

**Mysterious Kindness
Bound Up in a Bundle**

RFTER the joyous excitement of Christmas Day they all sat about the blazing hearth fire with happy remembrance thoughts and called upon the doctor to tell them a story.

"I will," he said, "upon one condition; each one of you must throw a small fagot upon the blaze and tell a story as long as it burns, then I will tell my story."

So they did, and pleasant and laughing interest went round until the turn came to the doctor.

"Well," said he, as he threw a larger fagot into the fire, "my story is not yet a day old, and still it is not a little one, for, as I went my round of calls this morning I was surprised to see a large bundle lying in front of the door of a cottage by the roadside that looked as if it were in need of paint and everything else. Curious to understand the matter, I stopped to investigate it and discovered by a card that was pinned upon the wrapper that the bundle was designed for Mrs. Cafferty. Knocking upon the door, I at last induced the woman herself to open it. Reading the card to her, I lifted the bundle into the room, whereupon she called out in a loud voice: 'Here, you, Mike, Nora, Rose, Timothy, Patrick, Bridget and Kate, come here you spalpeens and see what the leprechauns have brought ye.'

"They came, from above, below, and from all sides they came, and it is many a day since I have seen as much joy as came out of the mysterious kindness that was bound up in the good things of that bundle."

Before they went to bed they voted the doctor's story the best Christmas story of them all.—Christopher G. Hazard.

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Now Comes a Season

NOW comes a season in the changing year

When white snow drifts beneath the country trees.

When white snow lies along far streets and near,

And sleeps upon the earth and joy sees.

Now is the season in the march of time

When candles in each winter window burn.

When holly glows and towered church bells chime,

And carols mark the bright hours as they turn.

Now is a season, tinsel-strewn and gay,

Of ribboned gifts and secrets lightly told.

And now there is one joyous, fleeting day

When young hearts beat, rejoicing with the old,

While down the ages, gleaming still and far,

Clear through the frosty night shines one bright star.

—Sarah Brown, in Chicago Evening American.

The Christmas Mystery

(© 1923, Western Newspaper Union.)

HOW marvelous! that such a little Christ

Could soothe the sorrows of so large a world!

That light could shine so long and beam so far

From the bright face of such a tiny star!

To eyes that see and hearts that ne'er forget,

The star of Bethlehem is shining yet.

—Christopher G. Hazard

Honesty of Friends.

Most men believe in the honesty of their fellows until after they have endorsed a few notes for friends.

CHRISTMAS ALONE

A fellow that is far away from his home folks on Christmas day may make an effort to be gay, but doesn't have much luck, says a writer. For though he occupies no chair, across the miles his heart is there, with mother, dad and sis to share the dressing and something in his throat grows tight and makes him dream of home.

THE FIRST CHRISTMAS CAROL

Fear not, for, behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people. For unto you is born this day in the city of David a Savior, which is Christ the Lord. And this shall be a sign unto you; ye shall find the babe wrapped in swaddling clothes, lying in a manger.

Chorus:
Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good-will toward men.—St. Luke's Gospel.

SOME PEOPLE

Some grownups are so childish that they do not even believe in Santa Claus.

ON SHOPPERS' LIST

The next event in the shopper's life will be the January sales.

Jap Barbers.

Barbers in Japan, in addition to cutting their customer's hair, clean out their ears with a contrivance somewhat like a series of blunt knitting needles padded on the ends with cotton.

On His Honor.

So long as the world lasts there will always be that scoundrel married man who swears on his honor that he mailed the letter he still has in his pocket.—Richmond Times-Dispatch.

Gifts a Girl Will Like



On a new-style ribbon sash, lotus blossoms and waves are applied, of narrow metal-edged ribbon in two colors, and a collar of yellow organdie, edged with lace, is gayly embroidered with red daisies of silk floss.

Adrian—The State Department of Conservation has been asked by the University of Michigan to obtain the transfer of the skeletons of nine Indians and a quantity of personal trinkets, buried with the aborigines, to the custody of the university. The skeletons and the personal effects were unearthed in Cambridge Township, about 20 miles northwest of Adrian when a steam shovel excavating for a new grade on the state trunk line, known as the Chicago Pike, picked up the leg bone of a human.

Poetic Justice.

An Ohio judge sentenced a man who had attempted suicide to spend twenty-four hours in the morgue.

GOOD IDEA



He—Don't you think it would be a good idea to hang up some mistletoe?
She—Christmas is several weeks away.

He—Yes, but we could be practicing.

THE REASON OF REINDEER

"I know why Santa Claus has reindeer," announced little Mary.

"Why?" asked her mother.

"Cause they have Christmas trees growing on their heads!"—M. B. Thomas.

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IT'S A GOOD TRYOUT

The man who has tried to hide some gifts from the wife or kids knows how futile is the attempt to secrete the jewelry from burglars.

A GENEROUS PRAYER

There is no finer Christmas sentiment than the words of Tiny Tim: "God bless us every one!"

Disease Hits Limes.

The growing of limes in Dominica, the principal industry of that island, is threatened for the first time in its history with serious curtailment from the withering tip disease.

Star of the East

Star of the East, that long ago brought wise men up their way
Where angels singing to and fro,
The Child of Bethlehem lay—
Above that Syrian hill afar
Close about, set, tonight, O Star!

Star of the East, the night was brown
But for the tender grace
That with thy glare comes to cheer
Earth's loneliest, darkest place;
For by that charity we see
Where there is hope for all, and we.

Star of the East, show us the way
In wisdom undefiled
To seek that manger out and lay
Our gifts before the Child—
To bring our hearts and offer them
Unto our King in Bethlehem!

—Eugene Field

Christmas Belles

How sweet they are,
The Christmas bells!
They never jar,
How sweet they are;
As from afar
Their music swells.
How sweet they are,
The Christmas bells.

Another belle
Is charming, too.
I need not tell
Another belle;
You know full well
That it is you!
Another belle
Is charming, too.

—Leslie Mary Oyley.

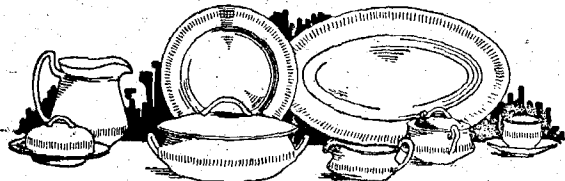
EFF AN DEE VARIETY

"The Little Store of Little Prices"
The Christmas Spirit
Is Here
To Welcome You



EFF AN DEE VARIETY

"The Little Store of Little Prices"
Only Ten More Days
To Do Your
Christmas Shopping



Make someone happy with one of these
Dinner Sets

- STAPLE highly glazed, pure white. \$8.75
- Fancy Traymore shape, 48 pcs. \$8.75
- CAPTOL Gold Band, Light weight, \$9.00
- New shapes, 43 pcs.
- BLUE BIRD, fancy shape, delicately \$9.98
- tinted blue bird, gold edges, 42 pcs.
- GOLD BOWKNOT, Fine quality \$10.48
- thin pure white semi-porcelain, gold decorated edges, 42 pcs.
- SUGAR and CREAM Sets \$1.00 to \$1.50
- Hand painted effects.
- Sugar and Creamer, Japanese \$2.00 to \$2.25
- imported china, Hand Painted.
- Bouillon Sets, Handsome imported \$3.75
- Hand painted china set, 12 pcs.
- Berry Sets, Berry dish and six individuals \$2.25
- In fancy gift box.
- Cake Plates, Hand Painted 50c to \$1.00
- Effects. In gift box.
- Fancy Plates in gift boxes. 65c to \$1.00
- Fancy Japanese Cake or Bread and \$70c
- Butter plates hand decorated imported China. 6 FOR
- Cake Plate and six Individuals, finely \$2.25
- decorated hand painted.
- Baby Plates with hold-fast attachment \$1.25
- nice decorated with attachment for fastening to table or chair.
- Celery Sets, Tray and six individuals \$1.75
- Imported Japanese ware.
- Mayonaisse or Whip Cream Sets, thin china \$75c
- plate, bowl and ladle.
- SALAD BOWLS. 50c to \$1.00

My what a lot of Dolls and Toys we have sold the past two weeks, but we are ready for the last minute rush of Christmas shoppers. New shipments of Dolls, Doll Cabs and toys has made our stocks more complete than it was two weeks ago.

DOLLS

- Mama Dolls..... 50c, \$1.00, \$1.50, up to \$3.00
- Jointed Dolls..... 50c, 75c, \$1.50, \$1.75 up to \$8.00
- Dolls from 5c up to suit everyone
- Doll Carts..... 50c to \$4.00

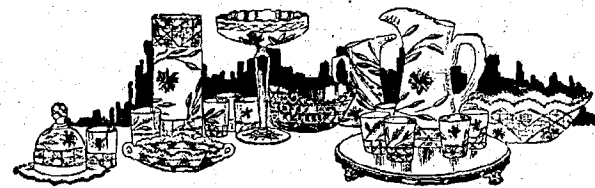
Electric Trains

- THE AMERICAN FLYER, Electric Type Locomotive, \$4.50
- 2-Pullman Cars, 8 sections curved track 82 in. long Regular \$5.00 set our price.
- MECHANICAL TRAIN, Locomotive, Tender and Passenger \$1.25
- Car, 60 Inches Track.
- Mechanical Toys..... from 5c to \$1.00
- Gyro Friction Toys..... \$1.00 to \$3.00

Our Assortment of Toys is the largest ever shown under one roof in East Jordan and at prices that move them fast.

Here Are But A Few Of Our Many GIFT OFFERINGS

- Ladies' Handkerchiefs, solid colors and plain white in fancy boxes..... Box 25c
- Ladies handkerchiefs solid colors and plain Embroidered corners..... each 10c
- Automatic lead pencils gold and silver plated with Black Santoirs..... 50c
- Automatic Pencils Goldline finish ring end & pocket clip..... 10c
- Alarm Clocks, the guaranteed kind..... \$1.20
- Candle Stick, white ivory finish with Candle and Shade..... \$1.25
- Kiddies Hand Bags or Vanity Boxes..... 50c
- Kiddies Hand Bags Leather..... 15c
- Ladies Hand Bags Leather..... 95c
- Barretts..... 5c to 23c
- Bead Necklaces..... 10c to 25c
- Fancy Hair Ornaments..... 10c to 25c
- Neck Chains, gold plated with cross and heart pendants 10c to 25c
- Cuff Links..... pair 10c
- Bracelets large assortment..... 10c



GLASSWARE

Always Acceptable Gifts

- GENUINE CUT GLASS WATER SET \$8.50
- 7 Pieces, Tankard Jug and Six tumblers Very Special.
- Sherberts, 5oz. Colonial footed sherberts bright clear white crystal, set of 6..... 48c
- SHERBERTS, Grape cut tall full finished crystal, genuine cut grape cluster..... Set of 6 \$1.35
- SHERBERTS, Genuine Cut Glass \$1.35
- Star design..... Set of 6
- Tumblers, Cut glass star and frosted design..... Set of 6 \$1.25
- Pickle and Olive dishes, genuine cut floral decorations..... each 25c
- Nappie or Bon Bon Dishes, genuine cut floral designs..... each 25c
- Cream and Sugar Sets, genuine cut floral sprays, fine quality, Crystal Set..... 59c
- Glass Lamp complete, Fount, Burner, wick and shade..... 75c
- Fish Globes, very heavy glass, 2 gallon..... \$1.18

PYREX

At Prices That Sell

- PYREX SET, 5 piece Set, Casserole, bread pan, pie plate, biscuit pan and baking dish in beautiful Gift Box..... \$5.00
- PYREX PIE PLATES, 9 1/2 inch wide rim, each 59c
- PYREX CASSEROLE, without stand..... \$1.95
- EARTHENWARE CASSEROLE, white lined, highly polished nickel plated steel holder \$1.95

It's Not Too Late To Embroider a Small Piece of Stamped Goods for Some Dear Friend. We Have a Good Selection of Pieces 10c to \$1.00

EFF AN DEE VARIETY
"THE LITTLE STORE OF LITTLE PRICES"

Charlevoix County Herald.

Vol. 27

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No. 50

Christmas Bells

By F. H. SWEET

RING out in joy, O chiming bells,
For in your melody there dwells
The music glad of Christmas-tide
On every hearthstone far and wide
And rosy lips with laughter sweet
The happy songs of life repeat—
Ring out in joy.

RING out in hope, O chiming bells,
For your clear voice of patience tells
To waiting hearts whose promise yields
No golden fruit of harvest fields,
Whose garnered grain of toiling hand
Lies heaped upon a barren land—
Ring out in hope.

RING out in grief, O chiming bells,
For in your trembling echo dwells
To saddened hearts a thought of old
A picture framed in memory's gold,
A vanished face beneath the snow,
A dream of life's sweet long ago—
Ring out in grief.

RING out in cheer, O chiming bells,
For in your peal a promise dwells
To listening hearts that strive to hear,
The future's voice of hope and cheer;
For love and joy will have their birth
As snowdrops spring from icy earth—
Ring out in cheer.

RING out in peace, O chiming bells,
For Christmas-tide a message tells
To eager souls that bravely wait
And loyal hearts too strong for fate
To crush to earth; oh, listen then
'Tis "Peace on earth, good will to men"—
Ring out in peace.

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Story of a Stocking That Was So Empty

JACOB SCRIM was accounted a prosperous man. Early in life he had adopted a motto of get-there-advances that had apparently served him well. He could survey premises that yielded good rentals to him, mortgages that were a first claim upon good farms, stocks and bonds that were called gilt-edged. Sitting in his dingy office he did not appear to have any very exciting business, but his clients found that there was plenty of exaction before they were done with him. It was a favorite amusement with him during the intervals of occupation to go over his books, gloat over his securities, and redinger a stock of gold that he kept to assure himself of the reality of his power and the possibilities of his life, should he ever care to use them. This glittering illusion he strangely kept in an old stocking, hard by another in the massive safe, the second containing a collection of gems that he lived to handle without letting any of them slip through his fingers.

He was thus amusing himself one Christmas Eve, all unconscious of the radioed and radiant hopes and purposes that filled the atmosphere outside and ever surged through his room in which he sat, and all unable to tune in with any of them, when he seemed to see upon the wall a handwriting and to hear a voice that interpreted it to him, saying: "Oh poor dupe of falsity! When will you hang up a stocking emptied by benevolence and make an investment in real happiness? When will you serve love, that it may present you with his best gifts? Are there none who need but cannot have in this great city? Are there no hopeful children who will creep down-to-disappointment on Christmas morning? Power of light and heat, of truth and love, of purest happiness is in these baubles that you handle, but your heart is shriveled up into nothingness. You have lost your income and must leave your principal. Come with me."

Was it a dream? Who can say? But they found him there the next morning, cold with a new coldness and grasping with a futile hand the full stocking that was so empty!—Christopher G. Hazard.

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CHRISTMAS CAROLS

IN A SMALL village every Christmas eve the organist of the little church and some of the girls and boys of the choir go forth and sing carols.

They go to homes where there are older people, perhaps where they cannot get out during the winter time, and they give their Christmas concert.

And they sing under the windows of those homes so that their voices sound truly as carols sung under the stars on the night before Christmas.

A simple enough thing to do, perhaps, but very lovely. It brings pleasure to those who hear the carols and those who sing them love this Christmas-time festival of their very own.

—Mary Graham Bonner.
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THE TRADE



The Christmas gift she gave to me,
From it I never will part.
I gave her a diamond;
I gave her a diamond;
And she gave to me her heart.

DESERT HOLLY

Though not profuse enough for general gathering at Christmas time, and not as suitable as the regular holly for wreath-making purposes, the desert holly (Perezla nana) of the Southwest is a peculiar little plant with stiff, smooth, dull bluish-green leaves with prickly edges, like holly leaves, but not so stiff. The plant bears one light purplish-pink flower, the head about an inch long, with purplish bracts. The plant grows but two or three inches high, and looks somewhat like a little sprig stuck in the sand. Another plant with bluish-white leaves and erroneously called "desert holly" is sometimes used for wreaths on the Pacific coast.—C. F. Wadsworth.
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Magnifying Happiness.

Give a man 75 per cent of misfortune and he will magnify his 25 per cent of happiness into 100.

California Adopts Cay Christmas Berry

ROYAL to its own products, California has adopted the "Christmas berry" as its holly, and from some points of similarity it makes a very good substitute for the well-known holly of the eastern states.

The California holly—Christmas berry—today—is not very similar to the regular holly in structure, but the tint of the leaves and of the berries approximates the colors afforded by the regular sort.

The leaves of the California holly are not of the form of holly leaves, but the berries easily suggest the regular species. To make the effect seem more real, some florists of coast cities mix the berries of the California holly with the prickly foliage of the live oak.

The shrubs of the California holly grow 2 to 25 feet tall, and the flowers appear in July and August, and the berries, which grow in large clusters similar to cherries, are ripe by Thanksgiving and remain on the trees for some time, although they do not keep well after being plucked.

The plant is common in most of the southern half of the state, and at Christmas time the rich cardinal berries contrasted with the full green of the foliage adds a gay note to the florists' windows and the baskets of the street vendors.

The berries have a rather pleasant taste, somewhat acid and astringent, and are "sometimes eaten by the Indians with great relish," according to Mary Elizabeth Parsons Cunningham, in "Wild Flowers of California."

Such has been the wild scramble for California holly at Christmas times in recent years that it has been necessary to protect the shrubs by law, it now being a misdemeanor to gather the holly in the hills and along the highways without the permission of the owner of the property. Landowners, however, usually are willing for motor parties to avail themselves of a reasonable supply of the rich red and green decorating material for home use, but dealers are often at a loss to supply the demand at Christmas time.—C. F. Wadsworth.
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O HOLY CHILD OF BETHLEHEM

O HOLY Child of Bethlehem,
By Heavenly hosts adored;
O wondrous Child of Bethlehem,
Earth's dear and gracious Lord!

O blessed feet in Galilee
That trod the busy shores;
O welcome feet in Galilee,
Whom thousands thronged before.

O gentle friend in Bethany
Who loved the sisters twain;
O weeping Christ in Bethany,
Who shared our parting pain!

O wrestler in Gethsemane
With mystic hate and fears;
O Victor in Gethsemane
O'er all that tempt us here!

O thorn-crowned head on Calvary
That bowed for us in woe;
O pierced side on Calvary,
Whose blood for us did flow!

Let Thine uplifted Cross have power
To draw mankind to Thee;
Yea, cleanse our sight this very hour
—Thy Cross of love to see.

Our hearts to keep, our lives to spend,
We fight as Thy feet;
O bind us, till our years shall end
In loving service meet.
—Ebenezer Sherman Oakley.

At Christmas Time

AT Christmas time so hallowed are
The hours and beautiful and fair,
Love thronging all the wooded air,
We almost dwell upon a star
And hear the lovely music there,
We tread a thousand pathways new.
It seems enough of love, peace,
Of color and of beauty be
Before our eyes the scenes bright
To last and bring us happiness
The long year through, with melody
And legends sweet and long delight.
For those's remembrance in it all,
It's summed up in the loveliest word,
As in Bethlehem was born
The Babe, our glad hearts to enthral
In the manger of the Lord
And His name love the Christmas name.
Ring out, O Christmas bells, upon
The air in ringing sweet accord
The tale of peace, good will to men,
Of kindness, and happiness
Through gifts of purest thought,
That gleam in the world again.
—Merrilla Southland, in Detroit Free Press.

Place Your Order Now For

Christmas HOLLY and Wreaths

POTTED PLANTS CUT FLOWERS

E. R. KLEINHANS

YOUR EARLY ORDER WILL BE APPRECIATED.

Phone 174

RADIO for Christmas

What better gift for the entire family? The world's news and entertainment in your home.

TODAY news and entertainment to suit everyone is immediately available right at your fireside. No matter how isolated your home, Radio binds you to civilization. By a turn of dial, happenings, entertainments and amusements of the world are at your command.

We are the exclusive agents for the famous DeForest Reflex Radiophones. This set operates without outside wires of any kind. We can supply any of the popular Radio sets.

Complete Radio Outfits as low as \$27.50

Ask For a Demonstration.

THE BATTERY SHOP

Leslie L. Miles Phone 24

WINTER BATTERY STORAGE.

The Spirit of Christmas

By Robert Stead

Widow Stately Recognizes the Voice of Freddie Freedman, Mischief Maker.

Friend Wife Satisfied There is No Party of the Third Part

where the sun in mornings came up from the east. At noon he poured down gently among the evergreens that clothed the hillsides of her little farm, and in the evenings, before time for sunset on the plains below, he faded out in yellow splendor over stark white peaks that guarded the widow's valley from the west.

The Widow Stately had been a widow even when she came into that little nook in the foothills with her son Frank, a winsome lad of fourteen or thereabouts. Here they had "dug in" with their little herd of heifers, and Frank had plowed the valley field for oats and potatoes, and, with the help of a carpenter, they had built the house of spruce logs where a mountain stream gurgled lullabies in the still nights.

At the end of the six years they were on their feet. The fields had extended; the herd had grown; the cream cans went down to town three times a week; there was new furniture in the log house and a lilt of song again in the widow's heart. But one new pang was hers; mother love could not quite stifle the pang when her handsome Frank rode out with the yellow-haired Allison girl from south of the ridge.

At the end of that same six years came the war. And now the Widow Stately is doubly a widow, and the Allison girl is old before her time.

Down the valley a mile or more live the Freedmans. And Freddie Freedman, at fourteen, unhappily runs to mischief, as the sparks fly upward. Was it not Freddie who left the Stately gates open at Halloween? Was it not Freddie who unbolted the reach in the widow's wagon? Who but Freddie transposed the front and rear wheels of her buckboard? Who but Freddie shot the wild ducks which she was taming, and drank cream in her dairy when she had gone to town?

And tonight, as a blanket of Christmas snow carpets the foothills and the valley, the widow returns from town with her melancholy parcels for Christmas cheer. Tonight the fire will burn on her hearth, and strange visions will wax and wane in the glow of embers; visions of the First Frank and the Second Frank, and a nightmare of horror



A Blanket of Christmas Snow Carpets the Foothills and the Valley.

at Vimy Ridge. The fire will die out, and Christmas will creep in, wan and cheerless and alone.

But as she drives up by the log house she sees a sturdy young figure at work in the woodshed, and—can she be dreaming?—the spruce logs at the end of the house have been cut and piled for the winter's burning. And the sturdy young figure comes out and takes her horses by the head.

"Let me put your team away while you go in and warm yourself, Mrs. Stately," said a voice. "See, I have started a fire for you."

So like Frank it seemed that she dared not break the spell. Without a word, she sank in the rocker by the fire.

But he was so long in coming that at length she went to the door. The sturdy figure was just disappearing down the road in the gray cloud of night.

"Who are you? Who are you?" she called after him.

"I am the Spirit of Christmas," he answered.

And then she knew his voice. "You're not!" she laughed. "You're Freddie Freedman!"

Friend Husband had had a busy day at the office and Friend Wife had moped all day at home.

It seemed to Friend Wife that her husband took his office duties after her too complacently. For a time after they were married he always was home before six; now he was fre-

quently late. And he didn't seem properly distressed over it. That was what worried her most.

So Friend Wife learned to mope a little, and to complain a little, and to wonder a good deal. And the more she moped and complained the less did Friend Husband hurry from the office. The office had become his retreat.

Moreover, there was the Party of the Third Part. Friend Wife had never seen the Party of the Third Part, but she could not doubt her existence. For a year back her husband had forgotten to kiss her when he went to the office, and when he came home. And on those rare nights when he stayed at home he read the newspaper, and yawned, and found the time heavy on his hands. So you see there must be a Party of the Third Part.

This fear gripped the little woman so deeply that one night she determined she would know the worst. Her husband had not come home to dinner; he had telephoned that he was very busy in the office. He would just slip out and have a bite. And he would likely be late—don't sit up. She would know the truth!

So she put on a long cloak, and a veil affair that she could draw over



There at the End Sat an Oldish Man. It Was Her Husband!

her face, and she went straight to his office in time to intercept him before he left for his appointment. A light shone through the frosted doors, but all inside was silent as the tomb.

"He has gone already!" she exclaimed to herself. Then she gently tried the door. It opened to her hand. Her eyes swept a vista of deserted desks. How forlorn and irksome they looked! But everyone was gone. No! There at the end sat an oldish man. It was her husband! It had never struck her before that her husband was beginning to be an oldish man. He had not heard her. He was intent over a statement with long columns of figures, and he was making calculations on a pad of paper before him.

From where she stood she could see the gray tinge about his temples, and the thinning hair on the top of his head. His brow was set in deep furrows. And suddenly Friend Wife found herself swallowing desperately at something in her throat. Suddenly she knew that there was no Party of the Third Part, and never had been a Party of the Third Part, and that she was a foolish, wicked woman.

She drew the door gently shut. In the basement of the building was a restaurant, where also was a waiter who, for a consideration, would carry a meal to her husband's office. Quickly she gave the order, for two; it was to be a modest meal, not too expensive, but healthful, and garnished with love.

The waiter carried it in and set it down on the little correspondence table, beside Friend Husband's desk. And a beautiful woman sat down beside it, and held out her hands to the troubled man with the long column of figures, and smiled.

"Who are you? Who are you?" he demanded.

"I am the Spirit of Christmas," she said.

"You are more than that!" he cried.

"You are my wife . . . my . . . my love!"

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THE HOUSE OF CHRISTMAS

To an open house in the evening Home shall men come,
To an older place than Eden
And a taller town than Rome.

To the end of the way of the wandering star.

To the things that cannot be and that are.

To the place where God was homeless
And all men are at home.
—G. K. Chesterton.

A TRUE PROVERB

It was nearly twelve o'clock on Christmas Eve and the magic hour that would usher in the Christmas genius was about to strike, but with Mrs. Fogarty it was never too late to mend, and a long stocking, with a needle sticking in the last stitch of the last hole, lay in her lap as she slept in her chair. No sound of bells awakened her, and when she opened her eyes upon the gifts that had replaced the emptiness of the stocking and the dancing ball at its heel she could only account for the kindness of her unknown friend by exclaiming, "Well, well, Santa Claus himself must have been here, but who does he think I am, I wonder?"—C. G. Hazard.
(© 1923, Western Newspaper Union.)

Christmas-March Was Played by Minister

HE minister had hung up his stockings, too. The sprites that put into it a candy cane, a lollipop, a ball, an apple and a motor car, that would go, had added a mouth organ, most appropriate and perhaps most needed of all gifts, for what other mouth should so dispense harmony?

Then, after breakfast, came the procession into the parlor and onto the wonderful tree. First, little Sarah, with the early and aided steps of her one year and the big eyes of her first Christmas tree. Then demure Helen, blowing her own horn for once, then big Sarah and all the uncles, aunts and cousins, then father and mother, and then the minister, playing his new march upon his new organ.

When they were all seated in the happy circle they asked for the words of that new tune and here they are:

If birds could sing in Christmas trees,
If they could hum with happy bees,
If they were sweet with all the spice
Of all things beautiful and nice,
They could not altogether be
More full of love than this, our tree,
Chorus—March, march to the Christmas tree.
It has a loving gift for thee.

Then they all sang it, after which the beautiful tree yielded its fruit.
—Christopher G. Hazard.

(© 1923, Western Newspaper Union.)

Christmas Telegrams Add Yuletide Cheer

HE WAS always busy, always rushing, always hurrying. He always had so many things to attend to and so many people were constantly pressing it upon his time with this demand, with that, which required attention.

He wished he could see more of his friends. His friends wished they could see more of him. He was the sort they would like to see more of and at times they were a little annoyed that he was so busy.

He was busier than was really normal. They said he had no time for the pleasant things of life and that he could neither enjoy things himself nor could he be enjoyed because he was always having so much to do.

But he took time for one thing, he never failed to take time for it.

Every Christmas he sent all his friends beautiful Christmas telegrams of cheer. He thought of them and he remembered them and every Christmas morning as his friends opened their gay Christmas telegrams they would say:

"He always finds time to think of me on Christmas morning, anyway! What a pleasure this is!"—Mary Graham Bonner.

(© 1923, Western Newspaper Union.)

REAL SPIRIT

IF THE real spirit of Christmas is within us we will, indeed, find that it is more blessed to give than to receive, and we will give out of the fullness of our hearts and because of the joy that giving brings us, instead of from any other motive. So to get the real joy of giving and to receive the richness of the Christmas spirit in fullest measure, give because your heart prompts you to and forget all else.—Katherine Edelman.
(© 1923, Western Newspaper Union.)

"It Is More Blessed to Give Than Receive"

HE has nothing to do with banks or savings accounts; but more money is saved at Christmas-time than any other time of the year. Yes, saved. That may sound absurd to a lot of people who have spent all their money buying presents for their families and friends and neighbors, but it is true just the same. How? Why, because giving is the finest sort of saving, and not only saving, but investing. Every good gift is a permanent gain to the giver; it is better than a bank book carrying the same amount, for a gift is more truly a saving than credit account on a bank ledger. If you want to save your money, give it away—wisely. Does that sound unreasonable? Remember, it is more blessed to give than receive.—F. H. Sweet.
(© 1923, Western Newspaper Union.)

AUNT MEHITABLE'S PRESENT

Aunt Mehitable had a powerful and active imagination that often kept her awake. She was ever creating difficulties by imagining them and making things crooked by trying to straighten them out. "Hrum," said she, "I can't think what has got into George; I didn't like the way he looked at us this morning."

"Probably he was thinking of somebody else," answered her brother.

"George," began his aunt the next day, "what was the matter with you yesterday morning, you looked sourer 'n pickles."

"Nothin' was the matter with me," said the boy. "I was puzzlin' over your Christmas present." Then he added, "Since you're so mighty suspicious, I guess I'll give it up." But remembering her goodness of heart, George relented, and when the day that shines away all unpleasantness came round, Aunt Mehitable had a new night-cap.
—C. G. Hazard.
(© 1923, Western Newspaper Union.)

"The Bank with the Chime Clock"

MONEY FOR CHRISTMAS

You will need money NEXT Christmas just as you need it this.

HERE IS AN EASY WAY TO GET IT—A Sure Way to Have It.

Join the CHRISTMAS SAVINGS CLUB which the Peoples State Savings Bank will operate during the year of 1924 and you will easily accumulate money for next Christmas. There will be hundreds of others helping you all working toward the same goal.

Of all such systems on the market, we have selected, we believe, the one easiest to understand and the one simplest in its operation.

You pay in a small amount each week and next December you receive a check for a sizable sum.

There is a class to fit every pocket book. You may start with 1c, 2c or 5c and increase your payments each week for fifty weeks or you may start with \$2.50, \$1.00 or 50c and decrease your payments each week. If you prefer to pay in the same amount each week, there are classes in which you may pay 10c a week, 25c a week, 50c a week, \$1.00 a week, \$2.00 a week or \$5.00 a week. You may join as many different classes as you wish.

Every cent you pay in will be paid back to you next December and if your payments have been made promptly the amount will be increased by interest.

Call now and enroll as a member. The first payment is due December 17.

There will be hundreds of members. You will wish to be one of them.

The PEOPLES STATE SAVINGS BANK

East Jordan, Michigan

"The Bank with the Chime Clock"

Charlevoix County Herald.

Vol. 27

EAST JORDAN, MICHIGAN, FRIDAY, DECEMBER 14, 1923.

No. 50

Kiddies Will Be Entertained

By The City on Christmas Day At Temple Theatre

East Jordan's kiddies will again be the guest of the city at the Temple Theatre on Christmas Day at 2:00 o'clock standard time, owing to the decided success of last year's community Christmas that was given for the children even more effort and preparation is being made that every child will be made happy on this occasion, besides candy, fruits, and nuts, a special movie of the kind kids like has been secured, your children will be well taken care of, special attendants will be on hand to look after them. Don't forget to see that your children are at the big party given to them by the City of East Jordan.

A UNIQUE ENTERTAINMENT TO BE GIVEN AT THE SCHOOL

Mrs. Sebring, who heads our high school department of English, has in preparation a program, of exceptional interest and beauty, which she will present at the auditorium on the evening of December nineteenth, at seven-thirty, slow time.

This program is the culmination of a class project which was begun last May, and it will compare favorably with the best that city schools have to offer. We sincerely hope that all parents and friends of the school will be present in such numbers that it will be necessary to repeat the entertainment. It is really good enough to be seen a number of times. So come and have a good time while something really excellent is being done by your own young people. Your presence will make us very happy, and inspire us to do our best.

A tithe of the door receipts will be used to make some needy children happy, and the rest will be used for the school. The price of admission is to be only fifteen and twenty-five cents, a price you will be surprised at the smallness of when you see what elaborate preparations have been made in the way of costumes, etc.

Mr. Duncanson pronounces the plans the very kind that all our colleges and universities are calling for, and advising for work in schools. But we want you to be surprised, so we will not say too much about the details. You will have programs that will explain all that. And please come early! Remember! December nineteenth.

Reserves at Hites, ten cents extra board ready early Wednesday morning the day of the program. advertisement.

Grand Rapids—Nehemiah Jonker, 30 years in the grocery business here, died recently. He entered the business when only 14 years old.

Hillman—Francis Charlerand, 20 years old, an invalid, was burned to death in a fire at his home three and a half miles north of here recently.

Flint—Mrs. Elizabeth Lehman, 94 years old, and a resident of Flint for 43 years, died at the home of her daughter, Mrs. Arthur B. Cotharin, here recently.

Ishpeming—The public school building at National Mine, a suburb of Ishpeming, completed last year at a cost of \$100,000, was totally destroyed by fire last week.

Ann Arbor—Herber Steger, who has been named captain of the 1924 Wolverine football team, has the distinction of never having played in a game which his team lost.

Charlotte—Patriarchs of Bellevue Township, near here, plan a banquet for the middle of January. "Youngsters" below 70 years will not be admitted. There are 32 in the township eligible to attend.

Monroe—The sum of \$9,000 has been raised by Trinity Lutheran congregation of this city toward the proposed \$40,000 theological seminary of the Missouri Lutheran synod, to be erected at St. Louis, Mo.

Lansing—Subject to the approval of the board of managers of the Michigan Soldiers Home, the state administrative board last week tentatively approved the use of 54 acres of state land by the city of Grand Rapids for a park. A delegation from Grand Rapids told the board the city now has a park of about 150 acres, and it desires to add the 54-acre tract, which is directly across from the soldiers' home. The governor stated that he will approve the use of the land if the board of managers of the soldiers' home indicates its approval.

Our Christmas Thoughts

IF HUMAN NATURE is the combination of self-seeking, ambition and greed which some materialistic philosophers assert it is; if life is a contest in which all finer sentiments are subordinated to self-advancement and success at any price, how is it that the spirit of Christmas has not only endured but grown in power during nearly 2,000 years? If the pessimists are right, it would seem that the light would have been extinguished long since and with it the spirit would have departed.

Were history and our daily lives not replete with evidences—noble evidences too—of the unselfishness in men's hearts, we might be impressed with the teachings of the sordid and the carplings of the morbid. Christmas is the symbol and a celebration of love—love which is synonymous with charity and which our purest teaching tells us is the finest attribute of the soul. We, who during the past few weeks have watched the Yuletide preparations, are prepared to say that they represent a beautiful manifestation of that attribute.

We have noted the working girl taking home at night her parcels; contributions wrung from the dole of her necessities, in order that she may testify to her love and bring a measure of cheer to some child, some relative, some friend. Tired from her daily toil mayhap, but in her eyes that something which transcends all fatigue; transcends, in fact, everything else in the world and comparable only to that which shone from a mother's eyes upon the Babe in Bethlehem. Friends, in the face of these and so many other manifestations which we are all witnessing during this season, what right has one of us to say that the Light of the World grows dimmer?

Our hearts tell us there is no dimming. Let us be thankful for the extra radiance of Christmas. Let us seek to carry it into our daily lives. Our wish is, that this occasion, at least, will help all of us to forget our tribulations and sorrows, our complaints and animosities, and that it will be to all a day of cheer and everything which Yuletide typifies. The words of Tiny Tim have never been improved upon and we here invoke them: "God bless us all!"

THE PUBLISHERS

(Copyright, 1923)

TAX NOTICE.

Taxes of the City of East Jordan, levied for State, County, County Roads and School purposes, are now due and payable at my office over Hite's Drug Store. If paid on or before January 10th, 1924, no collection fee will be added. Thereafter a charge of four per cent will be added.

G. E. BOSWELL,
City Treasurer.

South Arm Tax Notice.

The Tax Roll for the township of South Arm is now in my hands for collection, and I will be at D. E. Goodman's Hardware each Saturday until March 1st to receive same.

WM. G. MURPHY, Treas.

GLYCERINE MIXTURE PREVENTS APPENDICITIS

Simple glycerine, buckthorn bark, etc., as mixed in Adlerika is excellent to guard against appendicitis. Most medicines act only on lower bowel but Adlerika acts on BOTH upper and lower bowel and removes all gasses and poisons. Brings out matter you never thought was in your system. Helps any case gas on the stomach in TEN minutes.—GIDLEY & MAC, Drug-gists.

Run up your expenses and run down your credit.

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.

DOG LICENSES

All owners of Dogs within the City limits please take notice that licenses are now due and payable until the 10th of January.

G. E. BOSWELL,
City Treasurer.

Babies Love Pappas.

The average baby is so fond of its father that it sleeps during the day while he is busy so it can stay awake all night and enjoy his society.

Male Quartet.

A male quartet is considered a failure if it has no selection permitting the tenor or the basso to reach the ultimate note possible.

What's the Answer.

Most advocates of personal liberty insist that a man has right to be foolish if he wants to. Does repression of free will destroy all initiative?

FREE TRADERS LEAD ENGLAND

Baldwin Loses Control of Commons —Lady Astor Wins.

London—The election returns here represent the verdict of the greater part of London and its suburbs, a majority of the largest English cities, and a half dozen important Welsh and Scottish towns.

The plan to substitute protection for free trade apparently is overwhelmed. Returns indicate that Prime Minister Baldwin can not command working majority of Conservatives in the next Commons. Labor and Liberals made great gains.

Lady Astor was re-elected by a substantial majority over her Labor opponent.

Winston Churchill, a powerful influence in the Liberal Party, lost to a Laborite in Leicester.

Arthur Henderson, secretary of the Labor Party, was defeated. Herbert Asquith wins at Paisley.

Children Under 12 Run Church.

Salem, Va.—There is a religious institution of unusual and unique interest in Salem, the Junior Church of the Methodist Episcopal Church South. The church consists of a congregation of children under 12 years. Each Sunday at 11 o'clock services are conducted in the regulation manner entirely by children. A different child preaches a sermon each Sunday from a text which he himself has chosen. Services are held across the street from where their elders meet.

PETER KRAKAS IS NEW PROPRIETOR OF THE SUGAR BOWL.

East Jordan's Sugar Bowl changed owners the past week when Frank Batsakis sold to Peter Krakas of Buffalo N. Y.

Mr. Batsakis goes to Alpena where he has a position.

Mr. Krakas has been in business at Buffalo for the past ten years and is thoroughly conversant with the Sugar Bowl business. At present he is giving the store a thorough renovation and re-arranging stocks.

Ann Arbor—Patients registered at the University of Michigan hospital during the fiscal year ending June 30 totalled 20,686, an increase of 2,867 over 1922. Dr. Christopher G. Farnall, director of the hospital, announced.

Ishpeming—Edward Snell, a miner near here, was injured when a charge of dynamite placed in a hole preparatory to blasting, exploded prematurely, forcing an iron bar through his hand.

Ann Arbor—Michigan's 1924 conference of the Older Boys, the twenty-second of its kind, will be held in Muskegon, it was decided by the delegates meeting here. Kalamazoo was the only other city extending an invitation.

Marquette—The City of Chicago is asking the assistance of newspapers in the Upper Peninsula of Michigan in locating a 60-foot Christmas tree, to be used in a municipal celebration in the Illinois metropolis, according to a report here.

Ann Arbor—More than 100 Michigan boys and girls spent a week in Chicago attending the International Live Stock Exposition, according to an announcement by R. A. Turner, head of the Boys and Girls Club work throughout the state.

Manistee—Manistee County voters recently approved a \$130,000 bond issue to provide for the county's share of paving M-11. Two districts in the city voted 89 per cent for the issue while Springdale Township turned in a 100 per cent vote.

Albion—Gutted by fire, starting from a defective chimney, the Albion College chapter house of the Delta Tau Delta Fraternity is ruined, with a loss that will run close to \$10,000. The house, one of the largest in Albion, was built 56 years ago by a local pioneer, A. M. Fitch.

Pontiac—From an altitude considerably higher than Pike's Peak, Corporal Dewey Webb, of Selbridge Field, landed safely in a parachute drop near Pontiac. Officers at the field consider it a remarkable stunt. The exact height of the ship when Webb jumped is given at 19,600 feet.

Saginaw—Answering the complaint of Thumb residents that they are suffering from poor Pere Marquette railroad service, officials of the system announced from Saginaw that truck shipments have cut into Thumb business to such an extent that so far this year it has cost \$1.08 to earn \$1.

Lansing—The annual meeting of the Association of High School Principals of Michigan, under the auspices of the Michigan State Teachers' Association, was held here. Officers of the association are: President, R. W. Ward, Mt. Clemens; vice-president, F. J. DuFrain, Pontiac; secretary-treasurer, W. W. Haggard, Saginaw.

Monroe—The laying of concrete of the Ida Bedford road, running from the village of Ida to the Ohio state line, has been completed and has been opened to light traffic. The road, which runs through the villages of Ida and Temperance, is 12 1/2 miles long. It is 18 feet wide, built upon an old roadway, on a four-inch macadam base and eight-inch concrete slab.

Monroe—The largest drain ever laid out in Monroe County has been finished. It is the Ottawa Lake Outlet drain, traversing Whitford, Monroe County, and Riga, Lenawee County, commencing at Ottawa Lake and emptying into Ten-Mile Creek at Sylvania, Ohio. The contractor was obliged to remove 28,000 yards of stone. It is 6 1/2 miles long, 12 feet deep, 44 to 60 feet wide, two-thirds in Whitford Township and the balance in Riga.

Ann Arbor—Fear that a firebug has renewed his efforts to burn the museum, and its contents, has caused University of Michigan authorities to close the museum to the public and place a 24-hour guard about the building. It was announced by Paul Bulkley, acting secretary of the university. A reward has been posted for the apprehension of the person accountable for any fires started on university property. This action was prompted by the finding of the remains of a fire in the basement of the Museum.

STATE NEWS IN BRIEF

Lansing—Mrs. Helen A. Huston, 88 years old, and for 60 years a resident of the capital city, died here recently.

Lansing—The Michigan State Association of Farmers' Clubs held its thirty-first annual meeting at M. A. C. Agricultural Hall recently.

Mrs. Elizabeth Lehman, 94 years old, and a resident of Flint for 43 years, died at the home of her daughter, Mrs. Arthur B. Cotharin, recently.

Lansing—Deportation of Lansing aliens who persist in selling liquor has been demanded by Prosecuting Attorney Barnard Pierce of Ingham county.

Grand Rapids—Miss Helen S. Saunders, 73 years old, who retired last year after having taught for 57 years in the Grand Rapids public schools, died last week.

Holland—Rev. M. H. Kingsbury, pastor of the Wesleyan Methodist church, has resigned his pastorate to fill a chair on the faculty of the Moody Bible Institute in Chicago.

Flint—Dr. Marion LeRoy Burton, president of the University of Michigan, delivered the principal address at the formal dedication of Flint's new \$1,500,000 high school building last week.

Ann Arbor—At the twenty-first annual state older boy's conference here Frank Bush, of Detroit, was elected president of the state organization of Hi-Y clubs, and Walter Neiler, of Lansing, secretary.

Ann Arbor—Students and alumni of the University of Michigan paid honor to Prof. Ellet Saarinen, the noted Finnish architect, who has been at the university several weeks as visiting professor of architecture.

Sturgis—Hog cholera has spread to St. Joseph county, Veré Gorbun, of Fawn River township, having lost 14 hogs in the last week. This is the only farm in St. Joseph county where the disease is known to have broken out.

Menominee—Edward Carl, 2 years old, and his brother, Charles Eugene, 4 years old, sons of Mr. and Mrs. William Garon, died last week of black diphtheria. The parents did not realize the children had been so seriously ill.

Detroit—Mrs. Mary Crandall Davis, the great grandmother of 14 children, celebrated her ninety-ninth birthday last week at the home of her daughter, Mrs. P. S. Saunders, here recently. Among the presents given Mrs. Davis was a bouquet containing 99 roses.

Melvin—John Clayton, 97 years old, the oldest pioneer of Sanilac County, died at his home in Melvin recently. Mr. Clayton settled in Speaker Township in 1855 upon a farm that later became the Village of Melvin. He also cut the first timber to make the roadway through that village, which now is trunk line M-38.

Monroe—The congregation of the First Presbyterian Church by a unanimous vote, has extended a call to the Rev. Steward McClelland. The church is 103 years old, and during that time 28 ministers have presided. It was in the present church building that Elizabeth Bacon was married to Gen. George A. Custer, the noted Indian fighter and victim of the Big Horn massacre.

Lansing—Frank E. Gorman, state treasurer, has called in \$1,500,000 from out-state banks which are state depositories to replenish the general fund here. The reason for the call, it was said, was that the State failed to sell \$3,000,000 worth of highway bonds last month and that amount has already been loaned the Highway Department from the general fund in anticipation of the sale.

Melvin—John Earls, 94 years old, the oldest active veterinary surgeon in this state, an old pioneer of Maple Township, Sanilac County, died recently at his home here. Mr. Earls was active until a short time before his death, having made a professional call two hours previous. He settled in Maple Valley in 1853, carried the first plow upon his back into the township and operated a horsepower threshing outfit for many years before the steam engine was introduced.

Muskegon—Inability of Muskegon to handle the crowds which desired to attend the football games here during the last season has caused the Athletic Association to give serious consideration to the enlargement of Hackley Field and the erection of a stadium. The new field will cover two blocks and will give a seating capacity for 19,000 people. The land was purchased two years ago by the board of education and the new field is a part of the general program worked out at that time.



Nome of Santa Claus



Everything that months of planning and preparation could accomplish to make this store ready for convenient Gift selection has been done, and we welcome you to an array of Gift Goods, carefully selected from the country's foremost display, and economically priced to meet the demands of the most modest pocket book. It is in reality the real Christmas Gift headquarters.



It is hard to imagine more appropriate gifts than the ones listed below.

**Embroidered
Pillow Cases
Towel Sets**

The value of Gifts is not always measured by the price, for example:

**Umbrellas
Silk Hose
Gloves**



Handkerchiefs

Gifts that will please the most discriminating gift buyer are these.

**Bracelets
Fancy Pins
Beads**

It would be well to see these items early since they will sell quickly.

**Linen Towels
Linen Table
Cloths**

Time and again we hear people exclaim the excellence of these articles as gifts. Better look them over.

**Dresses, Crepe, Taffeta and Wool
Ladies and Childrens Sweaters
Ladies and Childrens Coats
Childrens Knit Suits
Wool Middies
Ladies Wool Shawls
Silk Waist or Dress Patterns
Engraved Stationery,**

**TOYS
DOLLS
All Sizes
GAMES
ETC.**

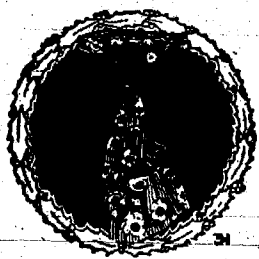
Bibles,

An assortment that provides an attractive array of the newest and best gifts you want to give.

**Bath Robes & Bath Robe Blankets
Ladies and Childrens Purses
Velvet Dress Patterns
Wool Dress Patterns
Leather Goods
All Wool Blankets
Two-in-one Blankets
Womens and Childrens Slippers
White Sewing Machines**

This is a Good Year to Buy Sensible Presents FOR CHRISTMAS

Some Suggestions For The Men and Boys



Our Line of Ties is Direct from Broadway the Center of Fashion

Dont Forget Granddad I know he would like a pair of nice warm slippers we have them. How about a good warm cap for Uncle Jim we have them in Fur or wool.

We have handkerchiefs galore in initials, plain color, colored borders, Pongees, Linon, Silk etc.

**Why Not Get "Dad"
A Warm
Sheep-lined Coat**

If any of the family is going on a journey we carry the BUFFALO LINE of Baggage, Wardrobe Trunks, Common Bags, Suit Cases and Straps.

A line of attractive bath robes

Our Stock of Flannel Shirts is very complete and prices reasonable.

Make Buddy Happy with a Good Wool Sweater.

Best Beau would always think of you when putting on a brushed wool Scarf; we have them in lots of nice patterns

We carry the Iron Clad Socks in silks, cottons, silk and wool, cashmere and worsted. Also heavy ribbed socks for low shoes.

We have a nice line of Gloves, Wool Lined, Fur Lined Kid and Silk Lined.

Does Friend Husband need a new Pair of Trousers we sell the "Stay Pocket" Brand. The nicest fitting Trousers made.

Cousin George wants a new shirt come in and select one from our new stock.



Our Shoe Dept. Is Filled With Good Things In Footwear

Viel Kids in Brown or Black Plain or Fancy Toe Also Velours Boxcalf and Patents We Carry St. Louisan, Sells Weynbergs Etc.

In Workshoes The Lion Brand Is King of All

In Rubber Footwear We Have Well Known Lines Such as Goodrich Hi-Press. Ball Brand. Hood and Goodyear Glove

Our Holiday Line Of Slippers Is Complete

**Come in and see
our stock of
MACKINAW
Overcoats, Suits, Etc.**

EAST JORDAN LUMBER CO.
EAST JORDAN, MICHIGAN

AS Aunt Susan Saw Christmas

By ETHEL COOK HAYOT

Optimistic Niece Touched Right Spot and Was Rewarded by Aged Relative

Compass as Present Drove Praise Over Boudoir Slippers

But nobody answered Aunt Susan, for there was only the canary to hear. Not being interrupted by the canary, a wise little bird who knew Great Aunt Susan's ways, she went on, all to herself, sitting bolt upright among her many lacy pillows in the rich, big bed. "Not much fun going alone, however. Wonder how Jessica or Polly now would like traveling around with a cross old woman. Guess I'll think it over pretty well, though, before I ask either of 'em."

Then silence fell while Great Aunt Susan thought this question over—should she ask one of her great-nieces to see Europe under her care?

The canary, swinging on his perch, began to sing.

Had either Jessica or Polly heard what the canary had heard, they would have begun to sing, too. For neither one of these girls had ever been to Europe, or ever traveled at all. And with both it was the fondest dream.

They were cousins, but how different!

Jessica lived on Elm street in a fashionable little house with her widowed mother, and went to Miss Fisk's finishing school. Polly lived way down below Church hill on a street named "Pearl." It was a decent enough street, but far from fashionable; and Polly was a sophomore in high school. Her father was a teacher in that same high school, and the smallness of his salary explains the smallness of their little house and its location.

While Great-Aunt Susan was sitting up in bed in her dark old mansion away in the city, thinking about Polly and Jessica, both those girls, strange to say, were thinking quite concentratedly of her, too. For it was only a few days to Christmas and it was their yearly habit to send this rich, haughty old aunt a Christmas present.

Jessica cried, "Oh, mother, what a bore! Well, I'll go out and get the old thing her present right away and have it over with. But what can I give her, she has so much?"

Jessica's mother answered wisely, "Well, dear, it isn't the gift that will matter to Aunt Susan. It's the thought. She has everything in the world, of course. It's only to let her know you remember her—and so she



"Well, Dear, it isn't the Gift That Will Matter."

won't forget you, you know. All our hopes are on her not forgetting us, remember."

"Oh, yes, of course," Jessica pouted. "But what shall I get her?"

"Why, not some beautiful boudoir slippers? She'll probably be sick a long time—if indeed she ever gets better."

"That's an idea—boudoir slippers. You are clever, mummy." And Jessica ran off to her Christmas shopping for Great-Aunt Susan.

In the little brown house on Pearl street the same question was being asked and answered.

"Poor old thing!" Polly cried. "What's it to her if she is so rich and all that! She's not got a soul to love her, and it's almost Christmas. Imagine Christmas without love! Well, I can't spend over fifty cents, even though I am so sorry for her. I gave a whole dollar to the Girl Scouts, and after Christmas I won't have a cent of allowance left."

"Well, get something cheerful whatever you do," Polly's mother exclaimed. "Nothing to remind her that she's an invalid, I'd say. It's the thought, not the gift that counts."

But though this last was what Jessica's mother had said, the motive was entirely different. Polly's mother was not practical-minded like Jessica's. She was just a simple, kind-hearted woman.

So Polly ran away to Christmas shop for Great-Aunt Susan.

Came Christmas day. And Great Aunt Susan was hearing her worst

She came to her great-nieces presents the very last of all. They happened to be lying together at the bottom of the pile. A footman was at her hand ready to help with the strings and the unfolding of paper. But now Aunt Susan waved him away. "I'll undo these myself," she said. In her hardened old heart there had always been a spark of affection for these two young nieces whom she had not seen since they were children. She would like to undo their presents with her own hands—to get the personal flavor.

Jessica's came first. Off she tore the brown paper wrappings with its postmarks and address. Out rolled a white paper parcel tied with everyday white string. The white paper was rather wrinkled and certainly slightly soiled. Aunt Susan slipped the string. Into her lap rolled a pair of soft gray silken boudoir slippers,



"Then Came a Little White Box, and in the Box, a Compass."

hand embroidered with lavender flowers and edged and lined with soft gray fur.

Lying in the heel of one of them was a calling card—Jessica's. The surname was crossed out, of course, and scrawled in a careless, artistic hand at the top was written, "Merry Christmas."

"Well, it's certainly a generous gift," thought Great-Aunt Susan. "For I know they're not any too well off, even if they do manage to keep up appearances. And very appropriate, too—for an invalid."

She turned to the other parcel. Under the brown wrapping she found a neat square of white paper tied with silver Christmas cord. Beneath that lay tissue. This tissue square was tied with bright holiday ribbon and sealed with Christmas seals. Then came a little white box. And in the box a compass! On the box was written in careful script, script easy for sick, old eyes to read, "For your travels, dear Aunt Susan! Your affectionate niece—Polly."

"Humph!" said Great-Aunt Susan. But after a minute her eyes twinkled and her cheeks grew pinker. "That girl's got sense—and Christmas spirit, too," she added.

That night she wrote a long letter to Polly, a letter all about a journey she wanted her to go on with her old aunt just as soon as she had finished with high school. And the day after Christmas Polly in the little brown house on Pearl street was carolling as gayly as the canary in the fine mansion in the city. For her dream of dreams had come true. "Europe, Europe, Europe," she trilled.

But suddenly she stopped to ask her mother, "Why, oh why did she choose me?" But Polly's mother couldn't answer that. "Old ladies just take notions, I guess," she said.

CHILD OF THE AGES

O Child divine, wrapt in the hope of ages;
O Thought of God, interpreted in love;
Thine Infant Hand, within Thy mother Mary's,
Links all mankind, with Fatherhood above.

O Child, unchanged by customs of the ages;
O still, small Voice, whose soft appeal we know;
Thy plea is only childhood's rightful portion,
—A place of love, in which to live, and grow.
—Lila Vass Shepherd.

HIS SKIN WAS SENSITIVE

She was young and pretty and her eyes sparkled with happiness. She stepped up to the counter of a men's furnishing store during the busy Christmas rush and asked to be shown something that would make a nice gift for a man. The clerk brought two grades of mufflers, one of silk and the other of coarse knit yarn. She decided on the silk one in a moment, with the remark that the other was entirely too rough for Charlie's sensitive skin. The crowd about the counter smiled faintly. They all guessed it, of course—another newly-wed.—Katherine Edelman.

That Gobbler for Christmas

By CLARA DELANEY

They Just Could Not Kill the Bird They Had Watched Grow Up From Babyhood

But I dunno. He's the only one I've reared out of that brood, and I'm kinder attached to him."

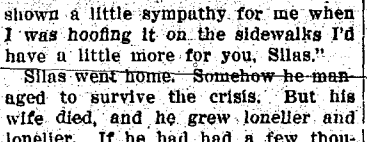
However, he promised Mrs. James finally to let her have the gobbler. Silas Hicks was not a sentimental man. He was a farmer, and in business for the money it brought him. He had a brother John, who had gone to the city and made money hand over fist. John was a crusty old bachelor and largely devoid of the sense of family obligations.

There had been a time, five years before, when things went badly with Silas. There was a heavy mortgage to meet, the crops had been a failure, and he had been in danger of dispossession. Besides, his wife was on her sickbed, from which she was never to arise.

Silas had gone in his despair to the brother whom he had not seen for years. John had turned him down flat. "Father left you the farm because you played up to him, and kicked me out into the world," he said. "Now I've made my pile, you have the nerve to come to me for help. I don't see it, Silas."

"My wife's sick," pleaded Silas, "and you've got more money than you know what to do with."

"Oh, I can find a use for it," John rejoined caustically. "Maybe if you'd



shown a little sympathy for me when I was hoofing it on the sidewalks I'd have a little more for you, Silas."

Silas went home. Somehow he managed to survive the crisis. But his wife died, and he grew lonelier and lonelier. If he had had a few thousand dollars he would have sold out and gone south to live, somewhere away from this bleak New England coast. But he could just manage to make both ends meet. Daily he cursed his brother in his heart.

He started raising turkeys, and that was a failure. Only the gobbler lived. He used to watch the bird with interest. The gobbler would come clucking after him for crumbs. And it was odd how it looked like John.

He began to call it John. It had a queer way of putting its head upon one side and calling, as John used to do when he was a boy. Gradually, to old Silas' fancy, the gobbler became an effigy of John. He hated it.

He hated it, and he was attached, too. He made a sort of pet of the gobbler. He wanted it to love him, so far as a turkey gobbler is capable of love. Then, when Christmas came, he was going to cut its throat very slowly, bending its head back to see the terror in its eyes. He would thus have his revenge upon his brother.

"Yes, marm, John's thriving nicely and putting on flesh," he told Mrs. James. "Here he comes, John! John!"

Up came the big gobbler, put its head on one side and surveyed Silas to see if he had any bread crumbs.

"Isn't he the cutest thing!" said Mrs. James. "I don't wonder you can't bear to let me have it, Mr. Hicks."

"Oh, that'll be all right, marm," responded Silas cheerily.

An elemental hatred for the gobbler had come to fill his heart. Christmas was at hand. He pictured how, on the morrow, he would grab the bird, he would insult it with all the turkey abuse that he had picked up from it; then it should die slowly, as he would like John to die.

On Christmas morning he found a letter from an unknown correspondent in the city. Opening it, he read that his brother John was dead.

John had left forty thousand dollars half of which was to go to Silas, "in memory of our boyhood times together and in the hope that any ill feeling if it existed, has long ago been canceled."

Silas stared at the letter. His eyes grew misty. He saw John again as a little boy upon the farm; his heart went out to him across the years.

Gobbler! Gobbler! The big turkey was standing in front of him, its head on one side, one claw raised, begging for crumbs.

Only a Few More Days Until Christmas

and your sense of good values will direct you to Our Store where you can at least purchase some of the Gifts you are looking for.

Womens Black Satin Boudoir Slippers.....	\$1.60
Womens Felt with Chrome padded Soles in Grey, Red, Taupe, Purple and Brown	\$1.00 to \$1.75
Womens Old Rose, all leather, padded soles, at.....	\$1.65
Womens Black Calf, padded soles, ribbon trim, finest material.....	\$2.85
Misses Red-Felt High Boots, in picture cartons.....	\$1.35
Childrens Red Felt High Boots.....	\$1.25
Men's Felt Slippers, Padded Soles and Leather Soles.....	\$1.75
Men's All Leather Slippers, fine vici kid, at.....	\$2.50

Expecting to see you soon and wishing you a Merry Christmas
We Are Yours Truly,
CHAS. A. HUDSON
"Pioneer Shoe Store"

for Christmas

MAKE THE HITE DRUG CO.

Your Shopping Store

Before placing our orders for Christmas stocks we consulted Santa Claus and made our choice in accordance with his suggestions. The result is a display of Christmas merchandise that will please you in its variety and satisfy you with the quality offered.

Hite Drug Company

East Jordan, Michigan

Peninsula

MINNIMAKERS
Noting that winter for sale for best use, in the Ottawa to 25 cents per acre for 25 words or less. Details 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

FLASHLIGHT FOUND—At the supper held at the Presbyterian Church, Wednesday, Dec. 6th. Call at HERALD OFFICE for same. 50-1f.

LOST—A Buffalo Cloth Robe, between the farm home of Frank Addis and East Jordan, on Tuesday Dec. 11th. Will under please leave at HERALD OFFICE. 50x1

LOST—Will the person who found a piece of Rubber Hose Friday, Dec. 7 between East Jordan and Boyne City kindly leave at The Neitzel Hardware East Jordan. 50x1

LOST—Gold-leaf Stick Pin, Tuesday, somewhere in this city. Reward given. Finder please leave at HERALD OFFICE. 50-1

Wanted

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

SELL your VEAL and CHICKENS to C. J. MALPASS. 22tf

For Sale—Miscellaneous

ROOMS TO RENT—Inquire of MRS. A. DEAN. 50x2

POTATOES FOR SALE—Buy your winter's supply now while you know they are cheap. Fancy, choice, round, well-ripened Rural Russets—35 cents per bushel, delivered.—WILLIAM SHEPARD, East Jordan. 50x2

FOR SALE—A registered Duroc Jersey Boar, eight months old and not related in this region. For particulars inquire at HERALD OFFICE. 50x2

Choice hand picked Pea BEANS at 7 cents per pound, reduction on orders for a bushel or more.—JOSEPH TROJANEK, one block east of Catholic Church. 50x3

BOAR FOR SERVICE—Registered Duroc Jersey, eight months old. Not related in Charlevoix County.—C. K. BRACE, Route 4, East Jordan. 50x2

MAPLE SYRUP FOR SALE—By the gallon; delivered anywhere in East Jordan. Phone 167-F13, FRANK LENOSKY. 50x4

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, Inquire of Clarence Bowman. 49-1f.

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

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

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, 56.35 per 60 lb. Can. Delivered in East Jordan or Boyne City.—J. L. ZOULEK, East Jordan, phone 178-F13 42f.

Bird Census.
Bird censuses covering a period of seven years indicate that there is a little more than one pair of robins to the acre of farm land in that section of the United States lying north of Maryland and the Ohio river and east of the great plains.

Old Axiom Wrong.
There must be something wrong with that old axiom about ignorance being bliss—otherwise more people would be happy.

Make It Unanimous.
Every man thinks that seventy years on earth ought to be his right. And medical science is trying to get his right for him.

J. F. A. De-Jordy
Chiropractor
Office Hours from 9:00 to 12:00 a. m., Fast Time
MONDAY, WEDNESDAY and FRIDAY, Regularly
At The Home of Mrs. C. Spring on Second Street
East Jordan, Michigan

CHARLEVOIX CO. HERALD

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

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

PENINSULAR

(Edited by Mrs. E. Hayden)

Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Loomis of Maple Lawn and Mrs. Ray Loomis of Gravel Hill, north side, were business visitors in East Jordan, Tuesday.

Mr. and Mrs. F. D. Russell of Ridgeway attended the Catholic Ladies Bazaar and supper in Boyne City Wednesday evening.

Miss Dorothy Jarman of Knoll Crest went to Lansing Friday where she has a position.

Mrs. Joel Bennett spent part of last week in Boyne City visiting. She attended the shower tendered her daughter, Miss Marie Bennett, who will be married to Earl Walters during the holidays.

Mr. and Mrs. James Arnott of Maple Row, Bunker Hill, north side, gave a party in honor of Mrs. James McCure and son, Tracy of Kalamazoo Saturday evening. A goodly number attended and all enjoyed a fine social evening. Maple Row was formerly Mrs. McCure's home and her old neighbors were glad to see her for a short time.

Marion Russell smashed two of his fingers Saturday while piling up buzz poles.

Most everybody is getting up a buzz pile for their winter wood.

A good many from Peninsula are planning on selling chickens and turkeys at East Jordan and Boyne City where the Co-Ops. are loading cars the middle of the week.

Mr. and Mrs. Mose Lalonde of Chad-dock Dist. spent Sunday with their daughter, Mrs. F. D. Russell and family at Ridgeway.

Dec. 11th and still the ground is not covered with snow yet and farmers are still plowing.

All the Peninsula schools are preparing Christmas programs.

ALBA

(Edited by Mrs. A. I. Ashbaugh)

D. Cross and family took supper with Mr. Markel and family of Wetzel, Sunday.

Mr. C. Bird and R. Anderson visited Mr. Lillie, operator at Elmira.

C. E. Osterout was a Cadillac visitor Thursday and Friday.

Mr. and Mrs. H. O. Carlized of Potoskey called at the home of Ed. Blaine Sunday.

Martin Larson and wife, Miss Hazel Potter and Miss Westerveldt were Traverse City visitors last week.

Ed. Blaine and wife were visitors at Wolverine Sunday last, visiting Mr. Jones who was formerly pastor here.

Mrs. Lockrey who has been visiting her son at Detroit returned Tuesday. She was accompanied by Mrs. Dickinson who has been at Ann Arbor for some time taking treatment.

Mrs. C. Hale returned from Deer Lake, Mrs. Meeker and her guest, Mrs. Moore remained for a few days longer.

A little daughter was born to Mr. and Mrs. Claude Ham.

Alba won in the debate with Boyne City 2 to 1.

Several of the boys attended the B. B. game at Elk Rapids. Kalkaska won from Alba in the game Friday night.

Afton School Notes.

We started our Christmas program Friday. The program is to be given at the school house Sunday night, Dec. 23.

George Nowland was absent from school Monday morning.

Miss McCalmon was called away Monday evening, by the sudden illness of her grandfather so we have no school Tuesday.

All kinds of Christmas things are being made by all grades.

The 4th grade have their log cabin finished.

The following people were neither absent nor tardy this last month. Billie Guynicyak, Devere Scott, William Fish, John Guynicyak, George Nowland, Lila Batterbee, Alice Nowland.

The following people had the highest average in their class: 8th grade—Sophia Guynicyak, 97 per cent; 7th grade—Vincent Guynicyak, 90 per cent; 6th grade—Lila Batterbee, 98 per cent; 4th grade—George Nowland, 87 per cent; 2nd grade—Devere Scott, 80 per cent; Christabel Sutton, 98 per cent; There were other people who are not far behind these.

Mrs. Ray Nowland was a visitor Friday, Dec. 7th.
Mr. Belding was a visitor Dec. 3.
Mrs. John McCalmon was a visitor Dec. 11.

Card of Thanks.

We wish to thank the many friends for the flowers and other kindness extended to us in our bereavement of our wife and mother.
A. J. Winters
Mrs. Wm. White and family.

St. Joseph's Church.

D. M. Drinan Pastor.

FIRST SUNDAY OF MONTH
St. John's Church—Low Mass at 8:00 a. m.
St. Joseph's Church—High Mass at 10:30 a. m.

SECOND SUNDAY
St. Joseph's Church—Low Mass at 8:00 a. m.
St. John's Church—High Mass at 10:30 a. m.

THIRD SUNDAY
St. John's Church—Low Mass at 8:00 a. m.
St. Joseph's Church—High Mass at 10:30 a. m.

FOURTH SUNDAY
St. Joseph's Church—Low Mass at 8:00 a. m.
St. John's Church—High Mass at 10:30 a. m.

Mass on Holidays and Devotions as announced.
The public is at all times heartily welcomed to these services.

Presbyterian Church Notes

Rev. C. W. Sidebotham, Pastor.

"A Church for Folks."

Sunday, Dec. 16, 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. Miss Clara Sells of Kalamazoo, India will speak on the Missionary work in India. The offering will be a praise offering for the Women's Missionary Society to help on their pledge for the year.

First Methodist Episcopal Church

Rev. Henry Hulme, Pastor.

Sunday, December 16, 1923.

10:00 a. m.—Morning Worship. Subject—"The Voice of God."
11:15 a. m.—Sunday School.
6:00 p. m.—Epworth League. Leader Harold Clark.

7:00 p. m.—Gospel Service. Subject: "The Calender of Life." Music by the Epworth Choir and Orchestra.

7:00 p. m. Monday, Musical Program.
6:15 p. m. Tuesday—Men's Fellowship Club.
6:00 p. m. Thursday, Young Peoples Choir practice.

Thursday 7:00 p. m.—Prayer Meeting
A cordial welcome for all to attend the services in this Church.

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. 16, 1923.
6:30 p. m. central standard time—Evening Services.

American Rhinoceroses.
Rhinoceroses formerly ranged over most of America, reaching the eastern coast of Maryland, the Carolinas and Florida.

Uncle Pennywise Says:
Don't try to know it all, young man. It takes too much time. You can buy an encyclopedia on easy payments.

PROBATE ORDER

STATE OF MICHIGAN, The Probate Court for the County of Charlevoix.
At a session of said court, held at the probate office in the city of Charlevoix in said county, on the 26th day of November A. D. 1923.

Present: Hon. Servetus A. Correll, Judge of Probate.
In the Matter of the Estate of Esther M. Bird, Deceased.

Hiland L. Bird having filed in said court his final administration account, and his petition praying for the allowance thereof and for the assignment and distribution of the residue of said estate,

It is ordered, that the 24th day of December A. D. 1923, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, at said probate office, be and is hereby appointed for examining and allowing said account and hearing said petition.

It is further ordered, that public notice thereof be given by publication of a copy of this order, for three successive weeks previous to said day of hearing, in the Charlevoix County Herald, a newspaper printed and circulated in said county.

SERVETUS A. CORRELL,
Judge of Probate.

STATE OF MICHIGAN

The Circuit Court for the County of Charlevoix.
Chalmers Curtis, Plaintiff,
vs.
Ellen Wenzel,
Harvey F. Wenzel and
Erwin L. Wenzel Defendants.

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN:—
Take Notice that a writ of attachment was issued in said cause on October 20, 1923, at the suit of the said plaintiff against the said defendants, for the sum of three hundred twenty-eight (328) dollars, and that said writ was made returnable November 3, 1923.

Dated Nov. 13, 1923.
B. H. HALSTEAD,
Attorney for Plaintiff,
Business Address:
Potoskey, Michigan.

The Deadly Motor.
Automobiles caused more deaths last year than typhoid fever, measles, whooping cough and scarlet fever combined. Apparently folks are determined to avoid an overpopulation problem.

MORTGAGE FORECLOSURE

Default having been made in the conditions of a certain mortgage made and executed by Frank Kiser and wife Nina Kiser, jointly, both of the Township of South Arm, County of Charlevoix and State of Michigan to the State Bank of East Jordan, a corporation organized and doing business under and by virtue of the laws of the State of Michigan and having its principal office in the City of East Jordan, Michigan, which said mortgage bears date the 24th day of October, 1914 and was recorded on the 28th day of October, 1914 in Liber 47 of Mortgages, on page 567 in the office of the Register of Deeds in and for the County of Charlevoix, Michigan.

By reason of said default there is now claimed to be due and is due upon said mortgage at the date of this notice, including principal, interest, taxes and attorney fee, the sum of Ten Hundred Fifty-six and 71/100 (\$1066.71) Dollars, and that no suit or proceedings at law or in equity have been instituted to recover the debt secured by said mortgage or any part thereof.

Now therefore, notice is hereby given that by virtue of the power of sale in said mortgage contained and of the statute of the State of Michigan in such case made and provided, the undersigned will sell at public auction for cash to the highest bidder on the 10th day of March A. D. 1924 at 10:00 o'clock in the forenoon of said day at the front door of the Court House in the City of Charlevoix, County of Charlevoix, State of Michigan, that being the building wherein the Circuit Court for the County of Charlevoix is held.

The premises described in said mortgage are as follows, to-wit:
"The Northwest Quarter (NW 1/4) of Section Twenty-seven (27) Township Thirty-two (32) North, Range Seven (7) West, containing Forty (40) acres of land more or less, according to the United States Survey thereof," together with the hereditaments and appurtenances thereunto belonging or so much thereof as may be necessary to satisfy the debt, cost and taxes aforesaid.

STATE BANK OF EAST JORDAN,
Mortgagee,
By A. J. SUFFERN,
Its Cashier.

Dated East Jordan, Michigan, Dec. 14th, 1923.
CLINK & WILLIAMS
Attorneys for Mortgagee
Business Address, East Jordan, Mich.

MORTGAGE SALE

Default having been made in the conditions of a certain mortgage made, and executed by Henry Toonder, a widower of the Township of South Arm, County of Charlevoix and State of Michigan to the State Bank of East Jordan, a corporation organized, existing and doing business under and by virtue of the laws of the State of Michigan, and having its principal office in the City of East Jordan, Michigan, which said mortgage bears date the 17th day of November, 1919 and was recorded on the 25th day of Nov. 1919 in Liber 59 of Mortgages on page 89 in the office of the Register of Deeds in and for the County of Charlevoix, Michigan. By reason of said default there is now claimed to be due and is due upon said mortgage at the date of this notice, including principal, interest, taxes and attorney fee, the sum of Four Hundred Eighty-four and 85/100 (\$484.85) Dollars, and that no suit or proceedings at law or in equity have been instituted to recover the debt secured by said mortgage, or any part thereof.

Now therefore, notice is hereby given that by virtue of the power of sale in said mortgage contained and of the statute of the State of Michigan in such case made and provided, the undersigned will sell at public auction for cash to the highest bidder, on Wednesday, the 20th day of February A. D. 1924 at 10:00 o'clock in the forenoon of said day, at the front door of the Court House in the City of Charlevoix, County of Charlevoix and State of Michigan, that being the building wherein the Circuit Court for the County of Charlevoix is held.

The premises described in said mortgage are as follows, to-wit:
The Northwest Quarter (NW 1/4) of the Southeast Quarter (SE 1/4) of Section 33, Township 32 North, Range 7 West."

Together with the hereditaments and appurtenances thereunto belonging, or so much thereof as may be necessary to satisfy the debt, cost and taxes aforesaid.

STATE BANK OF EAST JORDAN
Mortgagee,
By A. J. SUFFERN,
Its Cashier.

Dated East Jordan, Michigan, November 16, 1923.
CLINK & WILLIAMS
Attorneys for Mortgagee.
Business Address: East Jordan, Mich.

PROBATE ORDER

STATE OF MICHIGAN, The Probate Court for the County of Charlevoix.

At a session of said Court, held at the Probate Office in the City of Charlevoix, in said County, on the 23rd day of November A. D. 1923.

Present: Hon. Servetus A. Correll, Judge of Probate.
In the Matter of the Estate of Albert Beckman, Deceased.

Lillie Beckman having filed in said court her final administration account, and her petition praying for the allowance thereof and for the assignment and distribution of the residue of said estate,

It is ordered, that the 22nd day of December A. D. 1923, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, at said probate office, be and is hereby appointed for examining and allowing said account and hearing said petition.

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

SERVETUS A. CORRELL,
Judge of Probate.

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

Queen's Favorite Doll.
Among the collections in Buckingham Palace is the favorite doll of Queen Alexandra, given to her by her father. It is a very staid and matronly doll, dressed in quite middle aged style, and the legend is that the queen cut out every garment herself, and sewed every stitch in them.

The Difference.
The difference between a quack doctor and a successful highwayman is that the former is endowed with a suave tongue while the latter boasts of a strong back.

Yes, Why?
Why do we find it so obligatory to tell everybody "what we believe in" and what we don't believe in?

Prosperity.
No man has a thorough taste of prosperity to whom adversity never happened.

Rough Sea yarn.
Skipper (at helm)—Hex, boy, run down in the cabin and see if the barometer has fallen. Boy (returning)—Yes, boss, it's fallen into the spittoon.

FOR CONSTIPATION
For constipation and bowel disorders try FOLEY'S 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.

We Offer For The Christmas Dinner

A Complete Line Of Staple and Fancy Groceries Meats Oysters Poultry.

OLD COLONY, A Coffee without an equal

Houghton & Kowalske

PHONE 127
Goods Delivered Anywhere in the City

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.



EAGLE MIKADO
The YELLOW PENCIL with the RED BAND
EAGLE PENCIL CO. NEW YORK, U.S.A.

R. G. WATSON

FURNITURE DEALER
FUNERAL DIRECTOR
QUALITY GOODS
EFFICIENT SERVICE
Phone 66. East Jordan, Mich.

No Serial Story This Week

Owing to the Holiday Rush The Herald is omitting a section of its serial story this week. Next issue will contain another liberal installment of "Three Men and a Maid"

Items of the Week

Rep. to Mr. and Mrs. John Vallance, a daughter—Barbara Jean—Nov. 10th. Thomas Webster left Thursday for Detroit, where he will enter an auto trade school.

Mrs. May Kowalske and Mrs. Thos. St. Charles were guests of Mrs. Coryell Sevrey at Belaire, Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Usher and family of Charlevoix were guests of Mr. and Mrs. Richard Lewis, Sunday.

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

Mrs. L. G. Reich left Wednesday for Jamestown, N. Y., where she will spend a month visiting her parents.

Mrs. Wm. Nice and daughter, Miss Evangeline, were guests of Detroit friends over Sunday, returning home first of the week.

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

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

Born to Mr. and Mrs. George Holm at Orchard Bay farm, near Charlevoix, a son—Harold LeRoy—Nov. 30th. They were former residents of this city.

Mrs. L. A. Bowen and Mrs. Claude Bowen and children left Thursday for Detroit, where they will join their husbands, who have employment there.

Miss Laura Helleman, who is teaching school at Frederic, came home Tuesday. The schools at that place have been closed on account of contagious disease.

Frank Brotherton went to Ann Arbor last Friday, where he entered the hospital in that city. He is suffering from blood poisoning in one of his feet.

Mrs. Brotherton accompanied him there, she returning home first of the week.

"Ye Old Tyme Concert" in the M. E. Church Monday evening Dec. 17th, at 7:30 standard. Music for everyone.

Solos, Duets, Quartets, Piano Solos and Duets, Violin Solos and Duets, Coronet and Alto Duets. Readings, etc., also songs by the Epworth Choir of forty voices. Benefit Piano Fund.

Owners of electric light and power dams in northern Michigan are conserving all the water possible on account of the dry weather and absence of snow to replenish the great reservoirs. However, it is said there is considerable water in the swamps and if there is a reasonable amount of snow this winter there will be no shortage of power. The two streams in the western part of the city, which drain that section, are almost dry, auguring well for next spring's freshets.—Cheboygan Tribune.

Bert Reid is here from Muskegon on business.

Mrs. George Ball visited her brother at Elk Rapids last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Richard Lewis visited friends at Charlevoix first of the week.

Mrs. Chas. McAllister of Suttons Bay is visiting her daughter, Mrs. Frank Zoulek.

Frank St. John left Tuesday for Melbourne, Florida to spend the winter months.

John P. Seiler left Thursday for Detroit where he will be employed for the winter.

Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Patterson and children arrived here Thursday from Lake Gogebic.

Mrs. A. B. Clark returned home Thursday from a visit at Toledo, Ohio, and other points.

Mrs. Louis Mayville and children returned Tuesday from a week's visit with friends at Mancelona.

All kinds of Furniture, Stoves and Ranges, etc., sold on easy payments at C. J. Malpass Hdwe. Co. adv. t.f.

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

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. 27if.

The Presbyterian Women's Missionary Society meets at the Church on Thursday, Dec. 21st, at 2:00 standard. The Roll Call will be Missionary Current Events.

J. F. A. De-Jordy, Chiropractor, Office hours from 9:00 to 12:00, fast time Monday, Wednesday, and Friday, regularly at the home of Mrs. C. Spring on Second Street. adv. 50x2

Hon. Servetus A. Correll, Judge of Probate, plans to take a short vacation from his office. He plans to leave Dec. 20th for Muskegon for a visit with his daughters, returning to Charlevoix the first of the new year.

The Epworth League held their monthly supper and business meeting in the basement of the M. E. Church, Friday, Dec. 7th. There were over 40 present. After the supper, the following officers were elected to serve for the year 1924:—

President—Jasper Stallard
1st Vice President—Margaret Bowen
2nd Vice President—Merla Springstead.

3rd Vice President—Carl Wright
4th Vice President—Dorothy Joynt
Secretary—Marie McDonald
Treasurer—Carlton Bowen

The Methodist Episcopal Church has just completed the installation of a Steam Heating Plant in the Church separate from the parsonage. This change will make the church much more comfortable, and easier to heat. The work was done by the Sanitary Engineering Co., of Charlevoix, Mich. The same firm placed a new boiler in the parsonage. The Board of Trustees are well pleased with the whole job. It is one of the finest plants in the country. The interior of the church is now being re-decorated by Mr. Williams. The expense of the re-decoration is being defrayed by the Methodist Ladies Aid.

LITTLE SON OF MR. AND MRS. C. F. NEITZEL PASSES AWAY

William, the three years and nine months old son of Mr. and Mrs. Chas. F. Neitzel, passed away Sunday morning, Dec. 9th, following a week's illness from streptococcus.

Private funeral services were held Thursday afternoon—the home being quarantined. The pastor of the Petoskey German Lutheran church conducted the services. Interment at Sunset Hill.

Mr. and Mrs. Neitzel have the heartfelt sympathy of our entire community in their sad bereavement.

Prolific Writer.

Mrs. Desmond Humphreys, familiar to the reading public on both sides of the Atlantic under her pen name of "Rita," has been writing "best sellers" for more than forty years. Mrs. Humphreys began writing poetry when ten years old and published her first successful novel at the age of seventeen.

Incriminating Evidence.

"Do you know what time my husband came home this morning, Ma?" Voice from next room: "No, Mrs. Hall, but his shoes were still warm this morning at six o'clock."

RELIEVED BOY'S COUGH

Mrs. L. Van Belle, Pendroy, Mont., writes, "My little boy, 6 years old, had a very bad cough and after using FOLEY'S HONEY AND TAR COMPOUND he secured relief." For coughs, colds and hoarseness get FOLEY'S HONEY AND TAR. Made of purest ingredients; contains no opiates. Hite's Drug Store. adv.

Christmas in Our Schools

Fine Programs Being Arranged For Friday, Dec. 21st.

Vacation begins Saturday, Dec. 22nd, and lasts until Monday, Jan. 7th.

A good Christmas program will be given in the auditorium at 1:15 next Friday, to which all the friends and parents are invited. A musical play entitled "Santa Claus in Mother Goose Land" will be one of the features.

On the West Side, a program will start at 2:00 o'clock school time and be composed largely of songs and recitations. It will be a good chance to see how some of the grade boys and girls are getting along in their singing.

These programs mark the close of the school year 1923. Pupils are anxiously awaiting the vacation and Santa Claus.

Parents try to come to see an interesting, squirming crowd of young Americans in action up-to-date.

The program follows: Friday, 1:15 in Auditorium of High School, Musical play "Santa Claus in Mother Goose Land."

Friday, 2:00 in West Side School, Christmas program of Songs, Recitations, etc.

No admission fee.

MRS. A. J. WINTERS PASSED AWAY THURSDAY, DEC. 6TH.

Mrs. A. J. Winters passed away at her home in Eveline Township, Thursday, Dec. 6th, following a brief illness.

Deceased was born at Lapeer, Michigan, July 4th, 1857, her maiden name being Harriett Clarendia Gee. She was united in marriage to Mr. Winters at Lapeer in 1877. They came to East Jordan some fourteen years ago and made this city their home up to a few years ago when they removed to the farm in Eveline.

She is survived by her husband and a daughter, Mrs. Wm. White of this city.

Funeral services were held from the Church of God Chapel Sunday afternoon, Dec. 9th, conducted by Elder Wm. Eldridge. Interment at Sunset Hill.

Teacher's Highest Work.

Highest work done by the public school is the teaching of the beginnings of self-control; more important than the lessons.

PICKLE GROWERS

Get Your Contracts Now

- No. 1 Pickles \$3.00 per cwt.
- No. 2 Pickles \$1.00 per cwt.
- No. 3 Pickles \$1.00 per cwt.

Get Contracts at NEITZEL-HARDWARE STORE or ROBERT PROCTER

Libby, McNeil & Libby

CHRISTMAS CANDY

A fine assortment of Mixed Candies. Delicious, hard candies in assorted shapes, flavors and colors.

We also carry a complete line of Staple and Fancy GROCERIES. Also DRY GOODS such as Shoes, Rubbers, Shirts, Pants, Sox, Etc.

MEATS of Highest Quality at Reasonable Prices. Fresh and Smoked Meats of all kinds. Leave Your orders at any time for Dressed Chickens.

We Invite You to come in and Give Us a Trial Order.

W. R. PAINTER West Side

A Small Boy. It doesn't occur to a small boy that a ring doesn't decorate an unwashed hand.

It Would Be Startling. It might be startling to see the government run as carefully and economically as a well-mannered railroad.

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.

A Few of Our Saturday Specials!

- Beef Roasts... 12c 14c 16c
- Beef Roasts (boned)..... 18c
- Beef Steak..... 16c
- 2 lbs. Hamburg..... 25c
- Pork Chops..... 20c
- Pork Shoulder..... 18c

WEST SIDE SANITARY MARKET

A little out of the way. But the walk will pay

E. W. GILES

Has Installed A

Butter Toasted Pop-Corn Machine at The BAKERY

Something Different

Happy Christmas Time

WHEN the turkey's on the table and the candles on the tree I'm just about as happy as I ever want to be! My children gathered 'round me an' my neighbors settle by. I couldn't be no happier an' I don't want to try. I like the person's sermon an' I like the ring's chimes like the dressin' up feelin' that's around at Christmas time.

But best of all the don't a is the time, it seems to me, When the turkey's on the table an' the candles on the tree!

There's a lot of solid comfort gettin' ready for the day. A-makin' wreaths of evergreen an' holly berry spray. An' Mother she gets busy a-bakin' things to eat. An' makin' any kind of food that's savory an' sweet; An' we tie up little presents an' we make up little jokes—

You know—each verses bringin' in the names of all the folks; But it's all a-workin' upward to that very height of gloe

When the turkey's on the table an' the candles on the tree!

You see the Christmas ritual is "Peace on Earth," and then it also has another clause about "Good Will to Men!" The latter as I take it, bein' don't all you can to give a bit of Christmas cheer to any fellow man. So I start in Christmas mornin' with the salista of the sun.

An' I stick at it till I get my good-will chores all done An' then I want my "Peace on Earth," an' that is the turkey on the table an' the candles on the tree!

—Carolyn Wells, in the Ladies' Home Journal

Christmas Eve

ONE word ere yet the evening ends; Let's close it with a parting rhyme, And bid adieu to all our friends, As fits the merry Christmas-time. On life's wide ocean you, too, have part, That fate ere long shall bid you play; Good-night! With honest, gentle hearts A kindly greeting an' adieu!

Come wealth or want, come good or ill, Let young and old accept their part, And bow before the awful Will, And bear it with an honest heart. Who misses or who wins the prize, Go, lose or conquer as you can; But if you fall, or if you rise, Be such, pray God, a gentleman.

A gentleman, or old or young? (Bear kindly with my humble lay) The sacred chorus first was sung Upon the first of Christmas days! The shepherd heard it overboard; The awful message reached it then; Glory to God on high, it said, And peace on earth to gentle men.

My song, once this, is little worth; I lay the weary pen aside, And wish you health, and love, and mirth, As fits the solemn Christmas-tide. As fits the holy Christmas-birth, Be this, good friends, our sacred still; Be peace on earth, be peace on earth, To men of gentle will.

—William Malpass Thayer

TEMPLE THEATRE PRESENTS

Thomas H. Ince's Master Production

"SCARS OF JEALOUSY"

STARRING LLOYD HUGHES FRANK KEENAN MARGUERITE DeLaMOTTE

Sunday and Monday DEC. 16TH - 17TH

A Drama of Flaming Forests and Human Hearts in a Titanic Struggle.

Directed By Lambert Hillyer

Doors Open at 6:30

Shows at 7:00 and 9:00 p. m.

Family Nite TUESDAY Family Nite

"THE TOWN SCANDAL"

Starring Herbert Rawlinson

"STEEL TRAIL" TWO ADMISSIONS FOR 25c

Episode No. 4 Bring the Whole Family.

WATCH FOR OUR XMAS SPECIALS.



BEGIN YOUR NEXT MERRY CHRISTMAS NOW!

If you had started saving a few cents a week a year ago today, how much easier it would have been to buy gifts this year.

And how much merrier would the Christmas be with more and better gifts to hand to father or mother, sister or sweetheart, wife or daughter or to the little kiddies who want them most?

Join Our Christmas Club Which Is Starting Now

And be ready with a nice snug bank account when Christmas comes again. The plan is simple, easy and satisfactory in every detail. Here it is:

- In Class 2, you pay 2 cents the first week, 4 cents the second week, 6 cents the third week and so for 50 weeks. Total, \$25.50.
- In Class 5, you pay 5 cents the first week, 10 cents the second week, 15 cents the third week and so on for 50 weeks. Total, \$63.75.
- In Class 10, you pay 10 cents the first week, 20 cents the second week, 30 cents the third week and so on for 50 weeks. Total, \$127.50.

You may reverse the payments if you wish to do so

For instance in Class 2, the payments start with 2 cents and end with \$1.00. If you wish you may pay \$1.00 the first week and 2 cents less each week until the last payment is 2 cents, and so on with all the classes.

We have six classes in which the payments are always the same as follows:

Class 25—25 cents each week, total.....	\$ 12.50
Class 50—50 cents each week, total.....	25.00
Class 100—\$1.00 each week, total.....	50.00
Class 200—\$2.00 each week, total.....	100.00
Class 250—\$2.50 each week, total.....	125.00
Class 500—\$5.00 each week, total.....	250.00

You may join as many classes as you wish.

Interest is Allowed on all Classes At the Rate of 4 per cent

Every member in the family may join, from the youngest to the oldest—your neighbors and all their children are sure to join. No membership fee.

The Club is Starting Now

Come into the Bank and Let us Tell You About the Plan

STATE BANK OF EAST JORDAN

"The Bank On The Corner"
EAST JORDAN, MICHIGAN

Who Is Your Neighbor? A Good Christmas Game

THIS is a very merry Christmas game, and one especially useful in an emergency, for it can be played without preparation of any kind. Arrange as many chairs as there are players in the form of a circle. When this has been done the party must divide into sides, one side being blindfolded and taking possession of the chairs in such a way that each has a vacant chair at his right hand.

The other side then move silently into the middle of the circle, and at a given signal they must all mysteriously and noiselessly seat themselves in the vacant chairs. At the word "sing" the unblindfolded players must all start singing. A well-known tune may be arranged beforehand, or they may all sing anything that happens to occur to them at the time.

All endeavor to disguise their voices as much as possible. The blindfolded players must listen attentively, the object of each being to guess correctly who his singing right-hand neighbor is.

Those whose guesses are correct have their bandages removed, and change places with their singing neighbors. The unsuccessful guessers must try again. One guess only is allowed each time.—F. H. Sweet.

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There Is Satisfaction in Trust in the Future

HE was shabby and old and stopped. As she walked along the streets people turned and looked after her with pitying eyes and thought to themselves what a hard lot hers must be. Yet, had they but known the truth she needed no pity, for, although poor in material wealth, she was far richer in other things than many of those who looked upon her with compassion. For her heart was full of contentment; she had a childlike faith and trust in the future and she was content with her lot in life, realizing that while she lacked many of the things which wealth could buy, God had given her many other gifts instead: The fullness of years, good health, a little freckle to call her own, an income which, if very meager, was enough to supply her with necessities, and, best of all, the ability to see and enjoy the things which were hers. So, while the merry Christmas throng looked at her pityingly as they passed, she went serenely on her way as happy and as much at peace with everything as if all the earth was hers.—Katherine Edelman.

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Busy Mailmen Add to Our Christmas Cheer

FROM house to house they go with cards and calendars of cheer, presents and surprises. Always, cheery, never complaining, how much they add to our Christmas joy and pleasure!

If cross expressions were worn by those who brought us our Christmas presents it would not be the same. And yet they work so hard, so over- hard, they carry so much, and all to others!

Our mailmen are a pretty wonderful lot and our Christmas time is added to by them to a very big degree.

It seems as though we should do our part to give a little cheer to our mailmen in gratitude and appreciation of the spirit in which they do their work.—Mary Graham Bonner.

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THE RIGHT COSTUME, O. K.



Hubby—So you're going to take part in the Christmas Eve entertainment. What part do you take?

Wife—I take the leading part. I'm Christmas Eve herself.

KEEP A CHRISTMAS RECORD

Why wouldn't it be fun for a family to keep a record book in which to preserve the interesting things about the annual Christmas celebration from year to year? Some people keep a record of the important happenings of their everyday lives, but it is rather inconvenient for the average person to take the time to make it complete enough to be more than a date and a line or two. A Christmas record would give all the details of the family's Christmas presents, the names of the guests, the menu of the Christmas dinner, the amusements and games, and maybe a tracing of the baby's first little shoe! Every succeeding year would add to its value and interest.—C. F. Wadsworth.

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Have Real Christmas

THEY were a family of old maids—four sisters. But they were the jolliest, nicest old maids I ever knew. I always spent it, and now I know it. What do you think they did for Christmas? Did they have a tree for themselves and exchange costly presents with each other, and then eat a turkey with dressing and pies, alone, in their charming white dining room? Not a bit of it. They knew what Christmas was meant for, and they acted on the knowing. Their friends tell me they have done it every year; but since I'm only a new acquaintance, comparatively, I couldn't know that.

They invite in a dozen children who wouldn't ordinarily have a Christmas tree at all and give their presents to them. And then those twelve, poor little mites sit down at the table in the old maids' charming white dining room, and the old maids themselves serve them with turkey and all the fixings. And they don't do it for charity either. They do it because they adore children, and making them happy is to them a treat. You see, from their cradles, these four old maid sisters were blessed with the Christmas spirit, a spirit that lasts all the year around when it is genuine.

But why should I call them "old maids"? That term is in such disrepute? They are four angels! And knowing that I am going to try my luck, some time when I can get the courage, and ask one of them, the one I happen to be in love with, to "have me." Perhaps if I make the proposal within the Christmas season she'll remember she's a Christmas angel, and take me. Don't laugh at my audacity. Anything may happen at Christmas time! For Christmas is a magical time. Even a child can tell you that.—Ethel Cook Elliot.

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That Plum Pudding and Some Twisted Mottos

LOUISE loved jokes. She caught people with questions and puzzled them with conundrums. So she had arranged a program that centered about the Christmas plum pudding. When that came upon the table each one was to puff in his thumb and pull out a plum in the shape of a twisted motto; there they were, all around the sides of the platter.

Father was first, unfolding his plum he read off the pit of it and, as if to moderate the coming merriment, said "All is not laugh that titters."

Then mother read hers: "It's a wrong turkey that has no turning."

As this did not apply to the bird that had just disappeared, the self-satisfied smile of the cook behind the door did not come off.

Then Aunt Mary: "A hitch in time saves nine." This reference to Bob's trousers asserted his independence of suspenders, but caused his relative to remind him that he was not as needless of stiches as he thought, upon which he replied that he could depend upon that tailor who had advertised "pants a dollars and a half a leg, seats free."

Then Susan: "We never miss the swatter till the flies go by." This was a fly paper upon a dead subject and it was filed for future reference.

Bob's plum was also laid on the table after he had read: "A strolling boy catches no horse." A sentiment that he was inclined to think a little too personal.

Louise had the last plum and declared: "All's well that ends swell." Expressing the traveler's satisfaction with terra firma, less terror and more firm.

But the pudding was cooling and that was no joke, so, as the temperature fell, they fell to.—Christopher G. Hazard.

(© 1923, Western Newspaper Union.)

A CHRISTMAS THOUGHT

The greater happiness of the Christmas season is a direct result of the greater participation of men and women in the spirit of Christ. For then weakness has a power over strength; and then the laughter in the eyes of little children seems a better thing than our own good; and then the tired routine in the lives of those around us looks out upon us through enigmatic eyes, and we understand better, we pity, we cease to condemn—we would even ameliorate, we would show that we see and understand—and so we offer the dumb gift which mutely tells what our words could never tell; and then in our hearts, in our households, in our little world, there is Christmas joy and peace—earth's highest happiness.—Sister M. Fides Shepperson in Pittsburgh Dispatch.

THE GENUINE SPIRIT

The genuine holiday spirit consists not only in wishing a merry Christmas, but in making one.

MOTHERS' CHRISTMAS

After receiving her gifts, mother's Christmas will be devoted largely to washing an extra number of dishes.

NEVER TOO HIGH

It might be different with a lot of things around Christmas, but the mis-lot is never too high.

Don't Underestimate

ALL girls, I have made it up with Beatrice. Ann, "the bar-ba-ra" of the office, yanked off her coat and hat and placed them in the locker that ranged across the end of the room.

No one paid much attention to Ann usually. She was of such an explosive nature, and such irresponsible things that she was not taken seriously. But the break between Ann and Beatrice had been of long standing and had been commented upon so much by Ann that her announcement caused the other girls to look up questioningly.

"That's a fact," continued Ann, "and I am so ashamed of my treatment of her this long time."

"How did it come about?" asked Sadie, assistant to the department manager.

"Well," exclaimed Ann, "I will have to confess my beastly nature, before I can tell you how it happened. In a spirit of spite I sent Beatrice a Christmas present, which no one but good little Bea could ever have accepted as anything but an insult. It makes no difference what it was. Today noon I met her on the street and she stopped me to thank me for the present."

"It was not the present so much, Ann, that came by mail," said she. "What made me feel good was that you had been thinking of me." Then she took hold of my hand to caress it and said, "It was not any kind of a present that I wanted most from you, Ann, but your love and companionship and sympathy. I have been hungry for you, Ann, and you had no right to take yourself away from me. I give you my love for Christmas—will you give me yours?" And little Ann, the hard-boiled, cried right on the street. What do you think of that, girls?"

"The day of miracles is not past, it seems," commented one.

"And now, do you know what?" This from Ann. The girls waited expectantly for further information from the erratic one.

"Well, I always thought Christmas was to get people to spend lots of money to send things to other people that they did not want," rattled off Ann. "Now I have a new understanding of Christmas since my most loyal friend has asked me only for my love, and she sure is going to get it."—C. F. Wadsworth.

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Ireland Hunts Wrens Day After Christmas

IN IRELAND Boxing Day (the day after Christmas) is known as St. Stephen's day. On this day there is practiced an old custom that has come down through the ages and which is called "hunting the wren." A crowd of grown boys with blackened faces and dressed in the most grotesque costumes seek out a wren, which is the smallest of all birds in Ireland, and carrying it with them go from house to house all over their particular part of the country, asking, or rather singing a request for a little help with the celebration which takes place in the village that evening. There are several verses which they use, the following being a sample of their kind:

The wren, the wren, the king of all birds,
St. Stephen's day, she was caught in the furze,
Although she is little her family is great,
So please try your pocket and give us a trate (treat)
Sing holly, sing ivy, sing ivy, sing holly,
Just a drop to drown melancholy,
And if you draw it of the best,
I hope in Heaven your soul will rest
And if you draw it of the small
It will not agree with the wren boys at all.

And so much is the spirit of hospitality and good will in evidence at Christmas time that they very seldom meet with a refusal and by evening the pile of small silver pieces has grown into large enough proportions to warrant a big celebration at which all the young folks in the district make merry.—Katherine Edelman.

(© 1923, Western Newspaper Union.)

CHRISTMAS CANDLES

It is a pleasant custom, when the Christmas tree is lighted and its many candles fall to give all the needed cheer, to light a candle from its fires and give the taller candles on the shelf and on the table a share in the happy illumination.—C. G. Hazard.

(© 1923, Western Newspaper Union.)

THE OPTIMIST'S VIEW

The optimist reflects that the shopping rush would be much more uncomfortable if Christmas came on July 25.

IT TAKES COURAGE

The true diplomatist is one who can say "Just what I needed" while speculating on his chances at the exchange counter.

THE POSTMAN SETS THE PACE

There would be merriment enough for all if everybody worked as hard in distributing holiday cheer as the postman.



CHRISTMAS GREETINGS

COME AND SEE
Holiday Goods IN
PROFUSION
 AND THE PRICES ARE RIGHT. CALL AND WE WILL PROVE IT.

We have a reputation for square dealing with our customers that is thirteen years old and we are still here to back it up. Call and see.

¶ We carry the Homer Laughlin Chinaware — open stock or by the set. 100-piece Sets from \$17.50 up. Call and see.

¶ Toilet Articles — Powder, Combs, Soap, Brushes, Lip Sticks, Manicure Sets, Toilet Sets, Shaving Sets for Dad, Military Brushes, etc. Call and see.

¶ Dolls from \$3.75 down that cost you dollars more elsewhere. Call and see.

Gloves for the young man at 25c — and all wool at that. Call and see.

Our line of Aluminum Goods—Pails, Roasters, Kettles and Percolators at prices you will miss if you don't Come and See.

H. C. BLOUNT & CO.

On the Corner
 By The Inn.

"THE BAZAAR"

Poor Children's Christmas Party

By ELEANOR KING

A Whole Dollar Not Too Much for Ralph to Give to Be Santa Claus

GAG! Come on; send some poor kiddie to the poor children's Christmas party Friday.

Buy a tag," pleaded a smiling girl at the head of the stairs which lead into one of the large art schools. Ralph, one of the many students hurrying into the school, eager to be at work, thrust his hand into his pocket absent-mindedly. This tag day business was happening too often. He had not a cent of change.

"You wouldn't regret giving if you could see those kiddies. We do this



every year over in the normal department, you know," volunteered the girl. Ralph thought a minute, then put a crisp one-dollar bill into the basket. "Oh! that's too much to give," called the girl, but Ralph had disappeared down the stairs into the school.

That did not end Ralph's thoughts on the matter, however. In the afternoon he met Frances, one of his girl friends from the normal department. "Ralph," she burst forth, "the tag day surely is going over big. They expect to make quite a lot more than they did last year. Why," she exclaimed in her joy, "do you know, they always say artists are so very poor—well, Aida told me some nice young man put a dollar bill in her basket and never said a word about wanting any change."

Ralph smiled. "That fellow probably was thinking about some composition he was making and didn't even know he put it in."

"No, he didn't, because Aida said he thought a minute before he dropped it in."

That evening as Ralph worked in his room at the boarding house, some way or other he just couldn't keep his mind off his home. He had known right along that he couldn't go home for Christmas, but as the time drew nearer—only two more days now before Christmas vacation—he felt very lonely. There was someone besides the folks who made Ralph wish he were going home. Ralph heaved a sigh.

"Gee, I hate to think of it. She will be home from college for the holidays, and I won't be there to take her around. Well, little girl, you understand if all the rest don't. Hang it, I would like to see you, Lillian!"

Everybody at school went about whistling and singing, why shouldn't he? He should. Hadn't he given that dollar he had been saving so long for some colors he wanted? If he couldn't go home, he was at least contributing to someone else's happiness. Come to think of it, there are loads of people in this very city who have no place to even think of as home.

Suddenly Ralph burst out laughing. Posing as a martyr—the idea; a healthy, hearty, young, robust boy like him posing as a martyr!

His laughter echoed in the semi-empty room and died out. He was seated in an old Morris chair with his back to the door, deep in thought, when a light rap on his room door stirred him. Thinking it one of the boys living in the house, and not bothering to rise, he called, "Come in!"

The door opened and Ralph beheld a little black-eyed, black-haired urchin in what once was a white corduroy dress. Leaning against his knee, she looked up into his face. His artist's eye thought instantly, "My, those eyes! Wouldn't they be wonderful to paint!"

"Say," said the little thing as she rolled her eyes, "did you know, I am going to the children's party Friday down at your school?"

"Well, where did you drop from?" ejaculated Ralph in his surprise. "I am sure I never saw you before. I don't know your name, but I think I shall call you the 'Vamp.'"

"My name Jose," corrected the little girl indignantly.

"Well, you surely know the art of rolling your eyes," laughed Ralph.

"Do you want to see my sister? She goes, too, Friday."

"Yes, bring in the sister, 'Vamp'—the more the merrier!"

The sister, just able to toddle across the floor, dressed in a figured calico romper suit, was hoisted and boosted into Ralph's lap by Jose. The baby cuddled against Ralph, nestling down perfectly content. Ralph felt a little thrill vibrate through his frame.

The "vamp," still at Ralph's side, leaning both elbows on his knees, peered into his face with her large, lustrous eyes.

"My sister's happy, too, you see, because she goes with me Friday."

"I 'appy," reiterated the black-haired doll on Ralph's lap.

"Is that right?" laughed Ralph, hugging the little kiddies. "But 'Vamp,' why do you come to tell me about it?"

The vamp looked rather dismayed. "You send me and Angelica," she said.



giving Ralph a knowing little shove. "We see Santa, too, and he big, so big that he bring me and Angelica lots nice things. And he talk to us and pick us up like you did Angelica."

Ralph gave a start. Someone was thundering upon his door with two fists instead of one. The door was locked. He slipped the bolt.

"Well, at last," panted a messenger boy; "I've been pounding for the last half hour here. Sorry to waken you sir; know it's late, but I just had to deliver this message tonight, sir."

"That's all right," said Ralph, hurriedly tearing open the telegram. The door closed; Ralph read:

"Telegraphing money for you to come home Christmas. Lillian arrives today. DAD."

Ralph could have shouted for joy.

Christmas Carol

Let every man be jolly,
 Each room with ivy leaves is dressed,
 And every post with holly,
 Now all our neighbors' chimneys smoke,
 And Christmas blocks are burning;
 Their ovens they with bak' meats choke,
 And all their spits are turning.

In Memory of Her Little Girl

By ETHEL COOK ELLIOT

Nellie, the Shop Girl, Reminded Mother of Daughter and Was Showered With Lingerie

NELLIE was exhausted, just as were all the other clerks in the Rumson department store at five

minutes of ten this Christmas eve. But there were still five minutes more in which she must serve. There were several shoppers pressing about her counter handling and examining the beautiful French embroidery of the lingerie there. They swam before Nellie's tired eyes almost dimly as in a dream. Tired, aching feet can do that to eyes, you know.

How trying they were, these customers! How slow about coming to decisions; how impossible their questions. How did Nellie know how this or that garment would launder, or wear? How could she know? Nellie never in her whole life had possessed a stitch of such costly stuff. And still these crowding, high-voiced women expected her to prophesy the whole future life of their purchases! They were certainly better judges than she of such things. They ought to know.

But there was one lady, a lady with soft brown eyes, half smiling brown eyes, who patiently stood and waited her turn. Because of her patience in that Christmas rush, she came last. But if she had been patient in waiting her turn, Nellie now had to be patient in waiting on her. For although it was already ten o'clock and time for the counters to be draped for the night, she took her time. Very carefully she chose two whole sets of lingerie. Every piece she examined closely to make sure of the quality, and the beauty of the design. Nellie thought she would never be done. In fact, Nellie found it hard, just as the brown-eyed lady was hovering over the choice of the last piece, not to cry out at her, "For Heaven's sake, make up your mind! Can't you see I'm dropping?"

But of course Nellie cried out no such thing. She just shut her young lips together, and winked back childish tears of irritation and exhaustion.

"I'll take this one, then," the lady at last said at two minutes past ten. And then she looked up, smiling into Nellie's eyes. "And will you take the lot, dear child, as a Christmas present from me? I had a little girl once, something like you and your age. Since it is Christmas you will not deny me the happiness of giving you this present in remembrance of her. She loved pretty things just as you do, I know."

Merry Christmas To You!

May Your Christmas Morning Be
 Glorious and Your Smile of
 Christmas Cheer Spread On
 Throughout the Year.

The East Jordan Electric Light & Power Company

L. G. BALCH, SUP'T

WHY THAT LAME BACK?

That morning lameness—those sharp pains when bending or lifting, make work a burden and rest impossible. Don't be handicapped by a bad back—look to your kidneys. You will make no mistake by following this East Jordan resident's example. Mrs. Wm. St. Charles says: "I was bothered quite a good deal with my back and after I did my washing my back was so lame and sore I dreaded to move. There was a soreness across my kidneys that hurt me all the time and when I was on my feet a little while my back gave out. I often had headaches and was troubled with dizziness. I was nervous, depressed and irritable. My kidneys were weak and irregular. I saw in the paper how well Doan's Kidney Pills were liked and I decided to try them. I purchased a few boxes at Hite's Drug Store and they cured me."

50c. at all dealers. Foster-Milburn Co., Mfrs., Buffalo, N. Y.

NAVY, MARINES DEFY OREGON

REVOLT FLAMES IN FIVE STATES—TROOPS TAKE POSITIONS AGAINST FEDERALS

STRATEGIC POINTS OCCUPIED

Rail Communication Has Been Suspended Between Vera Cruz and Mexico City.

Vera Cruz—Five Mexican states are in open rebellion against President Obregon and General F. Elias Calles, Obregon's candidate for the presidency, according to information reaching here.

The military in the states of Vera Cruz, San Luis Potosi, Chihuahua, Michoacan and Tamaulipas are said to have repudiated the federal government, ousted all the federal office holders, and substituted their own men.

The commander of the Gulf fleet, the chief of marines and several leading generals forwarded a message to President Obregon, declaring that they had resolved to assume "the defense of the institutions offended so seriously by the government you represent."

Their meeting was held here in the home of General Guadalupe Sanchez, chief of military operations, and was attended by Commandant of the Gulf Fleet Hiram Toledo; Chief of Marines Alfonso Calcanoe, and Generals Najera, Loyo, Lagunes, Reyes, Villanueva, De La Huerta and Pedro Gonzalez.

General Eduardo Loyo has been named provisional governor of Vera Cruz, military trains have moved to the borders of the state and other strategic points, filled with soldiers.

These troops now hold advanced positions at Perote, on the Inter-Oceanic railway, at Matlra on the Mexican railway lines, and at Tierra Blanca on the Isthmian railway line.

News was received here last night of a similar movement against the Obregon government at Tamaulipas, headed by General Lopez Lara and in Chihuahua, led by General Chao, who has four thousand men under him.

There also were reports of uprisings in the states of San Luis Potosi and Michoacan.

All rail communication between Vera Cruz and Mexico City has been ordered ceased, and trains will be run only to the points where the insurgent troops are stationed.

MANY KILLED IN TRAIN WRECK

THIRD SECTION CRASHES INTO REAR COACH OF STANDING LIMITED.

"WILD BILL" DONOVAN KILLED

Engineer Fails to Heed Danger Signals—Stalled Auto Halts Flyers Ahead.

New York—Nine persons were killed, one of them W. B. "Wild Bill" Donovan, manager of the New Haven (Conn.) baseball club of the Eastern league, and at least five persons were injured seriously, when the third section of the westbound Twentieth Century Limited of the New York Central crashed into the rear Pullman observation car of the first section at a highway crossing east of Forsythe, N. Y., about 60 miles west of Buffalo, N. Y.

The list of dead, announced officially by New York Central headquarters here, follows:

Mr. and Mrs. Otto Sweet, 505 Windsor boulevard, Los Angeles, Calif.

Mr. and Mrs. Richard Sullivan, of Springfield, Ill.

Mrs. Carl Kinsey, Music hall, Chicago, Ill.

Mr. and Mrs. K. Ernst Sturman, 214 East Washington street, Springfield, Ill.

W. B. Donovan, manager New Haven baseball club.

R. Panell, Pullman porter, 211 West One Hundred and Fortieth street, New York.

An official announcement issued at the executive offices of the railroad stated that the first section of the Twentieth Century limited was delayed by an auto smash-up at Forsythe crossing and was forced to stop.

"The train was stopped by this accident," the statement read, "and was run into by the third section, resulting in the death of eight passengers and a Pullman porter and the injury to five passengers.

"Our information at this time indicates that the accident was due to the failure of Engineer Charles Patterson, of Cleveland, of the train that ran into the train ahead, to obey caution signals, one and one-quarter miles east and the stop signal, approximately one quarter of a mile east of the point of accident, and also the flagman and lighted fuses from the train ahead, all of which he states he observed.

"Both trains involved were made up of solid steel cars; the tracks in that territory are protected by automatic signals.

"Engineer Patterson has been in the service as an engineer for 26 years."

"The second section, which had gone ahead of the first section at Albany when the latter encountered engine trouble, struck an abandoned automobile at the Forsythe crossing."

"The train was stopped to determine if any casualties had resulted, and after placing danger signals at the crossing the second section proceeded.

"The first section stopped to investigate the signals and the third section crashed into the rear cars."

LLOYD GEORGE PLANS MERGER

Would Create New Party Composed of Conservatives and Liberals.

London—With the three British parties of such nearly equal strength, since the general election, as to prevent any of them from forming a stable administration, Lloyd George has a solution for stalemate situation which involves the creation of a new "centre party" formed from the moderate elements of the Conservative and Liberal parties and is an idea which might appeal to a very large number of men in both these parties who desire above all things to prevent a labor government.

Lord Birkenhead, Winston Churchill and other close associates of Mr. Lloyd George in the last coalition ministry are said to favor this plan, and in the peculiar position brought about by the late elections it may find much favor. This solution would in a measure obviate the objections to a coalition.

While the leaders of the three parties are loudly proclaiming that they will not enter any coalition, it is self evident that only by some sort of coalition can the king's government be carried on, without resort to another general election.

This none of the parties concerned desires immediately, if only on financial grounds, as it is estimated that the elections just held involved an expenditure in the neighborhood of 1,500,000 pounds.

Father, Student On Varsity Team—State College, Pa.—Although he is married, has four children between the ages of 18 months and six years, plays varsity football till long after dark each evening, cares for a little farm four miles from the agricultural school at the Pennsylvania State College, Thomas E. Ellwood, a Washington, Pa., youth modestly admits that he "isn't doing much" and takes his strenuous daily routine as a matter of course. He has played in most of the Penn state games this fall.

- President Coolidge's Stand On the Big Issues Confronting Nation
- Washington, D. C.—Here is how President Coolidge stands on important questions as revealed in his first message:
 - Soldier bonus—NO.
 - World Court—YES.
 - Russian recognition—NO.
 - Tax reduction—YES.
 - Collection of war debts—YES.
 - Amendment of Esch-Cummins Law—NO.
 - Abolition of railroad labor board—NO.
 - Prohibition enforcement—YES.
 - Public building program—NO.
 - Strengthening of Army and Navy—YES.
 - Larger immigration—NO.
 - Wheat subsidy—NO.
 - Regulation of coal industry—YES.
 - Muscle Shoals development—YES.

BARS ALL CRIMINAL ALIENS

Foreigners Convicted of Crime To Be Deported from California.

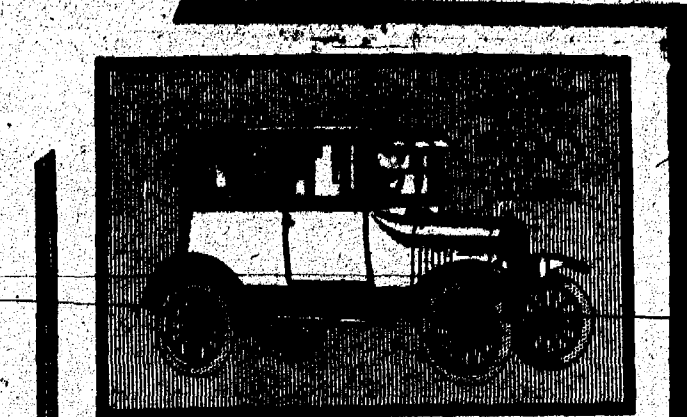
Sacramento, Calif.—When Lester J. Bradshaw, who three years ago absconded with \$10,000 from a Richmond, Calif., bank, was released from San Quentin prison under a pre-arranged parole plan, he was rushed before a Federal commissioner and an order sought for his immediate deportation to Australia. The precedent established in Bradshaw's case marks an entirely new policy on the part of California in dealing with its alien criminals, its alien insane and its alien incorrigible youths.

It state government heads carry out their announced plans, Bradshaw will merely be the first of more than a thousand alien felons now imprisoned in California, who will be deported as soon as they become eligible for paroles.

Back of the plan is a program for cutting down the expenses of state prisons, insane hospitals and reformatories through the working of the federal immigration laws, which it is believed, make amenable to deportation any alien who has been convicted of a felony or who becomes a public charge through insanity or criminality before becoming a naturalized American.

There are approximately 500 alien insane persons in California asylums, who, it is believed, can be legally turned back upon the countries from which they came.

Let's Wait. Slightly worry over sinners, but why not wait for the sinners to worry?



Give One For Christmas

The Tudor Sedan is a gift every member of the family will share. It adds to daily happiness. It will extend the joyous spirit of Christmas to every day of the year.

This new Ford type is of an exceptionally pleasing design. Wide doors opening forward, folding right front seat, and a roomy interior make it a convenient car to use; its high radiator, broad cowl, sun visor, and large windows make it stylish in appearance. Yet it is sold at the lowest price ever asked for a Sedan—only \$590 L.o.b. Detroit.

The rich, permanent luster of its finish, the quiet good taste of its upholstery, and the ornamental treatment of its full-nicked hardware, all help to make it a car you are proud to drive.

NORTHERN AUTO COMPANY
EAST JORDAN, MICHIGAN

Ford
CARS, TRUCKS, TRACTORS

Peppermint.
Mint is regularly farmed in England, France and Germany and New York state. Fifteen tons of herb produce about 100 pounds of menthol oil used for medicine. It is obtained by distillation. The average crop per acre is about 165 cwt. of plants. Much peppermint candy is adulterated.

Herrings and Radio.
Herrings if they could talk would not bless the radio. Used by fishermen off the Swedish coast for following the course of the fish, it brings the boats home sooner with full hauls.

Works Both Ways.
Most of our troubles are those that never happened, truly; and less happily, also, a good many of our joys.

Young Stars.
The majority of the stars seen with the naked eye are young giant stars whose great bulk renders them brighter than the equally numerous old stars, which are denser and smaller.

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 COMPOUND for Coughs and Colds, and free sample packages of FOLEY PILLS and FOLEY CATHARTIC TABLETS. Try these wonderful remedies.—Hite's Drug Store, adv.

NR

TONIGHT—
Tomorrow Airlight

NR Tablets stop sick headaches, relieve bilious attacks, tone and regulate the eliminative organs, make you feel fine.

"Better Than Pills For Liver Use"

Get a 25c. Box. Your Druggist

GIDLEY & MAC, Druggists

Keep Well
Avoid Sickness
TAKE
BRANDRETH PILLS
Est. 1752
OR O O at Bed Time
will cleanse the system, purify the blood and keep you well.
For Constipation
Indigestion, Biliousness, etc.
Entirely Vegetable.

Quick Relief
Coughs Resulting From
Whooping Cough
with
FOLEY'S HONEY AND TAR
ESTABLISHED 1875
HITE'S DRUG STORE

SULPHUR CLEARS ROUGH, RED SKIN
Face, Neck and Arms Easily Made Smooth, Says Specialist

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

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

RED PEPPER HEAT STOPS BACKACHE

The heat of red peppers takes the "ouch" from a sore, lame back. It can't hurt you, and it certainly ends the torture at once.

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

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

FOREIGN-BORN VOTE BLOCKED

Persons Without Second Papers Are To Be Barred at Elections.

Detroit—Several hundred citizens of foreign birth in Detroit are to be disenfranchised at the next election held here, by reason of the amendment to the State Constitution, effective Jan. 1, giving full suffrage only to foreign-born residents possessing second papers.

Heretofore, according to Morton S. Kilsdonk, chief of naturalization examiners here, the State Constitution has permitted full franchise to foreign-born residents who received first papers prior to 1892, whether or not they took second papers thereafter.

The United States Constitution requires, furthermore, that first papers become void if not followed by second papers within seven years. This means, Mr. Kilsdonk said, that aliens with first papers only, who have been voting under the State Constitution heretofore, must begin all over again if they care to cast ballots in elections or exercise other rights of full citizenship.

They will be disenfranchised for two years anyhow, since second papers are not given for two years after first papers are issued.

VETERANS ARE GIVEN PROMISE

Wounded Men Are To Remain in State Says Hines.

Washington—Brigadier Gen. Frank T. Hines, director of the Veterans' bureau, assured a delegation of American Legion officials from Michigan that his recent order to stop the transfer of wounded war veterans from Michigan hospitals to points outside the state would be permanent.

It had been proposed to remove patients from contract hospitals in Michigan to a government institution in Milwaukee.

Captain E. J. Walsh, superintendent of the Roosevelt American Legion at Battle Creek, headed the delegation which included Lieutenant C. V. Spawr, Michigan state commander of the Legion, and Dr. Frank B. Broderick of Detroit, state welfare officer.

Bible Barred in 10 States.

Washington.—In 10 states the Bible is not permitted to be read in the public schools at stated times, according to William R. Hood, specialist in legislation for the Bureau of Education, who has just made public the results of a survey on this subject of these States three have Supreme Court decisions adverse to such reading, and the State superintendent of public instruction, attorney-general or other authorized construction has barred the Bible.

SHOPPING HINTS FOR CHRISTMAS GIFTS

AN EXPOSITION of Christmas Merchandise that will make the choosing of Gifts by anyone for anyone a real pleasure. Articles, both large and small, are equally featured in our present stocks at moderate prices, insuring economy in your purchasing.

For Ladies	For Children	For Men
Table Linen	Dolls Toys	Linen Handkerchiefs
Bed Spreads	Shoes Aprons	Gloves
Bath Towel Sets	Mittens	Wool Socks
Fancy Embroidered Pillow Cases	Perfumes	Shirts Ties
Boudoir Caps	Infant's Sets	Neck Scarfs
Collar Sets	Caps Hose	Arm Band Sets
Silk Hose	Barretts Middys	Shoes
Japanese Baskets	Baby Blankets	
Gloves		For Boys
Ladies Aprons		Shirts Hose
Blankets		Bedroom Slippers
Belts		Belts Caps
Handkerchiefs		Mackinaws
Stationery		
Perfumes		
China Sets		

SPECIAL SALE
Best Grade Outing Flannel
Value 25c - Special at 19c

C. A. BRABANT
OPPOSITE PEOPLES BANK

Not long after, Slim Gannett opened the door of his boat house to see what the dog was barking about and was greeted with a shower as Pluto shook himself. Then the dog ran in, stood upon his hind legs and begged, cocking his eyes towards the open door. As Slim did not understand this Pluto caught hold of his coat and pulled him towards the doorway. Thinking that the dog meant something, Slim, finally looked out and saw the tea floating seaward with the two small figures upon it.

It did not take the old fisherman long to get his boat down to the water and push it out through the floating ice, and soon two youngsters and a happy dog were huddled up in the bow of the returning boat.

After the carols were sung that night, they put the holly wreath that had graced the top of the tree upon Slim Gannett's neck, but Slim took it off and put it upon Pluto and he acted as though he knew that he deserved it.—Christopher G. Hazard.

Gay Christmas Thrill the Greatest of All

THE love in our hearts toward our fellow men, the happy, expectant, gay eagerness of children and their joyous, merry voices; the pure, white, soft beauty of snow; the deeply refreshing aroma of the forests which for a brief period we bring into our homes; the cheer-of-the-home fireplace; the bringing together of all members of the family; the gaily and the enthusiasm of Christmas shoppers; the stores, decorated and looking their best in holiday attire; the cordial, heartfelt greetings which are extended to us and which we extend to others; the renewing of old-time friendships by the sending of a bright Christmas card; the generosity in our souls toward all; the carols which ring out the Christmas spirit of ardent worship; the bright, significant stars twinkling down from the heavens above; the simplicity and the beauty of the Christmas season; all form a part of the great Christmas thrill. There is no thrill in the world like unto it!—Mary Graham Bonner.

NOT WHAT HE EXPECTED

LITTLE DICK was too young to spell—he went entirely by sound. Consequently he suffered a great disappointment on Christmas morning. When he beheld his Christmas tree he said solemnly: "You said it would be a fur tree, daddy!" "It is a fir tree," answered his father.

A Late "It" Arrival Came Just in Time

EVERYONE was watching, waiting, hoping. They all hoped "it" would surely arrive on time. They hoped "it" would not fall them. "It" helped the Christmas season so much. Everyone and everything loved "it." The children loved "it," the grown-ups loved "it." The trees of the forest loved "it." And then "it" arrived. "It" arrived late—almost when everyone was giving "it" up. But even though "it" was a late arrival "it" was not too late for Christmas day. "It" came late Christmas eve. And haven't you guessed what "it" was? SNOW of course!—Mary Graham Bonner.

THE HOLIDAY SPIRIT

Christmas spirit necessarily finds many men and women stranded on the shoal, off somewhere, far from the general happiness. Nevertheless, words of Chandos are vital. "The faculty for happiness is a gift, in any temperament, whose wisdom and whose beauty this world too little recognizes." Chandos' thought is not easy for a certain type of mortal to cultivate, but the holiday spirit may to an extent help out. Self-recognition was soundly urged by Marcus Aurelius many centuries ago, and writings of other Stoics preach tranquillity and harmony through the philosophy that says, "It may all be for the best." A shipwrecked sailor, buried on this coast. Bids you set sail! Full many gallant barques, where he was lost. Weathered the gale.

Artist Finds New Place for Old Christmas

DAVID SPENCER looked at his watch with some anxiety. The hospitality of the old southern home had been lavish, the exhibition of his paintings had been successful beyond his hopes, there had been congratulations and flowers and commissions. Quite overwhelmed with courtesies and attentions, charmed by the quaintness and beauty and customs and scenes new to him, the artist longed to linger, and was loth to leave the old city. But the northern train that he must take was almost due, the station was distant, and his hosts had seemingly forgotten all about it, until they suddenly appeared with apologies and delivered him to the black coachman and the family.

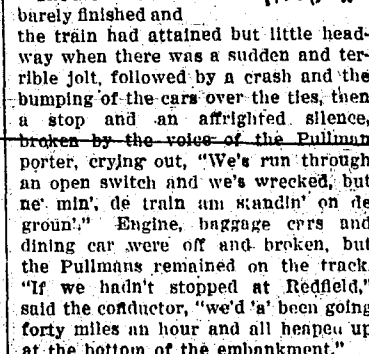


As the train sped on the artist's reminiscences were interrupted by the voices of the conductor and one of the passengers. "But this train does not stop at Redfield," the conductor was saying, as he looked at the old man's ticket. "It must sure stop this time," answered the passenger. "I just got to see Jim once more before he goes. I only got the message this morning. I want to wish him a merry Christmas and a happy New Year where he's going!"

There's a halo on His head, A halo, oh my Lawd. But dere's one for me He sed, A crown ob glory wen I'm daid. A halo, oh my Lawd.

Receiving Christmas Gifts Is a Fine Art

COURSE, every gift given means also a gift received. Christmas always has two sides, and certainly there is great joy in receiving the tokens of love and friendship that come to us, not because of their money value, for most gifts are bought for small sums, but because they convey to us an expression of someone's affection. I heard a young girl remark when a little gift came to her. "Well, that didn't break anyone's bank." What a pity. As if Christmas could have in it great joy for anyone who looked for the price tag on a gift. Our character is likely to be revealed by the spirit of our receiving quite as well as by the spirit of our giving. It is this fine art of receiving well that will not only make Christmas the more joyous, but will also be an all-year virtue, if it is cultivated in our hearts.—F. H. Sweet.



She says her husband attends church regularly. "Yes, he goes with her to the Christmas service every year."

SAFETY FIRST

The Christmas shoppers hesitated at the crowded street crossing. To try to get over seemed like an attempt to fudge fate. Automobiles dashed by in a continuous procession. The tall policeman, however, convoyed a group across like a battleship leading a flock of schooners. But one old lady lingered, afraid to launch away, until courage came with the policeman's assurance: "Come right along, ma'am, you're just as safe with me as if you was in God's pocket!"—C. G. Hazard.

Old Yuletide Hymn Favorite Everywhere

HERE is scarcely a church of any denomination that does not some time during the Christmas season echo to the strains of that beautiful and soul-inspiring hymn, "O, come all ye faithful." It seems to be a favorite at Yuletide in every land and in every clime, whether it is sung as above referred to, or in its original form as the "Adeste Fideles."

The hymn was first given to the world in the Thirteenth century by a Franciscan monk, but did not gain world-wide popularity for a long time after. The English translation was made by Canon Frederick Oakley over sixty years ago. Since that time the hymn has been translated into the language of every nation and the sweet and lofty words ring out at Christmas time in many remote places. But while the English translation has superseded the original Latin to a great extent, yet the beauty of the original composition is such that there are many who still prefer to hear it even though the language is not their own.—Katherine Edelman.

Ring Out

Ring out! Ring out! ye happy bells, and make a joyous lay. For Christ the child has come to us and we would have him stay! Make every hill and valley ring, all earth and sky with cheer. For we who have received the Christ would show him welcome here.

AT CHRISTMAS TIME

We ring the bells and we raise the strain. We hang up garlands everywhere and bid the tapers twinkle fair. And feast and frolic—and then we go back to the same old lives again.



For A Man's Merriest Christmas

Gifts that thoroughly express your most sincere good wishes, Luxurious gifts for his hours of leisure. Gifts for his moments of care-free play and practical gifts for his days in the work-a-day world.

- Smart Wool Hose From England.....\$1.25 \$1.50
- Silk Hose in Black, Brown, and Gray.....\$1.00 \$1.25 \$1.50
- Belts made from Fine Horse Hide.....75c \$1.00
- Christmas Neckwear made from the Finest Silks.....50c 75c \$1.00 \$1.50
- Soft Warm Wool Plaid Mufflers, large size.....\$1.00 to \$3.50
- also in Plain Camel color, or Stripes
- Shirts made of Imported Madras, a variety of patterns in stripes, checks and figures.....\$2.00 \$3.00 \$4.00
- Gloves a gift of warmth and friendship.....\$1.50 \$4.00
- A Wool Knitted Sweater that he can wear under his coat.....\$5.00 to \$8.50
- Kuppenheimer Suits and Overcoats \$35 to \$50
- Other makes.....\$20. \$25. \$30

CLYDE HIPP

Holiday Helps

At **Gidley and Mac's Drug Store** You will find the following items of interest to the Christmas buyer

EASTMAN KODAKS

Pens and Pencils Conklin, Schaffer, and Fingersoll Candy Candy Liggett's, Whitman's, Johnston's

SYMPHONY LAWN STATIONERY New Style Packages

INGERSOLL WATCHES

VICTROLAS AND RECORDS One present that pleases them all for years

We get the New Victor Records every Friday With a Victrola you provide entertainment for the whole family at home.

The only "Victrola" is a Victor The only "Kodak" is an Eastman

GET THEM AT **GIDLEY and MAC'S**

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

Dr. W. H. Parks
Physician and Surgeon
Office second floor Kimball Bld., next to Peoples Bank.
Phone 158-4 rings
Office hours: 1:30 to 4:00 p. m.
7:00 to 8:00 p. m.
X-RAY in Office.

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

Dr. F. P. Ramsey
Physician and Surgeon.
Graduate of College of Physicians and Surgeons of the University of Illinois.
OFFICE E. J. LUMBER CO. BLOCK
East Jordan, Mich.
Phone No. 196.

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

Dr. C. H. Pray
Dentist
Office Hours:
8 to 12 a. m. 1 to 5 p. m.
And Evenings.
Phone No. 223.

JOHN E. CAMPBELL
Doctor of Veterinary Science
GRADUATE AND REGISTERED VETERINARIAN, DENTISTRY A SPECIALTY.
Phone Russell House, No. 139
EAST JORDAN, MICHIGAN

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

FOLEY PILLS BRING RELIEF
"FOLEY PILLS are the best I have tried. My kidneys work a lot better since I received your generous offer," writes John W. Brown, Adams, Mass. FOLEY PILLS are a diuretic stimulant for the kidneys. While taking avoid sweet, pastry, starchy foods and alcohol. Write to—M. B. Thomas, 1111 1/2 Michigan Ave., Detroit, Mich.

Beauty of Snow

THE beauty of snow is not a new thing. It has been seen in every land, under every sky. The eye could not see it, nor the heart accept the blinding whiteness of such conditions.

The beauty of snow lies in contrast. Who has not seen long, bluish shadows creep over it at sunset? Or marked with delight, the thin pencilings of bare branches shifting over its surface by moonlight? Snow requires changes, interruptions, so to speak, to bring out its character. The ruggedness of hills makes the valleys yet more peaceful. The stark, rough "glory of the trees" leads decision to a landscape; the thinnest, wind-whipped edges weave patterns of indescribable frailty on the pages of the snow.

So it is with Christmas. We could hardly live up to Christmas every day in the year. The whole meaning would become worn and threadbare through constant association. When it does come, it should stand out by contrast, in great and shining beauty. The worries, fruits, failures and disappointments of the months just gone should lend the proper "shadowing," so that the purity of the day stands out in white distinction.

And if the heart must ache a little, as all hearts do no matter how great the happiness, let the pain be the pencilings of branches on the matchless page of Christmas, giving it added beauty and character.—Martha B. Thomas.

(© 1923, Western Newspaper Union.)

Magic of Christmas Sweeps Entire World

THE magic of Christmas lies over the world today, changing the dreary commonplace events of yesterday into things of wonder and delight and filling the earth with happiness and joy and cheer. It permeates the whole earth from end to end and mankind in every land and in every clime responds to it in the fullest measure. For into our hearts at this time there comes a beautiful something that raises us above ourselves and brings us to greater heights than we ever reach at any other time. For with the magic of Christmas time man burles self in trying to promote the happiness and well-being of others and in doing this finds greatest happiness for himself also. For it seems as if the more we give of love, of service and of ourselves the fuller grows the store from which we draw upon and the richer we grow in the things that make for our own happiness. Let us then allow the magic of Christmastime to fall upon us so deeply that it may not only stay with us at this time but through all the days to follow.—Katherine Edelman.

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UNDER THE OUTSIDE

GRASS keeps green under the snow. Delicate blossoms hide away in ugly seeds. Who can believe the twisted apple-tree will be lost in a surf of pink petals in the spring?

There must be many a warm and true heart cased in a frosty exterior.

If we believed more in the covered, and less in the covering, we should make Christmas a day truly bright with peace and good will.—Martha B. Thomas.

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Bringing in the Yule Log for a Merry Feast

ONE of the most delightful of the Christmas ceremonies was bringing in the Yule-log. According to an English writer, this was a massive piece of wood, frequently the rugged and grotesquely marked root of a tree. It was drawn through the forest with shouting and laughter, while each wayfarer reverently saluted it, since he knew it to be full of good promises and that in its flames would be burnt out old wrongs and heart-burnings. As it came into the great hall, the living-room of the old castle, each member of the family sat upon or saluted it. In turn, and sang a Yule-song, after which all drank to a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year. A favorite Yule-song began with:

Welcome be ye that are here,
Welcome all, and make good cheer,
Welcome all, another year,
Welcome Yule.

—F. H. Sweet.
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A FAIR EXCHANGE

Laura and Tommy often had important discussions on serious subjects. Christmas evening found them in grave colloquy. There seemed to be a slight ambiguity about who gave them gifts, God or their father. It was a matter which could not be settled. Finally Laura said in a superior tone:

"You know, Tommy, that daddy isn't our only father; we have two."

Tommy appeared surprised. "Who's the other one?" he asked.

"God!" answered Laura succinctly. Tommy gave the occasion much reflection. Then he said earnestly:

"Well, I wish Daddy would go to heaven for a while and let God come down and stay with us—I'd like to get acquainted!"—M. B. Thomas.

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THE policeman standing in the middle of the road above where two streets cross isn't just a part of the street furniture like the hydrant of the bridge, or a signpost. I had seen him there so many times that I had quite forgotten that he was human like myself, perhaps a little more tired, but perhaps a little happier. But I woke up on Christmas day last year to his reality as a human being.

I was crossing the street with a very gloomy heart. Everything with my life seemed to have gone wrong, and the crisis had been reached this Christmas day. My eyes were downcast at the dirty, slushy snow underfoot, and I gave a glance at no one.

Then suddenly, out of the sky, out of the nowhere, came a deep-voiced, hopeful, "Merry Christmas!" Yes, there was the big policeman merry Christmasing me, and as though he meant it, too. In my surprise, I gave it back heartily, "Merry Christmas, yourself."

And with that cheerful spoken word bursting automatically from my surprised lips the day changed. There was a miracle for you! Not out of the New Testament, but out of today, this day of policeman and hydrants—and the Christmas spirit. On the opposite curb I met happiness face to face. In what form it came does not matter. That is my heart's secret. But it came! And this I know, it would not have come, or coming, I would have surely missed it, had I not lifted my eyes to return the big policeman's "Merry Christmas," and had not the surprised smile stayed with me until I reached that curb.

The policeman this Christmas is to me a symbol. Never again will he be part of the street furniture.—Ethel Cook Elliot.

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THE KINDLY STAR

THE little boy was afraid of the dark, but as he looked out through the low window, upon the panes of which Mr. Frost was making his pictures, he saw a bright star that was winking at him with a most friendly and assuring light. It shone through his tears and seemed to say that it would watch over his sleep. So he shut his eyes, and, stilling his sobs, the better to hear the carol singers across the street, was safely away to slumber and a dream. The dream lady looked like his mother, all dressed in a robe that glistened and sparkled like snow, and she was bringing him the hope of his heart, the sled that was to take him so delightfully down the hill. And when he woke so early on Christmas morning he found that his dream had come true!—Christopher G. Hazard.

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MODERN SIMPLICITY



At Christmas time, I do not wish for costly gifts, or rare; Just bring a bit of mistletoe And place it in my hair— Of course I'd want the "follow-up" To be a solitaire.

A PAINFUL EXPERIMENT

Having his Christmas joke, Harry Simpkins changed the road sign just a little, to more perfectly express his holiday sentiment. The reading had been, "Go Slow. School Ahead," but when Harry left it the wording ran, "Go Slow To School Ahead." But afterwards the teacher taught Harry that this was too much.—C. G. Hazard.

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THAT MONEY QUESTION

Unfortunately, those who have the most Christmas spirit to make others happy are shy of funds; and probably if they had the funds, they'd be shy of the spirit. The reason lots of folks have piles of money is because they are careful about spending it.

A PRESENT FOR KITTY

"I'd like to give my kitty a radio," declared small Lucy.

"What for?" inquired her father.

"So she can enjoy all the cat-concerts over the world!"—M. B. Thomas.

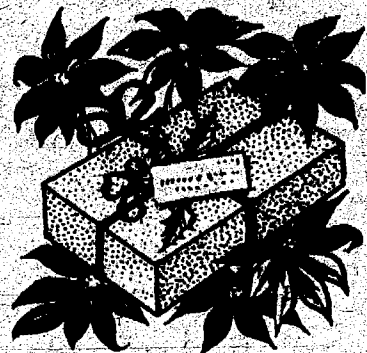
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ALWAYS SOMEONE THERE

When a man tries to sneak a few gifts into the house it seems that the family is always congregated around the front door.

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WITH SO MANY GIFTS TO BUY, it is often difficult to know just where to start—so we invite you to come here and see the many splendid gift ideas we have prepared for your choosing in Candies and Smokers' Supplies.



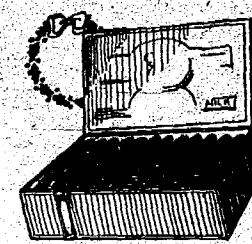
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Why the Sober Man Did Smile

By MARTHA B. THOMAS

Boarding House Christmas Party Had a Very Happy Ending for Two

What He Asked and Her Answer Should Be an Easy Guess

IT WAS Christmas Eve at Mrs. Cummings' boarding house. In the interval between two string beans, Miss Billings observed to the rest of the diners that it was nice to have friends at this season. No one denied it. Of the seven places at the table one was vacant, that belonging to Vesta Blaine.

"Miss Blaine," continued Miss Cummings a little wistfully, "always has such a delightful time at holidays. She has so many pleasant acquaintances. And of course," she hesitated to give emphasis to what was coming, "she is getting a good deal of attention from that young man."

No one had any comments to make. But a serious-faced man at the other end of the table seemed to be very grave indeed; he bent a concentrated regard upon his plate, as though the contents might yield some secret which he hunted.

"A real Christmas Eve!" chanted Vesta Blaine. Her eyes were like stars; her cheeks bright with color; she looked like a flower set down in a vegetable garden. The other boarders were a bit older, a bit more tired, a bit disillusioned; they drank their sunshine from the exuberant girl, and wondered how she could come home at night still bubbling with high spirits and fun.

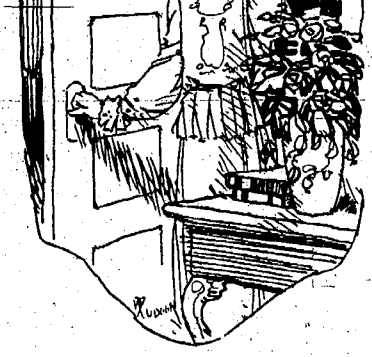
"It's snowing!" continued Vesta, darting a smile at the sober man, who apparently was not aware of his good fortune, for he never looked up. "That soft sift of feathers that comes down like . . . like"—she hunted for an adequate simile—"like prayers of the angels! Only prayers are supposed to go up, aren't they?" she laughed at her own conceit. "The trees are like dreams behind white veils, and the street lamps are orange moons! I love it.—Do pass me the butter, somebody. I'm hungry enough to eat shredded hairpins!"

Everybody did their best to make Vesta comfortable, even the scrap of a maid who waited on the table. Miss Blaine offered her pepper and salt twice, and the landlady asked if she preferred her roast beef well or medium done.

"I'm going to a party tonight!" announced Vesta after a few mouthfuls to fortify her wants, "the very best party ever perpetrated."

Miss Billings smiled her interest and asked where.

"Oh, not very far from here," and she paused, looking around the table



Vesta Blaine Went to the Front Door, Opened It.

with a curious glance—"you're all invited! That's why it's the best party—because it's got the nicest folks coming to it!"

What a hubbub there was then! Everybody asked five questions at once and none found out the answer. Miss Billings quivered with excitement. Mrs. Cummings waved the carving knife and nearly took off a slice from the sober man's nose. Finally, Vesta stood up, commanded silence, tapped importantly on the table with a silver spoon, and began:

"Ladies and gentlemen, you are earnestly requested, cordially invited and definitely ordered to clothe yourself in radiant raiment after dinner, and then wait for me in the hall. No one shall be allowed to say 'no.' Penalty for disobedience is so horrible I can't even mention it!"

And ready they were as soon as they could jump into their beads and assemble in the hall. The sober man was the last to appear. He looked as though he did not dare stay away. That's the best that could be said about him. But the rest were laughing and talking in happy expectation.

Vesta Blaine went to the front door, opened it, made strange signs with her hands, and in there tramped a big, blustering giant of a fellow dressed like Santa Claus. He had a nobby pack on his back, and appeared to have every intention of unloading it at Mrs. Cummings' boarding house.

"This way," said Vesta and led him into the parlor. The rest followed.

"For mercy's sake!" exclaimed Miss Billings.

"Gracious me!" breathed Mrs. Cummings. She did not know her own parlor—and so wonder. There was a big Christmas tree standing in the middle. It reached to the ceiling and blazed with small electric bulbs. More than that, there were seven single stockings suspended in a row from the mantle. Everybody squealed when they discovered their own.

Santa heaved down his pack and out tumbled a bushel of gifts, each wrapped up in paper and marked with a name.

"Each person pick up seven parcels and put them in the stockings. You'll find the names to correspond!" called out Vesta Blaine. "No lagging! A fine for being the last one!"

That parlor full of boarders resembled a small army of squirrels scrambling about in a heap of nuts. Everybody got in everybody's way; everybody laughed—even the sober man was guilty of a happy look around his eyes.

At last the seven stockings were bulging with gifts; they swayed gently back and forth in all the energy of their recent filling.

"Select your own stockings!" shouted Vesta Blaine like a general ordering his troops into battle, "and open your presents!"

It just happened by the merest chance that Vesta and the sober man



"How Did Anyone Know I Wanted That Book?"

were seated on the sofa together. They shook out their stockings into a mutual heap and began to untangle the strings and rip off the seals.

"Look here," said the sober man sternly, "how did anyone know I wanted that book?" and he held out a thin, leather-bound volume toward Vesta.

"You said you did, once last summer," answered Vesta a little shyly.

"Caesar's ghost!" he whistled, "and you remembered?"

"Yes," nodded Vesta. This affirmation seemed to concern the sober man very much.

"Why?" he asked after a moment's consideration.

"Oh," replied the girl, "I just wanted you to have what . . . you wanted to have!"

This afforded the sober man more food for thought.

"I didn't even know you were aware of my existence. I used to bet with myself that if it came to a pinch and you had to introduce me, you could not tell my name. You're so popular, and that sort of thing, that I thought—" he was unable to finish.

Vesta made a gesture as if she threw caution to the winds. "Listen to me," she said. "You're the most interesting person here; I hated not ever having a word with you about books. That's one reason I had this party. I hoped you'd talk to me a little. You always looked so bored when I came in, and I was sorry. I'm not so frivolous as I seem. My father—the man playing Santa Claus—is owner of the London Book Shop here; I'm working there just to learn something of the business. It's Dad who's really buck of the party. I just did the suggesting. He's a perfect old dear. I wanted to try being a regular shop girl, so I came here to board, and it's been the greatest fun. I did not mean to deceive people too much, but really"—here she permitted herself a tiny gurgle of mirth—"Miss Billings got so frightfully interested in a man who was paying me such attention, and of course it was no one but Dad, who came now and then to give me some pleasure at the theater or a concert . . ."

She stopped from lack of breath. The sober man beamed. You would never believe that an expression could change the way his did. It was like a dawning, a new light spread upon his face.

What happened after this is almost too confusing for description.

Santa unmasked and was introduced to everybody. Such a thanking and explaining! Such a happy, laughing group! Miss Billings discovered she could play the piano and Mr. Blaine swung out first with Mrs. Cummings who flattered like a girl at her first party. The rest whirled in with great fervor.

If anyone had been looking sharply for the happiest couple, I think Vesta and the sober man would have been selected. What he said to her is no body's business, nor what she answered—and yet they seemed to have settled something very happily.

Miracles and the Christ Child

By Katherine Edelman

Indian Brave, Guided by Great Spirit, Reveals Story of Christmas

IN THE far-ung land of the west the early winter had been unusually mild and although it was nearing Christmas, now the weather was bright and clear, almost spring-like in its mildness.

Everywhere that the message of the Christ Child had reached, men and women were busy and happy preparing for the great day, a new and added joy of life surging within their hearts. Into each home there had come a strengthening and rekindling of family ties and a new birth of love and service that reached out even beyond the home.

Out on the reservation, however, the Indians went about their tasks as usual, for no hint of the wonder and the glory of the Christmas time had yet come to them. And if they felt a mysterious something in the air at this time, they understood it not at all, for the brightness from the Star of Bethlehem had not yet burst upon them.

Moonlight Brook was very lonely—she had only little Silver Star, her daughter, with her now—the big chief had sent Strong Oak, her husband, with other braves, on a mission to a distant village. And Moonlight Brook had missed him every hour, for their love was still burning as bright as the big camp fire that blazed near the teepees at dusk.

Her love of the great open spaces helped to cheer her during the long hours of his absence. Every day with little Silver Star she wandered afar. In these lonely places that she went there always came to her the sense of some unknown presence—the hand of some great power.

Early one morning Moonlight Brook called little Silver Star to her and told her that they would go for a long walk, away up to Roaring Creek. Moonlight Brook was lost in wonder at the beauty of the scene, but a great and sudden change had come over the day. Now, looking at the lowering, threatening sky, she decided that she must make all possible haste back to the village. For with the darkness and the gloom that had come over all there had come, too, from across the prairie a low menacing wind that carried with it at times small, dry snowflakes.

With Silver Star in her arms Moonlight Brook started in the direction of the village, walking with the swift, strong-stride of the woman who lives much in the open. The snow now was coming down in large flakes and the wind had grown blizzard-like in its velocity. Hope was fast dying within her, for she was trembling from exhaustion. Then overwrought nature did the thing which she had tried hard to keep from happening—she sank upon the snow—her last thought as she felt consciousness leaving her, to wrap the blanket closer about little Silver Star and to wait a prayer to the Great Spirit to take care of Strong Oak when she was gone.

But the prairie has many stories to tell of strange things that have happened there, and on this day there was added to the list another of those coincidences which happen oftener in real life than some would have us believe. For Strong Oak and his party came by the very spot where Moonlight Brook and Silver Star lay a short time after they had sunk exhausted. Some of the men had tried to take the other trail, but something within him, that strange, unknown force which comes to all at times, made him choose the Roaring Creek trail instead and he found his loved ones and with the help of the guides they reached the village in safety.

A few hours later, Moonlight Brook and Strong Oak sat hand in hand, the ecstatic happiness of being reunited surging within them. Moonlight Brook whispered over and over that it was a miracle that the Great Spirit had wrought that Strong Oak should have found her. And Strong Oak told her that while he had been gone he had heard the story of the Christ Child who had come upon earth on this day, which ever since has been called Christmas. As Moonlight Brook listened to the beautiful story that has been told so much, but which keeps its thrill through the ages, she felt that this day was indeed a day of miracles, for, like her bronzed brave, the story brought her a wonderful peace and stilled the restless longings which had come to her so often in the past.

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