

STOCKBRIDGE BRIEF-SUN.

VOLUME XXVI.

STOCKBRIDGE, MICHIGAN, THURSDAY. NOVEMBER 3, 1921

No. 19

SOMETIME

(With appologies to Eugene Field)

Last night, My auto, as you slept,
I thought I heard you sigh,
And out to your garage I crept,
And watched a space thereby;
Then, bending down, I oiled you up.
For, Oh! I love you so—
You are too new to know it now,
But some time you shall know.

Some time, when, on muddy road,
Where many cars are stuck,
You'll see the others all get towed;
While you'll sail through the muck;
Your engine fine will carry you.
Wherever you want to go—
You are too new to know it now,
But some time you shall know.

Your usefulness for many years
Will prove a great delight.
And do not be oppressed with fears
That I'll not treat you right,
I'll keep you full of oil and gas.
And shine you till you glow—
You are too new to know it now,
But some time you shall know.

A. Hazel Knut.

UNITED STATES VETERANS' BUREAU

Announcement has just been made by the Washington Office of the United States Veterans' Bureau that the time limit for reinstatement of War Risk Term Insurance expires December 31, 1921. It is very important that all ex-service men who care to reinstate their insurance which they have allowed to lapse, do so by that date for after that time no reinstatements will be handled.

Briefly, the requirements for re-instatement are as follows:

(1) If the ex-service man is drawing compensation or is disabled as a result of an injury or disease contracted in the military or naval service during the World War, but is not totally and permanently disabled, he may reinstate his lapsed or canceled yearly renewal term insurance by having a full medical examination to show that he is not suffering from any disability other than that contracted in service. After he has completed the medical examination satisfactorily, he is required to pay all back monthly premiums which would have become payable if the insurance had not lapsed, together with interest at a rate of 5 per cent per annum, compounded annually, on each premium from date said premium is due by the terms of the policy.

(2) If the ex-service man is in good health and his insurance has lapsed for less than three months, it will be necessary for him to sign a statement that he is in good health and pay two months premiums on the amount of the insurance he wishes to re-instate.

(3) If the insurance has lapsed for more than three months and less than six months it will be necessary for him to have a short medical examination made and pay two months premiums on the amount of the insurance he wishes to re-instate.

(4) If the insurance has lapsed for six months or more, it will be necessary for a full medical examination to be made and pay two months premiums on the amount of the insurance he wishes to re-instate.

Any ex-service man who is interested in reinstating his insurance may secure reinstatement blanks or further information regarding re-instatement by writing or calling at Insurance Section of the U. S. Veterans' Bureau, 111 E. Congress St., Chicago, Ill.

COUNTY S. S. CONVENTION

Great plans are being made for the County Sunday School Convention which is to be held at the Ganson Street Baptist Church of Jackson on Tuesday and Wednesday, November 15 and 16.

The opening session will take place on Tuesday evening, and will consist of music and addresses. Wednesday's program will consist of round table discussions in the morning, conferences and reports in the afternoon, and music and addresses in the evening.

Some of the strongest speakers and workers in Sunday School work in this part of the state are being sought to make the meeting one of the most successful that the County has ever had. A strong chorus is being arranged for, and unique and interesting features are in process of preparation. More detailed announcements will be made within the next week or two.

REINDEERS FOR MICHIGAN

The J. T. Glenn Post, American Legion, of Stockbridge, will observe Armistice Day here Friday, November 11.

1 o'clock program at opera house;

F. B. McKay, head of Oratorical Department, Ypsilanti, speaker.

Appropriate music for the day.

2:30 football—Stockbridge H. S.

vs. Leslie H. S.

7:30 Moving picture show; "The Woman in His House," an 8-reel First National Special.

Music by Peter's 6-piece Orchestra.

WHO CAN BEAT THIS

George R. Foster has an O. I. C. Brood Sow that gave birth to 10 pigs November 1, 1920, 11 in April 1921 and 16 October 25th. All alive but one and on the farm. A Farrow Sow of the first litter for sale for brood sow George R. Foster, Stockbridge. R. 1.

WHY PRICES STAY HIGH

Washington, D. C.—"Why," demands an editor out in the corn belt, "does the retailer charge from 35 to 40 cents a pound for pork chops when hogs cost him only six or seven cents?"

He is one of a chorus singing different words to the same tune. A man down in Oklahoma wants to know why he cannot tote enough hides across the street on his back to buy a pair of shoes. A man in Georgia wants to know why cotton enough to make a tent won't buy an undershirt. And a farmer in Maryland asks why apples, such as he fed to his hogs because it would not pay to haul them to market, sell for five cents each on the fruit stands.

All of these questions have been asked many times. They have also been loudly answered with the assertion that retail prices are too high, which is of course merely begging the question. Sometimes it is added that the retailer is a profiteer, which is generally not true and certainly sheds no light on the situation.

When the editor's query was laid before certain marketing experts in the government service, it was learned that the question is a good deal more complicated than those who blame the retailer and let it go at that ever imagined. The department of agriculture is making a study of the retail prices of farm products in all American cities. It is going to find out just why these prices are so inordinately high and why the farmer gets such a small share of the large price that the consumer pays. The government men do not care to be quoted, nor to make any extensive comment, until this investigation has been completed. But in the meantime they throw out a few hints.

In the first place, they say, don't be too quick to blame the retailer. Retail prices, probably, are too high, but they are not as much too high as you think. The retailer has been facing a dull market for a long time now. His great need is to turn over his stock. It is extremely probable that he would reduce prices if he could afford to do so, in order to stimulate trade. In many cases, of course, he has done so. The papers are full of bargain sale advertisements. Yet the average retail price remains high.

When prices began to drop, the drop fell on the farmer first. With unsold stocks of foodstuffs on hand, the buyers refused to give him a high price for what he had raised. But he had to sell. So he took a low price. Wholesale and retailer refused to follow suit. The cost of their operations were high, chiefly because wages remained high, and by co-operation and storage, both of which the farmer lacked, they were able to keep up their prices to a great extent.

But the farmers form about 40 per cent of the buying public. Having very little money, this large section of the buying public bought very little. Manufacturers of farm implements felt the pinch. Their sales in many cases fell off more than half. Other manufacturing lines also felt it. As a result factory employees were thrown out of work. Unemployment set in. It affected millions. The numbers of the buying public were still further reduced, demand declined still more, the cost of every retailing operation arose, and the retailer, with his high prices, was less than ever in a position to reduce them.

It is a statement which is easy to understand, but hard to remedy. If a bushel of potatoes would buy a pair of shoes in 1913, but it takes two bushels of potatoes to buy a pair of shoes now, then the potato growers can only buy half as many shoes now as in 1913. One result is that employees of shoe factories will be thrown out of jobs. Then they can't buy shoes either.

Really the farmer, if at all intelligent, is an enviable position. He at least can eat. It is only the farmer who raises nothing but one money crop who now suffers—the man who raises only tobacco or cotton—for example. The farmer who produces hogs and chickens, and keeps dairy cattle and raises potatoes and beans and other vegetables, need go to market for very little of his food. He is vastly better off than that ex-shoe-factory employee, for example.

Business will never pick up until the farmer once more is able to buy a pair of shoes with a bushel of potatoes. That can be accomplished by giving the farmer more or the shoemaker less. The diagnosis is easy, but the only remedy seems to be a slow process of readjustment.—F. J. Haskin.

BONDS FOUND IN WASTE PAPER

A worker at the King paper mill, Kalamazoo, recently found a package of bond coupons in a bale of waste paper. The coupons bore stamps of the county of Lauderdale, Miss., and represented the interest on an issue of \$40,000 worth of good roads bonds. He displayed them to a friend who has some knowledge of bonds and securities. The friend pointed out that on 23 of the coupons, representing \$631, immediate payment was due, provided they were genuine. The investigation was carried a step further. The coupons being payable to the People's Savings Bank & Loan Company, of Vicksburg, Miss., or bearer, they were negotiated at a local bank and then forwarded to the treasurer of Lauderdale county to be honored.

The value of the other coupons, payable in 1922, 1923 and 1924 was then apparent and they were safely laid away. When the coupons reached the treasurer of Lauderdale county he recognized that they were either clever

DIPTHERIA

Its Restriction and Prevention

Diphtheria is a dangerous communicable disease, caused by a specific contagium, the germ of which is propagated in the human body or its excretions, and spread from person to person, directly or indirectly. Filthy conditions may serve to harbor the germs, but they do not produce the germs.

The bacillus which causes diphtheria does not generally enter the blood. The poison generated by the bacillus is absorbed into the body, and causes degeneration of muscular tissue, heart failure, paralysis, etc.; but the germ generally remains in its locality, usually in the throat. Therefore the spread of this disease is mainly from the throat and mouth. Everything touched by the mouth, or by the discharges from the mouth, throat or nose, may be infected.

In all cases of sore throat precautions should be taken. It is often difficult to distinguish mild cases of diphtheria from a simple tonsilitis, pharyngitis, or laryngitis, and such mild cases of diphtheria often communicate a dangerous and fatal form of diphtheria; therefore it is the duty of physicians and householders in reporting diseases dangerous to the public health, and of local health authorities in their efforts to restrict such diseases, in every case, to give to the public the benefit of the doubt, and in localities where diphtheria exists to regard cases of acute sore throat as suspect cases of diphtheria.

The law requires householders and physicians to give immediate notice of the first case and of every case of diphtheria to the health officer. (Sects. 4452-4453, Compiled Laws of 1897; Sects. 86-87, Public Health Laws of 1915, as amended by Act 192, Laws of 1915.)

The attending physician should immediately notice of the first case and of every case of diphtheria to the health officer, and if no physician is employed then the notice should be given by the householder. Failure to do so is made a misdemeanor, punishable by fine or imprisonment if the fine is not paid.

Children who have been exposed to diphtheria or who are in the same house with one sick with diphtheria may leave the house and come out of quarantine, providing cultures made from the throat are negative. If no cultures are made they must remain isolated from the public and the patient until the incubation period has passed. For public safety this should last two weeks.

The use of antitoxin has reduced the mortality in this disease from approximately 50 percent to about 15 per cent. Antitoxin destroys the poison given off by the germ causing the disease, so that the amount of antitoxin given makes little difference as long as one gives enough to destroy the poison. Repeated doses in man are practically harmless and should be given whenever indicated. Antitoxin does not cause paralysis or affect the heart. The poison of diphtheria itself causes paralysis or heart trouble. The antitoxin by combining with these poisons lessens the liability to these complications. Thus antitoxin cures those who are sick and protects those who have been exposed to the disease.

Where diphtheria is present in a community, a child or a young person having a sore throat or bad odor to its breath, especially if it has fever, should immediately be kept separated from all other persons, except necessary attendants, until it be ascertained whether or not it has diphtheria or some other communicable disease.

Persons who are attending upon children or other persons suffering from diphtheria, and also the members of the patient's family, should not mingle with other people nor permit the entrance of children into their house.

All persons recovering, or very recently recovered, from diphtheria should be considered dangerous; therefore such a person should not be permitted to associate with others or attend school, church, or any public assembly until the throat and any sores which may have been on the lips or nose are healed, nor until two negative cultures have been made of the throat. As soon as the throat has cleaned up, make the cultures two or three days apart, and as soon as they show negative twice, the patient can be disinfected and allowed to go.

ASHMORE—FRINKLE

A pretty wedding took place at the home of Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Ashmore on Wednesday, October 26, at 12 o'clock, when their daughter Violet Irene was united in marriage to Frank Frinkle. The wedding march was played by Mrs. Ed. Robson and the couple took their place beneath an arch. Rev. McTaggart of the Baptist church officiated, using the ring ceremony.

The bride was attended by her sister, Miss Faye Ashmore, and the groom by his brother, Howard Frinkle.

The bride was attired in Harding blue silk and carried a bouquet of white roses. The bridesmaid was attired in dark blue silk.

After congratulations a two course dinner was served to about 40 guests, all being the immediate relatives of both.

Thursday they left for Paulding, Ohio, for a short honeymoon trip.

They will stay at present with the bride's parents, but will go to housekeeping in Stockbridge later, where the groom is employed with the Michigan Seating Co.

Mrs. Grieves of Pinckney, visited Saturday night and Sunday at R. C. Chipman's. Returning Monday morning.

HORSESHEOING

It has been reported that I have discontinued horseshoeing. This is a mistake, as I am ready to shoe your horses at any time.

E. D. Dickinson.

NOTICE

I have a stock of weather strips on hand. Anybody wishing them on their doors please let me know at once, either by postal card or in person.

1711 E. S. Rose.

Serious Results from Colds.

Colds not only cause tremendous financial loss but are also a serious injury to every one who contracts them as they lower the vitality and prepare the system for the more serious disease. It is not at all unusual for people who have serious lung trouble to say "I had a hard cold last winter. Why not take Chamberlain's Couch Remedy and cure your cold while you can."

Mr. Ira McGlocklin and Family.

WHO CAN BEAT THIS

George R. Foster has an O. I. C. Brood Sow that gave birth to 10 pigs November 1, 1920, 11 in April 1921 and 16 October 25th. All alive but one and on the farm. A Farrow Sow of the first litter for sale for brood sow George R. Foster, Stockbridge. R. 1.

BRIEF-SUN.

GREGORY

Tuesday last Mr. Fred Winkelman came to town with a load of beans, while unloading at the elevator the team became frightened running into a telegraph pole and breaking the wagon and harness.

John Willard returned to Jackson Tuesday night to begin work again.

Wilmar Crossman lost a valuable cow the first of last week by getting some poison and another has been very sick from the poison.

Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Marsh and Mrs. R. G. Chipman were in Howell last Tuesday.

H. E. Munsell and Charles Burden and wives were in Detroit last Wednesday.

N. H. Clark spent last week at his home in Harrison.

Claude Higgins and N. H. Clark went Sunday to Dewitt to begin work on the road between Lansing and St. Johns.

Miss Lewis, County nurse, was here one day last week.

Rev. Mack attended the Sunday School Convention at Kalamazoo last week and will give his report some time in the near future.

Mr. McElvay of Montana, came last Thursday to join his wife at her father's. Mrs. McElvay has been here since the death of her mother, Mrs. M. E. Kuhn.

Mrs. Norman Marshall spent from Friday until Sunday with her sister at Allion.

Mrs. Fred Marshall was confined to her home by illness a part of last week.

Mrs. James Barton was in town several days last week.

Mrs. Dan Denton spent last week in Detroit. Mr. Denton leaving the last of the week remaining over Sunday. School began Monday.

Ralph Galbraith and Dorothy Helve returned home last week after several weeks visiting among relatives at their former home in Indiana.

Frank and Mary Howlett, Elizabeth Driver and Lois Worden, were home the week end from their respective schools.

Wm. Heminger and Mrs. Fred Bowdish were in Jackson Thursday.

Gordis Lambright and wife of Royal Oak, visited the last of the week at R. O. Roopkes.

The Ladies of the Baptist Aid Society met with Mrs. H. E. Marshall last Wednesday p. m. in the interest of their coming fair, which will be held November 17. Everybody welcome.

Ralph Hartly and family left Tuesday to spend the winter with his parents in Indiana.

Mr. and Mrs. Eugene Jones, Mr. and Mrs. Lon Coulson, and Mrs. Jane Craig and son Archie, all of Stockbridge, attended church here last Sunday.

Ralph Ireland and Margorie of Fowlerville, spent Friday and Saturday.

Wm. Heminger and wife spent Sunday at Howard Stricklands, near Okemos.

Don McCormy has improved the looks of his residence by painting.

The Clan Call

By
Hapsburg
Liebe

Copyright by Doubleday, Page & Co.

JAILED.

Bynopsis.—Young Carlyle Wilburton Dale, or "Bill Dale," son of a wealthy coal operator, John K. Dale, arrives eastern Tennessee. Switching his life, he becomes a bride. Patricia Clavering, at that altar—determined to make his own way in life. He meets "Babe," Littleford, typical mountaineer girl. "By" Heck, a character of the hills, takes him to John Moreland's home. Moreland is chief of his "clan," which has an old feud with the Littlefords. He tells Dale of the killing of his brother, David Moreland, years ago, owner of the coal deposits in the valley. Castle Dale believes the man was his father. Dale enters his home with the Morelands. Talking with Babe, Dale is ordered by "Black Adam" Ball to leave "his girl" alone. Dale whips the bully. He arranges with John Moreland to develop the coal deposits. Ben Littleford sends a challenge to John Moreland to meet him with his followers in battle. Moreland accepts. The more clan comes for battle. A Littleford fires the first shot. Babe, in an effort to stop the fighting, crosses to the Moreland side of the river, and is accidentally shot by her father and seriously wounded. The fight stops and Babe is taken to the city. Doctors announce she is not seriously hurt. Dale meets an old friend, Bobby McLauren, who has married Patricia Clavering. Dale's father admits he killed David Moreland and offers him money to defend the coal. Dale declines and goes back to Moreland. He realizes he loves Babe, who goes to live with Patricia to be educated. Henderon Goff, a coal man, appears on the scene. Dale has an exciting encounter with Goff, and is saved by "By" Heck. He tries to end the feud. John Moreland and Ben Littleford declare peace. Babe comes back to Moreland. Goff stirs up trouble, gets Bill and Black Adam to exchange notes. Black Adam is killed. Dale is accused of killing Black Adam. Babe promises to return to Patricia.

CHAPTER XI—Continued.

—10—

The three women turned their eyes toward the hazy moonshiner. He was standing straighter than they had ever seen him standing before, and he held his repartee across one of his thin shoulders, a manner that was almost soldierly. It was as though he had just discovered a birthplace unknown depth to himself.

The truth was that he was carrying a secret that was great, and almost too much for him.

His aged mother rose with a rheumatic groan. "Looky here, By," she demanded, "what on earth's the matter of ye? Ha! ye done went and swallowed a rifle's ramrod, or a fishin' pole, that ye walk so cussed straight, and look like a plumb dadblamed fool?"

"No, maw," grinned her son, "Nothin' like it. I'm just hungry, that's all. My gosh, if I don't feel hungry enough to eat a whole raw yaller dawg! And top it off with a couple o' baked house-cuts. Durn my eyes and blast my furrid. I wist yed come and go home along as I go maw, and git me some dinner."

"All right, By, all righty." To Mrs. Littleford, "Come down and bring



"No, maw," Grinned Her Son, "I'll see that the animal is well cared for, sir," he said to Dale. "And as soon as I have seen to our horses, I'll be with you. I wish to talk matters over with you. Suppose I bring supper for us both, eh?"

When they were within a hundred yards of their cabin home beside the river, Granny Heck said to her son, "whose mind seemed inordinately busy: "Who dy'e reckon killed Black Adam, the hound dawg o' Torment, By, darlin'?"

"I'm a-sokin' fo' rain today," very seriously said By Heck.

"I axed you, sonny boy," the witch-like old woman went on, "who did you reckon killed Black Adam?"

"The's rain in the air," as though he had not heard. "Ef it don't rain today, it'll shore rain tonight."

"Now looky here!" snapped Granny Heck. "I said who did you think killed Adam Ball?"

By Heck did not smile, nor did he frown. "Ef it don't rain today, nor tonight," he drawled, "it'll shore rain tomorrow. I tell ye, mother, the's rain in the air."

"By! By! Ye dadblamed idjilt!" protested the old woman vehemently.

"Now who answer me what it was I axed ye!"

Said Samuel Heck, unperturbed:

"Grandpap Moreland still has to take his old gray eat down off of the front po'ch roof every mornin' of his life. Jim Littleford's wife's son's grandpa's son-in-law is named Jim Littleford. Abner Moreland's got a old speckled oxen 'at ain't got but one good eye.' Isaac Littleford talks through his nose. Little Tom Moreland's pap's old 'coom down ketched a big pore 'possum last night with one foot gone whar it had been gnawed off in a trap. Babe Littleford's got to be the hole-roarin'est, purtiest gyrl in the world. Bill Dale he said a man who'd say 'yether' and 'neither' in place of 'feether' and 'neether' would part his hair in the middle and wear a bow on the back o' his hat and ribbon in his underclo'ees. Maw?"

"What!"

"Le' me ax ye a question," with a mock solemnity that was ultra-ridiculous. "Please don't try to joke wi' me, you pore hungry ch'ld. Maw, hawnt to goodness, will ye tell me the truth?"

Hopeful, she bent toward him. "O' course, honey boy, I'll tell ye the truth. What is it, darlin'?"

He whispered it: "Maw, don't develope me. What was my maiden name?"

Granny Heck became so angry that she trembled. To her, baffled curiosity was but little better than torture.

"I wish I may drap dead right here in my tracks," she declared shrilly. "If I git you a dadblamed bite to eat onyo you gl' me a sensible answer! Who, I said, dang it all, did you think it was killed Black Adam, the hound dawg o' pugnacity?"

"Don't talk so infernal loud, mother," and By Heck smiled a pale smile. "I don't think who killed Black Adam; I know who killed Black Adam. But, I god, it needn't to worry Bill Dale none! Git this here, mother dear—whooever it was done it shore ain't n'goin' to let my hair in Bill Dale's pocket, that's all!"

One of old Granny Heck's bony fingers shot out toward her son like a weapon.

"It was you, By!" she accused. "It was you killed Black Adam Ball! Now own up to me, son, and I'll take ye to eat a whole raw yaller dawg! And top it off with a couple o' baked house-cuts. Durn my eyes and blast my furrid. I wist yed come and go home along as I go maw, and git me some dinner."

"All right, By, all righty." To Mrs. Littleford, "Come down and bring

"I've Come Here to Own Up to the Killin' o' Black Adam Ball," Began the Young Hillman.

—11—

Jailed.

Cartersville nestles close between the points of two outlying foothills, and it is a delightfully lazy and old-fashioned town. For the most part it is made up of gaunt old brick houses, which have pretty settings of green lawn, roses, honeysuckles and trees. Even in the small business district, the streets are lined with trees. They have electric lights there, and water mains, a common school and a high school, a courthouse, a jail and a theater.

It was a little after nightfall when Dale and the other two men rode through the shaded streets. Dale noted that the people they met under the swinging lights spoke cordially and with marked courtesy to his companions. It was very evident that the officer and Major Bradley were in high standing in their home town.

Shirl Tom Flowers drew in before a hitching-rack that stood in front of the courthouse, a great old wooden building with a clock in its tower.

"We'll dismount here," said he.

They did. The major took the rein of Dale's horse.

"I'll see that the animal is well cared for, sir," he said to Dale. "And as soon as I have seen to our horses, I'll be with you. I wish to talk matters over with you. Suppose I bring supper for us both, eh?"

Dale thanked Bradley, and turned away with the officer. They walked a short block and entered a low, square building of brick and stone of which the windows were small and high and barred with iron. Dale knew that it was the Cartersville jail, and his heart sank in spite of him. Just as death by violence had been entirely new to

him, so also was this entirely new to him.

Flowers took a ring of heavy keys from the hand of the jailer, and led the way down a whitewashed corridor. It was not yet bedtime, and the other prisoners were still up; some of them were reading newspapers, others were trying to mend their clothing, still others were doing nothing. A few of them called out boldly and bade the new prisoner welcome—and each of these received a gruff order from the sheriff to keep quiet. Dale paid no attention whatever to his would-be tormentors.

At an iron door at the end of the corridor, the officer halted and faced about.

"If there could be such a thing as a comfortable cell here," he said in low and kindly tones, "it's this one." He went on earnestly: "Now I want you to believe me when I tell you that it is with real regret that I put you behind a door of iron. But if I didn't do it, somebody else would do it; and it's possible that I can be a little more decent about it than another officer would be."

"I realize all that, y'know," replied Dale, "and I'm very much obliged to you, sheriff."

Flowers unlocked the door, and Bill Dale walked in. Flowers locked the door and went away.

Dale began to inspect his quarters. To all appearances, they were at least clean. There was a narrow bed covered with a pair of gray blankets, a stool and a soapbox, and nothing more. The light in the corridor behind him made smoky-blank lines of shadows on the bulk partition walls and the outer wall of stone. Dale shuddered in spite of himself. He put up one hand and turned on a small light, which dissipated the uncanny shadows—and showed him a line from Dante's "Inferno" that to him seemed very miserable; some former occupant of that cell had written it with charcoal on the whitewashed outer wall.

Then Dale sat wearily down on the narrow bed, leaned his head upon his hands, and began to think.

He had always wanted difficulties to overcome, barriers to surmount, a work to do, a fight to fight for himself. In full measure he had found them every one. He did not doubt his ability to overcome the difficulties, surmount the barriers, do his work well and fight his fight as a good man fights, and win—if it were not for the charge of having shot and killed Black Adam Ball! It seemed to him now that that must end all that was worth while for him. For that was more than a difficulty, more than a barrier.

He firmly believed that it had been his bullet that had finished the earthly existence of the giant hillman. True, it had been an accident. But how was he to convince a jury that it had been an accident? Would the jury take his word for it? The jury would not, of course.

The mysterious third shot, that had come from a little distance—but he could not reasonably expect deliverance from that source. If only he had held down his abominable, savage temper; if only he had—

Major Bradley interrupted his unpleasant train of thought.

"No brooding there, my boy!"

Dale looked up. The old attorney, as neat in appearance as though he had not even seen saddle that day, was standing just outside the hateful door of bars. Beside him stood a whitechested negro boy with a big tray of steaming food on one hand and a pot of steaming coffee in the other.

The jailer came and unlocked the door; also he very considerately brought another stool and fresh water. The major entered the cell, and the negro followed.

An amused twinkle appeared in Dale's eyes as Bradley put the tray down on the soapbox. There was enough for five threshing-machine hands! The black boy was sent to the front door to wait.

"I thought you'd be as hungry as I am, and I'm as hungry as poor old By Heck ever was!" laughed the major, as he sat down and began to pour the coffee. "Riding always made me as hungry as a bear in April. Light right into it, Dale. There's nothing like a good steak, for any meal, when a fellow is half starved; eh, Dale? Try that one, won't you? I told Massengale I'd cause his hebehment if these steaks weren't perfect. Massengale," he added, "runs the hotel here, the Enchanted Parlor, and the One-Price Clothing Emporium."

"I wonder," smiled Bill Dale, "what he does with his spare time?"

Bradley laughed, his eyes twinkling merrily. Dale found that he too was hungry, now that savory odors had invaded his nostrils. A minute later, and he had pronounced his steak delicious.

"Massengale shall not suffer by headment," said the major; and he began to carve his own steak.

It was an excellent meal, the grim surroundings notwithstanding. When it was over, the negro boy came and took away the dishes, and received a gladsmile grin the two silver coins that were given him. Then Brad-

ley produced a handful of cigars, and two of them were promptly lighted.

"Now, sir," said the old lawyer, "I feel like talking. Let's see, you got your man Hayes orders to carry the work right along as though nothing had happened, didn't you? And the sheriff is to go back the day after tomorrow to arrest two or three Balls and two or three Torreys, to see what he can find out concerning the dynamiting of the two buildings and the trestle—today was not a good time to make the arrests, Am I correct?"

"Correct," nodded Dale.

Bradley regarded his cigar thoughtfully.

"Now," he said in a low tone, suddenly lifting his gaze to the other's face, "tell me about the thing that brought you here. Don't omit even the slightest detail. Nobody can overhear you if you will hold your voice down. These walls are very thick, you see. Well, you may begin."

In carefully guarded tones, Bill Dale gave a straightforward account of the whole unfortunate occurrence. The major listened intently to every word of it, so intently that he allowed his cigar to go out. Often he stopped his client and asked him to repeat cer-

tain words so reassuringly merely to help him keep up heart.

The night passed, and another bright summer day dawned, and in the Cartersville jail there was one prisoner who had not slept at all. Each of those long and heavy black hours had been an age to this prisoner to whom jail was so.

At noon a furious windstorm, accompanied by much vivid lightning and blinding rain, sprang out of the west and began to sweep the countryside and out of the lowering wet gloom there came one to deliver Bill Dale. He was a mountaineer, young and stalwart and strong, and about him there was much of that certain English fitness that was so striking in his father.

He entered the low, square building of brick and stone and stopped in the center of the corridor, where he stood, while water ran from his wet clothing and gathered in little pools at his feet, and looked to his right and to his left. Dale saw him, and cried out in surprise:

"Caleb!"

Caleb Moreland walked straight, his head up and his shoulders back, a splendid picture of virile young manhood, to the end of the corridor. He gripped two of the door's hated bars, bars that had long been worn smooth by other human hands; he pressed his smoothly shaven, sunburned face against the iron, and smiled.

"How are ya-feelin' by this time, Bill? It's some h-l of a place, ain't it?"

Dale took a step toward him. "Well, a queen's boudoir is nicer. What are you doing here, Caleb?"

"I've come to set you free," said Caleb Moreland.

Dale stared unbelievingly. "But that is impossible, Caleb. How could you see me free?"

"Call Tom Flowers, and I'll sight ye."

Dale called, and the officer came immediately. Caleb Moreland turned from the cell door and faced him.

"I've come here to own up to the killing o' Black Adam Ball," began the young hillman.

He swallowed, went a trifle pale under his tan, and continued bravely:

"Bill Dale, that he never done it. I am the one that done it. Bill Dale shot at Adam, but he missed—Adam had done shot at Bill first, y'understand, Tom. But I didn't miss. I don't never miss I'm a plumb tombstone shot. The allus rules me out at any shootin' match. I'd ha' owned up to it ye'st day, but the thought o' jail had me skeered bad. I jest can't let as good a man as Bill Dale that suffer to a thing I done myself. So you let him out, Tom, and put the right man in thar."

Flowers had a good heart, and touched it. But he was not very much surprised.

"Tell us about it, Caleb," he requested.

Caleb looked toward Dale, then faced the lord of Cartersville's little prison again.

"Well, shurlif, when I seed Bill Dale go off toward the trestle by himself and alone, I known right then he was in danger o' bein' laywered by some o' them that lowdown Balls and Cherokee Torreys. So I decides to follow after him and guard him, with out him aknowin' nuthin' about it which same I done. When he me Adam Ball."

He broke off abruptly.

"Go on," urged Flowers.

"I reckon I won't," smiled Caleb, and his eyes were still twinkling. "I reckon I won't do no more talkin' yet now. Yes, I reckon the proper place fo' me to do my big talkin' is in the cotehouse at my trial. Lock me up will to Tom?"

"We'll see," said Flowers.

Forthwith he dispatched a deputys for Judge Carter and Major Bradley who hastened to the jail.

An hour later Caleb Moreland was the occupant of the cell at the end of the whitewashed corridor, and Dale was mounting his big horse Fox to ride back into the heart of the everlasting hills. He arrived two hours after nightfall. The Morelands were glad to see him, and the Littlefords were glad to see him. There was rejoicing there in the broad valley that lies between David Moreland's mountain and the Big Pine. Everybody had been expecting him, and many pairs of eyes that had been watering for him. He found himself suddenly wishing with tightening at his throat, that his father could know how much bigger and how much better it was to be thus esteemed than to be wealthy.

Luke took charge of his tired horse and led it away to the old log barr and to some fifteen ears of yellow corn. Luke's father escorted him proudly, the guest of honor, to one of Addie Moreland's incomparable old fashioned suppers, which was none the worse for being late. Several Littlefords sat at the long, home-made table.

"I'm a-sokin' fo' rain today," very seriously said By Heck.



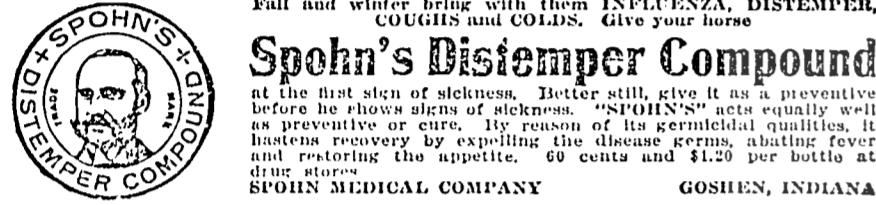
Never say "Aspirin" without saying "Bayer."

WARNING! Unless you see name "Bayer" on tablets, you are not getting genuine Aspirin prescribed by physicians over 24 years and proved safe by millions for

Colds	Headache	Rheumatism
Toothache	Neuralgia	Neuritis
Earache	Lumbago	Pain, Pain

Accept only "Bayer" package which contains proper directions.

Handy tin boxes of 12 tablets—Bottles of 24 and 100—All druggists.
Aspirin is the trade mark of Bayer Manufacture of Monosaccharide of Salicylic Acid.



Hermit crabs inhabit the vacant shells of molluscs.

Important to all Women Readers of this Paper

Thousands upon thousands of women have kidney or bladder trouble and never suspect it.

Women's complaints often prove to be nothing else but kidney trouble, or the result of kidney or bladder disease.

If the kidneys are not in a healthy condition, they may cause the other organs to become diseased.

You may suffer pain in the back, head, aches and loss of ambition.

Poor health makes you nervous, irritable and may be dependent; it makes any one so.

But hundreds of women claim that Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, by restoring health to the kidneys, proved to be just the remedy needed to overcome such conditions.

Many send for a sample bottle to see what Swamp-Root, the great kidney, liver and bladder medicine, will do for them. By enclosing ten cents to Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y., you may receive sample size bottle by Parcel Post. You can purchase medium and large size bottles at all drug stores.—Advertisement.

Wanted to Fight Wildcats.

William M. Knight addressed a crowd of negroes on the circus grounds at Louisville.

He described himself as an "uninfiltrator" and "killer," and offered to do combat with all the wildcats in the circus menagerie, predicting a direful outcome for the wildcats.

Furthermore, he challenged anyone in his audience to gallop by that he was the "greatest gamecock" on those grounds. Coots of draughts of which hazed, he said, had made him what he was, and he was about to expound further on the rejuvenating effects of that beverage when a policeman took him away on charges of drunkenness and disorderly conduct.—Louisville Courier Journal.

Forceful.

"Terence," said Mrs. Mulcahey, who had been dipping into Shakespeare, "this writer says there do be sermons in stones."

"Oh, I know about that," replied Terence cautiously, "but many's the toime Ol've known a braketeer to hould a farn argymnt."—Boston Transcript.

New York state has about 8,000 miles of improved highways.

Do You Look Forward To a Good Night's Rest?

Do you regularly anticipate a refreshing sleep? Or do you dread going to bed, only to stare, sleepless, at the walls? The difference between sleeping and staring is simply a matter of nerves.

When your nervous system is in a sound condition, you are certain to sleep well. But when your nerves are worn out and beyond your control, your rest is broken and your awakening leaves you languid and irritable.

Doctors know that much of the nerve disorders result from tea and coffee drinking. The drugs in these drinks over-stimulate, often causing the serious ills which result from disturbing the regular bodily functions. It is for your health's sake that many doctors now say you should quit tea

and coffee. Drink Postum, the delicious meal-time beverage instead! In flavor it is much like coffee.

Postum is fundamentally a nerve strengthener because it lets you get sound, restful sleep.

Postum is a skillfully-made cereal beverage, and the secret of its popularity is its protection to health and its delicious flavor.

Ask your grocer for Postum. Drink this hot, refreshing beverage in place of tea or coffee for 10 days and see what a wonderful difference it will make in the way you feel.

Postum comes in two forms: Instant Postum (in fine) made instantly in the cup by the addition of boiling water. Postum Cereal (in packages of larger bulk, for those who prefer to make the drink while the meal is being prepared) made by boiling for 20 minutes.

Postum for Health "There's a Reason"

MRS. BOWSER'S STORY

And Mr. Bowser's Adventure.

By M. QUAD.

(© 1921, by McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

Dinner was ready at the usual hour, but Mr. Bowser had not appeared.

Mrs. Bowser waited three minutes, and then began to worry.

Why didn't Mr. Bowser come?

Had he gone on a fishing excursion and been wrecked, and perhaps been cast on a lone island, miles and miles at sea? He might have gone up in a flying machine and taken a drop. He might have gone out into the country to buy a piece of land to raise grasshoppers.

Half-past six, and no Mr. Bowser!

Mrs. Bowser put on her hat and walked up to the car line. She stood on the corner for a quarter of an hour, and no Mr. Bowser. She returned to the house to telephone, but who could she telephone to? Who kept track and traced of Mr. Bowser?

The cook came up to console her, and she did it by saying:

"Do not worry, Mrs. Bowser. If Mr. Bowser has fallen off the roof of a building and been smashed all to jelly, that's the end of him, and you can't help him any by worrying. He may have climbed a tree and is afraid to come down."

Mrs. Bowser was moving toward the telephone, when it began to ring. She answered very quickly.

"Is this Mrs. Bowser?" was the inquiry.

"Yes—yes?"

"Mrs. Samuel J. Bowser?"

"Yes."

"You live up on Third place, don't you?"

"Yes, I do."

"Well, don't get nervous when I tell you something: This is the police station, in the Sixth precinct."

"Is—is my husband dead?" was asked in a trembling voice.

"Oh, no, matam. He is very much alive. Now, I will make you understand how the case is. A boy, who is a young thief, was stealing from a grocer. A detective saw him and arrested him. The boy fought back, and the two had quite a scrummage in the street. Mr. Bowser was riding home on the car. He saw the row and thought the man was abusing the boy. He jumped off the car and mixed it, and, as it is against the law to strike an officer while doing his duty, he was arrested and brought in."

"And nothing has happened to him?" asked Mrs. Bowser.

"Well, yes and no, to that. He is a very lordly sort of a man, you must know. He thinks he runs the town. He was talking in a loud voice the minute he came into the station, and telling what would happen to us if we did not apologize and turn him loose. That's Mr. Bowser's way, isn't it?"

"Why—why, he has ways about him," said Mrs. Bowser with a laugh.

"I should think he had! When I told him that if he didn't shut up we

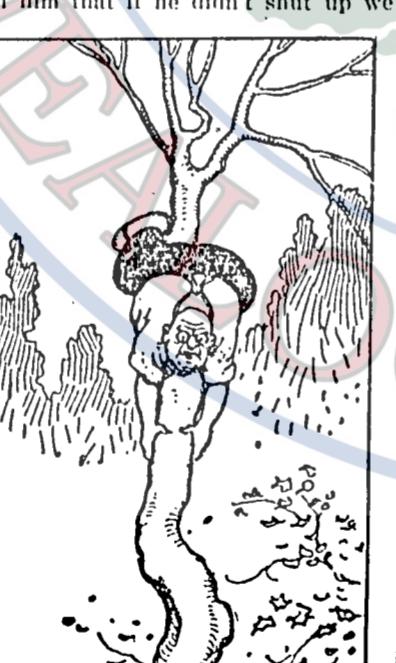
had to get him out, he did."

"And nothing has happened to him?" asked Mrs. Bowser.

"Well, yes and no, to that. He is a very lordly sort of a man, you must know. He thinks he runs the town. He was talking in a loud voice the minute he came into the station, and telling what would happen to us if we did not apologize and turn him loose. That's Mr. Bowser's way, isn't it?"

"Why—why, he has ways about him," said Mrs. Bowser with a laugh.

"I should think he had! When I told him that if he didn't shut up we



He May Have Climbed a Tree and Is Afraid to Come Down."

would lock him up in a cell he defied me to do it. He said that if I locked him up he would go to the President of the United States and make me all kinds of trouble. He said President Harding was a great chum of his."

Mrs. Bowser laughed and the police sergeant went on:

"He finally started to walk off and we had to detain him. In the row I think he got hit with a club, but there is no great damage done. It costed him off somewhat, but it took three of us to put him in a cell. We would have let him go if he had explained the case, but he would not listen to us. Now we will have to appear in court tomorrow morning to answer the charge of misdemeanor. I don't think it will do any hurt to keep him in the cell all night. If you want to bail him out you must bring the deed of your property."

"But I can't do that," answered Mrs. Bowser. "Mr. Bowser has the deed in his pocket."

"Then can you raise two hundred and fifty dollars in cash?"

"I fear not, as we have got but \$5 in the safe deposit."

"And Mr. Bowser hasn't got but \$10 on him. Unless you have some friend to interfere in your behalf, he will have to pass the night in a cell. You might come down and talk the matter over with him."

"Yes, I will come."

Mrs. Bowser went down to the sta-

tion, but she was fifteen minutes too late. They would have shown her every courtesy, but Mr. Bowser had taken advantage of those fifteen minutes to raise another row. He had banged on the door of his cell, and indulged in about fifty awful threats. Therefore they were about ready to drench him down with cold water played through a hose. Mrs. Bowser was only allowed to talk to him through the door. She spoke about getting Mrs. Green or some one else to bail him out, but he almost furiously replied:

"I forbid you to do anything of the kind! I want to have a perfect suit for a million dollars' damages against these fiends of police! I am in here, and here I will stay until I am brought into court in the morning. I know the judge. He will give them an awful racking down, and then I will begin my suit. If it is necessary, the President himself will come down here as one of my witnesses!"

"But the President knows nothing about the case!" protested Mrs. Bowser.

"It don't make any difference, I tell you, Mrs. Bowser, they have got hold of the wrong man! They never knew who Samuel J. Bowser was, but they will know it after this! The detective

came up to console her, and she did it by saying:

"Do not worry, Mrs. Bowser. If Mr. Bowser has fallen off the roof of a building and been smashed all to jelly, that's the end of him, and you can't help him any by worrying. He may have climbed a tree and is afraid to come down."

Mrs. Bowser was moving toward the telephone, when it began to ring. She answered very quickly.

"Is this Mrs. Bowser?" was the inquiry.

"Yes—yes?"

"Mrs. Samuel J. Bowser?"

"Yes."

"You live up on Third place, don't you?"

"Yes, I do."

"Well, don't get nervous when I tell you something: This is the police station, in the Sixth precinct."

"Is—is my husband dead?" was asked in a trembling voice.

"Oh, no, matam. He is very much alive. Now, I will make you understand how the case is. A boy, who is a young thief, was stealing from a grocer. A detective saw him and arrested him. The boy fought back, and the two had quite a scrummage in the street. Mr. Bowser was riding home on the car. He saw the row and thought the man was abusing the boy. He jumped off the car and mixed it, and, as it is against the law to strike an officer while doing his duty, he was arrested and brought in."

"And nothing has happened to him?" asked Mrs. Bowser.

"Well, yes and no, to that. He is a very lordly sort of a man, you must know. He thinks he runs the town. He was talking in a loud voice the minute he came into the station, and telling what would happen to us if we did not apologize and turn him loose. That's Mr. Bowser's way, isn't it?"

"Why—why, he has ways about him," said Mrs. Bowser with a laugh.

"I should think he had! When I told him that if he didn't shut up we

had to get him out, he did."

"And nothing has happened to him?" asked Mrs. Bowser.

"Well, yes and no, to that. He is a very lordly sort of a man, you must know. He thinks he runs the town. He was talking in a loud voice the minute he came into the station, and telling what would happen to us if we did not apologize and turn him loose. That's Mr. Bowser's way, isn't it?"

"Why—why, he has ways about him," said Mrs. Bowser with a laugh.

"I should think he had! When I told him that if he didn't shut up we

had to get him out, he did."

"And nothing has happened to him?" asked Mrs. Bowser.

"Well, yes and no, to that. He is a very lordly sort of a man, you must know. He thinks he runs the town. He was talking in a loud voice the minute he came into the station, and telling what would happen to us if we did not apologize and turn him loose. That's Mr. Bowser's way, isn't it?"

"Why—why, he has ways about him," said Mrs. Bowser with a laugh.

"I should think he had! When I told him that if he didn't shut up we

had to get him out, he did."

"And nothing has happened to him?" asked Mrs. Bowser.

"Well, yes and no, to that. He is a very lordly sort of a man, you must know. He thinks he runs the town. He was talking in a loud voice the minute he came into the station, and telling what would happen to us if we did not apologize and turn him loose. That's Mr. Bowser's way, isn't it?"

"Why—why, he has ways about him," said Mrs. Bowser with a laugh.

"I should think he had! When I told him that if he didn't shut up we

had to get him out, he did."

"And nothing has happened to him?" asked Mrs. Bowser.

"Well, yes and no, to that. He is a very lordly sort of a man, you must know. He thinks he runs the town. He was talking in a loud voice the minute he came into the station, and telling what would happen to us if we did not apologize and turn him loose. That's Mr. Bowser's way, isn't it?"

"Why—why, he has ways about him," said Mrs. Bowser with a laugh.

"I should think he had! When I told him that if he didn't shut up we

had to get him out, he did."

"And nothing has happened to him?" asked Mrs. Bowser.

"Well, yes and no, to that. He is a very lordly sort of a man, you must know. He thinks he runs the town. He was talking in a loud voice the minute he came into the station, and telling what would happen to us if we did not apologize and turn him loose. That's Mr. Bowser's way, isn't it?"

"Why—why, he has ways about him," said Mrs. Bowser with a laugh.

"I should think he had! When I told him that if he didn't shut up we

had to get him out, he did."

"And nothing has happened to him?" asked Mrs. Bowser.

"Well, yes and no,

Are You 40?

Then you are still young. Insurance companies would say you will live 30 to 35 years, if in good health.

If you had started at 20 to save \$10 a week and had invested your savings here in a 4 1/2% compound interest account, at 40 your money would be bringing you more than \$50 a month interest, and without any effort or worry on your part. During this time, your savings earned \$5,500 in interest.

Are you 40? If you are you expect to live beyond the age of 60. Ten dollars a week saved until you are 60 will bring you a small fortune.

STOCKBRIDGE STATE BANK

FIRST MORTGAGE GOLD BONDS

TO NET YOU SEVEN PERCENT

THE HIGH WATER MARK

Has been reached in the interest rates on First Mortgage Bonds, on good income producing properties. Just consider this. Readjustment in the financial, industrial and commercial world is rapidly taking place. Now is the time to buy your First Mortgage Bonds—while they may yet be had at a price to net you 7%—Tax exempt in Michigan.

GUARANTY FIRST MORTGAGE BONDS

May be bought in sums of \$50—\$100—\$500—\$1000

GUARANTY TRUST CO.

OF DETROIT

Under Supervision of State Banking Department

F. L. WRIGHT

Will cash your coupons.

Ask About Our 6% Plan

Rats

Rats destroy over THREE MILLION dollars' worth of food products every year in the United States and we think it a great waste, as it is, but Government reports show that losses due to people buying stocks, bonds, and other speculative securities are over FIVE HUNDRED MILLION dollars a year. Is it not time to "sit up and take notice" that our—

5 and 6 Per Cent

Savings Certificates payable on DEMAND are safer and better than any kind of speculative investment.

CAPITAL SAVINGS & LOAN ASSOCIATION

115 Allegan St. West. 2nd. Floor
Local Agents—L.M. Milner, Stockbridge, W. B. Collins, Gregory; Charles Crane, Munith.

Over 30 Years Successful Business

THE STOCKBRIDGE BRIEF-SUN

THE STOCKBRIDGE BRIEF-SUN

Entered at the Postoffice at Stockbridge, Mich., as Second-Class Matter H. W. 108G, N. Editor and Publisher Subscription, \$2.00 in advance. Advertising rates made known on application.

Cards of Thanks, 50 cents Local Notices in Local columns, ten cents per line per insertion.

All matter intended to benefit the personal or business interests of any individual will be published at regular advertising rates, one cent per word.

Announcements of entertainments, etc., must be paid for at regular Local Notice rates, one cent per word. Poetry must be paid for at the rate of five cents per line.

Obituary and wedding notices are published free of charge.

LOCAL AND PERSONAL

"Mary had a little skirt,
The latest style no doubt;
But every time she got inside
She was more than half way out."

Miss Jennie Bowdish is visiting friends in Chelsea.

Just in at Dancer's, ladies black kid 9-in lace shoes, \$4.85 per pair.

Herman Hurst was in Detroit on business Wednesday and Thursday. L. M. Milner and family spent Sunday at N. W. Laird, near Chelsea.

Miss Irene Sawyer was home from Spring Arbor Saturday and Sunday. Ray Satterlee expects to move the last of this week into their new home.

Take Taulac and eat three square meals a day. Sold by A. W. Brown Co.

W. C. Cage returned Monday to Peoria, Ill., to resume his work in horology.

Mr. and Mrs. Ed. Arzt attended the funeral of Mr. Nate Brinninstool Wednesday, at Leslie.

Dr. C. P. Holt's house is quarantined for diphtheria. Mrs. Holt being ill with the disease.

Mrs. L. B. Roepke of Detroit, is spending the week with her sister, Mrs. A. B. Skidmore.

This office last week completed a job of 31,500 pocket checks for the Stockbridge State Bank.

Mrs. Porter Rose of Highland Park has been spending the past week with relatives and friends here.

Mr. and Mrs. F. L. Wright returned the latter part of last week from their visit in New York State.

A new shipment of Dietz, short and long globe lanterns. Prices right. At Gaylord & Ostrand's.

Editor Ryan of the Democrat and Eugene Stowe, of Howell, made us a visit last Thursday afternoon.

The merchant who tries to improve his income never fears to start out by coining a few dollars into printer's ink.

Mrs. Alice Nims and daughter, Mrs. Ed. West, visited Mrs. Etta Eckles in Northville the latter part of last week.

A. L. Coulson and wife have purchased the back lot bought by Miss Dasie Chapell, of the Standish estate.

Ray Smith has a position as regular in the Detroit Terminal post office and will soon be ready for a regular run.

Arthur Cobb, Fred Roepke, G. W. Nichols and Eugene Pickett attended the Farm Bureau meeting at Mason last Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. Jerry Coakley and daughter Ellie, and Anson Squires of Lansing, spent Sunday with James Coakley and family.

Mr. and Mrs. John Morman and son, John, have been in town this week packing up and moving to Benzon, Benzie County.

Arlo Ellsworth left for California Monday, where he expects to spend the winter. His mother expects to join him about Christmas.

U. M. C. ammunition, all gauges and sizes of shot, black powder \$1.00 per box, smokeless powder \$1.25 per box.

At Gaylord & Ostrand's.

A certain woman in one of our neighboring towns was divorced at 3 o'clock and married again at 4. We wonder what caused the delay.

Don't blame anybody but yourself if your nights are made miserable by indigestion. You failed to take Tane. Sold by A. W. Brown Co.

Mr. Bert Evans of Washington, D. C., and Mrs. Cora Earl of Saginaw, spent part of last week with their cousins, Mr. and Mrs. A. B. Skidmore.

Mrs. E. B. Haire was here from Lansing last week visiting old friends. She expects to spend the winter either with her son George, at Detroit, or in Florida.

By the way farmers are posting their farms against hunting, trapping and trespassing, about the only thing hunters will soon be able to do is to wait in the road for the game to cross.

Howell business men are refusing point blank to accept the newly voted "Slow-Fire" for that city, as voted by the council. The court ran by central standard last week, but most of the business places used eastern standard time.

A complete line of woodman's tools, Axes, Helves, Wedges, Files, Saw-sets, Cross-cut Saws, etc. Gaylord & Ostrand's.

Isn't it funny how stories get circulated? It is said that a few miles from Stockbridge people believe that signs are posted on the different approaches to the village, warning persons who enter of diphtheria.

E. H. Applegate has been confined to his bed the past week from a fall. He was repairing the eavestrough in the rear of his store when the ladder on which he was standing tipped over and threw him onto a metal roof. He sustained severe bruises about his shoulders and face.

Hallowe'en was celebrated here Monday evening in about the usual manner. Tuesday morning found several old women, cultivators, etc., scattered about the streets, and about all the business places had the windows marked with soap. John Brogan says he was out and that he was looking after one of the mail carriers "T. H. W." who he was afraid would get lost.

STOCKBRIDGE CHURCHES

Presbyterian. Rev. J. A. Adair Sunday morning subject—"The Christian Voter and the Eighteenth Amendment."

All church services are resumed. The topic for Sunday morning's sermon is vital to the interests of the nation at the present time.

Prayer meeting Friday evening.

Sunday school, 11:45 a. m. Methodist. Rev. S. J. Pollock Baptist. Rev. G. E. McTaggart

Prayer meeting, Thursday, 7:00

Sunday morning service, 10 a. m.

Sunday school, 11:15 a. m.

B. Y. P. U. Sunday evening 6:15

ODD FELLOW FAIR POSTPONED

The Odd Fellow and Rebekah Fair to be held November 10-11 and 12th has been postponed until December 8 and 10th, on account of the diphtheria.

For Disordered Stomach.

When the stomach fails to perform its functions the bowels become deranged, the liver and kidneys congested. The important thing is to restore the stomach and liver to a healthy condition and for this purpose Chamberlain's Tablets are excellent. Give them a trial. They only cost a quarter.

ORDER FOR PUBLICATION

State of Michigan, The Probate Court for the County of Ingham.

At a session of said court held at the Probate Office in the City of Mason, in said county, on the 28th day of October, A. D. 1921,

Present: Hon. L. B. McArthur, Judge of Probate.

In the matter of the estate of George Standish, deceased.

Fred Standish having filed in said court his final administration account and his petition praying for the allowance thereof, and for the assignment and distribution of the residue of said estate.

It is ordered that the 25th day of November, A. D. 1921, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, at said Probate Office.

At a session of said court, held at the Probate Office in the city of Mason, in said county, on the 25th day of October, A. D. 1921.

Present: Hon. L. B. McArthur, Judge of Probate.

In the Matter of the Estate of Charlotte Sharp, Deceased.

Mary E. Sharp having filed in said court her petition praying that said court adjudicate and determine who were at the time of her death the legal heirs of said deceased and entitled to inherit the real estate of which said deceased died seized.

It is Ordered, that the 25th day of November, A. D. 1921, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, at said Probate Office.

At a session of said court held at the Probate Office in the city of Mason, in said county, on the 25th day of October, A. D. 1921.

Present: Hon. L. B. McArthur, Judge of Probate.

In the Matter of the Estate of Gardner Sharp, Deceased.

Mary E. Sharp having filed in said court her petition praying that said court adjudicate and determine who were at the time of his death the legal heirs of said deceased and entitled to inherit the real estate of which said deceased died seized.

It is Ordered, that the 25th day of November, A. D. 1921, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, at said Probate Office.

At a session of said court held at the Probate Office in the city of Mason, in said county, on the 25th day of October, A. D. 1921.

Present: Hon. L. B. McArthur, Judge of Probate.

In the matter of the estate of

Arthur Cobb, Deceased.

Mary E. Sharp having filed in said court her petition praying that said court adjudicate and determine who were at the time of his death the legal heirs of said deceased and entitled to inherit the real estate of which said deceased died seized.

It is Ordered, that the 25th day of November, A. D. 1921, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, at said Probate Office.

At a session of said court held at the Probate Office in the city of Mason, in said county, on the 25th day of October, A. D. 1921.

Present: Hon. L. B. McArthur, Judge of Probate.

In the matter of the estate of

John Morman, Deceased.

Mary E. Sharp having filed in said court her petition praying that said court adjudicate and determine who were at the time of his death the legal heirs of said deceased and entitled to inherit the real estate of which said deceased died seized.

It is Ordered, that the 25th day of November, A. D. 1921, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, at said Probate Office.

At a session of said court held at the Probate Office in the city of Mason, in said county, on the 25th day of October, A. D. 1921.

Present: Hon. L. B. McArthur, Judge of Probate.

In the matter of the estate of

John Morman, Deceased.

Mary E. Sharp having filed in said court her petition praying that said court adjudicate and determine who were at the time of his death the legal heirs of said deceased and entitled to inherit the real estate of which said deceased died seized.

It is Ordered, that the 25th day of November, A. D. 1921, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, at said Probate Office.

At a session of said court held at the Probate Office in the city of Mason, in said county, on the 25th day of October, A. D. 1921.

Present: Hon. L. B. McArthur, Judge of Probate.

In the matter of the estate of

John Morman, Deceased.

Mary E. Sharp having filed in said court her petition praying that said court adjudicate and determine who were at the time of his death the legal heirs of said deceased and entitled to inherit the real estate of which said deceased died seized.

It is Ordered, that the 25th day of November, A. D. 1921, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, at said Probate Office.

At a session of said court held at the Probate Office in the city of Mason, in said county, on the 25th day of October, A. D. 1921.

Present: Hon. L. B. McArthur, Judge of Probate.

In the matter of the estate of

John Morman, Deceased.

Mary E. Sharp having filed in said court her petition praying that said court adjudicate and determine who were at the time of his death the legal heirs of said deceased and entitled to inherit the real estate of which said deceased died seized.

It is Ordered, that the 25th day of November, A. D. 1921, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, at said Probate Office.

At a session of said court held at the Probate Office in the city of Mason, in said county, on the 25th day of October, A. D. 1921.

Present: Hon. L. B. McArthur, Judge of Probate.

In the matter of the estate of

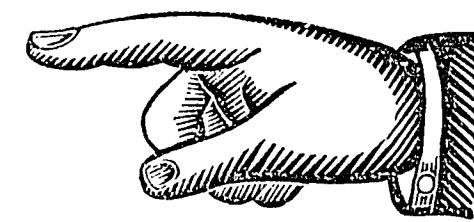
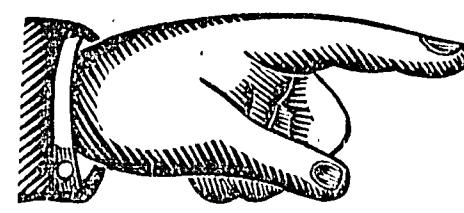
John Morman, Deceased.

Mary E. Sharp having filed in said court her petition praying that said court adjudicate and determine who were at the time of his

STORE OPEN DAILY
8:30 TO 5:30

Cook & Feldher Co.,

159 West Main Street, Jackson, Michigan

STORE HOURS SATURDAY
9 A. M. TO 9 P. M.Announce a Great Big Rousing
Good-Bye Sale.

To go into the new store,—which will soon be ready,—with all fresh, brand new goods is our big aim. To do this, present stocks must be greatly reduced and in order to accomplish that, present prices, which are already lower than they have been for years, have been further reduced.

The fact that this is all first class merchandise of the same high standard so long identified with this store, and not special merchandise bought for a sale is something not to be lost sight of. The need for taking immediate advantage of the special offerings in this big sale is apparent. Only a small portion of the sale items appear in this advertisement, and many good lots are to small to advertise.

ALL SALE GOODS FOR CASH ONLY

Here's News That Will Make You Sit Up and Take Notice

19.75 Women's and Misses' Fashionable Winter Coats **24.75**

Smart, serviceable, good looking Coats that every woman

every woman or miss would be proud to wear.

Values Like These Are Out of the Ordinary.

In the group at \$19.75 are choice new winter coats of such desirable materials as All Wool Polo Cloth—Bolivia—and others. Full Silk Lined with fancy silks. Great big collars to snuggle one's face in when wintry winds are sharpest. Belted models. Big roomy pockets. Included are such good as reindeer, sorento and many others. All sizes from 14 up.

At \$24.75 one has a varied selection of high grade

coats. Beautiful rich fabrics of Suedine, Bolivia and Broadcloth are developed in all the newest shades. Large collars; pleated backs; belted models; throw collars with fringed ends are some of the style features of these beautiful coats.

The woman looking for large sizes will be rewarded in this group. Beautiful Broadcloth coats in navy blue, black and brown in sizes 42, 43, 44, 45, to 47 will take care of her.

—Second Floor.

Knit Underwear at
'Good-Bye' Prices.

—that will long be remembered.

MEN'S PART WOOL UNION

SUITS, \$2.29

Gray. Sizes 31 to 50.

MEN'S EXTRA HEAVY

COTTON UNION SUITS, \$1.90.

In every shade. Sizes 31 to 46

MEN'S COTTON UNION SUITS

\$1.69

Heavy gray cotton garments. Sizes

31 to 41.

MEN'S WOOL SHIRTS AND

DRAWERS, \$1.69 EACH

Sizes up to 50.

MEN'S JERSEY RIBBED

SHIRTS AND DRAWERS, 79c.

Heavy cotton jersey ribbed under-

garments. Not all sizes. 79c each

WOMEN'S PINK UNION

SUITS, \$1.69

An especially fine grade of cotton

suits. Sizes 31 to 41.

WOMEN'S WOOL UNION

SUITS, \$2.19

Long sleeve garments, pure white

Sizes 31, 36 and 38.

WOMEN'S WHITE WOOL

VESTS AND DRAWERS, \$1.19

Extra Main Floor Specials

STATIONERY 1-2 PRICE—boxes slightly soiled. Good bye at 1.2 price. WHITE IVORY WARE 1-3 OFF—Assortment of white ivory ware at 1-3 off.

DECORATED CREPE PAPER 10c PACKAGE

Candles 1-2 PRICE—One lot fancy candles at 1-2 price.

DRESSING COMBS 25c—50c black dressing combs, 25c.

GRAY YARN 25c SKEIN—Large skeins of gray yarn at 25c.

HUGHES HAIR BRUSHES REDUCED—\$3.50 values for \$2.50.

\$2.25 values for \$1.67 \$1.59 values for \$1.19.

\$1.89 values for \$3.50 \$1.35 values for \$1.05.

Cotton Wash Goods Remnants
at Half Price

ADDITIONAL LOCAL

Bert Parks is clerking for E. H.

Uppligate.

Nettie McIntyre is visiting in How-

ll this week.

Mrs. Lewis Riethmiller spent Sun-

day at Charlotte.

Harold Parks and lady friend were

answering callers Sunday.

Mrs. Katie Walz entertained the

evening circle Wednesday.

Milo Smith and family visited his

son Cloy in Jackson Sunday.

Miss Ruth Daniels spent the week

end with Miss Mildred Henderson.

Ted Daniels and friends from Jack-

son were home last Friday evening.

Mr. and Mrs. Willis Brower of Fife

Lake called on Ed Binding Sunday.

Mrs. L. A. Rowe of Detroit met

with the L. O. T. M. ladies and was

tended a fine reception.

Gilson Standish of Williston is in

the Hunter Sanitorium at Lansing.

Mr. and Mrs. Glen Congdon are vis-

iting her parents Mr. and Mrs. W. H.

Townsend.

Miss Dorothy Daniels visited her

brother and cousin Mrs. Lillie Town-

send last week.

Charles Kelley and Grover Single-

ton and family visited Mr. Royston

and family Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Langaeus were in

Jackson Sunday afternoon.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Caskey attended

the funeral of a relative at Fowler-

ville Monday afternoon.

J. DeZwarte and family are moving

to Mason this week, where he is em-

ployed in the creamery.

The Ladies of the M. E. church are

planning to hold a bazaar and give a

Mr. and Mrs. Edward Artz were

called to Jackson Monday to attend

the funeral of John Ottney.

Mrs. Alice Nims, Mrs. Hattie West

and George Brazie, spent the week end

at Northville and Ann Arbor.

Mrs. Etta Eekies and Mr. Jim Tiz-

zard are spending the week end with

their mother, Mrs. Alice Nims.

Mr. and Mrs. Edw. Parks and Bea-

trice spent last week end with Dr.

Walker and family at Lansing.

W. G. Reeves and family and H. B.

Reeves and wife were in St. Johns

and Owosso the first of the week.

A complete line of Steve Pipe El-

bows, Dampers, Reducers, etc. Let

us supply your wants. Gaylord &

Ostrander.

H. K. Smith and family moved to

Lansing Wednesday. Their many

friends here join with us in wishing

them success in their new home.

Mrs. A. L. Coulson and Mrs. Will

Townsend are attending the County

Convention of the W. C. T. U. at

Lansing. They being delegates.

Cards printed at this office, an-

nounce the marriage of Miss Kathryn

Cavender to James W. Sykes on Wed-

nesday morning, November 5th, at

S. S. Cornelius and Cyprian's church

Bunker Hill.

These Prices Mean Crowds in the Wool Dress Section

36-INCH ALL WOOL CHALLIES, 49c YARD

2 pieces baby blue challies, 36-inches wide, formerly priced at \$1.00 yard. Good bye at 49c.

36-INCH ALL WOOL FRENCH SERGE, 69c.

2 pieces Alice blue French serge, formerly priced at \$1.25. Going at 69c yard.

36-INCH DOUBLE WARP STORM SERGE

59c YARD

1 piece Copen blue storm serge, to close at 59c.

BLACK FRENCH SERGE, 69c YARD

2 pieces 36-inch all wool French serge, in black. Formerly priced at \$1.25. Good bye for 69c yard.

36-INCH BLACK CHALLIE, 69c

1 piece all wool black challie to close at 69c yard.

—Second Floor.

36-INCH BLACK STORM SERGE, 55c

1 piece dark storm serge, 36-inches wide, saying "Good bye" at 55c yard.

ONE TABLE OF NOVELTY SKIRTINGS AT

\$2.89 YARD

Plaids, checks and stripes—16 to 54-inches wide, all reduced to \$2.89 yard.

ONE TABLE OF COATINGS

Tweeds, polo cloths, leather mixtures, in dark shades; all wool, 54-inches wide at \$2.89 yd

FINE BLACK DRESS GOODS AT SALE

PRICES

44-inch black all wool shrunken serge at \$1.25 yd.

50-inch black all wool fine serge, \$1.89 yd.

42-inch black mohair warp Poiret twill, \$1.79 yd.

44-inch black Chuddah poplin, \$2.59 yd.

48-inch black all wool garbardine, \$2.79 yd.

56-inch black heavy suiting poplin, \$3.59 yd.

Waist and Hose Supporters, 25c

Kern's Sanitary Belts, 25c.

Black Safety Pins, 5c card.

Rubber Paper, 3-1/4 and 1 inch widths,

at 10c yard.

Inside Ready-to-wear Belts, 13c each,

2 for 25c.

Toilet Pins, black, 2 cubes for 5c.

Sticker Braid, 10c yard.

75c Nail Silk Shields, 48c pair.

Pink and White Corset Laces, 5 and 8

yards, 15c.

—First Floor.

CHILDREN'S DRESSES, \$1.19

Small assortment of children's ging-

ham and percale dresses.

These are real values at \$1.19.

—Second Floor.

32-INCH DRESS GINGHAMS 29c YD

The well known Bates and Amos-

keag brands, in small checks, plaids

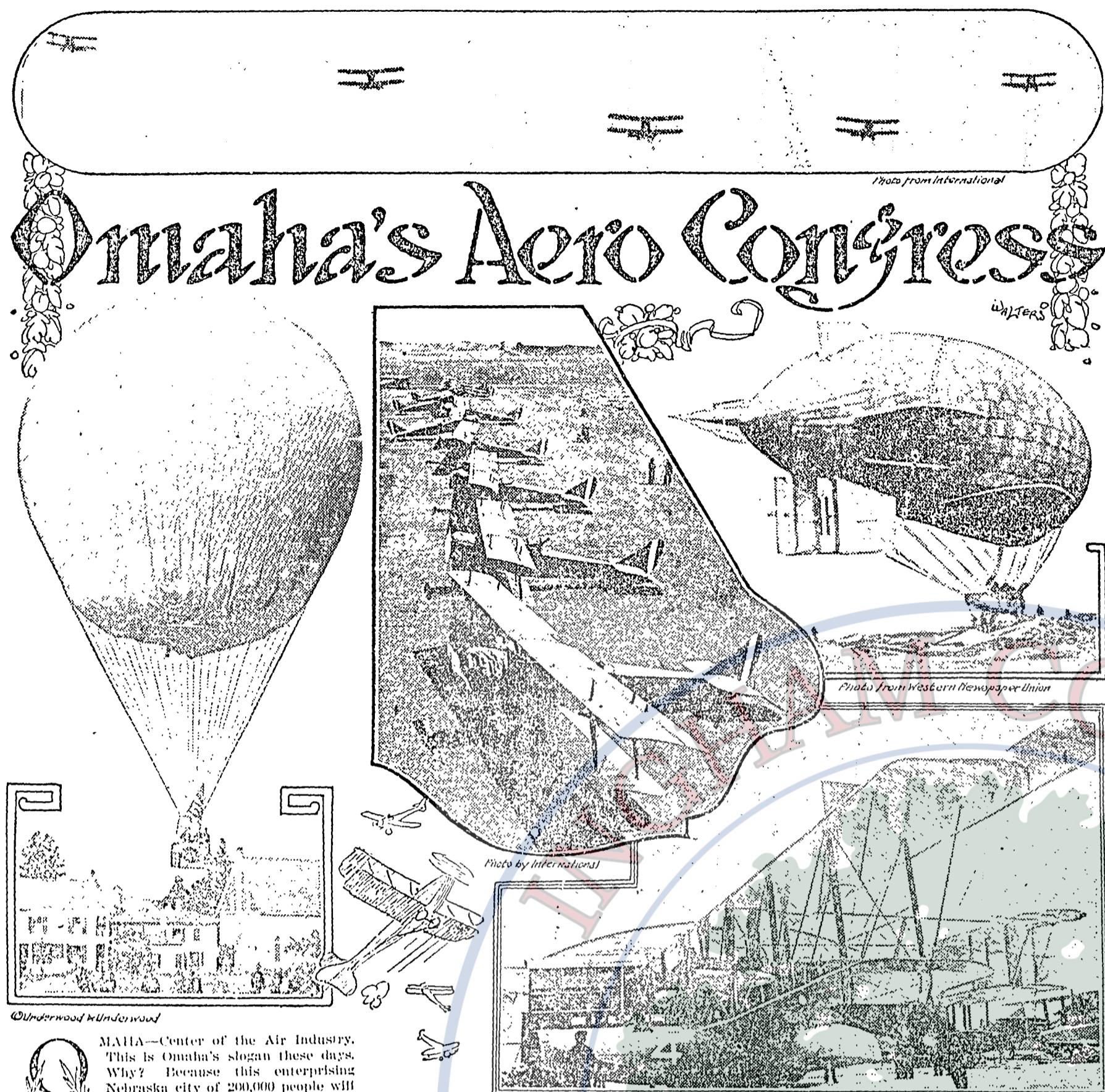
and stripes.

—First Floor.

Waist and Hose Supporters, 25c

Kern's Sanitary Belts, 25c.

Black Safety Pins, 5c card.



Underwood Underwood

OMAHA—Center of the Air Industry. This is Omaha's slogan these days. Why? Because this enterprising Nebraska city of 200,000 people will stage November 3-5 the First International Aero Congress. This congress is Omaha's own idea and the city has carried it out, in spite of many apparently insuperable obstacles, to the point where success is assured. In consequence, Omaha is proudly claiming to be America's most progressive aviation center.

The purposes of the congress are praiseworthy. The congress itself is likely to be of great importance.

One purpose is to bring the flyers together for a big reunion, the first since the World War. Another is to show everything in connection with aviation, in order to interest the people of the nation in flying. A third is to form a national air body for the advancement of aviation in America. The big purpose is: "Aviation supreme for America."

The formation of a national air body appears to be well under way, through preliminary organizations in the states. At this writing twenty-five states are forming state organizations of the congress and will be represented by delegates.

That there is necessity for the formation of such a body seems hardly open to argument. Rudyard Kipling, years ago, wrote of aircraft: "We are at the opening verse of the opening page of the chapter of endless possibilities." We have read far beyond that now and the march of events forces us to keep on turning the leaves, if we would keep our place in the forefront of the procession of the nations.

In the opinion of those who seem best qualified to know, the United States has not kept abreast with other countries in the development of aviation, especially in the matter of development of airways. For example, the best we can show in the way of a transcontinental route is that following the general line of Cleveland, Chicago, Omaha, Reno and San Francisco. The experts declare it to be not more than 40 per cent complete in organization.

An essential of the success of big business is imagination. Imagine, if you can, what the part of aviation in the life of the nation will be five years from now. It is no wonder that men of large affairs want the organization of a national air body and want it now.

Omaha's slogan was inspired by the Aero Club of Omaha, an organization of 100 former pilots and observers of the World War. Nevertheless, all the city is taking aviation these days. Three months ago, of course, it was not so. Omaha was no more enthusiastic over aviation than any other city. When its citizens heard an airplane drowning overhead they gazed skyward for a moment. Otherwise they were uninterested.

Then Earl W. Porter, president of the Aero Club of Omaha, conceived the idea of the congress and went to work on it. Now aviation is in the blood of the citizens. They talk of the many phases of air travel with the nonchalance of aces. In other cities the people may call anything that traverses the air an airship. But not so in Omaha; they rightly use the word aircraft. Do you hear blimp in Omaha? Well, hardly. Omaha knows that blimp is not only slang, but obsolete slang, whereas people in other cities are still applying the word indiscriminately to all balloons, rigid and nonrigid airships and lighter-than-air craft.

You never catch an Omaha these days saying hydroplane when he means seaplane; he knows that the former never leaves the water. And you find him correctly using airplane, seaplane and airship instead of aeroplane, hydro-aeroplane and dirigible. You may even overhear a conversation about the captive helicopter. In short, everyone in Omaha appears to be enthusiastic about aviation in general and the coming congress in particular.

President Porter went to his fellow citizens. They endorsed his idea and his plans and pledged

WALTERS

Photo by International

Photo from International

Photo from Western News Paper Union

Underwood Underwood

president of the congress. He accepted the position, turned over his business affairs to his partner and went to work. The first step was to get twenty-five Omaha business men to back the project for \$1,000 each. This was easily done.

It was also easy to get the endorsement of all Omaha business and social organizations. A speakers' bureau was formed to educate the citizens. Arrangements to raise funds for financing the congress were made. Attention was then turned to the preparation of a program worthy of the occasion.

Incidentally it became necessary to provide a landing field large enough to stage the program. A little thing like this, however, did not deter the men who located a farm of 136 acres showing possibilities as a field, although it was uneven and contained 150 large trees.

A "field day" was duly announced, and the air men and their friends rolled up their sleeves and with the assistance of two Holt caterpillar tractors donated for the occasion, pulled the trees and leveled the land.

An open drainage ditch traversed the center of the field, which lies on the edge of one of the residence districts, only fifteen minutes' ride from the heart of Omaha. The city council was induced to vote unanimously to build a covered sewer through the field at a cost of \$21,000. So the problem of a flying field was satisfactorily solved.

In the meantime, an office force was busy mailing thousands of invitations and pamphlets to the air men and celebrities, such as President Harding, Marshal Foch, Orville Wright, Glenn Curtiss and Judge K. M. Landis.

The graduates of Fort Omaha balloon school, the center of America's wartime ballooning were invited for their first reunion. Squadrons and escadrilles of flyers were asked to hold their first reunions in Omaha. The fifty-two American aces were invited, as well as everyone else interested in aviation.

The aces of Kansas City was enlisted in sending the American Legion convention delegates on to Omaha. The endorsements of national headquarters of the American Legion, of the Aero Club of America, of the World's Board of Aeronautical Commissioners and of the Aircraft Manufacturers' Association were obtained. The co-operation of the Army and Navy air headquarters was asked for and received.

The railroads helped out by offering a fare and a half rate for the round trip from all parts of the country to Omaha. Gutzon Borglum, world-famed sculptor, offered a commemorative medal design symbolic of the work of the American air man during the war, as his "bit." James Hanley, song writer of New York, wrote a special song praising the work of the flyers, to be sung for the first time at the congress.

In preparing its program, Omaha had a piece of rare good luck right at the outset. As everyone knows, the Pulitzer Trophy Race became the world's most famous air event with its first running in November of 1920 at Mitchel Field, New York, under the auspices of the Aero Club of America. There were twenty-five Army, eight Navy, seven Marine Corps and one civilian entrants in the contest. The winner was Lieut. C. C. Moesly of the Army air service, who flew 132 miles in a Verville-Packard machine at an average speed of 178 miles an hour. The Army won seven of the first ten places in the contest and the Navy two. There were 30,000 spectators, including celebrities from all walks of life.

Well, the Pulitzer Trophy Race for 1921 had been scheduled for Detroit, but difficulties had arisen and the Aero Club of America had cancelled the race for the year. Omaha stepped in and offered the necessary funds. In consequence, the first announcement on the program is this:

"The First International Aero Congress announces the second annual aerial contest for the

The AMERICAN LEGION

(Copy for This Department Supplied by the American Legion News Service.)

LEGION IN LOAN BUSINESS

Fargo, N. D. Post Adjutant Works Out Plan for the Benefit of His Buddies.

The first instance in which the American Legion has gone into the trust, savings and loan business is reported from Fargo, N. D.

To encourage thrift and to help the needy, the post, on January 1, 1921, instituted an American Legion Bonus Loan association from plans worked out by Arthur F. Colbar, post adjutant. Four hundred of the post's 700 members already have deposited sums from \$5 to \$25 on which five per cent interest is paid. A Legion man wishing to borrow assigns his state compensation claim to the Legion—it will require eight years for North Dakota to pay all service men the bonus awarded them. The borrower may obtain up to 50 per cent of the amount to be awarded him by the state. He pays interest at 8 per cent.

Business is transacted through a Fargo bank. To date more than fifty loans have been made and more than \$20,000 has been paid into the savings fund. A dividend is paid semi-annually to depositors. Immediately upon being granted a loan, the person to whom it is made must open a savings account to insure proper expenditure of the money. Legion posts in many states have written the Fargo post for information upon which to base a similar system.

THINK HE WILL BE GOVERNOR

People of Washington State See Bright Future for Their Soldier Lieutenant-Governor.

"He's just naturally lucky," the people of Washington say of William Jennings Coyle, their lieutenant-governor, who claim, is the youngest man in the world holding that office.

Coyle has been a "natural athlete" since kindergarten days. For four years he was Gil Dobie's quarterback on the famous University of Washington team. He pitched and fielded for the varsity baseball team and he was a star hurdler. Following graduation he was a reading clerk in three sessions of the Washington legislature.

During the war, he claims, his luck held. He was promoted from second lieutenant to captain for bravery, was wounded in the Argonne while serving with the 363rd Infantry, and was awarded a Distinguished Service Cross for gallantry. He is 33 years old, the father of two girls and sells farm tractors when not occupied with his official duties as lieutenant-governor. The people of Washington declare he will be lucky enough to be the youngest governor in the United States after next election.

PROBLEMS OF THE NAVY MEN

Conference of Legion Committee to Devise Ways for Benefit of Members of Branch.

Problems of the navy men who are members of the American Legion and polices affecting naval ex-service men generally will be discussed at a conference of the naval affairs committee of the Legion in Chicago this fall. The meeting has been called by Edward E. Spafford, New York, chairman of the committee, who will announce the date of the conference later.

"The fact that there were eight times as many men in the army as there were in the navy during the World war has tended to minimize the needs of the navy ex-service men," Mr. Spafford declared in announcing the conference. "Few persons know of the high percentage of tubercular cases developed by men in the submarine and submarine service, for instance."

The members of the committee, besides Mr. Spafford, are: Benjamin Briscoe, Michigan; Philander Briscoe, Maryland; Claudius G. Pendell, Wisconsin; Fred A. Tillman, California, and C. W. Neville, Jr., Louisiana. The members ranged in rank from lieutenant commander to petty officer.

Legionnaires Respond.

When a post of the American Legion in Jackson, Miss., asked for volunteers to save the life of Welton A. Crawford, overseas veteran, by blood transfusion, 12 legionnaires responded. Crawford, seriously injured in a street car accident, is recovering.

LEGION MAN HOLDS RECORD

Former Lumber Jack Who Put College Professors to Flight in Intelligence Test.

Positions as instructor in philosophy, bacteriology and English have been offered by several large universities of the west to Michael J. Nolan, Seattle Wash., before the war a lumberjack, during it a supper in the Royal Engineers and after it a patient in army hospitals for 40 weary weeks.

Shortly after America opened hostilities with Germany, Nolan, 38 years old, tried to enlist. He was refused enlistment because of his age, but he went to Canada and took on with the Dominion forces. Following severe service in France, he was invalided to a hospital at Folkestone, England, where he suffered from shell-shock, influenza and jaundice all at the same time. He was held there for almost a year.

When he reached Seattle in 1919 he was so weak that he could not lift his hand to shave himself. He entered the University of Washington for vocational education in December 1919.

Nolan's remarkable accomplishments in collegiate intelligence tests have been announced to the country. Competing with four professors, he answered without error 60 questions in 92 seconds while the brightest of the professors answered but 51 in 30 minutes. Due to his ability, Nolan is finishing a four year complete course in 18 months.

The intellectual giant, below the average physically, is a native of Wexford, Ireland. He is a member of Rainier-Noble post, the American Legion, in Seattle.

SEVERAL JOBS AS CHAPLAIN

Toledo (O.) Divine Is Much In Demand With Veterans' and Other Organizations.

Chaplain for six different organizations, Rev. H. F. MacLane, Toledo, O., is a dangerous contender for the champion "sky pilot" belt.

Every time another organization elects him chaplain, he says he feels like Bob Fitzsimmons, the former world's heavyweight, who, after receiving a telegram announcing the birth of a son, cried: "Hoony, I'm another father!"

Chaplain MacLane was wounded while "sky piloting" the Thirty-seventh Division in the Meuse-Argonne offensive. Returning to Toledo after the war he joined the Harry E. Kern post of the American Legion and they at once elected him chaplain. He also is chaplain of the Lucas County (Ohio) council of the Legion and of the following other organizations: Soldiers' class of the Toledo Scottish Rite; Thirty-seventh Division Veterans' association; Second regiment, Ohio National Guard, and Toledo chapter, Disabled Veterans of the World War.

SHE'S DRY LAND SAILOR ACE

Michigan Girl Prize Winner in Canoe Carnival Served as Yeoman F, First Class.

The standing joke that the war-time Yeomanette could not tell the difference between a schooner and a scow loses its tang when one considers Miss Ethelyn Meter, a so-called dry-land sailor, who won a prize in the recent canoe carnival at Belle Isle, Detroit, Mich.

Miss Meter of Benton Harbor, First class in the bureau of navigation at Washington, where she knew all about salt water craft, at least from the pictures and records. It may have been there that she learned the fine points of driving the rocky shifts through the water fast enough to shame the best of the gals who competed against her in the water carnival.

"I believe that a girl can paddle her own canoe, too, literally and figuratively," Miss Meter says. She was one of the organizers of the Benton Harbor post of the American Legion and in the race the Legion colors flew from her winning craft.

To Honor General Ward.

Americans in China will make pilgrimages to the grave of Gen. Frederick Ward, the American, on Memorial day hereafter, the custom being instituted this year by the American Legion post of Shanghai. While the Civil war was being fought in America, General Ward, under commission of the Chinese government, organized what afterwards was known to the Chinese as the "Ever Victorious Army" and suppressed the great Taiping rebellion. While directing his attack on the town of Tsz Ki, the American, formerly an officer on a Chinese gunboat, was killed at the head of his troops. The Chinese erected a monument to him at Sungkiang, where he fell.

Codfish Balls.

Wash salt codfish in cold water, using one cupful after it is flaked. Add two and one-half cupfuls of dried potatoes and cook the fish and potatoes together until the potatoes are tender. Drain and mash. Add a tablespoonful of butter and one egg well beaten. Season with salt and pepper if necessary. Drop by spoonfuls into hot fat and drain on brown paper.

Nellie Maxwell



"Wisdom is the principal thing; therefore get wisdom, and with all thy getting, get understanding."

GOOD THINGS FOR THE TABLE.

The up-to-date cook will want to know how to make Danish pastry, which is less costly than cake, more attractive than sandwiches, more delicious than either. Danish Pastry. The important thing in making this pastry is that everything used should be cold; the only exception is the warm water used in softening the yeast. Next in importance is the lightness. Next in importance is the lightness and delicacy of the finished product are produced by the rolling and folding in of the butter as in puff-paste making.

Take one pint of milk, three eggs, one-half pound of butter, one yeast cake, one cupful of sugar, one and one-half teaspoonsful of salt, the grated rind of a lemon, a pinch of mace and flour to make a stiff dough—about nine cupfuls. Divide the butter in two parts after washing out all the salt and working it thoroughly with a wooden spoon that has been scalded, then cooled. Wrap the butter in a cloth to absorb all moisture, divide and place on ice. Sift three cupfuls of the flour with the salt and mace. Soften the yeast in one-fourth of a cupful of warm water. Rub half of the butter into the flour or cut it in with two knives until the mixture is like coarse meal. Beat the eggs until stiff, and stir them with the sugar, milk, lemon peel and yeast into the flour. Beat very hard, adding more flour gradually until the mixture becomes too stiff to handle with a spoon. Turn the dough on a well-floured board and knead vigorously for ten minutes. Then turn the dough into a bowl, cover with a cloth and place in the ice chest for fifteen minutes. Now roll the dough in long strips half an inch thick, bring out the butter and spread on the lower half of the sheet of dough; bring the other half down over it. Fold the ends, one over and the other under the center, making a compact square with the butter inside. Tap the dough slightly and roll again into a long narrow strip. Then fold again as before. Now turn the block of dough half-way round, roll and fold once more, then tuck it away into a cold bowl and set in the ice chest.

Hazy dawn above dim mountains, slackened rivers in the plain, Dusty burrow by the roadside, purple asters, clematis, Windless slopes of upland pasture, dry as rock beneath the kiss Of the fervid sun incarnate in the harvest golden grain. —K. S. Oaks.

THE FAMILY MEAL.

A tasty dish which may be easily prepared with a pound or two of very young string beans is prepared as follows: Wash and cut the beans in small pieces on the bias, as they cook quicker thus cut. If the beans are tough, any of them, remove the pod and add the beans to the dish. Wash and place in a deep kettle with a tablespoonful of bacon fat to a quart of sliced beans. Str and cook until well covered with the fat, cover and simmer for an hour, stirring often and adding from time to time one-half cupful of hot water. When the beans are to be served season well with salt and pepper. A dash of vinegar may be added by those who like it.

Braised Leg of Lamb.—Bone a leg of lamb, wipe with a damp cloth, stuff and truss, place in a braising pan. Cook five minutes. In one-fourth of a cupful of butter, a large slice each of onion, carrot and turnip, all cut fine, a small bay leaf, one sprig of thyme and parsley. Add three cupfuls of hot water or stock, one and one-half teaspoonsfuls of salt, one-half teaspoonful of pepper. Pour this mixture over the lamb, cover closely and cook slowly two and one-half hours; uncover the last half hour. Remove from the pan to a hot platter. Brown three tablespoonsfuls of butter, add four tablespoonsfuls of flour and stir well until browned, then add the liquor from the braising pan, carefully strained. It will require one and three-fourths cupfuls.

Squash Porcupine.—Steam a fine Hubbard squash in the shell. When soft scrape out with a spoon, put into a hot oven and mash. Season with salt, sugar, one-fourth of a teaspoonful of ginger and two tablespoonsfuls of butter. Pour this mixture over the lamb, cover closely and cook slowly two and one-half hours; uncover the last half hour. Remove from the pan to a hot platter. Brown three tablespoonsfuls of butter, add four tablespoonsfuls of flour and stir well until browned. Drain and brown. Cream may be added if needed for moisture.

Codfish Balls.—Wash salt codfish in cold water, using one cupful after it is flaked. Add two and one-half cupfuls of dried potatoes and cook the fish and potatoes together until the potatoes are tender. Drain and mash. Add a tablespoonful of butter and one egg well beaten. Season with salt and pepper if necessary. Drop by spoonfuls into hot fat and drain on brown paper.

"VAMPS" WHO MADE HISTORY

By JAMES C. YOUNG.

THE WOMAN WARMAKER.

IT WAS an ill-fated ship which brought a wonderfully beautiful Italian girl to England, toward the close of the Seventeenth century. But no one who saw this ivory-skinned, dark-eyed beauty, would have thought that she was to plunge England into a period of bloodshed. So her destiny proved, for Mary of Modena was the embodiment of bad luck to England. She came over from Italy as the betrothed bride of the Duke of York. In the course of a few years he ascended the throne as James II, although at the time of his marriage no one could have foreseen that event. James was a bad king, and what is perhaps worse, he was a weak king. The people muttered against him, and his wife, Mary of Modena, urged that he flee. James hesitated, and he presently was deposed, William of Orange taking his place. Immediately James' followers banded together in what was called the Jacobite uprisings, this being a play on the Latin name for James, which is Jacobus. Civil strife raged throughout the land with untold suffering and destruction on all sides.

Mary, watching events from France, paid her court to Louis XIV. She is said to have caught the fancy of the gallant Louis and to have persuaded him to declare her son the true king of England. Instead of William, Louis asserted and a new war promptly began, much worse than the civil conflict which had preceded it in England. William succeeded in gaining allies when Louis declared his own grandson to be king of Spain. Soon the War of the Spanish Succession was in its full red tide and Europe ran with blood. The struggle lasted 14 years and before it ended practically every nation of the continent was drawn in. Armies were wiped out, furious battles won and lost, Prince Eugene, insulted by a slight of Louis, went to Austria and inflicted heavy defeats on the French, becoming the greatest military leader Austria ever had—and he was a Frenchman. Marlborough won battle after battle for England and undying fame for himself. Louis' ablest leader died and France just escaped falling into the clutches of her enemies.

Mary, the maker of wars, had well earned the name. But she still was unsatisfied, and when peace finally came she used all of her blandishments to stir up new Jacobite troubles in England. Mary was both beautiful and rich and willing to use any means to gain her ends. So the Jacobite rebels dragged on for a number of years. But they were hopeless, for William had firmly seated himself on the throne and meant to hold his place. Still Mary kept on with the resolution of despair and not until her death in 1718 could the English king breathe easy.

THE WOMAN POISONER.

IF EVER a woman deserved the name of vampire that woman was the Marquise de Brinvilliers. Her misdeeds shocked even medieval Europe. In a day when terrible crimes were not unusual, this Marquise was a pretty little woman with an air of youthful innocence. One day she was introduced by her husband to Godin de St. Croix, a young cavalry officer of gay ways. The scandal of their relations soon became a topic of the hour. When the husband of the Marquise failed to interfere, probably because of his flight before creditors, her father and St. Croix put in the Basque. There the young blade meditated vengeance. A means came to his hand through an acquaintance made in prison with one Esyll, a man skilled in the methods of the Italian poisoners.

When St. Croix was released a year later he plotted with the Marquise to be avenged on her father. He told her of the poisoner's recipe, and she tried their effect on poor people who came to her door in search of alms. And by watching the results she decided that it was safe to attempt the life of her parent. This she did with complete success in 1663.

St. Croix had been avenged. But more pressing matters weighed upon him and his mistress. They needed money. Then the natural question arose: why not poison her two brothers and sisters so that she would inherit the whole estate? But these guilty lovers were crafty. They waited four long years, when the two brothers were despatched, with the aid of a valet. An investigation followed, showing the method of their death, but without directing attention to the Marquise. Then St. Croix suddenly died. He had no heirs, so the police were called in, and found among his papers documents which incriminated the Marquise and the valet. The latter was caught, tortured, and confessed. Then he was broken alive on the wheel. But the Marquise had taken flight to England. Afterward she went to Germany and finally to a convent at Liege, where she was decoyed by a police official disguised as a priest. When arrested it was discovered that this unnatural woman had kept a full account of her life and crimes. She returned to Paris a prisoner. There she underwent the torture in her turn and finally was beheaded July 16, 1673, and her body burned, carrying out the Middle Ages idea of *de-nes* of the day.

stroying even the last vestige of those who had committed terrible deeds. So the pretty Marquise with the innocent air fulfilled her dark role in history.

THE "TRUE" LOVE OF LOUIS XIV.

WHEN rumor linked the name of Louis XIV with Henrietta, the newly wedded wife of his brother, the king cast about for a means of continuing his attentions to her, which would at the same time silence the voice of criticism. Historians of his day assert that he and his sister-in-law desired Louis should feign an affection for her maid of honor, which would enable him often to be near the real object of his regard.

This maid of honor was a slender girl of sweet face and fine blood. Contrary to the usual conception of the vampire, she was a blond, with milk-white skin, and almost childlike ways. But the heart of Louise de la Valliere was that of a woman, and the king soon found that the tender things he whispered in her ear came from his own heart. He turned from Henrietta, whom he had loved for the moment, to a burning passion for Louise. This was said to have been the only genuine love of "Le Grand Monarque."

Maria Theresa, royal daughter of Spain and the Queen of Louis, was infuriated at Louise. But the plans of the queen and other enemies of the king's favorite did not prevail. Instead the king's passion grew deeper. When Fouquet, his great minister, joined the enemies of the girl, Louis brought about his downfall and thrust him into prison. That was an object lesson which needed no second teaching. Louise was the real power behind the throne.

Louis seems to have been devoted to La Valliere for a long while. She became the mother of four children by him, one of whom was recognized as his own daughter and made the Duchess of Blois. After the death of Anne of Austria, mother of Louis, he became bolder and forced his queen to attend church beside Louise. Such conspicuous attentions were not the choice of Louise, according to all observers. She was content to rule in a different way, quietly, without show. But even a king's love is not a thing to last forever, and Louis began to tire of La Valliere. He was just coming under the influence of Madame Montespan, his second mistress, and Louise attempted to leave court. She was compelled to return and for a while to share the same apartment with her rival. She secretly left court a second time and again was brought back. But Louis no doubt became thoroughly tired of her whims and may have accepted with some relief her plea to enter a convent. This she did in 1674, after 15 eventful years as the king's mistress. There she lived until 1710, engaged in pious works and memories of her former almost regal station.

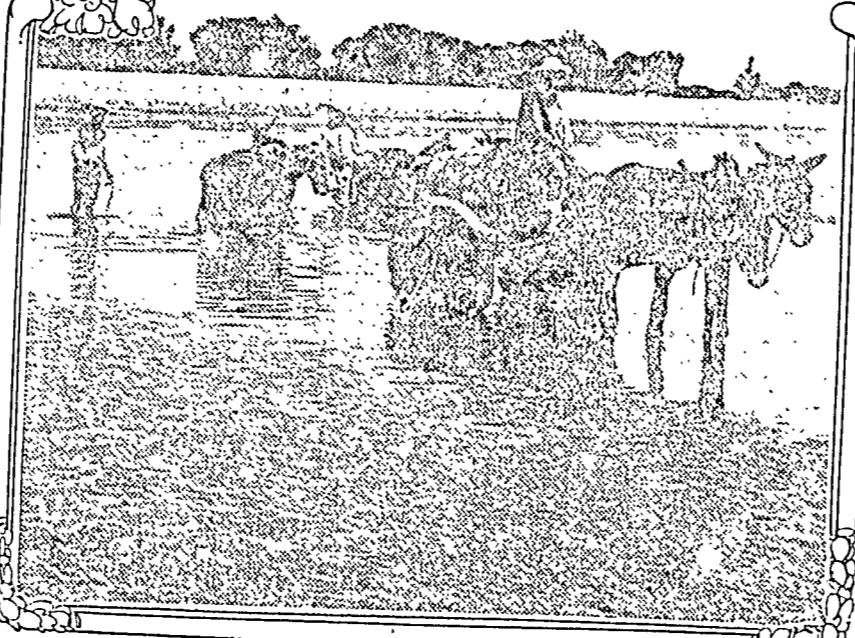
THE WOMAN OF MISFORTUNE.

THE loves of Marlon Delorme all seemed to end in misfortune. She was devotedly attached to Cing Mars, that brilliant young figure introduced at the court of Louis XIII by the great Richelieu. Cing Mars distinguished himself at the siege of Arns in 1610 and immediately felt himself fitted for high command. He had become a favorite of the king and a notable of the day. Richelieu either believed that Cing Mars was unfitted to command or else found his rising star a peril to himself. So he opposed the granting of the young man's wishes. Louis temporized, and Cing Mars talked rashly of overthrowing the cardinal. Then he did something much worse, negotiating with Spain to further his conspiracy. Richelieu exposed him and he was executed at the premature age of twenty-two.

His death plunged Marlon into grief, but soon she reappeared in that half world just below the court. Her salon became one of the centers of Parisian life. She had a succession of lovers, even including Richelieu, it was said. But each time misfortune attended her. Then came the death of the cardinal and the rise to power of Mazarin, also cardinal and first minister of France. And not long afterward a civil struggle began which was known as the Fronde. Many of the leaders were reputed to be the house of Marlon. That meant more misfortune. Mazarin sent to have her arrested. But suddenly she died and the cardinal was frustrated.

Now that is the story which history tells about Marlon Delorme. But there is another and a far stranger story which has many indications of truth. According to this account she did not die at the dramatic moment history records, but a dead woman resembling her was laid out for public inspection and duly buried. Then, the story runs, Marlon resumed her career in other lands, finally returning to Paris for a time, and then to a convent at Liege, where she was decoyed by a police official disguised as a priest. When arrested it was discovered that this unnatural woman had kept a full account of her life and crimes. She returned to Paris a prisoner. There she underwent the torture in her turn and finally was beheaded July 16, 1673, and her body burned, carrying out the Middle Ages idea of *de-nes* of the day.

ALONG the MEXICAN BORDER



Primitive Water Carts on Mexican Border.

(Prepared by the National Geographic Society, Washington, D. C.)

No region in all North America is more frequently mentioned or more widely misunderstood, perhaps, as regards places, routes, distances, and the customs of the people, than the Mexican border. The name itself brings to mind a blending of modern Americanism and the romance of the old frontiers. It hints at turnoff and intrigue, at wild night rides by cavalry patrols, at gun-runners and smugglers.

It suggests, too, brown-faced, sunburned señoritas in red skirts and mantillas, peddling tongue-blistening tamales and mild dulces; of Mexican women washing clothes, babies and dishes in irregular ditches; of burros, hens and pigs foraging about the doorways of flat-topped, squat adobe huts.

In many ways the social cleavage of this border is sharp and startling. It cuts us off abruptly from another people, showing an odd, interesting cross-section of diverse civilizations.

Nor are all the people along this line either Yankees or Mexicans. Thousands of Chinese are settled there on the Mexican side; and beside them are Turks and Japanese, and 20 Indian tribes speaking 20 of the babel of tongues heard in Mexico.

Thousands of settlers migrate to this borderland each year, losing themselves in the vast, hazy stretches of its open country; but they are Americans all, mostly from the Middle West and the South. The hordes of Illinois, Slays and Neapolitans that pour into our Atlantic ports never get this far; they stop in the manufacturing centers of the East. In Texas and California, of course, native-born generations are found; in the newer states of Arizona and New Mexico most of the residents (bartering children) have come from other states.

Across an Arid Wilderness.

From the point at Monument No. 1 where the boundary line crawls out of the Rio Grande (at the southeastern corner of New Mexico), it strikes west into a wilderness of singularly dry and empty aspect. For 40 miles along this march the traveler must carry his own water. Near Columbus a few small trees appear.

To the west lie the rough, hostile foothills of the Dog mountains; nearer in the San Luis range, the line reaches a point 6,600 feet above the sea, marking the continental divide. Through San Luis pass runs the old emigrant trail.

Slightly west of the one hundred and eighth meridian the line turns at right angles and runs south for a few miles, thence west again.

In the San Bernardino valley the line strikes the first running water since quitting the Rio Grande—102 miles to the east. In the whole 700-mile stretch from the Rio Grande to the Pacific this line crosses only five permanent running streams, and the average rainfall throughout its length is only eight inches. Save the hamlets of Columbus and Hatchita, the New Mexico section of the border is almost uninhabited.

Hurding this line in pursuit of Geronimo and his Apaches was for years favorite outdoor army sport in these parts; but nowadays most ambitious residents are mining copper, roping and branding cattle or fussing with irrigation ditches.

Not long ago coyotes were chasing horned toads over an empty desert where Douglas, Ariz., now stands, with libraries, country clubs, theaters, public baths, street cars and a hotel that might have been lifted bodily out of Cleveland or Kansas City. Just over the line from Douglas lies drab, dusty Ajo, perched on the bottom of a steep-walled canyon worn hundreds of feet deep in the solid rock.

Relief of Camel Experiment.

At the old fort at Camp Verde, north of Uvalde, in a relic of one of the oldest experiments ever made by our government. It is an Arab khan, in ruins now, but in its time an exact replica of the rectangular adobe caravansaries built along such caravan trails as that from Bagdad to Teheran. This khan was built back in 1836, when Jefferson Davis was secretary of war and the famous experiment was made with camels for army transport use between Texas and California.

As you follow the border west, oaks, pines and underbrush decrease, aridity increases, and cacti lift their thorny heads. Cattle, goats and sheep are pastured in large numbers; but, except for irrigated areas along the river, the country is thinly settled and undeveloped. Border towns like Brewster, Presidio and El Paso are of amazing area—larger than some of our small

ERADICATION OF BARBERRY PLANT

Campaign Begun as Control Measure Against Loss of Grain by Black-Stem Rust.

BUSHES THRIVE EVERYWHERE

Plants Spread to Woodland, Pastures, Stream Banks and Fence Rows by Distribution of Seeds by Different Birds.

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.)

The job of eradicating the common barberry has proved to be a much more extensive one than was anticipated by the United States Department of Agriculture at the outset of the campaign in April, 1918. This campaign was begun as a control measure against the enormous losses of grain from black-stem rust.

In years of moderate rust epidemics, the reduction in the yield of wheat alone has amounted to 50,000,000 bushels, while in 1916, the year of a very severe epidemic, there was a reduction in yield of 180,000,000 bushels in the United States alone.

Bushes Grow Everywhere.

In the grain-growing districts of the upper Mississippi valley, where the campaign has been carried on, it was supposed that barberry bushes existed chiefly as ornamental plants in the towns and cities. This was disproved during the first year of the campaign by the finding of 176,430 bushes on 1,166 rural properties. About 75,000 of these were scattered widely over 127 properties, showing that all country bushes are not confined to the farmsteads, but had been spread to woodland, pastures, stream banks, and fence rows by the distribution of seeds by birds.

With these facts in mind, the campaign was more vigorously pushed in 1919. As soon as the survey of most cities and villages was completed, a farm-to-farm survey of certain definite areas was begun. The results in 1919 were as follows: 338,000 bushes were found on 14,100 city properties, while 1,760,000 bushes were found on 4,600 farms. Of these last, 1,680,000 bushes were ones that had escaped from cultivation on 1,200 properties.

During the calendar year 1920 efforts were concentrated upon the farm-to-farm survey. A survey of cities and villages in the counties surveyed was carried on at the same time. In Ohio seven counties along the western

gases which are almost as dangerous as the poisonous mustard gases used during the recent war. In this instance, one of the farm workers entered a 50-foot silo which had been half filled the previous day. Some time elapsed and when he did not come out, another of the hands descended into the silo. Neither reappeared, though the other workers shouted to them repeatedly to come down.

Fearing an accident, the farm owner finally climbed into the silo. He also was immediately overcome by the poisonous fumes and only the fact that others followed him, forced open the extra silo doors and carried him into the open air saved his life. The two other men were suffocated immediately.

Each year, a number of accidents of this kind occur, due largely to carelessness and ignorance of the proper methods of eradicating the dangerous gases. The preventive measures are simple and efficient and, where they are followed, there is no danger.

No workman should ever enter a partly filled silo, after the ensiled corn has had an opportunity to develop poisonous carbon monoxide gases overnight, until the machine blower has been started. The fresh air dilutes and scatters the obnoxious gases to the extent that they are rendered harmless. After the blower has been operated for two minutes, it is perfectly safe for the workmen to enter. Another precaution which should be practiced religiously is not to wedge the silo doors into place until they are needed to prevent the waste of the ensiled corn. Many farmers follow the practice of placing most of the doors before any grain is cut and deposited in the silo. This prevents free circulation of air through the silo which in turn, operates to favor the accumulation of carbon monoxide and other deadly silo gases.

DISCOVER NEW BLACKBERRY

border were completed; in Indiana 13 counties; in Michigan five counties; in Illinois three counties; in Wisconsin four; in Iowa 17. In the northwest portion of the state; in Minnesota the equivalent of 15 counties in the southwest portion of the state; in Nebraska the equivalent of 16 of the eastern part of the state; in South Dakota nine along the eastern border; in North Dakota ten in the eastern portion of the state.

Many Bushes Removed.

In the entire campaign of three field seasons a total of 5,444,000 bushes have been found and 4,230,000 removed. Included with these, in so far as estimates were furnished, are hundreds of thousands of bushes removed from commercial nurseries during the early part of the campaign. The largest numbers were about 600,000 for Minnesota, 500,000 for Iowa, 200,000 for Wisconsin, and 75,000 for Ohio. Of the 1,214,000 remaining bushes about 1,000,000 are seedling bushes less than 18 inches in height in a single area in southern Wisconsin.

The work for the field season of 1921 is to continue the farm-to-farm survey in as many counties as possible adjacent to those already completed.

BIG VALUE OF COVER CROPS

Especially Valuable to Small Gardeners and Truckers Who Cannot Obtain Manure.

Cover crops are of especial value to small gardeners and truckers, who often find it both difficult and expensive to obtain stable manure. They add the humus which is so necessary to maintain a good physical condition of the soil. Wherever there is a vacant place in the garden a few seeds of rye, vetch, clover, etc., may be sown and raked in. If a suitable rotation of crops is followed all parts of the garden may be covered with a green manure crop once every two or three years.

SHELTER TURKEYS IN WINTER

Good Plan to Keep Fowls in Same House They Are Expected to Use in Laying Season.

It is a good plan to house the turkeys during the winter months where they are expected to lay during the laying season. A straw barn makes a very desirable shelter for turkeys during the winter season and, being little used in the spring and early summer makes a very suitable place for the turkeys to lay and brood in. A little forethought may prevent the turkey hen from stealing her nest away in

PARTLY FILLED SILO IS DANGEROUS PLACE

Turn Machine Blower on Before Attempting to Enter.

Number of Accidents Occur Each Year Owing to Carelessness and Ignorance of Methods of Removing Deadly Gases.

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.)

Turn the machine blower on and leave it on for at least two minutes before anyone is permitted to enter a partly filled silo. Unless this rule is followed, the result is likely to be dead men, says the United States Department of Agriculture.

Annually fatalities occur among farmers and their helpers as a result of the workmen entering half-filled silos after the deadly carbon monoxide gases have had a chance to accumulate directly above the freshly ensiled corn. A few days ago two Illinois farmers were killed and another was rendered seriously sick by silo

TAKES CARE OF 5 CHILDREN

Mrs. Taylor's Sickness Ended by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

Roxbury, Mass.—"I suffered continually with backache and was often debilitated, had dizzy spells and at my monthly periods it was almost impossible to keep around at my work. Since my last baby came two years ago my back has been worse and no position I could get in would relieve it, and doctor's medicine did not help me. A friend recommended Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and I have found great relief since using it. My back is much better and I can sleep well. I keep house and have the care of five children so my work is very trying and I am very thankful I have found the Compound such a help. I recommend it to my friends and if you wish to use this little I am very glad to help any woman suffering as I was until I used Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound."

Mrs. MAUDE E. TAYLOR, 5 St. James Place, Roxbury, Mass.

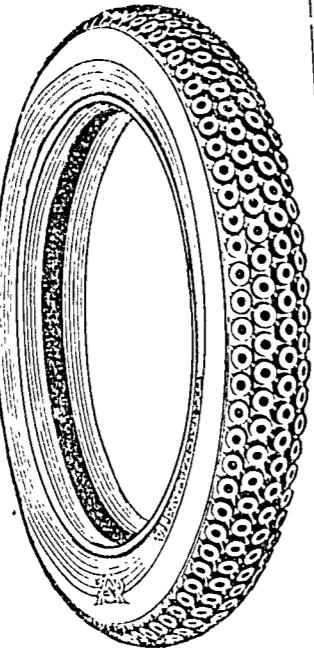
Backache is one of the most common symptoms of a displacement or derangement of the female system. No woman should make the mistake of trying to overcome it by heroic endurance, but profit by Mrs. Taylor's experience and try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

DON'T DESPAIR

If you are troubled with pains or aches; feel tired; have headache, indigestion, insomnia; painful passage of urine, you will find relief in

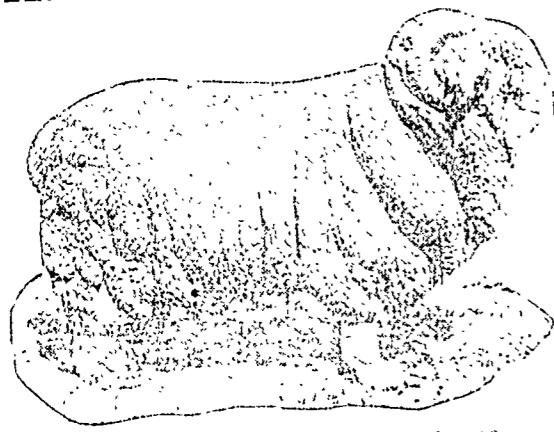
<h

New lower prices on Vacuum Cup Casings and Tubes effective on November 2, 1921.



You can't afford to experiment with inferior, unknown brands at the new low prices.

C. W. GLENN



Home from the Fairs and have left for sale, 10 yearling registered Rams, a few heavy folded Back Tops, and two 2-year olds. Prices \$5.00 and up; also 30 registered Ewes. All guaranteed stock.

Carl Moeckel, Munith, Michigan

Say Friends!

If you are thinking of putting in a furnace this Fall come and see me. I can give you, first—what you want—and the best price in town.

REMEMBER THAT PUMP WANTS NEW LEATHERS THIS FALL

Asa Lewis.

SPECIAL PRICES

ON

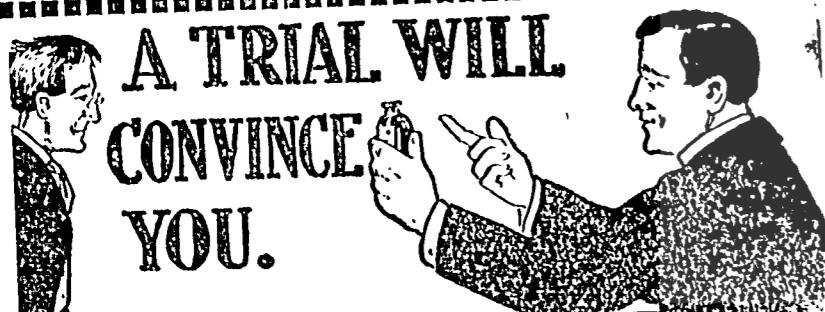
Monuments and Markers

For Fall Delivery

BELL & KELLY,

MASON, MICH

Write or Phone



NOTHING that we could say would so thoroughly convince you of the value of Chamberlain's

Tablets as a personal trial. We can tell you of thousands who have been permanently cured of chronic constipation, indigestion, biliousness, sick headache and disorders of the stomach and liver, but this will have little weight with you as compared to a personal trial. That always convinces.

Chamberlain's

They soon grow out of mother's arms, but photographs of the children never grow up.

DAISIE B. CHAPELL



PENCIL No. 174

For Sale at your Dealer. Conceded to be the Finest Pencil made for general use.

EAGLE PENCIL COMPANY, NEW YORK

PLAINFIELD

Ella Montague spent last week with the Weesley wifly family near Howell.

Rex L. Moore is seriously ill at the home of his sister Mrs. Carl Lillywhite.

Dorothy Harrington of Parma, was a week end visitor of Marion Topping.

We understand Mrs. E. Hutson had an operation for goitre at the Siegler Sanitorium, Monday last.

Miss Lewis, the visiting nurse of the county, visited the schools of Unafield township last week.

Mrs. Claude Stowe and baby boy, are spending some time with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Lillywhite.

Mrs. Elsie Wood spent one day at home last week with her sisters, Mrs. E. N. Braley and Mrs. S. T. Watson. Arletta Watson and Lillian Watson were home for the week end from Pinckney.

Eugenia Vansickle and Gertrude Chipman were home from Howell school the greater part of the week on account of the state institute.

Miss Lottie Braley spent last week in Ann Arbor.

Florence Topping was home with grippe for a few days, but was able to take up teaching again Monday.

Grandma VanDoren has again had the pleasure of a visit from her brother-in-law, Captain Mott, of Chicago. The threatened strike made him hasten home.

Rev. VanDoren was happily surprised with a visit from a Mr. Haines and daughter from Lann, their last work.

Hunters every Sunday are very trying to people who know if the w was lived up to there would be no expressing any day in the week other signs were up or not.

\$160 Reward, \$100

The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages and that is catarrh. Catarrh being greatly influenced by certain common conditions requires simultaneous treatment. Hall's Catarrh Medicine is taken internally and thru the blood on the Mucus surfaces of the system thereby strengthening the foundation by the blood, giving the patient strength by building up the constitutional, digestive nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in the curative power of Hall's Catarrh Medicine that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials.

Address F. J. CHIPNEY & CO., Toledo, Ohio. Sold by all Druggists, 75¢.

SOUTH IOSCO

Thyra Casleton of near Howell, is visiting her uncles, Frank and Nathan Watters, for a few days.

Martin Anderson and family visited at N. Burleys Sunday.

The grading of the road east of the Wright Cemetery is nearly completed and ready for the gravel.

Mrs. N. J. Watters and Ethel Sawdy visited friends in Howell last week.

WATERLOO

The Aid at Helen Beemans was a success. Money clear \$19.11.

Mr. and Mrs. Weir have sold most of their household goods and gone to California.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Harr and son, of California, have been visiting at Andrew Harris and Earl Beemans. Lynn Gorton has been drawn on grand jury at Detroit.

Elvie Bowdish was quarantined in Chelsea last week with chicken-pox.

Orson Beaman Sr. is ill with bronchitis.

The annual church fair will be held in the Waterloo Town Hall Friday evening, December 2. Booths for fancy articles, handkerchiefs, aprons, candy and fish pond. Donations of all kinds gladly accepted. A good supper will be served. Come and enjoy yourself.

Walter Harr and Charles Daly motored to Lansing on business Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. Clayton Vicary and son, and mother, of Jackson, spent last week with relatives here.

Mr. and Mrs. John Moeckel are spending some time in Stockbridge, where he is taking treatments for rheumatism.

Mr. and Mrs. Will Runciman, of Kansas, are visiting relatives here.

Cottage prayer meetings will commence this Wednesday evening at Walter Vicarys. Leader Ethel Runciman.

Mr. and Mrs. Floyd Rowe and baby and Glad Rowe spent Sunday at Dr. Rowes of Stockbridge.

Mr. and Mrs. Ed. O'Conor, of Jackson, spent Sunday and Monday at John Dykemasters Sr.

If It Is a Bilious Attack. Take three of Chamberlain's Tablets and a quick recovery is certain.

DERBY NEIGHBORHOOD

Mr. and Mrs. Friermuth spent last Tuesday with their daughter, Mrs. Claude Morehouse.

Mr. and Mrs. Boryle Smith accompanied Mr. and Mrs. Milo Smith to Jackson Sunday, where they spent the day with Clov Smith.

Mr. and Mrs. R. G. Moeckel, Mrs. George Warden and Mrs. Bert Crispen, were visitors on Tuesday afternoon.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Walz entertained a noise and nephew from Mason, and a noise from Montana, on Sunday.

Constance Grego returned to her home on Monday after a week's visit with her grand-parents, Mr. and Mrs. G. H. Warden.

Mrs. Hasan and two children of Colorado, spent Saturday night and Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. Sam Gettys.

H. J. Green was in Owosso Monday.

Mrs. Melling and son were Jackson business callers on Friday.

Mr. and Mrs. Bert Crispenberry and family spent Sunday at Bert Bowmans in Jackson.

Claude Morehouse and family spent Sunday with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Friermuth, near Fitchburg.

Mr. and Mrs. Victor Moeckel and daughter, and Miss Laura Moeckel of Waterford, spent Sunday with their brother, Rue, and family. Mrs. John Moeckel returned home with them after a week's visit here. Mr. Moeckel will stay longer to be near the Dr. as he is taking medical treatment for rheumatism.

Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Ashmore and children spent Sunday with Ed. Robeson and family.

Herman Frinkle entertained the school children and a few invited guests at his home on Saturday afternoon. Games were played, and a fine time was reported by the children. Light refreshments were served. There were 21 present.

A box social will be held at Derby school on Friday night, November 4th. A program will be given. Ladies please bring boxes and Gents their pocketbooks. Proceeds to go for the benefit of the school.

Alton Frinkle spent several days the last of the week with his sisters, Mrs. Charlie and Millis Stanfield.

Miss Faye Ashmore spent Saturday with Miss Alverta Rude.

A Reliable Remedy for Colds and Croup.

It would surprise you to know the number of people who use and recommend Chamberlain's Cough Remedy. Mrs. J. N. Rose, Verona, Pa., writes "Chamberlain's Cough Remedy has been used by myself and husband for a number of years for coughs and colds. I also gave it to my little granddaughter three and a half years of age when she had croup last winter. It broke up this attack at once. I have recommended this remedy to many of my friends and neighbors who have also used it with good results."

MUNITH

Geneva Carley of Albion, spent the week end with her parents.

Mrs. R. A. Whiting of Battle Creek, is spending a week with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. D. A. Craman.

Evelyn Harr of Ypsilanti, was home over Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. S. C. Metzger of Unionville, have been spending a few days with Mrs. Mary Moench.

Charley Mayer is moving his family to Jackson.

Cecil Keeley and wife of Detroit, spent Sunday with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. H. Blakeman.

Mr. and Mrs. L. D. Price spent Sunday in Hillsdale with his brother John Price, and family.

Ralph Harr of Ann Arbor, spent the week end with his parents.

UNADILLA

Mrs. Wm. Pyper spent a few days last week with relatives in Detroit.

Mrs. Janet Webb is visiting in Detroit.

Aunt Nancy May had two fingers very badly hurt while opening a window.

Mrs. Ralph Teachout is quite ill. Miss Edwina Titus came home from her school at Orion to spend last week end.

The Ladies Aid of the Presbyterian church served dinner at the hall on Wednesday of this week.

Mr. and Mrs. Max Kalambach and Mrs. Harrison Hadley spent from Thursday till Saturday in Detroit during which time Mr. Kalambach attended the teachers state convention.

Miss Jane Hadley accompanied by her cousin Mr. Lyle Hadley, of Detroit, spent Sunday at the home of her parents.

The Mysterious 30 Club will have a masquerade Holloween Party at the home of Mr. Elton Barker on Friday evening of this week. Every member is requested to mask. There is to be a "Dog Roast" so be sure and have your dog chained.

Mrs. Watson Lane is visiting her daughter in Detroit.

Mr. and Mrs. Al Pyper and son and daughter, visited with relatives at Denton Sunday.

Mrs. C. D. Ellis and daughter, Miss Jennie, with Mr. and Mrs. Rene Mapes of Gregory, were with Rev. Ellis at the hospital during his operation last Monday, which according to reports so far has been successful and we hope he is still improving.

Miss Esther Barnum was unable to return to school this week.

NORTH STOCKBRIDGE

Warner Pickett was an Ypsilanti visitor Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. George Crosley were Sunday guests of Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Asquith.

Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Hayner visited Dr. and Mrs. Randall, Thursday. The Randall family started Monday morning for Florida to spend the winter.

Felix Cavender and family called on their daughter, Mrs. Geo. Schubert, Sunday.

Mrs. Alex Chipman and Miss Charlotte Miller, are visiting the former's mother and other relatives at Brooklyn this week.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Boyce were Sunday guests of Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Hayner.

Salem Laure and family visited at Ed. Applegate's, Sunday.

Mack Cameron and family visited E. J. Schubert and family, Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Asquith and Mrs. Eugene Pickett were in Chelsea on business, Thursday.

These neighbors gathered at the home of Frank Buchanan and family last Friday evening and gave them a surprise, they were presented with some lovely gifts. At a late hour the guests departed, wishing Mr. Buchanan and family the best of success and health in their new home.

H. J. Green was in Owosso Monday.

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISING

A selling and buying department that goes into almost every home in the community. If you want help, have lost anything, made a find, or have anything to sell, just use this column.

Ads in this column are charged at the rate of 10¢ per line first insertion—half that each subsequent insertion

FOR SALE—1 Steel Range. 1 Base Burner. Wm. Caskey.

FOR SALE OR EXCHANGE—two fine wool Rams (One Stitt and one Sharp breed) for fine wool Ram. P. C. McCann.

FOR SALE—if you are going to need a White Wyandotte Cockerel come early. I have a few choice birds. Arthur Cobb.

FOR SALE—House, Barn and one lot. C. W. Glenn.

FOR SALE—1921 Ford Sedan. C. W. Glenn & Co.

FOR SALE—House and Barn. 14t. Mrs. A. Reithmiller.

FOR SALE—My store building in Stockbridge, where the fruit store is. Someone wanting a good monthly income come see me at once. H. K. Smith

FOR SALE—Rutabagas. John Roberts.

FOR SALE—2-year old Shetland Pony gentle and kind, weight 300. 17tf. George Frazier.

FOR SALE—35 Black Leghorn Hens. J. A. Craig.

FOR SALE—second growth hardwood inquire of John Usher.

FOR SALE—Black Top Rams. 18*. George D. Stitt.

WANTED—Sewing, prices reasonable Mrs. John W. Fall, Gregory, Mich. Phone 16-F-31

FOR SALE—choice White Wyandotte Cockrels. Mrs. Jno. R. Taylor. Geo. Stitt farm.

FOR SALE—Range Stove and Roll-top Desk. H. K. Smith.

FOR SALE—Toilet paper. Enquire at this office.

WANTED—to buy potatoes, about 400 bushel. George Gorton Phone 16-F-22

FOR SALE—Pure bred Hol