

Pinckney Dispatch.

Vol. XXXIV

Pinckney, Livingston County, Michigan, Thursday, Feb. 1st, 1917

No. 5

Public Services of the Congregational Church

T. H. Jones, Pastor

Thursday evening, Bible Study, 7 p. m.

SUNDAY SERVICES

Morning Worship, 10 a. m.

Evening Service, every second Sunday

Sunday School, 11 a. m.

Sermon Topic for Sunday morning, Feb.

4th, "Readjustments."

Children's Address, "Weeds" All

welcome.

Teacher's Meeting first Monday in the

month. Meet at the parsonage 7 p. m.

NORTH HAMBURG CHURCH

Services will be held Sunday, Feb. 4th

at 2 p. m. local time.

Subject: "Readjustments" Every-

body welcome.

School Notes

Two new pictures have been installed in the high school, "The Avenue of Trees" in the high room, and "The Cleaners" in the transept room.

Semi-finals are over and everyone ears a happier face than they did last week. Nearly everyone passed.

The Literary Society elected officers as follows for the second semester:

Pres., Curtis Brown, Vice Pres., Roy Campbell; Sec., Pauline Swarthout; Treas., Madeleine Bowman. They are planning a Washington's Birthday program, full particulars of which will be given later.

Walter Clinton visited school Monday.

Prof. Doyle laid down the law governing high school for the coming semester Tuesday morning.

There is no school this week Thursday and Friday on account of the Teacher's Institute at Howell.

Several ladies visited school Friday to hear the mock trial.

Bessie Fitzsimmons is absent from school on account of sickness.

Kenneth Shehan visited school Monday.

The Mock Trial last Friday was very interesting, the following pupils taking part: Judge—Hon. Curtis Brown, Attorney for the complainant—Leslie Mortenson L. L. D., Attorney for the defence—Hazen Smith L. L. D., witnesses for the defence, Carter Brown, Mrs. Eiggins (Loretta Clinton) and Prof. Henry of Henology (Louis Stackable). Defendant—Deacon Huggins (Henry Collins.) Witnesses for the complainant—Forest Murningham, Walter Mercer, Constable—Roy Campbell; Complainant—Claudius Isham. Jury consisted of twelve very esteemed ladies in high school. Clerk—Gorman Kelly.

Deacon Huggins is accused of stealing two Plymouth Rocks and one Leghorn hen of Mr. Claudius Isham on the evening of Nov. 23, 1918.

The court was duly called to order by Judge Brown and the jury was chosen.

The witnesses testified and were cross questioned.

Then the attorneys pleaded their case to the ladies of the jury, who after about five minutes discussion, issued a verdict of "not guilty." Thereupon Judge Brown administered a very stern reprimand to the culprit, in which he conjured him to depart from his previous mode of life and hereafter walk in the straight and narrow path of honesty.

Only about one-tenth of the vast amounts of iron ore mined in Spain annually are utilized at home because of the scarcity of native coal.

Farms For Sale

80 acres 7 miles from Ann Arbor
27 " 8 " " "
40 " 3 " " "
50 " 4 " " "
80 " 4 " " " Pinckney
90 " 2 " " "
90 " 4 " " " Whitmore
90 " 8 " " " Howell
100 " 2 " " " Dexter
90 " 4 " " " Salem
120 " 14 " " " Chatham

DR. G. J. FRANKSON

Kuhn-Clinton

A quiet wedding took place Jan. 30th, '17, when Miss Genevieve Kuhn of Gregory and Louis Clinton of Detroit were united in marriage by Rev. Fr. Coyle at St. Mary's Church of this place. They were attended by Margaret Kuhn, sister of the bride, and Walter Clinton, brother of the groom.

Breakfast was served to the immediate families at the home of the groom's parents after which the happy couple took the train west enroute to their new home. They received many valuable presents including a check for \$200 from the bride's parents and \$100 from the groom's parents.

Masquerade Social

At the opera house Wednesday evening, Feb. 14th, 1917.

PROGRAM

Old Maid's Drill
The Gypsy Song in costume
Fancy Drill
Remarks—Rev. T. H. Jones
Grand March

LUNCH

Male Quartet
Solo—Alma Gluck
Colored Double Quartet

Those not wishing to mask, come and see those that are and have the best time of your life.

Admission 15c
Lunch 10c

Cream!

At this time we wish to remind you that we are paying the highest price and giving the highest test possible for cream each Tuesday. Give us a trial. Monks Bros.

Notice to Tax Payers!

The Tax Roll is now in my hands for collection, and will receive taxes at Murphy & Jackson's store on Saturdays. ALGER J. HALL, Township Treas.

Classified Advertising

FOR SALE—Good Cutter. Price \$15. Inquire of Geo. Roche.

SAWING—Will do all kinds of custom sawing at my premises. Wm. Kennedy, Sr.

FOR SALE—Bran and middlings at the Pinckney Flour Mill.

WANTED—Teams to haul logs to Kennedy's mill yard, Pinckney. See Wm. Kennedy, Sr.

FOR SALE—Quantity of bean pods, also a cheap horse. Geo. Welsh Pinckney, Mich.

FOR SALE—Old newspapers, suitable for wrapping, shelves, etc. Large bundle only five cents at the Dispatch office.

For Service

DIAMOND III. Light roan, registered Shorthorn Bull of best Bates strain, for beef and milk. Terms: \$2.00 at time of service. S. E. & Geo. VanHorn.

Farms For Sale or Exchange!

215 acres 8 miles from Pinckney
180 " 3 " " "
50 " 3 " " "
55 " 2 " " " Brighton
184 " 3 " " "
House, barn, acre of ground, Pettysville
81 " 1 " " " Parshallville
90 " 4 " " " Brighton
90 " 3 " " "
87 " 1 " " " Hamburg
100 " 1 " " " Chatham
House and Lot, Deay Lane in Pinckney.
DR. G. J. FRANKSON

Gregory

Diamonds in their native state are of a led gray color. Their famous brilliancy and beauty are in the native stone, but the development is slow and difficult. They are ground on metal discs covered with diamond dust and oil and revolving with great rapidity. It often requires months and even years to develop them, but when they are done the reward is ample compensation for the toil. So God's jewels, our characters, must be developed by patient and loving service to God and man, when at last the best in each ones character will be seen.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Zeilman spent Thursday at Hamburg.

Frank Barker of North Main street has canceled his Jackson job and returned to his home here.

Our station agent, Oliver Hammond, has purchased one of the Lawrence McClear houses on South Main street.

Irving Pickell has purchased a new Ford.

Mrs. W. B. Collins has been quite sick with the gripe the past week.

Howard Howlett will attend the Stockbridge school for the next few months, making his home with his grand-parents Mr. and Mrs. Jackson.

Miss Ruth Daniels of Stockbridge spent the week end with friends here.

Mrs. F. A. Worder was called to Jackson Monday of last week by the serious illness of her son, Vere. He had several very bad days, but his attending physician reported last Saturday that he was much better, which his friends are glad to hear.

Miss Minnie Bradshaw of Pontiac visited part of last week with Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Marsh.

Miss Lucile Mosher of Detroit spent the week end with Miss Lillian Buhl.

Mr. and Mrs. Clifford Foster of Lansing visited several days last week at the home of Mr. Mrs. R. G. Chipman.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Howlett attended the funeral of their cousin, Claude Runcimaw, last Thursday at Waterloo.

Mr. and Mrs. G. D. Bland of Pinckney spent Friday with Mr. and Mrs. Will Buhl.

Archie and Vancie Arnold spent last week visiting relatives near Williams-ton.

Dr. E. V. Howlett and family of Pontiac visited relatives here Sunday.

The school play last Saturday night was well attended, all doing their parts well.

Lynn Parish was helping Geo. Arnold in his work the past two weeks.

All were glad to see the pleasant day last Sunday and showed their appreciation by the good attendance at the Baptist church.

Services next Sunday at 10:30 a. m. The pastor will preach on the subject "What You and I Need Most." Bibl School at 11:45 a. m. There is room and a place for you. Come. Young Peoples meeting at 7 p. m. The Lord's Supper will be administered at the close of next Sunday morning's service. Monthly Covenant Meeting Saturday afternoon at the parsonage.

Mrs. L. A. Woodlock was called to Detroit last Wednesday on account of the serious illness of her father. She returned Saturday.

Ed Brotherton who has been on the sick list is slowly recovering.

The Aid Society last Thursday at the home of Ralph Chipman was quite well attended and all had an enjoyable time.

Washed into the Sea.

An average of ninety-five tons of soil and loose rock is washed into the ocean every year from every square mile of the United States. This estimate does not include the great basin. The immensity of this contribution may be better comprehended when it is realized that the surface of this country covers 3,688,300 square miles.

J. Church, Optometrist

Will be at the Pinckney hotel Saturday, Feb. 3rd. Examination Free. Eyes properly fitted. Satisfaction guaranteed. J. J. Church.

MURPHY & JACKSON

Specials!

To the Consumer:

Buy Percales, Gingham, Prints, and White Goods. We can save you money on these lines as prices are advancing daily.

Buy your Underwear for Next Fall. During February it will mean a saving of 25 per cent.

Our Shoe and Rubber stock is complete—no advance prices on Shoes. All odds and ends go regardless of Cost.

Watch out for our Muslin Underwear Sale. \$400 worth of Sample Underwear will be sold at wholesale prices.

Saturday Only -- For Cash

Crackers 9c Rice, 8c lb
Cranberries, 3 qts, 25c Oranges, 25c dz
Soda, 5c Rosebud Flour, \$1.25
Get our Low Prices on Flour and Sugar. We save you dollars.

This Store Is Headquarters for

- 1st—Hardware for Home Wear
- 2nd—Furniture for every room in the house
- 3rd—The Best and Most Practical Lines of Farm Machinery.

DINKEL & DUNBAR

The time for Colds and Grippe is Here

GET YOUR Nyal Laxacold Tablets

- NOW
25c a Box

Guaranteed

Chas. M. Ingersoll

Best Quality Drug

Pinckney, Mich.

The HOME BEAUTIFUL

Flowers and Shrubby
Their Care and Cultivation



White Carnations of Rare Beauty.

CARNATIONS RENEWING POPULARITY

Shortly after the death of the late President McKinley the carnation had a perfect wave of popularity, due largely to the fact that Mr. McKinley was particularly fond of the flower and nearly always wore one in his buttonhole. For a time, following the first interest in the flower, it seemed to be on the wane as a public favorite. Now the carnation is riding back to the place of a leading fad. The dealers do not know why, but they are getting a demand for more of the carnation family than they have for years. White, pink and deeper red are the shades in vogue, although some of the mixed flowers sell well.

PUSCHKINIA LITTLE KNOWN

It is surprising how little known is the pusckinia among the bulb plants that are worth while. It is a very charming flower and is worth a place in any garden. It is one of the very cheapest of the bulb family. The bulbs only cost about one cent each. When once placed they produce beautiful spikes of flowers each spring. The spikes rarely grow more than half a dozen inches high, but each of them will produce from 15 to 30 flowers, and they are lasting. The bulbs are planted at the same time and in the same way as other members of the bulb tribe, being set about three inches apart.



The pusckinia is rapidly coming into a new place where the individual is being cultivated for its value as a garden asset.

THE WINTER SUN PARLOR

One of the very easiest luxuries to have is a sun parlor for the winter. There is no more delightful adjunct to a home than a sun parlor and the outlay for its making is inconsiderable when compared to the comfort and joy that it brings. The parlor may be built as an added thought to a home already constructed, or it may be merely the adaptation of a balcony or a porch, converted by simply closing in the porch with glass. The furnishings are simple. A few large and comfortable chairs, a lounge, a table and a rug or two make up the prime essentials. Of course one may have flowers in the sun parlor with advantage to both the parlor and the flowers.

DEVELOPING HONEYSUCKLE

There was a time when but two classes of honeysuckle were known. One of them was the climbing type; the other the wild variety that children brought in from the woods. Recent cultures show that the honeysuckle is being developed in tree, or bush form, with all of the individual characteristics of the wild variety and the best results of culture added. The bushes make attractive and valuable home garden decorations and will be much sought during the coming season.

The plants give both flowers and foliage, and in addition supply a perfume that is pleasing.

ALL WORTH WHILE

EVERY KIND OF FAD HAS SOME ADVANTAGE.

Trouble is, One is Apt to Go Into Them With Too Great Enthusiasm at First—Three Good Examples of That Kind.

Do you remember a few years ago when we all went wild about paper-bag cookery? Everything from soup to pudding we baked in paper bags, and we vowed that every dish that had been cooked by that new method possessed a strange deliciousness that never have been gained but through the paper bag. We bought recipe books and no end of bags. We liked the fad for a while and then we forgot. We had a few failures and we became disgusted. So passed the fad for paper bags.

And then came a new vogue for casserole cooking. To be sure, similar dishes had been cooked with similar results in France, Spain, Germany and Scotland, and other lands, for eons of years. But somehow our culinary interest was focused on the casserole, and we swore our eternal and undying devotion to it. It was chicken en casserole, beef en casserole and everything else en casserole until we forgot all about the casserole and relegated it to the top shelf with the paper bags.

At one time in the history of our culinary experiments we became addicted to the use of the fireless cooker. We spent our good money on a large and complete outfit and spent long hours experimenting with the various appliances. But before we had saved in fuel enough to cover half the cost of the fireless cooker we grew weary and up to the attic went the fireless cooker in disgrace.

Now, the really sensible thing to do would be to accept these fads, for what they are worth and to keep them all. There are things that can in no other way be so well or so conveniently cooked as in paper bags. Baked fish in a paper bag is delicious and leaves no dishes to be washed. Casserole chicken is more delicious than any other sort of chicken and an occasional casserole stew is well worth while. For cereals and many sorts of meat dishes the fireless cooker is a convenience to every housewife, and surely vegetables and puddings cooked in glass have many decided advantages. Therefore, keep all these devices for what they are worth, and take care not to exhaust your interest at first by too great enthusiasm.

Garnishes for Foods.

Flowers, fruits and the sweet gelatin garnishes should be used only on desserts. Jellies make attractive garnishes, for they sparkle and quiver and, best of all, add to the taste of what they decorate. Little molds for stamping out decorations may be bought, but they are not needed if you have a sharp-pointed knife and a steady hand. Invert a glass of very cold currant or cranberry jelly onto a cutting board and slice it, and then cut it into strips, hearts, rings and such figures. These are pretty on all custards and on floating island and delicate molds.

Cornmeal Griddle Cakes.

Mix one cupful cornmeal, one-half cupful flour, one-quarter teaspoonful salt, two teaspoonfuls molasses, one rounded teaspoonful baking powder and enough milk and water (mixed) to make a thin batter. Fry on a hot griddle and serve with maple sirup.

Darning Wool Underwear.

Never darn fine woolen underwear with wool. It will shrink and pull out a hole larger than the original. A loosely twisted knitting silk is excellent for the purpose. When washed the darn will have almost the same thickness as the knitted goods.

Fruit Cake.

Three cupfuls sugar, four eggs, one and a half cupfuls melted butter, one cupful sweet milk, one and a half cupfuls molasses, one pound each of raisins, currants, figs and citron, running these through a food grinder, one teaspoonful cloves, four teaspoonfuls cinnamon, one nutmeg grated, seven cupfuls flour sifted four times, one teaspoonful soda, half teaspoonful salt. Bake three and a half hours, leaving oven door open first five and last 20 minutes. Make two medium-sized loaves.

Bread Pudding.

Butter three thick slices of stale bread and put in a buttered pudding dish with one pint of milk. Set this on back of the stove, or, if there is a stove shelf, on the shelf and allow it to soak one hour. Beat two eggs with a pinch of salt and pour, with a large cooking spoon of Jamaica rum, into the bread and milk, breaking the bread in pieces with the spoon; sprinkle in a few seeded raisins or currants and bake in a slow oven until perfectly done, usually about an hour and a half. Serve with a hard sugar.

Your Banker Knows

An investment is only just as safe and sound as the men behind it. ASK YOUR BANKER. He knows that the following officers and directors of this company are safe, sound business men:

- N. Bates Ackley, Vice Pres.
- John B. Bodde, Vice Pres.
- People's State Bank.
- W. C. Brandon, Treas. & Mgr.
- Fred Burton, Vice Pres. Burton Abstract & Title Co.
- Leo M. Butzel, Attorney.
- Edwin Denby, Treas. Hupp Motor Car Corp.
- C. M. Harmon, Real Estate.
- Robt. K. Hartenstein, Real Estate.
- F. W. Hubbard, Vice Pres. Peninsular State Bank.
- G. V. N. Lothrop, Secy.-Treas. Lothrop Estate Co.
- E. A. Lovely, Vice Pres.-Secy. Stormfelts-Lovely Co.
- Walter B. Maurice, Jackson & Maurice, Contractors.
- M. Hubert O'Brien, Attorney.
- H. H. Sanger, Vice Pres.-Cashier, Nat'l Bank of Commerce.
- Arthur Welster, Attorney.

This company invests its own money in First Mortgages, on a basis of 50% or less of reproduction cost value of property, divides same into \$100, \$500 and \$1,000 integral parts for the convenience of investors, and GUARANTEES payment of both principal and interest at 5%—making an absolutely safe, sound form of investment. ASK YOUR BANKER'S advice—and write us for Booklet.

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Married Life.

Billy was about to be married, and his friends—married friends—were giving him good advice, the burden of which was "Forget it!"

But Billy was not to be dissuaded. "Oh, I don't know," he replied. "Marriage is all right if you take it in the right way. Now all this talk about matrimonial quarrels, arguments, and so on, is all nonsense. Surely you can accept one another's point of view! And, anyway, there's always an answer to every argument." "Oh, is there?" growled the old married man. "I tell you, my boy, there's one argument in married life that you'll never be able to answer."

"Really? And what's that?" "Why, when your wife says: 'If the Browns can afford it, we can!' You try to find an answer to that!"

Slight Mistake.

A very short-sighted old gentleman going into one of our large towns for the first time, and coming from the heart of the country, seeing a man digging, went to him, and said: "My man, for whom diggest thou this long and narrow grave?"

But the man took no notice. Going closer, he remarked again: "My man, for whom diggest thou this long and narrow grave?" "Go on, you silly old fossil!" said the workman. "I'm only laying gaspipes!"

Many a man who follows a band wouldn't have the nerve to face the music.

Before starting the youngsters to school give them a piping hot cup of

Instant Postum

School teachers, doctors and food experts agree on two points—that the child needs a hot drink, and that the drink shouldn't be coffee.

Postum fills the need admirably and its very extensive use among thoughtful parents, coupled with the child's fondness for this flavory, nourishing food-drink, show how completely it meets the requirement.

"There's a Reason"

No change in price, quality, or size of package.

IS CHILD CROSS, FEVERISH, SICK

Look, Mother! If tongue is coated, give "California Syrup of Figs."

Children love this "fruit laxative," and nothing else cleanses the tender stomach, liver and bowels so nicely.

A child simply will not stop playing to empty the bowels, and the result is they become tightly clogged with waste, liver gets sluggish, stomach sours, then your little one becomes cross, half-sick, feverish, don't eat, sleep or act naturally, breath is bad, system full of cold, has sore throat, stomach-ache or diarrhea. Listen, Mother! See if tongue is coated, then give a teaspoonful of "California Syrup of Figs," and in a few hours all the constipated waste, sour bile and undigested food passes out of the system, and you have a well child again.

Millions of mothers give "California Syrup of Figs" because it is perfectly harmless; children love it, and it never fails to act on the stomach, liver and bowels.

Ask at the store for a 50-cent bottle of "California Syrup of Figs," which has full directions for babies, children of all ages and for grown-ups plainly printed on the bottle. Adv.

Marriage Bonds.

After the screen wedding, Mr. Kross turned to his little boy, remarking, "Wasn't that pretty?"

"Yes," he replied, "but I am never going to get married."

"Why not?" his father asked.

"Because I have lived with married folks too long."

ANY CORN LIFTS OUT, DOESN'T HURT A BIT!

No foolishness! Lift your corns and calluses off with fingers—It's like magic!

Sore corns, hard corns, soft corns or any kind of a corn, can harmlessly be lifted right out with the fingers if you apply upon the corn a few drops of freezone, says a Cincinnati authority.

For little cost one can get a small bottle of freezone at any drug store, which will positively rid one's feet of every corn or callus without pain.

This simple drug dries the moment it is applied and does not even irritate the surrounding skin while applying it or afterwards.

This announcement will interest many of our readers. If your druggist hasn't any freezone tell him to surely get a small bottle for you from his wholesale drug house.—adv.

The Reason.

"The cynical poet says a man's wife is a little dearer than his horse. Now, that isn't true."

"Of course, it isn't true. She is a great deal dearer. A man doesn't have to buy his horse a new outfit every half year."

"EXCEEDED SPEED LIMIT"

GOLD MEDAL Haarlem Oil Capsules will relieve that stopped-up congested feeling. They will thoroughly cleanse and wash out the kidneys and bladder and gently carry off the ill effects of excess of all kinds. The healing, soothing oil soaks right into the walls and lining of the kidneys and expels the poisons in your system. Keep your kidneys in good shape by daily use of GOLD MEDAL Haarlem Oil Capsules and you will have good health. Go to your druggist at once and secure a package of this time-honored, world-wide remedy. It is not a "patent medicine." It is passed upon by U. S. Government chemists and declared pure before coming into this country. GOLD MEDAL is the pure, original Haarlem Oil, imported direct from the ancient laboratories in Holland where it is the National Household Remedy of the sturdy Dutch. Look for the name GOLD MEDAL on every box. Accept no substitutes. Your druggist will gladly refund your money if not as represented. Adv.

Doomed.

"I wrote this poem to kill time." "Well, you may be sure that time will have revenge and kill the poem."

ACTRESS TELLS SECRET.

A well known actress gives the following recipe for gray hair: To half pint of water add 1 oz. Bay Rum, a small box of Barbo Compound, and 1/4 oz. of glycerine. Any druggist can put this up or you can mix it at home at very little cost. Full directions for making and use come in each box of Barbo Compound. It will gradually darken streaked, faded gray hair, and make it soft and glossy. It will not color the scalp, is not sticky or greasy, and does not rub off. Adv.

Tongs that grip a door frame have been invented for hanging babies' chairs or swings in doorways.

Constipation can be cured without drugs. Nature's own remedy—selected herbs—in Gerfield Tea.—Adv.

Men are born, but husbands are made.

The Advertised Article

Is one in which the merchant himself has implicit faith—else he would not advertise it. You are safe in patronizing the merchants whose ads appear in this paper because their goods are up-to-date and never shoddy.

For Painless Dentistry, See
Dr. W. J. Wright
In The Dolan Block
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ICE AT MR. DUNNING'S RESIDENCE
PINCKNEY, MICH.

HOURS
12 Tuesday only until 3 p.m.
CONSULTATION EXAMINATION
FREE OF CHARGE

Grand Trunk Time Table
For the convenience of our readers

Trains East	Trains West
No. 48—7:24 a. m.	No. 47—9:54 a. m.
No. 48—4:44 p. m.	No. 47—7:47 p. m.

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Does a Conservative Bank-
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G. W. TEEPLE Prop

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Printing and good printing
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at our office and we will
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Pinckney Dispatch

Entered at the Postoffice at Pinckney, Mich., as Second Class Matter

C. J. SIBLEY, EDITOR AND PUBLISHER

Subscription, \$1.35 a Year in Advance

Advertising rates made known on application.
Cards of Thanks, fifty cents.
Resolutions of Condolence, one dollar.
Local Notices, in Local columns five cent per line per each insertion.
All matter intended to benefit the personal or business interest of any individual will be published at regular advertising rates.
Announcement of entertainments, etc., must be paid for at regular Local Notice rates.
Obituary and marriage notices are published free of charge.
Poetry must be paid for at the rate of five cents per line.

PEOPLE YOU KNOW

C. Lynch spent Monday in Jackson.

A. H. Flintoft and wife were in Detroit Wednesday.

F. G. Jackson attended the auto show in Detroit last week.

Fred Havens and son spent the week end with Lansing relatives.

Miss Ida Markham spent the past week with relatives at Jackson.

Mr. C. P. McIntyre of Detroit spent Saturday and Sunday here.

Mrs. Mable Edgar of Mason is visiting her mother, Mrs. J. Docking.

Born to Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Jones, on Jan. 24, 1917, an eight pound son.

Frank Bowers of Detroit was a week end visitor at the home of his parents here.

Mr. Walter Clinton of Detroit spent the first of the week with his parents here.

Mrs. M. Kelly of Detroit is spending a few weeks at the home of L. G. Devereaux.

Mr. Walter Cook of Detroit spent Sunday with his parents Mr. and Mrs. E. Cook.

Mrs. Emmett Berry of Stockbridge spent the latter part of last week with her parents here.

Mrs. C. L. McIntyre and daughter are visiting her parents Mr. and Mrs. J. D. Welsh of near Dexter.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. S. Swartout left for Jackson last week where they will spend the rest of winter.

A sleighload of young people accompanied Alger Hall and Clara Skinner to Lakeland Sunday evening.

Mrs. W. H. Crowfoot spent the latter part of last week with her mother, Mrs. H. D. Grieves, at Stockbridge.

Miss Emma Kraft returned from Detroit Saturday, where she has been visiting the past week her sister Louise accompanying her.

The Gregory High School will repeat their play "College Town" at the Pinckney Opera house Friday Feb. 9. A dance will follow the play.

Mr. and Mrs. Lynn Hendee entertained Mr. and Mrs. A. Dinkel, Mr. and Mrs. M. Dunning, Mr. and Mrs. E. Dinkel, Mr. and Mrs. F. Swarthout and Misses Claudia Hinchey and Lucille Brogan Tuesday evening.

Mrs. D. D. Smith entertained the following at dinner Monday: Mesdames Myron Dunning, Fred Swarthout, George Roobe, Amos Clinton, and Eugene Dinkel.

G. W. Teeple is in Rochester N. Y. on business.

A. W. Vince spent Tuesday in Jackson.

C. P. Sykes spent Friday in Detroit.

Mr. Wm. Moran is visiting relatives at Detroit.

Mrs. A. H. Gilchrist was a Detroit visitor Wednesday.

Mrs. Ed. Farnam transacted business in Detroit last week.

Mrs. Will Fisk visited Ann Arbor relatives the first of the week.

R. Darwin and wife spent the week end with relatives at Northville.

Herman Vedder of Detroit spent the week end with friends here.

Mrs. D. A. Oullette of Amherstburg, Ont., is visiting relatives here.

F. G. Jackson and F. H. Hewlett of Gregory are in Lansing on business.

Geo. Doody of Gregory visited at the home of Mrs. Minnie Doody last Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Swarthout spent Sunday with her parents near Howell.

Mrs. Fred Burgess and daughter Florence were Jackson visitors Saturday.

Mrs. E. D. Johnson spent a few days the past week with relatives in Detroit.

Mr. and Mrs. C. G. Meyer spent Sunday with Dr. and Mrs. C. L. Sigler here.

Mr. and Mrs. Louis Monks visited Emmett Berry and wife of Stockbridge, Sunday.

We have some new farms listed in our Farms for sale or exchange ad this week. Look them over.

Wm. Jefferies and Lee Tiplady spent a few days in Detroit and took the Civil Service examination.

Highest price paid for cream at Murphy & Jackson's Wednesdays. A fair test guaranteed. Bring your cream early. Adv.

Mrs. H. W. Williston, Mrs. H. D. Mowers, and Miss Mabel Brown were Jackson visitors one day last week.

Regular Communication of Livingston Lodge, No. 76 F. & A. M. Tuesday evening, Feb. 6. Work in E. C. degree.

Chas. O'Connor died at his home in Howell, Sunday, Jan. 8th, aged 97. The funeral was held at St. Joseph's church, Howell, Wednesday, and the remains brought to Pinckney for burial.

The P. M. Depot at Fowlerville burned down Saturday morning. A passenger coach is in use until a box car can be brought which will probably serve until warm weather.

Six more from here took the Civil Service Exam. at Detroit Saturday. They were Wm. Jefferies, Lee Tiplady, Floris Clark, Dunne and Adrian Lavey and Louis Harrie.

We understand that the Detroit Creamery Co. has given up its station here, on account of the expense in hauling and the fact that milk shipped from here is two days old when it arrives at Detroit. Yesterday was the last day that milk was taken here.

Marion Ballou Fisk, Cartoonist, Lecturer, and Entertainer will appear at the Pinckney opera house, Monday eve, Feb. 5th, third number on the Cong'l Ladies Lecture Course. This entertainment comes recommended to be worth the price of the season ticket. Single admission tickets will be sold for 35c.

GLASGOW BROS.
Noted For Selling Good Goods Cheap
JACKSON, MICHIGAN

You're Probably Interested In A New Spring Suit

Many models of our fall suits are of such material and style as to be perfectly suitable for spring wear—

and besides they're offered at marvelously low prices—most of them more than half what you would pay for the later Spring Suits.

There are all sorts of materials—velours, serges, gaberdines, poplins, and broadcloths, in all the fashionable and staple colors.

Every Suit valued as high as \$45 offered at \$10.50
Every Suit valued as high as 25 offered at 12.50
Every Suit valued as high as 18.50 offered at 7.50

Furs for Next Season

Would be probably bought now. Storage would be a small item when you can buy any fur in our house at 1/4 off.

More Smart Shoes

at remarkably low prices.

Shoes, such as we sell, shoes we can stand back of, are getting scarcer every day, and when we get such values as these we like to tell you about them so you can buy before the advanced prices.

Patent Leathers, Cloth or Leather tops, button or laced, at \$3.00, \$3.50, and \$4.00.

Wm. Moran of Detroit spent Monday here.

A mistake was made last week in the day of the month of the M. E. Banquet, which should have been Friday evening, Feb. 2nd instead of Feb. 5th.

We are in receipt of a card from Mr. C. V. VanWinkle, informing us of their safe arrival at Orlando, Fla. and asking us to send the paper to that place. He says: "The last trace of snow and frost had disappeared before we arrived in Chattanooga. Rubbers are almost unknown, the ground is dry and warm, heavy overcoats are also put away. The weather is bright and sunny, flowers in bloom, cattle in pasture and grass green."

Keeping Busy.

Keeping busy is the root of all evil. Man is by nature so constituted that he must keep busy. This would be a fine thing if he could always find things worth doing, but unfortunately most of us lack the intelligence and imagination necessary to fill our active hours with useful endeavor, and accordingly in our weakness we fall back on activities which are not only useless, but are often positively injurious. The saying, "Satan finds some mischief still for idle hands to do," is stated just right. Hands (or feet, if you prefer dancing) must have something to do. Neither Satan nor anybody else has the power to keep us in perfect repose.—Life.



OUR friends can buy you anything you can give them—

except your photograph. There's a photographer in Stockbridge.

Daisie B. Chapell

E. W. DANIELS
North Lake Auctioneer
Arrangements made at the Dispatch office, or address, Gregory, Mich. R. F. D. No. 2. Phone connection. Auction stills and the 25¢ for sales free.

Local Advertising

STATE OF MICHIGAN, The Probate Court for the County of Livingston in said Court, held at the Probate Office in the City of Howell in said County, on the 12th day of January A. D. 1917.

Present: Hon. Eugene A. Stowe, Judge of Probate. In the matter of the estate

JOHN MOORE

F. A. Howlett having filed in said court his final account as Executor of said estate and his petition praying for the allowance thereof.

It is further ordered that the 10th day of February A. D. 1917, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, at said Probate Office, be and is hereby appointed for examining and allowing said account.

It is further ordered, That public notice thereof be given by publication of a copy of this order, for three successive weeks previous to said day of hearing in the Pinckney Dispatch, a newspaper printed and circulated in said county.

EUGENE A. STOWE

Judge of Probate.

State of Michigan, the probate court for the county of Livingston. At a session of said court, held at the Probate Office in the Village of Howell in said county on the 18th day of November A. D. 1916. Present, Hon. Eugene A. Stowe Judge of Probate. In the matter of the estate of

DEMASCUS MENKES, Deceased

Sarah Frances Menkes having filed in said court her petition praying that the time for the presentation of claims against said estate be limited and that a referee be appointed to receive, examine and adjust all claims and demands against said deceased by and before said court.

It is ordered that 4 months be allowed for creditors to present claims against said estate.

It is further ordered, That the 30th day of March A. D. 1917 at ten o'clock in the forenoon, at said probate office, be and is hereby appointed for the examination and adjustment of all claims and demands against said deceased.

EUGENE A. STOWE

Judge of Probate.

STATE OF MICHIGAN, The Probate Court for the County of Livingston, At a session of said Court, held at the Probate Office in the City of Howell in said County on the 30th day of January, A. D. 1917. Present: Hon. Eugene A. Stowe, Judge of Probate. In the matter of the estate of

MINNIE PHILLIPS, Deceased.

S. H. Reason, having filed in said court his petition praying that the time for presentation of claims against said estate be limited and that a time and place be appointed to receive and examine and adjust all claims and demands against said deceased by and before said court.

It is ordered, That four months from this date be allowed for creditors to present claims against said estate.

It is Further Ordered, That the 1st day of June, 1917, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, at said probate office, be and is hereby appointed for the examination and adjustment of all claims and demands against said deceased.

EUGENE A. STOWE

Judge of Probate.

STATE OF MICHIGAN, County of Livingston Probate Court For said County. Estate of

HALLEL SHARP, Deceased

The undersigned having been appointed, by the Judge of Probate of said County, Commissioner on Claims in the matter of said estate, and for months from the 25th day of Dec. A. D. 1917 having been all, wed by said Judge of Probate to all persons holding claims against said estate in which to present their claims to us for examination and adjustment.

Notice is hereby given that we will meet on the 1st day of Mar. A. D. 1917, and on the 8th day of April, A. D. 1917, at ten o'clock a. m. on each day, at the home of Jas. H. Hokey in the township of Hamburg in said County, to receive and examine such claims.

Dated, Howell, Jan. 25th, A. D. 1917. Edwin Korner, Commissioner on Claims

Self Preservation.

Old Roxleigh—My daughter? Why, you are supported by four fathers. Suitor—Yes, sir, but the governor is tired of supporting me, so he says, and I thought I'd get into another family.—Boston Transcript.

In Singapore motion picture theater seats are sold on both sides of the screen.

1917 Special Notice!

Any one of our patrons that have not settled their accounts by notes, that get a statement from us will save costs by giving it prompt attention as this will be the last call by mail we shall make.

Respectfully yours,

Jan. 1st, '17. Teeple Hdw. Co.

South Iosco

Miss Katherine Lamborne returned home Saturday after a weeks visit with relatives at Pinckney and Silver Lake.

A number from here attended the Senator play at Gregory Saturday. A very large crowd was reported.

Mr. and Mrs. John Rutman attended the auto show at Detroit Friday.

Mr. and Mrs. G. Walters and son Russel visited at Watters Bros. Wednesday.

Mr. and Mrs. Kenyon visited at Bert Roberts Friday.

Bert Roberts and family spent Monday evening at John Roberts. Miss Clarabelle Harrington of Webberville spent the week end at Joe Roberts.

Chubb's Corners

Mrs. M. N. Hoisel is visiting Jackson relatives this week.

Miss Florence Brigham spent part of last week with Mrs. R. W. Entwisle.

M. N. Hoisel spent Saturday in Jackson.

Montague and Schaefer has installed a new milking machine.

Jay Brigham and family spent Sunday at the home of John Martin near Pinckney.

John Gaffney spent the week end with Detroit relatives.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Swartout and C. J. Sibley spent the week end at the home of Wm. Chubb.

SLOAN'S LINIMENT EASES PAIN Sloan's Liniment is first thought of mothers for bumps, bruises and sprains that are continually happening to children. It quickly penetrates and soothes without rubbing. Cleaner and more effective than musky plasters or ointments. For rheumatic ache neuralgia pain and that grippy soreness after colds, Sloan's Liniment gives prompt relief. Have a bottle handy for bruises, strains, sprains and all external pain. For the thousands whose work calls them outdoors, the pains and aches following exposure are relieved by Sloan's Liniment. At all Druggists, 25c.

KEEP ON LEARNING.

No matter whether it be little or much, learn something every day. One of the greatest satisfactions in this world is the feeling of enlargement, of growth, of stretching upward and onward. No pleasure can surpass that which comes from the consciousness of feeling one's horizon of ignorance being pushed farther and farther away; of making headway in the world; of not only getting on, but also of getting up.

"Subster is a perfect husband." "I never heard he was so wonderful." "Well, every time he sees a mail box he feels in his pockets."—Buffalo Express.

Unadilla

The Presby. Society will meet with Mr. and Mrs. Ed. Cranua We L. Feb. 7th for dinner.

Marian and Maggie Holmes are on the sick list.

"Tony the Convict", a five act drama at the Gleaners Hall Friday eve, Feb. 2nd. Admission, 15 and 25 cents.

The "Hard Shell Class" meets with Fred Marshall Monday, Feb. 5th.

Otis Webb and Mrs. Jno. Webb visited Mrs. Matilda Glenn at Stockbridge last week.

Mrs. Wirt Barnum and Lucile spent the week end in Jackson.

Forest Aseltine and Jessie of Ann Arbor were Sunday visitors here.

Extensive preparations are in hand for the Washington Banquet Celebrations Friday eve, Feb. 23, under the auspices of the Presby. Society.

Norman Marshall was home from Detroit over Sunday.

A large company of young friends gave Lorna Marshall a surprise last Thursday eve, the occasion being her 18th birthday.

Willis Pickell and wife spent Friday at A. J. Holmes.

North Lake

Mr. and Mrs. B. Thomas were Dexter visitors Monday.

W. R. Daniels of Chelsea spent Sunday with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. E. W. Daniels.

Henry Gilbert and wife spent Sunday with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Theo. Moholok near Chelsea.

Mr. and Mrs. John Hinchey and daughter Mary were Sunday visitors at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Hinchey.

Mr. and Mrs. Chester Scouten visited Sunday at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Jas. Scouten Jr. of Stockbridge.

Mrs. Clara Faulkner and son, Alfred of Chelsea and Mrs. Rudolph Beck and daughter of Jackson were Sunday visitors at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Webb.

Wm. Hudson and wife visited at the home of Mr. and Mrs. H. A. Hudson Sunday.

A number of people in this vicinity are under the doctor's care.

North Hamburg

The February meeting of the North Hamburg Mite Society will be held at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Van Horn Thursday, Feb. 8th. Everybody cordially invited.

Lon Flintoft of Pontiac spent the week end with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Flintoft.

Clifford and Lee Van Horn went to Detroit Saturday to attend the automobile show.

Mr. Repp has been seriously ill the past week at the home of his son, John Repp at Pettyville.

West Marion

Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Hanson gave the Live Wires a class party last Friday evening.

Mrs. Maycock is on the sick list. Several in this vicinity are sick with the grippe.

R. G. Chipman and family of Gregory and Clifford Foster and wife of Lansing, visited at W. B. Miller's last Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. John Grieves of Iosco called at P. H. Smith's Sunday.

H. W. Flammer was in Howell last Friday.

1917

1917

SHOES Men's and SHOES Boy's

We are pleased to make the announcement that we have added to our line the famous

STAR BRAND of SHOES

including the latest styles in Men's, Young Men's and Boy's heavy and light shoes, and we will be pleased to show them to you at any time whether or not you wish to buy.

Our Spring Samples

For tailor-made suitings are now in and ready for inspection. Call and look them over.

Our Grocery Dept.

Is full of fresh, staple and fancy groceries in all lines and we are prepared to meet all competition on a fair and square basis.

Make Our Store Your Home

Monks Bros.

1917

1917

Sell Old Iron

Now is the time of year to dispose of your Old Iron, as the profit is so small to bother with in the summer time.

Sam Hartman Gregory, Mich.

Goldbeaters' Skin.

Goldbeaters' skin is prepared from the outside membrane of the large intestine of the ox. It is said that goldbeaters first tried paper for inclosing the metal, and mulberry fiber paper is still used in China and Japan, but animal parchment has been mostly employed for two or three centuries at least. While a thinner leaf can be beaten out between paper parchment sheets, it is damaged by adhesion. A special German paper is coated with isinglass or albumen, and paper parchment of some kind is much used in the first stages, but goldbeaters finish their product between goldbeaters' skins, still pounding an ounce of gold into 200 square inches of leaf.

Effect of Rats as Food.

The Lahore (India) Tribune quotes a Chinaman's explanation of the use of rats for food purposes as follows:

"What a carrot is to a horse's coat a rat is to the human hair. Neither fact can be explained, but every horseman knows that a regimen of carrots will make his stud smooth and lustrous as velvet, and the Chinese, especially the women, know that rats used as food stop the falling out of hair and make the locks soft, silky and beautiful. I have seen it tried many times."

Grassed Paper.

Paper in which butter, margarine or lard has been wrapped should be kept and used as a lining for cake tins, as a covering for a pudding which is to be steamed and for wrapping up sweet rolls before putting them into the cloth to be baked. These papers are all ready without any more greasing, so there is a saving of both time and labor.

Debutante - I wonder why women used to wear such wide wedding rings. Blaise Matron—Because at that time poor things, they expected them to last a lifetime.—Life.

What to Do When Backache Comes On

"Foley Kidney Pills have done me more good than \$150.00 worth of other medicine." Chas. N. Fox, Himrod, N. Y.

When backache comes on and it seems as if you can't stand the pain and pressure across the small of your back, hurry to your druggist and get relief through a box of Foley Kidney Pills. They will stop the cause of that pain very quickly, spur the sluggish kidneys to regular action, enable them to throw the poisons out of the blood. They will get rid of pain and rheumatism for you, quiet your nerves, stop your backache, and limber up your stiff joints and sore muscles.

Frank W. Sherman, Lacona, N. Y. writes: "I suffered with kidney trouble, had a tired feeling in my back, did not have any ambition and fell all tired out. I used Foley Kidney Pills and in a few days began to feel better, and now I have entirely recovered."

(For Sale Everywhere)

DON'T LET SKIN TROUBLES SPREAD

Red, pimply skin, that itches and burns is embarrassing, and gets worse if neglected. Bad skin is a social handicap and a constant source of worry. Correct it at once with Dr. Hobson's Eczema Ointment. This soothing ointment kills the germ, soothes the irritation and quickly restores your skin to normal. For babies suffering the tortures of eczema, or for grown-ups who have long fought chronic skin ailments, Dr. Hobson's Eczema Ointment is guaranteed remedy. It is guaranteed.

FASHION NOTES FOR MEN



BURNS FINED FOR UNLAWFUL ACTION

DETECTIVE HAD ENTERED LAW OFFICES AND MADE COPIES OF PRIVATE PAPERS.

PAYS FINE UNDER PROTEST

Court Rules That Private Dwelling or Office Cannot Be Entered and Private Papers Examined.

New York—William J. Burns, head of a private detective agency, was found guilty of surreptitiously entering the law offices of Seymour & Seymour, making copies of private papers and then publishing them. Burns was employed by J. P. Morgan & Co. to trace a "leak" of information about contracts for war supplies for the Entente Allies from the Morgan offices. To obtain the information sought, Burns gained access to the Seymours' offices.

MUSTER OUT AT FORT WAYNE

National Guardsmen of Middle West to Receive Discharge There.

El Paso, Tex.—Fort Wayne, at Detroit, is destined to become a permanent mustering out place for National Guardsmen of the middle west, according to an order issued from El Paso military headquarters.

Its peculiar adaptability is the principal reason for its selection. The fourth and fifth Ohio infantry companies, and Second Ohio brigade headquarters, commanded by General Speaks, are the first to be assigned to the fort.

IN SMALL BOAT TEN DAYS

Three French Sailors Rescued After Harrowing Experience.

Willemstad, Curacao—Three French sailors reached the island of Buen Ayre, off the Venezuelan coast, after having been at sea for 10 days in a small boat. They were in a starving condition and brought with them the body of a sailor who had died. The sailors reported they were members of the crew of the French armored cruiser Jeanne d'Arc, stationed at Martinique, and were carried off in their boat by the current.

QUICK JUSTICE METED OUT

Murderers Receive Life Terms Before Victim is Buried.

Memphis, Tenn.—Before the body of Walter Moore, white man, their victim, was buried, Clarence Merriam and Will Hubson, Negro highwaymen, who confessed to their crime began life terms for their crimes at the Nashville penitentiary.

ITEMS OF INTEREST

... miles of the best road of the Mackinac trail between Mackinac and Tustin was approved a \$20,000 grant in money for the

STATE NEWS IN BRIEF

Benton Harbor Publisher Weds.

Battle Creek.—Local friends received notice of the wedding at Victor, N. Y., of Ephraim W. Moore of Benton Harbor, former mayor of Battle Creek, former member of the Michigan house of representatives and present publisher of the Benton Harbor Palladium, to Miss Alice M. Parks, a sweetheart of his youth. Mr. Moore, after leaving New York, many years ago, married Miss Lilla Willard, daughter of the late United States Senator George Willard, and became associated with Mr. Willard in publishing the Battle Creek Journal. His wife died some time ago, and he again met Miss Parks.

Want Ingham Lifer Paroled.

Lansing.—Representative John Y. Martin of Owosso and former Senator A. B. Cook of Shiawassee county have recommended to Governor Sleeper that he parole Daniel Pierow, sentenced to Jackson prison for life last February for a crime against his own daughter, Pierow, a former Shiawassee county man, was sentenced from Ingham county. It is said that he is dying and his relatives are eager to obtain his release.

Asks New Bids on Monroe Road.

Monroe.—The Monroe road commission re-advertised the letting of the 15.77 miles of the Dixie highway between Monroe and the Wayne county line. Bids will be opened Wednesday, February 14. Construction will be of concrete. The road is to be finished in 1917. About \$2,000 worth of work has been done by the former contractor, whose contract was forfeited.

Manistee Man is Injured.

Manistee.—Stumbling in the dark hayloft of Ford's livery barn, Hans Christian fell down a 15-foot feed chute landing astride a manger. A bale of straw he was carrying on his shoulders fell on top of him. Christian was rushed to the hospital where it was announced that he will probably recover.

Bandits Rob Lansing Man.

Lansing.—Charles Shubel, fifty-five years old, wealthy shoe merchant and prominent in local commercial and social circles, was beaten into unconsciousness and robbed in Central park, apparently by two or more men. Mr. Shubel is a brother of Colonel Shubel, and his son is a son-in-law of Justice Brooke of the supreme court.

Practical Agriculture in Schools.

East Lansing.—Plans have been formulated for making agricultural courses in high schools practical as well as theoretical by allowing credit for agricultural project work done on the farms toward graduation in the high schools in the state offer courses in agriculture, with agricultural college graduates as instructors.

Monroe Gets Aircraft Company.

Monroe.—Articles of association of the Janney Aircraft company have been filed with the county clerk, showing the incorporation of a company for the manufacture of aerial craft, motor boats, dirigibles and articles of that nature. The capital stock is \$30,000.

Men Will Share With Owosso Firm.

Owosso.—The Estey Manufacturing company of Owosso, which makes furniture, announced that March 1 the company would pay a dividend from its net profits to its employees as an expression of appreciation. A total of \$5,000 will be divided among 100 men.

Railway Employees to Get Back Pay.

Jackson.—The Michigan Railways company, in addition to its regular payroll, disburse between \$50,000 and \$60,000 in back pay awarded employees by the board of arbitration in the recent wage dispute.

Bay City Poultry Show Opens.

Bay City.—The annual show of the Bay City Poultry association was the largest exhibit ever held here and is said to be the largest in the state for the year.

Seek Commission for Lapeer.

Lapeer.—Petitions are being circulated asking for a revision of the city charter with a view to establishing a commission form of government for Lapeer.

Caldwater Man Dies of Burns.

Caldwater.—Henry C. Whittier, seventy-eight years old, for 30 years a business man of Caldwater, died of burns.

WESTERN CANADA LEADS AS WHEAT PRODUCER

342,000,000 Bushels Wheat in 1915; in 1916 Many Farmers Paid for Their Land Out of Their Crop.

That Western Canada is indeed "Mistress of Wheat" to the extent that its 1915 crop exceeded, acre for acre, the production of any country on this continent is a striking fact proved by the following figures:

In 1915 the Dominion of Canada produced 376,000,000 bushels of wheat, which represented an average yield of 29 bushels to the acre. The United States produced 1,011,503,000 bushels, yield of 17 bushels per acre. The only serious competitors in wheat production in South America were Argentina, with 178,221,000 bushels, or less than 12 bushels per acre, and Chile, with 19,000,000 bushels or 13 bushels per acre.

The three Western Canadian prairie provinces of Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta produced between them 342,000,000 bushels out of the total Canadian 376,000,000 bushels. It will be seen, therefore, that, outside of the United States, Western Canada produced considerably more than the combined production of North and South America. Canada is of course a new-settled country, and the fact that the crop of the United States was practically three times as much is no discouragement. The United States has at present more than twelve times the population of Canada in approximately the same area.

To illustrate further the greater productivity of Western Canadian land, we submit the following figures, showing the 1915 yields per acre in the three provinces of Western Canada and in the states which in that year produced the greatest quantity of wheat. The figures are taken from the U. S. department of agriculture's annual report and from the figures of the Dominion census bureau:

	Bushels per acre 1915
All Canada	29
Western Canada only	29 1-5
Province of Manitoba	28 4-5
Province of Saskatchewan	28 1-2
Province of Alberta	32 4-5
United States, all	17
Montana	26 1-2
Washington	25 1-5
Wisconsin	22 3-4
Ohio	20 2-5
Iowa	19 4-5
Illinois	19
Pennsylvania	18 1-2
Nebraska	18 2-5
North Dakota	18 1-5
Indiana	17 1-5
South Dakota	17 1-10
Minnesota	17
Texas	15 1-2
Virginia	13 4-5
Kansas	12 1-2
Missouri	12 3-10
Oklahoma	11 8-5

In 1916 the crop was not as heavy, but the yields in many districts were very large. So large, indeed, was the acreage under cultivation in 1915 that the resulting crop proved too large to be all threshed the same fall. It overloaded railroads, and made marketing slow. A less amount of fall plowing was done than would have been done in a less heavy year, because the average farmer was too busy with his threshing. All these conditions necessarily reacted upon the acreage seeded in the spring of 1916. Add to this that labor last year, owing to the great number of Canadians who have enlisted, was scarce and high-priced, and one factor in the decreased yield—smaller acreage under crop was evident.

Another factor is that this year Western Canada has experienced, in common with the entire North American continent, conditions that have been less favorable to the production of big crops. The conditions have resulted in smaller yield per acre and reduced grade of grain in certain localities.

The average yield of wheat in the three western provinces is estimated by the government at about 16 bushels per acre, oats 45 bushels, and barley 27 bushels.

The financial value of their crops to Western Canadian farmers has been greater this year than ever before. Owing to the high prices of grain that are prevailing, returns have been received that are extremely profitable. With wheat standing at the present time at over \$1.50 per bushel at the Great Lakes, a wheat crop at present figures would pay the farmer, even supposing he had only the average of 16 bushels per acre, over \$24.00 per acre. A large number are receiving \$30.00 per acre—some have received \$75.00, and a few even more than that. This price, of course, is not all profit; it represents the gross return, and the cost of operations must be deducted from it. Some farmers at the highest price

ures, cost more than 65 cents to raise a bushel of wheat in Western Canada, so that the profit can be figured accordingly. It must be emphasized that the acre which produces a \$30.00 crop costs in the first case, probably less than that. In the United States the same class of land would cost in many districts from \$100 to \$200 per acre, and even then a return of \$30.00 would be considered extremely satisfactory. In Western Canada the best class of agricultural land, capable of producing crops that in size compare with any country in the world except, perhaps, some European countries, can be obtained at, on the average, from \$20 to \$30 per acre, with irrigated lands somewhat higher. It is no exaggeration whatever to say that a number of Western Canadian farmers have paid for their land entirely from the proceeds of last year's crop, and this includes men who last year began for the first time.—Advertisement.

ACCOUNTED FOR THEM BOTH

Sculptor Knew Just Where One of His Characters Was, and the Other Had Disappeared.

A novelist was talking at the Century club in New York about the unmercenary nature of artists.

"Artists care nothing for money," he said. "That is why publishers and managers and impresarios find it so easy to exploit and gouge them. Yes, the average artist is a good deal like Skulps."

"Skulps, the sculptor, had a commission from a multimillionaire to make a group representing Polyphemus crushing Acs under a rock, but though the job was worth \$45,000 to him, Skulps didn't care for it, and so kept putting it off."

"A year passed. The multimillionaire called in his automobile one day at Skulps' studio in McDougall alley."

"How about that group of mine?" he asked, genially, as he offered Skulps a two-dollar cigar from a gold case.

"Skulps led the multimillionaire up to an enormous lump of modeling clay. "There's your group," he said.

"But," said the multimillionaire—"but—"

"Certainly," Skulps insisted. "That lump there is the rock."

"But," laughed the other—"ha, ha, ha!—but where is Acs?"

"Acs?" said Skulps. "Why, under the rock, of course—crushed—invisible."

"Ha, ha, ha!" laughed the multimillionaire, harshly. "And Polyphemus? What about him?"

"Polyphemus?" roared Skulps. "Do you think he'd stick around after committing a crime like that?"

ONE GIRL HE COULDN'T FOOL

And "Turn Down" Made Reporter Feel He Had Lost the Confidence of the Others Also.

She was one of those twentieth century young women who knows how she gets what she has, and who keeps a sharp eye out for laggards, especially of the opposite sex.

A newspaper reporter, on his daily round in search of the small news of the county seat town, entered the department store where she had begun work that morning. She watched him enter several notes in a scratch pad as a number of the girls gathered around and spoke in rather excited tones. When he had finished he made his way toward her, and by way of introduction said in his most pleasant manner:

"Do you have any news for the paper?"

"Not much!" she answered, after casting a withering look at the inquirer. "There's nothing doing. You fellows on the newspapers go around to the stores every day and have the girls give you items, and then you go back to the office and write them up and get paid for it. But you can't work me."

And he wondered how it happened every girl on the floor was looking at him when he turned around for an avenue of escape.—Indianapolis News.

Tried Out Motorcar Fender.

Just to prove to an interested public that he had a new motorcar fender which would eliminate all accidents, James Locorriero gave a demonstration. He had assembled a party of guests, photographers and moving picture men, and uninvited persons lined the sidewalks.

Locorriero stood in the middle of the street. At a signal a car going at the rate of 25 miles an hour bore down on him.

Patrolmen took him to a hospital, where physicians dressed his wounds and permitted him to go home.

He said the accident was caused because the fender did not hit him squarely.—New York World.

Philadelphia cleanup work cost the taxpayers \$12,000 for dumping of 20,000 cubic yards of refuse.

The question of extending patrolmen's work to being limited to the streets.

THE DESTROYING ANGEL

By LOUIS JOSEPH VANCE

CHAPTER XV—Continued.
—18—

Hastening back to the farmstead, he secured a spade from the barn and made his way quickly down to the beach by way of the road through the cluster of deserted fishermen's huts.

Fifteen minutes' walk brought him to the pool. Ten minutes' hard work with the spade sufficed to excavate a shallow trench in the sands above high-water mark. He required, as much time again to nerve himself to the point of driving off the gulls and moving the body. There were likewise crabs to be dealt with.

When it was accomplished, and he had lifted the last heavy stone into place above the grave, he waded out to the sea and cleansed himself as best he might, then lay down for a time in the strength-giving light, feeling giddy and faint.

What the gulls and the crabs and the shattering surf had left had been little, but enough for indisputable identification.

Whitaker had buried Drummond. By the time he got back to the farm-house, the woman was up, dressed in the rent and stained but dry remnants of her own clothing (for all their defects, infinitely more becoming than the garments to which she had been obliged to resort the previous day) and busy preparing breakfast.

"Well, sir!" she called heartily over her shoulder. "And where, pray, have you been all this long time?"

"I went for a swim," he said evasively—"thought it might do me good."

"You're not feeling well?" She turned to look him over. He avoided her eye. "I had a bad night."

"Still got the hump, eh?"

"Still got the hump," he assented, glad thus to mask his unhappiness.

"Breakfast and a strong cup of tea or two will fix that," she announced with confidence.

His stout attempts to match her cheerfulness during the meal fell dismally short of conviction. After two or three false starts he gave it up and took refuge in his plea of indisposition. She humored him with a covert understanding that surmised more in a second than he could have compressed into a ten-minute confession.

The meal over, he rose and sidled awkwardly toward the door.

"You'll be busy for a while with the dishes and things, won't you?" he asked with an air meant to seem guileless.

"Oh, yes; for some time," she replied quickly.

"I—I think I'll take a stroll round the island. There might be something like a boat hidden away somewhere along the beach."

"You won't go out of sight?" she pleaded through the window.

"It can't be done," he called back, strolling out of the doorway with much show of idle indecision.

His real purpose was, in fact, definite. There was another body to be accounted for.

To his intense relief, he made no further discovery other than a scattering drift of wreckage from the motor-boats. He turned at length and trudged wearily back toward the farm-house.

Since breakfast he had seen nothing of the girl; none of the elaborate casual glances which he had from time to time cast inland had discovered any sign of her. But now she appeared in the doorway, and after a slight pause, as of indecision, moved down the path to meet him.

He was conscious that, at sight of her, his pulses quickened. Something swelled in his breast, something tightened the muscles of his throat. The way of her body in action, the way of the sun with her hair.

Dismay shook him like an ague; he felt his heart divided against itself; he was so glad of her, and so afraid.

He could not keep his eyes from her, nor could he make his desire still; and yet . . . and yet . . .

They paused beside one of the low stone walls and the girl sat down upon the fished stones, then looked up to him with a smile and a slight movement of the head that plainly invited him to a place beside her.

"I watched you, off and on, from the windows. You might have been looking for a pin, from your palmtaking air, off there along the cliffs."

He nodded again, gloomily. Her comment seemed to admit of no more compromising method of reply.

"Then you've nothing to tell me?"

He pursed his lips, deprecatory, lifted his shoulders not quite happily, and swung one lanky leg across the other as he stooped, narrowly evading the sheets of asphodel that made their green walls. There was a little shyness, she watched him with her eyes.

lusive, shadowy, sympathetic and shrewd smile.

"Must I make talk, then?" she demanded at length.

"If we must, I suppose—you'll have to show the way. My mind's hardly equal to trail-breaking to-day."

"So I shall, then. Hugh . . ."

She leaned toward him, dropping her hand over his own with an effect of infinite comprehension. "Hugh," she repeated, meeting his gaze squarely as he looked up, startled—"what's the good of keeping up the make-believe? You know!"

The breath clicked in his throat, and his glance wavered uneasily, then steadied again to hers. And through a long moment neither stirred, but sat so, eye to eye, searching each the other's mind and heart.

At length he confessed it with an uncertain, shamefaced nod.

"That's right," he said: "I do know—now."

She removed her hand and sat back without lessening the fixity of her regard.

"When did you find it out?"

"This morning. That is it came to me all of a sudden—" His gaze fell; he stammered and felt his face burning.

"Hugh, that's not quite honest. I know you hadn't guessed, last night—I know it. Hugh, look at me!"

Unwillingly he met her eyes.

"How did you find out?"

He was an inept liar. Under the witchery of her eyes, his resource failed him absolutely. He started to repeat, stammered, fell still, and then in a breath capitulated.

"Before you were up—I meant to keep this from you—down there on the beach—I found Drummond."

"Drummond!"

It was a cry of terror. She started back from him, eyes wide, cheeks whitening.

"I'm sorry . . . But I presume you ought to know. . . . His body . . . I buried it. . . ."

She gave a little smothered cry, and seemed to shrink in upon herself, burying her face in her hands—an in-

congruous, huddled shape of grief, there upon the gray stone wall, set against all the radiant beauty of the exquisite, sun-gladdened world.

He was patient with her, though the slow-dragging minutes during which she neither moved nor made any sound brought him inexpressible distress, and he seemed to age visibly, his face, settling in iron lines, gray with suffering.

At length a moan—rather, a wail—came from the stricken figure beside him:

"Ah, the pity of it! the pity of it! . . . What have I done that this should come to me!"

He ventured to touch her hand in gentle sympathy.

"Mary," he said, and hesitated with a little wonder, remembering that this was the first time he had ever called her by that name—"Mary, did you care for him so much?"

She sat, trembling, her face averted and hidden.

"Don't blame him," she said softly. "He wasn't responsible."

"I know."

"How long have you known?" She asked suddenly to face him.

"For some time—certainly, for two or three days. Ember took him away, meaning to put him in a mausoleum."

"I don't understand how he got away—from Ember. It worries me—on Ember's account. I hope nothing has happened to him."

"Oh, I hope not!"

"You know—I mean about the cause—the morphine?"

"I never guessed until that night, after he had come down into the cabin to—to drug himself. . . . It was very terrible—that tiny, pitching cabin, with the swinging, smoking lamp, and the madman sitting there, muttering to himself over the glass in which the morphine was dissolving. . . . It happened three times before the wreck; I thought I should go out of my own mind."

She shuddered, her face tragic and pitiful. For a little she sat, head bowed, brooding.

"Hugh!" she cried, looking up to search his face narrowly—"Hugh, you've not been pretending?"

"Pretending?" he repeated, thick-witted.

"Hugh, I could never forgive you if you'd been pretending. It would be too cruel. . . . Ah, but you haven't been! Tell me you haven't!"

"I don't understand. . . . Pretending what?"

"Pretending you didn't know who I was—pretending to fall in love with me just because you were sorry for me, to make me think it was me you loved and not the woman you felt bound to take care of, because you'd—you had—"

"Mary, listen to me," he interrupted. "I swear I didn't know you. Only, that night on the stage, as John Thursday, you were that girl again. I never dreamed of associating you with my wife. Dear, I didn't know, believe me. It was you who bewitched me—not the wife for whose sake I fought against what I thought infatuation for you. I loved—I love you only, you as you are—not the poor little girl of the Commercial House."

"I have loved you always," she said softly between barely parted lips—"always, Hugh. Even when I thought you dead. . . . I did believe that you were drowned out there. Hugh! You know that, don't you?"

"I have never for an instant questioned it."

"It wouldn't be like you to, my dear; it wouldn't be you, my Hugh. No other man I ever knew—no, let me say it!—ever measured up to the standard you had set for me to worship. But Hugh—you'll understand, won't you?—about the others?"

"Please," he begged—"please don't harrow yourself so, Mary!"

"No; I must tell you. . . . The world seemed so empty and so lonely, Hugh; I tried to lose myself in my work, but it wasn't enough. And those others came, beseeching me, and—and I liked them. I was starving for affection. Each time, Hugh, it was the same. One by one they were taken from me, strangely, terribly. . . . Poor Tom Custer, first; he was a dear boy, but I didn't love him and couldn't marry him. I had to tell him so. He killed himself. . . . Then Billy Hamilton; I became engaged to him; but he was taken mysteriously from a crowded ship in mid-ocean. . . . A man named Mitchell Thurston loved me. I liked him; perhaps I might have consented to marry him. He was assassinated—shot down like a mad dog in broad daylight—no one ever knew by whom, or why. He hadn't an enemy in the world we knew of. . . . And now Drummond. . . ."

"Mary, Mary!" he pleaded. "Don't—don't—those things were all accidents—"

She paid him no heed. She didn't seem to hear. He tried to take her hand, with a man's dull, witless notion of the way to comfort a distraught woman; but she snatched it from his touch.

"And now"—her voice pealed out like a great bell tolling over the magnificent solitude of the forsaken island—"and now I have it to live through once again; the wonder and terror and beauty of love, the agony and passion of having you torn from me! . . . Hugh! . . . I don't believe I can endure it again. I can't bear this exquisite torture. I'm afraid I shall go mad! . . . Unless . . . unless"—her voice shuddered—"I have the strength, the strength to—"

"Stop!" he cried in desperation. "You must not go on like this! Mary! Listen to me!"

This time he succeeded in imprisoning her hand. "Mary," he said gently, drawing closer to her. "Listen to me; understand what I say. I love you; I am your husband; nothing can possibly come between us. All these other things can be explained. Don't let yourself think for another instant—"

Her eyes, fixed upon the two hands in which he clasped her own, had grown wide and staring with despair, helplessly she gazed, quivering.

Then she wrenched it from him, at the same time jumping up and away.

"No!" she cried, fending him from her with shaking arms. "No! Don't touch me! Don't come near me, Hugh! It's . . . it's death! My touch is death! I know it now—I had begun to suspect, now I know! I am accursed—doomed to go through life like pestilence, leaving sorrow and death in my wake. . . . Hugh!" She controlled herself a trifle: "Hugh, I love you more than life; I love you more than love itself. But you must not come near me. Love me if you must, but O my dear one! keep away from me; avoid me, forget me if you can, but at all cost shun me as you would the plague! I will not give myself to you to be your death!"

Before he could utter a syllable in reply, she turned and fled from him.

CHAPTER XVI.

Capitulation.

Grimly Whitaker sat himself down in the kitchen and prepared to wait the reappearance of his wife—prepared to wait as long as life was in him, so that he were there to welcome her when, her paroxysm over, she would come to him to be comforted, soothed and reasoned out of her distorted conception of her destiny.

He pondered the situation for hours then he rose, ascended the stairs, tapped gently on the locked door.

"Mary," he called, with his heart in his mouth—"Mary!"

Her answer was instant, in accents sweet, calm and clear.

The breathless seconds spun their golden web of minutes. They did not move. Round them the silence sang like the choiring seraphim.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

CHAPTER XVII.

Love's Code by Searchlight.

Ferryboat Captain Nightly Signals Little Deaf and Dumb Daughter.

Searchlight flashes, mysterious and baffling, seen nightly for several weeks off the Richmond and Berkeley water fronts, which have puzzled East Bay residents and even made them uneasy, are now explained. They indicate no fell plot; they reveal no piratical activities. They are simply a "love code" between a lonesome daddy and his lonesome little girl, the San Francisco Chronicle states.

The daddy is Capt. H. F. Dunningan of the Santa Fe ferryboat San Pedro, and the girl is his twelve-year-old daughter Florence, a patient in the State Institute for the Deaf, Dumb and Blind at Berkeley. Happily she retains the faculty of sight, and nightly she sits, her nose flattened against the pane of her window, waiting for the messages that come to her across miles of land and water.

There appears a finger of light, painting a half-circle against the clouds; daddy is saying: "Hello." Three short flashes, "Love from daddy." Then, as the San Pedro swings out of range, the light sweeps the sky, that means "Good-night, with love and kisses."

But the most welcome of all the signals is the stream of light held steadily against the window, through which peers the little face. That indicates that daddy is coming on his weekly visit, and then little Florence is in the height of bliss.

Dog Too Intelligent.

Tommy Howard is no better and no worse than the majority of men of his age, but his maiden aunt, who keeps him in supplies at Oxford and to whom he looks to leave him something worth while, takes for granted that he is the embodiment of all the virtues.

She went to see him recently and the dutiful Tommy took her and his dog for a walk through the city. Tommy hadn't given a thought to the intelligence of the canine creature, but, as the event proved, the dog nearly upset the whole business. For he trotted ahead, stopped at the door of the Brown Cow and looked around as if expecting his master to follow.

"Thomas," said his aunt, "what does this mean?"

"Mean," said Tommy, "why, aunty, you see, my dog is a wonderfully intelligent beast. Saw the sign of that horrid place, thinks it's a dairy, and, liking milk, wants me to buy him some."

Explanations accepted, but it was a close touch.—London Answers.

Words of Wisdom.

If light is in a man, he shines; if darkness, he shades; if his heart glows with love, he warms; if fraught with selfishness, he chills; if servile, he debases; if pure-hearted, he cleanses.

DADDY'S EVENING FAIRY TALE

MARY GRAHAM BONNER

LAND OF NOD.

"You must go off to the Land of Nod," said a Mother to her little Boy.

The little Boy's name was Douglas and he said that he did not feel sleepy at all.

"But it's bedtime," said Douglas' mother, and so Douglas finally started off for bed.

He had not been asleep more than a few moments when he began to think in his sleep of what the Land of Nod might be like. Everyone was always talking about it. Mothers and Daddies had a great way of saying one must be off for the Land of Nod.

"Such a queer little round Creature stood at the end of his bed.

"Will you come to the Land of Nod?" asked the little round Creature.

"Is there such a place, really?" asked Douglas.

"Is there?" said the little round Creature, raising his bushy eye-brows way up. "Well, just come with me, and then you'll never ask again if there is really such a place."

"And who are you?" asked Douglas.

"I'm Mr. Goblin," said the little round Creature. "I often take boys and girls on these trips. Sometimes the Fairy Queen takes them, sometimes the Gnomes or the Elves. We all do it you know."

"Does the Land of Nod belong to the Fairies or the Gnomes or the Goblins?" asked Douglas.

"Dear me," laughed the Goblin. "What a very funny question. To hear you talk one would think you'd never been to sleep in our life."

"But I have," said Douglas. "Lots and lots of times, in fact every single night. I don't believe I ever missed a night in my life. No, I'm quite sure I never did."

"Then it's high time you came to the Land of Nod. For it's a wonderful land."

Douglas followed the Goblin over the roofs of the houses covered with snow. They didn't seem to walk or run or be carried in airships. They just seemed to fly.

"I'm not like a Bird," he said, "and yet I'm flying."

"You'll do more wonderful things than fly in the Land of Nod," said the Goblin.

"Will it?" asked Douglas delightedly.

"Now we'll fly down to the Snow Castles and the Ice Palaces," said the Goblin. "We'll pay them a visit."

"All right," said Douglas. Through the most wonderful Snow Castles and Ice Palaces they went, and they found Fairies dancing in ballrooms made of ice.

"Now we'll go to Birdland," said the Goblin.

They flew off again in the same mysterious way as before. They just seemed to ride on the air, and before long they floated down to a Woodland Grove where there were the most beautiful trees and green moss and ferns all around.

"It's just like summer," said Douglas.

"It's summer in the Land of Nod as well as winter," said the Goblin.

"I don't quite understand," said Douglas. But he didn't bother to ask any more questions for he was watching all the birds. There were birds of all colors and they were all singing. Soon out danced some Fairies and Elves.

"We must visit the circus of the Land of Nod," said the Goblin.

"What? Is there a circus?" asked Douglas.

"There is every-thing in the Land of Nod," said the Goblin. And off they went to see the circus.

It was just like a regular circus. There were clowns, a band, ladies in pink and yellow and blue who rode on white horses and little black ponies. "What does it all mean?" asked Douglas. "The Land of Nod has everything."

"Of course," said the Goblin. "For the Land of Nod is the land of wonderful Dreams—dreams of things that really happen in this wonderful world. And come again," added the Goblin, for Douglas was opening his sleepy eyes as it was bright dawn.



"Now, We'll Fly Down."



"Don't Come Near Me, Hugh! It's Death."



"They Found Fairies Dancing."

THE COMPLETE LETTER WRITER.

The following suggestion for "The Complete Business Letter Writer for 1916," by A. Parker Nevins, is going the rounds of the press.

Medal No. 1—Quoting Price for Goods. Smith Manufacturing Company, Rochester, New York.

Gentlemen: Referring to your letter (see Postal Regulation, p. 126, pp 44) of the 28th, we (a corporation organized under the laws of Ohio, certificate filed in the office of the Secretary of New York State, New York) beg to advise you that we can quote the price of \$20 (see United States Revised Statutes, Laws of 1914, sec. 18) per ton, carload lots (see Interstate Commerce Ruling 256; see also dicta in 128 U. S., 264; Brown vs. Pennsylvania R. R. Co., 168 Pa., 267). This quotation is special to you (see ruling of Department of Justice in the matter of Brown Milling Co.) and is made subject to our right to claim immunity (see N. Y. Penal Code, pp 48). If you receive a better quotation from any other of our competitors you will, of course, advise us under the authority of U. S. Revised Statutes, pp 2247, sub. 2. We shall be glad to fill your order (subject to rule laid down in leading case of Jackson vs. Cobb, 126 U. S. 232) and will ship according to your instruction (see Rule 37, New York Public Utility Commission). Very truly yours.

J. P. JONES, President, JONES MANUFACTURING CO.

State of Ohio, County of Fairfield, ss: J. P. Jones, being duly sworn, deposes and says: That he has submitted the foregoing letter to his counsel and has been advised that it is legal. That deponent is not a director of any bank, trust company or transportation company. That the Jones Manufacturing Company has never had its charter forfeited, nor has deponent ever been indicted by either State or Federal Grand Jury.

P. D. WHITE, Notary Public

ODDS AND ENDS.

The lives of practically all men famous in the business world as shown in the history of industry during the past twenty-five years will prove to you the practical value of the "stick to it" principle of life. Armour stuck to beef, Harriman and Hill to railroads, Edison to electricity, Carnegie and Schwab to steel, Rockefeller to oil, Morgan to finance, and so on without end. All these captains of industry and thousands of others that might be mentioned had the faculty of "sticking" to a job until they made good.

"The time has come," said James W. Wadsworth, Jr. United States Senator-elect from New York, recently. "When business men should give heed to what is going on in the legislative bodies of the country. I see in the future except this heed is given a development which will prevent the individual from carrying on his business, honest though he may be, with his own initiative and enterprise."

CONSERVATION TRUTHS.

The man at the bench is the co-worker of the man in the office. Let them get together for the common good.

Stick to your job. The man who jumps from one job to another never learns enough about any particular class of work to become valuable in it.

Every business has three partners. Capital—the employer. Labor—the employee. The public—the consumer. No industry can thrive if co-operation among the three is lacking. No business can succeed that has a dishonest or indifferent partner. Each partner owes a duty to the others. Get together.

This town is your home. Help to make it a better home by co-operating with its merchants and business men. Treat your industries fairly, and they must be fair to you.

Consumers should realize that when unfair legislation makes business dance they all have to pay the fiddler.

"When you attack men who maintain payrolls you hit the wage earner, kick his wife and cuff his children."—Elbert Hubbard.

AMERICA FOR AMERICANS!

Manufacturing is the backbone of the nation. Every man in industry helps prosperity.

Returns in wages and profits are mutual.

Interdependence is necessary in all industry.

Capitalists include every man who has a dollar or more.

Add your belief in the future of our country's wealth.

National industrial strength.

Industry prospers because persons in the field.

Nothing operates in industry should be tolerated.

Don't be fooled by agitators or by alarmists.

Unite to make industry YOUR cause.

Stand firm in your belief in the rights of industry.

Treat every man and woman with a friend's hand.

Remember the interests of employer and employee are the same.

Your allegiance.

1st, To America; 2nd, To Your Home; 3rd, To Your Business.

CONSTITIATION MAKES YOU DULL. That draggy, listless, oppressed, feeling generally results from constipation. The intestines are clogged and the blood becomes poisoned. Relieve this condition at once with Dr. King's New Life Pills; this gentle, non-gripping laxative is quickly effective. A dose at bedtime will make you feel brighter in the morning. Get a bottle to-day at your Druggist, 25c.

WHEN FRANK CHANCE RAVED.

The Cubs were playing at St. Louis one day and got a five run lead in the opening inning. Then King Cole went in to pitch. Zing, zing, zing—he passed the first three men. Then he walked another, and Chance yanked him out of the box. He asked Ritchie if he had his control. Ritchie said yes. So in went Ritchie. He passed the first and second batters, forcing in two more runs and making it 5 to 3. Chance started for him, but Ritchie waved him back. Then he walked another and another. Chance raved. He took Ritchie out and sent Redbach in. "I've had the guys with control in," he said, "so now I might as well try out the wild ones." The Cards scored nine runs that first inning.

VETERAN ICE SKATER.

William Letts Shows His Heels to Big Son in Race.

Age seems to be no handicap in ice skating—that is, if one is to judge by the performance of William Thomas Letts, seventy-five years old, against his son Frank, aged thirty-five. Letts, senior, the patriarch of a family of noted speed skaters, outdistanced his son Frank in an impromptu half mile sprint at the St. Nicholas rink in New York recently.

Frank Letts, the son, was champion speedster of New Jersey from 1901 to 1905. Although the elder Letts has never taken part in skating matches for the reason, as he gives it, that he would miss the fun looking on, he has always been keen for pacing during practice of his son and his two neph-



Photo by American Press Association. WILLIAM LETTS, SEVENTY-FIVE-YEAR-OLD SKATER.

ews. William Letts, national amateur champion ten years ago and now chief instructor at a San Francisco rink, and Arthur Letts, said to be the fastest 200 pound ice skater in this country.

Mr. Letts kept close behind his son for about six laps and then began to speed himself. He got the end and finally surpassed his son by three feet. Mr. Letts was born in Mansfield, N. J., and is a veteran of the civil war. He learned ice skating on the little arms of Barnegat bay. He followed for years the racing career of his son and nephews and has never forsaken his favorite sport.

Lingering Coughs are Dangerous. Get rid of that tickling cough that keeps you awake at night and drains your vitality and energy. Dr. King's New Discovery is a pleasant balsam remedy, antiseptic, laxative and promptly effective. It soothes the irritated membrane and kills the cold germs; your cough is soon relieved. Delay is dangerous—get a Dr. King's New Discovery at once. For nearly fifty years it has been the favorite remedy for whooping coughs and colds. Get a bottle to-day at your Druggist, 50c.

GOLF AND TENNIS TAKE BIG JUMP

Millions Now Play Two Great Outdoor Games.

DEVOTEES STILL GROWING

At Least Three Million Men, Women and Children Enjoy Racket Game, While Another Million or More Participate in Golf.

The most striking feature in sports in 1916 was the great number of people who actually played. More and more America is taking its recreation and exercises outdoors, and 1916 gave a convincing proof of the new tendency in sports. If professional games are losing their attractiveness it is only because pastimes that the average sport lover can play himself are enjoying a record breaking period of popularity.

We seem to be following the English custom of "less work and a little more play." The rush to the playgrounds is not entirely confined to the younger class of sportsmen. It is now the practice of men past middle age to indulge in some form of moderate exercise, preferably golf.

Heading the list of popular outdoor sports comes tennis, with a membership estimated by Fred Alexander, the former national champion, at 3,000,000. This number is made up of both young and old and in all sections of the United States. Tennis is no longer ridiculed as a mollycoddle game. It is one of the most strenuous of all kinds of exercise. Mainly for this reason it has a great appeal to the great army of youngsters that like plenty of action.

While tennis is a national pastime, it has four great centers—New York, Boston, Philadelphia and California. In these sections even the tournament players may be numbered by the thousands. This year there was a big interest shown in the court game around Chicago, and the Windy City promises to attain the tennis growth of the far east and west.

The development of tennis is all the more remarkable when it is considered that only a few years ago the game was held in contempt, with only a comparatively few trying their skill with the rackets. But as soon as the movement outdoors began tennis quickly began to threaten the claim of baseball as being the chief national sport.

More surprising still has been the development of golf, the same "old man's" game that nine out of every ten sport lovers would have nothing to do with only a short time ago. But sport times have changed, and in 1916 there were over 3,000 golf clubs established and flourishing in the country, with something like 700,000 men, women and children tramping their way over the links.

It has been figured out that golf made even more progress than tennis this season. The old Scotch game has become so popular that twenty leading cities now possess public links in order to provide facilities for thousands who desire the enjoyment of swatting the little balls.

As a means of healthful exercise golf undoubtedly surpasses many other sports. It is a game for both the young and old. It takes the player out in the open over beautiful grounds, and he gains a peculiar form of mental recreation that no other game can match.

"YELLOW PERIL" IN BASEBALL

Seattle Giants Sign Real Mongolian For Next Season.

The yellow peril has invaded professional baseball. A real Mongolian will enter organized baseball next season by way of the Seattle Giants of the Northwestern league. The young man's home is in Hawaii. He is a full blooded Chinese, and his name is Vernon Ayan.

Ayan is a shortstop, and, according to Manager Billy Leard of the Seattle club, he is the greatest player in the land of the ukulele. Leard visited Hawaii with a team of American big leaguers and was so enthusiastic over the young Chinese that he signed him immediately. Ayan, according to Leard, ranks with the leading leading shortstops in the east.

If Ayan is as good as the Northwestern league manager says it is not likely that the Mongolian will find his way into the big leagues. He should be quite a card on big time.

Baseball has had its Indians for many years, and then the Cubans started to fight for big league berths. And now come the Chinese!

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GET TOGETHER FOR PERMANENT PROSPERITY.

Every man and woman engaged in American factories, mills and mines, whether they know English or speak it, are naturalized or intend to become citizens, have a direct interest in maintaining industrial prosperity. When times are good, all workers should not only be thrifty in habit and lay up a little something for possible rainy days, but they should do all they can to keep the good times with us.

Simply because your language is different from that of the foreman, overseer, superintendent, manager or owner of the plant in which you earn a living, is no excuse for misunderstanding your own common interest in prosperity by hating your partner in your own industry or listening to and following the gospel of dissension and violence which selfish agitators so often preach.

Do not blindly follow the man who tells you how hard your lot is. Often he is doing so untruthfully and for the purpose of getting you to contribute membership money for his own support in idleness. Agitators get rich by preying on the men in American industry, whom they urge into unlawful or harmful acts by misrepresenting conditions or holding out foolish and false promises of better things if they follow their orders. You know conditions yourself, and you know or ought to know that the man or men whom the agitator who pictures your employer as an inhuman driving machine is actually a partner with you, interested in having the plant or industry successful.

The more successful your plant or industry becomes, the more room for you to grow with it there will be. It should be your feeling, then, that you will not do as little as you may find it convenient to do, but to do just as much as you possibly can do, and then reasonably expect to share in the rewards that always come to the efficient worker.

Do not be a clock watcher in the factory. Those who wait for hours to strike or whistle to blow and "soldier" at the bench, machine or in the office, never get ahead in the ranks of industry. They never get any more pay because they are not worth any more, and often are worth less than they get. Remember the old adage that a man who never does any more or as much as he gets will for ever get paid for any more than he does.—Industrial Conservation, N. Y.

PUTTING BUSINESS RIGHT WITH THE PUBLIC.

A few years ago some big industrial organizations and certain railroads employed business tactics which, according to the popular idea, would make the financial adventures of Pizarro, Morgan or Captain Kidd look as amateurish as the verbal exploits of Bobby Make-Believe.

All are more or less acquainted with the details. We will concede that there were some glaring abuses, but the public is beginning to realize its error and in a rather grudging way is making some concessions. Business is being permitted to speak for itself, and a movement has been instituted by the leading business men of the country under the title of the National Industrial Conservation Movement for the purpose of repairing the damage that has been done. Nothing revolutionary is contemplated. The plan is simply to educate the public by taking it into the business man's confidence. Meetings will be held in various trade and industrial centers. All classes of citizens will be invited. The purpose of these meetings is to give the public a new and correct viewpoint as to the effects of drastic legislation and restriction of business on the prosperity of the country. Every effort will be made to give the public a clear view of the problems and difficulties which beset business.

Special favors are not sought through these meetings, only fair play. It is believed that once the citizen grasps the situation his whole attitude toward business will change and that he will readily co-operate toward bringing about better conditions.

Commercial and other civic organizations and the local press are already showing great interest in this movement, and it is reasonable to believe that much good will come from it.—Industrial Conservation, N. Y.

The national issue is often carelessly called a knot, but a knot is a temporary condition and time will correct it. It is correct to say that a knot makes the knots, but to say that the knots are knots is to say that the knots are knots.

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