

Charlevoix County Herald.

EAST JORDAN, MICHIGAN, FRIDAY, DECEMBER 12, 1924



"'Twas the Night Before Christmas"

EAST JORDAN LUMBER COMPANY STORE



WELCOME TO THIS CHRISTMAS STORE

Where you will find everything in tune with the Spirit of Christmas. [Stocks conveniently arranged so that you may do your Christmas shopping with the least expenditure of time, effort and money. You will welcome the even greater than usual care with which we will help you find just the items you have in mind for filling your gift list. It is our desire that your choice never be hurried by us, but we are equally anxious that we do everything we can to aid in making your visit here an enjoyable and profitable one. The following shopping list may prove of assistance in making a list of the gifts you desire to give, but please do not consider it a complete list of the gift items ready for your choice here. There are many others.

- | | | | |
|--|-----------------------------|------------------------|--------------------|
| Bath Robes & Bath Robe Blankets | Manicure Sets Pearl Handled | Silk Hose | Wool and Silk Hose |
| Fancy Towling | Traveling Cases | | Wool Blankets |
| Fur Collars and Muffs | "Bobbie" Combs | | Cap and Scarf Set |
| Dress Goods Wool Shawls | Compacts | Towel Sets | Boudoir Caps |
| Stamped Goods Yarns | Boston Bags | Silk and Wool Sweaters | |
| Linen Handkerchiefs | Work Baskets | Silk Jersey Slips | |
| Kimona Cloths | Books Stationery | Coats Dresses | |
| | Dolls, Toys and Games | White Sewing Machines | |
| | Beads, Purses, Umbrellas | | |
| Silk Tubing, Crepe-de Chine, Lingette for "Undies" | | | |



Men's Department

- Bath Robes Silk and Wool Socks
 Flannel Shirts Dress Shirts
 Pajamas Warm Underwear
 Brushed Wool Mufflers
 Scotch Plaid Mufflers
 Kid Gloves Lined Gloves

- Mackinaws, Hats And Caps
 A Nice Line of Overcoats at Special Prices
 A Nice Line of Mens and Boys Slippers
 A Good Line of High Top Shoes
 Sweaters and Caps to Match
 Handkerchiefs Galore
 Mens and Boys Fine Shoes and Oxfords



GROCERIES

Everything For That Christmas Dinner From Soup to Nuts---
 Which includes--Celery, Lettuce, Grapes, Oranges, Lemons, Grapefruits and Bananas.

Christmas without plenty of Candy and Nuts would be like next Fourth of July with no firecrackers. You will do well to make this store your headquarters for Xmas confections, if for yourself, your party, or your school. We purchased an unusual amount--and secured an unusual price for such high grade candies. We offer you Staples and Novelties at 17 to 20 cents per pound. Brook's box candies up to 50 cents per pound.

HARDWARE

- | | | |
|---------------------|---------------------------|----------------|
| FOR MOTHER | For Boys and Girls | FOR DAD |
| Electric Irons | Sleds | Safety Razors |
| Aluminum Ware | Skis | Pocket Knives |
| Scissors and Shears | Pocket Knives | Flashlights |
| Coffee Percolator | Toboggans | Tools |
| Electric Hot Plate | | |

CLEAR THE TRACK FOR NORTHLAND TOBOGGANS



NORTHLAND Skis and Toboggans

The perfect shape of Northland Skis is the result of careful study of Norwegian madels. Pine and Ash, all lengths, \$1.95 to \$8.00

THE SUNBEAM IRON
 The Iron of Irons, in an ALL STEEL Fireproof case \$7.00

The 'Even Heat' Electric Hot Plate
 Costs only 7 cents per hour to operate. For that cup of coffee or tea when you come in late. Or to warm the babies milk in the middle of the night.....at \$3.75

FOR WINTER TIME IN NORTHERN CLIMES USE NORTHLAND SKIS



EAST JORDAN LUMBER CO. STORE

Main Street,

East Jordan, Mich.

WHAT ARE WELCOME

THE holidays are a time when about as many gifts are made as are made in the rest of the year. Any suggestion should be welcome which shows how thoughtfulness can make a cheap gift acceptable. Therefore I give a few such instances from my own experience:

I know a housewife who is famous for her lemon jumbles, and another whose mince pies are a toothsome delight. These two women remember their friends each Christmas, with their specialties, and, I assure you, no present is received more gratefully than is theirs. Still another, who makes orange marmalade by a wonderful secret recipe, gives a glass of this confection to her favored circle. But—a word of warning: Be absolutely sure that such an offering is really and truly desired. For example, I remember one woman, on a strict diet, to whom all sweets are forbidden, whose careless acquaintances are constantly sending boxes of candy, and one whose strawberries sicken and who, last year, received a glass of wild strawberry jam, delicious to all those who could eat it, but, it happened, she could not. However, such mistakes are the result of carelessness, and need not occur.

A shut-in once expatiated to me upon the solid help afforded her by a Christmas present of a "utility basket." It held all the odds and ends she was forever wanting, and could not readily procure for herself—pins, needles, tape, balls and sockets, threads and silks and cottons. "Every time I peep into it," she cried, as happy as a child, "I find something new that I need." It was not an expensive offering, and yet it was one of the most acceptable I ever heard of. Akin to it was a little silk sewing-bag, also rapturously received because the maker had informed herself of what the recipient's wardrobe would be that winter, and placed inside, with thimble and needle-case, spools of colored silks matching each garment to be worn that winter. Here again the thoughtfulness—not the gift itself—is what counts.

A case of threaded needles is most acceptable to all women beyond middle age whose eyes are beginning to fail, and invaluable to a traveler. Other discriminating presents are packets of choice seeds, saved during the summer, and sent to an amateur gardener at Christmas time. A manuscript book (typewritten, if possible) of tested recipes, compiled by the sender, is another always welcome offering.

And what pleasure, sentimental, retrospective and anticipatory, was theirs, sojourners in a far western home, who, just before the holidays, opened a box from mother and sisters "back home" in the East, containing a plum pudding and a fruit cake, made by the well-remembered recipe and, on Christmas day, to be enjoyed with most affectionate thoughts of those who, thousands of miles away, had helped to cook the gala-time dinner.—May Wilson.

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OUR HEART-RADIOS ON CHRISTMAS EVE

God owns the biggest broadcasting station in the universe, and what He sends forth to all corners of the world is love. Every human being has a radio—a heart-radio. If we take the trouble to "tune in," we are in a fair way of becoming good receiving stations. And a good receiver may hear harmonies that will vibrate through his being like chords on a harp. At Christmas time we should have heart-radios in perfect condition that we may know the beauty of God's love, which manifests itself in kindness, friendliness, happiness and good cheer.

"Tune in," friends, and who knows but we may hear the angels carolling on Christmas Eve!—Martha Banning Thomas.

(© 1924, Western Newspaper Union.)

Christmas



"Shall I get under the mistletoe?"
"Yes. You stand under and I'll understand."

Must Have Toys
Play and toys are as essential to a child as food.

SANTA CLAUS LOST IN PARROT'S ALLEY

DESPARD passed away in the shoemaker's shop a week-old bird kept his company. The canary that thrilled in his cage was the only other companion of his labors and the object of the jealous contempt of the ancient parrot, which viewed it from his perch as a momentary and frivolous interruption to the course of serious affairs.

The parrot had regarded even Despard himself as a late bubble on the stream of events, and, while it passed from the hands of a wandering sailor into the shoemaker's care in a nominal sense, it had really assumed charge of both shop and master. This conscious responsibility extended to the personal greeting with which it saluted upon entrance every customer with, "Hello, papa's boy! Want to talk to papa a little?" and it reached out so far that the crooked and straggling lane had come to be called "Parrot's Alley."

This alley was of such a nature that it had never been visited by those rays of pleasant light that shine from Christmas trees or those cheering gifts that do so much to make little folks and big folks happy. It was a dull and dirty place, where patched clothes hung upon clotheslines and dogs fought over bones; where there was not much to wear, not much to eat, not much peace.

So that Santa Claus, taking the wrong turn, found himself in a strange locality, and, after peering about in the unlighted gloom, had to confess that he was lost.

For a moment his merry face was clouded, but, catching sight of a gleam in Despard's shop, he pushed open his door and entered. Laying down one of his large bundles, that was marked "For the Forgotten Ones," he was about to go upstairs, hoping to find out where he was, when a voice in the darkness said, "Hello, papa's boy! Want to talk to papa a little? Well, can't see to talk to papa in the dark!"

Frightened for the first time in his life, Santa Claus made for the door and rushed out. But he left the bundle behind him!—Christopher G. Hazard.

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KEEPING CHRISTMAS—LET ALL BE HAPPY

IT IS a good thing to observe Christmas day. The mere marking of times and seasons, when men agree to stop work and make merry together, is a wise and wholesome custom. It helps one to feel the supremacy of the common life over the individual life. It reminds a man to set his own little watch, now and then, by the great clock of humanity which runs on sun time.

But there is a better thing than the observance of Christmas day, and that is keeping Christmas. — Frank Herbert Sweet.

(© 1924, Western Newspaper Union.)

Then She Understood



She—Why are you under the impression that you may kiss me?
He—Because you're under the mistletoe.

It Is Easy to Spread Happiness to Others

IT WAS snowing—not the nice, dry kind, but the kind that leaves hat feathers bedraggled and tempers grouchy.

The streets were crowded with holiday shoppers and people looked cross. A woman hurried toward me, holding to a boy of four by one hand and carrying a heavy basket with the other.

He tried to keep up, but he missed a step now and then; at last he stumbled and fell, and the mother dragged him up and said things to him, while he tried not to cry.

At the edge of the walk another woman got out of a brougham and started to cross over to the shop door. She took in the scene, and understood—it was strange how few people do understand. She stepped over to the child, unpinned a spray of holly from her fur coat and pinned it on his ragged little jacket.

"Only two days till Christmas," she said. "Isn't it great!"

The mother gave her that knowing look mothers have, and the boy smiled back at her.

The crowd jogged on, but people were half smiling in spite of the wet snow and the slushy walks.

The mother had lost some of the tired look, and the boy was taking skipping steps as he looked down happily at the spray of holly on his coat.

—Anna Deming Gray.
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Christmas Cushions



Handsome and comfort-giving cushions are among the Christmas gifts that always delight either men or women. These cushions are very practical when made of black satin or sateen and decorated with a band of wide figured ribbon in brilliant patterns.

These black cushions are decorated on one side, sometimes with bow knots or other motifs made of narrow gold ribbon and small silk flowers, stitched down at the edges.

Sets Colors Permanently
To set the color in any cotton material, add a handful of salt and two tablespoonfuls of turpentine to three-quarters of a pail of hot water. Put goods in and allow to remain until water is cold. This should set the colors permanently so that neither sun nor washing will fade them afterward.—Washington Star.

When Men Wore Lace

The lace gentlemen wore for ruffles in the Seventeenth century was costly for those days. Valenciennes lace, about three inches wide, which was then in great demand, sold for about \$11 a yard in 1788.

Puppy Sprites for Tree



A funny sprite for the Christmas tree—looks as if he were dressed in a chrysanthemum. He stands guard over a little box whose contents are a sweet secret.

Wire wound with crepe paper makes his long arms and legs and supports his head of painted cardboard—and crepe paper provides his rakish cap and outstanding skirt. He will suggest other grotesque and amusing figures—to be made in the same way.

Home-made Toys



Far be it from Santa Claus to fall to bring rag dolls and puppy dogs to all the little people who love them so much. We should all turn in and help old Santa out by making them at home of stocking legs or other elastic fabrics. Patterns can be bought for them and for all sorts of animals.

Little Willie Wise Boy

Willie H. Marjolin

SOME fellows think I'm kind-o' soft an' easy 't' deceive,
'Cause spite o' all they say 't' me they can't make me believe
There ain't no such a jolly saint as good ol' Santa Claus,
An' that th' presents that we git is bring by ma's and pa's.
I'm confident that I am right as any one can be—
Of course there is a Santa Claus:
You Can't Fool Me!

Of course our ma's and pa's must wait till children are asleep
T' show ol' Santa where 't' leave th' presents in a heap.
He's such a busy feller that he ain't got time 't' chat,
But has 't' hustle mighty fast 't' find where kids is at.
An' that is why you can't see him; he's busy as can be—
Of course there is a Santa Claus:
You Can't Fool Me!

He rides upon th' snowstorms, no matter how they blow;
He's faster than a bullet when he gits right up 't' go.
An' there's so many poor kids that's a livin' on his "route"
He often leaves th' presents for our parents 't' hand out.
That fools th' fellers thinkin' they are wise as they can be—
But I know there is a Santa Claus:
You Can't Fool Me!

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JOIN OUR CHRISTMAS CLUB AND BE PREPARED

All of the happiness that you should enjoy at Christmas Time, plenty of money to purchase the gifts you would like so much to have so as to spread joy to those dear to you is within easy reach.

You can be prepared for Christmas like you have never experienced before, when you are a member of this Club.

You will not miss the small deposits weekly during the life of the Club and in this way you will be able to greet Old St. Nick and enjoy a Christmas worth while.

DO IT TODAY

SAVE

STATE BANK OF EAST JORDAN, MICH.

"The Bank on the Corner"

"The Oldest and Largest State Bank in Charlevoix County"

Plans 1 cent to \$5.00 per week

CHRISTMAS MAIL to be DELIVERED by F.H.SWEET



WELL, you can't go no further," old Farmer Benson yelled, curving his mitted hands to his mouth so the words would reach the mail carrier, five or six feet on the other side of the fence. At the same time he nodded significantly toward the road farther on, where the snow had drifted entirely across, covering the fence on either side. "Five foot deep an' still driftin', an' plenty more places on ahead jest like it. Don't see how you got this fur. Well, we'll shovel out the gate, an' then you can drive in under my shed. It's three miles back to town, an' you can't return any more than you can go ahead. I never see snow fly so fast. Mebbe it'll ease up by tomorrow so we can start to plow the roads out, but 't ain't likely you'll get the mail round under two or three days, or perhaps a week. You'll drive right in."

It was trying, for this was the last day of rural free delivery No. 3. The route had been started as an experiment, but now was thought to hardly be worth while, and was to be dropped. John Holden had been one of the strongest advocates for it, and had obtained the route, leaving his oldest boy to look after the farm. The salary was not large, but in a year or so would enable him to stock the farm as he had wanted to stock it all his life.

At length the snow was cleared from sufficient space for the gate to be opened and swung back. Holden led his horse through the shed, then unharnessed and took him to the stable, where he fed him generously with the hay which Benson threw down from the mow. Then the two men returned to the wagon, and Holden quickly arranged his mail into a compact package.

"We'll take it right into the house," said Benson. "It'll be safe there till you're able to go on."

Holden smiled and shook his head. "I shall go right on now," he said. "Mail mustn't be delayed, you know. Besides, a lot of this is Christmas mail."

"But, man alive, you can't do it!" expostulated Benson, incredulously. "It's half a mile to the next house, and that drift right ahead is up to your armpits, an' too soft to stand on an' too deep to push through. You're crazy!"

"Mebbe," ironically, "but it's got to be done."

All this time he had been fastening the package securely upon his shoulder.



"Look Here, Holden, Don't Try It," He Said.

ders. Now he straightened up, taking the broken half of a rake handle he saw near.

"If you don't mind, I'll take this along," he said. "It will help steady some."

Benson placed his hand upon his shoulder.

"Look here, Holden," he said, earnestly, "don't you try it. The thing's nothing more nor less than suicide, and you know it."

Holden met his neighbor's look squarely and smiled. "I don't think so," he answered. "I shall try to creep along the fences where it's bad, and stick mostly to the high, windy ground across lots, where the snow will be less deep. I wouldn't wonder if I could make it all right. It's only a half mile to the next house, an' not more than that between any two places, an' only fourteen miles round the whole route. Then there's another thing, the main one," his face becoming grave; "you forget the folks who are waitin' for their mail, especially a Christmas one. The ones away are writin' to their folks then. What will it mean to them if I don't get 'round? Of course I don't know much about what's in the mail, but there's the Widow Cross, livin' alone, an' her son workin' up country in a mill. I've got a little for

her this mornin'. Mebbe 't ain't the one, but I wouldn't be surprised if she was without wood or coal to keep her warm an' a scrap to eat, an' that this letter will fix her up all right. Then there's Johnson an' his wife, who have a sick son off in China. They're out to the box every mornin' waitin' for me. I've got a letter for them, an' it's from China. An' there's Almy Ross, whose husband is off to sea, an' little Nina Clark, whose fellow is up to the mines workin' hard to earn enough to start housekeepin'. I've got letters for both of them. An' 't ain't all the mail, either. I do errands for a good many. You know the Watts', whose boy is so awful sick. They ain't nobody to send for a doctor. What mightn't it mean if I didn't get there in two or three days? No, no, Benson, I wouldn't dare to stay if I wanted to. I'm only one, an' they're a good many. Good-by."

Usually it required less than five minutes to drive between the houses, but it was two hours later when Holden struggled up on the piazza and knocked on the door, looking more like a crudely made snowman than anything human.

"For the land sake!" cried the woman who opened the door, "if it isn't Mr. Holden! How'd you ever manage to get through? But come right in. You can't go on any more today. My folks are almost scared to go to the barn."



It Was Still Snowing and the Drifts Much Deeper.

Come," throwing wide the door, "don't stand there in the cold. Take your wraps right off and set right up to the fire and warm."

"I haven't time now, thank you," Holden replied, as soon as he could interpose a word. "I must get on to Watts'. I have some medicine for the sick boy, an' he may need it. Here's your mail. Merry Christmas, speaking ahead." And once more he went out into the storm, disappearing in its blinding whirl almost instantly.

It was scarcely half a mile to Watts', but it took him twice the time to reach it. And when finally he stumbled up the steps, he had to pause to catch his breath before he could summon strength to knock.

"Merry Christmas, an' here's your mail, an' medicine," he gasped, as the door was opened. "No, I can't stop. I'm a good deal behind time, an' must reach the widow's tonight, an' Johnson's, an' Rose's an' others. They all ain't much over a quarter of a mile. The storm's something terrible. Good-by."

When he reached the Widow Cross' it was she who heard him fumbling about the door, and opened it, thinking it was a cat or dog wanting shelter.

At first he could not speak, but held out her letter.

"If it's the right one," he whispered presently, "I'll take it down to the store an' get your supplies in a few minutes, soon as I'm rested. It's only a few rods. An'—I hope you'll have a Merry Christmas."

"You'll stay all night, of course," she said, anxiously. "You're completely used up an' it won't be safe to attempt going any farther."

"Only to Johnson's an' Rose's an' one or two more, just beyond the store," he answered. "I have letters for them which I want to deliver tonight."

The next day it was still snowing, and the drifts much deeper. Although he started early and struggled through the snow until after dark, he made little more than a mile. It was Christmas day, when mail was not supposed to be delivered, but Holden did not even think of that. He had letters to leave, and anxious people were waiting for them. So Christmas went by.

The third day the weather turned colder and the moist snow crusted enough to bear one's weight. The snow changed to a blitter, driving sleet.

It was much harder travelling, but the crust enabled one to go more swiftly. This day Holden completed his delivery, and returned to the post office with the mail he had collected on the way.

Three days later the roads were open so he could go for his wagon. In the afternoon he went back to his farm.

Rural free delivery No. 3, however, was discontinued only a month. Then a letter came to the post office and was sent out to John Holden. It read: "Owing to more definite information in regard to route No. 3 and to the prospect of its betterment, and more especially to the manner of the last day's delivery, the department has reconsidered the matter. The route will be continued for one year, with the probability of being made permanent. John Holden is appointed carrier."

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"WE MUST BE GLAD; WE MUST BE KIND"

IT WAS the usual day-time street car crowd. The tired-looking girl—overworked and underfed—and beside her the girl of leisure with her vanity case; the weary business man, with his paper before his eyes, and the rolicking crowd of boy scouts. The banker who had had an accident with his car, and resented the fact that he had to go home in the street car. The overdressed matron, and the fat woman who filled the space for two—and was used at all the world because of it. The grouchy old man in front of us, who growled at the street car system and the universe in general.

Beside me sat a woman with two children—one a baby of three and the other a lad of six; they were poorly dressed.

The baby began to whimper and the mother hastily soothed her, while the grouch in front glowered at her.

"Talk to lil' sister," whispered the mother. "Make her to be interest."

And the six-year-old, hardly more than a baby himself, turned to baby sister. "Not cry, not fret!" he said cheerfully. "This time to be ver' glad. This time of holy day because Christmas mos' come. You get orange, one baby doll, if ver' good—perhaps red balloon."

People were listening now, but the little group beside me were unconscious of it. The baby had fixed her black eyes on big brother, and when he paused she said briefly—"More!"

And he hastened on—"Lights in the shops—many toys—Christmas tree in church, and ever' body kind to ever' body—stockings to hang up for candy."

"More!" demanded the baby. The girl had put away her vanity box and was listening; and the banker across the aisle smiled at the child.

"And ever one be happy—yes—because of those Christ Child," finished the boy, as their mother rang the bell, and hurried off carrying the baby and her many bundles.

People exchanged smiles, and the grouchy old man who was getting off, too, turned to help her with the children and the bundles.

And the words went with me, repeating themselves over and over—"We must be glad, we must be kind—because of those Christ Child."—Anna Deming Gray.

(© 1924, Western Newspaper Union.)

CHRISTMAS SPIRIT MAKES CHRISTMAS

IT WAS Christmas morning; the ground was covered with snow, just right for a real Christmas. It was early morning and the Gaylord household was astir.

"Now, not a single package on that tree touched until I get the turkey in the oven."

This from the busy Mother Gaylord as she hurriedly poked into the already overstuffed turkey one more spoon of dressing.

"All right, old dear," shouted Hugh, the eldest of the three sons—"a tree wouldn't be a tree, nor a gift a gift without you."

"Thank you, son," said mother as she dried her hands and joined the boys. "Father is sorry, I know, to miss all this joy with us—but business first. That largest package is from him. His letter said possibly he couldn't be here for a month."

"Well, mother, let's save the tree until he does come, and not touch a package, for a tree is not a tree, nor is a gift a gift with Dad away."

A familiar step was heard; the bell rang and in stepped Dad, shouting "Merry Christmas to all! My package not opened yet! By Jo! Glad I'm just in time."

Four voices in unison: "How did you get here?" "Blew in!" asked Mother.

"Well, I guess I did. Christmas couldn't be Christmas without you four, so I came by airplane. Golly! the turkey smells good; let's open our packages."

The tree was truly a tree; the packages were sure-enough gifts; the turkey was honest-to-goodness turkey, and Christmas was perfect, too, for the whole family was assembled with true love in their hearts for each other and Christ was in the midst.—Emily Burks Adams.

(© 1924, Western Newspaper Union.)

Let Us Make Greetings Ring With Good Cheer

GOOD MORNING! Merry Christmas! Happy New Year!

These are greetings which everybody uses, and which we hear from the lips of all alike—"rich man, poor man, beggar man, thief, doctor, lawyer, merchant, chief." But to how many of us do the words live? Are they not for the most part a mere meaningless formula without even the inspiration behind them that usually prompts our spontaneous "hello"?

Let it be different this year. Let us back these joyous greetings with hearty enthusiasm. As a man may be judged by his handshake, so may he be judged by his salutations. Let these time-worn phrases take on new life and become time-honored phrases.

Let us mean— Good morning! Merry Christmas! Happy New Year! —H. Lucius Cook. (© 1924, Western Newspaper Union.)

SHOPPING HINTS FOR CHRISTMAS GIFTS

at **Gidley & Mac's Drug Store**

You Will Find The Following Items Of Interest to the Christmas Buyer

Eastman Kodaks
PENS and PENCILS—Conklin Schaffer and Ingersoll
Complete Assortment of Boxed Candies
Liggett's, Whitman's and Johnston's



GIFT BOXES—Make Your Selection Early
FANCY PACKAGE STATIONERY

Victrolas and Records A Present That Will Please Them All For Years

GIDLEY & MAC

DELIGHTFUL GIFTS FOR CHRISTMAS

Special Christmas Boxes of Candy

Each package an assortment of the choicest candies we handle attractively arranged in beautiful Glove Boxes, Handkerchief Boxes, Sewing Baskets, etc., for Christmas Giving. Be sure to include several on your gift list, if you want to make several people especially happy Christmas Day.

Gilbert's Johnson's Walker's
Lowney's and Brooks Candies

SATISFIED--

That's the feeling of the man who receives a box of cigars, the name of which is well known and guarantees the quality. Any of the following brands will make excellent gifts.



Harvester, LaPalinas, Websters, R.G. Dunns, Dutch Masters Chancellor
Cort Royals San Felice

Pipes, Tobaccos, Cigarettes, and Cigarette Holders in Fancy Gift Boxes

BULOW BROS.
PHONE 145 EAST JORDAN.

Charlevoix County Herald.

Vol. 28

EAST JORDAN, MICHIGAN, FRIDAY, DECEMBER 12, 1924.

No. 50

Opening Number Monday Ev'g

Lyceum Course Opens At Temple. Ticket Sale Large.

A reduction of the price on season ticket, together with the non-reserving of seats and the addition of feature motion pictures is more than meeting the approval of the public. Theatre will open at usual time, feature to start at 7:15 p. m. The public are requested to be on hand early to have choice of seats.

Season Tickets—Adults, \$1.50; Students, \$1.00; Children, .75
Single Admission at Box Office—First Number 40c; Second Number 50c; Third Number 40c; Fourth Number 75c.

WHERAHIKO RAWEL

Wherahiko Rawel, native Polynesian lecturer and raconteur, brings to American audiences most picturesque portrayals of the arts, crafts, folklore and music of the South Sea Islands.

He appears in native costumes which are marvels of primitive beauty. Mr. Rawel, of Polynesian birth, was early in life adopted by a British army officer and his wife, who, on returning to their home in England, placed him in Oxford University.

After the death of his foster parents, Mr. Rawel returned to his na-



WHERAHIKO RAWEL

tive Islands, where he lived among the various island peoples of the Pacific, and where he soon became absorbed in the captivating glamour of the South Seas.

In his lecture-recital he tells most interesting tales of the dwellers on the Samoan Islands, owned by the United States, but of which we know comparatively little.

Mr. Rawel is an educated gentleman, an adept at describing the witchery of his native islands. As an entertainer, he is making a big contribution to a broader and more general culture.

James A. White of Boyne City Passes Away

James A. White, prominent Boyne City businessman and prominent church worker, died at Petoskey Thursday evening following an illness of less than two weeks. He reported feeling in poor health about two weeks ago and one week ago condition became serious, Wednesday he underwent an operation. Mr. White was about 62 years old.

Nearly all his life Mr. White has been associated with other members of his family in the lumber and railroad business at Boyne City, residing there about 40 years. He was vice president and assistant manager of the White Lumber company and vice president of the Boyne City, Gaylord & Alpena Railway company, both with home offices in Boyne City. He was a very active worker in the Presbyterian church of Boyne City and northern Michigan, and a member of the Boyne City Rotary club.

Surviving him, besides the wife and one daughter, Mrs. John Davidson of Lansing, are four brothers and four sisters. They are W. H. White, Thomas White and Robert White, of Boyne City and George White of San Diego, Calif.; Miss Louise White, Lincoln, Ill.; Mrs. J. B. Meloche, Madison, Wis.; Mrs. Mary Fairchild, Marine City, Michigan and Mrs. Claude Early of Chicago.

Funeral services were held from his late home in Boyne City Sunday afternoon, with interment at Maple Lawn cemetery. Rev. C. W. Sidebotham of East Jordan took part in the funeral services. Those from East Jordan who attended the obsequies were Mr. and Mrs. W. P. Porter, Howard and John Porter, and W. E. Malpass.

Merry Christmas

CHRISTMAS is a day of cheer because we make it so. We bestow gifts upon those who are dear to us by ties of blood or friendship, we contribute to the happiness of children and turn kindly thoughts upon the unfortunate. Each year sees a greater tendency to assist these latter with something more substantial than thoughts. In all parts of America, and we assume that the same is true of other portions of the civilized world, there is manifested an increasing desire to help.

Few communities, towns or cities lack organized efforts for the carrying of real Christmas cheer to every destitute family, every hungry wayfarer, and especially to every child of poverty; that the latter, at least, may not regard the day, its symbols and promises as things of empty significance. This is in accordance with the teachings of Him for whom the day was named, and evidences the growth of spirituality in the world.

How little we know of how well off we are! How we magnify the trivial things of life! How prone we are to forget the securities and liberties of American citizenship! How hard it is to realize that the elements of true happiness lie within ourselves and not within what we possess. But we are beginning to know, and the spirit of Christmas is an important element in our teaching. Right sentiments soon crystallize into actions. The phrase, "Merry Christmas," upon all lips is an incentive to make it merry, hence the season becomes a time to forget strife and gloom and to spread peace and joy.

Is the old-fashioned Christmas passing? If so, a better one is taking its place. Modern arrangements may have done away with the yule log, but we still have the holly and the evergreen. They are but symbols. The tender emotions in our hearts count for much more. We can blend our voices and attune our souls to full jubilee on this festive occasion, which commemorates the most important announcement of all time, that of the religion of peace and love. Merry Christmas!

THE PUBLISHERS

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Scott Gets Splendid Post

Representative From This District Head of Shipping Body.

Congressman Frank D. Scott representing the Eleventh Michigan district in the House of Representatives at Washington, has just become chairman of the committee on Merchant Marine and Fisheries—the first chairmanship to fall to a Michigan congressman since the sixty-sixth congress of 1920.

Mr. Scott goes to the chairmanship of this important committee of the house by virtue of his service in that body. He will retain his membership on the rules committee, as did Royal C. Johnson, Rep. of Aberdeen, S. D. when he became chairman of the Immigration committee. When Rep. Scott came to congress for the first time in the sixty-fourth session it was his ambition to obtain a membership on the rules committee, the highest committee in authority in the house of representatives. So anxious was he to be a member of that committee that he withdrew from the Banking and Currency committee to devote all his time to rules body.

In addition to becoming chairman of the Merchant Marine and Fisheries committee Representative Scott advanced one position on the rules committee when Representative Schall, Minnesota, defeated Magnus Johnson for the office of senator from that state. Rep. Scott was the fourth member of the Rules committee and goes into third in place of Schall. Rep. Johnson is second member, Rep. Bertrand H. Snell, New York, is chairman. The Rules committee is the "steering committee of the house," and the chairmanship is the most coveted position among

the representatives.

Promoted Rapidly.

Mr. Scott's promotion to the chairmanship of the Merchant Marine and Fisheries committee was rapid. When the last session adjourned he was the third member of the committee but since that time Chairman William Green, Massachusetts, and second member, George W. Edmonds, Pennsylvania, died and the Michigan solved the other twenty-one members for the chairmanship.

As chairman Mr. Scott is now in an advantageous position, politically and otherwise for the American merchant marine is an asset to the country because of its aid in the development of American trade abroad and because of its value for national defense. It is well to remember in the latter connection that it cost the people about \$3,000,000,000 to get together the merchant fleet to help win the last war.

The work of the Bureau of Fisheries comprises the propagation of useful food fishes, the inquiry into the causes of decrease of food fishes in the lakes, rivers and coast waters of the United States and the study of the methods of the fisheries and the preservation and utilization of fisheries products and the compilation of statistics of the fisheries.

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 beginning Saturday, Dec. 13th, and each Saturday thereafter until March 1st to receive same.

WM. G. MURPHY,
Treasurer.

It is dangerous to use a shotgun as a lever. One man tried to move a log while hunting last week, and lost a leg. Puzzle: How did it happen?

Seven Counties Have Poultry School Work

Special two-day poultry schools, planned to consider production and disease control problems, have been scheduled in seven Michigan counties by the Michigan Agricultural College for the month of December.

J. A. Hannah, specialist from the college poultry department, and Dr. H. J. Stafseth, of the M. A. C. veterinary division, will conduct the work of the schools, which will follow regular "classroom" hours and schedules. Mr. Hannah will discuss culling, poultry house, house construction, incubation, brooding and feeding problems; while Dr. Stafseth is scheduled to take up various disease control questions of interest to the poultry raiser.

That the schools will be continued in many other sections of the state is indicated by college extension authorities. Any section will sign up at least 40 poultry raisers to attend the school is eligible for the schedule.

The counties listed in the announced itinerary are as follows: Menominee (Stephens) Dec. 5-6; Delta (Escanaba) Dec. 8-9; Georgia (Ironwood) Dec. 10-11; Muskegon (Muskegon) Dec. 12-13; Allegan (Allegan) Dec. 16-17; Washtenaw (Ypsilanti) Dec. 19-20; and Shiawassee (Owosso) Dec. 22-23.

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, 1925, no collection fee will be added. Thereafter a charge of four per cent will be added.

G. E. BOSWELL,
City Treasurer.

H. E. Hutton Passes Away

For Ten Years Supervisor of South Arm Twp.

Hanson Edward Hutton, aged 69 years, passed away at his farm home 4 miles north of East Jordan in South Arm Township, Sunday afternoon, Dec. 7th, after an illness of several years duration, from heart trouble.

Mr. Hutton was born in Southern Michigan, and, with his family, came here from Vanderbilt, some 17 years ago, and has since resided on his farm in South Arm township.

He has held the office of Director of Rock Elm school for the past 17 years, and Supervisor of South Arm Township for ten years.

He leaves, besides his wife, the following sons and daughters:—Mrs. Frank Poquette, Clive Hutton and Mrs. Wesley Sudman, all of Boyne City, and Misses Ina and Fern Hutton at home.

Funeral services were held from his late home Wednesday afternoon, conducted by Rev. Henry Hiles of the East Jordan Methodist Church. Interment at Sunset Hill.

May Force Gas Tax Action

Row Over Date of License Plate Sale Causes Speculation.

Threat of the Detroit Automobile Club to force sale of auto license plates on January 1 may lead the state administration to abandon its fight for a weight tax and pass a 2-cent gasoline tax in a hurry—possibly at an extra session of the legislature.

This is possible but not probable course of action intimated in official circles following a statement of Thomas P. Henry, President of the Detroit club threatening mandamus proceedings to force Secretary of State Charles Deland to sell licenses on January 1 instead of February 1 as planned.

Governor Alex J. Groesbeck was reported in conference with officials of the club in Detroit. If they fail to degree to drop their threatened mandamus action, the administration must either:

1. Get through the most favorable road bill possible at a special session.
2. Let the club go ahead with its mandamus action and fight it, hoping to get needed legislation by while the writ is in the courts. Action cannot be started until January 2 and the legislature does not meet until January 7.

It is believed however, that the Detroit club will abandon its attempt to get the license sale started on schedule under threat of a gasoline tax—which it strongly opposes.

The governor is known to be "luke warm" toward a 2 cent tax and to probably favor a 1 cent tax as a compromise. It is a conceded also that he regards continuation road building of paramount importance and that additional revenue must be found for this purpose.

The present legislature, according to observers, would "pass a 2-cent tax in five minutes" if it were given executive support.

There is still ample time to call a special session before Christmas, it is pointed out. Secretary Deland said he had urged this course if the motor club balks.

If the administrative board is forced to fight the mandamus, it will do so on the ground an emergency exists in which it has power to act.

In his statement, Henry declared the state administrative board has not authority to order sale of the plates, stopped even though the state loaned plates to purchasers of new cars. He also declared a weight tax of 70 cents per hundred pounds would be ample for road avenue.

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, 1925.

G. E. BOSWELL,
City Treasurer.

One idea of the law of averages is the marriage of the circus thin man, weighing 68 pounds, and the fat lady, weighing 467. It happened in New York last week.

Veterans Must Apply At Once

Compensation Law Expires Jan'y 1st, 1925.

Veterans of the World War who are suffering from tuberculosis, and from certain other diseases, should apply for compensation before Jan'y. 1st, 1925, according to Wm. G. Murphy, commander of the Rebec Sweet Post 227 of the American Legion.

Even the veterans who previously have applied to the U. S. Veterans' Bureau and have been rejected should renew their claims, he declared, because a new law has made many such cases perfectly legal. The commander invited all veterans to visit the next Post meeting Monday evening, where Legionnaires will give assistance in preparing claims.

"It is most important that veterans should apply at once," said Mr. Murphy. The time limit for their claims will soon expire. If there is any doubt in the mind of any veteran as to whether his claim comes under the act, he should get in touch with the Legion.

Besides tuberculosis the diseases which are of the greatest importance are: paralysis agitans, encephalitis lethargica or amoebic dysentery. We are aware that those names may mean little to many veterans; that is why we advise all who are at all in doubt to get in touch with us. The relatives of veterans who are suffering from mental diseases—even those contracted through misconduct—should see us. The full provisions of the act are necessarily complicated, and we can only urge every possible beneficiary of the act to make his application immediately.

"Those who attend the meeting should have with them their discharge certificates and any correspondence which they may have had with any governmental bureau. The Reed-Johnson Act, under which their applications may be received up to Dec. 31, 1924, was drafted by the American Legion, and is far more generous than any previous measure. Thus it is that veterans who previously have been denied their claims may now recover them."

The Legion post, besides the welfare work such as outlined, is planning a winter of constant good times for its members, it was said. The Legion is growing in popularity with veterans, and all over the state as well as locally is showing a healthy membership. Many of the mistakes made in the days of "mushroom growth" have been outgrown and forgotten. Just a few hints for Xmas—pay hubby's dues to the Legion or pay sonny's dues to the Legion, or better yet, pay your own dues and get one of the best papers that is printed in U. S. A.

One of the important features in the Shop Early, Mail Early campaign, which is being put on throughout the country by the Post office Department, is the proper addressing and securely wrapping Christmas packages. When you wrap your Christmas packages, wrap them securely, put your address in the upper left corner, so, if by any chance, it should go astray, it can be returned to you and not sent to the dead letter office. The good folks of our community last year helped to bring joy and happiness to hundreds of thousands of postmen and clerks. Let's do our shopping early again this year, so that we may again enable the postmen and the post office clerks to eat their Christmas dinners home with their families and at the same time assure yourselves of having our Christmas presents delivered to our friends in order that they may be opened on Christmas morning.

Christmas Packages Must Be Wrapped Carefully

Many a man would fail to recognize his best girl if her powder and paint ran out. It is a poor morning that does not reveal some shocking murder in this land of the free and the brave. Santa Claus, day by day, in every way, is getting more and more important. One public problem is solved—Charlie Chaplin is married at last. Poor men are untroubled by income tax specialists.

GERMANS APPROVE DAWES PEACE PLAN

MARX AND MODERATES LEADING IN THE EARLY RETURN OF NATIONAL ELECTION.

LUDENDORF PARTY IS BEATEN

Republican Control of Reichstag Evident—Socialists and Democrats Gain.

Berlin—A tremendously heavy vote was cast in the German national elections last week. Early indications were that the moderate group, supporting Chancellor Marx and the Dawes plan, was winning. The socialists, democrats and centrists were believed to have defeated the efforts of nationalists and communists to destroy the Republican majority in the reichstag.

Early returns indicated a heavy defeat for the Fascists, who were latently aggressive in their electioneering even after the polls had opened. It was estimated that at least 85 per cent of Germany's voters went to the polls, making the vote a record one.

Twenty Frankfurter districts gave the following: Nationalists 2,000, Socialists 850, Folks party 760, Fascist 220, Democrats, 153, Centrists 35.

An extraordinary increase in the vote of the socialist party over that of last May, consistent gains by the democrats, and the political obliteration of General Ludendorff's chauvinistic, antisemitic party are the outstanding features elections.

JORDAN WINS PEACE PLAN AWARD

Leland Stanford Educator Proposes World Program of Education.

Augusta, Maine—Dr. David Starr Jordan, chancellor emeritus of Leland Stanford University, educator, naturalist and author, has been awarded the prize of \$25,000 offered by Raphael Herman of Washington, D. C., for the best educational plan calculated to maintain world peace.

The World Federation of Education was organized as an outgrowth of the world conference on education which met at San Francisco in 1923.

Dr. Jordan in his plan recommends that the world federation make intensive studies of certain matters pertinent to world amity through the continuance operation of appropriate committees on education for peace, these to report at stated meetings of the federation and to the various national organizations corresponding to and including our own national education association indicating action likely to contribute toward international concord.

BANDITS CAPTURE AMERICANS

Chinese Brigands Slay Victims From Launch and Flee Inland.

Canton, China—Forty-eight Chinese teachers and students of Canton Christian college were kidnaped last week on board a launch flying an American flag while going from Canton to the college.

Six bandits among the passengers of the launch overpowered the crew and after landing the captives sent the launch back to Canton with a foreign woman and several Chinese girls on board. The bandits then hurried inland with the kidnaped teachers and students.

The Rev. Father Dominick, former rector of St. Michael's church at Hoboken, N. J., and the Rev. Father Matthias, missionaries, were among those captured, which party also included nuns who were members of the Sisters of Charity, formerly stationed at Convent, N. J.

GENE STRATTON PORTER IS DEAD

Was Killed in An Auto-Street Car Accident in California.

Los Angeles—Gene Stratton Porter, author and naturalist, was killed here in an automobile accident last week.

The noted writer died as the result of injuries sustained when her automobile crashed into a street car. According to police reports, the accident, which occurred two blocks from Mrs. Porter's home, was unavoidable. Her chauffeur, drove behind an eastbound street car and did not notice a westbound car until he was directly in the path of it.

The chauffeur was unable to get his car across the tracks before the street car crashed into it. Mrs. Porter's skull was fractured.

Brazilian Revolt Cost 500 Lives

Sao Paulo, Brazil—An official summary of casualties in this city during the revolt last July sets forth that 500 persons were killed by bullets or shells of the besieging federal forces, and that the Red Cross aided 3,584 wounded. One thousand two hundred other persons were cared for at the House of Mercy. Losses estimated at \$3,000,000 were suffered by 703 commercial and industrial concerns. The rebels dug 318 trenches at different points in the city.

BRITAIN SEEKS O.K. ON ACTS IN EGYPT

FOREIGN SECRETARY IN ROME TO JUSTIFY COURSE TO LEAGUE.

ENGLISH NOTE SAYS "HANDS OFF"

Claims Present Crisis is Domestic, Intervention By Powers Will Not Be Welcome.

London—Austen Chamberlain, the British secretary of foreign affairs, personally has laid before the League of Nations' council in Rome, regarding the Egyptian situation, to justify England's action.

Great Britain's note to the League of Nations on Egypt has created extraordinary interest. Like the United States, Egypt, as a non-member state has officially received a copy of the protocol. Briefly, England has told the league that if Egypt signs the protocol Egypt does not thereby, in the view of England, acquire any right to invoke league intervention on those matters which were expressly reserved by England when the British protectorate over Egypt was terminated. These are not enumerated in the British communication made public today, but they are known to include questions touching the Sudan, which were raised in England's ultimatum after the assassination of the Sirdar.

One of the chief features of the note to the league is a passage from Great Britain's notification to the powers when Egypt's independence was proclaimed. This extract emphasized the special relations between Great Britain and Egypt, long recognized by other countries, relations which were defined in the declaration which accepted Egypt as an independent sovereign state. The extract insisted that these relations concerned matters vitally involving the rights and interests of the British empire, and affirmed that interference in the affairs of Egypt by any other power would be regarded by England as "an unfriendly act."

STATE PUSHES MURDER PROBE

Action Taken to Determine Guilt of Hill in Dombrowski Case.

Lansing—Governor Alex J. Groesbeck says he will push his investigation of the Dombrowski murder and the determination of the guilt or innocence of Leo Sauerman or Harry Hill, "phantom suspect," to the limit.

Dombrowski, a Gibraltar township farmer, was murdered in January 1921, and for whose death Leo Sauerman is now serving a life sentence at Jackson prison.

The resultant action will determine the governor's course in the disposition of the petition before him asking the pardon of Sauerman, upon the grounds that it was a case of mistaken identity brought about by the strong resemblance to the then reputed mythical "Harry Hill," who was the real slayer of Dombrowski.

KORETZ GETS FROM 1 TO 10 YEARS

Pleads Guilty to Fleecing Friends of Millions in Fake Oil Deal.

Chicago—Leo Koretz, ill, unkempt and penniless, a gray shadow of the master swindler who induced friends and relatives to invest \$2,000,000 in a phantom Panama oil project, was sentenced to prison for from one to 10 years by Chief Justice Jacob Hopkins. The one-time dapper swindler, who pleaded guilty to four indictments charging four variations of swindling, received three identical sentences for three separate offenses, but the judge ruled that the sentences might run concurrently.

Koretz was taken to the state penitentiary at Joliet to begin serving the sentence.

JAPAN WILL RESIST NAVAL CUT

Says Limitation of Auxiliary Craft Would Menace Pacific Peace.

Kobe, Japan—The Osaka Mainichi says that Japanese naval opinion is flatly opposed to limitation of auxiliary vessels of war, no matter what conference may propose it.

Navy office officials said the only proposal concerning limitation of auxiliary craft they could entertain would be one fixing a minimum number for each nation.

They do not believe that the United States will propose another naval armament limitation conference aimed at auxiliary craft, because it is the opinion in Japan that such a move would threaten to disturb the peace of the Pacific.

Street Railways Prosperous

New York—Five years ago one-sixth of all the electric railways of this country were in bankruptcy. All of them were destined for the scrap heap. Today there are less than six companies in the hands of receivers. Last year more than \$200,000,000 was spent on improvements and extensions. Generally speaking, the electric street railways were never more ailing than at present, according to J. N. Shannahan, president of the American Street Railway association.

PROFANITY

By THOMAS ARKLE CLARK
Dean of Men, University of Illinois.

I RAN into Brown the other night about eight o'clock as I was coming down Green street. He was with two or three companions, well-known men about the town. It was a commonplace discussion that they were carrying on, but he was swearing profanely and loudly, mixing his oaths with vulgar gutter talk. I was not shocked, for as a boy I had been thrown with all conditions of the underworld—coal heavers and river rats, and ignorant section gangs, and I had heard the talk of the riffraff that follows a threshing outfit in the Northwest—but I was surprised.

You must not class Brown as an ordinary loud-mouth boob. He has an educated, religious father and a refined mother. At home Brown is himself an active member of the leading Protestant church, and sometimes at vacations he leads the Christian Endeavor meeting. At college he was a prominent man. He was wearing an "I" sweater when I first met him, and he was a member of one of the best-known organizations of upper classmen.

He is not a coarse fellow; he has simply learned to swear as he learned in the grades to chew tobacco—because he thought it was smart and made him appear grown up. He swore at first to let people know, who would not otherwise have suspected it, what a young devil he was, and he swears now because he wants people to realize what an important character he is.

Of course, at home he doesn't swear at his mother or his father or his pastor or at anyone or in the presence of anyone whom he respects. With his profanity he tries to impress his overworked landlady and the laundry boy, and he awes younger fellows who see a good deal of his profane talk. It is a habit easily acquired but not easily broken. Brown does not stop to think how coarse and commonplace it makes him; how it cheapens him; how irreverent it is, and if there is anyone who should reverence God it is a man brought up and trained as Brown has been. Nor does he realize how every vulgar, profane word he utters throws discredit upon his teachers and his father and his mother and himself.

"Every fellow does it" is the excuse offered if one ever stops to offer an excuse. It is a common, vulgar fault, too common and vulgar, in fact, for the man who has opportunities and training and who, if he is to get far in the world, should have ideals above the low and the profane.

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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



Womans Comfy Slippers

Best Quality Felt with Chrome Padded Soles
\$1.00 up to \$1.85

WOMANS SATIN SLIPPERS

Quilted Satin Uppers and Chrome Soles
\$1.50 to \$2.50

Womans Leather Moccasins

at \$2.50
The Kind That Never Wear Out

Womans Fine Kid Leather Slippers

With Light Leather Sole and Pom Pom Trim
at \$2.50
Exceptional Quality

SLIPPERS MAKE A PRACTICAL GIFT

One Sure To Be Appreciated

Every year, Christmas Gifts, are getting more sensible. No one wants to receive a lot of useless junk at Christmas time. Give Shoes or Slippers to your Family or Sweetheart this year, and they will be as tickled as can be.

Mens Brown Felt Hi-Lo Slipper

The Kind That Turn Up Around The Ankle. Just The Thing For DAD.

At the Price of \$1.85

Mens Black and Brown Fine Kid Leather Slippers

And Leather Soles For All Year Wear
At \$2.85 and \$3.00

And Don't Forget That We Have a Large Line of
4 Buckle Gaiters, Also The

Famous Zipper Boot

That Goes On and Off With a Zip, They Sure Would Appreciate a Pair of These

4 Buckle Gaiter "Zipper"
\$4.00 the Pair \$5.00 the Pair



LADIES PATENT Leather Opera Pumps

The Latest Cut Light Sole. Wood Heels.
Priced at \$6.00

BIG GIRLS LACE DIXIE TIE

The Latest in Oxfords in Black and Tan
at \$5.00

Misses Red Felt Bootee

With Pictures Around Top. Best Quality
at \$1.10

One Lot Womans and Misses Felt Slippers

Not All Sizes But Good Quality. Priced At \$1.00 the Pair

Hudson's Exclusive Shoe Store

Sinners in Heaven

By Clive Arden

Copyright by The Bobbs-Merrill Co.

Synopsis

PART I—Living in the small English village of Darbury, old-fashioned and sedate place, Barbara Stockley, daughter of a widowed mother, is soon to celebrate her marriage to Hugh Rockdale, rich and well connected. Barbara is adventurous, and has planned, with an aunt, an air-trip to Australia. Major Alan Croft, famous as an aviator, is to be the pilot. At her first meeting with Croft, Barbara is attracted by his manner and conversation, different from the out-and-dried conventions of her small town.

They set out, Barbara, her aunt, Croft, and a mechanic. Word in a few days comes to Darbury that the plane is missing and its occupants believed lost.

PART II—Croft and Barbara, after the wreck of the airplane in a furious storm, reach an apparently uninhabited island in the Pacific ocean. The other two members of the party had perished. The two castaways build a shelter. In Croft's absence Barbara is attacked by a black man, evidently a savage. Croft rescues her.

Croft discovers a party of blacks, evidently reconnoitering, but they leave without attempting to harm the pair. Croft recovers his aerial from the wrecked plane.

With the aid of the wireless Croft works on the superstitious fears of the natives and an attacking party is driven off, apparently in abject fear. Secure from immediate danger, Croft and Barbara settle down to make the best of things. Croft already has recognized the charm of the girl and fears the outcome of their situation. He gets a message to the native chief, ordering him to visit them. He comes, Croft, who has traveled in many savage parts of the world, is able to talk with him.

Barbara and Croft visit the chief. He tells them of a raiding expedition from a warlike tribe. Barbara registers a vow of hate against all whites. Croft succeeds in arranging peace between the tribe and the castaways.

Croft, with the object of assuring Barbara's safety, tells the blacks that he is his wife. Barbara deprecates the lie, but recognizes its necessity.

Barbara begins to feel a warm sentiment of admiration, if not love, for Croft, but remembering her duty to Hugh, sternly discourages it.

The constant association of the two and the fact that Croft has learned that practically no ships reach the island, awaken him to love. He urges Barbara to marry him. She hesitates, murmurs, and he argues, but does not press his love-making.

The situation becomes acute, though Croft is unable to convince Barbara that under the circumstances their union—which he declares would be a real marriage—is right and proper. One of the natives, Babooma, attempts to kill Croft. Barbara shoots and wounds him with a revolver Croft has given her for her protection.

(Continued)

As soon as the soft light of dawn had entered the tiny room, she rose. Taking her scissors, she cut through handful after handful of her long thick hair, wasting no regrets upon the luxuriant tresses piling round her bare feet.

So far, so good! But it happened that Barbara's heart remained unshorn of its sex, with all its natural tendency to look well. When the hair was cut short to her neck, she hesitated; picked up the diminutive mirror; laid it down; picked up the scissors; hesitated again—then laid them down, and gave her head a vehement shake. The short waves and curls, free from all restraint, followed their own sweet will, waving piquantly around her small head, clustering about her ears.

Alan stood in the outer doorway, watching a bird preening its bright plumage on a rock. He turned in surprise at her early appearance; but the words of greeting died upon his lips.

"What have you done?" he ejaculated.

She laughed self-consciously, giving her "bobbed" head a shake, eluding his eyes.

"Oh! I—just thought I would cut my hair," she replied, with elaborate carelessness.

"All your beautiful hair!" he murmured, his gaze never leaving her.

"Girls are out of place here!" she observed.

A moment's reflection, and he had decided on his course. "I see. Hence-

forth, then, we are—two gay dogs together? What a good idea!"

His tone was cool enough to reassure a dozen nervous women. She was conscious of a great relief as she joined him in the doorway.

X

The next few days were strangely happy. The faint chance of rescue caused their little hut to seem dearer, the wild free life more enchanting. The spirits of both had never been so high. Barbara, having conquered the sex problem with such sublime simplicity, cast it from her mind, surrendering herself wholly to the engrossing happiness of the moment.

That her very subterfuge, proving all it did, had been the death-knell to her object, never entered her head.

On Christmas eve they collected armfuls of greenery, the girl clinging with unconscious pathos to the old customs in which she had been reared.

"Ah!" she cried inconsequently. "Isn't it all—beautiful?"

"What?" he asked, yet knowing full well.

"Oh—everything! Christmas—here! Freedom from Mr. Horne!" She sprang upon a suitcase, trails of vine in her hands, and laughed down at him.

He came close to her, the same ecstasy lurking in his own eyes.

"I wonder if you realize all you have implied?"

"What?" She looked startled.

She turned away, and fastened a vine tendril to the bamboo. He watched her silently, noticing the change wrought in her by these past months. The wild-rose air had vanished: in its stead the warm blood flowed red beneath a sunburned skin; her feet were brown and hardened. Yet, where the depths were concerned, remained the old timidity which was, paradoxically, her greatest lure and protection. One false step and she would, he knew, be "off on the wing," scared as a young partridge. But Alan's small store of patience had been drained to the last drops.

Finishing the decoration, she paused beside him, considering the effect. Ferns and palm leaves swayed in the corners; trailing greenery decorated walls and roof; flowers stood upon the cabin table.

"Cozy, isn't it?" she asked, looking up for his approval.

"Very cozy!" he replied, looking only at her. "What a little home-maker you are."

She flushed, and again turned hastily away.

"We'll hang this remaining vine over the entrance, outside. Will you bring the suitcases?"

He carried out the substitute for a ladder; and up she sprang. Deftly, with the art of experience, she caught the trailing foliage up here, letting it hang in clusters there.

"And that middle cluster?" asked Alan, beside her. "Is that for mistle-toe?"

Her head rose quickly, as that of a young deer scenting danger. With a quick glance down at him, she stretched out her hand toward the bunch; but he put up a long arm to prevent its removal. And, in a flash, all the security of the past days fell to ruins. For, while she strove again to seize the vine leaves, the suitcases overbalanced, and she toppled down upon him.

He caught her and held her. He clasped her close to a thumping heart, and buried his face in her hair.

For a moment she lay inert; then she began to struggle, gasping, sobbing.

But his self-control was going. His grip became fierce; she felt his hot breath upon her neck.

"Alan!" she cried wildly. "For God's sake—"

The fear, as of one drowning, in the cry, steadied his reeling senses. Still clasping her in his arms, he sank down upon the rock. His darkened eyes mesmerized her own; the abyss yawned wide at her feet. . . . she was conscious only of being swept along, caught in some remorseless torrent, toward the edge of the precipice. . . . slipping, falling. . . . his lips were close to her own. . . .

"Alan!" with almost superhuman effort she managed to gasp his name again. "I can't bear it. No! No! Be merciful!"

Faintly, with parched mouth, the desperate petition seemed wrung from her very soul.

His arms relaxed abruptly, a subtle change coming into their grasp when he realized her trembling.

"Why are you afraid?" he murmured unsteadily.

She raised herself, her face very white under its sunburn.

"Don't you see? If you do—this, how can I go on living with you here?"

He smiled faintly, the mad tumult of his blood abating.

"Where else would you live? With the natives for—chaperonage?"

She drew a sobbing breath, looking around with a pathetic gesture of helplessness which touched his heart. The passion faded yet more from his face. He pressed her against him again, this time protectively.

"It's a d—d lonely position for you!" he exclaimed. Then he rose, with such precipitancy that she nearly fell. He began walking up and down outside the hut.

Instead of hurrying away, she hesitated, watching him in bewilderment—conscious of a strange longing to remain near him, to saunter together on the shore, as was sometimes their habit at night.

But when, at last, he paused near her, he made no such suggestion.

"Go to bed," he said rather curtly; "it's late. And, Barbara, don't lie awake all night, or cut off the rest of your hair! It's all—useless."

With that he turned away, and went

off alone to the beach, leaving her staring after him.

Strangely enough, she did not lie awake this time. Those few passionate moments had embodied hours of emotional strain. The force which had seemed to be sweeping her from all moorings had caused her to struggle violently, both mentally and physically, to retain her own individuality, to prevent it from being submerged in his. His lips on hers would have been sheer physical pain, unbearable, overpowering. . . . Afterward, a numbness fell upon her mind. She felt too desperately tired to attempt coherent thought. This volcano upon which, nowadays, they lived, must take its course! Since the moment when she had seen the shark, a lifetime of tumultuous emotions had whirled her mind and heart round like thistledown. Confused, yet subtly, gloriously elated, she slept till dawn.

A fusillade of sticks and stones roused her, but she did not see Alan. And a sudden overwhelming shyness restrained her from calling to him.

But there was no trace of last night's passion about this man of a hundred moods when they met; and her self-confidence revived. While she was packing the old tin box with food, he arrived, fresh and damp from the river. He gaily deposited a large bundle at her feet, and wished her a merry Christmas.

With surprise, she uncovered a cunningly contrived hammock made from tree fiber, airplane canvas, and aerial! As this was exactly what she had often wanted upon hot afternoons, her pleasure was unbounded.

"I have nothing for you, Alan!" she regretted, with compunction.

"Oh? Well—we'll see about that!" he replied enigmatically; then hurried their departure.

They walked quickly, saying little, over the rough ground which, covered with low scrub, sloped upward on the east of their bay.

They paused to rest and eat, in the eastern wood, meaning to remain there during the midday heat. The shady branches stretched out over the beach were welcome to eyes dazzled by the glare without. The intoxication of the morning's beauties, their own radiant health and spirits, the strains of the wild sweet orchestra rising all around, lent enchantment to that little picnic.

Barbara had, as it were, caught at reeds during the last few weeks, but they had broken in her grasp. Onward she was madly whirling. She knew it; could not save herself; could not quench that light in his eyes, and her own foolish weakness in his proximity.

Abruptly, he went to her and took her by the shoulders, saying nothing, but gazing into her face as if searching for something he wished to learn there.

Suddenly, apprehension in her eyes deepened to horror; a cry burst from her lips; she became rigid in his hands.

With such precipitate haste did the whole incident occur that she could never afterward clearly remember how it happened that, in a flash, the face of the whole world changed. . . . She was conscious of a dark bulk, a savage face she knew well, looming suddenly up amid the trees—of a spear-arm uplifted, preparatory to hurling the weapon into the back of an unsuspecting enemy. . . .

Her man was in danger! That was her only coherent thought. Instantly she had whipped out the revolver, and, with deadly calm, raised it.

A sharp report and a puff of smoke; a wild howl of pain and fear; then a stream of blood oozing from the black shoulder in front of her, as the smoke cleared away. Those were the outward impressions of which her mind was dimly aware; but they seemed unreal, of no account. She heard the spear fly wide into the tree at her side; then Babooma's running footsteps and retreating cries. . . . Croft, astounded, had barely caught a glimpse of the dark face which he had often seen covertly watching him, before it was momentarily blotted out in smoke. He started forward in hot pursuit; then, arrested by a choking cry, halted abruptly, and looked at the girl. . . .

She stood motionless; her eyes, luminous as stars, fixed upon him, her mouth a little open, the still smoking weapon lying at her feet. It had been no mild idea of causing Babooma fear which had impelled her action, but a furious, savage desire to kill! She had hurled herself to the rescue, regardless of all else.

Afterward, all power or desire to move seemed to leave her. A fell fell from before her eyes; and a brilliance streamed in, illuminating, scorching—full of such ecstasy that she stood as though transfixed, paralyzed with the wonder of it all, gazing upon him whom this brilliance had newly revealed. . . .

The breath caught in the man's throat; the blood raced madly through his veins; his eyes blazed, answering the glory of her own.

Like the Wagnerian lovers after drinking of the love potion, they stood a few feet apart, under the sun-flecked foliage of the trees, awed for a moment by the miracle. She raised her hand at last, as if inviting. . . . The spell broke.

Instantly his arms were around her. With an inarticulate cry, she was swept off her feet, clasped to his throbbing heart, his burning lips pressed hers, her hands clinging round his neck. . . . all her individuality merged irrevocably into his, as a stream, falling through arms of rock, merges into the resistless waves of the ocean. . . .

The sun was sinking, a fiery ball in an almost violet sky, its last rays shimmering golden-red across the water, when at last the two returned to the hut on what wonderful Christmas day. A new world greeted their eyes at every turn. Never had reef or sea or sky appeared so splendid. The superb, absolute egotism of newly found lovers

enveloped them both; no thought save of each other disturbed the shining hours. Like one still walking in a dream-world, Barbara entered the central hut, gay with its decorations. The line of golden light entering with her pierced the dusk within; and, falling upon the opposite wall, drew her eyes unconsciously that way. She stopped.

Hugh's face smiled down at her, with all its old confidence.

Violently the dream-world crashed around her as she met the faithful, dog-like look she knew so well. Had he been there in flesh and blood, she could hardly have been more disconcerted. She felt as a traitor might, when meeting the unsuspecting eyes of the sov-



She Stopped. Hugh's Face Smiled Down at Her.

ereign he has betrayed. For, however faithful she might remain in word and deed to her bond, her heart would ever be traitorous. His ring was still on her finger: it seemed to burn there, an outward sign of the world of fact with its prosaic realities, its duties, its sense of honor, its materialism, its sacrifices. . . . A cold foreboding swept over her. It was as if in the midst of glorious sunshine, a thunderclap had sent its warning of storms not far away. . . . She sat down, propping her face upon her hands, in self-abasement—fearful, yet, behind all, exultant. . . .

(Continued on Sixth Page)

Flowers for the Holidays



Avoid the last-minute rush by placing your order for Holiday Flowers now. This will assure strictly fresh ones at the time you want them because it permits us to anticipate your needs.

M. W. SPARKS

Phone 55

Boyne City, Mich.

"Poker" Expression

The term "stand patter" is a political slang expression and was originated by Senator Hanna in 1902 to indicate the attitude of the leaders of the Republican party on the tariff question. It came from "stand pat," a poker term, which expresses the intention of a player to play the cards originally dealt him without helping his hand by drawing cards.

Doesn't Seem Right

Life is one merry old muddle. The wealthy men have their twin sixes and no children to fill the back seats, and the poor fellows have six twins and can't even afford a one-seated flyover to haul them in.—Good Hardware.

Days Gone Forever

What has become of the old-fashioned children who were made to wait for "second table"?—Duluth Herald.

Spares Wanted

Considerable excitement was caused among the guests at a wedding ceremony in a Havre church recently when the lady refused to marry the bridegroom. Such painful scenes might easily be avoided if the bridegroom arranged to keep one or two ladies in reserve.—London Opinion.

Expression Has Altered

The true phrase "to the bitter end" was "better end," and was used to indicate a crisis or moment of extremity. When in a storm an anchored vessel had paid out all of her cable, the rope ran out to the better end—that is, to the end that was in better condition because seldom used.

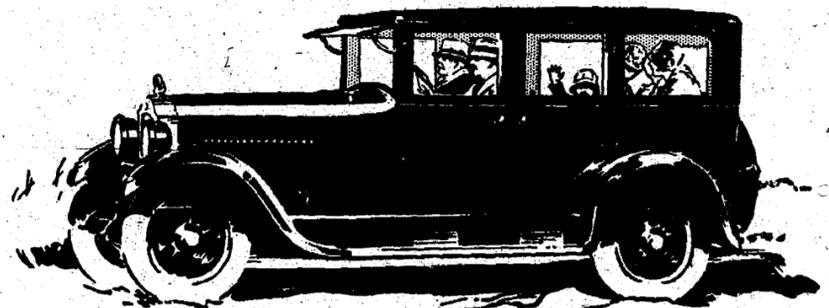
Definition

A man is middle-aged when he can no longer be romantic without thinking himself an ass.—San Francisco Chronicle.

The New

STUDEBAKER

Special Six Sedan—\$2150



THERE is no finer five-passenger closed car than the Studebaker Special Six Sedan. It's a brand new car—not only in body lines, beauty and mechanical excellence, but it also represents entirely new standards by which closed cars will now be judged. Don't buy in the dark. In fairness to yourself, see the Special Six Sedan before you decide.

STANDARD SIX

113-h. W.B. 50 H.P.

- 5-Pass. Duplex-Phaeton . \$1145
- 5-Pass. Duplex-Roadster . 1125
- 3-Pass. Country Club Coupe 1125
- 5-Pass. Coupe 1495
- 5-Pass. Sedan 1595
- 5-Pass. Berline 1650

4-wheel brakes, 4 disc wheels, 875 extra

SPECIAL SIX

120-h. W.B. 65 H.P.

- 5-Pass. Duplex-Phaeton . \$1495
- 5-Pass. Duplex-Roadster . 1450
- 4-Pass. Victoria 2050
- 5-Pass. Sedan 2150
- 5-Pass. Berline 2225

4-wheel brakes, 5 disc wheels, 875 extra

BIG SIX

127-h. W.B. 75 H.P.

- 7-Pass. Duplex-Phaeton . \$1875
- 5-Pass. Coupe 2650
- 7-Pass. Sedan 2785
- 7-Pass. Berline 2960

4-wheel brakes, 5 disc wheels, 875 extra

(All prices f. o. b. factories and subject to change without notice)

FULL-sized balloon tires, for which steering mechanism, body lines, and even the fenders were specially designed. Natural wood wheels. Lights controlled from switch on steering wheel. Automatic spark control eliminates spark lever. Dome and rear corner lights. Upholstered in genuine mohair. One-piece windshield, glare-proof visor, automatic windshield cleaner, rear-view mirror. Inspection lamp. Motor, heater, vanity case, smoking set. Instruments, including clock and gasoline gauge, in single grouping. Stop pads and kick plates.

JOHN W. LALONDE

PHONE 69

EAST JORDAN, MICH.

THIS IS A STUDEBAKER YEAR

Ouch! Lumbago Pain! Rub Backache Away

Instant Relief with a small trial bottle of old "St. Jacobs Oil."

Kidneys cause Backache? No! They have no nerves, therefore can not cause pain. Listen! Your backache is caused by lumbago, sciatica or a strain, and the quickest relief is soothing, penetrating "St. Jacobs Oil." Rub it right on your painful back, and instantly the soreness, stiffness and lameness disappears. Don't stay crippled! Get a small trial bottle of "St. Jacobs Oil" from your druggist and liber up. A moment after it is applied you'll wonder what became of the backache or lumbago pain.

Rub old, honest "St. Jacobs Oil" whenever you have sciatica, neuralgia, rheumatism or sprains, as it is absolutely harmless and doesn't burn the skin.

**Warmly Clad Tots
Welcome the Snow**



Hollering snowflakes and little lads and lasses are natural playfellows, and nearly all youngsters will make the most of winter pastimes if they are warmly clad. Nothing entices them more than a snowstorm, and as it is a good thing to keep them out of doors as much as possible—winter and summer—they must be dressed to be comfortable. Children's outfits have everything they need—togs to romp in and others for wear when they must attend to their serious affairs—like taking little journeys to Sunday school or elsewhere. Here is a gay little maid, smiling in the face of winter, with her dress-up clothes on and quite able to protect her against the cold.

The Christmas Answer

By Christopher G. Hazard

(© 1924, Western Newspaper Union.)

NOT from a stormy sky
The heavenly music came,
No thunders hurried by,
No flashing lightning flames;
But joyous majesty,
Glad glory, willing peace,
Still night, and minstrelsy
Of love that could not cease.

And not in greatness He
Who made the worlds come down,
A little babe to be
With such a tiny crown,
The halo of our love—
(Jehovah's only need)
The shining spheres above
In this were poor indeed.

This little world below,
Fast sleeping in its night,
Waking His love to know,
Flashed back love's glorious light!

Peoples' Wants

MUNNIMAKERS

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

Lost and Found

LOST—A ladies, brown Wool Glove, Wednesday. Will finder kindly leave at Herald Office. MRS. LOUISE BERGMAN. 50x

LOST—New Weed Tire Chain, 32x4. Liberal reward for its return. EARL H. CLARK, East Jordan. 50 t.f.

For Sale—Real Estate

FOR SALE—Six-room Dwelling and Lot (known as the Pickard property) corner Second and Williams Streets. For price and terms see ROSCOE MACKAY, East Jordan. 44-t.f.

For Sale—Miscellaneous

FOR SALE—Living Room Table, Rug, and four Rocking Chairs—MRS. H. W. DICKEN. 50x

FOR SALE OR TRADE for Ford Car, a Ford Truck, Wotford 6-speed Transmission, over size tires. In fine condition.—W. C. HOWE, East Jordan, Route 2. 49-2

CALIFORNIA FLOWER BEADS, an exquisite novelty for Christmas giving. Order now from MRS. MAYBEL CARLISLE, phone 166F5. Special reduced Xmas rates. Thank You. 49-3

FOR SALE—White Leghorn Hens (young) laying; \$1.00 each. Also White Leghorn Pullets—(4 mos.) 75c.—LOUIS BOOTHBY, R. 1, Elmira, Mich. 49x3

PIANO FOR SALE—New. Inquire of REX HICKOX, one block north of H. S. building, East Jordan. 49t. f.

For Sale—DRY BLOCK WOOD. Phone 178 F13, J. L. ZOULEK, East Jordan. 47 t.f.

FOR SALE—Purebred Holstein Bull, Cal, 3 months old.—W. C. HOWE, East Jordan, Route 2. 49-2

SELL your VEAL and CHICKENS to C. J. MALPASS. 141f

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

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

PENINSULAR

(Edited by Mrs. E. Hayden)

Mr. and Mrs. Ray Loomis were in East Jordan on business Monday.

Pauline Loomis was absent from Star School Monday, because of illness.

Alice Russell was absent from Star School, Monday, because of a severe cold.

Mrs. Nellie Evans and little son, J. F. who are staying in Boyne City so the little fellow can have treatment, spent the week end with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Joel Bennett in Star Dist., as did Clare Bogast.

Marion Russell is sporting a brand new gold watch, a present given him by his parents for his 21st birthday.

After a week of sleighing, our mail came by Ford Monday, Dec. 8.

Richard Russell spent Tuesday with his grand-father, Mose LaLonde, near East Jordan helping him cut stove wood.

A. B. Nicloy threshed his beans Tuesday, he had a very good yield.

Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Jones and two sons of Jones Dist., East of Boyne City, visited their daughter, Mrs. Geo. Staley and family in Star Dist. Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Ira McKee were dinner guests at the Geo. Staley home Sunday.

Geo. Jardine returned to his home in Mountain Dist., after spending some time in Forest, Canada where he was called by the death of his brother. He has been in very poor health for several years and is not nearly so well since his return.

Mr. and Mrs. Will Saunderson and family of North Wood, Mountain Dist., took in the show in Charlevoix Saturday evening.

Mr. and Mrs. Elmer Faust and family who have spent five weeks in Detroit visiting Mrs. Faust's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Daniel Faust and other relatives are expected back to Orchard Hill Tuesday to spend the winter.

The dance at the Pine Lake Gleaner Temple Friday night was a fizzle because of the miserable conditions of the roads.

John Sanford is in receipt of a letter from his son Roy, which was delayed two weeks in transit, stating he was ready to start for home and was not able to travel.

Geo. Jarman and family were guests to a chicken dinner with his sister, Mrs. Laura Stauley and family in Mountain Dist., Sunday.

Vivian Calkins who has been employed by A. B. Nicloy at Sunny Slope farm for several months left the first of the week to work in Heatens Lumber Camp.

Mrs. Waung who has been visiting her daughter, Mrs. James Arnot and family at Maple Row farm, expects to return to Detroit Wednesday.

Claude Myers spent the week end in East Jordan.

NOWLAND HILL

(Edited by C. M. Nowland)

Miss Ocole Scott is staying with Rev. Miller and wife of Boyne City and going to High School since the roads are so bad from snow.

Mr. and Mrs. E. G. Kurchinski and two sons of Boyne City visited Mr. and Mrs. Ray Nowland Sunday.

Miss Ellen Nowland visited Miss Anna Shepard of Afton Wednesday and Thursday.

Mr. and Mrs. S. R. Nowland, Mrs. Ed. Nowland and Mrs. A. R. Nowland visited relatives in East Jordan Thursday.

Mrs. James Simmons and daughter, Elinor, spent a few days in Potoskey visiting her daughter, Mr. and Mrs. Roy Allen at Thanksgiving time.

There was no school at Afton Monday, Miss McCalman was on the sick list.

Mr. and Mrs. Chester Shepard of East Jordan visited Mr. and Mrs. Albert Nowland Sunday.

Vincent Guzniczak is doing chores and going to school from the E. L. Nowland home while he is working in East Jordan.

MILES DISTRICT

(Edited by Mrs. A. Miles.)

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Addis and sons Lawrence and Jaunce were Sunday visitors at the home of their aunt, Mrs. Metz in Rock Elm Dist.

Attorney George Nichols of Iowa was a visitor at his farm here.

We were very sorry to hear of the death of Mr. H. E. Hutton.

John and Billie Medema spent Sunday night with their grand-parents, Mr. and Mrs. Tjapkas.

Mr. and Mrs. Lyman Miles was pleasantly surprised last Tuesday evening when the friends and neighbors walked in. Potluck supper was served and all had a good time.

A L B A

(Edited by Mrs. A. I. Ashbaugh)

Alba has an epidemic of the measles. Harold Glidden was a Potoskey visitor Saturday.

Gerald Wolcott who has been in Flint working is home for the winter.

Mrs. C. Campbell returned Saturday from Belding where she has been visiting her parents for a few weeks.

Miss Harriet Flager came home from Brutus Sunday, returning Monday to help in caring for her sister who is very ill.

Miss Nellie Hignite is spending a few days in Gaylord visiting Mrs. Meeker.

A little daughter was born Tuesday to Mr. and Mrs. Wesley Olds.

Alba was without lights for a few nights but a new transformer is being put in the place of the one that burned out, and as it is larger and better than the old one, it is hoped that the lighting will be improved.

**M 13 Now Is
Fine Road**

Local residents will be glad to know that the piece of Trunk Line Road No. 13 between Boyne Falls and Elmira is now practically completed. The old "Elmira Hill" has been considered the most dangerous piece of road between Boyne City and Grand Rapids, and has caused many people to choose the other route, Trunk Line No. 11, and so miss Boyne City.

Due to hard work by state engineers, at intervals over a period of four years and by our local contractors, Cadwell and Sons, during the last year; this condition has been remedied, and we now have as good a gravel road as can be found in Michigan. The preliminary work has begun nearly four years ago by Mr. E. S. Stacks, who was Resident Engineer at Boyne Falls. He traversed all that part of the county on snow shoes and finally found a feasible route for the relocation. The location next made by a survey party headed by W. O. Dow who was later placed in charge of construction. This party ran several lines before they finally got one that was suitable for both alignment and grade. Construction was started two years later by Cadwell and Sons and has continued till the present time. Some of the engineering and reconstruction difficulties will be realized from the following figures. Ten curves were eliminated on the "Elmira Hill" alone; two railroad crossings were eliminated; a mill pond was filled up and another dug to replace it; several swamps were crossed successfully; a bed of quick sand was drained and crossed; while the maximum grade was reduced from 16 to 7 per cent.

Cars will have no trouble in climbing the whole Elmira Hill without shifting gears. It is noteworthy, that although engineering skill of the highest order was needed, it was all supplied by local men.

Mr. Stacks is a resident of Boyne Falls; Mr. Dow is a graduate of Boyne City High School; and Cadwell and Sons are Boyne City residents.

Rev. Dr. James Moffatt



Rev. Dr. James Moffatt, professor of church history in the United Free Church college at Glasgow, Scotland, since 1916 and formerly Yates professor of Greek and New Testament exegesis in Mansfield college, Oxford, who has translated the Old Testament from the Hebrew into modern and liberally phrased English, robbed of its "bagats," "bulrushes" and "Noah's ark."

The Yuletide Spirit

By Luana Sheldon, in New York Times

THE spirit of the Yuletide, how it sinks into the heart!
The lips begin to tremble and the tears begin to start.
The flow of recollections, dear and sweet, come to my brain,
And I feel the old youth throbbing in my bosom once again.

The spirit of the Yuletide! How it thrills the sluggish frame
With the sight of old-time faces, with some long-forgotten name!
Once again the dead are living; once again care fits away,
And the whole earth rings with pleasure at the dawning Christmas Day.

The spirit of the Yuletide! May it come with blessed peace,
Till all earthly sorrows are ended, till all earthly sorrows cease!
Men of all the lands are brothers—humans rise to heights divine—
When the Christmas bells are ringing and the Christmas candles shine!

Famous Boat Preserved

Shackleton's boat, 22 feet long, in which he made the famous voyage of 750 miles with five men to South Georgia Island in quest of aid for his expedition, has been presented to the explorer's old school, Dulwich college.

TEMPLE THEATRE

From the Gold Diggers
of Broadway
to the Gold Diggers
of the Klondike

—A Hurricane of Thrills—

**The SHOOTING
OF DAN M'GREW**

Picturized by WINIFRED DUNN from
"The Spell of the Yukon" by ROBERT W. SERVICE
Directed by CLARENCE BADGER Supervised by ARTHUR H. SAWYER

With a superlative cast including

Barbara La Marr Lew Cody Mae Busch



Percy Marmont
George Siegmann
Max Ascher
Philippe de Lacy
Fred Warren
Nelson McDowell

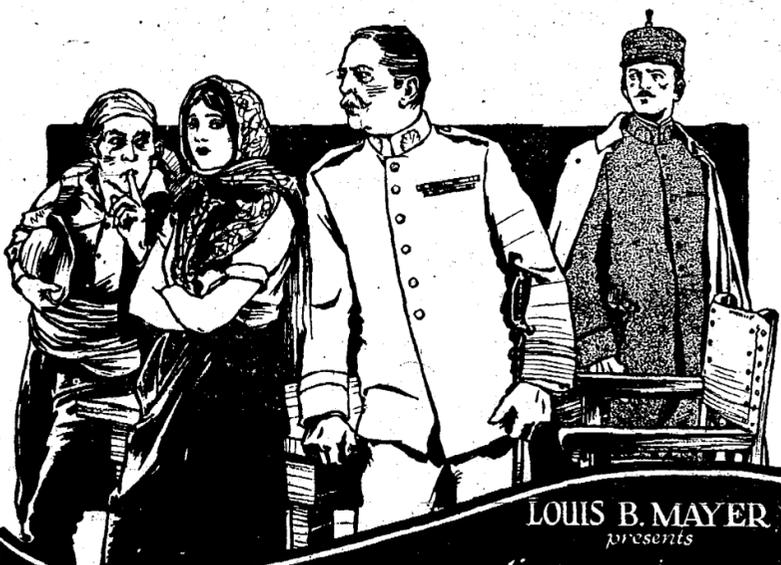
ARTHUR SAWYER HERBERT LUBIN SPECIAL



SUNDAY ONLY, DEC. 14

TEMPLE THEATRE

Wednesday and Thursday,
December 17 and 18



LOUIS B. MAYER presents

The Fred Niblo Production
Thy Name Is Woman

THE YEAR'S SENSATION



Adapted by BESS MEREDYTH from BENJAMIN GLAZER'S American version of the international stage success by KARL SCHOENHERR.

A Glamorous Drama of Love and Intrigue

Featuring

the perfect lover and the most bewitching enchantress of the screen

RAMON NOVARRO and BARBARA LA MARR

Value of Discourse

Reading makes a full man, meditation a profound man, discourse a clear man.—Benjamin Franklin.

Safety First

Boatman (to merry-makers)—I must ask you to pay in advance—as the boat leaks!—Copenhagen Klods Hans

Shipped in Log Form

In order that boards may be matched, European lumber firms ship them unedged and in log form.

Briefs of the Week

John Porter left Chicago on business this week.

Are you working Cross Word puzzles? adv.

Miss Lydia Blount returned home Tuesday from Chicago.

Mrs. Grace Boswell was a Traverse City visitor first of the week.

S. Uvund underwent an operation at the Charlevoix hospital this week.

Mrs. Louise Butts went to Petoskey, Tuesday, where she has employment.

Mrs. H. C. Blount received a fractured left wrist in a fall on an icy walk Tuesday.

Mrs. James Kubeck and Mrs. Chas. Adams of Grayling visited friends here first of the week.

Rev. C. W. Sidebotham is at Chicago this week, attending the National Presbyterian Conference.

Mrs. Lillian Kile left Wednesday for Muskegon, where she will visit her son Ralph Kile and family.

Engines and saw frames for sale at low prices on easy payments at C. J. Malpass Hdwe. Co. adv.

Miss Dorothy Merritt underwent an operation for appendicitis at the Charlevoix hospital this week.

Miss Mary Shedina was called home from Chicago, Saturday last, by the illness of her mother, Mrs. Chas. Shedina.

Mose Hart, an inmate at the County Farm, was at the Charlevoix hospital the past week receiving medical treatment.

Miss Norma Nelson, R. N., of Petoskey is here caring for Mrs. Chas. Shedina, who has been very ill, but is slowly recovering.

Mr. and Mrs. Archie McArthur who have been employed on the Str. Thos. Lynch the past season, returned home Wednesday.

C. J. McNamara returned home Thursday from Flint, where he was called by the illness of his son. The little fellow is improving.

The Woman's Missionary Society of the Presbyterian Church will hold their regular business meeting at the church parlors next Friday afternoon, Dec. 19.

Mr. and Mrs. Amber Muma were here this week from Detroit. They accompanied the remains of the latter's sister Mrs. Wilford Louisell, from Detroit to Bellaire for interment.

A number of friends of Thos. Passenger tendered him with a surprise party at his home last Thursday evening, Dec. 4th. The occasion being his birthday anniversary. A very pleasant evening was spent.

The Dummy light at Cheboygan harbor will be replaced next spring with an automatic light operated with power from the Cheboygan electric light system. Charles Louisigneau has charge of the light for some time.



Regular Communication and Election of Officers of East Jordan Lodge No. 379 F. & A. M. this Saturday evening, Dec. 13th.

The representative of the well-known Palmer line of Coats and Suits will be at the East Jordan Lumbo Co. Store soon. Anyone wishing to see this line, please let us know, and we will phone them when he arrives. adv.

James Griffin, arrested some months ago in connection with the liquor raid at the Yell farm, was sentenced by Judge Chester to serve from 6 months to one year in the state prison at Ionia, Judge Chester in passing sentence Friday recommended that Griffin serve eight months.—Petoskey News.

A Photograph Of Yourself

The Most Intimate of Gifts!

THE spirit of Christmas giving does not lie in the money value but in the amount of your own personality in the gift.

Think, too, of the worries a dozen photographs will save you! Each friend an equal gift—Autographed, and perhaps framed.

Sit For Those Gift Photographs NOW

NELSON'S STUDIO

Wm. Johnson was confined to his home by illness a few days this week.

John J. Mikula was at Chicago on business this week.

Charles S. Neitzel was a Detroit business visitor this week.

Born to Mr. and Mrs. Thos. J. Hitchcock, a son, Friday, Dec. 12th.

All kinds of heaters on easy payment at C. J. Malpass Hdwe. adv.

John Makel of Mancelona was here first of the week, guest of Edd. Barrie.

You can trade your stove or range for a better one at C. J. Malpass Hdwe. Co. adv.

Mrs. Wm. H. Stewart underwent an operation at the Charlevoix hospital, last Monday.

Mrs. A. D. Walterhouse is reported quite ill at the home of her daughter, Mrs. E. N. Clink.

Watch for a Cross Word puzzle put out by the East Jordan Lumber Co. next week. adv.

Rev. S. J. Brooks of this city took charge of the Church of God Chapel at Petoskey last Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. A. Neepner and family moved to Boyne City this week and are located at 638 Boyne Ave.

Elias Hutton was called here this week from Manistiquet by the death of his brother, H. E. Hutton.

Twenty-five per cent discount on all "Peggy O'Neil" Dresses for a limited time—Addie M. Richardson. adv.

Mr. and Mrs. Roy Drew of Old Mission were here this week visiting at the home of Mr. and Mrs. C. J. Nelson.

Oscar Weisler and cousin, Miss Lillian Crowley, returned Monday from a two week's visit with friends at Indianapolis, Ind.

Prizes will be given to the one bringing in the first correct solution to the East Jordan Lumber Co's Cross Word puzzle. adv.

Mr. and Mrs. O. D. Smith left Thursday by auto for Coldwater, Mich., where they will spend the winter months guest of relatives.

Mrs. Clifford Boiser and daughter, returned to Detroit, Tuesday, after spending a few weeks here with her mother, Mrs. Oscar Johnson.

Born to Mr. and Mrs. Clark C. Little at 501 South Union St., Mishawaka, Ind., a son—Clark Eugene—Tuesday, Dec. 2nd. Mrs. Little was formerly Miss Wilma Pickard of this city.

Mr. and Mrs. Nelson Empey and Mr. and Mrs. Percy Empey and two sons, of Norwood, left Tuesday for a visit at Flint. They have been here visiting at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Smith.

The city of Cadillac has organized a special Citizens committee to work out a plan for a high school athletic field. There are seventeen members, representing the various clubs, city commission, board of education, student body, alumni association, etc.

William Phillips received a badly crushed left foot, last week Thursday, while working at the East Jordan Chemical plant. He was taken to the Charlevoix hospital, where it was found necessary to amputate one of his toes. Mr. Phillips home is in Boyne City.

The annual poultry show at Cheboygan is to be held December 16, 17 and 18. Poultry fanciers in northern Michigan cities, towns and rural regions are expected to show at this meet. The show will be at the Armoury and will be under the auspices of the Northern Michigan Poultry Association.

Sherman White of East Jordan has been admitted to membership in the Philolexian Lyceum of Kalamazoo College, where he is a student this year. The Philolexian Lyceum ranks highest in scholarship among the men's societies on the campus, and like the others, offers not only social life to the men of the college, but also opportunities for self-development along literary lines.

A suit in which relatives seek to collect damages for the loss of lives on the steamer Clifton, which foundered recently on Lake Huron has been started. The action will be brought against the Progress Steamship company, owners of the Clifton. The sinking of this boat caused the death of four residents of Beaver Island, Capt. Emmet E. Gallagher, Joe Scheid, wheelman, Peter Burns, wheelman and Anthony McDonough, second mate.

Mrs. Wilford Louiselle passed away at her home in Redford, Mich., last Saturday, Dec. 6th. The remains were brought to Bellaire, Monday, to the home of her parents, and funeral services were held Wednesday morning. Mrs. Louiselle was well-known here, being Miss Leila Jackson, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Job Jackson, who formerly lived here. She leaves to mourn her loss, her husband, and two small children, her parents of Bellaire; five sisters, Mrs. Ruth Hill of Bellaire; Mrs. Geneva Stevens and Mrs. Frankie Klooster, of Phelps; Mrs. Nora Etcher of Boyne City; and Mrs. Goldie Muma of Detroit; also one brother, Marlon Jackson of Breesy Point Farm.

Born to Mr. and Mrs. Earl McKeage a daughter, Friday, Dec. 12th.

Mrs. Julia Mayville returned Wednesday from a week's visit at Boyne City.

Elder Allan Schreier of Gaylord will be the speaker at the L. D. S. Church next Sunday Dec. 14th.

East Jordan's All Star Indoor Base Ball Team played the Petoskey City Team to a tie in a game at Petoskey Thursday evening. The game went 13 innings, ending 5 to 5. A return game will be played here next Thursday night, commencing at 7:30.

Mrs. Louis Bashaw passed away at her home in South Arm Township, Friday noon, Dec. 12th, after a lingering illness from Cancer. Funeral services will be held from the Latter Day Saints Church, Sunday at 1:00 o'clock standard time, conducted by Elder A. E. Starks of Boyne City.

The East Jordan Study Club have secured two large-size billboard posters depicting the Nativity of Christ. One of these is posted near the Town Hall and the other on the West Side. They were secured through a Chicago firm and are considered works of art, worthy of any person's trouble to go and view them.

The warm weather of Saturday and Sunday cut down the snow greatly until by Monday on most roads ice and snow were worn away to the road bed, making traffic easier and less dangerous. The wet weather, however, has placed the unimproved side roads and some of the semi-improved rural roads in frightful condition and almost halted traffic over them. Few accidents were reported over the week-end in this region. Two reasons given for this were the lighter traffic over the roads and that drivers are using greater care and less speed.

Miss Doris Fuller of this city has been appointed official stenographer in Judge Sample's Circuit Court at Ann Arbor, and will enter upon duties the first of January. Miss Fuller is a graduate of East Jordan Public Schools and for some time past has been employed at the law offices of Clink and Williams in this city. Miss Fuller will be the youngest official court stenographer in any Circuit Court in the state. Judge Sample, it will be remembered, tried the famous Earl of Dunblane case in Charlevoix County Circuit Court some time ago.

The federal coast guard cutter "141" enroute from Benton Harbor to the Atlantic seaboard was forced to give up the trip at Charlevoix, owing to machinery trouble and will be taken back to Benton Harbor for the winter. The ship is 75 feet long, 14 feet in breadth and carried a standard rapid fire gun mounted forward. The gun, a four pounder, is capable of covering a long range with a high degree of accuracy. The ship's power is furnished by two gas engines, each 200 horse power. Thursday the U. S. revenue cutter Tuscorora arrived from Milwaukee to convoy the C. G. 141 south again. With the opening of navigation the ship will go to Rockaway Point, New York, to join the rum navy.

A news dispatch from Sault Ste. Marie, Ontario, says:—"The coming of cold weather over this section has so accentuated the hunger among Canadian timber wolves near here that a meeting of settlers and residents was called yesterday to organize a systematic wolf hunt to exterminate the gray terriers. A special Canadian government permit will allow the members to carry firearms at all times. A concentrated attack upon the prowlers by everyone in this section is to be made. Farmers at Bar River, north of here, have been frightened by the nerve displayed by the wolves, who on several occasions have attacked school children returning home late in the afternoon. Numerous sheep and cattle have been killed. Tuesday, the wolves appeared in large numbers in broad daylight only two miles from this city.

Paul Franseth and Arthur Secord of East Jordan have again been chosen on the men's debating squad at Western State Normal, Kalamazoo. Eighteen men have been picked by Coach Carrol Lahman at the Normal as a preliminary squad and this number will be cut down to 12 after the Christmas holidays. The try-outs for the team brought out some spirited competition and now the men are training daily and fighting for places on the final squad. Several of the leading colleges of the middlewest will be met during the winter and debated on the question, "Resolved, that Congress should be empowered to override by a two-thirds vote decisions of the Supreme Court declaring acts of Congress unconstitutional." Both Secord and Franseth were stars of the normal team last winter, in their Freshman year, and they will be counted on for heavy work this season.

You never can tell what some people think by what they say.

A dollar in the collection platter is worth a lot of good wishes.

You may be surprised to realize it but occasionally a subscriber decides to get along without this weekly uplift.

E. JORDAN TEMPLE NO. 65 PYTHIAN SISTERS ELECT OFFICERS

At a meeting of East Jordan Temple No. 65, Pythian-Sisters, held Tuesday evening, Dec. 9th, the following officers were elected:—

Fast Chief—Alvena Benson
Most Excellent Chief—Ida Price
Excellent Senior—Stacy Kauffman
Excellent Junior—Grace Vogel
Manager—Mae Ward
M. of R. and C.—Ella Clark
M. of F.—Lena Reid
Protector—Mrs. Bigelow
Guard—Corra Burney
Installing Officer—Alice Kimball
Delegates to Grand Temple at Jackson—Ida Price and Alvena Benson.



First Methodist Episcopal Church
Rev. Henry Hiles, Pastor.
"The Friendly Church."

Sunday, Dec. 14, 1924.

Thought for the Week:—

"It is well to have visions of a better life than that of every day, but it is the life of every day from which elements of a better life must come."

10:00 a. m.—"Open Doors."
Soloist, Mrs. Waggoner.
11:15 a. m.—Sunday School.
6:00 p. m.—Epworth League.
7:00 p. m.—"The Singing Soul."
Monday Dec. 15, 6:30 p. m.—Girl Scouts
Tuesday 6:15, Men's Fellowship Club
Wednesday, Dec. 17, 7:00 p. m.—Boy Scouts.
6:00 p. m. Thursday—Choir Practice.
7:00 p. m., Thursday—Prayer Meeting. Leader, Dorothy Webster.

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

"A Church for Folks."

Sunday, Dec. 14, 1924.

10:00 a. m.—Morning Worship.
11:15 a. m.—Sunday School.
6:30 p. m.—Combination—Christian Endeavor and Evening Service.

Catholic Church Notes.
Rev. Fr. D. M. Drinan Pastor.

First Sunday of the month—Mass at Settlement 8:00 a. m., eastern standard East Jordan, 10:30 a. m.

Second Sunday—Mass at East Jordan 8:00 a. m., at Settlement 10:30 a. m.

Third Sunday—Mass at Settlement 8:00 a. m., at East Jordan 10:30 a. m.

Fourth Sunday—Mass at East Jordan 8:00 a. m., at Settlement 10:30 a. m.

Fifth Sunday—Mass at East Jordan, 8:00 a. m., at Settlement 10:30 a. m.

Devotions as announced.
The public always welcome.
Eastern standard or so called fast time used.

Pilgrim Holiness Church
Leon Brown, Pastor

10:00 a. m.—Sunday School.
11:00 a. m.—Preaching Service.
6:30 p. m.—Evening Service.
7:00 p. m. Wednesday—Prayer Meeting.
7:00 p. m. Friday—Cottage Prayer Meeting.
All are cordially invited to attend.

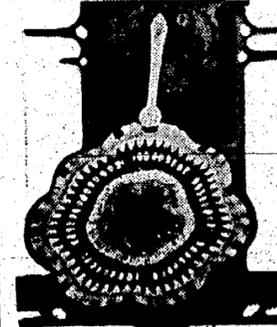
Church of God.
L. L. Rawlings, Pastor.

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.

Latter Day Saints Church.
L. Dudley, Pastor.

10:00 a. m.—Sunday School.
11:15 a. m.—Social Service.
7:00 p. m.—Preaching.
7:00 p. m. Wednesday, Prayer Meeting.
7:00 p. m.—Thursday, Religio.
All are welcome to attend these services.

Crocheted Fan



A novelty in small fans makes a pretty gift, and this year brings one covered with plaques, crocheted with silk floss in bright colors. A little palm leaf, or Japanese, fan will provide a foundation. Edges of the plaques are sewed together and the handle may be wound with narrow ribbon and finished with a bow.



PROSPERITY AND THE HOME

The prosperity that begins at home doesn't stop there. It becomes a part of the family's whole life and the community's welfare.

Father, mother and all the children can give prosperity in the home a good start by making use of every facility afforded by this Institution.

The Bank With the Chime Clock Peoples State Savings Bank



From the Talmud
Let us rejoice that there are cheating beggars. For we should sin daily because we do not give enough to the poor.

Man's Limited Knowledge
A noted physician is authority for the statement that man, when most alert and most alive to his physical condition, is only 25 per cent conscious of what his body is doing.

The Medieval Bellman
Before public clocks were used, bellmen proclaimed the hour at night about 1556. They were supposed to ring a bell and cry, "Take care of your fire and candle, be charitable to the poor and pray for the dead."

Moth's Pet Aversions
A few enemies to moths are camphor, tobacco, pepper, cedar chips and newspapers.

Temple Theatre Program

Week Starting Saturday, December 13th.

SATURDAY, DEC. 13TH—MATINEE and EVENING.

"A MAN'S MATE"

Starring—JOHN GILBERT.

An actual mirror of the strife of life in a great Metropolis—tense picture from the celebrated story by Charles Kenyon.
"PAIN AS YOU ENTER"—SUNSHINE COMEDY.

Dec. 14th. SUNDAY ONLY Dec. 14th.

"I'm Not So Wise As These Lawyer Guys But Strictly Between Us Two."

"THE SHOOTING OF DAN MCGREW"

Is one of the Greatest Pictures anyone ever saw anywhere, anytime. Taken from Robert W. Service's poem—"The Spell of the Yukon." A Great Cast—Barbara Lamarr, Lew Cody, Mae Busch, Percy Marmont. FOX NEWS. A D D E D. DETROIT NEWS PICTORIAL.

MONDAY ONLY—DEC. 5TH

The Temple Theatre Presents The Redpath Lyceum Bureau's

Most Novel Attraction

WHERAHIKO RAWEI

Presenting a South Sea Entertainment, Rawei sets before you the Arts, Craftsmanship, Customs, Beliefs and Musical Talents of the Native Poyneians.

SEASON TICKETS, ADULT \$1.50 STUDENT \$1.00 CHILDREN \$.75

Series Consists of FOUR of the Best Numbers from Redpath.

NO EXTRA Charge for Reserved Seats—Come Early—Avoid the Rush.

ADDED—Feature Motion Pictures. A Whole Evening's Entertainment.

TUESDAY, Only, Dec. 16th—FAMILY NIGHT—2-4-1

"THE NIGHT HAWK"

Starring—HARRY CAREY

"THE FAST EXPRESS"—Starring William Duncan—Chapter 8.

WEDNESDAY and THURSDAY, Dec. 17th and 18th.

FRED NIBLO'S GREATEST PICTURE

"THY NAME IS WOMAN"

RAMON NOVARRO Starring BARBARA LA MARR. (See other adv.)

TEMPLE THEATRE IT'S A KNOCKOUT



THE GREAT WHITE WAY

Christmas Special, Dec. 24 and 25

Sinners In Heaven

(Continued From Third Page)

Thus Alan—after going to fetch water and remaining to bathe—found her, upon his return. He set down the basin, then bent over her.

"What is the matter?"

She half drew away from his touch. Bending closer, he removed the hands from her head, and raised it back against his breast.

"What's troubling my dearest, on this day of days?"

She looked up into the ardent gray depths so close above her; then at the photograph upon the wall. His look followed hers, and quick comprehension dawned.

"Ah!" he ejaculated. "Well?"

"Don't you see?" she asked. "All this is—impossible!"

His eyes hardened a little; and he loosed her.

"You and I have gone too far, now, to draw back because of scruples, Barbara!"

"They are not scruples! It is a matter of honor." She half raised her left hand, showing the little band of diamonds.

With one swift movement he had seized the hand and ripped off the ring.

"Honor be d—d, then!"

She sprang up, alarmed at his violence. He towered over her, his face blazing.

"Do shed the remnants of the parson's daughter, my dear girl! Face things squarely! You drifted into this engagement when a mere child, not realising all it meant. As you developed, it ceased to fill your life. His nature did not satisfy yours. I saw that at once. But until I knew your heart was free, I could do nothing—save keep away!" He laughed bitterly. "I have wanted you and craved for your love, day after day, night after night, all these desolate months here together—like—like two icebergs in the Garden of Eden! Do you think now, when I have got it, I am going to lose it again? Would he or any sane man wish it—or expect it—after all this? Don't you realize what—the world would think—now?"

She looked puzzled over this sentence, not having been acquainted with a malicious-minded world beyond her old horizon. But she knew the truth of every other word he uttered. Her awakened heart understood now the affectionate comradeship alone aroused by Hugh. Her whole nature yearned toward this man who had mastered it; her heart fluttered—wavered. The conscience warring against it made another dying attempt.

"I—I can't shatter a man's lifelong faith. It would be murderous!"

"Do you love me?" he interrupted, taking her firmly by the shoulders.

"Ah! you—know it," she breathed.

"Yet you would put—this—between us, with no hope of rescue?"

Loosing her abruptly, he turned and looked long at the pictured face. Then, with a stifled exclamation, he pulled it from the bamboo. Before she realized his motive, he had torn the photograph into shreds, and scattered them upon the ground.

"Alan!" she gasped, almost fright-

ened by his vehemence. He wheeled, facing her with burning eyes.

"It's not a lap-dog! If we get rescued, we shall, of course, go straight to Hugh and tell him the truth. But—if not—" He suddenly threw his arms around her, straining her to him.

"Have you realized that probability—now, Barbara? We may be here forever—just you and I—where the masses of civilization give way to Truth—where no laws exist save those of nature—no conventions!" He swept her off her feet, and his kisses burned upon her lips, her neck, her short hair. . . . Once more her lips seemed to sink from her own keeping into his.

He set her down at last, still clasping her to him.

"Doesn't that—decide it all?" he murmured unsteadily. "Don't you understand that we have bigger issues to face—here—than useless scruples?"

She turned in his arms, looking into his eyes through the gathering darkness. The distant thundering surf was the only sound; and it seemed to suggest approaching storms more terrible than any she had faced before. Freeing herself a little, she pressed him from her.

"You have won your way—as usual, Alan. But—ah! Be merciful!" As she had appealed before, so the cry came again from her unprotected heart.

That pitiful entreaty and her surrender reached where resistance might have failed. The passion in his face faded a little; and, seeing this, she pressed her advantage.

"Isn't the present joy—sufficient? You are mine and I am yours. Don't let us spoil the glory of it all!"

For a long moment there was silence in the darkening hut.

Then this man, who had ever been wont to sweep aside all obstacles to his will, bent his head slowly, and kissed in turn the small hands clasped upon his breast.

"We must keep our faith in each other—whatever the future brings," he whispered. And tenderly, almost reverently, he kissed her lips.

PART THREE

Deep Chords

I

A ring of stakes, lolling drunkenly to one side, encircled the hut, at a distance of about twenty yards. With a small rock for hammer, Alan was pounding them into the ground, during the hour before sunset. He had conceived the idea of building a palisade.

Occupation! It was what they craved. Though neither confessed the fact to the other, both tacitly acknowledged the need. They seized on any excuse that would supply food for their thoughts, toll for their limbs, fatigue for body and mind. For, deep in the heart of each, below all the ecstasy of their joy together, lurked fear—not fear of each other, but fear of themselves; above all, fear of nature, of her smiling face and irrevocable laws. Resolutely, each buried the skeleton out of sight, covering it with a hundred pretty-colored reeds. But sometimes, unexpectedly, it stirred below the thick layers, stretched out its skinny arms.

"I'll bring the river down here some day," the inventor of modern aircraft observed, thumping in a stake with his stone-age hammer. Why are you smiling in that vacant manner?"

"Alan," she murmured, "you have been a revelation. I thought you a bully, only intent upon getting your own way, regardless of everybody."

"Well?" He laughed gently.

"Haven't I got it?"

"Ah, but not until it proved to be my way too."

"Merely because I realized it would be worthless otherwise. I learned that first of all the many things you taught me."

"It?"

"Yes, you." He raised her chin possessively. "Don't you think you have been a revelation, too? And hasn't the 'spirit' of the island you spoke about been a revelation to us both? It seems to me," he laughed, "the only thing to save the world from being choked by materialism is to wreck it on a desert island! Make everybody begin life afresh, back in prehistoric days."

Barbara caught at this idea. "But," she said, following the train of thought it engendered, "if all discontented people had the chance to come, wouldn't every tree be crowded?"

"Not at all. Only a handful would arrive. The majority are too peacefully asleep to realize they are being choked. Commercialism is the god they worship. Although when there is nothing better to do, they go to church—in their best clothes."

"You are very bitter!" she exclaimed in surprise.

To Barbara, this man had ever been full of surprises; but she had spoken the truth when she had called him a revelation. For, during the two months since Christmas, he had been so at every turn. Not until love opened her own eyes; until she knew the meaning of passion herself, and understood the tempestuous force of his, did she realize the strain under which he had been living. Since Christmas night the nature she had thought arrogant had revealed a thousand wonderful mysteries. As a tree, cold and hidden in the snows and frosts of winter, responds to the glory of spring, so he had opened in the glory of their love.

She drew away from him, and clasped her arms round her raised knees. Mountains, dark and threatening to those whose way lies across them, see little headed when shrouded

in mist, below which the sun shines. But now and then a jagged peak thrusts through; and with the journey's progress, more appear behind.

Generally, these frequent peaks were instinctively shunned; but today Alan went on recklessly.

"After all, marriage was made for man, like all other conventions. We are not their slaves. What do forms and ceremonies matter—here? They are often tosh. A pauper marries an heiress, and vows to endow her with all his worldly goods! If he did, he would have to take the clothes off his back and go stark naked. You and I would vow to forsake all others, when there is nobody here to forsake. You would hardly want to elope with Baboona? If you did, I should soon catch you. That's another point: we couldn't separate if we wanted to! So what would be the good of a wedding? Of vows we couldn't possibly break!"

She sprang to her feet, breathing quickly.

"Alan! What are you saying! Don't! Don't!"

"Why not?" he asked, getting up, too. "We can't remain blindfolded forever."

The mists fell from a huge mountain peak, and the color ebbed from the girl's face.

"Ah!" she murmured, clasping her hands. "Isn't the present—perfect? Don't precipitate—"

He took her by the shoulders, forcing her to face him. "We are only human," he said, in a low voice; and, "Barbara—I want my wife!"

She pressed her clenched hands against him, hiding her head upon them. "Oh, not yet! Don't think me obtuse, Alan. I have thought, too, and—"

"What have you feared?"

She did not reply for a moment; he waited, motionless.

When every accustomed bulwark of life has been demolished, the foundations of a fresh building are laid necessarily in a troubled soil composed of struggle, temptation, agonies of uncertainty. The undeveloped girl, blindly groping after the "hidden want" in a materialistic environment, had gone forever. As the ripened corn sprung from its buried seed, the woman, sublime in her love, glories in the growing courage of the inner self she had tried to stifle, had arisen.

"We have found the true keynote here," she murmured brokenly at last, "and we must keep it tuned right. I wouldn't, for the world, spoil the beauty of everything."

"You couldn't—ever," he whispered into her hair. "But love is a terrific force which can't be turned on and off like hot water; or compressed into narrow preconceived channels."

He suddenly threw his arms round her and strained her to him. "Barbara! why should we be done out of our rights? We've been chucked out of the world; stripped of everything that made life worth living. But now we have discovered the greatest treasure of all. Are we to give that up because of—scruples? By G—d!" with sudden anger he loosed her, clenching his hands. "I won't! I'm d—d if I'll agree to that! It isn't fair. You say I always get my way. Well—some time—"

She met calmly the passion and threat in his eyes. These untamed forces no longer alarmed her, as they would have done six months ago.

"Alan!" she protested, holding out her hand. He ignored it, gazing still upon the peculiar radiance of her face. She went to him, lifting both hands to his shoulders, her lips tremulous. "There is more to be considered . . . not—not only ourselves. . . . My darling! don't you realize we are man and woman, and—"

Her flushed face sank on his breast. "Don't you see?" she whispered. "Others! Not—scruples."

A long silence succeeded her broken words. His arms closed around her again, and again he hid his face in her hair.

He raised his head at last; and as he pulled her hands down into his own his face looked strangely drawn.

"God help us both, Barbara!" he muttered huskily. "For we are in the very heart of a position. There was a strange blending of fear and adoration in the eyes of both, while they looked upon each other. "But I—I swear I'll never force you to anything. Always remember that. And, for heaven's sake, don't—let me forget! I'm so d—d human," he added, with naive pathos.

For the first time since she knew him, she heard a lack of confidence in his tone. Conscious of those forces of nature against which they were but puppets, all the woman in her rose to meet him.

"We can never lose faith in each other, Alan. That will help us. But—" she looked at the dearly loved figure. For one illuminating instant, all that marriage would mean between them flashed into her heart, awakening the mother dormant within her. "Ah! but it's going to be hard—hard—hard!"

The cry burst, involuntarily, from her lips. All the love and longing which inspired it shone in the gaze which seemed to envelop him as a glowing fire. For a space he stood silent, lost with her in a world which neither had dreamed of before. Then he stepped forward with a muttered ejaculation, and they clung together as they had clung on their first night on the island—two derelict beings swept over the world's edge.

"Go in," he whispered tremulously, at last. "I can't come to supper tonight. I must go away alone for a bit . . . and think. . . . You've opened a new world to me tonight."

He kissed her with lingering gentleness, and turned away toward the door.

Barbara walked slowly into the hut. But to her, also, food seemed impossible just then. That moment's illumination had opened up a new world for her, too—a world which, it seemed, she was never to enter! . . . With a little sobbing breath she went into the sleeping hut and threw herself face downward on her bed.

For a long time neither alluded to this conversation. A new chord had been struck between them, too deep for idle talk. A subtler difference, a shade more of seriousness, came into their relations. The shadow cast by the mountain peaks enveloped them. Try as they would, they could never quite free themselves from it.

Distractions of any sort became urgent; but to find them, in this small island, was no easy matter. However, Alan, after mentally viewing the land, took what frail material there was and wove it into ropes of support. That the ropes might break he could not foresee.

He turned once more, in pathetic hope, to the natives.

During the months since their first visit to the settlement, he had come to occupy the unique position of a semi-divine Overlord. His orders, issued at first in the spirit of bluff, were obeyed. This at first surprised, then amused, him. After a time, it afforded him intense interest. His orders regarding cleanliness were receiving extraordinary consideration; irrigation work had been undertaken. Now, he plunged with new zest into this novel training of prehistoric minds. He ordered the cultivation of taro to be re-instituted; tapestry-weaving from reeds to be revived. All this originating from fear, not inclination, slowly awakened the natives' interest, which increasing, caused much of their lethargy to vanish.

Within a few weeks, the last signs of a threatening new epidemic of sickness vanished, and the settlement became more wholesome. This being attributed to the what man's magic, their fear blended into a crude awesome affection, which struck Alan as pathetic. Gradually his visits became hailed even with delight. For, in matters of dispute, Chimbaboi appealed to him, relying more and more on his counsel. And, swayed by none of the opposing elements, he dealt with a severe justice, yet humaneness, which they found both novel and attractive. Withal, he braced them, stimulating their latent powers, much in the same way in which he had stimulated Barbara, by the mere force of his own vitality.

Her own interest in these people grew apace. From Alan she learned some of the dialect, very soon being able to speak a little herself. Sometimes she brought the children odd bits of ribbon or lace, which produced an excited uproar. Weeks later, she used to see these scraps adorning some woman's dark form, with ludicrous incongruity.

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(TO BE CONTINUED.)

MORTGAGE SALE.

WHEREAS, default has been made in the terms and conditions of a certain mortgage made and executed by Charles Ingram, an unmarried man, of Boyne City, Charlevoix County, Michigan, in favor of Thomas Hunt of the same place, said mortgage bearing date the 5th day of January, 1920, and being recorded in the office of the Register of Deeds in and for the County of Charlevoix, Michigan, in Liber 59 of mortgages on page 350, on the 6th day of January, 1920, and WHEREAS, by claim of the said default there is now claimed to be due and is due upon said mortgage at the date of this notice, including principal, interest, and attorney fee, the sum of Two Hundred Sixteen and 63-100 (\$216.63) 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 Monday, the 2nd day of March, 1925, at 10 o'clock a. m., at the front door of the Court House in the City of Charlevoix, and County of Charlevoix, that being the building wherein the Circuit Court for the County of Charlevoix is held, the premises described in said mortgage, which are as follows, to-wit:

"The south-east quarter (SE $\frac{1}{4}$) of the south-east fractional quarter (SE $\frac{1}{4}$) of Section Thirteen (13), and the north-east quarter of the north-east fractional quarter (NE $\frac{1}{4}$) of NE $\frac{1}{4}$) of Section Twenty-four (24) in Town Thirty-two (32) north, Range Six (6) West, and containing about thirty-five (35) acres of land more or less, situated in the Township of Wilson, County of Charlevoix, and State of Michigan," together with the hereditaments and appurtenances thereunto belonging, or so much thereof as may be necessary to satisfy the debt, and costs aforesaid.

Dated East Jordan, Michigan, December 5th, 1924.

CARL GRUTSCH, Administrator of the estate of Thomas Hunt, deceased, Mortgagee.

CLINK & WILLIAMS, Attorneys for Mortgagee.

Business Address: East Jordan, Mich.

New Ice Age Predicted

A French savant has predicted that a new ice age will seize the world within a few hundred years. He bases his conclusion on the fact that the world is using up its supply of carbonic acid gas faster than it is, or probably will be, manufactured.

Signs of Greatness

There are numerous great men, but few that can avoid looking silly when being photographed for the movies.—Baltimore Sun.

FINANCIAL STATEMENT

For the City of East Jordan For the Month of Oct. 1924.

General Fund RECEIPTS	
Oct. 1 Balance on hand	\$10096.66
	Total \$10096.66

DISBURSEMENTS	
Oct. Henry Cook	\$ 125.00
Harold Clark	5.00
East Jordan Base Ball Ass'n	200.00
State Bank of East Jordan	200.00
C. A. Brabant	5.00
East Jordan Iron Works	12.20
Newton Jones	2.00
Mary Green	12.00
D. E. Goodman	4.50
Otis J. Smith	38.48
Grace E. Boswell	60.00
Mich. State Tel. Co.	4.00
G. A. Lisk	39.96
E. J. Co-operative Ass'n	1.81
State Bank of East Jordan	300.00
Peoples State Sav. Bank	200.00
31 Balance on hand	886.71
	Total \$10096.66

Street and Sewer Fund RECEIPTS

Oct. 1 Balance on hand	\$1545.58
	Total \$1545.58

DISBURSEMENTS	
Oct. John Flannery	\$ 14.01
Geo. Hayes	7.00
E. W. Giles	126.00
D. E. Goodman	10.28
E. J. Co-op. Ass'n	9.75
John F. Kenny	16.19
Andrew Berg	19.00
The Barrett Co.	53.28
Joseph Kenny	4.00
City Treasurer	62.25
31 Balance on hand	1223.68
	Total \$1545.58

Water-Works Fund RECEIPTS

Oct. 31 Overdrawn	\$1268.26
	Total \$1268.26

DISBURSEMENTS	
Oct. 1 Overdrawn	\$ 986.64
Glenn Burton	3.00
Hite Drug Co.	3.12
Gen. Electric Co.	22.50
Elec. Light Co.	92.25
Peoples Bank	100.00
Howard Cook	5.15
Lewis Holstad	5.15
Harold Pearl	2.00
Anchor Packing Co.	48.45
	Total \$1268.26

Interest and Sinking Fund RECEIPTS

Oct. 1 Balance on hand	\$ 308.23
	Total \$ 308.23

DISBURSEMENTS	
Oct. 31 Balance on hand	\$ 308.23
	Total \$ 308.23

Bridge Fund RECEIPTS

Oct. 1 Balance on hand	\$ 383.60
	Total \$ 383.60

DISBURSEMENTS	
Oct. Jno. F. Kenny	\$.75
31 Balance on hand	382.85
	Total \$ 383.60

Paving Fund, Dist. No. 4. RECEIPTS

Oct. 31 Overdrawn	\$1858.25
	Total \$1858.25

DISBURSEMENTS	
Oct. 1 Overdrawn	\$1858.25
	Total \$1858.25

Cemetery Fund RECEIPTS

Oct. 1 Balance on hand	\$ 303.80
	Total \$ 303.80

DISBURSEMENTS	
Oct. John Whiteford	\$ 42.00
Dan E. Goodman	25.70
31 Balance on hand	236.10
	Total \$ 303.80

Recapitulation. Balance

General Fund	\$ 8886.71
Street Fund	1223.68
Interest and Sinking Fund	308.23
Bridge Fund	382.85
Cemetery Fund	236.10
	Total \$11037.57
Overdrawn	\$ 1268.26
Water Works Fund	1268.26
Paving Fund, Dist. No. 4	1858.25
	Total \$ 3128.51
	\$11037.57
Less Overdrafts	3128.51
	Total \$ 7911.06
Outstanding Orders	151.78
Cash on hand at end of Month	\$962.84
	OTIS J. SMITH, City Clerk

Title Conferred by Pope

The title of Defender of the Faith, which English rulers use as one of their titles, was conferred in 1521 by Pope Leo X on Henry VIII in recognition of Henry's defense of the seven sacraments.

Earthly Immortality

An earthly immortality belongs to a great and good character—history sustains it. It lives in its moral influence, its authority, in its example, in the memory of its words and deeds.—Edward Everett.

OUR PLANS ARE CHEAPER THAN MISTAKES

Let us help you design your flower beds and lawn. Our experience will be valuable to you.

Phone 174
E. R. Kleinhans
LANDSCAPE GARDENER
EAST JORDAN, MICH.

Popular Pin Design "Faulty"
The horseshoe tie pin, of which many specimens will be seen, was originally made as a good-luck piece of jewelry, but, strangely enough, its design is such as to thwart any good-luck superstition the wearer may have. The pins are almost always made so that the points are down when worn, whereas the points should be up for good luck's sake, say "good fortune experts."

Dr. W. H. Parks
Physician and Surgeon
Office second floor Kimball Bldg., 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. 222.

Virginia Ryall Brown
CHIROPRACTOR
Palmer School Graduate
Tuesday Thursday Saturday
2:00 to 5:00 and 7:00 to 8:00 P. M.
Central Standard Time
Mrs. W. C. Spring Second Street
East Jordan, Mich.

R. G. Watson
FUNERAL DIRECTOR
244 Phone 66
EAST JORDAN

Frank Phillips
Tombstoner Articles.
When in need of anything in my line call in and see me.



Get a 25¢ Box

This is Different

from all other laxatives and remedies for

Defective Elimination
Constipation
Biliousness

The action of Nature's Remedy (No Tablets) is more natural and thorough. The effects will be a revelation—you will feel so good. Make the test. You will appreciate this difference.

Used For Over Thirty Years

Chips off the Old Block

NR JUNIORS—Little Nrs

The same NR—in one-third doses, candy-coated. For children and adults.

SOLD BY YOUR DRUGGIST

GIDLEY & MAC, DRUGGISTS

NOSE CLOGGED FROM A COLD OR CATARRH

Apply Cream in Nostrils To Open Up Air Passages.

Ah! What relief! Your clogged nostrils open right up, the air passages of your head are clear and you can breathe freely. No more hawking, snuffing, mucous discharge, headache, dryness—no struggling for breath at night, your cold or catarrh is gone.

Don't stay stuffed-up! Get a small bottle of Ely's Cream Balm from your druggist now. Apply a little of this fragrant, antiseptic cream in your nostrils, let it penetrate through every air passage of the head; soothe and heal the swollen, inflamed mucous membrane, giving you instant relief. Ely's Cream Balm is just what every cold and catarrh sufferer has been seeking. It's just splendid.

IS EVERY DAY A BACKACHE DAY?

East Jordan Felts Have Found the Cause and Corrected It.

Is your back lame and achy? Are you tortured with sharp, rheumatic pains; miserable with headaches, dizzy spells and kidney irregularities? No wonder, then, you feel worn-out and discouraged. But have you given any thought to your kidneys? You should! Weak kidneys cause just such troubles. Don't risk neglect! Use Doan's Pills—a stimulant diuretic to the kidneys. Here's an East Jordan case:

Harry Carpenter, stationary fireman, says: "I had a severe lameness across my back and when I first got up in the morning I could hardly straighten. My kidneys acted irregularly and I felt all out of sorts. One box of Doan's Pills from Gidley & Mac's Drug Store was all that was needed to cure me."

Do., Mfrs., Buffalo, N. Y. Co., at all dealers. Foster-Milburn 60c.

PERHAPS JOHNNIE KNEW BETTER

By Martha Banning Thomas

(©, 1924, Western Newspaper Union.)

Of course she never guessed it,
While standing down below,
But there hung upon the chandelier
A sprig of mistle-toe.

Her dimples were so merry,
Her hair a golden glow,
Her eyes were all a sparkle
Beneath the mistle-toe.

When Johnnie up and kissed her,
She blushed and said: "You know
I think there ought to be a law
Against this mistle-toe!"

(But she didn't mean it)

Painted Tally Cards



Among the delightful gifts that even an amateur artist can make are tally and score cards. Every hostess who receives them will be twice pleased, for no gifts are so cherished as those made by the donor. A graceful decorative design is shown in the illustration, simply as a suggestion—for there is no end to the ways in which the characters on playing cards are introduced in decorations.

A New Jersey defendant, pleading guilty to a heinous crime, said "I'll take my medicine." The dose that the judge give him will last 28 years.

FORDHAM'S HEADACHE POWDERS
For HEADACHE, NEURALGIA, Backache, COLDS and Fevers.
A valuable remedy in sleeplessness
MANUFACTURED BY THE FORDHAM CO. GRAND RAPIDS, MICH.
Each powder contains aspirin, 5 grains combined with other remedies.
Four Powders Price 10¢
HAZELTINE & PERKINS DRUG CO. GRAND RAPIDS... MANISTEE

Stop Coughs COLDS
with FOLEY'S HONEY AND TAR
ESTABLISHED 1875
REFUSE SUBSTITUTES

HITE'S DRUG STORE.

Merry Christmas to All



Christmas Time

By THOMAS A. CLARK
Dean of Men, University of Illinois

(©, 1924, Western Newspaper Union.)

OF ALL the illusions of childhood, I gave up with most reluctance those that clustered around Christmas.

The old saint who climbed down the chimney into the fireplace in our sitting room and filled our stockings on Christmas Eve was as real to me as Moses or George Washington or my grandfather or any other person of whom I had heard but whom I had never personally met. He is to me real today when I am in reminiscent moods, perhaps because I have always wanted him to be real. Long after I recognized all the subtleties which were being practiced on me as a child at Christmas time, I never admitted them even to myself, for I was quite willing to submit to the deceptions; I was made happy by all the ceremonies and surprises.

I have never in all my life been away from home at Christmas time; I hope I never shall be. Christmas joys are for me the most delightful; Christmas memories, the most precious. Everything about our holiday preparations at home was of the simplest



character, but the season was full of possibilities and surprises. The dinner lacked the conventional roast turkey. Instead there was a roast goose or a huge joint of roast beef (following the English custom with which my mother was familiar) with suet dumplings and gravy. There was always, too, a loaf of spiced bread and plum pudding with a delightful sauce of drawn butter, and there was mince pie followed with nuts and raisins and other goodies.

Just as "home" always suggests to me sugar cookies, hot from the oven, with mother warning me not to eat so many as to make myself sick, so Christmas invariably brings to my mind the thought of raisins. They were in the spiced bread which mother made, the plum pudding was congested with them, I found them always on Christmas morning in my stocking with other good things to eat, and there was regularly on Christmas day a dish of them on the table to be eaten after dinner. It was not altogether what we had to eat that gave Christmas such a high place in my regard, though that helped materially, no doubt. It was the mystery, the anticipation, the preparation and the surprise of it all; the gathering together of all the family, the games, the roaring fire in the fireplace, and the general hilarity and good will prevailing that made Christmas for me the best loved of all the holidays of the entire year.

"We are rather outgrowing Christ-

mas," a friend said to me a few days ago. "I don't believe it is ever going to be for any one again just as it used to be."

I suppose not; though there are some events connected with the celebration of Christmas, there is the real Christmas which I am sure I shall never outgrow. If I should hang up my stocking by the fireplace now, I feel just as sure as I ever did that old Saint Nick would get in some way before morning and fill it as he used to do when I was a child. My faith in Christmas has never waned, and my need for it. I practice economy badly at any time, but with the greatest difficulty at Christmas time, and especially since the prices of my own particular varieties of frankincense and myrrh have been so affected by the economic conditions. It is what is in our hearts that makes Christmas real. The song of



the angels is in the air if the Christmas spirit is in our hearts, Christmas is as great a reality as it ever was, if we will make it so, and for us all the angels are again proclaiming as they did that night in Palestine, centuries ago, "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men." I shall hang up my stocking at Christmas Eve, there will be raisins in it in the morning. I have faith that the old Christmas joys will be mine once more.



A Load of Christmas

By Frank Herbert Sweet

(©, 1924, Western Newspaper Union.)

HOLCOMB did things in a peculiar way—a peculiarly nice way, though. It affected his Christmas gifts, his business, even his friendships. But then he was a bachelor of fifty. Then, too, everybody loved him, which is a very peculiar thing about a successful business man with competition, you'll admit.

This year Holcomb was very busy, and his Christmas gifts—general gifts, you know—hadn't even occurred to him until two days before the day. He was passing through a new street between a restaurant and his office, when he saw a small shop with windows crammed with toys—nothing but toys. At this season, nearly the middle of the afternoon, a toy shop ought to be crowded with customers. This shop was closed. On the steps stood a small, anxious looking man, and a big one dangling a large key. It looked like a store key.

Seemed peculiar. So Holcomb went to the steps. "Like to look at the toys," he began. "Can't now," boomed the big man. "This chap can't pay a bill, so I've taken it. Auction day after tomorrow. I'm sheriff."

"Meaning," said Holcomb, "that if the bill is paid, the store belongs to this man again? How much?" "Of course—and \$200."

"What's it all worth?" to the little man. "About \$50 if sold at auction," dejectedly. "I picked a bum street. No business."

"What did you pay or agree to pay?" "\$500."

"What will you sell for?" "Can't sell until—" nodding toward the sheriff.

Holcomb counted out \$200, and passed it to the sheriff. "Good-by," he said. "Now what do you ask?" to the small man.

"I'd rather like \$800, but will be glad to accept half that."

Holcomb counted out the \$800. "Give me the key," to the sheriff. "Thank you. Now where can I find two men to move the toys?"

"I'll be one," beamed the man out of business. "I know about toys. And I can get another man from the next building."

"Do so, and I'll bring round my car from the next corner."

Inside of an hour the shop was emptied and the limousine filled. Then Holcomb took the most country of all the country roads, stopping at every house that showed signs of children.

"Hello-o," he would call to any small boy or girl he happened to see. "Got some stuff for your house. Please take it in for me. I'm in a hurry. Give you a quarter."

He had provided a pocket heavy with loose quarters.

There were about three hours of daylight. When the daylight was gone the car was empty. He was glad of the darkness, for he had to go back by the same road.

Business and Social Use of Long Distance

THE Long Distance Telephone provides the quickest medium of getting into touch with business house, family or friend out-of-town.

Whether you desire price information or wish to buy or sell, Long Distance will serve best.

Long Distance will keep the merchant in closest touch with out-of-town customers. It is the quickest means of communication between wholesaler and retailer.

Long Distance provides the most intimate means of communication between friends or members of the family who may be miles apart.

The Telephone Manager gladly will give you information concerning the economical use of Long Distance.



MICHIGAN BELL TELEPHONE CO.

BELL SYSTEM

One Policy One System Universal Service

Any man can make a fortune in the future but few can save a dime in the present. Our weekly award of the extra slice of pie is given to the man who had nothing to be thankful for.

GOLDSTICK'S GREAT Going Out of Business SALE

Will be continued until everything is sold. We prefer to give our patrons the benefit rather than to sacrifice to stock buyers.

Below are just a few of our many specials:—

Ladies \$10 All-Wool Jersey Dresses, sizes 16-44, to go for.....	\$4.98	Extra Heavy All-Wool Shirts, \$3 and \$3.50 values for.....	\$1.98
Plaid Wool Blankets, Extra Heavy, size 66x80, \$5.50 value, for only.....	\$3.95	Mens 100% Wool Union Suits, former price \$6.00, now.....	\$3.98
Men's \$1.35 Rubbers to go for only.....	69c	Fancy Turkish Bath Towels size 24x48 inches, \$1 value, for only.....	52c
Ladies, Misses' and Childrens Fleece Lined Rubbers, for.....	69c	All Linen Toweling Stevens crash. While it lasts for only 11c per yard..	
Men's Heavy All-Wool Socks, for only.....	32c	Ladies' all-wool Slip Over Sweaters, long sleeves, all sizes, for only.....	\$1-78

A. I. GOLDSTICK
The Well-Known Bargain Store.
BELLAIRE, MICHIGAN

The Name of the Firm Guarantees the Quality of the Merchandise.

Fear Lack Of Trained Farmers In Michigan

Danger of a lack of trained farmers in Michigan to keep agriculture where it belongs as the backbone of the state's prosperity is indicated in a report just issued by the Blue Valley Creamery Institute. Not only is a marked decrease in the enrollment of "Junior Farmers" noted in the college of agriculture, but a survey of thirty-four of the principal agricultural institutions of the country, proves this condition to be general.

The registration in the Michigan Agricultural College at East Lansing for 1924 is 419 as compared to 746 in 1915, the report states. This is a decrease of 327 or almost half over that of nine years ago, and a drop of 47 from last year. After 1915, which was the top-notch year in registration, 1916 was the highest year with 726. The next highest year was 1919 with 532 and since then there has been a steady decrease which culminated in the new low mark this year. A similar decline has been throughout the country, the average enrollment having dropped from 458 in 1914 to 289 in the present year.

"Where are our trained agricultural leaders of the future to come from if this decrease continues?" Is the question raised by Henry Sandholt, Executive Secretary of the Institute in announcing the findings of the investigation of farm-educational conditions. "This is the vital question in the development of our basic industry. We need greater efficiency in agricultural production, better feeding, better breeding and better farm management. We need more trained leaders and the 'Junior Farmers' are the ones upon whom we have to depend for the future betterment of farm conditions. The college training imparts vision as well as concentrated experience. Subtract it from our national farm equation and we suffer an untold loss."

The cause of this marked decrease in agricultural college enrollment is probably due to the fact, the Institute's report concludes, that farmers have not had the money to send their sons to get this needed training and because they have not the vision to see that there is bound to be a big improvement in conditions which would make agriculture a more profitable and attractive life work for the younger generation.

Gas On Stomach May Cause Appendicitis.

Constant gas causes inflammation which may involve the appendix. Simple glycerine, buckthorn bark, etc., as mixed in Adierika helps any case gas on the stomach in TEN minutes. Most medicines act only on lower bowel but Adierika acts on BOTH upper and lower bowel and removes all gas and poisons. Excellent for obstinate constipation and to guard against appendicitis.—GIDLEY & MAC, Druggists.

Thrilling statistics: A girl, age 14, should weigh about 147 pounds, if she is six feet high. Few men know their friends.

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 10th day of December A. D. 1924.

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

In the Matter of the Estate of Clinton Bancroft, Minor.

John J. Mikula having filed in said court his final account, and his petition praying for the allowance thereof and for his discharge as guardian.

It is ordered, that the 2nd day of January A. D. 1925, 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.

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 10th day of December A. D. 1924.

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

In the Matter of the Estate of Maximilian Scheffels, Deceased.

John J. Mikula having filed in said court his petition, praying for license to sell the interest of said estate in certain real estate therein described.

It is Ordered, That the 2nd day of January A. D. 1925, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, at said Probate Office, be and is hereby appointed for hearing said petition, and that all persons interested in said estate appear before said court, at said time and place, to show cause why a license to sell the interest of said estate in said real estate should not be granted.

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

SERVETUS A. CORRELL, Judge of Probate.

SUCCEEDS MORROW AS GOVERNOR OF PANAMA



Washington—Colonel Merriweather L. Walker, of the United States engineer corps, has been nominated by President Coolidge to be governor of the Panama canal zone, succeeding J. J. Morrow, resigned.

McKINNEY GIRL PLEADS GUILTY

Admits Driving Car While Sweetheart Chokes Rival to Death.

St. Joseph, Mich.—Pretty 19-year-old Florence McKinney came into Circuit Court here and entered a plea of guilty to the charge of accessory after the fact in connection with the slaying by Emil Zupke, of Cora May Raber.

Miss McKinney, Zupke's sweetheart, drove Zupke's roads' the night, last September, when Zupke, a Benton Harbor factory hand, slowly choked the Raber girl to death.

The girl then drove the car to a lonely spot not far from the Raber home and helped Zupke drag the body out of the car, Zupke hiding it in a deep tangle of underbrush. The body was found a few days later.

Following Zupke's arrest and confession, Miss McKinney voluntarily came into the sheriff's office and shocked the officers by calmly announcing that she had driven the car while Zupke killed the girl.

She denied complicity in the crime, however, saying that Zupke told her he was only going to take the Raber girl home.

INTERURBAN WRECKED, 5 KILLED

Car Crashed Into Truck Loaded With Turpentine—Burns Up.

Wyandotte, Mich.—Five persons were burned to death and a score injured when a Cleveland-bound D. U. R. limited interurban train of two cars crashed into a truck and trailer loaded with steel drums of turpentine here last week.

Daniel Callahan, motorman, was killed instantly, while three women and a girl of about 9 years perished in the flames which soon burned the car to the trucks.

Mrs. Garret Kisseberth, is known to have perished and the other dead are believed to be Mrs. Mary O'Brien, Mrs. George D. Gettins and Marian O'Brien, all of Toledo.

The limited, which was drawing a trailer, was said by witnesses to have been travelling between 55 and 60 miles an hour when it struck the auto trailer, and four of the steel drums of spirits were hurled through the front of the car. Three of these exploded and soon the entire coach was a mass of flames.

COMMERCIAL TREATY SIGNED

England and Germany Will Resume Pre-War Trade Relations.

London—The text of the new Anglo-German commercial treaty, in which both nations return to a pre-war basis of mutual preferential treatment, has been completed.

Under the terms drawn up the British government binds itself to introduce in parliament a bill removing all the war restrictions still imposed against the Germans in England. This means that no discrimination will be made between Germans and other foreigners and Germany will be allowed several minor trade concessions.

The German plans, it is understood, are not contrary to the Dawes plan.

Rules On New Gift Tax Issued

Washington—Regulations for the administration of the new gift tax have been issued by the internal revenue bureau. Under this tax gifts up to \$50,000 are exempt, but the rate above that amount ranges from one to 40 per cent, the purpose being to prevent evasion of high surtaxes or estate taxes through the distribution of large properties. The tax upon a net amount of gifts of \$1,250,000 would be \$118,500. The 40 per cent rate applies above \$10,000,000.

MARKET REPORT

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

Hay market practically unchanged. Demand only slightly improved and trading slow. Timothy slightly easier. Alfalfa steady with demand balancing increased arrivals. Good quality prairie steady to firm.

Quoted: No. 1 timothy, Pittsburgh \$21; Cincinnati \$19.50; Chicago \$21. No. 1 alfalfa, Kansas City \$22.75; Omaha \$17.50; Memphis \$27. No. 1 prairie, Chicago \$17; St. Louis \$16; Minneapolis \$16.50.

Mill feed market stronger. Speculative interests largest buyers. Consuming trade holding off. Prices for wheat feeds at Minneapolis advance about \$1 per ton. Feed mixers busy on January feeds. Oil meals unchanged. Storage stocks and movement fair.

Butter markets firm. Very active movement of storage butter on account of scarcity of fresh. Production reports indicate slight increase. Foreign markets firm. No exports. Small quantity of butter previously shipped to England returned.

Closing wholesale prices of 92 score butter: New York 46c; Chicago 45.1-4c; Philadelphia 45c.

Grain market nervous but maintaining strength. Corn futures higher on good absorption cash offerings and on reports damage to growing Argentine crop. Wheat futures practically steady with reports shorter Argentine crop off setting lower Liverpool prices. Oats about steady. Fair milling and export demand for wheat. Feeders and industries taking offerings of corn.

Quoted: No. 1 dark northern, Minneapolis \$1.54@1.77; No. 1 red winter, Chicago \$1.71; No. 1 hard winter, St. Louis \$1.54@1.54-1.2. No. 2 mixed corn, Chicago \$1.17-1.4@1.18-1.2; Minneapolis \$1.13@1.15; St. Louis \$1.14. No. 2 yellow corn, Chicago \$1.19@1.19-1.2; Minneapolis \$1.19@1.20; St. Louis \$1.16-1.2. No. 3 yellow corn, Chicago \$1.18@1.18-1.4; Minneapolis \$1.18@1.18. No. 2 white oats, Chicago \$2.05@2.05; Minneapolis 49.3-4@50c; St. Louis 54.1-2@55c.

Potato markets steady to firm. New York sacked round whites mostly \$1.10 @1.25 per 100 pounds in open market. \$0.85@1.00 f. o. b. Rochester. Wisconsin sacked round whites, ordinary quality, \$0.95@1.00 carlot sales in Chicago; 70@75c f. o. b. Wisconsin. Onion market stronger though steady in a few markets. Midwestern yellows \$1.50@2 in Chicago and Pittsburgh; \$2.25@2.75 in other leading markets; \$2.00@3.00 f. o. b. West-Michigan points. Cabbage unsettled. New York Danish type \$1@23 bulk per ton in eastern cities; \$12@14 f. o. b. Rochester. \$10@12 Danish type \$25@28 in Chicago; \$16@18 f. o. b. Kenosha, Wisconsin. Eastern York Imperial apples slightly stronger at \$4.75@5.50 per barrel. New York Bismarck apples \$4.25@4.75 and Illinois Jonathans at \$7.50@9 in the Chicago market. Northwestern extra fancy Staygreen apples \$2.50@2.75 per box in eastern cities.

Live Stock and Meats Chicago hogs prices ranged from 15c to 75c higher, at \$9.55 per top, and \$8.75@9.40 for the bulk. Medium and good beef steers 10c to 25c higher at \$7.25@12.50; butcher cows and heifers 15c lower to 50c higher at \$3.40@11.75; feeder steers steady at \$4.50@7.50; light and medium weight veal calves 50c higher at \$8.75@10.75.

In eastern wholesale fresh meat markets beef is 50c to \$1.50 higher; veal steady to \$2 higher, lamb \$1 to \$2 higher; mutton steady to \$2 lower and pork lams 50c to \$2 lower.

Prices good grade meats: Beef \$12.50@18; veal \$14@17; lamb \$21@23; mutton \$12@15; light pork loins \$15@17; heavy pork loins \$12@15.

East Buffalo Live Stock

EAST BUFFALO—Cattle: Slow. Hogs: Lower. Horses: \$20.00; pigs and lights, \$6.50@8. Sheep: Steady; top lambs, \$15.50; yearlings, \$11@12.50; wethers, \$8.50@9; ewes, \$7.50@8.50. Calves, \$13.50.

DETROIT QUOTATIONS

CATTLE—Good to choice light yearlings (dry fed), \$9.50@9.75; best heavy steers (dry fed), \$7.50@9.50; best heavy-weight butchers, \$6.50@7.50; mixed steers and heifers, \$5.50@6.25; handy light butchers, \$4.50@5.25; light butchers, \$3.50@4.25; best cows, \$4.25@5.50; butcher cows, \$3.50@4.25; cutters, \$2.25@3.25; cullers, \$2.25@2.75; choice light bulls, \$3.75@4; bologna bulls (heavy), \$4.25@4.75; stock bulls, \$3@4; feeders, \$4.50@6; stockers, \$3@5.

CALVES—Best grades, \$12@12.50; fair to good, \$9@11.50; culls and common, \$6@8.

SHEEP AND LAMBS—Best lambs, \$14.75@15; fair lambs, \$11@13.25; light to common lambs, \$8@9.25; buck lambs, \$7@13.75; good to good sheep, \$6@7.50; culls and common, \$3@5.

HOGS—Mixed hogs, \$9.25; pigs, \$6.50; roughs, \$8; light Yorkers, \$7.50; stags, \$5@6.

LIVE POULTRY—Spring chickens, fancy, 4-1.2 lbs., 22@23c; medium chickens, 21@22c; leghorns, 18c; best hens, 5 lbs., 18@19c; mixed, 16@17c; leghorns and small, 15c; old roosters, 15c; geese, 18@19c; ducks, large white, 20@21c; small dark, 19@20c; best turkeys, 30c per lb.; No. 2 turkeys, 25c; old toms, 25@26c per lb.

Grain

WHEAT—Cash No. 1 red, \$1.64; No. 2 red, \$1.63; No. 3 red, \$1.60; No. 2 white, \$1.64; No. 2 mixed, \$1.63.

YEL CORN—Cash No. 2, \$1.25; No. 3, \$1.21.

WHITE OATS—Cash No. 2, 58c bid; No. 3, 57c.

RYE—Cash No. 2, \$1.31.

BEANS—Michigan choice hand picked, prompt shipment, \$5.10@5.15 per cwt.

BUCKWHEAT—Milling, \$2.30@2.35 per cwt.

SEEDS—Prime red clover, \$19.45; March, \$19.65; alsike, \$12.90; timothy, \$3.25.

HAY AND STRAW—No. 1 timothy, \$18@19; standard, \$17@18; light mixed, \$17@18; No. 2 timothy, \$16@17; No. 1 clover mixed, \$15@16; No. 1 clover, \$15@16; wheat and oat straw, \$10.50@11; rye straw, \$12.50@13 per ton.

FRESH—Winter wheat bran, \$35; spring wheat bran, \$32; standard middlings, \$24; fine middlings, \$33; cracked corn, \$5; coarse cornmeal, \$46; chop, \$37 per ton in carlots.

FLOUR—Extra fancy spring wheat patent, \$9.70; standard spring wheat patent, \$9; extra fancy winter wheat patent, \$10.25; standard winter wheat patent, \$9.25 per bb in lotting lots.

Butter and Eggs

BUTTER—No. 1 creamery, in tubs, \$7@8 per lb.

EGGS—Fresh receipts, 46@52c; cold storage, 36@38c; coast whites, 54@54c per doz.

Farm Produce

CRANBERRIES—Late Howe, \$7@7.50 per 50-lb box.

ONIONS—Large, \$2; small, \$1.75 per 100-lb sack; Spanish, \$2@2.25 per crate.

APPLES—Windsor, \$1.50@1.75; Greenings, \$2; Snow, \$1.75@2.25; Jonathan, \$2.25@2.50 per bu; western boxes, \$2.25@2.50.

DRYED CALVES—Best country dressed, 14@15c per lb; ordinary grades, 11@12c; small poor, \$@10c; heavy rough cut, \$@9c; city dressed, 16@17c per lb.

POTATOES—U. S. No. 1 Michigan, in car lots, \$1.40 per 100-lb sack; baking potatoes in small lots, \$@ per box of 40; Idaho baking, \$2.75@3 per 100-lb sack.

U. S. Imports \$5,000,000 Toys in 1924

New York—The value of toys and games entering the United States from foreign countries in 1924 will total \$5,000,000, according to figures made available by the National City Bank.

A Christmas Welcome to All

And it will be doubly appreciated by the tired shopper who comes here and sees the splendid array of gift articles conveniently arranged for gift choosing. The following are but a few of the many items that you will see here—and at the prices we offer our merchandise, many economies are possible.

SUGGESTIONS FOR CHRISTMAS

LADIES'

Hats, Handkerchiefs, Blouses, Hose, Silk Jersey Slips, Bloomers, Aprons Embroidered Chemise, Underwear Embroidered Night Dresses, Collars Brushed Wool Sweaters, Brassiers Wool Middies, House Dresses, Belts Fur Chokers, Girdles, Corsets Outing Night Gowns

MEN'S

Shirts, Overcoats, Mackinaws, Pants Belts, Caps, Hose, Holiday Garter Sets, Holiday Suspender Sets, Holiday Tie Sets, Holiday Hose Sets, Arm Bands, Slippers, Gloves, Shoes, Handkerchiefs, Rubber Raincoats, Pajamas, Night Shirts, Scarfs, and Cuff Links.

INFANTS'

Caps, Sweaters, Shirts, Mittens Dresses, Gertrudes, Booties, Shoes, Jackets, Toilet Sets, Bib Holders, Carriage Clamps, Dolls and Rattles, Gloves, Purses, Slippers, Combs,

BOYS'

Mackinaws, Underwear, Blouses, Shirts, Gloves, Hightops, Sweaters, Shoes, Suspenders and Night Shirts

GIRLS'

Dresses, Coats, Caps, Hats, Gloves Sweaters Slippers, Night Dresses Underwear, Bloomers, Hose and Shoes

Blankets, Bed Spreads, Table Linen, Towels, Scarfs, Pillow Cases, Stamped Goods, Notions, Toys, Groceries.

G. A. BRABANT

OPPOSITE PEOPLES BANK

Golden Rule in Daily Life

The knowledge that helps us to be wise and kindly and helpful is simple and easy to find. It can be found in books which almost all householders possess, which can be bought very cheaply. They contain wisdom which many learned people never have and never will possess. It is not intellectual co-operation we need so much as mutual tolerance and generosity, the effort to look at everything from the other fellow's point of view.—London Daily Herald.

Lame Ducks Unite

Thousands of ducks, crippled by hunters, have formed a colony in the sloughs of Victoria Islands, the State Fish and Game association has announced. The cripples, unable to stand the pace set by the able-bodied ducks, have united to obtain food by co-operative efforts.

Probably First Lighthouse

The word "pharos" means lighthouse, and the Pharos of Egypt was a gigantic beacon which was established at Alexandria, Egypt, to light the mariners to safety. It was built by Ptolemy in 282 B. C., and it was stated that it was 400 feet high and the light was visible for 60 miles at sea.

The Largest Cities

There are seventeen cities in the world with populations of over a million. In order of size, they are: London, New York, Berlin, Paris, Chicago, Tokyo, Vienna, Philadelphia, Buenos Aires, Osaka, Peking, Calcutta, Canton, Bombay, Rio de Janeiro, Glasgow, and Constantinople.

Have You Been Stung Yet?

Some men have to get stung good and hard before they learn to be cautious in making investments. Before you invest—investigate!

The Gift for the Home

Before you decide upon a single gift this Christmas, come here and see the wonderful array of suggestions for Home Gifts which we have prepared for your choosing.

R. G. WATSON

DEPENDABLE FURNITURE
EAST JORDAN, MICHIGAN



**CHRISTMAS and
"GOD BLESS US
EVERYONE!"**
By
**FRANCES
MARSHALL
MORGAN**

MAGAZINE writer not long ago made the statement that the real Christmas spirit was as deceased as old Marley's ghost—dead as the proverbial doornail—or dead. "We are shekel-mad," he said in substance; "we modern men and women; even our children have become too sophisticated to believe in its milk and water myths."

A man who will deliberately and with malice aforethought sit down before his wheezy old typing machine and whack out mildewed sentiments of that kind, without a single qualifying phrase attached, is either a born moron or a shameless glutton. Either he came into the world with light mental luggage or else he wrote that article the day after the Christmas feast—three helpings of juicy, brown turkey nestling close to a sugary pyramid of cranberries, fragrant giblet gravy and biscuits—southern style—done to a golden turn; a feast in which a steaming, raisin-studded and spice-spiked plum-pudding played a stellar role.

This is a day of "movements." Suppose we start a brand new one. Suppose we go out and run to earth every sour, dyspeptic, disillusioned, kill-joy old Scrooge in the land; tie ropes of popcorn, scarlet ribbons and tinsel securely around each scrawny old neck and hang them high as Haman on the biggest, brightest Christmas tree that ever made happy the hearts of tiny boys and girls. (And serve them right.) And we'll let them screech. "Humbug! Humbug!" as loudly as they choose—once they are safely strung up.

This would be a sad world, indeed, were it not for the other kind of folk. Thanks be to the gods that have kept alive the beautiful, child-like, generous spirit of them—those wonderful ones, ever young, ever remembering, though their heads be as silver, who believe in Christmas; who believe in Santa Claus, in little laughing children; in friendship's vows renewed; who believe in making the eyes of the best beloved to shine like the Christmas stars themselves.

And here are three lusty cheers for the men and women who stand boldly forth and stoutly maintain that "Ole Chris'mus" has changed not one jot or tittle throughout the ages—that it will never change as long as childhood lasts in the world, as long as family ties bind and friendship's faith remains. Bless their loving hearts! May their Christmas wish come true, be they rich or poor, of high or low degree, and in whatever place they bless with their sweet presence.

Christmas was surely meant to be a season of joy and laughter, as well as one in which we glorify the birth of



Brought in Loads of Scarlet-Berried Holly and Mistletoe.

the blessed Savior. Throughout the centuries a spirit of revelry has marked the tide of Yule. The observance of an annual season of merrymaking dates back even farther than the advent of Christianity. It is said that long ere the birth of the Babe of Bethlehem the ancient pagans celebrated a yearly feast near the winter solstice. Romans called this the Saturnalia. It was marked with much wine-drinking, dancing and eating.

In the ancient countries of the North huge fires were kindled and as their leaping flames shot skyward human beings were sacrificed upon the altars to Thor and Oden. The Goths and Saxons called this the festival of Yule.

The Teutons selected a huge tree which they raised amid much chanting and shouting, in honor of the god of the sun. Bright objects and lights were placed in its branches to represent the light of day, the moon and stars. Animals were fastened to the branches, historians say, that the pa-

gan gods might be propitiated in favor of their savage worshippers.

So we know that the Christmas celebrations were not in the beginning of religious significance. But with Christianity's dawn the many old customs that remained were given a religious symbolism. There are a number of our present-day customs that are picturesque and interesting because of their great antiquity.

When we tramp into the winter woods and bring home loads of scarlet-berried holly and mistletoe we are merely following in the footsteps of our pagan ancestors. When we wreath our doorsills and windows with the beautiful, waxy white clusters of mistletoe, when we ornament the mantle above the bright fire with its dark-green clusters we are but unconsciously repeating the pagan custom of old when the Druids, the ancient priests, performed their mystical rites upon their forest altars.

The cutting and burning of the Yule log is, today, as important as a feature of the Christmas celebrations of the "manor homes of Merrie England" as it was before the world knew the meaning of a true Christian observance of the season. The cheery, heartening salutation "Merry Christmas!" originated in England. This greeting has never been known to fall in bringing a smile to even the most woe-begone countenance.

And an English Christmas is, indeed, a wonderful thing to experience. Even the very tales of the Englishman's Yuletide make our hearts beat faster and our imaginations run riot. The time has not yet arrived when Dickens' "Christmas Carol" with its descriptions of the Christmas market stalls with their long rows of hanging geese decorated with bunches of sage and onions, of tarts, puddings and sweetmeats will lose its delicious charm and mouth-watering powers.

And who can write about Christmas without thinking of the humble, though none the less delectable dinner presided



Carols Sung by Waits Who Went From House to House.

ed over by proud Bob Cratchet—and Tiny Tim seated at the board with his frail, small fingers clasping his spoon and repeating honest Bob's blessing as he gazed upon his adoring family—"God bless us, every one!" Poor little Tim with his crutch across his knee!

Some authorities state that the Christmas tree as we know it originated in Scandinavia. Others claim that the Germans first made use of it. Certain it is that we, in our own land, did not have our brightly decorated trees until after the German immigrant arrived.

Christmas carols are sung in many lands; in England, in France where they are called "noels," in Wales, Ireland and Italy and in many other countries. In Italy, at the season of Advent, the Calabrian shepherds troop down from their hills and chant their unusual mountain songs in the cities. The word "carol" is derived from "cantare," meaning to sing and "rola," an interjection of joy; therefore it is not a musical form peculiarly belonging to Christmas, although it is usually associated with this season. One of the most ancient, if not the very oldest carol of a religious nature is the exquisite, "While Shepherds Watched Their Flocks by Night." It was written by Nahum Tate, England's poet laureate in 1692.

Quaint old English carols that are still sung are: "God Rest You, Merry Gentlemen," "Good King Wenceslas" and "The Holly and Ivy." These were sung by the waits who went from house to house in the old days. A whole book could be made interesting by recounting the customs of the ancient carol singers of the different lands.

In connection with the Christmas candle which has been used as a beautiful symbol in many countries from ancient days to the present it is interesting to know that even the gypsies, those wandering, mysterious vagabonds of unknown origin and self-confessed paganism, have a legend about a burning candle that was set at a certain season to light the way of a mother and child across the darkness of a desert land. This legend is to be found somewhere in an old book—perhaps it was recounted by George Borrow—but the writer of these lines has been unable to locate it again.

After all, it is the spirit of any observance that truly counts.

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Christmas in Dixie

Way down Souf in de land ob cotton,
An' down in de pine-tree groun',
De ponsun pie am not fo' gotten
When de Christmas time comes roun'
Hooray fo' de chickens an' de hot-corn
bone!
Hooray, hooray, fo' de sweet ham bone!
—Leslie's Weekly.

A Song for Christmas

CHANT me a rhyme of Christmas—
Sing me a jovial song—
And though it is filled with laughter
Let it be pure and strong.

Sing of the hearts brimmed over
With the story of the day—
Of the echo of childish voices
That will not die away.

Of the blare of the tasseled bagle,
And the timeless clatter and beat
Of the drum that throbs to muster
Squadrons of scampering feet.

But, O, let your voice fall fainter,
Till, bleat with a minor tone,
You temper your song with the beauty
Of the pity Christ had shown.

And sing one verse for the voiceless,
And yet, ere the song be done,
A verse for the ears that hear not,
And a verse for the sightless one

For though it be time for singing
A merry Christmas glee,
Let a low, sweet voice of pathos
Run through the melody.

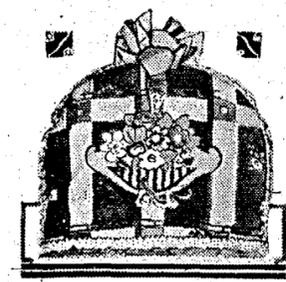
—James Whitcomb Riley

New Breakfast Caps



Don't forget that breakfast caps are among the lovely things that women expect at Christmas. Of the two shown here, the one at the top is of lace and ribbon, with frills of pink, plaited chiffon over the ears. The other is of net and lace with a frill of lace over the nape of the neck, a facing of ribbon at the front and knot and ends of it at the sides.

To Adorn Tea Table



Figured silk or bright cretonne and gay ribbon are used to cover and finish off this pretty tea cozy. Every hostess hopes one of these will be among her gifts of little housefurnishings—that Christmas time is rilled upon to bring. They are easy to make—fashioned of two pieces joined at their curved edges.

Silver Head-bands



The most fashionable of pretty head-bands, for evening wear, are those made of narrow silver ribbons, adorned with rosettes or tiny roses of the same.

Christmas

HERE is Christmas with its memories,
When every heart is kind;
We plan, with fond concern, to please
The ties are dear that bind;
Whenever children's faces glow,
The passing winter may have
That Love has been confirmed.

All the world is bright with Christmas cheer,
And every heart is young;
Old hopes are high, the way is clear;
Our grudges are for-forged;
We greet the stranger passing by
And wish him well, though his reply
Be in an unknown tongue.

Here is Christmas, with its tenderness,
When every heart is glad,
And angels come to meet and bless
The eager less and led;
We who have doubted learned to smile,
Reminist for a little while
The childhood we have had.

The Gift Store For Men

Men like, above all else, to receive gifts of wearing apparel. It appeals to them as a mighty sensible way in which to remember them on Christmas day. This is especially true if you come to this store of known quality to make your selection of Gifts.

GLYDE HIPP

MAIN STREET EAST JORDAN, MICH.

Gifts She Will Treasure

Undoubtedly her friends have Electrical Appliances for table use, so she will certainly appreciate gifts of similar utensils for your table. They are gifts that she can treasure and use.

The Thor Electric Washing Machine
Electric Toasters and Heaters
Electric Curling Irons and Hair Dryers
American Beauty Irons
Flash Lights and Batteries
Plated Linen Shades for Electric Lights

REID & SHERMAN

EAST JORDAN Phone 193J

CHRISTMAS GIVING AND ITS MEANING

"I've no fix" the woman said as she crowded her way rudely up to the handkerchief counter. "One has to buy something, I suppose, and I guess handkerchiefs take the least thought and consideration."

"Any particular pattern?" the clerk inquired.

"No, just so they cost no more than fifty cents each. What an awful bore Christmas is, and what a burden it throws on us. I wonder sometimes what it's all for."

"It's a very sweet, happy time to me," the girl answered.

There is too much that is conventional and artificial, perhaps, in our Christmas giving. We burden ourselves with obligations which we should never assume. We give too often because we feel that we should do so, because we wonder what people will say if we do not, because we hope to receive something in return. We keep up the practice because we have not the courage or the diplomacy to break it, and we put little thought or personality into it.

"Please do not send me anything at Christmas time," a friend wrote me, "for by so doing you would embarrass me and put me under obligations which I can ill afford to meet." It was a sensible letter which few would have had the courage to write.

It is not what we give that really counts, but the spirit in which the giving is done. The friendly, personal letter, the trifle which we have ourselves made, even the card which we pick up at the book store, often brings more joy than the costliest present chosen without love or thought. Christmas is a time of kindly thoughts, of forgiveness, of charity, and of good will to all men. There is no other day on the calendar on which it would be so dreary to be away from home as Christmas day. The spirit of Christmas is the spirit of self-sacrifice and of love.

The Wise Men bringing gifts to the Christ child came a long way over a rough and weary road full of dangers and full of discomforts; but the gifts they brought were gifts of sacrifice and unselfishness and of love, and the impulse to bring them came from the heart. They are the wise men today who can give thankfully, gratefully, lovingly, with joy in their hearts and without thought of what they are to receive.—Thomas A. Clark, Dean of Men, University of Illinois.

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No Doubt



Bug—What kind of a Christmas do you expect to have, Mr. Snail?
Snail—Very slow!

CHRISTMAS CARDS WILL BRING CHEER

THEY all adorned the mantel-piece—the many Christmas cards. How gay they were. How much they helped in the way of making the room cheery and decorated for Christmas. Each one did its part to add.

Yet many of those cards had almost never come!

So many of the senders had said—

"Oh, I don't believe I'll send them a card this Christmas. We never see them any more."

But then they added—

"Still they are friends and it would be nice to send them a Christmas wish."

So all the cards had come. And not one of them was in the way. Not one of them but that brought its own cheer.—Mary Graham Bonner.

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It Was Christmas Eve— There Was Great Joy

THE deep hush of night had fallen over the land and up above thousands of stars twinkled, seemingly shining a little brighter than on any other night of the year. From every window candles and lighted Christmas trees sent their shining rays out into the darkness, symbols of the "Light of the World," who was to be born again next morning. Everywhere the spirit of the season made itself felt and men and women thrilled with the message of love and peace and good will. Everybody seemed to be working feverishly to make happiness for others, most of all to make the little ones happy, for was not He that was coming on the morrow even as one of them? In every heart there was added tenderness and love; in every home there was cheer and goodwill. For it was Christmas Eve and the song of the angels to welcome His coming was repeating itself in the hearts of men and women everywhere.—Katherine Edelman.

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AUNT LIZZIE ANN'S CHRISTMAS LETTER

OW if Aunt Lizzie Ann had only written for Christmas, the family agreed as they sat around the big fire that blazed upon the open hearth, everything would have been just perfect. As it was, things were awfully nice and everyone was having such a good time, but Aunt Lizzie Ann's Christmas letter had failed to come—the first miss since they all remembered—and its absence cast a little cloud over them, try as they would to hide it.

Aunt Lizzie Ann had always written the dearest Christmas letter—gifts she had none to send since Uncle Ed died several years ago—but always there had been that wonderful letter, that breathed so deep the very spirit of Christmas that it had almost become a part of the very time itself for the Dermott family. And although none of the family had yet framed the thought that Aunt Lizzie Ann must have had, or something dreadful must have happened, it lay heavy upon them all. So when George announced that he was going down to the telegraph office to wire they all agreed that it was the best thing to do.

A soft, powdery snow was falling as he opened the door to step without. He had been gone only a short time when a shout from him brought them all to the doorway. And there, with the snowflakes falling around her, was the dearest little old lady, laden with bundles, which George tried in vain to help her with.

"It's Aunt Lizzie Ann!" they all cried in unison. And sure enough it was Aunt Lizzie Ann, coming this year herself instead of sending her usual letter, and she had the dearest and loveliest gifts for them all.

And when the excitement of her coming had died down and they all sat around the blazing logs again, Aunt Lizzie Ann explained how she had been able to come. Uncle Ed had taken out an endowment policy for her several years ago; it had now matured and she was free to do the things she had wanted to for so long. "You have been giving to me for so many years," she said, "it makes me feel real good to be able to make some return at last."

But the family assured her in all sincerity that it was she who had given the most to them always—for her wonderful Christmas letter had helped them more than they could ever tell her.—Katherine Edelman.

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THE "SANTA SACK" GAME FOR KIDDIES

SANTA CLAUS is a real problem to some mothers. Shall their children be told the truth about Santa Claus, or shall they think of him as sliding down the chimney with reindeer and sleigh? This idea may help some mother who is puzzled over this question:

Before our little folks were old enough to understand about the existence of Santa Claus, whenever we saw a picture of the jolly old man, we called him Sunny, or Smiling Santa, because he looked happy. And he looked happy because he was good and kind to everyone. So when the children quarreled or pouted we would try to have them smile and look jolly, like Santa, whose picture we had among others we referred to, as moral or myth pictures.

As the children grew to understand more fully the meaning of the Christmas tide we played a game, "Santa sack," which meant that if they allowed each other or their playmates to play with their toys or gave them of their apples or cookies, they were playing Santa Claus, because Santa Claus was unselfish and divided whatever he had from his sack.

Sometimes when their playmates came, we would say, "You'll want to play 'Santa Sack' and away they would skip to distribute their toys like Santa. They delighted to play and be called Santa when they ran—rands, smiled or did something kind. Santa was a make-believe creature, as characters in poems which we read to them, such as "The Raggedy Man," "Children's Hour," "Jack Sprat," "Hiawatha." Anyone who gave a gift at any time of year was a Santa. And whenever Santa Claus distributed gifts at school or at any public place, they were delighted that someone was playing Santa as they played "bear," "doctor" or "teacher" in the home with their little friends. For anyone who is unselfish, kind and cheerful is to them a Santa Claus to someone else.

As they grew older the Santa sack was woven into a lesson story with the thought that each of us has something in smiles, kind words and deeds to give to another all the time. For the real Santa gave much—all he had—from his sack of treasures in Bethlehem long ago! So Santa Claus means unselfishness, cheerfulness, kindness—many things that are worth while to our children.—Gertrude Walton.

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Toys Best for Children

"Manipulation" toys are best for children between the ages of two and four; "dramatic" playthings best between four and six, and "construction" playthings, such as radio outfits, games or toys that teach the simpler branches of exact sciences and those which exercise and train the hands and brain in a somewhat advanced way are best.—George Newell Moran

Pretty Ribbon Garters



Sometimes a pair of garters undertakes to be magnificent—and Christmas makes an opportunity for them to take on regal airs. This very up-to-date pair chooses black and gold lace with fine black satin ribbon, to achieve "the splendor dear to women."

Gifts a Girl Likes



Here is a toilette set which has been made elegant by coverings of figured silk in rose color, finished with a fancy edging set with tiny flowers. Gold or silver net, or lace, are used over plain silk in any color, for this purpose. One may convert commonplace pieces into rich and highly decorative gifts in this way.

Frosted Windows

IT sits by my frosted window As the crowd goes to and fro, Over an ice-shedded pavement, White with new-fallen snow, Faces there, bright with gladness, Brows deep-set with a frown, Change, and their mirth or madness Beckon men up or down.

Would I might pierce the windows Clouded with discontent, Seeking the jewels a-sparkle, Dimmed, but as yet, unspent; Friendship, with cheer and gladness, Touches of tender care— Bring out and light the candle Of hope that a world would share.

I sit by my frosted window With little that I may know Of the crowd's dim fears and passions As throngs surge to and fro; But the bells ring out for Christmas, And men forget their woe In the banished pain with the Hope that came With the Shepherds, long ago.

Lit' Christmas Chilluns

Lit' Christmas chilluns Happy on de way, Countin' of de minutes To de Christmas Day; Sandy Claus can't miss 'em— Watchin', day an' night; Done told him whar dey livin' An' he got de message right!

Hi, lit' chilluns! Sandy Claus'll know Whar you all a-livin', Kaze he lovin' of you so!

Lit' Christmas chilluns, How an' howdy do! Sandy Claus is savin' De finest things for you! He knows dat you been waitin' Thoo' de year so long, To hear de rainder runnin'— To sing de Christmas song!

Sweet lit' chilluns! Sandy Claus'll know Whar you all a-livin', Kaze he lovin' of you so!

When Yule Logs are Burning

By John Dickinson Sherman

WHEN Yule logs are burning There comes the old yearning, Which "World, Flesh and Devil" never quite kill, For goodness, for beauty, For neighborly duty, For "Peace upon earth to men of good will."

I picture in vision That Christmas Elysian, O'er Babe and His mother I have the old thrill, And comforting tender, The Word in its splendor Says, "Peace upon earth to men of good will."

For love crowns the season, All else is but treason; The right law of life's the Golden Rule still; And some bright tomorrow Will heal the world's sorrow With "Peace upon earth to men of good will."

Yet I go on crutches, My soul in the clutches Of motives and thoughts that naught bring but ill; I am as one sneering When I should be cheering For "Peace upon earth to men of good will."

God help me, a sinner, To make myself winner O'er lusts of the flesh, o'er faults of the will, To join in the preaching Of Christmas-tide teaching Of "Peace upon earth to men of good will."



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Gift Shopper's Guide

Contained in our comprehensive display are hundreds of articles which thoughtful givers are including in their Christmas lists. Accept our invitation and come in and see for yourself just what this store has ready for the gift buyer.

Books Just a Few Reminders

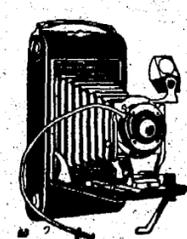
- All of the Latest Fiction
- Toilet Sets
- Traveling Sets
- Baby Sets
- Shaving Sets
- Safety Razors
- Manicure Sets
- Military Brushes
- Icy-Hot Bottles
- Book Ends
- Flash Lights
- Pipes and Cigars

Complete Assortment Of Christmas Candies

Wrist Watches And Watches

Or any kind of Photographic accessory make excellent Gifts.

Mother or Sister Would Like One of These.



Vaseline's Oriental Perfumes, Incense Burners and Other Novelties

HITE'S DRUG STORE

THE SPIRIT OF CHRISTMAS

By
BARA LOCKWOOD



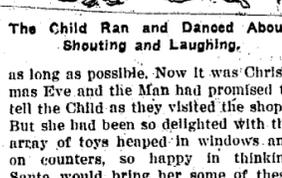
IN THE little village below the hill the snow and ice-covered houses seemed snugly up together among the fir trees in order to keep warm. The fir trees locked their long arms together and moved restlessly to and fro, moaning now and then. Other trees, hopelessly bare and cold, shivered in the wind and cracked their icy branches. The beautiful Lady of the Snow with all her Snowflake Imps in attendance flitted about the village street, sliding gayly down the shop windows and flirting with the passers-by.

The Man and the Child made their way through the drifts toward the group of houses. The Child ran and danced about, now in front, now behind the Man, shouting and laughing. She loved the white old Winter and in return Winter had commanded all his subjects to be kind to her. So the Snow Lady kissed and caressed her and the Snowflakes played about her merrily, touching her cheeks softly and making them rosy.

But the Man hated Winter and now he hurried along, giving no heed to the beauties about him, wishing only for the warm fire in his cottage. The Snow Lady tried all her charms on him, but he only pulled his muffler tighter about his throat and his cap more firmly upon his head and went on. Then the Snowflake Imps flew at him furiously. They stung his face and buried themselves inside his muffler. The North Wind tormented him, too, blowing up his sleeves and twisting his great coat about his knees until he stumbled and muttered under his breath. When the Child laughed at him and would have thrown snow in his face, he reproved her gruffly.

The Man was threshing over in his mind a question he had discussed with the Woman only the week before. They had decided to have no Christmas this year. It was foolish, very foolish to wear one's self out thinking and planning presents for all one's relatives and friends for months before, and then perhaps not be ready when Christmas came. They would not allow their child to keep her belief in the foolish Santa Clause myth which they had told her so long ago.

This was the hardest part, for both the Man and the Woman dreaded to tell the Child, and they put off the task



The Child Ran and Danced About, Shouting and Laughing.

as long as possible. Now it was Christmas Eve and the Man had promised to tell the Child as they visited the shops. But she had been so delighted with the array of toys heaped in windows and on counters, so happy in thinking Santa would bring her some of these wonderful playthings, that he could not bring himself to tell her Santa would never visit her again. And yet he must. She would soon get over the disappointment and be happier than ever, he told himself. Yes, it was the sensible thing to do, but he would wait and let the Woman tell her.

As they neared the cottages the Child threw out her arms joyously as though she would embrace the whole world of Snowflakes before she left them. And they, wild with delight, fought for a place upon her little hood and shoulders that she might carry them away with her.

"Oh, Mother, Mother, the Snowflakes have played with me and have told me the prettiest stories," cried the Child as she drew the Woman's hand across her cold, damp cheek. "And I have seen Santa Claus. He is visiting the shops now but he promised to come here tonight." She stood on her toes and clapped her hands in her excitement, and the words tumbled over one another as she tried to tell of all the beautiful toys she had seen.

The Woman sighed and looked reproachfully at the Man. So he had

not told the Child. Why did he always put it off and leave it for her to do? The long discussions on the subject, the dread of spoiling the Child's happiness and the arguments as to which should tell her, had unsettled the Woman, usually so gentle and even-tempered. She was vexed. She turned to the Child wistfully, a little impatiently. She would tell her now.

"Dear, haven't you learned yet that there is no Santa Claus? You will not hang up your stockings tonight, for he isn't coming to fill them."

Then as the Child stood looking at her with wild, wondering eyes, she exclaimed, "Why do you stare at me so? Don't you see we have been playing make-believe with you all these years? There is no Santa Claus, and you are old enough now to forget such foolish stories. It is expensive and tiresome to keep up this farce and we have decided never to have Christmas again."

To the Child it was all a strange muddle. Something dreadful had happened, but as yet she could not understand what it was.

"No Santa— But I have just seen him, Mother. He talked to me this afternoon at the shops."

Wrought up as she was, the Woman's voice-sounded cold and unfeeling. "Go to bed now. You will understand better in the morning."

The Child obeyed silently. All her joyousness was gone; the laughter had died out of her eyes and in its place



"I Wish We Had Never Heard of Christmas!"

there was wonder and hurt. But she could not talk about it now.

When the Woman left her in the white bed by the window, she cautiously opened it so the Snowflakes could come in. And then, with a great sob, she told them her troubles.

In the big room, with the bay window, the Man paced restlessly back and forth and the Woman sat by the table with workbasket and mending. But her hands lay listlessly in her lap and she gazed into the fire.

Once her face brightened and she murmured aloud, "But Father and Mother never forgot us, and of course they will send something for the Child."

The Man wheeled about with a scowl. "We won't receive anything from them. Do you think we would accept presents, when we are not sending any? I have written them that we are not to have any more Christmas celebrations."

"Oh," gasped the Woman. "You do not mean we must send back everything we get?"

The Man hesitated. Then, as though he were sick of the subject, "I don't know. It is all your doing. It is you who has nervous prostration at Christmas after worrying about presents."

"I do not," she denied hotly. "And you suggested this anyway. I wish we had never heard of Christmas!"

Their Christmas Eve was spent in quarreling, and that night they dreamed of horrible plots that Santa was planning against them.

A pale moon with icicles on his whiskers watched over the little village. The Snow Lady was asleep and the Snowflake Imps had settled down to rest. One cottage gleamed colder and whiter than the others and seemed to stand apart as though not of them. The Spirit of Christmas tried the door softly.

"Why, it is barred against me!" he murmured sadly. "This will never do." So he walked about looking for a place to get in until he came to the window where the Child slept. Tenderly he sprinkled happiness and joy upon her until her lips parted in a smile. Then he flew past her to where the Man and the Woman slept. To them he gave of all his essences.

The Woman awakened first, and with strange new feelings, she called the Man. They gazed long at each other.

"Merry Christmas," whispered the Woman.

And with wonder and joy, peace and good will all mingled together, the Man took her in his arms.

"We must have Christmas, after all," he said. And the Woman nodded, her eyes beaming with happiness. "I must go to the shops and bring Santa Claus for the Child before she wakes."

"Wait," cried the Woman, and laughing, she brought from their hiding place an assortment of beautiful toys.

"Mother and Father sent them and I just couldn't send them back."

With shining faces and happy hearts, the Man and the Woman hung stockings by the fireplace and heaped them with playthings.

"We will tell her she had a bad dream," said the Man.

"No," said the Woman softly. "We will tell her that Santa is the good Christmas fairy, who will always be welcome here."

MAKING CHRISTMAS REAL CELEBRATION

MR. AND MRS. BROWN agreed not to have any Christmas celebration. They would just be sensible, and have a restful holiday without any of the worry of trying to outdo each other and their friends in the exchange of gifts.

Their friends had consented not to give them any presents, and as they had no children, it would be easy to carry out their intention of having just an ordinary holiday.

Christmas morning arrived and Mr. Brown looked at Mrs. Brown through blinking eyes.

"Merry Christmas," he said; "Merry Christmas," echoed his wife.

They were both startled. That was not the way to begin an ordinary holiday. They had begun it just as they had begun every other Christmas.

"But then," Mrs. Brown explained, "it wouldn't be right not to say it, would it, dear?"

Mr. Brown quite agreed with her, and they went down to breakfast.

At Mr. Brown's place were some packages.

"What are these?" he asked, with pretended harshness.

"Oh, dearie," said his wife, "you won't be angry, will you? I just couldn't help giving you something. It wouldn't be Christmas without some surprises. And as we weren't giving any presents, I thought it was a good opportunity to get you some things you have needed a long time."

Mr. Brown tore open the packages, which to his great delight contained a velvet lounging robe, some Russian leather slippers and a box of his favorite cigars.

"You dear!" he cried, and kissed his wife ardently.

Then he drew from his pocket a small box which he handed her. Her eyes sparkled.

"For me?" she exclaimed.

"For you," he said, and added, as she lifted from the box a beautiful necklace of pearls. "I thought since we weren't giving any presents this year, it was a good opportunity to buy you these pearls you have wanted so long."

"You dear," said his wife, and kissed him joyously.

Just then the doorbell rang. A messenger with flowers and candy was at the door. "I thought it wouldn't be Christmas without these," said Mr. Brown.

"And you were right," agreed his wife. "You can't have Christmas without candy and flowers, and presents and surprises, which show how people really love you."—H. Lucius Cook.

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PLAYING SAFE IN CHRISTMAS GIVING

BANKER CHISHOLM refused accommodation to persons who seemed the most successful merchants in town, and to some of the wealthiest citizens. An account over-checked by even a dollar received quick notice. It was as if Banker Chisholm had a finger on the pulse of the town, and whenever a pulse faltered he withdrew. He was not running a hospital.

So he became known as "Stony Face," "Frost," "Bloodless," and the like. Even the many solicitors of charity went to him without expectation.

Each Christmas mysterious turkeys were left at doors whose owners were not expecting to have any. Loads of wood and tons of coal appeared in the same way. Banker Chisholm could have told something about them.

Only one person, in town really understood, and that was Andy Seales, an old seaman at school. Andy was a failure, and indifferent about it, but he was a close-mouthed participant in his friend's secrets.

One day the banker called him into his back room.

"Here is a thousand dollars, Andy," he began, nodding at a roll on the table. "I want you to slip it into your pocket and distribute it where you feel it will make the most Christmas."

"In your name this time, Bill. I don't like what they call you."

Banker Chisholm reached for the money.

"Then I won't give anything," he said. "You remember how my predecessor, Mr. Wade, almost ruined himself and the bank by his reckless generosity and accommodation to unsafe borrowers. If I became known as an easy giver, I would be attacked by a horde of friends, and I'm afraid I'm too soft-hearted to play safe. The only way is to keep up my reputation of 'Stony Face.' It is my salvation. I'm sorry you—"

"Oh, all right," interrupted Andy gruffly. "Give me the money. I'll distribute it where I see need, and want of a Merry Christmas."—Frank Herbert Sweet.

(© 1924, Western Newspaper Union.)

A New Kind of Pincushion

A pincushion is always a useful and appropriate gift, and here is one that is most satisfactory. Fill a small wooden, pasteboard or metal box not over an inch deep, as full of steel wool as possible. Cover the top neatly with a bit of ribbon or any pretty goods at hand. Pins and needles stuck onto the cushion are kept bright and free from rust by the steel wool, and the bottom of the box keeps them from working downward.

CHRISTMAS CANDIES

YOU WILL ENJOY

Many of the Candies we offer are home-made from the choicest ingredients obtainable. The freshest butter, pure cane sugar and flavors of the first quality. So when you eat our Candies—and you may eat plenty without harm—you are sure that you are eating the purest and best candy made.

Ready packed in convenient boxes of assorted flavors or we will pack special boxes at your direction.

Complete Assortment of Package Chocolates. Choice FRUITS.

THE SUGAR BOWL

O. L. HASTINGS, PROP'R

East Jordan, Mich. Phone No. 8

Symbol of Mother Love

In plucking the down from her breast to make a soft, warm lining for her young, the mother peltian sometimes draws a drop or two of blood in tugging at some recalcitrant feather. This fact has been responsible for the peltian's being accepted as the symbol of self-sacrificing mother love.—From the Mentor.

Where Solons Are "Docked"

In Australia, where members of parliament receive about \$5,000 a year, the members are fined or "docked" for absences during a session. This system differs from that in effect in the mother country. England, or in America, where a member may take a day or so off every now and then to attend to his private affairs without worrying about it. In England the salary of a member of parliament is only about \$2,000 a year.

Has Many Meanings

The origin of the word "Chautauquan" is not definitely known, but many meanings have been suggested, notably, that it is derived from an Indian word meaning "foggy place"; that it means, in Indian, "bag tied in the middle," referring to the shape of the lake; that it means "where the fish was taken out," "place of easy death," "place where one was lost."

Will Be Beauty Spot

Refuge for wild birds has been planned in New York, near Syracuse, where five hundred acres have been given. It will be open to all students of bird lore and botanists, and twenty additional acres will be planted in azaleas, orchids and rhododendrons.

Brother Williams

No use for you from lightning, kaze he kin bent you runnin'; an' no use tryin' ter hide from him, kaze he got a flashlight what kin find you in de dark.—Atlanta Constitution.

RED PEPPER FOR RHEUMATIC PAIN

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

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

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

GIFTS

USEFUL GIFTS in HAND PAINTED CHINA

Including Sugar and Creamer Sets, Plates and many odd pieces.

Fancy and Colored GLASSWARE in Lamps, Bowls, Baskets, and Console Sets.

Wrist Watches Gold Knives
Gold Pocket Combs

Waterman's FOUNTAIN PENS and Sets.
Eversharp PENCILS and Pens in gold and Silver. Gents Sets.

JEWELRY

Diamond Rings, Chains, Cuff Links. Swan Indestructible Pearl Necklaces, 24-in. and 30-in., \$3.98 and upwards.

SILVERWARE

In regular sets and fancy single pieces: In "Lady Helen" patterns, "Ancestral" pattern in 1847 Rogers Plate, "Century" pattern in Holmes and Edwards.

"Jack and Jill" Spoon and Fork Sets for the kiddies, \$1.00.

GIFTS THAT LAST at

Palmiter's Jewelry Store

SANTA CLAUS HEADQUARTERS

At This Store
You Will Find The
Most Wonderful Array
Of Gifts for Every Mem-
ber of The Family and
Your Friends



Before Starting
Your List Come
Here and See The
many suggestions offer-
ed. It will aid you in
making up your list and
SAVE you time and Money

Do Your Christmas Shopping Early

Christmas Means Toys To The Children



So why disappoint them when you can choose as many as you want here at a cost so small you will never notice it.

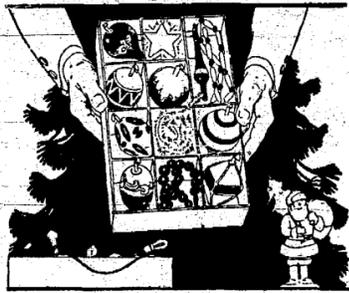
- Mechanical Toys - 10c to \$3.00
 - Friction Toys - \$1.00 to \$3.00
 - Automobiles - \$8.00
 - Kiddie Kars - \$2.25
 - Wheelbarrows - 25c
 - Wagons - 25c to \$1.00
 - Drums - 25c to \$1.50
 - Electric Trains - \$4.75
 - Mechanical Trains \$1.00 to \$3.50
- And Scores of Other Toys for Boys and Girls

GAMES

- Pollyanna Game.....\$1.25
- Uncle Wiggley.....75c
- Flinch.....75c
- Rumme.....75c
- Lotto.....10c
- Assorted Games.....10c to 25c
- Picture Books.....5c to 25c

DOLLS

- Unbreakable Dolls.....25c and 50c
- Jointed Dolls.....75c to \$10.00
- Mama Dolls, all kinds.....\$1.00 to \$3.00
- Dressed Dolls, Moving Eyes.....50c to \$3.00
- Little Red Ridinghood Doll.....\$1.00
- Little Boy Blue Doll.....\$1.00
- Doll Cabs.....50c to \$3.75
- Doll Beds.....50c to \$1.00
- Childrens Tea Sets.....10c to \$1.50



Fixing up the Tree

Here's Ornaments aplenty for making the Christmas Tree extra attractive on Christmas Morning.

- Ornaments.....1c to 10c
- TINSEL—Gold and Silver
- Red Bells.....1c to 25c

For the Xmas Package
Seals' Tags, Cards, Holly Wrapping Paper Etc.



USEFUL GIFTS

Here are quality articles which will mean more than the usual gift. Let them reflect your thoughtfulness and a sincere desire to please. It's the gift with the personal touch that succeeds.

- Ladies Hand Bags, Leather.....\$1.00 to \$1.50
- Turkish Towel Bath Sets.....\$1.35 to \$2.00
- Handkerchiefs in Gift Boxes.....25c
- Ladies Pure Linen Handkerchiefs.....25c to 35c
- Ladies Embroidered Handkerchiefs.....2 for 15c
- Ladies Embroidered Handkerchiefs.....10c
- Brush and Comb Sets.....\$1.50 to \$6.00
- Bead Necklaces.....10c to \$1.50
- Barretts in Gift Boxes.....25c
- Sautoir Combs.....25c
- Cuff Links, Gold Plated.....25c and 50c
- Tie Clasps.....10c and 15c
- Beauty Pins, set of 3.....15c
- Vanity Cases.....25c and 50c
- Serving Trays.....\$1.25
- Stationery in Holiday Boxes.....25c to 75c

China for Christmas



Here you will find a pleasing variety of Chinaware from which to make your selections. Quality China is unexcelled for gift purposes, and our prices make such a choice doubly attractive. See our display now.

Dinner Sets

- 42 Pieces, Ivory Finish Beautiful Design.....\$15.00
- 42 Pieces, Blue Willow Ware Imported.....\$13.50
- 44 Piece Daintily decorated \$12.50
- 42 Piece Bluebird design - \$8.00
- 6 Piece Chocolate Set - \$2.75
- Celery Sets Hand Painted \$1 to \$1.75
- Sugar & Creamer sets 35c to \$2.50
- Salad Bowls - 25c to \$1.00
- 7 Piece Cake Sets, hand painted.....\$2.50
- Cake Plates Hand painted 50c to \$2.50

Salt and Pepper Sets, hand painted.....20c to \$1.50 set

A beautiful assortment of hand painted China.....50c to \$1.50

Glassware

- Sugar and Creamer, clear crystal sets..35 & 50c
- Water Pitchers, Large.....35c to \$1.50
- Water Sets 7 pieces, cut design.....\$2.50
- Salad Bowls, large size.....29c
- Glass Bowls, bon bons & nappies...10c to 25c
- Glass Tumblers, needle etched, 6 for.....75c
- Glass Tumblers, clear crystal, 6 for.....55c
- Glass Tumblers, heavy crystal, each.....05c
- Glass Vases.....25c

EFF AN DEE VARIETY

EAST JORDAN,

MICHIGAN