

Charlevoix County Herald.

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EAST JORDAN, MICHIGAN, FRIDAY, DECEMBER 26, 1924.

No. 52

Rural Carriers Examination

To Be Held at East Jordan, Jan'y 24th.

The United States Service Commission has announced an examination to be held at East Jordan, Mich. on Jan. 24, 1925 to fill the position of rural carrier at East Jordan and vacancies that may later occur on rural routes from that post office. The salary of a rural carrier on a standard daily wagon route of 24 miles is \$1,800 per annum, with an additional \$30 per mile per annum for each mile or major fraction thereof in excess of 24 miles. The salary on motor routes ranges from \$2,450 to \$2,600 per annum, according to length. Separate examinations for motor routes and wagon routes are no longer held. Appointments to both positions will be made from the same register. The examination will be open only to citizens who are actually domiciled in the territory of the post office where the vacancy exists and who meet the other requirements set forth in Form 1977. Both men and women, if qualified, may enter this examination, but appointing officers have the legal right to specify the sex desired in requesting certification of eligibles. Women will not be considered for rural carrier appointment unless they are the widows of U. S. soldiers, sailors, or marines, or the wives of U. S. soldiers, sailors, or marines who are physically disqualified by reason of injuries received in the line of military duty. Form 1977 and application blanks may be obtained from the vacancy office mentioned above or from the United States Civil Service Commission at Washington, D. C. Applications should be forwarded to the Commission at Washington, D. C., at the earliest practicable date. At the examination applicants must furnish unmounted photographs of themselves taken within two years.

Elderly Lady Dies at Traverse City Last Friday

(From Record-Eagle)

Mrs. Mary Martin died at eleven o'clock Friday morning at the home of her son, 114 East Eleventh street, at the age of 82 years.

She was born in Plattsburg, N. Y., June 8, 1842. In 1857 she was married to Peter Moblo and was the mother of six children, three boys and three girls. Mr. Moblo died 1894, and since that time the three daughters and one son have passed away. One son lives in Bellingham, Washington, and the other Alfred Moblo, with whom she has lived for two years, in Traverse City. In 1896 she was married to Adam Martin, who died two years ago. Besides her two sons leaves one sister and two brothers, who live in New York state, and 16 grand-children and an equal number of great grand-children.

Services were held Tuesday morning at nine o'clock at the St. Francis church, Rev. Fr. Schuller officiating. Burial in the family lot in the Catholic cemetery at Oakwood.

Deceased was a resident of East Jordan some five years ago, coming here from Atwood where she resided a number of years.

Several East Jordan residents were relatives of the deceased. Among those from here attending the funeral were Ira S., John W., Joseph A., and Mrs. Leo LaLonde.

St. Louis.—At the annual meeting of the St. Louis Co-operative Shipping association, at which William Vanderbeek was elected president, the secretary's report showed that a total of 7,644 head of livestock had been shipped from St. Louis through the association to Detroit during the past year.

Lausling.—A report by the attorney general absolves former Sheriff Noble A. McKinley, of Newaygo county, of all blame in connection with the death of Herman Hopps. Sheriff McKinley shot and fatally wounded Hopps, a Newaygo county farmer, during an argument over dog taxes, in April, 1922.

Saginaw.—Peter Andrussek, Swan Creek township, sugar beet weeder, pleaded guilty in Judge C. M. Browne's court to a charge of manslaughter in connection with the slaying of his wife with a hoe last August. The prosecutor's department recommended that Andrussek be given a five-year sentence.

FREDERICK WEISLER PASSED AWAY FRIDAY LAST

Frederick Weisler, aged 12 years, son of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Weisler of Kearney township, Antrim county, passed away last Friday, Dec. 19th, at the home of his aunt, Mrs. James Crowley, in this city.

The lad contracted a severe cold and after a fortnight's illness died from spinal meningitis. He leaves, besides his parents, five sisters and two brothers—Mary, Catherine, Clara, Annie, and Elizabeth; Charles and Edward Weisler—all at the parental home.

Funeral services were held from the St. Joseph Catholic Church, Monday morning, conducted by the pastor Rev. Fr. D. M. Drinan. Interment at the East Jordan Catholic cemetery.

Advertising, 1925.

The majority of merchants are now planning for 1925, and most of them have some incoherent plan as to advertising. They have read a lot of mush on the subject and in a vague way they have been impressed with its possibility as a business-getter.

Advertising, however, should not be confused with get-rich-quick schemes. It operates under fairly well known laws, and one may discover them by the application of a little time, and the purchase, perhaps, of a good book on the subject. Too many advertisers, in our community, make advertising a haphazard, hit-or-miss affair.

Occasionally, by chance, they get off a good one, and it has results. Then, the next time, they make a mad dash with the idea that it may work wonders in disposing of old stock or unseasonable goods. When it fails they tell the advertising professor that they have expended their advertising appropriation for the year.

We hope that at least one merchant in our midst will attempt a scientific study of advertising during 1925, that he will keep at it systematically and give it a thorough test. We do not urge the expenditure of larger funds for the purpose or the expenditure of necessarily, of any large amount. Simply spend wisely your advertising expenditure during 1925. This means timely appeals, good copy, and regularity.

Alma—J. W. Boody, 60 years old, a truck farmer living about three miles west of Ithaca, killed his daughter, Pauline, 16, wounded his wife, and another daughter, Mrs. Norman Fleming, 26 years old, and then killed himself at the home of his wife here. Family trouble is said to be behind the tragedy.

Flint—A jury before Judge Fred W. Brennan was deadlocked and discharged without reaching a verdict in the manslaughter trial of William Leyer, Clio bus driver. Leyer faces the charge as a result of the death of Daniel D. Layden, 76 years old, from injuries he received when struck by defendant's machine.

Detroit—Judge Frank Murphy sentenced Elmer Merritt, 18 years old, and Orren Knolton, 22, to five to 10 years in Ionia reformatory for robbery armed. The pair packed their viciousness into a single week. In that time they staged two holdups, one burglary, stole two automobiles, and assaulted a Providence hospital nurse.

Holland—S. J. Ward, a resident of this city and a confirmed globe trotter, has returned from an extensive tour of Egypt and Palestine. He covered 10,000 miles on his recent tour, 1,000 of which he covered on foot, according to a pedometer which he carried in his pocket. Despite his advanced age, he experienced no illness while abroad. He is 80 years old.

St. Joseph—Cash totalling \$15,200 and a \$20,000 bank account have been found buried in dusty old shoe boxes in the dingy shop of Albert Zordell, shoe maker and harness maker who died here recently. It has been announced. Zordell was unmarried and left no will. His estate will be split up among a number of relatives living on farms near St. Joseph.

Ann Arbor—Residents of Michigan slowly are gaining in percentage in the student body of the University of Michigan, Registrar Arthur G. Hall observes in his annual report to Dr. Marlon LeRoy Burton for the school year ended last June. The number of foreign students also is increasing, this being at variance with the experience of some other schools, where the numbers have decreased since the passage of the present immigration laws. Michigan had a total of 12,291 students for the school year, Mr. Hall reports.



Granges To Sing At M. A. C. Farmers Week

Local Granges from all parts of Michigan will compete in a special rural community singing contest at the Michigan Agricultural College on Wednesday, Feb. 4, in connection with the annual Farmers Week at the college.

The contest, which will be the first of its kind, is to become an annual event. An endowment fund given by Mr. R. E. Olds, of Lansing, will provide cash prizes from year to year, the contests to be managed by M. A. C.

The various local Granges in the state were considered best organized, to put on a singing contest on short notice, and so were invited by the college to stage the Farmers Week event, the first under the Olds Fund.

Each Grange entering must have not less than eight singers, and just as many above that number as possible. Each group will sing three songs, one of which is to be "America." The cash prizes for the three winners will be seventy-five, sixty, and forty-five dollars, while a fifteen dollar award will be made to each group scoring sixty points or more in the contest. Recognized musical judges will preside over the awarding of prizes.

Entry blanks were mailed out this week, and a large number of local Granges are looked for when the master of ceremonies starts the song-fest on February 4.

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.

Hanson Edward Hutton

Hanson E. Hutton was born Sept. 24, 1855, at Parkville, St. Joseph county, Mich., and passed away at his farm home near East Jordan, Dec. 7th, 1924. His parents were Mr. and Mrs. George W. Hutton.

Mr. Hutton was united in marriage to Eva M. Straw at Parkville in April 1875. To this marriage the following children, who survive the father, were born—Irma, Clive, and Mildred. Mrs. Hutton died at Onaway, Mich., some 24 years ago.

On April 5th, 1903, Mr. Hutton was united in marriage to Alida E. Brodie at Central Lake. To this marriage two daughters, Ina and Fern were born.

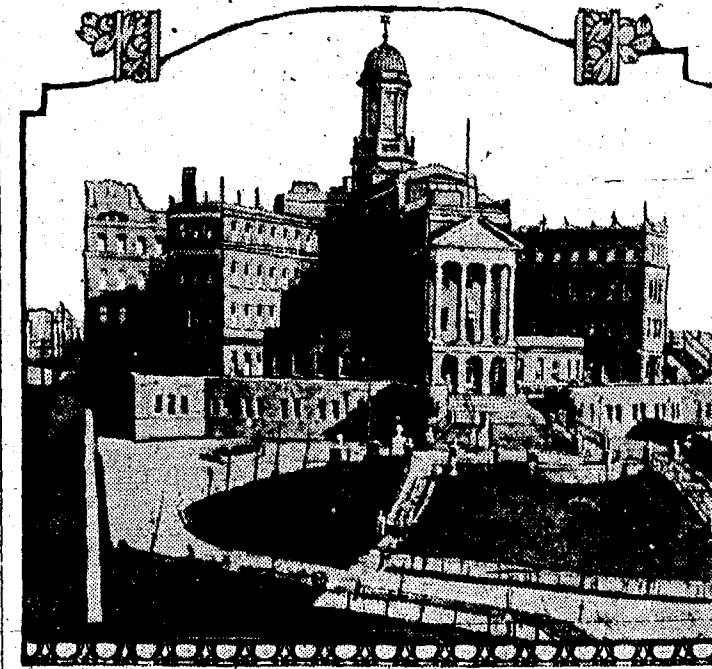
Besides the mother, the following children survive—Irma Poquette, Clive Hutton, Mildred Sudman, Ina and Fern Hutton.

Mr. Hutton, with his family, came to this city some seventeen years ago, locating on his farm four miles north of East Jordan in South Arm township. He was supervisor of his township at the time of his death, having served in that office for ten years. He was a member of the Rock Elm Grange. He was a member of the Rock Elm Grange of Macabree Tent No. 212 at Vanderbuilt, and a former member of the Central Lake I. O. O. F. lodge. Mr. Hutton was a man of sterling qualities, who was respected by all who knew him, and will be greatly missed. During his residence here he had many friends and held many offices of trust.

Funeral services were held from his late home Wednesday afternoon, Dec. 10th, conducted by Rev. Henry Hiles, pastor of East Jordan M. E. Church. Interment at Sunset Hill.

According to the Buffalo Enquirer a wife, nowadays, is able to buy cigarettes for her husband intelligently.

Novel Home for the Aged Is Opened



Above is shown the New Daughters of Jacob million-dollar free home for the aged at Findlay avenue and One Hundred and Sixty-seventh street, New York city, which has just been opened. It is the only building in the country constructed in the shape of an eight-pointed star. The building was planned in this unusual shape in order that all the rooms would be on the outside. Each has a large window affording plenty of sunlight and fresh air.

More Cars Cross Straits

Increases This Year Was 100 Per Cent Over Last.

More than 38,600 automobiles carrying tourists into northern Michigan were carried across the Straits of Mackinac this year as compared to 19,802 in 1923, according to figures received by G. E. Bishop of Marquette, secretary-manager of the Upper Peninsula Development bureau, from Frank F. Rogers, state highway commissioner and C. E. Lytle, general superintendent of the Duluth, South Shore and Atlantic railway company.

In 1918 when only 700 cars crossed the straits into the upper peninsula, northern Michigan was scarcely known to tourists, but since the roads and ferry service have improved, traffic is growing by leaps and bounds annually. Mr. Rogers anticipates that motor travel over the straits in 1925 will approach the 60,000 mark and is of the opinion that another state ferry will have to be added to the present fleet if traffic is to be handled properly.

The number of cars crossing the straits into the upper peninsula each year since 1918 follows: 1918, 700; 1919, 1,600; 1920, 3,472; 1921, 4,731; 1922, 9,326; 1923, 19,802 and 1924, 38,681.

"Tourist traffic this year brought an immense amount of money into the upper peninsula," declared George E. Bishop, commenting on the figures from the highway commission and discussing the Development bureau's plans for increasing its tourist advertising activities in 1925.

"It is conservatively figures that an average of three persons rode in every car, forried across the Straits of Mackinac this year, that they remained in the upper peninsula five days and that each one spent an average of \$5 a day. If these figures are conservative, as I believe they are, tourists crossing the straits spent \$2,901,000 in the upper peninsula.

"This is by no means the extent of the peninsula's tourist business because thousands of motor travelers entered this part of the state over the M-15 from Chicago and over other routes. It is estimated by some students of the business that the traffic across the straits represents not more than one-half of the total movement of tourists into the peninsula."

Rear Admiral Moffett has plans for airship more than twice the size of the Los Angeles, to cost \$6,000,000. He says forty trips over the Atlantic and back would net an annual profit of \$4,850,000. If this is the case he had better build ten or twelve.

So many taxpayers are dreaming of lower taxes that the legislative bodies are apt to tax the dream as a source of additional revenue.

A New Yorker recently left a trust fund of a quarter of a million dollars to further the single tax idea of Lloyd George. We favor a single tax, and that a small one.

Wilson Twp. Tax Notice.

I will be at Votruba's store Saturday Jan'y 3rd and each Saturday in Feb'y to collect taxes due Wilson Township. CHAS. SHEPARD, Treasurer.

Eveline Twp. Tax Notice.

I will be at the Advance Store for collection of Taxes Saturday, Dec. 27th, and at the Ironton Store Jan'y 3rd. THEODORE LEU, Eveline Twp. Treas.

GLYCERINE MIXTURE PREVENTS APPENDICITIS

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

A RELIABLE COUGH-REMEDY

Why experiment with unknown remedies for that cough or cold when you can secure FOLEY'S HONEY and TAR COMPOUND; a safe and reliable remedy for the relief of coughs, colds, hoarseness? It is made up of only the purest ingredients and is pleasant and easy to take.—Hites Drug Store. adv.

Wheat Acreage On The Gain

State Growers Seed More Acreage in 1924

The excellent yields and satisfactory prices of the 1924 wheat crop has revived the interest in wheat growing. This has resulted in an increased acreage being sown this fall in Michigan and throughout the country. According to the official estimate issued by L. Whitney Watkins, Commissioner of Agriculture and Verne H. Church, U. S. Agricultural Statistician for Michigan, the acreage seeded to wheat by Michigan farmers is 968,000, a gain of 46,000, or five per cent, over last year. The dry weather that prevailed throughout the fall months was unfavorable for a vigorous growth, especially where the crop was sown late, and has gone into the winter in many sections with a light top growth. In other localities the condition is fairly good. For the state as a whole, crop correspondents report an average condition of 83 per cent as compared with 91 per cent last year and a ten-year average of 90 per cent on December 1. Some damage by Hessian-fly was reported from several southern and southwestern counties.

The area sown throughout the United States is estimated at 42,317,000 acres as compared with 39,749,000 one year ago, an increase of approximately 6.5 per cent. The condition reported is 81 per cent, which is seven per cent below that of the same date last year and 5.5 per cent below the ten-year average.

The acreage of rye in Michigan, which showed a marked decrease last year, has made a further decline of six per cent. The amount seeded this fall is estimated at 342,000 acres, or 22,000 less than last year's final figure. The December 1 condition was 86 per cent of normal, six per cent below that of one year ago and the ten-year average.

For the country as a whole, the acreage shows but little change from last year according to the preliminary estimate, it being 4,206,000 as compared with 4,173,000 sown in the fall of 1923. The prospective outlook is represented by a condition figure of 87.3 per cent. The average on the same date last year was 89.9 which was the same as the ten-year average.

The supply of farm labor has increased to 87 per cent of normal and the demand has fallen to 79 per cent of normal, the change in each case being one per cent during the month of November. This increases the ratio of supply to demand to 110 per cent as compared with 108 per cent on November 1.

Increasing Postal Rates

Last year the government lost money on all mail carried, except that of the first class. The bill to increase the pay of postal workers, if passed, will necessitate increased postal rates on the classes showing deficits.

Second class mail includes newspapers, magazines and periodicals. If the rate is increased there will certainly be increased subscription rates. Whether this is advantageous in the long run others beside newspaper men may decide.

It seems, however, that there should be a division made between newspapers and magazines of interpretative comment and the publications of fiction and things that entertain, whose circulation is largely a bait for advertisers and an excuse for obtaining the privileges of the second class.

In the early days of the republic the newspapers were favored because the founders of the nation believed, rightly or wrongly, that the spread and communication of intelligence would work to the ultimate benefit of the country, through the dissemination of knowledge concerning the events of the time. The same need exists today and anything which tends to prevent the free exchange of ideas between the various sections of our far-flung states will be unfortunate.

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 Hites 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.

On the Bridge at Midnight

By Marion R. Reagan

(© 1924, Western Newspaper Union.)

VERY New Year's Eve the old lady came. Hoskins had been watching her now for several years. Always about the same time, eleven or twelve, she would come and take her stand in the middle of the bridge looking expectantly down the river. As the "Amalia," an old barge engaged in the Indian trade and scheduled to arrive annually in London on January 1, galled up the river, she became violently agitated. When it passed directly under her, she shouted loudly in a cracked, hoarse voice, and tossed a purse down to a certain sailor on the deck who greeted her with wild cheers. She would watch the old boat glide easily up the river till it was out of sight. Then quietly she turned toward the south and walked away.

Now Hoskins was a conscientious thief. It was not his policy to rob

old women of their purses. The opulent old men of Hyde Park, and the young men, too, were his game. But lately there were too many in the business for any profit. And the newspapers were against him, daily reminding their readers to beware of pickpockets. People watched one more now and one had to be on one's guard at all times.

Reluctantly Hoskins forsook the old field of his activities and sought other prey. It was a hard year, however. What little he picked up from the Christmas shoppers he already owed to friends. He was facing the New Year almost penniless. Then he remembered the old lady and her fat purse. He despised himself for thinking of it—he a man of principles—but starvation is starvation, and it was New Year's Eve. Tonight she would come.

He concealed himself in an old crevice in the masonry. It was a perfect hiding place. He could see out easily and not be seen by anyone.

About midnight he heard the slow, heavy step of the old lady. She passed close by him and advanced a few yards. He emerged from his hiding place and followed. About to make a quick spring at her, she turned, and faced him. He composed himself with difficulty, tipped his hat and hid her happy New Year in a weak, strained voice.

"Oh, thank 'ee, sir; the same to you, sir."

"Fine weather we been 'avin'?"

"Fine, indeed. And fine for that boy o' mine what's comin' in tonight from them 'ot 'eathen places." The old lady sniffed. Hoskins edged a little closer to her.

"Ain't seen yer boy for some time?"

"Only from the bridge 'ers' onct a year. Ain't seen him to 'old in my arms since he was a 'lad o' twelve. The hoarse old voice trembled a little—a 'm o' s't broke down. "An' 'ard life for a lad that, on them ships, and no 'ome, and an 'ard 'er life for me what's his lawful mother never to lay an arm on him in all these years."

Here she broke into a heart-breaking sob. "It's a bad 'un I've been, sir. I couldn't let that lad o' mine see his mother was such a miserable old witch. It'd break his 'eart. I get together all I can in the world and give it to him onct a year for his 'oliday. It's the best I can do for 'im. Don't know who he thinks I am. He never troubled to find out. But—"By, 'ey, there," she shouted suddenly.

The "Amalia" was steaming up the river. It was directly under them now and a little youth in uniform jumped about eagerly on deck, signaling to the old woman on the bridge. She dropped the purse squarely into his hands.

"Ooray for 'er Majesty," called the youth, his gay voice, continuing to sound merrily as the barge disappeared up the river.

Finally the old woman turned to Hoskins. "Good night, sir, and God bless you in the New Year," she said softly, and walked away. Hoskins stood motionless, gazing up the river after the small hazy object that was the barge. There was a sentimental look in his eye, and a softness in the droop of his mouth. "God bless them," he breathed. "'Twould 'a been a bad way, that, to begin the New Year."

THE NEW YEAR

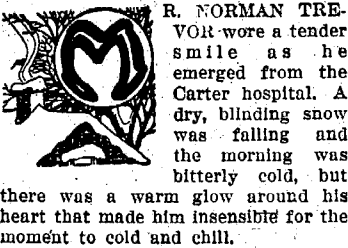


WIDE WORLD PHOTO

A NEW YEAR VICTORY

By Katherine Edelman

(© 1924, Western Newspaper Union.)



R. NORMAN TREVOR wore a tender smile as he emerged from the Carter hospital. A dry, blinding snow was falling and the morning was bitterly cold, but there was a warm glow around his heart that made him insensible for the moment to cold and chill.

Within his soul he felt the thrill of victory, a victory won over the greatest enemy the world knows. For, once more his hand had helped to avert the sword of the grim reaper—his skill and sureness of touch had brought back another soul from the brink. It had been an emergency call this time, a call that came just as the bells were tolling the birth of the New Year, with the chances 100 to 1 against winning the fight, but again science and skill had added another victory to its long list. George Hamilton would live; his family in the little cottage in Bower street would have him back with them before many days and, instead of mourning and sadness, there would be joy and happiness in the little home. "Thank God that I was able to do it," Doctor Trevor whispered to the skies as he got into his little car. "It seems like an omen of good, to have this happen just as the year was born."

For this time he knew that he had won a double victory. For many years he had tried hard to interest the old and wealthy Mrs. Whiteside in the building of a new hospital for Carter, to be operated along new and up-to-date lines. It was sorely needed in the town and it had been the dream of Doctor Trevor's life since he had come there. Several times he had thought that Mrs. Whiteside was on the point of consenting, but always at the last she had fallen back on the oft-used argument that people were just as well off and got along just as well or better before all these new fangled ideas were known.

Then last night had come the call from the Hamilton home. For years the Hamilton family had been counted by Mrs. Whiteside as her own special proteges, and she had spoken her mind quite plainly to Doctor Trevor this time: "They say the case is almost hopeless—that there is not the equipment in the old hospital to handle such a case and that he cannot be moved to the city. Doctor Foster said there was a chance and you were the only one here that could take it. If you succeed, it means the new hospital within the year."

"And as Doctor Trevor drove to his home this early New Year morning, the big building, with all its modern equipment for helping humanity, loomed before him already—a dream building that would soon become a reality.

A Prayer

By Rev. Alan Pressley Wilson
(Copyright, 1924, WNU)

OH LORD, we beseech Thee to grant that Jesus the Christ may dwell in our hearts through faith to the end that we, being rooted and grounded in love, may be strong to apprehend with all the saints what is the breadth and length and the height and depth of the love of Christ.

Come into our hearts and lives and dominate our wills as we enter another New Year and grant that we may live all through this year in accordance with Thy divine plan for our lives.

This we ask in the Name and for the sake of our Savior, Jesus Christ.
Amen.

New Years Customs in Scotland

As in France, so in Scotland, New Years is the chief festival of the year. The eve of the day and the day itself are called "Daft Days," or crazy days. And the eve separated from its "daft" associate is called "Hogmanay." But what this means, no one seems to know. The application of the term is in a custom of children to ehrobe themselves in a sheet and go the rounds of houses on New Year's eve, knocking at the doors and crying "Hogmanay." In response they always get an oat cake.

Ho, Hum! Twelve Months Ahead



GOMPERS, LABOR LEADER, IS DEAD

PASSES AWAY AT SAN ANTONIO UPON RETURN FROM MEXICO CITY

FEDERATION HEAD SINCE 1881

Was Born in London in 1850—Came to America in 1861—Formed Union at Age of 13

San Antonio—Samuel Gompers, the grand old leader of American labor, is dead. He died here last week after his arrival from Mexico City where a joint meeting of the American Federation of Labor and the Mexican Federation of Labor, of sessions of the Pan-American Federation of Labor was held.

His body was carried East on a special train arriving in Washington last Tuesday where it was held in state for the day at the American Federation headquarters. Funeral services were held in New York Wednesday and then the body was taken to Tarryton, N. Y., for interment.

The complications which combined to end the career of the famous-labor leader have beset his ageing body several years, according to physicians; but the final acute attack was brought on by a change of weather in Mexico City, which resulted in a cold and congestion of the lungs.

Samuel Gompers was born in London in 1850 and came to the United States in 1861. He first became identified with organized labor in 1863, at the age of 13 years, when he organized the cigar makers of New York.

He was elected first president of the American Federation of Labor in 1881, and for six years he directed the federation's activities from a small room in a tenement adjoining his bedroom, working without salary at nights and on holidays while supporting himself at his trade.

As the movement grew, Gompers grew with it and developed a genius unequalled in labor history as an organizer and leader of men, a friend of six presidents and the recognized voice of the working man in all measures having to do with his welfare.

With the exception of one year, Samuel Gompers directed the activities of the Federation continuously from its inception. In 1894 he was defeated for re-election by John M. Bridge, put forward by a Socialist element, but the following year the Gompers followers regained control, and have maintained it since.

LAKE SHIP WRECKED IN STORM

Parts of Vessel Washed Ashore at Keweenaw Peninsula

Houghton, Mich.—Discovery of quantities of wreckage washed ashore near Eagle Harbor, on the Keweenaw peninsula, was believed by coast guard officers there to show the loss of a lake freighter in Saturday's violent storm.

The wreckage included part of the pilot house of a vessel, some doors painted white on one side and brown on the other, and other bits of floating woodwork that could not be identified.

There was no marking on any piece that would serve in any way to identify it as belonging to any part of a ship. Soon after the finding of the first pieces, others began to come ashore.

'WOMAN BLUEBEARD' SENTENCED

Receives Life Term for Slaying of Former Sweetheart

Detroit, Mich.—Mrs Euphemia "ondich," "woman bluebeard," was found guilty of murder in the first degree by a jury in Judge Christopher E. Stein's court last Saturday and was sentenced to spend the rest of her natural life in the Detroit House of Correction.

The "iron woman" was found guilty of slaying John Udorovich, her former sweetheart on September 17, 1921, by shooting him once in the right eye, once in the body as he tried to escape, and finally under the chin as he lay on the floor.

Rural Carriers Off Christmas Day

Washington—The success of making Christmas a full holiday on all rural mail delivery routes of the country last year, with no complaints received of the suspension of service, has caused H. H. Billany, fourth assistant postmaster general to order a full holiday again this year.

Life Insurance Sets New Mark

New York—Americans are buying approximately \$18,500,000,000 of life insurance this year, according to a report submitted at the opening of the eighteenth annual convention of the Association of Life Insurance Presidents. Walton L. Crocker, president of the John Hancock Mutual Life Insurance Co., of Boston, presiding officer of the convention, said the year's total will exceed that of 1923; the former record year, by fully \$1,000,000,000.

DEATH TAKES LABOR FEDERATION'S CHIEF



SAMUEL GOMPERS

Samuel Gompers, head of the American Federation of Labor, died at San Antonio, Texas, from congestion of the lungs, caused from a cold contracted in Mexico City, where he and his entire staff attended a meeting of the Pan-American labor congress.

His body was taken East on a special train, and after lying in state a day each at Washington and New York, was interred in Sleepy Hollow cemetery, near Tarryton, N. Y., on Wednesday, December 17th.

SIX MAIL THUGS ARE SENTENCED

Participated in \$2,000,000 Roundout Mail Robbery With Fahy

Chicago—Six thugs who confessed participation in the \$2,000,000 mail robbery at Roundout, Ill., June 12, were sentenced by Judge Adam C. Cliffe in federal court on their pleas of guilty, to the federal prison at Leavenworth for terms ranging from one year to 25 years.

They are Brent Glasscock, Chicago, formerly of Kansas City; Herbert Holliday, Kansas City, and Wylie, Willis, Jesse and Joe Newton, cowboys and brothers of Dallas, Texas. All confessed robbing the train and their testimony was chiefly relied upon by the government in securing the conviction of William J. Fahy, "ace of postal inspectors," who received 25 years in Atlanta some time ago, and two Chicago politicians for complicity in the robbery.

Holliday was sentenced to 25 years, Glasscock, 12 years, Wylie Newton, 12 years; Willis Newton, 12 years; Joe Newton, 3 years, and Jesse Newton, one year and one day.

STATE BUDGET FOR 1925-6 SET

Governor Groesbeck Announces Tax Will Not Exceed \$14,500,000.

Lansing, Mich.—The State general property tax for 1925 and 1926 will not amount to more than \$14,500,000 for each year unless demands from State institutions require unusually heavy capital outlays for new building and equipment according to announcement by Governor Groesbeck.

Proposed buildings for which the Governor has indicated he will stand sponsor include a new State normal school or extensive additions to existing schools; a new branch prison building and wall at Jackson, to cost around \$1,000,000.

A woman's prison building at Okemos to cost around \$250,000, new dormitories at the Michigan Home and Training School at Lapeer, more departmental and dormitory buildings at the Michigan Agricultural College, a new State Police barracks, and a gymnasium and perhaps a chapel and cottages at the State Industrial School for Boys here, were also included in the list.

YOUNG EXPLAINS DAWES PLAN

Says Work seeks to Fix Tax Limit On German Industries

New York—Owen D. Young in a public speech gave his version of the Dawes plan at a testimonial dinner tendered him by the business men of New York.

Mr. Young was associated with Charles G. Dawes, now vice president-elect, in the conception and drawing up of the Dawes plan of reparations payments for Europe and later ad interim agent-general of reparations payments.

The Dawes plan itself was a non-political, non-military plan which sought to fix the limit of the burden of taxation for debt paying purposes which Germany should be asked to impose upon her industries and which would be reasonably commensurate with the taxation which her neighbors had to impose upon their industries and their people in order to pay their war debts, Mr. Young said.

U. S. Food Sold Germans by Mail

Hamburg, Germany—The German housewife is soon to be given the opportunity of ordering American food by mail and having it delivered to her doorstep by fast freight from a general distributing warehouse to be established in Hamburg. The promoters promise that the system will be in operation in the near future, despite opposition from grocery trade organizations, which contend the mail order business will work hardship on them.

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.

FOLEY PILLS REACHED THE SORE SPOT

Mrs. Ellen Reighard, South Fork, Pa. writes: "I had been suffering with my kidneys and nothing seemed to touch the aching spot until I procured FOLEY PILLS, with wonderful results." FOLEY PILLS, a diuretic stimulant for the kidneys, thoroughly flush and cleanse the kidneys.—Hife's Drug Store

Dr. W. H. Parks

Physician and Surgeon
Office second floor Kimball Bldg., next to Peoples Bank.
Phone 168-4 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. Gray

Dentist
Office Hours:
8 to 12 a. m. 1 to 5 p. m.
And Evenings.
Phone No. 228.

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

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

Damaged By Fire

Residence Owned By Harry Curkendall Gutted.

The residence on Main street occupied by Mr. and Mrs. John Courier, and owned by Harry Curkendall of Harbor Springs, was badly gutted by fire which was discovered about 5:00 o'clock Tuesday afternoon.

The fire is supposed to have originated from an over-heated stove, and had gained considerable headway before the fire department arrived.

The interior of the dwelling and the household goods were also seriously burned. We understand Mr. Curkendall only carried a nominal insurance of \$1000 on the building. Mr. Courier carried insurance on his household goods to cover.

MILES DISTRICT

(Edited by Mrs. A. Miles.)

Gleaners had a wood bee for Mrs. Mary Tillotson last Wednesday, but did not get all finished and went again Thursday afternoon. They have a nice pile of wood for the coming winter.

Who was it that said "Green Christmas?"

Nearly all of the Chester Donaldson family are suffering from hard colds.

The neighbors and Mr. and Mrs. Xella Miles and children of East Jordan gathered at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Gene Miles last Tuesday evening for a sociable time.

England's Famous Abbey

All the English kings except Edward V were crowned in Westminster abbey. Edward V inherited the crown when twelve years old. He and his brother were confined in the Tower of London by their uncle, the Duke of Gloucester, and were murdered there. The uncle then seized the throne and ruled as Richard III.

Uses of Medicine

The bitterness of the potion, and the abhorrence of the patient are necessary circumstances to the operation. It must be something to trouble and disturb the stomach that must purge and cure it.—Montaigne.

Recognition Difficult

Hereditly is the quality that is showing up when a father says: "I don't know what has got into that boy."—Duluth Herald.

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.

Help Wanted

U. S. Job Open—RURAL LETTER CARRIERS to be appointed at East Jordan as result of written civil-service exam, on Jan. 24. Salary \$900 to \$2900. Write G. Cook, Civil Service Instructor, 945 Pa. Ave., Washington, D. C. for free information. 52x3

SALESMAN WANTED—Prefer man with auto acquainted in and adjoining counties. Opportunity for hard worker to establish business paying \$200 and upward per month. Stetson Oil Co., Station E, Cleveland, O. 52x

Lost and Found

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

Wanted

WANTED—Work by the day or hour—MRS. JOSEPH REBEC, East Jordan, West Side, near Lon Shaw's residence. 51x2

WANTED—LOOSE HAY in stack or barn. C. J. MALPASS. 52t.f.

For Sale—Real Estate

FOR SALE or Will Trade For City Property—My 80-acre Farm located three miles south-west of East Jordan known as the Alex Mayville farm Buildings in first class condition, 65 acres cleared. Inquire of H. A. Goodman. MRS. JULIA MAYVILLE East Jordan. 51x3

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—New... one block...

CHARLEVOIX CO. HERALD

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

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

NOWLAND HILL

(Edited by C. M. Nowland)

Mr. and Mrs. George Jaquays and baby daughter went to Detroit by auto recently where they will visit his brother Wm. and family.

Mrs. Ramsey Wells visited her niece, Mrs. Ray Nowland a few days week before last.

Henry and Will LaClair of East Jordan spent Friday night with their sister Mrs. Roy Nowland and her husband.

Miss Ellen Nowland returned home Friday after staying with her sister, Mrs. Emerson Collins for nearly a fortnight.

Mrs. Roy Allen of Petoskey arrived Saturday at the home of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. James Simmons to spend the holidays.

Arthur Brintnall on the Chorpene farm, baled hay last week.

Mrs. Omar Scott and Mrs. Ray Nowland visited Mrs. Cameron McNalley of Boyne City last Wednesday.

Deer Lake school and Grange will have their Xmas program Xmas night, Dec. 25. After school will have their program Wednesday, Dec. 24.

Miss Melba Sutton, Oocle Scott and Conn Nowland are having a two weeks vacation from school at Boyne City.

Mrs. Ida Hayner left last Wednesday for Grand Rapids to visit her son and family, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Hayner.

PENINSULAR

(Edited by Mrs. E. Hayden)

Charles Arnot of Maple Row Bunker Hill N. S. was absent from Star school all last week because of illness.

Mrs. Herman Schulz of Mountain Dist. has returned from Ann Arbor where she has been for some weeks for medical treatment and not much improved in health.

Jack Heaphy who has made his home with Mr. and Mrs. Ray Loomis at Gravel Hill in Star Dist. for several years, who went to Buffalo, N. Y. the first of Nov. to make his home with his son returned Dec. 15, having become home sick for the farm.

Mrs. Fred Wurn who was suffering last week with what seemed to be an abscess forming under her arm, is somewhat better.

Mrs. Nellie Evans and little son, J. F. who are spending some months in northern Michigan for the benefit of the little fellow's health, are spending the vacation with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Joel Bennett in Star Dist.

Miss Mabel Zoulek and her pupils of Star Dist had their Christmas tree and program Friday evening and in spite of the blizzard every family who had children in school was there, as was also Mr. and Mrs. Lewis Zoulek and Lawrence Addis of East Jordan. Everybody had a jolly time. School will resume again Jan. 5.

Miss Mildred Wangeman and pupils of Three Bells Dist. will have a Christmas tree and program Tuesday Dec. 23.

Miss Frances Gould and pupils of Mountain Dist. will have a Christmas tree and program Wednesday evening.

In spite of a blizzard it seemed impossible for any animal to face, "Pat" brought us our mail Monday.

The coldest and worst Dec. blizzard in the memory of at least the writer has been with us for a week reaching its worst Monday, but letting up this Tuesday morning.

ALBA

(Edited by Mrs. A. I. Ashbaugh)

Miss Jean Crozier is spending the Xmas vacation with her grandmother in Grand Rapids.

Waldo Anderson is visiting his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Joe Anderson.

Mrs. Clyde Baldwin and daughter, Viola, are spending the week with Mrs. Baldwin's sister at Fife Lake.

Mrs. A. Richardson of Cadillac is visiting her brothers family and other relatives.

Among those home for the holidays are Donald Osterout from Detroit, Charlie Osterout, Edmund Saperston, Zella Russell from Ypsilanti, Rollo Bennett from Ann Arbor, and Mrs. Fannie Anderson from Mt Pleasant.

The B. B. team lost to Petoskey, but the Alba team did good work considering that they were not in the same class as the Petoskey team, and played on a strange floor too.

Mr. and Mrs. A. Richardson of Cadillac and Mr. James B. Ashbaugh of Mantion spent Xmas with Austin Ashbaugh and family.

The terrific storm of the last few days has made travel rather difficult. Measles is on the wane.

(Delayed Correspondence)

Dr. Leighton was a Cadillac visitor Sunday.

Mr. Engstrom of Salem, Oregon, is visiting his sister and family, Mrs. Joe Anderson.

Mr. Shepard who has been ill is able to be out again.

D. Cross has closed his school on the account of the prevalence of measles.

Carl... dergarten...

UNIVERSAL HAPPENINGS AND OTHER NEWS

Mrs. Coolidge Receives Degree.

Boston—Mrs. Calvin Coolidge has been granted a degree of doctor of laws by Boston university.

Carter To Re-open Tut's Tomb

Cairo—Howard Carter, American Egyptologist and original investigator of King Tutankhamen's tomb, plans to resume his work on the tomb shortly, it has been announced.

Restored Sight Costs Talents.

Bollivar, Mo.—A talented player of six musical instruments while blind, Amos Cady, has lost his musical ability since his sight was restored by operations, according to physicians.

Congress Stops 9 Days For Christmas.

Washington—The Christmas holiday of Congress will be from Dec. 20 to Dec. 29. This was determined finally when the Senate adopted a recess resolution already passed by the House.

Must Wait 42 Years To Enter U. S.

Detroit, Mich.—Hundreds of aliens seeking to enter the United States from Windsor, that according to present quota allowed it would only take 42 years for those on the waiting lists to enter.

Work of Gilbert Pleases Germany.

Berlin—Considerable satisfaction is expressed in German government circles over the agreement made by Reparations Agent General Gilbert with the English government regarding the 26 per cent export tax.

Boy Drowned Trying to Rescue Chum.

Mountain Lakes N. J.—In a vain effort to save "Bud" McEwen, his chum Irving Slater, 10 years old, was drowned with him in a lake near here when the ice on which they were riding their bicycles gave way.

Book By Shakespeare Brings \$8,000.

London—The book sales season has opened in London with several rare editions offered at auction. The chief of these was a copy of the third folio of Shakespeare's plays, which made a record price of \$8,000.

Jumps into Water To Save "Shadow."

New York—Strolling homeward along the foot of Old Slip at 3 a. m., John Flaherty saw the form of a man struggling in the water and dived to the rescue. It took two policemen to persuade him he had gone after his own shadow.

Ford Buys Doll For Antique Group

Boston—While Henry Ford was in Boston on a recent visit he spent \$15 for an old rag doll, it has been disclosed. The motor king bought it in a Newbury street antique shop, where he spent \$14,000 for antiques in two hours of browsing.

Chicago Union Station Issue Bonds.

Washington—The Chicago Union Station company has been authorized by the Interstate Commerce commission to issue \$7,000,000 of five per cent guaranteed gold bonds, the proceeds from the sale of which will be used for construction purposes.

Detroit Ship Arrives at Argentine.

Buenos Aires, Argentine—The Onondaga, loaded with automobile part and accessories has arrived here from Detroit, Mich., completing the first voyage to be made from the lake ports to Buenos Aires. The Onondaga sailed from Detroit November 10.

Robe Street Car, Then Takes Ride.

Grand Rapids, Mich.—After being held up and robbed of \$12 at the Reeds Lake terminal, George F. Swoger, street car operator, was compelled to permit the robber to be an armed bandit, the sole passenger in the car, to return to the alight.

Store for Women Admit "Men Only"

Battle Creek, Mich.—A local store that catered to the clothing wants of women kept open one evening "for men only." The proprietor hired men clerks. He believed that men who want to buy Christmas gifts for women, are embarrassed while shopping among women.

Nature Acts As Dentist For Deer.

Petoskey, Mich.—Nature's dentistry on a deer is reported by Albean Olson, a hunter, who has displayed the lower jaw of a deer he shot while hunting in the Upper Peninsula this fall. The teeth contain a deposit of strange ore. Several of the teeth had been hollow, it is indicated, but were filled with the mineral, specimens of which have been extracted for analysis.

B. C. Gold "Stamped" Stopped

Ketchikan, Alaska—"Stamped" traveling by automobiles, dog teams and afoot to the Cassiar placer district strike, British Columbia, have been on the international boundary of Wrangell, Alaska, and returned to Ketchikan by police and...

STATE NEWS IN BRIEF

Muskegon—Angela Cioe, 11 years old, was drowned when he broke through the ice on the old water works pond, while on his way to school.

Jackson—George Enaley, 15 years old, of Michigan Center, and Lawrence Davis, 15 years old, a guest from Aiblon, were drowned in Michigan Center pond.

Bay City—The West Bay City Sugar company has closed its annual campaign. A total of 90,000 tons of beets were sliced and the season was very successful.

Port Huron—Grant Tucker, a youth who was bitten on the hand and foot by a cat suffering from rabies, has been taken to the University Hospital at Ann Arbor to take the Pasteur treatment.

Ypsilanti—Roy Millsbaugh, 22 years old, of Belleville, died here of injuries suffered when his automobile was struck by an east-bound Michigan Central train at Denton, five miles east of here.

Lansing—The State Administrative Board has authorized the expenditure of \$4,000 for repairs to cottages at the Newberry State Hospital. The roofs of the buildings were said to be in need of repair.

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Grand Rapids—Grand Rapids' automobile death toll increased to 20 for this year with the death of Mrs. Theodora A. Smith, 79 years old, who was struck and injured by an automobile while crossing the street near her home.

Battle Creek—A resumption of the safe blowing that has worried police and merchants came when the Muttler Coal Co. office was entered, the safe blown and about \$50 stolen. It was the fifth time the place had been robbed.

Grand Rapids—Ed Nieboer, 37, former postmaster at Reeman, Newaygo county, was sentenced in district court to serve three years in Leavenworth penitentiary and pay a fine of \$200 for embezzlement of \$8,000 in post-office funds.

Flint—Sale of the White Star Bus Line, operating between Flint and Detroit to the Peoples Motor Coach Co., a subsidiary of the Detroit United Railway, for \$265,000, has been completed, according to Elmer Benford, former head of the bus concern.

Marquette—More than 38,600 automobiles carrying tourists into the Upper Peninsula were ferried across the Straits of Mackinac this year, as compared to 19,000 last year, according to figures submitted by Frank F. Rogers, State Highway Commissioner.

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Lansing—The Michigan Security Commission has ordered the Michigan Mutual Savings Association to stop the sale of memberships at all its offices in the state except the home office in Detroit. Methods of the Association were recently investigated by the commission.

Saginaw—Saginaw County milk producers have called a strike against the four local distributors of pasteurized milk, who have refused to abide by the recommendation of a milk price investigating commission that the producers be paid \$2.35 a hundredweight of milk.

Detroit—The State Legislature is to be asked to fix the boundary line between River Rouge and Ecorse, according to Harry Messimer, city attorney of River Rouge. People living in the disputed strip have been compelled to pay taxes in both towns and also in the Township of Ecorse, according to Messimer.

Cadillac—No effort will be made by the Wexford County road commission to keep its roads open for travel this winter. The board of supervisors, at its October session, denied a request for funds for this purpose and unless the State provides aid, the roads will be impassable if the fall of snow is heavy.

Mt. Clemens—The Wolverine Bus company's application to increase bus rates to 2 1/2 cents a mile will be fought by the city commission, it has been announced. The raise in fares would injure Mt. Clemens residents seeking a livelihood in Detroit, in the basis of the commission's argument in opposing application, which has been placed before the Michigan utility commission.

Ann Arbor—The City Council has passed a resolution giving the Peoples Bus Co. a right to establish eleven bus lines, and give 20 minute service to all points in the city. Lines will be established before March 1, and will replace the present street car system of the D. C. R. The resolution provides that the city may return to street car service within a year if the bus system is not satisfactory, but if satisfactory and the people vote a franchise for the company, the street car tracks will be torn up.

Doing Their Dance for Charity



Natalie Hays Hammond, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John Hays Hammond of Washington, debutante of this season, and Fulton Lewis, Jr., whose Argentine tango was a feature of the Junior league cabaret ball, given for charity at the New Willard hotel.

Keeps Tools From Rusting

Dissolve one-half ounce of camphor in one pound of melted lard, remove scum, add enough fine black lead (graphite) to give an iron color. Clean the tools and smear with this mixture. After twenty-four hours rub clean with soft linen cloth. In ordinary circumstances the tools will not rust for months.

Bells of Clay

Man made bells before he learned to write. In Biblical times the people made bells of clay which actually rang. The bells were worn by women as anklets ornaments and were used on horses' yokes and in the temples. The Greeks and Romans used the clay bells for many hundreds of years.

Nature's Gift to House Fly

Each foot of the house fly is formed of a pair of hooks and a pair of pads. The latter are covered with microscopic "hairs" at the end of each of which is a particle of sticky fluid, enabling the fly to adhere to any smooth surface, while the hooks are used for rough surfaces.

All Agreed

He (after a long argument)—"So you see, dear, you misjudged in saying that I was making love to that other girl just because we were out on the porch." She—"All right, I believe you. Now wipe that eyebrow off your cheek and we'll go home."—Notre Dame Juggler.

Died on Coronation Eve

Torquato Tasso, the famous Italian poet of the fifteenth century, invited to Rome by the pope to receive the laurel crown, died before the great event, and was buried on the day assigned for his coronation.

Entirely Off the Page

Speaking of a formerly prominent woman who was ostracized for some indiscretion or other, a gentleman remarked: "She was once a headliner in society and now she isn't even a footnote."

EAST JORDAN LUMBER CO.

Wishing You Well!

1924

has been a year replete with favors and courtesies extended us by the citizens of this town and countryside.

For the favors and courtesies thus extended we express our deep appreciation and grateful thanks.

It is our wish and desire that every success and happiness may attend you during the year

1925

EAST JORDAN LUMBER CO.

Sinners in Heaven

By Clive Arden

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(Continued)

Barbara watched him, all her heart shining in her eyes. There was nobody to put the fear of tabu into Laalo's frizzy head. The "great white chief" told him marvelous stories of animals never seen upon their island. He became a wonderful horse galloping round the hut, with Laalo upon his back; then a roaring lion, that roared most terribly. There were swings in the hammock, and games of which the little natives had never heard.

And all the time, while joining in their play, Barbara watched her man. Often, too, she found him watching her. How happy these little ones were in their life of freedom, knowing no other. The conventions of previous years seemed very remote now, very unreal. His point of view was, surely, more common sense. As the day wore on, she felt more and more silent, a terrible aching hunger in her heart. Must their two natures age here in barren purposelessness? Never be fulfilled? Why? Because far-off rules of society, which could not reach them, would be broken? How trivial such things seemed here, where the world was still in its beginning.

In the evening, the tiny girl, tired after excitement of the day, grew sleepy and fretful. Alan, stopped, an uproarious game, sat down upon a rock, and lifted her in his arms. She lay there contentedly, her little black head nestled in his shoulder.

A pain that, in its poignancy, was almost physical, gripped Barbara's heart. Great tears welled up suddenly and ran down her cheeks. Moved by an irresistible impulse she darted forward and snatched the child from him. "No, no, no! I can't bear—that! Let them go home. . . . It is time they went home."

For a moment he gazed at her, bereft of speech. Then he rose, and called Laalo.

"I will take them home," he said, quietly.

When he returned, she had sunk upon the rock he had vacated. With eyes tragic in their intentness, she watched him approach. He came close to her. With one of his old swift movements he raised her chin with his hand, so that she met the penetration of his gaze.

"Barbara!" he muttered, "this will drive us mad. We are human, not gods."

She drew away, hiding her face in her hands. The very touch of his fingers sent an electric current racing through her veins. To continue like this was becoming daily more impossible.

Presently she rose, not daring to speak, and turned from him into the hut.

Blindly, bewildered, Barbara groped her way, step by step, through a maze of uncertainty. The day with the native children had been a revelation. Never before had she realized the passion of longing which possessed her. . . . And by her own self-revelation she judged the suffering of the man waiting for her decision. The claims of another's need grew insistent, dominating. . . . More and more did

That Was Long Ago

The strange part is that the Dutch boy who thrust his finger in the dike leak did it when no reporters were about.—Duluth Herald.

Harmful Insects Prolific

An actual count of the harmful insects from one acre of alfalfa in Wisconsin ran up to a total of 11,184.

SAYS RED PEPPER HEAT STOPS PAIN IN FEW MINUTES

Rheumatism, lumbago, neuritis, backache, stiff neck, sore muscles, strains, sprains, aching joints. When you are suffering so you can hardly get around, just try Red Pepper Rub.

Nothing has such concentrated, penetrating heat as red peppers, and when heat penetrates right down into pain and congestion relief comes at once.

Just as soon as you apply Red Pepper Rub you feel the tingling heat. In three minutes the sore spot is warmed through and through and the torture is gone.

Rowles Red Pepper Rub, made from red peppers, costs little at any drug store. Get a jar at once. Be sure to get the genuine, with the name Rowles on every package.

the life of previous years seem pale and unreal. The fears for the future, the burden of its responsibilities, grew lighter, assumed new aspects.

There came a night when Alan, after being away all day returned moody, irritable, impatient of all the trivial subjects with which she endeavored to make conversation.

"Have you been working in the plantation?" she asked, after several unsuccessful attempts during supper.

"No." He ate a banana, and threw away the skin. "What's the good of it all?" he asked impatiently. "It will lead nowhere."

"It's occupation," she faltered. "Occupation? Yes. Occupation for the sake of occupation! Is that all life is to be worth? My God! What an outlook!"

This was another of Barbara's fears. How long would the limited interests of the island, shorn of a deeper outlet, suffice for a man of his temperament? "You are doing a lot of good among the natives," she suggested, feeble though she knew the remark to be.

"Good?" He gave an impatient laugh. "Lord! Don't credit me with the instincts of a missionary! That's only 'occupation.' One hour, if we left this place, and they would forget it all."

This bitterness, this dreary desolation of voice and men, so unlike the old Alan of indomitable resource and optimism, cut Barbara to the heart. For she understood.

"Alan! Alan!" she cried, stretching out a hand.

But he shook his head. "No. I can't—I daren't. I'm only fit for the devil tonight."

She rose, her lips trembling, and went toward him.

"Don't! Alan, don't shut me out! I—understand—"

"Understand? You can't, or—" Suddenly he seized her, almost viciously, dragging her up against him. With shaking hands he pressed back her head, and laid his hot lips upon her neck.

"I'll—force you to give in one day—" he muttered thickly.

She did not struggle; but she trembled violently in his grasp. For a long moment his eyes burned into hers. But, among the answering passion they saw there, lay the purity which was the very essence of her being.

As abruptly as he has seized her, he let her go again.

"I—I told you I was only fit for the devil tonight," he said huskily. "Let me be. . . . for God's sake, let me be."

She turned, quivering in every limb, and ran into the hut.

For hours she lay, deaf and blind to all around, alone with her God. . . .

And gradually a great peace stole over her spirit. Imperceptibly, the last mountain rolled slowly away. As one tired out after long, victorious warfare, she lay, motionless, the moonlight falling through the little window upon her white-robed figure.

After a time she rose and looked once more upon the waves she loved so well, a wondrous shining in her eyes. And all the perfumed beauty of the night blended in the tender, passionate craving to be with him who, also, had striven, and suffered, and conquered.

Slipping on her old Japanese wrapper, she passed noiselessly out of her room. He had, she knew, not gone in to bed.

Moved by some instinct, she turned, stumbling over the rough ground, and ascended the eastern slopes, where they had watched the dawn on that Christmas day nearly a year ago.

IV

A group of rough bowlders, moss-covered, commanded a long view over the eastern shore of the island, while forming a shelter from the wind. The girl approached them; then, at a sudden soft sound, stood still, her heart beating rapidly. Noiselessly rounding them, she discovered the man she sought stretched upon the ground, his head thrown back upon clasped arms, his eyes dreaming far away over the softly outlined scene below.

For a moment she fingered the folds of her thin garment, watching him. Then the wind fluttered one of her loose sleeves; and his gaze flashed back from far distances. Turning his head, he saw the figure standing, motionless, by his side.

She stood perfectly still, her hands pressed upon the garment at her breast, the wind waving her cloudy hair, her lips a little parted, her blue eyes darkly shining in the faint light.

Once—twice—she tried to speak, but the words would not come: she could only envelop him, as it were, in the radiant glory of her face.

Suddenly a great wave of understanding broke over him, rendering him for a moment breathless, blinded, bewildered. Then, instinctively, he raised his arms. With a little inarticulate cry the girl allowed him to take her, trembling in her capitulation, clinging to him, submitting, without resistance, to the storm of passion at last set free. His kisses burned into her soft flesh, his arms crushed her well-nigh breathless; she was carried away by the tide of his ardor, responsive, glorying.

Barbara had crossed her Rubicon for all time.

Presently he sat down upon the rocks, still holding her to him.

"You—came to tell me?" he whispered, his face close to hers, his eyes piercing to her very soul.

"Yes," she whispered back.

After a time she raised herself, still in his arms.

"Alan, I—couldn't tell you before; until I felt convinced that all—was right. You understand; don't you? It

was because I loved you so, dear heart, not—fear, or coldness—"

"I understand," he murmured, laying his cheek against hers. "I always understood. It was the beauty brate in me that sometimes seemed not to. . . . When, Barbara?"

Her head fell back upon his breast; with a little throbbing sigh, she renounced her will to his.

"Whenever—you like, Alan."

"At dawn?" he whispered. "It will soon be here. When the sun rises over the water it shall witness our—marriage rites?"

The passion had died out of his voice, and a note almost of awe had crept in. They remained, sometimes silent, sometimes discussing, in low tones, their forthcoming bridal, while the moonlight waned, and the wonderful blue-black of the southern night softened and paled.

Presently Alan lowered the hand he held near his cheek, and opened the fingers.

"What can we do about a wedding ring?" he asked.

"Oh! Does that matter?"

"I should like to see you wearing one—of mine. Wait!" he continued, searching in the pockets of his frayed breeches. He displayed a collection of keys, a pocket knife, and a pencil, suspended upon a small tin key ring.

"Will this fit? It's better than nothing."

"It looks about the right size, and will do beautifully. Oh, Alan! how I shall love it!"

He smiled, a world of tenderness in his eyes. "Look," he said. "Dawn is breaking."

Early birds began to chirp and whistle, away in the forest; the dancing waves turned a steely gray. The wind had dropped, leaving a great silence. It seemed as if nature were holding her breath, waiting for the dawn not far off. . . .

When at last the sun's first long shaft of gold quivered across the water, the man rose and set the girl gently upon her feet. The hand in his trembled a little; but she met his eyes bravely, smilingly.

With only the birds for witness, the sound of the surf for choir, the radi-

ance of the eastern sky for altar, simply and from their hearts' depths these two pledged their troth. The few chief sentences from the marriage service were chosen by Barbara for their only rites.

There would be many, away in the world, to scoff, many to condemn. But no outward consecration of ground, no army of ordained priests, could have rendered more sacred that moment when the hush was broken by their low-voiced avowals. Perchance the "Destiny that shapes our ends," seeing all things, reading all hearts, who had fang these two together upon this far garden of His own creation, and given them there the one supreme gift which is part of Himself, would understand and accept their vows:

"To love and to cherish till death us do part. . . . And thereto I plight thee my troth. . . ."

Their voices did not falter. The small tin ring encircled the girl's finger; they stood silent a while, with locked hands. Then he drew her toward him, and very gently their lips met.

"My wife!" he breathed.

Barbara bathed, dressed, and got breakfast, with no thought of fatigue after a sleepless night. Her heart seemed almost unbearably full. As she watched the smoke curl up from her own fire, and that rising from Meama's hut, she resembled the primitive woman glorying in this life of all false trappings. Was not Meama likewise cooking food for her man? In the south, too, the native women were so employed. Man and his mate—in palace or hovel, in mansion or hut! All the artificiality hiding the big realities faded away with the worlds beyond the blue horizon.

It was the same with Alan. Like some fine, strong wild thing, he dived, swam and splashed in the river; then returned for breakfast, ravenously hungry, singing as he swung down the bay.

"I have a great surprise!" Barbara announced. "Here is a tin of 'bully beef.' I saved it for any emergency. Shall we have it for our wedding feast, as a special treat?"

He shouted with laughter. "Lord! To think of 'bully' becoming a special

treat for a wedding feast! Bring it along, O wise and thrifty woman!"

They ate their "wedding feast" in a mossy shady dell, and even the memory of Aunt Dolly, who unconsciously had provided it, failed to cast more than a momentary shadow across their joy.

Alan lay along the bottom of the boat, his head pillowed in Barbara's lap, as the sun began to sink.

"Well?" he asked. "Have you found a desert island honeymoon very irksome? What about the big cities where you expected to 'feel life'?"

She laughed low, passing caressing fingers through his hair. "I have no other heart's desire. You are life itself to me now, Alan. That's why—"

"You came to me last night?" he suggested softly, as she stopped.

She nodded. The boat drifted idly, caressed by the soft breeze, rocking gently with the tide.

"Thank God you did," he murmured, after a pause. "Everything was becoming—unbearable."

She trailed her fingers in the water, lost in thought.

"It was strange," she observed presently, "that the day on which I first began to feel—that you had become to me—should have been my wedding day!"

"Those first months here nearly drove me mad—until I was sure the field was clear," he replied. "Then I meant to win!"

"Oh, Alan!" With sudden passion she drew his head back against her breast. "If I lost you—my husband—I should die."

He turned in her arms, and pressed his lips to her soft neck.

"Barbara! It means—all that—to you, at last?"

They stayed in the boat until darkness had fallen. Then Alan took the oars he had fashioned, and paddled back to land.

Silence fell upon them as they neared the shore. It was the hour when exterior things diminished to nothingness, and the Big Things were too vast for conversation. He beached the boat, then slipped his arm around the girl and dreg her toward the hut.

"Our wedding night, Barbara," he whispered.

Her feet lingered a little, and she paused now and then to admire beauties of scent or sound; the rising moon showed her face tremulous. Outside the dark hut, she drew herself free, turning toward the sea as though loath to leave it. It seemed as though she were silently bidding farewell to some part of her life; and the man behind her stood motionless, his eyes on her averted head, silently waiting, making no attempt to touch her.

At last, slowly, she turned and held out her hands. He took them close in his.

"Come, my dearest," he said.

V

Six months, when you live in an earthly paradise, are but a flash of vivid light in a sky which is always blue. These two had crossed their towering mountains and arrived at the valley upon the other side; and they found it fair and shining, full of the songs of birds.

The days sped by, each seeming to exceed in beauty its predecessor. There was no need now to fill each moment with arduous, thankless toil. All walls and divisions were down. When Alan, with a few slashing cuts, severed the bamboo partition in their sleeping hut, it had been symbolic.

"There!" he exclaimed, his foot upon the canes strewn the floor. "No more twos. Everything's one."

"One!" she breathed, renouncing, with the outward surrender of her only privacy, all the private string-holds of her nature. "But the look she gave him was no longer elusive. It was steadfast, shining, exultant. . . ."

In the wilderness Barbara had found the "hidden want": the love which, with all its many far-reaching subtleties, can alone tune the extraordinary cosmology, called life into any semblance of a harmonious whole. . . .

Sometimes they played ridiculous games upon the sand, gambling with the money lying useless in their luggage.

They hunted, fished, worked, bathed together. And, during these months, each learned much, which was accumulated and stored within their hearts.

Their clothes were in rags, but they made fun of the matter. Alan clung to his old razor, and Barbara to her scissors.

"After all," she said, "we can cover ourselves in reed matting. Provided you don't grow a beard, I can face anything."

Six months of perfect happiness! It was against all the rules of fate; but even fate seemed to have cast off these two for a time. For some reason the world was made passing beautiful, and human beings placed in it without any choice. But the attainment, much less the possession, of permanent bliss therein has not been decreed.

At the end of six months, the first ominous cloud appeared. Chhimaboh the native chief, fell ill and died.

Barbooma became head of the tribe. No care or pity for his fellows permeated the hide of brutality encasing Barbooma. All the worst instincts of the savage, held in check by the old chief under Croft's influence, now rose to the surface. His own advanced impatient of restraints, and

cleanliness and industry among the natives. Now he took full advantage of it, and only his continuous intervention maintained order. The position, however, was fraught with danger. To continue to inspire a semi-superstitious fear after more than eighteen months was in itself a precarious task, only achieved by the weight of his own personality. Furthermore, he was confronted by Barbooma's personal hatred. From Roowa he had learned of the chief's mania for women, and women were scarce in the tribe. White women no longer offended the black men's instincts. . . .

At present vivid memories of a wounded shoulder, blue devils hissing from round Croft's hut, the supposition of a hidden white tribe ever at hand, restrained Barbooma from defiance of a man tabu. But familiarity and the scraps of education imparted by the white people were gaining upon superstition. . . . It was only a matter of time.

Barbara had quickly perceived that her man was seriously troubled concerning the tribe. Dimly aware herself of the first faint clouds in the brightness of their sky, heralding a possible storm, she sought to hide them, to keep their happiness undisturbed.

During the following months the cloud grew ever more menacing. Those natives who, fundamentally brutal and idle, had not appreciated their enforced life of industry, quickly deteriorated under Barbooma's leadership. His adherents increased in number, as did his cruelties. There being insufficient grown women, he seized young girls, almost children, made them the toys of his lusts, and afterward they disappeared—sometimes under cloak of religious fanaticism, upon the sacrificial altar to Bahunka; sometimes to satiate his own appetite for human flesh.

"Shall you . . ."

A reflection of her . . . showed in the smile which . . . her. The glory of the waking . . . luminated his face.

"Shall I?" he breathed. "My dear—what a question!"

VI

Hand in hand they descended the hill, full of this fresh wonder. After supper they sat on the shore in the moonlight, talking in low tones of the future, making wonderful plans. . . .

Both possessed that curious sensitiveness to nature which compels one, in any crisis, to make for open spaces, limitless horizons of ocean. . . .

It was after midnight when at last she went to bed. The night breeze died down, and a peculiar sense of airlessness pervaded the island; the water became calm to stillness.

Barbara was restless, and lay long awake. The strange stillness with its sensation of false calm heralding approaching tempest, revived her premonitions of disaster. When at last she fell asleep, it was only to be tortured with the same premonitions magnified into nightmare realities. She awoke gasping and sobbing in Alan's arms, and clung to him feverishly.

"I dreamed you had disappeared," she cried, in bewildered explanation. "How could that happen?" He soothed her. "How could my bulk disappear? Don't talk nonsense!"

They breakfasted later than usual, and had barely finished when the noise of many agitated voices reached their ears.

Glancing apprehensively at each other, they hurried out of the hut. The sky was leaden, hues of angry orange suffusing the horizon, the air oppressive. From the direction of the palm grove streamed a hurrying, chattering crowd of black figures—men, women and children.

Croft's brow contracted, and his lips set. The mine had evidently exploded even sooner than he expected.

Seeing him, a wailing cry arose from the advancing crowd. Weary and ter-

After a time Alan refused to allow Barbara near the settlement. She said little. She passed long hours with Meama and her children, banishing the mental torture during his absence in the radiance of her welcome upon his return.

One night he returned, after a stormy day's battling in the south, with his own optimism gravely shaken. It was, he knew, but a question of days before the threatening mine should burst. The division had widened to an extent which only blood and explosion would, eventually, bridge; it needed but a match to the fuse, and that explosion would come.

Barbara did not meet him as usual. He wondered a little, making his way quickly down to their hut. Supper was ready, but she was not there. He looked into the sleeping hut, but that also was empty. Anxiously he turned his steps toward Roowa's abode. Meama sat outside, suckling a new addition to her family, crooning softly over the little dark form.

She waved an arm toward the east. "The great chief's wife went up to the heights long, long ago! Meama still watching for her," she said.

He strode off up the slope, and the native woman continued her crooning song.

Barbara was seated upon the rocks where, nearly a year before, the dawn had witnessed their simple marriage ceremony. Her elbows were propped on her knees, her chin was sunk in her hands.

Alan approached noiselessly, but she became instinctively aware of his presence. He noticed a strange expression in her eyes as she turned to greet him: a far-seeing wonder blended with a tenderness which seemed reflected in the smiling, tremulous lines of her mouth.

She silently stretched out her hands, and he took them in his, mystified.

"I wondered what had become of you—" he began.

"I felt I must come here. This always seems a kind of sacred temple, our own. . . . Oh, Alan!"

She gazed into his face half-smiling, yet with a suspicion of tears dimming the soft light in her eyes.

"What, dear?" he asked, more puzzled.

She made no reply; but the glory in her face seemed to deepen, radiating toward him. . . . Losing his hands, her arms crept up to his shoulders, round his neck, drawing his head down to her own.

A sudden, vague realization of some stupendous happening caused him to draw her close. "What is it, Barbara?" he murmured. "What are you trying to tell me?"

She tilted her head back a little, and saw the dawning comprehension in his face. A faint smile flickered again across her own.

"Can't you guess—my husband?"

Instantly she was conscious of the same initial . . . re-

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(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Linked Memorable Occasions

The oldest resident of Grimsby, England, was buried recently. He was seventy-six years old.

Her wedding . . .



The Sound of the Surf for Choir.



A Wailing Cry Arose.