

# WRIGLEYS

"after every meal"

Parents—encourage the children to care for their teeth! Give them Wrigley's. It removes food particles from the teeth. Strengthens the gums. Combats acid mouth. Refreshing and beneficial!

SEALED TIGHT KEPT RIGHT



### Seize Opportunity

Opportunity is in respect of time, in some sense, as time is in respect to eternity; it is the small moment, the exact point, the critical minute, on which every good work so much depends.

### Man's Limited Knowledge

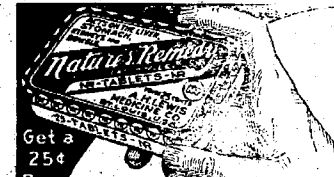
What is all our knowledge? We do not even know what weather it will be tomorrow.—Berthold Auerbach.

## IS EVERY DAY A BACKACHE DAY?

East Jordan Folks 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 for 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." N. Y. Co., Mfrs., Buffalo, N. Y. 50c. at all dealers. Foster-Milburn



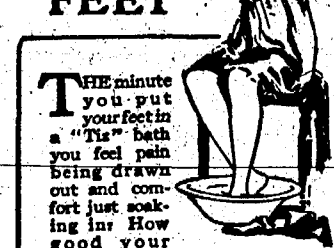
### This is Different

from all other laxatives and reliefs for Defective Elimination Constipation Bilioussness

The action of Nature's Remedy (NR 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

## TENDER, ACHING FEET



THE minute you put your feet in a "Tis" bath you feel pain being drawn out and comfort just soaking in. How good your tired, swollen, burning feet feel. "Tis" draws out the poisons that cause tender, aching feet. "Tis" takes all the soreness out of corns and calluses. Get a box of "Tis" at any drug or department store for a few cents.

Send foot-terrors forever wear smaller shoes, keep your feet fresh, sweet and comfortable. Test "Tis" free. Send this coupon.

Free Trial

## HUGH AIR TRANSPORT COMPANY IS LAUNCHED



HOWARD E. COFFIN

Chicago—Howard E. Coffin, vice-president of the Hudson Motor Car Co. of Detroit, was elected head of the new National Air Transport, Inc., at a meeting here. Other prominent Detroiters were named directors and officers of what will be the first large commercial aviation venture in the United States. Temporary offices have been opened in Detroit.

It is understood that among other prominent backers of the new venture are the Marshall Field and Wrigley interests of Chicago. Neither Henry Ford nor Edsel Ford is interested financially in the company. Two millions of the capitalization already subscribed are to be devoted to the establishment immediately of a New York-Chicago overnight plane service. None of the stock of National Air Transport will be offered to the public.

### "Baby Farm" Head Indicted

New York—Mrs. Helen Auguste Geisen-Volk, owner of a "baby farm" in East Eighty-sixth street, has been indicted for first degree manslaughter by a grand jury after an investigation which showed that William Winters, six months old, died in the woman's place after his skull had been fractured.

The Winters infant was one of 30 children who died at the "baby farm". Experts said the injuries indicated the infant had been thrown against a wall.

### Minnesota Loses Lake

Ely, Minn.—Minnesota today was minus one of its famous 10,000 lakes as the result of the disappearance of Bass Lake, a body two miles long and one mile wide. The lake, which was situated three miles northwest of Ely, had been gradually lowering for some time. The water has escaped into Low Lake, which adjoined Bass Lake, and thence into international waters. The water made its escape over an old sluice bed cut out years ago by lumber companies, according to the theory advanced by foresters.

### Radio Beacons Installed

Washington—With a view to reducing navigation perils along American coasts and on the Great Lakes the Department of Commerce has begun the installation of radio fog beacons in all important lighthouses.

### Standard Takes Up Aviation

Chicago—The Standard Oil Co. of Indiana is negotiating for an all-metal airplane to be used in its business covering 10 states, it was disclosed. The initiative of the Ford Motor Co. in opening airplane transportation between its home plant at Dearborn, Mich., and its Chicago plant and other branches, aroused the interest of the Standard and other mid-west corporations in aerial transportation.

### Investigate Ethyl Gas

Washington—Appointment of a commission to investigate the alleged injurious effects of ethyl gas when used as a motor fuel was recommended by Surgeon-General Cumming, of the Public Health Service to discuss the subject. The conference also endorsed "as wise" the action of the Ethyl Gas Corporation in disconnecting temporarily the distribution of the ethyl gas fuel.

### Poland Acts on Debt

Washington—Funding the debt of the republic of Poland to the United States has been formally completed at the treasury with the delivery to Acting Secretary Winston of Polish bonds amounting to \$178,580,000. Minister Wroblewski, of Poland, turned over the bonds to the treasury and received in exchange the original demand obligations given by his government.

### Vanderlip Reported Better

New York—Frank A. Vanderlip, well-known banker, has been able to go out of doors following a long, serious illness at his Scarborough home. He lost 40 pounds during his five months illness. Mr. Vanderlip was taken ill early last winter with influenza and developed typhoid fever which afterward led to pneumonia.

## NEWS DISPATCHES FROM EVERYWHERE

### French Bayonets Save City of Fez From Menace of Riflian Hordes

Paris—Heroic bayonet charges by French troops have saved Fez from Abd-el-Krim and his horde of Riflian tribesmen, the French foreign office announced.

Fez, the most important city in French Morocco, has been the objective of the Riflians and for weeks they have been closing in on it, isolating French outpost and influencing native troops through religious fervor and promises of war loot to join them.

General Colombat, according to the French communique, engaged the enemy northwest of Fez. In massed formation, with drawn bayonets, the French drove back the Riflians while airplanes overhead and distant artillery completed the rout. Sixty Riflian dead were left on the field.

An authority of the war ministry ridiculed a report, attributed to Rabat sources, that 50,000 men were braced for an early attack by the Riflians on the northern front of the French zone in Morocco, saying that only about 5,000 were engaged in the Tanouat region and less than 30,000 men in all were at Marshal Lyaudet's disposition.

### Japan Shaken By Earthquake

Tokio—Japan has again been ravaged by earthquake and fire, the worst since 1923, when Tokio and Yokohama were laid in ruins. Two hundred lives were already reported sacrificed.

The towns of Toyooka, Tsuno Sakl and Kumihane were reported at least partly destroyed by fire which followed the earthquake's path. In the flourishing, important cities of Osaka, Kyoto and Kobe, the quake was felt with tremendous shock, but without causing damage.

The quake centered in the Kansai district—old Japan—on the west coast of the island, fronting on the Japan Sea.

### Tidal Wave Hits Lake Towns

Buffalo—Wind, rain and what was described as a tidal wave struck a series of devastating blows at central and a portion of western New York, causing property damage estimated at thousands of dollars, but resulting in no deaths and few injuries.

The tidal wave swept the entire southern shore of Lake Ontario from the mouth of the Niagara River at Youngstown to Oswego, raising the water about four feet above normal. Its origin remains a mystery tonight. At the time it occurred there was only a light wind.

### Field Marshal French Is Dead

Deal, England—Field Marshal French, the first Earl of Ypres, died here after a long illness following an operation. He had been losing strength for several days before death came.

He was the man who led the expedition of allied troops into the first engagements of the World war in Flanders and was experienced in almost every branch of England's service. He saw action in the Soudan, and in South Africa during the Boer war.

### Jewel Thefts Increase

New York—According to a bulletin sent out by the Jewelers' Security alliance, losses of \$3,383,400 were suffered in 1924 by jewelers at the hands of hold-up men and burglars. The amount is an increase of more than \$1,300,000 over that of 1923.

Of the amount lost by jewelers to hold-up men, the Jewelers' alliance recovered more than \$100,000 worth of the property.

### Woman Slayer of 34

London—Mrs. Julia Remel, a Jugoslavain beauty, has been arrested in Karlsbad, according to an exchange telegraph dispatch, charged with being responsible for the death of two husbands, a son and 31 admirers. Physicians believe her sane, the dispatch declared, but they are quoted as saying that no similar pathological case is known to medical science.

### Two World Flyers Get Medals

San Antonio, Tex.—Distinguished service medals, presented to Lieut. Harry Ogden and Sergt. Alva L. Harvey, members of the Army around-the-world flight. Presentation was by Maj. Gen. John L. Hines, chief of staff here inspecting Army camps. The two men now are aviation students at Brooks Field. They were mechanics on the flight.

### Railways Join Waterway Backers

Michigan City, Ind.—Two railroad systems of the northwest, the Great Northern railway and the Northern Pacific, went on record before the Great Lakes-St. Lawrence Tidewater association meeting as favoring the proposed St. Lawrence water route to the sea.

### Son of Ibanes Arrested

Paris—Bisaco Ibanes, the Spanish novelist and opponent of the present Spanish government, reports that his son, Siegfried, has been jailed in Valencia, Spain, for distributing his father's latest propaganda pamphlets.

## ANCESTORS

By THOMAS ARKLE CLARK  
Dean of Law, University of Illinois

GEORGE, our colored man of all work, was much disturbed this morning when he came to give the lawn a haircut. Some one watching his slow and deliberate movements had told him that he was suffering from ancestors, and George was agitated for fear the trouble might prove fatal. I assured him that the ancestor was something which there was nothing to be seriously worried about, that it in one way or another more or less affected all of us.

I have always had a good deal of confidence in ancestors for man or beast. Molly, the "little brown" mare which I used to ride and drive, somewhere back in the distant past must have had an ancestor of some account—a high-strung thoroughbred, who had left his impression upon her physique and upon her character. She was a friendly creature, but aloof. She worked along with other horses when occasion required with the utmost willingness and good temper, but anyone who gave her a glance could see that she was not of their class. Her coat glistened more brightly, her head was carried high even when she was doing the most commonplace work. She dignified and took out of the ordinary any thing she was a part of. Her breeding was always apparent.

She never condescended to the other horses in spite of her ancestry. She walked along beside old lumbering, awkward Moses and accommodated herself to his pace without embarrassment or irritation of any sort. She knew she was of good family, and she knew that her friends knew it, so there was no need to be haughty or supercilious.

She had been a little wild in her youth, rumor had it, had kicked her owner who had tried to abuse her and break her spirit, and had run away repeatedly and left the various parts of the conveyance to which she was attached, scattered along the highway. I presume the report was not without truth, for she could get into a nasty temper if she were treated unkindly, but treat her kindly and she was the most adorable animal I have ever known. She was as responsive to my moods as the most sensitive human being. She never had to be urged, she never showed weariness; a word would send her flying down the road or bring her to a gentle walk. She seemed almost a part of me as we rode along.

I have read about queens, though I have never seen one, but I am sure that no queen who ever wore a crown had anything on Molly when she had been carefully groomed and her harness carefully adjusted for a ride or drive. It was as if she always had in mind the ancestor whose conduct and character she must uphold. People always turned and looked at her as she went down the street.

I had to part with her when I left the farm, and it was like parting with a child. I never saw her again, but I know that she never grew old, never lost her spirit, never forgot what she was, never lagged or whimpered.

It's a great asset for man or beast to have an ancestor to look back to.

(©, 1925, Western Newspaper Union.)

### \*\*\*\*\* Your Conversation \*\*\*\*\*

"APPALACHIAN"  
When Ferdinand de Soto and his band of explorers first crossed certain ranges of mountains they found them a popular hunting ground with the Apalachee Indians. Consequently De Soto bestowed on these mountains the tribal name of Apalachee, which they bear at the present day.

### Father Sage Says

Th' true humorist is a fellow who can bring smiles to the faces of all—but a man who accidentally slips on a banana peel isn't necessarily a humorist.

## Two Real Americans Are Wedded



These good looking young people, who were married in Los Angeles, are true Americans, being full-blooded Indians. However, William Martin McComb, twenty-six year-old Osage Indian, knows more about real estate business than he does about tepees, while his wife, Chrystal May Askew, twenty, a Choctaw Indian, is a graduate of the Missouri university. The couple will enjoy their honeymoon in Honolulu.

### Automobile Insurance

Dependable - Non-Assessable Profit Sharing

Assets More Than \$2,250,000.00

Savings Returned to Policy Holders More Than \$1,800,000.00

## MICHIGAN MUTUAL LIABILITY COMPANY

CASUALTY INSURANCE

President: O. W. Seligman

Lansing Grand Rapids Saginaw HOME OFFICE AND HOSPITAL DETROIT, MICHIGAN Flint Kalamazoo Pontiac

### Frank Phillips

Tonsorial Artist.

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

### BREAK CHEST COLDS WITH RED PEPPER

Ease your tight, aching chest. Stop the pain. Break up the congestion. Feel a bad cold loosen up in just a short time.

"Red Pepper Rub" is the cold remedy that brings quickest relief. It cannot hurt you and it certainly seems to end the tightness and drive the congestion and soreness right out.

Nothing has such concentrated, penetrating heat as red peppers, and when heat penetrates right down into colds, congestion, aching muscles and sore, stiff joints relief comes at once.

The moment you apply Red Pepper Rub, you feel the tingling heat. In three minutes the congested spot is warmed through and through. When you are suffering from a cold, rheumatism, backache, stiff neck or sore muscles, just get a jar of Rowles Red Pepper Rub, made from red peppers, at any drug store. You will have the quickest relief known. Always say "Rowles."

Many a town booster keeps a hammer under his coattail.

### SUCH IS LIFE

By Dan Zeln

MR. MAN? UR STEP

DADDY WHY DO MEN GET BALD?

BECAUSE THEY THINK SO MUCH

WHY DON'T LADIES GET BALD?

BECAUSE THEY NEVER TH

DON'T YOU DARE INSINUATE!



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.

King Tommy

George A. Birmingham

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(Continued)

I felt very sorry for the king when he had to say good-by to us at Breslau. He is the only king I ever met personally and I liked him. I do not wonder that there is a strong monarchial reaction in Europe at present. If there are many kings like Wladislaws, it is natural enough that their people should want to have them back. Democratic institutions are all very well in their way, but they invariably end in elected presidents. Presidents—I have known three or four in my time—are stodgy compared to King Wladislaws, and Europe does nowadays want a little brightness.

Europe has so long been used to the pomp and pageantry of monarchy that it is hard for the people to accustom themselves to the simplicity of republics. Of course the socialistic element is perfectly satisfied, or at least that wing of the socialists that is not looking for something more radical than republics and seeking communistic forms of government, but there are but few of that class in Lystria.

The next part of our journey was accomplished in much faster time than Tommy and the princess had done it in. We crossed the frontier in a train, for we had no fear of being stopped, and did not feel, as they did, the necessity for keeping off the main traffic routes. We had only twenty-five miles to go by motor. I fancy that we had the same car and the same driver that Tommy did; though I cannot be sure about this. Men of the bearded brigand type are common enough in Lystria and many of them may be chauffeurs. If I kept a car in London—a thing which I cannot afford to do—I should try to persuade the Lystrian chauffeur to come home with me. He would give an air of aristocratic distinction to any car.

But I was not so concerned about the air of distinction just at that time. I wanted to reach the frontier, I wanted to be where I could feel that we were safe, and I was not feeling that way with that brigand-looking individual at the wheel. He would be all right in London where there was a bobby on every corner to offer protection if it were needed, but it was different on the lonely roads we were traveling.

If I had time and aptitude for the literary guidebook style of writing, I should describe our journey through that beautiful and little-known part of Europe. I am sure that people would like to read about the mountains, torrents, villages, long-horned oxen, ruined fortresses and so forth. However, the thing will be done, far more competently than I could hope to do it. Cable has conceived the idea of developing Lystria as a tourist resort as soon as he has the oil industry in working order. He intends to hire a couple of our best-known literary men—he even mentioned the names of those he had in mind—to write the country up. "Lotus Eating in Lystria," I suppose, "with Six Colored Illustrations"; and perhaps "The Beautiful Bypaths Series. Lystria, by— With ten photographs of the author." Cable is extraordinarily thorough. He is writing to an American literary paper for the name of the best-known poetess "raised on their side." He means to commission her to do some Lystrian lyrics. It is plainly no use my entering into competition with such people by describing the scenery, manners, costumes, customs and morals of the Lystrians. They are a nice people, and they have a beautiful country, but my only interest just then was to get through it as fast as possible. I was not ap-

preciably enjoying the scenery, was not noticing the mountains, the torrents, the villages, the pastoral scenes of the ruined fortresses except to note the speed at which we passed them. The quicker we could get by it, all the better pleased I would be. At another time I might return to admire the scenery.

We caught our first glimpse of the Schloss Amberg just as Tommy did, from the top of the hill on the other side of the valley. It was decked with flags. They hung out of every window, fluttered from every flagstaff—there were a good many flagstaffs—and were festooned along the walls.

"I wonder what that means," said Tommy.

"Looks like a king's birthday show," said Norheys. "Wladislaws might have told us what to expect."

"Much more likely to be the princess' wedding," said Cable.

"Perhaps," I said, "it may be a public rejoicing at the death of Emily's curate. I shall be sorry if they've executed him."

The car slid down toward the valley and the stream that ran through it. It was going at a comfortable pace—comfortable because it was rapid. The chauffeur was missing the bumps, and the speed at which we were traveling did not seem to be as fast as it actually was, because of the quality of his driving.

The car crossed the bridge and began to climb up the twisty road to the gate of the schloss. Suddenly a salute was fired by the guns on the walls. They did not all go off at once, and they were not very big guns, but they made quite an impressive amount of noise. Every rifle about the place was shot off at or about the same time, adding a clatter to the din.

Our bearded chauffeur, who had been getting more and more excited since we saw the flags, lost control of himself altogether when he heard the guns. He stood up, waved his arms wildly and shouted. There are nasty steep banks on each side of the road. If Norheys, who was sitting in front of the car, had not grabbed the steering wheel, we should certainly have left the road and gone rolling over and over till we reached the river in the valley. In that case we should none of us have heard what had happened about the princess and Tommy. I should have been sorry, for I was full of curiosity.

We left the car at the gate of the schloss and passed into the courtyard. It was half full of soldiers. I fancy that the whole Lystrian army was drawn up there in a square. Many of them were still firing off their rifles. The officers were waving their swords.

Something unusual was happening, but what? All the excitement portended some great event, something in which the entire populace of Lystria was intensely interested. In what way did it concern us, if at all?

We were just in time. Through the door of the chapel at the opposite side of the courtyard came the sound of the wedding march, played on the organ. Tommy, with the princess on his arm, walked out amid deafening cheers. Immediately behind them came Janet Church, a solitary and most unattractive-looking bridesmaid. Behind her thronged the Lystrian nobility. All the Count Casimirs were there, except Istvan. The half-dozen or so nobles with other names were also there. Janet, in an old gray tweed dress, and our party in our traveling clothes were the only commonplace people. The princess was splendid in a dress much finer, also much longer, than the one she had worn when she danced at the Mascotte. Tommy had been fitted out by Count Albert Casimir in a very handsome crimson silk suit with a jacket-laced, hussar fashion, with gold. I noticed that he wore one of his own clerical collars round his neck. Perhaps that was his idea of full dress for a ceremonial occasion. Perhaps he did it to please the patriarch. The nobles were gorgeous. No one who has not seen the Lystrian nobility in their best clothes has any idea how magnificent clothes can be. People who understand dressing-up as the Lystrians do ought to have a king of their own. They would be wasted in the drab monotony of a republic. I think Troyte felt this as he looked at the magnificent scene before us. Fortunately, the sun shone brightly. Every color had its full value. Everything that could glitter glittered brilliantly.

Last of all, attended by an amazing number of clergy, the patriarch came from the chapel choir. He wore—but I am not well up in the language of ecclesiastical millinery. His garments may have been copes, chasubles, dalmatics or albas. Whatever they were, they seemed to me to be made of shimmering gold. If they ever disestablish and disendow the church in Lystria, the sale of the patriarch's vestments will go a long way toward paying off the national debt.

The procession moved slowly across the square until Tommy caught sight of us. The moment he did he stopped, and of course everyone else stopped too. He had never seen any of us before, and though we knew who he must be, he could only guess who we were. He turned to Janet Church for help.

Janet turned to me and introduced me. I presented the rest of the party. At least, I began the presentation. I had only got as far as Norheys when the princess interrupted me. She rushed forward, threw her arms around Viola's neck and kissed her heartily on both cheeks.

"I know you're Miss Temple," she said.

"Lady Norheys," I corrected.

"You may call her Viola Temple if

you like," said Norheys. "What I always say is: When anybody has a name which everybody else knows them by, why not call them it? That's what I said when fellows began to stop calling me Bunny, after I became Norheys, don't you know? I dare say now," he said to Tommy, "that you've often heard of me as Bunny Troyte, and scarcely know me as Norheys. It's just the same with Viola. Only, of course, more so, on account of her being much more famous than any of the rest of us."

He was undoubtedly right concerning the "name" which Miss Viola Temple, as one of the most popular stage dancers of the British metropolis, had enjoyed. That fact had been at the bottom of Lord Troyte's scheme of the Lystrian marriage. With the cool, far-seeing wisdom for which he was noted he had seen in the union a double purpose, the saving of his nephew from an undesirable alliance with a dancer who did not happen to be a princess, and the exploitation of the Lystrian oil fields in the interests of England. He had once remarked to me, when we both felt that we must "save" Norheys from Viola Temple:

"If England is to hold her place in the van of the world's progress she must control an adequate supply of oil. With an English king on the throne of Lystria and an English company at work in the oil fields—"

Troyte is a great statesman. Only a great statesman could or would say a thing like that. Only a sincerely patriotic man could have conceived such a scheme.

The princess, one arm still around Viola's neck, cooed into her ear:

"I'm so glad you've got him safe. I wouldn't have taken him from you for anything. And now I'm married, too. Isn't it splendid? And only for your beautiful letter perhaps neither ever would have been."

"I should like," said Troyte with dignity, "to have some conversation with the patriarch."

The patriarch, it seemed, wanted to have some conversation with Troyte. He had been pushing his way through the excited nobles while the princess was kissing Viola. As soon as he had secured a place for himself in the front row, he made a speech.

It was partly in Lystrian and partly in German. Troyte understands neither language. He turned to me to interpret for him.

"What's he saying?" he asked.

My German is rusty through long disuse, and I never knew any Lystrian. However, I think I picked up the main thing the patriarch wanted to say.

"As far as I can make out," I said, "he's trying to tell you that one Lord Norheys will do quite as well as another. The coronation is to be this afternoon."

"But," said Troyte, "this young man isn't Lord Norheys. Tell him that."

I told him. After I had finished, Janet Church told him again, in much better-German than mine. We did not make much impression on the patriarch. All he said in reply was that if the Lystrians could not have Graf Bunny Norheys, they would be perfectly satisfied with Graf Tommy.

"Tell him," said Troyte, "that this young man isn't a count and isn't Norheys at all."

Then Tommy joined in.

"There's no use saying I'm not Norheys when I am," he said, "though I spell my name with two 'r's' instead of an 'h,' which strikes me as a more sensible way of doing it. As for my not being a count, if you can get that into the patriarch's head, you'll do more than I can. I've been at him all morning and so has Miss Church. We've assured him over and over again that I'm not a count. But he can't be got to understand. Not that I care what he calls me, only I didn't want any irregularity about the marriage, which there might have been if I was married under a wrong name."

"The confusion," I said, "in the patriarch's mind probably arises from the custom, prevalent all over Europe, of every member of a titled family using the title. Take the Casimirs, for instance. I don't know how many Casimirs there are—"

"They're all Casimirs," said Tommy, waving his hand toward a group of Lystrian nobles. "All except seven."

"And I'm sure," I said, "that they're all counts."

"Every single one of them," said Tommy.

"So you see," I said to Troyte, "how the patriarch's mistake arose. He naturally thought that everyone called Norheys must be a marquis."

"But he isn't," said Troyte.

"Is it worth-while," I said, "correcting the mistake now?"

Apparently Troyte thought it was. He insisted on having what he called a conference with the patriarch. I do not think the patriarch liked it, for there was a wedding feast waiting to be eaten in the great hall of the castle. But Troyte was firm. He and the patriarch and Cable went off, taking Janet with them to act as interpreter. The princess and Lady Norheys went away together, their arms round each other. Poor Lady Norheys had been traveling fast for days. I think she wanted a bath and some clothes before she sat down to the banquet amid the magnificent nobles of Lystria.

While I had no doubts at the time that Tommy would make quite as acceptable a king of Lystria, as would Lord Norheys, I also had no doubt that Lady Norheys would have been a much more attractive queen consort than the somewhat plain Calypso. That matter, however, had been ended, and Tommy evidently was more than satisfied with the turn of events. As for Lord Norheys, I remembered a remark he had once made to me:

"I'm not a prejudiced sort of fellow.

What I always say about things is this: A fellow may not have been at a decent school, but he may be quite a decent sort of fellow. It's the same with girls."

And he had won the girl of his choice. The loss of the throne of Lystria he viewed with the utmost equanimity.

I could not feel that I had been a great help, either to Troyte, Lord Norheys, or my sister Emily, in the whole matter, though it is worthy of record that Norheys still calls me "Uncle Bill" and comes to me for advice when he is in trouble, which is more or less frequently. He never by any chance takes my advice, however. I dare say he would get into worse trouble if he did.

On this occasion I was not asked for advice. My nephew and his charming bride evidently had a perfect understanding as to their future participation in Lystrian affairs.

I gathered that when Norheys took Tommy by the arm and spoke to him confidentially.

"I say, you know, about your being king instead of me and all that. I'm jolly glad. Never really wanted the job a bit. Only promised to take it on to please Uncle Ned. All the same,

"I think you owe me a good turn."

don't you know, I think you owe me a good turn. Only for my attacking to Viola through thick and thin in spite of everything that everybody said, you wouldn't be here, would you?"

"If there's any mortal thing I can do for you in any way," said Tommy, "just tell me what it is."

"Thanks," said Norheys. "Well, I've married Viola, you know, and of course she's a marchioness of Norheys and all that, which ought to be good enough and is good enough. All the same, the world's full of old cats. I'm not talking of Uncle Ned now. But there are cats, aunts, you know, and lots more who aren't even aunts. They'll be inclined to sniff a bit at Viola, on account of her being a dancer on the stage and that sort of thing. Now, what I always say is this: I don't care a d—n what a girl was, dancer or anything else. No more do you. No more does any sensible man. But if there are cats in the world—and there's no use denying that—what I say is, that it's better to have them purring than meowing."

Norheys's idea, no doubt, was fundamentally sound, but I had my misgivings as to the amount of purring my sister Emily would do when she heard of his marriage to a young lady who had become prominent as a public dancer. Emily has her own ideas on many subjects, and her views are not easily changed. She is a most religious woman and devoted to the church, it has been hinted to such an extent that occasionally she seriously embarrasses the rector of her parish.

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**Causes for Optimism**

Chauncey M. Depew, veteran New Yorker and well known nationally in his day, which seems to continue, has reached the ripe age of ninety-one years. Recently, he called attention to the changes which he has witnessed in the industrial life of the nation, recalling several interesting beginners of modern "necessities."

In 1882 Edison began electrical service to 455 customers, and lost \$4,400 that year. Today, he says, there are 7,000 electrical companies, with 12,000,000 customers and 200,000 employees.

In 1876 he was offered a one-sixth interest in the Bell Telephone Company, which was slowly beginning, but declined because the greatest electrical expert declared the telephone to be nothing but a toy.

**Safety and Speed In the Air**

Insurance companies in Great Britain called "assurance" companies over there, have recently decided that air travel is so safe that all risks are covered by ordinary life policies. This is based upon figures, rightly gathered and interpreted, do not lie.

The miles of air travel in this country per death is high enough to convince most doubters. The successful manipulation of the great airships in severe storms reassures the trembling. The world is about to enter upon its aerial age, which means that transportation is to become faster, and that distance is growing less.

To realize this forcibly you have to reflect that Andrew Jackson's great battle at New Orleans was fought after peace had been signed between the United States and Great Britain. That could not happen today. Within two minutes of the signing of a peace treaty today the world knows it. What the telegraph and cable has done for transferring messages the conquest of the air will do for man.

You will observe, of course, that aerial navigation is in its infancy. The modern railway Pullman train is a far cry from the twelve-mile-an-hour speed of the first open car, engine-pulled railroad. So with the speed and comfort of the aerial vehicles, they will become better and faster as the years go on.

**Cotton and Rubber**

American manufacturers of rubber goods are alarmed over the fact that they have to depend upon foreign countries for their raw material. Every once in a while the foreign states place additional taxes on its exports and this makes the goods higher to the American consumer. Recently, a large auto-tire maker began inserting, in his advertising, a line reading, "America Should Produce Its Own Rubber."

Great Britain, for years, has been trying to stimulate the growing of cotton in her colonies and dominions in the hope of becoming independent of cotton from the United States. Her position in regard to cotton is as bad as ours in the case of rubber, but here our constitution prohibits any tax on exports. Recently, in the heart of the Sudan, a great dam was completed at a cost of \$55,000,000, which opens up 300,000 acres for the cultivation of cotton. This indicates to what length the authorities there are pursuing the cultivation of cotton.

**Planting Millions Of Trees**

It is interesting to observe the tree planting program of two private companies on lands located in Franklin county, N. Y. The Chateaugay Ore and Iron company will plant 19,000 acres of land between two lakes, using more than 2,300,000 red pine, Scotch pine and spruce trees. In the same county the St. Regis Paper Company, which last year set out 761,000 trees is this year setting out 1,200,000.

Both of these companies employ expert foresters, and have planting force of about one hundred men. Each maintains its private nursery. The point for all of us to learn from these operations is that such activity is to be a source of profit to the two companies. They are not working for the beautification of Franklin county but for the betterment of the prospective financial condition of the companies.

It is about time for the people of the nation to take up reforestation in earnest. Millions of acres of timber lands have been denuded with no effort at replacement. We understand that some states now have a law which requires those who cut timber to leave at least two trees per acre for the purpose of re-foresting the land. This strikes us as a good proposition. Certainly, the time is near at hand when the vast wealth which has been taken

from the forests of the country will end and we will have to grow, or import, our timber.

**Are You Mailing A "Nixie" Letter or Package?**

A letter, postcard, parcel, or newspaper, entering the mails is simply a piece of mail.

If, because of inadequate or incorrect address, and, in the case of the package—improper wrapping—a piece of mail must be taken out of the regular postal machinery for "directory service" or "hospital service," it becomes a NIXIE.

If the postal sleuths are able to correct the address, or return to sender for a better one, it again becomes a piece of mail—though "delayed mail" is the better sobriquet.

If, after an exhaustive effort, the postal "detective" must give up the puzzle, and there is no return address, the piece of mail is consigned to the Dead Letter Office, where it again changes its name to dead letter or dead parcel, as the case may be.

Its period of existence as a Nixie is the most expensive one. It demands special attention from the very best clerks. Valuable time is spent in its behalf, time which also may prove more costly to the mailer or intended recipient through the attendant delay.

But in the long run, the postal service loses most. In Chicago 400 workers do nothing but handle nixies. In New York the service costs \$500 daily. In all the nixie costs the government about \$1,740,000 a year.

**Islands Rise; Deserts Bloom**

William Beebe, a scientific investigator, is now on the Pacific Ocean in his good ship Arcturus. He reports the discovery of a new island in the Pacific.

It was probably thrown out of the waves by the recent earthquake which shook Japan. Another interesting fact about that earthquake is its effect upon ocean currents, which have been changed in direction.

Whether true or false, we do not know, but the other day we read that such a changed current, sweeping past South America; had so altered atmospheric conditions that a desert section enjoyed rain for the first time in generations. And, within a few months the arid ground was being covered with vegetable growths!

Earthquakes fascinate mankind thru their mysterious origin. While history records great earth trembles there is no proof that, at times, greater earthquakes have visited the crust upon which men live. It is interesting to speculate what would happen if there occurred a real, convulsive quake. What changes it might bring, with buried cities and submerged islands, new coasts and new lands.

**It was Illegal to Bathe!**

Speaking of progress it might be called to mind that the bathtub is not yet eligible for a centenary celebration. In fact, in 1843, the new advice was denounced as an "undemocratic luxury" in Cincinnati. The next year Philadelphia passed an ordinance prohibiting bathing between November 1st and March 15th. Virginia taxed bathtubs \$30 each, about the equivalent of \$100 today. Boston, as usual, was a top notcher. In that city of culture the use of the bathtub, any time, was illegal except upon medical advice.

The above information is taken from a bulletin published by a public utility corporation in the Carolinas. It is interesting to observe how reluctant mankind is to accept new things, however, beneficial they may be. The lesson to be applied from this is that we, who live today, should be more willing to accept, not the bathtub, but the improvements which are coming out now. How foolish some of our actions will seem in 1975.

**Blasting Charges Vary With Stumps**

That no set rule for the amount of explosive to use in blasting out stumps can be given, the charge varying with the soil and moisture conditions and with the stump itself, is the opinion of L. F. Livingston, extension specialist in agricultural engineering at the Michigan State College.

"The amount of moisture in the soil," says Livingston may vary the charge two or three cartridges either way. A light soil will require more pyroto to blast a stump than a heavy soil. The size of the stump, the kind and its condition tend to vary the amount of explosive.

After a thorough investigation of soil and moisture conditions and the stumps to be blasted, a few blasts will determine the right amount of explosive to use. If pyroto is used, it can be exploded stick for stick with twenty per cent dynamite.

By the way, it will become of the Turks?

**Defining The Bone In The Beefsteak**

There is a phase of automobile building which will be talked of more this summer than almost any mechanical detail of the car.

Buyers of motor cars are being permitted to look farther and farther into the manufacturer of the machine, as years go by, increasing their knowledge of car building and becoming, thereby, more careful and more competent buyers.

As a result, more than 500 makes of automobiles, each to be announced to the public in the beginning with a flourish and many adjectives, have been discarded by competent buyers and no longer are on the market.

The phase of building which is the next step in the education of the public in the real worth of motor cars, may be called "one-profit" manufacture. A year ago, that phrase would have meant little to a buyer. Next year, it will be a potent factor, as distinguished from "many-profit" building.

It means this: The "one-profit" manufacturer makes the entire car, complete. He does not buy the engine here, the body there, the springs, frames, transmissions and whatnot elsewhere. Making them himself, only one profit is taken on the car.

On the contrary, in an assembled car, the maker of the engine takes his profit, the body builder does likewise, and so do all the parts makers.

On top of all these separate profits, the assembler adds his own profit, his own overhead-business expense, his sales and other costs, further amplifying the excess.

Not one tangible thing is represented in the completed car by any of these separate profits, except in the price. Paying for them is like buying the air in a new tire, the hole in a doughnut, water in stock. It is, as Studebaker points out, the "bone in the beefsteak." One has to pay for the bone, but it represents no value when he comes to eat the steak.

A conservative compilation of such extra costs on a sample assembled car selling under \$1,500 was \$369.00. That is a lot of money to pay for the "bone" in a beefsteak.

The situation is elemental. The engine maker, the body builder, the springs, frame, transmission, wheel and other parts makers must have their profits, above their actual costs and overhead expense, to keep in business.

But buyers are beginning to ask whether they should consider their own purses, in buying a car, or whether their interest is in maintaining separate parts establishments. Over the graves of the host of "departed" assembled cars, this discussion will be keen this summer.

Studebaker makes its own car complete. Such a company does not have to pay a dozen profits, maintain a dozen overhead establishments, and then hide the extra costs, the "bone in the beefsteak" in the price of the car. Nor does it have to fit its designs to stock bodies or parts of any kind. The whole car is built to fit one design. Its bodies are distinctive, not found on a half-dozen makes of car, losing individuality.

Which in part accounts for the inability of the factories to keep up with the orders and demands for the new models.

For in place of the "bone" in a Studebaker "beefsteak," real "meat" can be built in, without an increase in price. That's why, points out the South Bend company, its product stands up where others give out, delivering unequalled service. It's a situation which every car maker must meet.

**Prof. O. E. Reed In East Jordan**

Prof. O. E. Reed, Head of our Dairy Department of M. S. C. gave a highly instructive and interesting talk at East Jordan on the 22nd of May, on the subject of Dairying. He emphasized the need of farmers keeping records on their feed costs and milk weights and thereby knowing what their cows are making in dollars and cents. On the average Denmark produces butterfat for 42c a pound; in the U. S. it is 62c. In Denmark 26 per cent of all the cows are in Cow-testing Assn. work, here 1 per cent. Is it not logical to think that possibly that is the reason they can export butter in this country and make money after paying an 8c tax? Prof. Reed also mentioned the need of producing a high quality product that is clean.

The County Agent gave a short discussion of the program of work that is being carried on in this county and what has been accomplished in the past. Mr. Jacklin of the East Jordan High School in a few well chosen words extend the welcome to the business men of East Jordan and introduced the program. Last but not least enjoyable of all, was a lunch at the conclusion of the program, given by the Business Men of East Jordan and it was surely enjoyed by the 100 people present.

Everyone left with the feeling they had spent a very profitable evening and enjoyed the hospitality of East Jordan. The County Agent thanks the Business Men whole-heartedly for their kind assistance and co-operation.

**MARKETS**

**Butter and Eggs**  
Butter markets weak and unsettled. Prices 92 score butter No. 1 creamery in tubs, 88@41c per lb. Eggs, fresh receipts, 81@32c per doz.

**Feed**  
Feed markets firm. Winter wheat bran, 37; spring wheat bran, 35; standard middlings, 33; fine middlings, 42; cracked corn, 55c; coarse cornmeal, 45; chop, 41 per ton in carlots.

**Fruits and Vegetables**  
Potato market generally lower. U. S. No. 1 Michigan, in carlots, 1.60 @1.75 per 150-lb sack. Apples steady, Steel's red, 3.50@4; Baldwins, 2.50 @3 per bu. Cabbage, new, 43 per crater.

**Hay and Straw**  
Hay and straw markets quiet. Hay, No. 1 timothy, 16@16.50; standard, 15.50@16; No. 1 light clover mixed, 15.50@16; No. 2 timothy, 14@15; No. 1 clover mixed, 12@14; No. 1 clover, 12@14; wheat and oat straw, 9.50@10; rye straw, 10.50@11 per ton in carlots.

**Grain**  
Grain market firm. Quoted Detroit: Wheat, Cash No. 1 red, 1.38; No. 2 red, No. 2 white and No. 2 mixed, 1.37. Yellow Corn, Cash No. 3, 1.20; No. 4, 1.15. White Oats, Cash No. 2, 54c; No. 3, 51c. Rye, Cash No. 2, 1.21. Beans, Michigan choice hand picked, prompt shipment, 55.40@5.50 per cwt. Barley, malting, 90c; feeding, 92c. Buckwheat, milling, 1.90@1.95 per cwt. Seeds prime red clover, 1.15; October, 1.37.5; alsike, 1.25; timothy, 43.15.

**Livestock and Meats**  
Chicago and Detroit hog prices higher at 12.50 for the top and 12@12.35 for the bulk. Medium and good beef steers steady at 8.25@10.35; butcher cows and heifers lower at 4.40@11.25; feeder steers lower at 5.50@8.50, and light and medium weight veal calves steady at 7.50@11.25. Fat lambs lower at 11@13.25. Live Poultry, Detroit, Broilers, 50@52c; leg-horn broilers, 38@40c; best hens, 5 lbs up, 27@28c; old roosters, 17@18c; geese, 15c; ducks, large white, 30c; best turkeys, 25c per lb.

**The Smartly Styled "Prince of Wales" Coat**



The acid test of the tailor's art comes when he is called upon to inject smart style into our everyday, work-a-day, utility clothes. It is done all the time—in the plainest suits and in top coats that must depend upon craftsmanship alone to place them above the commonplace. For these, sturdy materials, long familiar and dependable, are chosen—tweeds, homespun and the like, that anyone may have. It is a subtle art that converts them into noteworthy garments, like the "prince of Wales" top-coat, pictured here. It is double-breasted and fastens below the waistline with bone buttons—it has a half-belt, across the back and slanting pockets—all common to many coats. Its lines and adjustment to the figure and its faultless workmanship contribute the distinction that makes it popular.

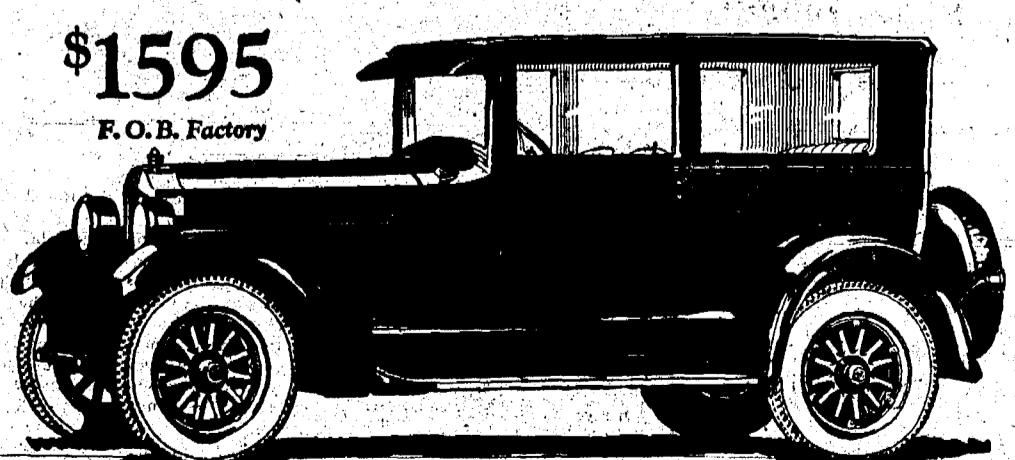
If old man Coue is still at his "every day, in every way, I am getting better and better" he is entitled to the world's championship.



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Here is a low priced closed car that will appeal to those who do not want the ordinary type of coach. Studebaker builds this coach complete—body as well as chassis—thus saving the profit which other automobile manufacturers have to pay to outside body builders. As a result, the price is much lower than that of any other car of equal style, performance and dependability. Come in—let us show you this New Studebaker Coach.

Abundance of room for five passengers. Unusually wide doors. Broad seats. Plenty of leg room. No need for occupant of folding seat to get out when others enter or leave. Body finished in Wyandotte green, with satin-black top. Engine of remarkable power, smoothness and acceleration. Safety lighting control. Full-size balloon tires.



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King Tommy

By George A. Birmingham

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(Continued)

I felt very sorry for the king when he had to say good-by to us at Breslau. He is the only king I ever met personally and I liked him. I do not wonder that there is a strong monarchical reaction in Europe at present. If there are many kings like Wladislawa, it is natural enough that their people should want to have them back. Democratic institutions are all very well in their way, but they invariably are in elected presidents. Presidents—I have known three or four in my time—are stodgy compared to King Wladislawa, and Europe does nowadays want a little brightness.

Europe has so long been used to the pomp and pageantry of monarchy that it is hard for the people to accustom themselves to the simplicity of republics. Of course the socialistic element is perfectly satisfied, or at least that wing of the socialists that is not looking for something more radical than republics and seeking communistic forms of government, but there are but few of that class in Lystria.

The next part of our journey was accomplished in much faster time than Tommy and the princess had done it in. We crossed the frontier in a train, for we had no fear of being stopped, and did not feel, as they did, the necessity for keeping off the main traffic routes. We had only twenty-five miles to go by motor. I fancy that we had the same car and the same driver that Tommy did; though I cannot be sure about this. Men of the bearded brigand type are common enough in Lystria and many of them may be chateaux. If I kept a car in London—a thing which I cannot afford to do—I should try to persuade the Lystrian chauffeur to come home with me. He would give an air of aristocratic distinction to any car.

But I was not so concerned about the air of distinction just at that time. I wanted to reach the frontier, I wanted to be where I could feel that we were safe, and I was not feeling that way with that brigand-looking individual at the wheel. He would be all right in London where there was a bobby on every corner to offer protection if it were needed, but it was different on the lonely roads we were traveling.

If I had time and aptitude for the literary guidebook style of writing, I should describe our journey through that beautiful and little-known part of Europe. I am sure that people would like to read about the mountains, torrents, villages, long-horned oxen, ruined fortresses and so forth. However, the thing will be done, far more competently than I could hope to do it. Cable has conceived the idea of developing Lystria as a tourist resort as soon as he has the oil industry in working order. He intends to hire a couple of our best-known literary men—he even mentioned the names of those he had in mind—to write the country up. "Lotus Eating in Lystria," I suppose, "with Six Colored Illustrations"; and perhaps "The Beautiful Bypaths Series, Lystria, by— With ten photographs of the author." Cable is extraordinarily thorough. He is writing to an American literary paper for the name of the best-known poetess "raised on their side." He means to commission her to do some Lystrian lyrics. It is plainly no use my entering into competition with such people by describing the scenery, manners, costumes, customs and morals of the Lystrians.

They are a nice people, and they have a beautiful country, but my only interest just then was to get through it as fast as possible. I was not ap-

cially enjoying the scenery, was not noticing the mountains, the torrents, the villages, the pastoral scenes of the ruined fortresses except to note the speed at which we passed them. The quicker we could get by it, all the better pleased I would be. At another time I might return to admire the scenery.

We caught our first glimpse of the Schloss Amberg just as Tommy did, from the top of the hill on the other side of the valley. It was decked with flags. They hung out of every window, fluttered from every flagstaff—there were a good many flagstaffs—and were festooned along the walls.

"I wonder what that means," said Troyte.

"Looks like a king's birthday show," said Norheys. "Wladislaws might have told us what to expect."

"Much more likely to be the princess' wedding," said Cable.

"Perhaps," I said, "it may be a public rejoicing at the death of Emally's curate. I shall be sorry if they've executed him."

The car slid down toward the valley and the stream that ran through it. It was going at a comfortable pace—comfortable because it was rapid. The chauffeur was missing the bumps, and the speed at which we were traveling did not seem to be as fast as it actually was, because of the quality of his driving.

The car crossed the bridge and began to climb up the twisty road to the gate of the schloss. Suddenly a salute was fired by the guns on the walls. They did not all go off at once, and they were not very big guns, but they made quite an impressive amount of noise. Every rifle about the place was shot off at or about the same time, adding a clatter to the din. Our bearded chauffeur, who had been getting more and more excited since we saw the flags, lost control of himself altogether when he heard the guns. He stood up, waved his arms wildly and shouted. There are nasty steep banks on each side of the road. If Norheys, who was sitting in front of the car, had not grabbed the steering wheel, we should certainly have left the road and gone rolling over and over till we reached the river in the valley. In that case we should none of us have heard what had happened about the princess and Tommy. I should have been sorry, for I was full of curiosity.

We left the car at the gate of the schloss and passed into the courtyard. It was half full of soldiers. I fancy that the whole Lystrian army was drawn up there in a square. Many of them were still firing off their rifles. The officers were waving their swords.

Something unusual was happening, but what? All the excitement portended some great event, something in which the entire populace of Lystria was intensely interested. In what way did it concern us, if at all?

We were just in time. Through the door of the chapel at the opposite side of the courtyard came the sound of the wedding march, played on the organ. Tommy, with the princess on his arm, walked out amid deafening cheers. Immediately behind them came Janet Church, a solitary and most unattractive-looking bridesmaid. Behind her thronged the Lystrian nobility. All the Count Casimirs were there, except Istvan. The half-dozen or so nobles with other names were also there. Janet, in an old gray tweed dress, and our party in our traveling clothes were the only commonplace people. The princess was splendid in a dress much finer, also much longer, than the one she had worn when she danced at the Mas-cotte. Tommy had been fitted out by Count Albert Casimir in a very handsome crimson silk suit with a jacket laced, hussar fashion, with gold.

I noticed that he wore one of his own clerical collars round his neck. Perhaps that was his idea of full dress for a ceremonial occasion. Perhaps he did it to please the patriarch. The aobles were gorgeous. No one who has not seen the Lystrian nobility in their best clothes has any idea how magnificent clothes can be. People who understand dressing-up as the Lystrians do ought to have a king of their own. They would be wasted in the drab monotony of a republic. I think Troyte felt this as he looked at the magnificent scene before us. Fortunately, the sun shone brightly. Every color had its full value. Everything that could glitter glittered brilliantly.

Last of all, attended by an amazing number of clergy, the patriarch came from the chapel choir. He wore—but I am not well up in the language of ecclesiastical millinery. His garments may have been copes, chasubles, dalmatics or albs. Whatever they were, they seemed to me to be made of shimmering gold. If they ever disestablish and disendow the church in Lystria, the sale of the patriarch's vestments will go a long way toward paying off the national debt.

The procession moved slowly across the square until Tommy caught sight of us. The moment he did he stopped, and of course everyone else stopped too. He had never seen any of us before, and though we knew who he must be, he could only guess who we were. He turned to Janet Church for help.

Janet knew me and introduced me. I presented the rest of the party. At least, I began the presentation. I had only got as far as Norheys when the princess interrupted me. She rushed forward, threw her arms around Viola's neck and kissed her heartily on both cheeks.

"I know you're Miss Temple," she said. "Lady Norheys," I corrected. "You may call her Viola Temple if

you like," said Norheys. "What I always say is: When anybody has a name which everybody else knows them by, why not call them that? That's what I said when fellows began to stop calling me Bunny, after I became Norheys, don't you know? I dare say now," he said to Tommy, "that you've often heard of me as Bunny Troyte, and scarcely know me as Norheys. It's just the same with Viola, only, of course, more so, on account of her being much more famous than any of the rest of us."

He was undoubtedly right concerning the "fame" which Miss Viola Temple, as one of the most popular stage dancers of the British metropolis, had enjoyed. That fact had been at the bottom of Lord Troyte's scheme of the Lystrian marriage. With the cool, far-seeing wisdom for which he was noted he had seen in the union a double purpose, the saving of his nephew from an undesirable alliance with a dancer who did not happen to be a princess, and the exploitation of the Lystrian oil fields in the interests of England. He had once remarked to me, when we both felt that we must "save" Norheys from Viola Temple:

"If England is to hold her place in the van of the world's progress she must control an adequate supply of oil. With an English king on the throne of Lystria and an English company at work in the oil fields—"

Troyte is a great statesman. Only a great statesman could or would say a thing like that. Only a sincerely patriotic man could have conceived such a scheme.

The princess, one arm still around Viola's neck, cooed into her ear: "I'm so glad you've got him safe. I wouldn't have taken him from you for anything. And now I'm married, too. Isn't it splendid? And only for your beautiful letter perhaps neither ever would have been."

"I should like," said Troyte with dignity, "to have some conversation with the patriarch."

The patriarch, it seemed, wanted to have some conversation with Troyte. He had been pushing his way through the excited nobles while the princess was kissing Viola. As soon as he had secured a place for himself in the front row, he made a speech.

It was partly in Lystrian and partly in German. Troyte understands neither language. He turned to me to interpret for him.

"What's he saying?" he asked. My German is rusty through long disuse, and I never knew any Lystrian. However, I think I picked up the main thing the patriarch wanted to say.

"As far as I can make out," I said, "he's trying to tell you that one Lord Norheys will do quite as well as another. The coronation is to be this afternoon."

"But," said Troyte, "this young man isn't Lord Norheys. Tell him that."

I told him. After I had finished, Janet Church told him again, in much better German than mine. We did not make much impression on the patriarch. All he said in reply was that if the Lystrians could not have Graf Bunny Norheys, they would be perfectly satisfied with Graf Tommy. "Tell him," said Troyte, "that this young man isn't a count and isn't Norheys at all."

Then Tommy joined in. "There's no use saying I'm not Norheys when I am," he said, "though I spell my name with two 'r's' instead of an 'rh,' which strikes me as a more sensible way of doing it. As for my not being a count, if you can get that into the patriarch's head, you'll do more than I can. I've been at him all morning and so has Miss Church. We've assured him over and over again that I'm not a count. But he can't be got to understand. Not that I care what he calls me, only I didn't want any irregularity about the marriage, which there might have been if I was married under a wrong name."

"The confusion," I said, "in the patriarch's mind probably arises from the custom, prevalent all over Europe, of every member of a titled family using the title. Take the Casimirs, for instance. I don't know how many Casimirs there are—"

"They're all Casimirs," said Tommy, waving his hand toward a group of Lystrian nobles. "All except seven."

"And I'm sure," I said, "that they're all counts."

"Every single one of them," said Tommy.

"So you see," I said to Troyte, "how the patriarch's mistake arose. He naturally thought that everyone called Norheys must be a marquis."

"But he isn't," said Troyte. "Is it worth while," I said, "correcting the mistake now?"

Apparently Troyte thought it was. He insisted on having what he called a conference with the patriarch. I do not think the patriarch liked it, for there was a wedding feast waiting to be eaten in the great hall of the castle. But Troyte was firm. He and the patriarch and Cable went off, taking Janet with them to act as interpreter. The princess and Lady Norheys went away together, their arms round each other. Poor Lady Norheys had been traveling fast for days. I think she wanted a bath and some clothes before she sat down to the banquet amid the magnificent nobles of Lystria.

While I had no doubts at the time that Tommy would make quite an acceptable king of Lystria, as would Lord Norheys, I also had no doubt that Lady Norheys would have been a much more attractive queen consort than the somewhat plain Calypso. That matter, however, had been ended, and Tommy evidently was more satisfied with the turn of events. As for Lord Norheys, I remembered a remark he had once made to me:

"I'm not a prejudiced sort of fellow.

What I always say about things is this: A fellow may not have been at a decent school, but he may be quite a decent sort of fellow. It's the same with girls."

And he had won the girl of his choice. The loss of the throne of Lystria he viewed with the utmost equanimity.

I could not feel that I had been a great help, either to Troyte, Lord Norheys, or my sister Emily, in the whole matter, though it is worthy of record that Norheys still calls me "Uncle Bill" and comes to me for advice when he is in trouble, which is more or less frequently. He never by any chance takes my advice, however. I dare say he would get into worse trouble if he did.

On this occasion I was not asked for advice. My nephew and his charming bride evidently had a perfect understanding as to their future participation in Lystrian affairs.

I gathered that when Norheys took Tommy by the arm and spoke to him confidentially.

"I say, you know, about your being king instead of me and all that, I'm jolly glad. Never really wanted the job a bit. Only promised to take it on to please Uncle Ned. All the same,



"I Think You Owe Me a Good Turn."

don't you know, I think you owe me a good turn: Only for my sticking to Viola through thick and thin in spite of everything that everybody said, you wouldn't be here, would you?"

"If there's any mortal thing I can do for you in any way," said Tommy, "just tell me what it is."

"Thanks," said Norheys. "Well, I've married Viola, you know, and of course she's a marchioness of Norheys and all that, which ought to be good enough and is good enough. All the same, the world's full of old cats. I'm not talking of Uncle Ned now. But there are cats, aunts, you know, and lots more who aren't even aunts. They'll be inclined to sniff a bit at Viola, on account of her being a dancer on the stage and that sort of thing. Now, what I always say is this: I don't care a d— what a girl was, dancer or anything else. No more do you. No more does any sensible man. But if there are cats in the world—and there's no use denying that—that what I say is, that it's better to have them purring than mewling."

Norheys' idea, no doubt, was fundamentally sound, but I had my misgivings as to the amount of purring my sister Emily would do when she heard of his marriage to a young lady who had become prominent as a public dancer. Emily has her own ideas on many subjects, and her views are not easily changed. She is a most religious woman and devoted to the church, it has been hinted to such an extent that occasionally she seriously embarrasses the rector of her parish.

I did not see how Tommy could prevent Norheys' aunts, and the other ladies who were not his aunts from mewling if they wanted to. Norheys explained:

"If a fellow—I mean to say, a girl, is properly received at court, accepted by royalty, don't you know?—then she's all right. It doesn't make a bit of difference, in reality, of course, but the sort of people I'm thinking about believe it does. Now if you could see your way—you and Calypso—when you're king and queen—if you'd take Viola into the royal circle, why nobody could say a word after that, could they?"

I saw Norheys' point at last. In the days of King Wladislawa a lady's reputation might not have been established by the fact that she was a favorite at the Lystrian court. But things would be quite different when Tommy reigned.

"Whatever we can do," said Tommy heartily, "will be done at once. Lady of the Bedchamber now? or Keeper of the Royal Robes? I don't know much about these jobs. But the best of them, whatever it is, will be Lady Norheys' this evening. And if I have an order to bestow—I haven't inquired yet, but I suppose I have—"

"There's the Golden Ador of Lystria," I said. "Very few people outside the royal family have it."

"It shall be yours," said Tommy. "The very finest."

Norheys, "the very finest" of my hands on it.

[The scene ends with a flourish.]

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 24th day of May A. D. 1925.

Present: Servetus A. Correll, Probate Judge. In the Matter of the Estate of Joseph Parks, Deceased.

The above estate having been admitted to probate and Andrew J. Suffern appointed administrator thereof. It is ordered that four months from this date be given for creditors to present their claims against said estate, and that such claims will be heard by said court on Monday, the 14th day of September, A. D. 1925, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, at the probate office in the City of Charlevoix.

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

MORTGAGE SALE

Default having been made in the conditions of a certain mortgage made and executed by Fred Crowell and Frances Crowell, who joins both as wife and in her own right, of East Jordan, Charlevoix County, Michigan, to Amelia A. Lewis of Tecumseh, County of Lenawee, Michigan, which said mortgage bears date the 21st day of September, 1918, and was recorded on the 23rd day of September, 1918 in Liber 39 of Mortgages on page 631 in the office of the Register of Deeds in and for the county of Charlevoix, Michigan. By reason of said default there is now claimed to be due, and is due, upon said mortgage at the date of this notice, including principal, interest and attorney fee, the sum of One Thousand One Hundred Five (\$1105.00) 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 15th day of June, 1925, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon of said day, at the front door of the Court House in the City of Charlevoix, County of Charlevoix and State of Michigan, that being the building wherein the Circuit Court for the County of Charlevoix is held, the premises described in said mortgage which are as follows, to-wit:

The South Half (5/8) of the Southwest Quarter (SW 1/4) of Section Thirty-six (36); Town Thirty-three (33) North, Range Seven (7) West, containing eighty (80) acres of land more or less, together with the hereditaments and appurtenances thereunto belonging, or so much thereof as may be necessary to satisfy the debt, costs and charges aforesaid.

AMELIA A. LEWIS, Mortgagee. Dated at East Jordan, Michigan, Mar. 20, 1925. CLINK & WILLIAMS, Attorneys for Mortgagee. Business Address: East Jordan, Mich.

HEAD STUFFED FROM CATARRH OR A COLD

Says Cream Applied in Nostrils Opens Air Passages Right Up.

Instant relief—no waiting. Your clogged nostrils open right up; the air passages of your head clear and you can breathe freely. No more hawking, snuffing, blowing, headache, dryness. No struggling for breath at night; your cold or catarrh disappears.

Get a small bottle of Ely's Cream Balm from your druggist now. Apply a little of this fragrant, antiseptic, healing cream in your nostrils; it penetrates through every air passage of the head, soothes the inflamed or swollen mucous membrane and relieves instantly. It's just fine. Don't get confused with a cold or nasty catarrh.

FEW FOLKS HAVE GRAY HAIR NOW

Druggist Says Ladies Are Using Recipe of Sage Tea and Sulphur

Hair that loses its color and lustre, or when it fades, turns gray, dull and lifeless, is caused by a lack of sulphur in the hair. Our grandmother made up a mixture of Sage Tea and Sulphur to keep her locks dark and beautiful, and thousands of women and men who value that even color, that beautiful dark shade of hair which is so attractive, use only this old-time recipe.

Nowadays we get this famous mixture improved by the addition of other ingredients by asking at any drug store for a bottle of "Wetly's Sage and Sulphur Compound," which darkens the hair so naturally, so evenly, that nobody can possibly say it has been applied. You just dampen a sponge or soft brush with it and draw this through your hair, taking one small strand at a time. By morning the gray hair disappears; but what delights the ladies with Wetly's Sage and Sulphur Compound is that, besides beautifully darkening the hair after a few applications, it also brings back the gloss and lustre and gives it an appearance of abundance.

CUT THIS OUT—IT IS WORTH MONEY

Send this ad and ten cents to Foley & Co., 2635 Sheffield Ave., Chicago, Ill., writing your name and address clearly. You will receive a sample bottle of FOLEY'S HONEY AND TAR COMPOUND for Coughs and Colds, and free sample packages of FOLEY PILLS and FOLEY CATHARTIC TABLETS. Try these good remedies. Hite's Drug Store, adv.

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.

L. R. HARDY D. C. Ph. C. Palmer Graduate Chiropractor OFFICE HOURS: 9:00 to 11:30 a. m. 2:00 to 5:00 p. m. 7:00 to 8:00 p. m. OVER BENNETT'S STORE Main St. East Jordan, Mich.

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Rub Backache away with small trial bottle of old "St. Jacobs Oil."

When your back is sore and lame or lumbago, sciatica or rheumatism has you stiffened up, don't suffer! Get a small trial bottle of old, honest "St. Jacobs Oil" at any drug store, pour a little in your hand and rub it right on your aching back, and by the time you count fifty, the soreness and lameness is gone.

Don't stay crippled! This soothing, penetrating oil needs to be used only once. It takes the pain right out and ends the misery. It is magical, yet absolutely harmless and doesn't burn the skin. Nothing else stops lumbago, sciatica, backache or rheumatism so promptly. Don't be disappointed!

Nothing else stops lumbago, sciatica, backache or rheumatism so promptly. Don't be disappointed!