



My Friend

Why is it that you have no bank account?
Surely, in this day and age you must realize the wisdom of such a possession.
Perhaps the question that is troubling you is

Which Bank

should have your account?
Come in and talk to us.
Give us a chance and we will prove to you that our bank should be your bank.

City State Bank

Lowell, Mich.

"The Bank That Pays Four Per cent."



Keep the Peace and Keep Good Time

Both are equally important, but you can't keep good time if your watch is in poor condition.

Begin right by having your watch put in a thoroughly right condition, for BEING ON TIME always brings its own reward. Our repair department will give you good service at a reasonable charge.

By the way! You may not always want to take your best watch with you on all your trips and jaunts for fear of loss, etc. For such events we recommend and sell the "INGERSOLL," the watch that made the Dollar famous. We have them from \$1.00 to \$3.00, all guaranteed by the company for good service.

A. D. Oliver

Jeweler and Optometrist
Eyes examined and glasses fitted

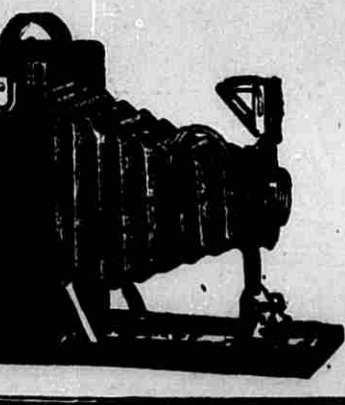


Take your family and dearest friends.

How would you like pictures of them in their natural, everyday, familiar surroundings? Step into our store and let us show you how easily you can make good pictures of them and of everything else you care about, with a

Premo

You need no experience, and these remarkably simple, compact, efficient cameras can be had at from \$1.50 to \$150.00. Fresh films, paper, chemicals—everything for photography, always in stock.



Try a dozen to-day

STRONG'S OAT-MEAL COOKIES

A wholesome sweetened cookie with fresh, clean oat-meal and raisins in it. The kind mother used to make. Order a dozen or two of your grocer and we will see that you get them.

Salt Rising Bread, Fresh, Wednesdays and Fridays

"It's a little farther but it's the best!"

STRONG'S

Did You Read Our Last Wallpaper Ad?

About a nice new stock that we had put in this you'll be doing some papering, very likely, and you would like to be sure that the paper you style of the day you put it on the wall. You can be sure, without the least possibility of mistake. Do you ask how? Why by letting us in. Step in one of these days and let us show you year's styles are like. Let us show you what a assortment we have. And let us show you how easy it will take to furnish you with what you soon as possible is the right time to do your

egar's Drug Store

EASTER PROGRAMS

Order of Events at Lowell Churches Next Sunday.

CONGREGATIONAL
Services at 10, sermon by Rev. F. W. Saxe. Reception of members, communion.
Sunday school, 11:45.
Evening program by Sunday school 7 p. m.
Song by school.
Responsive reading.
Prayer by pastor.
Song, "Story to Tell," Loran Krum.
Song, "Little Ones Can Sing His Praise," Mrs. Horn's and Mrs. Coons' classes.
Exercise, Miss Lampman's class.
Song, "Bright Cadets," Mrs. Horn's class.
Exercise, Mrs. Coons' class.
Song, "Birds Nest," Edith Pletcher.
Exercise, "Daffodils," Miss Perry's class.
Song, Mrs. Coon's class.
Remarks by the pastor.
Anthem by the choir.
Benediction.
At South Boston, Sunday school at 2, preaching by Rev. Saxe at 3.
Band No. 2 will meet with Mrs. Pletcher Friday afternoon.

METHODIST CHURCH.

Sunrise service in charge of the Epworth League at 6 a. m. Leaders, Hazel Stocking and Florence Veiter.
Easter program of the Sunday school, 10:30 a. m.
Selection, Sunday school orchestra.
Scripture lesson, Rev. L. T. Weldon.
Prayer, Rev. C. A. Jacques.
Song, by the school.
Reception of members.
Duet.
Song by Primary Department.
Remarks, by Pastor.
Offertory, Orchestra.
Cantata, "The King of glory," Director, Miss Chaffin.
Benediction.
Junior Epworth League, 3 p. m. Evening service, 7 p. m., subject, "The Resurrection Body." Special Easter music in the evening by the choir.
Vergennes Sunday school at 2 p. m. Election of officers.
Preaching service at 3 p. m., followed by baptismal service.
Sunday school board meeting Monday evening, 7:30.
The Home, Missionary society will meet with Mrs. DeWert Wednesday at 2:30.
The Aid society will meet with Mrs. Loyal Taylor Friday, April 2.
I. T. Weldon, Minister.

BAPTIST CHURCH.

Regular service in the morning.
Easter sermon by pastor.
Sunday school at noon.
B. Y. P. U. at 6.
At 7 p. m., Easter program: Organ voluntary.
Singing, "Jesus is Risen."
Scripture reading and prayer.
Singing, "Easter Carol."
Exercise "Before the Cross," three little girls.
Solo, Mand Vols.
Remarks, Pastor Townsend.
Singing, "Easter Bells are Pealing."
Recitation, Francis Carter.
Solo, Elsie Vely.
Lectures, "Rabbit School," Edw. Johnson.
Singing, "Our Risen Lord."
Recitation, "Easter Time," John Sco.
Primary song and tableau, Easter egg hunt.
Song, "Sweet Easter Time," Queen Esther Circle.
Recitation, Lavanche Aldrich.
Recitation, Chords of Joy, Orville White.
Singing, Wake the Joyful Echoes.
Exercise, by Four Girls. Tableau, Easter Hilles.
Recitation, Somebody's Mother, Warner Oberly.
Reading, When Thou Didst Lay Thy Glory Down, Abbie Ribble.
Song, by Four Girls.
Reading, Esther Perry.
Singing, The Stone is Rolled Away.
Benediction.

BOWNE RESIDENT GONE

George D. Huntington Lived There Nearly 50 Years

George Drury Huntington, son of Thomas and Bridget Huntington, was born at Greenville, Nov. 1858. At the age of eight he moved with his parents to Bowne township, locating on the farm from whence he departed this life March 21, 1915, at the age of 56 years.

Mr. Huntington was united in marriage April 6, 1884, to Miss Fannie D. Watts, daughter of William and Katherine Watts, both young people being raised on neighboring farms. To this union were born five children: Bessie, wife of Roy McNaughton of Bowne; Alice, wife of Lowell Andrews of Irving; Ralph T., and Le Verne W., one son dying in infancy.

After the death of his father Mr. Huntington purchased the home farm, residing there since that time.

He leaves to mourn his death besides the wife and children, one sister, Mrs. Alice Miesler of Grand Rapids; two brothers, Roy B. of Grand Rapids, and Ray H. of Bear Lake, four grandchildren and several nephews and nieces.

Telephone the news to THE LEDGER, Office phone 200, during business hours. Or call house phone 289, at any hour of day or night.

Lowell High School Girls Basket Ball Team, 1915



Photo by Avery.

Beginning at top, left to right: Ruth Mattern, Miss M. Kinney, Pauline Roth, Jennie Howard, Marion Anderson, Ruth Gibson, Marjorie Davarn, Helen Fogus.

The girls are not boasting about the season's record as they lost six games out of ten. However, all teams cannot win all the time and with harder work they anticipate better luck next season. They regret the loss of Miss Kinney, who has coached the team for two seasons, but is not expected to remain for another. They also solicit a greater interest in their work, to be evidenced in suitable apparel for team work.

TOWNSHIP TICKETS STILL THEY COME

Fischer and Watterson Head Cascade Ballots.

Following are the candidates nominated by the Republicans and Democrats of Cascade township:

Supervisor—Julius Fischer, R. W. J. Watterson, D.
Clerk—John Noble, James Earle, D.
Treasurer—Robert D. Fox, Ransom L. Spaulding.
Highway commissioner—Henry B. Fuller, Henry Kieft.
Justice of Peace (full term)—Charles Lawyer, Merton W. Orlop.
Justice of Peace (to fill vacancy)—John J. Clark, John McKnight.
Member board of review—Warren Patterson, A. H. Doty.
Constables—John DeWitt, Edward Oosterhouse, Chas. Fischer, and Arthur Blain, Reps., and Frank Spaulding, Melvin McKnight, Augustavis Wisner, Dem.

Names of Those who Have Paid for Ledger Subscriptions.

Receipt of subscriptions since our last report, is hereby acknowledged from the following:

S. P. Quiggle, Mrs. Almira Jay, Lyle R. Bowen, J. R. Buchanan, William P. Laux, Florence Morgan, Mrs. D. K. Thying, Mrs. Westbrook Denison, Westfield & Ball River Lumber Co., C. S. Baker, Mrs. Joe Richmond, Miss Hazel Veiter, R. J. Heald, Mrs. Wm. Kilgus, Mrs. C. L. Blakeslee, H. VanderWall, Norman Fallington, Mrs. John Richardson, Mrs. Nora Brainerd, A. B. Cadwallader, Mrs. Minnie Ball, A. J. Bloomer, Gottlieb Roth, T. A. Murphy, J. J. McNaughton, Mrs. Mabel Dunham, Mrs. Phebe Tate, M. S. Cogswell, Mrs. W. H. Draper, Rev. C. A. Jacques, D. O. Dennis, James McPherson, James McPherson, Frank Sayles, Jos. Smilyus, A Friend and Another Friend.

Many thanks for the above payments.
Who will be next?

Michigan Farmer and Lowell Ledger both one for year \$1.25 at this office.
THE LEDGER \$1.00 per year.

Member board of review—Dell Condon, Daniel Anderson.
Constables—Fred Kropf, Geo. Rummel, John Miller and R. B. Murock, Reps., and Otis Bibber, William Post, Gus Wheendon and Frank Doyle, Dems.



MRS. PHILA CLARK.

A well-known old resident of Lowell, suffered a stroke of paralysis at her home in this village yesterday morning. She had risen and was partially dressed when found by her daughter, Mrs. J. B. Veiter, unconscious on the floor by her bed. This (Thursday) morning she is semi-conscious and Dr. Anderson is hopeful that she may rally. Mrs. Clark is 80 years old; but has been remarkably preserved, mentally and physically; and only Tuesday was about town with a prohibition petition, true to the last to her life-long principles.

A GOLDEN WEDDING

Worthy Cannonsburg Couple Celebrate 50th Anniversary

Mr. and Mrs. Jesse B. Armstrong celebrated their fiftieth wedding anniversary March 14, 1915, at their home in Cannonsburg. They are survivors of the pioneer period. Mr. Armstrong came to Michigan from Oneida county, township of Annsville, N. Y., fifty-one years ago in April and was married to Mary A. Wilson March 14, 1865. She was born in the township of Cannon, where she has always lived. Their ages are 74 and 68 years, and both are in excellent health. Many are the pleasing and interesting stories of experiences related by Mr. Armstrong when he first came to Cannonsburg, which was then a wilderness. Since that time he has been a prominent and active citizen, having held a number of township offices and that of deputy sheriff. Mrs. Armstrong with industry serves her well relates the experiences of her girlhood days when social functions were apple paring and corn husking bees were much the vogue in the good old pioneer days.

Mr. and Mrs. Armstrong are the parents of three sons and two daughters, also have three grandchildren, all were present except one son who lives in Seattle.

Those who were present from Grand Rapids were: Mr. and Mrs. F. A. Montelions, Dr. Mrs. Margaret Thomson, Dr. Williams and wife, Mrs. Edna Robinson and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. Burton Spring, Mr. and Mrs. George Spring, D. W. Spring and Mrs. Emma Nesbitt. Other guests were: Mr. and Mrs. Gilbert Spring of Rockford, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Armstrong and son J. C., and Miss Hattie Lynn of Lowell and Mr. and Mrs. John Weeks of Grattan.

Mr. and Mrs. Armstrong were the recipients of many beautiful and useful presents, among which was a purse of gold containing \$75. An informal luncheon was served to one hundred guests, and all enjoyed the occasion, taking their leave with many congratulations to the aged couple.

Mrs. Alice Bookey.

MATRIMONIAL.

Lowell Girl Married in Chicago March 24.

Married, March 24, at the home of the bride's brother, 5604 Calumet ave., Chicago, Miss Elizabeth B. Tate, a well-known Lowell girl, and Mr. Wm. John Egger.

The bride was attended by Miss Helen Irene Hume of Corunna, Mich. Little Elizabeth Eaton was ring bearer and Geo. M. Tate acted as best man. Only the immediate family was present. After the supper was served, Mr. and Mrs. Egger left for their new home at Buffalo, Iowa, where they will be at home to their friends after April 1.

Steal Restaurant Sold

To the Public:—Having purchased the Steal restaurant, we take this method of inviting the continued favors of the old patrons and will be pleased to meet all others who appreciate courteous treatment and good service. Please give us a trial.
W. C. Bond & Son.

Painting and Papering

Having decided to do painting and papering this season I will be pleased to do your work for you. Charlie B. Gunn. Inquire at Henry's drug store. 42p

Subscribe for The Ledger now.

Wedding present to brides in Lowell and vicinity—The Ledger six months. Apply to F. M. Johnson, dean of Lowell editors.

WALL PAPER TIME

Our complete line of 1915 Wall paper is about all in, and our racks are filled with paper to suit every individual need and everyone's pocket book. All we want is a chance to show you and we can convince you that we can save you money.

We were fortunate in placing our order early and were not affected by the advance in price most dealers have to pay.

We buy direct from the largest wall paper mills in the country and this year's purchases were for three stores—getting for us a price way below anything we ever had before and

You Get the Benefit.
Let Us Show You

Give a chance to save you money.

D. G. LOOK

The Rexall Drug Store

SILVER SPOONS FREE!

SATURDAY!

We will give customers in our store Saturday Silver Spoons free. Come and ask us to explain the conditions governing same.

R. D. Stocking.



THE DIFFERENCE between the ordinary photograph and the kind we make is due to our skill and high grade equipment.

Let us demonstrate our skill by making for you the best portrait you have ever had.

AVERY
THE PHOTOGRAPHER
IN YOUR TOWN
Phone 287

FORD'S HARDWARE

We invite you to come in and see our display of Kerosene Oil Cooking Stoves. We are showing New Process, (both new and old style) The New Perfection, Clark Jewel, and Buhl Cook Stoves, and would be pleased to have you call and look them over.

We have just received a large shipment of Poultry Fencing and Netting. We have several styles at various prices. Some good bargains in Barbed Wire while it lasts.

Prepare now for the heavy rains that are bound to come before long. Let us figure on your Galvanized Roofing. We have contracted for a fair quantity of the material at the old price, but Galvanized Iron is rapidly advancing and we urge that you place your contract now. It is unquestionably the best roofing to use, as it is far superior to anything else on the market at anywhere near the price.

Plumbing. Don't forget that we employ a first-class plumber and can do your job better and cheaper than any competition.

When you want anything in the line of hardware, don't forget that we can furnish you the best at the lowest price.

R. T. FORD

HEAVY DAMAGE SUITS

Lowell Liqueur Dealers Made Defendants in Three Cases

Saturday's Grand Rapids Herald has this:

Three damage suits were begun in circuit court yesterday against James Davarn and Fred J. Holey, saloon keepers at Lowell, and their bondsmen, the Michigan Bonding company. The plaintiffs are Beniah, 17 years old; Nellie, 19, and Eulah, aged 5 years, daughters of Richard Willett. Each claim damages in the sum of \$3,000, alleging that their father suffered frozen feet to the extent that it was necessary to amputate one, and that the mental state of the father was such that he could not care for himself, his condition being due to intoxication.

The Willett family live at Stanton. We understand that the action is regarded by the de-

fendants as spite work growing out of the unsuccessful prosecution of the Taylor damage suits in Ionia.

A Bad Runaway Smash-Up

Lee Jones' best horse was badly injured in a runaway dash on Main street last Friday morning. The team was standing in front of the market, the older animal hitched to a cement tie-block weighing about 100 pounds. Something started the colt, which pulled the wagon on to the horse and the mischief was on. Jones and Dawson tried to stop the frantic team but succeeded only in getting hurt themselves. At the Hudson street corner the wagon collided with a lamp-post, the team was thrown and the wagon and lamps smashed. The hitched horse had carried the heavy block by the bit ring all that distance, its legs being pounded and cut at every jump.

Read the LEDGER.

When You Want Shoes

We Want To See You



It will be to your interest as well as to ours and we will convince you of this fact if you will give us an opportunity.

The shoes we sell are well made and easy fitting, and the price is as easy as the shoe.

Ladies: See our new MILITARY BOOTS at from \$2.50 to \$3.50.

See our window for Timely Tips

WILLETTE & HART

LOWELL LEDGER
F. M. JOHNSON, Publisher
LANSING NOTES
Harley Maynard PLUMBING

O. C. McDannell, M. D.
Physician and Surgeon
M. C. Greene, M. D.

S. P. Hicks
Loans, Collections, Real Estate and Insurance

Dr. J. P. Draper, V.S.
Treats all Diseases of Horses

Dr. W. B. Huntley
Physician and Surgeon
Specialty: Eye, Ear, Nose and Throat

S. S. Lee, M. D.
Physician and Surgeon

A. S. VAWWALLADER
FUNERAL DIRECTOR AND EMBALMER

DR. E. D. McQUEEN
Veterinarian
UP-TO-DATE Livery and Transfer

Roland M. Shivel
ATTORNEY
LOWELL, MICHIGAN

C. H. ANDERSON, M.D.
Physician and Surgeon
Office Hours—3 to 5 and 7 to 9 p. m.

How about that printed job you're in need of?
Come in and see us about it

TRUE ECONOMY
WHITE SEWING MACHINE CO. CLEVELAND, O.

LANSING NOTES

Lansing—With Speaker Charles R. Smith at the throttle the house machine is breaking all legislative records this year for ability to keep abreast of the work sent out by the committee.

Several conditions have contributed to facility of action. Chief among these is the good work being done by the speaker and the chairman of ways and means, Representative D. H. Hinkley of Potosi.

The speaker has kept a close eye on the order of business and whenever, as was the case at the beginning of the current week, it gave signs of getting beyond control, he called the house back for extra service.

Representative Nank's bill for the organization of mutual insurance companies to write automobile risks was passed on third reading and Representative Ashley's technical amendment to the employer's liability law.

Representative William F. Jerome's third health bill which contained the same provision making local health authorities abide by the rule of the state board was carefully considered and amended and then passed for the day to give time for the preparation of amendments.

The state Psychopathic hospital appropriation for \$13,500 for salaries; the Michigan College of Mines appropriation for \$14,800; and the Northern State Normal College appropriation for \$138,021 were agreed to in committee of the whole.

The Jones bill establishing an eight hour day for work on public buildings was amended to eliminate municipal contracts because the attorney general ruled this unconstitutional through its infringement of the right of home rule.

The girls of the senior class of Ann Arbor high school have put a ban on expensive dresses for graduation exercises, and decided in favor of simple dresses and white party skirts.

George Bradley, 104, is dead at the home of his son, Joseph Bradley, in Owosso township Shiawassee county. He was born in Ontario on September 23, 1810, and came to Shiawassee township in 1865.

State and General News Section of Ledger
Compiled and Condensed for Readers of Lowell and Environs

INVESTIGATION OF "SLUSH FUND"

Mrs. C. E. Singer, the first licensed woman embalmer in Michigan, is dead at her home in Hillsdale, following a long illness.

John Kibba, a Finn, is held at Sault Ste. Marie on the charge of having killed Alex Saliva, another Finn, at Brimley. Saliva, who had been drinking, is said to have tripped Kibba. Saliva was killed with an ax.

Jerry Anderson, clerk in the Kent county circuit court, who was the oldest member of the 1907 state legislature, has been invited to be a guest of the old legislature at a reunion and banquet at Lansing, April 7.

Game Warden Phelps, Murphy and Truesdell, of eastern Michigan, seized three tons of nets in the upper waters of the Saginaw river. The wind blew the water down the river, lowering it two feet, and the nets were exposed.

The formal ratification of the appointment of A. H. Brody as St. Clair county agriculturist was made Saturday afternoon. Mr. Brody comes highly recommended by the Michigan Agricultural college, of which he is a graduate.

Bosama Zhemell, five years old, of St. Charles, is dead as the result of several gunshot wounds inflicted when an eight-year-old companion discharged an old shotgun. Four children were playing when Antonio Konecny took the gun in a lumber pile.

To prevent losses to the state university through students leaving without paying their health service fees, as occurred last year, the regents at their meeting Thursday passed a rule that no students may receive credits as long as the fees are not paid.

The question of prohibiting Sunday motion picture shows will be submitted to a vote of the people of Cornucopia at the April election. It is too late for legal submission of the matter, but the council will act on the ordinance now before it in accordance with the way the people vote.

Over 500 farmers were the guests of the business men of Parma at a "booster day" banquet and entertainment. A banquet was served at the new Masonic temple. Speeches were made by Senator Charles E. Townsend, Prof. H. E. Dennison, of the M. A. C., and Commissioner of Schools Thomas M. Sattler.

University Y. M. C. A. officials elected Saturday for the ensuing year are: President, Lewis C. Reinman, Iron River, member of last year's varsity football team; vice-president, Waldo Hunt, Detroit, and secretary-treasurer, P. C. Lovejoy, Ann Arbor. The men elected will assume office directly after spring vacation.

The union revival meetings held in a big tabernacle at Howell and which have just closed were the largest of the kind that ever struck that section. They were in charge of Rev. Henry W. Bromley, of Wilmore, Ky. There were 567 converts, a large per cent of whom were men. The financial offerings amounted to more than \$2,500.

State inspector of masonry, public buildings and works will be the imposing title of a \$3,000 a year state official if a bill introduced by Senator Murtha Wednesday afternoon is passed by the legislature. The inspector would be attached to the state labor department and would inspect, with condemnatory power, both public and private work.

George Bradley, 104, is dead at the home of his son, Joseph Bradley, in Owosso township Shiawassee county. He was born in Ontario on September 23, 1810, and came to Shiawassee township in 1865.

The girls of the senior class of Ann Arbor high school have put a ban on expensive dresses for graduation exercises, and decided in favor of simple dresses and white party skirts.

The combination desk and bookcase at which Will Carleton wrote many of his early poems, especially in the first years of his fame, is in the possession of President and Mrs. J. W. Mauck of Hillsdale college, by the good offices of Mr. Carleton's nephew and manager, Norman E. Goodrich, of Brooklyn, N. Y., who refers to the friendly sentiment which Mr. Carleton had expressed to him about them.

The formation of a state association of law teachers was announced at a meeting at Saginaw Thursday of the Saginaw and Bay City law dealers. David A. Brown, of the Consolidated Co. Co., Detroit, and president of the Middle State Ice Producers' exchange, was the principal speaker. Mr. Brown and others will visit the leading cities of the state for the purpose of promoting such an organization.

Canden village voted in favor of installing an electric light plant, 156 to 13. With funds aggregating \$127,300 for repairing and construction, it is expected that work on harbor of refuge at Harbor Beach will be started at once.

An appropriation of \$38,000 has been made to place with concrete the old timber dam at Bay City. The dam was washed away during the storm of November 8, 1912, and \$38,000 was appropriated for repairs to the main pier and rip-rap stone work damaged by the same storm.

The public school at Romeo have reopened after having been closed because of an epidemic of scarlet fever in the village. Twelve cases were reported, all of them mild.

While celebrating the visit of the stork to his home, Oscar Johnson, 36, of Iron Mountain, visited a saloon, and while in an alleged intoxicated condition attempted to break the glasses in the rear of the bar. Victor Anderson, a bartender, attempted to eject Johnson and in the scuffle Johnson was struck on the head and died later in a hospital.

MICHIGAN NEWS BRIEFS

Mrs. C. E. Singer, the first licensed woman embalmer in Michigan, is dead at her home in Hillsdale, following a long illness.

John Kibba, a Finn, is held at Sault Ste. Marie on the charge of having killed Alex Saliva, another Finn, at Brimley. Saliva, who had been drinking, is said to have tripped Kibba. Saliva was killed with an ax.

Jerry Anderson, clerk in the Kent county circuit court, who was the oldest member of the 1907 state legislature, has been invited to be a guest of the old legislature at a reunion and banquet at Lansing, April 7.

Game Warden Phelps, Murphy and Truesdell, of eastern Michigan, seized three tons of nets in the upper waters of the Saginaw river. The wind blew the water down the river, lowering it two feet, and the nets were exposed.

The formal ratification of the appointment of A. H. Brody as St. Clair county agriculturist was made Saturday afternoon. Mr. Brody comes highly recommended by the Michigan Agricultural college, of which he is a graduate.

Bosama Zhemell, five years old, of St. Charles, is dead as the result of several gunshot wounds inflicted when an eight-year-old companion discharged an old shotgun. Four children were playing when Antonio Konecny took the gun in a lumber pile.

To prevent losses to the state university through students leaving without paying their health service fees, as occurred last year, the regents at their meeting Thursday passed a rule that no students may receive credits as long as the fees are not paid.

The question of prohibiting Sunday motion picture shows will be submitted to a vote of the people of Cornucopia at the April election. It is too late for legal submission of the matter, but the council will act on the ordinance now before it in accordance with the way the people vote.

Over 500 farmers were the guests of the business men of Parma at a "booster day" banquet and entertainment. A banquet was served at the new Masonic temple. Speeches were made by Senator Charles E. Townsend, Prof. H. E. Dennison, of the M. A. C., and Commissioner of Schools Thomas M. Sattler.

University Y. M. C. A. officials elected Saturday for the ensuing year are: President, Lewis C. Reinman, Iron River, member of last year's varsity football team; vice-president, Waldo Hunt, Detroit, and secretary-treasurer, P. C. Lovejoy, Ann Arbor. The men elected will assume office directly after spring vacation.

The union revival meetings held in a big tabernacle at Howell and which have just closed were the largest of the kind that ever struck that section. They were in charge of Rev. Henry W. Bromley, of Wilmore, Ky. There were 567 converts, a large per cent of whom were men. The financial offerings amounted to more than \$2,500.

State inspector of masonry, public buildings and works will be the imposing title of a \$3,000 a year state official if a bill introduced by Senator Murtha Wednesday afternoon is passed by the legislature. The inspector would be attached to the state labor department and would inspect, with condemnatory power, both public and private work.

George Bradley, 104, is dead at the home of his son, Joseph Bradley, in Owosso township Shiawassee county. He was born in Ontario on September 23, 1810, and came to Shiawassee township in 1865.

The girls of the senior class of Ann Arbor high school have put a ban on expensive dresses for graduation exercises, and decided in favor of simple dresses and white party skirts.

The combination desk and bookcase at which Will Carleton wrote many of his early poems, especially in the first years of his fame, is in the possession of President and Mrs. J. W. Mauck of Hillsdale college, by the good offices of Mr. Carleton's nephew and manager, Norman E. Goodrich, of Brooklyn, N. Y., who refers to the friendly sentiment which Mr. Carleton had expressed to him about them.

The formation of a state association of law teachers was announced at a meeting at Saginaw Thursday of the Saginaw and Bay City law dealers. David A. Brown, of the Consolidated Co. Co., Detroit, and president of the Middle State Ice Producers' exchange, was the principal speaker. Mr. Brown and others will visit the leading cities of the state for the purpose of promoting such an organization.

Canden village voted in favor of installing an electric light plant, 156 to 13. With funds aggregating \$127,300 for repairing and construction, it is expected that work on harbor of refuge at Harbor Beach will be started at once.

An appropriation of \$38,000 has been made to place with concrete the old timber dam at Bay City. The dam was washed away during the storm of November 8, 1912, and \$38,000 was appropriated for repairs to the main pier and rip-rap stone work damaged by the same storm.

The public school at Romeo have reopened after having been closed because of an epidemic of scarlet fever in the village. Twelve cases were reported, all of them mild.

While celebrating the visit of the stork to his home, Oscar Johnson, 36, of Iron Mountain, visited a saloon, and while in an alleged intoxicated condition attempted to break the glasses in the rear of the bar. Victor Anderson, a bartender, attempted to eject Johnson and in the scuffle Johnson was struck on the head and died later in a hospital.

KURD OUTRAGES ARE REPORTED

Missionaries in Persia are beaten and hanged says message.

All the men are killed. Presbyterian Board of Foreign Missions Receives Word of Massacre From Native Christians.

New York—All the men at Gulpa-shan, a large village near Urumiah, Persia, have been shot by Kurds, indignities heaped upon the women, an American missionary beaten and 65 refugees, taken from the French and American missions, have been hanged on gibbets erected in the mission yards, according to a cable message received here Friday by the Presbyterian board of foreign missions.

The message came from Tabriz from four native Christians, three of whom and perhaps the fourth, were naturalized American. The message follows: "Gulpa-shan destroyed. Its men taken from French mission compound and five from American mission compound and hanged. Alien beaten. Hanging pole erected in French mission yard. Massacre imminent. Implore state department that consuls at Tabriz proceed to Urumiah."

The message was signed by Jesse Yonan, E. O. Eshoo, Isaac Yohannan and Paul Shimmam, all of whom are known to the board. Eshoo and Shimmam, both Americans, led this city for Urumiah five weeks ago, proceeding by way of Norway and Petrograd. Mr. Allen, the missionary referred to in the dispatch as having been beaten, is E. T. Allen, who was born in London, Ont., and became a naturalized American. Mr. Allen has been in the service of the board since 1891. He was sent, for the second time, to Persia, in 1911.

Six thousand dollars for relief at Urumiah was cabled Friday by the American consul at Tabriz by the Persian war relief committee.

U. OF M. WINS FIRST DEBATE. Victors Over Illinois in Initial Contest of New League.

Ann Arbor—University of Michigan won from the University of Illinois here Friday night, in the first of the question "Resolved, That in anti-trust legislation, labor unions should be exempt from construction as combinations in restraint of trade, constitutionality waived."

United States Senator William Alden Smith, of Grand Rapids, presided while the judges were Professor Karl Geiser, of Oberlin, Ohio; Charles A. Seider and William Fritzel, both of Toledo, Illinois constant, Friday night were F. B. Leonard, D. A. Grossman and W. H. Byre. On the Michigan team were Henry Karr, Detroit; Jacob Levin, Chicago; Victor Sugar, Detroit.

This is the first time in the history of the two universities that Michigan and Illinois have met in debate.

Miss Wilson Sings for Charity. Washington—Miss Margaret Wilson, daughter of the president, has just concluded recording "The Star Spangled Banner" on a musical record and has agreed to turn over her royalties to the international board of relief, an organization working in the war-stricken cities of Europe.

STATE NEWS IN BRIEF. The Great Lakes Dredge & Dock company will lay a sub-structure for the dam. The Penn Bridge company, of Beaver Falls, will have charge of the steel construction work in the super-structure of the compensating works.

Declaring that the shame and disgrace which befell her when her husband was slightly hurt in a saloon fight is worth \$3,000, Mrs. Lena Billet, wife of Henry Billet, has sued W. R. Baker, a Niles saloonkeeper, for that amount.

Bishop W. F. Anderson, of Cincinnati, presided Sunday at the exercises on the first day of a week devoted to the dedication of Moreau's new Methodist church. About 1,000 persons crowded the new structure. Three thousand dollars, the balance of the debt on the building, was raised, as was \$1,000 to pay part of the cost of a new pipe organ.

The capital stock of the new bank to be formed from the consolidation of the First National and the Bay County savings banks of Bay City will be \$600,000. The institution will occupy a new building.

Mayor "Gus" Cassano, senator from Bay City, has introduced a bill to give the Spanish War Veterans Department of Michigan, a room in the state capitol in which they can keep their records and trophies, and to provide for an annual report to be made by the commander in charge of the headquarters.

The taxpayers of Ypsilanti on Thursday voted, 342 to 76, to issue \$12,000 here bonds in order to complete the new high school building in accordance with the original plans.

Supt. of Schools Clarence Paul of Burlington has been acquitted on a charge of assault and battery on Roy, 15-year-old son of W. E. Waffle, one of his students, by Justice Cortright. Paul recently came to Burlington from Detroit. A suit for \$100 damages was begun by Waffle against Paul with withdrawal when Paul paid \$40 costs in the criminal suit.

REBELLION LEADER HAS ESCAPED PRISON CAMP

Capetown, S. A.—Lieut. Col. Maritz, leader of the Boer rebellion of last October, has escaped from his prison camp and fled toward Central Africa, according to information received here.

Maritz was one of the Boer generals placed in command of an army for the invasion of German Southwest Africa last fall. Early in October he mutinied and led part of his command over to the Germans, being joined by Gens. De Wet and Beyers, both former leaders in the Boer war. Maritz and De Wet were captured; Beyers is reported to have been drowned. The Capetown assembly Thursday voted that the death penalty should not be imposed upon Maritz and the other rebels.



COL. SOLOMON G. MARITZ.

Maritz was one of the Boer generals placed in command of an army for the invasion of German Southwest Africa last fall. Early in October he mutinied and led part of his command over to the Germans, being joined by Gens. De Wet and Beyers, both former leaders in the Boer war.

Maritz and De Wet were captured; Beyers is reported to have been drowned. The Capetown assembly Thursday voted that the death penalty should not be imposed upon Maritz and the other rebels.

NEGRO IS FOUND GUILTY. Charles Kimbrough is Convicted of Killing Eight-Year-Old Girl and Sentenced for Life.

Saginaw, Mich.—Charles Kimbrough, negro, was Friday convicted on a charge of first degree murder in connection with the death of 8-year-old Rose Fernier-Laundry. The jury, after being out all night, reached a verdict Friday morning.

The theory of the prosecution is that the girl was attacked by the negro and her body burned in a furnace at a factory near her home, where Kimbrough was employed as a janitor.

Kimbrough was immediately sentenced to the Marquette prison for life. He showed no emotion when the verdict was rendered or when sentence was announced.

Kimbrough put up a remarkable front throughout the case, including his trial, never once weakening or showing the slightest sign of remorse. He went on the stand and told the story of his movements that night, asserting he left the factory before the girl went to the store, and was in a moving picture show two miles from the scene when the crime was committed.

Kimbrough was convicted largely on the testimony of Prof. R. E. McCotter, anatomical chemist of the University of Michigan, who analyzed fragments of bone taken from the furnace and discovered them to be the bones of a child of about the age of the Fernier girl. The Fernier girl disappeared while on the way to a store, a short distance from her home, to buy groceries. Suspicion attached to the negro, whose place of employment she passed on the way home. His arrest followed the searching of the ashes by the police. Kimbrough has served time and has been convicted of several offenses.

Wilson and Taft Officials. Washington—Laying the cornerstone here Saturday of the \$600,000 home of the American Red Cross, opened as a memorial to the heroic women of the Civil War. President Wilson and former President Taft met side by side and spread the mortar in which the block will rest.

Members of the cabinet and supreme court, officers of the army and navy, and Red Cross officials attended the ceremony, at which President Wilson and Mr. Taft were the principal figures.

ITEMS OF STATE INTEREST. These works will be used in regulating the flow of the water across St. Mary's Falls, the outlet of Lake Superior, and will keep the water level in the lakes at an even station. The contracts approximate \$250,000.

Clay C. Clark, Ann Arbor railroad agent at Boone who disappeared early last week and who is alleged to have taken \$300 of the company's money, was arrested Saturday at Elsie.

Members of the Grocers and Butchers' association of Port Huron have decided to adopt a credit rating system rather than to abolish entirely the credit system. A committee of three has been appointed to compile a list of all customers of grocery stores and meat markets that are "good," and also a list of the "dead-beats."

Governor Ferris Thursday appointed Ira W. Jayne, Detroit, as member of the board of control of the state public school, Coldwater, to succeed George H. Turner, resigned, for the term ending December 31, 1916.

Six dollars a week for women or girls employed in any state institution will become a legalized minimum wage if a bill introduced by Rep. W. P. Jerome in the house is made a law. The bill prescribes that no female employer shall be paid less than \$1 a day for work done in public institutions maintained by the state.

LOST SUBMARINE HAS BEEN LOCATED

Diver establishes world record in searching trip to bottom.

NO LONGER HOPE FOR CREW. Submerged Vessel of U. S. Hawaiian Division Lies Just Outside of the Harbor of Honolulu.

Honolulu—The submerged submarine F-4 has been located outside the harbor. It was announced Sunday night. Portions of the superstructure have been brought to the surface. All hope of finding any of her crew alive was abandoned Saturday.

The positive statement was made here by Naval Constructor Julius A. Furer that the four submarines of the Hawaiian division were examined as to their stability only a month ago. He said that all were found in good condition.

Earlier in the day there was bitter disappointment for the searchers when it was found by divers that what was supposed to have been the F-4, caught by grappling iron Saturday, was merely the anchor of a warship, supposed to be one lost by the Oregon.

Divers Agraz and Evans went down the two cables thought to have been attached to the submarine. Agraz, who went down the cable attached to the anchor, wore only a helmet. Diver Evans, who descended along the second cable, reported that he found nothing at the bottom.

Agraz, whose descent to a depth of 215 feet is said by naval authorities to be a world's record, spent 22 minutes on the downward journey and 9 1/2 minutes in the ascent. The experience apparently caused him no distress.

DEMAND TAKING OF TRENT. Mass Meeting in Rome Cheers Warlike Sentiments of Speakers.

Rome, via Paris—A large mass meeting was held here Sunday by Italians who favor the taking of Trent, Trieste and Dalmatia. Forces of troops were present to prevent disorders.

A resolution was unanimously passed requesting the government to obtain "by arms, the frontiers of Italy."

After the meeting the crowd attempted to reach the Austrian embassy, but was charged by the troops and dispersed. Several arrests were made.

Among those in attendance were senators, deputies and aldermen, and the representatives of more than 6,000 clubs and associations. Several orators made addresses, among them Signor Barsella, a native of Trieste, who has been deputy for Rome for 25 years.

He was greeted enthusiastically when he said the moment had arrived to take Trent, the key to the north and the door to the Adriatic.

OKUMA WINS WARM CAMPAIGN. Government Militarist Party Victors in Japanese Election.

Washington—Returns from Thursday's elections in Japan, cabled to the Japanese embassy here Sunday, show that the government party, which favors increase of military strength, will have a large majority in the new house of representatives.

In support of the government there will be 231 members out of a total of 281, in the new house.

The Selyu-kai, or chief opposition party, elected 108 members and the nationalists and independents opposed to the cabinet elected 87.

The election held Thursday followed an exciting campaign in the course of which the premier of the cabinet, Count Okuma, made a whirlwind tour of the country, in a special train, while wives of a number of candidates made personal visits and appeals to the voters.

TELEGRAPHIC FLASHES. Paris—The Duke de Montmorency, a prominent figure in the court of Napoleon III, died Thursday night at the age of 78 years.

Sault Ste. Marie—Superintendent L. H. Davis, of the Michigan Northern Power company, announced Sunday that work on the regulating and compensation works above the rapids in St. Mary's river would be started at once.

Washington—The interstate commerce commission has held the railroad's 10-cent-per-100-pound lumber rate from Wisconsin, Minnesota and Michigan to upper and lower Missouri river crossings neither unreasonable nor discriminating.

INTERNATIONAL SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON

LESSON FOR APRIL 4 SAUL REJECTED BY THE LORD.

LESSON TEXT—1 Samuel 15:10-22. GOLDEN TEXT—Behold, to obey is better than sacrifice.—1 Samuel 15:22.

Jonathan's victory (ch. 14) brought with it a staining on the part of the hungry, harassed Israelites in that they ate of the spoils "with the blood" (14:21, 22; Lev. 17:14, 15). In the emergency Saul ordered "the first star that he built unto the Lord" (ch. 14:35), a rather dilatory act on the part of a God-anointed king. Saul had resorted to the subterfuge of commanding the people "to roll a great stone," i. e., cut the throats of the animals which they had eaten that they might bleed, and thus be an evidence that the animals had died before being eaten. This the people did, fearing Saul, but having no scruples in transgressing God's commands. These same people resented Jonathan from the foolish vow of Saul, for it was his faith and valor that had chiefly brought about the victory.

I. God's Sorrow, vv. 10-12. Samuel had first revealed God's purpose in making Saul king, and likewise first declared God's purpose to dispose of Saul (v. 10). Saul's actions (v. 14) had stamped him as being no longer worthy of God's confidence. The word "repented," meaning "to sigh" (v. 11), denotes a change of feeling due to Saul's actions and not to any change in the character, purpose or desires of God. God was sorry that Saul had proved himself unworthy. A half-way obedience of God's command only heightened his guilt.

Whatever moral difficulties seem to be, for a later age, in Saul's commission against Agag, the text says "such for him" (Vaughan). Man's repentance involves a change of mind and purpose. In Saul's case God repented, changed the instrument of his execution, because of the change of circumstances and relation. God is ever the same; it is man alone who changes. Saul had given Samuel cause for anger (v. 11, R. V.), but he did the wise thing in taking it to God in prayer. Arising early the next morning Samuel hastened to acquaint Saul with Jehovah's message. It is remarkable of how many of the great men of the Bible it is said that they rose early, Abraham, Gideon, Joshua, Job, Jacob, Moses, etc., not to forget our Lord Jesus.

II. Samuel's Rebuke, vv. 13-15. It must have been a striking scene when the aged Nazarine prophet faced the proud but recanting king. A guilty conscience is often covered by a great show of piety (v. 15), but such acts cannot stifle the conviction of the heart nor deceive the righteous judge. Sin proclaims itself even as Samuel's sharp question brought conviction from the lips of Saul (v. 14; Prov. 28:13). Saul thought to deceive Samuel by using a falsehood (v. 15). The only safe course is to confess our sins (Ps. 32:15; 1 John 1:9). There is an interesting suggestion in the way Saul uses the impersonal "they" and "we" in verse 15, as if to throw the guilt of his acts upon others. It is easy for the sinner to blame others and seek to minimize his own guilt (Rom. 14:12). Verse 9 clearly indicates why Saul and the people had spared the best of the cattle. To use a part only for God and the rest for self in direct disobedience to God's rights or the rights of others is to incur his righteous wrath (vv. 22, 23).

III. Saul's Self-Rejection, vv. 20-23. God set Saul aside because he had rejected what was right and chosen the wrong. Face to face with his sin, Saul could not dodge the issue. Samuel's "wherefore" (v. 19) must have aroused Saul's guilty conscience. It is a question which should reach every tempted soul. Samuel characterized Saul's sin as being due to stubbornness, rebellion, disobedience and a rejection of God (v. 19). Again Saul seeks to evade his responsibility (vv. 20, 21). Then Samuel speaks plainly of Saul's sin, which is unchangeable, as condemned in on the cross that the guilty sinner may live.

The persistence of sin, the unchangeableness of God and his unyielding hatred of sin are met by the culmination of Easter for, "By the obedience of one shall many be made righteous" (Rom. 5:19). The whole root of Saul's trouble was his attitude towards the word of God. Every man's destiny hinges upon what he does with the Living Incarnate Word.

The resurrection of Jesus is the seal of his authority, the evidence of his power and our eternal salvation depends upon what we do with him, John 3:16; 13:36.

Dreams. Few people, if any, sleep without dreaming, and even on the basis of only one dream a night this would mean over seventeen thousand dreams for each person fifty years old. Yet few of us can recall even seventeen occasions in which a coming event has been forecasted in a dream. The prophecy that comes true is remembered because the actual occurrence brings to memory the concepts in dream; the others are forgotten.

Good of Manual Training. Even for those that are pre-occupied with their manual work will be of immeasurable moral benefit. The natural ingenuity of man, to be developed, is essential to his progress. It is a duty to the community to provide for the development of this ingenuity. The manual training of man, to be developed, is essential to his progress. It is a duty to the community to provide for the development of this ingenuity.

New York—The death in Serbia from typhus of Lady Paget, wife of Sir Ralph Paget, third assistant secretary of foreign affairs in England, P. Jerome in the house is made a law. The bill prescribes that no female employer shall be paid less than \$1 a day for work done in public institutions maintained by the state.

Black Is White

by
GEORGE BARR McCUTCHEN
ILLUSTRATIONS BY RAY WALTERS

CHAPTER I.

The Message From the Deep.

The two old men sat in the library eating the responsive blue envelope that lay on the end of the long table nearest the fireplace, where a merry but uncolored bed of coals crackled serenely in the vain effort to cry down the shrieks of the bleak December wind that whistled about the corners of the house.

There was something maddening in the fact that the envelope would have to remain unopened until the next day. Fredrick Brood came from the night. They found themselves wondering if by any chance he would fail to come in at all. Their hour for retiring was ten o'clock, day in, day out.

Up to half-past nine they discussed the blue envelope with every inmate of the house, from Mrs. John Desmond, the housekeeper, down to the voiceless but eloquent deacon of port that stood between them, first on the arm of one chair, then the other. They were without any of the usual colloquialisms of the old men who now sat in his huge library before the crackling fire. He could go on with life, but they were no longer fit for his cruel hardships. His home became theirs. They were to die there when the time came.

Brood's son was fifteen years of age before he knew, even by sight, the man whom he called father. Up to the time of the death of his mother, in the home of her father, he had been kept in seclusion. There had been deliberate purpose in the methods of James Brood in so far as this unhappy child was concerned. When he came out into the world he set his hand heavily upon her future. Feared—even feeling—the infernal certainty that this child was not his own, he planned with machiavellian instinct to hurt her to the limit of his powers and to the end of her days. He knew she would hunger for this baby boy of hers, that her heart would be broken through him, that her punishment could be made full and complete. He sequestered the child in a place where he could not be found, and went his own way, grimly certain that he was making her pay! She died when Frederick was eight years old, without having seen him again after that dreadful hour when, protesting, he was sent to the workhouse.

a narrow ledge upon which he lay unconscious after a mistle in the night. More than once—aye, more than a dozen times—one or the other of these loyal friends stood between him and death, and times without number he, too, turned the grim rasper aside for them.

John Desmond, gay, handsome and still young as men of his kind go, met the fate that brooks no intercession. He was the first to drop out of the ranks. In Cairo, during a curious period of inactivity some ten months after the advent of James Brood, he met the woman who conquered his venturesome spirit—a slim, calm, pretty English governess in the employ of a British admiral's family. They were married inside of six months. He took her home to the little Maryland town that had not seen him in years.

Ten years passed before James Brood put his foot on the soil of his native land. Then he came back to the home of his fathers, to the home that had been desecrated, and with him came the two old men who now sat in his huge library before the crackling fire. He could go on with life, but they were no longer fit for his cruel hardships. His home became theirs. They were to die there when the time came.

Brood's son was fifteen years of age before he knew, even by sight, the man whom he called father. Up to the time of the death of his mother, in the home of her father, he had been kept in seclusion. There had been deliberate purpose in the methods of James Brood in so far as this unhappy child was concerned. When he came out into the world he set his hand heavily upon her future. Feared—even feeling—the infernal certainty that this child was not his own, he planned with machiavellian instinct to hurt her to the limit of his powers and to the end of her days. He knew she would hunger for this baby boy of hers, that her heart would be broken through him, that her punishment could be made full and complete. He sequestered the child in a place where he could not be found, and went his own way, grimly certain that he was making her pay! She died when Frederick was eight years old, without having seen him again after that dreadful hour when, protesting, he was sent to the workhouse.

What Brood told them of his life brought the grim smile of appreciation to the lips of each. He had married a beautiful foreigner—an Austrian, they gathered—of excellent family, and had taken her to his home in New York city, to the house in lower Fifth avenue where his father and grandfather had lived before him—the house in which two of the watermen after twenty years, now sat in ruffled contemplation of a blue envelope.

A baby boy came to the Broods in the second year of their wedded life, but before that there had come a man—a music master, dreamy-eyed, handsome, Latin; a man who played upon the harp as only the angels may play. In his delicious ravings Brood cursed this man for the wife he had stolen away from him; he reviled the baby boy, even denying him; he laughed with blood-curdling glee over the manner in which he had cast out the woman who had broken his heart and crushed his pride; he wallowed in anguish over the mistake he had made in allowing the man to live. This might get and snar in triumph. This much he knew: the man who lifted him from hell would be the man who lifted him from heaven. He had vowed that he would never see that man again, and they were filled with pity. Later on, in a rational weakness, he told them more, and without coarseness. A deep, silent, steadfast bitterness succeeded the violent ravings. He became a wayfarer with them, quiet, dogged, fatal; where they went he also went; what they did, also did he. Soon he led, and they followed, into the dark places of the world they plunged, for he meant little to him, death even less. They no longer knew days of privation—he shared his wealth with them; but they knew no rest, no peace, no safety. Life had become a whirlwind before they came upon James Brood; it was a hurricane afterward.

Twice John Desmond, younger than Danbury Daves and Joseph Riggs, saved the life of James Brood by acts of unparalleled heroism; once in a South African jungle when a lioness fought for her young, and again in upper India, when single-handed, he held off a horde of Hindus for days while his comrade lay wounded in a cavern. Daves and Riggs, in the Himalayas, crept down the wall of a precipice, with five thousand feet between them and the bottom of the gorge, to drag him from

thoughtlessness over it. Prof. Giuseppe Renato of Rome, Italy, has devoted a lot of attention to this question. So you see there must be some weight somewhere about it. Professor Renato very kindly and solemnly tells us that the dog wags its tail for conventional purposes and if it is true, we all know dogs that are great conversationalists. Don't you? Professor Renato says great injustice has been done in the past by scientists in not giving animals' tails a profound study sooner. The tail, he solemnly pointed out, from the standpoint of antiquity, is much older than other organs of the various animals, and therefore entitled to be investigated first. Biology demonstrates, he says, that in the gradual development of animal life the tail was performing various important functions and working like a Trojan horse, possibly centuries before the animal ever began to dream that it might also be able to have paws, or jaws or legs. He hopes his present exhaustive and profound treatment of the subject will sort of

square matters with the animals, or rather with their tails, on behalf of past neglectful scientists generally. And yet, in spite of the arguments of Professor Renato, some of us will continue to exhibit far more interest in the development and profane profanity of the tail than in the conversational ability shown in tail-wagging. Won't you?—Detroit Free Press.

The Practice of Kicking.

Kicking, like charity, should begin at home. It ought to be the duty of everybody at home to object, persistently and effectively, to the specific overcrowded street car, the badly paved road, the encroaching doorway, the neglected yard, the malarious cesspool, the irresponsible motor car and the reckless railroad—especially if he have any personal part in the maintenance of similar abuses. If the tendency of these evils were rightly apprehended, it is a part only of the effort that is expended, presumably, in objecting to generalized, foreign and futile subjects were bestowed on up-

The Whispers of Paris.

True, every day is like Sunday now in Paris. The church bells of Paris! Day and night calling across the Meuse, the Seine, the Marne, the Rhone, the Rhine, and the Atlantic Ocean. The city is a babel of tongues, and the whispering of the Bystantine and Gothic styles in the stillness of those dim, venerable churches; for the whisperers now are the women of Paris, labeling for the Virgin, praying each for a loved one out at the front in the trenches.—Detroit's Evening News.

an ideal man. An ideal man is one who remains unconscious of the fact that his wife is growing stout.—Tophat Capital.

A Good Idea.

A certain mail carrier was very concerned with his mail because of the conditions of the cloth which he used for his bags. One day, while he was on his rounds, he happened to see through the window of a store a lot of mail bags. He took them out and examined them. They were made of a heavy material and were much better than his own. He bought a few and used them. The next day he was on his rounds again. He saw a man who was carrying a lot of mail bags. The man was looking at him and he saw that he was carrying the same kind of bags as he had bought. He went up to him and asked him where he had bought them. The man said he had bought them at a certain store. He told him the name of the store and he bought a few more.

Another Ideal Man.

When a man is so virtuous that he never notices a stain on his shirt, he is not an ideal man. He is only a clean man.—Detroit's Evening News.

Another Ideal Man.

When a man is so virtuous that he never notices a stain on his shirt, he is not an ideal man. He is only a clean man.—Detroit's Evening News.

Another Ideal Man.

When a man is so virtuous that he never notices a stain on his shirt, he is not an ideal man. He is only a clean man.—Detroit's Evening News.

Another Ideal Man.

When a man is so virtuous that he never notices a stain on his shirt, he is not an ideal man. He is only a clean man.—Detroit's Evening News.

Another Ideal Man.

When a man is so virtuous that he never notices a stain on his shirt, he is not an ideal man. He is only a clean man.—Detroit's Evening News.

Various Ways of Receiving a Blow.

James Brood's home was a remarkable one. That portion of the house which might be described as "public" in order to distinguish it from other parts, which were enforced, was not unlike any of the richly furnished, old-fashioned places in the lower part of the city, where there are still traces left of the Knickerbocker and their times. This was not the home of men who had been merely rich; it was not wealth alone that stood behind these stately investments.

At the top of the house were the rooms which no one entered except by the gracious will of the master. Here James Brood had stored the quaint, priceless treasures of his own peculiar fancy—exquisite, curious things from the mystic East, things that are not to be bought and sold but come only to the hand of him who searches in lands where peril is the price.

Worlds separated the upper and lower regions of that fine old house; a single step took one from the sedate Occident into the very heart of the Orient; a narrow threshold was the line between the rugged West and the soft, languorous, seductive East. In this part of the house, James Brood, when at home for one of his brief stays, spent many of his hours in seclusion, shut off from the rest of the establishment as completely as if he were the inhabitant of another world. Attended by his Hindu servant, a silent man named Rajah, and on occasions by his secretary, he sat in the study, reading, writing, or at his rathier extensive household. For several years he had been engaged in the task of writing his memoirs—so called—in so far as they related to his experiences and researches of the past twenty years.

His secretary and amanuensis was Lydia Desmond, the nineteen-year-old daughter of his one-time companion and friend, the late John Desmond, whose death occurred when the girl was barely ten years of age. Brood, on hearing of the man's death, immediately made inquiries concerning the condition in which he had left his wife and child, with the result that Mrs. Desmond was installed as housekeeper in the New York house and the daughter given every advantage in the way of education. Desmond had left nothing in the shape of riches except unimpaired love for his wife and a diary kept during those perilous days before he met and married her. This diary was being incorporated in the history of James Brood's adventures, by consent of the widow, and was to speak for Brood in words he could not with modesty utter for himself. In these pages John Desmond was to tell his own story, in his own way, for Brood's love for his friend was broad enough even to admit of that. He was to share his life in retrospect with Desmond and the two old men who had shared it with them in reality.

Lydia's room, adjoining her mother's, was on the third floor at the foot of the small stairway leading up to the prescribed retreat at the top of the house. There was a small sitting-room over the two bed chambers, given over entirely to Mrs. Desmond and her daughter. In this little room, Frederic Brood spent many a quiet, happy hour. The Desmonds, mother and daughter, understood and pitied the lonely boy who came to the big house soon after they were themselves installed. His heart, which had many sores, expanded and glowed in the warmth of their kindness and affection; the plague of unfriendliness that was his by absorption gave way before this unexpected kindness, not immediately, it is true, but completely in the end.

By nature he was slow to respond to the advances of others; his life had been such a variety of adventures for all that he received from others in the shape of respect and consideration. He was prone to discount a friendly attitude for the simple reason that in his experience all friendships were marred by the fact that their sincerity rested entirely upon the generosity of the man who paid for them—his father. No one had loved him for himself; no one had given him an unselfish thought in all the years of his boyhood.

At first he held himself aloof from the Desmonds; he was slow to surrender. He suspected them of the same motives that had been the basis of all previous attachments. When at last he realized that they were not like the others, his cup of joy, long an empty vessel, was filled to the brim and his happiness was without bounds. They were amazed by the transformation. The rather sullen, unapproachable, and at once so friendly, and so dependent, that had they been acquainted with the causes behind the old state of reticence, his very joy might have made a nuisance of him. He followed Mrs. Desmond about in very much the same spirit that inspires a hungry dog; he watched her with eager, half-famished eyes; he was on her heels four-fifths of the

time. As for Lydia, pretty little Lydia, he adored her. His heart began for the first time to sing with the joy of youth, and the sensation was a novel one. It had seemed to him that he could never be anything but an old man.

It was his custom, on coming home for the night, no matter what the hour may have been, to pause before Lydia's door on the way to his own room at the other end of the long hall. Usually, however, he was at home long before her bedtime, and they spent the evenings together. That she was his father's secretary was of no moment. To him she was Lydia—his Lydia.

For the past three months or more he had been privileged to hold her close in his arms and to kiss her good-night at parting. They were lovers now. The slow fuse of passion had reached its end and the flame was alive and shining with a radiance that enveloped both of them.

On this night, however, he passed her door without knocking. His dark, handsome face was flushed, and his teeth were set in sudden anger. With his hand on the knob of his own door, he suddenly remembered that he had failed Lydia for the first time, and stopped. A pang of shame shot through him. For a moment he hesitated and then started guiltily toward the forgotten door. Even as he raised his hand to sound the loving signal, Lydia's face was flushed, and his teeth were set in sudden anger. With his hand on the knob of his own door, he suddenly remembered that he had failed Lydia for the first time, and stopped. A pang of shame shot through him. For a moment he hesitated and then started guiltily toward the forgotten door. Even as he raised his hand to sound the loving signal, Lydia's face was flushed, and his teeth were set in sudden anger. With his hand on the knob of his own door, he suddenly remembered that he had failed Lydia for the first time, and stopped. A pang of shame shot through him. For a moment he hesitated and then started guiltily toward the forgotten door. Even as he raised his hand to sound the loving signal, Lydia's face was flushed, and his teeth were set in sudden anger. With his hand on the knob of his own door, he suddenly remembered that he had failed Lydia for the first time, and stopped. A pang of shame shot through him. For a moment he hesitated and then started guiltily toward the forgotten door. Even as he raised his hand to sound the loving signal, Lydia's face was flushed, and his teeth were set in sudden anger. With his hand on the knob of his own door, he suddenly remembered that he had failed Lydia for the first time, and stopped. A pang of shame shot through him. For a moment he hesitated and then started guiltily toward the forgotten door. Even as he raised his hand to sound the loving signal, Lydia's face was flushed, and his teeth were set in sudden anger. With his hand on the knob of his own door, he suddenly remembered that he had failed Lydia for the first time, and stopped. A pang of shame shot through him. For a moment he hesitated and then started guiltily toward the forgotten door. Even as he raised his hand to sound the loving signal, Lydia's face was flushed, and his teeth were set in sudden anger. With his hand on the knob of his own door, he suddenly remembered that he had failed Lydia for the first time, and stopped. A pang of shame shot through him. For a moment he hesitated and then started guiltily toward the forgotten door. Even as he raised his hand to sound the loving signal, Lydia's face was flushed, and his teeth were set in sudden anger. With his hand on the knob of his own door, he suddenly remembered that he had failed Lydia for the first time, and stopped. A pang of shame shot through him. For a moment he hesitated and then started guiltily toward the forgotten door. Even as he raised his hand to sound the loving signal, Lydia's face was flushed, and his teeth were set in sudden anger. With his hand on the knob of his own door, he suddenly remembered that he had failed Lydia for the first time, and stopped. A pang of shame shot through him. For a moment he hesitated and then started guiltily toward the forgotten door. Even as he raised his hand to sound the loving signal, Lydia's face was flushed, and his teeth were set in sudden anger. With his hand on the knob of his own door, he suddenly remembered that he had failed Lydia for the first time, and stopped. A pang of shame shot through him. For a moment he hesitated and then started guiltily toward the forgotten door. Even as he raised his hand to sound the loving signal, Lydia's face was flushed, and his teeth were set in sudden anger. With his hand on the knob of his own door, he suddenly remembered that he had failed Lydia for the first time, and stopped. A pang of shame shot through him. For a moment he hesitated and then started guiltily toward the forgotten door. Even as he raised his hand to sound the loving signal, Lydia's face was flushed, and his teeth were set in sudden anger. With his hand on the knob of his own door, he suddenly remembered that he had failed Lydia for the first time, and stopped. A pang of shame shot through him. For a moment he hesitated and then started guiltily toward the forgotten door. Even as he raised his hand to sound the loving signal, Lydia's face was flushed, and his teeth were set in sudden anger. With his hand on the knob of his own door, he suddenly remembered that he had failed Lydia for the first time, and stopped. A pang of shame shot through him. For a moment he hesitated and then started guiltily toward the forgotten door. Even as he raised his hand to sound the loving signal, Lydia's face was flushed, and his teeth were set in sudden anger. With his hand on the knob of his own door, he suddenly remembered that he had failed Lydia for the first time, and stopped. A pang of shame shot through him. For a moment he hesitated and then started guiltily toward the forgotten door. Even as he raised his hand to sound the loving signal, Lydia's face was flushed, and his teeth were set in sudden anger. With his hand on the knob of his own door, he suddenly remembered that he had failed Lydia for the first time, and stopped. A pang of shame shot through him. For a moment he hesitated and then started guiltily toward the forgotten door. Even as he raised his hand to sound the loving signal, Lydia's face was flushed, and his teeth were set in sudden anger. With his hand on the knob of his own door, he suddenly remembered that he had failed Lydia for the first time, and stopped. A pang of shame shot through him. For a moment he hesitated and then started guiltily toward the forgotten door. Even as he raised his hand to sound the loving signal, Lydia's face was flushed, and his teeth were set in sudden anger. With his hand on the knob of his own door, he suddenly remembered that he had failed Lydia for the first time, and stopped. A pang of shame shot through him. For a moment he hesitated and then started guiltily toward the forgotten door. Even as he raised his hand to sound the loving signal, Lydia's face was flushed, and his teeth were set in sudden anger. With his hand on the knob of his own door, he suddenly remembered that he had failed Lydia for the first time, and stopped. A pang of shame shot through him. For a moment he hesitated and then started guiltily toward the forgotten door. Even as he raised his hand to sound the loving signal, Lydia's face was flushed, and his teeth were set in sudden anger. With his hand on the knob of his own door, he suddenly remembered that he had failed Lydia for the first time, and stopped. A pang of shame shot through him. For a moment he hesitated and then started guiltily toward the forgotten door. Even as he raised his hand to sound the loving signal, Lydia's face was flushed, and his teeth were set in sudden anger. With his hand on the knob of his own door, he suddenly remembered that he had failed Lydia for the first time, and stopped. A pang of shame shot through him. For a moment he hesitated and then started guiltily toward the forgotten door. Even as he raised his hand to sound the loving signal, Lydia's face was flushed, and his teeth were set in sudden anger. With his hand on the knob of his own door, he suddenly remembered that he had failed Lydia for the first time, and stopped. A pang of shame shot through him. For a moment he hesitated and then started guiltily toward the forgotten door. Even as he raised his hand to sound the loving signal, Lydia's face was flushed, and his teeth were set in sudden anger. With his hand on the knob of his own door, he suddenly remembered that he had failed Lydia for the first time, and stopped. A pang of shame shot through him. For a moment he hesitated and then started guiltily toward the forgotten door. Even as he raised his hand to sound the loving signal, Lydia's face was flushed, and his teeth were set in sudden anger. With his hand on the knob of his own door, he suddenly remembered that he had failed Lydia for the first time, and stopped. A pang of shame shot through him. For a moment he hesitated and then started guiltily toward the forgotten door. Even as he raised his hand to sound the loving signal, Lydia's face was flushed, and his teeth were set in sudden anger. With his hand on the knob of his own door, he suddenly remembered that he had failed Lydia for the first time, and stopped. A pang of shame shot through him. For a moment he hesitated and then started guiltily toward the forgotten door. Even as he raised his hand to sound the loving signal, Lydia's face was flushed, and his teeth were set in sudden anger. With his hand on the knob of his own door, he suddenly remembered that he had failed Lydia for the first time, and stopped. A pang of shame shot through him. For a moment he hesitated and then started guiltily toward the forgotten door. Even as he raised his hand to sound the loving signal, Lydia's face was flushed, and his teeth were set in sudden anger. With his hand on the knob of his own door, he suddenly remembered that he had failed Lydia for the first time, and stopped. A pang of shame shot through him. For a moment he hesitated and then started guiltily toward the forgotten door. Even as he raised his hand to sound the loving signal, Lydia's face was flushed, and his teeth were set in sudden anger. With his hand on the knob of his own door, he suddenly remembered that he had failed Lydia for the first time, and stopped. A pang of shame shot through him. For a moment he hesitated and then started guiltily toward the forgotten door. Even as he raised his hand to sound the loving signal, Lydia's face was flushed, and his teeth were set in sudden anger. With his hand on the knob of his own door, he suddenly remembered that he had failed Lydia for the first time, and stopped. A pang of shame shot through him. For a moment he hesitated and then started guiltily toward the forgotten door. Even as he raised his hand to sound the loving signal, Lydia's face was flushed, and his teeth were set in sudden anger. With his hand on the knob of his own door, he suddenly remembered that he had failed Lydia for the first time, and stopped. A pang of shame shot through him. For a moment he hesitated and then started guiltily toward the forgotten door. Even as he raised his hand to sound the loving signal, Lydia's face was flushed, and his teeth were set in sudden anger. With his hand on the knob of his own door, he suddenly remembered that he had failed Lydia for the first time, and stopped. A pang of shame shot through him. For a moment he hesitated and then started guiltily toward the forgotten door. Even as he raised his hand to sound the loving signal, Lydia's face was flushed, and his teeth were set in sudden anger. With his hand on the knob of his own door, he suddenly remembered that he had failed Lydia for the first time, and stopped. A pang of shame shot through him. For a moment he hesitated and then started guiltily toward the forgotten door. Even as he raised his hand to sound the loving signal, Lydia's face was flushed, and his teeth were set in sudden anger. With his hand on the knob of his own door, he suddenly remembered that he had failed Lydia for the first time, and stopped. A pang of shame shot through him. For a moment he hesitated and then started guiltily toward the forgotten door. Even as he raised his hand to sound the loving signal, Lydia's face was flushed, and his teeth were set in sudden anger. With his hand on the knob of his own door, he suddenly remembered that he had failed Lydia for the first time, and stopped. A pang of shame shot through him. For a moment he hesitated and then started guiltily toward the forgotten door. Even as he raised his hand to sound the loving signal, Lydia's face was flushed, and his teeth were set in sudden anger. With his hand on the knob of his own door, he suddenly remembered that he had failed Lydia for the first time, and stopped. A pang of shame shot through him. For a moment he hesitated and then started guiltily toward the forgotten door. Even as he raised his hand to sound the loving signal, Lydia's face was flushed, and his teeth were set in sudden anger. With his hand on the knob of his own door, he suddenly remembered that he had failed Lydia for the first time, and stopped. A pang of shame shot through him. For a moment he hesitated and then started guiltily toward the forgotten door. Even as he raised his hand to sound the loving signal, Lydia's face was flushed, and his teeth were set in sudden anger. With his hand on the knob of his own door, he suddenly remembered that he had failed Lydia for the first time, and stopped. A pang of shame shot through him. For a moment he hesitated and then started guiltily toward the forgotten door. Even as he raised his hand to sound the loving signal, Lydia's face was flushed, and his teeth were set in sudden anger. With his hand on the knob of his own door, he suddenly remembered that he had failed Lydia for the first time, and stopped. A pang of shame shot through him. For a moment he hesitated and then started guiltily toward the forgotten door. Even as he raised his hand to sound the loving signal, Lydia's face was flushed, and his teeth were set in sudden anger. With his hand on the knob of his own door, he suddenly remembered that he had failed Lydia for the first time, and stopped. A pang of shame shot through him. For a moment he hesitated and then started guiltily toward the forgotten door. Even as he raised his hand to sound the loving signal, Lydia's face was flushed, and his teeth were set in sudden anger. With his hand on the knob of his own door, he suddenly remembered that he had failed Lydia for the first time, and stopped. A pang of shame shot through him. For a moment he hesitated and then started guiltily toward the forgotten door. Even as he raised his hand to sound the loving signal, Lydia's face was flushed, and his teeth were set in sudden anger. With his hand on the knob of his own door, he suddenly remembered that he had failed Lydia for the first time, and stopped. A pang of shame shot through him. For a moment he hesitated and then started guiltily toward the forgotten door. Even as he raised his hand to sound the loving signal, Lydia's face was flushed, and his teeth were set in sudden anger. With his hand on the knob of his own door, he suddenly remembered that he had failed Lydia for the first time, and stopped. A pang of shame shot through him. For a moment he hesitated and then started guiltily toward the forgotten door. Even as he raised his hand to sound the loving signal, Lydia's face was flushed, and his teeth were set in sudden anger. With his hand on the knob of his own door, he suddenly remembered that he had failed Lydia for the first time, and stopped. A pang of shame shot through him. For a moment he hesitated and then started guiltily toward the forgotten door. Even as he raised his hand to sound the loving signal, Lydia's face was flushed, and his teeth were set in sudden anger. With his hand on the knob of his own door, he suddenly remembered that he had failed Lydia for the first time, and stopped. A pang of shame shot through him. For a moment he hesitated and then started guiltily toward the forgotten door. Even as he raised his hand to sound the loving signal, Lydia's face was flushed, and his teeth were set in sudden anger. With his hand on the knob of his own door, he suddenly remembered that he had failed Lydia for the first time, and stopped. A pang of shame shot through him. For a moment he hesitated and then started guiltily toward the forgotten door. Even as he raised his hand to sound the loving signal, Lydia's face was flushed, and his teeth were set in sudden anger. With his hand on the knob of his own door, he suddenly remembered that he had failed Lydia for the first time, and stopped. A pang of shame shot through him. For a moment he hesitated and then started guiltily toward the forgotten door. Even as he raised his hand to sound the loving signal, Lydia's face was flushed, and his teeth were set in sudden anger. With his hand on the knob of his own door, he suddenly remembered that he had failed Lydia for the first time, and stopped. A pang of shame shot through him. For a moment he hesitated and then started guiltily toward the forgotten door. Even as he raised his hand to sound the loving signal, Lydia's face was flushed, and his teeth were set in sudden anger. With his hand on the knob of his own door, he suddenly remembered that he had failed Lydia for the first time, and stopped. A pang of shame shot through him. For a moment he hesitated and then started guiltily toward the forgotten door. Even as he raised his hand to sound the loving signal, Lydia's face was flushed, and his teeth were set in sudden anger. With his hand on the knob of his own door, he suddenly remembered that he had failed Lydia for the first time, and stopped. A pang of shame shot through him. For a moment he hesitated and then started guiltily toward the forgotten door. Even as he raised his hand to sound the loving signal, Lydia's face was flushed, and his teeth were set in sudden anger. With his hand on the knob of his own door, he suddenly remembered that he had failed Lydia for the first time, and stopped. A pang of shame shot through him. For a moment he hesitated and then started guiltily toward the forgotten door. Even as he raised his hand to sound the loving signal, Lydia's face was flushed, and his teeth were set in sudden anger. With his hand on the knob of his own door, he suddenly remembered that he had failed Lydia for the first time, and stopped. A pang of shame shot through him. For a moment he hesitated and then started guiltily toward the forgotten door. Even as he raised his hand to sound the loving signal, Lydia's face was flushed, and his teeth were set in sudden anger. With his hand on the knob of his own door, he suddenly remembered that he had failed Lydia for the first time, and stopped. A pang of shame shot through him. For a moment he hesitated and then started guiltily toward the forgotten door. Even as he raised his hand to sound the loving signal, Lydia's face was flushed, and his teeth were set in sudden anger. With his hand on the knob of his own door, he suddenly remembered that he had failed Lydia for the first time, and stopped. A pang of shame shot through him. For a moment he hesitated and then started guiltily toward the forgotten door. Even as he raised his hand to sound the loving signal, Lydia's face was flushed, and his teeth were set in sudden anger. With his hand on the knob of his own door, he suddenly remembered that he had failed Lydia for the first time, and stopped. A pang of shame shot through him. For a moment he hesitated and then started guiltily toward the forgotten door. Even as he raised his hand to sound the loving signal, Lydia's face was flushed, and his teeth were set in sudden anger. With his hand on the knob of his own door, he suddenly remembered that he had failed Lydia for the first time, and stopped. A pang of shame shot through him. For a moment he hesitated and then started guiltily toward the forgotten door. Even as he raised his hand to sound the loving signal, Lydia's face was flushed, and his teeth were set in sudden anger. With his hand on the knob of his own door, he suddenly remembered that he had failed Lydia for the first time, and stopped. A pang of shame shot through him. For a moment he hesitated and then started guiltily toward the forgotten door. Even as he raised his hand to sound the loving signal, Lydia's face was flushed, and his teeth were set in sudden anger. With his hand on the knob of his own door, he suddenly remembered that he had failed Lydia for the first time, and stopped. A pang of shame shot through him. For a moment he hesitated and then started guiltily toward the forgotten door. Even as he raised his hand to sound the loving signal, Lydia's face was flushed, and his teeth were set in sudden anger. With his hand on the knob of his own door, he suddenly remembered that he had failed Lydia for the first time, and stopped. A pang of shame shot through him. For a moment he hesitated and then started guiltily toward the forgotten door. Even as he raised his hand to sound the loving signal, Lydia's face was flushed, and his teeth were set in sudden anger. With his hand on the knob of his own door, he suddenly remembered that he had failed Lydia for the first time, and stopped. A pang of shame shot through him. For a moment he hesitated and then started guiltily toward the forgotten door. Even as he raised his hand to sound the loving signal, Lydia's face was flushed, and his teeth were set in sudden anger. With his hand on the knob of his own door, he suddenly remembered that he had failed Lydia for the first time, and stopped. A pang of shame shot through him. For a moment he hesitated and then started guiltily toward the forgotten door. Even as he raised his hand to sound the loving signal, Lydia's face was flushed, and his teeth were set in sudden anger. With his hand on the knob of his own door, he suddenly remembered that he had failed Lydia for the first time, and stopped. A pang of shame shot through him. For a moment he hesitated and then started guiltily toward the forgotten door. Even as he raised his hand to sound the loving signal, Lydia's face was flushed, and his teeth were set in sudden anger. With his hand on the knob of his own door, he suddenly remembered that he had failed Lydia for the first time, and stopped. A pang of shame shot through him. For a moment he hesitated and then started guiltily toward the forgotten door. Even as he raised his hand to sound the loving signal, Lydia's face was flushed, and his teeth were set in sudden anger. With his hand on the knob of his own door, he suddenly remembered that he had failed Lydia for the first time, and stopped. A pang of shame shot through him. For a moment he hesitated and then started guiltily toward the forgotten door. Even as he raised his hand to sound the loving signal, Lydia's face was flushed, and his teeth were set in sudden anger. With his hand on the knob of his own door, he suddenly remembered that he had failed Lydia for the first time, and stopped. A pang of shame shot through him. For a moment he hesitated and then started guiltily toward the forgotten door. Even as he raised his hand to sound the loving signal, Lydia's face was flushed, and his teeth were set in sudden anger. With his hand on the knob of his own door, he suddenly remembered that he had failed Lydia for the first time, and stopped. A pang of shame shot through him. For a moment he hesitated and then started guiltily toward the forgotten door. Even as he raised his hand to sound the loving signal, Lydia's face was flushed, and his teeth were set in sudden anger. With his hand on the knob of his own door, he suddenly remembered that he had failed Lydia for the first time, and stopped. A pang of shame shot through him. For a moment he hesitated and then started guiltily toward the forgotten door. Even as he raised his hand to sound the loving signal, Lydia's face was flushed, and his teeth were set in sudden anger. With his hand on the knob of his own door, he suddenly remembered that he had failed Lydia for the first time, and stopped. A pang of shame shot through him. For a moment he hesitated and then started guiltily toward the forgotten door. Even as he raised his hand to sound the loving signal, Lydia's face was flushed, and his teeth were set in sudden anger. With his hand on the knob of his own door, he suddenly remembered that he had failed Lydia for the first time, and stopped. A pang of shame shot through him. For a moment he hesitated and then started guiltily toward the forgotten door. Even as he raised his hand to sound the loving signal, Lydia's face was flushed, and his teeth were set in sudden anger. With his hand on the knob of his own door, he suddenly remembered that he had failed Lydia for the first time, and stopped. A pang of shame shot through him. For a moment he hesitated and then started guiltily toward the forgotten door. Even as he raised his hand to sound the loving signal, Lydia's face was flushed, and his teeth were set in sudden anger. With his hand on the knob of his own door, he suddenly remembered that he had failed Lydia for the first time, and stopped. A pang of shame shot through him. For a moment he hesitated and then started guiltily toward the forgotten door. Even as he raised his hand to sound the loving signal, Lydia's face was flushed, and his teeth were set in sudden anger. With his hand on the knob of his own door, he suddenly remembered that he had failed Lydia for the first time, and stopped. A pang of shame shot through him. For a moment he hesitated and then started guiltily toward the forgotten door. Even as he raised his hand to sound the loving signal, Lydia's face was flushed, and his teeth were set in sudden anger. With his hand on the knob of his own door, he suddenly remembered that he had failed Lydia for the first time, and stopped. A pang of shame shot through him. For a moment he hesitated and then started guiltily toward the forgotten door. Even as he raised his hand to sound the loving signal, Lydia's face was flushed, and his teeth were set in sudden anger. With his hand on the knob of his own door, he suddenly remembered that he had failed Lydia for the first time, and stopped. A pang of shame shot through him. For a moment he hesitated and then started guiltily toward the forgotten door. Even as he raised his hand to sound the loving signal, Lydia's face was flushed, and his teeth were set in sudden anger. With his hand on the knob of his own door, he suddenly remembered that he had failed Lydia for the first time, and stopped. A pang of shame shot through him. For a moment he hesitated and then started guiltily toward the forgotten door. Even as he raised his hand to sound the loving signal, Lydia's face was flushed, and his teeth were set in sudden anger. With his hand on the knob of his own door, he suddenly remembered that he had failed Lydia for the first time, and stopped. A pang of shame shot through him. For a moment he hesitated and then started guiltily toward the forgotten door. Even as he raised his hand to sound the loving signal, Lydia's face was flushed, and his teeth were set in sudden anger. With his hand on the knob of his own door, he suddenly remembered that he had failed Lydia for the first time, and stopped. A pang of shame shot through him. For a moment he hesitated and then started guiltily toward the forgotten door. Even as he raised his hand to sound the loving signal, Lydia's face was flushed, and his teeth were set in sudden anger. With his hand on the knob of his own door, he suddenly remembered that he had failed Lydia for the first time, and stopped. A pang of shame shot through him. For a moment he hesitated and then started guiltily toward the forgotten door. Even as he raised his hand to sound the loving signal, Lydia's face was flushed, and his teeth were set in sudden anger. With his hand on the knob of his own door, he suddenly remembered that he had failed Lydia for the first time, and stopped. A pang of shame shot through him. For a moment he hesitated and then started guiltily toward the forgotten door. Even as he raised his hand to sound the loving signal, Lydia's face was flushed, and his teeth were set in sudden anger. With his hand on the knob of his own door, he suddenly remembered that he had failed Lydia for the first time, and stopped. A pang of shame shot through him. For a moment he hesitated and then started guiltily toward the forgotten door. Even as he raised his hand to sound the loving signal, Lydia's face was flushed, and his teeth were set in sudden anger. With his hand on the knob of his own door, he suddenly remembered that he had failed Lydia for the first time, and stopped. A pang of shame shot through him. For a moment he hesitated and then started guiltily toward the forgotten door. Even as he raised his hand to sound the loving signal, Lydia's face was flushed, and his teeth were set in sudden anger. With his hand on the knob of his own door, he suddenly remembered that he had failed Lydia for the first time, and stopped. A pang of shame shot through him. For a moment he hesitated and then started guiltily toward the forgotten door. Even as he raised his hand to sound the loving signal, Lydia's face was flushed, and his teeth were set in sudden anger. With his hand on the knob of his own door, he suddenly remembered that he had failed Lydia for the first time, and stopped. A pang of shame shot through him. For a moment he hesitated and then started guiltily toward the forgotten door. Even as he raised his hand to sound the loving signal, Lydia's face was flushed, and his teeth were set in sudden anger. With his hand on the knob of his own door, he suddenly remembered that he had failed Lydia for the first time, and stopped. A pang of shame shot through him. For a moment he hesitated and then started guiltily toward the forgotten door. Even as he raised his hand to sound the loving signal, Lydia's face was flushed, and his teeth were set in sudden anger. With his hand on the knob of his own door, he suddenly remembered that he had failed Lydia for the first time, and stopped. A pang of shame shot through him. For a moment he hesitated and then started guiltily toward the forgotten door. Even as he raised his hand to sound the loving signal, Lydia's face was flushed, and his teeth were set in sudden anger. With his hand on the knob of his own door, he suddenly remembered that he had failed Lydia for the first time, and stopped. A pang of shame shot through him. For a moment he hesitated and then started guiltily toward the forgotten door. Even as he raised his hand to sound the loving signal, Lydia's face was flushed, and his teeth were set in sudden anger. With his hand on the knob of his own door, he suddenly remembered that he had failed Lydia for the first time, and stopped. A pang of shame shot through him. For a moment he hesitated and then started guiltily toward the forgotten door. Even as he raised his hand to sound the loving signal, Lydia's face was flushed, and his teeth were set in sudden anger. With his hand on the knob of his own door, he suddenly remembered that he had failed Lydia for the first time, and stopped. A pang of shame shot through him. For a moment he hesitated and then started guiltily toward the forgotten door. Even as he raised his hand to sound the loving signal, Lydia's face was flushed, and his teeth were set in sudden anger. With his hand on the knob of his own door, he suddenly remembered that he had failed Lydia for the first time, and stopped. A pang of shame shot through him. For a moment he hesitated and then started guiltily toward the forgotten door. Even as he raised his hand to sound the loving signal, Lydia's face was flushed, and his teeth were set in sudden anger. With his hand on the knob of his own door, he suddenly remembered that he had failed Lydia for the first time, and stopped. A pang of shame shot through him. For a moment he hesitated and then started guiltily toward the forgotten door. Even as he raised his hand to sound the loving signal, Lydia's face was flushed, and his teeth were set in sudden anger. With his hand on the knob of his own door, he suddenly remembered that he had failed Lydia for the first time, and stopped. A pang of shame shot through him. For a moment he hesitated and then started guiltily toward the forgotten door. Even as he raised his hand to sound the loving signal, Lydia's face was flushed, and his teeth were set in sudden anger. With his hand on the knob of his own door, he suddenly remembered that he had failed Lydia for the first time, and stopped. A pang of shame shot through him. For a moment he hesitated and then started guiltily toward the forgotten door. Even as he raised his hand to sound the loving signal, Lydia's face was flushed, and his teeth were set in sudden anger. With his hand on the knob of his own door, he suddenly remembered that he had failed Lydia for the first time, and stopped. A pang of shame shot through him. For a moment he hesitated and then started guiltily toward the forgotten door. Even as he raised his hand to sound the loving signal, Lydia's face was flushed, and his teeth were set in sudden anger. With his hand on the knob of his own door, he suddenly remembered that he had failed Lydia for the first time, and stopped. A pang of shame shot through him. For a moment he hesitated and then started guiltily toward the forgotten door. Even as he raised his hand to sound the loving signal, Lydia's face was flushed, and his teeth were set in sudden anger. With his hand on the knob of his own door, he suddenly remembered that he had failed Lydia for the first time, and stopped. A pang of shame shot through him. For a moment he hesitated and then started guiltily toward the forgotten door. Even as he raised his hand to sound the loving signal, Lydia's face was flushed, and his teeth were set in sudden anger. With his hand on the knob of his own door, he suddenly remembered that he had failed Lydia for the first time, and stopped. A pang of shame shot through him. For a moment he hesitated and then started guiltily toward the forgotten door. Even as he raised his hand to sound the loving signal, Lydia's face was flushed, and his teeth were set in sudden anger. With his hand on the knob of his own door, he suddenly remembered that he had failed Lydia for the first time, and stopped. A pang of shame shot through him. For a moment he hesitated and then started guiltily toward the forgotten door. Even as he raised his hand to sound the loving signal, Lydia's face was flushed, and his teeth were set in sudden anger. With his hand on the knob of his own door, he suddenly remembered that he had failed Lydia for the first time, and stopped. A

ONE YEAR	\$1.00
SIX MONTHS	50c
THREE MONTHS	25c

Entered at the postoffice at Lowell, Michigan as second class matter.

Let's All Get Together

Isn't it about time for the people of this community to get a little closer together, and work in a little closer harmony one with the other?

A country town and the farming community surrounding it are brothers, and the one cannot succeed without the cooperation and active assistance of the other.

A farming section without its adjacent railroad and market facilities would be a back number—a dead end—with little future ahead. Live farmers would shun it, would have nothing to do with it, for live men create a surplus, and they must have an outlet for that which they create.

A farm adjacent to some live town and shipping facilities is worth double that of a piece of ground with equal fertility located in some obscure section of the country. The relative values of the products of the farms would be about the same, the one high, the other low.

Therefore, the farming community is dependent upon the town and its advantages for much of the rural prosperity, for the high value of land, for the ease with which shipments are made.

Farmers who believe in themselves, who want a prosperous community, should encourage the town and its industries—should buy from the home-dealers, should keep the money in the home community, where it adds to the commercial life of every person.

Every dollar a farmer keeps in circulation at home simply adds that much to the riches of his own community, to the value of his own holdings.

The town and the town merchant owe an equal duty to the farmer, for without his cooperation both town and merchant would perish.

The town should make the farmer welcome, let him feel that he is among friends, that it is his town, that he has a right to be there. The merchant should make it possible for the farmer to buy his goods as cheaply at home as he can from some foreign house, and he should keep this fact constantly before the farmer.

He should encourage the farmer by keeping reliable goods and selling them at a reasonable price. Most merchants do this, although the absence of the merchants' advertisement from the local paper keeps the farmer in ignorance of the fact.

He should encourage the farmer in all ways, exhibit a brotherly feeling and spirit, and give the farmer to understand that he is interested in his welfare as well as in the contents of his pocketbook.

It has been demonstrated repeatedly right here in this town that farmers can buy as cheaply from the local dealer as they can from a foreign house.

But the foreign dealer floods the farmer with advertising matter, while some local dealers expect to be taken on faith.

And the farmer is a wise one—he takes nothing on faith. "Show Me" is his creed. And he goes to the man who advertises—who "shows him."

Now isn't it about time for us all to think a little, to get

Keep watch of our windows. They're new "Style Shows" all the while.



CLOTHCRAFT All Wool Clothes

New "Monogram" Shirts just in. Some more of those "Blaser Stripes," fresh from the maker—bubbling over with springiness—elegant assortment—\$1 and \$1.50

If you're sharp on values you'll see how moderately priced our Spring Suits and Overcoats really are. The clothes themselves will show you. We aim to sell more at lower prices.

The best of everything men wear, and nothing else; and plenty of it—that's how this store works to your advantage. We built our business on that policy—and we're proving that it's a winner.

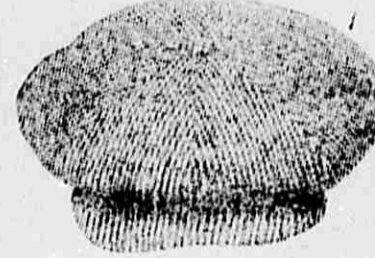
Hart, Schaffner & Marx Clothes

You can find here anything that's new in Spring Suits. All prices and in all models. Glen Urquhart plaids at \$20; Tartans at \$15, \$20 and \$22.50; Pencil Stripes, Self-Stripes, Plain Colors and Mixtures from \$10 to \$20. Elegant values at \$15 and \$18. "Garbed" in one of our suits you'll be correctly and modishly dressed, yet not freakishly.

Call 'round and take your choice from a most elaborate assortment of models and materials, each of which is one hundred percent value

Some New Caps in this week. We have a remarkable showing of caps in the new shapes and patterns. You surely can find it here. Better values at 50c and \$1.

We're still enthusiastic over our hats. The most complete assortment of strictly new hats you'll find. Excellent values. \$1, \$1.50, \$2 and \$2.50. The "Round Top"—the right young man's stiff hat is here only at \$3. It's the thing in stiff hats for this spring.



These are Boys' Days at Coons'

Values! Values! You don't need to be sharp to grasp the remarkable values in our Boys' Clothing.

A Big \$6 Value at \$4.35

Brand new, 2-pant Suits; new styles, new patterns. They arrived this week. Plain colors and bright, springy patterns at \$3.50, \$4, \$4.85 and \$6.45. Two pairs of pants and they're lined.

Your pennies go farther in Boy's Clothing than elsewhere. We give you value. We'll sell more at a smaller profit. You'll save money here.

Boys' neckties, knee pants waists, underwear, gloves and everything for the little fellows and the younger men.

April Showers are on the way. Prepare against them. Raincoats at \$5, \$8, \$10 and \$15. Excellent values.

A. L. COONS

The Home of Hart, Schaffner & Marx Clothes



The "Throw-on" the "all-service" coat is for wear anytime and anywhere. Stylish and "rainproofed." Reasonable at \$16.50

together, to push this community right up to the front?

THE LEDGER is in receipt of a communication deploring the neglect of newspaper men in the distribution of public offices. So far as our observation goes, journalists, in proportion to their number, have fared well in political life.

Chase Osborn of the Sault Ste. Marie News has been governor. Brother Cramton of The Lapeer Clarion represents his district in Congress; our old friend Nisbett of Big Rapids is Governor Ferris' private secretary; and about a dozen country editors are serving their constituents in the Michigan legislature, where they have organized a club, called "The Brain Trust." The editors

are doing very well, thank you. Those who want office have as good a chance as any other class; and a whole lot of us are satisfied with our every-day work among home people and ask nothing better. Don't fret your gizzard about the editor. If he's worth his salt, he's all right.

CRUSHED whisky bottles on streets and highways and walks make bad work of automobile tires; and in the summer time threaten the tender feet of children who like to run barefooted. Lowell has suffered great abuse in this matter; and it is felt that it is high time to abate the nuisance, as well as the crime of "putting the bottle to his neighbor's lips." If men won't be decent—fix 'em.

A CINCINNATI man's mind has gone blank as a result of his effort to drink all the beer in that city; and he had attained a record of but one hundred glasses per day. His motto evidently was: "If drinking interferes with your business, give up your business."

CAMBRIDGE, a city the size of Grand Rapids, has been without a saloon for many years, through the splendid work of a noble Catholic priest. The good man has been dead several years but his influence lives and keeps Cambridge dry.

A PUBLISHER can do a person or an organization 999 favors without a single "thank you;" and then if he slips a cog on number 1000, they want to know "Why?" right hot off the bat. Can you wonder one sometimes gets tired?

WISE men live and learn, profiting by past mistakes.

Delicate Children usually only need a food tonic to make them strong and healthy. **Rexall Olive Oil Emulsion** is not only the best food tonic but is pleasant to take. Sold only by us. D. G. Look.

Fools persist in their folly to the bitter end. They remind one of the ancient who chased a penny rolling down hill to the eternal pit and burned his fingers getting it out.

THERE should be a great field for a daily newspaper that would refuse to nauseate its readers with the Thaw trial. Is there never to be an end of this miserable drivel—until the Thaw fortune is lawed out or outlawed?

HERE'S to the man who pays his subscription! He's a gentleman—may he live to pay it many times! Hit the high places, fellows. Never mind the breeze.

OBTAINING goods under false pretensions is criminal, under long-standing laws. However, some people continue to assume large risks along this line.

SAY little, think much, and you will be heard when you do speak.

SPEAK softly, and the world listens. Howl, and you get a kick.

BOWNE M. E. CIRCUIT

Last week's letter.

Easter! West Lowell! West Lowell has talent, wide awake, devoted young people. Easter exercises at 1 p. m. Everybody loves to see the little ones perform and speak. Every move is original to them. They are usually natural. There is something about child nature, like flowers, that appeals to us. And the young people show development and live thoughts that portend the progress of the next generation. Come, you'll be interested, entertained, instructed.

Easter! West Lowell! Sunday, April 4, 3:30 p. m. Male quartette. Young people prepared. You may depend on it; something worth a long trip.

Wednesday, Thursday, Friday and Saturday this week you will find a number of men laboring together on West Bowne sheds. That's the kind of public spirit that is deep rooted—proven by works.

Horne Center League next Sunday 8 p. m. Extra special! Fantomine by 4 acts. That alone will be worth the trip. Leader Rodney Hoyden will talk on theme. Theme concerns ten million people who constitute one of the greatest problems of the United States. The relation of education to them will be discussed by one competent. Recitation, special music,

Election day bee at the Center. See last week's paper. Were you entering another town or community you would judge it by the condition of the public property. If the cemeteries, parks, school yards, etc., were in first class condition and beautified you would count it prosperous and the property of great value. But were neglected you would be repelled, thinking that the community had had its day. Bowne Center is at it now. The farms are the best in the state. It pays to advertise. Our public property advertises us. Wanted—18 teams and 45 men at the Center election day.

On the battlefield at Gettysburg or as a result 32,800 lost their lives. During each year of the civil war 49,238 lives were lost. "The loss of life in the U. S. for one year caused by alcoholic liquors is 12,000." In Bowne township those who are acquainted can point to many cases who are now sick or dead who would now be strong able citizens were it not for liquor. The Alto saloon is contributing its share to the loss of life. I am out looking for heroes who are willing to give their life, like the heroes of the Civil war did perhaps living heroes; perhaps dying heroes, to destroy the menace, the Alto saloon. When praying ask God to bless the Alto saloon keeper. The greatest blessing would be a change of job. Of all the saloon keepers you can remember the most of them spent their last days miserably.

C. V. Howell, Pastor.

A Singlish Liver Needs Attention

Let your liver get torpid and you are in for a spell of misery. Everybody gets an attack now and then. Thousands of people keep their livers active and healthy by using Dr. King's New Life Pills. Fine for the stomach, too. Stop the dizziness, constipation, biliousness and indigestion. Clear the blood. Only 25c at your druggist.

LOWELL DIST. NO. 2.

Romey Jones and family have moved into Anna McCall's farm. Mrs. McCall is going to build a new house soon.

Wilgon is moving into the small house on Austin Coons' farm and will work for Ernest Althaus this week.

Peter Ostrowski's straw stack got on fire and burnt to the ground and also burned the East side of his barn. Sam Alexander sold a horse to Austin Coons.

Mrs. Gertrude Poppa left Monday to spend the summer with her brother Simon Poppa and wife near Clarksville.

Mr. and Mrs. Howard Olmstead of Saranac spent from Saturday until Monday at Oliver Simpson's.

Mr. and Mrs. Hubert Fryover from near Clarksville spent Sunday at John Anstetter's.

Mr. and Mrs. C. Hale of Keene were Sunday guests of A. McLeod and wife.

Mr. and Mrs. Floyd Lang and daughter Misses Myrtle and Olga were Sunday visitors of D. L. Garfield and wife of Moseley.

Morris Kalward and wife visited at Garfield's one day last week.

Olga Powell visited his sister Mrs. Jessie Wheeler of Belling over Sunday.

Arthur Sherrard and family returned to their home at Owosso last Wednesday after a short visit here.

Miss Emma Reusser, daughter of Mrs. Samuel Reusser of Vergennes passed away last Friday after a long illness. The funeral was at Alton church Monday at 2 p. m., and the remains laid to rest in Alton cemetery. Mrs. Reusser and family have the sympathy of their friends.

Louie Williams, who had his home at Floyd Lang's, went with his father to Saranac Saturday to visit his sister Beniah.

Floyd Lang is down with the grip.

DISTRICT NO. FIVE

Mr. Robbins has been raising his barn preparatory to building a basement.

Mrs. C. S. Baker and Miss Myrtle Baker of Boston visited Mrs. J. P. Needham Monday.

Wm. Davis purchased a line-up of matched work horses in Grand Rapids recently.

Green Allen or Bergin & O'Harrow, Mich.

Mr. Emery has commenced spraying his orchard.

CANNONSBURG.

March 22—Mrs. Nettie Fuller of Grattan is visiting Mrs. Jennie Howard.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

State of Michigan, the Probate Court for the County of Kent. In the matter of the estate of Charles McCarty, deceased. Notice is hereby given that four months from the 10th day of March A. D., 1915, have been allowed for creditors to present their claims against said deceased to said court for examination and adjustment and that all creditors of said deceased are required to present their claims to said court, at the Probate office, in the city of Grand Rapids, in said county, on or before the 10th day of July, A. D., 1915, and that said claims will be heard by said court on Saturday the 10th day of July, A. D., 1915, at ten o'clock in the forenoon. Dated March 10, A. D. 1915. Clark E. Higbee, Judge of Probate.

STATE OF MICHIGAN

The Probate Court for the County of Kent. At a session of said court, held at the probate office, in the city of Grand Rapids, in said county, on the 9th day of March, A. D., 1915. Present: Hon. Clark E. Higbee, Judge of Probate. In the matter of the estate of Joseph H. Hamilton, deceased. Lee Walker having filed in said court his fourth annual account as administrator of said estate, and his petition praying for the allowance thereof. It is ordered, that the 9th day of April, A. D., 1915, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, at said probate office, be and he is hereby appointed for examining and allowing said account and hearing said petition. It is further ordered, that public notice thereof be given by publication of a copy of this order, for three successive weeks previous to said day of hearing, in the Lowell Ledger, a newspaper printed and circulated in said county.

Clark E. Higbee, Judge of Probate. John Dehon, Registrar of Probate.

Auction bills printed at short notice at The Ledger office. Low price and free notice in this paper, read by thousands.

HOMES
Many people have paid for their homes through **The Lowell Building & Loan Association** on small monthly payments, just about what rent would be. This Association offers you the same opportunity. Regular Board meetings the 3rd Monday in each month. Talk it over with M. C. GREENE, Pres., or J. B. YEITER, Sec.

Clover and Timothy Seed...
FOR SALE Also...
Culled Beans
Those wishing anything in this line please call at our elevator
CHAS. E. JAKEWAY
LOWELL, MICH.

Oxy-Acetylene Welding
Broken castings of all descriptions welded such as Iron, Brass and Aluminum. Lowell Garage and Machine Shop CHAS. E. JAKEWAY

When You Get Tired
of eating just the ordinary brands of groceries—the kind that are put up for sale at big profits—
COME TO US
and get something different—get groceries that put strength in your body—that have lasting and building qualities—that must be sold at **SMALL PROFITS** in order to compete with inferior goods.
G. W. BANGS, The Grocer

The Idle Hour Theatre
Our Show nights hereafter will be **Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays**
April 13 we will start our new serial "The Master Key," running two episodes a week and concluding the same in seven weeks.
Tuesdays..... Million Dollar Mystery
Thursdays the Alco Film Co. presents
April 8..... "Three Of Us."

5 Per Cent Per Annum Net Income
Paid Semi-Annually
January 1 and July 1
Withdrawable on 30 Days' Notice
Our record 25 years of success—worth nearly a million and a quarter dollars. Write for financial statement and book giving full particulars.
CAPITOL SAVINGS & LOAN ASSOCIATION
Lansing, Mich.

Maxwell
New 1915 Model
\$695
17 New Features

Powerful—fast—unusually graceful and beautiful in its lines—roomy, comfortable and completely equipped with Top, Windshield, Speedometer, and anti-skid tires on rear, the 1815 Maxwell at \$695 has more high priced car features than ever put in an automobile before for less than \$1,000.

Here is the easiest car to drive in the world—here is the greatest all around hill climbing car in the world. Here is an automobile to be really proud of.

Holds the road at 50 miles an hour
With Electric Starter and Electric Lights \$55 extra

H. V. GETTY
Lowell, Mich.

Henry's 1915 Wall Papers
are now on display
This season's line is especially fine and we are quoting lower prices than were ever offered on papers of equal quality.
We have the largest wall paper department in this vicinity. From our display you get the best the market affords, whether it be a 5c or \$1.00 the roll paper. We give you the best patterns, selected from 20 of the leading manufacturers. No single manufacturer shows all the new creations in wall paper. You get the best patterns of all the leading makers when you come to us.
Let Us Show You
Henry's Drug & Wall Paper Store
Lowell, Mich.



"Are you an Architect?"

The DUTCHMAN

By George Randolph Chester

Copyright by The Frank A. Munsey Co.

"Is an architect life here?" Mr. Brandon Meade, deep in his continuous plans for booming the little city of Holden, stopped abruptly, jerked his black cigar from between his teeth, and surveyed the youthful stranger through the gently falling flakes.

"Fellow here calls himself one; he's a contractor, and runs a planing mill besides," he replied.

The other made an indescribable little gesture with his hands and shoulders and head, not exactly of contempt, but more of pity and sorrow.

"Then is no chance," he said with weary resignation.

"Are you an architect?" asked Meade in his turn.

"What you call—draftsman," replied the other. "Designer, to originate; cathedral, residence, anything; details, perspective, water-color, everything."

"Good," approved Meade with awakening interest. "We need something like that in Holden."

"What's your name?" he demanded.

"Conrad Hoehler."

"Well, Conrad whatever-your-last-name-is—Hayler's as near as I can get to it—you ought to starve. I have to see a man in ten minutes. He snapped open his watch, looked at it, snapped it shut, snapped it open once more, took a second look, and jammed it back into his pocket. "You can't expect me to miss a business engagement because you're too haughty to get when you're hungry. Come along with me."

The boy—he was scarcely more than that—looked at him in solemn perplex-



"Is Mr. Hoehler Here?"

ity, but followed as he was told to do. Notwithstanding his announcement that he had no time to waste, Meade turned with his quick, nervous stride down the side street, at right angles to the direction in which he had been hurrying, and wheeled into the hallway of an old, rickety, frame building. Up one flight of stairs he stalked into an office where, near the window, a big rough table, littered with paper and drawing materials, was tilted upon rude trestles. A cheerful wood fire was burning in an old-fashioned stove; but there was no one in the room, and Meade plunged into the next office through the communicating door, which was open.

"This was a lawyer's office, if one might judge from the yellow-backed books which filled three cases, and here sat two men with their feet on opposite sides of a flat-top desk, chatting lazily.

"Where's Harper?" Meade briskly demanded.

"He's out of town, Brandy," drawled the lean-faced man at the far side of the desk. "Harper's gone to mortgage his immortal soul for another new machine, and I'm keeping up his fire so this room won't be so beastly cold when he opens our door tomorrow morning."

"Harper's an ass; tell him I said so!" Meade retorted, and turned back into the architect's office.

He found Conrad, his hands clasped behind him, inspecting the materials upon the table with greedy eyes.

"Nice pickle you've got me into," fussed Meade. "I suppose I have to stand around now till you earn your breakfast; and my time's worth money. Where are my plans, I wonder?"

With a ruthless hand he began to open and scatter about the office several rolls of tough manila-paper drawings until he found the ones for which he had been searching. They were the first and second story plans of a moderate-sized house, arranged side by side upon one sheet; and this he spread upon the table in front of Conrad.

"There," he said; "see what you can do toward designing an outside for that house; just a rough, free-hand sketch."

In spite of the draftsman's apparent deliberateness, they had not long to wait; for presently he put pencil to the block of paper and, with deft, sure strokes, not one mark wasted, sketched, in perfect perspective, a house fitting the plans that he had seen; its roof simple to avoid snow-pockets, its eaves and porches wide to afford shade in summer, its lines simple and squat for the flat grounds. The ornamentation, massed against broad, plain surfaces, was exquisite in its suggested detail, and placed with consummate art. Meade, as the last strokes were put down, could scarcely wait.

"Look at that!" he exclaimed in triumph to his friends. "Harper couldn't make a drawing like that in two years!"

As young Conrad added a chimney and lined in the wide porch-steps, Meade was for jerking the sketch from under his fingers, but the artist held up his right hand solemnly.

"You shout wait," he calmly commanded; and, with a few deft lines, suggested a sidewalk, a lawn, some trees and clouds; then, having drawn a waving line about it to circumscribe the plane of his picture, he detached the sheet from the block and handed it over, with the pencil upon it.

The three bent over it in profound respect.

"That is certainly some house," pronounced Meade.

"I don't know how to say lovely," drawled Eastman, "but I'm willing to pronounce that a mighty decent design."

"Decent?" repeated Meade. "It's great!"



Sketched, in Perfect Perspective, a House Fitting the Plans He Had Seen.

nearly restaurant. During that week Harper studied his draftsman closely, and Mrs. Harper made two unobtrusive trips to the office for the same purpose. On Sunday Conrad was taken to the Harper home and formally installed.

"He's simply a revelation, Sam," Mrs. Harper pronounced in surprise after the first week. "After you get used to the dialect you begin to discover that he's well-educated; he's artistic to his finger-tips, a poet in feeling, a lover of severely good music; he sings divinely, and little Elsie fairly loves him. She makes him rock her to sleep every noon before he goes back to work."

It was the good-fellowship of this couple, together with their unwavering affection, which made Conrad turn his admiration of them to the same degree of worship that he had already bestowed upon four-year-old Elsie. His lines were cast in pleasant places indeed, and he thrust his roots deeply into the soil.

At first he had to overcome the same contemptuous prejudice that had bestowed upon him the title of "the Dutchman." Mrs. Harper introduced him to some nice girls, but secretly they laughed at his broken English; and Blanche Reynolds, by whom he was at once speechlessly smitten, openly flouted him; whereas Mrs. Harper wanted to shake her. With the young man he was in somewhat less constraint, though even here he was still an alien until one evening when, in passing the library, one of a group of young men made some laughing remark, loud enough to be overheard, about "the Dutchman." Conrad wheeled immediately and came back.

"Not Dutchman—German!" he declared, marching directly up to the one who had spoken. It was Price Reynolds, her brother. "It is not disgrace to be Dutchman, either, but it is disgrace the way you say it. I am Dutchman no more! and you hear it!"

The other laughed.

"Keep your collar on, Dutchy," he admonished with amused tolerance.

"I am not Dutchman, I have said!" insisted Conrad. "I challenge you!"

They repaired to Hyde's barn. Here, unprovoked fights in Holden had been swift, unexpected, spontaneous affairs, and they had been fought out with great vigor in an entirely impromptu manner; but this was a decided novelty, at which even the avowed officers of the peace winked complacently. When the battle was waged, an hour later, Hyde's barn was full of overflowing with enthusiastic spectators. Candor compelled the admission that Conrad was worsted in the encounter, but that was not the point. He had fought gamely from beginning to end.

That was his initiation. From that day he was admitted to be a man among men, without any regard whatever to nationality or habit of speech; and where the boys led, followed the girls. Through her he patiently plodded to Blanche Reynolds, and having secured her frank favor there was nothing more in this world that he wanted. He was the acknowledged savior of the handsomest, the most brilliant, the most wonderfully endowed girl in all the world; he lived in a home atmosphere that to him was divine; his work was not only congenial; it was his life, and his employers—precious thing to this vivid emotionalist—trusted him implicitly.

Both to save expense and to concentrate energy, the office had been moved down to the mill, where Conrad became not only designer and draftsman, but timekeeper.

One evening Harper asked for his time-book.

Perched on a high stool, Harper read him the items one by one; that on such a date one workman had put in nine hours, another six, another two, and so on through the spring and the early summer.

"That cannot be," objected Conrad at one point, raising his head. "Wright had not worked nine hours by the 29th. That day he had been hurt."

"That's so," admitted Harper, confused. "I'm looking at the wrong line. It was on the 28th he worked nine hours."

"Ja, but on the 28th you had read it seven hours."

"That was a mistake, too," said Harper impatiently. "Make it nine."

Conrad looked troubled. The whole time-list had an unfamiliar look to him, and it bothered him that his usually photographic memory should be confused. It did not occur to him for an instant to suspect that Harper

glancing swiftly about the office. It was notable that, though knowing no German, she pronounced his name with a perfect mastery of the difficult sound of the modulated vowel.

Harper shook his head and glanced at Meade with a miserable sense of guilt.

"He is gone," he faltered. "He left about half an hour ago."

"I got such a curious note from him," she explained. "He met my brother on the street and gave it to him. Why did he go?"

"It was a—point of honor," Harper lamely told her.

It was splendid to see the way the girl squared her shoulders, and how her eyes flashed, though she grew paler still.

"He has done nothing wrong," she declared. "I know!"

"Bless your heart, no!" exploded Meade. "He couldn't if he tried. Now don't you worry about Conrad, because his friends are not going to let him get away," and he bustled outside with his usual spluttering energy.

Bewildered, not able to understand any of it, the girl went out upon the street, scarcely reflecting that she was going with them. Walking at the side of Harper, with Meade forcing nervously on ahead, during the next four blocks she lost herself in the knowledge of how much, how very much, she cared!

As they turned the corner toward the station Meade, who was in advance, gave an exclamation of surprise, for there, but half a block ahead of them, and going in the same direction, was Conrad. He was walking slowly along the shady street, his head down, his shoulders drooped, his pockets bulging with his portable possessions. Blanche, all thought for conventions swept away in this overwhelming moment, flew swiftly after him.

"Oh, Conrad!" she called, as she overtook him and put her hand on his arm.

He whirled, and a passing teamster, with a jovial cast of countenance, stopped his horses and looked backward with a grin, for it was quite unusual in the streets of Holden to see a young man sob and clasp a young lady in his arms.

"Ach, ich sterbe fuer dich!—I die for you!" cried the young man, stopping even then, in his consideration of her, to translate; but when Meade and Harper came up he drew her arm within his own and turned his back upon them and walked away. She was going with him quite contentedly. She did not know what these men had done, but if Conrad held them in contempt she scorned them!

"Wait a minute!" commanded Meade, and caught Conrad by the shoulder, instantly understanding his quandary. "Everything's all right, my boy. Harper told me all about it. Look here," and he thrust before Con-

rad's eyes the check that Harper had returned to him. "Harper's an honest man. So are you; so am I; so's Miss Reynolds. So let's all shake hands. Now we're all four going back to the office and talk it over. By the way, Conrad, what are you doing here? We expected to find you four miles down the track by this time."

Conrad smiled through his tears.

"I could not go, and I could not stay!" he exclaimed. "Four, five, six times I have walked from that corner to the station and back."

Tears were in Blanche's eyes, too; but now she, too, laughed.

"And now none of us, not even yourself, will ever know whether you would really have gone away or come back," she said with the faintest trace of jealousy, which, however, was lost at once in sympathy for the distress to which he had been put. "Poor boy, you must have been in an agony of perplexity. Look at this!" and proud of him for his very error and the perturbation that had caused it, she displayed his note.

"Mein schoenes Liebschen," it began, "from all happiness I am going away; but that was as far as Meade or Harper—or Blanche herself, for last matter—could reach it, for the rest of it was all in most tumultuous German."

Heading Her Off.

"Why do you keep yelping about the expense of your vacation?"

"My wife is getting ready to start early Christmas shopping. I know the signs and want to delay things as long as I can."

"Where Are You Going?" He Stammered.

rad's eyes the check that Harper had returned to him. "Harper's an honest man. So are you; so am I; so's Miss Reynolds. So let's all shake hands. Now we're all four going back to the office and talk it over. By the way, Conrad, what are you doing here? We expected to find you four miles down the track by this time."

Conrad smiled through his tears.

"I could not go, and I could not stay!" he exclaimed. "Four, five, six times I have walked from that corner to the station and back."

Tears were in Blanche's eyes, too; but now she, too, laughed.

"And now none of us, not even yourself, will ever know whether you would really have gone away or come back," she said with the faintest trace of jealousy, which, however, was lost at once in sympathy for the distress to which he had been put. "Poor boy, you must have been in an agony of perplexity. Look at this!" and proud of him for his very error and the perturbation that had caused it, she displayed his note.

"Mein schoenes Liebschen," it began, "from all happiness I am going away; but that was as far as Meade or Harper—or Blanche herself, for last matter—could reach it, for the rest of it was all in most tumultuous German."

MAKER OF PEACE

By FRANK FILSON.

When Uncle Will came back from the West at forty-five, with a wad of money, we were delighted that he should think of spending the winter in the old homestead, where he had not put in an appearance for ten years.

"But what gets me," he said, "is the way you folks here quarrel. Seems to me as though you hadn't any time to do anything else, and I liked it."

I flushed. "If you are referring to George Bailey, uncle," I began.

"Lydia," answered Uncle Will, "if you talk sassy like that you won't get any more candy from me. What do I care about George Bailey? He isn't half good enough for you, and I'm glad you had a falling out."

"He is!" I cried indignantly. "He's the finest boy in Surbiton." And then Uncle Will gave me one of his maddening smiles and walked away.

It was true enough what he had said, though. We did have trouble in Surbiton. It was what you call a splinter's village, and everybody said I was a fool to let George go. But he humiliated me so, dancing with red-headed Miss Florence Smith twice that night, and only giving me eleven dances. And we had just become engaged, too.

Uncle Will was a Surbiton man. They said in his young days he had been engaged to Miss Harrett, the school teacher. If he had, nobody was the wiser. He and Miss Harrett greeted each other just as calmly as though they had always been acquaintances and there had never been anything else between them. And what puzzled me was how Uncle Will could want to put in so long a time at Surbiton, instead of making for the white lights of the city, with his wad to spend.

Now I come to my story. It was about three weeks after Uncle Will returned that Surbiton was electrified by a itinerant peddler who came along the street. Peddler is perhaps a wrong way of describing him, for he had nothing to sell. He drove a broken-down horse and sat inside a buggy with a closed top. When he reached Hi Perkins' vacant lot he unlatched the horse and turned it out to graze. Then he took down the top of the buggy and hoisted his sign:

WILLIAM ITT
International and Intercolonial Peacemaker of America.

Naturally half the village was around Mr. Itt's wagon in about ten minutes, gazing.

"What's it mean?" asked Hi Perkins, who didn't like peddlers pitching on his lot, though he was too kind-hearted to shoo them away.

"It's the international and intercolonial peacemaker," says Mr. Itt, who was a little, sandy, dried-up man. "I make peace. Bring on your quarrels. Now!"

"Why don't he try to make up between Jim Barnes and his wife?" shouted one of the wags. But Mr. Itt took a serious view of the situation.

"This ain't no joke, ladies and gents," he said. "It's a respectable profession, mine is. It's a necessary one, too. There's far too much quarreling in these days. I made peace only last week between the mayor of Deedles and his lady, and the town's been clean of graft ever since. Now, ladies and gents, my fee is a dollar, and my tent's open by appointment at any hour after dark, when you can come in quietlike and nobody will see you."

Well, that raised a laugh, but would you believe it, Sadie Rosch, our maid, declared that she saw Mr. and Mrs. Barnes stealing away out of Mr. Itt's tent, looking as pleased as a courting couple the next morning. And as the days went by and Mr. Itt remained, it certainly seemed that an improvement had come to Surbiton. Folks who hadn't been on speaking terms for years began to say "Hello!" to each other, and spite fences were taken down, and nobody complained when the neighbors' chickens got into his garden any more.

Well, what happened next scared me. I was strolling near Mr. Itt's tent, just by chance, you understand, when the little man came out and accosted me.

"Mademoiselle," he said, executing a bow—for that is the only word suitable for the absurd little bob he made, "can I be of service to you?"

My heart went into my mouth and I couldn't find any words with which to answer him.

"If you was to come to my tent



about eight o'clock tonight," said Mr. Itt, "I might be able to help you know yourself. You have trouble in your heart, mademoiselle. I can trace it in the third line of your right hand, running from the Mount of Hercules to the Oas of Luna."

And with these enigmatical words he beat a retreat into his tent, leaving me decidedly annoyed and a little humiliated.

I knew he couldn't possibly have heard about me and George, because our engagement had been kept a profound secret outside the family, and only the relations and the servants knew about it, and they wouldn't have breathed a word to anybody. However, I began to get plucked by Mr. Itt's words, and about eight o'clock that night, finding myself—quite by chance, you understand—in the vicinity of Mr. Itt's tent, I thought I would drop in to see whether there really was anything in what he had said about the Mount of Hercules.

Though it had begun to dawn on me that I had had my hands in my muff and that he hadn't seen them at all.

Mr. Itt seemed to have been waiting for me, for hardly had I drawn near his tent when he was outside, seizing me by the hands.

"You have come," he said. "I am glad you have come. Mademoiselle, you remind me of my dear friend His Excellency Ching Poo, the grand vizier of Tartary, who had a fearful quarrel with his wife last week over the spending money. He came to me."

"Mr. Itt," he said, "I have had a row with my wife and I wish I were dead. She wants a hundred yen a week to buy her own clothes with. What would you do?"

"Give her two hundred," I answered, and he saw the justice of it and went away happy. They're reconciled now."

Mr. Itt's views seemed sensible to me, but all the while he was repeating this absurd matter he kept glancing back nervously over his shoulder, as though he were expecting somebody. And as he ended he made an abrupt little dive into the tent and pulled the flap to. I heard a murmur of voices inside, and I wondered whether I had happened along when another couple was there.

And I was still wondering when, to my amazement, somebody put his hands over my eyes.

And now my heart began to pit-pat. Yes, it was George.

"I'm so sorry, sweetheart," he said. "I see how wrong I was to dance twice with Florence Smith. Mr. Itt never look at her again. Mr. Itt persuaded me that I had been a fool. Won't you forgive me, dearest?"

Well, I was considerably hurt, but then I felt something being squeezed over my finger, and it felt like that half-hoop of diamonds, which I had loved so much, and which I had counted to have enlarged the day before I gave it back to George. So what could I do?

We had the happiest time there, and then we decided that we ought to thank Mr. Itt. It seemed too wonderful to be true. So we went up to the tent and called.

Mr. Itt seemed to be holding somebody, I thought, and he didn't hear my voice. I wanted to thank him and so I opened the tent door. And who do you think were inside? Uncle Will and Miss Harrett.

Uncle Will was on his knees before her, and her face was as hard as stone. Just then Uncle Will saw us, and he sprang to his feet, looking rather foolish.

"Go away, you young vipers!" he bellowed. "What do you mean by intruding upon—why, it's little Lydia! And George!"

Somehow instinct told me just what to do at that moment. I went up to Miss Harrett and kissed her and placed her hands in Uncle Will's.

Suddenly Miss Harrett's face softened, and a minute later she was crying in Uncle Will's arms. Uncle Will said afterward that it must have been the force of our example. I think this was correct. But would you ever believe that Uncle Will had hired Mr. Itt for the performance?

"That's what Aunt Rose Barrett Templeton says. And Uncle Will doesn't deny it. He says he's got such a good wife he doesn't want to remember the trouble he had in getting her. Strangely enough, George said something like that to me yesterday."

(Copyright, 1914, by W. G. Chapman.)

Necessarily Delayed.

For years he had dreamed of locating in sunny California. He was a young man—a telegraph operator located in Atlanta, Ga., but he never felt quite sure enough of himself to migrate westward.

Manager Bob Vaughn of the Postal Telegraph offices here received numerous letters from the southern boy. They covered a period of several years. In each he implored Manager Vaughn to land him a job.

Recently the opportunity knocked. Manager Vaughn wired the Atlanta youth that the track was clear—that he had a job for him.

"Come at once," was all the message said.

"Can't come at once," wired back the excited lad. "The next train doesn't leave for four hours!"—San Diego Sun.

Mother Cat Busted Hawk.

In a fight with a hawk on a farm of Northumberland, Pa., a big Maltese cat won the bird of prey and saved her family from destruction. Taking her brood from a manger to the barnyard, table was giving them a sun bath when the hawk swooped down and seized one of the kittens. Like a flash the mother cat was on the back of the big bird, and a battle ensued. Feathers flew and the pair rolled around and around. Finally the hawk rose into the air and darted rapidly away. An examination of the kittens found that the mother cat had won the battle.

Both Give Up.

"A woman has to give up a great deal after she gets married," sighed Mrs. Gabb.

"A man does nothing else but give up after he gets married," replied Mr. Gabb.

nified,
good
result--a
othes.
7
oints
et at
new
rices.
de-
r
lowest
mbars
ar this
in last
y can
take a
Less
Ford
car is
Ford
t with
it

Summing up the Evidence

Many Lowell People Have Been Called As Witnesses.

Week after week has been published the testimony of Lowell people—kidney sufferers—backache victims—people who have endured many forms of kidney, bladder or urinary disorders. These witnesses have used Doan's Kidney Pills. All have given their enthusiastic approval. It's the same every where. 30,000 American men and women are publicly recommending Doan's—always in the home papers. Isn't a wonderful, convincing mass of proof? If you are a sufferer your verdict must be "Try Doan's first."

Here's one more Lowell case. George W. Layman, Lowell, says: "I had rheumatic pains in my back and limbs. After I stooped over, I had trouble to straighten up again. The passages of the kidney secretions were irregular. I was miserable in every way when I first got up in the morning. I finally used Doan's Kidney Pills and they regulated the action of my kidneys."

Price 50c, at all dealers. Don't simply ask for a kidney remedy—get Doan's Kidney Pills—the same that Mr. Layman had. Foster-Milburn Co., Props., Buffalo, N. Y.

LOWELL SCHOOLS

News and Notes of Interest by Student Reporter.

[Crowded out last week.]

The basket ball boys and girls went to Greenville Tuesday night.

The Botany class are to have a school garden. The land for cultivation has been secured.

Baseball practice was started Monday night. About twenty were down for practice. Mr. Monks is busy scheduling games for the season.

Mr. Hutchinson gave a beneficial talk before the high school Monday morning. His talk should inspire every student to become a good citizen and prepare for some vocation.

The eighth grade had their picture taken for the Annual last Monday night.

Last Friday night the seventh grade met defeat by a score of 40 to 5 by the eighth grade.

Gerald DeNise visited the eighth grade last Monday.

The Junior Girls' club met at the school house Thursday evening. The hostess was Velma Sinclair who proved to be an able entertainer.

A program was given Thursday under the direction of Esther Perry. Ora Yeiter rendered a piano solo, followed by a reading by Corintha Salisbury.

A mock trial was given by the Civics class Friday. The plaintiff, Pauline Behler, accused Carl Bank of stealing her purse. Walter Kropf and Carl Horn were the attorneys. The judge was Mr. Frazee; Sheriff, Howard Aldrich; Clerk, Rega Brannen; Asst. Clerk, Gladys Raymond. The jury comprised Harvey Avery, D. S. Hudson, Dora Getty, Edna Hesche, Edna Heaven and Vera Dennis. The verdict was "not guilty." Walter Kropf made an eloquent lawyer and showed great talent along that line. Howard Aldrich demonstrated his powers in emulating the sheriff.

A carnival will be given by the high school April 7. Ralph Chase is the general manager, Walter Kropf has charge of the menagerie; Arthur Carson, the Chamber of Horrors; Charles Mcarty, the program; Carl Horn, the candy wheel; Lewis Lash, horseshoe, small franks and parcel post.

The local oratorical contest was held Tuesday morning. The declaimers were: Robert Horn on "The American Flag," "To Arms," by Genevieve Howard; "The Vision of War" by Roxa Gardner. An oration, "International Selfishness" was given by Herman Speerstra. Robert Horn won first place and Roxa Gardner second in declamation. As Herman Speerstra was the only contestant in oratory, he also received first. The judges were Mrs. A. G. Peckham, Mr. Weldon and Mr. Springett.

A second basket ball team of the L. H. S. was defeated in a last game at Saranac last Friday night, Graham being the star basket maker, making 7 out of 10 fouls and 1 field throw. Kellogg made the other 2 points for the locals, the final score being 25 to 11. Friday night the seconds get another game with the town team. Come out and see us win.

The basketball boys journeyed to Eaton Rapids last Wednesday and enjoyed their second defeat this season at the hands of Eaton Rapids High, by a score of 20 to 17. The boys appeared wearied by the ride of 92 miles between 3 p. m. and 6. Even then, they gave Eaton Rapids the best game ever seen on their floor, according to Eaton Rapids critics. Mr. Monks proved himself a real gentleman on the trip, taking the boys to Lansing, his home town, and there entertained them, taking them through the Capital, a complete tour of the M. A.

C. and last, but by no means least, his introducing them individually to Governor Ferris. The boys certainly appreciate his giving them this rare opportunity. They went by way of Grand Rapids and returned by way of Lansing.

MORSE LAKE.

March 30.—John LeClere has been ill this week.

Rev. W. P. Manning of Albion was a guest of Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Klahn last Tuesday and Wednesday.

Arthur Bloomer and wife of Alaska were Sunday guests of Mr. and Mrs. Glen Yetter.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Reuter of Freeport spent Saturday and Sunday of last week with their daughter Mrs. S. S. Yetter and family.

Saturday and Sunday of this week Mrs. S. S. Yetter was quite sick with heart trouble.

C. S. Smith of Ypsilanti is spending his vacation with his many friends around Morse Lake.

Last Saturday Francis Klahn entertained twelve of her little friends, the occasion of her eighth birthday. A jolly Easter egg hunt and many more games were enjoyed and light refreshments were served.

The Sunday school at West Lowell will observe Easter Sunday. Special music and Easter program will be given by the Sunday school at 1 p. m.

There will be a temperance program at the Grange hall in Alto Saturday evening. This week Special music, a fine program and special features will be presented. Closed session from 7 to 8 in the evening after which the grange will be open to the public.

Dale and Marie Curtis invited a few of their Lowell friends to their home Wednesday evening to a maple sugar out. A splendid time was enjoyed by all.

Mrs. Sydna Hull who has been with her daughter Margaret in Grand Rapids for over three weeks, came home for a few days but had to return to Grand Rapids Tuesday to care for her, she will bring her daughter home with her the last of this week.

Mr. and Mrs. Austin Slayton of Grattan attended the Pomona Grange at Whitneyville last Thursday and visited Mr. and Mrs. Earl Curtis until Friday evening. Mrs. Mark Brown of Belding was the guest of Mrs. J. O. Scott and Mark Warner until Friday evening.

HICKORY CORNERS

Mr. and Mrs. Ed. Hotchkiss of South Boston visited Sunday at Walter Blakoles's.

Geoff Warner of Chicago is visiting his father Grant Warner.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Baker are entertaining her parents Mr. and Mrs. L. H. Merriman of Grand Rapids.

Mrs. Mildred Yetter of Alto spent Sunday with Miss Ora Yetter.

Miss Genevieve Graham of Kalamazoo is home for a short vacation.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Whitehead of Colorado spent Monday night with Mr. and Mrs. George Clark.

VERGENNES STATION

March 30.—John A. Miller has returned to Lowell to work.

Mrs. Mattie Culver of Grand Rapids visited here part of last week.

The Bound to Win class will meet at the home of Miss Louva Church. Mr. and Mrs. John Fahrnie expect to move to their new home this week. Frank White was in Lowell last week.

W. G. Miller was in Greenville Tuesday on business.

John Zhan and family are moving into the old store building.

"Relieved Her Rheumatism"

That is what Mrs. E. A. Boyd of Corning, N. Y., says she accomplished for her baby's leg, just by rubbing it with Hanford's Balsam of Myrrh.

This was another of the "hard cases" for which this liniment is noted. The child's leg was so terribly afflicted, it would not reach the floor. The Balsam of Myrrh put it back in shape.



HANFORD'S Balsam of Myrrh
A LINIMENT

For Cuts, Burns, Bruises, Sprains, Strains, Stiff Neck, Chilblains, Lame Back, Old Sores, Open Wounds, and all external injuries.

MADE SINCE 1846 ASK ANYBODY ABOUT IT PRICES, 25c., 50c., \$1
ALL DEALERS, OR WRITE G. C. HANFORD MFG. CO. SYRACUSE, N. Y.

Mrs. Harry Dalley of Alto. Mrs. Geo. Gregory and daughter Helen were in Grand Rapids Thursday.

Walter and Dorothy Nitz, Gertrude and Gladys Shantz and Edward and Edie Peizer all of Grand Rapids and John Fisher of Metroside spent Sunday at Julius Fisher's.

A. H. Daly and wife spent Sunday with their daughter in Grand Rapids.

EAST LOWELL
March 30.—Luman Cogswell and family were in Grand Rapids Thursday and Friday.

W. J. Phillips of Clarksville was a guest of his sister Emma last week. John Rose has been working for John Hopeman trimming orchards, home Friday.

March 29.—George Linton and family spent Sunday with the former's sister and family of Alaska. Roy Mungler and family, Mary Fuller and Robert Mungler spent Sunday at H. B. Fuller's.

Charles Thayer motored to Grand Rapids Saturday.

Loren Lewis has purchased a Ford. Mrs. S. P. Quigley's sister, Mrs. Florence Hall of Ohio who has been spending the winter here returned home Friday.

George Northway has a buzz pile of 50 cords all sawed up in one day. John Cary visited at the Northway and Hubbel homes Wednesday.

The Cary family have all been having bronchial trouble.

Roy Hubbel of the plant spent Sunday with his parents.

F. M. Godfrey is building fence. Robert Jones went to Detroit to work last week.

"Don't Feel Good?" That is what a lot of people tell us. Usually their bowels only need cleaning. **Jerall Orderlies** will do the trick and make you feel fine. We know this positively. Take one tonight. Sold only by us, 10 cents. D. G. Look.

GOING OUT OF BUSINESS

R. J. MERRILL'S Stock of Men's, Young Men's and Boys' Clothing and Furnishings

Read the Great Breakdown in Prices The Opportunity of a Lifetime. Buy for Your Future Needs as Well as for the Present Ones

to be sold out. The store will be discontinued. This will be the GREATEST SALE OF MERCHANDISE ever held in Lowell. The stock consists of high-grade spring merchandise contracted last fall and expected to retail at regular prices. But adverse business conditions compel us to discontinue our stores. The following prices will give you an idea of the great reductions made here in every department. Do not let this opportunity go by to supply for your future needs.

<p>MEN'S SUITS</p> <p>One lot of Blue, Brown and Gray \$10 SUITS, Sale Price.....\$5.95</p> <p>\$15.00 SUITS, Sale Price.....\$9.45</p> <p>\$18.00 SUITS, Sale Price.....\$11.45</p> <p>\$20.00 SUITS, Sale Price.....13.45</p> <p>\$22.50 SUITS, Sale Price.....14.45</p> <p>\$25.00 SUITS, Sale Price.....17.45</p>	<p>BOYS' SUITS</p> <p>One lot of Boys' Suits, ages 12 to 17 yrs.....\$1.00</p> <p>One lot of Boys' Suits, all sizes.....2.98</p> <p>One lot of Boys' Suits.....3.98</p> <p>One lot of Boys' Suits.....4.98</p>	<p>MENS' OVERCOATS</p> <p>One lot of blue, brown and gray \$10 Overcoats, sale price.....\$5.95</p> <p>\$15 Overcoats, sale price.....\$9.45</p> <p>\$18 Overcoats, sale price.....\$11.45</p> <p>\$20 Overcoats, sale price.....13.45</p> <p>\$22.50 Overcoats, sale price.....14.45</p>
<p>RAINCOATS</p> <p>\$5 Raincoats, sale price.....\$3.75</p> <p>\$10 Raincoats, sale price.....\$6.75</p> <p>\$12 Raincoats, sale price.....\$8.45</p> <p>\$15 Raincoats, sale price.....\$10.45</p>	<p>MEN'S and LADIES' UMBRELLAS</p> <p>\$1 Values, sale price.....83c</p> <p>\$1.50 Values, sale price.....\$1.10</p> <p>\$2 Values, sale price.....1.45</p> <p>\$2.50 Value, sale price.....1.73</p>	<p>BELLMONT HATS</p> <p>\$3 Value, sale price.....\$2.45</p> <p>\$2.50 Value, sale price.....1.95</p> <p>\$2 Value, sale price.....1.45</p> <p>\$1.50 Value, sale price.....1.15</p> <p>\$1 Value, sale price.....80c</p>

<p>Men's Shirts and Union Suits</p> <p>Men's Jack Rabbit Work Shirts, 50c grade, Sale Price.....43c</p> <p>Swiss American Gauze Union Suits, \$1.00 grade, going out of business sale price.....83c</p> <p>Munsing Gauze Weight Union Shirts, \$1.00 grade, Sale Price.....93c</p> <p>\$1.50 grade, Sale Price.....\$1.23</p> <p>Carter's Wool Union Suits, \$3.50 grade, Sale Price.....2.45</p> <p>\$2.50 grade, Price.....1.65</p> <p>2.25 grade, Price.....1.45</p> <p>1.50 grade, Price.....1.10</p> <p>1.00 Heavy Ribbed Union Suits, Sale Price.....73c</p> <p>1.50 Heavy Ribbed Union Suits, Sale Price.....\$1.15</p> <p>Boys' Wool Union Suits, \$1.00 grade, Sale Price.....83c</p>	<p>Men's Odd Pants</p> <p>One lot of \$1.50 Pants, Sale Price.....98c</p> <p>One lot of \$2 Pants, Sale Price.....\$1.25</p> <p>One lot of \$3 Pants, Sale Price.....1.85</p> <p>One lot of \$5 Pants, Sale Price.....3.98</p> <p>\$1.50 Khaki Pants, made with belt, Sale Price.....1.19</p> <p>\$1 Khaki Pants, Sale Price......73c</p> <p>50c Dress Shirts, Sale Price.....43c</p>	<p>25c Hose, Sale Price.....19c</p> <p>15c Hose, Sale Price.....7c</p> <p>Six Pairs Guaranteed Hose, Sale Price.....60c</p> <p>10c Work Socks, Sale Price.....7c</p> <p>5c Work Socks, Sale Price.....4c</p> <p>Garters, 25c Grade, Sale Price.....16c</p> <p>\$1 Pajamas, Sale Price.....83c</p> <p>Lion and Barker Collar, sale price.....10c</p>
---	--	---

R. J. MERRILL
LOWELL, MICHIGAN

Come and visit this sale. Every article sold with a money back guarantee as if you bought it in the regular way.

d,
ood
-t-
a
hes.
7
ats
at
w

Of Interest To You

We are pleased to inform our depositors and prospective customers that on and after April 1, 1915, this bank will pay **4 percent interest** on Certificates of Deposit and Savings Accounts. This rate becomes operative at once on Savings Accounts now in force and outstanding. All Certificates and Savings Books issued hereafter will bear **4 percent interest**.

Our high business standard of the past will be maintained and we attribute our success to treating our customers well. Both large and small accounts solicited.

Lowell State Bank.

Dated Lowell, Mich., April 1, 1915.

Phone 6- adv. of Art Mills was in Saranac Saturday. Charles Petrole is home from Detroit. Eva Kilgus of Elmdale was in town Friday. Lyle Denick spent several days last week at Moseley. Emory Lalley of Alto was in town one day last week. Dr. W. B. Huntley was in Lansing a few days last week. Nemo, R. G. and Warner courts at Weekes' adv.

Mrs. W. H. White spent Saturday with relatives in Saranac. John Arelhart made a business trip to Grand Rapids Saturday. Kathryn and Anna Lalley were home from St. Johns over Sunday.

Mrs. Lyman Chaffee of Ada is spending a few days with her son Andrew. Mrs. Mary Thomet of Burlington is visiting her sister, Mrs. John Kropf.

Mr. and Mrs. Lynn Fletcher and Miss Bessie Fletcher were in Saranac Saturday. Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Nash and Mrs. Earl McNaughton were in Grand Rapids Friday.

Miss Katherine Loughlin of Gratton spent Sunday with her aunt, Mrs. E. G. Taylor. Miss Eona Perry of Grand Rapids visited Miss Lynda Babcock from Friday till Monday.

Mrs. Alpha Haskins spent from Wednesday until Saturday with her sister in Grand Rapids. C. M. Meyers left Monday for Lansing, where he has accepted a position in the Rice factory.

Mrs. Roy Whitcomb and daughter Lillian were Sunday guests of her mother, Mrs. N. C. Ranford. Mrs. J. B. Williams spent last week with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Eugene Cogswell at Lansing.

Bessie Husted of Grand Rapids spent Saturday with her father, N. E. Husted at Hotel Waverly. Burton, Wayne Knit and Black Cat hosier at Weekes' adv.

Eliminate back-day trouble by using Pains' Blossom Flour. Guaranteed as good as the best. For sale by all dealers.

Anse Dodds of Saskatchewan and daughter, Mrs. Walter Higgins of North Keeno, spent Friday at the home of E. C. Walker and wife.

Isaac Carr of Caledonia and daughter, Mrs. Hal Cave and two children of Chicago, were guests of Mr. and Mrs. Cliff Hatch one day last week.

Engene Pippin, after spending the past three months with his friend Earle Henderson, left for Alto this week where he will open the season by presenting his show at the Alto hall Friday night.

You cannot be disappointed in Parisian Sage, the delightful and refreshing hair dressing, sold by M. M. Henry. It takes away the dizziness, removes all dandruff, makes the hair appear twice as abundant, soft and lustrous. ad

Miss Mary Babcock, aged 75 years, fell and broke a hip March 21. Doctors Anderson and Huntley attended her and Mrs. Mary Stone is caring for her. As the aged sister Ellen is also an invalid the situation is doubly hard, and calls for the most kindly consideration of their townspeople. Supervisor Bergin is rendering necessary official aid.

Wm. Perkins and son Ben of Ada were in town on business last Friday.

Mrs. Kenneth Chase spent Sunday in Grand Rapids with her husband. Raymond Bergin of Grand Rapids spent Sunday with Lowell friends.

Mrs. Mary Ransford returned last week from a short visit at St. Johns. Luman Cogswell and wife were Grand Rapids visitors Friday of last week.

Vernor Fisher of Detroit was in town the first of the week visiting friends. H. S. Sheldon of Grand Rapids spent the last of the week with Lowell friends.

Earle Henderson and Eugene Pippin spent Sunday with friends in Greenville. Mrs. Philip Sayles of Toledo is visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Klumpp.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Pinkney of Saranac were over Sunday guests of relatives here. E. L. Kinyon is moving the barn on the Brower lot to a site opposite his house for use as a garage.

Mr. and Mrs. Guy Lewis of Grand Rapids spent Sunday with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. L. P. Morse. Mrs. C. L. Conant of Grand Rapids is spending the week with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Leonard.

Miss Helen Look was home from Constantine and spent Sunday with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. D. G. Look. J. C. Smith and wife spent Sunday at the home of the latter's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Miles Monks, in West Lowell.

W. C. Bond and Son of Grand Rapids have purchased the restaurant business of Claude Staal, and will continue the business at the old stand. They took possession yesterday morning. See notice elsewhere in this paper.

"Million-Dollar-Mystery" readers will find the "Closing Episode" in our issue of March 25. The closing line—"The End"—was mistakenly printed after the installment of March 18. The real ending of the story will be found more satisfactory.

Messrs. and Mesdames A. J. Nash and Earl McNaughton and Mrs. A. L. Coons made a motor car trip to Prairieville Sunday to visit J. J. McNaughton, whom they found much improved. The elder McNaughton's chances for a longer lease of life are good; and his many Lowell friends will be glad.

Mrs. T. J. Elerick entertained with a six o'clock dinner Saturday evening in honor of Mr. Elerick's 70th birthday anniversary. Those present from out of town were Mr. and Mrs. Wilson Elerick and son Frank of Grand Rapids, Mr. and Mrs. Will Elerick and son Leon of Lake Odessa, Mr. and Mrs. E. J. Bulkley and Mr. and Mrs. N. D. Berry of Riverdale farm.

We carry room rugs from 6 x 9 to 12 x 15 feet.

A. W. Weedes & Son. Unclaimed letters in the Lowell postoffice: Fred Hostad, R. 46; Rev. S. O. Landis, Miss Anna Crothers, Mrs. S. S. Walker.

Canon real estate transfer: W. Crawford Young to Earl D. Young, part $\frac{1}{2}$ section 10 and part n $\frac{1}{2}$ section 15, \$3,000.

T. A. Murphy, manager of the loan department of the Preferred Life Insurance company, Grand Rapids, was in town Saturday. Thirty per cent more value in the Overland is a fact and your pencil will enable you to check up to prove it.—R. D. Stoecking, Agt.

Corinne Willey of Fisher station is visiting her many little friends in Lowell and stopping with her grandmother, Mrs. A. D. Lincoln. Meeting of Island City Rebekah lodge, Tuesday evening, April 6. Initiation by the Guiding Star degree staff of Alto lodge. All members are requested to be present.

Dry cleaning, dyeing and pressing, ladies or gents garments. Will C. Stone. N. V. Warner has leased for a term of years the Clark store recently vacated by N. L. Avery and will fit it up for the moving-picture business. Alterations are already under way.

H. W. Hakes has been appointed a member of the Grand Rapids board of police and fire commissioners by Mayor Hills to succeed John McNabb whose unexpired term continues to May 1, 1918.

See Weekes' west window for latest curtain yard goods. adv. Mr. Angell of Detroit, representative of the World's Film Corporation, was in town Tuesday booking some high-class moving picture features with N. Warner. He suggested "The Family Theatre" as a name for the new vaudeville to be installed in the Clark building, as it is owned and managed by the Warner family, every member of which has an active part and interest in its success. It is expected that the new theatre will open for business about May 1.

Eliminate back-day trouble by using Pains' Blossom Flour. Guaranteed as good as the best. For sale by all dealers.

Eliminate back-day trouble by using Pains' Blossom Flour. Guaranteed as good as the best. For sale by all dealers.

KEENE CENTER

Mar 29—Wille Daller is home from Big Rapids where he has been attending school. Lewis Daller and family spent Sunday in Saranac with Mr. and Mrs. Billinger. Mrs. Elva Hunter and little Elva Wilkinson of Saranac visited at Wilkinson's Sunday.

George Pant from Zealand spent last Thursday with his uncle A. L. Pant. The neighbors and friends of Mr. and Mrs. Bay Rickett gave them a kitchen shower at the home of Mr. and Mrs. George Denton Friday afternoon. About sixty were present and about \$20 worth was given. It will be remembered that they were burned out last Tuesday morning. They wish to thank their friends for their kind help.

George Raymond is slowly falling. Mrs. Golds and Miss Uiah Moore took dinner with Mrs. Maud Oberly last Thursday, also were Sunday guests of Bertha Murdock. Mr. and Mrs. Frank Hodge close their winter work April 1. They will move back to Iowa.

Mr. and Mrs. Ferrington of Grand Rapids came to work for Mr. and Mrs. William Apr. 2. for the summer. Dan Gibbs of Saranac is hired for the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. George Estill from Chattanooga have come to stay with her parents Mr. and Mrs. Frank Cutler. The Allen house occupied by the Byrnes family burned to the ground Wednesday morning. The contents were nearly all saved.

The Ladies Aid society will have dinner and supper at the Grange hall town meeting day, April 5.

WHOOPING COUGH
Well—everyone knows the effect of Pine Foresta on coughs. Dr. Bell's Pine-Tar-Honey is a remedy which brings quick relief for whooping cough, loosens the mucous, soothes the lining of the throat and lungs, and keeps the coughing spells low and severe. A family with growing children should not be without it. Keep it handy for all coughs and colds. 25c at your druggist.

SOUTH BOSTON.
Mar. 29.—The members and friends of the Methodist Sunday school spent a very pleasant evening at the home of Mr. and Mrs. George Tucker. After a fine program, warm sugar, bluet and pickles were served.

Verne Freeman, who is teaching in Bad Axe, will spend the week with his parents. Miss Belle Young of Sunfield will be home for her spring vacation, and Alice Young will also close the South Bell school for the week.

Roland Collar of Ionia is staying this week with his grandparents. J. M. Myers is preparing to remodel his barn on the Hillbeck farm. M. D. Sneathen and wife spent Friday in the Valley City. They found their friends improving.

Mrs. S. A. Tucker of Saranac is visiting her son's families in South Boston. P. C. Freeman and son sold a fine bunch of fat cattle, 19 in number. Mrs. M. D. Sneathen is visiting relatives in Alma and Crystal.

The Grange will confer the third and fourth degrees Saturday evening April 3, after which a supper will be served. Mrs. N. M. O'Brien will entertain the Congregational Ladies Aid society Thursday, Apr. 8.

Mrs. P. C. Freeman spent a few days in Ionia, week. With Charles Ayres and family were dreading dinner, the building in which they were boiling sap caught fire; fortunately the wind was in a favorable direction for the other building.

Rheumatism Yields Quickly to Sloan's
You can't prevent an attack of rheumatism from coming on, but you can stop it almost immediately. Sloan's Liniment gently applied to the sore joints or muscle penetrates in a few minutes to the inflamed spot that causes the pain. It soothes the hot, tender, swollen feeling, and in a very short time brings a relief that is almost unbelievable until you experience it. Get a bottle of Sloan's Liniment for 25c of any druggist and have it in the house—against colds, sore and swollen joints, lumbago, sciatica and like ailments. Your money back if not satisfied, but it does give you almost instant relief.

CASCADE
Mar 29—Andrew Stephenson and family of Grand Rapids spent Sunday at the home of G. B. Prescott. The little son of Clyde Watterson is ill with pneumonia.

Rev. Geo. Thompson preached his farewell sermon Sunday evening at the church in this village. Hugo Slater is home from Kalamazoo for the Easter vacation. The Christian Endeavor society will have dinner town meeting day in the Fred Hulbert house.

Mr. and Mrs. R. J. Slater entertained a small company to dinner Sunday. Mrs. Emma Vrooman is making repairs on her home in this village.

EAST GRATTON
March 29.—Mrs. A. H. Lawrence returned home Monday from the east part of the state, where she attended the funeral of her sister. Tom Donovan moved into Charles Purdy's tenant house Wednesday.

L. Jacobson and wife were in Lowell Tuesday. Nellie Beardie kept house for Mrs. A. H. Lawrence during her absence.

Mr. and Mrs. Jay Cummings are visiting in Grand Rapids. Mike Foy and daughters Grace and Margaret visited his daughter, Mrs. Hubert Bookey, Saturday. William Hessler was in Belding Monday. Mabel Corrigan is ill.

ELMDALE
Ye scribe extends congratulations to Wm. Kilgus and bride. John Lott is a member of Elmdale railroad section crew.

Mrs. Adam Herber is ill. David Agr and family spent Sunday with Henry Rosenberger and family. Miss Ethel Dintameu was in Lowell Saturday having dental work done.

Robert Woods and wife visited their daughter, Mrs. Ed. Hotchkiss and husband of Hatch Hollow Sunday. Glenn Stahl entertained a number of young people Sunday.

John King of Grand Rapids was in Grand Rapids the past week buying horses. A farewell reception was given at the home of W. E. Chambers Tuesday evening in honor of Walter and Minnie Kaufman, who will leave the week for their home in Pennsylvania.

Mrs. Terry Berrie of Allegan is here caring for her aunt, Mrs. A. Herber, who is very ill. R. J. Moore was ill the past week. George Sargent visited his mother of East Lowell Sunday.

Miss Luana Bauman spent Sunday with William Heam and family of Logan. Miss Mary Harris spent Sunday with her parents. Harvey Snyder and family visited Jake Miller and wife Sunday.

J. Trowbridge and family entertained Mr. and Mrs. George Long of East Campbell Sunday. Ray Lenhard and wife were week and guests of Harley Lenhard and family.

Guy Singletery, the P. M. operator, enjoyed a vacation the past week. Walter Moore was absent from school the past week. Clair Stedt of Grand Rapids visited relatives in this place the past week.

YOUR CHILD'S COUGH IS A CALL FOR HELP
Don't put off treating your child's cough. It not only saps their strength but often leads to more serious ailments. Why risk? You don't have to. Dr. King's New Discovery is just the remedy your child needs. It is made with soothing, healing and antiseptic balsams. Will quickly check the cold and soothe your child's cough away. No odds how bad the cough or how long standing. Dr. King's New Discovery will stop it. It's guaranteed. Just get a bottle from your druggist and try it.

NORTH CAMPBELL
Mr. and Mrs. Axel Johnson visited Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. Axel Johnson of Alto. Miss Amelia Long went to Carleton Wednesday to assist Mrs. Bert Kelm with her housework.

Mr. and Mrs. Lewis Leese and Glen spent Sunday with the former's sister, Mrs. Martha Layer of South Lowell. Mesdames Silas Draw and Carl Roth visited Thursday afternoon with Mrs. John Tucker of South Boston.

Mr. and Mrs. Bert Heaven visited several days last week with the latter's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Thor Sparks, in Ionia. Mr. and Mrs. Clara Goodsell and Helen spent Saturday night and Sunday in Lake Odessa.

MOSELEY
March 29.—Mr. and Mrs. Chris Kropf entertained about fifty of their neighbors Friday evening with a progressive pedro party. Mrs. Will Howard is very ill with pneumonia.

Mrs. Susan Soules and daughter spent Sunday with her sister, Mrs. C. B. Francisco. Mr. and Mrs. Gordon Frost and daughter visited Orren Sayles and wife Sunday.

Byron Frost spent part of last week in Grand Rapids. Sam Kropf and wife of Lowell visited his brother Chris and family Friday and Saturday.

Mrs. John O. Wingler is spending a few weeks in Grand Rapids with her daughter, Mrs. Herbert Jekaway. Mrs. Mitchell, who has been spending a number of weeks with her son Wesley and family, returned to her home in Lansing last week.

Mrs. Gordon Frost and Miss Eva Andrews visited Mrs. Burr Davis Tuesday. Leonard Sleason spending a week's vacation with his mother, Mrs. W. Reynolds.

Howard Burras and George Hepta have hired out to W. Burras for the summer. A number of young people gave a surprise party on Andrew Dalstra Thursday evening. Games were played and light refreshments were served.

Baptismal services will be held at the Snow church Sunday morning.

IF YOU are troubled with heartburn, gas and a distressed feeling after eating take a Rexall Dyspepsia Tablet before and after each meal and you will obtain prompt relief. Sold only by us.

D. C. Look

STYLE

The Kind You Never Thought Possible at a Medium Price

—Style that radiates an atmosphere of dignified, distinctive dress.

—Style that breathes forth authority and good taste.

—Style that considers every line and seam, resulting in a balanced, graceful garment—a masterpiece.

That is the style element in higher priced clothes. That is the style element in

MICHAELS STERNS and **STYLEPLUS 17** Clothes

We claim that these clothes embody all these points and more, making them the best values on the market at the price.

RAINCOATS that are bargains; we have them in the new fabrics and at prices ranging from \$3.75 to \$12.00.

SPRING HATS, new shapes, new colors, at popular prices.

Remember **The American Boy** goes with purchases amounting to \$5.00 in our boys' department.

Lalley & Shuter

Rheumatism in Joints

Pain Disappears and Swelling Vanishes in a Few Days
That is what happens if you use Rheuma, the wonderful remedy that M. N. Henry and all druggists sell on the "money back if not cured" plan.

There is a vast amount of rheumatism in this vicinity, and if you know any sufferer, call his attention to this generous offer.
Rheuma is a quick-acting prescription. You will know your rheumatism is leaving 24 hours after you take the first dose. It dissolves the uric acid and drives it from its lodging place.

Mrs. Alice A. Brown, Ithaca, N. Y., writes: "For seven years I suffered greatly with rheumatism in my hip; at night I was scarcely able to sleep. One bottle of Rheuma cured me."

That sounds miraculous, but Rheuma does miraculous things. Fifty cents a bottle.

Cascade Voters, Take Notice!
Notice Relative to Voting upon the Question of Adopting Chapter 25 of Highway Laws by the Township of Cascade, County of Kent, State of Michigan.

Notice is hereby given, that demand having been made upon the Township Board of the Township of Cascade, County of Kent, State of Michigan, by twelve or more residents of said township, all of whom reside outside the corporate limits of any incorporated village, requesting the submission of the question of adopting Chapter 25 of the Highway Laws of the State of Michigan by said township in accordance with Act No. 206, Public Acts of 1913.

Now therefore, said question will be voted upon at Township Meeting to be held at the Town Hall in said township, on the 5th day of April, A. D. 1915.

Ballots will be provided for voting upon the proposition, reading in part as follows:

Shall the township of Vergennes adopt Chapter Twenty-five of the Highway Laws? YES []

Shall the township of Vergennes adopt Chapter Twenty-five of the Highway Laws? NO []

Every legally cast ballot found to have a cross marked by an elector in the square pertaining to the word YES, will be counted for said proposition; and every legally cast ballot found to have a cross marked by an elector in the square pertaining to the word NO, will be counted against said proposition.

Dated this 5th day of March, A. D. 1915.
John Noble, Clerk of Said Township.

GRATTAN CENTER.

Claude Elkins and family visited relatives in Butternut Sunday. H. Bookey and wife have moved into their new home at S. Pertridge's. E. J. Hatchway and Wm. Donovan were in Grand Rapids Monday.

Harry Tuttle and wife have moved to their new home at Sheffield. Mr. and Mrs. B. Partridge and Mrs. James Dixon were in Grand Rapids Saturday.

Mrs. E. E. Lester has been ill. Mrs. E. E. Buriano has a fine musical case. Mrs. Henry Mooney is seriously ill. The Ladies Aid society will serve a chicken pie dinner at Mrs. E. L. Brooks' on town meeting day, Dinner 25c; supper 50c. Everybody cordially invited. adv

Ledger and Youth's Companion both one year for \$2.75, new or renewals.

The New F

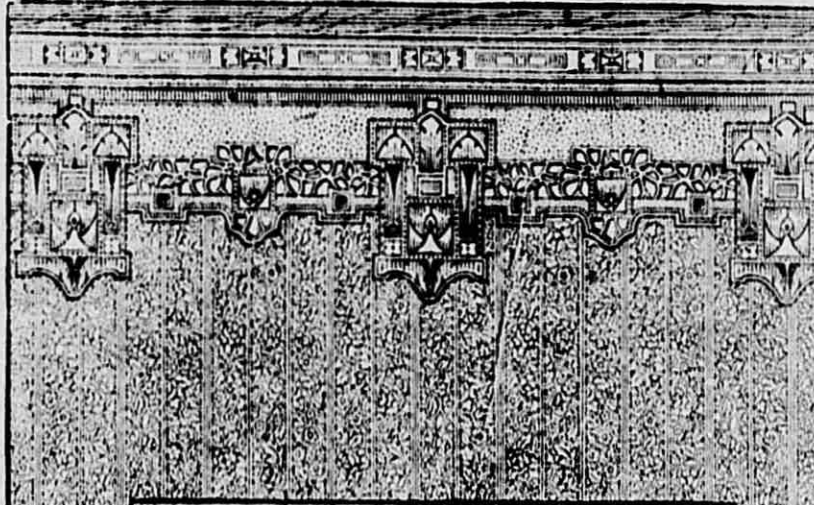
Because it gives the highest motor car service at lowest cost, the Ford is the one car you'll find in large numbers and in constant use, in every land. It's a better car this year than ever before—but it sells for \$60 less than last year.

The Ford is everybody's motor car because everybody can easily understand and safely operate it. Doesn't take a skilled mechanic to operate or care for the Ford. Less than two cents a mile to operate and maintain the Ford. With "Ford Service for Ford Owners" your Ford car is never idle.

Buyers will share in profits if we sell at retail 300,000 new Ford cars between August 1914 and August 1915.

Runabout \$440; Touring Car \$490; f. o. b. Detroit with all equipment. On display and sale at Ford Garage.

E. V. STOREY, Agent
Lowell, Mich.



Fashionable Designs in Wall Papers
Complete and varied lines of beautiful wall papers that will add charm and distinction to your home. There are shades and designs in the famous, reliable

Alfred Peats Prize Wall Papers
to harmonize with every room in your house. Remember the prices are very reasonable.
Upon request samples will be brought to your home. You can make your selections right in the rooms to be papered—the only satisfactory way. Phone or write today and

Save Money Satisfaction Guaranteed
H. L. Kysor, Paper Hanger and Decorator
Lowell, Mich.

SPECIAL

To introduce our high-class work we will hang one room with this beautiful paper free of charge, providing you purchase the paper of us. Kindly drop a card to our salesman, Mr. H. L. Kysor, Lowell, Mich., and he will see that your work is done promptly. Be sure and get one of our free souvenir spoons.

Honestly Now!

Is there any real reason why YOU shouldn't have a Victrola in YOUR home?

Every day without one is so much pleasure lost, and education too.

We have Victrolas at \$15, \$25, \$40, \$50, \$75, \$100, \$150, \$200, and the new electric operated at \$250.

If you desire we can make terms so liberal that you will never miss the money, and have the good of the instrument while paying for it.

today and hear your favorite music.

Gramms

SPECIAL HOUR SALE

Good for SATURDAY ONLY at the GOING OUT OF BUSINESS SALE

Between the hours of 10 a. m. to 3 p. m., we are going to sell:

\$3.00 Belmont Hats for \$2.00
\$2.00 Belmont Hats for \$1.00
\$1.50 Belmont Hats for 75c

Between the hours of 1 p. m. to 3 p. m., we are going to sell any men's or women's 10c handkerchiefs for 1c. Not over two sold to one customer.

R. J. Merrill.

PARROT & CO. HAROLD MACGRATH

Author of *The Carpet from Bagdad*,
The Place of Honey moons, etc.
COPYRIGHT BY THE DOBBS-MERRILL COMPANY



SYNOPSIS:—Warrington, an American adventurer, and James, his servant, with a caged parrot, the trio known up and down the Irrawaddy as Parrot & Co., are bound for Yangon. Elsa Chetwood, rich American girl, is in the Irrawaddy and asks the parrot to introduce her. He tells her that Warrington has been a syndicate and sold his share of the Irrawaddy to her. He and she and her parrot, through his tricks, together on the river, Warrington, Warrington interferes in a row over cards caused by an enemy, Newell Craig. Elsa is annoyed by Craig and states him with a hatpin. Warrington discovers Elsa on the Irrawaddy steamer. He avoids her. Craig is aboard and is wanted by Warrington who causes to avoid Elsa. Craig stirs up a row. Elsa tells Warrington of the hatpin incident and he hunts up Craig on a river boat. He finds him stretched out drunk on deck and turns the hose on him. At Penang Mallo, who drove Warrington from his plantation when he learned his story, comes aboard. Warrington tells Elsa that Mallo and Craig both will tell the story of the plantation when they get to him over the gambling table to Craig, and asks her not to speak to him again. Mallo hits Warrington, who keeps his temper.

CHAPTER XII—Continued.
Elsa straightened her lips with some difficulty. She possessed the enviable faculty of instantly forming in her mind pictures of coming events. The little swelling veins in the colonel's nose were as plain to her mind's eye as if he really stood before her. "Have him take me to dinner," she suggested.
"Just what I was thinking of," declared the unsuspecting man. "If anyone can draw out the colonel, it will be you."
"I'll do my best." Elsa's mind was full of rolicking malice.
Contentedly he said: "So you've been doing the Orient angle? You are like your father in that way. He was never afraid of anything. Your mental makeup, too, I'll wager is like his. Finest man in the world."
"Wasn't he? How I wish he could have always been with me! But why is it, everyone seems appalled that I should travel over here without male escort?"
"The answer lies in your mirror, Elsa. Your old nurse Martha is no real protection."
"Are men so bad, then?"
"They are less restrained. The heat, the tremendous distances, the lack of amusements, are perhaps responsible. By the way, here's a packet of letters for you."
"Thanks." Elsa played with the packet, savoring the superstitions. The old disorder came back in her mind. Three of the letters were from Arthur. She dreaded to open them. "I must be going, then. I'm not sure of my tickets to Hongkong."
"Go straight to the German Lloyd office. I'll have my boy show you the way. Chong!" he called. A brightly-eyed young Chinese came in quickly and handed her a ticket. "All safe quick."
In the outer office she paused for a moment or so to look at the magazines and weeklies from home. The Chinese boy, grinning pleasantly, peered curiously at Elsa's beautiful hands. She heard someone enter, and quite naturally glanced up. The newcomer was Mallo. He stared at her, smiled familiarly and lifted his helmet.



"I Meant No Harm."

It was like Elsa to pick up some derelict for her benefactions. Women had no business to travel alone. It was all very well when they toured in parties of eight or ten; but for a charming young woman like Elsa, attended by a spinster companion who doubtless dared not offer advice, it was decidedly wrong. And thereupon he determined that her trip to Yokohama should find her well guarded.
"I beg your pardon," said a pleasant voice.
The consul general had been so deeply occupied by his worry that he had not noticed the entrance of the speaker. He turned impatiently. He saw a tall blond man, bearded and tanned, with fine clear blue eyes that met his with the equanimity of the fearless.

CHAPTER XIII.

After Ten Years.
The consul general saw before him an exquisite, as the ancient phrase goes, backed by no indifferent breed of manhood. He believed that here was a brief respite (as between acts) in which the little hypocrisies could be laid aside. The pleasant smile on his high-bred face was all his own. "And what may I do for you, sir?" He expected to be presented with letters of introduction, and to while away a half hour in the agreeable discussion of mutual acquaintance.
"I should like a few minutes' private talk with you," began the well-dressed stranger. "May I close the door?"
The consul general, with a sense of disappointment, nodded. The blond man returned and sat down. "I don't know how to begin, but I want you to copy this cablegram and send it under your own name. Here it is; read it."
So singular a request filled the consul general with astonishment. Rather mechanically he accepted the slip of paper, adjusted his glasses, and read—
"This is an extraordinary request to make to me, sir."
"Could I possibly offer that to the cable operator? Without name or address? No; I could not do it without being subjected to a thousand questions, none of which I should care to answer. So I came to you. Passing through your hands, no one will question it. Will you do this favor for a poor unfortunate devil?"
Oddly enough, the other could not get away from his original impression. The clothes, the way the man wore them, the clarity of his eyes, the abun-

dant health that was expressed by the tone of the skin, derided such a possibility as the cablegram made manifest. He forced the smile back to his lips. "Are you sure you're not hoarding me?"
"No. I am the victim of the hoax," enigmatically. "If one may call the quirks of fate by the name of hoax," the stranger added. "Will you send it?"
The years he had spent in the consular service had never brought before him a situation of this order. He did not know exactly what to do. He looked out of the window, into the hotel court, at the sky which presently would become overcast with the daily rain clouds. By and by he remembered the man waiting patiently at his elbow.
"What is your name?"
"I'd rather not give that until I hear from New York. I am known out here by the name of Warrington."
Warrington, the puzzle that vanished from the older man's face, and his eyes became, renewing from another angle their investigation of the stranger. Warrington. So this was the man? He could understand now. Who could blame a girl for making a mistake when he, a seasoned veteran, had been beguiled by the outward appearance of the man? Mallo was right. He was a handsome beggar.

"I promise to send this upon one condition."
"It is that you must keep away from Elsa Chetwood, now and hereafter. You made her acquaintance under false pretenses."
"I deny that. Not under false pretenses." How quickly things went about! "Let me tell you how I met her."
The consul general listened; he listened with wonder and interest, and more, with conviction that the young man had been perfectly honest. But the knowledge only added to his growing alarm. It would not be difficult for such a man to win the regard of any young woman.
"And you told her what you had done?"
"Yes."
"Your first misstep?" touching the cablegram.
"My first and only misstep. I was a careless, happy-go-lucky young fool." The sky outside also had attraction for Warrington. A thousand times a fool!
"How long ago did this happen?"
"Ten years this coming April."
"And now, after all this time, you wish to go back?"
"I have wished to go back many times, but never had money enough. I have plenty now. Oh, I made it honestly," smiling. "In oil, at Penang. Here's a cutting from a Rangoon paper."
The other read it carefully. It was romance, romance such as he liked to read in his books, but which was mighty bewildering to have at his elbow in actuality. What a life the man must have led! And here he was, with no more evidence of the conflict than might be discerned in the manliness of his face and the breadth and depth of his shoulders. He dropped the cutting, impatiently.
"Don't you believe it?"
"Believe it? Oh, this? Yes," answered the consul general. "What I cannot believe is that I am awake. I cannot quite make two and two equal four. I cannot . . . Well, you do not look like a man who would rob his employer of eight thousand dollars. . . . Parrot & Co.'s old, but I recollect that title. You were at Udaipur during the plague."
Warrington brightened. "So that's got about? I happened to be there, working on the prince's railway."
"I will send the cable at once. You will doubtless hear from New York in the morning. But you must not see Miss Chetwood again."
"You will let me bid her good-by?" I admit and respect her more than any other woman. She does not know it, for as yet her soul is asleep; but she is one of those few women God put on earth for the courage and comfort of man. Only to say good-by to her. Here in this office, if you wish."
"I agree to that."
"Thank you again," Warrington rose.

"I am genuinely sorry for you. If they say no, what will you do?"
"Go back just the same. I have another debt to cancel."
"Call in the morning. I'll let you know what the charges are."
"I forgot. Here are twenty pounds. You can return the balance when I call. I am very grateful."
"By the way, there is a man here by the name of Mallo," began the consul general.
"Yes," interrupted Warrington, with a smile which was grim and cruel. "I expect to call upon him. He owes me something like fifty pounds, and I am going to collect it." Then he went out.
The consul general dropped Mallo's perfect into the wastebasket and lighted his pipe. Once more he read the cablegram. The Andes Construction Company. What a twist, what an absurd kink in the skein! Nearly all of Elsa's wealth lay bound up in this enormous business which General Chetwood had founded thirty odd years before. And neither of them knew it!

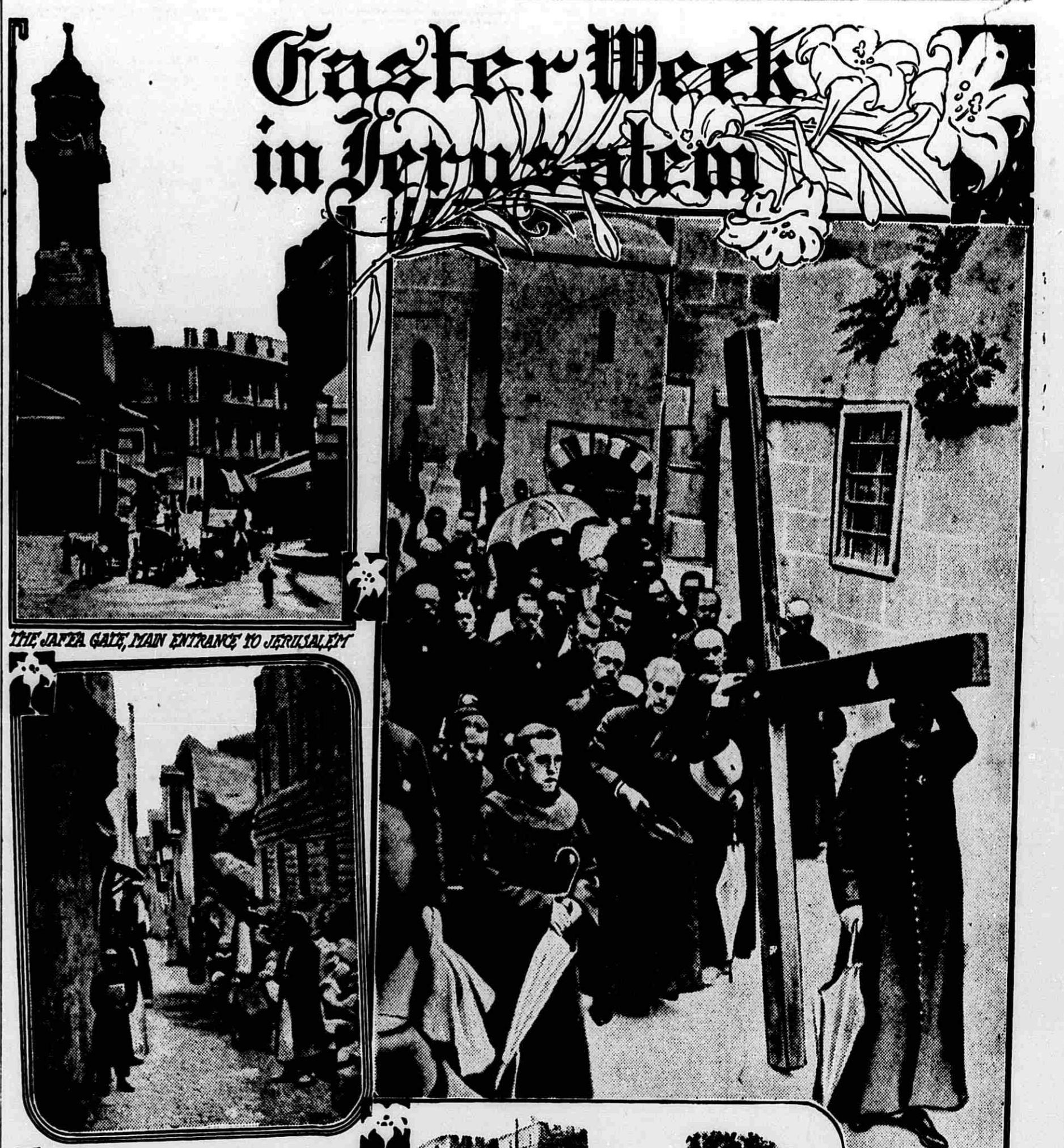
"I am not a bad man at heart," he mused, "but I liked the young man's expression when I mentioned that bully Mallo."
He joined his family at five. He waived aside tea, and called for a lemon-squash.
"Elsa, I am going to give you a lecture."
"Didn't tell you?" cried Elsa to the wife. "I felt in my bones that he was going to say this very thing." She turned to her old-time friend. "Go on; lecture me."
"In the first place, you are too kind-hearted."
"That will be news to my friends. They say I have a heart of ice."
"And what you think is independence of spirit is sometimes indiscretion."
"Oh," said Elsa, becoming serious. "A man came into my office today. He is a rich copra grower from Penang. He spoke of you. You passed him on going out. If I had been twenty years younger I'd have punched his ugly head. His name is Mallo, and he's not a savory chap."
Elsa, she mentioned. She never would forget the look in that man's eyes. The look might have been in other men's eyes, but conventionally had always yelled it; she had never seen it before.
"Go on;" but her voice was unsteady.
"Somewhere along the Irrawaddy you made the acquaintance of a young man who calls himself Warrington, familiarly known as Parrot & Co. He is generous. Not one woman in a thousand would have declined to accept the attentions of such a man. He is cultivated, undeniably good looking, a strong man, mentally and physically."
Elsa's expression was now enigmatical.
"There's not much veneer to him. He fooled me unintentionally. He is quite evidently born a gentleman, of a race of gentlemen. He is not an isolated case. One misstep, and the road to the devil."
The consul general's wife sent a startled glance at Elsa, who spun her sunshade to lighten the tension of her nerves.
"He confessed frankly to me this morning that he is a fugitive from justice. He wishes to return to America. He recounted the circumstances of your meeting."
"Uncle Jim, I have traveled pretty much over this world, and I never met a gentleman if Warrington is not one." There was unconscious belligerence in her tone.

"Ah, there's the difficulty which women will never be made to understand. Every man can, at one time or another, put himself upon his good behavior. Underneath he may be a fine rascal."
"Not this one," smiling. "He warned me against himself a dozen times, but that served to make me stubborn. The fault of my conduct, if any, was not in making this pariah's acquaintance. It lies in the fact that I had nothing to do with the other passengers, from choice. That is where I was indiscreet. But why should I put myself out to gain the good wishes of people for whom I have no liking; people I shall probably never see again when I leave this port?"
"You forget that some of them will be your fellow passengers all the way to San Francisco. My child, you know as well as I do that there are some laws which the Archangel Michael would have to obey, did he wish to inhabit this earth for a while."
"Dear Michael! And if you do not obey these laws, people talk."
"Exactly. There are two sets of man-made laws. One governs the conduct of men and the other the conduct of women."
(TO BE CONTINUED.)

RARE AND MAJESTIC BEAUTY
John Muir's Tribute to the Fascination of the Yosemite Worth Holding in Memory.
No temple made with hands can compare with Yosemite, wrote the late John Muir. Every rock in its walls seem to glow with life. Some lean back in majestic repose; others, absolutely sheer, or nearly so, for thousands of feet, advance beyond their companions in thoughtful attitudes, giving welcome to storms and calm alike. . . .

CONSCIOUS DOERS OF KINDNESS
The conscious doers of kindness are present in the surprised people in the world. In the first place, they are almost certain to feel that they don't get due credit; that they are misunderstood by themselves. By others they are not likely to be understood, particularly by those they do good to. If, for example, the virtuous patronizers of the poor could only know how, in many instances, the poor felt toward them, they would at first be indignant and resentful. Then they would wonder how they had escaped with their lives.
Fireproof Wood.
To make wood fireproof, slack a small quantity of fresh lime and add water until it has the consistency of cream; stir well and add one pound of asphaltum and one pound of saltpetre again and apply while hot. Two or three coats will keep wood fireproof for many months.
Organic Trouble.
An automobile collided with a street organ the other day and the auto went into the curb. The organ didn't escape, however. It lost six notes from the upper set of a tango waits and broke two ribs from its collection of popular Scotch airs.
Its ragtime loving was badly jolted, too, and large sections were gouged from its "Silver Threads and Golden Rings."
It suffered the most severely, however, in its "Tiger Song" and "Evil Evils." It being quite impossible after the impact to tell which was Leonora and which Maricou.
Nobody was hurt, the organ granger crawling out from under the debris and brisily shouting, "Where is the cup?"
The cup and the pennies being a result of the European war, standing off or greatly curtailed, so continued supplies from Germany.

NATION REALLY TOO RICH
Much Truth in Remark That Edison Recently Made About the United States.
Thomas A. Edison told the truth in the form of a paradox the other day when discoursing about the causes of our embarrassment in the matter of dye stuffs and other chemicals as a result of the European war, standing off or greatly curtailed, so continued supplies from Germany.



THE JAFFA GATE, MAIN ENTRANCE TO JERUSALEM

NEW WORLD AND THE OLD FACE TO FACE

WE crossed Palestine, riding over those ancient byways that wind through hill and dale leading to the holy city, we were deeply impressed by the pilgrims—not only by their numbers but by their very air of patient eagerness—as they trudged the dusty roads footsore and weary. As we neared the city we knew that Jerusalem was already filled to overflowing with these pilgrims, because the roads leading into the city were lined on either side with crowds of these pilgrims camping in the ditches, with their pots and pans and bedding.

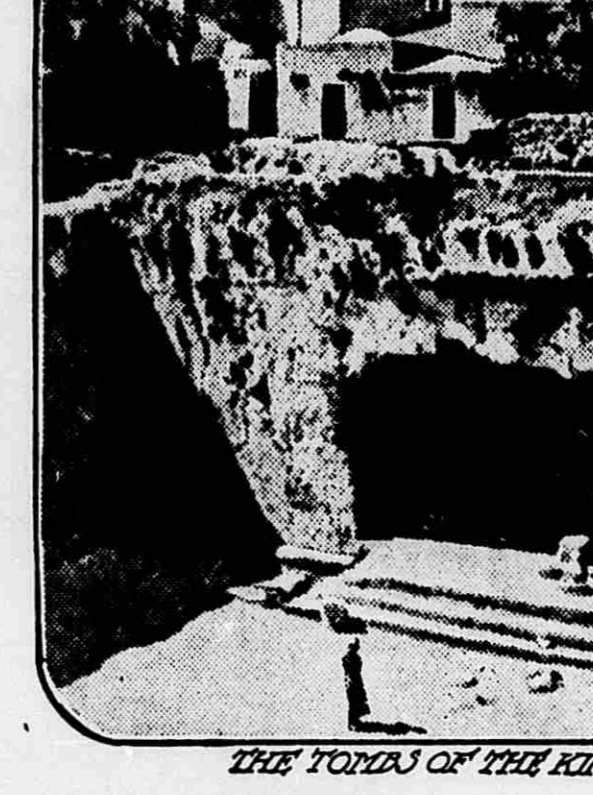
Although it was midday when we arrived and the sun beat down mercilessly, many of these tired pilgrims had spread a small scarf or shawl across sticks and were sleeping in its shade. Still they continued to flock into the city, carrying palm branches in their hands, until all the highways round about Jerusalem were lined with these weary but devout people. One could not help pitying them, while at the same time admiring their wonderful devotion. Thousands of them had walked hundreds of miles through Russia and across inhospitable Turkey, being treated in the latter place more like dogs than human beings. If there is one thing above another a Turk hates, something that arouses his Mohammedan indignation, it is the sight of these Christians, devout members of the Greek church, pleading afoot across the sultan's domain with but one thought in view—to kiss the tomb of Christ. You can only marvel at their religious zeal which enables them to withstand the tortures of a long journey and the abuse of the cold-blooded Turks.

Fortunately, our quarters had been reserved long in advance, otherwise we, too, would have been forced to camp among the pilgrims beside the highway. As these pilgrims come in sight of the Holy Land they fall upon their knees, facing the Jerusalem they love, so simple and beautiful in their faith.

Jerusalem's places of interest during the Easter week are many. They are made memorable through their association with Christ on and prior to the day of his crucifixion. We first visited the Garden of Gethsemane, where, so many years ago, he went to pray. "Not my will, but thine." This is really a very small plot of ground, about twenty-five feet square, containing many flower beds and some extremely old olive trees. Always kept in good order, on the occasion of Easter this hallowed garden is made glorious with beds of flowers in full bloom.

There is also the Via Dolorosa, or "the street of sorrows," through which Christ passed on his way to Calvary. Along this street are the various stations of the cross, recording the incidents in this memorable journey.

THE TOMBS OF THE KINGS



Knowing that during the days of the actual Easter celebration we would have little opportunity to see these things, owing to the great crowds, we took occasion to visit them the day following our arrival. Among the principal places of interest in the Church of the Holy Sepulcher are the supposed tomb of Christ, the stone of unction, the holy sepulcher, the Greek church, the chapel of St. Helena and Mount Calvary.

The first of the Easter services in the holy city consists of the "washing of feet." This occurs on the Thursday before Good Friday. It is a Greek ceremony, short and unexciting, and takes place in the courtyard of the church. Nothing but this is unexciting, every available space in the courtyard and every commanding window and rooftop was occupied as the Greek patriarch bathed the feet of twelve of his priests as they were seated upon a little platform.

On the next day—Good Friday—we witnessed the Latin ceremony of the crucifixion. This is interesting in a way, but somewhat shocking to the occidental eye. This ceremony takes place over what is said to be the actual site of the crucifixion. It is performed before a cross on which a dummy figure has been nailed. At the conclusion the figure is taken down from the cross and placed in a white sheet, the crown of thorns and the nails drawn from the "hands" and "feet" being placed on silver salvers. After this a procession is formed which leads to the stone of unction, where sermons are delivered in six different languages.

Saturday afternoon we witnessed the ceremony of the "holy fire," to the minds of the pilgrims the most important of all. There is a certain impressiveness about it, but the grandeur is lost in the mad struggle between the Latin and Greek worshippers that changes what should be a solemn ceremony into a veritable mob scene. At the time we were there much talk was heard of either abandoning this ceremony or greatly modifying it, and I must confess that all of our party agreed that unless it could be conducted in an orderly manner it should certainly be abandoned.

THEY BEAR CROSSES ALONG THE VIA DOLOROSA

Have the flames they witness to be literally holy fire. We secured a good vantage point from one of the upper balconies, and by two o'clock the church was filled to overflowing with a zealous yet excitable mob. The Greek patriarch, accompanied by the Armenian high priest, entered the holy sepulcher, and instantly there was a hush throughout all the church. On either side of the sepulcher two holes, and soon flames appeared through these holes. Instantly the struggle commenced. To us it was a terrible sight to see the pilgrims fight to get near the holy flame. Each pilgrim held a candle, and the flames they witness to be literally holy fire. We secured a good vantage point from one of the upper balconies, and by two o'clock the church was filled to overflowing with a zealous yet excitable mob. The Greek patriarch, accompanied by the Armenian high priest, entered the holy sepulcher, and instantly there was a hush throughout all the church. On either side of the sepulcher two holes, and soon flames appeared through these holes. Instantly the struggle commenced. To us it was a terrible sight to see the pilgrims fight to get near the holy flame. Each pilgrim held a candle, and the flames they witness to be literally holy fire.

We were told that much better order had been maintained on this Easter during the holy fire ceremony than ever before, and we could not wonder what some of the past ceremonies were like, since five persons were severely injured by being pushed down and trampled on by the struggling mob.

It was interesting but by no means comforting to note the hatred exhibited on every hand by the Turks.

Where the Turkish soldiers were drawn up as a guard, much as city policemen keep back the crowds during a parade in this country. Whenever a Turk got in the crowd he was well handled and assisted to a vantage point if he cared to see, although for the most part the Turks would not deign to look upon it. Whenever one of the Christians was pushed by the crowd into the line of Turkish soldiers he was promptly and effectively pounded with the butt of a rifle. Not openly, but rather surreptitiously, the soldier stared straight front at the same time he maliciously and viciously jabbed backward with rifle butt, generally grievously hurting whoever was unfortunate enough among the pilgrims to be crowded against the lines. Above all it was the Armenians who were thus abused.

On Sunday morning there were more ceremonies in the Church of the Holy Sepulcher. These ceremonies were conducted in many languages, and the vestments worn by the priests were unusually gorgeous.

At noon on Sunday the Easter week ceremonies were over for the year. An hour later the great army of pilgrims was flocking out of the city. In all directions they were traveling with their few belongings in bundles, but by far the greater number journeyed out on the highways that led across the Holy Land and into Russia.

GOT CORNER ON BAD EGGS

"Entertainer" Must Have Been Somewhat Doubtful of His Power to Please Audiences.
Apropos of Marie Corelli's new novel, *Easter Glasser*, the critic and essayist of New York, said at the Playwrights' club:
"Marie Corelli is the only novelist in existence who needs no free copies of her novels to the press for review. Marie Corelli has been roasted so hard

by the press that she is resolved to undergo no more of it.
"She is like the long-haired chap who walked into the general store at Quog and said:
"Do you sell stale eggs?"
"No," said the grocer with a smile, "but I've got some."
"Well, give me all you've got," said the stranger.
"I'll give you the best," he said, and he handed up the eggs, laughed and said:
"I guess you're going to see 'Hamlet' tonight at the opera house."

"No," said the stranger grimly, "I'm going to play 'Hamlet' tonight at the opera house."

That "if one of our great steel companies would save the benzol it is now burning or allowing to escape" we would have the material needed for an American coal tar dye industry. It is illustrated again by the history of the German "potash" mines.
They were originally salt mines. Their deposits of "sodium chloride," or common salt, were becoming exhausted. Their owners faced a loss of income. They sought deeper deposits. They didn't find them. They did find great beds of "potash" salts. It was useless for preserving meats and other uses of common salt. Uses had to be found for it. They were found in the manufacturing factories.

Now there are plenty of salt deposits in the country, but they were not used.

1 OFF SALE

FOR ONE DAY ONLY

4 SATURDAY, APRIL 3rd

1/4 off on all Men's Pants in our store

1/4 off on all Steel Ranges

Hay Cars, Track, Forks, Slings, Pulleys, etc. AT COST

SPECIAL FOR SATURDAY

Oranges 1c. each

Gonderman's Dept. Store

SPECIAL FOR SATURDAY

40c. Oranges 28c.

HEARD ABOUT TOWN

Newsy Notes About People You Know.

Neckwear at Weekes' adv
C. H. Bradish was in Grand Rapids Friday.
D. G. Look was in Alma two days last week.
Cecil Warner of Chicago is visiting friends here.
Mrs. Earl McNaughton was in Grand Rapids Friday.
Clarence Collar was a Grand Rapids caller Tuesday.
Harold Behler is home from Lansing for his vacation.
Harry Patterson of Alma spent Sunday with friends here.
Miss Helen Shivel of Grand Rapids spent Sunday here.
Ellis Faulkner of Delton was in town on business Tuesday.
Mrs. Verne Ashley of Grand Rapids was in town Friday.
Silver spoons free at Stocking's store Saturday, April 3. adv
Nifty coats and skirts at right prices. A. W. Weekes & Son.
Miss Bertha Murdoch of Morrice is visiting Miss Hallie DeVoe.
Miss Ella Perrin is home from Greenville for her spring vacation.
Always at your call, McQueen's adv
Miss Ruth Stone is home from Grand Rapids for the spring vacation.
Miss Kathryn Lewis of Detroit is visiting her aunt, Mrs. R. D. Stocking.
One of Dr. Lee's two year-old colts fell and broke a leg yesterday morning.
Have your next suit made to order, \$15 to \$40.
Will C. Stone.
Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Avery of Grand Rapids spent Sunday with Mrs. Helen Avery.
Mrs. E. B. McKay and Mrs. Mary Adams were in Grand Rapids one day last week.
Big bargains in second hand pianos and organs.
R. D. Stocking.
Miss Ethel Yardley of Grand Rapids spent Sunday with her father, Walter Yardley.
Miss Marguerite Almoth of Big Rapids is visiting Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Gonderman.
Mr. and Mrs. Walter Morris entertained the 500 club at their home Saturday evening.
Miss Florence Vetter came home Friday from the M. A. C. to remain here for her vacation.
Surprising values in our house and street dresses.
A. W. Weekes & Son.
Mr. and Mrs. Ben Andrews of North Lowell spent Sunday at the home of Walter Rogers.
Miss Marie Perry and John Roth spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. Will Winchell in Ionia.
Miss Olive Anderson of Kalamazoo is spending the week with her father, Joseph Anderson.
Miss Abby Malcolm spent from Friday until Sunday with friends at Stanton and other places.
Mr. and Mrs. Chester Leary spent Sunday with their daughter, Mrs. Ralph Kenyon, at Freeport.

HEARD ABOUT TOWN

Brodi Atwater spent Sunday in Lansing.
Lee Lampkin owns a new Ford touring car.
Mrs. Barr Davis of Moseley was in town Tuesday.
H. D. Palmer of Saranac was in town Monday.
W. I. Burdick spent Sunday with his family here.
Mrs. Lynn Fletcher is visiting friends in Muskegon.
Mrs. E. S. White was a Valley City visitor Tuesday.
Miss Frances Drew is home from her school work at Albion.
John Tobin of Grattan was in town on business Tuesday.
Mr. and Mrs. Will Yeiter of Alto were in town Tuesday.
Claude Hindman of Grand Rapids is visiting Brodi Atwater.
Martha Stinton of Ypsilanti is home for her spring vacation.
John Peterle, Jr. of Grand Rapids is visiting Lowell friends.
Mr. and Mrs. Dale Morgan of Grand Rapids were in town yesterday.
Miss Nina Wright visited her cousin, Mrs. Wetvrongel, in Keene Sunday.
Mr. and Mrs. R. E. Springett entertained the Summer club last evening.
Miss Winnie White is home from Detroit to spend her Easter vacation.
Mrs. Candice Merryhew is ill at the home of her cousin, Mrs. L. W. Halstead.
Mrs. A. J. Lewis is visiting her daughter, Mrs. Chas. Woodcock, in Grand Rapids.
Glen Adgate, Will Henry and Harold Jones of Saranac spent Sunday in Lowell.
Spring shades in silk, wool and rayon at \$1.00; crepe de chene \$1.25. A. W. Weekes & Son.
Miss Angela McGee of Edgerton is spending the spring vacation with her parents here.
Mr. White and family of Keene have moved into the Ryder house near the cemetery.
Mrs. Lizzie Cogswell of East Lowell was a guest of Mr. and Mrs. Fred Kilgus Tuesday.
Catherine Morgan of Grand Rapids is visiting her grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. W. K. Morgan.
W. C. Denick and Sons are refinishing the lodge rooms in the King block, recently burned.
The Misses Gladys Dods, Ora and June Weber of Saranac visited their aunt, Mrs. E. C. Walker yesterday.
Miss Hazel Compton of Saranac came yesterday to spend the remainder of the week with her aunt, Mrs. H. Newhall.

HEARD ABOUT TOWN

Mrs. Ashley Ward and children of Ada spent Sunday with her brother, Andrew Chaffee and family.
Lutelle Ecker left last Wednesday for Asheville, N. C., to remain there indefinitely with his sister, Mrs. Ray Bolter.
Misses Neva Coons and Ethel White left Tuesday to attend the District convention of the Epworth League at Fremont.
Mez Rutherford is home from her school to spend the spring vacation with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Rutherford.
Miss Ariel Lawrence resumed her school duties at the eastward yesterday, after several weeks' absence without an injured knee.
Mr. and Mrs. D. O. Shear have rented their house on the west side and will move into Mrs. Shear's house on the east side.
Born, in Detroit, March 28, to Mr. and Mrs. Charles D. Leary, a daughter, Mrs. Leary was formerly Miss Olive Lammiman.
The Vergennes club will give another social dance at the City hall Thursday evening, April 5. Music by Lowell orchestra.
Floyd Stinton, Will Stinton and lady friend of Grand Rapids spent Sunday with the former's mother, Mrs. Ed. Stinton and family.
"Black is White," George Barr McConnel's great, new serial story, begins in this issue of The Ledger. Read the liberal opening installment.
Mrs. W. K. Morgan entertained a number of little folks yesterday afternoon in honor of her little grand-daughter, Catherine Morgan, who is visiting here.
Isaac Carr of Caledonia and daughter, Mrs. Hal Cave of Chicago, returned to the home of the former Tuesday after several days' visit with relatives in Keene.
Mrs. Walter Rogers and son Lester and Elmer Richmond went to Grand Rapids Wednesday to attend the 75th birthday anniversary of their mother, Mrs. Eunice Richmond.
Mrs. J. C. Smith left Monday evening for Minnesota to visit relatives. She will be accompanied home by the Dr.'s, mother who will make her home with them in the future.
Mr. and Mrs. Fred Whipple of Grand Rapids accompanied John Headworth and children to Lowell and spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. Neil Cameron. The children will remain for this week.
Burr Davis and Clare Ford, representing the school board of Moseley, were in town Monday completing the plans of a one story brick veneer school building of modern construction to be erected at Moseley this spring to take the place of the one recently burned. Cliff Hatch has the contract.
Miss Beatrice VanDyke had a narrow escape from death by an internal hemorrhage Saturday night, and for a time her life was almost despaired of. Doctors McDaniel, Anderson and Le were summoned, heroic measures taken and she is now recovering. Miss Beatrice is one of Lowell's most estimable young ladies and all her townspeople rejoice in her recovery.

ADA VILLAGE NOTES

Happenings in The Good Old Town By Hoo's It.
The Ada Dramatic club will repeat the drama "The Last Leaf" Friday evening, April 2, for the benefit of the I. O. O. F. No change has been made in the cast. The cast also wishes to announce that it plans to produce a big costume play out of doors later in the season. This will be the one best bet. After the play Friday evening there will be a free dance till 12 o'clock for those who attend.
Mrs. Gillespie is visiting friends in Manchester.
Mrs. Burch who has been long on the sick list is now greatly improved.
Edgar Niles, 76 years old died yesterday at his home in Ada township. He is survived by the widow, four sons and three daughters. Funeral services will be held at 2 o'clock tomorrow afternoon at the residence. Interment in Ada cemetery.
Hoo's It has but one statement to make in answer to the Citizen's letter concerning the church question. We have attempted several times to rent the church for entertainments, etc., and have always been refused. Does that sound like they have always been glad to let the church for social and public services? Great cracks show in the wall and the plaster is off the ceiling in great patches. Does that sound like they have always been glad to let the church for social and public services? The majority of the Ada citizens whom Hoo's It has interviewed in the past article have judged him honestly and all think a good writer of the article will read the public service buildings law he will find that the church property is now unseizable.
The correspondent also states that on the strength of his article he has received several new subscribers, names furnished upon request.
We have a stock of paints, paper and varnishes that are unequalled in grade and price. Try us.
Wm. S. Perkins & Son, Citz. phone 50.
That phenomena which you saw Monday was no rainbow. No! No! It was Dr. Breese and a new tie.
Mrs. Frankie Harris who carries the lead in The Last Leaf is fortunate in having a good partner in the play as well as in everyday life.
Maeter millinery at Holloway's, ad
Miss Etta Crowe attended the pro Easter services at the Park Congregational church in Grand Rapids Sunday.
Princess alpine 50c, white skirts lace and embroidery trimmed. Complete covers 25c. Yard wide percales 10c. Holloway's, adv
Rev. Remmel is back from his vacation looking greatly rested.
Both Republicans and Democrats have arranged their slates for the coming election. Republicans: Supervisor, J. H. Ward; Town Clerk, Wm. Stonebreaker; Treasurer, J. C. Morris; Justice of the Peace, Wm. Farrell; Board of Review, Constable, Highway, Com. Moses Whaley. Democrats: Supervisor, Patrick McCormack; Clerk, Mattimer P. Lampert; Treasurer, Joe P. D. Harris; Board of Review, Justice of the Peace, Peter Spearza, Constable (head of three) Erson Dennis; Highway Com. Clever Hill. Polls open at 7 and close at 5:30.
Pretty near time for punk cigars. Cabbage. Thanks.
The Mission Study class of the Methodist Epworth League meets with Miss Myrtle Taylor Monday night at 6 o'clock. All are invited to attend.
The Boylans are breaking up their winter camp at Pensacola, Fla., preparatory to the homeward trip.
Wesley Johnson reports an unusually severe winter in Florida; but he has had good sport fishing. His catch included 197 black bass besides blue gills, bullheads, calico bass and cat-fish "too numerous to mention."

ALTO VILLAGE NEWS

Interesting Items from a Hustling Business Center.
The Methodist Ladies Aid met at the home of Mrs. Mary (Line) Wednesday.
W. A. Rounds was home from the Capital over Sunday.
There are several new houses to be built this spring beside other improvements in town.
G. A. Oberly has assumed the management of the furniture store.
Miss Vena Hinon of Grand Rapids visited at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Bush over Sunday.
Frank Chamberlain, Jr., of Lansing is visiting his uncle F. E. Chamberlain and family here.
Try to be the kind of a citizen you want people to think you are.
There will be Easter exercises at the churches.
Mrs. Carrie Campau entertained her sister Mrs. Fisher over Sunday.
Supper there had been no Easter, what would one have as an encouragement in life?
Mr. and Mrs. M. E. Borge of Boyne City, who have been visiting the former's parents here for the past few days, returned to their home the first of the week.
Burr Marr has returned here from Baldwin.
"They say" it was "some catena" held at Rowe Center last week Friday.
The last lecture of our local course was last Wednesday evening. The course has been a splendid success.
Mr. and Mrs. Russell of Middleville visited their daughter Mrs. Rosenberg and family.
The male quartet and their wives were entertained at the parsonage Wednesday evening.
The Easter tea will be given at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Frank McNaughton again this spring, on Wednesday of next week.
Mrs. Chas. Foote went to Lansing last Wednesday for a short stay.
Harold and Pauline Behler visited their brother Allen Behler and family over Sunday.
If even a stoneboat was run over some of our roads it would help some.
Big Boost By Brother Babcock
Leonidas, Mich., Mar. 16.
F. M. Johnson,
Dear Friend:
Enclosed find \$1.25 as a small boost for your trip to the big fair, and I want to say a few words to the subscribers of the Lowell Ledger. My friends don't you think that our editor is entitled to that little boost of 25c to give him a trip? Now let me tell you something. Our editor can't keep a secret to save his life and the first thing he sees after he gets there whether it be funny or strange, educational or otherwise, he will have to let it drip off of his pen right on to the pages of the Lowell Ledger and we will get it and 'twill be a godsend to lots of us who can't go. Now he is not begging that 25c. He is offering us 50c worth of reading matter for it and friends in a few weeks time you never would miss that quarter. So dig down a little deeper and fish it out and you will feel better by doing it. There is no doubt lots of us that would like to go but on account of not having the ready John Davis we will have to be content by reading about it and surely Editor Johnson is the man to give us a good write up on the fair and there won't anything escape him going or coming.
Respectfully yours,
E. S. Babcock.

"A SHINE IN EVERY DROP"
Black Silk Stove Polish is different. It does not dry out, it does not burn, it does not leave a film. It is a quality absolutely superior to any other. You get your money's worth.

Black Silk Stove Polish
It is not only most economical, but it gives a brilliant, silky luster that cannot be obtained with any other. Black Silk Stove Polish does not rub off. It lasts four times as long as ordinary polish. It saves you time, work and money.

Don't forget - when you want stove polish, be sure to ask for Black Silk. It is the best stove polish you ever used - your money will reward you.

Black Silk Stove Polish Works, Sterling, Illinois.
Use Black Silk Air Drying Floor Polish on stairs, tile, linoleum, stone, wood, and other polished surfaces. Prevents staining. Try it.

The Black Silk Metal Polish for silverware, cutlery, brass, and other polished metal. It works quickly, easily, and leaves a brilliant surface. It has no need for friction.

Get a Can TODAY



Room Rugs
A nice pattern - and a price to suit all fancies.
We can show you hundreds of decidedly "different" ideas.

The Matter of Selection
can be quickly settled in your mind by PATTERN BOOK "C" which contains page after page of unique suggestions.

In this book we show actual color reproductions of over 500 patterns of all that is new and desirable in Carpets, Rugs, Linoleums, Matings, Curtains, Leather Goods, etc. We bring before you hundreds of the latest ideas from one of the largest wholesale stocks in the country.

What every want is here. Bring your friends and let us take you through this half-million-dollar stock represented by the pages of PATTERN BOOK "C."
We'll gladly show you.

Yeiter & Co.

BUICK

If you intend to drive a Buick valve-in-the-head motor car this season, better place your order soon; as we are unable to take any more orders for C-24's and C-55's.

Roadsters and Touring Cars \$900 to \$1650 f. o. b. Flint.

When better automobiles are built Buick will build them.

We do repair work on different makes of cars.

Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded.

We carry a full line of auto supplies.

PERCY GREGORY
Phone 110

Classified Advertising.

EMPLOYMENT WANTED.
Situation as housekeeper or general housework by competent woman. Enquire J. H., Ledger office. 42p

WANTED - A young man with salesmanship ability, experience unnecessary. One who will consider working and studying during spare time to qualify for a position with an old established company paying not less than \$1200.00 per year to start. Inquire Austin, McCarty Block. 42p

DAIRY BUTTER - Customers wanted. Mrs. John Richardson. Phone 241-2. Lowell R. 50. 43p

PUBLIC STENOGRAPHY and typewriting. Apply to Miss Wood, with Attorney Shivel, King block, Lowell. 44

Railroad Time Cards
PERE MARQUETTE
East Bound -
7:40 a. m. Daily
7:50 p. m. Daily except Sunday
West Bound -
6:40 a. m. Daily
6:50 p. m. Daily except Sunday
7:40 p. m. Daily

GRAND TRUNK
East Bound -
6:58 a. m. Daily except Sunday
11:00 a. m. Daily except Sunday
3:40 p. m. Daily except Sunday
West Bound -
12:41 p. m. Daily except Sunday
3:30 p. m. Daily except Sunday
6:15 p. m. Daily except Sunday

FOR SALE.
HANDMADE MIDGET CIGARS, also EN-110, best nickel cigars, made by Lowell Cigar Co., and for sale by all dealers. 211t

FOR SALE - For new mch cows enquire of John Auescker, phone 157-11-16, Lowell, Mich. 40 3/4

FOR SALE - Bar none, ten years old with foal due in April!
Brown mare, 10 years old, good worker and gentle driver.
Boy mare, 3 years old.
Dark brown horse, 5 years old.
Gottfried Friedl, Citz. phone 112-4, Route 48, Box 9, Lowell, Mich. 49t

FOR SALE - My home in Lowell three blocks north of Central school. Seven-room house, a good sized lot and a good barn. Has electric lights and sewer connections with bath, a good dry cellar and basement, both city and soft water in the house. Inquire of Hobart Clark, Lowell Mich. Mary Abbey Chamberlain. 40t

FARM FOR SALE - 100 acres, good house, basement and silo. C. E. Newstora, Ionia, Mich. 43p

EGGS FOR HATCHING - From pure bred, laying strain Buff Rocks, 35 each. Mrs. L. E. Sturlock. 43p

FOR SALE - Young work mule. Write or phone William Morgan, Route 51, Lowell. 42p

A BARGAIN - Kitchen cabinet for \$25.00. Call Royin Sayles, Phone 51 is 11. 42p

FOR SALE - A good seven room house, electric lights, good well, cistern, city water in yard, two lots, chicken house and park, East Main street. Mrs. Herbert Chase, Lowell. 43

FOR SALE - Barred Plymouth Rock chicks 4 days old \$8 hundred, also Barred Plymouth Rock eggs for hatching \$2.50 per hundred. Mrs. Herbert Chase Lowell. 43

FOR SALE - 40 acres 4 miles from Lowell, 3 from Alto, good level land, good buildings, some fruit. Mrs. Grant Warner, R. F. D. 47 box 67, Lowell, Mich. 43p

FOR SALE - Small farm in Boyne township, with good buildings, small fruit and some apple trees. Address E. J. Croninger, Hotel Waverly. 42p

FOR SALE - My home in the village of Lowell on Washington St. Six-room house with large woodshed, barn, tool house, good well and large park, well and water, good cellar, known as the Joe Richmond home. Inquire of James King opposite German church. 43p

COAL & WOOD

You'll Smile Too
if you buy your Coal and Wood of us, for our fuel has a maximum of heaty quality. Coal that burns to ashes without clinkers.

Good Service and Prompt Delivery

Earl Hunter
Phone 127

A Monument or Marker

to be satisfactory to the purchaser must be built from durable material after a suitable design, and all lettering and carving done in an artistic manner. A visit to our workshop and salesroom will convince you that we can furnish a Memorial that is right.

Our Prices are Reasonable

Lowell Granite & Marble Works
J. H. Hamilton Estate
Citizens Phone No. 20, Lowell, Mich.

How's This?
We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.
We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out all obligations made by him. NATIONAL BANK OF COMMERCE, Toledo, O.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Testimonials sent free. Price, 75 cents per bottle. Sold by all Druggists.

Some Victims of La Grippe Never Fully Recover the Health of the Lungs

La Grippe and Bronchial Coughs Often Result in Pneumonia, and Weak Lungs Lead to Tuberculosis.

THESE are the reasons why you should stop these violent, weakening La Grippe coughs. They're dangerous. POLY'S HONEY AND TAR is the favorite cough medicine of a majority of people, and is the most effective medicine for La Grippe, whooping cough, bronchitis and in grippe coughs. It will kill dangerous, germ-borne bacteria and lungs in a second, healthy condition.

MRS. T. A. TOWER, Waterbury, Co. Dak., says: "I had a severe case of grippe and my doctor prescribed POLY'S HONEY AND TAR, and it soon overcame my attack of grippe. My children have used it ever since. I use it now for all my colds, whooping cough, and bronchitis. It is the best medicine I have ever used."

POLY'S HONEY AND TAR has a record for successful healing that no other cough medicine can equal. It is absolutely free of opium and is the favorite cough medicine of a majority of people, whooping cough, cold, croup, whooping cough, bronchitis and in grippe coughs. It will kill dangerous, germ-borne bacteria and lungs in a second, healthy condition.

*** EVERY USER IS A FRIEND. ***

For sale by M. N. Henry

Death of Emma Reusser.
Emma, daughter of Samuel and Rosena Reusser, was born in Vergennes, Sept. 19, 1885, and died March 28, 1915. She has been a sufferer since her eight year, but has always been a great help to her mother in her home. She had a kind and loving disposition; lived a Christian, and Christ was her hope in death. She died of pleurisy after an illness of five days; and leaves to mourn, her mother, two brothers, six sisters and many other relatives and friends. Her father and three brothers preceded her to the World Beyond. Com.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS
State of Michigan. The Probate Court for the County of Kent.
In the matter of the estate of M. Della Smith, deceased.
Notice is hereby given that four months from the 17th day of March, A. D. 1915, have been allowed for creditors to present their claims against said deceased to said court for examination and adjustment and that all creditors of said deceased are required to present their claims to said court, at the probate office, in the city of Grand Rapids, in said county, on or before the 17th day of July, A. D. 1915, and that said claims will be heard by said court on Saturday, the 17th day of July, A. D. 1915, at ten o'clock in the forenoon.
Dated March 17, 1915.
Clark E. Higbee,
Judge of Probate.

A Happy Home
(Read What Peruna Did)

Mrs. James P. Summit, No. 1008 East Eighth St., Muscatine, Iowa, writes:
"My health was so miserable for years that I was practically an invalid. We had no family, owing to my ill health. I was induced to give Peruna a trial, and found very quickly that it was helping me.

I am now well and happy. We have a Baby Boy He is our first and only child.

"I am now well and happy. We have a baby boy, which we believe is the direct consequence of my improved health. He is our first and only child, and if Peruna had not cured me of my ailments we should never have had him. I hope every suffering woman will give Peruna a trial, the same as I have."
These who object to liquid medicines can now procure Peruna Tablets.