

# County Charlevoix Herald.

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No. 51

## CITIES TACKLE FOOD PROBLEM

Variety of Ways, Some of Them Unusual, Are Being Tried Out.

### HOW ONE CITY SELLS FOOD

Houston, Tex., Handles Fruits and Vegetables in Competition With Tenants of Its Municipally-Owned Market House.

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.)  
Washington.—That municipalities are tackling their local food problems in a variety of ways, some of them unusual, is evidenced by reports received by the city marketing division of the bureau of markets, United States department of agriculture.

From establishing curb markets, remodeling, or building retail market houses, efforts of cities have expanded until some are actually selling food supplies, while one city of about 65,000 population is operating a farm and selling produce from it at retail.

#### How One City Sells Food.

Houston, Tex., which has a municipally owned retail market house, has taken over three stalls in the building and is handling fruits and vegetables in competition with its tenants. In order to be fair to other retailers it charges itself with all overhead expenses paid by other dealers, including rent, and also pays wages higher than those paid in other stalls. Reports on ten weeks' operation of the city managed stalls show that it is possible to buy and sell produce in competition with local merchants at both a direct and indirect saving to consumers. The experiment is to be enlarged to include food products other than fruits and vegetables and is said to be already serving as a stabilizing influence on prices in that city market. Competing merchants have become interested in the methods of doing business of the city-operated stalls and appear anxious to try out practices that would enable them to lower their prices.

#### A City Goes Into Farming.

Allentown, Pa., has gone into farming on a farm acquired for other purposes which, through changes in municipal plans, was lying idle. Under the direction of one of the city aldermen this farm is producing vegetables and selling them at retail in competition with shipped-in produce. The farm also feeds 1,000 head of hogs on city garbage. Local advocates of the plan now propose to include the use of an old brewery as a storage warehouse for potatoes and other products grown by local farmers, so as to lessen the city's dependence on shipped-in products.

Although the bureau of markets, through its city market division, is keeping in touch with developments in many cities and is compiling information for use in answering inquiries, it states that it would be glad to hear from any cities, not as yet reached by formal inquiry, which are working on local food problems through municipally owned shops and by other methods differing from those that have been followed in the past. The bureau plans to make available information in regard to the successes and failures of cities in their efforts to solve their food problems in order that municipalities contemplating special action may have the benefit of the experience of communities faced with similar conditions.

## WHOLE WORLD IS HIT

High Cost of Living Is Felt Around Globe.

England Has Experienced Increase in Prices as High as 135 Per Cent.

Washington.—That the whole world is struggling with the increased cost of living is indicated in reports to the state department. The increases in Europe are particularly high, although in Latin-America the governments are anxious over the situation and are trying to find means of combating the difficulties presented by the high prices of commodities deemed essential.

In Portugal the government, in an attempt to lower the cost of living, has placed, through the minister of finance, a part of its gold reserves in the banks of Lisbon.

In England the cost of living above pre-war level is figured at 115 per cent for September and 120 per cent for October, as to actual necessities of life and based upon average living

conditions of wage-earners. A more distinct rise has occurred in the cost of commodities so far as the other elements of population in England are concerned, being unofficially estimated by some at approximately 135 per cent with a steady upward trend.

In Sweden figures furnished by the Swedish government indicate that the cost of living has increased 157 per cent over the cost in June, 1914. In the cities the increase has been very much greater than the average for the country.

The Argentine government has suggested to other South American countries and discussed with them an international arrangement with a view to doing away with import duties on unmanufactured food products as one means of cutting down the high cost of living.

### AND THE DOG GOT AWAY

Canine Participant in Disastrous Mix-up the Only One Left Alive When It Ended.

Klamath Falls, Ore.—A dog chased a cat; the cat climbed a pole, two horses were killed, a fire alarm started and one man was made penniless. And all because the dog chased the cat. Here's how it happened:

A prowling feline disturbed the slumbers of Tige. He chased her up a telephone pole and, poising high on a crossarm, she switched her tail in anger. Her tail touched another wire. A circuit was thus completed between the two wires, burning them through and killing the cat. One wire fell to the ground, came in contact with a team of horses belonging to C. V. Berry and killed both horses.

A transformer was burned out and a fire alarm turned in. All the male residents of the town jumped from their beds—'twas in the dead of night—and dashed madly around with many yards of garden hose searching for the fire.

Berry recently came from California and had bought the team with his last dollar, hoping to do road work.

### DOG SAVES CHICAGOAN'S LIFE

Mongrel Pup Attracts Attention to Room Where Master Is Lying Unconscious.

Minneapolis.—Jerry, a mongrel pup of the streets, repaid kindnesses of his bachelor master, William Hart, sixty years old, and saved Hart's life.

Hart, who lives in the rear on the second floor at 2017 Washington avenue, opened two jets of his gas stove, but failed to light one. Neighbors were called to the room by the whines, growls and scratchings of Jerry, who was locked outside.

Breaking in the door, they found Hart unconscious. The police were called and Hart was taken to the city hospital.

Neighbors say Hart found the dog in the streets about four months ago and befriended him. Hart is a machinist and came to Minneapolis from Chicago.

### Brothers, G. A. R. Vets, Meet After 50 Years

Dayton, O.—Stepping off a train to make a change of routes, J. A. White, seventy, Xenia, O., and George White, seventy-six, Seattle, Wash., returning from the G. A. R. encampment at Columbia, were introduced by a fellow veteran. They recognized each other as brothers who more than half a century ago left Towanda, Pa., one going into the Black Hills of the Dakota Territory and the other coming to Ohio.

### Goes Armed to Church.

Kansas City, Kan.—Frank Darms, of Kansas City, Kan., a negro, started to church Sunday morning armed with a revolver and a razor just to "meet a friend," he said. It cost him \$50 in the Kansas side court. "He done me wrong," Darms told Judge A. L. Harrod. "Ah couldn't fin' him all dat Sattidy, but Ah knew he'd go to church last night. Ah tuck the gun and razor along 'for protection." "Fifty dollars will do, Darms," said the judge.

### Church Bell Out of Date.

Hogman, Wash.—Principally because of the development of leaks that are difficult to locate and repair, the upper portion of the tower on the Methodist church of this city is being removed and the bell will be sold. A bell is all right on a country church, but it is an unnecessary antique on a twentieth-century house of worship in a progressive city or town that has the advantage of newspaper publicity. "The statement made by Rev. W. W. Switzer, the pastor, when asked about the disposition of the ancient equipment for calling a congregation together.

## To Our Friends

### An Appreciation

IT is the season of Christmas cheer in all the homes where subscribers to this paper dwell.

Christmas also in the minds and hearts of you good friends of ours.

Christmas, with all that term implies as to universal fellowship, bounteous unselfishness and renewed recognition of the fact that to give is actually better than to receive.

As you have put into anything, that much will you get out of it. Out of the interest you have taken in this paper during the past year we hope you have derived an equal personal pleasure. Your appreciation has made this paper's issuance a congenial work to us of the staff.

And likewise in that same spirit which makes Christmastime what it is, we take this opportunity of expressing our thanks to the business men of this community, and of the territory within which this paper circulates, for their cordial co-operation in practical ways which has made it possible for us regularly to present our best editorial efforts to the community in a creditable manner.

May the kindly glow of this holiday season color life for you and yours throughout the coming year.

### The Publishers

### Primitive Race of Head Hunters Displayed Art in Preserving Trophies

A very primitive race are the Jivaros Indians of Ecuador. They and the Mundrucus tribe of northern central Brazil have long been known as modern head-hunters. Although the practice is now forbidden by their governments, it is said that it still persists. The Ecuador Indians counted human heads among their war trophies, and to win the heart of a maiden of the tribe it was necessary for the suitor to prove his skill for war bringing to the father of his favorite maiden one or more enemy heads.

The Jivaros have a process of taking such a head and shrinking it until it is no larger than an average doll's head. It is then mounted on a short stick and carried in triumph by the warrior. The head with part of the neck is severed from the body. A cut is made from the base of the skull down through the skin of the neck. The bones are carefully removed and the shrinking process begins. A number of hot stones are put into the skin, which is constantly turned to bring them in contact with all parts of it. It is said that the process sometimes continues two weeks before the head is reduced to the desired size.

In some places a single stone, nearly the size of the head, is first used, then a smaller one and so on until the work is completed. Cords are generally attached to the lips, and one is run through the top of the head to sus-

pend it by. The cut in the back of the neck is sewed up and the trophy is complete.

### Brazil's Richest Mineral Zone in Heart of Republic in State of Minas Geraes

The richest mineral zone of Brazil lies in the heart of the republic, in the state of Minas Geraes. But throughout the central and northwestern provinces there abounds a wealth of gold, silver, iron, manganese, diamonds and other precious stones, says the Scientific American. At the present time, however, only a small portion of the valuable beds of mineral is being worked. Doubtless existing unsatisfactory mining laws, as well as lack of fuel and transportation facilities, are responsible for this condition. Practically the only deposits being exploited at the present time are those of manganese situated near the railroads. The largest of these is the Mina do Morro, which played a prominent part in American life during the war, large quantities of this mineral being required in the manufacture of steel. Over a road ballasted with the valuable manganese ore, the train bearing the visitor climbs to the top of a mountain of manganese, where the actual process of mining is carried out in the open air. This appears to consist of literally nothing else than the digging or dynamiting off of a hillside and the carting away of the fragments.

### THE CHRIST CHILD

Across the snow the home lights glow  
From the myriad hearts alight,  
And through the street with noiseless feet  
The Christ-child walks tonight.

At silent gates, outside He waits,  
To find a fitting spot,  
Be thine the shame, if through thy blame  
The Christ-child enters not.

Where joyous notes from children's throats  
The old glad song begin,  
Where love impels and kindness dwells,  
The Christ-child enters in.

Where hate has room, pride sits in gloom,  
And wrong invokes unrest,  
Though green the walls and bright the halls,  
He cannot be a guest.

But where the thought that angels brought,  
To earth's enraptured ears  
Good will to men and peace, again  
The Christ-child, listening, hears.

He turns His feet with welcome sweet,  
Enters, and there abides,  
Angels know best how such are blest  
Through all the Christmases.



### Dentistry an Ancient Art.

Dentistry was an art among the Aztecs 1,500 years ago, even to crown and bridge work. Cocoa was used as anesthetic.

## "OLDRAZORMAN" WAS A WOMAN

Story of Anna O'Connell, Who for Many Years Wore Male Attire.

### DEATH DISCLOSES SECRET

Woman of Education and Refinement Wears Men's Clothes to Enable Her to Earn a Living Unmolested—Only One Confidant.

San Francisco.—The death of "John Young," known for years along the highways between this city and Los Angeles as "the quaint old razor man," discloses a secret long kept that the real name of the old peddler was Anna O'Connell. For many years, left alone in the world, she had worn men's clothing to enable her to earn a living unmolested.

#### Dies on Doorstep.

She died on the doorstep of the home of Edwin A. Turner, a toy-maker, in Green street. The Turners were her friends of early years. When her wanderings brought her to this city she always went to their home. They chanced to be out this time when she called. A lodger in the house informed her they would soon be back. She was weak and ill, and as she turned on the doorstep she sank down, clutching at her heart, and died. Mr. Turner now feels free to tell her story.

"More than twenty years ago," he said, "my wife and I made the acquaintance of a Canadian gentleman, Mrs. Anna O'Connell. She was then living in Montgomery block, with her only child, Marie. Her husband, a Canadian army officer and a native of Yorkshire, England, had died.

"In the fire and earthquake of 1906 Mrs. O'Connell and her daughter dropped out of sight. We heard nothing of them, and, finally, we went on a long visit to the Island of Guernsey in the English channel, my native place. About five years ago we returned to San Francisco.

"One evening when my wife was alone at home there was a knock at the door. Opening it she saw a little old man wearing a small mustache. 'I am a brother of your old friend, Mrs. Anna O'Connell,' the caller said. 'Don't I resemble her?' My wife replied: 'Yes, the likeness is striking; come in.' They had a cup of tea and talked.

#### Tells Her Story.

"Suddenly, the old man rose, put his arms around my wife and said: 'I am Mrs. O'Connell; look well at me.'

"My wife was too surprised for words. Then the old peddler explained that she had adopted men's clothes in order to make a living, for her daughter had died, and she was alone. She was in the house when I returned home. My wife and I both promised to keep her secret. From that time she visited us once a year. We were her only intimates. She had wished to live in San Francisco, but the climate of the south suited her delicate health better, and so she made her home in Pasadena. We knew from her that she sold razor and knife-blade sharpeners, walking from place to place, and getting frequent lifts from passing motor cars. 'We will see that she has decent burial.'

### SUES FATHER FOR \$300,000

Minnesota Girl Says He Ordered Her Out After Enticing Her to His Home.

Duluth, Minn.—A damage suit for \$300,000 has been filed in district court by Miss Edna O. Budd, forty-two, of St. Paul, against her father, Dr. J. D. Budd of Duluth, department commander of the G. A. R.

Miss Budd is the daughter of the Duluth physician and philanthropist by a former marriage and did not learn Mr. Budd was her father until she had reached maturity.

She charges that Doctor Budd induced her to abandon the name of her adopted father, Miller, and to come to his home in Duluth, where one hour after arrival, she said, he "directed and commanded her to leave his house and informed her that her presence was not desired."

### Old Man Plays Ball.

Berlingame, Cal.—Celebrating his one hundred and fourth birthday by playing baseball with youngsters in the neighborhood, Daniel McClellan, a miner of Lassen county, visiting his daughter here, said he "just wanted to have a little sport before returning north." McClellan attributes his longevity to temperate habits and plenty of exercise.

## Little Babe of Bethlehem



When sung the stars together  
In the morning long ago,  
The little Babe of Bethlehem  
Slept in a manger low.  
Wings of myriad angels swept  
The trembling mists of morn,  
When He who was Prince of them  
In Bethlehem was born.

A king, and yet no diadem  
Upon His brow to rest;  
He had no pillow for His head  
But His own mother's breast;  
His palace was a stable,  
Bare of knight or paladin,  
When Christ the Lord of Heaven  
Came to free the world of sin.

His eyes were soft as summer skies,  
His brow as white as snow,  
And round His head a halo shone  
Like sunlight's golden glow.  
But, He lay an outcast, hidden  
From Herod's cruel harm—  
The Lamb of God that nestled  
Upon His mother's arm.

O little Babe of Bethlehem,  
I see Thee sleeping there,  
Thine eyes as deep as summer skies;  
Thy brow so white and fair;  
Again I see in wonder kneel  
The shepherds of the fold,  
The Magi with their gifts of myrrh  
And frankincense and gold.

I see Thy mother Mary,  
As in awe her hands caressed  
Thy hallowed head of glory  
Where it laid upon her breast;  
I hear the crooning lullaby  
That she so softly sings,  
While Thy dear arm is round her neck,  
Where tenderly it clings.

Far were Thy feet to wander  
To seek the cruel tree,  
And harsh the hands that soiled  
With their crum of thorns for Thee,  
But Thou hadst that one happy hour  
Of peace and joy and rest,  
When Thy head was laid in Bethlehem  
Upon Thy mother's breast.

John S. M'Groarty.

### SMOKER'S SUPPLIES For the Holidays

Your Favorite Brand of TO-BACCO In One-pound GLASS JARS. A Gift Appreciated by Every Smoker.

CIGARS by the Box.

PIPES of Every Description.

Cigarettes, Cigar Holders, Tobacco Pouches, etc.

And don't forget we have a complete stock of CONFECTIONERY.

### MONROE'S SEGAR SHOP.

### Frank Phillips

Tonsorial Artist.

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

#### THIS WOMAN FOUND RELIEF.

Men and women suffering from kidney and bladder trouble will be glad to read how one woman found relief. Mrs. G. Hyde, Homestead, Mich., writes: "I had that terrible backache and tired out feeling, scarcely able to do my work. Foley Kidney Pills made me feel like a new person."—Hite's Drug Store.

#### HAPPY CORNERS.

(Rock Elm School, Dist. 2.)  
(Edited by Miss Violet Gilbert.)

Christmas vacation is here. We extend A Merry Christmas and Happy New Year to you all.

A teacher's meeting of South Arm school teachers was held Saturday in The People's Bank at East Jordan. Violet Gilbert was elected Chairman for the Township School Days.

School closed Thursday afternoon with a program. A fine time enjoyed by all. The Christmas Party was a success in every way.

The eighth grade has just completed a review of Book I History.

Violet Gilbert spent Tuesday night with Mr. and Mrs. Boyd Hipp and family. Leo LaCroix spent the past week with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Victor LaCroix.

Violet Gilbert spent Wednesday night at the James Myer's home.

Violet Gilbert spent Friday evening at the home of Victor LaCroix.

Christmas Gift—Singer Sewing Machine. Large gift, small payments, can make no mistake, every woman wants a Sewing Machine. Old machines taken as part payment.—E. A. LEWIS. We will pay 5 cents per pound for clean Rags, white or colored, suitable for wiping rags in our finishing room. EAST JORDAN CABINET CO.

#### DON'T DISREGARD A COLD

A neglected cold may develop into most serious sickness. The influenza and pneumonia that swept the country a year ago were preceded by an epidemic of colds. Foley's Honey and Tar will check a cold if taken in time. It loosens phlegm and mucous, clears air passages, eases hoarseness, stops tickling throat.—Hite's Drug Store.

Every woman has extra sewing for Fall and Winter. If your sewing machine needs cleaning and repairing bring the head in and I'll put it in good shape or will trade it in on a new Singer Sewing machine latest model.—E. A. LEWIS.

#### First Methodist Episcopal Church

Rev. M. E. Hoyt, Pastor.

Sunday, Dec. 21, 1919.

10:30 a. m.—"A Christian Allegory."  
12:00 m.—Sunday School.  
7:00 p. m.—Henry Van Dyke's Christmas Story, "The Other Wise Man," will be given at the evening service illustrated by the Stereopticon. All who have read the story agree that it is the most beautiful Christmas story in point. It is regarded by many critics as a classic. Don't fail to see the pictures.

Talk about feeds, ask any man present at the Methodist Men's Fellowship Meeting Tuesday evening if you want any enlightenment. They had a newspaper tablecloth in novel embroidered effects and real roses for table decorations, and chicken, it would melt in your mouth.

#### St. Joseph's Church.

G. Bierens, Pastor.

Masses on 1st and 3rd Sunday of each month at 8:00 and High Mass at 10:30.  
Mass on 2nd Sunday of each month at 8:00 o'clock.  
High Mass on 4th Sunday of each month at 10:30.  
On 5th Sundays Masses at 8:00 and 10:30.  
Masses on Holy days and Devotions will be announced.

#### St. John's Church.

Bohemian Settlement.

High Mass on 2nd Sunday of each month at 10:30.  
High Mass on 4th Sunday of each month at 8:00 o'clock.

#### Church of God

J. W. Ruehe, Pastor.

Sunday, Dec. 21, 1919.

10:00 a. m. Sunday School.  
11:00 a. m. Morning Worship.  
7:30 p. m. Evening Worship.  
Tuesday 7:30 p. m. Prayer Service.  
Friday 7:30 p. m. Cottage Meeting.  
All services begin on mill time.

CHARLEVOIX COUNTY HERALD  
G. A. Lisk, Publisher  
ONE DOLLAR PER YEAR

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

#### Commission Proceedings.

Regular meeting of the City Commission held at the commission rooms, Monday evening, Dec. 15, 1919.

Meeting was called to order by Mayor Wilson. Present—Wilson and Gidley. Absent—Crowell.

Minutes of the last meeting were read and approved.

Bills were presented for payment as follows:

E. W. Giles, cleaning streets	33.00
Mrs. St. Charles, cleaning library	2.50
Anchor Packing Co., packing	38.07
Stroebel Bros., mdse	23.38
Northern Auto Co., mdse.	9.55
Mich., State Tel. Co., rentals	7.00
Gaylord Bros., mdse	8.42
Library Bureau, mdse	3.36
State Bank of E. J. Insurance	63.37
Henry Scholls, labor	8.00
Standard Oil Co., gasoline	40.43
East Jordan Iron Wks., meter boxes etc.	43.50
Margaret E. Brintnall, magazines	79.50
Anna Sundstedt, broom, door-mat, etc.	5.94

On motion by Gidley, the bills were allowed by an aye and nay vote as follows:

Ayes—Wilson and Gidley.  
Nays—None.

On motion by Gidley, meeting was adjourned.

OTIS J. SMITH, City Clerk.

#### RECOMMENDS IT TO ANYONE

"My son had a cough for a long time," writes Mrs. Heck, 728 Fehr Ave., Louisville, Ky., "and he tried Foley's Honey and Tar and he slept better that night than he had for some time. It certainly is fine. I recommend it to anyone." Good for coughs, colds, croup, whooping cough. Children like it. Contains no opiates.—Hite's Drug Store.



## JEWELRY

THE IDEAL CHRISTMAS GIFT.

You can make it one that will long be remembered. One of our Pins, Watches, Lavaliers, or other pieces of Jewelry will give a smart appearance and will be appreciated by all who wear and see it.

The Quality is Guaranteed.

**C. Hunsberger**  
JEWELER, OPTOMETRIST

Theatre Block  
Open Evenings.

### EAST JORDAN LUMBER CO. STORE



## LET'S HAVE A REAL XMAS THIS YEAR!

The war is over—when no one felt the least bit "Xmassy." There are no epidemics. Everyone is well, doing well, or should be. The selections are not up to the old standard, but we can give you good choice of articles to select from—

Furs, Blankets, Toys, Books, Slippers, Silk Hose Sweaters, Waists, Dolls, Leather Goods, Purses, Bags Etc., White Sewing Machines, Silk or Wool Dress Patterns, Petticoats, and lots of other things. Come and let us help you.



"J. W." Green Premium Stamps Given with all cash purchases.

East Jordan Lumber Co.



**The Mistletoe Kiss**

By J. E. SHERWIN

(Copyright.)



HERE never was such a doll. It was the very acme of toy invention, classic of features, graceful of form, appeared in materials duplications of the latest modes of fashion. Flexible of joints, some inner mechanism moved eyes and lips, and then it talked—talked? Bless you! yes, in the clearest childish accents. No wonder it did all these things, for when Warren Brill asked the price, the salesman replied:

"Seventy-five dollars, sir."

"Whew!" aspirated Roy Burton, who had accompanied Brill on his Christmas shopping tour.

"I'll take it," said the latter.

"Why, you've gone clear daffy," remonstrated Burton. "You've got no little ones at home."

"N-no, that's so," replied Warren in his diffident, hesitating way, "but, you see," and he grew flustered—"Miss Deere—"

"Eh! Nellie Deere? Surely you're not thinking of giving that grown up beauty a doll?"

"Oh, dear no!" answered Brill, and he fluttered like a frightened schoolboy. "I wouldn't dare to offer her a gift. I was thinking of presenting the doll to her little niece, Dorothy. I hope Miss Deere won't resent my taking such a liberty. Of course we're quite friendly—"

"Friendly!" interrupted Burton. "That's putting it mildly. Why, everybody knows you're in love with Nellie, and the way she favors your company shows how she regards you."

"Oh, do you think so, positively?" gasped Warren. His face was a vast map of longing hope. "You don't know how—how happy you make me. Just puff the doll aside," to the salesman. "I shall want some special records made and I'll see you later."

"It's a bold scheme," soliloquized Warren, and proceeded straight back to the toy store. He sought out the salesman. "Now, as I understand it," he said, "a regular baby phonograph device inside the doll makes it say all those cute things, when you operate a button?"

"That's it," acceded the clerk.

"And I can have a special record made?"

"Surely. We can attend to that for you."

Warren met Nellie on the street the day before Christmas, and she mentioned the fact that she had been very much disappointed as to the Christmas tree they had received, it being straggly and undersized.

"Why," spoke Warren eagerly, "I saw the finest layout of trees down at Chester only yesterday, Miss Deere. I haven't a thing to do the rest of the day. Won't you deputize me to help give the little ones a good time?"

Warren arrived at the Deere home with the tree and various packages. He helped Nellie trim the tree. He operated the talking doll to even the wonderment of Mr. and Mrs. Deere, who at ten o'clock indulgently retired.

Warren began to act nervous. He had placed a new record specially by his side, his finger on the button. Nellie was looping a string made to order inside the doll. He set it on a chair of holly near the folding doors. She looked at him strangely as he said:

"Miss Deere—Nellie, I have something to say to you—that is—yes—something to tell you, and can't say it. Won't you please listen to what my little friend here, the doll, will say for me, and then maybe—maybe you'll say something, too."

"Dear Nellie, I love you. I know that you are a star high above me, and the best man in the world unworthy of you; but I can give you every luxury and add the greatest one of all—love. Say it's not altogether hopeless."

Nellie blushed peony red. Then she smiled slightly, almost quizzically. She moved four steps. They brought her directly under the mistletoe. Warren arose to his feet.

"Oh, Nellie!" he cried, "you—you didn't get under that mistletoe on purpose?"

She hung her head embarrassed, yet inviting. He stole to her, brave as a lion. He circled her waist with his arm. She snuggled closer; he pressed his lips to hers.

"Oh, a merry Christmas to all the world," he jubilated expansively, and in the accents there was the cheer of a happy, happy man.

**"Home, Sweet Home" Has Never Been Translated Into Foreign Language**

"Home, Sweet Home," one of most heart-touching and popular songs ever written; one which, it would seem, would make an appeal to all mankind, has never been satisfactorily translated into any foreign language, for the simple reason that in no other language is there a word expressing the ideas and associations which are aroused by the simple English word "home."

The Italian and Spanish "casa," the German "haus" and the Russian "doma" all refer to a building of some kind, and have none of the associations which cluster round the precious English word. The German "heim" is too general to have any particular value.

A Frenchman once translated the hymn "Lead, Kindly Light," and in his hands the beautiful line "The night is dark, and I am far from home" became "La nuit est sombre, et je suis loin de mon foyer," he having been obliged to use for "home" the French word which describes the greenroom of a theater.

Just where "home" is has often been the subject for legal dispute, and it has been generally held that it depends entirely upon the circumstances under which the word was used—it may be a country, a region, a city or a house.

**Mother's Cook Book.**

During the years in which we live, life will never be again as leisurely and care-free as it has been. The magnitude and importance of the problems of reconstruction of the world's torn mental and material fabric are too great for general toleration in the future, as in the past, of the mental shirk or the spendthrift of time, and there will be no such toleration.—President Hopkins, Dartmouth College.

**Food for Young Children.**

A little child who is carefully fed, receives each day at least one food from each of the following groups: MILK, or dishes made of milk; fish, poultry, and eggs; Bread and other cereal foods. Butter and other wholesome fats. Vegetables and fruits. Simple sweets.

Milk, the natural food for the child, is the most important. A quart of milk a day is the usual required allowance. The greater part of this is given as a drink or on cereals, or with bread, as bread and milk.

Milk is served on fruits that are mildly acid, such as pears, baked apples and berries. Milk is used in soups, custards, junkets and in the place of water for gruels and cereals.

Compared with other foods milk contains much lime but little iron. For this reason egg yolk is always a much needed food to supply the iron. Spinach is also rich in iron.

Milk, besides its other good properties, contains a substance which promotes growth. There is apparently no food which can serve so well as a basis for the diet of the healthy child.

Bread and milk may well be the chief, if not the only dish, in the supper for little children. If the milk is not rich, spread the bread with butter. Bread should be at least twenty-four hours old. Toast or crackers may be served occasionally.

Cereals well cooked to soften the fiber, make especially good breakfast dishes as well as desserts. Cereals may be cooked in skim milk, thus giving the child the additional nourishment of the milk which is as good as whole milk if a bit of butter is added.

Rice baked in a slow oven will absorb six times its volume of skim milk. With a few raisins and a bit of sugar this makes an ideal dessert.

Other than fresh milk, such as condensed, evaporated or powdered milk should never be used for children when it is possible to get the fresh milk.

Another way to serve milk to children is in milk soups. The following is a good recipe which may be varied with any thoroughly cooked and rice vegetable: Take two cupfuls of milk, one tablespoonful each of flour and butter well mixed, a little salt and two-thirds of a cupful of mashed vegetable. Cook until smooth and not too thick. It may be thinned if a starchy vegetable is used.

and, gliding to the door of the lighted room, burst it in.

"What are you doing here?" he shouted out. "Hands up!"

It was rather a weak than an evil face that confronted him. Its owner looked crestfallen, rather than sullen.

"I—I was looking for something to eat," he stammered out.

"That's likely outside of the kitchen, isn't it, now?" snarled Marsh derisively.

"Well then, finding nothing in the kitchen I hoped I could pick up some little trifle that would bring me a meal. Say, I'm not a genuine bad one. I never touched a cent that was not my own until this very day. And this bus so shamed me, that all I ask is strength to carry back what I took."

"Yah!" jeered Marsh. "Sort of robbing Peter to pay Paul, hey? Now then, I'll run no risks of your turning on me. Empty your pockets," and the man disgorged a rusted jackknife and something that glowed with the glint of gold.

"Back to yonder corner," ordered Marsh raspingly. "What's this?" and his nimble fingers clutched a locket and chain the other had placed on the table.

"It isn't yours, nor mine!" burst out the intruder. "Say, I must take that back where it belongs. Listen to me. It was ten miles down the road, in a wretched little hovel. In the front room was a pale, wearied woman attending to her sick husband. In a back room was a little angel of a girl

**Christmas Chimes**

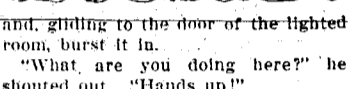
By O. F. PFFIFFER

(Copyright.)



HE village chimes rang out a mellow strain clear and vibrant as golden beads dropped into a crystal dish, but Adam Marsh drew his worn fur cap down closer about his ears and scowlingly took a shortcut towards his desolate home.

He had neither chick nor child, only money. He hardened his soul against yuletide suggestions and tried to glory in scouting the humanizing influence of home, social friendship and "the folly called love!" Then he came to a sudden halt and sprang behind a tree. There was a light in the room where he slept. Against the lamp light there was outlined the figure of a roughly dressed man standing at an open bureau. Marsh stole to the kitchen, took down an ancient horse pistol,



and, gliding to the door of the lighted room, burst it in.

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child, asleep on a torn thin blanket. I noticed the chain and locket around the child's throat, I sneaked up and took it. I've a wife and two little tots in the city; lost my job and was tramping, looking for work. I was frantic as I thought of their wretched Christmas, and I hurried away to sell the trinket, and steal a ride home on the bumpers. Don't shoot!" for Marsh, opening the locket and scanning the portrait within shook from head to foot, and with glaring eyes viewed the locket as though it were some bodied wraith.

Ah! how it recalled to him the bright, sunny-faced daughter he had shut out from heart and home the day she eloped with Rodney Blair. He had never sought to learn of her fate. And now the locket she had worn he had strangely found, cherished and protected by her little child with his picture still in it.

"My man," he said, "if you will take me to where you found the people you tell of, your dear ones shall have a Christmas, indeed."

"I'll do that for nothing," half sobbed the penitent fellow.

Little Cora Blair was sobbing in her mother's arms as Adam Marsh reached the doorstep of the home of the unfortunates. He heard her say: "Oh, mamma, can't we search for my pretty locket? Every night when I say my prayers and ask a blessing for the dear grandfather I have never seen, I shall miss seeing his picture."

"Merry Christmas, and—forgiveness!" spoke Adam Marsh, pushing the door open. "Alice, I've come to make up for my cruelty and neglect."

And when the penitent had faithfully returned from the village stores with a heaping basket full of Christmas cheer and gifts for the little one Marsh had ordered, he started for the city with a warm, snug roll of bank notes in his hand.

"Now for my own home and the Merry Christmas of my dear ones!" he jubilated. "Oh, I'll never stray away from the straight path and them again!" and in a wild ecstasy he sang in accord with the chiming bells: "Peace on earth and good will towards all men!"

**Nellie Maxwell**

**Gulf Stream Increases in Volume of Heat En Route**

The gulf stream would be little felt on the coast of Europe did it not receive a great addition to its volume of heat when en route. This is by means of a gentle flow from the northeast trade wind current that passes outside the Caribbean islands and the Bahamas. The surface temperature of this outside current is about the same in its passage along the West Indian islands as the gulf stream in the Straits of Florida, but it is less violent in its movements and there is less intermingling of its upper and lower waters, so that it arrives off Cape Hatteras with a much higher temperature than that of the more turbulent gulf stream.

**What Sincerity Is.**

Sincerity is to speak as we think, to do as we pretend and profess, to perform and make good what we promise and really to be what we would seem and appear to be.—Tillotson.

**NO CHANGE IS GIVEN**

**Mexican Merchants Refuse to Make Small Sales.**

Silver Coins Are So Valuable They Are Being Hoarded and Sold for Their Metal.

Mexico City.—The most persistent phrase encountered by the buying public in Mexico at present is "No hay cambio," "there is no change." The silver in the Mexican peso, 50-cent piece, and the smaller coins is worth more than the face value of the coins, so this money has been hoarded by many persons and sold for their silver content.

The result is that "cambio," or change, has disappeared and persons who buy or sell are forced to pay from 4 to 7 per cent for silver pieces from brokers. Most merchants refuse to make small sales if they are forced to give change, asserting they would lose money in the transaction.

The "azteca," or Mexican 20-peso piece (gold) is practically useless as money in stores or cafes when the purchase is for a small amount.

"I might as well be broke as have an azteca," complained an American who was hungry and could not find a cafe to change his gold. Later he hit upon a unique scheme. He deposited the "azteca" with the cafe proprietor and proceeded to eat at intervals until he had no more credit, which, with prevailing prices, was not a long time.

**HEADS ARMY CHAPLAINS**



This photograph shows Bishop Hayes, who is soon to go to France as head of the American army chaplains. He will go as a civilian, having declined a commission.

**WRIGLEY'S**

The largest electric sign in the world advertises

**WRIGLEY'S**

on Times Square, New York City: it is 250 feet long, 70 feet high. Made up of 17,286 electric lamps.

The fountains play, the trade mark changes, reading alternately WRIGLEY'S SPEARMINT, DOUBLEMINT, and JUICY FRUIT, and the Spearmen "do a turn."

This sign is seen nightly by about 500,000 people from all over the world.

Sealed Tight  Kept Right  A7

**TAX NOTICE.**

Taxes of the City of East Jordan, levied for State, County, County Road and School purposes, are due and payable at my office over Hite's Drug Store, on and after December 10th 1919. If paid on or before January 10, 1920, no collection fee will be added. Thereafter a charge of four per cent will be added.

G. E. BOSWELL,  
City Treasurer.

**A CHEERFUL RECOMMENDATION.**

"They should be in every traveling man's grip," writes George Jenner, 416 Labor St., San Antonio, Tex., of Foley Cathartic Tablets. "They are the best laxative I have taken and I cheerfully recommend them to anyone suffering with constipation or biliousness." They cleanse bowels, sweeten stomach, benefit liver.—Hite's Drug Store.

**PRINCE ALBERT**

the national joy smoke



PUT it flush up to Prince Albert to produce more smoke happiness than you ever before collected. P. A.'s built to fit your smoke appetite like kids fit your hands! It has the jimdandiest flavor and coolness and fragrance you ever ran against!

Just what a whale of joy Prince Albert really is you want to find out the double-quickest thing you do next. And, put it down how you could smoke P. A. for hours without tongue bite or parching. Our exclusive patented process cuts out bite and parch.

Realize what it would mean to get set with a joy us jimmy pipe or the papers every once and a while. And, puff to beat the cards! Without a comeback! Why, P. A. is so good you feel like you'd just have to eat that fragrant smoke!

R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, Winston-Salem, N. C.



Ask for  
**"HILL'S"**  
FIVE MILLION PEOPLE  
USED IT LAST YEAR  
**HILL'S**  
**CASCARA QUININE**  
**BRONNE**

Standard cold remedy for 20 years—  
in tablet form—sure, no  
opiates—breaks up a cold in 24  
hours—relieves grip in 3 days.  
Money back if it fails. The  
genuine box has a Red  
top with Mr. Hill's  
picture.  
At A. A. Drug Stores

Use  
**Black Silk**  
Stove Polish

"A Shine in  
Every Drop!"

Get a can today from  
your hardware or gro-  
cery dealer.

Better Than Pills  
For Liver Ills

The reason

**Nature's Remedy**

Get a  
Box

NR Tonight  
Tomorrow Alright

GIDLEY & MAC, Druggists

Hot Water for  
Sick Headaches

Tells why everyone should drink  
hot water with phosphate  
in it before breakfast.

Headache of any kind, is caused by  
auto-intoxication—which means self-  
poisoning. Liver and bowel poisons  
called toxins, sucked into the blood,  
through the lymph ducts, excite the  
heart which pumps the blood so fast  
that it congests in the smaller arteries  
and veins of the head producing vio-  
lent, throbbing pain and distress, called  
headache. You become nervous, de-  
pendent, sick, feverish and miserable,  
your meals sour and almost nauseate  
you. Then you resort to acetanilide,  
aspirin or the bromides which tempo-  
rarily relieve but do not rid the blood  
of these irritating toxins.

A glass of hot water with a teaspoon-  
ful of limestone phosphate in it, drank  
before breakfast for awhile, will not  
only wash these poisons from your sys-  
tem and cure you of headache but will  
cleanse, purify and freshen the entire  
elementary canal.

Ask your pharmacist for a quarter  
pound of limestone phosphate. It is in-  
expensive, harmless as sugar, and al-  
most tasteless, except for a sourish  
twinge which is not unpleasant.

If you aren't feeling your best, if  
tongue is coated or you wake up with  
bad taste, foul breath or have colds,  
indigestion, biliousness, constipation  
or sour, acid stomach, begin the phos-  
phated hot water cure to rid your  
system of toxins and poisons.

Results are quick and it is claimed  
that those who continue to flush out  
the stomach, liver and bowels every  
morning never have any headache or  
know a miserable moment.

**OLD-TIME COLD CURE—**  
**DRINK HOT TEA!**

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

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

**RUB RHEUMATISM FROM  
STIFF ACHING JOINTS**

Rub Soreness from joints and muscles  
with a small trial bottle of old  
St. Jacobs Liniment.

Stop "dosing" Rheumatism.  
It's pain only; not one case in fifty  
requires internal treatment. Rub  
soothing, penetrating "St. Jacobs Lin-  
iment" right on the "tender spot," and  
by the time you say Jack Robinson—  
out comes the rheumatic pain. "St. Ja-  
cob's Liniment" is a harmless rheu-  
matism cure which never disappoints  
and doesn't burn the skin. It takes  
pain, soreness and stiffness from ach-  
ing joints, muscles and bones; stops  
sciatica, lumbago, backache, neuralgia.

Limber up! Get a 30 cent bottle of  
old-time, honest "St. Jacobs Liniment"  
from any drug store, and in a moment  
you'll be free from pains, aches and  
stiffness. Don't suffer! Rub rheuma-  
tism away.

**The Kris Kringle  
Chariot**  
By EDITH RANSOM AVERELL



ROSY-checked school-  
boy on his new red  
sled sped down the  
long snow-clad hill. A  
dozen gaily chattering  
girls tripped towards  
the lightly frozen pond  
with their skates. A  
farmer came into view  
with a wagon load of  
newly cut Christmas  
trees. Yuletide cheer  
was effervescing, but  
there was no responsive  
echo of its fervor in the hearts of  
John Lane and Martin Freer.

"I'm in accord with you completely,"  
the latter was saying. "My son, Sid-  
ney, has the chance of his life to enter  
a law career in the city. Since he  
fell in love with your half niece and  
ward, Edna, he seems to have lost all  
ambition of making his way outside of  
winning her."

"A foolish fancy," declared John  
Lane. "Edna is too young to think of  
marrying."

"We are going to send Edna away to  
a private boarding school after the  
holidays," he continued, "and that will  
probably end the affair."

Meantime Edna Merrill pined in her  
prisonlike solitude and Sidney sought  
to devise a way to get word to her.

At their last meeting he had said,  
"no matter what comes, they shall not  
part us."

"They are going to send both of  
us away, widely apart," mourned Ed-  
na. "Oh, don't let  
them do it!" and  
Sidney replied,  
"Have you the faith  
to believe in me, to  
act with me with-  
out question if I  
find a way to de-  
feat two old men,  
who have forgot-  
ten what love  
means?"

"I have given  
you my heart sole-  
ly and trustfully,"  
answered Edna  
stanchly.

"Then you shall hear from me when  
I have matured all my plans," prom-  
ised Sidney.

There was a certain solace for Sid-  
ney in climbing the high garden wall at  
the rear of the Lane grounds and gaz-  
ing up at the window of the room that  
held his heart's treasure. He had a  
note written detailing his plans and  
hopes, and he had almost despaired  
of delivering it, when the afternoon  
before Christmas, he observed that  
the window was open.

Sidney added a few lines to the  
note, gathered up a handful of snow,  
enclosed the note in the white sphere,  
aimed, let fly and it passed through  
the open window.

The note had suggested the elopement  
he and Edna had previously dis-  
cussed. He had added a line, "I will  
be in the lane at eight o'clock. Don't  
fall me."

There was a light in that upper  
window, now closed, when Sidney re-  
turned, and the lamp was set in a pec-  
uliar way. Across the frosted inside  
of a pane two words had been scratch-  
ed, reading: "At eight."

A few minutes later the light was  
extinguished and a speeding figure  
crossed the garden, unlocked a rear  
door in the wall and the lovers were  
united.

"Quick," spoke Sidney. "It is a ques-  
tion of getting to a friend of mine, a  
clergyman at Amherst."

He clasped Edna's arm and they  
hurried down the lane.

The lane the fugitives were now in  
was deep with snow. As they neared  
a large barn with-  
in which showed a  
light Sidney drew  
Edna through its  
open door.

"We must hide  
for a spell," he  
said, and, as quite  
breathless, they  
entered the great  
rambling struc-  
ture, they stared  
in amazement at  
a scene strange  
and striking.

In its center was  
what looked like  
an old circus chariot. There was gilt  
and holly and evergreen trimming in  
profusion. Four horses were attach-  
ed and upon a sort of throne in the  
center was seated a gorgeously at-  
tired Santa Claus.

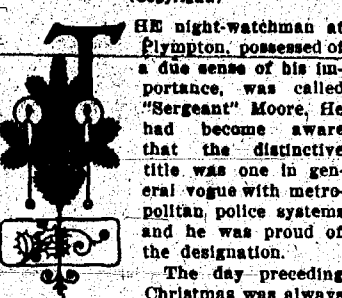
"We'll better start," spoke one of  
the men, "if we want to get to Am-  
herst before everybody is abed," and  
catching sight of a sign on the chariot  
Sidney was made aware of the fact  
that to advertise a new soap this  
modern publicity van was touring the  
district, giving away samples as hol-  
iday presents.

"Step into that low space at the  
back," he whispered to Edna. "We  
shall be safe there."

When the unique Santa Claus ve-  
hicle arrived at the edge of Amherst,  
the fluttering lovers left it unnoticed.  
There was a hurried walk to the home  
of a clergyman.

The same telegram was sent by the  
happy bride and bridegroom to John  
Lane and Martin Freer. It read:  
"Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Freer wish  
their loving friends a Merry, Merry  
Christmas."

**A Christmas  
"Burglary"**  
By SAIDEE ESTELLE BALCOM



HE night-watchman at  
Plympton, possessed of  
a due sense of his im-  
portance, was called  
"Sergeant" Moore. He  
had become aware  
that the distinctive  
title was one in gen-  
eral vogue with metro-  
politan police systems  
and he was proud of the  
designation.

The day preceding  
Christmas was always  
one looked forward to by the  
doughty sergeant, for it was upon that  
occasion that his conscience al-  
lowed him to accept little marks of  
approbation.

"Hey, there, sergeant!" generally  
prefaced the bestowal of something in  
the shape of a gift.

"It's duty I have to attend to all  
night long," he told his wife. "They  
say there's a regular band of burglars  
on the loose."

Now two problems of fate were to  
work out in a strange series of circum-  
stances, in the Christmas eve events  
appertaining to the redoubtable ser-  
geant. The first was that the little  
town jail had burned down the week  
previous. The second was that a new  
family had moved to town early in De-  
cember, comprising the Waynes—father,  
mother, a charming daughter of  
seventeen and three young children.

As Moore passed their place he noted  
that it was all dark, the family prob-  
ably absent at some local entertain-  
ment, and he caught the echo of a  
sound resembling the tipping over of  
a piece of furniture. Then from an  
open window a form protruded.

"Burglars!" muttered the sergeant,  
and made a dash for the presumable  
despoller.

"Hold on!" spoke the latter excited-  
ly. "It's all right."

"Oh, is it?" purred Moore derisively.  
"What's that?" and he made a grab  
at the protruding pocket of the young  
man.

"If you'll allow me to explain," be-  
gan the latter. "I know the people  
who live here."

"Oh, yes, very particular friends!  
Cordially invited you to break into the  
house at any hour of the night! And  
this—a new muffler and a pair of  
gloves. Say, you come with me," and  
the sergeant marched his captive into  
the spot.

"If you'll only let me explain,"  
pleaded the young man, but Moore was  
deaf, blind to all but duty. Fifteen  
minutes later the captive found him-  
self locked into a stone cellar, and the  
sergeant handed its key to his wife,  
saying:

"You might pass in a jug of water  
and a plate of bread to my catch  
through the window; it's got no sash  
to it. I'll drop around again soon."

The young man in retirement was  
pacing about in the dark and anathe-  
matizing his officious captor when Mrs.  
Moore timidly approached the window.

"Here's some water and a little  
food," she said, "so you won't suffer,"  
and just as she passed the things in  
she uttered a shriek and crouched  
down trembling. Two men had sud-  
denly appeared, real burglars this  
time.

"Oh, sir!" whispered the woman  
through the cellar window, "they may  
kill the children! And then there's all  
Tim's half yearly pay in the bureau!  
Please help me. Here's the key to the  
cellar door," and something tinkled on  
the floor. "Something else then trans-  
pired. The released captive located  
and knocked down and tied hand and  
foot the prowler within the house.  
Then coming unawares upon the armed  
bandit outside he toppled him over,  
rendered him helpless, and seemed to  
enjoy the excitement of it all.

"I am Roscoe Walden and I am en-  
gaged to Ethel Wayne," he explained  
an hour later to the bewildered ser-  
geant, after the latter had transferred  
the two criminals to limbo. "This is  
the first time I have visited their new  
home, and I got in surreptitiously to  
place a present on the Christmas tree  
as a surprise to my lady love. I don't  
want the Waynes to know I am in  
Plympton until after she finds it."

There was a rare spice of adventur-  
ous excitement for pretty Ethel in her  
devoted lover's unique experience when  
he recited the same the next morn-  
ing. And meantime Sergeant Moore  
was gaining popularity and the com-  
munity's good will by detailing his  
heroic act which had signalized Christ-  
mas eve in the apprehension of two  
separate criminals who, but for his  
might have had the entire town at  
their mercy.

**SMILES FOR ALL**

The Aesthetic Judge.  
"That doctor can't reset my broken  
nose by himself," declared the incom-  
parable movie actress.  
"But he's a competent surgeon."  
"No matter. I must have a sculptor  
present."

His Good Point.  
"Papa," said the  
little boy, "has the  
devil got a tail?"  
"Some folks say  
so," answered the  
father.  
"Geel! That  
would be nice!"  
"Nice? And  
why?"  
"Because he can  
tie it to his little  
boy's wagon and  
pull him around."

The Plain Facts.  
"Some of these elderly spinsters act  
as if they thought every man was a gay  
Lothario."  
"That's a serious mistake. The av-  
erage man lacks both the price and the  
nerve to be a gay Lothario."

A New Bird.  
"What has become of the frigate  
bird?"  
"Dunno. I think I saw an automo-  
bile bird yesterday."  
"What d'ye mean, automobile bird?"  
"Anyhow, it was honking."

Pleasant News.  
"Aisy, I hope  
you are not mar-  
rying me for my  
money."  
"Perish the  
thought."  
"Then that's all  
right. Dad tells  
me he's about to  
fall."

Father's Shooting.  
They had here for dinner, and very  
proudly mother told little Ada that it  
had been shot by father.  
"Really!" said the little angel, "and  
who held it while daddy shot it, mummy?"

POINTERS ON ELAPSED POLICY

Not Necessary to State Physical Con-  
dition at Reinstatement in  
Three Months.

Washington.—Under modification of  
conditions governing reinstatement of  
elapsed policies announced by the war  
risk insurance bureau, no statement as  
to physical condition will be required  
within three months after discharge  
from the service, but after three  
months a statement declaring the policy  
holder to be in as good health as at  
the time of discharge will be required,  
together with a written request for re-  
instatement and two months' premiums.  
Policies may be reinstated within  
eighteen months after discharge upon  
payment of two months' premiums,  
and all lapsed policies may be rein-  
stated until next Dec. 31 regardless of  
the length of time since a premium  
has been paid.

Temple Theatre  
**THURSDAY Dec. 25**  
XMAS NIGHT  
**Big Double Program**



Charlie Chaplin and Edna Purviance  
"Sandy" - Charlie's Brand

Jane and Katherine Lee in  
**'The Troublemakers'**  
AND  
CHARLIE CHAPLIN in  
**"Shanghaied"**

TWO HOURS OF SOLID ENJOYMENT and LAUGH-  
TER. We Have No Ban On the Xmas Cheer It Will  
Give You. Two Complete Performances Given, Starting  
at 7:00 Sharp.

COME EARLY if you want to make sure of a seat.  
Doors Open at 6:30.

PRICES, 15c and 30c.

**Don't Forget Xmas Night at  
the Temple Theatre.**

Subscribe NOW for The Herald  
**\$1.00 Now** **\$1.50 Jan. 1st**

**Camel**  
CIGARETTES

CAMELS supply cigarette contentment beyond anything  
you ever experienced! You never tasted such full-  
bodied mellow-mildness; such refreshing, appetizing  
flavor and coolness. The more Camels you smoke the  
greater becomes your delight—Camels are such a ciga-  
rette revelation!

Everything about Camels you find so fascinating is due to  
their quality—to the expert blend of choice Turkish and  
choice Domestic tobaccos.

You'll say Camels are in a class by themselves—they seem  
made to meet your own personal taste in so many ways!

Freedom from any unpleasant cigarette after-taste or un-  
pleasant cigarette odor makes Camels particularly desirable  
to the most fastidious smokers. And, you smoke Camels as  
liberally as meets your own wishes, for they never tire your  
taste! You are always keen for the  
cigarette satisfaction that makes  
Camels so attractive. Smokers real-  
ize that the value is in the cigarettes  
and do not expect premiums or cou-  
pons!

Compare Camels with any ciga-  
rette in the world at any price!

Camels are sold everywhere in scientifically  
sealed packages of 20 cigarettes or ten pack-  
ages (20 cigarettes) in a glassine-paper-  
covered carton. We strongly recommend  
this carton for the home or office supply  
when you travel.

**R.J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO COMPANY**  
Winston-Salem, N. C.



## Briefs of the Week

Charles Box is employed at the Peoples Store.

Mrs. Anna Knudsen returned Tuesday from a visit at Rexton.

Mrs. J. A. Nickless left Friday for a visit with her daughter at Standish.

Miss Belle Whitcomb of Petoskey was guest of Miss Bertha Clark, first of the week.

Born to Mr. and Mrs. Chris Bulow, a daughter, Shirley Elizabeth, Monday, Dec. 15th.

For your Christmas Candles and Nuts go to Bowen Bros. A large and first-class line now in stock.

Mrs. Peter Stephan of Lansing, is here for a visit with her mother, Mrs. Orrin Stone and other relatives.

Mrs. D. H. Winters returned to Traverse City, Wednesday, after a visit with her daughter, Mrs. J. G. Booth.

Subscriptions for Magazines make excellent Holiday Presents. Leave your orders at Monroe's News Stand.

Louis, 9 year old son of Mr. and Mrs. John Kraemer, was taken to the Rycraft Hospital at Petoskey, Wednesday, for an operation for appendicitis.

The Dance, scheduled last week to be given Tuesday night by the American Legion, was later postponed to this Saturday night—Dec. 20th. Fischer's Orchestra of Kalamazoo will furnish the music. At the Armory, this Saturday night.

At a special meeting of the Presbyterian Church held last Friday evening it was voted to extend a call to Rev. John Duncan of Winfield, Kansas, to the pastorate of the church here. Rev. Duncan was in our city and had charge of the Presbyterian services a few weeks ago.

## Temple Theatre

WHERE EVERYBODY GOES.

### PROGRAM

From Dec. 23rd to Dec. 28th

**TUESDAY, Dec. 23.**  
Harry Carey in "Bare Fists." One of those classy Western pictures.  
10c and 15c

**WEDNESDAY**  
9th Chapter of "Smashing Barriers"—"The Dynamite Tree," "Money Talks" Sunshine Comedy and Ford Weekly.  
10c and 15c

**THURSDAY**  
Xmas Night.  
Big Double Show—Charlie Chaplin in "Shanghai'd," Jane and Katherine Lee in "The Troublemakers." A Xmas program that can't be beat.  
15c and 30c

**FRIDAY**  
Anna O'Nilson and Franklin Farnum in "In Judgment Of." A story of trust and devotion.  
10c and 15c

**SATURDAY, Dec. 27th.**  
12th chapter "The Great Gamble" "The Wolf Pack." Mutt and Jeff in "Hands Up." Pathe News Weekly and Comedy.  
10c and 15c

**SUNDAY, Dec. 28th.**  
Pray and Love in "Love is Love." Showing how the sunshine of true affection made good.  
10c and 15c

New Years Night—Nazimova in "Out of the Fog."

Miss Gladys Davis left Monday for Chicago.

Frank Bretz left Friday on a business trip to Detroit.

Mrs. M. J. Mahar left Wednesday for a visit with relatives at Erie, Pa.

Barney Milstein left Tuesday on a business trip to Bay City and Detroit.

Mrs. Will Hawkins went to Petoskey, Wednesday, for a visit with friends.

Edward Holland left Wednesday for Flint, where he will seek employment.

Miss Dorothy Edson of Central Lake was here this week guest of Mrs. F. E. Boyce.

Mr. and Mrs. Roy Green and children visited relatives at Rapid City, first of the week.

Misses Esther and Harriett Malpass returned home Monday from a visit at Muskegon.

Christmas Candles and Nuts galore at Bowen Bros. An excellent stock at right prices.

Miss Violet Gilbert left Friday to spend the holidays at her home in Grand Rapids.

Mrs. Levi Pratt returned to Flint, Thursday, after a visit with her mother and friends here.

John Miles returned to Flint, Wednesday after a week's visit here with his mother, Mrs. Ira Miles.

R. D. Davis, District Officer of the L. D. S. Church, was here on business first of the week from the Soo.

Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Trombly returned to Flint, Tuesday, after a week's visit here with friends and relatives.

Mrs. Robert Webster and Mrs. Anna Carney left Tuesday for a visit with relatives at Dundee, Detroit and other points.

Mr. and Mrs. Darcy Isaman and children arrived Wednesday from Minnesota, for a visit with his father, Jas. Isaman.

Mrs. Michael Mahoney left Thursday for her home at Sturgeon Bay, Wis., after a two week's visit with her sister, Mrs. James McKenny.

For an all-year-round acceptable Holiday Gift nothing better than a years subscription to some Magazine. Orders taken at Monroe's News Stand.

Mr. and Mrs. M. R. Drescher and daughter, Miss Mildred of West Olive, were guests at the home of Mr. and Mrs. A. Hilliard this week, going to Deward, Friday to spend Christmas with relatives there.

The following teachers left this week to spend Christmas at their respective homes:—Marion Johnson to Onsted, Sarah Shearer to Midland, Ruth Palmatier to Colon, Ellen Dahlquist to Jennings, and Hazel Hodges to Ithaca.

Plans are forming for a general New Year's dinner for everyone who has any interest in the East Jordan Methodist Episcopal Church. The dinner will be a pot-luck affair and will be served at 12 o'clock standard time. It is hoped that the weather will moderate so that especially the country people will be able to get down town to the dinner. In the afternoon there will be special music, an address by the pastor and talks by different laymen. Everybody plan to come.

Bowen Bros. for Christmas Candles and Nuts.

Mr. and Mrs. E. E. Hartman left Thursday for Chicago.

W. H. Peasley of Remus, is visiting his son, Clyde A. Peasley.

Thos. R. Joynt left Friday on a business trip to Grand Rapids.

Elmer Neuman of Central Lake visited friends in the city this week.

Mrs. Jennie Carver of Central Lake was guest of Mrs. C. H. Pray this week.

Mrs. John Cole and son, Howard, went to Ellsworth, Friday, to visit friends.

Mrs. Mary Ellsworth and son, Carl, went to Petoskey, Friday, to visit friends.

Frank Severance is reported dangerously ill from blood poisoning in one of his hands.

John Summerville of Central Lake visited his daughter, Mrs. Ernest Higby, this week.

Misses Anna Wagbo and Iva Olney, came home Friday from Big Rapids to spend the holidays.

Mrs. W. A. Loader and children of Detroit are here for a visit with her father, Geo. Anderson.

Mrs. Mary Morrow returned to Central Lake, Friday, after a visit at the home of her daughter, Mrs. Thomas Joynt.

### HOYT—DURANT.

Miss Anna G., daughter of Mr. and Mrs. L. A. Hoyt, was united in marriage to Richard F. Durant at the home of the bride's parents, Monday morning, Dec. 15th, at 11:00 o'clock. Rev. M. E. Hoyt, pastor of the Methodist Church, performed the ceremony in the presence of a few immediate friends and relatives.

Following a wedding dinner, the young couple left on the afternoon train for a wedding trip to Chicago.

The groom, whose home has been Quincy, Ill., is Assistant Superintendent at the Chemical Plant in this city. They have purchased the E. J. Crossman property on Second-St., and will be At Home to their friends there in a few weeks.

### LIBRARIAN'S REPORT FOR THE MONTH OF NOVEMBER.

We are pleased to note an increase in attendance and patronage. The building is open each afternoon from 3:00 to 5:30 and Monday, Wednesday, Thursday and Saturday evenings from 7:00 to 9:00.

	Oct.	Nov.
Visitors	1115	1333
Books Loaned	912	1069
Fines collected on overdue Books	\$6.39	\$6.20

### SOUTH LAKE LODGE KNIGHTS OF PYTHIAS ELECT OFFICERS.

At the regular meeting of South Lake Lodge Knights of Pythias held Wednesday, Dec. 10th, the following officers were elected:—

C. C.—E. I. Adams  
V. C.—Ira D. Bartlett  
Prelate—Samuel Richardson  
M. of W.—John Tooley  
M. of F.—Orrin W. Bartlett  
M. of E.—LeRoy S. Sherman  
K. of R. & S.—Glenn Bulow  
M. at A.—Fenton Bulow  
I. G.—Ashland Bowen  
O. G.—C. H. Whittington

### G. A. R. AND W. R. C. ELECTED OFFICERS.

At a regular meeting of Stevens Post No. 66 G. A. R. and Stevens W. R. C. No. 161, Saturday Dec. 6th, the following officers were elected for the ensuing year:—

**GRAND ARMY.**  
P. C.—William Harrington.  
S. V. C.—Jonas Kocher.  
J. V. C.—George Pringle.  
Adjutant—H. C. Swafford.  
E. M.—Alden Townsend.  
Sergeant—A. R. Ostrander.  
Chaplain—Fowler Steele.  
O. D.—Frank Smith.  
Patriotic Instructor—H. C. Swafford.  
O. G.—Robert Webster.  
**WOMENS RELIEF CORP.**  
Pres.—Marjorie Burton.  
S. V. P.—Eunice Bowen.  
J. V. P.—Clara Sheldon.  
Chaplain—Nancy Smith.  
Treasurer—Sarah Rogers.  
Con. Director—Addie Tindall.  
Guard—Elizabeth Scott.

### TELLS HOW HE WAS HELPED.

James McCrery, Berrien Center, Mich., says he was troubled with kidney and bladder trouble for two years and used several kinds of medicine without any benefit, but Foley Kidney Pills gave him relief from aches and pains and stopped sleep disturbing bladder ailment. They stop backache and rheumatic pains; ease lameness. Hite's Drug Store.



## IF The HOUSEWIFE Bakes Her Own BREAD, It Will Cost for 300 Loaves, as Follows:

196 pounds of "IRON DUKE Flour"	\$14.00
4 pounds of yeast	1.25
3 pounds of salt	.10
6 pounds of sugar	.98
4 pounds of shortening	1.40
119 pounds of water	.00
<b>Total</b>	<b>\$18.13</b>

A family is rated to use one barrel of flour per annum, per person. The average family is five persons. See what the reduction in the high cost of living would mean in the matter of BREAD alone.

## HAVE A THOUGHT AND TAKE HOME WITH YOU A BARREL OF "IRON DUKE Flour"

(To the first person who notifies us, either by person or telephone, that he has read this adv., we will give FREE one 10-lb. Sack of "ARGO Buckwheat Flour.")

## ARGO MILLING CO.

## M. E. ASHLEY & CO.

Have a New Shipment of COATS JUST IN.



ELEGANT PRESENTS for CHRISTMAS

Georgette Waists, \$5.98 For Christmas. See Them.

OPEN EVENINGS

## M. E. ASHLEY & CO.

## Why Certainly, We'll Refund Your Money

If you aren't satisfied with anything you buy at our store just tell us about it and we will make good. You needn't bring it back.

Just tell us about it.

It doesn't happen often—it may never happen to you—but once in a while something goes wrong no matter how careful we try to be.

In that case it's a comfort for you to know that you can never lose.

We look out for you first because, after all, that's the best way for us to look out for ourselves. We want you to feel that we are really giving you something more for your money than just merchandise.

We carry a complete stock of—

**GROCERIES**

Men's, Boys' and Children's **SHOES**

**HOSIERY**

Men's, Ladies' and Children's **RUBBERS**

## THE PEOPLES STORE

Opposite Peoples State Savings Bank.



**MORTGAGE SALE.**

Default having been made in the terms and conditions of a certain mortgage bearing date the 20th day of April, A. D. 1917, made by John Hollinshead and Mariah F. Hollinshead, his wife, she contracting in bar of dower, both of South Arm Township, Charlevoix County, Michigan, to Peoples State Savings Bank of East Jordan, Michigan, a Michigan corporation, which said mortgage was recorded in the office of the Register of Deeds for the County of Charlevoix, Michigan, in Liber 40 of Mortgages, on page 275 on the 21st day of April, A. D. 1917, on which mortgage there is due at the date hereof for principal, interest and taxes paid, the sum of six hundred eighty-seven and ninety-seven hundredths (\$687.97) dollars, and an Attorney fee of twenty-five dollars provided by law, and no suit or proceedings at law or in equity having been had to recover said sum or any part thereof.

Now, therefore, notice is hereby given that, by virtue of the power of sale in said mortgage contained and in pursuance of the statute in such case made and provided, the said mortgage will be foreclosed by a sale of the premises therein described at public auction or vendue to the highest bidder at the outer, easterly front door of the Court House at the City of Charlevoix, in said County of Charlevoix and State of Michigan, said Court House being the place of holding the Circuit Court within the said County, on the 16th day of January, A. D. 1920, at 11 o'clock in the forenoon; the description of said premises contained in said mortgage is as follows:

The East one-half (E½) of the Southwest quarter (SW¼) of Section thirty-two (32), Township thirty-two (32) North, Range seven (7) West, containing eighty acres of land more or less, being in the Township of South Arm, Charlevoix County, Michigan.

Dated October 10th, 1919.  
PEOPLES STATE SAVINGS BANK, Mortgagee.

DWIGHT L. WILSON,  
Attorney for Mortgagee.  
Business Address,  
East Jordan, Michigan.

**CHANCERY ORDER**

State of Michigan. The Circuit Court for the County of Charlevoix—in Chancery.

Herman Behling, Plaintiff,  
vs.  
John Divish, Bessie Divish Holmes, Joseph Divish, Irene Margaret Holmes, and their unknown heirs, devisees, legatees and assigns, Defendants.

At a session of the said Court held at the Court House in the City of Charlevoix in said County, on the 11th day of December, 1919.

Present, Hon. Frederick W. Mayne, Circuit Judge.

In this cause it appearing to the satisfaction of the Court from the Bill of Complaint on file in said cause, that John Divish and Bessie Divish Holmes are deceased and it further appearing that they are necessary and proper parties to the above entitled cause and it further appearing that it is unknown whether they or any of them have heirs, devisees, legatees or assigns;

On motion of Dwight L. Wilson, Attorney for the plaintiff, it is ordered that the appearance of the unknown heirs, devisees, legatees and assigns of the said John Divish and the said Bessie Divish Holmes or either of them, be entered in this cause within three months from the date of this order and that in case of their appearance or the appearance of any of them, they respectfully cause their answer or answers or the answer or answers of such of them as have appeared, to the Bill of Complaint in this cause, to be filed and a copy thereof to be served on the plaintiff's attorney within fifteen days after service on them, or such of them as have appeared, of a copy of the Bill of Complaint and notice of this order, and that in default thereof the said bill be taken as confessed by them, the said defendants being named.

And it is further ordered that within twenty days the said plaintiff cause a copy of this order to be published in the Charlevoix County Herald, a newspaper printed, published and circulating in said County of Charlevoix, and that such publication be continued once in each week, for six successive weeks, or that a copy of this order be personally served upon each of the said defendants at least twenty days before the time above prescribed for their appearances.

FREDERICK W. MAYNE,  
Circuit Judge.

DWIGHT L. WILSON,  
Attorney for Plaintiff,  
Business Address,  
East Jordan, Michigan.

Countersigned:  
RICHARD LEWIS,  
County Clerk.

The foregoing action is brought to quiet the title to the following described realty, viz: The northeast quarter (ne¼) of the northwest quarter (nw¼) of section sixteen (16), township thirty-two (32) north of range six (6) west, Charlevoix County, Michigan.

DWIGHT L. WILSON,  
Attorney for Plaintiff,  
Business Address,  
East Jordan, Michigan.

**First Battle of the Marne  
Cost Nearly 750,000 Men**

The bloodiest battle of the world war was the first battle of the Marne. Official figures just issued in Paris show the losses were:

Dead ..... 329,000  
Wounded ..... 400,000

Total ..... 729,000

This means that this one battle cost nearly three-quarters of a million men. The figures include, of course, the losses on both sides.

**Overlooked Valuables.**

Los Angeles.—Burglars who broke into the Southwest Dairy company's plant early today only got \$500 in cash, overlooking quantities of valuable milk stored on the premises.

**Santa Claus  
on Wings**

By E. S. HENDERSON

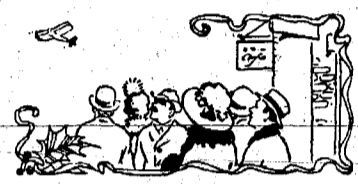


CHRISTMAS cheer was in the air, but the fact did not particularly appeal to Boyd Wisner, for he was consumed with ennui and suspense. It was typical old-fashioned yuletide season. A great snowstorm had blotted out every country turnpike and the railroad connecting his town with Mayville.

"Boyd mopes around like a lost soul," commented his sister Nettie to her mother. "If his fellow ace of airship fame in France, Willis Thorne, cannot get here in time for the holiday festivities we shall have a dull season of it."

"It's Muriel Lane," asserted Mrs. Wisner. "A year ago this time both you and Boyd had the time of your lives at Lane farm and the contrast is irksome to the poor boy."

"And 'the poor boy,'" mimicked Nettie, "is on pins and needles of sus-



pense. Of course you know that he proposed to Muriel a week ago?"

"I didn't know it, but I suspected it would come to that."

"Muriel asked him to give her a few days to think it over, so she would be sure she knew her own mind. Then this storm came along and the telephone wires have been down until this morning."

But that very day Boyd Wisner heard from the prudent maiden who sought to make no mistake in solving life's greatest problem—marriage. His quickened heart throbs were a series of thrills as he was called to the phone at his office, and more alluring than the soft cooing of a dove were the fluttering words, "Is that you, Boyd?"

"Yes, darl—I mean—Miss Lane."

"Don't be silly, Boyd. We are snow-bound, but I wanted to tell you that I am sure of my mind now. The children are crying for last year's Santa Claus, and I—oh, I wish it would rain hot scalding water and clear the roads! Merry Christmas! Come soon!"

And then the provoking damsel dropped the phone. Mechanically he made up her mind! Boyd was inspired with the most radiant soul of hope. He reached the street to find it crowded with people looking skyward. "Double luck!" he jubilated. "It's Thorne," and he decided that the airship aloft,



gracefully circling to land, must be the one which his fellow ace of France had purchased after returning home.

Twenty miles distant, lovable and loving Muriel Lane looked out upon a bleak, white expanse, surrounding the old farm home. Her six little brothers and sisters nestled about her.

"We can trim up the Christmas tree with last year's sponges, children," she said.

"I want to see Santa Claus!" whimpered little Tim. "If he can land on a roof and come down the chimney he can ride on the air. Oh, sister, there's the telephone."

It was the first time it had rung for a week. Muriel ran to it, and her cheeks grew to wild rose beauty and her eyes sparkled as the words came: "Look to the northeast for a new star at nine o'clock tonight."

"Boyd!" began Muriel, flutteringly.

"No, Santa Claus, by air. Have the tree ready and keep the children up."

Just wise little head of Muriel comprehended. She was as unsettled and expectant as the children. The tree was trimmed, the candles all ready for lighting. She took a chair at the window and began telling them stories. Finally she leaned closer to the pane and strained her glance. A speck of luster held her vision until it had resolved itself into mingled colors of red, white and blue.

"Wrap yourselves up warmly," she ordered. "We will all go out and look for Santy," and a great hush came down as the group discovered "the new star," and the outlines of B-32 became clearly distinct in the crystalline air and there settled to earth—Willis Thorne's airship driven by Boyd Wisner.

Forth from the amazing air vehicle stepped a form familiar to the wonder-eyed children—the Santa Claus of last year with frosted beard and a bulging bag of gifts on his back.

And only the two older children ever guessed the identity of this grand Kris Kringle on wings. And, oh! the marvelous gifts he had for them all! And Boyd drew Muriel behind a door and kissed her, and only old Grandfather Lane, going up the stairs to his bed, witnessed the event, and chuckled serenely.

**A Yuletide  
Romance**

By T. S. ALDERSON



OVERTY and pathos, gentility and blighted hopes, aspirations and hidden emotions—all these played a part in the dull experience of the odd ten people who had lived year in and year out at Mrs. Rhoda Markham's city boarding house.

Its proprietress was a good-hearted woman, but the constant grind had worn her out.

As Christmas approached, however, the faded, but faithful old eyes brightened, for, though poor and humble, her little coterie were generous souls and a special purse was her reward when the Christmas tree gave up its treasure.

Miss Myrtle Deane had occupied the best room in the house for over three years. She lived on an annuity of limited volume, and although twenty-eight, retained much of the freshness and charm of girlhood.

Reuben Willis, thirty, and a bachelor, a silent, retiring man, filled a subordinate position in a bank, and, it was said, came of a once wealthy family and his actions showed his good breeding.

"It's bound to be a match," prophesied Mrs. Mayhew, a widow boarder.

"If they only weren't too poor to think of it," suggested Mr. Bascom, who was coarse and practical.

Everybody in the boarding house took part in the preparations for and the celebration of Christmas. The tree was trimmed and the packages of mutual presents piled about its base. Then Bascom started a vigorous propaganda in favor of each person hanging their stockings in front of the fireplace. Miss Deane grew rosy at the suggestion and Willis tried to escape to his room, but it was of no avail.



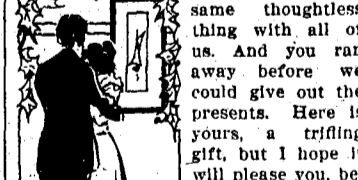
There was vast chattering and jollity as after breakfast next morning there was an adjournment to the sitting room. The master of ceremony—Bascom's eyes twinkled as one of another the stockings were apportioned, for he was a practical joker. Willis noted that his stocking was bulging and heavy. He peered within it, then showed a lump of coal and a raw potato.

Somehow his heart was chilled. Trivial as was the incident, it came like a direct blow in the face. Was the erratic donation a stinging reminder of his poverty? All at once the barrenness of his lonely life overcame him in full force. He went up to his room gloomily.

A servant knocked at the door and handed him a letter. Mechanically he opened it and then sprang to his feet, white to the lips and quivering all over. He stood like one in a maze. There was a second timid summons at the door. Willis opened it to face Miss Deane, a parcel in her hand.

"Will you please step into the hall," she fluttered, and he thought how lovely she looked in her fresh, dainty morning dress.

"Mr. Willis, I hope the practical jokes of Mr. Bascom have not been taken by you as an affront. He did the same thoughtless thing with all of us. And you ran away before we could give out the presents. Here is yours, a trifling gift, but I hope it will please you, because I made it myself."



Willis parted the tissue paper to disclose a pair of knit house slippers. His heart warmed toward this modest, lonely gentlewoman, who had devoted so many hours to show her friendly esteem.

"I cannot express how I appreciate them," he said, and then a quick impulse swayed him. The letter in his pocket reminded him of a vast change in circumstances and fortune. "They make me think of home," he added in a tone of pathetic reminiscence. "Miss Deane, we would know how to appreciate a home, you and I, wouldn't we now?"

The fair lady sighed. A dim blur of tears crossed her eyes.

"If I had one," continued Willis, coming closer to her, "would you share it with me?"

There was a sob and Miss Deane wavered. Willis tenderly clasped her waist. He knew she had given assent in her shrinking way.

"I have just received a letter from the lawyer of a near relative apprising me of the fact that I have been made his legatee," announced Willis. "It is a fine present, isn't it? But the best gift Christmas can give me is your own dear self!"

**A Christmas  
Blessing**

By Rev. Dr. Howard Duffield

MAY the Blessing of the Light that shown at Midnight come to the hearts that are shadowed and the homes that are dark.

May the Blessing of the Song of the Angels come to the multitudes who strive and bleed upon fields of battle, and to all who wage the hard warfare of life.

May the Blessing of the Good Word to the Shepherds come to everyone who is humbly and honestly laboring to do a share of their world's work.

May the Blessing of the Manger Cradle come to that innumerable company against whom the doors of hope and peace and rest are shut.

May the blessing of the Holy Child come to every one who has forgotten that Thou, O God, art his Father, and that all men are brothers.

May the Blessing of the Guiding Star come to those who wander in the night and cannot find the homeward way.

May the Blessing of the Stable come upon all hearts, wakening a kindly sense of kindred with every living thing that walks the field and forest, or wings the air, or passes along the paths of the seas.

**Husband Took Covers,  
So His Wife Sues**

New York.—The argument arose, the bill states—

"Over their respective equities in the bedclothes of their conjugal couch, in the course of which he succeeded in wresting from your oratrix and retaining some 90 per cent of said coverings, and struck her in so doing."

The fact that it was bitter cold on that November night in 1915 when the above-mentioned incident transpired in the home of Mr. and Mrs. W. L. Heznan is not regarded by Mrs. Herman as an extenuating circumstance. Hence she has entered suit for divorce.

**Rat Attacks Baby.**

Draper, S.-D.—A rat bite may prove fatal to one of the twin babies of Mr. and Mrs. Edward J. Nelson of this place. Mrs. Nelson was awakened by the cries of her baby and, hurrying to the crib, which stood near her bed, she discovered a large rat had managed to get into the crib where the infants were sleeping. She frightened the animal away, but not before it had bitten one of the babies on the cheek and partially chewed off one of its fingers. The bite may prove fatal.

**CUT THIS OUT—IT IS WORTH MONEY**

DON'T MISS THIS. Cut out this slip, enclose with 5c to Foley & Co., 2835 Sheffield Ave., Chicago, Ill., writing your name and address clearly. You will receive in return a trial package containing Foley's Honey and Tar Compound for coughs, colds and croup, Foley Kidney Pills and Foley Cathartic Tablets.—Hite's Drug Store.

**Doctor Branch**

Office Second Floor of the Monroe Block.

PHONE 77

**Hugh W. Dicken**

Physician and Surgeon

East Jordan, Mich. Phone No. 128

Office Hours: 11:00 to 12:00 a. m. 2:00 to 4:00 and 7:00 to 9:00 p. m.

**World Conditions**

Deficiencies in the telephone service which have been quite obvious for a long time are due to the unusual conditions prevalent throughout the entire manufacturing, mercantile and domestic world.

The war took men and women from their accustomed duties where they did good work and sent them in every direction to new tasks, and in many instances inexperienced people took their places.

The various industries are gradually getting back their former efficient workers, but the spirit of service has not yet fully returned; that it will come back in a short time is a foregone conclusion.

The telephone service is probably no better or no worse than the general average of the business and domestic routine.

The telephone management is in a vigorous campaign to get its service back to the old standard of speed and accuracy. Nothing will be left undone to reach this desirable result.

MICHIGAN STATE TELEPHONE COMPANY



We can understand why a man should hate to "break in" a new pair of shoes. But we can't understand why he should consider it necessary.

Come in and get fitted to your pair of RALSTONS—comfortable from the start.

CHAS. A. HUDSON

**Dr. C. H. Pray  
Dentist**

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

Phone No. 223

**Dr. F. P. Ramsey**

Physician and Surgeon.

Graduate of College of Physicians and Surgeons of the University of Illinois.

OFFICE SHERMAN BLOCK East Jordan, Mich. Phone No. 196.

**Dr. W. H. Parks**

Physician and Surgeon

Office in Monroe block, over East Jordan Drug Co's Store Phone 158-4 rings Office hours: 1:30 to 4:00 p. m. 7:00 to 8:00 p. m. X-RAY in Office.

**Dr. G. W. Bechtold  
DENTIST**

Office Hours: 8:00 to 12:00 a. m. 1:00 to 5:00 p. m. Evenings by Appointment. Office, Second Floor of Kimball Block.

**STOP CATARRH OPEN  
NOSTRILS AND HEAD**

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

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

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

**ASPIRIN FOR HEADACHE**

Name "Bayer" is on Genuine Aspirin—say Bayer



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