

# Charlevoix County Herald.

Vol. 26

EAST JORDAN, MICHIGAN, FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 24, 1922.

No. 47

## East Jordan 26 Charlevoix 7

### Local Team Gets Easy Victory Over Charlevoix

East Jordan High School won an easy victory over Charlevoix High on the local field last Friday. It was sweet revenge for East Jordan after the two defeats at the hands of Charlevoix last year. The visiting team did not show its touted strength except in straight football. Our boys played rings around the visitors in the open game, and taking advantage of the breaks, made long gains while Charlevoix made most of their downs on short gains through the line or around the ends.

Charlevoix scored first, by means of straight football in the first quarter. However, the scoring ended with those seven points. East Jordan came right back in less than a minute with a touchdown when Stewart ran 63 yards after receiving a pass from Malpass on the first play following kickoff. Toward the close of the second quarter East Jordan scored again. Walker going over for the touchdown. Then for good measure, the local boys added another touchdown on three plays after kicking off to Charlevoix and recovering the ball on Charlevoix's forty yard line. LaClair made one yard on first down; Malpass passed to Streeter who carried the ball to Charlevoix's five yard line; Smith circled left end on the next play for the score.

The first half ended with the ball in East Jordan's possession on the fifty yard line. Score: Charlevoix 7, East Jordan 20.

The third quarter was evenly fought, the quarter ending with the ball in Charlevoix's possession on her 42-yard line. The feature of this quarter was Stevenson's 30-yard pass to Streeter, who added eight yards more before being downed.

In the last quarter Charlevoix was threatening to score again when, from a scrimmage on East Jordan's 24-yard line, Smith intercepted a pass and returned the ball to the 50-yard line. Then, on the first play Malpass passed to Streeter who raced over the goal, 50 yards, for the 4th touchdown. The game ended with the ball in East Jordan's possession on Charlevoix's 40-yard line.

#### LINE-UP

C. H. S.	E. J. H. S.
Ulrich	L. E. Stewart
E. Shanahan	L. T. Duffey
L. Burns	L. G. Childs
Bourisseau	C. Vance
G. Todd	R. G. Calkins
C. Swartout	R. T. Walker
J. Burns	R. E. Johnson
Marshall (Capt.)	Q. Malpass (Capt.)
Hamilton	L. H. LaClair
Glasgow	R. H. Streeter
Jones	F. Smith

Substitutions: Cooper for Glasgow; Glasgow for Ulrich. (Charlevoix); Kling for Stewart; Stevenson for Kling; Bartholomew for Childs; Chellis for Calkins; Calkins for Chellis. (East Jordan.)

Touchdowns: For Charlevoix, J. C. Marshall; for East Jordan, Stewart, Walker, Smith, Streeter.

Officials: White of Boyne City, referee; Bond of Harbor Springs, umpire; Dicken of East Jordan, head linesman; Watson and Hatch.

#### SCORE BY QUARTERS

C. H. S.	1	2	3	4	Final
C. H. S.	7	0	0	0	7
E. J. H. S.	6	14	0	6	26

#### THE GAME PLAY BY PLAY

East Jordan received at the east goal. Charlevoix kicked to Smith, who returned the ball to the 33-yard line. LaClair made 5, Walker added 3, and Smith failed to gain. Smith punted to Charlevoix's 25-yard line. Charlevoix returned the ball to the 40-yard line.

Charlevoix then began a march which resulted in a touchdown. Charlevoix made first down on the 50-yard line on the third attempt, Jones carrying the ball. Hamilton made 2 yards, then added 3 more; Jones followed with 2 yards, and then made first down on East Jordan's 36-yard line. Glasgow made 7 yards, Jones 2, and Glasgow made first down on the 25-yard line. Jones made 3 yards, added 3 more, and then made first down on the 15-yard line. Hamilton made 1 yard, Jones 5, Jones 3, followed by first down by Jones on East Jordan's 4-yard line.

Here the East Jordan line stiffened. Jones failed to gain. Glasgow made 1 yard and Jones 1. Marshall took the East Jordan team by surprise and skirted left end for a touchdown. Marshall droppedkick goal for point. Score: Charlevoix 7, East Jordan 26.

Charlevoix kicked to Smith on his

10-yard line. Smith returned the ball to the 37-yard line. On the first play Malpass passed to Stewart, who ran 63 yards for the touchdown. Malpass failed to dropkick for point. Score: Charlevoix 7, East Jordan 6.

Smith kicked to Marshall on his 10-yard line. Marshall returned the ball to the 20-yard line. Hamilton made 4 yards, Marshall 2 on an end run, and on the third down Charlevoix punted to Smith, who returned the ball to the middle of the field. Streeter made 3 yards around left end. Here the first quarter ended with the ball in East Jordan's possession on Charlevoix's 47-yard line. The teams changed goals. Score: Charlevoix 7, East Jordan 6.

To open the second quarter LaClair made 2 yards, and Smith made 3 yards around right end. On fourth down Smith punted outside on Charlevoix's 20-yard line. Charlevoix's ball on her 20-yard line. Hamilton made 1 yard, Jones 1, Jones 1 again, then Hamilton punted outside on Charlevoix's 48-yard line. East Jordan's ball. Malpass gained 2 yards, LaClair 3; a forward pass Malpass to Smith was incomplete, and Smith punted over the Charlevoix goal line, making it Charlevoix's ball on her 20-yard line. Hamilton failed to gain, but followed up with 5 yards, then made first down on the 30-yard line. Charlevoix penalized 5 yards on first down; Hamilton made 4 yards, and Jones added 1. Charlevoix then punted to Johnson, who returned the ball to Charlevoix's 25-yard line.

Malpass gained 9 yards, LaClair failed around right end, Malpass failed to gain, but Smith made it first down on the 11-yard line. On a fake play Walker circled left end for a touchdown. Malpass passed to Smith for point following touchdown. Score: Charlevoix 7, East Jordan 13.

Malpass kicked off to Charlevoix's 41-yard line, East Jordan recovering the ball. LaClair gained 1 yard. A forward pass, Malpass to Streeter, carried the ball to the 5-yard line. On fake pass formation Smith went around left end for the touchdown. Malpass passed to Johnson for point. Score: Charlevoix 7, East Jordan 20.

Charlevoix kicked to LaClair, who returned the ball to East Jordan's 45-yard line. Malpass made 2 yards, Smith went around left end for 4 yards. East Jordan was penalized 5 yards. Streeter carried the ball outside on the 50-yard line. The first half ended with the ball in East Jordan's possession in the center of the field. Score at end of half: Charlevoix 7, East Jordan 20.

#### SECOND HALF

Charlevoix kicked off to Kling on his 20-yard line. East Jordan failed to gain and Smith punted to Charlevoix's 40-yard line. Charlevoix lost 2 yards on an open formation, Jones made 9 yards, and Marshall passed to J. Burns, who carried the ball to East Jordan's 30-yard line. Hamilton gained 3 yards, Jones 2, forward pass incomplete, and on fourth down Jones punted over East Jordan's goal line, making it East Jordan's ball on her 20-yard line.

LaClair gained 2 yards, then added 7 more, and Malpass made first down on the 31-yard line. Smith made 3 yards around left end, and Malpass made 6 around right end. Malpass made first down, but Charlevoix was penalized 5 yards, placing the ball on East Jordan's 45-yard line. Streeter failed to gain. East Jordan was penalized 5 yards. Malpass failed to gain. Stevenson was substituted for Kling at right end. On a high pass Smith fumbled in attempting to punt, but recovered on his 30-yard line. Smith then punted to Marshall on Charlevoix's 40-yard line. Jones made 4 yards, Hamilton 1, forward pass was incomplete, and Marshall punted to Streeter on East Jordan's 40-yard line.

Stevenson passed 30 yards to Streeter on Charlevoix's 30-yard line. Streeter added 8 more before being downed on Charlevoix's 22-yard line. LaClair failed to gain. Time out for LaClair. A pass Malpass to Streeter was incomplete. On fourth down Malpass again attempted to pass, but it was incomplete, making it Charlevoix's ball on her 22-yard line. Jones made 11 yards and first down around right end. Calkins substituted for Chellis. Hamilton made 6, and Jones 3 yards. The third quarter ended with the ball in Charlevoix's possession on her 42-yard line. The teams changed goals.

Jones made first down on Charlevoix's 48-yard line. Cooper made 3 yards on a fake buck; Jones' pass was incomplete. Jones passed to Marshall for first down on East Jordan's 40-yard line. Time out for Todd. Jones made 8 yards, then added 3 more, and Hamilton made first down on East Jordan's 30-yard line. Cooper gained 4 yards, Hamilton 2. On the third down Smith intercept-

(Continued to Fourth page)

## Greig Sentenced For Five Years

### Stock Promoter Convicted In Circuit Court Saturday

Charlevoix, Nov. 20.—The "Earl of Dunblane" is expected to be on his road to Jackson prison Tuesday morning to begin a term of hard prison labor ranging from two and a half to five years. Alfred John Walker Greig, who claims he is a Scotch nobleman, was convicted at about midnight Saturday in Charlevoix county circuit court on a charge of converting to his own use a thousand dollars paid him by Mrs. Mary Miller, Charlevoix county widow, for stock in the Title Guarantee & Casualty company of America. Greig is said to have converted Mrs. Miller's notes into cash for his own use, but where the Liberty bonds went which were given in part payment for the stock by Mrs. Miller has never been learned.

In sentencing the prisoner Judge Sample, of Ann Arbor, said he was sorry the law only permitted him to give Greig two and a half to five years, and that if it were possible he would give him a longer term. He also recommended that the attorney general's department prepare to try Greig on a number of other charges when this term is over.

Greig showed no effect of the conviction and sentence while in the court room Saturday night but when once back in his cell he broke down completely. He had been extremely nervous during the three days he was on the witness stand. He had maintained all along that he would be freed. Sunday he begged Sheriff George Weaver to promise not to compel him to wear handcuffs while being taken to Jackson prison later in the week, but failed to secure a favorable reply. "I don't propose to take any chances," said the officer. Weaver was one of those to whom Greig issued alleged bogus stock certificates in the Title Guarantee & Casualty company.

The countess also took the conviction to heart. When the news was conveyed to her she was entering the jail after midnight Saturday night to see the "earl" she fainted. She was carried to the home of sheriff Weaver, Sunday she was much better and passed much of the day with her husband in his cell. Sunday afternoon before leaving for Cheboygan she told officers at the jail that she still believed the "earl" was innocent, both on the embezzlement charge and on the charge brought out at the trial that he had two wives. She said she believed that the "earl" had been divorced from the wife in Toronto.

Mrs. Greig was taken back to "Dunblane Manor," Cheboygan, Sunday evening by her sister, Miss Bertha Turagen. She said she will remain at her home there during the remainder of the fall and the winter.

Sheriff Weaver said Sunday night that he contemplated allowing Mrs. Greig to see the letter Greig wrote to his wife in Toronto, in which he addressed her as "My Darling Wife." This is in the hands of Prosecuting Attorney Reusegger. "We believe this letter may help her see the light," the Charlevoix county sheriff declared. A letter to Greig's brother in which he asks that the relative see Mrs. Greig regarding Greig's case, is also to be shown the "countess."

Mrs. Mary Miller, complaining witness in the case, said Saturday night after the jury had reported its verdict, that she was satisfied with the outcome of the case. Mrs. Miller paid Greig a thousand dollars for stock in the Title Guarantee & Casualty company and received a receipt for her funds but failed to receive any stock certificates. Greig maintained that he spent the funds received for her notes for company business and sent the bonds to Detroit headquarters. However, no trace of the bonds was found.

The prosecution maintained that Greig not only failed to report in this sale and send the funds to headquarters but that he failed to report a large number of other sales, keeping the money for himself, and that he issued bogus stock certificates to many investors. It is said he fleeced the company out of between \$65,000 and \$100,000.

No girl could be as innocent as she appears when she is in earnest about landing a man.

Probably the most interesting thing about a baby is that it doesn't know enough to ask for favors you can't afford to grant.

## R. G. WATSON NOW HAS BEST FUNERAL EQUIPMENT IN NORTHERN MICHIGAN

East Jordan's Furniture Dealer and Funeral Director—R. G. Watson—has recently completed an extensive addition to his Funeral Director lines that places this branch of his service among the best-equipped of any establishment in this part of the state.

Among the improvements, which represent several thousand dollars' outlay, is additions bringing his funeral hearse up-to-date. He has made extensive improvements in his funeral parlors, adding an up-to-date operating room, and one of the finestasket display rooms to be found anywhere in Michigan.

Mr. Watson's slogan of "Quality Goods, Efficient Service," is exemplified in his latest expenditures in the addition to his funeral equipment.

### COUNCIL PROCEEDINGS

Regular meeting of the Common Council of the City of East Jordan held at the council rooms, Monday evening, Nov. 20, 1922.

Meeting was called to order by Mayor Dicken. Present—Mayor Dicken and Aldermen Aldrich, Palmer, Proctor and Farmer. Absent—Aldermen Whittington, Kowalske and Porter.

Minutes of the last meeting were read and approved.

Roy Eckhard made application for permission to operate a soft drink place filling a bond as required by the city ordinance.

Moved by Alderman Farmer, seconded by Alderman Palmer, that the bond of Roy Eckhard be approved and accepted. Motion carried.

In the matter of the claim of E. A. Lewis for water tax rebate, the water works committee reported that the taxes were found just and reasonable, and that no rebate should be granted, and on motion by Alderman Farmer, the report of the water works committee was approved and accepted.

Bills were presented for payment as follows:

E. W. Giles, cleaning streets	\$42.00
Andrew Berg, building sidewalk	83.70
Harriet Empey, salary for Oct.	60.00
E. R. Kleinhans, digging grave	5.00
Henry Scholls, street cleaning	7.20
Geo. Hayes, street cleaning	8.70
Richard Barnett, hauling dirt from street	4.15
Wm. Kenny, supper for election boards	8.50
E. J. Cabinet Co., mds.	13.19
John F. Kenny, coal for library	91.80
Harriet Empey, library bills paid	24.35
Elec. Light Co. lighting library	4.00
City Treasurer paym't of elec. boards	66.00
E. J. Co-op. Ass'n, wood	2.80
E. C. Atkins & Co. belt wax	1.15
F. H. Crowell, delivering ballots and boxes	1.50
Chas. Sheddin, repair work	1.50
Robt. Proctor, acct' of Andrew Berg	18.90

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

Ayes—Farmer, Proctor, Palmer, Aldrich and Dicken.  
Nays—None.  
On motion by Alderman Farmer meeting was adjourned.

OTIS J. SMITH, City Clerk.

#### Must Need Much Milk.

Although a greater part of the inhabitants of the Red sea district of Arabia are herdsmen and shepherds, deriving a constant supply of milk from their flocks and herds, condensed milk is always in demand in their larger cities.

#### Careful.

"You gotta give Jones credit for judgment, anyhow." "Yes? What's he done now?" "He's just got married to a deaf and dumb woman who is an expert housekeeper, and whose mother died when she was a baby."—Richmond Times-Dispatch.

#### Appreciation of the Birds.

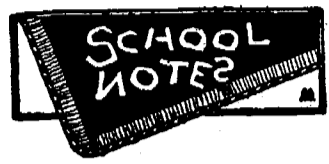
At a conference of bird lovers held recently in London it was stated that America was leading the world in the protection she gives the bird life within her borders. It was also stated that the world's eyes are being opened to the economic and esthetic value of birds.

#### Chaucer.

I know not whether to marvel more, either that he in that misty time could see so clearly, or that we, in this clear age, walk so stumbingly after him.—Sir Phillip Sidney.

#### St. Augustine, Fla.

St. Augustine, Fla., was settled September 8, 1565, by Spaniards under Pedro Menendez de Aviles; but the place had been visited as early as 1512 by Ponce de Leon.



### EAST JORDAN PUBLIC SCHOOLS The Challenge

The East Jordan High School advertised in the Grand Rapids paper that they challenged any High School in Michigan belonging to Class C to a game of good, old-fashioned football at Thanksgiving. Rockford a town just this side of Grand Rapids may take up the challenge.

#### Cross-Country Run

Owing to the rain which delights in bothering East Jordan, the Cross-Country Run which was to be held with Charlevoix at East Jordan was postponed.

#### "The Wrong Wright"

Wednesday, November 29th at 4:00 p. m. school time a play will be given by the Sophomore Class at the High School Auditorium. The name of the play is the "Wrong Wright." It is a very snappy play, full of life and action, with a humor that will make the severest growl roar with laughter. Admission for the High School students is 5c, for adults 10c. Everybody is invited.

#### Botany Class Spells

In a spelling contest in Botany last Friday, Doris Bennett was the winner in the oral test. Sadie Murphy's team won over Iva Carpenter's team. In the written contest Iva Carpenter's team was victorious. Doris Bennett and Sadie Murphy tied for the highest mark in the written test with 96 per cent.

#### Loyalty of the Business Men

Friday, November 17, at the game of Charlevoix versus East Jordan, the business men of this city gave to the Athletic Association \$10 for every touchdown the East Jordan Eleven made during the game. There were four touchdowns made by the boys which gave the Association \$40. Where would the world be without the Business Man?

#### Financial Difficulties Solved

The Basket Ball Girls of the High School thought that the Athletic Association was in great need of financial aid so they decided to have a candy sale and a dance to earn some pennies for it. The candy sale was held Friday afternoon at the football game and on counting their pennies after the game they found to their astonishment that they had \$12.40. The dance was held in the evening at the High School gymnasium. The girls reaped \$7.20 from the participants of the merry dancing party. The total amount collected during the day was \$19.60. The Basket Ball girls are to be congratulated.

#### "Playing the Game"

Rev. Hulme gave a very interesting speech entitled "Playing the Game" Tuesday, Nov. 14th. Among other interesting subjects that he touched upon was the one of keeping shoulder to shoulder with your fellow man and endeavoring to play fair and square. He said the coming generation would not be able to play fair if they did not first lay a firm foundation for the game to be played. Spiritual, mental and bodily growth consist of the foundation.

#### Mass Meeting

Friday noon, November 17, a pep meeting was held in the auditorium. It was for the purpose of arousing some of the pep the students seem to have lost. Mr. Snellenberger acted as yell master and we started off with the old locomotive which brought back our pep. We gave several other yells and one for "Smitty" who is back in the game with us again. Mr. Sidebotham gave an interesting talk on football and playing the game fair. The meeting closed with a few more yells and 15 minutes was added to the noon period to suffice for the amount of time taken.

#### Grade Notes

The Second Graders are holding a Keep clean week. They are learning the disadvantages of being dirty and the benefits of keeping clean.

The Sixth graders are studying about the Revolutionary War. The girls are still trying to solve the problem of a basket ball. They have decided they want to purchase their own basketball.

The Fifth graders are making their room beautiful with Indian relics.

They are studying about the Pilgrims and reading the poem Hiawatha. They are keeping a record, each student for himself, the number of questions they answer, when asked, and the number that they do not.

#### Third Graders

We, the Third graders are already planning our Thanksgiving party. We are coming to it via the multiplication tables. We have already learned the tables through the fives and we think if there is any way in which we can enjoy learning them we should take that way. We have two classes in Arithmetic. Hope Fuller and Billie Parks each being captain of their own side in one class and Bettie Bretz and Donald Hayse are captains in the other class. The losing side in each class gives the party.

### FARM STUDENTS TO BUILD RADIO SETS

A plan whereby all students in the various agricultural short courses at the Michigan Agricultural College this winter will have the chance to assemble their own radio receiving sets has been announced by Ashley M. Berridge, assistant director of winter courses at the college.

Plans and material for the work will be furnished by the M. A. C. farm mechanics department, and all students in the various special agricultural courses will be given the chance to enter the "wireless manufacturing" field. Great interest in radio work among rural communities and the demand from many students for information on building home sets led to the installation of the special work.

Many of the winter short courses open on January 1, with others starting in February and March. Catalog and information on the courses may be had by writing to Director of Short Courses, M. A. C. East Lansing.

#### Condensed Music.

Little Benjamin, aged four, had two pets—a canary and a cat. One unlucky day the door of the cage was left open and the cat was caught in the act of swallowing the last morsel of the poor bird. Little Benjamin gazed at the cat a few minutes in sorrowful meditation, and then suddenly asked: "Mamma, will pussie sing now?"

#### Liberty Before Theology.

Liberty and not theology is the enthusiasm of the present century. The very men who would once have been conspicuous saints are now conspicuous revolutionists; for while their heroism and disinterestedness are their own, the direction which these qualities have taken is determined by the pressure of the age.—H. W. Lecky.

#### The "Perhaps" of Religion.

The "Perhaps" of religion is so magnificent, if it is true; for it gives new worth to everything! While, without it, life is at best petty, its interests are shallow, and it passes away so soon! Indifference as to the truth of this "Perhaps" is not easy for man and it is not wise.—Sir Henry Jones, in "A Faith That Inquires."

#### Chemical Warfare of Ceylon Ants.

The standing army maintained by the white ants of Ceylon practices a sort of chemical warfare against insect enemies. They squirt drops of a secretion in the faces of other ants, which is said to drive them almost crazy.

#### Ancient Engineering.

Research brings to light interesting descriptions of Greek and Roman engineering instruments. Vitruvius cites the use of the dioptra, chorabates and water levels in surveying up to 100 A. D., and gives drawings.

## Auction Sales!

Covering as it does both the City of East Jordan, the FIVE RURAL ROUTES out of the City, as well as routes out of neighboring towns—THE CHARLEVOIX COUNTY HERALD offers those wishing to thoroughly advertise their Auction Sales a most economical medium. Call and let us quote you on this service.

#### SALES SCHEDULED

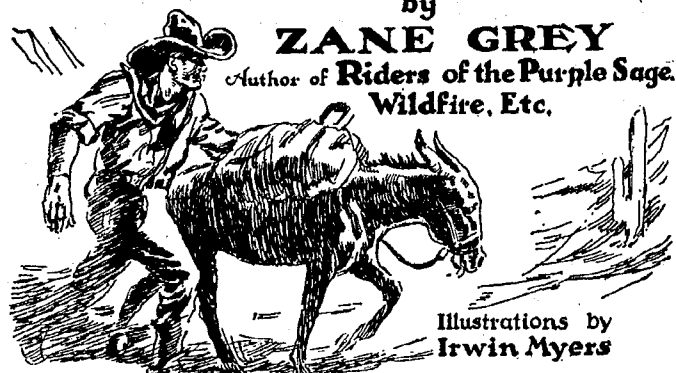
HARRISON KIDDER will hold Sale at his premises five miles south of East Jordan on Tuesday, Nov. 28th, commencing at 1:30 p. m. J. J. Mikula, Clerk. W. E. Byers, Auctioneer.

#### ENTIRE FAMILY HAD "FLU"

"Keep right on using Foley's Honey and Tar. It will give quick relief," said the doctor, when the entire family had the "flu." Never saw anything so good," writes Mrs. A. B. Griffith, Andrews, Ind. For coughs, colds, croup, throat, chest or bronchial trouble use Foley's Honey and Tar.—Hite's Drug Store, adv.

# DESERT GOLD

by  
**ZANE GREY**  
Author of *Riders of the Purple Sage*,  
*Wildfire*, Etc.



Illustrations by  
**Irwin Myers**

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Romance and the thrill of adventure have not departed from the West. There are recesses of the southwestern desert known only to Yaqui and Papago Indians. These ultra-arid sections contain perils as great as when the entire expanse was a trackless waste.



ZANE GREY

At times the border between the United States and Mexico becomes a veritable "No Man's Land," as dangerous as any territory that existed in pioneer days. There is a great unwritten history of the experiences of present-day settlers, rangers and soldiers that is fine material for the novelist, especially for one with the talents of Zane Grey, who loves his modern West, who has caught its spirit, and who sees it in all its aspects with a clear eye.

Zanesville, Ohio, was his birthplace, and he is descended from the famous Zane family which figured so largely in pioneer history. Although he passed through the public schools of his native place and graduated from the University of Pennsylvania with credit, he had more fondness for outdoor sports than for studies, and became a distinguished player of amateur, college and professional baseball. After a short residence in New York city he became attracted to the West and adopting a writing career, has become about the most prominent exponent in America of virile, western literature. He is better able than any other novelist to present its more stirring phases romantically, interestingly and without resorting to exaggeration.

## PROLOGUE

A face haunted Cameron—a woman's face. It was there in the white heart of the dying campfire; it hung in the shadows that hovered over the flickering light; it drifted in the darkness beyond.

This hour, when the day had closed and the lonely desert night set in with its dead silence, was one in which Cameron's mind was thronged with memories of a time long past—of a home back in Peoria, or a woman he had wronged and lost, and loved too late. He was a prospector for gold, a hunter of solitude, a lover of the dread, rock-ribbed infinitude, because he wanted to be alone to remember.

Then a sharp clink of metal on stone and soft pads of hoofs in sand prompted Cameron to reach for his gun, and to move out of the light of the waning campfire.

Figures darker than the gloom approached and took shape, and in the light turned out to be those of a white man and a heavily packed burro.

"Hello there," the man called, as he came to a halt and gazed about him. "I saw your fire. May, I make camp here?"

Cameron came forth out of the shadow and greeted his visitor, whom he took for a prospector like himself. Cameron resented the breaking of his lonely campfire vigil, but he respected the law of the desert.

The stranger thanked him, and then slipped the pack from his burro. Then he rolled out his pack and began preparations for a meal. The campfire burst into a bright blaze, and by its light Cameron saw a man whose gray hair somehow did not seem to make him old, and whose stooped shoulders did not detract from an impression of rugged strength.

Another of those strange desert prospectors in whom there was some relentless driving power besides the lust for gold! Cameron felt that between this man and himself there was a subtle affinity, vague and undefined, perhaps born of the divination that here was a desert wanderer like himself, perhaps born of a deeper, an un-intelligible relation having its roots back in the past. A long-forgotten sensation stirred in Cameron's breast, one so long forgotten that he could not recognize it. But it was akin to pain.

When he awakened he found, to his surprise, that his companion had departed. A trail in the sand led off to the north. There was no water in that direction. Cameron shrugged his shoulders; it was not his affair; he had his own problems. And straight way he forgot his strange visitor.

Cameron began his day, grateful for the solitude that was now unbroken, for the canon-furrowed, cactus-sprid scene that now showed no sign of life. While it was yet light, and he was digging in a moist white-bordered

wash for water, he was brought sharply up by hearing the crack of hard hoofs on stone. There down the canon came a man on a burro. Cameron recognized them.

"Hello, friend," called the man, halting. "Our trails crossed again—that's good."

"Hello," replied Cameron slowly. "Any mineral sign today?"

"No."  
"They made camp together, ate their frugal meal, smoked a pipe, and rolled in their blankets without exchanging many words. In the morning the same reticence, the same aloofness charac-



"Hello, Friend," Called the Man, Halting. "Our Trails Crossed Again—That's Good."

terized the manner of both. But Cameron's companion, when he had packed his burro and was ready to start, faced about and said: "We might stay together, if it's all right with you."

"I never take a partner," replied Cameron.

"You're alone; I'm alone," said the other mildly. "It's a big place. If we find gold there'll be enough for two."

"I don't go down into the desert for gold alone," rejoined Cameron.

His companion's deep-set, luminous eyes emitted a singular flash. It moved Cameron to say that in the years of his wandering he had met no man who could endure equally with him the blasting heat, the blinding dust storms, the wilderness of sand and rock and lava and cactus, the terrible silence and desolation of the desert. "I may strike through the Sonora desert. I may head for Pinalcote or north for the Colorado basin. You are an old man."

"I don't know the country, but to me one place is the same as another," replied his companion. Then with gentle steps he drove his burro in behind Cameron. "Yes, I'm old. I'm lonely, too. It's come to me just lately. But, friend, I can still travel, and for a few days my company won't hurt you."

"Have it your way," said Cameron. They began a slow march down into the desert. At sunset they camped under the lee of a low mesa. Cameron was glad his comrade had the Indian habit of silence. Another day's travel found the prospectors deep in the wilderness. Then there came a breaking of reserve, noticeable in the elder man, almost imperceptibly gradual in Cameron. And so, as Cameron began to respond to the influence of a desert less lonely than habitual, he began to take keener note of his comrade, and found him different from any other he had ever encountered in the wilderness. This man never grumbled at the heat, the glare, the driving sand, the sour water, the scant fare. He was tireless, patient, brooding.

Cameron's awakened interest brought home to him the realization that for years he had shunned companionship. In those years only three men had wandered into the desert with him, and these had left their bones to bleach in the shifting sands. Cameron had not cared to know their secrets. But the more he studied this latest comrade the more he began to suspect that he might have missed something in the others. In his own driving passion to take his secret into the limitless abode of silence and desolation, where he could be alone with it, he had forgotten that life dealt shocks to other men. Somehow this silent comrade reminded him.

One afternoon late, after they had tolled up a white, winding wash of sand and gravel, they came upon a

dry waterhole. Cameron dug deep into the sand, but without avail. He was turning to retrace weary steps back to the last water when his comrade asked him to wait. Cameron watched him search in his pack and bring forth what appeared to be a small, forked branch of a peach tree. He grasped the prongs of the fork and held them before him with the end standing straight out, and then he began to walk along the stream bed. Cameron, at first amused, then amazed, then pitying, and at last curious, kept pace with the prospector. He saw a strong tension of his comrade's wrists, as if he was holding hard against a considerable force. The end of the peach branch began to quiver and turn, kept turning, and at length pointed to the ground.

"Dig here," said the prospector. "What?" ejaculated Cameron. Had the man lost his mind?

Then Cameron stood by while his comrade dug in the sand. Three feet he dug—four—five, and the sand grew dark, then moist. At six feet water began to seep through.

"Get the little basket in my pack," he said.

Cameron complied, and saw his comrade drop the basket into the deep hole, where it kept the sides from caving in and allowed the water to seep through. While Cameron watched, the basket filled. Of all the strange incidents of his desert career this was the strangest. Curiously he picked up the peach branch and held it as he had seen it held. The thing, however, was dead in his hands.

"I see you haven't got it," remarked his comrade. "Few men have. Back in Illinois an old German used to do that to locate wells. He showed me I had the same power. I can't explain. The old German I spoke of made money traveling round with his peach fork."

"What a gift for a man in the desert!" Cameron's comrade smiled—the second time in all those days.

They entered a region where mineral abounded, and their march became slower. Generally they took the course of a wash, one on each side, and let the burros travel easily along nipping at the bleached blades of scant grass, or at sage or cactus, while they searched in the canon and under the ledges for signs of gold.

Each succeeding day and night Cameron felt himself more and more drawn to this strange man. He found that after hours of burning toil he had insensibly grown nearer to his comrade. He reflected that after a few weeks in the desert he had always become a different man. In civilization, in the rough mining camps, he had been a prey to unrest and gloom. But once down on the great billowing sweep of this lonely world, he could look into his unquiet soul without bitterness. So now he did not marvel at a slow stir stealing warmer along his veins, and at the premonition that perhaps he and this man, alone on the desert, driven there by life's mysterious and remorseless motive, were to see each other through God's eyes.

One night they were encamped at the head of a canon. The day had been exceedingly hot, and long after sundown the radiations of heat from the rocks persisted. Cameron watched his comrade, and yielded to interest he had not heretofore voiced.

"Pardner, what drives you into the desert? Do you come to forget?"

"Yes."

"Ah!" softly exclaimed Cameron. Always he seemed to have known that. He said no more, but grew acutely conscious of the pang in his own breast, of the fire in his heart, the strife and torment of his passion-driven soul. He had come into the desert to remember a woman. She appeared to him then as she had looked when first she entered his life—a golden-haired girl, blue-eyed, white-skinned, red-lipped, tall and slender and beautiful. He had never forgotten, and an old, sickening remorse knocked at his heart. He rose and climbed out of the canon and to the top of the mesa, where he paced to and fro and looked down into the weird and mystic shadows, like the darkness of his passion, and farther on down the moon track and the glittering stretches that vanished in the cold blue horizon. In that endless, silent hall of desert there was a spirit; and Cameron felt hovering near him what he imagined to be phantoms of peace.

He returned to camp and sought his comrade.

"I reckon we're two of a kind," he said. "It was a woman who drove me into the desert. But I come to remember. The desert's the only place I can do that."  
"Was she your wife?" asked the elder man.

"No."  
A long silence ensued. The campfire wore down to a ruddy ashen heap. "I had a daughter," said Cameron's comrade. "She lost her mother at birth. And I—I didn't know how to bring up a girl. She was pretty and gay. It was—the old story."

His words were peculiarly significant to Cameron. They distressed him. He had been wrapped up in his remorse. If ever in the past he had thought of anyone connected with the girl he had wronged, he had long forgotten. But the consequences of such wrong were far-reaching. They struck at the roots of a home.

"Well, tell me more," asked Cameron earnestly.  
"It was the old, old story. My girl was pretty and free. The young bucks ran after her. I guess she did not run away from them. And I was away a good deal—working in another town. She was in love with a wild fellow. I knew nothing of it till too late. He was engaged to marry her. But he

didn't come back. And when the disgrace became plain to all, my girl left home. She went west. After a while I heard from her. She was well—working—living for her baby. A long time passed. I had no ties. I drifted west. Her lover had also gone west. In those days everybody went west. I trailed him, intending to kill him. But I lost his trail. Neither could I find any trace of her. She moved on, driven, no doubt, by the hound of her past. Since that I have taken to the wilds, hunting gold on the desert."

"Yes, it's the old, old story, only sadder, I think," said Cameron; and his voice was strained and unnatural.

"Pardner, what Illinois town was it you hailed from?"

"Peoria."

"And your—your name?" went on Cameron, huskily.

"Warren—Jonas Warren."

That name might as well have been a bullet. Cameron stood erect, motionless, as men sometimes stand momentarily when shot straight through the heart. In an instant, when thoughts resurged like blinding flashes of lightning through his mind, he was a swaying, quivering, terror-stricken man. He mumbled something hoarsely and backed into the shadow. But he need not have feared discovery, however surely his agitation might have betrayed him. Warren sat brooding over the campfire, oblivious of his comrade, absorbed in the past.

Cameron swiftly walked away in the gloom, with the blood thrumming thick in his ears, whispering over and over:

"Merciful G—d! Nell was his daughter!"

III

As thought and feeling multiplied, Cameron was overwhelmed. Beyond belief, indeed, was it that out of the millions of men in the world two who had never seen each other could have been driven into the desert by memory of the same woman. It brought the past so close. It showed Cameron now inevitably all his spiritual life was governed by what had happened long ago. That which made life significant to him was a wandering in silent places where no eye could see him with his secret. Some fateful chance had thrown him with the father of the girl he had wrecked. It was incomprehensible; it was terrible. It was the one thing of all possible happenings in the world of chance that both father and lover would have found unendurable.

Something within him cried out to him to reveal his identity. Warren would kill him; but it was not fear of death that put Cameron on the rack. He had faced death too often to be afraid. It was the thought of adding torture to this long-suffering man. All at once Cameron swore that he would not augment Warren's trouble, or let him stain his hands with blood. He would tell the truth of Nell's sad story and his own, and make what amends he could.

Then Cameron's thought shifted from father to daughter. She was somewhere beyond the dim horizon line. In those past lonely hours by the campfire his fancy had tortured him with pictures of Nell. But his remorseful and cruel fancy had lied to him. Nell had struggled upward out of menacing depths. She had reconstructed a broken life. And now she was fighting for the name and happiness of her child. Little Nell! Cameron experienced a shuddering ripple in all his being—the physical rack of an emotion born of a new and strange consciousness. He felt that it had been given him to help Warren with his burden.

He returned to camp trying to evolve a plan. All night he lay awake thinking.

In the morning, when Warren brought the burros to camp and began preparations for the usual packing, Cameron broke silence.

"Pardner, your story last night made me think. I want to tell you something about myself. In my younger days—it seems long now, yet it's not so many years—I was wild. I wrought the sweetest and loveliest girl I ever knew. I went away not dreaming that any disgrace might come to her. Along about that time I fell into terrible moods—I changed—I learned I really loved her. Then came a letter I should have gotten months before. It told of her trouble—importuned me to hurry to save her. Half frantic with shame and fear, I got a marriage certificate and rushed back to her town. She was gone—had been gone for weeks, and her disgrace was known. Friends warned me to keep out of reach of her father. I trailed her—found her. I married her. But too late! . . . She would not live with me. She left me—I followed her west, but never found her."

Warren leaned forward a little and looked into Cameron's eyes, as if searching there for the repentance that might make him less deserving of a man's scorn.  
Cameron met the gaze unflinchingly, and again began to speak:  
"You know, of course, how men out here sometimes lose old names, old identities. It won't surprise you much to learn my name isn't really Cameron, as I once told you."

Warren stiffened upright. It seemed that there might have been a blank, a suspension, between his grave interest and some strange mood to come. Cameron felt his heart bulge and contract in his breast; all his body grew cold; and it took tremendous effort for him to make his lips form words.

"Warren, I'm the man you're hunting. I'm Burton. I was Nell's lover!"

The old man rose and towered over Cameron, and then plunged down upon him, and clutched his throat with terrible, stiff hands. The harsh contact, the pain awakened

Cameron to his peril before it was too late. Desperate fighting saved him from being hurled to the ground and stamped and crushed. Warren seemed a maddened giant. There was a reeling, swaying, wrestling struggle before the elder man began to weaken. Then Cameron, buffeted, bloody, half-stunned, panted for speech.

"Warren—hold on! Give me—a minute. I married Nell. Didn't you know that? . . . I saved the child!"

Cameron felt the shock that vibrated through Warren. He repeated the words again and again. As if compelled by some resistless power, Warren released Cameron, and, staggering back, stood with uplifted, shaking hands, in his face was a horrible darkness.

"Warren! Wait—listen!" panted Cameron. "I've got that marriage

certificate—I've had it by me all these years. I kept it—to prove to myself I did right."

The old man uttered a broken cry. Cameron stole off among the rocks. How long he absented himself or what he did he had no idea. When he returned Warren was sitting before the campfire, and once more he appeared composed. He spoke, and his voice had a deeper note; but otherwise he seemed as usual.

They packed the burros and faced the north together.

Cameron experienced a singular exaltation. He had lightened his comrade's burden. Wonderfully it came to him that he had also lightened his own. From that hour it was no torment to think of Nell.

IV

There came a morning when the sun shone angry and red through a dull, smoky haze.

"We're in for sandstorms," said Cameron.

They had scarcely covered a mile when a desert-wide, moaning, yellow wall of flying sand swooped down upon them. Seeking shelter in the lee of a rock, they covered their heads and patiently waited. The long hours dragged, and the storm increased in fury. Cameron and Warren wet scarfs with water from their canteens, and bound them round their faces, and then covered their heads.

The steady, hollow bellow of flying sand went on. It flew so thickly that enough sifted down under the shelving rock to weight the blankets and almost bury the men. They were frequently compelled to shake off the sand to keep from being borne to the ground. And it was necessary to keep digging out the packs. They lost the count of time. They dared not sleep, for that would have meant being buried alive.

The storm finally blew itself out. It left the prospectors heavy and stupid for want of sleep. Their burros had wandered away, or had been buried in the sand. Far as eye could reach the desert had marvellously changed; it was now a rippling sea of sand and dunes. Away to the north rose the peak that was their only guiding mark. They headed toward it, carrying a shovel and part of their packs.

At noon the peak vanished in the shimmering glare of the desert. The prospectors pushed on, guided by the sun. In every wash they tried for water. With the forked peach branch in his hands Warren always succeeded in locating water. They dug, but it lay too deep. At length, spent and sore, they fell and slept through that night and part of the next day. Then they succeeded in getting water, and quenched their thirst, and filled the canteens, and cooked a meal.

The burning day found them in an interminably wide plain, where there was no shelter from the fierce sun. Mountain peaks loomed on all sides some near, others distant; and one, a blue spur, splitting the glaring sky far to the north, Cameron thought he recognized as a landmark. The ascent toward it was heartbreaking, not in steepness, but in its league-and-league-long monotonous rise. Cameron knew there was only one hope—to make the water hold out and never stop to rest. Warren began to weaken. Often he had to halt.

Cameron measured the water in his canteen by its weight. Evaporation by heat consumed as much as he drank. During one of the rests, when he had wetted his parched mouth and throat, he found opportunity to pour a little water from his canteen into Warren's.

At first Cameron had curbed his restless activity to accommodate the

(Continued to Seventh Page)

**Better Than Pills For Liver Ills.**

**RTonight**

It is to tone and strengthen the organs of digestion and elimination, improve appetite, stop sick headaches, relieve biliousness, correct constipation. They act promptly, pleasantly, mildly, yet thoroughly.

**Tomorrow Alright**

Get a 25c. Box Your Druggist

**GLIDLEY & MAC, Druggists**

Tongue Well Greased. A ton of oil has been obtained from the tongue of one whale.

**Quick Relief**

FROM COUGHS, COLDS, CROUP

Tickling Throat  
Whooping Cough  
Bronchial Cough  
Hoarseness, etc.

For many years a standard family cough medicine of highest merit. Contains no opiates.

**FOLEY'S HONEY AND TAR**

Hite's Drug Store.

**Wash Kidneys If They Hurt**

Take Salts to flush Kidneys If Back pains or Bladder bothers.

Flush your kidneys with salts occasionally, says a noted authority, who tells us that too much meat and rich food may form uric acid, which almost paralyzes the kidneys in their efforts to expel it from the blood. They become sluggish and weaken; then you suffer with a dull misery in the kidney region, sharp pains in the back or sick headache, dizziness, your stomach sour, tongue is coated, and when the weather is bad you have rheumatic twinges. The urine gets cloudy, full of sediment, the channels often get sore and irritated, obliging you to seek relief two or three times during the night.

To help neutralize these irritating acids, to cleanse the kidneys and flush out the body's urinous waste, get four ounces of **Jad Salts** from any pharmacy here; take a tablespoonful in a glass of water before breakfast for a few days, and your kidneys may then act fine. This famous salts is made from the acids of grapes and lemon juice combined with lithia, and has been used for generations to flush and stimulate sluggish kidneys; also to neutralize the acids in urine so it no longer irritates, thus often ending bladder weakness.

Jad Salts is inexpensive; can not injure and makes a delightful effervescent lithia water drink.

**Rub Rheumatic Pain, Soreness, Stiffness**

Rub Pain right out with small trial bottle of old "St. Jacobs Oil."

What's Rheumatism? Pain only. Stop drugging! Not one case in fifty requires internal treatment. Rub soothing, penetrating "St. Jacobs Oil" directly upon the "tender spot" and relief comes instantly. "St. Jacobs Oil" is a harmless rheumatism and sciatica liniment, which never disappoints and cannot burn the skin.

Limber up! Quit complaining! Get a small trial bottle from your druggist, and in just a moment you'll be free from rheumatic and sciatic pain, soreness, stiffness and swelling. Don't suffer! Relief awaits you. Old, honest "St. Jacobs Oil" has relieved millions of rheumatism sufferers in the last half century, and is just as good for sciatica, neuralgia, lumbago, backache, sprains and swellings.

**SULPHUR SOOTHES UGLY, ITCHING SKIN**

The First Application Makes Skin Cool and Comfortable

If you are suffering from eczema or some other torturing, embarrassing skin trouble you may quickly be rid of it by using Mentho-Sulphur, declares a noted skin specialist.

This sulphur preparation, because of its germ destroying properties, seldom fails to quickly subdue itching, even of fiery eczema. The first application makes the skin cool and comfortable. Rash and blotches are healed right up. Rowles Mentho-Sulphur is applied like any pleasant cold cream and is perfect; harmless. You can obtain a small jar from any good druggist.

**STATE NEWS IN BRIEF**

**Battle Creek**—Harry H. Warner, 44 years old, of the F. J. Kellogg company, died following an operation for appendicitis. He had just built a country home on the outskirts of the city.

**Lansing**—With thousands of pages of testimony and exhibits to be read into the records, the hearing of the mandamus in the Michigan Telephone company rate case, has begun in the supreme court, and is expected to last for several weeks.

**Flint**—Pricked by a pin, an embroidered sofa cushion in the home of Mrs. Bessie Pridgen, 3501 Durant street, spurted forth liquor, say detectives who made a raid. The cushions were rubber. Mrs. Pridgen and her husband were arrested.

**Ludington**—Arnold Bolstead, 37 years old, of Port Huron, died as the result of injuries suffered when he was hit by a car, driven by William Thompson, Victory township farmer. His jaw was fractured, his nose broken and his skull cracked.

**Flint**—A temporary injunction was granted in circuit court here before President Judge E. D. Black, restraining Alexander "Al" Werbe, president of the City Athletic club from further operation of the club, which has been raided twice by police for gambling.

**Lansing**—About 1,000 Michigan corporations are delinquent in payment of the corporation tax, Attorney-General Ora B. Fuller was told by the corporation division of the department of state. More than \$5,000,000 was paid by the 11,000 firms which complied with the law, the announcement said.

**Lansing**—Sixteen employees of the state department of agriculture have been dismissed, and the administration board fixed the working day in state departments at a minimum of eight hours, with a half holiday on Saturdays. Seven hours has been the previous day. The new order took effect November 15.

**Lansing**—Michigan ranks tenth in wool production, according to 1922 figures completed by Verne H. Church, federal crop statistician, of Michigan. The reports show that this state, in 1922, produced 7,863,000 pounds of wool, as compared with 7,714,000 in 1921; 8,385,000 in 1920, and 7,836,000 in 1919.

**Ironwood**—The award of compensation for the widow and children of Carl Arsted, who was found killed near Marensico during the 1921 deer hunting season, has been affirmed by the State Department of Labor and Industry. At an arbitration hearing here months ago the widow was awarded \$14 a week for 300 weeks.

**Kalamazoo**—George H. Kline and Mrs. Louise Kline were divorced after 20 years of married life. Recently they wed again, telling the marriage license clerk, when applying for a license to wed, that they had decided their separation was a mistake when their daughter became a mother a few days ago. The Klines have five children.

**Mt. Clemens**—When the post safe at Selfridge field was opened following the \$150,000 fire at Selfridge \$50,000 cash was found intact despite the severe heat to which the safe had been subjected. Captain Dixon, acting commanding officer, has appointed Lieutenants Blackburn and Summers to conduct an investigation into the origin of the fire.

**Pontiac**—A tentative budget, exceeding by several thousand dollars the limit of taxing in Pontiac, has been presented to the city commission by Manager Irving Brower. Among other items, he restores in his budget, the 10 per cent cut off the salaries of himself and other heads of departments some months ago. Paying costs enter largely into the total.

**Adrian**—Gladys Gibson, 6-year-old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William Gibson, of Macon township, was burned to death when an automobile in which she was sitting caught fire from an explosion of gasoline. The father was putting gasoline into the car by the aid of a lantern, the flames of which ignited the gasoline. The mother was slightly burned about the ankles but escaped from the car with another child.

**Lansing**—In an opinion transmitted to Colonel Roy C. Vandercrook, head of the state department of public safety, Attorney General Merlin Wiley held that search and seizure of automobiles and trucks where there is "reasonable ground for suspicion" that they are transporting liquor, is permissible. The opinion was written in answer to a query regarding the rights of officers to search and seize in the down river district near Detroit.

**Lansing**—To test the psychological reaction of prisoners to humanitarian treatment, the state administrative board refused to permit construction of a fence around the new tuberculosis hospital for state penal institution inmates. The hospital is outside the walls of the Ionia reformatory. The prison commission requested permission to build a fence, Governor Groesbeck opposed the request on the ground that the prisoners confined in the hospital are being given the highest degree of humanitarian treatment by the state, and should respond.

**Flint**—A statewide search has been started for two 16-year-old girls who disappeared after starting for a motion picture theater. They are Minnie M. Nesbitt, Yates apartments, and her friend, Mary Cousins, 1226 Cleveland avenue.

**Pontiac**—Honoring four of its dead comrades by planting trees to their memories was one of the features of the Armistice Day celebration carried out by Cook-Nelson Post of the American Legion and the Pontiac Council of Churches, working jointly.

**Charlotte**—Ray Munton, whose home is in Bay City, accepted \$300 from Frank Andre, of Grand Ledge, for which he was to deliver 20 cases of liquor. He failed to deliver the goods, and a circuit court jury found him guilty of larceny by trick.

**Ann Arbor**—By the terms of an agreement entered into between the University of Michigan and officials of the Roman Catholic church the property at the corner of State and East Jefferson, here, will become the property of the University of Michigan.

**Ann Arbor**—A bronze tablet inscribed with the names of University of Michigan medical school graduates and undergraduates who lost their lives in the late war, was dedicated Armistice Day. The tablet has been placed in the main entrance to the medical school.

**Iron Mountain**—The Marquette Episcopal diocese, which has taken over St. George's hospital of this city, have announced they will erect a new institution here which will be the finest hospital in the upper peninsula. Work on the new structure will be started next spring.

**Albion**—Albion College will be the scene of the annual Christian college conference of the Y. M. C. A. of Michigan, Dec. 6 to 16 inclusive. Every college in the state, including the University of Michigan will have representatives here. Last year's conference was held at Ann Arbor.

**Cheboygan**—After officials had abandoned the chase with bloodhounds, Fred Davis, 24 years old, wanted on a charge of murdering Nels Larson, Hebron township farmer, walked into town and gave himself up to the sheriff. He said the dogs often had passed near him during the search.

**Lansing**—This city has a veteran of the Civil War who claims the world's record for attending encampments of the Grand Army of the Republic. He is Allison L. Bryant, assistant custodian of the Michigan War Museum, and he has attended all but one of the annual reunions of the G. A. R. held in the last years.

**Grand Rapids**—Carl P. Palmer, president of the Mid-west company, pleaded guilty, before Superior Court Judge Leonard D. Verdirer, to a charge of forgery. Though the specific charge is that he forged a note for approximately \$1,000, it is stated by Prosecuting Attorney Cornelius Holtz that \$150,000 is involved.

**Bay City**—Harry J. Slavens, 34, a miner, is dead here as a result of a hunting trip west of Pinconning. Slavens was standing on a stump when his shotgun discharged accidentally, shooting him in the face, causing instant death. Slavens' wife, brother-in-law and sister accompanied him on the hunting expedition.

**Muskegon**—Sheriff Matthews found a sedan turned on its side in a deep ditch near Muskegon. Investigating, he found Herman Havenga, a Muskegon tailor, sleeping in the overturned car. Havenga was charged with driving an automobile while intoxicated. The automobile was not damaged and Havenga, being unable to get out, went to sleep.

**Hillsdale**—The police of Hillsdale and other cities are hunting for Miss Margaret McWilliams, of this city, who has been missing from her home since May 8. When last seen she was accompanied by a man and had just visited the home of a married sister here. Miss McWilliams is 26 years old. She has light brown hair, blue eyes, and weighs about 125 pounds.

**Owosso**—The Owosso board of education is given a clean bill of health in a statement issued by R. D. Matthews, prosecuting attorney, after conducting John Doe proceedings to determine whether or not irregularities charged by the Owosso Citizens' Protective league existed. The prosecutor declared he found that two of the charges of the league were sustained but that they were so technical that "no jury would think a minute of conviction."

**Dowagiac**—"Socialism was born in the Garden of Eden. Even Adam and Eve, with all their possible worldly wants provided in that most beautiful environment, Eden, coveted that which was not theirs, and resented higher authority," said the Rev. Joseph Fox, of the Federated Church, in a sermon. "Discontent comes not from worldly deprivations, but from the heart which is not attuned to Christianity," he said. The Socialist party has a large following in Dowagiac.

**Marquette**—The government of the United States must attack the land-clearing problem on as large a scale as it has irrigation if the millions of acres of good agricultural land now uncleared in various sections of the country are to be available for food production within the next few decades. This is the opinion of L. F. Livingston, Michigan Agricultural College extension specialist, who recently returned to his headquarters here following the end of the tour of the land-clearing demonstration train in the Lower Peninsula.

**MARKET REPORT**

FURNISHED BY U. S. BUREAU OF MARKETS, WASHINGTON, D. C.

**Grain**  
The grain market turned strong the last part of week following an unsettled condition and prices closed sharply higher. Chicago Dec. wheat up 1-1/4c. Quoted Dec. corn up 1 cent. Higher foreign markets and broader outside interest were the main bullish factors. All wheat deliveries except December sold at new high prices on crop on the 16th but close was fractionally lower on profit taking. Little business in corn. Good business in cash grain. Corn showed more strength than wheat. Cash demand in west and southwest continues steady. Closing prices in Chicago cash market: No. 2 red winter wheat \$1.30; No. 2 hard winter wheat \$1.21; No. 2 mixed corn 73c; No. 2 yellow corn 54c; No. 3 white oats 45c.

**Hay**  
Average farm prices: No. 2 mixed corn in central Iowa 60c; No. 2 hard winter wheat in central Kansas \$1. Closing future prices: Chicago Dec. wheat \$1.19-8; Chicago Dec. corn, 71-1-4; Minneapolis Dec. wheat \$1.17-1-4; Kansas City Dec. wheat \$1.19-1-4; Winnipeg Dec. wheat \$1.04 7-8.

**Feed**  
Mill feeds easier. Demand dull. Trading light. Offerings, especially transit middlings in excess of demand. Jobbers quoting linseed meal \$1 below mill prices. Gluten feed production about on par with demand. Output of hominy feed quite heavy and offerings exceed demand. Dealers supplies considered about normal. Quoted November 15: Bran \$21.75, middlings \$22.75, flour middlings \$25.50, rye feed \$23.00. Chicago, 34 per cent linseed meal \$49. Minneapolis, 51 Buffalo; white hominy feed \$27.00 Chicago.

**Dairy Products**  
Butter markets firm at close following short period during which an unsettled tone prevailed. Prices held steady. Receipts running somewhat heavier but these include storage butter which is moving from one market to another, also delayed shipments from producing sections. Demand continues slightly irregular. Closing prices '22 score butter: New York 50c; Philadelphia 51c; Boston 47c; Chicago 41-1/2c.

**Fruits and Vegetables**  
Potato markets declined for the week. Northern stock firm Chicago, down 10c to 15c. Other markets generally steady at shipping points. Cabbage slightly stronger Boston and Cincinnati, weaker elsewhere. Apples, steady to firm in consuming centers and at shipping points. Onion markets show little change.

**Prices reported Nov. 16:** Maine Green Mountain potatoes, \$1.40@1.50 per 100 lbs. in Boston. "Red" potatoes, \$1.45 in New York. \$5@95c f. o. b. New York sacked round whites \$1.05@1.50 in city markets, \$1@1.00 f. o. b. Chicago. Fancy boxed stock 75c@1.20 in midwestern markets, 60@70c f. o. b.

**Live Stock and Meats**  
Chicago hog prices continued downward week, declines ranging from 20@40c being registered. Cattle prices showed mixed movement. November 15 Chicago prices: Hogs, top \$33.00, bulk of sales \$7.90@8.25; medium and good beef steers, \$6.90@11.75; butcher cows and heifers, \$4.00@10.00; feeder steers \$5.75; light and medium weight veal calves \$8@10; fat lambs, \$13@14.50; feeding lambs \$12.50@14.25; yearlings \$9.75@13.25; fat ewes \$5.50@8.

**East Buffalo Live Stock**  
Cattle—Steady. Hogs: Lower; heavy and yorkers, \$8.50@9.50; pigs, \$3. Sheep: Steady; top lambs, \$14.50@15; yearlings, \$9@12; wethers, \$8@8.50; ewes, \$7@7.50. Calves, \$13.50.

**DETROIT QUOTATIONS**  
**Feed and Grain**  
WHEAT—Cash No. 2 red, \$1.34; No. 2 white and No. 2 mixed, \$1.33.  
OATS—Cash No. 1, \$1.00; No. 2, 75c.  
RYE—Cash No. 1, 77c; No. 2, 75c.  
NEW YELLOW CORN—Cash No. 2, 77c; No. 3, 75c.  
WHITE OATS—Cash No. 2, 49c; No. 3, 47-1/2c; No. 4, 45c.  
BEANS—Immediate and prompt shipment, \$6.75 per cwt.

**Flour**  
FLOUR—Fancy spring wheat patents, \$5.15@5.40; fancy winter patents, \$7.90@8.25; fair to good spring, \$4.50@5.00; winter wheat straight, \$5.50@7.00; Kansas best grade family flour, \$7.90 per 48 lb. barrel.

**Live Stock and Poultry**  
CATTLE—Best steers, \$8.75; best heavy weight butcher steers, \$7.25@8; mixed and light, \$4.50@6; heavy light butchers, \$5.50@6; light butchers, \$4.25@5; best cows, \$4.50@5.50; butcher cows, \$3.25@4; fat calves, \$7.50@8; yearlings, \$2@2.75; choice bulls, \$4.50@5;ologna bulls, \$3.50@4.75; stock bulls, \$3@3.50; feeders, \$2.50@3; st. ckers, \$4@6; milkers and springers, \$4@7.

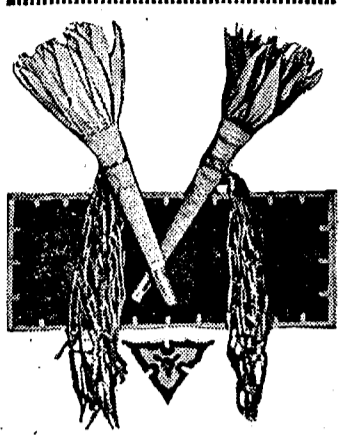
**Sheep and Lambs**  
SHEEP AND LAMBS—Best lambs, \$14@15; fair to good, \$12.50@13; light to common lambs, \$8@8; heavy sheep, \$5@5.50; fair to good sheep, \$6@7; culls and common, \$4@5.

**Butter and Eggs**  
BUTTER—Best creamery, in tubs, 40@43c per lb.  
EGGS—Fresh current receipts, 40@45c; fresh candled and graded, 35@42c; refrigerator firsts, 25@30c per doz.

**Farm and Garden Produce**  
PEARS—Winter varieties, \$1.25@1.50 per bushel.  
GRAPES—Michigan, 90c@1 per 12-quart basket; New York Catawba and Concord, \$2@2.50 per pony basket.

**Apples**  
APPLES—Snow, 19@22c; Greenings, \$1.25@1.50; Baldwin, \$1.25@1.50; Spy, \$1.75@2.25; Jonathan, \$1.75@2.25; other varieties, \$1.50 per bu; western boxes, \$2@5.  
CABBAGE—Home-grown, 50@60c per bushel.  
POTATOES—Michigan, \$1.50@1.65 per 150-lb. sack.  
SWEET POTATOES—Michigan, 20@30c per doz.; squares, 15c@21.  
ONIONS—\$1.75@2 per sack of 100 lbs.; small ones, 14c per sack.  
DRESSED HOGS—30 to 120 lbs., 13@13c; 130 to 160 lbs., 11@11c; heavy, 10@10c per lb.

**Sparkle on the Tree**



Small horns of paper or tin wound with bright crepe paper and tied with sparkling tinsel, that falls in tassels from them, are among the new Christmas tree ornaments that any one can make.

**Among House Slippers**



Most people look to Santa Claus to provide them with house slippers and he always carries a generous supply of all kinds in his pack. This year you will find among them beautiful bedroom slippers, like those shown above, that are made of ribbons and adorned with little ribbon flowers.

**CUT THIS OUT—IT IS WORTH MONEY.**

Cut out this slip, enclose with 5c to Foley & Co., 2835 Sheffield Ave., Chicago, Ill., writing your name and address clearly. You will receive in return a trial package containing Foley's Honey and Tar Compound, for coughs, colds and croup, Foley Kidney Pills and Foley Cathartic Tablets. Hite's Drug Store.—adv.

**Do You Know?**

—that Royal Baking Powder is made from Cream of Tartar?

—that Cream of Tartar is derived from grapes—rich, ripe, healthful grapes grown in the famous vineyards of southern France?

That is why Royal is so wholesome and healthful, why it gives the food such a fine, even texture and such a delicious, appetizing flavor.

It Contains No Alum Leaves No Bitter Taste



Sinews of Virtue. Good company and good discourse are the very sinews of virtue.—Isaiah Walton.

Fear No One. Never be afraid of the crowd. Just look it over and see what queer individuals so often compose it.

**SMITH-HINCKLE MILLING CO.**  
**I-H BEST PATENT WHEAT FLOUR**  
For Bread, Biscuits, Cakes  
"Ask Your Dealer For It."

**R. G. WATSON**  
**FURNITURE DEALER**  
**FUNERAL DIRECTOR**  
QUALITY GOODS EFFICIENT SERVICE  
Phone 66. East Jordan, Mich.

**AUCTION SALE**  
The undersigned will sell at his premises located five miles South of East Jordan—section 11, Echo township—near Bennett School house, on  
**TUESDAY, NOV. 28th**  
Commencing at 1:00 o'clock p. m., fast time, the following described property to-wit:—

Black Mare, 7 yrs. old, weight 1,200	Spring tooth Drag
Brown Mare, 8 yrs. old, weight 1150	Empire Drill
Team Bay Colts, 4 yrs. old, weight 2500	Wagon and Double Box
Brown Colt 1 1/2 years old	Two sets Heavy Harness
Red and White Cow, 7 yrs. fresh Feb. 4	Set Light Harness
White Cow, 4 yrs. old, fresh March 27	Double Set Light Harness
McCormick Binder, in good repair	Sickle Grinder
McCormick Mower	Scythes and Cradle
Osborne Hay Rake, 9 foot	Potato Forks and Hooks
Side-Hill Plow, new	Potato Scoop
Bryan Plow	About 150 Shocks Corn
Spring-tooth Sulkey Cultivator	About five tons Baled Hay
Two Walking Cultivators	Many Other Articles

**Terms of Sale:** Sums of \$10.00 and under, cash; over \$10.00, 1 year's time will be given on approved bankable notes, bearing 7 per cent interest, payable at The Peoples State Savings Bank, East Jordan, Mich. Five per cent discount for cash on sums over \$10. No property to be removed until terms of sale are complied with.

**HARRISON KIDDER**  
Proprietor  
**J. J. MIKULA, Clerk W. E. BYERS, Auctioneer**

## East Jordan 26 Charlevoix 7

Local Team Gets Easy Victory  
Over Charlevoix

(Continued from First page)

ed a forward pass and returned the ball to the center of the field.

On the next play Malpass passed to Streeter, who raced 40 yards for a touchdown. Malpass missed dropkick for point. Score: Charlevoix 7, East Jordan 26.

East Jordan kicked outside and the ball was kicked off again, Smith kicking to Jones on Charlevoix's 25-yard line, where he was downed in his tracks after fumbling the ball. Time out for Jones. Hamilton failed to gain, Hamilton made 1 yard, Jones 5, then Charlevoix punted to Smith who returned the ball to Charlevoix's 10-yard line. Walker made five yards, but East Jordan was penalized 5 yards, placing the ball on the 15-yard line. East Jordan fumbled, Charlevoix recovering the ball. Marshall gained 9 yards, Cooper failed to gain, but Jones made it first down on the 25-yard line. Cooper gained 1 yard, Jones added 4 around left end, and Jones made it first down on the 40-yard line. Hamilton gained 4 yards, Hamilton 1, forward pass was incomplete, and Hamilton punted to Smith on East Jordan's 40-yard line.

Malpass gained 1 yard, and Smith made it first down on the 50-yard line. Time out for Smith. Streeter failed to gain. A triple pass, Malpass to Smith to Streeter, failed. Malpass made first down on Charlevoix's 35-yard line. Pass incomplete; Streeter made 6 yards around left end; pass incomplete; Malpass punted to Charlevoix's 7-yard line. Hamilton punted to Charlevoix's 40-yard line. The final whistle blew with the ball in East Jordan's possession on Charlevoix's 40-yard line.

Final score—Charlevoix 7, East Jordan 26.

### The Northwest Passage.

The Northwest passage is a passage for ships from the Atlantic to the Pacific ocean by the northern coasts of the American continent, long sought for. Sir Robert McClure in his expedition of 1850-1854 was the first to achieve the passage, although part of the journey was made on ice.

## Peoples' Wants

### MUNNIMAKERS

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

### Lost and Found

LOST—Gold Watch, tied with a black ribbon, near the home of Ed. Green on West Side. Suitable reward if returned to Houghton & Kowalske Store. 47-1.

### For Sale—Miscellaneous

I will open a BAZAAR in the Healey Tire & Vulcanizing Co. Building Dec. 2nd. Open Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday afternoons. Orders taken for doll cloths, Misses and Childrens Aprons, Dolls and Toys.—MRS. C. K. BRACE. 47-1.

HEAVY TEAM OF HORSES For Sale. Weight 2900 lbs. Inquire of MRS. ELMER HAYNER, Phone 164-F13, East Jordan. 47-1.

KNITTING MACHINE FOR SALE—An Auto Knitting Machine, in first class condition is offered for sale. Inquire of Mrs. Della Lapeer, East Jordan, West Side. 47-2.

The new Fall Catalog of HOISERY and UNDERWEAR just arrived for the World's Star Knitting Company, Bay City. Boxed Xmas gifts now ready. MRS. MAYBEL CARLISLE, Agent. 46-1.

HEAVY DRAFT TEAM For Sale—10 and 11 years old; with HARNESS and HEAVY SLEIGHS. Will sell cheap for cash, or will take two cows as part payment.—ALVA DAVIS, East Jordan, Route 4. 45-4.

FORD SEDAN For Sale. In first class condition. Will be sold at a bargain. FRANK BRETZ, East Jordan. 41-1.

SIGNS—For Sale, for rent and other wordings in common use, printed on heavy cardboard, 15c each. Cards with special wordings, in any size or quantity, made to order.—CHARLEVOIX COUNTY HERALD. 32-1.

JUST RECEIVED a complete line of new and beautiful Fall and Winter Sample of YARDAGE GOODS from Buckley Bros., New York City. MRS. MAYBEL CARLISLE, Agent. Located in rooms over Enterprise Store. 46-1.

Do Not Mess Around With Nasty Poisons  
**CENOL** DOES NOT STAIN  
DOES NOT STINK  
Non-poisonous. Non-explosive  
KILLS BED BUGS, ROACHES ETC.  
For Sale By  
Gidey & Mac, East Jordan, Mich.

## CHARLEVOIX CO. HERALD

G. A. Lisk, Publisher  
Subscription Rate, \$1.50 per year.

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

### PENINSULAR

(Edited by Mrs. E. Hayden)

The Eveline Gleaners expect to give a social dance at their Temple Dec. 2. Everyone is sure to have a good time.

The Peninsular Grange plans on giving a masquerade ball at their hall Dec. 2nd. Suitable prizes will be given for some costumes. Everybody is invited.

Mrs. Cole of Lansing speaks this Tuesday evening Nov. 21 at the Eveline Temple on the benefits of the Gleaner order. She is being entertained at the David Gaunt home.

The auction sale at Arthur Gaunts Nov. 21st was not very largely attended because of the cold weather and there being so many sales, they are getting to be an old story, but everything was sold.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Gaunt of the Mountain Dist. are moving to Boyne City where they expect to make their home for some time. They have rented their farm to W. C. Howe.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Crowell and family of the Three Bells Dist. moved to Boyne City last week where they expect to make their home for the winter.

Mr. and Mrs. Archie Sutton and family who have occupied the Martin Staley farm in the Mountain Dist. the past summer will move to Boyne City the last of the week, where they will make their home.

Charles Earls has rented his farm in the Mountain District to a family who moved in but because of defective telephone service I could not learn the name.

Mr. and Mrs. Will Gaunt and family of Three Bells District moved to East Jordan the last of the week so the 8th grade pupils can stay in town during the bad weather.

Wells Wildy of Boyne City visited his in the Star District Friday.

The Three Bells school will give a Thanksgiving program on Wednesday afternoon, Nov. 29, at the school house and invites everybody to come.

The Star school will give a Thanksgiving program at the school house, Wednesday, Nov. 29. Visitors are invited.

Work on the County road is progressing nicely. The underbrush is cut as far as the A. J. Beers farm and the smaller stumps are being pulled with a tractor and the larger ones are being dynamited.

Leonard Dow of Advance is working on the County road with his team.

George Jarman and Edward Guerins are doing the dynamiting on the Co. road.

Marie Johnston of the Three Bells Dist. has been absent from school all the week with a rash and swelling on her face. She is not very ill but is kept in for fear it might be something contagious.

The Three Bells school had a good-bye party for the Fred Crowell and Archie Sutton children who are leaving the Dist. for Boyne City. The dinner with hot cocoa was served at the school house and later they all walked to South Arm Lake and spent the afternoon on the beach visiting and eating pop corn and apples. All had a delightful time and that was Nov. 17th in Northern Michigan.

Charles, Eula, and Leslie Arnott of Star District are out of school entertaining the mumps.

### NOWLAND HILL

(Edited by C. M. Nowland)

Mr. and Mrs. Danforth of Rock visited Ray Nowland and family Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Lewis Trojanek and George Trojanek of Jordan township visited at the home of Mrs. Trojanek's sister Mr. and Mrs. Sam Nowland Sunday Nov. 12th.

Miss Alberta LaClair of East Jordan spent the week end at the home of A. R. Nowland.

Jason Lewis of Flint sold his farm on the Hill recently.

The corn shredder has been busy in the neighborhood the past three weeks finished up Herbert Chorpeneing job, Friday. Now the wood buzzing has commenced its work.

A fine Hallowe'en Program was enjoyed with the clothspin Social held at Wilson Grange Hall Friday evening. Over \$5.00 was realized for the benefit of the Atton School.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Nowland of East Jordan visited his mother, Mrs. Ed. Nowland Friday. They left for Grand Rapids by auto.

Mrs. Roy Allen of Boyne City visited her parents, Mr. and Mrs. James Simmons Sunday evening.

### RANNEY. SCHOOL NOTES

(By Letitia Linehan)

The First and Second graders are making Indian dolls.

Fifth and Sixth grades are working on the story of Thanksgiving for language work.

Lydia Martin's lowest standing in her last test was 95 per cent and had several 100 per cent marks.

Fourth grade geography is studying the New England States.

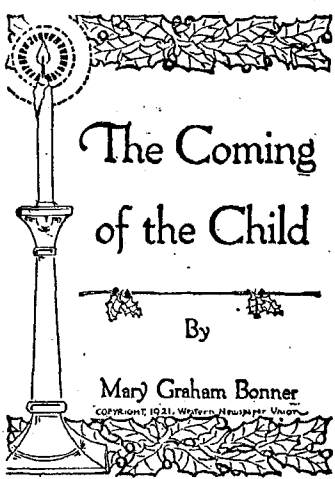
We would appreciate the presence of all who cares to come to our Box Social Nov. 28th at the South Arm Grange Hall. It is a Box Toe Social.

Debt and disease are twin impairers of mental efficiency.

Nothing is so easy as the other man's job.

The only way most people ever have any chickens is to count them before they are hatched.

You know it wouldn't be so hard to love your neighbor as yourself if he were as well worth loving as you are.



ND," Gregory Morse added, "as I've always said, I think people should be honest with each other before marriage. I don't approve of divorce—curious thing to be speaking of on the very evening I'm asking you to marry me, but it has a bearing on the subject. No," he emphasized, "I don't approve of divorce. Of course there are very extenuating circumstances at times. But I think most of them could be avoided if people talked openly and candidly before they were married."

He told her then that he cared for children, that they would mean a great deal to him.

She felt herself growing more and more tense. The whole of her ached for him. Yes, she had waited all her life for him, never mistaking in any of the others, the substitute for the real.

"I feel as you do," she said softly, "I love children!"

And she spoke the truth. But yet a truth that was only half a truth.

They were married, in the little village church on Christmas Eve and when later the carols pealed forth they felt as though even the carols were for their happiness alone!

They had been married several years. Closer and closer had they grown together. How glad she was she had waited until she was sure she loved. She had had so many proposals, and there were girls who had had so few. She had often thought of the girl to whom the simplest of pleasures had come as a complete and magnificent joy. This girl had had no attentions, her life had been almost aimless. At last came a man into her life, very slowly, very unemotionally, but each slow step along the way was one which thrilled her and which mounted up to huge and great proportions. It had to be a great deal to rouse Marjorie but Gregory had roused her—fully.

She had always kept her fresh charm and her appeal though she had left youth behind. Her skin was smooth, her color good, her eyes dark and lustrous and her hair had no traces of gray.

But during this time no children had come to them. Gregory now didn't seem to care whether they came or not. He was quite content with her.

"People change their ideas after they marry if they really love the woman they marry," he used to tell her. "Before they have theories. Now if children came, all well and good. But I couldn't be any happier than I am now."

She knew he spoke the truth. She knew it. He was even jealous of her eagerness for children. Was this what it meant to marry, he some times asked himself. Did people for-

get about each other and sink their hopes and aspirations and ambitions and emotions and dreams into the coming of another generation when they had sworn and believed before God and man that they would only love each other. Did they love each other so little? Did they care only for the sake of the family? It couldn't be.

That was too cold a belief.

Another year passed and they began growing apart. Marjorie had become restless, unhappy. Was it because of children? Gregory asked himself. Couldn't she have been happy with him? Was his marriage to be a disillusion?

But one evening she came to him. "Gregory," she said, "I have so much to tell you. Let me begin from the beginning. I've been going to tell you this so many times.

"When I married you I lied to you. Now, don't interrupt me, dear. Yes, I lied about my age. I loved you. I was afraid if I told you that perhaps I was too old to have children that you wouldn't—marry me—that I would

lose you. And I couldn't lose you. Don't you see it was because I loved you so that I lied to you?" she cried. "I loved you so," she repeated.

"My darling, I'm so relieved," he said. "All I care about is that you love me."

"I know that," she told him. "But the heritage of my life has been punishing me. Even though I know you don't, think now that children make any difference I know I cheated you, whom of all others I cared most for."

"Marjorie, Marjorie dear," he caressed her, "I am so relieved that I know now what has been worrying you. I was afraid you had ceased to love me."

"It was never that, it was never that," she said.

"You see, Marjorie," he went on, "if at first you had told me you were to have a child I would have been delighted—it would have seemed the conventional idea of the completion of married life which I had pictured in my mind. Afterward I realized that the most important of all was that I had you and loved you and that you loved me."

"Lately I've become very jealous of your desire for children because I thought I didn't count so much. How dreadfully we've groped in the dark even though we have been so close together."

She was happy then as she hadn't been before, happy in the love that he now gave her, the love for which she had braved a lie.

And even as he held her close she thought of it—and life—so full of perplexing moral issues. Had she not lied to him would she have fulfilled

their own happy destinies? Would they have not rather gone their separate ways, yet two more unhappy mortals whose lives were but a makeshift?

Yet she had lied and in that lie she had cheated him, the one whom of all others she had cared most for she had cheated most completely. Perhaps he didn't care for children now. Perhaps he would never think of them again. Perhaps, oh perhaps, a hundred conjectures!

But clearly standing above the others were these two issues—she had lied to win him and because of that lie she had cheated and played false to the one she loved.

A lie is a vigorous parent, imbuing its offspring with its ever powerful blood of doubt and worry. Always, she felt, she would think from time to time that she had cheated him, and that in the deep recesses of her mind he would feel her love had been a very frail and weak thing.

Yet again and again reverted to her mind the knowledge that had it not been for that lie when she had spoken it Gregory and she would never have been happy.

And these doubts and worried thoughts were the heritage of a lie such as hers had been—

It seemed like a miracle. She had given up all hope. Still at times the lie she had told in the first place of all haunted her, because she felt she had cheated Gregory. He never referred to it. He seemed radiantly happy. But she had worried.

And then some time after she had told him, she knew. She was glad she had told him. She was glad that he knew her weaknesses and faults and all. Her happiness over the coming child was so much greater because she had told him.

"And it's to be an anniversary child," The Christmas carols were pealing forth when a small boy opened his eyes upon the world so new to him.

"I'm sorry it's not a girl so we can call her Marjorie," Gregory smiled.

"I'm delighted it's a boy and that we can name him Gregory," Marjorie whispered.

"Merry Christmas," Gregory said, a little later. The clock just struck twelve.

"Merry Christmas," Marjorie answered.

And the small boy gave a shrill little cry.

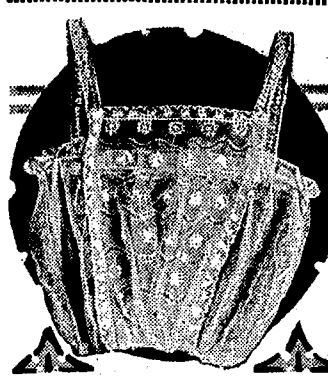
"That's his way of saying 'Merry Christmas,'" Marjorie added.

"I'm delighted to have it explained to me," her husband chuckled.

### Freshening Rolls.

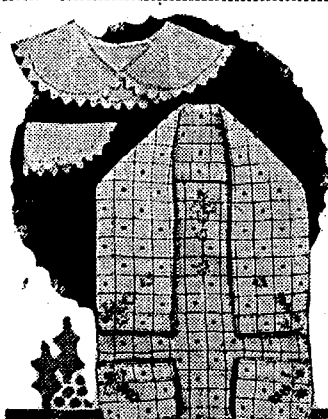
Frequently muffins, gems, cornbread, branbread etc., are a part of the evening dinner and seldom are all eaten during the evening meal, some being left over. The question comes to the conscientious housewife, "How can I serve them again in their original freshness?" It can easily be done. Grease a piece of brown paper, using plenty of grease. Wrap in it the muffins, bread, etc. Place in hot oven for ten or fifteen minutes, unwrap, serve, and, if you did not know, you would think they were just baked.

### This Year's Camisoles

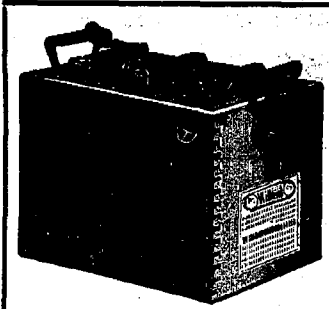


Every Christmas brings its camisoles and this year's are the daintiest ever. Many of them are made of net and lace, like the model pictured here; others, less transparent, of crepe de chine satin, wide ribbons or georgette. Baby ribbon adjusts them at the bust line and flat elastic at the waist. They are easily made and are lovely gifts from woman to woman.

### Pretty Neckwear Sets



Every woman loves dainty neckwear and it is twice welcome when the donor herself has made it. There are many pretty sets this year made of white or colored organdie and other sheer fabrics. A collar, vestee and cuff set is shown here of white organdie cross-barred with black. Little flowers in red, green and purple floss are embroidered on the pieces in lazy-daisy stitch. For girls Peter Pan collars and cuffs to match are made of checked tissue gingham, edged with ready-made, scalloped trimming of plaited organdie, or other edging.



## Don't Forget Your Battery

Remember if the gravity is low your battery will freeze nearly as quick as water, but if it is fully charged it will not freeze in this climate.

The Battery Shop  
LESLIE L. MILES, -- Prop'r

Rugs Take Town's Name. The names of oriental rugs are taken from the towns, states or tribes by whom or where they were woven, and have been handed down from generation to generation by word of mouth.

The Clever Fly. The housefly is the cleverest of insects, its intelligence far surpassing that of the ant and the bee. A recent world-wide authority asserts that it can think 100 times more quickly than a man.

Coal Mines. Coal is produced in 30 states in the Union. The states having records of greatest production are: Pennsylvania, West Virginia, Illinois, Ohio, Alabama, Indiana, Kentucky and Colorado.

SERIOUS BLADDER TROUBLE "Could not stand nor sit and was forced to cry out from intense pain," writes Henry Williams, Tarkio, Montana. "The doctors said I had inflammation of the bladder and an operation was necessary. Tried Foley Kidney Pills and improved at once. Bladder and kidney trouble demand prompt treatment. Foley Kidney Pills give quick relief.—Hite's Drug Store, adv.

## EAST JORDAN LUMBER Co.

## Special Offering!

For a limited time we will offer a fine line of

## All-wool Serge Dresses

which we have received on approval. We offer these, while they last, at only

# \$9.98

First customers have the pick of the lot.

## East Jordan Lumber Co

## Briefs of the Week

Miss Mary Brezina left Monday for a visit at Detroit.

Miss Merle Dean came home Thursday from Eaton Rapids.

Born to Mr. and Mrs. Stanley Hitchcock, a daughter, Nov. 20th.

Hand picked Wagner Apples, \$1.00 per basket. Stroebel Bros. adv.

Armstrong's Linoleum—the very best manufactured—at R. G. Watson's. adv.

Don't forget to read the serial story "Desert Gold" commencing in this issue.

Born to Mr. and Mrs. Thomas St. Charles a daughter—Gladys Victorine—Nov. 21st.

Have your Eyes Tested and Enjoy a well fitted pair of Glasses. Prices very reasonable. Dr. Ramsey. adv.

Mrs. Roy Huston returned to Detroit Thursday, after a visit with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Burdette Evans.

Mr. and Mrs. Earl A. Clark are moving from their farm home near Ironport into the Walter Cook residence on North Main Street.

Mr. and Mrs. George Hamilton, who have been located at St. Paul, Minn., recently removed to their former location at Attalla, Alabama.

B. E. Waterman left Tuesday on a business trip to Traverse City, Cadillac and Detroit in the interest of his firm—the East Jordan Cabinet Co.

J. J. Votruba was happily entertained with a surprise party by friends and neighbors last Thursday evening, the occasion being his 50th birthday anniversary.

Members of Mark Chapter O. E. S. and friends tendered Mr. and Mrs. Abe Stevenson a farewell party at Masonic Hall Monday evening. Mr. and Mrs. Stevenson plan to spend the winter in Florida.

Mr. and Mrs. W. S. Carr and Mrs. Hattie Sherman were at Charlevoix last Saturday to bring home Mrs. Sherman's daughter, Sarah, who has been confined to the Charlevoix hospital the past fortnight.

The Rev. F. L. Bluefield, Pastor of the M. E. Church of Petoskey and Mr. Wm. G. McCane will be the principal speakers at the Father and Son Banquet at the local M. E. Church, Thursday evening, Nov. 23rd.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Gunsolus of this city announce the marriage of their daughter, Miss Josephine, to G. W. McCrady of Ann Arbor at Lansing, Mich., Oct. 31st. Mr. and Mrs. McCrady will make their home at Ann Arbor.

Mrs. Louie LeMieux was badly shaken up in a runaway accident Wednesday. She was driving in a single buggy on the lake-shore road, when the horse bolted and in crossing the railroad tracks the buggy was overturned and Mrs. LeMieux was dragged quite a distance.

Announcement has been received here by the Bulow Brothers of the marriage of their brother, George, to Miss Nellie Parks at Bozeman, Mont., Nov. 2nd. The bride's home was at Winnipeg, Mont. The groom, formerly of this city, is a railroad engineer on the Northern Pacific. They will make their home at Livingston, Montana.

Roasters at right prices. Stroebel Bros. adv.

The serial story—"Desert Gold"—starts in this issue.

Good assortment of Heating Stoves at Stroebel Bros. adv.

W. E. Malpass is at Detroit and other points on business this week.

Mrs. A. E. Fay, mother of Mrs. R. E. Webster, is reported quite ill.

Your Eyes Tested and Glasses properly fitted.—Dr. Ramsey. adv.

Armstrong's Linoleum—the very best manufactured—at R. G. Watson's. adv.

Miss Beryl Whiteford returned home Tuesday from a two weeks visit at Traverse City.

Mrs. Ed. Alexander was at Grand Rapids first of the week, called there by the death of her aunt.

Carl Martinson returned to his work at Muskegon, Monday, after a week's visit here with his family.

Fred Bennett left Monday for Waukesha, Wis., where he will enter a Sanitarium for treatment.

Mrs. Fred Zimmerman of Jackson was here first of the week visiting at the home of Mrs. Ida Price.

Laundry Basket leaves Bulow Bros. store every Wednesday noon; laundry returned Saturday night. adv.

Mrs. Wm. LaValley and children, who have been here for a visit returned to their home at Grand Rapids, Wednesday.

Miss Louise E. Loveday is now in Texas on a tour filling reading dates under a manager. Her present address is Houston, general delivery.

Mr. and Mrs. John McLean arrived here Saturday from Brock, Sask., and will make their home here again.

Mrs. Elmer Matthews and children of Petoskey were here over Sunday visiting at the home of her sister, Mrs. G. LaClair.

Mrs. Lee Farmer returned to Grand Rapids, Tuesday, after a two week's visit with her parents Mr. and Mrs. Peter Lanway.

Mrs. R. J. Dietz and Mrs. E. J. Steffens of Suttons Bay where here this week, guests of Misses Agnes and Carrie Porter.

The Presbyterian Ladies Aid Society will meet Friday afternoon, Dec. 31st, in the church basement, with Mrs. Sidebotham as hostess. Come prepared to pay dues and also elect officers for ensuing year.

Shells for hunters. Stroebel Bros. adv.

Special Communication of East Jordan Lodge No. 379 F. & A. M. this Saturday evening, Nov. 25th. Work in F. C. Degree.

Regular meeting of South Lake Lodge No. 180, K. of P., every Wednesday evening at 7:30 sharp. All members urged to be present. Visitors welcome.

Leslie Kolien left Monday for Detroit. Ed. Gerner left Tuesday for a visit at Battle Creek.

Watch for the O. E. S. Bazaar and Bake Sale. adv.

Armstrong's Linoleum—the very best manufactured—at R. G. Watson's. adv.

Spectacles with the latest and most becoming Shell Rim Frames.—Dr. Ramsey. adv.

Miss Agnes Swoboda of Ada, Mich., is guest at the home of her sister, Mrs. Joseph Nachazel.

Mrs. Anna L. Sebring was called to Lancaster, Ohio, Wednesday, by the serious illness of her father.

D. C. Watson returned to Frankfort, Wednesday, after a week's visit at the home of his brother R. G. Watson.

East Jordan's West Side was without city water service Tuesday night and part of Wednesday, owing to an accident Tuesday evening.

The Steamer Missouri of the Northern Michigan Transit Fleet, came into port Tuesday afternoon for a load of freight. That night, in clearing, the boat failed to get out into the channel and ran close to the shallow water, near the east side of the lake.

As a result the boat grounded into the water mains which lead under the water from the foot of Williams street across the lake, smashing the main and cutting off the West Side.

News of the Churches

Presbyterian Church Notes  
Rev. C. W. Sidebotham, Pastor.

"A Church for Folks."  
Sunday, Nov. 26, 1922.

10:00 a. m.—Morning Worship. "Rejoicing with Palm and Willow."  
11:15 a. m.—Sunday School.

The Sunday School offering will be for the Near East Relief Fund.  
7:00 p. m.—Evening Worship. "The Lost Christ."

Services are in the Church basement. Prayer Meeting Thursday eve. at 7:15. There will be a union service in the Presbyterian basement Thanksgiving morning at 10:00 o'clock. Rev. Hulme will preach the sermon. The offering will be for the relief of needy in this vicinity.

First Methodist Episcopal Church  
Rev. Henry Hulme, Pastor.

Sunday, Nov. 26, 1922.  
10:00 a. m.—Morning Worship, Subject—"Reasons for Thanksgiving." Special Music.

11:15 a. m.—Sunday School  
6:00 p. m.—Epworth League. Leader Harold Price.

7:00 p. m.—Evening Service. Subject—"Three Christian Certainties." Hear the Epworth Choir. It will do you good.

Don't forget to bring your thank offering, Sunday.  
7:00 p. m. Thursday—Prayer Meeting

There will be a union Thanksgiving service in the Presbyterian Church, Thursday Nov. 30th at 10:00 a. m. Rev. Henry Hulme will preach.

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.

Church of God.  
Miss A. A. Zielka, Pastor.

Hours of services:  
(Eastern Standard Time)  
Sunday School—11:00 a. m.  
Morning Services—12:30 a. m.  
Evening Services—7:30 p. m.  
Wed. Prayer Meeting—8:00 p. m.  
The public is cordially invited to attend these services.

Latter Day Saints Church.  
Leonard Dudley, Pastor.

9:45 a. m.—Sunday School.  
11:00 a. m.—Prayer Meeting.  
7:00 p. m.—Preaching.

Tuesday—  
7:00 p. m.—Religio.  
Wednesday—  
7:00 p. m.—Prayer Meeting.

Lake Freezes in June.  
Asahikawa and districts in Hokkaido, Japan, suffered an unusual drop of temperature on June 24, 1922, all the lakes and streams freezing. Such an experience at that time of the year has only been recorded once before in those localities. That was 35 years ago when the rivers froze on July 2. Serious damage was done to crops.

Chinese Women Gossip.  
According to one authority the upper class women of China give little attention to serious affairs, spending most of their time in gossiping and gambling.

## FASCISTI LEADER THROWS CHALLENGE TO CHAMBER



BENITO MUSSOLINI

Rome—Premier Mussolini, in his initial address to the Chamber of Deputies, threw down the gauntlet to that body and indicated in unmistakable terms that he was not there to ask favors but to receive them. Mussolini is the new revolutionary dictator who led his black-shirted Fascist in its overthrow of the radicals in control of Italy's government.

## STATE BONUS FUND PAID OUT

1923 Legislature Must Provide for 19,000 Veterans Unpaid.

Lansing—If the 20,000 or more Michigan veterans of the World War who are still to receive their state bonuses are to be paid, the funds will have to be supplied by the 1923 Legislature. It is estimated that the bonus fund, which amounted to more than \$30,000,000 from the sale of bonds and premiums, will fall \$600,000 short of paying all claims. At present there is \$74,527 left in the fund. To absorb that there are approximately 500 approved claims on file, which, at an average of \$207 each, will require more than is available. Besides the 500 approved claims, there are 2,500 claims which have not been inspected and it is estimated that 19,000 veterans, many of whom may be eligible to a bonus, have not yet made application.

## LLOYD MUST SERVE SENTENCE

Court Refuses to Delay Term of Wealthy Communist.

Chicago—The two-year fight of William Gross Lloyd, wealthy communist, to escape a five year penitentiary sentence for violation of the Illinois espionage act, known as the "overthrow" law, ended when Chief Justice Thompson, of the Illinois supreme court, announced he would deny Lloyd's motion to stay the sentence until December 1. Lloyd and 18 other members of the communist party were convicted at Chicago in August, 1920. They were accused of advocating overthrow of the government. In addition to the prison sentence, Lloyd was fined \$2,000. Victor Berger of Milwaukee and two others were released by the court.

## CANADIAN FORD STOCK LISTED

First Time Wall St. Has Stock With Detroit's Name.

New York—Shares of the Ford Motor Company of Canada, Ltd., were listed upon the New York curb market Nov. 16, and for the first time a stock bearing the name of Henry Ford was bought and sold in Wall street. Only two sales were made, due largely to the fact that many floor members did not know it had been listed and did not recognize it by the abbreviated title that appeared upon the stock tickers. The company, which is not a subsidiary of the parent corporation, is capitalized at 100,000 shares. Mr. Ford is president and owns approximately 18 per cent of the stock.

## BONAR LAW BEATS LLOYD GEORGE

Conservatives Given Working Majority in English Election.

London—"I am quite satisfied at the results," Lloyd George made that statement regarding the outcome of the British elections which have shown a big preference for Bonar Law. The returns show the election of 345 Conservatives, 141 Laborites, 62 Liberals, 44 National-Liberals and 15 others.

## Share Ford Railroad Earnings.

Columbus, O.—Application has been filed with the State Utilities commission by officials of the Detroit, Toledo and Ironport railroad, owned by Henry Ford, for permission to issue to their employees' investment securities in denominations of \$1,000, \$500, and \$100. The aggregate is not to exceed \$1,000,000. The purpose of the proposed issuance of certificates, the railroad officials informed the commission is to promulgate a feeling of participation in the earnings of the company.

TEMPLE THEATRE  
Thursday - - Friday  
Nov. 30 Dec. 1  
THANKSGIVING SPECIAL  
"The Silent Call"  
BY.....  
H. O. Davis Hal D. Evarts  
FROM.....  
The Saturday Evening Post  
story, "The Cross Pull."  
When you have seen this you have seen the utmost in the drama of men, women and beasts of the back woods.  
Thanksgiving---Thursday, Friday

Carelessness and Poverty.  
Childish, imbecile carelessness is enough to render any man poor, without the aid of a single positive vice.—Francis Wayland.  
Easy to Twist Meaning.  
If you give me six lines written by the hand of the most honest of men, I will find something in them which will hang him.—Richelleu.

Could Supply World's Cotton.  
Expert agriculturists claim that southern Australia is capable of producing enough cotton to supply the world's needs twice over, without colored labor.  
A Kansas Standard.  
A wise man never stands out in the rain or opens a milk bottle with his thumb.—Topeka Capital.

Xmas Is Just Around the Corner  
And we have just received a New Line of FOLDERS for your approval. Do not wait until the last week and expect your photos finished for Xmas.  
Kindly shop early and give us a chance. Photography can not be hurried.  
NELSON'S STUDIO  
Second Floor Monroe Block

SPECIAL SALE of Wood Heaters This Week  
A Fine New Line of many kinds will be offered.  
NOW IS YOUR CHANCE!  
You can buy on easy payments, or trade in your old one.  
HURRY! HURRY!  
C. J. Malpass Hdwe. Co.

You can often accomplish more in a few minutes' talk over Long Distance than through weeks of correspondence. Long Distance saves both time and expense.  
Let Them Hear Your Voice—Your Voice to You  
MICHIGAN STATE TELEPHONE CO.

Furs Trappers Furs  
Try us with your first shipment of Furs and convince yourself that we are paying the highest market prices.  
We also want your Beef Hides.  
H. KLING HIDE & FUR CO.  
Phone 159 East Jordan.

**Fresh Air Camps Put Tb. To Rout**



Five weeks at the fresh air camp maintained by the Tuberculosis Society of her county brought Dorothy ten pounds increase in weight and changed her listless pallor to rosy, joyous vigor. With continued care and wholesome living, TB will no longer be a spectre in Dorothy's path. Christmas seals won this victory.

**BEFORE JEFFERSON HAD A SAN**

(Names of places and persons, for obvious reasons, have been changed in this story; but the incident happened as narrated.)

Dr. Merrit, fresh from the U and new to Jeffersonville, answered his telephone promptly. It was Burroughs, the hotel-keeper, a vast, jovial fellow whom the doctor saw on the hotel porch daily, who was calling.

"Gosh, doc," said Burroughs, "I wish you'd come over. Fellow from twenty miles out in the jack-pines just drove in here and left his boy on the steps, and asked me to send for the doctor, and before I could say 'Boo,' he hit the horse a crack and he was gone. And the boy—he ain't much more'n a kid—looks as if he was dying now."

Dr. Merrit's patient was still waiting for him on the hotel porch when the young doctor ran up the steps: a good-looking lad, if he had not been so wasted with fever. He was in the most advanced stage of tuberculosis, dying, as Burroughs had said; but since TB kills its victims by tortured inches, Dr. Merrit foresaw that it might be weeks before death came.

"Edgar Robinson," the young man whispered in reply to the doctor's inquiry as to his name.

"How long have you been sick, Robinson?" inquired the doctor, cheerfully as he could.

"Why, I've been in the house since January; but Dad can't pay doctor's bills, and 'twasn't much but a bad cold, I thought, anyhow. So I just stayed in and kept warm; haven't had much appetite, you know, but I haven't been really sick. There's eight of us in the family, though, and Dad couldn't keep a loafer, any longer, I didn't think, and so I told him, if he'd bring me into town, maybe somebody—" Edgar's eyes glistened hopefully.

Burroughs beckoned the doctor to the end of the porch: "Gosh, I wish I could keep him," he rumbled regretfully. "But I got a duty to the public."

"If there was a hospital—" began the doctor.

"Ain't any within thirty miles," answered Burroughs. "And that's all ways full. If there was one of these TB sanatoriums in Jefferson county now—"

"If there was a sanatorium," said the young doctor fiercely, "this never would have happened. That boy could have been saved, six months ago. As it is, I suppose it's the poor farm."

In the end it was not even the poor farm, for the poor commissioner held that he couldn't take care of contagious diseases. So young Merrit and the kind-hearted hotel-keeper built a little shack out in the woods back of the hotel, and between them cared for the forlorn young patient, until, three weeks later, he died.

"And I'll stay here," vowed Merrit, the night Robinson went, "till I see Jefferson county with a san, or they run me out."

Jefferson—or whatever its real name is—has a "san" now; already it has done good work, and a field of unbounded usefulness is before it.

But in all Michigan there are for its 38,000 consumptives only 2,000 beds. A proportion of the Christmas seal money will be used by the Michigan Tuberculosis Association in the campaign for more of the life-giving sanatoria that save incipient cases of tuberculosis from drifting into the plight of Edgar Robinson.

**THE MEANING OF CHRISTMAS**

Vice President Coolidge Places Construction on the Greatest Event in Human History.

CHRISTMAS has but one meaning—the Nativity, writes Vice President Calvin Coolidge, in the New York Evening Post. The goodness, the justice, but also the mercy, the helping hand of God. This, the greatest event in human history, has a spiritual meaning. The Savior came to minister to the spiritual nature of man. He showed the true glory and importance of man—and helping one another. Endowed with the power, yet He did not bestow material blessings or set up an earthly kingdom. But to follow Him gave the power to command all those.

To get the world to see the true meaning of things, that is the redemption. The creation was all declared good. It can be perverted. The enemy forever strives "out of good still to find means of evil." The material welfare of men does not come first—to make it first makes it to be destroying and destroyed. Christmas is not instituted for the purpose of earning the reward of gifts, but for giving them in their true significance. "The wages of sin is death, eternal life is the gift of God."

**GUIDES BABE OF BETHLEHEM**

Lighted Candle in Window on Christmas Eve Will Bring Happiness, an Old Tradition.

AN OLD tradition has it that a lighted candle set in the window on Christmas eve will guide the Babe of Bethlehem to your home, that He may bring you happiness. In some countries it has long been the custom so to mark the coming of Christmas, and John H. Stedman of Rochester, N. Y., has originated a movement to spread it in this country. In a pamphlet urging all to light the "Christ-candle" on Christmas eve he says:

"The Irish will tell you that the Christ-candle was always lighted in their homes in the Emerald Isle as it has been for years and years in Norway and Sweden. Boston has had it for a decade. In Rochester 1916 was our third celebration—the first year a few houses shone—the second over a thousand—the third nearly every one; and it has spread to town, village and country over a 40-mile radius. Many far-away homes, Wisconsin, Maine, California, Florida, kindled their candles from ours, and when you have lighted yours you will appreciate why."

**The Truer Things of Life.**

We stand together at another fullness of time; perhaps it is a fullness in which material things, the man-made things, bulk largest. Perhaps it is a time in which confidence in the human seems to excel confidence in the divine. It is becoming increasingly evident that there must speedily come to men the visions of life and real values as they find their finer and larger interpretation of him whose birth the world celebrates at Christmas. There is a tragic, if inarticulate, appeal being made today for a return to the homelier, stronger and truer things of life; we are looking for a new birth of goodness that shall restore our lost peace and bring back again to earth the deeper satisfaction of the human heart.—James E. Freeman.



**CHRISTMAS IN PIGVILLE**

Papa Pig—My how the children will appreciate this nice bag of mud!

**Christmas Cookies.**

Cream together two cupfuls brown sugar and one-half cupful butter. Add one well-beaten egg, eight tablespoonfuls sweet milk, one saltspoonful salt, one-half teaspoonful soda dissolved in one-eighth cupful boiling water, one teaspoonful cinnamon, 2½ cupfuls rolled oats, two cupfuls flour. Mix all together and let stand for an hour, then drop a teaspoonful at a time on greased tins. Press a fat raisin on the top of each and bake in a moderate oven. This amount makes about four dozen cookies.

**Novel Christmas Tree Decorations.**

Effective Christmas tree decorations can easily be made at home. Take candy sticks and dress them up in crepe paper and ribbons and thus convert them into novel candy dolls. Gilded nuts, acorns hung from the branches with colored ribbon and balls of cotton sprinkled with diamond dust, as well as rings of tiny gum-drops strung on white thread, make effective trimming.

**Should Remember the Needy.**

There is another thing that Christmas shopping that should be attended to as early as possible by those who can afford it; and that is the making of Christmas donations for the poor.



Your Guarantee of Service

**You Can't Afford to Experiment**

Buying gasoline indiscriminately is costly and unwise at any time, and especially so in winter. You are invited to buy many kinds, but do you know of any gasoline that has more than 2 million satisfied users daily the year round, except Red Crown?

**Buy RED CROWN The High-Grade Winter Gasoline**

Red Crown is a known quantity. It renders very positive service, winter and summer.

With Red Crown in the tank you may be sure of starting easily, even in severe weather.

It delivers tremendous, sustained pulling power, and that's what you need to take you through heavy winter going.

With winter coming on you want real gasoline. You will get real winter gasoline if you buy Red Crown.

**At the Following Garages:**

D. E. Goodman

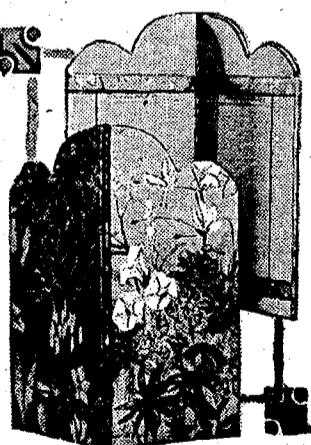
Charles Strehl

And at Any Standard Oil Service Station

Standard Oil Company (Indiana) East Jordan, Mich.

2959

**To Screen the Phone**

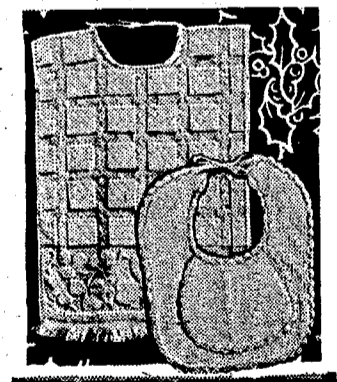


Little conveniences that adorn the house carry messages of good will at Christmas time. A phone screen covered with plain and figured cretonne, and providing a place for records of telephone numbers and calls will be welcome to men and women alike.

**Tires Brought Change.**  
We learn as the years pass. Air has always been free, but we couldn't appreciate it until tires were invented.—Roanoke World News.

**Thought for the Day.**  
Some people aim at nothing and hit the mark every time.

**To Remember the Baby**

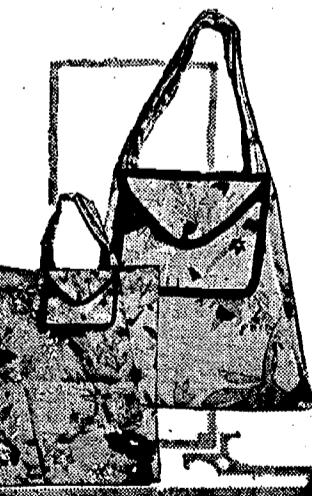


Everyone wants to remember the baby and here are two bibs for him, one of them made of pink and white Turkish toweling and the other of honeycomb cotton. The square bib is bound with tape which provides the ties and the edges of the smaller bib are finished with a shell crochet of mercerized cotton.

**Speaking of Ads.**  
Jonah's whale had a streak of luck and pulled in a customer without publicity, but it is recorded that he couldn't hold the trade.—Ka-Lama (Honolulu).

**Age of Swedish Riksdag.**  
With the exception of the British parliament the Swedish riksdag is the oldest of existing legislative bodies.

**Ever Welcome Bags**



Christmas time is the springtime of bright cretonnes when they blossom out into all sorts of ingenious and beautiful gifts. The picture shows a work or shopping bag folded and unfolded. It is merely a capacious oblong bag of cretonne, with small envelope, bound with braid, sewed to one side, and, by means of snap fasteners, it can be folded and converted into a pretty shopping bag.

**Bake No Bread on Sunday.**  
For 25 years no bread has been baked in Norway on Sunday.

**Planets and Stars.**  
It is easy to distinguish a planet from a star because a star twinkles and a planet never does except when it is near the horizon. Also, planets are brighter. They are nearer the earth and their light is reflected to us like the moon. Stars are fixed bodies outside our solar system.

**Maine Cannot Grow Sugar Cane.**  
Maine is the only state in the union where sugar cane cannot be raised. It grows there only a few feet high and the sap is not sweet. If all our cane sugar had to be raised in Maine it would cost about a thousand dollars a pound. Maine corn, on the other hand, is the sweetest corn raised anywhere.

**Wanted Attention Divided.**  
Elmer, who is the only boy in a family of four sisters, often gets disgusted with the way they baby him. One day when he had evidently reached the limit of his endurance he expressed his feelings by saying: "I wouldn't mind the four of you if there was just another one like me."

**Odd Musical Instrument.**  
One of the most curious musical instruments ever made was the glass harmonica that Benjamin Franklin invented. It was composed of glass discs of different sizes set on a spindle and made by a treadle to revolve in a trough of water.

**Cherry Tree Good Producer.**  
A cherry tree at Sittingbourne, Kent, England, which still bears fruit, was planted in the reign of Henry VIII.

# Desert Gold

By  
**ZANE GREY**  
Author of Riders  
of the Purple Sage,  
Wildfire, Etc.

Illustrations by  
**IRWIN MYERS**

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(Continued from Second Page)

pace of his elder comrade. But now he felt that he was losing something of his instinctive and passionate zeal to get out of the desert. The thought of water came to occupy his mind. He began to imagine that his last little store of water did not appreciably diminish. He knew he was not quite right in his mind regarding water; nevertheless, he felt this to be more of fact than fancy, and he began to ponder.

When next they rested he pretended to be in a kind of stupor; but he covertly watched Warren. The man appeared far gone, yet he had cunning. He cautiously took up Cameron's canteen and poured water into it from his own.

This troubled Cameron. He reflected, and concluded that he had been unwise not to expect this very thing. Then, as his comrade dropped into weary rest, he lifted both canteens. If there were any water in Warren's, it was only very little. Both men had been enduring the terrible desert thirst, conceding it, each giving his water to the other, and the sacrifice had been useless.

Instead of ministering to the parched throats of one or both, the water had evaporated. When Cameron made sure of this, he took one more drink, the last, and poured the little water left into Warren's canteen. He threw his own away.

Soon afterward Warren discovered the loss.

"Where's your canteen?" he asked.

"The heat was getting my water, so I drank what was left."

"My son!" said Warren.

The day opened for them in a red and green hell of rock and cactus. Like a flame the sun scorched and peeled their faces. Warren went blind from the glare, and Cameron had to lead him. At last Warren plunged down, exhausted, in the shade of a ledge.

Cameron rested and waited, hopeless, with not, weary eyes gazing down from their height where he sat. Movement on the part of Warren attracted his attention. Evidently the old prospector had recovered his sight and some of his strength. For he had arisen, and now began to walk along the arroyo bed with his forked perch branch held before him. He had clung to that precarious bit of wood. Warren, however, stepped in a deep pit, and, cutting his canteen in half, began to use one side of it as a scoop. He scooped out a wide hollow, so wide that Cameron was certain he had gone crazy. Cameron gently urged him to stop, and then forcibly tried to make him. But these efforts were futile. Warren worked with slow, ceaseless, methodical movement. He toiled for what seemed hours. Cameron, seeing the darkening, dampening sand, realized a wonderful possibility of water, and he plunged into the pit with the other half of the canteen. Then both men toiled, round and round the wide hole, down deeper and deeper. The sand grew moist, then wet. At the bottom of the deep pit the sand congealed, gave place to gravel. Finally water welled in, a stronger volume than Cameron ever remembered finding on the desert.

The finding of water revived Cameron's flagging hopes. But they were short-lived. Warren had spent himself utterly.

"I'm done. Don't linger," he whispered. "My son, go—go!"

Then he fell. Cameron dragged him out of the sand pit to a sheltered place under the ledge. While sitting beside the falling man Cameron discovered painted images on the wall. Often in the desert he had found these evidences of a prehistoric people. Then, from long habit, he picked up a piece of rock and examined it. Its weight made him closely scrutinize it. The color was a peculiar black. He scraped through the black rind, and found a piece of gold. Around him lay scattered heaps of black pebbles and bits of black, weathered rock and



"Warren! Look! See it! Feel it! Gold!"

pieces of broken ledge, and they showed gold.

"Warren! Look! See it! Feel it! Gold!"

But Warren was too blind to see.

"Go—go!" he whispered.

Cameron gazed down the gray reaches of that forlorn valley, and something within him that was neither intelligence nor emotion—something inscrutably strange—impelled him to promise.

Then Cameron built up stone monuments to mark his gold strike. That done, he tarried beside the uncounted Warren. Moments passed—grew into hours. Cameron still had strength left to make an effort to get out of the desert. But that same inscrutable something which had ordered his strange, involuntary promise to Warren held him beside his fallen comrade. As the long hours wore on he felt creep over him the comforting sense that he need not forever fight sleep. Absolute silence claimed the desert. It was mute. Then that inscrutable something breathed to him, telling him when he was alone. He need not have looked at the dark, still face beside him.

Another face haunted Cameron's—a woman's face. It was there in the white moonlit shadows; it drifted in the darkness beyond; it softened, changed to that of a young girl, sweet, with the same dark, haunting eyes of her mother. Cameron prayed to that nameless thing within him, the spirit of something deep and mystical as life. He prayed for mercy to a woman—for happiness to her child. Both mother and daughter were close to him then. Time and distance were annihilated. He had faith—he saw into the future. The fateful threads of the past, so inextricably woven with his error, wound out their tragic length here in this forlorn desert.

Cameron then took a little tin box from his pocket, and, opening it, removed a folded certificate. He had kept a pen, and now he wrote something upon the paper, and in lieu of ink he wrote with blood. The moon afforded him enough light to see; and having replaced the paper, he laid the little box upon a shelf of rock. It would remain there unaffected by dust, moisture, heat, time. How long had those painted images been there clear and sharp on the dry stone walls? Years would pass. Cameron seemed to see them, too; and likewise destiny leading a child down into this forlorn waste, where she would find love and fortune, and the grave of her father.

Cameron covered the dark, still face of his comrade from the light of the waning moon.

That action was the severing of his hold on realities. They fell away from him in final separation. Vaguely, dreamily he seemed to behold his son. Night merged into gray day; and night came again, weird and dark. Then up out of the vast void of the desert, from the silence and limbliness, trooped his phantoms of peace. Majestically they formed around him, marshaling and mustering in ceremonious state, and moved to lay upon him their passionless serenity.

## CHAPTER I

### Old Friends.

Richard Gale reflected that his sojourn in the West had been what his disgusted father had predicted—idling here and dreaming there, with no objective point or purpose.

It was reflection such as this, only more serious and perhaps somewhat desperate, that had brought Gale down to the border. For some time the newspapers had been printing news of the Mexican revolution, guerrilla warfare, United States cavalry patrolling the international line, American cowboys fighting with the rebels, and wild stories of bold raiders and bandits. Regarding these rumors Gale was skeptical. But as opportunity, and adventure, too, had apparently given him a wide berth in Montana, Wyoming, Colorado, he had struck southwest for the Arizona border, where he hoped to see some stirring life.

It was after dark one evening in early October when Richard arrived in Casita. There was a jostling, jabbering, somber crowd of Mexicans around the railroad station. He felt as if he were in a foreign country. After a while he saw several men of his nationality, one of whom he engaged to carry his luggage to a hotel. Of the many people encountered by

Gale most were Mexicans. His guide explained that the smaller half of Casita lay in Arizona, the other half in Mexico, and of several thousand inhabitants the majority belonged on the southern side of the street, which was the boundary line. He also said that rebels had entered the town that day, causing a good deal of excitement.

Gale was almost at the end of his financial resources, which fact occasioned him to turn away from a pretentious hotel and ask his guide for a cheaper lodging house. When this was found, a sight of the loungers in the office, and also a desire for comfort, persuaded Gale to change his traveling clothes for rough outing garb and boots.

"Well, I'm almost broke," he soliloquized, thoughtfully. "The governor said I wouldn't make any money. He's right—so far. And he said I'd be coming home beaten. There he's wrong. I've got a hunch that something'll happen to me in this Greaser town."

He went out into the wide, white-washed, high-ceiled corridor, and from that into an immense room which, but for pool tables, bar and benches, would have been like a courtyard. Bare-legged, sandal-footed Mexicans in white rubbed shoulders with Mexicans in black and red. There were black-bearded, coarse-visaged Americans, some gambling round the little tables, others drinking. There were khaki-clad cavalrymen strutting in and out.

At one end of the room, somewhat apart from the general melee, was a group of six men round a little table, four of whom were seated, the other two standing. These last two drew a second glance from Gale. The sharp-featured bronzed faces and piercing eyes, the tall, slender, loosely

jointed bodies, the quiet, easy, reckless air that seemed to be a part of the men—these things would plainly have stamped them as cowboys without the buckled sombreros, the colored scarfs the high-topped, high-heeled boots with great silver-reeveled spurs.

He satisfied his hunger in a restaurant adjoining, and as he stepped back into the saloon a man wearing a military cape jostled him. Apologies from both were instant. Gale was moving on when the other stopped short as if startled, and, leaning forward, exclaimed:

"Dick Gale? If this isn't great! Don't you know me?"

"I've heard your voice somewhere," replied Gale. "Maybe I'll recognize you if you came out from under that bonnet."

For answer the man, suddenly manifesting thought of himself, hurriedly drew Gale into the restaurant, where he thrust back his hat to disclose a handsome, sunburned face.

"George Thorne! So help me—"

"S-s-ssh. You needn't yell," interrupted the other, as he met Gale's outstretched hand. There was a close, hard, straining grip. "I must not be recognized here. There are reasons. I'll explain in a minute. Say, but it's fine to see you! Five years, Dick, five years since I saw you run down University field and spread-eagle the whole Wisconsin football team."

"Don't recollect that," replied Dick, laughing. "George, I'll bet you're gladder to see you than you are to see me. It seems so long. You went into the army, didn't you?"

"I did. I'm here now with the Ninth cavalry. But—never mind me. What're you doing way down here?"

"On the square, George, I don't know any more why I'm here than than you know."

"Well, that beats me!" ejaculated Thorne, sitting back in his chair, amaze and concern in his expression. "What the devil's wrong? Your old man's got too much money for you ever to be up against it. Dick, you couldn't have gone to the bad?"

A tide of emotion surged over Gale. How good it was to meet a friend—someone to whom to talk! He had never appreciated his loneliness until that moment.

"George, how I ever drifted down here I don't know. I didn't exactly quarrel with the governor. But—d—n it, Dad hurt me—shamed me, and I dug out for the West. It was this way. After leaving college I tried to please him by tackling one thing after another that he set me to do. On the square, I had no head for business. I made a mess of everything. The governor got sore. When I quit—when I told him straight out that I was going west to fare for myself, why, it wouldn't have been so tough if he hadn't laughed at me. He said I couldn't earn a dollar—that I'd starve out west, and couldn't get back home unless I sent him for money. He said he didn't believe I could fight—could really make a fight for anything under the sun. Oh—he—he shot it into me all right."

Dick dropped his head upon his hands, somewhat ashamed of the smarting bluntness in his eyes.

"Fight!" cried Thorne, hotly. "What's ailing him? Didn't they call you Biff Gale in college? Dick, you were one of the best men Stag ever developed."

"The governor didn't count football," said Dick. "He didn't mean that kind of a fight. When I left home I don't think I had an idea what was wrong of me. But, George, I think I know now. I was a rich man's son—spoiled, dependent, absolutely ignorant of the value of money. I haven't yet discovered any earning capacity in me. I seem to be unable to do anything with my hands. That's the trouble. But I'm at the end of my tether now. And I'm going to punch cattle or be a miner, or do some real stunt—like joining the rebels."

"Ah! I thought you'd spring that

last one on me," declared Thorne, wagging his head. "Well, you just forget it. Say, old boy, there's something doing in Mexico. The United States in general doesn't realize it. But across that line there are crazy revolutionists, ill-paid soldiers, guerrilla leaders, raiders, robbers, outlaws, bandits galore, starving peons by the thousand, girls and women in terror. Mexico is like some of her volcanoes—ready to erupt fire and hell! Don't make the awful mistake of joining the rebel forces. If you don't starve or get shot in ambush, or die of thirst, some Greaser would knife you in the back for your belt buckle or boots. There are a good many Americans with the rebels eastward toward Agua Prieta and Juarez. Orozco is operating in Chihuahua, and I guess he has some idea of warfare. But this is Sonora, a mountainous desert, the home of the slave and the Yaqui. There's unorganized revolt everywhere. We're patrolling the boundary line. We're making a grand bluff. I could tell you of a dozen instances where cavalry should have pursued raiders on the other side of the line. But we won't do it. The officers are a grouchy lot these days. You see, of course, what significance would attach to United States cavalry going into Mexican territory. There would simply be hell. My own colonel is the sorest man on the job. We're all sore. It's like sitting on a powder magazine. We can't keep the rebels and raiders from crossing the line. Yet we don't fight. My commission expires soon. I'll be discharged in three months. You can bet I'm glad for more reasons than I've mentioned."

Thorne was evidently laboring under strong, suppressed excitement. His face showed pale under the tan, and his eyes gleamed with a dark fire. He had seated himself at a table near

one of the doorlike windows leading into the street, and every little while he would glance sharply out. Also he kept consulting his watch.

These details gradually grew upon Gale as Thorne talked.

"George, it strikes me that you're upset," said Dick, presently. "I seem to remember you as a cool-headed fellow whom nothing could disturb. Has the army changed you?"

Thorne laughed. It was a laugh with a strange, high note. It was reckless—it hinted of exaltation. He peered out one window, then another. His actions were rapid. Returning to the table, he put his hands upon it and leaned over to look closely into Gale's face.

"I'm away from camp without leave," he said.

"Isn't that a serious offense?" asked Dick.

"Serious? For me, if I'm discovered, it means ruin. There are rebels

some of them happen less than a stone's throw from the United States line?" asked Gale, incredulously.

"It can happen, and don't you forget it. You don't seem to realize the power these guerrilla leaders, these rebel captains, and particularly these bandits, exercise over the mass of Mexicans. I've seen Rojas. He's a handsome, bold, sneering devil, valier than any peacock. He decks himself in gold lace and silver trappings, in all the finery he can steal. He spends gold like he spills blood. But he is chiefly famous for abducting women. The peon girls consider it an honor to be ridden off with. Rojas has shown a penchant for girls of the better class."

Thorne wiped the perspiration from his pale face and bent a dark gaze out of the window before he resumed his talk.

"Consider what the position of Mercedes really is. Rojas can turn all the hidden underground influences to his ends. Unless I thwart him he'll get Mercedes as easily as he can light a cigarette. But I'll kill him or some of his gang or her before I let him get her. . . . This is the situation, old friend. I've little time to spare. I face arrest for desertion. Rojas is in town. I think I was followed to this hotel. The priest has betrayed me or has been stopped. Mercedes is here alone, waiting, absolutely dependent upon me to save her from . . . She's the sweetest, loveliest girl! . . . In a few moments—sooner or later there'll be hell here! Dick, are you with me?"

Dick Gale drew a long, deep breath. A coldness, a lethargy, and indifference that had weighed upon him for months had passed out of his being. On the instant he could not speak, but his hand closed powerfully upon his friend's. Thorne's face changed wonderfully, the distress, the fear, the appeal all vanishing in a smile of passionate gratefulness.

Then Dick's gaze attracted by some slight sound, shot over his friend's shoulder to see a face at the window—a handsome, bold, sneering face, with glittering dark eyes that flashed in sinister intentness.

Dick stiffened in his seat. Thorne, with sudden clenching of hands, wheeled toward the window.

"Rojas!" he whispered.

End of Chapter I.  
(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Among Home-Made Toys

Among the things that delight little folks are dolls and small animals made of elderdown flannel or Turkish toweling, and painted with water color paints. The doll and dressed-up kittle pictured here are among them. The doll's face may be made of a piece of ribbed stocking and the kittle's face and clothes are painted on.

Peculiar Old Coins.

England issues coins called "angels." West India had one nicknamed "dog" and the Scotch dubbed one "ulcora."

she disguised herself and traveled by horseback, stage and train to Casita.

"She had no friends here, no money. She knew Rojas was trailing her. This talk I had with her was at the railroad station, where all was bustle and confusion. No one noticed us, so I thought, I advised her to remove the disguise of a nun before she left the waiting-room. And I got a boy to guide her. But he fetched her to this house. I had promised to come in the evening to talk over the situation with her."

"I found her, Dick, and when I saw her—I went stark, staring, raving mad over her. She is the most beautiful, wonderful girl I ever saw. Her name is Mercedes Castaneda, and she belongs to one of the old wealthy Spanish families. She has lived abroad and in Havana. She speaks French as well as English. She is—but I must be brief."

"Dick, think, think! With Mercedes also it was love at first sight. My plan is to marry her and get her farther to the interior, away from the border. It may not be easy. She's watched. So am I. Rojas must have got word to his friends here; yesterday his gang of cutthroat rebels arrived, and today he came. When I learned that, I took my chance and left camp; I hunted up a priest. He promised to come here. It's time he's due. But I'm afraid he'll be stopped. You see, we're over the line."

"Are we in Mexican territory now?" queried Gale, sharply.

"I guess yes, old boy. That's what complicates it. Rojas and his rebels have Casita in their hands. If Mercedes is really watched—if her identity is known, which I am sure is the case—we couldn't get far from this house before I'd be knifed and she seized."

"Good heavens! Thorne, can that sort of thing happen less than a stone's throw from the United States line?" asked Gale, incredulously.

"It can happen, and don't you forget it. You don't seem to realize the power these guerrilla leaders, these rebel captains, and particularly these bandits, exercise over the mass of Mexicans. I've seen Rojas. He's a handsome, bold, sneering devil, valier than any peacock. He decks himself in gold lace and silver trappings, in all the finery he can steal. He spends gold like he spills blood. But he is chiefly famous for abducting women. The peon girls consider it an honor to be ridden off with. Rojas has shown a penchant for girls of the better class."

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## DOES YOUR BACKACHE?

It's usually a sign of sick kidneys, especially if the kidney action is disordered, passages scanty or too frequent. Don't wait for more serious troubles. Begin using Doan's Kidney Pills. Read this East Jordan man's testimony.

Albert Turk says: "Mornings my back felt lame and at times I found it hard to get up. Those jerky pains pulled me back more than once. I was handling lumber at that time and my back got so weak and sore I couldn't stoop over. I couldn't get rested and always felt tired and worn out. When dizzy spells came over me I couldn't see anything. My kidneys were often weak and irregular and I had to get up during the night. The secretions were often badly colored and painful in passage. I used Doan's Kidney Pills and they cured me."

Price 60c, at all dealers. Don't simply ask for a kidney remedy—get Doan's Kidney Pills—the same that Mr. Turk had. Foster-Milburn Co., Mfrs., Buffalo, N. Y.

Odd Mixtures.

But we put lemons into lemonade to make it sour and put sugar into the same lemonade to make it sweet. So we put toleration into a librarian to make him judicial, and we put enthusiasm into him to make him human.—Sam Walter Foss.

Difference Easily Perceived.

In play children "just pretend" they are more than they really are. In later years some men and women deliberately claim to be what they are not. There's a vast difference between innocent play and purposeful deception.

Where Custom Rules.

Men commonly think according to their inclinations, speak according to their learning and imbibed opinions; but generally act according to custom.—Francis Bacon.

**A throbbing nervous headache? MENTHOLATUM quickly soothes it.**

**CREAM FOR CATARRH OPENS UP NOSTRILS**  
Tells How To Get Quick Relief from Head-Colds. It's Splendid!

In one minute your clogged nostrils will open, the air passages of your head will clear and you can breathe freely. No more hawking, snuffling, blowing, headache, dryness. No struggling for breath at night; your cold or catarrh will be gone.

Get a small bottle of Ely's Cream Balm from your druggist now. Apply a little of this fragrant, antiseptic, healing cream in your nostrils. It penetrates through every air passage of the head, soothes the inflamed or swollen mucous membrane and relief comes instantly.

It's just fine. Don't stay stuffed-up with a cold or nasty catarrh—Relief comes so quickly.

**RED PEPPER HEAT ENDS RHEUMATISM**

Red Pepper Rub takes the "ouch" from sore, stiff, aching joints. It cannot hurt you, and it certainly stops that old rheumatism torture at once.

When you are suffering so you can hardly get around, just try Red Pepper Rub and you will have the quickest relief known. Nothing has such concentrated, penetrating heat as red peppers. Just as soon as you apply Red Pepper Rub you will feel the tingling heat. In three minutes it warms the sore spot through and through. Pain and soreness are gone.

Ask any good druggist for a jar of Rowles Red Pepper Rub. Be sure to get the genuine, with the name Rowles on each package.

**AN OLD RECIPE TO DARKEN HAIR**

Sage Tea and Sulphur Turns Gray, Faded Hair Dark and Glossy.

Almost everyone knows that Sage Tea and Sulphur, properly compounded, brings back the natural color and lustre to the hair when faded, streaked or gray. Years ago the only way to get this mixture was to make it at home, which is messy and troublesome.

Nowadays we simply ask 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, at very little cost. Everybody uses this preparation now, because no one can possibly tell that you darkened your hair, as it does so naturally and evenly. You dampen a sponge or soft brush with it and draw this through your hair, taking one small strand at a time; by morning the gray hair disappears, and after another application or two, your hair becomes beautifully dark, thick and glossy and you look years younger.

**LUDEN'S MENTHOL COUGH DROPS**  
for nose and throat  
Give Quick Relief

Old Dutch Custom Kept Up.  
In Holland it is still the fashion for ladies to wash the dainty china and silver after tea or breakfast in the presence of the family and guests.

### Tommy Smiles



Tommy is by turns the delight and the bane of his teacher's life; but even when he has pulled Frank Mary's pig-tail and "lost" three marbles down the centre aisle, she wouldn't trade him, not for fifty straight-epined little boys.

It isn't quite an ordinary school-room where Tommy goes. Sometimes there are twenty boys and girls there; sometimes almost twice as many; but afternoons, half of them, perhaps, must rest on their cots; and never do any of them miss taking "temp" twice a day.

They are all pupils in the school at the state tuberculosis sanatorium at Howell, and each of them must fight months or years for his chance of life and strength and future usefulness.

Tommy, for instance, has bone tuberculosis, and his head is sunken between his shoulders, and his twisted little body crooked for all time. Nine years old, he is scarcely the size of a well-developed youngster of six.

But sympathy? Not for Tommy, who smiles at the world all day long! He hasn't a home, hasn't had

one for years, but since he has come to Howell, he has made friends in every department of the sanatorium. He is happiest of all in the school-room, for he has never before been able to go to a real school with desks and black-boards, and classmates to play with, and a teacher to love and torment.

Sympathy for Tommy, who must pay in suffering and deformity for the ignorance and neglect of the grown-up world?

They do not ask for sympathy, Tommy and his schoolfellows, and the less fortunate youngsters in Michigan, for whom tuberculosis though they are, room cannot be made in the overcrowded sanatoria. All of them front disease and deformity with a smile. But can you and I and the rest of us comfortable people, who let them contract a cruel and preventable malady, smile too?



Christmas Seals Fight Tuberculosis.

**An ugly cut?**  
**MENTHOLATUM**  
is antiseptic and healing.

A man may be a fool all his life and never know it—but his wife does.

You can now talk through the air which is better than talking it.

The fool who is wise in his own conceit probably has a better time than the one who isn't wise in any way.

Nearly every man longs for the time when he will be able to greet a bill collector with a smile.

Who remembers when a child could take five cents and come home with a half pound of candy.

## NEWBERRY GIVES UP SENATE SEAT

LETTER OF RESIGNATION HANDED TO GOVERNOR'S OFFICE ON SUNDAY.

### PROGRESSIVE TO FILL VACANCY

Groesbeck Declares Man He Appoints Must Be Of Independent Thought and Action.

Lansing—United States Senator Truman H. Newberry, of Detroit, has resigned the seat in the upper house of congress, about which has centered four years of bitter partisan controversy.

His resignation, dated November 18, "to take immediate effect," was handed to Governor Alex J. Groesbeck at 4 o'clock Sunday afternoon in the latter's Detroit office, and it brought to an end the countrywide speculation as to the effect the defeat of his senior colleague, Senator Charles E. Townsend, of Jackson, in the recent election, would have upon Newberry.

"Hampered by partisan persecution," the Newberry letter of resignation points out, he realizes the futility of further service in the senate, since the defeat of Senator Townsend. He frankly admits this was what impelled his voluntary resignation.

Newberry's resignation, creating a vacancy which Governor Groesbeck will fill by appointment for the unexpired term up to December 1, 1924, brings to an end, temporarily at least, the four years of bitter attack the senator faced, since it was revealed there was expended in his election campaign in 1918 a sum approximating \$190,000.

That it may not be the final chapter, however, is indicated when Senator Newberry's letter of resignation says significantly in conclusion, "If in the future there seem to be opportunities for public service, I shall not hesitate to offer my services to the state which I love and the country I revere."

That Governor Alex J. Groesbeck will act quickly in filling the United States senate vacancy caused by the resignation of Senator Newberry is the judgment of those close to the executive. The new appointee is certain to be a Republican, though most likely to be a man of independent thought and action.

Among possible appointees mentioned are Lieutenant Governor Thomas Read, who probably would have had the inside track had the vacancy arisen a few months ago, and William M. Potter, chairman of the public utilities commission and fuel administrator, who has been extremely close to the governor in the last few months and who fought for him loyally when the Groesbeck administration was subjected to Democratic criticism. Although the governor has given no intimation as to who might get the post, beyond stating he would expect the appointee to align himself with progressive Republicans and vote against measures of ultra-conservative tinge. Political observers are inclined to give Potter the edge among aspirants.

### 2 NEW BONUS PLANS PROPOSED

Tax of Beer and Wine Would Provide Necessary Revenue.

Washington—Two new soldiers' bonus bills were to be introduced in

the house Monday with provisions for financing it by taxes on beer, cider and wines.

Representative John Phillip Hill, Maryland, will submit a bill providing that the bonus be financed by a 20 per cent tax on beer and cider containing not more than 2.75 per cent alcohol.

Representative Britten, Illinois will reintroduce the old bonus bill with the amendment for raising funds by a tax of \$10 a barrel on domestic beer; \$30 a barrel on imported beer; \$10 a gallon on imported champagne; \$5 a gallon on imported still wines and \$2 a gallon on domestic wines.

### GREIG CONVICTED OF LARCENY

Charlevoix Trial Ends With Two and Half Year Sentence.

Charlevoix, Mich.—Worn, haggard, his suave, bland manner gone, his twitching hands and sunken eyes be speaking his broken spirit, "Count" Alfred J. Walker Greig spent a grim vigil, Sunday night, awaiting the moment when he would start for Jackson prison to begin serving his two-and-half-year term at hard labor.

Greig was convicted, early Sunday, of larceny by embezzlement, and he was immediately sentenced the maximum term allowed under the code.

### Clemenceau To Make Tour.

New York—The itinerary of Georges Clemenceau, "Tiger" of France, includes visits to nine American cities and speeches in six of them. Colonel E. M. House who is arranging the tour of the octogenarian ex-premier announced. There may be changes in the schedule, it was said, but as it stands now, Clemenceau will speak in New York, Boston, Chicago, St. Louis, Washington and Philadelphia and will visit Springfield, Ill., Baltimore and Annapolis.

### MICHIGAN VETS OFFERED LAND

State Agricultural Department Provides Settlement Plan.

Lansing—In a letter to Robert B. Harkness, state commander of the American Legion, the state department of agriculture has invited world war veterans to take advantage of a "state-soldier" land settlement plan.

The plan provides for the settlement of large tracts in the upper peninsula by former service men. The quality of the land would be certified by the state department. The veterans would purchase their land through arrangements made by the state.

### Germany Sees Hunger Riots.

Berlin—Symptomatic of times and conditions in Germany, hunger riots are reported from Duesseldorf, Cologne and Hamburg. In Duesseldorf there is considerable plundering of shops. The police are powerless and the municipal authorities have sent a request to the Allied commission for permission to bring in 300 police reinforcements. The request has been refused. In Ehrenfeld, members of the police force have been dragged from their horses by mobs.

### Good Breeding.

Good manners is the art of making those people easy with whom we converse. Whoever makes the fewest persons uneasy is the best bred in the company.—Swift.

### Quite Evident.

Professor who says "there is no limit to space" never worked on a newspaper.—Wall Street Journal.

## PRISONERS COULD IMPROVE LANDS

STATE CONSIDERS PROPOSAL TO TRY OUT NEW LAND-CLEARING SYSTEM.

### PAROLE CHIEF OUTLINES PLAN

Janette Says Selected Prison Inmates Could Work Out Probationary Period Aiding Farmers.

Lansing—State officials are giving consideration to a plan, whereby Michigan can put waste lands, now valueless, or nearly so, in a marketable condition, also assisting in the solution of the non-employment problems in the prisons.

At the same time, a probationary system could be worked out, under which convicts, up for parole, could be given a trial outside the prisons, while still under state control to determine whether or not they were ready for return to society, it is argued.

The plan, as outlined by Fred Janette, state parole commissioner, is simply to place selected prison inmates on state lands, under proper supervision and employ them at clearing ditches and road building.

The plan has the indorsement of Ezra Levin, director of the land development bureau of the department of agriculture.

"The thing that stands in the way of the development of large tracts of good land in Michigan is the cost of clearing," Janette said. "At the same time, the state is supporting inmates, in its prisons, some of whom can be employed but part of the time.

"If this cheap labor could be applied to the cheap land, the state could clear the land, thereby making it marketable; at the same time furnishing employment for surplus prison labor."

The plan of employing inmates nearing the end of their terms of about ready for parole on state work, has been tried out on a small scale during the past summer.

### No Time for Reflection.

French anglers are placing a tiny mirror just behind the bait; the fish is supposed to mistake its own image for another fish, and thus to be hurried into snatching the hook.—Scientific American.

### CATARRHAL COUGH RELIEVED

"I suffered in the extreme from chronic catarrhal coughs," writes M. O. Kelley, Orlando, Fla. "Foley's Honey and Tar has no equal in quick relieving this disagreeable affliction." Foley's Honey and Tar contains no opiates—ingredients printed on the wrapper.—Hite's Drug Store. adv.

**John H. Albert**  
Chiropractic Physician  
Postoffice Building Charlevoix

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

**Dr. W.H. Parks**  
Physician and Surgeon  
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2:00 to 4:00 and 7:00 to 9:00 p. m.

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Physician and Surgeon.  
Graduate of College of Physicians and Surgeons of the University of Illinois.  
OFFICE E. J. LUMBER CO. BLOCK  
East Jordan, Mich.  
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**Dr. C. H. Pray**  
Dentist  
Office Hours:  
8 to 12 a. m. 1 to 5 p. m.  
And Evenings.  
Phone No. 223.

**Dr. G.W. Bechtold**  
DENTIST  
Office Hours: 8:00 to 12:00 a. m.  
1:00 to 5:00 p. m.  
Evenings by Appointment.  
Office, Second Floor of Kimball Block.

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We offer you Twenty Years of Experience in handling Auction Sales.  
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## MICKIE, THE PRINTER'S DEVIL



## AW, WHAT'S THE USE



## Did This Ever Happen to You?

