man whose youth had been passed upon the water. He was very close to sixty now, but his thick, straight hair was still jet black except for a slash of pure white above one temple; his brows were black above his deep blue eyes. His acquaintances, in explaining him to strangers, said he had lived too much by himself of late; and one man servant shared the great house which had been unchanged—and in which nothing appeared to have needed replacing—since his wife left him, suddenly and unaccountably, about twenty years before. People said he looked more French, referring to his father who was known to have been a skin-hunter north of Lake Superior in the '50s but who later mar-

ried an English girl at Mackinac and settled down to become a trader in the woods of the North peninsula, where Benjamin Corvet was born.

During his boyhood men came to the peninsula to cut timber; young Corvet worked with them and began building ships. Thirty-five years ago he had been only one of the hundreds with his fortune in the fate of a single bottom; but today in Cleveland, in Duluth, in Chicago, more than a score of great steamers under the names of various interdependent companies were owned or controlled by him and his two partners, Sherrill and young Spearman.

He was a quiet, gentle-mannered man. At times, however, he suffered from fits of intense irritability, and these of late had increased in frequency and violence. It had been noticed that these outbursts occurred generally at times of storm upon the lake, but the mere threat of financial loss through the destruction of one or even more of his ships was not now enough to cause them; it was believed that they were the result of some obscure physical reaction to the storm, and that this had grown upon him as he grew older.

Today his irritability was so marked, his uneasiness so much greater than anyone had seen it before, that the attendant whom Corvet had sent, a half hour earlier, to reserve his usual table for him in the grill—"The table by the second window"—had started away without daring to ask whether the table was to be set for one or more. Corvet himself had corrected the omission: "For two," he had shot after the man.

The tables, at this hour, were all unoccupied. Corvet crossed to the one he had reserved and sat down; he turned immediately to the window at his side and scraped on it a little clear opening through which he could see the storm outside. Ten minutes later he looked up sharply but did not rise, as the man he had been awaiting—Spearman, the younger of his two partners—came in.

Spearman seated himself, his big, powerful hands clasped on the table, his gray eyes studying Corvet closely. The waiter took the order and went away.

When he returned, the two men were obviously in bitter quarrel. Corvet's tone, low pitched but violent, sounded steadily in the room, though his words were inaudible. The waiter, as he set the food upon the table, felt relief that Corvet's outburst had fallen on other shoulders than his.

For nearly an hour the quarrel continued with intermitted truces of silence.



For Nearly an Hour the Quarrel Continued, With Intermitted Truces of Silence.

lence. The waiter, listening, as waiters always do, caught at times single sentences.

"You have had that idea for some time?" he heard from Corvet.

"We have had an understanding for more than a month."

"How definite?"

Spearman's answer was not audible, but it more intensely agitated Corvet; he dropped his fork and, after that, made no pretense of eating.

The waiter, following this, caught only single words. "Sherrill"—that, of course, was the other partner. "Constance"—that was Sherrill's daughter. The other names he heard were names of ships. But, as the quarrel went on, the manners of the two men changed; Spearman, who at first had been assailed by Corvet, now was assailing him. Corvet sat back in his seat, while Spearman pulled at his cigar and

now and then took it from his lips and gestured with it between his fingers, as he jerked some ejaculation across the table.

Corvet leaned over to the frosted window, as he had done when alone, and looked out. Spearman shot a comment which made Corvet wince and draw back from the window; then Spearman rose. Corvet looked up at him once and asked a question, to which Spearman replied with a snap of the burnt match down on the table; he turned abruptly and strode from the room. Corvet sat motionless.

The revulsion to self-control, sometimes even to apology, which ordinarily followed Corvet's bursts of irritation had not come to him; his agitation plainly had increased. He pushed from him his uneaten luncheon and got up slowly. He went out to the coat room, where the attendant handed him his coat and hat.

He wince as he stepped out into the smarting, blinding swirl of sleet, but his shrinking was not physical; it was mental, the unconscious reaction to some thought the storm called up. The hour was barely four o'clock, but so dark was it with the storm that the shop windows were lit; motorcars, slipping and skidding up the broad boulevard, with headlights burning, kept their signals clattering constantly to warn other drivers blinded by the snow. The sleet-swept sidewalks were almost deserted; here or there, before a hotel or one of the shops, a limousine came to the curb, and the passengers dashed swiftly across the walk to shelter.

Corvet turned northward along Michigan avenue facing into the gale. The sleet beat upon his face and lodged in the folds of his clothing without his heeding it.

He continued to go north. He had not seemed, in the beginning, to have made conscious choice of this direction; but now he was following it purposefully. He stopped once at a shop which sold men's things to make a telephone call. He asked for Miss Sherrill when the number answered; but he did not wish to speak to her, he said; he wanted merely to be sure she would be there if he stopped in to see her in half an hour. Then—north again. He crossed the bridge. Now, fifteen minutes later, he came in sight of the lake once more.

Great houses, the Sherrill house among them, here face the Drive, the bridge path, the strip of park, and the wide stone esplanade which edges the lake. Corvet crossed to this esplanade. He did not stop at the Sherrill house or look toward it, but went on fully a quarter of a mile beyond it; then he came back, and with an oddly strained and queer expression and attitude, he stood staring out into the lake.

Suddenly he turned. Constance Sherrill, seeing him from a window of her home, had caught a cape about her and run out to him.

"Uncle Benny!" she called him with the affectionate name she had used with her father's partner since she was a baby. "Uncle Benny, aren't you coming in?"

"Yes," he said vaguely. "Yes, of course." He made no move but remained staring at her. "Connie!" he exclaimed suddenly, with strange reproach to himself in his tone. "Connie! Dear little Connie!"

"Why?" she asked him. "Uncle Benny, what's the matter?"

"Has Spearman been here today?" he asked, not looking at her.

"To see father?"

"No; to see you."

"No."

He seized her wrist. "Don't see him, when he comes!" he commanded.

"Uncle Benny!"

"Don't see him!" Corvet repeated.

"He's asked you to marry him, hasn't he?"

Connie could not refuse the answer.

"Yes."

"And you?"

"Why—why, Uncle Benny, I haven't answered him yet."

"Then don't—don't, do you understand, Connie?"

She hesitated, frightened for him.

"I'll—I'll tell you before I see him, if you want me to, Uncle Benny," she granted.

"But if you shouldn't be able to tell me then, Connie; if you shouldn't want to then?" The humility of his look perplexed her; if he had been any other man—any man except Uncle Benny—she would have thought some shameful and terrifying threat hung over him; but he broke off sharply.

"I must go home," he said uncertainly.

"I must go home; then I'll come back. Connie, you won't give him an answer till I come back, will you?"

"No." He got her promise, half frightened, half bewildered; then he turned at once and went swiftly away from her.

She ran back to the door of her father's house. From there she saw him reach the corner and turn west to go to Astor street. He was walking rapidly and did not hesitate.

How strangely he had acted! Constance's uneasiness increased when the afternoon and evening passed without his coming back to see her as he had not promised, but she reflected he had not set any definite time when she was to expect him. During the night his anxiety grew still greater; and in the morning she called his house up on the telephone, but the call was unanswered. An hour later, she called again; still getting no result, she called her father at his office, and told him of her anxiety about Uncle

Benny, but without repeating what Uncle Benny had said to her or the promise she had made to him. Her father made light of her fears; Uncle Benny, he reminded her, often acted queerly in bad weather. Only partly reassured, she called Uncle Benny's house several more times during the morning, but still got no reply; and after luncheon she called her father again, to tell him that she had resolved to get some one to go over to the house with her.

Her father, to her surprise, forbade this rather sharply; his voice, she realized, was agitated and excited, and she asked him the reason; but instead of answering her, he made her repeat to him her conversation of the afternoon before with Uncle Benny, and now he questioned her closely about it. But when she, in her turn, tried to question him, he merely put her off and told her not to worry.

In the late afternoon, as dusk was drawing into dark, she stood at the window, with one of those delusive hopes which come during anxiety that, because it was the time of day at which she had seen Uncle Benny walking by the lake the day before, she might see him there again, when she saw her father's motor approaching. It was coming from the north, not from the south as it would have been if he was coming from his office or his club, and it had turned into the Drive from the west. She knew, therefore, that he was coming from Uncle Benny's house, and, as the car swerved and wheeled in, she ran out into the hall to meet him.

He came in without taking off hat or coat; she could see that he was perturbed, greatly agitated.

"What is it, father?" she demanded.

"What has happened?"

"I do not know, my dear."

"It is something—something that has happened to Uncle Benny?"

"I am afraid so, dear—yes. But I do not know what it is that has happened, or I would tell you."

He put his arm about her and drew her into a room opening off the hall—his study. He made her repeat again to him the conversation she had had with Uncle Benny and tell him how he had acted; but she saw that what she told him did not help him.

Then he drew her toward him.

"Tell me, little daughter, you have been a great deal with Uncle Benny and have talked with him; I

want you to think carefully. Did you ever hear him speak of any one called Alan Conrad?"

She thought. "No, father."

"No reference either to any one living in Kansas, or a town there called Blue Rapids?"

"No, father. Who is Alan Conrad?"

"I do not know, dear. I never heard the name until to-day, and Harry Spearman had never heard it. But it appears to be intimately connected in some way with what was troubling Uncle Benny yesterday. He wrote a letter yesterday to Alan Conrad in Blue Rapids and mailed it himself; and afterward he tried to get it back, but it already had been taken up and was on its way. I have not been able to learn anything more about the letter than that. To-day that name, Alan Conrad, came to me in quite another way, in a way which makes it certain that it is closely connected with whatever has happened to Uncle Benny. You are quite sure you never heard him mention it, dear?"

"Quite sure, father."

He released her and, still in his hat and coat, went swiftly up the stairs. She ran after him and found him standing before a highboy in his dressing room. He unlocked a drawer in the highboy, and from within the drawer he took a key. Then, still disregarding her, he hurried back downstairs.

As she followed him, she caught up a wrap and pulled it around her. He had told the chauffeur, she realized now, to wait; but as he reached the door, he turned and stopped her.

"I would rather you did not come with me, little daughter. I do not know at all what it is that has happened—I will let you know as soon as I find out."

The finality in his tone stopped her from argument. As the house door and then the door of the limousine closed after him, she went back toward the window, slowly taking off the wrap, or the moment she found it difficult to think. Something had happened to Uncle Benny, something terrible, and she was plain, though only the fact



She Thought. "No, Father."

had not its nature was known to her or to her father; and that something was connected—intimately connected, her father had said—with a name which no one who knew Uncle Benny ever heard before, with the name of Alan Conrad of Blue Rapids, Kansas. Who was this Alan Conrad, and what could his connection be with Uncle Benny so to precipitate disaster upon him?

CHAPTER II

Who Is Alan Conrad?

The recipient of the letter which Benjamin Corvet had written and later so excitedly attempted to recover, was asking himself a question which was almost the same as the question which Constance Sherrill had asked. He was, the second morning later, waiting for the first of the two daily eastbound trains which stopped at the little Kansas town of Blue Rapids which he called home. As long as he could look back into his life, the question, who is this person they call Alan Conrad, and what am I to the man who writes from Chicago, had been the paramount enigma of existence for him. Since he was now twenty-three, as nearly as he had been able to approximate it, and as distinct recollection of isolated, extraordinary events went back to the time when he was five, it was quite eighteen years since he had first noticed the question put to the people who had him in charge: "So this is little Alan Conrad. Who is he?"

Following the arrival of certain letters, which were distinguished from most others arriving at the house by having no ink writing on the envelope but just a sort of purple or black printing like newspapers, Alan invariably received a dollar to spend just as he liked. To be sure, unless "papa" took him to town, there was nothing for him to spend it upon; so, likely enough, it went into the square iron bank, of which the key was lost; but quite often he did spend it according to plans agreed upon among all his friends and, in memory of these occasions and in anticipation of the next, "Alan's dollar" became a community institution among the children.

"Who gives it to you, Alan?" was a question more often asked, as time went on. The only answer Alan could give was, "It comes from C.ago." The post-mark on the envelope, Alan noticed, was always Chicago; that was all he ever could find out about his dollar. He was about ten years old when, for a reason as inexplicable as the dollar's coming, the letters with the typewritten addresses and the enclosed money ceased.

Except for the loss of the dollar at the end of every second month—a loss much discussed by all the children and not accepted as permanent till more than two years had passed—Alan felt no immediate results from the cessation of the letters from Chicago. Papa and mama felt them when the farm had to be given up, and the family moved to the town, and papa went to work in the wooden mill beside the river.

Papa and mama, at first surprised and dismayed by the stopping of the letters, still clung to the hope of the familiar, typewritten-addressed envelope appearing again; but when, after two years, no more money came, resentment which had been steadily growing against the person who had sent the money began to turn against Alan; and his "parents" told him all they knew about him.

In 1896 they had noticed an advertisement for persons to care for a child; they had answered it to the office of the newspaper which printed it. In response to the letter a man called upon them and, after seeing them and going around to see their friends, had made arrangements with them to take a boy of three, who was in good health and came of good people. He paid in advance board for a year and agreed to send a certain amount every two months after that time. The man brought the boy; whom he called Alan Conrad, and left him. For seven years the money agreed upon came; now it had ceased, and papa had no way of finding the man—the name given by him appeared to be fictitious, and he had left no address except "general delivery, Chicago." Papa knew nothing more than that. He had advertised in the Chicago papers after the money stopped, coming, and he had communicated with every one named Conrad in or near Chicago, but he had learned nothing. Thus, at the age of thirteen, Alan definitely knew that what he already had guessed—the fact that he belonged somewhere else than in the little brown house—was all that any one there could tell him; and the knowledge gave persistence to many internal questionings. Where did he belong? Who was he? Who was the man who had brought him there? Had the money ceased coming because the person who sent it was dead? In that case, connection of Alan with the place where he belonged was permanently broken. Or would some other communication from that source reach him some time—if not money, then something else? Would he be sent for some day?

Externally, Alan's learning the little that was known about himself made no change in his way of living; he went to the town school, which combined grammar and high schools under one roof; and, as he grew older, he clerked in one of the town stores during vacations and in the evenings. Alan always carried his money home as part payment of those arrears which had mounted up against him since the letters ceased coming. At seventeen, having finished high school, he was clerking officially in Merrill's general store, when the next letter came.

It was addressed this time not to papa, but to Alan Conrad. He seized it, tore it open, and a bank draft for fifteen hundred dollars fell out. There was no letter with the enclosure, no word of communication; just the draft to the order of Alan Conrad. Alan wrote the Chicago bank by which the draft had been issued; their reply showed that the draft had been purchased with currency, so there was no record of the identity of the person who had sent it. More than that amount was due for arrears for the seven years during which no money was sent, even when the total which Alan had earned was deducted. So Alan merely endorsed the draft over to "father"; and that fall Jim, Alan's foster brother, went to college. But when Jim discovered that it not only was possible but planned at the university for a boy to work his way through, Alan went also.

Four wonderful years followed. In companionship with educated people; ideas and manners came to him which he could not have acquired at home; athletics straightened and added bearing to his muscular, well-formed body; his pleasant, strong young face acquired self-reliance and self-control. Life became filled with possibilities for himself which it had never held before.

But on his day of graduation he had put away the enterprises he had planned and the dreams he dreamed and, conscious that his debt to father and mother still remained unpaid, he had returned to care for them; for father's health had failed and Jim, who had opened a law office in Kansas City, could do nothing to help.

No more money had followed the draft from Chicago and there had been no communication of any kind; but the receipt of so considerable a sum had revived and intensified all Alan's speculations about himself. The vague expectation of his childhood that sometime, in some way, he would be "sent for"; had grown during the last six years to a definite belief. And now—on the afternoon before—the summons had come.

This time, as he tore open the envelope, he saw that beside a check, there was writing within—an uneven and nervous-looking but plainly legible communication in longhand. The letter made no explanation. It told him, rather than asked him, to come to Chicago, gave minute instructions for the journey, and advised him to telegraph when he started. The check was for a hundred dollars to pay his expenses. Check and letter were signed by a name completely strange to him.

He was a distinctly attractive looking lad, as he stood now on the station platform of the little town, while the eastbound train rumbled in, and he fingered in his pocket the letter from Chicago.

On the train he took the letter from his pocket and for the dozenth time reread it. Was Covert a relative? Was he the man who had sent the remittances when Alan was a little boy, and the one who later had sent the



On the Train He Took the Letter From His Pocket and for the Dozenth Time Reread It.

fifteen hundred dollars? Or was he merely a go-between, perhaps a lawyer? There was no letterhead to give aid in these speculations. The address to which Alan was to come was in Astor street. He had never heard the name of the street before. Was it a business street, Covert's address in some great office building, perhaps?

At Chicago Alan, following the porter with his suitcase from the car, stepped down among the crowds hurrying to and from the trains. He was not confused, he was only intensely excited. Acting in implicit accord with the instructions of the letter, which he knew by heart, he went to the uniformed attendant and engaged a taxicab—itsself no small experience; there would be no one at the station to meet him, the letter had said. He gave the Astor street address and got into the cab.

It had begun to snow heavily. For a few blocks the taxicab drove north past more or less ordinary buildings, then turned east on a broad boulevard where tall tile and brick and stone structures towered till their roofs were hidden in the snowfall. A strange stir and tingle, quite distinct from the excitement of the arrival at the station, pricked in Alan's veins, and hastily he dropped the window to his right and gazed out. The lake, as he had known since his geography days, lay to the east of Chicago; therefore that void out there beyond



the park was the lake or, at least, the harbor. A different air seemed to come from it, sounds...

The sound, Alan knew, had been coming to him as an undertone for many minutes; now it overwhelmed, swallowed all other sound.

Alan choked and gasped for breath, his pulses pounding in his throat; he had snatched off his hat and, leaning out of the window...

The car swerved to the east curb about the middle of the block and came to a stop. The house before which it had halted was a large stone house of quiet, good design...

The neighborhood obviously precluded the probability of Corvet's being merely a lawyer—a go-between. He must be some relative; the question ever present in Alan's thought...

The door opened almost instantly—so quickly after the ring, indeed, that Alan, with leaping throbs of his heart, knew that some one must have been awaiting him.

"What is it?" he asked, as Alan stood looking at him and past him to the narrow section of darkened hall which was in sight.

Alan put his hand over the letter in his pocket. "Two come to see Mr. Corvet," he said—"Mr. Benjamin Corvet."

"What is your name?" Alan gave his name; the man repeated it after him, in the manner of a trained servant, quite without inflection.

Alan gave his name; the man repeated it after him, in the manner of a trained servant, quite without inflection. Alan, not familiar with such tones, waited uncertainly. So far as he could tell, the name was entirely strange to the servant, awakening neither welcome nor opposition, but indifference.

"He says he's him." "Ask him in; I will speak to him." It was a girl's voice—this second one, a voice such as Alan never had heard before. It was low and soft but quite clear and distinct, with youthful, impulsive modulations and the manner of accent which Alan knew must go with the sort of people who lived in houses like those on this street.

The servant, obeying the voice, returned and opened wide the door. "Will you come in, sir?"

Alan put down his suitcase on the stone porch; the man made no move to pick it up and bring it in. Then Alan stepped into the hall face to face with the girl who had come from the big room on the right.

She was quite a young girl—not over twenty-one or twenty-two, Alan judged; like girls brought up in wealthy families, she seemed to Alan to have gained young womanhood in far greater degree in some respects

than the girls he knew, while, at the same time, in other ways, she retained more than they some characteristics of a child. Her slender figure had a woman's assurance and grace; her soft brown hair was dressed like a woman's; her gray eyes had the open directness of the girl.

"I am Constance Sherrill," she announced. Her tone implied quite evidently that she expected him to have some knowledge of her, and she seemed surprised to see that her name did not mean more to him.

"Mr. Corvet is not here this morning," she said. He hesitated, but persisted: "I was to see him here today, Miss Sherrill. He wrote me, and I telegraphed him I would be here to-day."

"I know," she answered. "We had your telegram. Mr. Corvet was not here when it came, so my father opened it." Her voice broke oddly, and he studied her in indecision, wondering who that father might be that opened Mr. Corvet's telegrams.

"Mr. Corvet went away very suddenly," she explained. She seemed, he thought, to be trying to make something plain to him which might be a shock to him; yet herself to be uncertain what the nature of that shock might be. Her look was scrutinizing, questioning, anxious, but not unfriendly.

"After he had written you and something else had happened—I think—to alarm my father about him, father came here to his house to look after him. He thought something might have happened to Mr. Corvet here in his house. But Mr. Corvet was not here."

"You mean he has—disappeared?" "Yes; he has disappeared." Alan gazed at her dizzily. Benjamin Corvet—wherever he might be—



Alan Gazed at Her Dizzily—Benjamin Corvet.

had disappeared; he had gone. Did any one else, then, know about Alan Conrad?

"No one has seen Mr. Corvet," she said, "since the day he wrote to you. We knew that—that he became so disturbed after doing that—writing to you—that we thought you must bring with you information of him."

"Information?" "So we have been waiting for you to come here and tell us what you know about him or—your connection with him."

CHAPTER III

Discussion of a Shadow

Alan, as he looked confusedly and blankly at her, made no attempt to answer the question she had asked, or to explain. His silence and confusion, she knew, must seem to Constance Sherrill unwillingness to answer her; for she did not suspect that he was unable to answer her.

"You would rather explain to father than to me," she decided.

He hesitated. What he wanted now was time to think, to learn who she was and who her father was, and to adjust himself to this strange reversal of his expectations.

"Yes; I would rather do that," he said.

She caught up her fur collar and muff from a chair and spoke a word to the servant. As she went out on to the porch, he followed her and stooped to pick up his suitcase.

"Simmons will bring that," she said, "unless you'd rather have it with you. It is only a short walk."

They turned in at the entrance of a house in the middle of the block and went up the low, wide stone steps; the door opened to them without ring or knock; a servant in the hall within took Alan's hat and coat, and he followed Constance past some great room upon his right to a smaller one farther down the hall.

"Will you wait here, please?" she asked. He sat down, and she left him; when her footsteps had died away, and he could hear no other sounds except the occasional soft tread of some servant, he twisted himself about in his chair and looked around. Who were these Sherrills? Who was Corvet, and what was his relation to the Sherrills? What, beyond all, was their and Corvet's relation to Alan Conrad?

to himself? The shock and confusion he had felt at the nature of his reception in Corvet's house, and the strangeness of his transition from his little Kansas town to a place and people such as this, had prevented him from inquiring directly from Constance Sherrill as to that; and, on her part, she had assumed, plainly, that he already knew and need not be told.

He straightened and looked about, then got up, as Constance Sherrill came back into the room.

"Father is not here just now," she said. "We weren't sure from your telegram exactly at what hour you would arrive, and that was why I waited at Mr. Corvet's to be sure we wouldn't miss you. I have telephoned father, and he's coming home at once."

She hesitated an instant in the doorway, then turned to go out again. "Miss Sherrill—" he said.

She halted. "Yes." "You told me you had been waiting for me to come and explain my connection with Mr. Corvet. Well—I can't do that; that is what I came here hoping to find out."

She came back toward him slowly. "What do you mean?" she asked. He fought down and controlled resolutely the excitement in his voice, as he told her rapidly the little he knew about himself.

He could not tell definitely how she was affected by what he said. She flushed slightly, following her first start of surprise after he had begun to speak; when he had finished, he saw that she was a little pale.

"Then you don't know anything about Mr. Corvet at all," she said. "No; until I got his letter sending for me here, I'd never seen or heard his name."

She was thoughtful for a moment. "Thank you for telling me," she said. "I'll tell my father when he comes."

"Your father is—?" he ventured. She understood now that the name of Sherrill had meant nothing to him. "Father is Mr. Corvet's closest friend, and his business partner as well," she explained.

He thought she was going to tell him something more about them; but she seemed to decide to leave that for her father to do. She crossed to the big chair beside the grate and seated herself. As she sat looking at him, hands clasped beneath her chin, and her elbows resting on the arm of the chair, there was speculation and interest in her gaze; but she did not ask him anything more about himself.

She, he saw, was listening, like himself, for the sound of Sherrill's arrival at the house; and when it came she recognized it first, rose, and excused herself. He heard her voice in the hall, then her father's deeper voice which answered; and ten minutes later, he looked up to see the man these things had told him must be Sherrill standing in the door and looking at him.

Alan had arisen at sight of him; Sherrill, as he came in, motioned him back to his seat; he did not sit down himself, but crossed to the mantel and leaned against it.

"I am Lawrence Sherrill," he said. As the tall, graceful, thoughtful man stood looking down at him, Alan could tell nothing of the attitude of this friend of Benjamin Corvet toward himself. His manner had the same reserve toward Alan, the same questioning consideration of him, that Constance Sherrill had had after Alan had told her about himself.

"My daughter has repeated to me what you told her, Mr. Conrad," Sherrill observed. "Is there anything you want to add to me regarding that?"

"There's nothing I can add," Alan answered. "I told her all that I know about myself."

"And about Mr. Corvet?" "I know nothing at all about Mr. Corvet."

"I am going to tell you some things about Mr. Corvet," Sherrill said. "I had reason—I do not want to explain just yet what that reason was—for thinking you could tell us certain things about Mr. Corvet, which would, perhaps, make plainer what has happened to him. When I tell you about him now, it is in the hope that, in that way, I may awake some forgotten memory of him in you; if not that, you may discover some coincidence of dates or events in Corvet's life with dates or events in your own. Will you tell me frankly, if you do discover anything like that?"

"Yes, certainly."

For several moments, Sherrill paced up and down before the fire; then he returned to his place before the mantel.

"I first met Benjamin Corvet," he commenced, "nearly thirty years ago. I had come West for the first time the year before; I was about your own age and had been graduated from college only a short time, and a business opening had offered itself here. Times were booming on the Great Lakes. Chicago, which had more than recovered from the fire, was doubling its population every decade; Cleveland, Duluth, and Milwaukee were leaping up as ports. Men were growing millions of bushels of grain which they couldn't ship except by lake; hundreds of thousands of tons of ore had to go by water; and there were tens of millions of feet of pine and hardwood from the Michigan forests. Sailing vessels, it is true, had seen their day and were disappearing from the lakes; were being sold, many of them, as the saying is, to the insurance companies by deliberate wrecking. Steamers were taking their place. Towing had come in. I felt, young man though I was, that this transportation matter was all one thing, and that in the end the railroads would own the ships. I have never engaged very actively in the operation

of the ships; my daughter would like me to be more active in it than I have been; but ever since, I have had money in lake vessels. It was the year that I began that sort of investment that I first met Corvet."

Alan looked up quickly. "Mr. Corvet was—?" he asked. "Corvet was—a lakeman," Sherrill said.

Alan sat motionless, as he recollected the strange exaltation that had come to him when he saw the lake for the first time. Should he tell Sherrill of that? He decided it was too vague, too indefinite to be mentioned; no doubt any other man used only to the prairie might have felt the same.

"He was a shipowner, then," he said. "Yes; he was a shipowner—not, however, on a large scale at that time. He had been a master, sailing ships which belonged to others; then he was operating them, I believe, two vessels; but with the boom times on the lakes, his interests were beginning to expand. I met him frequently in the next few years, and we became close friends."

Sherrill broke off and stared an instant down at the rug. Alan bent forward; he made no interruption but only watched Sherrill attentively.

"Between 1886, when I first met him, and 1895, Corvet laid the foundation of great success; his boats seemed lucky, men liked to work for him, and he got the best skippers and crews. There was a saying that in storm a Corvet ship never asked help; it gave it; certainly in twenty years no Corvet ship had suffered serious disaster. Corvet was not yet rich, but unless accident or undue competition intervened, he was certain to become so. Then something happened."

Sherrill looked away at evident loss how to describe it.

"To the ships?" Alan asked him. "No; to him. In 1896, for no apparent reason, a great change came over him."

"In 1896?" "That was the year."

Alan bent forward, his heart throbbing in his throat. "That was also the year when I was brought and left with the Weltons in Kansas," he said.

Sherrill did not speak for a moment. "I thought," he said finally, "it must have been about that time; but you did not tell my daughter the exact date."

"What kind of change came over him that year?" Alan asked. Sherrill gazed down at the rug, then at Alan, then past him. "A change in his way of living," he replied. "The Corvet line of boats went on, expanded; interests were acquired in other lines; and Corvet and those allied with him swiftly grew rich. But in all this great development, for which Corvet's genius and ability had laid the foundation, Corvet himself ceased to take active part. He took into partnership, about a year later, Henry Spearman, a young man who had been merely a mate on one of his ships. This proved subsequently to have been a good business move, for Spearman had tremendous energy, daring, and enterprise; and no doubt Corvet had recognized these qualities in him before others did. Since then he has been ostensibly and publicly the head of the concern, but he has left the management almost entirely to Spearman. The personal change to Corvet at that time is harder for me to describe to you."

Sherrill halted, his eyes dark with thought, his lips pressed closely together; Alan waited.

"When I saw Corvet again, in the summer of '98—I had been South during the latter part of the winter and East through the spring—I was impressed by the vague but, to me,

startling change in him. I was reminded, I recall, of a friend I had had in college who had thought he was in perfect health and had gone to an examiner for life insurance and had been refused, and was trying to deny to himself and others that anything could be the matter. But with Corvet I knew the trouble was not physical.

The next year his wife left him."

"The year of—?" Alan asked. "That was 1897. There was no question of their understanding and affection up to the very time she so strangely left him. She died in France in the spring of 1910, and Corvet's first information of her death came to him through a paragraph in a newspaper."

"That was 1897?"

Alan looked at Sherrill, who was leaning back in his chair, his hands clasped, his eyes fixed on Alan.

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True Detective Stories TRIANGULAR FLAW

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THERE was a little doubt that Lord Herbert Laurence Sheffield belonged to the nobility as there was about his nationality—and that was apparent immediately from his monocle and his spats. Every shopkeeper along the Via Shialia in Naples knew his lordship, and every one of them admitted that a more representative member of the British aristocracy had never visited Italy.

Lord Herbert was not only lavish with his money, but it was whispered around the Grand Hotel di Napoli that his daughter, Sylvia, soon was to be married to one of the richest men in England.

Therefore when the English nobleman wandered into the establishment of the largest jeweler in Naples some two months after his arrival in the city and asked to be shown some diamond necklaces, there was an immediate scurry to wait upon him. Finally the proprietor himself requested Lord Herbert to come into his private office while he took from the safe a necklace valued at 450,000 francs, the property of a client who was in financial straits.

"I would like to purchase something to give my daughter for a wedding present," explained the Englishman, and the jeweler nodded, for the rumors of the engagement had already reached his ears. "I'm afraid, though," continued his lordship, "that this necklace is a little more expensive than I can afford at the moment. I don't doubt its value, but I'll have to have a little time to think it over."

"Certainly," agreed the jeweler. "I will be pleased to hold it as long as you wish and, should you desire to see and examine it again, I will be very glad to bring it to the hotel at your convenience."

"That would be excellent," assented the visitor, "but I naturally do not wish my daughter to know anything about the transaction. The whole matter is to be a surprise to her."

A few days later, in response to Lord Sheffield's request, the jeweler took the necklace to the Grand hotel and found the Englishman alone in the room. After a very careful examination of the diamonds there were agreed upon and Lord Sheffield had just produced his letter of credit from his wallet when a girl's voice was heard in the corridor, just outside the door.

"My daughter!" exclaimed the Englishman. "She mustn't know anything about this," and he swept the necklace and the wallet into the drawer of the desk before which he sat. A moment later Sylvia Sheffield came in and announced that her father's tailor had arrived and wished to see him at once. Excusing himself with the statement that he would be back very shortly, Lord Herbert left the room and his daughter followed him immediately.

When half an hour had passed the jeweler began to wonder what was detaining his client, but he didn't worry in the least because his necklace and his lordship's wallet were there in the drawer of the desk, right under his hand. The transaction involved too much money to warrant any impatience, so it was not until two hours had slipped by before the jeweler rang for the hotel clerk and requested to know what was detaining Lord Sheffield.

"His lordship and Miss Sylvia left the hotel nearly two hours ago," was the reply. "They had received a cablegram from England."

Sensing that he had been robbed, the jeweler tugged at the drawer of the desk only to find that it was locked, but a moment's examination of the next room sufficed to show that the wall against which the desk was placed had been pierced and that the whole procedure had been a plot to lift the necklace and make a quick getaway.

Livigi Bonfi, one of the shrewdest detectives in Naples, was immediately placed in charge of the case and telegraphed to Rome to have the pair arrested. Sheffield, anticipating such a move, had planted two confederates in the capital, and by the time that the police had found that their ally was involved the real criminals were well on their way northward. Then followed one of the longest chases in continental detective history.

Finally, after more than eight months, he located them in London, only to be met by the downright denial of the Englishman that he had ever used the name of Sheffield or had ever been in Naples. He accounted for his possession of a number of unset diamonds by the statement that he had bought them in the Argentine and exhibited a bill of sale covering the gems.

To this, Bonfi made no reply, but whipped out a jeweler's magnifying glass and commenced to examine the diamonds, one by one.

Then, before the Englishman knew what he was doing, he leaned forward and snapped a pair of handcuffs on him.

"Bills of sale," said the Italian detective, "are easy enough to forge, but you can't forge a diamond—and one of those in your possession has a triangular flaw in precisely the same place as did one of those in the Montori necklace!"

"Lord Sheffield" spent the next twelve years in prison. The girl escaped.

MICKIE SAYS

WHILE TH' TIMID MERCHANT IS MOANIN' 'HARD TIMES,' TH' LIVE MERCHANT IS GRABBIN' HIS CUSTOMERS BY FEPPY ADVERTISIN' IN OUR NOTED PURVEOR OF PUBLICITY!



CUT THIS OUT—IT IS WORTH MONEY.

Cut out this slip, enclose with 5c to Foley & Co., 2356 Sheffield Ave., Chicago, Ill., writing your name and address clearly. You will receive in return a trial package containing Foley's Honey and Tar Compound, for coughs, colds and croup, Foley Kidney Pills and Foley Cathartic Tablets. Hite's Drug Store—adv.

Reindeer's Skin Valuable. Not only is the reindeer prized highly for its flesh, but the skins are valuable for glove-making. Tanned with the hair on, they are very light, and robes made from the soft tanned skins with the hair on are for weight probably by far the warmest covering known. These might become extremely useful as automobile robes for winter in colder parts of the country.

Many a live wire would be a dead one if it wasn't for his connections," remarks an exchange. Meaning that the home folks supply the currency—Watt?—Boston Transcript.



IF HAIR IS TURNING GRAY, USE SAGE TEA

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

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

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

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

FIERY, ITCHING SKIN IS QUICKLY SOOTHED WITH THIS SULPHUR

Mentho-Sulphur, a pleasant cream, will soothe and heal skin that is irritated or broken out with eczema; that is covered with ugly rash or pimples, or is rough or dry. Nothing subdues fiery skin eruptions so quickly, says a noted skin specialist.

The moment this sulphur preparation is applied the itching stops and eczema is gone and the skin is delightfully clear and smooth. Sulphur is so precious as a skin remedy because it destroys the parasites that cause the burning, itching or discomfort. Mentho-Sulphur always cures eczema right up.

A small jar of Mentho-Sulphur may be had at any good drug store.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)



# I have several Good Improved Farms

Which I Will Sell at  
the Right Price and  
ON EASY TERMS.

Will Consider  
City Property

**ROSCOE  
MACKAY**

**Larva Resembles Spittle.**  
A frothy substance found on plants, variously known as "frog spit," "cuckoo spit" and "toad spit," is exuded by the larva of the spittle insect, which lives under the mass of "spit." The latter consists of juice sucked from the plants.

**Babylon Had Woman's College.**  
In an ancient Babylon province there have been discovered records on clay tablets belonging to the period of about 2400 B. C. showing that a woman's "college" or "university" had been established in a suburb of the city called Burna, and that women had equal rights with men in commercial, property and political affairs.

**Dr. W. H. Parks**  
Physician and Surgeon  
Office second floor Kimball Bldg.,  
next to Peoples Bank.  
Phone 158-4 rings  
Office hours: 1:30 to 4:00 p. m.  
7:00 to 8:00 p. m.  
X-RAY in Office.

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

**Dr. F. P. Ramsey**  
Physician and Surgeon.  
Graduate of College of Physicians and  
Surgeons of the University of  
Illinois.  
OFFICE E. J. LUMBER CO. BLOCK  
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Phone No. 196.

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

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

**John H. Albert**  
Chiropractic Physician  
Postoffice Building Charlevoix

## SCHOOL DAYS



The lair tree

## Mother's Cook Book

If a man finds himself with bread in both hands, he should exchange one loaf for some flowers of the narcissus, since the loaf feeds the body indeed, but the flowers feed the soul.—Machomet.

### SEASONABLE GOOD THINGS.

**A RICH** rice pudding for an occasion will be found most acceptable. Take a half-cupful of washed rice, drain after soaking overnight in slightly salted water. Add one cupful of milk, and cook closely covered, in a moderate oven. Add to one pint of cream the yolks of four eggs well beaten, with one-half cupful of sugar and stir in the cooked rice. Let bake, still covered, until the custard is set, then make a meringue with the whites of the eggs and pile on top. Brown lightly.

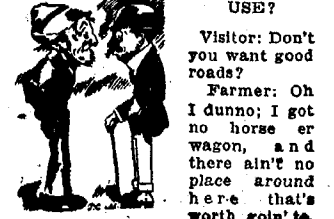
**Browned Chestnuts.**  
Use the large imported chestnuts for this dish, if possible. With a sharp knife make two incisions at right angles to each other, through the shell on one side of each nut. Cover with boiling water and let cook half an hour. Drain and keep hot while removing the shell and thin skin from each nut. Put into hot fat and brown. Turn off. Drain on soft paper and sprinkle lightly with salt.

**Roast Venison, Virginia Style.**  
Let the haunch of venison hang for a week in a cold place. The day before it is to be used wash in warm vinegar and water, and then rub with butter to soften the skin. Cover the top and sides with well-greased paper and over this put a half-inch layer of greased paper. The next day put into the roasting pan and cover closely with another pan. Allow three hours for roasting a 12-pound roast. Add one pint of water from time to time. At the end of an hour, baste well. Half an hour before serving, remove the papers and baste thoroughly with a cupful of cider and a spoonful of melted butter. Dredge with flour, return to the oven. Repeat the basting four times. The oven should be hot enough to brown the meat well. To prepare the gravy, remove the meat, add a tablespoonful of flour and stir until well browned; add a glass of cider, salt and pepper to taste. Stir well; add one-half a glass of currant jelly, and when it is melted strain the gravy into a gravy boat.

**Nuttid Cream.**  
Soak one-quarter of a box of gelatin in one-half cupful of cold water until softened. Whip until stiff three cupfuls of heavy cream in a bowl standing in ice water. Add one-third of a cupful of chopped nuts, three-quarters of a cupful of powdered sugar and one teaspoonful of vanilla. Add to the softened gelatin, one-fourth of a cupful of hot water and dissolve over hot water. Pour the dissolved gelatin over the cream and stir the whole until well mixed. When the mixture begins to thicken, pour into a mold and sprinkle with chopped nuts.

**Going Into Mourning.**  
Entering a garage the other day Smith saw one of the colored employees that he knew, looking very disconsolate. "What's the matter, Sam?" he asked. "Are you sick?" "No, sah, 'tain't that," replied Sam. "I hab done los' \$5, sah, an' I jes' nacherly got to sit an' grieve."—Boston Transcript.

**WHAT'S THE USE?**  
Visitor: Don't you want good roads?  
Farmer: Oh I dunno; I got no horse or wagon, and there ain't no place around here that's worth goin' to.



## Something to Think About

By F. A. WALKER

### "ALL IS WELL."

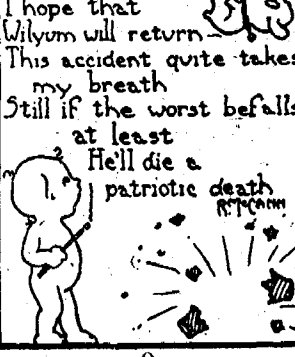
**I N** A clause in the will of Prof. George Trumbull Ladd, late of Yale university, a provision was made that his body should be cremated and that a portion of the ashes should be buried beside a camphor tree which he had planted in 1907 in the yard of the School of Commerce in Nagasaki, Japan. Professor Ladd was an authority on Oriental matters and had lectured in universities in Japan and India.

"I have lived and loved and labored, and all is well," was the impressive epitaph he chose to mark his grave. Are you living and loving and laboring so that at the end of your journey, you can say, "all is well?" What a volume of meaning there is in those three monosyllables and the splendid words preceding them! To live and love and labor, and to do nothing more would in a little while turn arid wastes to blooming gardens, and lift from the world its burden of care, its burning hates and frightful wars. Terrible Mars with his blarney eyes would be vanquished. And so would the thorny road you are traveling, while carrying in the pack on your back old animosities and jealousies that retard your progress at every step.

We have each of us some whimsey in the brain that keeps us from loving and laboring as we should. We have within us pent-up torrents of factious words which in sudden vents of anger we pour out and flood the smooth road ahead until it becomes impassable. We wound the hearts of our dear ones, and sometimes the hurt remains through life. We seemingly cannot agree on anything except hostility. In sudden bursts of passion, to live and love and labor, that all may be well is remote from our thoughts. Some of us, in moments of reflection, subdued perhaps by an odd mixture of shame and self-reproach see the error of our way, and hold ourselves in check, though the bride chafes and the bits blister.

And so should we all, for to live and love and labor ought to be our chief purpose in life, for it will take us through safely and enable us at the end to write with a glad heart and a steady hand: "all is well!" (Copyright.)

## THE CHEERFUL CHERUB



**Life of Toll Ahead.**  
Tommy was the oldest child in the family, having a younger sister and brother. One day his daddy came up to him and announced: "Tommy, you've got two more little sisters." "Oh, daddy," Tommy exclaimed gravely, "you shouldn't have let them in 'cause now mamma'll like them and she'll want to keep them. Oh, dear, now I'll have two more kids 'pendin' on me an' I'll never get rich."

## THE WIDE AWAKE STAR

**ONE** night when all the little stars had been tucked in bed with their soft, fleecy cloud blankets over them, gentle South Wind, who had come along that night to help them to sleep, floated down to the earth below. Old Father Moon Man cannot take care of all the stars alone—you know there are 50 many of them—and he often gets some one to help; anyone that happens to come along, for every one is anxious to help old Father Moon Man. It was, of course, one of the nights that Father Moon Man did not work—or, rather, shine. He was giving the



clouds a chance, for it had been a long time since they had an evening all to themselves. Now whether it was gentle South Wind or old Father Moon Man himself who was to blame, I do not know, but one little star over in one corner of the sky did not have a cloud blanket put over it. It listened to the lullaby gentle South Wind sang, and though it winked and it blinked, it twinkled; and the twinkle got the best of the others, but Little Star did not go to sleep. At last they found him and woke him up. "It isn't fair," they said. "You told us your children were fast asleep and that we should have the sky to ourselves." "Well, goodness me," exclaimed old Father Moon Man, jumping up and looking over the sky. "Who woke those children up, I wonder." "It is no use trying to get them to sleep again tonight; you will have to run along and come some other time," he said. But he never knew that it was one little wide awake star that was left uncovered that did all the mischief. (Copyright.)

## THE RIGHT THING AT THE RIGHT TIME

By MARY MARSHALL DUFFEE

### AT THE CHRISTENING.

**THERE** was a time when babies were dressed elaborately when they were christened, whether this took place in church or at home. The christening robe was very long and wrought with a number of tucks and ruffles and puffs. Nowadays these elaborate christening robes have quite gone out of style among people who keep abreast of manners as they change. In fact the elaborate christening robe looks a little tawdry to us now and we suspect the mother who dresses her babe in this way of being not well posted on prevailing customs. If you are planning to take your baby to be christened have it dressed in a simple white dress. This may be of the finest material and may be made by hand, but it should be devoid of furbelows. It is very nice to have the baby entirely in white, even to the robe in which he is held. It is usual to uncover the child's head for the ceremony but especially if the church is frantically it should wear a simple white bonnet. If the child has a nurse it may be brought to the church by the nurse, but one of the sponsors or the godmother should hold the baby in her arms when the ceremony begins and should receive the baby from the minister or priest after the ceremony has taken place. The question is sometimes asked whether or not the minister should be given a fee at the time of the baptism. In some churches there is a definite fee for this ceremony. Otherwise no fee is really required and many clergymen rather object to receiving any for such services. A tactful thing then to do is to inclose a crisp bank note in an envelope and hand it to the clergyman with the request that he make use of it in some one of his good works. He certainly could not object to that. The father of the child should attend to this after the ceremony. (Copyright.)

**FELICIA.**  
The pearl is Felicia's talismanic stone. It insures her charm, affability and sincere friendships. Monday is her lucky day and 3 her lucky number. The daisy, signifying simplicity, is her flower. (Copyright.)

**Why?**  
DO WE SNEEZE?  
THE nose is lined with membranes, back of which is a network of very fine nerves which are extremely sensitive. The function of these membranes is to catch and hold the impure matter which comes into the nose when air is inhaled. Sneezing arises from the involuntary action of these nose nerves in attempting to clear the nose suddenly and violently. It only occurs when a particularly quick job has to be done. Otherwise the irritating matter is taken care of by the secretions in the nose itself. Smoke, pepper or other irritants cause sneezing because they rasp against this fine network of nerves and the latter seek to rid themselves of the foreign substances in the quickest possible manner. Colds make us sneeze because the nose is clogged up with mucus and other matter and nature is trying to clear out the nose channels after all other methods have failed. (Copyright.)



**The Chaulmoogra Tree.**  
Seeds from the chaulmoogra tree of India, the oil of which forms the basis of a cure for leprosy, have been received in the Philippine Islands, where an attempt will be made to grow the tree for this purpose.

## MORTGAGE SALE

Default having been made in the terms and conditions of a certain mortgage bearing date the 18th day of October, A. D. 1912, executed by Joseph H. Lanway and Mrs. Capolia Lanway of the Town of East Jordan, County of Charlevoix, Michigan to the State Bank of East Jordan, Michigan, which said mortgage was recorded in the office of the Register of Deeds for the County of Charlevoix, Michigan, in liber 47 of mortgages on page 443, on the 21st day of October, A. D. 1912, and was also assigned by said State Bank of East Jordan, A. J. Suffern, Cashier, August 3rd A. D. 1920, and recorded in liber 43 of mortgages on page 624, to A. J. Malone and Robert G. Proctor, and is now owned by them. On which mortgage there is due at the date hereof, for principal and interest, the sum of Four Hundred Ninety-eight and 99-100 (\$498.99) Dollars, and no suit or proceedings at law or in equity having been had to recover said sum or any part thereof.

Now, therefore, notice is hereby given that by virtue of the power of sale in said mortgage contained and in pursuance of the statute in such case made and provided, the said mortgage will be foreclosed by a sale of the premises therein described at public auction or vendue to the highest bidder, at the outer easterly front door of the Court House at the City of Charlevoix, of Charlevoix County and State of Michigan, said Court House being the place of holding the circuit court for said county, on the 7th day of March A. D. 1922, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, the description of said premises contained in said mortgage is as follows:

Lot Four (4) of Block "A" Village of South Arm, now a part of the City of East Jordan, Charlevoix County, Michigan, as per recorded plat in village in office of Register of Deeds in said county. Dated December 8th, 1921. A. J. MALONE, ROBERT G. PROCTOR, Mortgagees.

**DWIGHT L. WILSON,**  
Attorney for Mortgagees,  
Business Address,  
East Jordan, Michigan. 49-13

## 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 Fourteenth day of February, A. D. 1922.  
Present: Hon. Servetus A. Correll, Judge of Probate.  
In the Matter of the Estate of Abner Severy, Deceased.  
Coryell Severy 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 Fourteenth day of March A. D. 1922, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, at said probate office be and is hereby appointed for hearing said petition.  
It is further ordered, That public notice thereof be given by publication of a copy of this order, once each week for three successive weeks previous to said day of hearing, in the Charlevoix County Herald a newspaper printed and circulated in said county.  
SERVETUS A. CORRELL, Judge of Probate.

## 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 14th day of February A. D. 1922.  
Present: Servetus A. Correll, Probate Judge.  
In the Matter of the Estate of Elizabeth Shanquay, Deceased.  
The above estate having been admitted to probate and John J. Mikula appointed administrator thereof.  
It is Ordered that four months from this date be allowed for creditors to present their claims against said estate, and that such claims will be heard by said court on Friday the 23rd day of June, A. D. 1922, at ten o'clock in the forenoon at the Probate office in the City of Charlevoix.  
It is Further Ordered, That public notice thereof be given by publication of this order, for three successive weeks previous to said day of hearing—in the Charlevoix County Herald a newspaper printed and circulated in this county.  
SERVETUS A. CORRELL, Judge of Probate.

## PROBATE ORDER

**STATE OF MICHIGAN, The Probate Court for the County of Charlevoix.**  
At a session of said court, held at the Probate Office in the city of Charlevoix in said county, on the 14th day of February, A. D. 1922.  
Present: Servetus A. Correll, Probate Judge.  
In the Matter of the Estate of Agnes Cobb, Deceased.  
The above estate having been admitted to probate and John J. Mikula appointed administrator thereof.  
It is ordered that four months from this date be allowed for creditors to present their claims against said estate, and that such claims will be heard by said court on Friday the 23rd day of June A. D. 1922, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, at the Probate office in the city of Charlevoix.  
It is Further Ordered, That public notice thereof be given by publication of this order, for three successive weeks previous to said day of hearing, in the Charlevoix County Herald a newspaper printed and circulated in this county.  
SERVETUS A. CORRELL, Judge of Probate.

## GOOD FOR THAT "FLU" COUGH

Mrs. K. D. Drake, Childs, Md., writes "After an attack of the flu that left me with a severe cough nothing seemed to relieve me till I tried Foley's Honey and Tar, which I can highly recommend." It is also good for croup, whooping cough and colds. Children like it. Contains no opiates. Hite's Drug Store.

## According to government reports

prices throughout the country are steadily crawling down. Surely some day they will come within sight.