

# Charlevoix County Herald.

## Harbor Work Up To Congress

### Michigan Ports To Benefit If Appropriation Passes

According to Washington dispatches appropriations of \$45,428,065 to be expended on general rivers and harbors work during the fiscal year 1925 was recommended today in the annual report of Major General Beach, chief of army engineers.

In addition Beach recommended for examination, surveys and contingencies in rivers and harbors work \$400,000.

Following are some of the estimates of the chief of army engineers to congress on rivers and harbors appropriations for Michigan:

- Harbor at Marquette—Maintenance \$24,000.
- Menominee—Harbor and river, Michigan and Wisconsin, maintenance, \$18,000.
- Grand Haven harbor—Maintenance, \$10,000.
- Muskegon harbor—Maintenance, \$25,000.
- Ludington harbor—Maintenance, \$180,000.
- Charlevoix harbor—\$11,500.

## WELL-KNOWN RESIDENT OF ANTRIM COUNTY PASSES AWAY.

Samuel J. Bricker, well-known and esteemed resident of Antrim County, passed away at his home, Thursday, Nov. 29th, aged seventy years.

Mr. Bricker was born in Indiana April 7th, 1853. He was united in marriage to Mary Buymer, March 22nd, 1877. To this union eight children were born, six of whom survive, viz: J. Leslie, Francis, Frank M., Melvin C. S. Earl, and Zella C.

Mr. Bricker and family came to this region in 1898. He was a prominent farmer, a member of the M. E. Church, and took an active interest in the welfare of the community in which he lived.

The funeral services were held in the Bricker church (which he helped to build) on Monday afternoon, Dec. 3rd. Rev. Henry Hulme, pastor of the Methodist Church of East Jordan, officiated. The remains were taken to Loomis, Ind., for interment.

## CLERICAL TAKES BERLIN HELM

Marx, Catholic Leader, Forms Coalition Cabinet.

Berlin—The seven-day parliamentary crisis has ended in a three-party compromise.

A minority Coalition, the Clerical, the German People's and the Democratic parties, will succeed the deposed Stresemann government.

Dr. Wilhelm Marx, the Clerical leader, will head the new cabinet. The other portfolios will be held by men who were in the Stresemann ministry, as follows:

- Minister of the Interior, Dr. Jarres.
- Minister of Defense, Dr. Otto Gessler.
- Minister of Food, Dr. Hans Luther.
- Minister of Posts, Dr. Anton Hoffso.
- Minister without portfolio, Rudolph Oeser.

Dr. Stresemann is reported to have accepted the post of foreign minister.

Aside from being a pronounced minority cabinet, the Coalition will be called on to assimilate much of the animosity and partisan acerbities which it inherits, both as to antagonism from the German Nationalists, and the yet wholly problematical attitude of the United Socialists.

President Ebert used up four candidates in his efforts to construct a party lineup. He preferred to risk a minority government as an alternative to dissolving the Reichstag, the latter expedient being viewed in all government circles as a doubtful venture, in the face of the uncertain attitude of the Occupation Allies toward national elections in the Ruhr; also because of the visible growth of a popular movement toward the Right.

Dr. Marx, Germany's seventeenth Chancellor, comes from Cologne, is a jurist and long has been active in Clerical Party politics.

## Sheriff Never Carried Gun.

San Angelo, Tex.—J. Willis Johnson, 65 years old, wealthy pioneer West Texas banker, who died here recently, had the unique record of being a sheriff for 10 years in a Texas county when the West was really "wild," and never "totin' a gun. Johnson, who was a large land holder, is said never to have owned an individual or a bank, lent money to wealthy men and to Mexican laborers and never resorted to the courts except once to collect a note.

## MISS CORA METZ UNITED IN MARRIAGE TO LAWRENCE JENSEN

Walnut Hill, the home of Mr. and Mrs. Levi Metz was the scene of a gayety when Cora, their third daughter was united in marriage to Lawrence, the third son of Mr. and Mrs. G. Jensen of Orchard Hill, Thursday, Nov. 29th.

Immediately at 12 o'clock as the strains of Wagner's Wedding March from Lohengrin were being played by Mrs. Ben Smatts, the bride came down the aisle beautifully gowned in white silk Canton Crepe and pearls and carrying a shower bouquet of white Carnations and Smilax, leaning on the arm of her father. Awaiting her at the altar, which was draped with ferns and flowers, was the maid of honor, Miss Sadie Metz, dressed in dove gray, Canton Crepe; the best man, Norman Jensen, and the groom. Following the bride, were the little girls, Jean and Gertrude Barnhisle, dressed in pale blue crepe de chine, trimmed with pink rose buds, and carrying the ring hidden in a yellow Chrysanthemum. Rev. John Hackett performed the ceremony, who 42 years ago united in marriage the father and mother of the bride and who was also present at the golden wedding anniversary of her grandmother and grandfather, Mr. and Mrs. George Whitfield. After the ceremony a bounteous course dinner was served with 26 guests present.

The bride and groom received many beautiful gifts, showing the high esteem the young couple are held in. Both grew up to womanhood and manhood in the neighborhood.

They will leave immediately by motor for their home in Detroit. The community wish them the best of luck in their voyage through life.

## Forum De- feat Tribunal

### E. J. H. S. Grads Making Good At Kalamazoo Normal

Both of East Jordan's debating stars at Western State Normal, Arthur Secord and Paul Franseth, have been picked for the preliminary varsity debating squad at Kalamazoo. They were selected after a splendid showing in an intra-mural debate in which their team representing the Forum defeated a team representing the Tribunal.

That both local boys should be elected to membership in the Forum, the normal's oldest debating club, was in itself an honor; that both were on the team of three men who represented the Forum in the annual intra-mural debate was still more an honor to East Jordan, and that both were picked for the varsity squad in their Freshman year was distinctive indeed.

Franseth and Secord showed good college class in winning the intra-mural debate. The spoke on the affirmative of the question: "Resolved, that Congress should enact a law embodying the essential provisions of the Hubert unemployment insurance bill, constitutionally conceded." Franseth was the first speaker and Secord the last. The third man on their team was Verne Reynolds of Allegan. Pitted against them was a Tribunal team of three upper classmen, all versed in debating tactics, good speakers and presenting arguments over which they had spent hours of study.

The teams seemed evenly matched and there was no edge between their constructive arguments. Art Secord's rebuttal closed the debate and when the Judges cast a 2 to 1 decision for the affirmative it was conceded that the East Jordan boys had turned the trick.

The normal's present debating squad of 18 men will drill until the middle of December, when it will be cut down to 12.

Contests are being scheduled with several of the leading colleges of Michigan and the middle west. All debates will be on the unemployment insurance question.

## WARNING

For some time past there has been considerable cutting in on our feed wires by amateurs. Of late this has become particularly aggravating, and unless the practice is discontinued, the guilty parties will be prosecuted to the full extent of the law.

EAST JORDAN ELECTRIC, LIGHT & POWER COMPANY.  
L. G. Balch, Supt.

## Annual Report County Agent

### B. O. Hagerman Reports to the Board of Supervisors.

To the members of the Hon. Board of Supervisors of Charlevoix Co. Gentlemen:

It again affords me great pleasure to appear before this Honorable Body and to again present for your further pleasure and consideration a report of the Agr'l Extension Activities for the fiscal year just closing. This work is conducted in Charlevoix County by your Co. Agr'l Agent through the U. S. Department of Agriculture, the Agricultural Extension Department of the Michigan Agr'l College, the County Farm Bureau and the Charlevoix County Board of Supervisors, co-operating.

"Extension Work is a permanent nation-wide system of instruction which is carried on by the State Colleges of Agriculture in Co-operation with the U. S. Department of Agriculture." The Extension Service carries directly to the farmers and farm homes in the county by County Agricultural Agents and Extension Specialists through group instruction, meetings, demonstrations, etc., practices considered the best methods regarding present-day agriculture. The County Agent is your local representative. The Extension Specialist is a scientifically trained and experienced man specialized on one particular subject, be it Dairying, Soils, Crops, or any other of the many branches of Agriculture.

The County Agent has a general knowledge of each one of these many subjects but whenever work of a special nature is required along the above lines a Specialist from the Extension Department of the College is called in. Extension work recognizes a new class of students—a class composed of men and women working at their daily task on the farm. It takes the adult farmer and farm women, as well as the farm boy and farm girl as their pupils. Extension work provides for co-operation between the County, the State and the Federal Government; it places the knowledge and the years of experience of these agencies at the immediate disposal of the individual farmer. With this as a perforce, and with your permission, I will proceed to the Statistical summary. Statistics are tiresome, and realizing this, I have condensed this part of my report to a minimum. All figures refer to the period of time from October 1, 1922 to October 1, 1923.

No. of working days	292
Days in Office	127.7
Days in Field	164.3
Personal letters written	1439
Circular letters written	24
Circular letters mailed	19,381
Articles Published	227
No. of Days Specialist in County	37
Farm Visits	458
Meetings held or attended	110
Attendance	7889
Call on Agent at office	1542

Following this statistical summary, I will comment as briefly as possible in an attempt to do justice to the various phases of work as conducted by your Co. Agr'l Agent.

**Marketing**  
Our marketing problems, not only in my opinion, but also by representatives of the Markets Department of the College are very adequately taken care of by our four co-operative Marketing Associations in the county, located at Charlevoix, Phelps, Boyne City and East Jordan. Although a system of co-operative marketing as well developed and inaugurated as ours has its limitations, I am convinced by the annual reports of these organizations that they are functioning and doing so efficiently and effectively. The memberships are constantly increasing and as the number of new depositors in a bank is a criterion of its progress, so are new members in a Co-operative Association.

The two main factors in any co-operative enterprise are: good management, and loyal support by its members. Here the Co-operative Marketing Associations in Charlevoix County register 100%.

In addition to this we now have inaugurated a plan whereby the four Local Co-op. Managers in the County with their respective Presidents are holding monthly meetings in the interest of Better Marketing.

Several years ago and especially so during War times, increased production was the cry on every side. Consequently all efforts were bent towards making two blades of grass grow where one grew before. This was accomplished and now it apparently seems that this production increased altogether two rapidly and a more sane and efficient marketing program had to be developed in order to save what little the farmer had already gained.

From this demand sprang the Co-operative Marketing Ass'n's, but still our marketing facilities are not perfect and at these Managers meetings the best advice and counsel is obtained from the College and other sources to head the discussions at these meetings. Such subjects as Marketing via the Central Exchange at Cadillac, the Certified Seed situation, Warehouse Ventilation, and Warehouse Building and Remodeling, are some of the subjects that have been discussed at these marketing meetings.

Mr. Cribbs of the Marketing Department of the College, Mr. Wells, General Manager of the Potato Growers Exchange and Mr. Fogel, Extension Specialist in Farm Mechanics are among those have helped make these meetings

## Crop Improvement Under the head crop improvement comes two major crops which apparently are two of our most important crops in Charlevoix County. These are Potatoes and Alfalfa.

One piece of demonstration work was conducted to demonstrate the value of using Bordeaux Mixture with a high pressure sprayer. The only difference in the cultural methods were that one plot did not receive the Bordeaux but was just sprayed for bugs;

Plot Sprayed	290.4 bu. A.	Yield
Unsprayed	217.8 bu. A.	
Increase yield	72.6 bu. A.	

This experiment was conducted on a six acre field; six times 72.6 bu. equals 435.6 bushels increase on field due to spraying with Bordeaux applied with a high pressure sprayer.

Another Potato Tour was held again this year, also the Co. Agr'l Agent was sick the week of the tour. It was conducted in fine shape and was an asset to the County's activities. In spite of the fact that the weather conditions were against us we had a nice crowd at each of the stops and many questions pertaining to potato diseases and cultural methods were asked the Potato Specialists who accompanied the tour. Stops were made at the Charlevoix and East Jordan Co-ops where Ventilation and Warehouse conditions in general were discussed. This tour was held in conjunction with the other counties making it a section of a State Tour.

Last winter your Co. Agr'l Agent took an active part in securing and sending several potato exhibits to the Michigan Apple and Potato Show at Grand Rapids. The results were very gratifying. From the seven exhibits entered five ribbons were brought home. The Peck Sample class consisted of 103 entries. Charlevoix County with two entries in this class won third and fourth lip lace. Boyne City Market Ass'n won first in the 150 pound class, and second in best bushel of Bakers. We also won second place in the sample Bushel for home use. The advertising that the potato industry of Charlevoix County received from these winnings is now showing its results. Buyers of Certified seed from out of the State are now frequently calling and writing the Co. Agr'l Agent, asking assistance in locating the type of seed they prefer.

While mentioning certified seed, it might be well to state that while this industry received a slight blow last year due to the general low price of potatoes, the quality of certified seed is improving and it is predicted that these farmers who can produce potatoes true to type and disease-free will find little trouble of disposing of their stock. For the benefit of our Charlevoix County Growers this type of work surely needs all the support possible. We are in the seed producing era and the increasing demand from other states for seed stock like which we are able to produce is proving to be quite an attraction to many of our Potato Farmers. It is thru the Co. Agent system that this work is made possible as it is the Co. Agent that works direct with the College Officials and takes the potato specialists and inspectors throughout the County to these different growers.

Another crop project is a bean variety test which is being conducted to determine which variety of beans is better adapted to our conditions. These results are not yet available as the beans are not yet threshed.

The other major crop as referred to before is Alfalfa. Being convinced that Alfalfa and the Dairy Cow should go hand in hand for this County, much attention has been given this crop.

This spring a series of meetings called the Dairy-Alfalfa Campaign were held, 30 meetings in all with a total attendance of 800 farmers. At these meetings an Alfalfa Specialist was present and the results obtained were exceedingly gratifying. Such topics as good seed, lime, time of planting, drainage and above all a good seed bed, were emphasized. As said before 600 farmers attended these meetings and got the gospel of one of Michigan's greatest hay crops. Too much cannot be said about the possibilities for Charlevoix County when once it inaugurates a good system of farming involving Alfalfa and the Dairy Cow.

Much work has been done at Boyne Falls proving that Alfalfa will readily adapt itself to sand land. Land that once was low-sand is now producing as fine crops of Alfalfa as ever seen by the writer, and his observations pretty well cover the State and some adjoining States. These accomplishments with Alfalfa on sand land have also won many favorable comments from the Alfalfa Specialists of the College.

With the fact proven that Alfalfa is not entirely confined to the heavier soils, there is a brighter outlook for the sand land farmer of Charlevoix County. With a good seed bed and available information along these lines this stock should not want for a high class roufage.

There is another large tract of Alfalfa in Chandler township, but this land in question was never considered as worthless a spot at Boyne Falls.

With 85% of the Land in Charlevoix County not needing lime, which no drainage problem, with its high food value and under proper cultural conditions, its adaptation to such a wide range of soils, Alfalfa should be and is being emphasized as the best hay crop known for our farmers.

Circular letters and publicity on other plant diseases and their prevention were as usual put out.

**Horticulture**  
This year more attention than ever before has been given to fruit. This spring some orchard demonstrations

(Continued on Last Page)

## STATE NEWS IN BRIEF

Postoria—James Colling, of Postoria, 81 years old, was the oldest of 100 Tubcola county hunters who sought deer in the northlands.

Grand Rapids—The Michigan State Board of Pharmacy has elected J. C. Dykeman, of Grand Rapids, president, and O. Gorenflo, Detroit, vice-president.

Sault Ste. Marie—Walter H. McKinney, a Soo grocer, has received his appointment as United States consul at Bordeaux, France, according to word sent to Mrs. McKinney from her husband at Washington.

Albion—When the annual convention of the National Association of City Managers met in Washington recently Albion, in the person of its city manager, Donald F. Herrick, had the youngest manager in the country present.

Pontiac—A campaign for \$200,000 in subscriptions to complete their new temple here has been launched by the Masons of Pontiac. The new temple is partially completed and will be one of the largest buildings of the downtown district.

Traverse City—Seventeen hundred pounds of turkey was purchased by the steward of the State Hospital for the insane here and the inmates had all the turkey they wanted Thanksgiving Day. In addition to the turkey the inmates had the trimmings of a Thanksgiving dinner, including cider and mince pie.

Ann Arbor—University of Michigan's department of journalism has been requested by Mrs. Marie Maloney, editor of the Delineator, who proposes to offer a prize of \$3,000 for the "most constructive interpretation of women's work published in newspapers," to act as judge for the middle west, according to an announcement made by President M. L. Burton.

Grand Rapids—Two thousand aristocrats of the hen houses of Michigan were shown at the state poultry exposition under the auspices of the West Michigan Poultry association and the Michigan Poultry Producers' association held here. Conventions of the Michigan Poultry Producers association, the Michigan Rhode Island Red club and the West Michigan Poultry association were held during the show.

Muskegon—The last lap of the West Michigan Pike paved way between Hart and Chicago, has been opened to traffic, an objective toward which local road boosters have been working for several years. The completion of the last stretch between Muskegon and Grand Haven on M-11 and the recent completion of the Indiana dunes highway is expected to double Western Michigan tourist traffic next year.

Grand Rapids—The co-operative poultry selling organization, organized here in connection with the Michigan Poultry Exposition was based on the plan followed in Utah, according to J. Alfred Hannah, M. A. C. poultry extension specialist and secretary of the Michigan Poultry Producers' Association. In Utah, as in Michigan, there is no central point of production. Hence it is believed a form of organization similar to that in Utah ought to be successful.

Pontiac—Falling off of at least 50 per cent in number of farmers in Oakland county in the last three years is reported by the county farm bureau following the opening of its drive for membership. State bureau workers canvassing the county report in one township there are 3,000 idle acres. Farmers are letting the land stand idle while they work in factories, the reports show, and many have sold land for plating which was under the plow three years ago.

East Lansing—Sixteen litters of pigs entered in the 1923 Michigan Ton Litter Contest weighed more than a ton at the age of 180 days, it is announced by V. A. Freeman, of M. A. C. animal husbandry department, who was in charge. The contest ended Nov. 15. Prizes will be awarded at the annual meeting of the Michigan Swine Breeders Association at M. A. C. next February. First place went to V. J. Brown & Son, of Jonesville. Their litter of 10 Poland China weighed 2,840 1-8 pounds.

Traverse City—Because of the lack of beechnuts and other foodstuffs the squirrels are ruining the forests of northern Michigan and Mark Crow, district warden, has appealed to the State Department of Conservation to make some protective provisions for the young trees. The 1,600-acre forest and game preserve of D. H. Day, at Glenhaven, is facing destruction unless immediate steps are taken either to furnish the squirrels with other food or permission is secured the island.

Hilledale—Sam. W. Stock, 84 years old, a millwright of this city for the past 20 years, and the head of a milling firm here, died at her home here recently.

Grand Rapids—Some 5000 Michigan dentists and dental surgeons gathered here for the convention of the dental societies of 21 counties of western Michigan.

Big Rapids—The typhoid epidemic among children in this county is about over. Fully 2,000 boys and girls in the county and city have been treated with toxin-anti-toxin.

Petoskey—The village schools at Oden, a summer resort near here, have been closed because of scarlet fever. Seven pupils are ill with the disease and it is feared others have been exposed.

Vulcan—William Kelly, mining engineer and industrialist, has been nominated as president of the American Institute of Mining and Metallurgical Engineers for 1924, at the convention at New York.

Hartford—Fulfilling his own predictions that he would drop dead, James Burns, 61 years old, village blacksmith here for 25 years, died suddenly of apoplexy recently while he was working at his forge.

Grand Rapids—Funeral services were held here for Mrs. Alvoora Alward, 75 years old, widow of Robert Alward, who was a prominent figure in the state legislature during the Pingree administration as representative from Ottawa county.

Ann Arbor—Charles H. Sword, of Mansfield, O., senior literary student of the University of Michigan, is the author of "Cotton Stockings," eighteenth annual opera presented by Mimeo, of the Michigan Union. Besides writing the book, Sword has composed many of the lyrics.

Grand Rapids—David J. Cushman, 85 years old, for 30 years owner and proprietor of the Cushman House, died here recently. Prior to the Civil war, he was proprietor of the Exchange House in Otago. He enlisted and served as a captain under Sheridan. He was one of the founders of Bellevue.

Lansing—About 25 miles of gravel roads is the program for Ingham county next year. This construction will bring the total improved road system of the county up to more than 350 miles. Surveys for next year's road work are going forward already, according to B. M. Murray, county road engineer.

Albion—Ivan Hudlemeyer, 31 years old, a farmer, suffered severe burns while cranking his car in a garage at his farm. The machine caught fire and he was unable to get out of the narrow building. When neighbors rescued him his clothes were burned off. The auto and garage and a nearby granary were destroyed.

Onaway—A 17-year-old boy, Edward Domke, Jr., of Onaway, Presque Isle county, is the grower of some of the finest potatoes in Michigan. Proof of this is found in the fact that he won the state championship of the boys' club work at the State Apple and Potato Show in Grand Rapids in 1922 and the sweepstakes prize at the Top O' Michigan potato show at Gaylord this month.

Harbor Springs—The village of Harbor Springs has been made defendant in a \$5,000 damage suit instituted by Mrs. Ernest Haynes, of Chicago, as a result of the death of her husband, an inspector attached to the Government weather bureau at Chicago, electrocuted here July 26, 1922. While inspecting signals in the Harbor Springs tower, displayed for marine information, he came in contact with an electric wire.

Manistee—A large increase in shipments of both apples and potatoes on the Manistee & Northeastern railroad over last year has been reported by local headquarters of the road. Reports show that 188 carloads of apples already have been loaded at the various M. & N. E. stations. The season's total has been estimated at about 225 cars. At the close of the 1923 season December 13 only 133 cars had been shipped.

East Lansing—How boys' and girls' club work acts as a stimulus to higher education is shown by figures compiled by R. A. Turner, state club leader. In the entire student body at M. A. C. 180, or 8.4 per cent, are former club members. Evidently the percentage is increasing, for 7, of 10.7 per cent of this year's freshman class have been in club work. Twenty-one of the 180 are seniors, 25 are juniors and 87 are soph. mores.

## Canning Fruits.

It is possible to put up fruits of all kinds and in all ways without using any sugar. If carefully sealed, they will keep perfectly and sugar can be added in the winter as the goods are used, when sugar is usually considerably cheaper than in the canning months.



## Iowa Boy's Steer Is Grand Champion

Careful Attention and Good Feeding Responsible for His Success.

When Wayne Probst, a thirteen-year-old farm boy from West Liberty, Iowa, visited the 1934 International Live Stock exposition at Chicago and staged a meat-cutting demonstration in the boys and girls club department, he examined the wonderful animals on display and vowed that some day he would be an exhibitor and lead his own animal into the arena.

Champion at Iowa.

During the winter and spring Wayne carefully tended the pure bred Hereford steer which he had entered in his county baby beef club, and when the state competition was held at Des Moines during the Iowa state fair, his pet, Bonnie Arbor, was declared champion Hereford baby beef and reserve grand champion of the show. Although he was offered 20 cents a pound



Wayne Probst and His Champion Hereford Steer.

for the animal, Wayne refused to sell him, since he had set his mind upon fitting him for the supreme show at Chicago the first week in December.

Wayne has been in the boys' club work for six years and has been a consistent winner at the Muscatine county fair. This year his entry won over 52 head at West Liberty and was sent on to Des Moines to compete for the championship of the state. At the state fair there were over 450 baby beeves entered in the classes, making the strongest show of these animals at any state fair.

Wins Trip to Chicago.

In addition to the prize money which Wayne won at the county and state fairs, he was also awarded a free trip to Chicago and will join the thousand or more juniors who will attend the International as a reward for excelling in their club work activities.

Wayne purchased Bonnie Arbor from a local breeder and although the animal was of excellent ancestry, those who know the boy state that his success was due to the care and feeding which were given to his pet. When started on feed December 20th, the steer weighed 490 pounds, and on August 9th he had exactly doubled his weight, balancing the beam at 980 pounds. This gain was put on at a cost of 8-13 cents per pound, and at the rate of 2.12 pounds per day.

Wayne attributes much of his success to the inspiration which he received at Chicago while attending the International Live Stock exposition last December. Within two weeks after returning home he started his calf on feed, and all during the succeeding months the high standard of the animals he saw at Chicago was kept constantly in mind and spurred him on to greater effort.

## Soy Bean Stubble Makes Fine Seed Bed for Wheat

Soy-bean stubble makes an excellent seed bed for wheat and experimental work has shown that the wheat yield may be increased 25 per cent by sowing after soy beans. Most growers make the practice of harvesting the beans with a sweeper and following immediately with the wheat drill. No seed-bed preparation is necessary, and this is one of the important factors in the economical production of wheat.

## Corn for Silage Must Be Cut Fine and Tramped

Corn for silage must be cut fine and tramped well into the silo, if it is desired to make the best quality of feed and fill the silo to its greatest capacity, says the Department of Agriculture. The usual length of cutting varies from one-fourth of an inch to one inch, but the latter is a little too long, as the pieces do not pack so readily in the silo, and they are not so completely consumed in feeding as the shorter lengths.

Couldn't Finance Ark.

Because an enterprise is a necessity is no reason why capital can be got for it. Noah couldn't finance the ark and had to build it piecemeal.

Seaweed Extracts.

Chinese doctors have been successful in curing certain skin diseases with extracts from seaweed. Experiments in this direction are now being carried out in Paris and other European cities.

# THE SANDMAN STORY

## LITTLE GOLD KEY

ONCE upon a time there was a little Princess who used to ride a black pony. And every time she could run away from her attendants she did and went into the forest not far from the castle where she lived.

One day while she was riding alone in the forest she saw a little gold key hanging from a tree branch. "Now I wonder what that will open," thought the Princess, just as any other little girl would have wondered.

The Princess reached up and took the key and when she did she noticed a stream of water ahead of her which she had never seen before. In fact, she seemed to be in a strange place. Nothing looked as it did before when she had been in the forest.

The pony did not need urging; he walked right into the water. But when they came to the opposite side of the stream the Princess, to her amazement found that her black velvet dress had changed to white and her black pony was as white as snow.

This was not all. The whole country around was white, the leaves on the trees glittered like silver, the ground was like crystal, and before her was a hill like a huge block of ice.

The little Princess was not frightened by this strange white country; not at all. She thought it was an ad-



"Running to the Little House and Looking All Around."

venture, and, shaking the reins on the pony's neck, she was soon galloping up the crystal hill, which, though very slippery to look at, seemed not to bother the pony at all, as his little feet went clattering along.

At the top of the hill the Princess found a little white house, and this, too, was like crystal. "The gold key," she thought, "I do believe it will unlock the door."

But, as she came closer, the Princess was surprised to find there was no door to this strange looking place. "Oh, I must get in," she said, jumping from her pony and running to the little house and looking all around.

Close under one side the Princess

found a cavelike place just big enough to crawl through. "Oh, what an adventure," she thought, as she made her way under the little crystal house. She soon found herself inside and then she saw the door, a door that was not open, with a keyhole she knew the little gold key she carried must fit.

The Princess forgot her pony outside. She had not stopped to hitch him in her excitement and now she thought only of opening the closed door to learn what was on the other side.

She placed the key in the lock. It fitted! She turned it. The door opened and an icy wind struck her face! She was not to be frightened, however, and so she stepped into the room.

It was a dreary-looking spot. It did not seem to be a room at all. It was more of a dark, cloudy sky than a room, the Princess thought, as she tried to see through the gloom.

After a minute she saw in the distance something that seemed whiter than the gloom and the brave little Princess made her way to it and on a big white fur rug she found a boy asleep with a face as white as snow.

Instead of feeling afraid, the Princess felt a great pity for the poor boy, so white looking, and her tears began to fall on this handsome white face.

Suddenly a wonderful change came over the room. The cloudy gloom faded away and the room was filled with light like the sun shining through the mist.

The eyes of the handsome youth opened, and he smiled at the Princess. "Your pity has saved me," he said. "Nothing but that could have broken the spell of the frozen enchantment. And I know you are a Princess, for a Princess it had to be to pity me."

Before the Princess could reply another change had taken place. Her dress was no longer white and she, with the youth, was standing in the forest where she had found the little gold key, beside the black pony.

"But where is the white country and the hill and all the strange things?" inquired the Princess.

"Gone," replied the Prince. For he was the Prince; you must have guessed by this time. "You have broken the spell that held me and the only thing left is happiness, if you will be my wife."

When the King and Queen heard the story of their daughter's adventure and learned that it was a Prince she had found they gave their consent to the marriage, and one night there was a grand ball at the castle, and the Prince and Princess were married.

Of all the fairy stories they told their children they best loved to hear the one about the Little Gold Key and the door it unlocked.

(© 1923, by McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

## "What's in a Name?"

By MILDRED MARSHALL  
Facts about your name: its history; meaning; whence it was derived; significance; your lucky day; lucky jewel.

## ALFREDA

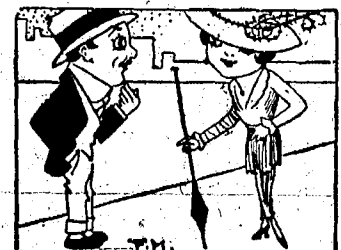
ALFREDA belongs rightfully to a fairyland. She originated in the delightful legends of the elf world, her most distinguished ancestor being the air king Elberich, whose counterpart Shakespeare marries to the Greek Tiranla in "A Midsummer Night's Dream." Alfreda means "elf council."

The first appearance of the name in England was in its masculine form; the most honored of all the English sovereigns wrote himself upon his jewel "Aelfrod," which signified "elf in council" or supernatural being.

Though Alfreda may be properly regarded as the feminine of this name there are numerous other forms of this same elf title from which she may be taken. Aelfgifu was one of the most famous, having been bestowed upon the lady known to us as Elgiva, whose beauty was a fatal gift which brought ruin to her and her husband.

The opal is Alfreda's talismanic gem. Perhaps it is her heritage from elf-kind which renders powerless the machinations of the fairy spirit which superstition claims is imprisoned therein. Worn by her, the gem is said to guard her from evil and disease. Friday is her lucky day and 6 her lucky number.

(© by Wheeler Syndicate, Inc.)



SAFE BET

She—If fashion makes our skirts any narrower than they are now I don't know what we'll do.  
He—I do, you'll wear them.

## A LINE O' CHEER

By John Kendrick Bangs.

## THE HAPPY GLOOMSTER

I KNOW a man so blinded by the woes of yesterday He cannot see the blessings high That lie along his way.

He sees the weeds upon the road, Yet never sees the rose, And groaning 'neath his heavy load Upon his way he goes.

And yet I think there's hope for him, For his my firm belief He's happiest when things are grim, And rather likes his grief.

(© by McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

## YOUR HAND

How to read your characteristics and tendencies—the capabilities or weaknesses that make for success or failure as shown in your palm.

## "SHALL I TRAVEL?"

IF THE lines of travel (extending from the rascette or bracelet upon the mount of the moon) converge toward the mount of Saturn, which lies at the base of the finger of Saturn, or middle finger, but are not joined there, it is an indication that the voyage will be one way; that is, the subject will not return from it. If one of the travel lines end on the line of life, it is an indication of probable death in the voyage.

According to some good palmistic authorities, the travel lines are the heavy lines on the mount of Luna, even if they do not rise from the bracelet. These students of the hand assert that the long line extending from the bracelet and rising into the mount of Luna are similar to the travel lines on Luna, but more important. When the line of fate, which runs upward in the center of the hand, shows a considerable and beneficial change at the same point, the line of travel shows a voyage that has been of will be prosperous. But when the line of fate does not show any advantage at the same point the outcome of the voyage will not be successful for the traveler.

(© by Wheeler Syndicate, Inc.)

## Novel Gifts of Ribbon



A large proportion of the gifts that contribute most to Christmas joys are small furnishings and personal belongings that friends make for one another. The picture above illustrates a case for a score tablet and a sewing case, both made of ribbon. Black-and-gold is favored and a heavy black satin ribbon with sprays of gold wheat is used for the score tablet case while black moire makes the sewing case. In each, narrow gold braid is used for binding and plain black satin for lining. The tablet case carries a pencil and may be made to carry cards.

## Egyptian Screen



A regal-looking lady of old Egypt, painted in vivid Egyptian colors on cardboard, makes a fascinating telephone screen, appropriate for a man's room or the house phone. On the reverse side, lists of names and numbers and reports of calls are recorded on removable tablets that slip under narrow ribbon bands.

## Painted Toilet Sets



Plain white brushes and combs for gifts are enhanced by pretty sprays of flowers done in sealing wax paints, and small tin boxes are made decorative by covering them with the melted wax in varied colors, blended into one another while they are soft.

## Breakfast Caps



At Christmas time breakfast caps blossom out in gay colors, insuring the new year a cheerful start. Here are two in the latest modes. Ribbons and laces will, as usual, set off numberless dear faces during the coming year. The cap at the top is made of shirred colored net, narrow satin ribbon, lace edging and tiny ribbon flowers. Wide point-de-esprit, with flowers at the front and ribbon ties, accomplish the other pretty headpiece.



### Tudor SEDAN



F.O.B. DETROIT **\$590** FULLY EQUIPPED

## The Lowest Priced Sedan

IN the Tudor Sedan a wholly new Ford body type is offered American motorists. It is distinguished by a compact, roomy body, two wide doors opening forward, and folding right front seat. Large windows affording an open view in every direction, make for safer driving and greater motor-ing enjoyment. At \$590, this is the lowest priced Sedan ever placed on the American market. It is a car of broad appeal and compelling value.

This car can be obtained through the Ford Weekly Purchase Plan.

**NORTHERN AUTO COMPANY**  
EAST JORDAN, MICHIGAN




CARS, TRUCKS, TRACTORS

Sometimes, True friendship is something that will weather through two weeks' camping out. Human Kindness. A man may skim the milk of human kindness for the benefit of his nearest friends.

# Local TELEPHONE SERVICE Is Not All

YOU use your telephone to call local friend, store or office—that is local service. But that is not the full telephone service offered you. The Telephone Company has built, at very great expense, mile upon mile of lines that lead, through storm and fair weather, to 70,000 cities, towns and hamlets, and over which is offered a greater service. These lines make close neighbors of persons miles apart—loved ones, friends, business acquaintances. Long Distance cuts the miles to minutes, for messages of business, friendliness or sympathy—and places the world at your elbow.



## MICHIGAN STATE TELEPHONE COMPANY



Three Men AND a Maid

By P. G. Wodehouse Illustrations by Irwin Myers

SYNOPSIS

CHAPTER I.—Mrs. Horace Hignett, world-famous writer on theosophy, etc., arrives in New York on a lecturing tour. Eustace, her son, is with her. Windies, ancestral home of the Hignetts, is his, so her life is largely devoted to teasing him. Hignett enters her nephew, Sam, son of Sir Mallaby Marlowe, the eminent London lawyer. It is arranged that Sam and Eustace shall sail together on the Atlantic the next day. Enter Bream Mortimer, American, son of a friend of an indefatigable American named Bennett, who has been peering through Hignett to lease Windies. Bream informs her that Wilhelmina Bennett is waiting for Eustace at the Little Church Round the Corner. Bream himself is in love with Wilhelmina. Mrs. Hignett marches off to Eustace's room.

CHAPTER II.—The scene shifts to the Atlantic at her pier. Sam, heading for the gangplank, meets a glorious, red-headed girl, with whom he instantly falls in love, though her dog bites him. Eustace appears, heartbroken. It appears that his mother had "pinned his trousers" and delayed the ceremony. Wilhelmina had declared the wedding off. Sam is pushed overboard, but gets credit for saving a drowning man. Rejoining the Atlantic at quarantine, Sam is hailed as a hero by the red-headed girl, who introduces him to Bream Mortimer and says she is Wilhelmina Bennett, whose friends call her "Billie."

CHAPTER III.—Eustace, a poor sailor, stays in the stateroom, nursing his grief. He doesn't know Billie is on board or that Sam has met her. Sam gets pointers from Eustace about Billie and makes warm love to her. Billie has a friend, Jane Hubbard, a big-game hunter.

CHAPTER IV.—Sam proposes and is accepted, though Billie says her father who wants her to marry Bream, will be difficult.

CHAPTER V.—Sam backs up for the ship's concert and forces Eustace to agree to play his accompaniment. He announces to Eustace his engagement to Billie and Eustace assures Sam that he's sorry for him.

CHAPTER VI.—Eustace, taken by pangs of jealousy, deserts the piano. Jane hastens to his rescue. Sam's act ends in an inglorious fiasco.

(Continued)

There was a rustle of millinery at Billie's side as Jane Hubbard rose and followed him. Jane was deeply stirred. Even as he sat, looking so pale and piteous, at the piano, her big heart had gone out to him, and now, in his moment of anguish, he seemed to bring to the surface everything that was best and most compassionate in her nature. Thrusting aside a steward who happened to be between her and the door, she raced in pursuit.

Sam Marlowe had watched his cousin's dash for the open with a consternation so complete that his senses seemed to have left him. A general, deserted by his men on some stricken plain, might have felt something akin to his emotion. Of all the learned professions, the imitation of Mr. Frank Tinney is the one which can least easily be carried through single-handed. The man at the piano, the leader of the orchestra, is essential. He is the life-blood of the entertainment. Without him nothing can be done.

For an instant Sam stood there, gaping blankly. Then the open door of the saloon seemed to beckon an invitation. He made for it, reached it, passed through it. That concluded his efforts in aid of the Seamen's Orphans and Widows.

The spell which had lain on the audience broke. This imitation seemed to them to possess in an extraordinary measure the one quality which renders amateur imitations tolerable, that of brevity. They had seen many amateur imitations, but never one as short as this. The saloon echoed with their applause.

It brought no balm to Samuel Marlowe. He did not hear it. He had fled for refuge to his stateroom and was lying in the lower berth, chewing the pillow, a soul in torment.

CHAPTER VII

There was a tap at the door. Sam sat up dizzily. He had lost all count of time.

"Who's that?"

"I have a note for you, sir."

It was the level voice of J. B. Midgeley, the steward. Stewards, besides being the civiliest and most obliging body of men in the world, all have soft and pleasant voices. A steward, waking you up at six-thirty, to tell you that your bath is ready, when you wanted to sleep on till twelve, is the nearest human approach to the night-angel.

"A what?"

"A note, sir."

Sam jumped up and switched on the light. He went to the door and took the note from J. B. Midgeley, who, his mission accomplished, retired in an orderly manner down the passage. Sam looked at the letter with a thrill. He had never seen the handwriting before, but, with the eye of love, he recognized it as that of the girl he had just met.

"Please speak up to the top deck. I want to speak to you."

Sam could not deny it from himself that he was a little disappointed. I don't know if you see anything wrong with the letter, but the way Sam looked at it was that, for a first love-letter, it might have been longer and perhaps a shade warmer. And, without running any risk of writer's cramp, she might have signed it.

However, these were small matters. No doubt she had been in a hurry and all that sort of thing. The important point was that he was going to see her. When a man's afraid, sings the bard, a beautiful maid is a cheering sight to see; and the same truth holds good when a man has made an exhibition of himself at a ship's concert. A woman's gentle sympathy, that was what Samuel Marlowe wanted more than anything else at the moment. That, he felt, was what the doctor ordered.

He scrubbed the burnt cork off his face with all possible speed and changed his clothes and made his way to the upper deck. It was like Billie, he felt, to have chosen this spot for their meeting. It would be deserted and it was hallowed for them both by sacred associations.

She was standing at the rail, looking out over the water. The moon was quite full. Out on the horizon to the south its light shone on the sea, making it look like the silver beach of some distant fairy island. The girl appeared to be wrapped in thought, and it was not till the sharp crack of Sam's head against an overhanging stanchion announced his approach that she turned.

"Oh, is that you?"

"Yes."

"You've been a long time."

"It wasn't an easy job," explained Sam, "getting all that burnt cork off. You've no notion how the stuff sticks. You have to use butter."

She shrugged.

"Don't!"

"But I did. You have to with burnt cork."

"Don't tell me these horrible things." Her voice rose almost hysterically. "I never want to hear the words burnt cork mentioned again as long as I live."

"I feel exactly the same." Sam moved to her side.

"Darling," he said in a low voice, "it was like you to ask me to meet you here. I know what you were thinking. You thought that I should need sympathy. You wanted to pet me, to smooth my wounded feelings, to hold me in your arms, and tell me that, as we loved each other, what did anything else matter?"

"I didn't."

"You didn't?"

"No, I didn't."

"Oh, you didn't! I thought you did!" He looked at her wistfully.

"I thought," he said, "that possibly you might have wished to comfort me. I have been through a great strain. I have had a shock."

"And what about me?" she demanded passionately. "Haven't I had a shock?"

ed passionately. "Haven't I had a shock?"

He melted at once.

"Have you had a shock, too? Poor little thing! Sit down and tell me all about it."

She looked away from him, her face working.

"Can't you understand what a shock I have had? I thought you were the perfect knight."

"Yes, isn't it?"

"Isn't what?"

"I thought you said it was a perfect knight."

"I said I thought you were a perfect knight."

"Oh, ah!"

A sailor crossed the deck, a dim figure in the shadows, went over to a sort of raised summerhouse with a brass thingummy in it, fooled about for a moment, and went away again. Sailors earn their money easily.

"Yes!" said Sam when he had gone. "I forget what I was saying."

"Something about my being the perfect knight."

"Yes, I thought you were."

"That's good."

"But you're not!"

"No?"

"No!"

"Oh!"

Silence fell. Sam was feeling hurt and bewildered. He could not understand why she should be so kind to him.

"Oh, women in our hours of ease, Up something, something, something. When tidily-empty empty brow, A something, something, something, 'thou!"

He had forgotten the exact words, but the gist of it had been that woman, however she might treat a man in times of prosperity, could be "called on to rally round and do the right thing when he was in trouble. How little the poet had known women."

"Why not?" he said humbly.

She gave a little sob.

"I put you on a pedestal and I find you have feet of clay. You have blurred the image which I formed of you. I can never think of you again without picturing you as you stood in that saloon, stammering and helpless."

"Well, what can you do when your pianist runs out on you?"

"You could have done something. I can't forgive a man for looking ridiculous. Oh, what, what," she cried, "induced you to try to give an imitation of Bert Williams?"

Sam started, stung to the quick.

"It wasn't Bert Williams. It was Frank Tinney!"

"Well, how was I to know?"

"I did my best," said Sam sullenly.

"That is the awful thought."

"I did it for your sake."

"I know. It gives me a horrible sense of guilt." She shuddered again. Then suddenly, with the nervous quickness of a woman unstrung, thrust a small black golliwog into his hand.

"Take it!"

"What's this?"

"You bought it for me yesterday at the barber's shop. It is the only present that you have given me. Take it back."

"I don't want it. I shouldn't know what to do with it."

"You must take it," she said in a low voice. "It is a symbol."

"A what?"

"A symbol of our broken love."

"I don't see how you make that out. It's a golliwog."

"I can never marry you now."

"What! Good heavens! Don't be absurd."

"Oh, go on, have a dash at it," he said encouragingly, though his heart was sinking.

She shook her head.

"No, I couldn't."

"Oh, hang it all!"

"I couldn't. I'm a strange girl . . ."

"You're a darned silly girl . . ."

"I don't see what right you have to say that," she flared.

"I don't see what right you have to say you can't marry me and try to load me up with golliwogs," he retorted with equal heat.

"Oh, can't you understand?"

"No, I'm dashed if I can."

She looked at him despondently.

"When I said I would marry you, you were a hero to me. You stood to me for everything that was noble and brave and wonderful. I had only to shut my eyes to conjure up the picture of you as you dived off the rail, that morning. Now—her voice trembled—"if I shut my eyes now—I can only see a man with a hideous black face making himself the laughing stock of the ship. How can I marry you, haunted by that picture?"

"But good heavens, you talk as if I made a habit of blacking up! You talk as if you expected me to come to the altar smothered in burnt cork."

"I shall always think of you as I saw you tonight."

She looked at him sadly. "There's a bit of black still on your left ear."

He tried to take her hand. But she drew it away. He fell back as if struck.

"So this is the end," he muttered.

"Yes. It's partly on your ear and partly on your cheek."

"So this is the end," he repeated.

"You had better go below and ask your steward to give you some more butter."

He laughed bitterly.

"Well, I might have expected it. I might have known what would happen! Eustace warned me. Eustace was right. He knows women—as I do now. Women! What mighty ills have not been done by women? Who was't betrayed the what's-its-name? A woman! Who lost . . . lost . . . lost . . . who—er—and so on! A woman . . . So all is over! There is nothing to be said but good-by!"

"No."

"Good-by, then, Miss Bennett!"

"Good-by," said Billie sadly. "I'm sorry."

"Don't mention it!"

"You do understand, don't you?"

"You have made everything perfectly clear."

"I hope—I hope you won't be unhappy."

"Unhappy!" Sam produced a strangled noise from his larynx, like the cry of a shrimp in pain. "Unhappy! I'm not unhappy! Whatever gave you that idea? I'm smiling! I'm laughing! I feel I've had a merciful escape."

"It's very unkind and rude of you to say that."

"It reminds me of a moving picture I saw in New York. It was called, 'Saved From the Scaffold!'"

"Oh!"

"I'm not unhappy. What have I got to be unhappy about? What on earth does any man want to get married for? I don't . . . Give me my gay bachelor life! My uncle Charlie used to say, 'It's better luck to get married than it is to be kicked in the head by a male'

Sam was in an agony. Good-night, Miss Bennett. And good-night—forever.

He turned on his heel and strode across the deck. From a white heaven the moon still shone benignly down, mocking him. He had spoken bravely; the most cunning critic could not but have admitted that he had made a good exit. But already his heart was aching.

As he drew near to his stateroom, he was amazed and disgusted to hear a high tenor-voice raised in song proceeding from behind the closed door.

I fee-or saw few in shee-ling arr-mer, Though his lance be sharrpp and-er keen!

But I fee-or. I fee-or the gish-mer Through thy der-rooping lashes seen: I fee-or, I fee-or the gish-mer . . .

Sam flung open the door wrathfully. That Eustace Hignett should be alive was bad—he had pictured him hurling himself overboard and bobbing about, a pleasing sight, in the wake of the vessel; that he should be singing was an outrage. Remorse, Sam thought, should have stricken Eustace Hignett dumb. Instead of which, here he was comporting himself like a blasted linn-et. It was all wrong. The man could have no conscience whatever.

"Well," he said, sternly, "so there you are!"

Eustace Hignett looked up brightly, even beamingly. In the brief interval which had elapsed since Sam had seen him last an extraordinary transformation had taken place in this young man. His eyes were bright. His face wore that beastly self-satisfied smirk which you see in pictures advertising certain makes of fine-mesh underwear. If Eustace Hignett had been a full-page drawing in a magazine with "My dear fellow, I always wear Sigbee's Super-fine Featherweight!" printed underneath him, he could not have looked more pleased with himself.

"Hallo!" he said. "I was wondering where you had got to."

"Never mind," said Sam coldly, "where I had got to! Where did you get to, and why? You poor, miserable worm," he went on in a burst of generous indignation, "what have you to say for yourself? What do you mean by dashing away like that and killing my little entertainment?"

"Awfully sorry, old man. I hadn't foreseen the cigar. I was bearing up tolerably well till I began to sniff the smoke. Then everything seemed to go black—I don't mean you, of course. You were black already—and I got the feeling that I simply must get on deck and drown myself."

"Well, why didn't you?" demanded Sam, with a strong sense of injury. "I might have forgiven you then. But to come down here and find you singing . . ."

A soft light came into Eustace Hignett's eyes.

"I want to tell you all about that," he said. "It's the most astonishing story. A miracle, you might almost call it. Makes you believe in Fate and all that sort of thing. A week ago I was on the Subway in New York . . ."

He broke off while Sam cursed him, the Subway and the city of New York, in the order named.

"My dear chap, what is the matter?"

"What is the matter? Ha!"

"Something is the matter," persisted Eustace Hignett. "I can tell it by your manner. Something has happened to disturb and upset you. I know you so well that I can pierce the mask. What is it? Tell me."

"Ha, ha!"

"You surely can't still be brooding on that concert-business? Why, that's all over. I take it that after my departure you made the most colossal ass of yourself, but why let that worry you? These things cannot affect one permanently."

"Can't they? Let me tell you that as a result of that concert my engagement is broken off."

Eustace sprang forward with outstretched hand.

"Not really? How splendid! Accept my congratulations! This is the finest thing that could possibly have happened. These are not idle words. As one who has been engaged to the girl herself, I speak feelingly. You are well out of it, Sam."

Sam thrust aside his hand. Had it been his neck he might have clutched it eagerly, but he drew the line at shaking hands with Eustace Hignett.

"My heart is broken," he said with dignity.

"That feeling will pass, giving way to one of devout thankfulness. I know! I've been there. After all . . . Wilhelmina Bennett . . . what is she? A rag and a bone and a hank of hair."

"She is nothing of the kind," said Sam, revolted.

"Pardon me," said Eustace firmly, "I speak as an expert. I know her and I repeat, she is a rag and a bone and a hank of hair!"

"She is the only girl in the world, and owing to your idiotic behavior I have lost her."

"You speak of the only girl in the world," said Eustace blithely. "If you want to hear about the only girl in the world, I will tell you. A week ago I was in the Subway in New York . . ."

"I'm going to bed," said Sam brusquely.

"All right. I'll tell you while you're undressing."

"I don't want to listen."

"A week ago," said Eustace Hignett, "I will ask you to picture me seated, after some difficulty, in a New York subway; I got into conversation with a girl with an elephant gun."

Sam revised his private commination service in order to include the elephant gun.

"She was my soul-mate," proceeded Eustace with quiet determination. "I didn't know it at the time, but she was. She had grave brown eyes, a wonderful personality, and this elephant gun, she

was bringing the gun away from the downstairs place where she had taken it to be stowed."

"Did she shoot you with it?"

"Shoot me! What do you mean? Why, no?"

"The girl must have been a fool!" said Sam bitterly. "The chance of a lifetime and she missed it. Where are my pajamas?"

"I haven't seen your pajamas. She talked to me about this elephant gun, and explained its mechanism. You can imagine how she soothed my aching heart. My heart, if you recollect, was aching at that moment—quite unnecessarily if I had only known—because it was only a couple of days since my engagement to Wilhelmina Bennett had been broken off. Well, we parted at sixty-sixth street and, strange as it may seem, I forgot all about her."

"Do it again!"

"Tell it again!"

"Good heavens, no! Forget all about her again."

"Nothing," said Eustace Hignett gravely, "could make me do that. Our souls have blended. Our beings have been called to one another from their deepest depths, saying. . . There are your pajamas, over in the corner. . . saying, 'You are mine! How could I forget her after that? Well, as I was saying, we parted. Little did I know that she was sailing on this very boat! But just now she came to me as I writhed on deck. . ."

"Did you write?" asked Sam with a flicker of moody interest.

"I certainly did."

"That's good!"

"But not for long."

"That's bad."

"She came to me and healed me. Sam, that girl is an angel."

"Switch off the light when you've finished."

"She seemed to understand without a word how I was feeling. There are some situations which do not need words. She went away and returned with a mixture of some kind in a glass. . ."

"I don't know what it was. It had Worcester sauce in it. She put it to my lips. She made me drink it. She said it was what her father always used in Africa for bull-calves with the staggers. Well, believe me or believe me not. . . Are you asleep?"

"Yes."

"Believe me or believe me not, in under two minutes I was not merely freed from the nausea caused by your cigar; I was smoking, myself! I was walking the deck with her without the slightest qualm. I was even able to look over the side from time to time and comment on the beauty of the moon on the water. . . I have said some mordant things about women since I came on board this boat. I withdraw them unreservedly. They still apply to girls like Wilhelmina Bennett, but I have ceased to include the whole sex in my remarks. Jane Hubbard has restored my faith in woman. Sam! Sam!"

"What?"

"I said that Jane Hubbard had restored my faith in woman."

"Oh, all right."

Eustace Hignett finished undressing and got into bed. With a soft smile on his face he switched off the light. There was a long silence, broken only by the distant purring of engines. At about twelve-thirty a voice came from the lower berth.

"Sam!"

"What is it now?"

"There is a sweet womanly strength about her, Sam. She was telling me she once killed a panther with a hat-pin."

Sam groaned and tossed on his mattress.

Silence fell again.

"At least I think it was a panther," said Eustace Hignett, at a quarter past one. "Either a panther or a puma."

CHAPTER VIII

A week after the liner Atlantic had docked at Southampton, Sam Marlowe might have been observed—and was observed by various of the residents—sitting on a bench on the esplanade of that repellent watering-place, Bingley-on-the-Sea, in Sussex. All watering-places on the south coast of England are blots on the landscape, but, though I am aware that by saying it I shall offend the civic pride of some of the others, none are so peculiarly foul as Bingley-on-the-Sea. The asphalt on the Bingley esplanade is several degrees more depressing than the asphalt on other esplanades. The Swiss waiters at the Hotel Magnificent, where Sam was stopping, are in a class of bungling incompetence by themselves, the envy and despair of all the other Swiss waiters at all the other Hotels Magnificent along the coast. For dreariness of aspect Bingley-on-the-Sea stands alone. The very waves that break on the shingle seem to creep up the beach reluctantly, as if it revolted them to come to such a place.

Why, then, was Sam Marlowe visiting this ozone-sweet Gohenna? Why, with all the rest of England at his disposal, had he chosen to spend a week at breezy, blighted Bingley?

Simply because he had been disappointed in love. He had sought relief by slinking off alone to the most benighted spot he knew, in the same spirit as other men in similar circumstances had gone off to the Rockies to shoot grizzly bears.

To a certain extent the experiment had proved successful. If the Hotel Magnificent had not cured his agony, the service and the cooking there had at least done much to take his mind off it. His heart still ached, but he felt equal to going to London and seeing his father, which, of course, he ought to have done immediately upon his arrival in England.

He rose from his bench and, going back to the hotel to inquire about trains, observed a familiar figure in the lobby. Eustace Hignett was leaning

over the counter, in conversation with the bar-stick.

"Hello, Eustace!" said Sam.

"Hello, Sam!" said Eustace.

There was a brief silence. The supernatural spinning had been a little unaccountably absent, for it reminded both men of a painful episode in their recent lives.

"What are you doing here?" asked Eustace.

"What are you doing here?" asked Sam.

"I came to see you," said Eustace, leading his cousin out of the lobby and onto the bleak esplanade. A fine rain had begun to fall, and Bingley looked, if possible, worse than ever. "I looked for you at your club, and they told me you had come down here."



# Peoples' Moments

## 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-bowed, tortoise-shell-rimmed Eye Glasses, last Saturday night either in East Jordan or at Pine Lake Gleaner Temple. Will finder kindly notify MRS. F. D. RUSSELL, East Jordan, R. 2, or phone 87-23 Boyne City Exchange. 49x

**LOST**—A Portfolio Containing Order blanks, etc., somewhere in East Jordan or vicinity. A reward will be given for its return to THE RUSSELL HOUSE. 49x

## Wanted

**FARMS WANTED**—We have buyers for Michigan Farms. Give description and lowest cash price. WARREN McRAE, Farm Agency, Logansport Ind. 48x4

**WANTED**—To hear from owner of good Farm for Sale. State cash price, full particulars. D.F. BUSH, Minneapolis, Minn. 43x5

**SELL your VEAL and CHICKENS** to C. J. MALPASS. 221f

## For Sale—Miscellaneous

**FURNITURE FOR SALE**—6 Dining Chairs, Leather Couch, Book Case, 3 Rocking Chairs, Dining Table, Buffet, Library Table, Center Stand 2 Iron Beds, Springs and Mattress, Kitchen Cabinet, Kitchen Table, Range—L. W. ELLIS, Inquirer of Clarence Bowman. 49-1f

**BABY CUTTER** For Sale.—Almost new. For particulars address MRS. KARL HELLER, Box 256, Onaway, Mich. 49-2

**FOR SALE**—Oak Jewel Heating Stove in good condition. For either coal or wood.—CLARENCE BOWMAN. 49x

**TO SWINE BREEDERS**—Genuine O. I. C. Boar for service. None better in Charlevoix County.—MARTIN RUHLING, East Jordan. 48-4

**FOR SALE**—Young Cow, due to freshen Dec. 23rd. Also O. I. C. Brood Sow and some young Shoats VICTOR LACROIX, Route 1, East Jordan. 49x

**TO SWINE BREEDERS**—I have for service a big type Registered O. I. C. Boar, 1 year old. Not related in Charlevoix County. Bred by Geo. M. Wilton & Sons, Middleville, Mich. EDWARD THORSEN, Phone 165-F22 Route 3, East Jordan. 47-1f

**FOR SALE**—Pure Extracted HONEY, \$6.35 per 60 lb. Can. Delivered in East Jordan or Boyne City.—J. L. ZOLEK, East Jordan, phone 178-F13 421f

## CLARENCE C. DILL



Washington, D. C.—C. C. Dill, of Spokane, Wash., who succeeds Senator Poindexter, will be the youngest member in the senate when he takes his seat March 4.

## FOR CONSTIPATION

For constipation and bowel disorders try FOLEY CATHARTIC TABLETS. Mild in action and bring prompt relief. Mr. W. B. Parrott, 1361 West 76th St., Cleveland, Ohio, writes "Your CATHARTIC TABLETS are world beaters, and I have recommended them to my friends." Refuse substitutes.—Hite's Drug Store.

Like Red Light, Headache in a child is like a red light ahead to the engineer. Both are danger signals that may mean disaster if not heeded

## CHIMNEY AND FURNACE CLEANING

At Reasonable Rates  
**Gilbert Calver**  
Leave Orders at Bulow Dr.

## CHARLEVOIX CO. BELLAID

G. A. Lisk, Publisher  
Subscription Rate, \$1.00 per year.  
Entered at the postoffice at East Jordan Michigan, as second class mail matter.

## WILSON

(Edited by Mrs. O. D. Smith)

Luther Brintall was buzzing wood for O. D. Smith on Wednesday.

After school enjoyed two days vacation at Thanksgiving time.

Mr. and Mrs. O. D. Smith attended Dear Lake Grange last Saturday evening.

Mr. and Mrs. R. E. Pearsall entertained their children and grandchildren on Thanksgiving Day.

Julius Guznick has gone to Chicago to work during the winter months.

Mr. and Mrs. O. D. Smith at Thanksgiving dinner with Robt. Barnett and family in East Jordan.

Mrs. Terry Barber is spending several weeks visiting relatives and friends in Belding, Flint and Lansing.

John Hott and family spent Thanksgiving at the home of Ashland Bowen in East Jordan.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Howard spent Thanksgiving Day with Mr. and Mrs. Henry Roy in East Jordan.

Fred Holland has built a small house to replace the one burned last spring, and moved back on his farm recently.

Mr. and Mrs. Thos. Thorson of Traverse City spent several days recently at the home of John Hott in Afton.

The Misses Ketha Barnett and Zella Smith of East Jordan spent part of Friday and Saturday with their uncle and aunt, Mr. and Mrs. O. D. Smith in Afton.

Arthur Brintall and family, and Ray Nowland and family attended a party at the home of Clifford Brown in Boyne City last Saturday evening.

Mr. and Mrs. Wesley Staley and Mrs. Neil Flannery and children of East Jordan were Sunday visitors at John Hott's in Afton.

Roy Hardy and family expect to move to Davenport, Iowa, next week, where Mr. Hardy will re-enter the Chiropractic School that he attended last winter. The best wishes of their many friends go with them.

Deer Lake Grange met in regular session last Saturday evening with 31 members present. The Worthy Master reported the receipt of \$60 from Fair Ass'n as Premiums won at the annual Fair, which made a total of \$150.00 this Grange has to their credit in the local bank. Master appointed a Committee for work of Pomona Grange which meets with Deer Lake next Saturday. A fine literary program was carried out by the Lecturer, Sidney Lumley during the lecture hour. During the business-session the annual election of officers took place with the following result:

Master—Web. McGeorge  
Overseer—O. D. Smith  
Lecturer—Sidney Lumley  
Chaplain—Mrs. Chas. Hott  
Sec'y—Stella Sutton  
Treas.—John Hott  
Steward—Bert Lumley  
Gate Keeper—Ernest Slaughter  
Ass't Steward—Loyal Barber  
Lady Ass't Steward—Edith Barber  
Flautist—Melba Sutton

After the close of the session an oyster supper was served by the ladies in honor of Roy Hardy and family who will soon remove to their new home in Davenport, Iowa. A very enjoyable evening was spent by all.

## ALBA

(Edited by Mrs. A. I. Ashbaugh)

Charles Osterout is home to stay until after the holidays.

John Tobias of Summit City spent Thanksgiving day with W. Nichols and family and visited other relatives returning home Saturday.

Mrs. Ostrum returned from Grand Rapids with her daughter, Mrs. Olds, Wednesday last.

Waldren Larson and wife were Petoskey visitors Friday.

Mrs. Joe Moran is attending the Russellite Convention at Grand Rapids.

Warren Stout of Detroit spent Thanksgiving day with his aunt, Mrs. Bert Strickland and other relatives.

Walter Cornell, one of our best known young men left Saturday for East Jordan where he has secured a position with the Peoples State Savings Bank. Mrs. C. E. Bennett is taking his place in the Noble and Bennett Bank here until other arrangements are made.

Irving Thompson has secured work for the coming winter with an electric company at Cadillac. Mrs. Thompson left Saturday to join her husband.

Clarence Shoupe and family visited Sunday at the home of Darrell Cross.

## NOWLAND HILL

(Edited by C. M. Nowland)

Mr. and Mrs. Roy Zinck visited Mrs. James Simmons, Sunday.

Ivan and Conn. Nowland were Sunday visitors of their aunt, Mrs. Lewis Bashaw, of East Jordan.

A. R. Nowland and sons started their lumbering job, Monday.

George and Lester Hardy returned from Muskegon last Thursday.

Ray Nowland and wife, Omar Scott and wife, and Arthur Brintall and wife spent Saturday evening at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Clifford Brown in Boyne City.

Mr. and Mrs. Edd. Nowland visited Earl Batterbee and family, Sunday.

## Hotlow Laugh'er.

What has become of the old-fashioned hollow laugh'er exacted by drunken men from those who were afraid of them?

## THREE BELLS

Tracey McGee of Boyne City, last Saturday evening, was the guest of Mrs. J. W. Hayden family at Orchard Hill Thursday evening.

Mr. and Mrs. Clifton Moss and Devere Wood of Boyne City and Mrs. Mable Wood of Coldwater called on the J. W. Hayden family at Orchard Hill Thursday evening.

Mr. and Mrs. Barnett of Boyne City and Mr. and Mrs. Mose LaLonde of near East Jordan, were dinner guests of Mr. and Mrs. F. D. Russell and family at Ridgeway, Thanksgiving.

A wire was received Monday evening by Hugh Russell announcing the death of Mrs. Reta Harrington, eldest daughter of Mrs. Nellie Pohman, sister of Frank and Hugh Russell, at her home Grand Rapids, after a long illness. Hugh Russell departed Tuesday morning in his car to attend the funeral. He expects to stay in Grand Rapids all winter.

Will Gaunt and family of Three Bells District moved to East Jordan last week Tuesday, for the winter, where Mr. Gaunt has employment in the Chemical Plant.

Mr. and Mrs. David Gaunt and son Ralph and daughter Mammie of Three Bells District and Mr. and Mrs. Will Gaunt and daughter Louise of East Jordan were dinner guests at the Clarence Johnston home Thanksgiving.

Mr. and Mrs. Joe Gaunt and family of Essex drove across the Peninsula Thanksgiving day and visited their nephew, Arthur Gaunt and family in Boyne City.

Frank Gaunt who has been employed in Muskegon for some time, visited his uncle David Gaunt of Three Bells District, Thursday.

The very last of the season's, threshing and baling is finished. The Lew Bros. threshed oats for David Gaunt on the Geo. Simmerman place and baled the straw also threshed radish seed Monday and Tuesday of last week.

Phillis and Geo. Woerful who have moved from Gravel Hill South side in Star District to Knoll Crest in the Mountain District, will attend school in the Three Bell District beginning Dec 4th.

The Thanksgiving program and box social at the Star school Wednesday evening, was well attended and well conducted and netted more than \$17.00 which will be used for the school.

Mrs. Susie Bogart and son Clare and Miss Marie Bennett of Boyne City spent Thanksgiving with their parents Mr. and Mrs. Joel Bennett in Star District.

The work on the road South of Advance has been discontinued for lack of funds.

Friday evening a Ford car struck the railing of the bridge on Porter Creek, South of Advance heading it almost flat. The car just balanced. The man who did not give his name went to the store and got Mr. Pat O'Brien who helped him to get the car off but the front axle and radius rods were to much bent it could not run although otherwise it seemed alright.

Dec. 3 and still the ground has scarcely been covered with snow and tractors are busy plowing.

J. P. Seiler who now lives in East Jordan spent Monday night at his farm, Knoll Crest, the guest of his tenant, Geo. Jarman.

Father Julius of Boyne City made a pleasant call on the F. D. Russell family at Ridgeway, Monday afternoon.

Mr. and Mrs. James McClure and son Tracey of Kalamazoo are making calls on old neighbors on the Peninsula this Tuesday, Dec. 4, they will take dinner with Mr. and Mrs. F. D. Russell at Ridgeway.

## News of the Churches

### First Methodist Episcopal Church

Rev. Henry Hulme, Pastor.

Sunday, December 9, 1923.

10:00 a. m.—Public Worship. Subject: "Wheat and Tares."

11:15 a. m.—Sunday School.

6:00 p. m.—Epworth League. Leader Miss Dorothy Walton.

7:00 p. m.—Gospel Service. Subject: "Finding Disciples." Music by the Epworth Choir and Orchestra.

Thursday 7:00 p. m.—Prayer Meeting

This Church is here to help all to get the reality of life. Our doors are wide open. We want you. Come.

### Presbyterian Church Notes

Rev. C. W. Sidebotham, Pastor.

"A Church for Folks."

Sunday, Dec. 9, 1923.

10:00 a. m.—Morning Worship.

11:15 a. m.—Sunday School.

6:00 p. m.—Christian Endeavor

7:00 p. m.—Evening Service.

### Church of God.

Charles T. Clifton, Pastor.

Hours of services: (Eastern Standard Time)

Sunday School—11:00 a. m.

Morning Services—12:00 a. m.

Evening Services—7:30 p. m.

Wed. Prayer Meeting—8:00 p. m.

The public is cordially invited to attend these services.

### Holiness Mission

(Located in the old Episcopal Church.)

Sunday, Dec. 9, 1923.

8:30 p. m. central standard time—Evening Service.

## THREE VILLAGES

DIKE GUARDING LAKE BLEND LETS SO MANY BODIES FOUND IN WRECKAGE

SIX HUNDRED LIVES ARE LOST

Water Sweeps Over Hills and Down into the Valleys—Area of Damage 50 Miles.

Bergamo, Italy—Six hundred dead, three villages destroyed and 50 square miles made desolate. This was the toll of the flood from Glencoe lake, when the great dike guarding it collapsed, releasing the irresistible force of the water, which bursting forth in mad fury, carried all before it. It swept over the hills and down into the valleys for a distance of 15 miles to Lake Iseo, which checked the momentum of the vast stream, arresting its course.

Bergamo valley today is nothing but a barren waste of mud and water—a veritable lake in which it is dangerous to venture, for in some places it is over a man's head. In this soggy mass, the bodies of the victims are tangled among fallen trees, telegraph poles, buildings and bridges.

Here and there portions of broken walls project as mute evidence of the tremendous might with which the waters engulfed the region. The homeless are counted in the thousands, most of whom are mourning for lost relatives, or searching for their bodies.

Relief parties from Milan and Brescia are on the scene, while all available troops have been mustered to aid the shelterless.

The three villages almost completely destroyed were Dezzo, Corna and Bueggio. Of the 500 inhabitants of Dezzo only three survived.

The disaster threatens to be one of the greatest of its kind because of the vast amount of water let loose on the countryside. It destroyed hundreds of homes, where families perished without even realizing the tragedy which overwhelmed them.

Thus far the known dead are 600, but it has been impossible to ascertain the exact number for whole families are missing.

## INDEMNITY AID REFUSED BY U. S.

Reparation Commission Asks America To Join German Debt Probe.

Washington—The United States government will not take part in the investigation planned by the allied reparations commission to determine Germany's capacity to make reparation payments, it was announced officially at the White House.

The new plan brought forward by the commission is regarded by administration officials as "a weak substitute" for the so-called Hughes-Curzon plan, which France rejected, and which called for an "impartial inquiry by economic experts" into Germany's whole financial and economic structure.

When France so summarily rejected the Anglo-American plan, the United States figuratively washed its hands of the reparations dispute until such time as it appears a "sincere effort" can be launched to get at the facts of Germany's condition.

Premier Poincare rejected the Hughes plan because it embraces a wide survey of Germany's assets and liabilities and capacity to pay. Poincare wanted the inquiry restricted to determining Germany's capacity to pay within the next six years.

## COAST GALES WRECK HAVOC

California Swept by Wind, Velocity of Which is 50 Miles an Hour.

San Francisco—California's last Sunday were checking up the damage resulting from a terrific gale which had swept the California coast since Friday. At times the wind reached a velocity of 50 miles an hour.

Boats in the harbors, both at San Francisco and San Pedro, 400 miles south, were torn from their moorings and battered, washed ashore or sunk. Claire K. Vance, government mail aviator, reported lost near Lake Tahoe, in the high Sierras, was found by a forest ranger.

Flying at an altitude of about 16,000 feet the storm damaged a wing of his plane and Vance was brought down. He managed to right his plane just before landing, he reported, and broke the force of his fall, but the plane was completely demolished. Vance considered his escape miraculous.

The storm was the most severe of the season, extending from north of San Francisco south to San Diego, a distance of about 600 miles.

## La Fayette Tablet Unveiled.

Portsmouth, Va.—A bronze tablet, commemorating the services of Colonel Bernard Magten, friend and aide of La Fayette and associate of George Washington, was unveiled in Trinity church yard here by the Society for the Preservation of Virginia Antiquities, under the direction of Mrs. Philip St. Legor Moncuré, descendant of the distinguished French soldier. The ceremonies took place under the ancient yew tree in Court street.

## Westside Slaughter Market

WE ANNOUNCE the formal opening of Our New Meat Market, where will be constantly carried a complete line of Meats, Poultry, Oysters in Season. At prices within the reach of all.

Come In and Look Us Over

# HOUGHTON & KOWALSKE

Lansing—A corporation privilege fee will be collected from non-profit corporations for the first time in 1924, under the amended corporation tax act which is now in effect. Secretary of State Charles J. DeLand announced last week. The department of state will void the charters of non-profit corporations which fail to comply with the new act, which requires the filing of a report and the payment of a \$10 privilege fee in 1924 and every three years thereafter.

Baby's Diet. Baby conferences throughout the country uniformly disclose the fact that malnutrition is the most common ailment among the small children. This condition results not so much from poverty as from a bad choice of diet.

Fish Tenacious of Life. Under healthy conditions, fish may live many years. For example, salmon have been known to survive 100 years, eels 60 years, and carp 100, while pike are said to be even more tenacious of life.

Just So. In stories the hero always wins the game in the last five minutes' play. But in real life the rooters seem to prefer a safe lead.

Murrah! A safe which automatically chloroforms a burglar when he attempts to open it has been put on the market by an Austrian firm.

Valuable Accomplishments. To hold one's tongue is a valuable accomplishment; next best alternative is self-sought segregation.

## EAST JORDAN LUMBER Co.

# ALL WOOL MIDDIES

Green, Brown, Tan, Red, and Gray. \$4.48

# SKIRTINGS

IN

## Tweeds, Stripe Serges, Wool Crepes, etc.

# To Complete the Dress

## East Jordan Lumber Co

## R. G. WATSON

# FURNITURE DEALER

# FUNERAL DIRECTOR

## QUALITY GOODS EFFICIENT SERVICE

Phone 66. East Jordan, Mich.



### Briefs of the Week

Dr. D. M. DeWan visited friends at Muskegon this week.

Miss Anna Wigbo came home from Chicago, Thursday, for a visit with her parents.

Mrs. George West and children of Grand Rapids are visiting her mother, Mrs. Ed. Bashaw.

Mr. and Mrs. Bert Mullen of Traverse City were Thanksgiving guests at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Levi Metz.

Rev. G. W. Sidebotham is at Cleveland, Ohio, this week attending the Presbyterian National Conference.

Mrs. George Johnson was taken to the Charlevoix hospital, Thursday, and will undergo an operation, this Friday.

A Rummage Sale will be given by the Presbyterian Ladies Aid on Dec. 14th and 15th at the Healey Store. Adv.

Wood is scarce and high. You can buy an engine and saw rig cheap from C. J. Malpass Hdw. Co. on easy payments or pay part in wood. Adv.

Houghton & Kowalske, West Side grocers, have added a meat market to their store the past week. Henry Steenhagen is in charge of this branch.

For Sale—Louis Ellis home on Main St. Modern, near to business, school, and church. Can give immediate possession. E. A. Lewis. Adv. 49-2

Mrs. Wm. Richardson entered the Charlevoix hospital, Monday, and on Tuesday underwent an operation. She will be at the hospital for about a fortnight.

Leonard C. Bailey and Leora Robinson were married November 24, at the Presbyterian parsonage, at East Jordan, by the Rev. Sidebotham.—Bellaire Independent.

Mrs. Vencil Kaurer and Mrs. Jessie Christopher of Old Mission returned to their home Saturday last, after a weeks visit at the homes of the latter's brothers, Peter, Louis and Frank Zoulek.

W. C. Sproule, assistant cashier at the Peoples State Savings Bank has accepted a position with the R. L. Henderson Architectural Co., of Detroit and plans to leave for his new work about Dec. 21st.

Mrs. Wm. Campbell of Morningside, Alberta, and her daughter, Mrs. M. Little of Portland, Idaho, who have been visiting at the home of the former's daughter, Mrs. Clyde Fuller, left recently for Portland Idaho.

The Woman's Missionary Society of the Presbyterian Church will hold their annual Praise Service at the Church on Sunday, Dec. 16th at 7:00 p. m. Miss Clara Saylor of India will address the meeting. Everybody will be welcome to hear this very interesting speaker. 49-2.

Ernest St. Charles and Arthur Walton were the victims of a serious accident at the East Jordan Flooring Co. plant last Monday afternoon. Several tram carts loaded with lumber broke away and they were caught between these and other carts. St. Charles received the more serious injury, the pelvis bone being fractured. He was taken night to the Charlevoix Hospital by Dr. Parks and placed in a cast. He will be confined to his bed for two or three months. Walton received a fracture of two ribs.

You can get a bargain on a Gasoline Engine right now on easy payments at C. J. Malpass Hardware Co. Adv.

Special Communication of East Jordan Lodge No. 379 F. & A. M. Saturday evening, December 8th. Work in the M. M. degree.

John Decker went to Muskegon on business, Wednesday.

Clifton Heller is now in charge of the Charlevoix A. & T. Co. Store.

Wm. Taylor went to Traverse City Tuesday, where he has employment.

Miss Sadie Mead of Mt. Pleasant is visiting at the home of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Levi Metz.

You can get the highest cash price for your Used Furniture or Stoves from C. J. Malpass. Adv. 1.

Clyde Hollingshead, who has been employed at Flint the past few months, returned home Saturday last.

Buy and sell to the Old Reliable—he is the man who will give you a square deal. T. J. Wood. Adv. 48-2.

Mrs. E. C. Haner returned to Grand Rapids, Tuesday, after a week's visit with her sister, Mrs. John Wright.

Get a Singer Sewing Machine. Terms are easy. Quality the best. Get ready for winter. E. A. Lewis. Adv. 49-2

Call Phone 24 for Expert Storage Battery and Electrical Service.—The Battery Shop, L. Miles. Adv. 27tf.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Harrington plan to leave this Saturday for an extended visit with friends at Conklin, Grand Rapids, Flint, Detroit and Muskegon.

The Women's Christian Temperance Union will meet Monday, Dec. 10th, in the Library building at 2 o'clock p. m. Important decision pending. Visitors welcome.

Cider, freshly ground from clean firm sweet apples and wagners, for sale. The very best for making mince meat, apple butter, etc. 30 cents a gallon. 25 cents in quantities.—John P. Seiler. Adv. 49x

W. G. Cornell of Alba has accepted a position as assistant cashier at the Peoples State Saving Bank of East Jordan. Mr. Cornell was a former East Jordan boy and has had three years' experience in the bank at Alba.

A card from Mr. and Mrs. Archie McArthur from Chicago states that the steamer on which they have been sailing the past season is laying up for the winter, and that they expect to be home in East Jordan in a few weeks.

### COUNCIL PROCEEDINGS

Regular meeting of the Common Council of the City of East Jordan held at the council room Monday evening, December 3rd.

Minutes of the last meeting were read and approved as corrected.

Moved by Alderman Watson, supported by Alderman Sedgman, that the motion of Nov. 5, meeting correcting the minutes of the previous meeting, be and is hereby rescinded. Motion carried.

Moved by Alderman Aldrich, supported by Alderman Proctor, that the bonds Bulow Bros., G. W. Kitman and Arthur Goss be approved and accepted. Motion carried.

Moved by Alderman Watson, supported by Alderman Aldrich, that the Electric Light & Power Co. be paid the balance of \$143.75 due on October lighting, less \$63.00 outage. Motion carried by an aye and nay vote as follows:

Ayes—Farmer, Proctor, Watson, Sedgman, Aldrich, Kowalske and Dicken.

Nays—None.

The following resolution was offered by Alderman Proctor, who moved its adoption; seconded by Alderman Farmer:

Whereas, We understand that the Governor of this State is about to call a special session of the Legislature, and that among other things submitted to the Legislature for its consideration will be a gasoline tax, so-called, and

Whereas, The gasoline tax bill that was presented to the last Legislature provided that all moneys raised by such tax should be spent on roads outside of the cities, and the cities given no recognition in the distribution of such money, and

Whereas, The cities of this State are compelled to pay large sums annually for the construction and maintenance of streets, largely as the result of the use of automobiles, many of which travel exclusively upon city streets, and

Whereas, In our opinion, it is unjust to the municipalities of the State to require them to maintain their own highways and to then divert all the money received from the automobile or gasoline tax, to roads outside the cities, therefore,

Resolved, that we, the City Council of East Jordan in behalf of the People of said city, do hereby protest against any gasoline tax that does not consider and provide for an equitable and just distribution of the proceeds thereof among all the communities of the State, including cities and villages as well as the rural districts, and be it further

Resolved, That the City Clerk be and he hereby is instructed to send a copy of this resolution to each of the representatives from this district.

Adopted by the Council of the City of East Jordan on the 3rd day of Dec. 1923, by an aye and nay vote as follows:

Ayes—Farmer, Proctor, Sedgman, Watson, Kowalske, Aldrich and Dicken

Nays—None.

Bills were presented for payment as follows:

Wm. Reinhart, labor on Wells... 2.10  
Howard Cook, labor... 6.50  
City Treas. payment of labor... 97.76  
Harold Yeltaw, labor on wells... 3.60  
E. W. Gies, labor... 10.80  
J. J. Votruba, rebate on wiring... 13.93  
Chas. Dennis, opening meter boxes... 2.00  
Ormund Winstone, labor on wells... 15.00  
Henry Cook, salary for Nov... 125.00  
C. H. Whittington, rebate on wiring... 9.30

Elec. Light Co., street lighting... 500.00  
Elec. Light Co., pumping... 130.00  
Wm. F. Bashaw, making tax roll... 128.66  
Newton Jones, cutting weeds... 10.05  
Grace E. Boswell, salary for Nov... 60.00  
Fred Sweet, salary for Nov... 100.00  
Otis J. Smith, salary for Nov... 35.00

Mich. Iron & Chem. Co. threading pipe... 1.20  
Dessert & Brown Lbr. Co., midse... 75.84  
Mary Green, blowing fire whistle... 8.00  
Clink & Williams, typewriting... 38.70  
Hite Drug Co., fumigators, etc... 24.75  
C. J. Malpass Hdw. Co., paint... 4.98  
Wm. Johnson, special police, etc... 14.00  
Boyer City Hdw. Co., pipe and fittings... 15.33  
H. Rosenthal, rebate on wiring... 11.80  
Mrs. C. L. Lorraine, rebate on wiring... 6.65  
H. W. Dicken, rebate on wiring... 5.39  
Mrs. Berdell, rebate on wiring... 9.21  
Geo. Price, rebate on wiring... 4.00  
Peoples State Sav. Bank, rebate on wiring... 11.44  
Clark Morris, rebate on wiring... 5.23  
E. J. Iron Wks. labor & material... 23.76  
Jno. F. Kenny, coal and freight... 44.66  
E. J. Co-op. Ass'n, cement and roofing... 65.90

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

Ayes—Farmer, Proctor, Sedgman, Watson, Kowalske, Aldrich and Dicken

Nays—None.

On motion by Alderman Aldrich, meeting was adjourned.

OTIS J. SMITH,  
City Clerk.

All kinds of Furniture, Stoves and Ranges, etc., sold on easy payments at C. J. Malpass Hdw. Co. Adv. 1f.

### LEAGUE ISSUES DEBT SURVEY

Heavily Burdened Nations Revealed As Only Ones Settling Claims.

Geneva—In view of present plans to hasten a settlement of the reparations problem, with the co-operation, if possible, of the United States, special interest attaches to a review of the financial position of 14 countries, mostly European, together with certain remarks on the German reparations question, contained in a memorandum issued by the League of Nations.

The report shows that in most countries a retrenchment policy has been adopted and considerable savings has been effected, although the ever-increasing burden of the public debt has in many cases swallowed up what may have been saved by cutting down the administration.

The development of the public debt has been compared with the changes in the price level, i. e., the nominal amount of the debt has been divided by the wholesale price index number, and in this way reduced to pre-war price level.

When this is done it is seen that the French debt has risen to three times the amount of the pre-war debt, the British debt to seven times the amount, and the American debt to nearly 13 times the amount of the pre-war debt.

At the same time, it is pointed out that before the war France had, per head of her population, a much higher debt than Great Britain or the United States and also that, in these two last named countries, deflation has considerably increased the public debt.

It is rather remarkable, says the report, that the two countries in which the public debt shows the greatest real increase are the only countries which have been able to make any substantial repayments of their debts.

Wanted—To buy corn in shock or barn. C. J. Malpass. Adv.

When Man Criticizes.

As a man grows to realize the limitations of his ability, it makes him sharply critical of that of others.

School Officers Meeting

The biennial meeting School Officers of Charlevoix County will be held at the Princess Theatre in Boyne City, Monday, Dec. 10th, beginning at 8:00 a. m., Standard time.

All School officers are urged to be present.

Their expenses are to be paid from district funds.

A. C. BELDING  
Commissioner of Schools

# BUCKWHEAT FLOUR

If you want Good, Fresh, Stone-Ground Buckwheat Flour

Call on any of the following dealers:—

A. E. Bartlett  
East Jordan Lumber Co.  
E. J. Co-operative Association

It's Much Better to Go Away. If a wise man contendeth with a foolish man, whether he rage or laugh, there is no rest.—Solomon.

Knew Good Men. A great love of books is something like a personal introduction to the great and good men of all past times.

# FUR FUR

WE ARE NOW IN THE MARKET FOR FUR

The fur market does not look very prosperous this year, so bring in your Fur as soon as you can and get your cash for it.

We are always in the market for Hides.

H. Kling Hide & Fur Co.  
PHONE 159 EAST JORDAN, MICH.

We Have Just Received a New Shipment of

## FOLDERS and FRAMES

and they are on display at our Studio for your inspection.

†Last year everyone seemed to wait until a few weeks before Xmas to do their shopping. Kindly remember that photography cannot be hurried.

†Twelve Photos make 12 Xmas Gifts, and you are presenting your friends with something they cannot buy with their own money.

### NELSON'S STUDIO

Kindly help us in our work by shopping early.

# AUCTION SALE

The undersigned will sell at his premises, located 9 miles South of East Jordan, 1/2 mile West of Button's Corners, Echo township, on

## WEDNESDAY, DEC. 12

Commencing at 10:00 o'clock A. M. fast time. The following described property to-wit:—

Livestock	Farm Implements
Bay Gelding, age 13 yrs, weight 1000	Wagon and Box
Bay Gelding, 9 yrs, weight 1100	Syracuse Plow Spring-tooth Harrow
Bay Mare, 6 yrs, weight 1100	Spike-tooth Harrow Riding Cultivator
Grade Holstein Cow, 6 yrs. old, to freshen March 18.	Empire Grain Drill Hay Rake
Blue Cow, 6 yrs, to freshen March 25	2 spike-tooth Cultivators
Grade Durham Cow, 10 yrs. to freshen April 1st.	Five-tooth Cultivator Shovel Plow
Grade Holstein Cow, 9 yrs. to freshen April 11.	Spring-tooth Cultivator
Grade Holstein Cow, 3 yrs. to freshen April 13.	Pair light Sleighs 2 wet work Harness
Red Cow, 6 yrs. to freshen April 28th.	12 Gal. Roofing Cement
Red Heifer, 2 yrs. to freshen May 30th.	About 300 ft. Hemlock lumber 2x4 & 2x8
Yearling Heifer, Brood Sow	2 sap Pans, 120 buckets and spiles
7 Spring Pigs 4 Pigs 10 weeks old	Hooks, Chains and many small tools.
50 Chickens 9 Guinea-fowls	<b>Household Goods</b>
4 Turkeys 50 Shocks Corn	Round Oak Range (good)
About 5 ton Hay 25 bushel Rye	Economy King Separator No. 16
About 5 acres Corn Fodder	Polar Creamery Dining Table
	Wood Bed and Spring Spring Cot
	Edison Phonograph with 30 Records
	Organ Stand Baby Buggy

FREE LUNCH AT NOON

**Terms of Sale:** Sums of \$10.00 and under, cash; over \$10. twelve months time will be given on approved bankable notes, bearing seven per cent interest, payable at The State Bank of East Jordan, 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.

# PEARL N. BEAL, Prop.

W. E. Byers, Auctioneer, A. J. Suffern, Clerk

## CHRISTMAS NUMBER

### THE COMING WEEK

The Charlevoix County Herald will issue an attractive Christmas Edition the coming week—Friday, December 14th.

The Spirit of Christmas will be carried out in every page of this issue. A special feature will be the lithographed cover in colors representing His Majesty—Santa Claus—"Receiving Orders." This cover was painted by Phillip Lyford and is a work of art.

The pages of this issue will carry the offerings of East Jordan merchants to the holiday shoppers, and readers of The Herald will undoubtedly find therein an answer to the perplexing question of what to buy for Christmas Gifts.

Watch for your home-town paper in Holiday dress next Friday, the 14th.



# Three Men and a Maid

(Continued from Page Three)

Eustace stared gloomily at a stranded crab on the beach below. The crab stared gloomily back.

"Well, you remember my telling you about the girl I met on the boat?"

"Jane Hubbard?"

"Jane Hubbard," said Eustace reverently. "Sam, I love that girl."

"I know. You told me."

"But I didn't tell her. I tried to muster up the nerve, but we got to Southampton without my having clicked. What a dashed difficult thing a proposal is to bring off, isn't it? I didn't bring it off, and it began to look to me as though I was in the soup. And then she told me something which gave me an idea. She said the Bennetts had invited her to stay with them in the country when she got to England. Old Mr. Bennett and his pal Mortimer, Bream's father, were trying to get a house somewhere which they could share. Only so far they hadn't managed to find the house they wanted. When I heard that, I said, 'Ha!'"

"You said what?" asked Sam.

"I said, 'Ha!'"

"Why?"

"Because I had an idea. Don't in-



"Don't Interrupt, Old Man, or You'll Get Me Muddled. Where Was I?"

terrupt, old man, or you'll get me muddled. Where was I?"

"I don't know."

"I remember. I'd just got the idea. I happened to know, you see, that Bennett and Mortimer were both frightfully keen on getting Windles for the summer, but my mother wouldn't hear of it and gave them both the mis-ink. It suddenly occurred to me that mother was going to be away in America all the summer, so why shouldn't I make a private deal, let them the house, and make it a stipulation that I was to stay there to look after things? And, to cut a long story short, that's what I did."

"You let Windles?"

"Yes. Old Bennett was down on the dock at Southampton to meet Wilhelmina, and I fixed it up with him then and there. He was so bucked at the idea of getting the place that he didn't kick for a moment at the suggestion that I should stick at the house. Said he would be delighted to have me there, and wrote out a fat check on the spot. We hired a car and drove straight over—it's only twenty miles from Southampton, you know—and we've been there ever since. Bennett sent a wire to Mortimer, telling him to join us, and he came down next day."

He paused, and looked at Sam as though desiring comment. Sam had none to offer.

"Why do you say you're in a hole?" he asked. "It seems to me as though you had done yourself a bit of good. You've got the check, and you're in the same house with Miss Hubbard. What more do you want?"

"But suppose mother gets to hear about it?"

"Well?"

"She'd be sorer than a sunburned neck."

"Probably. But why should she hear of it?"

"Ah! I'm coming to that."

"Is there some more of the story?"

"Quite a lot."

"Charge on," said Sam, resignedly.

Eustace Hignett fixed a despondent gaze on the shingle, up which the gray waves were crawling with their usual sluggish air of wishing themselves elsewhere. A rain drop fell down the back of his neck, but he did not notice it.

Quite So.

Jud Tunkins says the man who gets the best of the bargain is usually the one most willing to let bygones be bygones.

**Schools to Use Pictures.**

The British Imperial education conference has started an investigation of the possibilities of using motion pictures in ordinary routine work of school classrooms.

Don't Be Overfond.

Do not be overfond of anything or consider that for your interest which inclines you to any practice which will not bear the light or permit you to look the world in the face.

"It was the weather that really started it," he said.

"Started what?"

"The trouble. What sort of weather have you been having here?"

"I haven't noticed."

"Well, down at Windles it has been raining practically all the time, and after about a couple of days it became fairly clear to me that Bennett and Mortimer were getting a bit fed. I began to say, having spent all their lives in America, don't you know, they weren't used to a country where it rained all the time, and pretty soon it began to get on their nerves. They started quarreling. Nothing bad at first, but hotting up more and more, till at last they were hardly on speaking terms. Every little thing that happened seemed to get the wind up them. There was that business of Smith, for instance."

"Who's Smith?"

"Mortimer's bulldog. Old Bennett is scared of him, and wants him kept in the stables, but Mortimer insists on letting him roam about the house. Well, they scrapped a goodish bit about that. And then there was the orchestration. You remember the orchestration?"

"I haven't been down at Windles since I was a kid."

"That's right. I forgot that. Well, my pater had an orchestration put in the drawing room. One of these automatic things you switch on, you know. Makes a devil of a row. Bennett can't stand it, and Mortimer insists on playing it all day. Well, they hotted up a goodish bit over that."

"Well, I don't see how all this affects you. If they want to scrap, why not let them?"

"Yes, but, you see, the most frightful thing has happened. At least, it hasn't happened yet, but it may any day. Bennett's talking about taking legal advice to see if he can't induce Mortimer to cheese it by law, as he can't be stopped any other way. And the deuce of it is, your father is Bennett's legal representative over in England, and he's sure to go to him."

"Well, that'll do the pater a bit of good. Legal fees."

Eustace Hignett veered his arms desparingly at his cousin's obtuseness.

"But, don't you see? If Bennett goes to your father about this bing, your father will get onto the fact that Windles has been let, and he'll nose about, and make inquiries, and the first thing that'll happen will be that mother will get to hear of it, and then where shall I be?"

Sam pondered.

"Yes, there's that," he admitted.

"Well, now you see what a hole I'm in."

"Yes, you are. What are you going to do about it?"

"You're the only person who can help me."

"What can I do?"

"Why, your father wants you to join the firm, doesn't he? Well, for goodness sake, buck up and join it. Don't waste a minute. Dash up to London by the next train, and sign on. Then, if Bennett does blow in for advice, you can fix it somehow that he sees you instead of your father, and it'll be all right. You can easily work it. Get the office boy or somebody to tell Bennett that your father's engaged, but that you are on the spot. He won't mind so long as he sees somebody in the firm."

"But I don't know anything about the law. What shall I say to him?"

"That's all right. I've been studying it up a bit. As far as I can gather, this legal advice business is quite simple. Anything that isn't a tort is a misdemeanor. You've simply got to tell old Bennett that, in your opinion, the whole thing looks jolly like a tort."

"What's the word again?"

"Tort."

"What does it mean?"

"I don't know. Probably nobody knows. But it's a safe card to play. Tort. Don't forget it."

"Tort. Right ho!"

"Well, then, come along and pack your things. There's a train to London in about an hour."

They walked back to the hotel. Sam gulped once or twice.

"Oh, by the way," he said, "Er—how is—er—Miss Bennett?"

"Oh, she's all right." Eustace Hignett hummed a gay air. Sam's ready acquiescence in his scheme had relieved his apprehensive mind.

"Going strong?" said Sam, after a pause.

"Oh, absolutely. We're quite good friends again now. No use being in the same house and not being on speaking terms. It's rummy how the passage of time sort of changes a fellow's point of view. Why, when she told me about her engagement, I congratulated her as cheerfully as dammit! And only a few weeks ago..."

"Her engagement?" exclaimed Sam, leaping like a stricken blanc-mange.

"Her engagement?" exclaimed Sam, leaping like a stricken blanc-mange.

"To Bream Mortimer, you know," said Eustace Hignett. "She got engaged to him the day before yesterday."

## CHAPTER IX

The offices of the old-established firm of Marlowe, Thorpe, Prescott, Winslow and Appleby are in Ridgeway's Inn, not far from Fleet street. If you are a millionaire beset by blackmailers or anyone else to whose comfort the best legal advice is essential, and have decided to put your affairs in the hands of the ablest and discreetest firm in London, you proceed through a dark and grimy entry and up a dark and grimy flight of stairs; and, having felt your way along a dark and grimy passage, you come at length to a dark and grimy door. There is plenty of dirt in other parts of Ridgeway's Inn, but nowhere is it so plentiful, so rich in aluvial deposits, as on the exterior of the office of Marlowe, Thorpe, Prescott,

Winslow and Appleby. As you try to get on the topmost of the geological strata concealing the ground-glass of the door, a sense of relief and security floods your being. For in London grubbiness is the gauge of a lawyer's respectability.

The brass plate, set into the wood-work of this door, is misleading. Reading it, you get the impression that on the other side quite a covey of lawyers await your arrival. The name of the firm leads you to suppose that there will be barely standing room in the office. You picture Thorpe jostling you aside as he makes for Prescott to discuss with him the latest case of embezzlement, and Winslow and Appleby treading on your toes, deep in conversation on replevin. But these legal firms dwindle. The years go by and take their toll, snatching away here a Prescott, there an Appleby, till before you know where you are, you are down to your last lawyer. The only surviving member of the firm of Marlowe, Thorpe—that I said before—was, at the time with which this story deals, Sir Mallaby Marlowe, son of the original founder of the firm and father of the celebrated black-faced comedian, Samuel of that ilk; and the outer office, where callers were received and parked till Sir Mallaby could find time for them, was occupied by a single clerk.

When Sam, reaching the office after his journey, opened the door, this clerk, John Peters by name, was seated on a high stool, holding in one hand a half-eaten sausage, in the other an extraordinarily large and powerful revolver. At the sight of Sam he laid down both engines of destruction and beamed. He was not a particularly successful beamer, being hampered by a cast in one eye which gave him a truculent and sinister look; but those who knew him knew that he had a heart of gold and were not intimidated by his repellent face. Between Sam and himself there had always existed terms of cordiality, starting from the time when the former was a small boy, and it had been John Peters' mission to take him now to the Zoo, now to the train back to school.

"Why, Mr. Samuel?"

"Hullo, Peters!"

"We were expecting you back a week ago. So you got back safe?"

"Safe? Why, of course."

Peters shook his head.

"I confess that, when there was this delay in your coming here, I sometimes feared something might have happened to you. I recall mentioning it to the young lady who recently did me the honor to promise to become my wife."

"Ocean liners aren't often wrecked nowadays."

"I was thinking more of the bravos on shore. America's a dangerous country. But perhaps you were not in touch with the underworld?"

"I don't think I was."

"Ah!" said John Peters, significantly.

He took up the revolver, gave it a fond and almost paternal look, and replaced it on the desk.

"What on earth are you doing with that thing?" asked Sam.

Mr. Peters lowered his voice.

"I'm going to America myself in a few days' time, Mr. Samuel. It's my annual holiday, and the governor's sending me over with papers in connection with The People v. Schultz and Bowen, it's a big case over there. A client of ours is mixed up in it, an American gentleman. I am to take these important papers to his legal representative in New York. So I thought it best to be prepared."

The first smile that he had permitted himself in nearly two weeks flitted across Sam's face.

"What on earth sort of a place do you think New York is?" he asked. "It's safer than London."

"Ah, but what about the underworld? I've seen these American films that they send over here, Mr. Samuel. Every Saturday night regular I take my young lady to a cinema, and, I tell you, they teach you something. Did you ever see 'Wolves of the Bowery'? There was a man in that in just my position, carrying important papers, and what they didn't try to do to him! No, I'm taking no chances, Mr. Samuel!"

"I should have said you were, judging that thing about with you."

Mr. Peters seemed wounded.

"Oh, I understand the mechanism perfectly, and I am becoming a very fair shot. I take my little bite of food in here early and go and practice at the Rupert street rifle range during my lunch hour. You'd be surprised how quickly one picks it up. When I get home at night I try how quick I can draw. You have to draw like a flash of lightning, Mr. Samuel. If you'd ever seen a film called 'Two-Gun Thomas' you'd realize that. You haven't time to be loitering about."

"I haven't," agreed Sam. "Is my father-in-law? I'd like to see him if he's not busy."

Mr. Peters recalled to his professional duties, shed his sinister front like a garment. He picked up a speaking tube and blew down it.

"Mr. Samuel to see you, Mr. Mallaby. Yes, sir, very good. Will you go right in, Mr. Samuel?"

Sam proceeded to the inner office and found his father dictating into the attentive ear of Miss Milliken, his elderly and respectable stenographer, replies to his morning mail.

The grime which incrustated the lawyer's professional stamping-ground did not extend to his person. Sir Mallaby Marlowe was a dapper little man, with a round, cheerful face and a bright eye. His morning coat had been cut by London's best tailor, and his trousers perfectly creased by a sedulous valet. A pink carnation in his buttonhole matched his healthy complexion. His golf handicap was twelve. His sister

Miss. Harriet Hignett, continued his worldly.

"Good morning, father."

"Very glad to see you're back, Sam. So you didn't get away?"

"No, I got beaten in the steam-boat."

"American steamboats are a very hot lot; the best ones. I suppose you were weak on the greens. I warned you about that."

"Yes, life is real life is earnest," he said, raising of Sam seriously, "and the grave is not our goal. Lives of great men all remind us we can make our lives sublime. In fact, it's time you took off your coat and started to work."

"I am quite ready, father."

"You didn't hear what I said," exclaimed Sir Mallaby with a look of surprise. "I said it was time you began work."

"And I said I was quite ready."

"Bless my soul! You've changed your views a trifle since I saw you last."

"I have changed them altogether."

## CHAPTER X

At about the time when Sam Marlowe was having the momentous interview with his father, described in the last chapter, Mr. Rufus Bennett woke from an after-luncheon nap in Mrs. Hignett's delightful old-world mansion, Windles, in the county of Hampshire. He had gone to his room after lunch, because there seemed nothing else to do. It was still raining hard, so that a ramble in the picturesque garden was impossible, and the only alternative to sleep, the society of Mr. Henry Mortimer, had been one peculiarly distasteful to Mr. Bennett.

Much has been written of great friendships between man and man, friendships which neither woman can mar nor death destroy. Rufus Bennett had always believed that his friendship for Mr. Mortimer was of this order. They had been boys together in the same small town, and had kept together in after years. They had been Damon and Pythias, David and Jonathan. But never till now had they been cooped up together in an English country house in the middle of a bad patch of English summer weather. So this afternoon Mr. Bennett, in order to avoid his lifelong friend, had gone to bed.

He awoke now with a start, and a moment later realized what it was that had aroused him. There was music in the air. The room was full of it. It seemed to be coming up through the floor and rolling about in chunks all round his bed. He blinked the last fragments of sleep out of his system, and became filled with a restless irritability.

He rang the bell violently, and presently there entered a grave, thin, intellectual man who looked like a duke, only more respectable. This was Webster, Mr. Bennett's English valet.

"Is that Mr. Mortimer?" he barked, as the door opened.

"No, sir. It is I—Webster. Not even the annoyance of being summoned like this from an absorbing game of penny nap in the housekeeper's room had the power to make the valet careless of his grammar. 'I fancied that I heard your bell ring, sir.'

"I wonder you could hear anything with that infernal noise going on," snapped Mr. Bennett. "Is Mr. Mortimer playing that that d-d gas-engine in the drawing room?"

"Yes, sir. 'Tosti's Good-by.' A charming air, sir."

"Charming air be—I tell him to stop it."

"Very good, sir."

The valet withdrew like a duke leaving the royal presence, not actually walking backwards, but giving the impression of doing so. Mr. Bennett lay in bed and fumed. Presently the valet returned. The music still continued to roll about the room.

"I am sorry to have to inform you, sir," said Webster, "that Mr. Mortimer declines to accede to your request."

"Oh, he said that, did he?"

"That is the gist of his remarks, sir."

"Did you tell him I was trying to get to sleep?"

"Yes, sir. I understood him to reply that he should worry and get a pain in the neck."

"Go down again and say that I insist on his stopping the thing. It's an outrage."

"Very good, sir."

In a few minutes, Webster, like the dove dispatched from the Ark, was back again.

"I fear my mission has been fruitless, sir. Mr. Mortimer appears adamant on the point at issue."

"You gave him my message?"

"Verbatim, sir. In reply Mr. Mortimer desired me to tell you that, if you did not like it, you could do the other thing. I quote the exact words, sir."

"He did, did he?"

"Yes, sir."

"Very good! Webster!"

"Sir?"

"When is the next train to London?"

"I will ascertain, sir. Cook, I believe, has a timetable."

"Go and see, then. I want to know. And send Miss Wilhelmina to me."

"Very good, sir."

Somewhat consoled by the thought that he was taking definite action, Mr. Bennett lay back and waited for Billie.

"I want you to go to London," he said, when she appeared.

"To London? Why?"

"I'll tell you why," said Mr. Bennett, vehemently. "Because of that post-mortem. I must have legal advice. I want you to go and see Sir Mallaby Marlowe. Here's his address. Tell him the whole story. Tell him that this man is annoying me in every possible way and ask if it can't be stopped. If you can't see Sir Mallaby himself, see some one else in the firm. Go up tonight, so that you can see him first

thing to the morning. You can stop the night at the Bowery. You said Webster to look out a train."

"There's a splendid train in about an hour. I'll take that."

"It's giving you a lot of trouble," said Mr. Bennett with behind a closed door.

"Oh, no? I said Billie. The only one who'd be able to do something for you, father, Sam. This seems to be a terrible nuisance, isn't it?"

"You're a good girl," said Mr. Bennett.

## CHAPTER XI

"That's right!" said Sir Mallaby Marlowe. "Work while you're young. Sam, work while you're young."

He regarded his son's bent head with affectionate approval. "What's the book today?"

"Widgery on What Prices Evidence," said Sam, without looking up.

"Capital!" said Sir Mallaby. "Highly improving and as interesting as a novel—some novels. There's a splendid bit on, I think, page two hundred and fifty-four where the hero finds out all about Copybold and Customary Estates. It's a wonderfully powerful situation. It appears—but I won't spoil it for you. Mind you don't skip to see how it all comes out in the end!"

Sir Mallaby suspended conversation while he addressed an imaginary ball with the masher which he had taken out of his golf bag. For this was the day when he went down to Walton Heath for his weekly foursome with three old friends. His tubby form was clad in tweed of a violent nature, with knickerbockers and stockings. "Sam!"

"Well?"

"Sam, a man at the club showed me a new grip the other day. Instead of overlapping the little finger of the right hand... Oh, by the way, Sam?"

"Yes?"

"I should lock up the office today if I were you, or anxious clients will be coming in and asking for advice, and you'll find yourself in difficulties. I shall be gone, and Peters is away on his holiday. You'd better lock the outer door."

"All right," said Sam, absently. He was finding Widgery stiff reading. He had just got to the bit about Raptu Haeridia, which, as of course you know, is a writ for taking away an heir holding incoage.

Sir Mallaby looked at his watch.

"Well, I'll have to be going. See you later, Sam."

"Good-by."

Sir Mallaby went out and Sam, placing both elbows on the desk and twining his fingers in his hair, returned with a frown of concentration to his grappling with Widgery. For perhaps ten minutes the struggle was an even one, then gradually Widgery got the upper hand, Sam's mind, numbed by constant batterings against the stony ramparts of legal phraseology, weakened, faltered and dropped away; and a moment later his thoughts, as so often happened when he was alone, darted off and began to circle round the image of Billie Bennett.

Since they had last met, Sam had told himself perhaps a hundred times that she had gone out of his life and was dead to him, but unfortunately he did not believe it. A man takes a deal of convincing on a point like this, and Sam had never succeeded in convincing himself for more than two minutes at a time. It was useless to pretend that he did not still love Billie more than ever, because he knew he did; and now, as the truth swept over him for the hundred and first time, he groaned hollowly and gave himself up to the gray despair which is the almost inseparable companion of young men in his position.

So engrossed was he in his meditation that he did not hear the light footstep in the outer office, and it was only when it was followed by a tap on the door of the inner office that he awoke with a start to the fact that clients were in his midst. He wished that he had taken his father's advice and locked up the office. Probably this was some frightful bore who wanted to make his infernal will or something, and Sam had neither the ability nor the inclination to assist him.

Was it too late to escape? Perhaps if he did not answer the knock, the blighter might think there was nobody at home. But suppose he opened the door and peeped in? A spasm of Napoleonic strategy seized Sam. He dropped silently to the floor and concealed himself under the desk. Napoleon was always doing that sort of thing.

There was another tap. Then, as he had anticipated, the door opened. Sam, crouched like a hare in its form, held his breath. It seemed to him that he was going to bring this delicate operation off with success. He felt he had acted just as Napoleon would have done in a similar crisis. And so, no doubt, he had to a certain extent; only Napoleon would have seen to it that his boots and about eighteen inches of trousered legs were not sticking out, plainly visible to all who entered.

"Good morning," said a voice.

Sam thrilled from the top of his head to the soles of his feet. It was the voice which had been ringing in his ears through all his waking hours.

"Are you busy, Mr. Marlowe?" asked Billie, addressing the boots.

Sam wriggled out from under the desk like a disconcerted tortoise.

"Dropped my pen," he mumbled, as he rose to the surface.

He pulled himself up with an effort that was like a physical exercise. He stared at Billie dumbly. Then, recovering speech, he invited her to sit down, and seated himself at the desk.

"Dropped my pen," he gurgled again.

"Yes!" said Billie.

"Franklin says," bubbled Sam, "with a broadish."

"Ha!"

"A broad gold ash," went on Sam, with the painful concentration which comes only from embarrassment of the coarsest degree of incoherence.

"Really?" said Billie, and Sam blushed and told himself repeatedly that this would not do. He was not appearing to advantage. It suddenly occurred to him that his hair was standing on end as the result of his struggle with Widgery. He smoothed it down hastily, and felt a trifle more composed.

The old fighting spirit of the Marlowes now began to assert itself to some extent. He must make an effort to appear as little of a fool as possible in this girl's eyes. And what eyes they were! Golly! Like stars! Like two bright planets in

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

## CUT THIS OUT—IT IS WORTH MONEY.

Send this ad and ten cents to Foley & Co., 2835 Sheffield Ave., Chicago, Ill., writing your name and address clearly. You will receive a ten cent bottle of Foley's Honey and Tar for Coughs and Colds, and free sample packages of Foley Kidney Pills and Foley Cathartic Tablets. Try these wonderful remedies.—Hite's Drug Store, adv.

## USE SULPHUR TO HEAL YOUR SKIN

Broken Out Skin and Itching Eczema Helped Over Night

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

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

Get a small jar of Rowley Mentho-Sulphur from any good druggist and use it like cold cream.



That Mask Which Grew on Mr. Philletus' Face

PHILETUS SOLEMNOLLY could not understand why the children did not like him. He gave them good advice. He patted them upon their heads. He expressed the hope that they would be successful in life as he had been. He promised them rewards if they would behave themselves as he wanted them to. Yet they came to his school unwillingly and went home from it gladly. They were respectful, but unsmiling.

It was with hope, but not without difficulty, that a friend persuaded Philletus to officiate as Santa Claus at the Christmas festival and to assume the traditional garb of the part. Philletus did not see much use in such fanciful doings, but yielded to solicitation and appeared upon the occasion with as much grace as a feeling of foolishness would allow. His spare form was now rotund, his sober garments had become gay, and the jolly mask that had been adjusted to his long face gave him quite a new expression.

As the joy among the children progressed and the spirit of fun and frolic mounted high Philletus began to experience a change of heart. To his amazement he began having a good time himself and to feel like a real Saint Nicholas. For this reason, perhaps, he overexerted himself to such an extent that his mask fell off and it was revealed to the surprised audience that it had been contradicting the face of Mr. Solemolly.

This was really the best feature of the evening, and it proved to have a permanence about it, for, from that time, the Philletus phiz shortened, and bronzed, and fattened, and colored up, until it came to look a good deal like the face of that old fairy who is always young and kindly.

So the mask that fell off left its imprint and stayed on, and Philletus, able to be merry, became the familiar friend of the children.—Christopher G. Hazard.

(© 1923, Western Newspaper Union.)

Patsy Ruth Miller



As a rule, it takes long, hard work to get to the top in the "movies." But it was easy for Patsy Ruth Miller, a beautiful seventeen-year-old St. Louis girl. Miss Miller has dark-brown hair, brown eyes, and is five feet, two and one-half inches tall. She has a vivacious manner and keen mind which give her decided personality.

THE RIGHT THING AT THE RIGHT TIME

By MARY MARSHALL DUFFEE

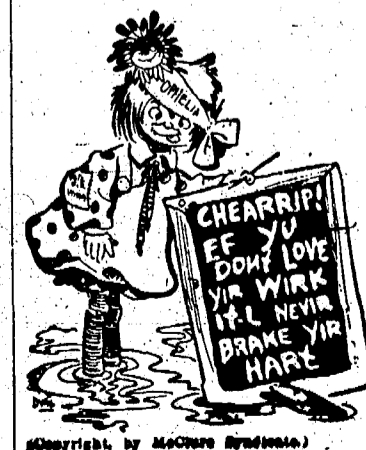
IN BUSINESS HOURS

Labor to keep alive in your heart that little spark of celestial fire—conscience.—George Washington.

IF YOU want to impress your employer as being a thoroughbred, never let him see you adding little finishing touches to your toilet. If you must re-coat your face with powder, adjust your hair net, manicure your nails or add more carmine to your lips, be clever enough to do this where he cannot possibly see you. There are very few employers who would willingly forbid their employees from using the telephone for any personal matters whatever. Where there is such a strict ruling it is usually because some few employees have taken advantage of telephone privileges and have spent considerable time making and receiving calls of a purely personal nature during business hours. Not only is it unfair to use the time for which you are paid to work in this way or to make your employer pay for your personal calls—this is a trifling matter—but it really is unfair to make him listen to your telephone small talk. You know how stupid this usually is to a third person, and how annoying to overhear Mamie Brown's coy telephone remarks to her "best young man" when you are attempting to transact some really important business. If you are employed in some one else's office, remember this: If you are allowed to receive phone messages during business hours see that they are brief. It is quite possible to be brief to persons over the phone without being rude.

Many an office worker seems to be quite unable to get through the morning or afternoon without the taking of almost constant nourishment in the way of candy. Really this probably does often help. Business lunches are too often inadequate and office work is fatiguing. Doubtless the craving for sweets is based on perfectly normal appetite, and sometimes it is easier to get through a hard day's work if we have this additional nourishment. But it is in very bad form, nevertheless, to munch candy during business hours and the young woman who does so is not acting in her own best interest.

O, Solomon! The judge adjusted his spectacles. "In this charge against Mrs. Bunnuphy, of sticking a hatpin in Mrs. Busybelgh's eye, the case is dismissed." Mrs. Busybelgh snorted and turned red with rage. "But," continued the court, "for the future protection of Mrs. Bunnuphy, the court orders that Mrs. Bunnuphy plug up her keyhole."—Richmond Times-Dispatch.



(Copyright by McClure Syndicate.)

The Old Man's Christmas Shop

James Whitcomb Riley

"Yes, I hear you, Miss Jolly-go-romp, Calling me to come:

"Look at the wonderful Jack-in-box, And oh, what a dandy drum! See all the beautiful Chinese dolls, And yonder's a dancing bear! There's nothing like it in all the world! There couldn't be—anywhere!"

Your eyes are bright, Miss Jolly-go-romp, It's thrilling, I can't deny, But you should have seen the Christmas shop I knew in the days gone by. 'Twas not so large, Miss Jolly-go-romp, As the toyshops are today, But oh, it was more mys-ter-i-ous, The colors were far more gay!

And the Toyshop Man, Miss Jolly-go-romp, What a quizzical way he had! He knew all the children for miles around, Could tell all the good from the bad. But what was the queerest of all to me Was how he could tell, some way, The things you wanted old Santa to bring To your house Christmas Day.

Let's you and I, Miss Jolly-go-romp, Play I am the Toyshop Man, While you—well, you're Miss Jolly-go-romp With many a secret plan. And the secrets—oh, they mustn't get out!— They're sacred as troth could be, But being the Toyshop Man, of course, You whis-s-s-per them all to me!

(Copyright by the Bobbs-Merrill Company)

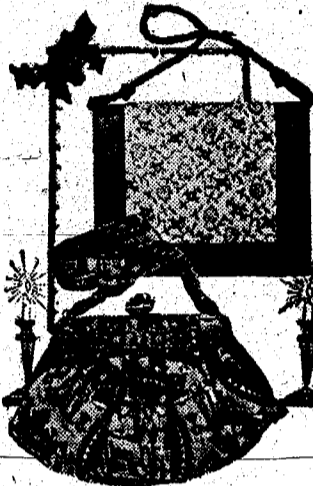


Rag Doll Is Beloved



In spite of all her beautiful rivals, little Miss Rag Doll grows more popular all the time—all little kiddies love her. She is pictured here made of unbleached domestic, her face sketched in with water colors, clad in a pink gingham dress and white lawn bonnet.

Designs in Silk Bags



Very handsome handbags, in new patterns of figured or brocaded ribbons, will make their recipients happy this Christmas. The envelope bag pictured is made of tapestry ribbon, bordered with black, and the bag below it reveals a richly colored Egyptian design with mock jewels set along the mounting. Both are lined with plain silk, and colors are chosen to suit individual fancy.

Homemade Cloth Toys



Scraps of cotton flannel, elderdown, plush and velvet serve to make many little animals, cut by paper patterns, the parts machine stitched together and stuffed with sawdust or cotton. Glass-headed pins or buttons serve for eyes; covered wire, colored paper and yarn stitching help in many cases to supply details.

Venezéla May Return.

Paris—It was learned in Paris that if Premier Venezélos is invited officially he will re-enter Greece in order to try to regulate the abnormal political situation. He will go only on condition that he is permitted to return to private life in Europe immediately after he has accomplished his mission.

Cow Could Supply 44 Families.

Chicago—Kolrain Funderne Boes, a Holstein cow, completed a test at seven years of age, with a production of 35,085 pounds of milk containing 1,117.16 pounds butterfat, equivalent to 1,896.4 pounds of butter, making her the world's champion milk cow, according to the Holstein-Friesian Association of America. Boes' milk production for the year is sufficient to supply 44 families with one quart of milk each day.

Uses Pumpkin for Dog Kennel.

Shenandoah, Va.—A pumpkin whose crate was big enough for a dog kennel has been discovered. John Hise of this county vouches for the story, which deals with one on the farm of John Sparks, east of Clarmont, Mo. A rat gnawed a hole into the pumpkin. The pumpkin was so large that after the rat had eaten out the seeds from the pumpkin; and gnawed the entry hole larger, a dog ran into the pumpkin and killed that rat.

The Christmas Story

By KATHERINE EDELMAN

(© 1923, Western Newspaper Union.)

I WOULD like to write a story sweet Of that night long, long ago When the Lord of heaven and earth and sea Came down to the world below; Came down to earth as a little babe To a lowly manger bed In a stable bare where the oxen stood While the angels sang o'erhead.

I would like to tell in words that would live Of the wonder of that night When the hosts of heaven looked down on earth Bathed in holy light; While the angels sang their songs of praise And the star shone bright and clear— I would like to write in words that would thrill But my pen seems dull from fear.

For I know that some could write or tell Of the beauty and wonder deep That lay o'er the earth and sky that night While the world was hushed in sleep; For man could never fathom the love That would bring the Lord of All Down from the highest court of heaven To lie in a manger stall.

Christmas Time

THE woods are all like Christmas, So white and deep and still. The new snow lies untrodden, Across the field and hill. In summer days we roamed them When all the world was fair, Now, white the skies are darker, We'll take the old way there.

Dear memories will meet us Across the quiet snow, And drift us through the dreamings Of days we used to know. Sweet and unchanged and happy, Like well-loved friends they come, To lead through time and distance Back to the ways of home.

O Death, where is your darkness? Where is your voice and strife? You brought the shining message Of everlasting life. No dear forms wasting hourly Beneath the frozen snow, But pearly gates and welcoming hands, And friends of long ago.

My heart would be like Christmas, All open, free and good, To sing along the crowded ways, As in the quiet wood. Oh, hush! for happy Christmas songs Come to the earth again, To touch awhile with gladness, The restless hearts of men.

—Eulah M. Stuart.

Star-Led

THREE kings have journeyed from the eastern land, A star led them to Jesus' stall, And in the manger they found the new-born babe who lay in a manger stall. They saw the baby lying in a manger stall, And brightly gleaming stars, Like the morning light, they saw, With rapture on the boy they saw, And how before him in joy and praise, With gold and myrror and incense sweet, They saw the baby lay in a manger stall.

Remember the "Neediest"

(© 1923, Western Newspaper Union.)

THE windows in your house and mine On Christmas Eve will brightly shine, Where gleaming candles shed their lights Through the dark watches of the night— Pointing a path a-down the street, To guide the wandering Christ Child's feet!

(But, look! Out in the bitter cold Are those by misery made old! Robbed of their birthright, pinched and thin, Peering our pleasant homes within— Our little Brothers stand outside, To look on joys they are denied!)

Your children's hearts, and mine, will be Made happy by a Christmas tree Aglow with lights. And oh! the sun Of hanging stockings, every one— Then, off to bed, imagining What Santa Claus is going to bring.

(But—in the midst of gladness, hark! Is that a child's sob in the dark? One of our little Sisters weeps And sobs, even as she sleeps. Because—oh, Mary's Son!—because Her name's not known to Santa Claus!)

So, light the candles if you will, To guide the Christ—but, better still, Give of your goods that there may be More happiness, less tragedy— At Christmas, he who does no giving Has yet to learn the joy of living! —Marie V. Caruthers, in N. Y. Times.

Hunting for the Christmas Tree

JES' as happy as kin be Hunting for the Christmas tree! "Get a big one," says the boys— "Lime enough for all the toys!" So we're lookin' left an' right, All the Christmas trees in sight.

Jes' as happy as kin be, Thinkin' how that Christmas tree In the days o' long ago Made the young ones love it so! Thinkin' o' them o' rim-jays, Ain't we jes' bald-headed boys?

Still the spirit's glad an' free Where love finds the Christmas tree! With the little ones around, Life's sweet blossoms on Love's ground. Still for us there's a joy to be Flur'n' up the Christmas tree! —Frank L. Stanton in the Atlanta Constitution.

The Christmas Star

Upon a still and starry night When very stillness thrilled The watch of sentinels—the night When hope would be fulfilled— Through silent skies A starlight flit: That God's eternal will.

While eager eyes first caught its ray, An eye long bent— Unlike the night, unlike the day, But glory glared!— These slaying skies! Maps brilliant: That earth is now its way.

Around heaven high the chorus sang, Until earth, too, was filled, And more joyful angels as they sang— So much like hearts were thrilled— "North star bright skies The heralds: No confusion here still! —Charles A. Hunt.

THE THREE "F'S"

THE important thing about Christmas is the way you feel. Not bodily feeling, but heart-feeling.

And the heart-feeling should be one of fun, faith and frolic. Fun for as many as you can reach.

Faith in the fun of giving. Frolic with the nearest and dearest.

A Christmas filled with these three "F's" will shed sparks of happiness on many a day to come.

There is too much running about to find pleasure when the greatest joy can be found on our own thresholds.

If we are determined to seek it.—Martha B. Thomas. (© 1923, Western Newspaper Union.)

HER CHRISTMAS TRIP

The family were going away for Christmas to their old home in the beautiful country which they loved so much. They hadn't gone back at Christmas time for ever and ever so long.

They said, at first they would give their faithful, wonderful cook a check and a holiday, and then they asked her if she would like the Christmas trip as her Christmas present.

Would she indeed? Just because she was no longer a child it didn't mean that she couldn't enjoy as a child!

She went and she loved it all—even the over-crowded trains, the hurrying masses of people in the jammed stations—for wasn't it her Christmas trip?

She, too, was a part of the great holiday travel!—M. G. Bonner. (© 1923, Western Newspaper Union.)

SPEAKING OF FUEL

A Christmas gift for the man with the average domestic supply of coal: A magnifying glass, a pair of tweezers and the framed motto, "Keep the home fires burning."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Near-Bread.

The South Sea Island housewife does not have to make bread. There is a tree in those islands called the bread-fruit tree, the bread of which, when baked in an oven, looks and tastes very much like wheat bread.

Stop COUGHS COLDS AND CROUP QUICK RELIEF WITH FOLEY'S HONEY AND TAR ESTABLISHED 1875

HITE'S DRUG STORE

Gas! you will drive a longer stretch between stops if you get yourself into the habit of stopping for gas at the TEXACO pump at East Jordan Co-operative Association

NR TONIGHT Tomorrow Alright NR a mild, vegetable laxative to relieve Constipation and Biliousness and keep the digestive and eliminative functions normal. Used for over 25 years.

ALCOCK PLASTERS A Standard Remedial Remedy. Backache, Rheumatism, Lumbago, Any Local Pain. Made in ALCOCK'S—the Original.

Neglected coughs— A cold often leaves behind a cough that hangs on and on—wearing you out with its persistent hacking. Dr. King's New Discovery will stop it quickly by stimulating the mucous membranes to throw off the clogging secretions. It has an agreeable taste. All druggists.

SADDLEKICK AN IDEAL GIFT FOR BOY OR GIRL. SADDLEKICK with its own set of tools for repairing bicycles, is a most useful and desirable gift. Price \$2.50. Order from SADDLEKICK CO., 221 North 3rd St., St. Louis, Mo.

LUDENS



