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Debating Team Is Organized

East Jordan And Boyne City Will Debate, Dec. 3rd

The East Jordan High School has again entered the Michigan High School Debating League and the first debate will be held between Boyne City and East Jordan on Friday evening, Dec. 3. This debate will be at East Jordan in the Junior High School room of the new building. This will be the first public function held in the new building, and on that night the High School will be lighted up so that those who have not seen the new building will have an opportunity to do so.

The question for debate this year is: "Resolved, That the adjustment of disputes between employers and employees should be made a part of the administration of justice."

East Jordan has the Affirmative and Boyne City the Negative.

GREAT LAKES STRING QUARTET HERE DECEMBER 9th

The next number of the Lecture Course, The Great Lakes String Quartet, which is the greatest musical event of the season, will be at the Temple Theatre on Thursday evening, December 9. This is one musical event that everyone should plan on attending. For those having season tickets, the reserved seats will cost ten cents. The general admission to this number will be one dollar.

SOME FACTS YOU SHOULD KNOW

Washington, Nov. 23.—"Do you know," asks the Republican Publicity Association in an article issued today through the president of the organization, Hon. Jonathan Bourne, Jr., "that the entire national debt of your government is approximately \$24,000,000,000, and that approximately \$10,000,000,000 of that sum represents loans to foreign governments;

"That those loans are evidenced in the treasury by demand notes, bearing interest at 5 per cent, signed by the representatives of the foreign governments;

"That those demand notes contain a provision as follows: 'This certificate will be converted by the Government of (name of foreign government), if requested by the Secretary of the Treasury of the United States of America at par with an adjustment of accrued interest into an equal par amount of (rate per cent) per cent convertible gold bonds of the Government of (name of foreign government)';

"That in spite of that provision, and in spite of the fact that the first loan was made on April 25, 1917, 43 months ago, no conversion or adjustment of accrued interest has been made, although for many months the Wilson Administration says it has been carrying on 'discussions' with debtor countries to that end;

"That, further, in spite of that provision, there is a well grounded sentiment in England that our loans abroad do not really constitute a debt at all, but should be cancelled as part of America's contribution to the cost of the war, a sentiment that is gaining strength the longer the conversion of notes into bonds is deferred;

"That up to the end of the calendar year 1920 interest will have accrued on foreign loans to the amount of approximately \$1,200,000,000;

"That of that sum there had been paid up to March 13, 1920, according to an official report from the Secretary of the Treasury, the sum of \$433,000,000. That probably little, if any, interest has been paid since that date, if being the announced purpose of the Secretary to defer 'the collection of interest during the reconstruction period of two or three years from the spring of 1919';

"That pending the Treasury 'discussions,' and during the period of deferment, the American people are being taxed the full amount of the interest which foreign governments have not in order to meet the payment of interest on a similar amount of Liberty Bonds.

"That unnecessary taxation approximates \$600,000,000 annually, one-eighth of the total amount which the Secretary of the Treasury estimates as required to run the Government for the following year?

"These are facts that should be impressed on the mind of every American

To Clean Up Draft Deserters

First Step Will Be Publishing List of Deserters.

Michigan is just about ready to start its clean up of draft deserters. The first step in the campaign will be the publication of the names of willful deserters with the intention of bringing them to justice.

The war department is anxious to eliminate the names of those who are only technical violators before the list is published and for this reason any Michigan registrant who is uncertain of his draft status should write the adjutant general of the army at Washington.

Among those whose names should be eliminated from this list but who are now listed draft deserters are the following:

Certain registrants who enlisted for war service but who failed to notify local boards and were thus classed as deserters.

Certain registrants who died before or after the date set for their induction. Certain registrants who failed to obey induction orders and who were later given deferred classification by their boards.

Certain draft registrants who served with the allied powers but the information pertaining to which failed to reach their draft boards.

Certain registrants who were reported as deserters through various clerical errors.

Enemy aliens and aliens resident of the United States, citizens of allied or neutral countries, classified by their boards as deserters.

All war records are now at Washington and persons wrongfully classified as deserters should give a full statement of the facts to the adjutant general. For the credit of Michigan it is desired to reduce the number of deserters to the lowest possible figure and not publish the names of any in the list who are not actually deserters from the service.

citizen and kept constantly before every Senator, Member of Congress, and official of the incoming Republican administration. No more pressing duty confronts those men, and they can render no greater service to the people who elected them to office, than to see that the explicit provisions of those foreign notes are carried out, and at an early date. When that is done a tremendous reduction in taxation will be made possible, the future repayment of the huge principal of those notes will be assured, and an earlier liquidation of almost half of our own national debt will be achieved, through the sale either in this country or abroad, of the foreign bonds received."

RURAL SCHOOLS GET PLAYGROUND SUPPLIES

Under the direction of Mr. Rowe, Director of Physical Training for the State of Michigan, the Boxing Commission has sent to the County Commissioner of Schools, Miss Stewart, three boxes of playground apparatus for the rural schools of the county. Two of the boxes contain bats, and one large box contains official playground balls and basket balls. There will be at least one good ball for each school, and a bat to accompany it. What is best yet, we hope for more some time in the future. If this can become an annual feature, the boys and girls may become well supplied with game material for the leisure hours that are in some schools so idly spent.

Teachers' requests last year ranged all the way from giant strides, and swings, or slides, to balls or rackets. In the meantime, because of the long delay in receipt of the material, a few of the schools already have swings, several have balls and one or two have croquet sets. Several schools are already assured of clean, happy recess periods without the use of the useless, and irritating "don't" and "Thou shalt not's" of the old school of pedagogy. The new supply of material just received from the Boxing Commission will encourage the teachers and parents of these districts and will furnish an incentive to others.

A man will lose fifty dollars in a poker game and never say a word about it, but if his wife loses five dollars from her shopping bag he'll reprove her for her carelessness.

Anybody may be beaten, but only the not-worth-whilers stay that way.

School Question Comes Up Again

Public School Defense League Submits New Form

Attempts to abolish parochial and private schools will be renewed at once. The Public School Defense League has submitted to Secretary of State Vaughan the form of the petitions for the submission of a constitutional amendment to be submitted at the state election in November, 1922.

The new proposed amendment differs slightly in form from that which was defeated Nov. 2. It has no limitation requiring children to attend a public school in the district in which they reside, thus providing for attendance at high schools or other public schools outside the district of residence; the word "normal" is inserted before "children" thus avoiding the blanket requirement that all children must attend. This permits blind, deaf, dumb and mentally defective children to be provided for outside the regular school system. The new amendment also given fourteen months for preparation before it becomes effective, the date of taking effect being made January 1, 1924.

A meeting of workers from all parts of the state will be held in Detroit, January 1, 2 and 3 in the G. A. R. hall, at which a complete program for the campaign will be planned. The petition has been sent to the secretary of state for a formal ruling as to the correctness of form.

THE TARIFF AND THE DEMAND FOR LABOR

"While the Democratic party and Democratic laws are still guiding the affairs of the nation, wages are coming down," declares the Republican Publicity Association, through its President, Hon. Jonathan Bourne, Jr.

"During the war, Mr. Gompers declared that labor would never consent to a reduction of the war-time standards. The Republican Publicity Association assured Mr. Gompers that the Republican party would be glad to cooperate in an effort to maintain high standards for laboring people, and asserted that the most effective method yet devised is the protective tariff policy which protects the American workmen from destructive competition with low standards abroad. Mr. Gompers chose to throw what influence he had to the Democratic candidates.

"Not even a protective tariff could sustain the high scale of wages reached during the war, but only a protective tariff will prevent the domination of the American market by foreign products. It may be a year or more before Europe and Asia get into their full stride of production for export, but ultimately the American market will be flooded unless a reasonably high barrier is erected in the form of protective duties.

"Time will demonstrate that the Republican party is the best friend of labor—of all labor, not union labor, merely—and that the protective principle is essential for American industrial prosperity. The war produced an effect equivalent to that of a prohibitive tariff, and more. It not only shut off imports but it created a new and unprecedented market for American goods. The Republican party does not advocate a prohibitive tariff, but merely one that represents at least the difference in cost of production here and abroad, making ample allowance for the higher standards of living we wish American workmen to enjoy.

"In the readjustment movement now in progress, not all of the decline is due to the ending of the war. The Democratic Administration fostered inflation and now it is unintelligently forcing deflation. That is one of the chief causes of the slump. Then, again during the period of inflation, people bought recklessly and created abnormal demands for goods and for labor that produces goods. Coincident with the deflation process, consumers have gone on a strike and will buy only necessities, thus causing lack of demand for goods and corresponding decline in demand for labor. If, when the demand for goods returns to normal, we find the demand supplied from Europe and Asia, there will be no return of demand for American labor. As a matter of wise precaution, therefore, an early return to a protective system is highly important."

Better to have fought and lost than never to have fought at all.

West Fights To Aid Farmer

Forget Party Lines In Effort To Secure Favorable Legislation

Party lines are to be obliterated and forgotten by midwestern and western members of the house and senate this winter in an effort to remedy the situation which has stirred resentment among farmers and livestock raisers, it was learned here.

Informal conferences held among Republican and Democratic senators from western states have resulted in a decision to hold an informal conference of all senators from western states soon after the December session begins, Senator Hitchcock, of Nebraska, stated.

At this conference a working program is to be mapped out, if possible, for concerted action by senators from farm and livestock states, regardless of party, in the interests of producers.

The first test of their strength is to be made on the Kenyon-Kendrick packer bill, which will come before the senate as soon as it meets.

Hitchcock said he and other Democratic senators will support the bill energetically and will seek to amend it to reach some of the evils of which the wheat and corn farmers are complaining.

Senators hostile to any regulation of the packers are preparing to talk the bill to death, but Hitchcock predicted they would have difficulty sidetracking the measure, because of the strong support it will command.

"The farmers in the corn and wheat sections have been roused to great resentment," said Hitchcock, "because of conditions which have lowered prices to such an extent that makes their future ruinous. Corn is selling at less than the cost of production and some corn farmers are threatening to burn it rather than buy coal. The farmers feel there is something wrong with the marketing system, or control of the markets, and they demand some corrective measures be taken.

"We westerners are going to try to get together regardless of party on measures on behalf of our constituency."

STATE REPRESENTED WELL AT BIG SHOW

Michigan agriculture will be well represented at the big International Hay and Grain Show which is to be held at Chicago Nov. 27 to Dec. 4, in connection with the International Livestock Exposition. A complete educational exhibit of Michigan crops, 200 entries of small grains alone from farmers of the state, and the honor of furnishing one of the grain judges are among the things which will give Michigan a prominent place in activities of this year's show.

Remarkable development which has been made in Michigan along the line of introduction and distribution of improved crops varieties will feature the state exhibit, which is being prepared by the Michigan Agricultural College. The exhibit will show three units of the advanced work being done in the state along this line:—1, The development of improved varieties by the Crops Department at the college; 2, The increase of the varieties by the Michigan Crop Improvement Association; and 3, The assistance in marketing given by the Seed Department of the State Farm Bureau.

In response to a request made of the Crops Department at the college, Prof. A. L. Bibbins has been nominated to represent Michigan as one of the grain judges at the big show. The judges will be faced with the task of placing from 30 to 50 premiums in all grain classes, including thousands of entries from all States in the Union and Canada. Professor Bibbins has charge of instruction in grain judging at M. A. C.

The Michigan Agricultural College will be represented at the International at the meeting of the National Society of Agronomy, and at the Crop Improvement Association meeting in Chicago by Prof. J. F. Cox, head of the Farm Crops Department at the college; H. C. Rafter, extension specialist in crops, who will be with the college exhibit all during the show; and Professor Bibbins.

A sensible woman knows that the occasional grouch who is a good provider is rather to be chosen than the tabby cat who makes her do the providing.

It's a waste of money to give a classical education to a youth with a jazz nature.

Rail Rates To Be Increased

Railroad Men Expect Federal Ruling To Apply In Michigan

Railroad men believe that the increase in passenger and Pullman rates authorized some time ago by the interstate commerce commission at Washington, D. C., will soon be placed in force in Michigan for intrastate business. When the boost in rates was authorized the Michigan commission refused to allow it to be applied to intrastate business. Now comes a ruling by the interstate commission that rulings by state commissions are invalid when they conflict with the decrees of the interstate commerce commission. The decision was made in the New York state roads establishing passenger and baggage rates on intrastate traffic to conform to advanced interstate rates. The increase is twenty per cent on passenger rates and fifty per cent on Pullman rates.

Similar proceedings are pending affecting more than half the states in the Union.

By its order of last August the commission authorized in the New York region an increase of 40 per cent in freight rates, 20 per cent in passenger fares, excess baggage charges and rates on milk and cream and also a surcharge of 50 per cent on Pullman accommodations. The New York public service commission granted the freight advance except on milk, but denied the other increases within the state and the carriers appealed to the interstate commerce commission.

The federal body held that there was a general obligation resting upon it to exercise control over intrastate commerce so far as it affects interstate commerce.

"The decisive factor," the ruling said, "is whether the rates under consideration injuriously affect interstate commerce."

Congress directed rates be allowed which would yield an aggregate return of from 5 1/2 to 6 per cent on the value of the railway properties, the commission stated, adding:

"There can be no doubt of the power of congress to devise and provide for carrying into effect a plan for assuring the nation's interstate railways a fair return on the value of their properties and the full control of congress in this matter is not to be denied on the ground that the carriers' aggregate earnings are a comingling of intrastate revenue and interstate revenue."

EDISON MARSHALL



At rare intervals a hitherto unknown author flashes into the literary firmament like a comet. Some disappear as quickly while others become fixed luminaries. About once every decade a writer makes an instantaneous success with his first book. Edison Marshall, a young Oregon newspaperman, is a case in point. His story, "The Voice of the Pack," was sold out almost as soon as it was off the press and a second printing ran into many thousands of copies—literally a "best seller." It is a fascinating narrative of romance, adventure and nature lore in the mountains and forests of the Northwest and has a substantial quality which bespeaks permanence in its creator. Other delightful tales likely to follow. Readers of this publication soon will have it as a serial. Make it your business to get the opening installment.

There is more drinking than ever since prohibition came—but it's not the headaching kind.

Olds Backed Boyne Railroad

His \$450,000 Saved Boyne City, Alpena & Gaylord Line

Alpena, Mich., Nov. 20.—The man whose cash was the magic key that released from receivership in 1917 the Boyne City, Gaylord & Alpena railroad, and has made possible its operation to this day, was Ransom E. Olds, the automobile financier, a jury in the Alpena circuit court was told Thursday by George E. Nichols, of Ionia, defending the railroad in a \$100,000 contract suit brought by I. S. Canfield, F. H. Orcutt and W. T. Hoey, of Alpena.

Olds put up \$450,000 that the road might be rescued from receivership into which it was plunged in November, 1913, Attorney Nichols told the jury.

All this the defense expects to prove, it said, during its inning in the trial occupying the attention of Judge Emmerick, a jury, and a costly array of legal talent. The trial already has been in progress more than a week, and predictions were it would not end Friday.

The road originally was a spur to a lumber camp. William H. White & Co., of Boyne City, had extensive lumber holdings there, about which this road reached. The brothers were William H., Thomas, James, and Robert White. When the road was projected in 1905, a bond issue of \$250,000 was negotiated, which was partly sold. Later it was decided to extend it to Gaylord, whereupon the Whites advanced the road \$160,000 more. The road continued expanding until 1915, when it owed White & Co. \$325,000. The story of its extension to Alpena in 1919 was recited in full.

In November, 1913, James A. White made application in the district federal court for a receiver, both for the railroad and William H. White & Co., which was granted, the Michigan Trust company, of Grand Rapids being named receiver. Up to that time stock had been issued in the William H. White & Co. in the sum of \$1,200,000, of which \$1,150,000 was owned by the White brothers. And \$500,000 in stock and bonds had been issued by the railroad, of which the White brothers owned a majority.

In 1915, William H. White came to Alpena, Attorney Nichols related with the idea of enlisting the aid of Canfield and Attorney Orcutt, a banker; Hoey, a lumberman, in the raising of \$700,000 with which to rescue the two companies from receivership, for which service he was willing to pay \$100,000. Then it was that the contract, which is the basis of this suit, was entered into.

From August, 1915, until early in 1917, various attempts were made by the trio, the White brothers, and others to finance the road, it was declared. All sorts of combinations were devised and each time success seemed about to smile on the plan, a frown appeared, usually opposition of the receiver. At least, several distinct attempts were claimed by the defense.

Finally Claude Hamilton was brought into the financial problem, and it was he who went to Ransom E. Olds and borrowed \$450,000, as claimed by the defense, of which amount \$275,000 was used in putting the road on its feet. The Alpena stockholders, partly through the efforts of Canfield, Orcutt and Hoey were induced to take the paper of the new company, par for par while William H. White & Co. did likewise, said Nichols.

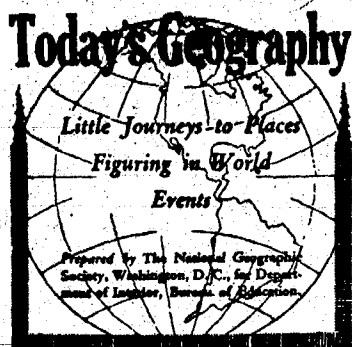
WINTER EGGS

"The first winter I used Dr. LeGear's Poultry Prescription, it made me a lot of money. I have 61 hens and sold in January \$44.00 worth of eggs, beside what we used ourselves."—C. D. McCormick, Irmo, Idaho.

A hen can't moult and lay at the same time. Poultry Raisers who get an abundance of eggs, use Dr. LeGear's Poultry Prescription, which pulls hens through the moult in short order, tones up the system and stimulates the egg-producing organs without injury. If you want eggs this winter when eggs mean money, get Dr. LeGear's Poultry Prescription from your dealer right today. Dr. LeGear is America's foremost Expert Poultry Breeder and Veterinarian. For any ailment whatsoever among your poultry or stock get his remedies from your dealer. They must satisfy you, or your dealer will refund your money.

Dealers everywhere. Sold in East Jordan by Hite Drug Co. adv.

Liquor used to make the world go 'round. Now only love does.



LUXEMBURG REPRESENTED AT WASHINGTON

Luxemburg, latest and smallest of the countries of the world to send a diplomatic representative to the United States, has a ruler with a better popular title to her throne than perhaps any other reigning monarch.

Though the little grand duchy is smaller even than Rhode Island, it has a history reaching farther into the past than many of the great nations among which it now takes a place. It has been buffeted about like a shuttlecock by the countries that hem it in, and at one time or another during the past thousand years has been under the control of nearly every one of the principal nations of the western part of the continent.

While a part of the Holy Empire, Luxemburg furnished an emperor for the German throne. Count Henry IV of Luxemburg was elected to that position in 1308 as Henry VII. Luxemburg later came under the control of Burgundy and then fell successively to Spain, Austria and the first French republic. It remained under the sovereignty of the king of the Netherlands from 1815 to the accession of Queen Wilhelmina in 1890, when the existence of the Sallé law—that anti-feminist outburst of the old warrior Franks—brought the grand duke of Nassau to the throne.

Even while the king of the Netherlands was sovereign of Luxemburg, it was a member of the German confederation, with the city of Luxemburg garrisoned by Prussian soldiers. Retention of this garrison in the city after the division of old Luxemburg between Holland and Belgium in 1831, and especially after the dissolution of the German confederation in 1866, almost caused the Franco-Prussian war to start three years ahead of time. The matter was compromised by an agreement for the withdrawal of the German troops, and the demolition of the fortifications of the city of Luxemburg, so strong that the fortress was known as "the Gibraltar of the North." In addition the grand duchy was set up as an independent state with its neutrality guaranteed, like that of Belgium, by the powers. This guarantee was one of the "scraps of paper" of 1814.

During the World War Luxemburg was practically a prisoner to Germany, but because the inhabitants did not resist, the Germans treated them with a certain degree of consideration. The sympathies of the people were with France, however, and several thousand Luxemburgians served with the tricolor. This popular sympathy for France and the belief that the reigning Grand Duchess Marie Adelaide, had pro-German leanings made her unpopular. After the armistice brought about the retirement of the Germans, a bloodless revolution broke out, and Luxemburg added another to its long list of sovereignties by being a republic for a few brief hours. Conservative elements brought about the abdication of the grand duchess in favor of her sister Charlotte, the present ruler, and by liberalizing the constitution. Marie Adelaide has entered a convent and become a Carmelite nun.

BRUSSELS: CAPITAL CITY OF THE LAND OF THE LOOM

Brussels, conspicuous during the war, again became a center of world attention with the meeting there of the international financial congress.

Brussels' fame rests partly on popular misapprehensions.

Its name is linked with a carpet that is not made there, and also with a cathedral which, properly speaking, is not a cathedral at all but a church—that of St. Gudule.

But even after deducting this much from Brussels' credit, enough remains to give it a foremost place among world capitals. Were the romantic adventures of the city cast into a "movie" scenario, the title might accurately be "From Swamp Dwelling to Petit Paris."

The seventh century village on the Senne, near the center of what now is Belgium, was called, Brussels, literally "swamp dwelling," with descriptive intent. The genius of a people for making much of meager physical circumstances fully warrants the nickname often given the modern city of parks, boulevards, art galleries and a famous university.

Suffering was no new experience for Brussels. More than three centuries earlier its great square had seen Count Egmont and Count Horn walk to the scaffold, as the former recited the fifty-first Psalm, and a little later both heads were displayed to the assembled multitude on iron spikes. More gruesome still, both heads finally were boxed and sent to Philip II of Spain so that latter-day Herod might exult at another victory over his northern subjects.

Though the Brussels carpet of modern times is not made in Belgium, Brussels was paid a deserved tribute in its naming, for when it first was manufactured at Wilton, England, the

product was patterned after the tapestries for which Brussels was famous for centuries.

In addition to its weaving Brussels gained renown for its lacemaking, and its needle-made laces still find their way all over the civilized world, including a considerable quantity to the United States. The feminine culture of feudal times sought to express in the delicate designs of filmy fabric what men wrought in the lace-like architecture of its cathedrals.

MEXICO CITY: THE ROME OF THE AMERICAS

"In all the world one cannot find a more remarkable capital than Mexico City," says William Joseph Shwartz, in a communication to the National Geographic society.

"Situated in a valley whose floor is a mile and a half above the level of the sea, and whose borders are surrounded by towering mountains; located where the beautiful volcanoes, Popocatepetl and Ixtaccihuatl, rear snow-capped heads above the plain and stand eternal guard over it, its situation is one of rare beauty and grandeur. Its climate is mild, the temperature ranging from 35 to 70 degrees, with a mean of 65 degrees. No man sleeps without a blanket in Mexico City, nor needs an overcoat at midday."

"Prior to the conquest the lakes of the Mexican valley were extensive and the barges of the Aztecs sailed unimpeded from the gates of Chapultepec to Ixtapalapa. A large number of canals intersected the ancient metropolis of Tenochtitlan and connected with the lakes in the suburbs, making it a sort of new world Venice."

"In 1607 the celebrated Portuguese engineer Martinez undertook to drain the Valley of Mexico by cutting a canal through the mountains. The work, however, was largely a failure, since it drained only one small lake and an unimportant river, leaving lakes Texcoco and Chalco still perpetual menaces to the city."

"In 1879 a huge drainage canal 30 miles long was begun, which was completed in 1900, at a cost of about \$8,000,000, American gold. Its completion removed the danger of inundations from Mexico City and solved the problem which occupied the thoughts and engendered the fears of the Aztecs as far back as 1449."

"Mexico City is the most complete mixture of the ancient and the modern to be found in the new world. The old city might date anywhere from the tenth century, from its appearance. The new city is ultra modern, and you step from the sixteenth to the twentieth century by walking across the street."

"The parade ground of Mexico City is the Avenida de San Francisco. This short street extends from the Mexican White House to the Alameda, and is only about 24 feet from curb to curb. Here, at the approach of twilight, every smart equipage in the capital comes. Down the one side of the street and up the other side moves the procession at a slow walk, while everybody looks at everybody else."

"As Avenida de San Francisco unites the old and the new cities, so does the Cinco de Mayo (Fifth of May) unite the cathedral, statelyst of all the religious edifices on the continent, with the National theater, which was planned to be the most beautiful of all the amusement places in America. The Cinco de Mayo is the Wall street of Mexico, and the buildings which line it are modern in every respect."

"The Paseo de la Reforma, extending from Chapultepec to the Avenida de Juarez, a short avenue connecting the Paseo with Avenida de San Francisco, is one of the finest driveways of the world."

"The national pawnshop is one of the unique institutions of the capital. It was founded by Pedro Jose Romero de Terreros."

HOW GEOGRAPHY SHAPES ITALY'S DESTINY

Italy's peculiar geographic position always has been one of the chief sources of the country's remarkable individuality—an individuality marked by its political and economic course since the armistice was signed. Arthur Stanley Riggs, writing to the National Geographic society in this regard, says:

"From the beginning Nature set Italy apart. Every boundary is perfectly clear. The historic sea enfolds it to the south, east and west. On the north the terrific Alps sweep around it in a great semicircle from Mediterranean to Adriatic, closing the circuit."

"To be sure, from the time of Augustus the boundary of each side of northern Italy has been juggled, now to the east, now to the west, by politics; but the physical boundary is still definitely there. So thoroughly did the ancient chroniclers recognize these natural limits that long before the name of Italy had any political significance or entity the writers applied it to the country thus inclosed. The peninsula, with its tremendous Apennine backbone, makes a huge hoof which thrusts out practically into the center of the great midland sea."

Necessarily, then, Italy was exposed to attack and invasion from three sides. Indeed, it was the invading, or rather colonizing, Greek who combined with the aborigine to form the population that stocked the peninsula. Taken in a smaller way, geographical site or position exercised no less distinct an effect upon some of the foremost Italian cities; and in shaping their affairs and men it also influenced the entire world."

"After forming this basin—northern Italy—the Apennines sweep southward in a rugged backbone which deter-

mines the whole internal geography of the country as definitely as the Alps do its outline northward.

"In central Italy, west of the mountains, the valleys of the Arno and the Tiber—the only streams of importance—give the keynote to any geographic study of the region. Over on the eastern coast no rivers of importance can exist, because the mountains there approach too close to the sea, though the tortuous, mostly dry beds of the 'torrents' scar every height."

"In this connection it is interesting to note that nowhere is the peninsula more than 150 miles wide, and generally not more than 100, while down in Calabria the width dwindles in two places to 35 and 20 miles respectively. One of the most inspiring views in the whole length of the country also displays this narrowness strikingly when, on a clear day, from the Gran Sasso—the highest point in the bleak Abruzzi range, central Italy, at nearly 10,000 feet, one may look not only eastward over the Adriatic to far Dalmatia's rocky shores, but also westward over the mountain and moor, city and sandy coast, to the dim and misty blue of the Tyrrhenian sea. In volcanic southern Italy, likewise barren of any great waterways, the Apennines break up into groups of hills and peaks, not usually so lofty as farther northward."

"As in the case of Japan, the surrounding sea makes a vast difference in the Italian climate. Judged by its position alone, the peninsula should be about the hottest part of Europe—it is only 90 miles from the southern shore of Sicily to Africa. But the twin seas and the ever snow-capped mountains temper the heat, and the regional peculiarities are such that we find Turin, for instance, colder in winter than Copenhagen, and Milan as warm in summer as Naples."

A VOLCANIC BARNUM AND BAILEY

Young America will drop anything to run to a fire. In some parts of the world—Hawaii, for example—one also drops everything to run to a volcano eruption, unless he already is too close for comfort. Then he runs from it.

Have you ever wondered what a volcano, in action, looks like? Here is a description, not by a scientist, but by a young Washington woman who went to Hawaii to live just before Mauna Loa's terrific eruption last year:

"It seems as if Hawaii, though small, must have just so much attention, and so ever so often she explosively projects herself into the arena of the world's happenings," wrote Mrs. Shirley Foster Allen. "Not content with her share in the 'Big Show' in Europe, she decided to stage a first-class side show all her own—and the two volcanoes, Mauna Loa and Kilauea, have certainly done their best to make it the 'biggest show on earth.'"

"Just a word about the geography of the place. In the first place so many people seem to think the word 'Honolulu' embraces all there is to the islands; and in the second place, the general conception seems to be that the volcano is located in Honolulu's back yard, as it were, and that we Honoluluans take our daily exercise by running up to the crater every morning before breakfast. Honolulu is located on the Island of Oahu, third island in size in the group, while the volcano, or rather volcanoes, are located on Hawaii, the largest and youngest island, with an area of more than 4,000 square miles, which lies nearly 200 miles southeast of Oahu."

"The first indication of volcanic activity was the presence of a peculiar cauliflower-shaped cloud hanging over the mountain. Three days later, on September 29, the whole heavens were lit up with an apricot glow when, from a huge vent in the mountain's side, a flood of molten lava was belched forth. Spreading out into a great shallow stream, it came roaring down the mountain slope, burning forests, carrying huge trees and immense boulders on its surface—sweeping everything before it. With a speed varying from one to twenty miles an hour, according to the country it was passing over, it broadened out until it was nearly a mile in width. After wiping out the government belt road, raising telephone poles and destroying a vast amount of property, the red-hot lava tumbled over a high precipice and plunged hissing into the sea."

"A number of excursions were made in October from Honolulu, and, in approaching the flow from the sea in the early evening, the glow from the lava was visible for many miles before Aiea was reached."

"Drifting within 200 yards of the point where the liquid rock was rushing into the sea, the scene stretching before me was awe-inspiring. Slowly the smoky haze, from the burning forests, which hung over the source 20 miles away, lifted and the river of fire stood out in its full glory, holding one speechless and spellbound. Leaping from palm to valley, rushing up hill and roaring down, the fiery flood thundered down the mountain slope, carrying on its bosom rocks as big as houses that were tossed about as if they were mere pebbles. As the stream of blazing lava neared the coastline, it appeared to gather more speed, taking a final plunge over a 100-foot cliff at a terrific rate, and looking for all the world like a fiery Niagara. As the red-hot lava came in contact with the water, great columns of steam and gas, like huge water-spouts, were forced hundreds of feet into the air. Huge boulders, hurled into space, exploded with thunderous reports into auras of red and green lights, while flashes of what looked like lightning added to the chaos."

AUCTION SALE

On account of my wife's health, I have decided to move to town this coming winter, and will sell at Public Auction at my farm located 4 miles east and 3-4 miles north of East Jordan; and 3-4 miles north of the Afton School House and Grange Hall, on

TUESDAY, NOV. 30

Commencing at 1:00 o'clock p. m., the following described property, to-wit:

Bay Horse, 10 yrs. old, weight 1000 lbs.	Automobile Trailer
Black Horse, age unknown, wt. 1100 lbs	Gasoline Tank
Black and White Cow, 4 yrs. old	Bean Picker
Heifer, fresh in July	Hay Rack
Heifer Calf, 9 months old	Hay Rake
About 100 Chickens	Cream Separator
About 7 ton of Alfalfa Hay	Cream Can
About 200 bu. of Corn in Crib	Dining Room Table
About 600 bundles Corn Fodder	Child's Bed
2 or 3 bu. Swedish Select Oats	Wooden Bed
Some Small Potatoes	Other small articles not listed.
Corn Weeder	SPECIAL SALE ON HONEY IN 10-LB. PAILS.

Terms of Sale: Sums of \$10 and under, cash; over \$10, one year's time will be given on approved bankable notes, bearing 7 per cent interest, payable at the Peoples State Savings Bank of East Jordan, Mich. Five per cent discount for cash on sums over \$10. No property to be removed until terms of sale are complied with.

GEO. JAQUAYS

PROPRIETOR

R. O. Bisbee, Clerk.

J. Cole, Auctioneer.

Paradox of Rail Wear.
In a single track line railroad the wear on the rails is seldom greater and is frequently less than in a double-track line, says the Scientific American, an apparent paradox which is probably explained by the reversal of direction of traffic, which tends to neutralize coldrolling actions in the surface of the rail-head.

Substitute for Gold.
What is said to be a serviceable substitute for gold is obtained by combining 94 parts of copper with six parts of antimony and adding a little magnesium carbonate to increase the weight. It is said that this alloy can be drawn, wrought and soldered very much like gold and that it also recieves and retains a golden polish.

Old Bell Splendidly Preserved.
In an old graveyard in County Antrim, Ireland, a farmer, while plowing, unearthed a bronze church bell weighing more than 160 lbs., and believed to be over 300 years old. The bell is in a splendid state of preservation, with a clear, powerful tone. The old Kirkmoyne parish church where the find was made, has been in ruins since 1622.

Yes Sir-ee!

We made this cigarette to meet your taste!

Camel CIGARETTES

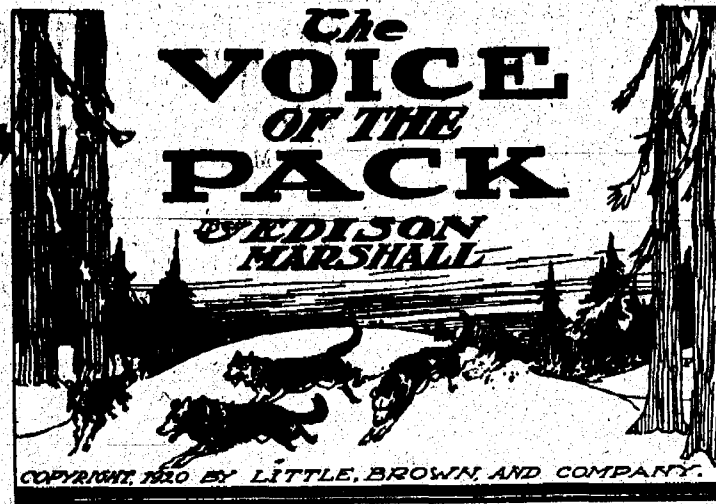
CAMELS have wonderful full-bodied mellow-mildness and a flavor as refreshing as it is new.

Camels quality and Camels expert blend of choice Turkish and choice Domestic tobacco win you on merits. Camels blend never tires your taste. And, Camels leave no unpleasant cigarette aftertaste nor unpleasant cigarette odor!

What Camels quality and expert blend can mean to your satisfaction you should find out at once! It will prove our say-so when you compare Camels with any cigarette in the world at any price!

Camels are sold everywhere in 10 and 20 cigarette packs, or in 100 cigarette packs in the 100 cigarette pack. We strongly recommend this carton for the home or office supply or when you travel.

R. J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO CO.
Winston-Salem, N. C.



The VOICE OF THE PACK

BY MADISON MARSHALL

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Prologue.

If one can just lie close enough to the breast of the wilderness, he can't help but be imbued with some of the life that pulses therein.—From a Frontiersman's Diary.

Long ago, when the great city of Gitcheepolis was a rather small, untidy hamlet in the middle of a plain, it used to be that a pool of water, possibly two hundred feet square, gathered every spring immediately back of the courthouse. The snow falls thick and heavy in Gitcheepolis in winter; and the pond was nothing more than snow water that the inefficient drainage system of the city did not quite absorb. Besides being the despair of the plumbers and the city engineer, it was a severe strain on the beauty-loving instincts of every inhabitant in the town who had any such instincts. It was muddy and murky and generally distasteful.

A little boy played at the edge of the water, this spring day of long ago. Except for his interest in the pond, it would have been scarcely worth while to go to the trouble of explaining that it contained no fish. He, however, bitterly regretted the fact. In truth, he sometimes liked to believe that it did contain fish, very sleepy fish that never made a ripple, and as he had an uncommon imagination he was sometimes able to convince himself that this was so. But he never took hook and line and played at fishing. He was too much afraid of the laughter of his boy friends. His mother probably wouldn't object if he fished here, he thought, particularly if he were careful not to get his shoes covered with mud. But she wouldn't let him go down to Gitcheepolis creek to fish with the other boys for mud cat. He was not very strong, she thought, and it was a rough sport anyway, and besides—she didn't think he wanted to go very badly. As mothers are usually particularly understanding, this was a curious thing.

The truth was that little Dan Failing wanted to fish almost as much as he wanted to live. He would dream about it of nights. His blood would glow with the thought of it in the springtime. Women the world over will have a hard time believing what an intense, heart-devouring passion the love of the chase can be, whether it is for fishing or hunting or merely knocking golf balls into a little hole upon a green. Sometimes they don't remember that this instinct is just as much a part of most men, and thus most boys, as their hands or their lips. It was acquired by just as laborious a process—the lives of uncounted thousands of ancestors who fished and hunted for a living.

It was true that little Dan didn't look the part. Even then he showed signs of physical frailty. His eyes looked rather large, and his cheeks were not the color of fresh siren, as they should have been. In fact, one would have had to look very hard to see any color at all. These facts are interesting in the light they throw upon the next glimpse of Dan, fully twenty years later.

Except for the fact that it was the background for the earliest picture of little Dan, the pool back of the courthouse has very little importance in his story. It did, however, afford an illustration to him of one of the really astonishing truths of life. He saw a shadow in the water that he pretended he thought might be a fish. He threw a stone at it.

The only thing that happened was a splash, and then a slowly widening ripple. The circumference of the ripple grew ever larger, extended and widened, and finally died at the edge of the shore. It set little Dan to thinking. He wondered if, had the pool been larger, the ripple still would have spread; and if the pool had been eternity, whether the ripple would have gone on forever. At the time he did not know the laws of cause and effect. Later, when Gitcheepolis was great and prosperous and no longer untidy, he was going to find out that a cause is nothing but a rock thrown into a pond of infinity, and the ripple that is its effect keeps growing and growing forever.

The little incident that is the real beginning of this story was of no more importance than a pebble thrown into the snow-water pond; but its effect was to remove the life of Dan Failing, since grown up, far out of the realms of the ordinary.

And that brings all matters down to 1919, in the last days of a particularly sleepy summer. You would hardly know Gitcheepolis now. The business district has increased tenfold. And the place where used to be the pool and the playground of Dan Failing is now laid off in as green and pretty a city park as one could wish to see.

Some day, when the city becomes

more prosperous, a pair of swans and a herd of deer are going to be introduced, to restore some of the natural wild life of the park. But in the summer of 1919, a few small birds and possibly half a dozen pairs of squirrels were the extent and limit of the wild creatures. And at the moment this story opens, one of these squirrels was perched on a wide-spreading limb overhanging a gravel path that slanted through the sunlit park. The squirrel was hungry. He wished that some one would come along with a nut.

There was a bench beneath the tree. If there had not been, the life of Dan Failing would have been entirely different. If the squirrel had been on any other tree, if he hadn't been hungry, if any one of a dozen other things hadn't been as they were, Dan Failing would have never gone back to the land of his people. The little bushy-tailed fellow on the tree limb was the squirrel of Destiny!

BOOK ONE

Repatriation.

CHAPTER I.

Dan Failing stepped out of the elevator and was at once absorbed in the crowd that ever surged up and down Broad street. He was just one of the ordinary drops of water, not an interesting, elaborate, physical and chemical combination to be studied on the slide of a microscope. He wore fairly passable clothes, neither rich nor shabby. He was a tall man, but gave no impression of strength because of the exceeding sparseness of his frame. As long as he remained in the crowd, he wasn't important enough to be studied. But soon he turned off, through the park, and straightway found himself alone.

The noise and bustle of the crowd—never loud or startling, but so continuous that the senses are scarcely more aware of them than of the beating of one's own heart—suddenly and utterly died almost at the very border of the park. The noise from the street seemed wholly unable to penetrate the thick branches of the trees. He could even hear the leaves whispering and flicking together, and when a man can discern this, he can hear the cushions of a mountain lion on a trail at night. Of course Dan Failing had never heard a mountain lion. Except on the railroad tracks between, he had never really been away from cities in his life.

At once his thought went back to the doctor's words. They were still repeating themselves over and over in his ears, and the doctor's face was still before his eyes. It had been a kind face; the lips had even curled in a little smile of encouragement. But the doctor had been perfectly frank, entirely straightforward. There had been no evasion in his verdict.

"I've made every test," he said. "They're pretty well shot. Of course, you can go to some sanitarium, if you've got the money. If you haven't—enjoy yourself all you can for about six months."

Dan's voice had been perfectly cool and sure when he replied. He had smiled a little, too. He was still rather proud of that smile. "Six months? Isn't that rather short?"

"Maybe a whole lot shorter. I think that's the limit."

There was the situation: Dan Failing had but six months to live. He began to wonder whether his mother had been entirely wise in her effort to keep him from the "rough games" of the boys of his own age. He realized now that he had been an underweight all his life—that the frailty that had thrust him to the edge of the grave had begun in his earliest boyhood. But it wasn't that he was born with physical handicaps. He had weighed a full ten pounds; and the doctor had told his father that a sturdier little chap was not to be found in any maternity bed in the whole city. But his mother was convinced that the child was delicate and must be sheltered. Never in all the history of his family, so far as Dan knew, had there been a death from the malady that afflicted him. Yet his sentence was signed and sealed.

But he harbored no resentment against his mother. It was all in the game. She had done what she thought was best. And he began to wonder in what way he could get the greatest pleasure from his last six months of life.

"Good Lord!" he suddenly breathed. "I may not be here to see the snows come!" Dan had always been partial to the winter season. When the snow lay all over the farm lands and bowed down the limbs of the trees; it had always awakened a curious flood of feelings in the wasted man. It seemed

to him that he could remember other winters, wherein the snow lay for endless miles over an endless wilderness, and here and there were strange, many-toed tracks that could be followed in the icy dawns. But of course it was just a fancy. He wasn't in the least misled about it. He knew that he had never, in his lifetime, seen the wilderness. Of course his grandfather had been a frontiersman of the first order, and all his ancestors before him—a rangy, hardy breed whose wings would crumple in civilization—but he himself had always lived in cities. Yet the falling snows, soft and gentle but with a kind of remorselessness he could sense, but could not understand, had always stirred him. He'd often imagined that he would like to see the forests in winter.

In him you could see a reflection of the boy that played beside the pond of snow water, twenty years before. His dark gray eyes were still rather large and perhaps the wasted flesh around them made them seem larger than they were. But it was a little hard to see them, as he wore large glasses. His mother had been sure, years before, that he needed glasses; and she had easily found an oculist that agreed with her.

Now that he was alone on the path, the utter absence of color in his cheeks was startling. That meant the absence of red—that warm glow of the blood eager and alive in his veins. Perhaps an observer would have noticed lean hands, with big-knuckled fingers, a rather firm mouth, and closely cropped dark hair. He was twenty-nine years of age, but he looked somewhat older. He knew now that he was never going to be any older. A doctor as sure of himself as the one he had just consulted couldn't possibly be mistaken.

He sat down, on a park bench, just beneath the spreading limb of a great tree. He would sit here, he thought, until he finally decided what he would do with his remaining six months.

He hadn't been able to go to war. The recruiting officer had been very kind but most-determined. The boys had brought him great tales of France. It might be nice to go to France and live in some country inn until he died. But he didn't have very long to think upon this vein. For at that instant the squirrel came down to see if he had a nut.

It was the squirrel of Destiny. But Dan didn't know it then.

Bushy-tail was not particularly afraid of the human beings that passed up and down the park, because he had learned by experience that they usually attempted no harm to him. But, nevertheless, he had his instincts. He didn't entirely trust them. After several generations, probably the squirrels of this park would climb all over its visitors and sniff in their ears and investigate the back of their necks. But this wasn't the way of Bushy-tail. He had come too recently from the wild places. And he wondered, most intensely, whether this tall, forked creature had a pocket full of nuts. He swung down on the grass to see.

"Why, you little devil!" Dan said in a whisper. His eyes suddenly



"Why, You Little Devil!" Dan Said in a Whisper.

sparkled with delight. And he forgot all about the doctor's words and his own prospects in his bitter regrets that he had not brought a pocketful of nuts.

And then Dan did a curious thing. Even later, he didn't know why he did it, or what gave him the idea that he could decoy the squirrel up to him by doing it. That was his only purpose—just to see how close the squirrel would come to him. He thought he would like to look into the bright eyes at close range. All he did was suddenly to freeze into one position—in an instant rendered as motionless as the rather questionable-looking stone stork that was perched in the fountain.

The squirrel was very close to Dan and Dan seemed to know by the movement of a single eye that he would give him away. So he sat there, he were posing before a photographer's camera. The fact that he was able to do it is in itself important. It is considerably easier to exercise with dumbbells for five minutes than to sit absolutely without motion for the same length of time. Hunters and naturalists acquire the art with training. It was therefore rather cu-

rious that Dan succeeded so well the first time he tried it. He had sense enough to relax first, before he froze. Thus he didn't put such a severe strain on his muscles.

The squirrel, after ten seconds had elapsed, stood on his haunches to see better. First he looked a long time with his left eye. Then he turned his head and looked very carefully with his right. Then he backed off a short distance and tried to get a focus with both. Then he came some half-dozen steps nearer.

A moment before he had been certain that a living creature—in fact one of the most terrible and powerful living creatures in the world—had been sitting on the park bench. Now his poor little brain was completely addled. He was entirely ready to believe that his eyes had deceived him.

Bushy-tail drew off a little further, fully convinced at last that his hopes of a nut from a child's hand were blasted. But he turned to look once more. The figure still sat utterly inert. And all at once he forgot his devouring hunger in the face of an overwhelming curiosity.

He came somewhat nearer and looked a long time. Then he made a half-circle about the bench, turning his head as he moved. He was more puzzled than ever, but he was no longer afraid. His curiosity had become so intense that no room for fear was left. And then he sprang upon the park bench.

Dan moved then. The movement consisted of a sudden heightening of the light in his eyes. But the squirrel didn't see it. It takes a muscular response to be visible to the eyes of the wild things.

The squirrel crept slowly along the bench, stopping to sniff, stopping to stare with one eye and another, just devoured from head to tail with curiosity. And then he leaped on Dan's knee.

He was quite convinced, by now, that this warm perch on which he stood was the most singular and interesting object of his young life. It was true that he was faintly worried by the smell that reached his nostrils. But all it really did was further to incite his curiosity. He followed the leg up to the hip and then perched on the elbow. And an instant more he was poking a cold nose into Dan's neck.

But if the squirrel was excited by all these developments, its amazement was nothing compared to Dan's. It had been the most astounding incident in the man's life. He sat still, tingling with delight. And in a single flash of inspiration he knew he had come among his own people at last. He knew where he would spend his last six months of life.

His own grandfather had been a hunter and trapper and frontiersman in a certain vast but little known Oregon forest. His son had moved to the eastern cities, but in Dan's garret there used to be old mementoes and curios from these savage days—a few claws and teeth, and a fragment of an old diary.—The call had come to him at last. Tenderfoot though he was, Dan would go back to those forests, to spend his last six months of life among the wild creatures that made them their home.

(Continued to Page Six.)

Last Night's Dreams

—What They Mean

DID YOU DREAM OF HAM OR BACON?

OF ALL the "high-brow" modern investigators of dream phenomena Frederick Greenwood is the most daringly inclined toward the school of the mystics. While by no means accepting the arbitrary interpretation of dreams as set forth by the empirics he says, writing in one of the ponderous and learned English Reviews: "So far as we know neither the free imagination of childhood nor the absolute unfettered faculty of madness is ever productive of a dream of the things called supernatural for want of a word more expressive. These are the most remarkable phenomena of sleep and it appears that prophetic dreams which seem to import something of the supernatural only arise and do not appear until the mental qualities are of full growth. Dreams which have all the character of revelation and prophecy do undoubtedly occur."

He propounds as a new theory the possibility "that these dreams occur when all the mental faculties are lifted to a higher range of freedom and at the same time maintain their accustomed harmony similar to the rapt condition of men of genius engaged in their best work." There is such a thing as a dream intuition, he believes.

Most of his fellow scientists scout this theory, though the eminent Dr. Coriat contents himself with being "very skeptical" and asking to be shown. The real mystic, however, does not require any lifting of the mental faculties harmoniously to a higher plane. For him something prophetic lurks even in dreams of ham and bacon. All agree that to dream of ham is an excellent sign. It means financial success for you and much happiness ahead. The more you see in your dream the greater will be your good fortune. But, strange to say, while bacon is so nearly of the nature of ham, yet many, if not most, of the oracles look upon it as an unfavorable omen; though one or two see in it a prophecy of financial gain. This disputed point is respectfully referred to the packer combination.

Another Royal Suggestion

Biscuits and Cinnamon Buns

From the NEW ROYAL COOK BOOK

BISCUIT! So tender they fairly melt in the mouth, and of such glorious flavor that the appetite is never satisfied. These biscuits anyone can make with Royal Baking Powder and these unusual recipes.

Biscuits
2 cups flour
4 teaspoons Royal Baking Powder
1/2 teaspoon salt
2 tablespoons shortening
1/2 cup milk or half milk and half water

Sift together flour, baking powder and salt, add shortening and rub in very lightly; add liquid slowly; roll or pat on floured board to about one inch in thickness (handle as little as possible); cut with biscuit cutter. Bake in hot oven 15 to 20 minutes.

Royal Cinnamon Buns
2 1/2 cups flour
1/2 teaspoon salt
4 teaspoons Royal Baking Powder
2 tablespoons shortening
1 egg
1/2 cup water
1/2 cup sugar
2 teaspoons cinnamon
4 tablespoons seeded raisins

Sift 2 tablespoons of measured sugar with flour, salt and baking powder; rub shortening in lightly; add beaten egg to water and add slowly. Roll out 1/4-inch thick on floured board; brush with melted butter; sprinkle with sugar, cinnamon and raisins. Roll as for jelly roll; cut into 1/2-inch pieces; place with cut edges up on well-oiled pan; sprinkle with a little sugar and cinnamon. Bake in moderate oven 20 to 25 minutes; remove from pan at once.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER

Absolutely Pure

Made from Cream of Tartar, derived from grapes.

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Write TODAY for the New Royal Cook Book; contains 400 other recipes just as delightful as these.

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Iron Ores Formed by Bacteria.

Geologists are realizing more fully as they extend their studies the magnitude of the work done by plants and animals in building up and tearing down parts of the crust of the earth. Even microscopic organisms perform a large part of this work. Pasteur long ago showed us the deadly power of bacteria in disease and their efficiency in promoting fermentation, but their influence on the fertility of soils and their work in expediting rock decay are still subjects of scientific study.

What's in a Name?

At one time the people believed that the descendants of Judas Iscariot were living in Corfu, although those accused stoutly denied such ancestry. In Brazil an effigy of Judas is carried by the school boys to a ship where sailors hang it from the yard arm. In the Greek church at Smyrna once a year there is a ceremony at which a person is paid a great sum to impersonate Judas. Such is the feeling of the people that he who accepts this odious part is liable to retain the name through life.

—Boston Post.

CUT THIS OUT—IT IS WORTH MONEY.

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.—adv.

Eugenie Invented the Crinoline.

Among the late Empress Eugenie's numerous claims to fame not the least interesting was her invention of the crinoline skirt, which she is said to have been the first to devise and wear a few months before the birth of the Prince Imperial.

WRIGLEYS

The children love Wrigley's—and it's good for them.

Made under conditions of absolute cleanliness and brought to them in Wrigley's sealed sanitary package.

Satisfies the craving for sweets, aids digestion, sweetens breath, allays thirst and helps keep teeth clean.

Costs little, benefits much.

Still 5¢ Everywhere

THE FLAVOR LASTS

A-153



Presbyterian Church Notes
Rev. John Duncan, Pastor

Sunday, Nov. 28, 1920.
10:00 a. m.—"The Present Crisis."
11:15—Every Man's Bible Class. Subj. Who is Jesus Christ. Leader, R. O. Blabee.
11:15—Sunday School.
6:00 p. m.—Y. P. S. C. E.
7:00 p. m.—"The Sealed Secret of the Soul."

First Methodist Episcopal Church
Rev. Thomas Marshall, Pastor.

"The Church where your welcome never wears out."
Sunday, Nov. 28, 1920.
10:00 a. m.—"The Slowness of God."
11:15—Sunday School.
3:00 p. m.—Junior Church.
7:00 p. m.—"Do Children Belong To The Devil?" Orchestra leads the singing at this service.

"The church is not a refrigerator for preserving perishable piety. It is a dynamo for charging human wills, the business of the church is not to furnish hammocks for the lazy. It is rather to offer well fitting yokes for drawing life's loads."

"The church of tomorrow will not be less religious, but more practical, not less testimony but more working. The church of this new day will be less academic, and more human, therefore more divine." Frank Fitchet.

The church has sounded the morbid note too long, there has been an absence of the heroic note.

There will be no church of tomorrow unless we hold and train the boys and girls of today.

Wine improves with age and yet it "kicks" more with age.

Church of God.
P. M. Burgess, Pastor.

Hours of services:
Sunday School—10:00 a. m.
Preaching at 11:00 a. m.
Evening service at 7:30 p. m.
Prayer meeting every Wednesday evening at 7:30.

Welcome to our services.
Mr. and Mrs. P. M. Burgess, Pastors.

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

Masses on 1st and 3rd Sunday of each month at 8:00 and High Mass at 10:00.
Mass on 2nd Sunday of each month at 8:00 o'clock.
High Mass on 4th Sunday of each month at 10:00.

On 5th Sundays Masses at 8:00 and 10:00.
Masses on Holy days and Devotions will be announced.

St. John's Church.
Bohemian Settlement.

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

Latter Day Saints Church.
L. Dudley, Pastor.

Sunday, Nov. 28, 1920.
10:00 a. m.—Sunday School
11:00 a. m.—Prayer Meeting.
7:30 p. m.—Preaching.
Wednesday—
7:00 p. m.—Prayer Meeting.
Friday—
7:00 p. m.—Religio.

At twenty he thinks there is only one girl in all the world, but if he lives to be thirty he knows there are millions of 'em.

The Old Knocker Knocks.
In every small town there is a tough old backslider who likes to point with pride to the fact that Tommy Brown, who was the worst boy in town, is now a preacher; and that Willie Green, who was the best boy in Sunday school, is now in the pen.—North Powder (Ore.) News.

REAL THRILL IN 20,000 FOOT DROP

Lieut. A. C. Hamilton Breaks All Records for Parachute Leap From Airplane.

TAKES LIFE IN HIS HANDS

Through Miles of Cloud Floors to the Earth Hanging to a Parachute—None the Worse for His Harrowing Experience.

New York.—All records for parachute drops went to smash at Carlstrom field when Lieut. A. G. Hamilton fell 20,000 feet through space in the quick time of 12 minutes, bettering by at least a thousand feet the record for altitude made by Lieut. Wilson in Texas. It might be noted, says Air Service news letter, that Lieut. Hamilton jumped; his method of leaving the plane was not a "drag off." Hamilton, who has had quite a little experience with parachutes, had remarked upon hearing of the previously established record that he thought he could better it and last Friday the attempt was made. He went aloft in a La Pere piloted by Lieut. P. H. Downes. Downes pushed on until an altitude just short of 21,000 feet had been reached when a miss in the motor made it impossible to continue higher. At four miles above the earth the air was hitting cold.

Circling about for a glimpse of earth through rifts in the cloud floors, the aviators described what they deducted to be Dorr field, nine miles east of Carlstrom field. Judging the speed of the wind and its effect on the chute during the drop, Lieut. Downes moved west some two miles and signaled for Lieut. Hamilton to jump.

The Parachute.
Right here mention might be made of a circumstance which puts an added thrill into parachuting at high altitudes and lends interest to the establishment of a new record. The parachute used by aviators is folded snugly inside a pack carried on the back. The operator steps off, allows himself a couple of seconds to fall clear of his machine, then pulls a wire depending over his shoulder. This wire opens the spring doors of the pack and releases a small pilot chute some couple of feet in diameter. This pilot springs open automatically and catching the rush of air, draws the main chute from the pack. In the top of the main chute is an automatic vent which, opening to a width of five feet when the big parasol first unfolds, gives the air compressed within a chance to escape and lessens the danger of blowing the chute apart. When the fall has been checked rubber springs or shock-absorbers in the vent close it in until but a small hole remains. At the atmosphere pressure wherein most parachute drops from ordinary altitudes are made the speed attained by the operator in his couple of seconds fall is sufficient to create enough pressure under the pilot chute to cause it when released to yank the big one at once from its pack. Usually the operator is descending at normal speed after falling less than 200 feet.

Through Space.
Upon receiving his pilot's signal, Hamilton climbed to the edge of the cockpit, waved his hand and dropped into space. After the usual interval he pulled his release cord but instead of having his drop immediately checked, he fell a distance which was estimated by both him and Lieut. Downes to be 2,000 feet before his parachute snapped out and opened with a loud report. Looking aloft he saw that the springs which close the vent were broken. The chute is of a size designed to enable a man to reach the ground as quickly as is consistent with safety in landing and the shock upon touching earth is always severe. With the vent wide open the best Hamilton could hope for was a few broken bones.

To add to his dismay he found upon piercing the lowest layer of clouds that Carlstrom field had been mistaken for Dorr and that instead of drifting toward the former he was due to land in the timber between there and the town of Arcadia, with good prospects of serious injury to himself. Almost below him he discerned the outlines of Joshua creek and to prevent his drifting past this he devoted all his energies. Climbing the rigging to windward he managed to pull the edge down and created a planing effect which held him pretty well into the wind. By the best of luck he dropped between the overhanging branches on either side of the creek and was saved a crash against its bed by the cushioning action of the parachute, which had become entangled in the branches of the tree. It took him a quarter of an hour to extricate himself from a mass of tangled cordage and two hours for a searching party to discover him none the worse for a somewhat harrowing experience.

White Salmon Found.
Ottawa, Canada.—Two specimens of albino spring salmon, weighing 1 1/2 pounds have been received from the Department of Marine Hatcheries at Cowichan lake, Vancouver. About 180 albino fish, almost pure white in color, have been produced from colored eggs collected in October, 1916. Experiments are being carried out to ascertain whether these fish will reproduce without going to sea.

HOME TOWN HELPS

PAINT IS GOOD INVESTMENT

Apart From Appearance, It Actually Adds to the Value of the House and Barn.

A prominent banker makes the statement that he is influenced in lending money to people by the appearance of their property. If their houses, barns and other buildings are painted as often as necessary in order to give them a spick-and-span appearance, he feels that they are a better risk than those who do not paint their buildings and let them go to rack and ruin through neglect.

It is a condition in almost all mortgages on buildings that the buildings shall be insured, for the protection of the lender against fire. Some lenders make the stipulation also that the buildings shall be kept painted at regular intervals. This is a wise precaution, as a building can deteriorate from lack of paint so as to lose a large part of its value in a few years. In a way, paint is also fire protection, since it is the slow combustion of the oxygen and other elements in the air that causes the decay of building material.

Besides, if for any reason it is desired to sell a property, the prospective purchaser can easily be induced to pay a higher price for a well-painted house than for a shabby one. A good buyer looking over a shabby property is quick to assume that the owner is bankrupt or badly in need of money if his property has a rundown appearance and makes his offer accordingly. If it is neatly painted, however, he assumes that the owner is prosperous and hesitates to make an under-value bid. In short, in case of a sale, a coat of paint will bring a price enough higher than could be obtained for an unpainted building to more than cover the cost of painting.

Therefore, any way we look at it, paint is a good investment for a property owner.

PLANT NUT-BEARING TREES.

How Half-Barren Acres and Road-sides Can Be Turned into a Source of Revenue.

There is a county in England where all the roadsides have been planted to damson plums, which have not only made the landscape more beautiful, but furnished many tons of plums that were picked half ripe for the manufacture of dyes that became scarce owing to the war.

If such a movement as this had been taken in this country in the planting of nut trees in former years, our roadsides would be more beautiful, the country more healthful, the farmer more independent, having these crops that require little labor and that could be marketed at leisure. Our soldiers might have had sealed cartons of nut meats included in their rations on the European battle fronts that would have been very acceptable as food and have added little weight to their packs. Unfortunately the tree has not been much used as yet for crops yielding staple food in places where men till the soil. They begin with crops which return annual results in exchange for labor. Now that the crops from annual plants are becoming smaller every year in proportion to the increased number of inhabitants, men will set great trees at work upon millions of half barren acres. These trees will return a larger crop for less labor than would be required for annual plant crops. People have not found it out as yet.—Pittsburgh Dispatch.

Tree Screen Routed Billboard.

The planting of a tree screen is a way of suppressing billboards that has been tried with success on one boulevard in Boston. Directly across the way from a dignified hotel that specializes largely in long-term guests, a huge boarding was erected some ten years ago. It was built to last 25 years, with oak posts and sheet-iron paneling. The hotel proprietor obtained permission from the city to set out in front of the billboard lot a row of good-sized young poplars. Now the proprietor of the billboard has removed his ugly structure to another place, where it will be seen and, in his opinion, do him some good. What a public benefactor is the gentleman who made eight graceful trees to flourish where once a blatant billboard made desolate the view!—Christian Science Monitor.

Cultivate Responsibility.

No able-bodied child, no matter what the station in life, should be allowed to grow up without a chance to develop a sense of responsibility for individual support. The backyard garden, the school and the vacant lot garden offer the child and a few others, this chance. Emphasis upon this phase of gardening will not be misplaced by the schools, the association or individual homes.—Kansas City Times.

Good Citizen Is Handicapped.

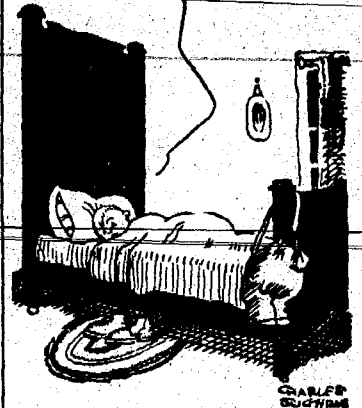
So long as there is a neighbor who cultivates thistles, dandelions, etc., in his fields or lawn, it is well-nigh impossible for the careful, industrious neighbor to secure the freedom he pays for by his own care. Parents have a right to insist that their children be not contaminated by a careless neighbor's children.

CHARLEVOIX CO. HERALD
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MICKIE SAYS

OH YOU OH YOU! IN ALL MY LIFE I CAN'T REMEMBER LOOKING OVER THE STOCK OF ENVELOPES IN PAPER STATEMENTS IN ORDER WHAT THEY'RE GOING TO NEED INSTEAD OF WAITING UNTIL THEY'RE ALL OUT IN THEM RUBBING THEM POOR PRINTERS IN POOR OLD MICKIE T' PIECES 'EM. OH, OH! 'S A CROOL CU' WORLD!



You wouldn't fish without bait—why wish without work?

The worst thing about the man who takes up your time telling his troubles is that he gives you no chance to tell your own.

When a woman becomes ill the first thing she thinks of is sending for a doctor, but a man always hunts a drug store.

If you see good in everybody nearly everybody will see good in you.

Who remembers when every home that was one had a hitching rack at the curb?

Sometimes I think homes were created in order that humble men may have some place in which to be kings.

In spite of prohibition a "tightwad" still remains "tight."

Marriage is a great leveler. It levels a suitable income for one to an unsuitable income for two.

Nobody can disgrace you but yourself.

Peoples' Wants

MUNNIMAKERS

Notices of Lost, Wanted, For Sale, For Rent, etc., in this column is 25 cents for one insertion for 25 words or less. Initials count as one word and compound words count as two words. Above this number of words a charge of one cent a word will be made for the first insertion and one-half cent for subsequent insertions, with a minimum charge of 15 cents.

Lost and Found

LOST—A black driver's mitten somewhere on our streets, Saturday night. Will finder kindly return to C. H. McKinnon.

For Sale—Real Estate

FOR SALE—Six-room Dwelling on Fifth Street, one-half block north of high school. C. A. WALTER, East Jordan. 46ft.

FOR SALE—My residence on North Main st. For terms inquire of HARRY CURKENDALL, Harbor Springs, Mich. 45 ft.

FOR SALE—House with all modern improvements. MRS. CATHERINE WALSH, East Jordan. 46x2

For Sale—Miscellaneous

FOR SERVICE—Registered Hampshire BOAR, HERBERT CHORPENING, East Jordan, Route 4, Phone 184-21. 48t. f.

Bring Your Laundry Work to Monroe Segar Store.—Agency for Petoskey Laundry. 13

Cause of Fatigue.

A man who has made a study of the causes of fatigue declared that people get tired not because the work involves muscular effort, but because they remain in one position all day. Thus the woman who has to be on her feet at housework all day is tired—but not more so than the office woman who has to sit at a desk all day. It is the confining position without change or relaxation that makes fatigue more than laborious effort.

"YOUR MEDICINE IS O. K."

Mrs. Chas. Rule, New Diggins, Wis., writes: "Your medicine is O. K. I would never be without it." Foley's Honey and Tar acts quickly, checks colds, coughs and croup, cuts the phlegm, opens air passages and allays irritation. It stops sleep-disturbing coughing a night. Contains no opiates. Hite's Drug Store. adv.

An Appeal

To the Republicans of the Country and All Those Who Aided Them:

The Republican success in the 1920 election has been commensurate with the quality of our candidates and the righteousness of our cause.

This success is the partnership accomplishment of all Republicans everywhere and of hundreds of thousands of well-wishers of good government regardless of past party affiliations.

To all of these we now appeal, because it is the mutual responsibility of us all who will share alike in the consequent mutual benefit of good government.

The plan of limiting campaign contributions to \$1,000, adopted by your national organization, has left your party unmortgaged.

It has been a most advanced step in placing the business of politics on the highest plane, and has brought an interest on the part of thousands who never before have been concerned with politics.

Some weeks before election it was apparent that the expenses provided for in our budget, with the strictest economy, would exceed the contributions, but we were unwilling either to leave undone any legitimate effort essential to complete success or to change the method of raising money. We were then sure and we are now sure that every Republican desires that the expenses of the campaign be distributed in this manner.

Your presidential campaign this year cost no more than that of 1916, when a dollar went nearly twice as far as it does today.

Four years ago the bulk of the campaign fund came from 750 contributors, while this year the approximately \$2,000,000 contributed to date for the presidential election has come from 50,000 givers.

The victory won, the raising of the deficit would be easy, indeed, if your committee were willing to abandon the policy of keeping down the average of contribution. This we are determined not to do. It was a fight of all the people. The result speaks for itself. It lifted a burden from the minds of millions and points the way to better and happier days. We ask now for that additional help from all which is merited both by the successful conclusion of the effort and by the consequent contribution to the welfare of all of our people and the glory of the nation.

Let us now have help from every American who is grateful for the victory and all that it means to the country. It might well be in the nature of a thanksgiving offering for the return to a certainly safe, sane, constitutional progressive government.

Let us by general and generous giving put the seal of approval upon the policy of putting a national administration in power free from any possible embarrassment of special obligation to any man, men or group of men. Let us make the contribution, whether large or small, and whether or not we have heretofore given, commensurate with our means and our appreciation, always within the maximum limit heretofore fixed.

Let us get our names on the cornerstone of a sturdier political structure, upon the roll of those who have helped make possible a campaign of which, in methods and result, we may as Republicans and patriots be justly proud.

Most earnestly we urge that this aid be given quickly, that your committee may be enabled to discharge the party's obligations and turn to further constructive work in behalf of party and country.

REPUBLICAN NATIONAL COMMITTEE,
Will H. Hays, Chairman.

Checks should be made payable to Fred W. Upham, Treasurer, or James G. Blaine, Jr., Eastern Treasurer, and sent to the Committee's Office, 19 West 46th Street, New York City, N. Y.

Watch for

A PRICE LOWERING

At this store during the month of December. Substantial price reductions will be made in our Clothing and Dry Goods departments.

Come in and let us show you some real bargains.

East Jordan Lumber Co

Briefs of the Week

Frank Wilson is here from Flint for a visit with friends.

Mrs. Bertha Hockstad went to Grand Rapids Wednesday.

Floyd Morgan left Tuesday for Federal Dam, Minn.

Mrs. Thos. Trimble spent the week end at Traverse City.

C. C. Boggs returned to Alden Tuesday, after a visit here.

A. LaForest returned Saturday from a visit at Traverse City.

Roderick Davis left Friday for Owosso, where he has employment.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Emmons and children left Tuesday for Detroit.

Miss Marian Pickard is visiting friends at Traverse City this week.

Mrs. J. A. Nickless left Friday for a visit at Standish, Flint and Detroit.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Zoulek are visiting relatives at Suttons Bay this week.

Mr and Mrs. Ed. Mayes left Friday for Munising, where they will make their home.

Mrs. Wilbur Spidle and daughter, Florence, visited relatives at Traverse City this week.

Presbyterian Ladies Aid will serve their annual chicken pie supper at the Armory December 2nd.

Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Whittington left Wednesday for Kalamazoo to visit their son, Frank and family.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. St. Charles and son, Ernie, left Monday for a visit with relatives at Provemont.

Mrs. Mary Olean of Manistee was guest at the home of Mr. and Mrs. James Cihak this week.

Floyd Mathers, young Boyne City lad, had one arm and side badly scalded when he fell into a bucket of hot water which the mother intended to use in scrubbing the kitchen.

Mrs. Piester of the S. & H. Green Stamp Co. will be at the East Jordan Lumber Co. Store next Wednesday, Dec. 1st, to redeem coupons. Bring them in on that day. adv.

Bert Johnson returned home last Friday from a three-months course of study at a pharmaceutical school at Sandusky, Mich., and has resumed his work at the Hite Drug Store.

Two men arrested by Sheriff Weaver as suspects in the robbery of Burt Kelley, Traverse City salesman, near Charlevoix, have been released from jail at Charlevoix, Kelly having failed to identify them as the robbers.

Married, Thursday, November 11th, by Rev. Clark at Ellsworth, Miss Faye Wagner, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Wagner, of this city, and Mr. George Light, formerly of East Jordan, but some months employed by the Northern Auto Company here. After spending a few days visiting friends at Norwood, the young couple returned to Charlevoix Sunday, and will make their home here.—Charlevoix Sentinel.

The Herald is in receipt of a letter from Archie McArthur which conveys the sad information of the death of his brother, Lawrence McArthur—a well-known former East Jordan resident. Lawrence was in the employ of the United States Shipping Board and became ill with typhoid fever. He was taken from his boat at Alexander and placed in the hospital at Washington where he passed away Oct. 20th.

Miss Edna Palmer left Saturday for Lansing.

Frank Rewell returned to Traverse City Saturday.

Raymond Hockstad was a Traverse City visitor this week.

Mrs. John Howell returned to Detroit, Saturday, after a visit here.

Thurlow Palmer was at Bay City on business first of the week.

Miss Louise Brennan left Monday for a visit at Michigan City, Ind.

Miss Janet Sarasin of Elk Rapids is guest of Miss Margaret Supernaw.

Mr. and Mrs. Eskie Skaggs and children are Mancelona visitors this week.

Hans Johnson of Elk Rapids visited his brother, Julius Johnson, this week.

John Hawley went to Petoskey, Monday, to take treatment at a hospital there.

Mrs. E. C. Loomis and daughter, Miss Madge, left Monday for a visit at South Haven.

Duncan McColeman left Saturday for a two weeks' visit with his sister at Sterling.

Mr. and Mrs. Earl Sheehy returned to Muskegon, Tuesday, after a two months visit here.

E. Hawley left Monday for his home at Garnett, Kansas after a visit here with his brother, John Hawley.

W. M. Moore returned to Lansing, Monday, after a week's visit here at the home of his brother, James Moore.

Mrs. Lawrence Jenson returned to Detroit Monday, after a visit with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Burdette Evans.

Mrs. Donald McKay with children left Monday for Deerton, where she will join her husband and make their home.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Hanes returned to Detroit, Monday, after a two weeks' visit at the home of the latter's sister, Mrs. Guy LaValley.

Mrs. Leonard Dudley and son, Gerald left Tuesday for a visit at Lansing. Miss Wanda Brintnall accompanied them to Lansing, where she will visit her grandparents.

The Steamer Bensen, on which Mr. and Mrs. Archie McArthur have been sailing the past season, has been laid up, and they expect to be home for the winter months in the near future.

Mancelona women are campaigning for the appointment of Mrs. H. B. Street, deputy postmistress, as postmistress when the matter comes up for consideration. Mrs. Street has had charge since the death of Postmaster Belding.

Approximately \$4,000,000 in federal income taxes must be collected by Collector of Internal Revenue E. J. Doyle's force in western Michigan before Dec. 15. The last quarterly installment of income taxes for 1919 falls due at that time. Nearly 7,500 notices have been sent to individuals and corporations in this district notifying them of the time limit on collections.

Mrs. C. E. Miller arrived home from Goshen, Ind., Saturday night with Robert Johnson, colored, who escaped from the Emmet county jail some days ago in company with George Near. The men sawed a bar from one of the outside windows. When captured it was found that the colored man had a dislocated shoulder and officers believe he received the injury in being pulled through the small window of the jail. Johnson was captured in the negro resident district of Elkhart, and when taken denied that he had ever been in Northern Michigan. When confronted by Sheriff Miller, however, he admitted he was the man wanted.—Petoskey News.

In the next thirty days 250 new soldiers each day will be moving on San Antonio, Texas. The famous Second division, the Hun-hunting "Indian Heads," of France and Germany, now stationed at Camp Travis, near that winter resort, is to be recruited up to full strength. Record-breaking figures are already in sight. For the first ten days of November there have been 7,310 recruits accepted for the army, a number unheard of in peace time hitherto. "Until the strength of 11,000 has been reached, all men available for general assignment will be sent to the Second division," is the gist of a telegraphic order sent out by Major General P. C. Harris, the adjutant general of the army.

Walter Stanke went to Detroit, Tuesday.

Lewis Young went to Holton, Tuesday, for a visit.

Miss Anna Berg is home from Petoskey this week.

Miss Gertrude Hockstad is visiting friends at Flint.

Mrs. George Ward left Tuesday for a visit at Lansing.

Miss Hermina DeWitt left Tuesday for a visit at Holton.

Mrs. E. Covert returned Monday from a visit at Elk Rapids.

For Piano and Organ Work, phone 122, East Jordan. adv.

Mr. and Mrs. E. E. Hartman arrived here Tuesday from Chicago.

Mr and Mrs. Shirl Thayer moved here this week from Bellaire.

Mrs. R. A. Brintnall is at Bellaire and Charlevoix this week on business.

Mrs. W. E. Parmelee of Charlevoix visited her husband here over Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Marshall Sheehy left Tuesday for a visit with relatives at Muskegon.

Mrs. Jerry Deshane and son, Thomas left Tuesday for a visit with relatives at Altona.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Hoffman left this week for their new home in Denver, Colorado.

Merle Jones is home from Flint for a visit with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Newton Jones.

Miss Ida Kaley of Suttons Bay is here visiting at the homes of her brothers, Otto and Ed. Kaley.

Photos taken at the Boswell Studio every Saturday. Findlay & Catlin, Photographers. adv.

Miss Augusta Schappella of Philadelphia is visiting at the home of Mr. and Mrs. A. R. VanHusen.

Mrs. Kenneth Ward and son returned to Lansing Tuesday after a visit with Mr. and Mrs. George Ward.

The Presbyterian-Ladies Aid Society will meet at the home of Mrs. Joseph Ekstrom next Friday, Dec. 3rd.

Mr. and Mrs. George Coon and children came Monday from Sandusky, Ohio, and will make their home here.

Mr. and Mrs. C. K. Brace and Miss Gertrude, St. John arrived Monday from Detroit and will make their home here again.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Wauchek returned to Bangor, Tuesday, after a three weeks' visit with Mr. and Mrs. H. Graff.

Mrs. C. L. Arnold and children returned to her home at Bates, Monday, after a visit with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. B. E. Waterman.

Mrs. Piester of the S. & H. Green Stamp Co. will be at the East Jordan Lumber Co. Store next Wednesday, Dec. 1st, to redeem coupons. Bring them in on that day. adv.

Levering residents report they were forced to almost take to their cellars during the present week. Hunters in the woods adjacent to the village firing at deer oftentimes sent bullets into the town.

Mistaking cattle for deer and mistaking hunters for deer have been reported this season, but the first case of mistaking a horse for a deer is reported from Rudyard, upper peninsula, where Leonard McDowell lost a horse valued at \$250. McDowell believes some hunter was "shining" deer and mistook the horse for his game.

For a long time a Methodist Sunday school in Brazil, Ind., claimed to be the largest Sunday school in the world. At the present time the title of the largest Sunday-school in the world is claimed by the Baptists of Ft. Worth, Tex. A Disciples school in the Christian church Canton, O., has challenged the Ft. Worth school to a contest for a year to determine which is the largest.

"Is This the Mighty Ocean?" In his autobiography, James G. Huneker, the critic, says of his first view of the ocean: "When I saw the sea it was as flat as a temperance lecture. I was disappointed because of its wet monotony. I quoted LaFontaine to help me out: 'Is this the mighty ocean?—Is this all? Like the girl in the Stendhal novel, who found love insipid, I felt, like asking: 'Is that all?'—'Steeplejack,' by James Gibbons Huneker.

Worth the Labor Involved. In the old days, the Ceratopsian, or horned quadruped dinosaur, provisionally named the Eo ceratops, roamed the Red Deer valley, in Alberta Canada, and at Steepleville, 125 miles southeast of Calgary, W. E. Cutler excavated a fine ossified specimen of this huge creature. One side is almost intact. Mr. Cutler had to cut through twelve feet of rock to clear away the skeleton. He had been excavating on this one specimen for eight months.

Hope Deferred. There is in despair sometimes an energetic force which is quite as available as the stimulus which hope gives, and Alden Hotcroft amid the ruins of his fancies was by no means disposed to sit down in a listless acquiescence in the inevitable. He had deluded himself with the notion that he had built a nest and the bird would fly to it, when he found his bird was a bird-of-paradise, that made its nest in the clouds, if anywhere.—Horace Scudder.

Clifford LaChair went to Grayling, Friday.

Miss Iva Dewey went to Charlevoix, Friday.

Wm. Oliver and family are moving to Bellaire this week.

Vern Bamber left Friday on a business trip to Saginaw.

Mrs. Louise Bergman was a Charlevoix visitor this week.

Ragnar Olson was home over Thanksgiving from Grand Haven.

Miss Ada Hobbs is spending the week end with friends at Grayling.

Mrs. Frank Kidder returned Wednesday from a visit at Elwood, Ind.

Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Foster spent Thanksgiving with her parents at Bellaire.

Mrs. C. L. Lorraine left Friday to spend the winter with her daughter at Flint.

Miss Elizabeth Kline of Gaylord was here this week guest of Miss Gladys Stokes.

Mrs. Woodcock of Kalkaska is here visiting her sons, Frank and Walter Woodcock.

Misses Dorothy Campbell and Alice Austin are spending the week end at West Branch.

Miss Gladys Holton of Bellaire was here this week visiting her sister, Mrs. Thos. St. Charles.

The Improvement Club will meet with Mrs. W. P. Porter, next Tuesday evening Nov. 30th.

Mrs. Dan McDonald returned to Central Lake, Friday, after a visit with her son, R. T. McDonald.

Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Higby and children, and Mrs. A. J. Higby are Central Lake visitors this week.

Joseph Weiler and family have returned from Flint and are again located on their farm near here.

George Anderson and daughter, Miss Dorothy, are visiting at South Boardman and Traverse City this week.

Mr. and Mrs. F. Edwards returned to Reed City, Friday, after a visit with their daughter, Mrs. J. E. Secord.

Why not plan on a sitting next Saturday at the Boswell Studio. Findlay & Catlin, Photographers. adv.

A surprise party was given Mrs. C. L. Lorraine Monday afternoon at the home of her daughter, Mrs. John Burney.

Mrs. Perry Snooks and children returned to Manistee, Friday, after a visit with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Walter Hunsberger.

Diphtheria is reported prevalent in Cheboygan city and county with one death. Other points also report diphtheria with some cases in the farming districts.

W. J. Gilchrist, Mancelona had a part of his left hand shot away when a shotgun he was placing in a wagon preparatory to going hunting, was accidentally discharged.

George White, Boyne City, pleaded guilty to a charge of pointing a gun at Levi Arnold and threatening to shoot. Booze caused a big disturbance among the Pole population at a Boyne Falls lumber camp and many threats were made. One man was taken in tow by Sheriff Weaver, who quieted the gang.

Really Nothing New. In Java is the great temple of Borobodoer, temple of the many Buddhas, which was unearthed some years ago, and is known to have been built in the fifth century, and right near it is the lesser temple of Mendoot. Further north, in the Caroline Islands, are the ruins of an ancient city whose streets were waterways just as those of Venice are today. So when visits are made to these virgin islands and one feels almost like a discoverer of new lands it is well to remember that there is nothing new, even under the tropical sun.—Exchange.

Special communication of East Jordan Lodge No. 379 F. & A. M. Saturday evening Dec. 4th. Past masters will exemplify the M. M. degree.



It Burns Cheapest Fuels without Clinking

Cheap stove coal, by means of the double hood-blast draft in this Round Oak Double Burner, burns perfectly, and disappears. You can use wood, cobs, slack, hard or soft coal equally well in it. The cone-center grate prevents the formation of clinkers. Even the blackest coals in the smoke is all burned up—the smoke can be seen to turn white and disappear. Buy this stove and order one-third less fuel for the season.

ROUND OAK DOUBLE BURNER

It is the part of wisdom to buy your stove now. Conditions over which we exercise no control are causing a great scarcity. Late comers may find it impossible to get a good stove at any price, this season.

STROEBEL BROS.

The Point of View

The trail of Boyland Lies through the fields Of imagination, not As some old-time educators Seem to think, through The wilderness of "tests" And "examinations"— Abominable words. You can pound false education Into a child, But cannot make him think.

Protects Eyes. To protect the eyes from an electric light without interfering with the illumination in other directions, a metal shade, to be attached to a lamp with a wire spring, has been patented.

NOT WORKING BUT TIRED OUT

When one feels always tired without working, or suffers from backache, lumbago, rheumatic pains, sore muscles or stiff joints, it is not always easy to locate the source of trouble, but very frequently it can be traced to overworked, weakened or diseased kidneys. Foley Kidney Pills relieve. Hite's Drug Store. adv.

A Useful Xmas Gift

Is appreciated the whole year round.

You can select a useful gift for any member of the family from our well stocked store.

We invite you to call.

Bamber AND Watson

FURNITURE DEALERS

R. G. WATSON Funeral Director Service Motor Hearse Phone 66

EAST JORDAN—"LET'S GO."

ENGRAVED CHRISTMAS GREETING CARDS

The custom of mailing Christmas Greeting Cards is growing in popularity year by year and we have prepared for this demand by obtaining the most complete line of samples we have ever shown.

Many cards have blank spaces for the imprint of an individual greeting sentiment, or the sender's name, although there is a growing tendency to write the names, thereby adding a personal touch to the card.

At the present time the line offers a varied selection in style and price, but as our practice is not to sell any number to more than one person, the selections will become more limited later on. For this reason, we urge that all orders be placed with us before Nov. 30th, so that disappointments may be avoided.

CHARLEVOIX CO. HERALD

HOME TOWN HELPS

FOR "THE CITY BEAUTIFUL"

Writer Has Some Things to Say Which Should Appeal to All Lovers of Their Town.

In an interesting article in the Ladies' Home Journal recently Jane Leslie Kiff made the following pertinent remarks:

"The number of hopelessly shabby little towns is appalling. Almost every town, be it large or small, has a woman's club, and the women of these organizations set the standards, and the rest of the community make a more or less successful effort to live up to them. So it is to the club women of America that I make the appeal that they exert every effort to further 'The City Beautiful' movement.

"The word 'city' is used in its broadest sense and embraces all towns, irrespective of their acres or the number of their inhabitants. Each community has its own problems that must be worked out along individual lines, and this thought has been kept in mind when the plan presented on this page was made. While it is definite, it is sufficiently elastic to admit of the necessary changes to make it adaptable to any community.

"All clubs, such as new century and civic clubs, have a garden committee. This committee should be given the work of managing the campaign for 'The City Beautiful'; and the remainder of the club should lend their whole-hearted support. The size of the committee is not of paramount importance, but a committee of twelve makes a good working number. Too many members cause confusion, and too few means that some will be overlooked."

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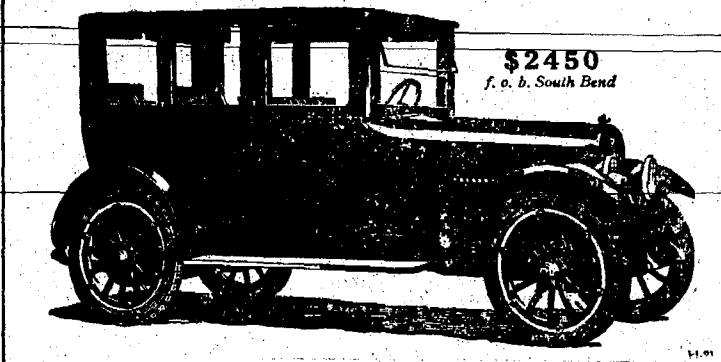
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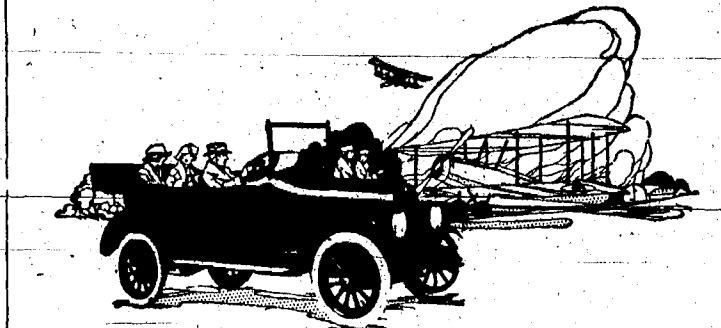
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HOME TOWN HELPS



FOR "THE CITY BEAUTIFUL"

Writer Has Some Things to Say Which Should Appeal to All Lovers of Their Town.

In an interesting article in the Ladies' Home Journal recently Jane Leslie Kift made the following pertinent remarks:

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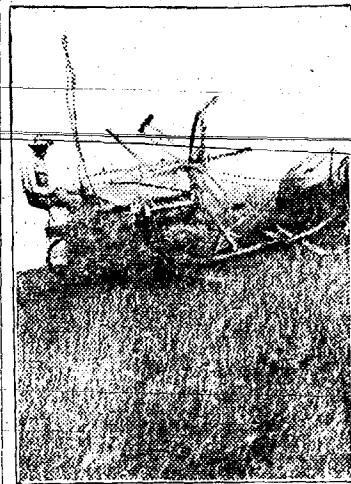
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The Voice of the Pack

BY EDISON MARSHALL

(Copyright, 1920, Little, Brown & Company)

(Continued from Page Three)

CHAPTER II.

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Time was when Linkville was one of the principal towns of Oregon. Dan remembered the place because some of the time-yellowed letters his grandfather had sent him had been mailed at a town that bore this name. But he couldn't find Linkville on the map.



He Couldn't Find Linkville on the Map.

Later he was to know the reason—that the town, half-way between the sage plains and the mountains, had prospered and changed its name. He remembered that it was located on one of those great fresh-water lakes of southern Oregon; so, giving up that search, he began to look for lakes. He found them in plenty—vast, unmeasured lakes that seemed to be distributed without reason or sense over the whole southern end of the state. Near the Klamath lakes, seemingly the most imposing of all the fresh-water lakes that the map revealed, he found a city named Klamath Falls. He put the name down in his notebook.

The map showed a particularly high, far-spreading range of mountains due west of the city. Of course they were the Cascades; the map said so very plainly. Then Dan knew he was getting home. His grandfather had lived and trapped and died in these same wooded hills. Finally he located and recorded the name of the largest city on the main railroad line that was adjacent to the Cascades.

The preparation for his departure took many days. He read many books on flora and fauna. He bought sporting equipment. Knowing the usual ratio between the respective pleasures of anticipation and realization, he did not hurry himself at all. And one midnight he boarded a west-bound train.

He sat for a long time in the vestibule of the sleeping car, thinking in anticipation of this final adventure of his life. He was rather tremulous and exultant as he sank down into his berth.

He saw to it that at least a measure of preparation was made for his coming. That night a long wire went out to the Chamber of Commerce of one of the larger southern Oregon cities. In it, he told the date of his arrival and asked certain directions. He wanted to know the name of some mountain rancher where possibly he might find board and room for the remainder of the summer and the fall. The further back from the paths of men, he wrote, the greater would be his pleasure. And he signed the wire with his full name: Dan Felling, with a Henry in the middle, and a "III" at the end.

He usually didn't sign his name in quite this manner. The people of Gitcheepolis did not have particularly vivid memories of Dan's grandfather. But it might be that a legend of the gray, straight frontiersman who was his ancestor had still survived in these remote Oregon wilds. The use of the full name would do no harm. Instead of hurting, it was a positive inspiration. The Chamber of Com-

merce of the busy little Oregon city was not usually exceptionally interested in stray hunters that wanted a boarding place for the summer. Its business was finding country homes for orchardists in the pleasant river valleys. But it happened that the recipient of the wire was one of the older residents, a frontiersman himself, and it was one of the traditions of the Old West that friendships were not soon forgotten. Dan Felling I had been a legend in the old trapping and shooting days when this man was young. So it came about that when Dan's train stopped at Cheyenne, he found a telegram waiting him:

"Any relation to Dan Felling of the Umpqua divide?"

Dan had never heard of the Umpqua divide, but he couldn't doubt but that the sender of the wire referred to his grandfather. He wired in the affirmative. The head of the Chamber of Commerce received the wire, read it, thrust it into his desk, and in the face of a really important piece of business proceeded to forget all about it. Thus it came about that, except for one thing, Dan Felling would have probably stepped off the train at his destination wholly unheralded and unmet. The one thing that changed his destiny was that at a meeting of a certain widely known fraternal order the next night, the Chamber of Commerce crossed trails with the frontier in the person of another old resident who had his home in the farthest reaches of the Umpqua divide. The latter asked the former to come up for a few days' shooting—the deer being fatter and more numerous than any previous season since the days of the grizzlies.

"Too busy, I'm afraid," the Chamber of Commerce had replied. "But Lennox—that reminds me. Do you remember old Dan Felling?"

Lennox probed back into the years for a single instant, straightened out all the kinks of his memory in less time than the wind straightens out the folds of a flag, and turned a most interested face. "Remember him!" he exclaimed. "I should say I do." The middle-aged man half-closed his piercing, gray eyes.

"Listen, Steele," he said, "I saw Dan Felling make a bet once. I was just a kid, but I wake up in my sleep to marvel at it. We had a full long glimpse of a black-tall bounding up a long slope. It was just a spike-buck, and Dan Felling said he could take the left-hand spike off with one shot from his old Sharpe's. Three of us bet him—the whole thing to less than two seconds. With the next shot, he'd get the deer. He won the bet, and now if I ever forget Dan Felling, I want to die."

"You're just the man I'm looking for, then. You're not going out till the day after tomorrow?"

"No."

"On the limited, hitting here tomorrow morning, there's a grandson of Dan Felling. His name is Dan Felling, too, and he wants to go up to your place to hunt. Stay all summer and pay board."

Lennox's eyes said that he couldn't believe it was true. After a while his tongue spoke, too. "Good Lord," he said. "I used to follow Dan around—like old Shag, before he died, followed Snowbird. Of course he can come. But he can't pay board."

It was rather characteristic of the mountain men—that the grandson of Dan Felling couldn't possibly pay board. But Steele knew the ways of cities and of men, and he only smiled. "He won't come, then," he explained. "Anyway, have that out with him at the end of his stay. He wants fishing, and you've got that in the North fork. Moreover, you're a thousand miles back—"

"Only one hundred, if you must know. But Steele—do you suppose he's the man his grandfather was before him—that all the Fallings have been since the first days of the Oregon trail? If he is—well, my hat's off to him before he steps off the train."

The mountaineer's bronzed face was earnest and intent in the bright lights of the club. Steele thought he had known his breed. Now he began to have doubts of his own knowledge. "He won't be; don't count on it," he said humbly. "The Fallings have done much for this region, and I'm glad enough to do a little to pay it back, but don't count much on this eastern boy. He's lived in cities; besides, he's a sick man. He said so in his wire. You ought to know it before you take him in."

The bronzed face changed; possibly a shadow of disappointment came into his eyes. "A lunker, eh?" Lennox repeated. "Yes—it's true that if he'd been like the other Fallings, he'd never have been that. Why, Steele, you couldn't have given that old man a cold if you'd tied him in the Rogue river overnight. Of course you couldn't count on the line keeping up forever. But I'll take him, for the memory of his grandfather."

"You're not afraid?"

"Afraid, h—! He can't infect those two strapping children of mine. Snowbird weighs one hundred and twenty pounds and is hard as steel. Never knew a sick day in her life. And you know Bill, of course."

Yes, Steele knew Bill. Bill weighed two hundred pounds, and he would choose the biggest of the steers he drove down to the lower levels in the winter and, twisting its horns, would make it lay over on its side. Besides, both of the men assumed that Dan must be only in the first stages of his malady.

And even as the men talked, the train that bore Dan Felling to the home of his ancestors was entering for the first time the dark forests of pine and fir that make the eternal background of the Northwest. He was

wholly unable to understand the strange feeling of familiarity that he had with them, a sensation that in his dreams he had known them all ways, and that he must never go out of the range of them again.

Dan didn't see his host at first. For the first instant he was entirely engrossed by a surging sense of disappointment—a feeling that he had been tricked and had only come to another city after all. He got down onto the gravel of the station yard, and out on the gray street pavement he heard the clang of a trolley car. Many automobiles were parked just beside the station, some of them foreign cars of expensive makes, such as he supposed would be wholly unknown on the frontier. A man in golf clothes brushed his shoulder.

Dan looked up to the hills, and he felt better. He couldn't see them plainly. The faint smoke of a distant forest fire half-obscured them. Yet he saw fold on fold of ridges of a rather peculiar blue in color, and even his untrained eyes could see that they were clothed in forests of evergreen. Over the heads of the green hills Dan could see a few great peaks; McLaughlin, even, and regular as a painted mountain; Wagner, with queer white gashes where the snow still lay in its ravines, and to the southeast the misty range of snow-covered hills that were the Sikeyouys. He felt decidedly better. And when he saw old Silas Lennox waiting patiently beside the station, he felt he had come to the right place.

It would be interesting to explain why Dan at once recognized the older man for the breed he was. Silas Lennox was not dressed in a way that would distinguish him. It was true that he wore a flannel shirt, riding trousers and rather heavy, leathern boots. But sportsmen all over the face of the earth wear this costume at sundry times. Mountain men have a peculiar stride by which experienced persons can occasionally recognize them; but Silas Lennox was standing still when Dan got his first glimpse of him. The case resolves itself into a simple matter of the things that could be read in Lennox's face.

Dan disbelieved wholly in a book that told how to read characters at sight. Yet at the first glance of the lean, bronzed face his heart gave a curious little bound. A pair of gray eyes met his—two fine black points in a rather hard gray iris. They didn't look past him, or at either side of him, or at his chin or his forehead. They looked right at his own eyes. The skin around the eyes was burned brown by the sun, and the flesh was so lean that the cheekbones showed plainly. The mouth was straight; but, yet it was neither savage nor cruel. It was simply determined.

Lennox came up with a slight, silent tread and extended his hand. "You're Dan Felling's grandson, aren't you?" he asked. "I'm Silas Lennox, who used to know him when he lived on the Divide. You are coming to spend the summer and fall on my ranch."

The immediate result of these words, besides relief, was to set Dan wondering how the old mountaineer had recognized him. He wondered if he had any physical resemblance to his grandfather. But this hope was shot to earth at once. His telegram had explained about his malady, and of course the mountaineer had picked him out simply because he had the mark of the disease on his face. As he shook hands, he tried his best to read the mountaineer's expression. It was all too plain: an undeniable look of disappointment.

The truth was that even in spite of all the Chamber of Commerce head had told him, Lennox had still hoped to find some image of the elder Dan Felling in the face and body of his grandson. Because of the thick glasses, Lennox could not see the young man's eyes; but he didn't think it likely they were at all like the eyes with which the elder Felling saw his way through the wilderness at night.



"You're Dan Felling's Grandson, Aren't You?"

Of course he was tall, just as the famous frontiersman had been, but while the elder weighed one hundred and ninety pounds, bone and muscle, this man did not touch one hundred and thirty. Evidently the years had brought degeneracy to the Felling clan. Lennox was desolated by the thought. He helped Dan with his bag to a lit-

tle wiry automobile that waited beside the station. They got into the two front seats, and a moment later were starting up the long, curved road that led to the Divide.

During the hour that they were crossing over the foothills, on the way to the big timber, Silas Lennox talked a great deal about the frontiersman that had been Dan's grandfather. A mountain man does not use profuse adjectives. He talks very simply and very straight, and often there are long silences between his sentences. Yet he conveys his ideas with entire clearness.

Dan realized at once that if he could be, in Lennox's eyes, one-fifth of the man his grandfather had been, he would never have to fear again the look of disappointment with which his host had greeted him at the station. But instead of reaching that high place, he had only—death. He knew what his destiny was in these quiet hills. And it was true that he began to have secret regrets that he had come. But it wasn't that he was disappointed in the land that was opening up before him. It fulfilled every promise. His sole reason for regrets lay in the fact that now the whole mountain world would know of the decay that had come upon his people. Perhaps it would have been better to have left them to their traditions.

He had never dreamed that the fame of his grandfather had spread so far. For the first ten miles Dan listened to stories—legends of a cold nerve that simply could not be shaken; of a powerful, tireless physique; of moral and physical strength that was seemingly without limit. Then, as the foothills began to give way to the higher ridges, and the shadow of the deeper forests fell upon the narrow, brown road, there began to be long gaps in the talk. And soon they rode in utter silence, evidently both of them absorbed in their own thoughts.

Dan did not feel oppressed at all. He merely seemed to fall into the spirit of the woods, and no words came to his lips. Every mile was an added delight to him. Not even wine could have brought a brighter sparkle to his eyes. He had begun to experience a vague sort of excitement, an emotion that was almost kin to exultation, over the constant stir and movement of the forest life. Once, as they stopped the car to refill the radiator from a mountain stream, Lennox looked at him with sudden curiosity. "You are getting a thrill out of this, aren't you?" he asked wonderingly.

It was a curious tone. Perhaps it was a hopeful tone, too. He spoke as if he hardly understood.

"A thrill?" Dan echoed. He spoke as a man speaks in the presence of some great wonder. "Good Heavens, I never saw anything like it in my life."

"In this very stream," the mountaineer told him joyously, "you may occasionally catch trout that weigh three pounds."

But as he got back into the car the look of interest died out of Lennox's eyes. Of course any man would be somewhat excited by his first glimpse of the wilderness. It was not that he had inherited any of the traits of his grandfather. It was absurd to hope that he had. And he would soon get tired of the silences and want to go back to his cities. He told his thought—that it would all soon grow old to him; and Dan turned almost in anger. "You don't know," he said. "I didn't know myself, how I would feel about it. I'm never going to leave the hills again."

"You don't mean that?"

"But I do." He tried to speak further, but he coughed instead. "But I couldn't if I wanted to. That cough tells you why, I guess."

"You mean to say—" Silas Lennox turned in amazement. "You mean that you're a—goner? That you've given up hope of recovering?"

"That's the impression I meant to convey. I've got a little over four months—though I don't see that I'm any weaker than I was when the doctor said I had six months. Those four will take me all through the fall and the early winter. And I hope you won't feel that you've been imposed upon—to have a dying man on your hands."

"It isn't that." Silas Lennox threw his car into gear and started up the long grade. And he drove clear to the top of it and into another glen before he spoke again. Then he pointed to what looked to Dan like a brown streak that melted into the thick brush. "That was a deer," he said slowly. "Just a glimpse, but your grandfather could have got him between the eyes. Most like as not, though, he'd have let him go. He never killed except when he needed meat. But that—as you say—ain't the impression I'm trying to convey."

He seemed to be groping for words. "What is it, Mr. Lennox?" Dan asked.

"Instead of being sorry, I'm mighty glad you've come," Lennox told him. "It's not that I expect you to be like your grandfather. You haven't had his chance. But it's always the way of true men, the world over, to come back to their own kind to die. That deer—we just saw—he's your people, and so are all these ranchers that grub their lives out of the forests—they are your people, too. And you couldn't have pleased the old man's old friends any better, or done more for his memory, than to come back to his own land for your last days."

The words were strange, yet Dan intuitively understood. It was as if a prodigal son had returned at last, and although his birthright was squandered and he came only to die, the people of his home would give him

kindness and forgiveness, even though they could not give him their respect.

CHAPTER III.

The Lennox home was a typical mountain ranch-house—square, solid, comforting in storm and wind. Bill was out to the gate when the car drove up. He was a son of his father, a strong man in body and personality. He too had heard of the elder Felling, and he opened his eyes when he saw the slender youth that was his grandson. And he led the way into the white-walled living room.

"You must be chilly and worn out from the long ride," Lennox suggested quietly. He spoke in the tone a strong man invariably uses toward an invalid. Dan felt a curious resentment at the words.

"I'm not cold," he said. "It's hardly dark yet. I'd sooner go outdoors and look around."

The elder man regarded him curiously, perhaps with the faintest glimmer of admiration. "You'd better wait



"You'd Better Wait Till Tomorrow, Dan."

till tomorrow, Dan," he replied. "Bill will have supper soon, anyway. You don't want to overdo too much, right at first."

"But, good heavens! I'm not going to try to spare myself while I'm here. It's too late for that."

"Of course—but sit down now, anyway. I'm sorry that Snowbird isn't here."

"Snowbird is—"

"My daughter. My boy, she can make a biscuit! That's not her name, of course, but we've always called her that. She got tired of keeping house and is working this summer. Poor Bill has to keep house for her, and no wonder he's eager to take the stock down to the lower levels. I only wish he hadn't brought 'em up this spring at all; I've lost dozens from the coyotes."

"But a coyote can't kill cattle—"

"It can if it has hydrophobia, a common thing in the varnals this time of year. But as I say, Bill will take the stock down next season, and then Snowbird's work will be through, and she'll come back here."

"Then she's down in the valley?"

"Far from it. She's a mountain girl if one ever lived. Perhaps you don't know the recent policy of the forest service to hire women when they can be obtained. It was a policy started in war times and kept up now because it is economical and efficient. She and a girl from—college have a cabin not five miles from here on old Bald mountain, and they're doing lookout duty."

Dan wondered intensely what lookout duty might be. "You see, Dan," Lennox said in explanation, "the government loses thousands of dollars every year by forest fire. A fire can be stopped easily if it is seen soon after it starts. But let it burn awhile, in this dry season, and it's a terror—a wall of flame that races through the forests and can hardly be stopped. And maybe you don't realize how enormous this region is—literally hundreds of miles across. We're the last outpost—there are four cabins, if you can find them, in the first seventy miles back to town. So they have to put lookouts on the high points, and now they're coming to the use of airplanes so they can keep even a better watch. Snowbird and a girl friend from college got jobs this summer as lookouts—all through the forest service they are hiring women for the work. They are more vigilant than men, less inclined to take chances, and work cheaper. These two girls have a cabin near a spring, and they cook their own food, and are making what is big wages in the mountains. I'm rather hoping she'll drop over for a few minutes tonight."

"Good Lord—does she travel over these hills in the darkness?"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

In Seattle.

The man who stopped a stranger to say: "What's that on your face?" and then, when after a moment of puzzling silence, answered himself: "Your nose," returning from the hospital said he was convinced that Tennyson was right in concluding that "a sorrow's crown of sorrows is remembering happier things."—Seattle, Post-Intelligencer.

"A SHINE IN EVERY DROP"

Black Silk Stove Polish is different. It does not rub off. It lasts four times as long as ordinary polish—so it saves you time, work and money.

Black Silk Stove Polish Works, Stirling, Illinois.

Use Black Silk Metal Polish for silverware, brass, tinware or brass. It shines quickly, easily and leaves a brilliant surface. It has no equal for use on automobiles.

Get a Can TODAY

The Pine Cone.

So hard is the cone of a pine in our western forests that the imprisoned seeds cannot be propagated in the ordinary way. The best way is to burn the cone over a fire until it bursts, when the seeds escape. Forest fires give these cones their chance.

SALTS IF KIDNEYS OR BLADDER BOTHER

Harmless to flush Kidneys and neutralize irritating acids—Splendid for system.

Kidney and Bladder weakness result from uric acid, says a noted authority. The kidneys filter this acid from the blood and pass it on to the bladder, where it often remains to irritate and inflame, causing a burning, scalding sensation, or setting up an irritation at the neck of the bladder, obliging you to seek relief two or three times during the night. The sufferer is in constant dread, the water passes sometimes with a scalding sensation and is very offensive. It is, then, a difficulty in avoiding it.

Bladder weakness, most folks call it, because they can't control urination. While it is extremely annoying and sometimes very painful, this is really one of the most simple ailments to overcome. Get about four ounces of Jad Salts from your pharmacist and take a tablespoonful in a glass of water before breakfast, continue this for two or three days. This will neutralize the acids in the urine so it no longer is a source of irritation to the bladder and urinary organs which then act normally again.

Jad Salts is inexpensive, harmless, and is made from the acid of grapes and lemon juice, combined with lithia, and is used by thousands of folks who are subject to urinary disorders caused by uric acid irritation. Jad Salts is splendid for kidneys and causes no bad effects whatever.

Here you have a pleasant, effervescent lithia-water drink, which quickly relieves bladder trouble.

GRANDMA USED SAGE TEA TO DARKEN HAIR

She mixed Sulphur with it to Restore Color, Gloss, Youthfulness.

Common garden sage brewed into a heavy tea with sulphur added, will turn gray, streaked and faded hair beautifully dark and lustrous. Just a few applications will prove a revelation if your hair is fading, streaked or gray. Mixing the Sage Tea and Sulphur recipe at home, though, is troublesome. An easier way is to get a bottle of Wyeth's Sage and Sulphur Compound at any drug store all ready for use. This is the old-time recipe improved by the addition of other ingredients.

While wispy, gray, faded hair is not sinful we all desire to retain our youthful appearance and attractiveness. By darkening your hair with Wyeth's Sage and Sulphur Compound, no one can tell, because it does it so naturally, so evenly. You just dampen a sponge or soft brush with it and draw this through your hair, taking one small strand at a time; by morning all gray hairs have disappeared, and after another application of two, your hair becomes beautifully dark, glossy, soft and luxuriant.

This preparation is a delightful toilet requisite and is not intended for the cure, mitigation or prevention of disease.

APPLY SULPHUR TO HEAL UP YOUR SKIN

Broken Out Skin and Itching Eczema Helped Over Night

For unsightly skin eruptions, rash or blotches on face, neck, arms or body, you do not have to wait for relief from torture or embarrassment, declares a noted skin specialist. Apply a little Mentho-Sulphur and improvement shows next day.

Because of its germ destroying properties, nothing has ever been found to take the place of this sulphur preparation. The moment you apply it healing begins. Only those who have had unsightly skin troubles can know the delight this Mentho-Sulphur brings. Even fiery, itching eczema is dried right up.

Get a small jar from any good druggist and use it like cold cream.

Better Than Pills - For Liver Ills
The reason



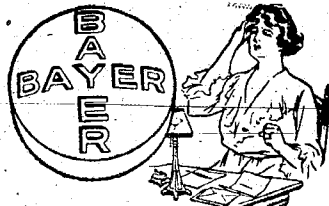
NR Tonight - Tomorrow Alright
GIDLEY & MAC, Druggists

New Way of Serving It.
Emily wanted a tea party one afternoon, so after she arranged her tea set for the important event her mother and I sat at the little table beside her. Her mother started to pour the little tea pot and turning to Emily asked in a very formal way, "Miss Emily, will you have yours with or without?" After seriously thinking a moment, Emily replied, "Within please."—Exchange.

Men smile at children for believing in fairies, but most men at some time have bought oil stock.

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 nineteen years. Handy tin boxes of 12 tablets cost few cents. Aspirin is trade mark of Bayer Manufacture of Monoacetic-acidester of Salicylic acid.

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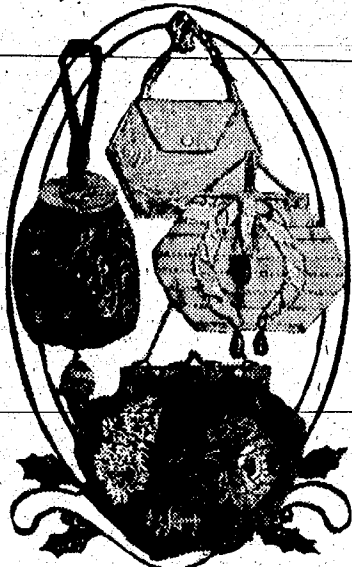
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Frank Phillips

Tonsorial Artist.

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

Gift Bags of Ribbons



Plain satin, satin with picot edges and handsome brocaded ribbons in great variety, or silks to make up the lovely shopping and opera bags designed for the holidays. Mountings of metal or composition, to harmonize with the patterns, and ornaments, including silk cord, beads, pendants and silk-covered forms, are all at hand to help in the finishing of these gifts.

Furbelows for Maids



Many a fair maid will rejoice in such new and smart furbelows of ribbon as are pictured here, when Christmas brings her remembrances. Here is a collar, vestee and girdle with a bag to match that are irresistible. This garniture for the waist is made of striped ribbon—showing the glowing colors in Roman stripes.

The girdle is knotted at the left side and hangs in two pointed ends. The bag is drawn up and suspended by narrow satin ribbon, has a silk ornament, like those on the collar, at the bottom.

Pretty Breakfast Caps



Every dear lady, young or old, has a right to expect that Santa Claus will bring her a pretty new breakfast cap. Three of this year's models, all easy to make, are shown in the picture and they employ ribbons, net laces and flowers, as usual.

What Women Love



There is a world of pretty neckwear that every woman will love to receive and almost any woman can make. A favorite piece consists of a collar with vestee to match, like that shown above.

Standard for the Christmas Tree

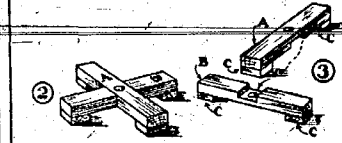
By DOROTHY PERKINS

(Copyright by A. Neely Hall.)

Don't let the preparation of a standard for the Christmas tree go until the last minute.

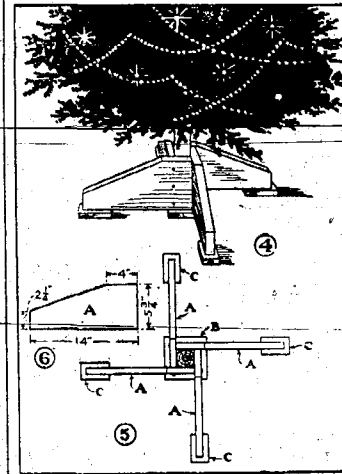
In the illustrations are shown three good schemes for standards.

The cross standard in Fig. 1 requires two pieces of 2 by 4, 18 or 20



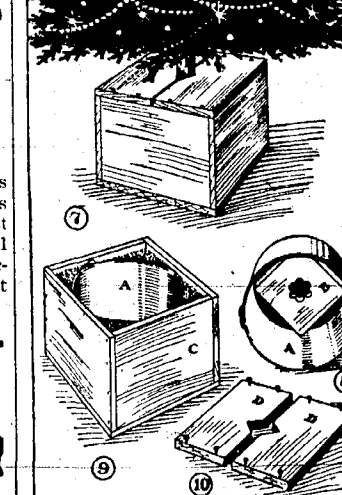
inches long (A and B, Fig. 2). To cross these pieces with tops even as shown, it is necessary to halve them, that is, cut from the center of each a piece equal to the width of, and one-half the thickness of, the other piece, as shown in Fig. 3. Then they will fit into one another. Saw along the sides of the notches, then split out the wood between the saw cuts with a chisel. The hole for the tree should be at least 2 inches in diameter. If you haven't an expansion-bit that can be set to cut a hole of this diameter, bore a ring of small holes, and trim up to the 2-inch diameter with a chisel. To the under side of A and B, at the ends, nail the shoe-blocks C. It is not necessary to nail A to B, if you make them fit snugly.

One advantage the standard in Fig. 1 has over that in Fig. 1 is that it is



not necessary to bore a hole for the tree trunk. Also, it is more pleasing in appearance. The plan view (Fig. 5) shows how the four arms A are fastened so as to enclose a pocket for the tree trunk. You will notice that each piece is fastened with nails driven through its face into the end of the adjoining member. A pattern for arm A is shown in Fig. 6. Boards 1/4 inch or 3/8 inch thick should be used. The center shoe B (Fig. 5), and the shoes C, should be cut of the right size to make projections of about 1/2 inch.

A Christmas tree will not dry out and drop its needles as quickly if stood in water, and Fig. 7 shows a



scheme which I have found successful. For a water receptacle, get a wooden or iron scrub-pail (A, Fig. 8). Cut a square block to fit in the pail bottom (B), and through the center of this cut a round hole to receive the end of the tree trunk. Make a box of just the right size for the pail to fit in (C, Fig. 9). Perhaps you can find a box of the right size or one which will require but little alteration. Make a cover for the box out of two pieces of board of equal width, as shown at D (Fig. 10), and notch the center of the inner edge of each, so that the pieces will fit around the tree trunk. Provide screws or hooks-and-eyes for fastening the cover boards to the box top. After setting the pail into the box, fill the square corners with sand to make the standard more solid.

There will be no need of painting the standards in Figs. 1 and 7, if you dress them with crepe paper.

"Prince of Wales."

The title was first conferred on Prince Edward, afterward King Edward II of England, in 1301. He was born at Carnarvon, Wales, and the story goes that the king presented the new-born child to the Welsh as their native prince who could speak no word of English. The idea of using the title for the heir apparent to the British throne was introduced by Edward III, who in 1343 invested his son, the Black Prince, with the principality. From that time the title has been borne by the eldest son of the reigning king.

He Had Reformed.

Charles was known as a scrapper by all his playmates and could whip any boy in his neighborhood. Finally a new family moved to town whose boy was about his own age. Charles tackled him and received a good whipping at his hands. He went home crying, and the next day announced to his playmates: "I want you all to understand that from this time on I'm an unscripper."

You can't rise to your responsibilities until you drop your worries.

AN ENEMY TO GOOD HEALTH

Good health has no greater enemy than constipation. Foley Cathartic Tablets are mild but sure in action. They banish biliousness, bloating, bad breath, coated tongue, sick headache, sour stomach and other ills caused by indigestion. Take one tonight and you will feel better in the morning. Hite's Drug Store. adv.

MORTGAGE SALE

Default having been made in the conditions of a certain mortgage made and executed by George Wiggins and wife, Lizzie Wiggins, both of the town of Sigma, County of Kalkaska and State of Michigan to the State Bank of East Jordan, a corporation organized, existing and doing business under and by virtue of the laws of the State of Michigan and having its principal office in the city of East Jordan, Michigan. Which said mortgage bears date the 25th day of July, 1912 and was recorded on the 7th day of August, A. D., 1912 in Liber 47 of mortgages on page 428 in the office of the Register of Deeds in and for the county of Charlevoix, Michigan, that said mortgage is past due and there is now claimed to be due and unpaid on said mortgage the sum of \$297.73 at the date of this notice, and no suit or proceedings at law or in equity having been instituted to recover the moneys secured by said mortgage or any part thereof.

NOW THEREFORE, by virtue of the power of sale contained in said mortgage and of the statute in such case made and provided notice is hereby given that on Monday, the 21st day of February, 1921 at eleven o'clock in the forenoon, standard time, at the front door of the court house in the city of Charlevoix, Michigan (that being the place where the circuit court for the County of Charlevoix is held) said State Bank of East Jordan will sell at public auction to the highest bidder the premises described in said mortgage, or so much thereof as may be necessary to pay the amount due on said mortgage with 7 per cent interest and all legal costs.

The premises described in said mortgage are as follows to-wit:
The North one-half (N 1/2) of Lot numbered eleven (11) Block "D" of S. G. Isaman's addition to the village of South Arm, now a part of East Jordan, Charlevoix County, Michigan, as per recorded plat of said village and said addition on file in the Register of Deed's office for Charlevoix County, Michigan.

THE STATE BANK OF EAST JORDAN
Mortgages,
by ANDREW J. SUFFERN
Cashier.

CLINK & WILLIAMS
Attorneys for Mortgagee.
Business address, East Jordan, Mich.

PROBATE ORDER

STATE OF MICHIGAN, the Probate Court for the County of Charlevoix.
At a session of said Court, held at the Probate Office in the City of Charlevoix in said County, on the 23d day of November A. D. 1920.

Present, Hon. Servetus A. Correll, Judge of Probate.

In the matter of the Estate of Alfred Bergman, deceased.

Louise Bergman having filed her petition, praying that an instrument filed in said Court be admitted to Probate as the last will and testament of said deceased and that administration of said estate be granted to Belle Roy or some other suitable person.

It is Ordered, That the 16th day of December A. D. 1920, at ten a. m., at said Probate Office is hereby appointed for hearing said petition.

It is Further Ordered, That Public notice thereof be given by publication of a copy hereof for three successive weeks previous to said day of hearing in the Charlevoix County Herald, a newspaper printed and circulated in said County.

SERVETUS A. CORRELL,
Judge of Probate.

PROBATE ORDER

STATE OF MICHIGAN, The Probate Court for the County of Charlevoix.
At a session of said Court, held at the Probate Office in the City of Charlevoix in said County, on the 12th day of Nov. A. D. 1920.

Present, Hon. Servetus A. Correll, Probate Judge.

In the Matter of the Estate of William F. Empey, Deceased.

The above estate having been admitted to probate and Harriette H. Empey, appointed executrix thereof. It is Ordered, That four months from this date be allowed for creditors to present their claims against said estate, and that such claims will be heard by said court on Tuesday, the 22nd day of March A. D. 1921 at ten o'clock in the forenoon at the Probate office in the city of Charlevoix.

It is Further Ordered, That public notice thereof be given by publication of this order, for three successive weeks previous to said day of hearing in the Charlevoix County Herald a newspaper printed and circulated in said county.
Servetus A. Correll,
Judge of Probate.

HOW CAN YOU GET SPOT CASH FOR YOUR GRAIN?

BRING IT TO US!

ARGOMILLING CO.



BLACK FOX OBEYS

BLACK FOX ran all the way to the farm on the other side of the forest, there to hide until it was light and then change himself into a turkey, for once in this form he could run along with all the turkeys and fowl until he could entice them far enough from the farm, and then he would change into his own form and catch some of them for his breakfast.

Black Fox could not wait for the day to break to try his enchanted spell, so he wished three times to be a turkey, thinking it would be just as well to be ready when the turkey awoke.

An old witch had kept her promise just as Black Fox had kept his. She gave him the power to change his form, but not into that of a turkey.



Instead, when he had wished three times he found himself a big green frog.

Black Fox began to hop about, trying to find a place to hide while he thought what he should do.

Under a low bush he hopped, but he found he was longing for water as he never had before. Not a drop was there to be seen. The only thing to do was to hop along until he found some.

It was not so easy to get over the ground as it was when he was a fox, and while he was stopping to rest Black Fox remembered he had asked for power to change into his own shape again, so he wished three times to become a fox.

The old witch had not kept this part

of the promise, for, wish as hard and as often as he liked, he still remained a frog.

It was a long time before he came to water, and when he did, in he hopped, and, being refreshed, he began to think about the witch.

"She must have made a mistake and have given me the wrong drink," thought Black Fox.

"I suppose the only thing to do is to get to her cave and ask her to change me back again."

All day and all night he hopped over stones and through brush until, when he finally did reach the cave of the old witch, he was so tired that he fell over on his back in front of the cave door.

The Black Cat found him and began to poke him with her sharp claws and meow so loudly that out came the witch. When she saw the frog on the ground she began to laugh in a shrill, cackling tone and dance about the poor frog, while the cat joined with her mistress, and every once in a while would poke froggie with her claws.

By and by the wild dance stopped and the witch gave him a tap with her magic stick, which made the frog sit up and listen to what she said.

"You thought you could deceive a witch, did you, Black Fox?" she said.

"You see now that you couldn't. I knew the stone you brought as I told you to bring to me was not from the bottom of the pool and I kept my part of the bargain just as you kept yours."

"Give me back my own form again and I promise to bring the stone you wish," said the frog.

"There is only one way in which you can regain your own shape," said the witch, leaning on her stick and looking at poor froggie, "and that is to hop to the forest pool each day and bring me a stone from the bottom of it. When I have all I want you will have your own shape again, and not before. Will you go or will you remain a frog?"

"I'll go to the pool and return with a stone," mournfully replied the frog as he hopped away.

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FOR Colds, Coughs AND La Grippe
Neglected Colds are Dangerous
Take no chances. Keep this standard remedy handy for the first sneeze.
Breaks up a cold in 24 hours—Relieves Grippe in 3 days—Excellent for Headache
Quinine in this form does not affect the head—Cascara is best Tonic Laxative—No Opium in Hill's.
ALL DRUGGISTS SELL IT