

Charlevoix County Herald.

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No. 50

A Pioneer Laid To Rest

Funeral of D. C. Loveday Held Tuesday From Residence

The remains of D. C. Loveday, who passed away at St. Petersburg, Fla., Dec. 1st, were brought to his late home here last Monday and the funeral services were held Tuesday forenoon at the residence. Rev. Thos. Marshall conducted the Episcopal funeral services, and the pall bearers were brother members of North Star Tent 130 Knights of Maccabees.

Douglas Charles Loveday was born at Barnstable, England, Oct. 15th, 1840. He came with his parents to America when a small boy. In 1863 he was united in marriage to Caroline L. Weller. They resided in Waukegan and Chicago, Ill., until 1871, when they moved to South Haven, Mich. They came to Charlevoix County in 1883 where for upwards of twenty years Mr. Loveday was especially active in business and public affairs. For the past 15 years he spent his winters in Florida and his summers in his home town of East Jordan.

In 1903 he buried the mother of his family, and in 1904 married Bertha E. Smith, cousin of his first wife, who died in Florida in the spring of 1915.

Last winter Mr. Loveday contracted influenza the effects from which he never fully recovered. In less than a month after leaving East Jordan for his winter home he passed away at St. Petersburg, Fla.

He leaves a daughter, Miss Louise E. Loveday of East Jordan, and a son, W. Asa Loveday of Lansing, Mich., also one brother and one sister in Chicago and two sisters in California.

The passing of Mr. Loveday removes from our midst one of the men who accomplished much in the making of our city. Looking here some thirty-five years ago he erected the frame building now standing opposite the hose house, put in a stock of general merchandise and also dealt in forest products. A few years later he purchased the building now occupied by Stroebel Bros., and prior to his purchase used as a saloon and gambling place. He converted this into a general store and conducted the business for years. He served East Jordan, when it became a village, as councilman for a number of years, and was one of those who made East Jordan's first electric light plant a possibility. In many other lines of endeavor he built up the city we now enjoy.

Card Of Thanks

To the many friends who expressed their sympathy, in words or deeds, and rendered appropriate assistance in every way at the time of the death and burial of our father

We wish to express to you all, our sincere thanks. East Jordan people certainly know how to make it seem like "coming home."

Louisa E. Loveday
Mamie E. Loveday
W. Asa Loveday

WALNUT ADVISED FOR ROAD PLANTING WORK

The Black Walnut is one of the most valuable trees for roadside planting in Southern Michigan, and this is the best time of the year to plant, according to the Forestry Department at the Michigan Agricultural College.

"The nut crop is one of the chief reasons for planting black walnut, in addition to its value for timber and fence posts," says Prof. A. K. Chittenden, head of the college department. "The walnut does not make heavy shade, and so it is not an objectionable roadside tree. It is also suitable for pasture planting for this same reason. If the lower branches are trimmed the tree will grow straight and tall."

"Walnuts may be planted with little expense or trouble, and this is the best time of the year for the work. Two or three nuts should be planted in one place, buried from two to three inches deep. Freezing during the winter will crack the shells slightly, allowing early germination in the spring. For this reason nuts that are kept over winter for spring planting should be stratified outdoors so that they may freeze. Squirrels are likely to make away with some of the nuts planted, and it is, therefore, well to plant more than it is desired to have grow."

What on first glimpse seems to be sterling virtues often prove to be only silver-plated.

IMPORTANT MEETING AMERICAN LEGION NEXT MONDAY

Rebec-Sweet Post, American Legion, will hold an important business session next Monday evening at 7:00 o'clock, the meeting to be held in basement of Library Building.

Officers will be nominated for the coming year and the subject of club rooms will be taken up. All ex-service men are urged to be present.

PLAYGROUND MATERIAL FOR RURAL SCHOOLS NOW BEING DISTRIBUTED

Through the courtesy of the Charlevoix Hardware Company in Charlevoix, Watson's Drug Store in Boyne City, and Meyer's General Store in Boyne Falls, it has been made possible for teachers to get the playground material without the delay which might have been necessary if it had awaited teachers' meetings or meetings of that kind.

For every school in the county, there is at least one good playground ball and one good bat. For the 15 schools having the highest enrollment in the county, there is either a basketball or a volley ball. A request has been placed on file with the state athletic board for more basketballs or volley balls so that the small schools may also have the opportunity of the greater variety of ball games, and the request will probably be granted, even though there may be some delay. For the eleven schools next highest in enrollment an additional playground ball is being given, so that the boys and girls may each have a ball.

Circulars have been sent to the teachers telling them in which place they may call or send some one for their equipment. Teachers nearer to Charlevoix of course get theirs at the Charlevoix Hardware, those nearer to Boyne City at Watson's Drug Store, and those nearer Boyne Falls, at Meyer's General Store, while those nearer East Jordan get theirs at the School Commissioner's Office.

TAX NOTICE

Taxes of the City of East Jordan, levied for State, County, County Road and School purposes, are due and payable at my office over Hite's Drug Store on and after December 10th, 1920. If paid on or before January 10th, 1921, no collection fee will be added. Thereafter a charge of four per cent will be added.

G. E. BOSWELL
City Treasurer

WIFE CALLS THEM BRUTES

Mrs. Lecointe Objects to So Many Women Kissing Victorious French Flyer.

Stamps, France.—The victory of Sadi Lecointe in the airplane races for the Gordon Bennett cup was very popular.

Every one on the field, whether American, British or French joined in cheering the winner. One young woman, however, seated in an open car alone, wore a displeased expression on her pretty face. She was Mrs. Lecointe.

Slightly ill, she had been unable to join in the crowds that mobbed her victorious husband as he landed, and which was impeding his progress toward the automobile in which his wife was seated. Mrs. Lecointe grew angrier as the moments passed.

"The brutes," she exclaimed, pointing to the surging crowd. "Six or seven women were trying to kiss Sadi! at the same time."

CENSUS TAKEN FOR JAP ARMY

Details Sought Form Part of Industrial Mobilization Plan, Claim of Government.

Tokyo.—A result of the census taken October 1, the figures of which have not been announced, the government has begun sending circulars throughout the country asking physicians, surgeons, dentists, pharmacists, tailors, blacksmiths and other persons whether they would be willing to serve in the army in case of war.

Officials explain that the information is desired in connection with any possible future mobilization. It is stated here that the details sought form a part of a general plan of industrial mobilization upon which the government has been working for years, and that it has organized a new national industrial census board to investigate mobilization possibilities in factories, mines, railways and marine transport systems.

Wins First Debate

East Jordan Gets Unanimous Decision Over Boyne City.

Last Friday night in the Junior High School room of the new building the Boyne City and East Jordan Debating Teams met in the first debate of the season. The question was: "Resolved, That the adjustment of disputes between employer and employees should be made a part of the administration of justice." East Jordan had the affirmative side and was represented by John Gunderson, Floyd Liskum, and Paul Franseth. Boyne City on the negative was represented by Miss Moody, Mr. Kamradt, and Miss Tompson.

Both in argumentation and delivery East Jordan was superior to Boyne City and all expressed the opinion after the debate that East Jordan had won by a very large margin.

The Boyne City team is one that will improve and before the season is very far advanced will undoubtedly do some exceptional work in debating.

Each school will debate five times and will be allowed one point for each vote of a judge and one for each victory. After five debates, the team having the greatest number of points will be the victor.

Next Friday night East Jordan and Charlevoix debate on the same question and East Jordan again takes the Affirmative side.

Lives of great men all remind us we should never have a past.

When the future looks dark, light up your face!

Troubles are like rabbits—give them free range and they multiply rapidly.

A very young man thinks women are fickle and grieves over it; an older one knows it and laughs over it.

The best interior decorations are growing boys—and they never strike.

The man who has a cold all winter long always has plenty of cures for others' colds.

A lion's roar induces respect, but you are no lion.

MOKIS DANCE TO PROPITIATE GOD OF RAIN

Arizona Indians, Far Removed From Civilization, Cling to Ancestral Customs.

AS IN DAYS BEFORE COLUMBUS

Mokiland is the Richest Part of the Union for Prehistoric Exploration—Medicine Man Determines Date for Snake Dance.

Smithsonian archeologists say that the most interesting aboriginal ceremonies performed nowadays in America take place in midsummer days among the Moki Indians, who live in northeastern Arizona. Scarcely touched by our civilization and clinging to ancestral customs, H. G. Tinsley tells the Dearborn Independent, the Mokis perform during the last days of each August dances and rites in propitiation of their god of rain, identical with those of their ancestors ages before Columbus sailed from Spain.

Mokiland, or the province of Tusuy-an as the Spanish named it in the early part of the sixteenth century, is the richest part of the Union for prehistoric exploration. Cities of strong, intelligent people flourished here in the time of the Caesars. Ruins of heathen temples, which crumbled before the Montezuma dynasty began, lie among the drifting sands. The land of the Mokis abounds in ancient traditions still kept in their pristine freshness.

Studying Mokis' Customs.

This month two score of American ethnologists and archeologists, besides some from Europe, have gathered in the Moki pueblos to study the customs, habits, thought and traditions of man in prehistoric America, as they have come down through generations of Mokis.

Spanish adventurers under Coronado reckoned in 1542 that there were about 13,000 souls in the Tusuy-an confederacy of Moki tribes. Now there are but a few hundred Mokis.

They are known also as Hopis; and their name signifies "peace loving." They have a tradition that several hundred years ago the warlike Apaches waged a terrific war against the tribe. The remnant of the Mokis fled in terror and took refuge on the two great tablelands of red sandstone which rise sheer some 70 feet out of a vast sea of sand. The great rocky formation has been a veritable Gibraltar of defense to the tribe and from the day the ancestral Mokis fled they and their descendants have dwelt there isolated. Rain is the all-essential element in the success of Moki agriculture, and in the desert region rains come capriciously.

The date of the Moki snake dance is determined by an old medicine man in the tribe. When during August the sun at its setting glints the sacred rock that stands before the door of the tribal kiva, the old medicine man, Hool, mounts the highest point at either Walpi or Oraibi and solemnly gives notice that 18 sunsets hence the solemn snake ceremonies will take place. He ends by invoking all to begin immediate preparation for the occasion. The women are to bake for a tribal feast, to dress themselves and their children in their best garments, and the men are to perform their several parts in the ceremonies.

A certain number of young men, appointed for the purpose, start out at next dawn to perform their part of the preparation for the dance. They are jakulali (snake gatherers). They roam over the desert with a forked stick in one hand and a bag made of skins in the other. They know where to look for rattlesnakes and sometimes they get more than 200 serpents in a week. They plant the forks of their sticks over the neck of the recumbent snake, and by an adroit movement throw the reptile into the bag. The serpents are brought to the pueblo and turned over to the old snake priests.

The Preliminaries.

Six days after the official announcement of the annual snake ceremonies, mysterious rites among 27 of the foremost men in the Moki tribe begin in a chamber hewn into the rock down below the pueblo. This is the kiva, the holy of holies of Moki belief. Dr. J. Walter Fewkes of the Smithsonian Institution is the only white person who has ever entered the kiva; and he says that the ceremonies there consist in washing the serpents captured and brought there by young men. The old men engage in barbaric incantations, and chant appeals to the serpents to bear messages of devotion and friendship to the powers that rule the rain clouds. The snake priests wear nothing to protect themselves from the reptiles' fangs. Each day they wash the rattlesnakes, sprinkle sacred cornmeal on the serpents' heads, and deposit the creatures in jars. Meanwhile the Moki housewives cook and bake in preparation for the event of the year—the snake dance on the plaza of the pueblo. The gaudiest tribal finery is brought forth and made ready. White and Navajo Indian visitors come across the desert to see the public ceremonies and for a week all Mokiland bustles and buzzes.

At the setting of the sixteenth sun from the official announcement by old Hool the snake dance takes place. Late in the afternoon the spectators arrange themselves in vantage spots overlooking the plaza where the dance is performed. Some 2,500 persons are generally on hand to see the ancient marvelous ceremony. The roofs of the squat stone houses are crowded. Moki children with scarcely a stitch on them sit along the cornices with their brown legs hanging down. There are cowboys from all over the territory, reporters from newspapers, scientists from the cities, and hundreds of Indians in brilliant and quaint costumes. It is a rare scene; "one fit for a salon picture," said an enthusiastic artist. The white people laugh, the dogs and children make tumult, while every one awaits the opening of the dance. At just about six o'clock, when the sun is dropped into the yellow desert away to the west, some one calls: "Here they come." Instantly there is silence. Everybody knows that the antelope men—young athletic snake dancers—are at last issuing from their stone chambers. The braves are scantily clad, and on each leg is a small terrapin shell, in which are placed small pebbles, which rattle as the warrior moves, and make of him, in sound at least, a human rattler. The dancers are smeared with red, white and black paints. Around each brow is bound a flaming handkerchief, the upper forehead being painted a deep black, and the lower half with black and white bands.

Live Snakes in Their Mouths.

The band forms in a circle and a sack of serpents is brought forth and is placed in the branches of a cottonwood shrub known as the kial just where it has stood on Moki dance days for countless generations. A chief, hideously painted, opens the sack and as each brave marches past thrusts his naked arm within and jerks from it several writhing serpents,

which he hands to the buck. The snake dancer bends and seizes the snakes by their middle with his teeth, while he holds one or two serpents in each hand. The serpents rattle, hiss and struggle while the human captors, gesticulating and stamping, join in a solemn rhythmic movement, in which, after each man has been supplied with serpents, the whole band is soon participating.

The Moki women and the several hundred Moki bucks who do not participate in the dancing at first sit in mute awe. As the dance proceeds the red-skinned spectators start a low humming, which gradually develops. Louder and louder rises the din of discordant voices until the women become wildly excited, and leap to their feet. Meanwhile the dance goes on. The dancers gladden with perspiration and the paint on their bodies runs down their bare backs and legs. Some of the older ones, to show their prowess with venomous reptiles, carry three and five rattlesnakes about with them. They weave the snakes about their heads, they coil them in huge balls and toss them up and down; they twine them about their necks and tuck them between the belts of their kilts and their nude waists, and carry them, held at the middle, in their mouths. All this time they are hopping about the sun-baked plaza. Now they circle about the kial with their burden of serpents in their hands. Then at a signal by old Kopall, the snake chief, the dancers form in threes, and with the snakes wriggling for freedom in their hands, they march backward and forward. Another signal and they form in a row and toss the serpents to and fro. Then the dance starts anew. More circling, marching and counter-marching in ones, twos and threes. Occasionally a reptile wriggles itself loose from an Indian's hand. It is, however, instantly picked up like so much rubber hose.

An Hour of Horror.

The snake dance lasts about fifty minutes. At its close the Indian spectators have risen to their feet, and are weaving their arms and bodies back and forth in time to the rapid chorus they are shouting over and over again. The dancers are dripping with perspiration. The white visitors are dazed at the incredible scene. No one who has not seen it would believe these men can be so thoroughly indifferent to the serpent's venom. Several of the dancers reel and stagger, but catch themselves as they gyrate with the tangled snarl of serpents in their hands.

Suddenly at a signal from wrinkled Kopall the dancing ceases and the high snake priest advances to an open place. He solemnly sprinkles meal in a ring, denoting all compass points to which serpent messengers are to convey the Moki petitions. At another signal the rattlesnakes are thrown in a heap within the circle. Meal is hastily thrown upon the wriggling heap, while a guttural invocation is pronounced. In a moment each of the dancers snatches several of the serpents in his hands, and starts at full speed for the narrow trail which leads down from the mesa to the plains below. There the gruesome burdens are thrown upon the sands and permitted to go their way in peace.

The dance is over, but there's another scene. When the athletic dancers have come running back to the plaza they hasten to the sacred kiva, where they remove all the trappings of the ceremony. Then they come out and drink deeply from a bowl of mysterious decoction of herbs brewed only by Salako, the oldest snake woman in Mokiland.

Then the Mokis go home in silence. They have performed the most important service in their lives and have propitiated the rain god as sacredly as they know how. Their wives and sweethearts wait upon them and wash them of their paint. On the morrow the pueblo feast takes place, and the new green corn and melons are eaten without stint.

Very naturally the question is asked: Are not the rattlesnakes used in the Moki ceremonies drugged or deprived of their fangs? If not, why are not the half-nude snake dancers and priests bitten? White people who have seen several Moki snake dances say they have never known a Moki to confess he was fanged, but every year spectators see snake dancers pull away from their arms serpents that have fastened there. Every year some of the reptiles coil and strike at their captors. The best-posted scientists who have looked upon Moki snake dances say that the priests and dancers have a certain manner of handling the creatures, and that the strange broth which the snake handlers drink renders venom harmless. At any rate it is unique among barbaric customs.

It is no longer good taste to have a bad taste in your mouth the next morning.

The charity that covers a multitude of sins sometimes uncovers a multitude of miseries.

Notice To Officers, Teachers, And Parents.

Compulsory Education Law (Act 200, 1906) Section 5979.

Every child between the ages of seven and sixteen must be in school EACH DAY OF THE WEEK as long as school is maintained in the district. The following do not have to attend the public schools:

(a) Any child who is being taught in a private or parochial school.
(b) Any child who has passed the eighth grade and is regularly employed at some lawful work if physically able to do so. See (g) and (h).

(c) Any child who is physically unable to attend school, a physician's certificate being required if the truant officer demands it.

(d) Children over 14 years of age whose services are essential to the support of the parents, may be excused by the county commissioner or city superintendent if such children have completed the sixth grade. See (g) and (h).

(e) Children under nine years of age who reside more than two and one-half miles from the schoolhouse by the nearest traveled road.

(f) Any child claiming exemption from attending school under subdivisions (a) or (b) hereof, shall secure such permit as may be required under the statutes of Michigan covering the employment of minors, and shall be regularly employed at some lawful work if physically able to do so.

(h) The commissioner cannot excuse a child under (d) unless the board recommends it, and MAY NOT when the BOARD DOES NOT RECOMMEND. The superintendent of a graded district has no authority to excuse unless it is a city district.

The teacher must report absences to the county commissioner, who reports the cases to the truant officer. The latter SHALL, within 24 hours give formal written notice either BY PERSON or by REGISTERED MAIL to the parent or other person in parental relation that the child must be in school the following day provided with the necessary textbooks and be kept in school CONTINUOUSLY thereafter. The truant officer also notifies the teacher and it is his duty to see that the formal notice is complied with. If the notice is not complied with, the truant officer within three days after having that knowledge, MUST MAKE A COMPLAINT AGAINST THE PARENT OR PERSON IN PARENTAL CONTROL. Upon conviction the guilty person is fined from \$5 to \$50, imprisoned from two to ninety days, or both, but the justice of peace or judge cannot suspend sentence. A DAY OF UNEXCUSED ABSENCE ANY TIME DURING THE YEAR CONSTITUTES A VIOLATION OF THIS NOTICE.

Children whose hearing or eyesight is defective come under the compulsory law, and if they cannot do school work at home, they must be sent to the state or private schools.

A truant officer has the powers of a DEPUTY SHERIFF in the exercise of his duties.

Failure of the teacher to make reports of absences is neglect of duty and would be grounds for the ANNULMENT of his or her certificate.

The new law regarding children from 16 to 18 is effective only in cities of 5,000 or more. The law will be strictly enforced. Keep the children in school and save expense and trouble.

WILLIAM HARRINGTON
Truant Officer



TRIESTE: A PLUM OF THE ADRIATIC DISPUTE

Trieste is one of the major Adriatic plums in dispute between Italy and the newly-formed Jugo-Slav state, the kingdom of the Serbs, Croats and Slovenes.

Though Trieste was Austrian, except for a brief interval from the fourteenth century until the World war dissipated the Austrian empire, the city has had a marked effect upon Italian history. Its chief importance to Austria was commercial, for it was the dual monarchy's only great seaport.

Tired of a double allegiance to Venice and to Aquileia, Trieste requested that she be annexed to Austria in 1382. Leopold the pious was on the Austrian throne. He was a rival to King James of England in being "the wisest fool in all Christendom." Though he expanded his territory elsewhere, the only acquisition of consequence was that of Trieste, won through no effort on his part. Thus Austria gained what was destined to become not only a seaport of importance, but also a channel for exerting frequent influence upon the affairs of Italian towns and their rulers.

The city is situated on the Gulf of Trieste, 307 miles southwest of Vienna by rail. It lies on the seaward slope of the Karst, or Carso, a strip of limestone hills extending inland from 60 to 90 miles, furrowed with ravines and pierced by caverns, into which many small streams disappear.

Not far from Trieste, at Brisclet, is the Grotto Giganta, a stalactite cave, where tourists throng to see the "Great Dome," spreading over a subterranean cavity nearly as long as the United States capitol and a hundred feet higher than the capitol dome.

Despite its inclusion in Austrian territory, Trieste's population and architecture are Italian. It was the Terzate of Roman history, and today the walls and pillars of a Roman temple may be seen encased in the cathedral of San Giusto, a highly composite structure which also has built into it three adjacent structures of the sixteenth century—a Christian basilica, a baptistry and a Byzantine church. Traces of Trieste's early history were to be found before the war in the Museo Lapidario, which contains many Roman antiquities from the vicinity.

SAN SALVADOR: DEFIER OF EARTHQUAKES

San Salvador, scene of recent earthquake shocks, is the capital of the smallest and most populous of Central American republics. The city is no stranger to the twin terrors of earthquake and volcano.

Within ten seconds an earthquake all but destroyed it in 1854, another laid it low in 1873, and that of 1917, when millions of dollars' worth of property was destroyed, is still remembered.

In spite of these fateful blows from nature, and devastating waves of man-made revolutions, San Salvador today is reckoned among the important cities of the mid-continent. It has a population of 80,000; its manufactured products include soap, cigars, candles, cotton cloth and spirits; and its compulsory education laws, university, theaters and scientific institutions attest its regard for culture.

Izalco, perhaps the most famous volcano of the San Salvador republic, belched forth from a fine old hacienda in 1770, and ever since has tirelessly thrown aloft its mighty volume of ashes and gases. With the regularity of a mammoth natural timepiece it is said not to have missed a rumbling, luminous explosion within any half-hour for a century and a half; hence its nickname, the "Lighthouse of Salvador."

Of San Miguel, occasionally active, one writer said, after seeing the eruption of 1848: "It is difficult to conceive a grander natural object than this volcano. Its base is shrouded in densest green, blending with the lighter hues of the grasses which succeed the forest. Above these the various colors melt imperceptibly into each other. First comes the rich amber of the scorias, and then the silver tint of the newly-fallen ashes at the summit; and still above all, floating in heavy opalescent volumes, or rising like a plume to heaven, is the smoke, which rolls up eternally from its incandescent depths."

There is a lake in the republic, Hopango, supposed to lie in the bed of an old volcanic crater. Out of this lake a volcanic island arose to a height of 160 odd feet 30 years ago.

Though in no single instance, perhaps, was a great city buried, the constant exhalations of Salvador volcanoes and infolding processes of its earthquakes gradually submerged remains of a pre-Columbian civilization. These traces just now are beginning to reveal to patient students fascinating facts about this ancient "New World."

Curious pyramids and ramparts belong to a civilization known as Mayan, even before the region was settled by the Pipiles, an early Mexican speaking people. From such slender threads as the fact that steps of these pre-historic temples are higher than they are wide, must science piece out the relations of the various ancient states and cities that flourished on this continent during the halcyon days of Egypt, Phoenicia and China, on the other side of the globe.

RHODESIA: THE LAND OF MEN, WILD BEASTS AND NATURAL BEAUTY

Africa, not so long ago regarded, for the most part, as a "sepulcher of the world's most daring explorers," now engages the attention of the world because of its vast natural resources and its industrial possibilities.

Material furnished the National Geographic society by R. D. Parsons, is the basis for the following description of Rhodesia:

"Interior Rhodesia must be traversed by native carriers over mountains, through primeval forest, across rivers, through almost impenetrable jungle and underbrush, in peril from elephants, lions, leopards, hyenas, serpents, the tsetse fly, wild men as well as wild beasts. Each carrier has a mail bag of 50 pouches. On an average carriers make 25 miles a day, and even on runs of 6,000 miles, from Broken Hill to Abercorn, they are seldom more than an hour behind schedule time and generally only half that. They make better time in the wet season than in the dry as, in the wet, they travel in bare feet, while in the dry the earth is baked, the ground is hot like 'The Valley of Ten Thousand Smokes,' and they are compelled to wear sandals.

"There is one great drawback to the wet; no material has yet been produced that can resist African rain. It laughs at the average rubberized fabrics. One of the few partly successful materials is a peculiarly woven canvas made in England, and even when mail bags of this material are opened, the contents are simply pulp-valueless, and frequently undecipherable. Glazed paper suffers most; why, I do not know. I suppose it is the combination of heat and water.

"The plunge of Victoria Falls on the Zambezi is three times that of our Niagara; the roar is heard for 19 miles, and the column of vapor is miles high. In the dialect of Mashonaland and Matabeleland, its name means 'the water that smokes.'

"From Kasempa to Livingstone (Victoria Falls) is 530 miles, from Livingstone to Bulawayo 290, and from Kasempa to Cape Town 2,200 miles. The fauna of Rhodesia is wonderful; think of 17 kinds of antelopes!

"Although the tsetse fly is an abominable pest, it takes second place as a destroyer of property value to our American pest, the boll weevil. A singular peculiarity of the first named consists in its habit of biting human beings, horses and oxen on the feet. When animals are shipped from Cape Town to North Rhodesia, the shipping is done at night, because, unlike the mosquito, the tsetse fly works only in the daytime. It prefers to work on the legs, and in case of horses these are done up in paraffin and cloths. It should be understood that this foe to man and beast is confined to certain districts."

HOW ARMAGEDDON PROFITED PERSIA

"That exceedingly ill wind, the World war, blew much good to one nation, Persia, for the higher price of silver doubled her capital, made her raw materials sought after by the world, and removed her from comparative isolation to a place among commercial nations of high importance. Writing to the National Geographic society concerning this rejuvenated ancient land, Ella C. Sykes says:

"Persia is one of the oldest empires in existence. It has been a kingdom for 25 centuries—ever since Cyrus the Great, about 550 B. C., conquered Media and united the country to his under the name of Persia. It has had many glorious episodes in its long history; has produced the great teacher Zoroaster; such world-famous poets as Firdawsi, Omar Khayyam, Saadi and Hafiz, and such great soldiers and rulers as Darius I, Shapur I and Shah Abbas.

"Again and again the empire has been a prey to anarchy; again and again conquering hosts have swept through the country, Alexander the Great having, many a successor, the most destructive conqueror being Genghis Khan with his hordes of savage Mongols—a leader who boasted that he had slain thirteen millions of his fellow creatures.

"The center of the country is a great plateau, rising from 2,000 to 6,000 feet, and crossed by frequent chains of mountains, while a lofty mountain barrier bounds it on the north and south.

"In the whole Persian empire there were in 1910 only six miles of railway, and only four roads, their total length amounting to fewer than 800 miles. There is only one navigable river, the Karun, that flows into the head of the Persian Gulf, and on this sea the so-called ports are merely open roadsteads, at which cargo cannot be landed in stormy weather.

"The merchandise of Persia is practically carried on the backs of camels, mules and donkeys, a slow and expensive mode of transport.

"The Persian is of Aryan stock, and has the same words as ourselves for father, mother, brother and daughter (pitar, madar, bradar, and dukhtar), and the construction of his language is like that of English.

"Many Persians have no home life in the usual sense of the word. A Persian house is divided into the bironi, or men's apartments, and the anderoon, or part consecrated to the women. A strong door, set in a high blank wall, gives entrance to a narrow passage that leads into a square courtyard on which open several rooms. Here the men live, and here they usually entertain their friends, while their women dwell in rooms set round an inner courtyard, the only entrance to which is through the bironi.

"As a Persian is instructed from earliest youth that a woman's advice is of no account—in fact the priests tell him that he had better do the exact opposite of what a woman counsels—it can be understood that as a rule he has no exalted opinion of his wife or wives, and seldom turns to them for companionship."

CZECHO-SLOVAKIA: BORN ABOARD FREIGHT TRAINS

Amid the disorders of Central Europe one new nation affords a conspicuous exception to the chaos, strife and revolutions prevalent on all sides of her. That nation is Czecho-Slovakia.

The inception of this new nationality from a racial unit of ancient and distinguished lineage is a modern romance comparable to the crusades of the middle ages.

Early in 1918 the intrepid Czech warriors started out from the Kiev district of western Russia in railway cars, some of which were decorated with the slogan, "From War to War Around the World."

At that time it looked as though the summer of 1918 would find them in Champagne or the Argonne, joined with the thousands of their compatriots who were already fighting in the allied armies to down the Hun. But a strange combination of circumstances delayed them in Siberia through the short summer of long days and the long winter of little sunshine.

A communication follows from Maynard Owen Williams, first American correspondent with the spectacular anabasis of the Czecho-Slovaks across Siberia:

"Xenophon had a fine trip, if one is to judge from the accounts of his favorite press agent, and Napoleon and Sherman have made famous excursions, but when it comes to the world encircling vision of the tourist bureau writer, and the doggedness of death, the wonderful Czechs take the palm.

"The war found them about as enthusiastic in their friendship for William Hohenzollern and his Potsdam confederates as they were for the Hapsburg house that betrayed them centuries ago, after they magnanimously joined the Austrians in the repulse of the hordes from Asia that then threatened Europe.

"Their going over to the enemy was one of the reasons why Germany's southern neighbor failed to pick up rapidly amid the heavy traffic that resulted from the mobilization of Europe.

"Whole regiments of them went over to the foe. Other thousands were shot down by their Austrian companions in arms, and all their organizations were heavily officered by the Germans or Magyars, whose methods and aims they hated. Thousands of them escaped to Russia, where they were sent to the cold of Siberia or the malaria of the Tashkent region as prisoners of war.

"Many of them entered the Russian army under Kerensky, but with the signing of the Brest-Litovsk treaty, they lost faith in their Russian companions-in-arms and with a spirit of loyalty to the cause of freedom that no other group surpassed, they set out from Russia to cross Siberia, the Pacific, America, the Atlantic and France, to hurl themselves once more against their oppressors and traditional foes.

"When I met them their 78 trains were strung out from the Ukraine to Lake Balkal, all moving toward the port of Vladivostok.

"The Bolshevik walked into the trap which they had themselves prepared, for had they lived up to their promises, the Czechs would have all been in Vladivostok by July. When the Reds attempted to disarm the Czecho-Slovak expedition, the Bohemians refused to be as meek as the anti-Bolsheviks usually were then, and the result was a continent saved for democracy while the world was hunting through its atlas to find out who these fighting men with the strange name really were, and what they were doing so far from home."

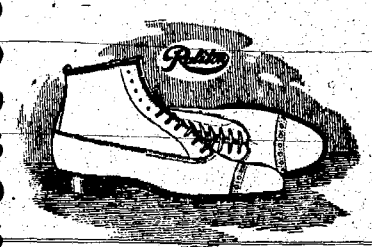
BIG READJUSTMENT SALE!
Shoes, Felt Goods, Rubbers

In keeping with the spirit of the times for lower prices, we are going to offer Our Entire Stock of Shoes, Felts and Rubbers at a Discount of Fifteen per cent Off all Shoes and a Discount of Ten per cent Off all Rubbers and Felts, also Felt Slippers.

Sale Begins Dec. 11th, ends Dec. 31

BELOW ARE A FEW OF THE ADJUSTMENT PRICES:

All \$13.00 Shoes going at \$11.05	All \$3.00 Rubbers going at \$2.60
All \$12.00 Shoes going at \$10.20	All \$2.50 Rubbers going at \$2.25
All \$10.00 Shoes going at \$8.50	All \$2.00 Rubbers going at \$1.80
All \$ 8.00 Shoes going at \$6.80	All \$1.75 Rubbers going at \$1.58
All \$ 7.00 Shoes going at \$5.95	
All \$ 6.00 Shoes going at \$5.10	
All \$ 5.00 Shoes going at \$4.25	
All \$ 4.50 Shoes going at \$3.85	
All \$ 4.00 Shoes going at \$3.40	
All \$ 3.50 Shoes going at \$2.98	
All \$ 3.00 Shoes going at \$2.55	
All \$ 2.50 Shoes going at \$2.13	
All \$ 5.00 Felt Shoes at \$4.50	
All \$4.75 Rubbers going at \$4.28	
All \$4.00 Rubbers going at \$3.60	
All \$3.50 Rubbers going at \$3.15	



OUR STOCK IS NOW COMPLETE, AND NOTHING WILL BE RESERVED. THERE WILL BE NO MARKING GOODS HIGHER AND THEN SCALING THE PRICES DOWNWARD, BUT A GENUINE, CLEAN CUT SALE SUCH AS EAST JORDAN HAS NEVER BEFORE WITNESSED.

COME EARLY WHILE SIZES ARE UNBROKEN. TERMS ARE STRICTLY CASH; No Goods To Be Returned After Leaving the Store. YOURS FOR GOOD SHOES

CHAS. A. HUDSON
EAST JORDAN, MICH.

Chinese Are Honest.
Honesty is a prevailing virtue among most Chinamen. Some of them in their native towns and cities leave their places of business unguarded while they go off for half an hour or more. Should customers arrive in the meantime they find the prices of goods plainly marked, select what they want and leave the money for them.—Springfield (Mass.) Republican.

Washington Monument.
From floor of shaft to apex, the Washington monument is 555 feet 5 1/2 inches high; the shaft itself is 500 feet 5 1/2 inches, the small pyramid which tops the shaft being 55 feet. The base is 55 feet 1 1/2 inches square. The walls are 15 feet thick at the base of the shaft and taper to 18 inches thick at the top.

Wonders of the Air.
A little fellow of Beacon Hill on seeing the dirigible passing overhead the other day called out: "Oh, mother, come and look! There's a submarine flying in the sky, just like an airplane."—Boston Transcript.

Glass Washboards Lessen Friction.
A glass washboard, although it breaks more easily, is to be preferred to a metal one because the friction on the clothes is less. However, if a metal washboard is used it should be thoroughly dry before being put away, so that it will not warp or attract waterbugs.

Talmudic Wisdom.
Throw no stones into the well where you have drunk.—The Talmud.

True Love Sign.
When the stenographer shows signs of restlessness and spends most of her time looking out of the window, it's almost a cinch that she's getting ready to tell the boss she's going to be married.—Detroit Free Press

He's Probably Willing.
Should a bridegroom in Korea stay in the house of his bride's family for more than three days after the wedding, he must live there for an entire year.

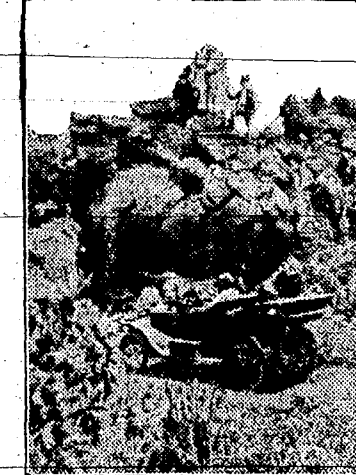


In the Fashion.
A young man purchased his sweetheart a pair of ten-button kid gloves and left them at the house himself. The servant girl took them in and, going to the foot of the stairs, called out: "Please, miss, here's a gentleman as 'as brought you a pair of leggings!"

Birds' Songs on Record.
Phonographic records of birds' songs have been successfully made for future reference.



"Just a few minutes now, Peggy dear, and Daddy will be back home with a nice bottle of
KEMP'S BALSAM
for you. Then you can go to sleep and forget that horrid old cough."
And as usual Mother is right,—but why not save poor old dad the night trip to the drug store, next time by having an extra bottle of Kemp's Balsam in the house all ready for big and little coughs alike?
Get a bottle now. GUARANTEED. Le Roy, N. Y.



Where Lava Blocked a San Salvador Highway.

lation of 80,000; its manufactured products include soap, cigars, candles, cotton cloth and spirits; and its compulsory education laws, university, theaters and scientific institutions attest its regard for culture.

PRICES GOING DOWN!

at Enterprise Cash Store
CASH AND CARRY

Granulated Sugar.....	10c lb.	Men's Best Overalls	\$2
Cotosuet.....	20c lb.	Men's Kersey Pants	4.75
Lard Compound.....	20c lb.	Mens Corduroy Pants	4.75
Salt Pork.....	20c lb.	Mens Heavy Cotton pants	2.90
1 Gal. Best New Orleans Molasses.....	80c	Boys Heavy Wool pants	2.25
1 Gal. Karo Syrup.....	\$1.00	Boys Corduroy pants	2.25
Pillsbury's best Flour 24½ lbs	\$1.85	Mens work shirts	1.25
Omar Flour 24½ lbs.....	\$1.80	Mens Fleece Union Suits	2.75
Gold Seal Flour 24½ lbs....	\$1.70	Mens Cotton Underwear	2.50
Champion Flour 24½ lbs....	\$1.60	Two-piece	
P. & G. Soap.....	.08 Bar	Boys Fleece Union Suits	1.50
Light House Coffee.....	50c lb.	Lined	
Pathfinder Coffee.....	45c lb.	MENS HEAVY WOOL SOCKS	
Table Talk Coffee.....	40c lb.	MENS ALL WOOL DRESS SOCKS	
Diamond 33 Coffee.....	40c lb.	50c to 85c pair	
1 lb Best Tea Siftings.....	25c lb.		
Good Japan Tea.....	60c lb.		
Standard No. 3 Tomatoes...	18c can		
Standard Peas.....	15c can		
3 Packages Macaroni.....	25c		
1 lb. Sun-Maid Raisins.....	32c		
2 Packages Flakes.....	25c		

Come in and see us and get the best bargains you have had for years.

Enterprise Cash Store

The Species.
Irritated Official—I must try not to let these bug visitors annoy me. What kind of human insect was it this time?
Office Boy (timidly)—It was a lady bug, sir.

Hunting New Pearl Beds.
The pearl fishermen of the Orient and of the South sea are hunting for new beds of pearl oysters. The demand for pearls is so great and the fisheries are being worked so continuously that new pearls do not have time to grow.

"Eureka!"
Eureka, or more correctly heureka, is an exclamation meaning "I have found it." It was uttered by Archimedes some 17 centuries ago when he discovered how to find whether the king's gold crown had been alloyed with silver.

Let's settle this right now!

No man ever smoked a better cigarette than Camel!

You'll find Camels unequalled by any cigarette in the world at any price because Camels combine every feature that can make a cigarette supreme!

Camels expert blend of choice Turkish and choice Domestic tobaccos puts Camels in a class by themselves. Their smoothness will appeal to you, and permit you to smoke liberally without tiring your taste!

Camels leave no unpleasant cigarette aftertaste nor unpleasant cigarette odor!

You'll prefer Camels blend to either kind of tobacco smoked straight!

Camels are sold everywhere in scientifically pressed packages of 20 cigarettes; or ten packages (200 cigarettes) in a glassine-paper-covered carton. We strongly recommend this carton for the home or office supply or when you travel.

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



Home Town Helps

MUNICIPAL CARE OF TREES

As Much a Function of Civic Control as Any Modern Necessity, Says a Writer.

Simple and practical information with which the ideal of "the city beautiful" may be brought nearer realization is contained in a bulletin, "Street Trees," prepared by a horticulturist of the United States Department of Agriculture. With very few exceptions, the bulletin points out, the tree growth of the streets of the average American town or city is ragged and unkempt.

That of a suburb or small village is not much better unless it has been under adequate municipal control and the plantings of a given street have been confined to a single kind of tree. Those modern necessities, the telephone, telegraph, electric light and trolley car, each have shared in the mutilation and destruction of good trees. Too few municipalities realize, however, that these modern facilities can be provided without impairing the beauty of shade trees, says the writer. One means of preventing injury is more general use of alleys for public utility wires. Faulty pruning has also caused much deformity.

Providing shade on city streets is as much a municipal function as providing lights on sidewalks, says the publication, and therefore should be undertaken by public officials. Negative control by requiring permits for planting, pruning and removal is a little better than no control. Probably the most satisfactory supervision is through an unpaid commission of three or five members—men who should be appointed to long terms, since it takes two or three years for a commissioner to realize the needs and scope of the work, according to the bulletin.

Even a good board charged with the care of street trees can accomplish little without liberal funds. These may be provided by appropriation from the general tax fund or direct assessment against property owners, collectible with their taxes. In any event, the minimum appropriation provided should be sufficient to carry on properly the work already begun.

CANADIAN CITY TAKES LEAD

Toronto Tackles Its Housing Problem in a Way That Shows She Means Business.

Toronto, Ont., is showing initiative in the housing problem, declares the Christian Science Monitor. Not only is she appointing a commission to study the question, in approved fashion, but she is planning to build 500 houses for sale or rent, and to give loans up to 50 per cent to those who wish to build. Her scheme is restricted to prospective purchasers who have been bona fide residents of the city for the last two years.

It is apparent that Toronto is not satisfied with the handling of the problem by private interests, and her dissatisfaction is echoed practically all over the world. Profiteering landlords have waxed rich, during the housing shortage, at the expense of the rent payer. To allow them to continue to do so would be to encourage injustice. Toronto has taken note of this condition and intends to put a check upon it. In her efforts she will be watched by other municipalities, who may now look to her for a way out of one of their most perplexing tangles.

Plant Trees in Fall.

Fall planting of trees and shrubs is usually more successful than spring planting. The question is debatable in some localities, but in many fall is the best time.

In the fall we have a longer period of favorable weather, the sap or life of the plant has stopped flowing and has become dormant for the season, while in the spring the sap is just beginning to flow and the plant is starting its growth for the season, and transplanting will at this time disturb the roots and growth, and materially retard the successful development of the plant.

Fall planting permits the tree or shrub to firmly establish itself, so that the April showers and early spring sun can begin to draw the sap up from the roots, and the minute fibrous root hairs having close contact with the soil can immediately take in moisture from the soil. It is this circulation of moisture that means the successful development of the plant.

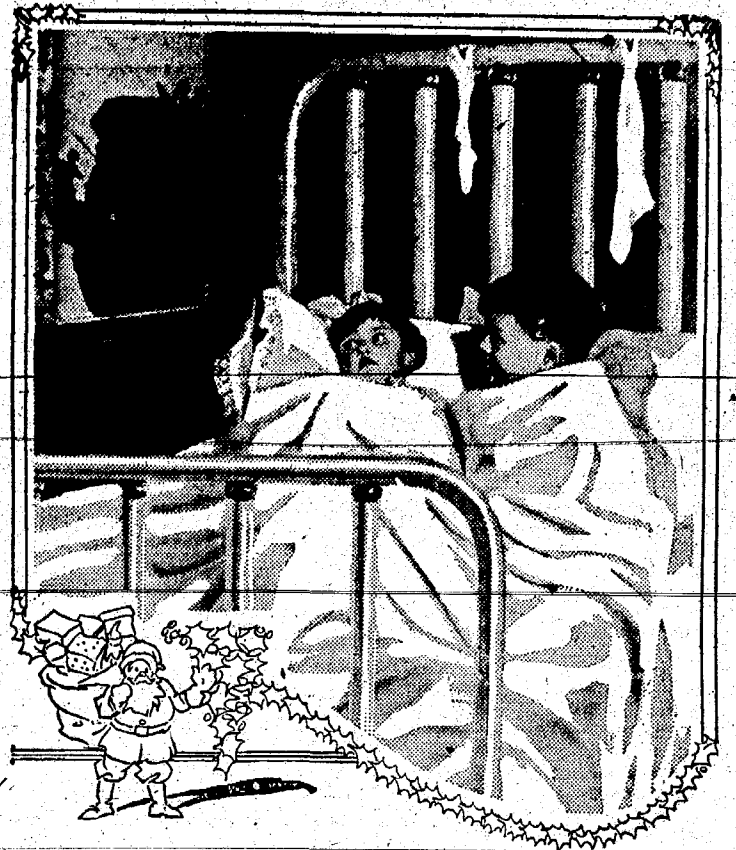
Town Hospitality.

Hospitality has a broader meaning than that which the individual home delights to show the friend or visitor. A community can practice it in like manner and be known as a town where real kindness and consideration are shown visitors, strangers and newcomers. It takes such little trouble to make those who come to us feel that they are welcome.—Morgantown News-Herald.

Benefits of Home Owning.

The general gain to the city from home-owning is incalculable. It means more intelligent interest in public affairs, lower taxes, better training of the young, more comfort in life—in a word, all the good things that a real home implies.

WILL HE COME IN?



The Heart of Christmas

"I fear we are going to have a very poor Christmas at our house," said Jane to Florence as they were walking home from school.

"You know father's been out of work on account of the strike, and mother's long illness will make it next to impossible to buy gifts for the children. And we may not even have a Christmas tree!" And at the thought of a Christmas without a tree, her voice which had been tremulous, broke into a half stifled sob.

Florence looked very thoughtful, then said in comforting tones, "But your father's at work again isn't he?"

"Yes."
"And your mother's health is much better."

"Yes, we expect her downstairs for Christmas day."

"Well, then I think, Jane, that you should have great cause for rejoicing at your house—Christmas tree, or no Christmas tree."

"I had not thought of that Florence, but you are right."

"Sometimes, I think we lose the real spirit of Christmas," continued Jane, "by thinking that Christmas comes from what we get or give instead of realizing that it is right in our hearts."

By this time the friends had come to the parting of the way, and with a friendly nod and "Goodbye," went to their homes to vision anew the possibilities of Christmas.

OPPOSED TO CHRISTMAS PIE

The Puritans were not alone in their opposition to mince or Christmas pie. The Quakers also fought against it, and at length even many good people of the Church of England began to think that clergymen should abstain from it, against which prejudice Bickerstaffe thus remonstrates: "The Christmas pie is, in its own nature, a kind of consecrated cake or badge of distinction, and yet it is often forbidden the druid of the family. Strange that a sirloin of beef, whether boiled or roasted, when entire is exposed to the utmost deprecations and invasions, but if minced into small pieces and tossed up with plums and sugar it changes the property, and forsooth is meat for his master."

SANTA CLAUS

Beyond the ocean many a mile,
And many a year ago,
There lived a wonderful queer old man
In a wonderful house of snow;
And every little boy and girl,
As Christmas times arrive,
No doubt will be very glad to hear
The old man is still alive.

In his house upon the top of a hill,
And almost out of sight,
He keeps a great many elves at work,
All working with all their might
To make a million of pretty things,
Cakes, sugar-plums and toys,
To fill the stockings, hung up, you know,
By the little girls and boys.
—Sunshine Bulletin.

A SAFE AND SANE CHRISTMAS

Societies are being organized whose members are pledged against giving Christmas gifts outside their immediate families. Christmas giving has been overdone, and if the intemperance can be checked in that way, well and good. But let us hope the "reformers" will not try by legal enactment to impose their views upon others. There are many things in this life to be remedied, and most of them should be remedied without resort to legislation.—Tacoma (Wash.) Ledger.

WHY JIMMY PRAYED SO LOUD

Dick and Jimmy were visiting their grandmother. One night when they were saying their prayers Jimmy voiced his petitions for Christmas presents in a tone that could be heard a mile.

"Why do you pray for your Christmas presents so loud?" interrupted Dick. "The Lord ain't deaf."
"No," whispered Jimmy, "but grandma is."

COLD-BLOODED WITH GIFTS

Program for Those Persons Who Think Santa Claus Deception Should Come to End.

We have tried to work out a little Christmas program for those who object to Santa Claus. We respect the opinions of all who think the deception should be stopped and feel that we ought to help them to arrange a disillusionized and thoroughly harmless Christmas—what you might call a germless and renovated and disinfectant and veracious joy season— which the children will take hold of with enthusiasm without in after days wishing to upbraid their parents and hiss at them, "You lied to us!"

We suggest, therefore, that the children be called together on Christmas morning by the governor and addressed as follows:

"Kids: We shall now enjoy our gift giving. I tore off a few scads from my roll the other day and handed them to your mother, and she dived headlong into the bargain counter flood and for two whole days appeared not again, and when she did crawl out, battered, jammed, ragged, torn, bruised and old, she clutched to her bosom these few gimcracks, fol-de-rols and highly un-serviceable articles. We have placed them upon these chairs so as to divest the business of any stage effects that might heighten the pleasure in any way or give a false impression. You are to understand that I had to give up for these things, and I wish to forget about it before I feel real good inside again, and with these few remarks we will now fall to, and you want to be quick about it, for I want to read my paper in peace."—Judge.

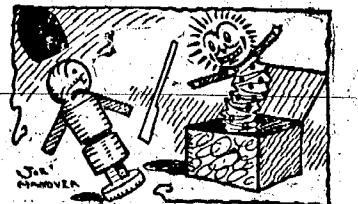
WONDERFUL SPIRIT OF GIVING

Another year is nearing its close and with its ending comes that glad time, the Christmas holiday season. The absent ones are home again or if they cannot come there are the letters and tokens to be sent and received. The remembrance need not be expensive as to money value, to be very much appreciated.

Christmas is pre-eminently the children's day. Do not insist that Santa will not remember them if they are not good. For we all know that Santa Claus will surely come and the children know it, too. He did not forget us in our own childhood whether we were very, very good or not. Let us teach the children about the wonderful spirit of loving and giving that brings a happy Christmas time.

FIRST CHRISTMAS OBSERVANCE

It is said that Christmas was first observed in the year 98 and that it was not until the year 137 that it was made a solemn feast. Pope Telesphorus decreed that it should be celebrated by all Christians in that year. On one early Christmas day the Roman Emperor Diocletian, hearing that the Christians assembled in their church were engaged in celebrating the birth of Christ, commanded that the doors of the church be closed and the building set on fire. This was done and six hundred persons lost their lives in the burning church.



A BRAVE SOLDIER
Jack-in-the-Box: Ha, ha, you're a brave soldier, to be scared of me.

A THRIFTY SAINT

"Don't you think holidays tempt us to extravagance?"
"Not at all. If you will study the pictures of Santa Claus, you will observe he has on the same old clothes he has worn for years."

CHARLEVOIX CO. HERALD
G. A. Liak, Publisher
Subscription Rate, \$1.50 per year.

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

"Index Numbers."

The "index number" is a well-established device commonly used for measuring changes in wholesale and retail prices and rates of wages over long periods of time. It is constructed by securing each month the prices or rates of a uniform list, at certain specified places, and striking an average. Such numbers are usually reduced to percentages. The lowest price known is sometimes taken as a base, or as in case of investment stocks, 100 is used.

Citrous Powders.

Announcement is made of the discovery of a successful process for reducing orange juice and lemon juice to dry powders, the method adopted being much like that employed for the production of powdered milk. Dry air, at not too high a temperature, evaporates the juices to dryness, thus preserving the fresh flavor. When wanted for use, it is necessary merely to add water.

Extenuation.

The man who stole 900 pairs of stockings will, of course, try to gain sympathy in court by pleading that stocking darning is a lost or an abandoned art and that laundries do more harm than good. Added to these reasons why many pairs are necessary he may plead reluctance to wearing one pair until, as they say in mining camps, they become rights and lefts.—Sun and New York Herald.

Odd Newspaper Subscriptions.
Greenland hasn't many newspapers of any kind, but the oddest of them all is a monthly paper called the Kalorikmit. (Did you get your tongue twisted after pronouncing this name?) The most unusual thing about this paper is that a three months' subscription costs two ducks, while it requires a sable skin to pay for a year.

Roast Peacock.

The swan was formerly in great favor for the table. The old bird calls for good teeth, but the young cygnet is tender and good. The meat is dark in color and tastes like goose with suggestion of hare. The peacock also was one of the most famous dishes at royal feasts in the middle ages, but it requires a world of basting to make it tender and palatable.

New Scale Appears.

Balance scales are accurate only when level. Scales of a new design are built on a new principle which never vary on this account.

Awkward.

It is awkward when you didn't hear the comedian but laugh anyhow, and then your wife calls upon you to explain the joke.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

"I Got Real Mad When I Lost My Setting Hen," Mrs. Hannon.

"I went into the hen house one morning and found my favorite setter dead. I got real mad. Went to the store, bought some RAT-SNAP and in a week I got six dead rats. Everybody who raises poultry should keep RAT-SNAP." Three sizes, 35c, 65c, \$1.25. Sold and guaranteed by Gidley & Mac, Stroebel Bros. adv.

NO KIDDIES—NO CHRISTMAS

Children Are Absolutely Necessary to Keep the Yuletide and Happy Season in Existence.

EDWARD S. MARTIN, who is never happier than when writing about children, had a characteristic article in the Metropolitan Magazine entitled "Christmas and Children." In the course of its lines Mr. Martin introduces a suggestion that is extremely unpleasant, but he clears it away delightfully. He says:

"Consider, if there were to be a lapse of new babies for even so short a time as ten years, Santa Claus would fade out of active existence and become a mere tradition to be read about in books. A failure of the infant crop for fifteen years would result in the decay of the habit of hanging up stockings, and only antiquarians would any longer take the trouble to have Christmas trees. Of course, in such an unthinkable contingency as that our world would be in such a desperate state of dejection that it would have no fun, though it would go through the motions of existence from habit. But the kind of Christmas keeping we are used to would be knocked on the head. That lasts simply and solely because there are children. The people who have the children maintain the current Christmas practices for their children's sake, the older children maintain them for their own sake, and the folks who have no children keep them up for old times' sake and because it is the custom of the country.

"What an intolerable suggestion that is, of there being no children to be had under fifteen years old; no babies to blink and coo at the Christmas tree candles; no five-year-olds to come downstairs in their nightgowns after their stockings; no seven-year-olds to wake-up everyone in the house hours before breakfast; no ten-year-olds to sit at the Christmas board and be warned against over-indulgence in plum pudding. No consuming interest in dolls and no market for them; no laborious searching of the toy shops, and harassing indecision whether to get the same old toys or the new ones; no active concern about jack knives and sleds and roller skates. No having in—but it is much too awful to go on about. Let us be devoutly thankful that it is only an awful idea without basis; that there are lots and lots of children in commission, of all kinds and ages, and myriads more coming, whatever croaks there may be about race suicide."

Plum Pudding of Other Days.
A great deal has been said, written and sung about the plum pudding of old England, but centuries ago it had a formidable rival for epicurean favor known as plum-pottage or porridge. It consisted of beef or mutton made into a broth, thickened with brown bread, which was then thoroughly boiled after raisins, currants, prunes, cloves, mace and ginger had been added. This dish is now entirely obsolete, though "Poor Richard's Almanac" mentions it as late as 1750, and a Mrs. Frazer, who published a cook-book in Edinburgh in 1791, announcing herself on its title page as the only teacher of the great art of cookery in that city, gives a recipe for making it, while Brand, the popular antiquary, tells how he partook of it at a Christmas dinner in the mansion of an old English gentleman in 1801, but it has long since been wholly supplanted by plum pudding. The origin of the latter is veiled into obscurity. The earliest cook-book which makes any reference to it is the one by Mrs. Frazer already referred to as containing a recipe for plum pottage.

Christmas Eve in the Home

CHRISTMAS EVE in the home, is always a jovial event, or should be. The father has closed his ledger with a "Thank God" that there is now and then a respite from toil, from the perplexities and cares of everyday life, an oasis in the desert of the year, and yields himself for the time to the pleasure of creating new joys for the loved ones at the home fireside. The mother's heart overflows with love and thankfulness as she watches the innocent and enthusiastic glee of her little ones over their Christmas gifts. And as for the children themselves, what eternity of time could compensate them for the loss of one Christmas?

Well Led.

Mary and Robert, of tender age, had ponies as their Christmas presents and were being taught to ride. Daily they were put on the ponies' backs at the entrance to Central park in New York, and were taken for the prescribed round. Being only four and six years respectively, they welcomed the kind attentions of grooms, especially the immense help of leading the pony. But it was best that they should go it alone.

Near by the plaza entrance, of course, is the bronze equestrian statue of General Sherman, with victory going before his horse. Mary, after being for a long time without a groom to lead, one day looked wistfully at the statue.

"Father," she said, "wasn't it awfully kind of that man's wife to lead his horse for him?"



CHRISTMAS THRIFT CLUB

After thorough search for the best to be had we have found a "Christmas Savings Club" plan which we know will be entirely satisfactory. Our many friends will now have an opportunity of joining the BEST CLUB with their OWN BANK and they know they will be treated right.

The Joy of Having MONEY
when you need it most is assured
if you will enroll at once in our

CHRISTMAS THRIFT CLUB

NOW OPEN FOR MEMBERS

Come in and secure one or more of the many memberships we offer below.

Select Your Plan and Join Today

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|--|--|
| PLAN A--SECURES \$12.75
First deposit 1c, increasing 1c each week, for 50 weeks, last deposit 50c. | PLAN G--SECURES \$63.75
First deposit \$2.50, decreasing 5c each week, for 50 weeks, last deposit 5c. |
| PLAN B--SECURES \$25.50
First deposit 2c, increasing 2c each week, for 50 weeks, last deposit \$1.00. | PLAN H--SECURES \$127.50
First deposit \$5.00, decreasing 10c each week, for 50 weeks, last deposit 10c. |
| PLAN C--SECURES \$63.75
First deposit 5c, increasing 5c each week, for 50 weeks, last deposit \$2.50. | PLAN J--SECURES \$12.50
Deposit 25c each week, for 50 weeks. |
| PLAN D--SECURES \$127.50
First deposit 10c, increasing 10c each week, for 50 weeks, last deposit \$5.00. | PLAN K--SECURES \$25.00
Deposit 50c each week, for 50 weeks. |
| PLAN E--SECURES \$12.75
First deposit 50c, decreasing 1c each week, for 50 weeks, last deposit 1c. | PLAN L--SECURES \$50.00
Deposit \$1.00 each week, for 50 weeks. |
| PLAN F--SECURES \$25.50
First deposit \$1.00, decreasing 2c each week, for 50 weeks, last deposit 2c. | PLAN M--SECURES \$100.00
Deposit \$2.00 each week, for 50 weeks. |
| | PLAN N--SECURES \$125.00
Deposit \$2.50 each week, for 50 weeks. |
| | PLAN O--SECURES \$250.00
Deposit \$5.00 each week, for 50 weeks. |

It's Easy To Save---It's Nice To Spend

Sincerely Yours,

State Bank of East Jordan

"The Bank on the Corner"
EAST JORDAN, MICHIGAN

Only Two More Days for CHRISTMAS PHOTOS

Saturday, Dec. 11th
Wednesday, Dec. 15th

F. M. FINDLAY AT BOSWELL STUDIO

WAGES DOWN SO ARE PRICES!

To meet the lowering of wages and the falling market condition we are throwing our entire stock of Men's and Women's Clothing and Furnishings on the market at greatly reduced prices.

A CALL WILL CONVINC!

East Jordan Lumber Co

Briefs of the Week

L. uis Young went to Holton, Tuesday.

Mareus Hayward left Saturday for Detroit.

B. uce Dickie left Monday for McMillan, Mich.

Mrs. Mary Scott was an Alba visitor this week.

Wm. Supernaw was a Bay City visitor this week.

Edgar Tilley went to St. James, Tuesday, for a visit.

Mrs. C. Nielson visited friends at Alba over Sunday.

Special sale on aluminum ware at Stroebel Bros. adv.

Att'y E. N. Clink was at Ann Arbor on business this week.

Ed. Sandel left Tuesday for a visit at Washington Island, Wis.

Mrs. Frank Bolser left Monday to spend the winter at Flint.

Wm. Taylor left Tuesday for a visit at Grand Rapids and Detroit.

Mrs. Claude Beals is spending the week with relatives at Solan.

American Beauty Electric Sad Irons \$10.00. Stroebel Bros. adv.

Mrs. A. R. Van Husen left Monday for a visit at Philadelphia, Pa.

Mrs. George Walker visited her daughter at Bellaire this week.

Coffee percolators almost given away Dec. 20th at Stroebel Bros. adv.

Miss Mollie Gunderson left Saturday for a visit with relatives at Lowell.

Mr. and Mrs. Kiley Bader and children spent the week end at Boyne City.

Louis Gass, who has been here on business, returned to Detroit, Monday.

Mrs. V. King of Linwood is here visiting her daughter, Mrs. Frank Longton.

Mrs. Bruce Dickie, formerly Miss Esther Malpass left Tuesday for a visit at Muskegon.

Mr. and Mrs. John Hefferan and daughter of Mancelona visited Mrs. C. Walsh over Sunday.

For sale choice thoroughbred Bronze Turkey Gobblers. Freeman Walton, phone 166 F 1-2. adv.

Mrs. John Sutton leaves this Friday for Flint where she will spend the winter months with relatives.

Mr. and Mrs. M. R. Drescher of West Olive were guests of Mr. and Mrs. A. L. Hilliard a few days this week.

A Box Social and entertainment will be given at Rock Elm Grange Hall this Saturday evening, Dec. 11th. adv.

Mr. and Mrs. E. J. Lafferty and children arrived Monday from Chetek, Wisconsin, and will locate on a farm near here.

Mr. and Mrs. Clyde Baldwin and daughter of Alba spent the week end at the home of Mr. and Mrs. A. M. Murphy.

Mrs. C. A. Brabant and nephew, Bruce Isaman, left Monday for Ontario, Calif., where they will spend the winter months with her sister, Mrs. F. G. Falls.

Watch for our slashing sale of Coffee Percolators Dec. 20th. Stroebel Bros. adv.

Mrs. Al Tindale left Thursday for a visit at Manton.

Nice assortment of Pyrex Ware. Stroebel Bros. adv.

Miss Grace Pickhaver is a Grand Rapids visitor this week.

See our large selection of Brown and White Earthenware. Stroebel Bros. adv.

Mr. and Mrs. L. A. Hoyt left Thursday for a visit with their daughter at Detroit.

Mrs. John Edyvear returned to Central Lake, Tuesday, after a visit here with friends.

Fred McGlone and W. C. Hardy left Wednesday for a visit with relatives at Hitchens, Ky.

Mr. and Mrs. Earl Gee returned Wednesday from Sand River, where Mr. Gee has had employment.

Rev. John Duncan is confined to his home with illness and will be unable to conduct the Presbyterian Church services next Sunday.

Regular meeting of South Lake Lodge No. 180, K. of P., next Wednesday evening Dec. 15th. Lunch and Smoker. All members please attend.

Mr. and Mrs. W. Asa Loveday and Miss Louise Loveday returned to Lansing, Thursday, after being called here to attend the funeral of their father, D. C. Loveday.

A Christmas party will be held at the Masonic Hall Wednesday evening Dec. 15th. All Masons and their wives, Eastern Stars and husbands are invited. Each person requested to bring a gift value not to exceed 15c. Committee.

The Str. Missouri cleared this port last Sunday with a big cargo of potatoes and apples from the East Jordan Co-operative Ass'n consigned to Chicago. Co-operative Manager, R. C. Supernaw, and wife left with the shipment for Chicago, returning home by rail.

David Shepard, a well known pioneer resident of this region, passed away at his home in Wilson township Tuesday, Dec. 7th. He was born in England, Feb'y 1st, 1848. Funeral services were held at the Afton Grange Hall Thursday afternoon conducted by Rev. Thos. Marshall. Interment at East Jordan cemetery.

Fancy casseroles at Stroebel Bros.

Revenge may be sweet, but the after effects are bitter.

The high roads of evil are covered with tacks.

Where do all the speakers come from who have great messages to deliver to the community—and what becomes of them and their messages?

Every town contains a certain number of men who live better than the average, and whose scourse of income nobody can find out.

Then there is the kind of man who is always in a hurry but never arrives.

If you have faith in your future your future will have faith in you.

The scourse of an infant's strength is its weakness, but you're no infant.

Some people play politics but most of them that get anywhere work at it.

Make Every Day a Christmas

Too prone are we all to allow our Christmas sentiments to evaporate, with the days, forgetting that there are other days in the year for a sympathetic hand clasp and an encouraging word. If Christmas is better than other days in the year, it is because the feeling of brotherhood and fellowship, belongs to it.

Why not have every other day in the year filled with brotherliness and fellowship? Why not soften the asperities of life, speak the kindly word, and extend the helping hand for the other 364 days? In a word, why not make every day a Christmas? Carry the Christmas spirit with us throughout the year and say, with Tiny Tim, at all times and seasons, "God bless us, everyone."

Let us keep Christmas in this spirit, then, forgetting not to whom thanks for the many blessings and privileges of this great country of ours are due, looking forward to the age that is coming:

"When the common sense of most shall hold the fretful realm in awe And the kindly earth shall slumber lapt in universal law."

SIMPLE HOME-MADE GIFTS

Handkerchiefs, neatly hemmed and an embroidered initial adorning one corner, may be made from a stray remnant of linen or lawn.

Canvas or denim gloves for the woman who hangs out wet clothes are a boon—and so easily made on the sewing machine.

Night slippers are a joy to children who must walk upstairs after preparing for bed. Any material of downy texture is adaptable, and they are made as simply as a stocking foot.

Every country woman should have a knit, woolen corset cover. A worn sweater, by removing the collar and lower part of the sleeves (parts, by the way, most likely to show wear) serves beautifully for this purpose.

Knowing the size of any little girl's doll, it is a simple matter to make a dress, a bonnet or cloak for it.

Mittens are neatly and quickly made on the sewing machine. Use any flexible woolen material.

A child's fur set can be made from an out-of-date fur piece, or if you have only a trifle of fur use it simply for the rim of the muff and the scarf-end.

To an invalid friend is sent your cheeriest house-plant to gladden the Christmas day.

Dog Licenses Now Due

All owners of dogs within the city limits please take notice that licenses are now due—commencing Dec. 10th—and must be paid on or before January 25th, 1921.

G. E. BOSWELL
City Treasurer

If your friends flatter you, that doesn't mean anything because friends are supposed to do that, but if your enemies knock you that means you amount to something or they wouldn't take the time to do it.

The man who would "rather fight than eat" generally does not feel so much like eating after the fighting is over.

Everybody has a right to his own opinion but he hasn't the right to keep airing it all the time.

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.

For Sale—Real Estate

FARM for Rent or Sale—The Erastus Warner farm located in Wilson township, three miles east of East Jordan, 200 acres, 175 under cultivation. Good buildings, running water, large orchard. On stone road. A fine opportunity for the right person. Address, ERASTUS WARNER, Pellston Mich. 50x3

FOR SALE—My residence on North Main st. For terms inquire of HARRY CURKENDALL, Harbor Springs, Mich. 46 tf.

For Sale—Miscellaneous

FOR SALE—A pair of Light Sleighs with Whippetrees; also thills for one horse. JOSEPH TROJANEK, R. D. 4, East Jordan. 50-2

FOR SALE—Red Star Vapor Oil Stove—nearly new. Phone 56. A. E. WELLS. 49tf.

FORD CAR for sale, or will exchange for live stock or feed. See C. J. MALPASS.

FOR SALE—A Ford Roadster in good condition.—LEO G. LACROIX, East Jordan, Route 1. Phone 118 F3 49-2

FOR SERVICE—Registered Hampshire BOAR. HERBERT CHORPENING, East Jordan, Route 4, Phone 164-21. 48t. f.

FOR SALE AND SERVICE—Registered O. I. C. Boars. EDWARD THORSON R. F. D. 3, East Jordan. Phone 165-22. 49x2

News of the Churches

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.

Presbyterian Church Notes
Rev. John Duncan, Pastor

Sunday, Dec. 12, 1920.
11:15—Sunday School.
6:00 p. m.—Y. P. S. C. E.

First Methodist Episcopal Church
Rev. Thomas Marshall, Pastor.

"The Church where your welcome never wears out."

Sunday, Dec. 12, 1920.

10:00 a. m.—"The True Secret of Living."—Children's talk, "The Monks Who Tried to Quarrel."

11:15—Sunday School.

3:00 p. m.—Junior Church.

7:00 p. m.—"What is Social Service?" Orchestra leads singing.

Heard at the Methodist Church.

"No preacher with a petrified religious vocabulary can ever hope to reach the masses.

"Some people are always looking for the funeral of the Universe. They always mistake the sunrise for the sunset.

Why should a Christian desire the return of Christ in physical form?

"The first three chapters of the book of Genesis are not concerned with creation, but with the Creator; not with a world, but with a God.

"Christianity is not a book-Religion.

"No child belongs to the devil. Every child comes into the world a member of the Kingdom of God.

"There are no heathen children, they become heathen but are not born heathen.

"Preventive Salvation is the best kind of Salvation."

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

Another soul was saved—"born again" in our services of last Sunday. Praise God. Again, other new faces were seen in the congregation and all seemed to enjoy the preaching of the Word.

Its good to read the first chapter of first Corinthians. In it Paul tells us "For the preaching of the cross is to them that perish foolishness; but unto us which are saved it is the power of God."

"For the Jews require a sign, and the Greeks seek after wisdom; But we preach Christ" etc. read the rest of the chapter, please. And then in the first five verses of the second chapter he explains just how and why he preaches thus.

Pay a visit to our meetings. We'll be real glad to see you and believe you will be glad to come.

Hours of services:
(Eastern Standard Time)

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.

Latter Day Saints Church.
L. Dudley, Pastor.

Sunday, Dec. 12, 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.

Stop pursuing happiness and it will wait for you. Then you will find that its name is Love—for your job.

NO MORE Rats

or mice, after you use RAT-SNAP. It's a sure rodent killer. Try a Pkg. and prove it. Rats killed with RAT-SNAP leave no smell. Cats or dogs won't touch it. Guaranteed.

3c size (1 cake) enough for Pantry, Kitchen or Cellar.

6c size (2 cakes) for Chicken House, coops, or small buildings.

12c size (4 cakes) enough for all farm and out-buildings, storage buildings, or factory buildings.

Sold and Guaranteed by Gidley & Mac, Stroebel Bros.



SPECIAL SALE ON ALL ALUMINUM WARE

From Now Until Christmas.

The price of this ware has not declined, but we had one shipment doubled so will close out at a low price.

10-qt. Covered Kettles ~~\$3.75~~ Now \$3.10

8-qt. Covered Kettles ~~\$3.00~~ Now \$2.20

8-qt. 4-piece Kettles ~~\$3.98~~ Now \$3.10

LARGE Oatmeal Cookers ~~\$3.75~~ Now \$2.95

Other Items In Same Proportion.

Do Not Buy a Coffee Percolator

Until we have our SLASHING SALE Dec. 20th.

The Greatest Reduction of anything we ever had.

STROEBEL BROS.



A FEW SUGGESTIONS FOR A MERRY XMAS

Star Phonographs
Sellers Kitchen Cabinets
Sweeper Vac Electric Cleaner

Royal Easy Chairs
Free Sewing Machines
Moth-proof Cedar Chests

Over-stuffed Parlor Suites
Davenport
Comfortable Rockers

Table and Floor Lamps
EVERYTHING TO MAKE THE HOME COMFORTABLE

PRICES IN REACH OF ALL.

Bamber Watson

FURNITURE DEALERS

R. G. WATSON Service Motor Hearse

Funeral Director Phone 66

EAST JORDAN—"LET'S GO."

GOITRE

Caused Dreadful Choking for this Owosso Man. Relieved in three days by External Remedy.

Note: It would be illegal to publish these statements if they were not true. Floyd Sprague, 620 Graud Ave., Owosso, Mich., says in his own home paper, the Owosso Argus Press: "I have been the victim of internal goitre for 12 years, and have tried various treatments without any relief. It was without much hope of success that I started in with Sorbol Quadruple. But from the second or third application I felt free from that dreadful choking sensation, and have been enjoying some real nights sleep. The old dizziness and weak spells have left. Do not know what your remedy is composed of, but know that it is full of relief for what it is sold. Please accept these few lines as part of the thanks I think due to you and your truly great remedy. If anyone wants to know my experience direct, I will gladly answer them."

Sorbol Quadruple comes in small bottles containing enough for most cases. It will not stain or irritate. Does not interfere with daily work. Leaves the parts in healthful normal condition. Requires ten minutes daily.

Get further information at Gidley & Mac's drug store everywhere, or write Sorbol Company, Mechanicsburg, Ohio.

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 over-worked, weakened or diseased kidneys. Foley Kidney Pills relieve. Hite's Drug Store, adv.

"A Shine In Every Drop" Get a Can TO-DAY From Your Hardware or Grocery Dealer. Includes images of Black Silk and Stove Polish cans.

RATS DIE

so do mice, once they eat RAT-SNAP. And they leave no odor behind. Don't take our word for it—try a package. Cats and dogs won't touch it. Rats pass up all food to get RAT-SNAP. Three sizes.

35c size (1 cake) enough for Pantry, Kitchen or Cellar.

65c size (2 cakes) for Chicken House, coops or small buildings.

\$1.25 size (5 cakes) enough for all farm and out-buildings, storage buildings, or factory buildings.

Sold and Guaranteed by Gidley & Mac, Stroebel Bros.

SULPHUR CLEARS UP ROUGH OR RED SKIN

Face, Neck and Arms Easily Made Smooth, Says Specialist

Any breaking out of the skin, even fiery, itching eczema, can be quickly overcome by applying a little Mentho-Sulphur, declares a noted skin specialist. Because of its germ destroying properties, this sulphur preparation begins at once to soothe irritated skin and heal eruptions such as rash, pimples and ring worms.

It not only fails to remove the torment and discomfort, and you do not have to wait for relief from embarrassment. Impement quickly shows. Sufferers from skin trouble should obtain a small jar of Mentho-Sulphur from any good druggist and use it like cold cream.

COMB SAGE TEA IN FADED OR GRAY HAIR

If Mixed with Sulphur it Darkens so Naturally Nobody can Tell.

Grandmother kept her hair beautifully darkened, glossy and attractive with a brew of Sage Tea and Sulphur. Whenever her hair took on that dull, faded or streaked appearance, this simple mixture was applied with wonderful effect. By asking at any drug store for "Wyeth's Sage and Sulphur Compound," you will get a large bottle of this old-time recipe, improved by the addition of other ingredients, all ready to use, at very little cost. This simple mixture can be depended upon to restore natural color and beauty to the hair.

A well-known downtown druggist says everybody uses Wyeth's Sage and Sulphur Compound now because it darkens so naturally and evenly that nobody can tell it has been applied—it's so easy to use, too. You simply dampen a comb or soft brush and draw it through your hair, taking one strand at a time. By morning the gray hair disappears; after another application or two, it is restored to its natural color and looks glossy, soft and beautiful. The preparation is a delightful toilet requisite. It is not intended for the cure, mitigation or prevention of disease.

NEW ERA OPENS IN HISTORY OF OUR NORTHLAND

Flight of Daring Army Aviators to Alaska Means the Dawn of New Day.

GREAT REJOICING IN WRANGELL

Thrilling Story of Their Arrival in the Land of Ice and Snow is Told—Alaskans Hold Celebration in Honor of Event.

New York.—When, in 1846, President Polk signed with Great Britain a compromise treaty which extended the Canadian border line from the Rocky mountains to the Pacific ocean on parallel 49, he settled the long-drawn-out controversy over the Oregon boundary and hushed for all time the campaign slogan, "54-40 or fight," which had come to be a very insistent one during the middle forties.

There was a wait of twenty-one years before a more prophetic imagination, a wider vision, flung our coast line to the farthest limit of the continent by the purchase from Russia of that vast storehouse of mineral, agricultural and timber wealth, the wonder world of Alaska.

A Day of Joy.

We can picture what the scene was like when the fliers first reached Alaskan soil. It was Saturday, and when it became known that the fliers were expected that afternoon, the mayor of Wrangell declared a holiday. Flags were hoisted over the principal buildings of the town. Mill whistles blew and bells rang that all might set out for the landing field at Sergief island, made ready for the arrival and in charge of Sergt. W. W. McLaughlin. All during the afternoon small boats were leaving, loaded with passengers. At noon the Harrington Transportation company's "Hazel B. No. 3" left the dock, floating a big scow, both boat and scow loaded to the limit with sight-seers. Meanwhile no news had come from Hazelton saying just when the fliers had left for Wrangell. There was no way of guessing the hour when they would arrive. All eyes scanned the sky. The hands of the clock turned relentlessly, cutting away the afternoon. One o'clock, 2, 3, 4. Some discouraged spectators turned their faces homeward, making ready to take the boat back to Wrangell.

Suddenly there was a shout: "There they come." And the four planes came humming overhead, circling the landing field. With a dip and whirl that thrilled the spectators, Lieut. Kirkpatrick came to earth at sixty miles an hour. The three other planes followed in quick succession, plane No. 1, with Capt. Street, commander of the squadron, being the last to leave the air. In seven minutes from the time the first plane landed, all four had come to earth, and in spite of recent rains that had caused a wet field, all were happy landings.

No One Worked That Day. The work was accomplished. The 3,000 miles between New York and Alaska had been cut to less than fifty flying hours. The journey itself was to continue 1,500 miles farther, to Fairbanks, to Ruby, to Nome. But the reality of the accomplishment was established when they touched Alaskan soil at Wrangell.

Little wonder that the town made holiday; that Mayor Grant welcomed the fliers; that Gov. Riggs and the mayor of Juneau and others sent telegrams. Little wonder the fliers were feasted and feted. The occasion warranted it. Here were eight men who had traveled across the continent to Sergief Island where, in the days of the Cassiar gold stampede, hundreds of argonauts had camped waiting for the ice to open and clear the way to strike river; where hundreds, too, had taken breath in that breathless and historic Klondike rush, when many had perished.

The story of Alaska would have been another story had aviation been a working proposition in 1897; the history of Alaska will be a different history dating from August 14, 1920. The flight to Alaska has a much wider significance than a mere spectacular one. The war department, through its air service, has not lent itself to the showman's game. Excessive speed or sensational performances have not been covered, notably in the London-Australia flight. In the New York-Nome tour, at no time was there a jump of more than 320 miles nor an altitude higher than 10,000 feet. At the same time it must be borne in mind that the flight was not without hazard. There are pleasant places to be reached by a wrecked airplane, than by a plane, or the uncharted

wilds of Alaska. A flight in almost any other direction on United States territory offers more friendly harbors and happier landing fields.

Significance of the Flight. But, back of it all, the Alaskan flight had a deep significance. It was undertaken by the war department for a three-fold purpose and with the cordial co-operation of the Canadian government, and the aid of the weather bureaus of both countries. The first great purpose in view is the photographing and preliminary surveying for the opening of a route to Alaska. The second is the establishing of a relay mail and commercial air route which will cut the time from Alaska to the states from weeks to days. The third is the mapping of some 3,500 square miles of unexplored country about the flats of the upper Yukon river—a three days' task for the four flying photographers, but a labor of three years and many men for a ground surveying party.

With these three purposes in view, therefore, it needs no prophetic vision to see what changes are to be wrought in Alaska's future by the coming of the four airplanes to Alaskan soil on August 14 last. Little wonder, as we have said, that their advent was hailed with rejoicing by the far distant and far-seeing Alaskans who had hazarded their lives and their fortunes upholding the upbuilding of Alaska's future.

According to the "Wrangell Sentinel," which gave its whole front page of August 19 to a story of the arrival of the airmen, Capt. Street, who had bought at Edmonton a water-proof coat with a fur collar and lined with unclipped lamb skin, and at Wrangell, a pair of loggers' rubber packs and a pair of socks, that would weigh as much as an ordinary pair of shoes, is reported to have said: "When I was flying over the continuous chain of glaciers and snow fields between here and Hazelton, I little dreamed that on reaching Wrangell it would be my privilege to feast on home-grown berries and cream. The luxuriant growth of vegetables and the beautiful flowers here are a great surprise to me."

Incidents of the Flight. In its story of this dramatic moment in Alaska's history, the Sentinel notes the following interesting item. In the flight from Hazelton to Wrangell the aviators flew over much virgin country, which, on account of its inaccessibility, had never been beheld by human eye. Much of the time after leaving Saskatoon, the fliers had to rely for bearings upon their compasses, thus proving their ability as aerial navigators. The greater part of the flying since leaving New York was done at an altitude of 5,000 feet, but between Hazelton and Wrangell, an altitude of 9,000 to 10,000 feet was reached.

The aviators are all young men, the oldest being 27 and the youngest 22. Four of the eight are southerners and all but one have mothers living; two are foreign born, Lieut. Eric H. Nelson being a native of Sweden, and Sergt. Edmond Henriques a native of Australia.

The take-off from Wrangell for the flight up-country was spectacular. Swerving from their course, on invitation from Mayor Robertson of Juneau, the fliers circled over the capital city, Lieut. Kirkpatrick dipping low enough to drop a package sent by the New York Times to Gov. Riggs.

With stops at Whitehorse, Dawson, Fairbanks, Ruby, the great flight reached its destination, Nome, at 5:30 p. m. August 15, having made fifty-five hours actual flying time from New York, 4,300 miles away.

"Lady" and "Gentleman" Get License to Wed

San Francisco.—Elmer J. Mott, gentleman, age fifty.

Laura E. Galbraith, lady, age forty-eight.

This was the unique record on a marriage license granted by "Cupid" Munson. Mott said he had no other occupation than that of a gentleman, but that prior to a year ago he was in the real estate business in Rome, N. Y.

His bride was a resident of Guelph, Ontario, Canada, and is a wealthy widow.

After a stay of three months on this coast they will return to the East to make their permanent residence there.

FINDER KEEPS \$1,300 GOLD

Judge Settles Dispute Over Ownership of Treasure Found Buried on Farm.

Newcastle, Ind.—Ownership of \$1,300 in gold found buried on a farm near Greensboro six months ago by Levi Todd, a fifteen-year-old boy, was settled in court here.

Judge Gause decided "finders are keepers."

While excavating for a basement under an old house, young Todd drove his pick into an earthenware jar containing the money. Then started a three-cornered fight for ownership. Mrs. Clara Freeman Vickerey claimed the money was part of her mother's estate, and John Hardin, present owner of the farm, sought an interest as owner of the land.

BOXES, OLD CHRISTMAS FAD

Ancient Custom at One Time Developed into Demand as Right and Became Nuisance.

THE bestowal of Christmas boxes is of great antiquity, and was formerly the bounty of well disposed persons who were willing to contribute something toward the industrious. Later the gift came to be demanded as a right and became somewhat of a nuisance. Long ago the Roman Catholic priests had masses for everything, and if a ship went to the West Indies they had a box in her under the protection of some patron saint, into which the sailors put money or other valuables in order to secure the prayers of the church. At Christmas these boxes were opened and were those called Christmas boxes in England the day after Christmas is known as "Boxing day," from the Christmas boxes which used to be in circulation, and in the British museum can be seen boxes covered with green glaze with a slit in the side for money and presents.

CHRISTMAS BAG FOR GUESTS

Container for Presents Attached to Backs of Chairs With Bow of Red Satin Ribbon.

THE Christmas bag is an innovation planned by one housekeeper. The breakfast table is to be decorated with a mirror in the center, outlined as a star by holly sprigs, and with a slender-cut glass vase in the center holding red chrysanthemums. Long-stemmed flowers also radiate from the central star with the blossoms toward the plates of those for whom the flowers are intended. Every napkin lies beneath a Christmas card with a sprig of holly tied upon it with red ribbon, and to the back of every chair is tied a bag with a big red satin bow. The bags are of all sizes, and each is full of individual gifts. One is an opera bag, another a shopping bag in black and gold, still another is brown leather and gold nailheads, another a gay laundry bag; one is suggestive of the scraps grandmother will put into it, and the other of books that a small girl will carry to school. All are as dainty, and fine as careful workmanship and good materials can make them, and there will be fun emptying the materials out of the various bags.

Differ on Christ's Birthday

THE early Christmas were divided as to the date on which the nativity of Christ should be celebrated. Some of these celebrated it on the first or sixth of January, other groups observed September 29 and still another March 29. As early as the fourth century, however, the period of the new year had been generally accepted as the time for celebrating Christ's birth. The Western branch of the church observed December 25 and the Eastern church January 6. Finally it was decided that all should celebrate December 25. Pope Julius I, who presided in the first half of the fourth century, is credited with having set the date.

Roses at Christmas.

The fact that we can get flowers out of doors at Christmas time is in itself a sufficient justification for growing the Christmas rose, but besides that it is worth growing for itself, says Country Life in America. Its large white flowers, fully two inches across, resembling those of a giant single rose, although as a matter of fact it belongs to the same family as the buttercups, never fail to excite enthusiasm in the season of snow and ice. The plant itself grows only six to eight inches high, and the large, greenish-white flowers are borne in clusters and nestle closely among the dark green leaves.

Novel Christmas Salad Bowl.

By the time that the salad course arrives at the Christmas dinner all that surround the festive board are apt to be warm. It will be refreshing to see the salad come to the table in a block of ice. Smooth the ice square with a hot flat iron and make a cavity in the center with the same utensil. Border with crisp lettuce and sprigs of holly and fill with salad. Place the block on several thicknesses of cloth or a deep platter and put around it a wreath of holly.

DO IT EARLY Bug—Doing your Christmas shopping now? Why it's a long time off. Mrs. Small—I know, but the store is half a block away.

An Easy Gift. Small boy, running up and displaying slate:—"Just look, uncle, what I've done with my example! Got a whole million! I'll give it to you as a Christmas present."—Fitzgibbon Blatter.

U. S. Army Surplus stock is now being sold. First door south of Peoples State Bank. All goods connected with the U. S. Army. 12 Lb. Cans No. 1 Bacon, 25c per lb. \$3.00 Can All Wool and mixed Socks. Your choice of the bunch—50c pair. Officers Shoes—\$7.25 Wool mixed Underwear. Heavy Union Suits \$2.25 Two-piece Heavy Suit \$2.50 O. D. All Wool Mackinaws—\$10.50 Officer's Raincoats—\$6.50 to \$20.00 All Leather Jerkins—\$6.50 Slip-over Sweaters—\$1.10 Sweater Coats, Extra Heavy—\$3.75 Hip Boots—\$4.75 pair TIME IS LIMITED HERE. ARMY STORE

Kill That Cold With HILL'S CASCARA BROMIDE AND QUININE 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

GET MORE BUTTER. "The Farmer's Worst Enemy—Rats. The Farmer's Best Friend—Rat-Snap." These are the words of James Baxter, N. J.: "Ever since I tried RAT-SNAP I have always kept it in the house. Never fails. Used about \$3.00 worth of RAT-SNAP a year and figure it saves me \$300 in chicks, eggs and feed. RAT-SNAP is convenient, just break up cake, no mixing with other food." Three sizes, 35c, 65c, \$1.25. Sold and guaranteed by Gidley & Mac, Stroebel Bros. adv. Giant Grasshoppers. Grasshoppers in South America are the largest known. In that country they attain to a length of five inches, and their wings spread out ten inches. Dickens' Versatility. The works of Charles Dickens contain 1,425 different characters. HEAVY MEAT EATERS HAVE SLOW KIDNEYS Eat less meat if you feel Backsachy or have bladder trouble—Take glass of Salt. No man or woman who eats meat regularly can make a mistake by flushing the kidneys occasionally, says a well-known authority. Meat forms uric acid which excites the kidneys, they become over-worked from the strain, get sluggish and fail to filter the waste and poisons from the blood, then we get sick. Nearly all rheumatism, headaches, liver trouble, nervousness, dizziness, sleeplessness and urinary disorders come from sluggish kidneys. The moment you feel a dull ache in the kidneys or your back hurts or if the urine is cloudy, offensive, full of sediment, irregular of passage or attended by a sensation of scalding, stop eating meat and get about four ounces of Jad Salt from any pharmacy; take a tablespoonful in a glass of water before breakfast and in a few days your kidneys will set fine. This famous salt is made from the acid of grapes and lemon juice, combined with lithia, and has been used for generations to flush and stimulate the kidneys, also to neutralize the acids in urine so it no longer causes irritation, thus ending bladder weakness. Jad Salt is inexpensive, and cannot injure; makes a delightful after-dinner little-water drink which everyone should take now and then to keep the kidneys clean and active and the blood pure, thereby avoiding serious kidney complications.

Holiday Red and Green. This Christmas candle shade is made of red and green crepe paper and decorated at the top with a spray of holly and holly berries. The paper is cut in petals, the under ones in red and the outside ones in green.

The Voice of the Pack

BY EDISON MARSHALL

(Copyright, 1920, Little, Brown & Company)

(Continued)

Dan no longer wore his glasses. Every day his eyes had strengthened. He could see more clearly now, with his unaided eyes, than he had ever seen before with the help of the lens. And the moonlight came down through a rift in the trees and showed that his face had changed, too. It was no longer so white. The eyes were more intent. The lips were straighter.

"It's been two months," Silas Lennox told him, "half the four that you gave yourself after you arrived here. And you're twice as good now as when you came."

Dan nodded. "Twice! Ten times as good! I was a wreck when I came. Today I climbed halfway up Baldy—within a half mile of Snowbird's cabin—without stopping to rest."

Lennox looked thoughtful. More than once, of late, Dan had climbed up toward Snowbird's cabin. It was true that his guest and his daughter had become the best of companions in the two months; but on second thought, Lennox was not in the least afraid of complications. The love of the mountain women does not go out to physical inferiors. "Whoever gets her," he had said, "will have to tame her," and his words still held good. The mountain women rarely mistook a maternal tenderness for an appealing man for love. It wasn't that Dan was weak except from the ravages of his disease; but he was still a long way from Snowbird's ideal. Although Dan had courage and that same rigid self-control that was an old quality in his breed, he was still a long way from a physically strong man. It was still an even break whether he would ever wholly recover from his malady.

But Dan was not thinking about this now. All his perceptions had sharpened down to the finest focal point, and he was trying to catch the spirit of the endless forest that stretched in front of the house. His pipe had gone out, and for a long time Lennox hadn't spoken. He seemed to be straining too, with ineffective senses, trying to recognize and name the faint sounds that came so tingling and tremulous out of the darkness. As always, they heard the stir and rustle of the gnawing people; the chipmunks in the shrubbery, the gophers who, like blind misers, had ventured forth from their dark burrows; and perhaps even the scaly glide of those most-dreaded poison people that had lairs in the rock piles.

Dan felt that at last the wilderness itself was speaking to him. He had waited a long time to hear its voice. His thought went back to the wisemen of the ancient world, waiting to hear the riddle of the universe from the lips of the Sphinx, and how he himself—more in his unconscious self, rather than conscious—had sought the eternal riddle of the wilderness. He had asked questions—never in the form of words but only ineffable yearnings of his soul—and at last it had responded. The strange rising and falling song was its own voice, the articulation of the very heart and soul of the wilderness.

"It's the wolf pack," Lennox told him softly. "The wolves have just joined together for the fall rutting." "Then this means the end of the summer?" Dan asked.

"In a way, but yet we don't count the summer ended until the rains break. Heavens, I wish they would start! I've never seen the hills so dry, and I'm afraid that either Bert Cranston or some of his friends will decide it's time to make a little money fighting forest fires. Dan, I'm sus-

"Dan, I'm suspicious of that gang."

picious of that gang. I believe they've got a regular arson ring, maybe with unscrupulous stockmen behind them, and perhaps just a penny-winning deal of their own. I suppose you know about Landy Hildreth—how he's promised to turn state's evidence that will send about a dozen of these vipers to the penitentiary!"

"Snowbird told me something about it." "He's got a cabin over toward the marshes, and it has come to me that he's going to start tomorrow, or maybe has already started today, down into the valley to give his evidence. Of course, that is deeply confidential, between you and me. If the gang knew about it, he'd never get through the thickets alive."

But Dan was hardly listening. His attention was caught by the hushed, intermittent sounds that are always to be heard, if one listens keenly enough, in the wilderness at night. "I wish the pack would sound again," he said. "I suppose it was hunting."

"Of course. And there is no living thing in these woods that can stand against a wolf pack in its full strength."

"Except man, of course."

"A strong man, with an accurate rifle, of course, and except possibly in the starving times in winter he'd never have to fight them. All the beasts of prey are out tonight. You see, Dan, when the moon shines, the deer feed at night instead of in the twilights and the dawn. And of course the wolves and the cougars hunt the deer. It may be that they are running cattle, or even sheep."

But Dan's imagination was afloat. He was not content yet. "They couldn't be hunting man?" he asked.

"No. If it was midwinter and the pack was starving, we'd have to listen better. It always looked to me as if the wild creatures had a law against killing men, just as humans have. They've learned it doesn't pay—something the wolves and bears of Europe and Asia haven't found out. The naturalists say that the reason is rather simple—that the European peasant, his soul scared out of him by the government he lived under, has always fled from wild beasts. They were tillers of the soil, and they carried hoes instead of guns. They never put the fear of God into the animals and as a result there are quite a number of true stories about tigers and wolves that aren't pleasant to listen to. But our own frontiersmen were not men to stand any nonsense from wolves or cougars. They had guns, and they knew how to use them. And they were preceded by as brave and as warlike a race as ever lived on the earth—armed with bows and arrows. Any animal that hunted men was immediately killed, and the rest found out it didn't pay."

"Just as human beings have found out the same thing—that it doesn't pay to hunt their fellow men." "The laws of life as well as the laws of nations are against it."

But the words sounded weak and dim under the weight of the throbbing darkness; and Dan couldn't get away from the idea that the codes of life by which most men lived were forgotten quickly in the shadows of the pines. Even as he spoke, man was hunting man on the distant ridge where Whisperfoot the cougar had howled.

Bert Cranston, head of the arson ring that operated on the Umpqua divide, was not only beyond the pale in regard to the laws of the valleys, but he could have learned valuable lessons from the beasts in regard to keeping the laws of the hills. The moon looked down to find him waiting on a certain trail that wound down to the settlements, his rifle loaded and ready for another kind of game than deer or wolf. He was waiting for Landy Hildreth; and the greeting he had for him was to destroy all chances of the prosecuting attorney in the valley below learning certain names that he particularly wanted to know.

There was no breath of wind. The great pines, tall and dark past belief, stood absolutely motionless, like strange pillars of ebony. Bert Cranston knelt in a brush covert, his rifle loaded and ready in his lean, dark hands.

No wolf that ran the ridges, no cougar that waited on the deer trails knew a wilder passion, a more terrible blood-lust than he. It showed in his eyes, narrow and never resting from their watch of the trail: it was in his posture; and it revealed itself unmistakably in the curl of his lips. Some thing like hot steam was in his brain blurring his sight and heating his blood.

The pine needles hung wholly motionless above his head; but yet the dead leaves on which he knelt crinkled and rustled under him. Only the keenest ear could have heard the sound, and possibly in his madness, Cranston himself was not aware of it. And one would have wondered a long time as to what caused it. It was simply that he was shivering all over with hate and fury.

A twig cracked, far on the ridge above him. He leaned forward, peering, and the moonlight showed his face in unsmiling detail. It revealed the deep lines, the terrible, drawn lips, the ugly hair long over the dark ears. His strong hands tightened upon the breech of the rifle. His wiry figure, grew tense.

Of course it wouldn't do to let his prey come too close. Landy Hildreth was a good shot too, young as Cranston, and of equal strength; and no sporting chance could be taken in this hunting. Cranston had no intention of giving his enemy even the slightest chance to defend himself. If Hildreth got down into the valley, his test-

mony would make short work of the arson ring. He had the goods; he had been a member of the disreputable crowd himself.

The man's steps were quite distinct by now. Cranston heard him fighting his way through the brush thicket, and once a flock of grouse, frightened from their perches by the approaching figure, flew down the trail in front. Cranston pressed back the hammer of his rifle. The click sounded loud in the silence. He had grown tense and still, and the leaves no longer rustled.

His eyes were intent on a little clearing, possibly one hundred yards up the trail. The trail itself went straight through it. And in an instant more, Hildreth pushed through the buckbrush and stood revealed in the moonlight.

If there is one quality that means success in the mountains it is constant, unceasing self-control. Cranston thought that he had it. But perhaps he had waited too long for Hildreth to come; and the strain had told on him. He had sworn to take no false steps; that every motion he made should be cool and sure. He didn't want to attract Hildreth's attention by any sudden movement. All must be cautious and stealthy. But in spite of all these good resolutions, Cranston's gun simply leaped to his shoulder in one convulsive motion at the first glimpse of his enemy as he emerged into the moonlight.

The end of the barrel struck a branch of the shrubbery as it went up. It was only a soft sound; but in the utter silence it traveled far. The gun barrel caught the moonlight as it leaped, and Hildreth saw its glint in the darkness.

He was looking for trouble. He had dreaded this long walk to the settlements more than any experience of his life. He didn't know why the letter he had written, asking for an armed escort down to the courts, had not brought results. But it was wholly possible that Cranston would have answered this question for him. This same letter had fallen into a certain soiled, deadly pair of hands which was the last place in the world that Hildreth would have chosen, and it had been all the evidence that was needed, at the meeting of the ring the night before, to adjudge Hildreth a merciful and immediate end. Hildreth would have preferred to wait in the hills and possibly to write another letter, but a chill that kept growing at his finger tips forbade it. And all these things combined to stretch his nerves almost to the breaking point as he stole along the moonlit trail under the pines.

A moment before the rush and whir of the grouse flock had dried the roof of his mouth with terror. The tall trees appalled him, the shadows fell upon his spirit. And when he heard this final sound, when he saw the glint that might so easily have been a gun-barrel, his nerves and muscles reacted at once. Not even a fraction of a second intervened. His gun flashed up and a little, angry cylinder of flame darted, as a snake's head darts, from the muzzle.

Hildreth didn't take aim. There wasn't time. The report roared in the darkness; the bullet sang harmlessly and thudded into the earth; and both of them were the last things in the world that Cranston had expected. And they were not a moment too soon. Even at that instant, his finger was closing down upon the trigger, Hildreth standing clear and revealed through the sights. The nervous response that few men in the world would be self-disciplined enough to prevent occurred at the same instant that he pressed the trigger. His own fire answered, so near to the other that both of them sounded as one report.

Most hunters can usually tell, even if they cannot see their game fall, whether they have hit or missed. This was one of the few times in his life that Cranston could not have told. He knew that as his finger pressed he had held as accurate a "bead" as at any time in his life. He did not know still another circumstance—that in the moonlight he had overestimated the distance to the clearing, and instead of one hundred yards it was scarcely fifty. He had held rather high. And he looked up, unknowing whether he had succeeded or whether he was face to face with the prospect of a duel to the death in the darkness.

And all he saw was Hildreth, rocking back and forth in the moonlight—a strange picture that he was never entirely to forget. It was a motion that no man could pretend. And he knew he had not missed.

He waited till he saw the form of his enemy rock down, face half-buried in the pine needles. It never even occurred to him to approach to see if he had made a clean kill. He had held on the breast and he had a world of confidence in his great, shocking, big-game rifle. Besides, the rifle fire might attract some hunter in the hills; and there would be time in the morning to return to the body and make certain little investigations that he had in mind. And running back down the trail, he missed the sight of Hildreth dragging his wounded body, like an injured hare, into the shelter of the thickets.

Whisperfoot, that great coward, came out of his brush-covert when the moon rose. It was not his usual rising time. Ordinarily he found his best hunting in the eerie light of the twilight hour; but for certain reasons, his knowledge of which would be extremely difficult to explain, he let this time go by in slumber. Whisperfoot had slept almost since dawn. It is a significant quality in the felines that they simply cannot keep in condition without hours and hours of sleep. If



He Knew He Had Not Missed.

this matter of sleeping, they are in a direct contrast to the wolves, who seemingly never sleep at all, unless it is with one eye open, and in still greater contrast to the king of all beasts, the elephant, who is said to slumber less per night than that great electrical wizard whom all men know and praise.

The great cat came out yawning, as graceful a thing as treads upon the earth. He was almost nine feet long from the tip of his nose to the end of his tail, and he weighed as much as many a full-grown man. He stood and yawned insolently, for all the forest world to see. He rather hoped that the chipmunk, staring with beady eyes from his doorway, did see him. He would just as soon that Woolf's little son, the bear cub, should see him too. But he wasn't so particular about Woolf himself, or the wolf pack whose song had just awakened him. And above all things, he wanted to keep out of the sight of men.

For when all things are said and done, there were few bigger cowards in the whole wilderness world than Whisperfoot. A good many people think that Graycoat the coyote could take lessons from him in this respect. But others, knowing how a hunter is brought in occasionally with almost all human resemblance gone from him because a cougar charged in his death agony, think this is unfair to the larger animal. And it is true that a full-grown cougar will sometimes attack horned cattle, something that no American animal cares to do unless he wants a good fight on his paws and of which the very thought would throw Graycoat into a spasm; and there have been even stranger stories, if one could quite believe them. A certain measure of respect must be extended to any animal that will hunt the great bull elk, for to miss the stroke and get caught beneath the churning, lashing, slashing, razor-edged front hoofs is simply death, painful and without delay. But the difficulty lies in the fact that these things are not done in the ordinary, rational blood of hunting. What an animal does in its death agony, or to protect its young, what great game it follows in the starving times of winter, can be put to neither its debit nor its credit. A coyote will charge when mad. A raccoon will put up a wicked fight when cornered. A hen will peck at the hand that robs her nest. When hunting was fairly good, Whisperfoot avoided the elk and steer almost as punctiliously as he avoided men, which is saying very much indeed; and any kind of terrier could usually drive him straight up a tree.

But he did like to pretend to be very great and terrible among the smaller forest creatures. And he was Fear itself to the deer. A human hunter who would kill two deer a week for fifty-two weeks would be called a much uglier name than poacher; but yet this had been Whisperfoot's record, on and off, ever since his second year. Many a great buck wore the scar of the full stroke—after which Whisperfoot had lost his hold. Many a fawn had crouched panting with terror in the thickets at just a tawny light on the gnarled limb of a pine. Many a doe would grow great-eyed and terrified at just his strange, pungent smell on the wind.

He yawned again, and his fangs looked white and abnormally large in the moonlight. His great, green eyes were still clouded and languorous from sleep. Then he began to steal up the ridge toward his hunting grounds. It was a curious thing that he walked straight in the face of the soft wind that came down from the snow fields, and yet there wasn't a weathercock to be seen anywhere. And neither had the chipmunk seen him wet a paw and hold it up, after the approved fashion of holding up a finger. He had a better way of knowing—a chill at the end of his whiskers.

The little, breathless night sounds in the brush around him seemed to madden him. They made a song to him, a strange, wild melody that even such frontiersmen as Dan and Lennox could not experience. A thousand, smells brushed down to him on the wind, more potent than any wine or lust. He began to tremble all over with rapture and excitement. But unlike Cranston's trembling, no wilderness ear was keen enough to hear the leaves rustling beneath him.

CHAPTER II.

Shortly after nine o'clock, Whisperfoot encountered his first head of deer. But they caught his scent and scattered before he could get up to them. He met Woolf, grunting through the underbrush, and he punctiliously, but with wretched spirit, left the trail. A fight with Woolf, the bear was one of the most unpleasant experiences that could be imagined. He had a pair of strong arms of which one embrace of a cougar's body meant death in one long shriek of pain. Of course, they didn't fight often. They had entirely opposite interests. The bear was a berry-eater and a honey-grubber, and the cougar cared too much for his own life and beauty to tackle Woolf in a hunting way.

A fawn leaped from the thicket in front of him, startled by his sound in the thicket. The truth was, Whisperfoot had made a wholly unjustified misstep on a dry twig, just at the crucial moment. Perhaps it was the fault of Woolf, whose presence had driven Whisperfoot from the trail, and perhaps because old age and stiffness was coming upon him. But neither of these facts appeased his anger. He could scarcely suppress a snarl of fury and disappointment.

He continued along the ridge, still steaming, still alert, but his anger increasing with every moment. The fact that he had to leave the trail again to permit still another animal to pass, and a particularly insignificant one too, didn't make him feel any better. This animal had a number of curious stripes along his back, and usually did nothing more desperate than steal eggs and eat bird fledglings. Whisperfoot could have crushed him with one bite, but this was one thing that the great cat, as long as he lived, would never try to do. He got out of the way politely when Stripe-back was still a quarter of a mile away, which was quite a compliment to the little animal's ability to introduce himself. Stripe-back was familiarly known as a skunk.

Shortly after ten, the mountain lion had a remarkably fine chance at a buck. The direction of the wind, the trees, the thickets and the light were all in his favor. It was old Blacktail, wallowing in the salt lick; and Whisperfoot's heart bounded when he detected him. No human hunter could have laid his plans with greater care. He had to cut up the side of the ridge, mindful of the wind. Then there was a long dense thicket in which he might approach within fifty feet of the lick, still with the wind in his face. Just beside the lick was another deep thicket, from which he could make his leap.

His body lowered. The tail lashed back and forth, and now it had begun to have a slight vertical motion that frontiersmen have learned to watch for. He placed every paw with consummate grace, and few sets of human nerves have sufficient control over leg muscles to move with such astonishing patience. He scarcely seemed to move at all.

But when scarcely ten feet remained to stalk, a sudden sound pricked through the darkness. It came from afar, but it was no less terrible. It was really two sounds, so close together that they sounded as one. Neither Blacktail nor Whisperfoot had any delusions about them. They recognized them at once, in strange ways under the skin that no man may describe, as the far-off reports of a rifle. Just today Blacktail had seen his doe fall bleeding when this same sound, only louder, spoke from a covert from which Bert Cranston had poached her—and he left the lick in one bound.

Terrified though he was by the rifle shot, still Whisperfoot sprang. But the distance was too far. His outstretched paw hummed down four feet behind Blacktail's flank. Then forgetting everything but his anger and disappointment, the great cougar opened his mouth and howled.

The long night was almost done when he got sight of further game. Once a flock of grouse exploded with a roar of wings from a thicket; but they had been awakened by the first whisper of dawn in the wind, and he really had no chance at them. Soon after this, the moon set.

The larger creatures of the forest are almost as helpless in absolute darkness as human beings. It is very well to talk of seeing in the dark, but from the nature of things, even vertical pupils may only respond to light. No owl or bat can see in absolute darkness. It became increasingly likely that Whisperfoot would have to retire to his lair without any meal whatever.

But still— he remained, hoping against hope. After a futile fifteen minutes of watching a trail, he heard a doe feeding on a hillside. Its sturdy tramp was not so heavy as the sturdy bucks would be higher on the ridges this time of morning. He began a cautious advance toward it. For the first fifty yards the hunt was in his favor. He came up wind, and the brush made a perfect cover. But the doe unfortunately was standing a full twenty yards farther, in an open glade. Under ordinary circumstances, Whisperfoot would not have made an attack. A cougar can run swiftly, but a deer is light itself. The big cat would have preferred to linger, a motionless thing in the thickets, hoping some other member of the deer herd to which the doe must have belonged would come into his ambush. But the hunt was late, and Whisperfoot was very, very angry. Too many times this night he had missed his kill. In desperation, he leaped from the thicket and charged the deer. In spite of the tremendous odds



A Full Twenty Yards Farther.

against him, the charge was almost a success. He went fully half the distance between them before the deer perceived him. Then she leaped. There seemed to be no interlude of time between the instant that she beheld the dim, tawny figure in the air and that in which her long legs pushed out in a spring. But she didn't leap straight ahead. She knew enough of the cougars to know that the great cat would certainly aim for her head and neck in the same way that a duck-hunter leads a fast-flying duck—hoping to intercept her leap. Even as her feet left the ground she seemed to whirl in the air, and the deadly talons whipped down in vain. Then, cutting back in front, she raced down wind. It is usually the most unmitigated folly for a cougar to chase a deer against which he has missed his stroke; and it is also quite fatal to his dignity. And whoever doubts for a minute that the larger creatures have no dignity, and that it is not very dear to them, simply knows nothing about the ways of animals. They cling to it to the death. But tonight one disappointment after another had crumbled, as the rains crumble leaves, the last vestige of Whisperfoot's self-control. Snarling in fury, he bounded after the doe.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

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.

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, Pains, 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 Monacester of Salicylicacid.

KILLS RATS
and mice—that's RAT-SNAP, the old reliable rodent destroyer. Comes in cakes—no mixing with other food. Your money back if it fails.
35c size (1 cake) enough for Pantry, Kitchen or Cellar.
65c size (2 cakes) for Chicken House, coops, or small buildings.
\$1.25 size (5 cakes) enough for all farm and out-buildings, storage buildings, or factory buildings.
Sold and Guaranteed by Oldley & Mac, Stroebel Bros.



Christmas Circus

Crepe paper offers any number of good opportunities for making Christmas gifts, especially for the children. Printed figures of wild, or of domestic animals, are cut out, to make menageries or familiar barnyard friends, that delight the youngsters. The pictures are pasted over stiff cardboard and then cut out, following the outline of the animal, but leaving a straight piece to provide a support.



Santa Claus Favors

Christmas wouldn't seem natural if a new pin cushion failed to make its appearance.

Three new ribbon-covered cushions shown above include a long roll covered with moire and edged with a frill of plain ribbon, a small round affair edged with lace, and a barrel-shaped, hanging cushion, decorated with lace, baby ribbon and satin-covered fruit.

Spanish Coin of 1709 in Delaware Bay Fish

Cape May, N. J.—Frank W. Hughes of Cape May Point caught a nine-pound weakfish in Delaware Bay. When he cleaned the fish Hughes found in it a Spanish coin dated 1709. It is supposed that this came from one of the Spanish ships of that time which was wrecked off the Delaware capes. Hughes was accompanied when he caught the fish by Horace Carson, who some time ago found a pearl valued at \$500 in a clam that he caught off the Fishing Creek clam beds.

FIND "PERISCOPE STOWAWAY"

Iron Pipe Gives Air to Man Hidden in Coal Bunkers on Princess Matoika.

New York.—Discovery of a "periscope stowaway" was reported by Capt. Hubbard C. Fish of the Princess Matoika on arrival of the army transport here from Antwerp.

Prior to its departure the ship was searched by Belgian officials for a bank robber. The search failed to bring him to light, but it did bring from various portions of the ship 23 stowaways.

One was found hidden in the ship's bunkers buried from sight by coal. In order to breathe he had rigged up a "periscope" in the form of a piece of iron pipe.

Six Hundred Dollars in One Chicken.

Davenport, Ia.—It was a tedious process for H. L. Walbourne, a grocer and butcher, to recover a lost diamond valued at \$600, for he was unable to tell which of his 150 chickens had swallowed the gem. The diamond was missing from his ring after he had unloaded the chickens from crates and placed them in a coop and he suspected one of the fowls had eaten it. He found the jewel one day in the gizzard of the fiftieth fowl he slaughtered.

RAT-SNAP KILLS RATS

Also mice. Absolutely prevents odors from carcass. One package proves this. RAT-SNAP comes in cakes—no mixing with other food. Guaranteed. 35c size (1 cake) enough for Pantry, Kitchen or Cellar. 65c size (2 cakes) for Chicken House, coops, or small buildings. \$1.25 size (5 cakes) enough for all farm and out-buildings, storage buildings, or factory buildings. Sold and guaranteed by Gidley & Mac, Stroebel Bros.

PREPARE CAPONS FOR BEST PRICE

No Feed or Water Should Be Given for 24 Hours Before Fowls Are Killed.

STICKING METHOD FAVORED

Some Feathers Should Be Allowed to Remain as Distinguishing Mark—Pack in Neat Boxes of Most Convenient Size.

Capons selected for killing should be confined for 24 hours without feed or water to empty their crops completely. The usual method of killing is known as the sticking method. The fowl is hung up by the feet, the head in the left hand, and the whole body stretched to full length. The mouth is forced open and the blood vessels at the back of the throat are severed with a sharp narrow-bladed knife. The knife is then turned and the point plunged through the roof of the mouth to a point just behind and between the eyes, piercing the brain. The muscles are relaxed and the feathers come out easily.

Dry Picking Is Best.

Capons should always be dry picked, as they look much better and as some of the feathers should be left on. The feathers of the neck and head, the tail feathers, those a short way up the back, the feathers of the last two joints of the wing, and those of the leg, about one-third of the way from knee to hip joint, should be left on. These feathers, together with the head of the capon, serve to distinguish it from other classes of poultry on the market, and consequently should never be removed. In packing, be careful not to tear the skin. Bad tears, poultry specialists of the United States department of agriculture say.



Good Specimen of Capon.

should be sewn up. Capons scalded and picked bare bring very little, if any, better prices than other poultry in the same condition.

Most markets require capons to be undrawn and the head and feet left on. Care should be used to cleanse the head and feet of all signs of blood and filth.

Pack in Neat Box.

After picking, the carcasses are hung in a cool place until the animal heat has entirely left the body, when they are ready to be packed. Like other poultry they should be packed in boxes of convenient size, holding a dozen carcasses, or in barrels. Every attention should be given to neatness and attractiveness, as this helps the sale and the price. During the time of year when most capons are marketed—January, February and March—no ice is necessary, but if for any reason they are shipped in warm weather they should be packed in ice.

MAKING POSTS LAST LONGER

Good Plan to Treat Tops With Creosote as Well as Bottoms to Prevent Deterioration.

If the top of the fence post is beveled the water will run off instead of soaking into the top of the post and causing decay. It is as important to conserve the top of the posts as the part that is in the ground. It will also pay when treating the bottom of the post with creosote to give the part above ground a light treatment.

INCREASE PROFITS OF FARM

Development of Motor Transportation Expected to Bring Farmer Better Returns.

The development of motor transportation of farm products is going to be one of the big things in the progress of farming in the next few years. It is going to place agriculture on a more profitable basis, and eliminate much of the spread which now exists between the consumer and the producer.

HEALTHY AND VIGOROUS HEN

Right Kind to Keep in Laying Pen for Production of Eggs—Dispose of Defects.

It does not matter how well bred a hen may be or how well we may try to feed her for egg production, if she is not naturally healthy and vigorous, she will not be a bird to keep in the laying pen. Birds that have any physical defects should not be kept.

FEDERAL INSPECTION PREVENTS BIG WASTE

Shippers, Receivers and Others Interested Assisted.

Sworn Statements as to Condition of Fruits and Vegetables Hastens Sales, Thereby Facilitating Distribution.

More than 25,000 inspections of fruits and vegetables moving in interstate commerce were made by representatives of the bureau of markets, United States department of agriculture.



Federal Inspector Ascertaining Condition of Shipment of Cucumbers.

During the 12 months ended June 30, 1920, this is an increase of 78 per cent over the number of inspections for the preceding year.

By the use of food products inspection service shippers, receivers and others interested can obtain sworn statements attesting the condition of perishable products received at central markets. With immediate evidence of the condition of the food sales are made promptly, thereby facilitating the distribution of the products handled. This prevents deterioration and waste on account of delays resulting from disputes as to the condition of products, hastens the release of cars and prevents unfair trade practices.

The bureau has some 40 representatives located at 26 important market centers to make inspections upon request of those concerned with the shipments. A charge of \$2.50 is made for less than half a carload and \$4 for each half a carload or more.

CORN HAS MANY ADVANTAGES

Growing Period Is During Hottest Part of Year When Soil Is Dry and Thoroughly Warm.

Corn has an advantage over the small grains. Its growing period is during the warmest part of the year. The soil is then dried out and warmed thoroughly. The days are then the longest and the sun shines the warmest. All these things are needed by a plant to make growth. From this it becomes plain why corn should produce more food on an acre of land than a crop that does not take advantage of the whole growing season.

Corn has another advantage and that is that its nature of growth is such that it can be cultivated. Many may think that this is a disadvantage. The cultivation kills weeds and keeps the moisture from escaping. While corn uses as much moisture as a grain crop, the cultivation given it reduces the amount of moisture that evaporates from the soil—in this way making the corn crop a moisture saver.

The corn crop has the advantage of season of growth, enabling it to produce more per acre than the grain crops and the advantage of lending itself to being cultivated, which saves moisture and kills weeds, making it both a good producer and a crop to prepare the land for other crops.

CUT SWEET CLOVER FOR SEED

Difficult to Harvest Because Seeds Mature Unevenly—Stock Eat Some of Straw.

Sweet clover is difficult to harvest for seed because it matures its seeds unevenly. The best time to cut it for seed is when half the seed pods have turned dark, and any grain or corn harvester will bundle the clover nicely. The straw is usually woody, but stock will consume some of it. When it is too coarse for feed it makes mighty good material to plow under.

PLOWING IS EASIEST WORK

Most Satisfactory Task When Implementation and All Attachments Are Adjusted.

Plowing is one of the easiest and most satisfactory jobs on the farm, that is, if the plow, with all its attachments are in correct position and the soil is in the proper condition to be plowed.

TUBERCULOSIS IN HOG HERD

Infection Comes Principally Through Following Cattle or Devouring Carcasses.

Evidence shows that swine become infected with tuberculosis principally from cattle, either by following them in feed lots or pastures, by receiving infected dairy by-products, or by eating tuberculous carcasses.

Have Markets Reached Bottom?

On May 14, 1917 the wholesale prices on our Flours were:	On Dec. 10, 1920 the wholesale prices on our Flours are:
Occident . . . \$18.50	Occident . . . \$13.25
Minnesota Best . . . \$17.60	Minnesota Best . . . \$13.00
Iron Duke . . . \$17.50	Iron Duke . . . \$12.50
White, Rose . . . \$17.10	White Rose . . . \$11.50

On May 14, 1917 the wholesale prices on our Feeds were:	On Dec. 10, 1920 the wholesale prices on our Feeds are:
Cracked Corn, per ton \$68.00	Cracked Corn, per ton \$42.00
Ground Oats, per ton \$64.00	Ground Oats, per ton \$46.00
Oats, per bushel88	Oats, per bushel68

This represents the decline in prices since that time. We believe that prices are now at the bottom, and that they will go considerably higher soon than they are at present. The are now below the cost of production.

This is your opportunity to get your winter's supply at the lowest figure. We are prepared to give you the best prices and the most efficient service.

Argo Milling Company

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, 1915 and was recorded on the 7th day of August, A. D. 1912 in Liber 47 of mortgages on page 428 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 (N¹/₂) 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 Deeds office for Charlevoix County, Michigan.

THE STATE BANK OF EAST JORDAN
Mortgagee,
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 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.
Pretty is as pretty paints.
A farmer always wonders what a city man does with his time.

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 6th day of Dec. A. D. 1920.

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

In the Matter of the Estate of Hiram Hoffman, Deceased.
Bert DeYoung having filed in said Court his petition, praying for license to sell the interest of said estate in certain real estate therein described.

It is Ordered, That the 29th day of December A. D. 1920, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, at said probate office, be and is hereby appointed for hearing said petition, and that all persons interested in said estate appear before said court, at said time and place, to show cause why a license to sell the interest of said estate in said real estate should not be granted.

It is Further Ordered, That public notice thereof be given by publication of a copy of this order, for three successive weeks previous to said day of hearing, in the 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 4th day of December A. D. 1920.

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

In the matter of the Estate of James H. Keat, Deceased.
Anna I. Keat having filed in said court her petition, praying for license to sell the interest of said estate in certain real estate therein described.

It is Ordered, That the 28th day of December A. D. 1920, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, at said probate office, be and is hereby appointed for hearing said petition, and that all persons interested in said estate appear before said court, at said time and place, to show cause why a license to sell the interest of said estate in said real estate should not be granted.

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

SERVETUS A. CORRELL,
Judge of Probate.

You Guard Against Burglars, But What About Rats?
Rats steal millions of dollars' worth of grain, chickens, eggs, etc. Destroy property and are a menace to health. If you are troubled with rats, try RAT-SNAP. It will surely kill them—prevent odors. Cats or dogs won't touch it. Comes in cakes. Three sizes, 35c, 65c, \$1.25. Sold and guaranteed by Gidley & Mac, Stroebel Bros. adv.

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Hugh W. Dicken
Physician and Surgeon
East Jordan, Mich. Phone No. 128
Office Hours:
11:00 to 12:00 a. m.
2:00 to 4:00 and 7:00 to 9:00 p. m.

Dr. F.P. Ramsey
Physician and Surgeon.
Graduate of College of Physicians and Surgeons of the University of Illinois.
OFFICE E. J. LUMBER CO. BLOCK
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8 to 12 a. m. 1 to 5 p. m.
And Evenings.
Phone No. 222

Frank Phillips
Tonsorial Artist.
When in need of anything in my line call in and see me.

Who remembers when eight dollars a month was considered about the right rent to pay for a fair cottage in a small town?