

Charlevoix County Herald.

VOLUME 30

EAST JORDAN, MICHIGAN, FRIDAY, DECEMBER 3, 1926.

NUMBER 49

Was Killed In Auto Crash

G. E. Pray Killed When Machine Hits Bus on Ice Covered Road.

George E. Pray, 74, former prominent business man of Traverse City was killed outright shortly after 10 o'clock Tuesday morning when the automobile in which he was driving skidded on a hill on M. 11, seven miles north of Elk Rapids, and crashed into a Traverse City-Petoskey bus.

Witnesses of the crash told Coroner John Dockery that Pray was driving toward Elk Rapids and proceeding down the hill. Sighting the bus about to approach the incline, it is believed he applied the brakes so as to avoid skidding when he passed it, but the rear end of the machine swung around on the ice-covered roadway and slid down the hill, crashing sidewise into the bus.

The bus, which had been driven to the side of the road, was forced into the ditch by the crash. After crashing into the bus, the automobile careened to the opposite side of the road and went through a fence. Pray was dead when occupants of the bus reached him. The coroner attributed death due to injuries about the head, internal injuries and shock. The bus driver was exonerated from any blame.

Pray is survived by the widow, who resides in Traverse City. No inquest will be held. An only son, Harry, was killed in action during the World war.

Independent Indoor Base Ball Club Is Organized

Last Thursday afternoon a number of East Jordan Indoor Base Ball fans got together and organized an Independent Team.

There will be four teams in the League consisting of Traverse City, Petoskey, Boyne City and East Jordan. A game is being arranged with Petoskey which will probably be played there some time the coming week.

Among the East Jordan players proposed for the local team are: Jack McKinnon, E. Johnson, H. Shepard, H. Lee, Pete Shumar, Ted Malpass, F. Ogel, R. G. Watson, A. W. Frieberg, L. W. Ellis, Norman Whiteford, W. St. Charles, E. Shaw.

Manitou Island Rye Wins National Honor

The rye producing championship of North America, Tuesday, was awarded to George and L. C. Butzler, brothers, South Manitou Island, Lake Michigan, at the twenty-seventh annual International Livestock exposition held at Chicago.

Ten families live on the little island 10 miles off the shore of Michigan. Only Rosen rye is produced on South Manitou, so that the seed may be kept pure.

East Jordan Wins Basket Ball Game

The Petoskey Portland Cement Company basket ball team played their second game of the season at East Jordan last Friday night with the East Jordan Independents and were defeated by the Jordanites 30 to 22. The game was hotly contested throughout, East Jordan taking a lead early and holding it during the entire game. They led at the end of the first quarter 8 to 7; at the half 16 to 13; and after the third quarter 20 to 17.

In the last two minutes of the final quarter, the East Jordan center, Lee, of Western State Normal fame, furnished a thrill for the fans when he dropped in two field goals from the center of the floor. Further scoring during the period brought the final score to 30 to 21.

East Jordan will play a return game early in December, although the exact date has not been set.—Petoskey News.

"By and Large"

This expression has about the same meaning as, comprehensively, on the whole, or everything considered. For instance, Mark Twain says in "Old Times": "Taking you by and large, you do seem to be more different kinds of an ass than any creature I ever saw before."—Pathfinder Magazine.

Boyer City Moonshiners Bound Over To Circuit Court

(From Boyne Citizen)

Mrs. May Spencer who resides on South Lake St. and Archie Adams, a young man in her employ have been arraigned on a liquor charge and bound over by Judge Cole. Mike Schnenski and Mrs. Carrie Schnenski who live east of Boyne Falls were also arrested on a similar charge and will be tried at the next term of court. The County officers next searched the house of Jim Crandall in North Boyne and found a still, 80 gallons of perfectly good moonshine mash and 8 gallons of moonshine, which was destroyed. The owner was absent but his family was there and he will not long escape the law.

In the case of May Spencer, a car drove up to the door on Lake St., and one of the occupants called on Mrs. Spencer—then the caller returned to the street and directed the driver to send up "the package in the back seat"—the package went "up" per order—then a black spot, not unlike an airplane, could be seen flying low and at great speed from the north side of town, it did not sooner come to a stop than the officers dismounted and called on Mrs. Spencer. While one entertained the lady of the house, the others scrutinized the room for "the package that had been in the back seat," but there was nothing doing until it was noticed that a window screen was flopping. One of the officers asked to be excused and around the house he went and under the window with the flopping screen he found, nestled in the deep snow the package that had made a journey in the "back seat" which proved to be when undressed a galvanized jug of moonshine. It was an embarrassing situation. The stuff so highly prized but a few minutes before became an outcast—disclaimed by its maker, the salesman and the purchaser. In fact corked up in a dark jug it menaced not only the happiness but the liberty of its former friends and there it stood in the hands of the law, threatening those who would have trafficked in its maddening and merciless power.

Port Huron—Three birthdays were observed by members of Otto Fetting's family on November 20, last. Mr. Fetting, a real estate dealer, observed his fifty-fifth birthday, a grandson, Roger, observed his sixth, and a granddaughter her second birthday.

Big Rapids—Nine students of Ferris Institute narrowly escaped death recently when flames swept a dormitory occupied by Negroes. The building was turned over to the institute several years ago by Senator Woodbridge N. Ferris for use of the Negro students.

Port Huron—The sand and gravel steamer H. Houghton, owned by the Service Gravel Co., of Marysville, which caught fire and sank in the North Channel below Algonac, has been declared a total loss. Capt. Robert B. Young and a crew of 18 men reached shore in a life boat. They were in no danger.

Michigan Center—With only 16 boys in the high school, Michigan Center turned out a team that downed all opposition in Jackson County for the County title. The team averages 185%, and with only three substitutes available, it scored an impressive record. Every boy on the squad will return next season.

Muskegon—Announcement of intention to form a \$150,000 corporation to develop a rich deposit of iron ore found recently on the farm of Captain George Smith, 18 miles from Muskegon on the Trent Road, has been made here. Ore was first found when an employee on the farm turned several pieces up while plowing several weeks ago.

Sault Ste. Marie—Eugene Guzzo, of Sault Ste. Marie, Ont., hunting with a friend during the deer season, saw a deer lying in the snow. Believing it was dead, Guzzo grabbed its horns and bestrode its neck. He was taken for a two-mile dash through the woods before the animal, leaping a creek, became mired under the double weight. The deer escaped when Guzzo leaped off its back.

Marquette—Fred W. Green, governor-elect, was successful on his recent hunting trip in Alger county, as he managed to bring down a large buck with a fine spread of horns. The new governor expressed the opinion that if the deer season opened about November 20, instead of November 15, the hunters would find the bucks running with the does and would have better luck filling their licenses.

The First Call



School Notes

The Band will give a special concert Dec. 8th. See the notice elsewhere in this paper.

Next number of Lyceum Course comes to us Dec. 18th.

Alfred Larson is back in school after a long illness of pneumonia.

Dorothy Cook has returned to her studies, after having been ill for one week.

MUSIC DEPARTMENT.

The Music Department is under the capable supervision of Miss Dorothy Kelly again this year. The early part of the year a glee club consisting of the boys and girls in the high school who were interested in music was formed. The glee club meets every Wednesday night after school and now has some very fine numbers worked up. There is also a Girls' Glee Club consisting of about thirty members which meets every Thursday night after school. The first public appearance of these two organizations will be on Dec. 15th when the two glee clubs assisted by the male quartette, the Junior High School students and the High School Orchestra will give a musical program in the High School Auditorium. The program will be varied with a few dramatic readings. A small admission will be charged and the proceeds will go to the benefit of the Junior High School music fund.

THE THANKSGIVING ASSEMBLY

The Thanksgiving program at Assembly was given by the Junior High School. It was in the form of a play which was very pleasingly given and enjoyed by all.

Cast of Characters
Teacher—Lois Healey
Widow Thornton—Vera Hammond
Caroline Thornton—Marvel Rogers
Mr. Brown—Joe Boyd
Scene I is in the school room where the teacher is assigning parts for a Thanksgiving program. The refusal of Caroline Thornton to take part leads to the next scene.
Scene II—in the home of widow Thornton. The mortgage on the home is about to be foreclosed by Mr. Brown when the unexpected recovery of the family fortune brings

joy and Thanksgiving to the household. Caroline decided to take part in the school program.

Scene III takes place in the school room where the following Thanksgiving program is held.

Song—"By the Mississippi"—Ethel Staley, Moreen Bulow, Loretta LaValley, Honorine Blaik, Vera Montroy, Lois Healey, Marie Flannery.
Talks—Pilgrims in England—Jasop Snyder.

Pilgrims in Holland—Roy Gundersen

Exploring about Cape Cod—Wm. Russell.

Landing of Pilgrims—Peter Hegerberg

Sketch—"Miss Agnes"—Eloise Davis

Gwendolyn Malpass

The Pilgrims and Indians—Harold Reed.

First Winter in Plymouth—Wm. Holstad.

Old Time Ballads—"Billie Boy,"

"Be Kind to the Loved Ones at Home"—Marie Flannery, Henry Alexander.

The First Thanksgiving Proclamation by George Washington—Read by Marian Maddock.

Cadillac—The Acme Motor Truck company has announced the purchase of the United Motor Products company of Grand Rapids, a concern which for the last four years had manufactured the United line of Motor trucks. The purchase includes the material on hand and the right to use the trade name "United." It is the intention of the Acme company to manufacture the line of United trucks as well as Acmes, which will necessitate bringing to Cadillac a portion of the present United organization.

Ann Arbor—387,911 spectators saw Michigan perform this season, according to statistics unofficially disclosed here. This exceeds the figure of last year, which was acknowledged as a new world's record at that time. The Michigan-Ohio game drew the largest attendance of the season and the largest in the history of football. The official attendance was 90,411. Had Michigan's new stadium been available, an additional 87,500 persons would have attended, which would have raised the total to 464,411.

Paper From Wood Pulp

Charles Fenerty experimented for many years and in 1841 made public his invention of the process for making paper from wood pulp.

Feeding Minerals To Dairy Cattle

County Agr'l Agent Mellencamp Makes Some Valuable Suggestions to Dairymen.

This question is of vital importance to the successful dairymen who wants to make the most money out of his cows this winter. More and more dairy experts are realizing that minerals are of greater importance than we have previously supposed, and day by day we are learning more about them and how to use them.

Briefly the following minerals are discussed:—

SALT

Salt furnishes sodium, which is needed in the blood, and chlorine, which is used in making hydrochloric acid for the stomach. Livestock may be allowed free access to salt, or where grain is fed liberally, the salt may be mixed with the grain at the rate of one pound of salt to one hundred pounds of grain mixture. If feeding grain lightly, mix one pound and a half of salt to one hundred pounds of grain. By all means don't be saving on salt.

IODINE

A deficiency of iodine in the ration results in goitre or big neck in calves. Water from certain wells contain sufficient iodine, while in others it does not, which accounts for some farms having this difficulty and others not. Where goitre occurs the thorough mixing of one-tenth pound of finely pulverized sodium iodine or potassium iodine with one hundred pounds of salt and this fed to meet the salt requirements is sufficient.

PHOSPHORUS

The mineral element most likely to be deficient in the ration of dairy cattle is phosphorus. It is essential for growth, reproduction, and milk production. As a rule roughages are low in phosphorus and high protein concentrates are high. Among feeds high in phosphorus are bone flour, cottonseed meal, wheat bran, oil meal, and middlings. Feeds low in phosphorus are all the hays and straws and common cereals. So therefore, if you are feeding grain that is high in phosphorus, as the ones listed above, probably enough will be available without any additional amount, but if grains low in this element are used, steam bone-meal should be added.

DEPRAVED APPETITE

Depraved or perverted appetite is prevalent in certain sections of Michigan. It is manifested by the eating of materials not classed as food, such as bone, wood, hair, sticks, bark of trees, dirt and manure. Growing animals and milking cows are more subject to this condition than others. Cows thus afflicted decrease in milk flow noticeably. This indicates a deficiency in the ration. It may be due to lack of quality in the roughage or lack of phosphorus, the latter more apt to be true. Depraved appetite in an extreme form rarely occurs where either cottonseed meal, wheat bran, or oil meal are fed liberally, but usually occurs where alfalfa hay, perverted appetite occurs more frequently and corn and oats are fed. This usually in spring and early summer.

Where this disorder is prevalent, a mixture of one part of salt and two parts of odorless steamed bone meal should be kept before the animals at all times.

CALCIUM

Calcium is one of the principal mineral elements in the skeleton, fetus and milk. It is usually regarded as the element most likely to be deficient in the ration. This is also a symptom of depraved appetite. The following feeds are high in calcium: bone flour, cow-pea hay, soy-bean hay, clover hay, and alfalfa hay, while other hays, cereal grains, and high protein concentrates are low in calcium. You will note that the feeds high in calcium are exactly the reverse in the case of phosphorus. Skimmed and whole milk are exceptionally good sources of calcium for young calves. Cows producing less than 10,000 pounds of milk a year and receiving a good quality hay in abundance, do not need a mineral supplement supplying calcium, but it is advisable to add calcium to the ration of high producing cows.

Mineral Supplements Furnishing both Calcium and Phosphorus.

Raw Rock Phosphate—

High grade raw rock phosphate contains as much calcium and phosphorus as bone-meal and in a much cheaper form. However, results at the M. S. C. Experiment Station, show that steamed bone meal is much superior to raw rock phosphate. In fact the raw rock phosphate had a detrimental effect on the health of the animals. Cows receiving a 1.5 per cent raw rock phosphate ration were inferior in every way to those who received none, therefore this mineral should not be

fed to dairy cattle.

Acid Phosphate—
Its use cannot be recommended to dairy cattle, until more experimental work is conducted on it.

Raw Bone Meal—

Raw Bone Meal should not be fed to dairy cattle, since it is only heated sufficiently to remove loose flesh and not enough to destroy disease germs, also the odor is objectionable.

Steamed Bone Meal—

This is not a standard product, but varies greatly in composition, odor, color and palatability. Bone meal having an objectionable odor is not as good for dairy cattle even though it has been properly steamed, as the odorless steamed bone meal. Odorless meal is a superior product made by thoroughly extracting and cooking the bones, then drying. This is a light colored product, palatable, and free from disease germs.

However, steamed bone meal ranks next to the odorless meal, so if using the steamed bone meal, do not discard it, but continue using it until you are able to get the odorless.

Minerals Supplying Calcium Only

Marl—

Marl usually carries too many impurities to be used as a source of lime. However, a very high grade marl is probably just as good a source of calcium as ground limestone rock.

Wood Ashes—

Wood ashes may be used as a feed, but they do not contain as much calcium as limestone.

Oyster and Clam Shells—

Ground oyster and clam shells are usually more expensive than ground limestone and there is no evidence that they are superior for dairy cattle.

Finely Ground Limestone—

Finely ground limestone rock is the cheapest form of calcium to feed as a supplement. Poor grades, however, should not be fed since they usually contain many impurities.

Complex Mineral Mixtures—

Many expensive complex mineral mixtures are being fed to dairy cattle. These mixtures usually consist of various combinations of bone meal, calcium carbonate, common salt, copras, sulphur, glauber salts, potassium iodine, hard wood ashes and charcoal, the theory behind such a mixture of this sort is that if one mineral does not do the work, another will. In the past the belief has been if the mixture did not help, it at least did no harm. At our Station, however, results with heifers fed a mineral mixture in addition to a basal ration, show that it is very harmful when fed over a long period. The mixture retarded body development and produced an unhealthy appearance. Reproduction was also affected. In fact the cows fed the complex mineral mixture have not yet produced a normal calf. The calves have been born dead or in a weakened condition. Other heifers in same group fed without the mineral mixture have produced normal calves, in every case. At the present time two of the five heifers in the experiment have died. Therefore never feed a mineral mixture to dairy cattle as a part of the dairy ration.

Simple Mineral Mixtures to Feed.

1. For both growing or milking cattle, receiving hay and silage or pasture and little or no grain.
200 lbs. Odorless steamed bone meal
100 lbs. Salt

300 lbs. Total Mix
Allow free access to this mixture at all times.

2. For heavy producing cows, receiving a liberal grain ration, silage and legume hay.
100 lbs. Odorless steamed bone meal
100 lbs. Finely ground limestone rock
100 lbs. Salt

300 lbs. Total Mix
Add three pounds of this mixture to 100 lbs. of grain in the ration.

3. For growing or milking cattle receiving poor quality of roughage (Timothy hay, cereal straw, corn stalks, etc.) silage, and a liberal grain ration.
150 lbs. Odorless steamed bone meal
150 lbs. finely ground limestone rock
100 lbs. Salt

400 lbs. Total Mix
Add four pounds of this mixture to 100 lbs. of grain.

On farms where goitre is prevalent, one-tenth pound of finely pulverized potassium or sodium iodine should be thoroughly mixed with 100 lbs. salt.

Feeding Minerals on Pasture.

The pastures of Michigan are usually low in phosphorus. Where pasture is the only feed, heavy producing cows will usually drop in milk production, and in some cases depraved appetite follows. Where pasture is supplemented with grains high in phosphorus, no mineral supplement is necessary, but where no grain is fed, bone meal should be mixed with salt at the rate of two parts bone meal to one part salt and

(Continued on Second Page)

New Cancer Treatment Devised



A revolution in cancer treatment may be effected soon by a device invented by George Spertl, director of the Basic Science Research Laboratory, University of Cincinnati, which is designed to focus to a sharp point the rays from an X-ray tube on the affected part. Formerly the diffusion of the rays over a large part of the body not affected caused irritation to healthy tissue and susceptibility to the disease. The photograph shows George Spertl at work in his laboratory.

Finn War Heroine



Dagmar Ruin of Finland, wounded three times and five times decorated for bravery under fire in the World war and the Independence wars of Finland and Estonia, who has come to the United States to study American methods of caring for war invalids.

Marquette—Fire recently destroyed five buildings in the village of Northland, Marquette county, and threatened to wipe out the entire village. A change of wind during the progress of the fire saved the remainder of the buildings. The Northland general store, a hotel, soft drink parlor, E and L S. railroad warehouse and village postoffice were burned to the ground. The loss was estimated at \$40,000 including stock in the general store valued at \$8,000.

Detroit—Out of every hundred shoppers who enter Detroit's downtown district during the day, 24 are transported in motor buses or jitneys, 19 drive their own automobiles and 57 use the street cars. Of the 19 who supply their own transportation, 10 leave their cars parked on the street, while the other nine patronize parking lots and garages. These averages were struck through the three-day traffic survey sponsored recently by the Retail Merchants' Association.

Muskegon—Efforts of the Insull interests of Illinois to obtain a foothold in Michigan transportation circles is seen in the application of the Grand Rapids Trust Co. receiver for the Grand Rapids, Grand Haven & Muskegon Railway Co., to obtain a franchise to operate a bus line between Muskegon, Grand Haven and Grand Rapids. The application for the bus line indicates that the local interurban line will be junked as was the Holland-Grand Rapids line.

Detroit—Masons of Detroit formally dedicated their new Temple on Thanksgiving afternoon, before an audience estimated at approximately 50,000. The new Masonic home is the largest in the world and dignitaries of the order from all parts of the United States, and from as far distant as Alberta, Canada, attended the formal exercises. The parade, in which 25,000 Master Masons participated, was the most colorful the city has witnessed in recent years. The total cost of temple was \$7,000,000.

Will somebody please set that spike maul up next to our desk. The fellow who is always predicting a long, hard winter is headed in our direction.

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. These rates are for cash only. Ten cents extra per insertion if charged.

FOR SALE—MISCELLANEOUS

FOR SALE—Team of Horses, weight 2800 lbs. ARTHUR BRINTNALL, East Jordan. 46-t. f.

FOR SERVICE—Purebred O. I. C. BOARS—EDW. THORSEN, East Jordan, phone 165-F22. 46-t. f.

I still have one male FOX TERRIER Puppy For Sale. Price \$5.00.—ROY L. HARRIS, East Jordan. 48-2

FOR SALE—Purebred Mammoth Bronze Turkeys, Champion strain, large and vigorous. MRS. B. SMATTS, Phone 118-F31, Route 1, East Jordan. 45-8

REPAIRS—You can get Repairs for any Stove, Range, Engines, Cars, Sewing Machines, Cream Separator, Plow, or any Farm Machinery at C. J. MALPASS HDWE. CO. 10-t. f.

CHARLEVOIX CO. HERALD

G. A. LISK, Publisher.
Subscription Rate—\$1.50 per year.
Entered at the Postoffice at East Jordan, Michigan, as second class mail matter.

NORTH WILSON
(Edited by L. Knop)

William Burdt of Alma, has been visiting his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Fred Burdt for a few days.

Mrs. Harley LaCroix and children of Advance spent the week end with her mother, Mrs. Fritz Behling.

Rev. W. Opitz of Petoskey took dinner with Mr. and Mrs. Fred Schroeder, Sunday.

Mrs. Luther Brintnall and daughter, Anna Mare, of Afton visited her parents, Mr. and Mrs. E. Schultz, Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Schroeder and family spent Sunday at the Fred Bergman home.

August and Karl Knop and sister, Margaret, who have been visiting relatives at the Soo for the last two weeks, returned home Sunday.

Frank Behling Jr., buzzed wood for Fred Schroeder, Monday.

Matelda and Louise Knop left for Chicago, Tuesday, where they will visit their sisters, Mrs. H. Eggersdorf and Mrs. A. W. Walters.

Dorothy and Mary Behling who are attending High School at Boyne City, spent the week end with their parents.

Ralph Lenosky was a business caller at the home of A. J. Weldy, Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Knop of Deer Lake visited at the home of C. F. Knop, Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. E. Cook of Charlevoix and Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Weldy ate their Thanksgiving dinner at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Edw. Weldy.

Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Reidel and family of Deer Lake were callers at the C. F. Knop home Thanksgiving.

Fred Behling brothers baled hay for August and C. F. Knop this week.

Thirty-five young people enjoyed a Thanksgiving supper at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Karl Bergman.

Mrs. A. J. Weldy visited her daughter Mrs. Albert Lenosky, Monday.

PENINSULA

(Edited by Mrs. E. Hayden)

A very enjoyable affair was the dinner party at the home of Mr. and Mrs. George Weaver in East Jordan Thanksgiving day, which was the 17th anniversary of their marriage, and also the fortieth anniversary of Mrs. Weaver's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Ira McKee of Star Dist. Those who attended were—Mr. and Mrs. Ira McKee, Star Dist.; Mr. and Mrs. David Gaunt and son, Ralph, and daughter Mammie; Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Johnston and family of Three Bells Dist.; Robert Myers, of Mountain Dist.; Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Earls of Boyne City, together with the Weaver family made 21. A bountiful dinner was served. Both Mr. and Mrs. Weaver and Mr. and Mrs. McKee received some very nice presents.

Mr. and Mrs. T. J. Hitchcock and son, Burton, of East Jordan and Mrs. A. Reich and children of Lone Ash farm were guests to Thanksgiving dinner at Orchard Hill with Mr. and Mrs. F. K. Hayden and Mrs. J. W. Hayden and sons, Cash and Robert. Richard Russell returned Thursday evening from the Black river, where he had been hunting for two weeks with a party, bringing home a fine deer.

Will Scott buzzed wood for Isaac Flora in Mountain Dist. last week.

When Doty Nice of East Jordan came to the Lyle Wilson farm, Monday, to buy turkeys for Christmas, one took a notion he wanted to stay on the farm a while longer and flew to the top of a tree and stayed there, when it took the combined efforts to dislodge.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Bogart and son Clare were guests of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Joel Bennett at Honey Slope farm from Thursday to Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Daniel Faust were dinner guests of their son, Elmer Faust and family at Mountain Ash farm for Thanksgiving.

Miss Mildred Wangeman, who is attending M. S. C. at Lansing, motored up with some others from Boyne City and East Jordan and spent Thanksgiving with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. F. H. Wangeman in Three Bells Dist. She returned to Lansing, Sunday.

Miss Katherine Wangeman who is attending High School in East Jordan spent the Thanksgiving vacation with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. F. H. Wangeman in Three Bells Dist.

Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Deitz of Loeb Farm and Miss Dorothy McDonald, who is teaching at Hillman, Miss Nita McDonald, who is teaching in Advance, and the Misses Opal and Minnie, who are attending High School in East Jordan, were home with their parents, Mr. and Mrs. Duncan McDonald in Three Bells Dist. for Thanksgiving.

Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Jardine and son, Jack, and daughter, Ann and a friend from Charlevoix called at the Duncan McDonald home Thanksgiving afternoon.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Wurn and son W. F. and Mr. Edgar Meteen, the Dairy Ass'n Tester of Star Dist.,

were dinner guests of Mr. and Mrs. Elwood Cyr in Boyne City for Thanksgiving.

Mrs. Elwood Cyr and Miss Alma Lamb of Boyne City were week end guests of Mr. and Mrs. Fred Wurn in Star Dist.

Melvin, the little son of Mr. and Mrs. Hubert Gould of Mountain Dist is very uncomfortable from a burn on his arm, which has become infected, and little Elva has hte tonsillitis, which the Doctor said might possibly be scarlet fever, so the Goulds did not have their Thanksgiving party as planned.

W. F. Wurn of Star Dist., who is a member of the Calf Club and whose calf took third prize at the Fair last fall, is very proud of his calf which became a cow last week dropping a male calf, which he sold for \$25.

Mr. and Mrs. Will McGreear and daughter, Doyla, of Boyne City were dinner guests of Mr. and Mrs. Jas. Arnott of Maple Row farm, Bunker Hill, north side for Thanksgiving.

Mr. and Mrs. James Arnott of Maple Row farm received word that their son, Dan Arnott of Grand Rapids was very seriously injured on Nov. 22, when he was run down by an auto while he was walking to his work, receiving a bad gash on his head and one leg badly injured.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Wurn are in receipt of a letter from their son, George Wurn, who is a Sergeant of the Police force, stating he had been to a Sergeant Club blow out, where 6,000 tickets were sent out.

The surprise party that was to have been held at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Albert Staley in Mountain Dist. Friday evening was not very largely attended on account of the storm.

Claude Stanley of Mountain Dist. moved to Boyne City last week, where he will spend the winter with his mother, Mrs. Laura Stanley.

Mrs. Mercy Woerful and daughter Phillis, and son, Geo., of Gravel Hill south side, spent Thanksgiving with her father, Geo. Jarman at Knoll Krest.

Mr. and Mrs. Gene Inmann and family of Boyne City took Thanksgiving dinner with Mr. and Mrs. Ray Loomis at Gravel Hill north side.

Peninsula residents will be interested to hear of the death of Jack Hepphey, an old resident, who died at the County Farm Nov. 24th, following a stroke of paralysis.

MILES DISTRICT

(Edited by Mrs. A. Miles)

Mr. and Mrs. Eugene Miles were callers Sunday at the home of Mr. and Mrs. L. Jensen, at Walnut Hill farm in Rock Elm.

Wesley Simmerman spent Sunday with his aunt, Mrs. Fred Bancroft.

Mr. and Mrs. Elmer Reed and family of East Jordan visited Sunday with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Jerry Moblo.

Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Moblo of Traverse City took dinner Friday with Mr. and Mrs. Jerry Moblo.

Clarence LaLonde of Flint was a caller in our neighborhood one day last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Clyde L. Strong of East Jordan, Mr. and Mrs. Eugene Miles spent Thanksgiving with their parents, Mr. and Mrs. A. Miles.

Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Moblo of Traverse City, who had spent Thanksgiving in Boyne City with relatives, were returning home Friday morning and on the grade west of the Miles schoolhouse, had the misfortune to have his car skid and turn completely around and then turn over in the fill. The car was badly damaged, but lucky for them neither one was hurt only suffered from the shock.

Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence Addis and little son were visitors at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Zoulek, north of East Jordan, on Thanksgiving.

Word has been received that Carl Moblo and Clifford LaClair arrived at St. Petersburg, Florida Nov. 24th. They made the trip in nine days, and are staying at the home of Carl's sister, Mrs. Alfred Raymond.

Mr. and Mrs. G. Steenhagen and sons, Henry and Gerrat, were dinner guests of Mr. and Mrs. John Weiland near Ellsworth on Thanksgiving.

Mr. and Mrs. John Ter Wee of East Jordan were callers Thursday morning at the A. Miles home.

Tax Notice

Taxes of the City of East Jordan, levied for State, County, County Roads, and School purposes will be due and payable at my office over Hite's Drug Store on and after Dec. 10th. If paid on or before Jan'y 10, 1927, no collection fee will be added. Thereafter a charge of four per cent will be added.

Office Hours:—9:00 to 11:00 a. m. and 1:00 to 5:00 p. m. Evenings, Saturdays and Pay Nights.
G. E. BOSWELL,
City Treasurer.

Society's Handicap

"I guess we may as well give up," sighed the president of the anti-propane society. "What's the trouble now?" asked his secretary. "I just read they are making more fountain pens than ever," he explained.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Soul on the Heights

Never does the human soul appear so strong as when it foregoes revenge, and dares to forgive an injury.—E. H. Chapin.

STATE NEWS IN BRIEF

Detroit—Caught under a tipped ladle of molten metal, Adam Osertowics, 48 years old, a worker in the Ford River Rouge plant, was instantly killed in the mills.

Grand Rapids—Struck down by another pedestrian who slipped and fell against her, Mrs. Velma Manwaring, 74 years old, suffered a fracture of the hip. The other pedestrian, apparently, was uninjured.

Traverse City—Commissioner Hoffmaister, at Lansing, in charge of state parks under the conservation department, has informed the Chamber of Commerce that Traverse City is to select its own caretaker next year. Many complaints were received last season on the manner in which the local park was operated.

Niles—Hurrying to the home of a neighbor, Mrs. Joseph Miller, who had fallen down a cellar stairway and incurred serious injuries, Mrs. William Boyle, 55, mistook the cellar door for the outside kitchen door and plunged down the same stairway. Her skull was fractured and she died without regaining consciousness.

Ann Arbor—Benny Oosterbaan, All-American end and the receiver of the famous "Benny to Benny" forward passing combination, was elected captain of the 1927 University of Michigan football eleven. Oosterbaan succeeds his forward-passing partner, Friedman, and has played on Conference championship teams the past two years.

Port Huron—Michael Snyder, 30 years old, employed by James H. Baker & Son on a road building job at Marysville, was killed when a loading crane came in contact with a high-tension wire. Snyder was holding a chain connected with the arm of the crane and received a heavy charge of electricity. Snyder was married and the father of two children.

Grand Rapids—With informal ceremony in which city officials and members of Community Improvement associations participated, the \$300,000 Franklin street viaduct over the 25 tracks of the Pere Marquette, Michigan Central and Pennsylvania rail roads were opened recently. The structure is nearly 1,400 feet long and is 52 feet wide. The railroads contributed \$180,000 toward its cost.

Munising—Vincent Kranz, Munising deer hunter, was wounded while driving his small coupe down a country road. Officials here believe that a hunter, seeing the coupe dimly through the trees, fired in the belief that it was a deer. The bullet struck the windshield and split in two. Half of the bullet struck Kranz in the jaw, knocking out several teeth, while the other half went through the top of the automobile.

Lansing—The Rapid Transit Corporation has filed an application with the Michigan Public Utilities Commission for authority to issue 30,000 shares of stock at \$100 a share, proceeds of which are to finance a monorail system from South Park, near Port Huron to Detroit. The corporation bought the stock and assets of the Michigan Elevated Railway Co. for \$140,000 and has incorporated in Delaware.

Detroit—Incorporation of the J. E. Book, Jr., corporation in the amount of \$4,025,000, immediately presages the beginning of construction on the 35-story Book Tower. Construction work on the new tower will commence soon after the first of the year. The basic plans for an 35-story structure will be adhered to. The building will have four stories below the ground and will rise 31 stories above the street or a total of 373 feet.

Ypsilanti—125 state and county highway officials and representative business men of Ypsilanti, Safford, Clinton, Jonesville, Coldwater, Sturgis and other nearby communities met at Evans Lake, 30 miles west of here, for a banquet in celebration of the opening of the new pavement on M-23, to be known as United States Highway No. 112. The new road provides a more direct route from Detroit to Chicago, cutting off nine and one-half miles from the distance as measured on M-17.

Lansing—A ready-made highway construction program, more than two thirds as large as the entire program completed in 1926 will be inherited by the incoming state administration. Including new contracts and uncompleted portions of existing contracts, the heritage will be \$27.9 million. In 1928 a total of \$50 million of highway construction was completed. Of the \$27 million held over about 170 miles is hard surface construction. The cost of finishing the projects is estimated at \$6,000,000 or more.

Detroit—An automobile with a dead man at the wheel skidded and bumped through the heavy Cass avenue traffic until finally it was wrecked against a signal light at Alexandrine street. When pedestrians and other motorists, who had been endangered by the zig-zag course of the car, reached the wreckage they found the driver at the steering wheel dead. It was first thought that the collision had killed the driver but on closer examination it was discovered that he had no injuries. Physicians said the driver's death was caused by apoplexy.

Feeding Minerals To Dairy Cattle

(Continued From First Page)

the cattle allowed free access.

Well Cured Hay Properly cured hay or green grass are needed not only for good health but also for normal reproduction.

The hay should be cured so as to preserve the high green color. The feeding of good quality hay will do more to keep up the health of the dairy herd than any other factor. Yellow corn is superior to white corn.

Conclusion It is a profitable plan to at least feed one or two pounds of either steamed bone meal or the odorless meal to every 100 lbs. of grain ration, no matter what your feed is.

If feeding no grain (which is a losing practice) mix 200 lbs. of meal to 100 lbs. salt and allow free access.

For heavy producing animals, feed quantities of steamed bone meal and limestone up to three or four lbs. as recommended above.

B. C. MELLENCAMP,
Co. Agr'l. Agent.

Black Satin Coat Is Ultra Fashionable



Extremely chic is this smart coat of black satin, trimmed with peach fox collar and cuffs, as shown by Georgette Olmstead, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer player. The under-arm bag is of gold brocade.

A pioneer is the fellow who can remember when forty dollars a month was considered a white collar job.

Our extra slice of pie for this week is awarded to the football player who ran towards the wrong goal.

PLEASANT HILL
(Edited by Anson Hayward)

Sunday School attendance on Nov. 28th was 19.

Mr. Hawley is not improving very much.

Deer hunters all got deer. Lewis Stanek called on A. Hayward, Saturday evening.

A. Hayward and family took dinner with Rev. H. VanDeventer on Thanksgiving.

George Carpenter is doing some trapping these days.

Bennett's Sunday School was not as large as usual, on account of the rain. Church was quite a number out.

Prayer meeting will be in the schoolhouse Wednesday evening, Dec. 1st.

Threshing beans and baling hay these days.

Everybody enjoyed Thanksgiving dinner, all had turkey or chicken and lots of other good eats.

Reports from Detroit that the Factories are laying a good many men off.

Ben Schroeder has moved to town.

Our mail man had hard work to get through on account of the snow.

The prayer meeting at Archie Kidders was well attended, their were 28 John Kearney has had quite a severe time with rheumatism, but is better at this writing.

Who remembers when not even a cotton-clad ankle showed?

SULPHUR IS BEST TO CLEAR UP UGLY, BROKEN OUT SKIN

Any breaking out of skin-irritation on face, neck or body is overcome quickest by applying Mentho-Sulphur, says a noted skin specialist. Because of its germ destroying properties, nothing has ever been found to take the place of this sulphur preparation that instantly brings ease from the itching, burning and irritation. Mentho-Sulphur heals eczema right up, leaving the skin clear and smooth. It seldom fails to relieve the torment or disfigurement. A little jar of Rowles Mentho-Sulphur may be obtained at any drug store. It is used like cold cream.

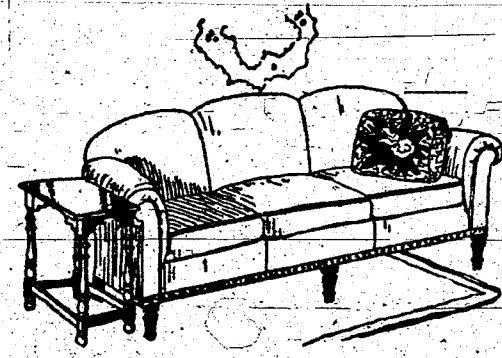
HEAD STUFFED FROM CATARRH OR A COLD

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 yawning, 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 relief comes instantly. It's just fine. Don't stay stuffed-up with a cold or nasty catarrh.

A Gift Suggestion For The Home



May we suggest as a gift that the entire family will enjoy an article of Furniture for the Living Room. Our stock of separate pieces or complete sets affords an ample range from which to choose.

R. G. WATSON
DEPENDABLE FURNITURE
Phone No. 66, East Jordan, Mich.

The Girl in the Mirror

Elizabeth Jordan

(CONTINUED)
CHAPTER XII

The House in the Cedars

Less than half a mile back, along the main road, Laurie found a country garage, in which he left his car. It was in charge of a silent but intelligent person, a somewhat unkempt and haggard middle-aged man, who agreed to keep the machine out of sight, to have it ready at any moment of the day or night, and to accept a handsome addition to his regular charge in return for his discretion. He was only mildly interested in his new patron, for he had classified him without effort. One of them college boys, this young fellow was, and up to some lark.

Just what form that lark might take was not a problem which stirred Henry Burke's sluggish imagination. Less than twenty hours before his seventh had been born; and his wife was delicate and milk was seventeen cents a quart, and the garage business was not what it had been. To the victim of these obscuring reflections the appearance of a handsome youth who dropped five-dollar bills around as if they were seed potatoes was in the nature of a miracle and an overwhelming relief. His mind centered on the five-dollar bills, and his lively interest in them assured Laurie of Burke's presence in the garage at any hour when more bills might possibly be dropped.

While he was lingeringly lighting a cigarette, Laurie asked a few questions. Who owned the big house back there in the cedar grove, on the bluff overlooking the sound? Burke didn't know. All he knew, and freely told, was that it had been empty ever since he himself had come to the neighborhood, "most two years ago."

Laurie strolled out of the garage with a well-assumed air of indifference to the perplexities of life, but his heart was racked by them. As he hesitated near the entrance, uncertain which way to turn, he saw that behind the garage there was a tool shed, and following the side path which led to this, he found in the rear of the shed a workman's bench, evidently little used in these cold January days. Tactfully, it invited the discoverer to solitude and meditation, and Laurie gratefully dropped upon it, glad of the opportunity to escape Burke's eye and uninterrupted thought things out. But the desired path of calm reflection was not for him then.

Theoretically, of course, his plan would be to wait until night and then, sheltered by the darkness, to approach the house, like a hero of melodrama, and in some way secure entrance. But even as this ready-made campaign presented itself, a dozen objections to it reared up in his mind. The first, of course, was the delay. It was not yet two o'clock in the afternoon, and darkness would not fall until five, even unwisely assuming that it would be safe to approach the place as soon as darkness came.

Too Much "Acid?"

Excess Uric Acid-Gives Rise to Many Unpleasant Troubles.

AUTHORITIES agree that an excess of uric acid is primarily due to faulty kidney action. Retention of this toxic material often makes its presence felt by sore, painful joints, a tired, languid feeling and, sometimes, toxic backache and headache. That the kidneys are not functioning right is often shown by scanty or burning passage of secretions. Thousands assist their kidneys at such times by the use of **Doan's Pills**—a stimulant diuretic. **Doan's** are recommended by many local people. Ask your neighbor!

DOAN'S PILLS

Stimulant Diuretic to the Kidneys
Foster-Milburn Co., Mfg. Chem., Buffalo, N. Y.

WHEN THE OLD BACK ACHES! Just how hard it is for a man (or a woman, either) with an aching back to nerve himself up to his task, go one but the sufferer can tell. When my back hurts and irregular secretions warn me of coming trouble, I take **Foley Pills**, a diuretic stimulant for the kidneys. They give me quick results. Ask Wm. F. Lague, Anderson, Ind., 402 W. 21st St., about **Foley Pills**. They are a reliable valuable medicine, guaranteed to give satisfaction. Cost little. Sold everywhere. — Elite's Drug Store.

In three hours all sorts of things might happen; and the prospect of marking time during that interval, while his unbridled imagination ran away with him, was one Laurie could not face.

On the other hand, what could he do in broad daylight? If he were seen, as he almost certainly would be, Shaw, careless now, perhaps, in his fancied security, would take precautions which might make impossible the night's work of rescue. That, of course, assuming that Shaw was still at the house among the cedars.

Was he? Laurie pondered that problem. Undoubtedly he had personally taken Doris there, he and the secretary. But the chances seemed about even that, having done this, he would leave her, for the day at least, either in charge of the secretary or of some caretaker. In that case—in that case—

The young man sprang to his feet. He would waste no more time in speculation. He would know, and at once, who was in that house with Doris. He swung back to the garage with determination in his manner, and entered the place so unexpectedly that Burke, who had fancied him a mile away, started at the sight of him. Then, with a contented smile, he stilled his nerves and kept his eyes on the bill the visitor held before him. "See here," said the latter. "I want to do a tramp act."

"Sure you do!" Burke promptly acquiesced.

"Can you find me some ragged trousers and an old coat and cap? The worse they look, the better I'll like it. And while you're about it, get me some worn-out shoes or boots. How soon can you have them here?"

"I-I dunno," Burke was looking somewhat overwhelmed. "You're pretty big," he mentioned. "Nothin' o' mine'd fit you."

"Great Scott!" exploded the other. "I don't want 'em to fit! I'm not going to a pink tea in them."

"But you want to get 'em on, don't you?" Burke demanded, with some coldness.

"I do."

"Well, look at yerself, young fella, and then look at me."

Laurie obeyed the latter part of the injunction. The father-of-seven was at least five inches shorter than he, and his legs and shoulders were small in proportion. No coat or trousers he wore could possibly go on the young Hercules before him.

"Oh, well," urged the latter, impatiently, "get some, somewhere. Here. Take a run into town. Use my car if you like. Or go to some one you know who's about my size. Only, mum's the word."

"Five-dollar bills were in the air, fluttering before the eyes of the garage owner like leaves in Vallambrosa. He clutched them avidly."

"And hurry up," added his impatient patron. "Let's see you back here in five minutes."

"Who'll look after the garage? Not that any one's likely to stop," the proprietor gloomily admitted.

"I'll look after it. Come, get a move on!"

"Oh, all right! But I can't be back in no five minutes, nor in thirty minutes, neither. I gotta go over to Nick Swanson's. He's about your size."

"All right, all right! Got to it!"

The impatient youth was fairly shooting him out of his own garage, but with the sweet memory of those five-dollar bills to sustain him, Burke was patient, even good-humored. One thing he could say about them college lads: they was usually ready to pay well for their nonsense. With a forgiving grin he hurried off.

Left alone, Laurie removed his coat and cap, searched the garage successfully for grease, oil, waste and shoe-blackening, and then, establishing himself in front of a broken mirror in Burke's alleged office, removed his collar and effected a startling transformation in the appearance of his head, face, hands, and shirt.

Beginning in his college days, and continuing throughout his more recent theatrical experiences, the art of make-up had increasingly interested him. The people in his plays owed something to his developing skill, and even one of the leading ladies had humbly taken suggestions from him. But never in any stage dressing-room had young Mr. Devon secured a more extraordinary change than the one he produced now, with the simple aids at hand.

When Burke returned he found his garage in charge of an unwashed, unkempt, unprepossessing young ruffian whom he stared at for a full minute before he accepted him as the man he had left there. The ragged trousers, the spotted "reefer" buttoned high around the neck, the dirty cap pulled over the eyes, and the wholly disreputable broken shoes Burke had brought with him completed the transformation of an immaculate young gentleman into a bear-eyed follower of the open road.

Clad in these garments, Laurie took a few preliminary shuffles around the garage, while the owner, watching him, slapped his thigh in approval. So great was his interest in the "act," indeed, that when the impersonator left the garage and started off, Burke showed a strong desire to follow him and see the finish of the performance, a desire that recalled for a fleeting instant the determined personality of the young gentleman hidden under the tramp disguise.

At the last moment before leaving Laurie took from his pocket the tiny revolver he had brought with him, and holding it in his palm, studied it in silence. Should he take it, or shouldn't he? He dropped it among the discarded heap of clothes, and picked up

in its stead a small screw-driver, which he put into his ragged pocket. That particular tool looked as if it might be useful.

Lounging up the country road, with his cold, bare, dirty hands in the pockets of the borrowed reefer, he looked about with assurance. He believed that in this unexpected guise, he could meet even Shaw and get away with it; but he meant to be very careful and take no unnecessary chances.

He cut across half a dozen fields, climbed half a dozen fences, was fiercely barked at by a dozen dogs, more or less, and finally reaching the grounds of the house in the cedars, approached it from the rear in exactly the half-sneaking, half-cocky manner in which the average tramp would have drawn near a shuttered house from one of whose chimneys smoke was rising. It was a manner that nicely blended the hope of a hand-out with the fear of a rebuff.

Once he fancied he saw something moving among the trees. He quickened back and remained quiet for some time. Then, reassured by the continued silence, he emerged, sauntered to the back entrance, and after a brief preliminary study of the shuttered windows, assailed the door with a pair of grimy knuckles.

He had expected a long delay, possibly no response at all. But the door opened as promptly as if some one had been standing there awaiting his signal, and on its threshold a forbidding-looking woman, hairlike-as-to-hair and features but cleanly dressed, stood regarding him with strong disapproval. In the kitchen range back of her a coal fire was burning. A teakettle bubbled domestically on its top, and cheek by jowl with this a big-bellied coffee-pot exhaled a delicious aroma.

The entire tableau was so different from anything Laurie had expected that for an instant he stared at the woman, speechless and almost open-mouthed. Then the smell of the coffee gave him his cue. He suddenly remembered that he had eaten nothing that day, and the fact gave a thrill of sincerity to the professional whine in which he made his request.

"Say, lady," he begged urgently. "I'm down an' out. Gimme a cup o' coffee, will yuh?"

Her impulse, he saw clearly, had been to close the door in his face. Already her hand was automatically responding to it. But he whipped off his dirty cap and, shivering on the doorstep, looked at her with Laurie's eyes, whose beauty no amount of disguise could wholly conceal. There was real appeal in them now. Much, indeed almost everything, depended on what this creature would do in the next minute. She hesitated.

"I ain't had a mouthful since yesterday," croaked the visitor, pleadingly and truthfully.

"Well, wait there a minute. I'll bring you a cup of coffee."

She turned from the door and started to close it, evidently expecting him to remain outside, but he promptly followed her in, and her face, hardening into quick anger, softened a little as she saw him covering over the big hot stove and warming his dirty hands. In silence she filled a cup with coffee, cut a thick slice from a loaf of bread, buttered it, and set the collation on the kitchen table.

"Hurry up and eat that," she muttered, "and then clear out. If any one saw you here, I'd get into trouble."

Laurie grunted acquiescence and wolfed the food. He had not sat down, and now, as he ate, his black eyes swept the room while he planned

cut to control her without hurting her that all his strength was taxed. But at last he brought her slowly down into a chair under the row of dish-towels, and seizing two of these useful articles, as well as the coffee that held them, securely bound and gagged her. As he did so he dropped his role and looked soberly into her furious eyes.

"Look here," he told her. "I'm not going to hurt you; be sure of that. But I've got something to say, and I want you to stop struggling and listen to it."

Under his quiet tones some of the frenzy died out of the eyes staring up at him.

"I'm here to get Miss Mayo," he went on. "She's in the house, isn't she? If she is, nod." There was a long moment of hesitation. At last the head nodded. "Is there any one else in the house?" The head shook negatively. "Is there no one here but you and Miss Mayo?" Laurie could hardly take in this good luck, but again the head shook negatively.

"Where is she? Upstairs?"

"The head nodded. He stepped back from the bound figure.

"All right," he said cheerfully. "Now I'm going to unbind you and let you take me up to her. As a precaution, I shall leave the bandage on your mouth and hands. But, being a sensible woman, of course you realize that you have absolutely nothing to fear, unless you give us trouble. If you try to do that I shall have to lock you into a closet for a few hours."

As he spoke he was unfastening the cord.

"Lead on," he invited, buoyantly.

There was an instant when he thought the struggle with her would begin all over. He saw her draw herself together as if to spring. But she was evidently exhausted by her previous contest. She was also subdued. She rose heavily, and taking her time to it, slowly led the way out of the kitchen and along a hall to the front of the house.

"No tricks, remember," warned Laurie, keeping close behind her. "Play fair, and I'll give you a year's salary when I take Miss Mayo out of this."

She turned now and looked at him, and there was venom in the glance. Violently and negatively, she shook her head.

"Don't you want the money?" he interrupted, deeply interested in this phenomenon. "I'm glad to have met you," he politely added. "You're an unexpected and a brand-new type to me." She was walking forward again, with no sign now that she heard his voice. Reaching a wide colonial staircase that led to the second floor, she started the ascent, but so slowly that the young man behind her uttered another warning.

"No tricks, remember," he repeated, cheerfully. "I'm afraid you're planning to start something. I believe you're capable of falling backward, and bowling me over like a ten-pin. But don't you do it. A dark, musty closet is no place for a kind-hearted, sensible woman to spend twenty-four hours in."

She ignored that, too, but now she moved more quickly, and her companion, close at her heels, found himself in an upper hall, approaching a door at the front of the house. Before this door his guide now planted herself, with much of the effect of a cornerstone settling into place.

Keeping a careful eye on her, he stretched out a long arm and tapped at the panel. There was no answer. He tapped again. Still no answer. He glanced at the enforcedly silent woman beside him, and something in her eyes, a gleam of triumph or sardonic amusement, or both, was funder to his hot spirit.

"Have you led me to the wrong door?" he asked. He spoke very quietly, but the tone impressed the woman. The gleam faded from her eyes. Hastily she shook her head.

"If you have—" He nodded at her thoughtfully. Then he raised his voice.

"Doris," he called, "Doris!"

He heard a movement inside the room, an odd little cry, half exclamation, half sob, and hurried steps approaching. The next minute her voice came to him, in breathless words, with a tremor running through them. "Is it you?" she gasped. "Oh, is it you?"

"Yes, open the door."

"I can't. It's locked."

He stared at the unyielding wood before him.

"You mean they've locked you in?"

"Yes, of course."

It would be, of course, Laurie reflected. That was Shaw's melodramatic method.

"We'll change all that in a minute." He stepped back from the door.

"What are you going to do?" The voice inside was anxious.

"Break it down, if necessary. Breaking down doors to get to you is my specialty. You haven't forgotten that, I hope."

He turned to the woman beside him. "Have you the key to this?" She shook her head. "If you have, you may as well hand it over," he suggested. "I shall certainly break down the door if you don't; and it's a perfectly good door, with a nice polish on it."

He saw her hesitate. Then suddenly she nodded.

"You have it, after all. He spoke with the natural relief of an indolent young man spared an arduous job. Again she nodded. "Where is it?" She could make no movement with her bound hands, but with an eye-flash she indicated the side of her gown.

"In your pocket? Good. I'll get it."

He got it as he spoke. Holding it in his hand, he again addressed his silent companion.

"When I unlock the door, you will go in, first, and walk over to the nearest corner and stand there with your back to the room. Also, here's my last warning: I should be very sorry to do anything that would hurt or inconvenience you. If you behave yourself I will soon take off that gag. If you don't, I shall certainly lock you up. In either case, you can't accomplish anything. So take your choice."

He unlocked the door, and the deliberate figure preceded him into the room. In the next instant he saw nothing in the world but the eyes of Doris, fixed on his. Then he knew that he was holding her hands, and listening to her astonished gasp as she took in his appearance.

"My disguise," he explained. "I couldn't ride up as publicly as young Lochinvar, though I wanted to. So I got this outfit." He turned around for her inspection, deliberately giving her and himself time to pull up under the strain of the meeting. At the first glimpse of her all his assurance had returned. He was excited, triumphant. But as he again met her eyes, something in their expression subdued him.

"It took longer to get here than I expected, but of course you knew I was on the way," he said.

Her response was unexpected. Dropping into a low chair, she buried her face in her hands and burst into a passion of tears. Aghast, he stared at her, while from the corner the hag stared at them both. Laurie dropped on his knees beside Doris and seized her hands, his heart sinking under a new fear.

"They've been frightening you," he muttered, and was surprised by the intensity of his terror and anger as he spoke. "Don't cry. They'll pay for it."

She shook her head. "It isn't that," she sobbed at last.

"Then what is it?"

"I've brought you here. And—I—I think it was a horrible thing to do. I—I can't forgive myself."

Laurie groped vaguely amidst sensations of relief and the mental confusion with which, somehow, she always filled him.

"You're—all right, aren't you? And you expected me, didn't you?"

"Yes, but—Oh, don't make me talk! Let me cry."

She was crying as she spoke, racking, and every sob tore his heart. Again, as so often before, he felt dazed and helpless before the puzzle she presented. Yet, as always, there seemed nothing to do but obey her, since she, and not he, invariably held the key to the strange situations in which she placed him. Her tears made him feel desperate, yet he dared not continue to hold her hands, and he did not know what to say. Rising, but keeping his position beside her, he waited for her to grow calmer, and as he waited he subconsciously took in the room.

It was a big front chamber, furnished as a sitting-room. Its broad windows, with their cushioned window-seats, faced east. Besides the window, it had two exits, the door by which he had entered, and another door, half open, apparently leading into a bedroom. Its comfortable easy-chairs were covered with gay chintz, its curtains were of the same material, its reading-table held books and newspapers, and in its big open fireplace fat logs were blazing. Shaw, "did" his prisoners well. Laurie remembered the cigarettes, matches and blankets so thoughtfully provided for himself. Like Shaw's own room, the chamber breathed simple comfort. It was impossible to take in the thought of anything sinister in connection with it until one observed the gagged woman in the corner, and remembered the locked door.

"Well, princess," he said at last, still trying to speak lightly, "this isn't much of a donjon tower, is it?"

Her sobs, hysterical and due to overwrought nerves, had given place to occasional sharp catches of the breath, like those uttered by a little child whose "crying spell" is almost over. She did not speak, but put out her hand to him, and he took it and held it closely, conscious of a deep thrill as the small palm touched his.

"I want to talk to you," he said gently, "but I'd feel a lot more comfortable if our chaperon were a little more remote. Can we put her into this inner room?"

Doris nodded, and he waved the woman across the threshold of the bedroom. She would be safe there. He had observed that the windows of the inner room were still barred and shuttered. Seemingly, in all the big house, this upstairs sitting-room alone had opened its heart to the sun.

"Are you really alone in the house?" he asked.

"Yes; I think so; I'm almost sure of it."

"Then there's no mad rush about leaving?"

"No—I—I think not."

He observed her hesitation but ignored it. He drew two big chairs close to the open fire, and, leading Doris to one, seated her in it, and took the other himself, turning it to face hers. As he did so, she recalled.

"You—look so dreadful!" she explained with a shudder.

"I suppose I do. But forget that and tell me something. When did Shaw leave?"

"Within half an hour of the time he brought me here."

"Tonight, I think."

"And he's left you here alone, with no one around but this woman?" Laurie asked, incredulously. Here was another situation hard to understand.

"His secretary is somewhere around, a wretched jockey that does what he's told."

"Oh!" This was news. "Where is he?"

"Out in the garage. He has a room there. I heard him say he had no sleep last night, and that he expected to get some today."

Laurie rose.

"I'll take a look around and see where he is," he suggested. "We can't have him catching on to my little visit and telephoning to Shaw, you know."

As he spoke he was walking toward the door that led into the hall, and now he confidently put out his hand and turned the knob. His expression changed. He gave the knob a violent twist, then, setting his shoulder against the jamb, tried to wrench the door open. It did not yield. Doris watching him wide-eyed, was the first to speak.

"Locked?" she whispered.

"Locked," corroborated Laurie. He nodded thoughtfully. Several things, small in themselves, which had puzzled him, were clearing up. Among others, the housekeeper's persistent efforts to gain time were now explained. Shaw had not been so careless as he had seemed. The meek blond secretary with the purpling eyes and the chloroforming habit was certainly in the house.

CHAPTER XIII

Laurie Checks a Revelation

Laurie shook his head.

"That was rather stupid of him," he remarked, mildly. "It's almost as easy to force open a locked door from the inside as from the outside."

"I know," Doris was again breathless. "But in the meantime he's telephoning to Shaw."

"I don't think so," Laurie, his hands in his pockets, was making a characteristic turn around the room. "What has he to gain by telephoning? Shaw's coming back anyway in a few hours; and in the meantime the secretary has got me safely pocketed, or thinks he has. I have an idea he'll stand pat. You see, he doesn't know about my talent for opening locked doors."

He strolled back to the door as he spoke and examined the lock. Then, appreciatively, he drew from his pocket the screw-driver he had thoughtfully brought from the garage.

"I fancied this might be useful. It will take me just about four minutes to open that door," he announced. "So get on your things and be ready to start in a hurry."

"Do you imagine that we can get away now, in broad daylight?" She seemed dazed by the suggestion.

"Why not? You want to get out of here, don't you?"

"Yes—I of course I do."

"You don't seem very sure of it."

Laurie was smiling down at her with his hands still in his pockets, but there was an expression keen, cold, almost but not quite suspicious.

"Yes, but—you don't understand. Shaw has other men on watch, two of them."

"Where?"

"In the grounds. One in the front and the other in the back."

The newcomer mentally digested this unwelcome information.

"If we wait till it's dark," said the girl, "we'll have a better chance."

"Unless Shaw gets back in the meantime." He was still watching her with that new look in his eyes. Then, briskly, he returned to his interest in the doorlock.

"In any case," he casually remarked, "we don't want to be jailed here."

She said no more, but sat watching him as he worked, deftly and silently. In little more than the time he had predicted he opened the door and held it wide.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

The price of wheat seems to have little influence upon the price of bread.

Stop That Cold Before another day

A cold may be stopped in 24 hours, the fever checked, the bowels opened, the entire system toned. The way is HILL'S way so efficient that we paid \$1,000,000 for it. Don't rely on lesser help, and don't delay. Get the quick, complete results that HILL'S is bringing millions.

HILL'S Casaca-Bromide-Quinine Be sure you get HILL'S in the red box with portrait. At all druggists—30c.

Ah! Backache Gone Rub Lumbago Away

Rub Pain from back with small trial bottle of old "St. Jacobs Oil."

Ah! Pain is gone! Quickly?—Yes. Almost instant relief from soreness, stiffness, lameness and pain follows a gentle rubbing with "St. Jacobs Oil."

Rub this soothing, penetrating oil right on your painful back, and like magic, relief comes. "St. Jacobs Oil" is a harmless backache, lumbago and points remedy, which never disappoints and doesn't burn the skin. Straighten up! Quit complaining! Stop those torturous "stitches." In a moment you will forget that you ever had a weak back, because it won't hurt or be stiff or lame. Don't suffer! Get a small trial bottle of old, honest "St. Jacobs Oil" from your druggist now and get this lasting relief.



His Hostess, Having Turned Her Back to Him, He Crept Behind Her.

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. B. J. BEUKER Physician and Surgeon Office second floor Kimball Bldg., next to Peoples Bank. Office Phone—158-J. Residence Phone—168-M. Office hours: 2:00 to 6:00 p. m. 7:00 to 8:00 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.

Office Equipped With X-Ray 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: Standard Time DAILY—2:00 to 5:00 p. m. 7:00 to 8:00 p. m. Phone No. 17. OVER HITE'S DRUG STORE Main St. East Jordan, Mich.

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

W. H. FULLER & SON Painters and Decorators Phone 132 East Jordan, Mich.

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

C. E. Merchant Watches, Clocks, and Jewellery REPAIRING Tousch's Shoe Store State St. East Jordan

We presume the bootleggers are wondering why Chicago is making such a lot of fuss over a little water.

Provided Breakfast for Old Santa Claus

"DO YOU think?" inquired small David of his father, "that Santa is coming 'bout this time?" "Why, not quite so early, son. A little later, perhaps. Still, if you listen carefully, perhaps you can hear his bells." Small David stood on tip-toe near the window and cocked his pink ears. "I think," he said slowly, "I think I hear 'em!" The family rather forgot small David in the next half hour. There was much to do. But finally father looked up. "Where's the boy?" he asked. David had disappeared. They scurried about hunting for him in every room. No David. Then some one heard a faint noise on the front porch. Father stepped out to see what it was. A small, square figure in very short pants was bending over something. "Son," called father, "what are you doing out here?" "S-s-sh!" warned small David. Father stepped nearer. "See," said small David reaching up on tip-toe to whisper. "See, I brought out a bowl of breakfast food for Santa Claus. He might get hungry." Father gathered up his son, amused and pleased. "That's the very first time I ever knew of any one thinking about Santa's comfort. Bless you, boy! That's the right holiday spirit." Next morning small David found a note pinned to his stocking:

THANK YOU FOR MY BOWL OF BREAKFAST FOOD!—SANTA CLAUS.—Patience Eden. (© 1926, Western Newspaper Union.)

His Christmas Dream and It All Came True

HE WAS such a beautiful little darling that his mother looked at him and forgot what she was going to say, when she was about to give him a lecture about pulling the cat's tail. And when he went with her to the hospital with a basket of flowers, and passed up and down the wards with a smile and a Christmas flower for every sufferer, they felt as though an angel had appeared again. It was in his cozy room at home that he had a dream house. There he had day dreams, as well as night dreams. There he entertained "Mr. Bethlehem," and "Betty Bosbuckle," and her brother "David." On the chimney shelf was a lunch for Santa Claus, and near it was a letter that registered a few of his hopes. He preferred chocolate elephants rather than chocolate horses, as they amounted to more. He conferred with his white rabbit mascot about the chipmunk skin that served as a rug for his garage, built for the coming automobile. There must have been a radiola in the room, it was so full of happy thoughts and sweet, faint sounds. "Listen," he said to Mr. Bethlehem, "I hear them singing." "Davy," he cried, "he's most here! Look, Betty, look there's the star!" And it was so. That very night brought all that imagination had visioned, and the darkness fled before the glorious light of Christmas morning.—Christopher G. Hazard. (© 1926, Western Newspaper Union.)

Sounds Reasonable



"Pop, I want Santa to bring me a razor for Christmas." "What in the world would you do with a razor?" "Well, you call me a little shaver, don't you?"

Singing Christmas Carols

Christmas carols will, of course, add beauty to the holiday season. Also they will bring about an increase in communal singing.

Flowers for Christmas

When flowers are at a premium, why not give a few bulbs or a potted plant as a Christmas present to the woman who likes flowers?

Children and Christmas

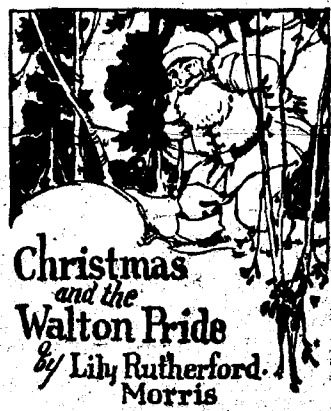
It is good to be children sometimes, and never better than at Christmas, when its mighty founder was a child himself.—Dickens.

All Glory Be to God

All glory be to God on high, And to the earth-be peace; Good-will henceforth from heaven to man—Begin, and never cease.

Christmas Emblem

As an emblem for Christmas, hang up with the mistletoe and holly, Dad's crushed pocketbook.



CHRISTMAS morning broke bright and clear, sending rays of glistening sunshine over a thick blanket of new-fallen snow with its ever wonderful message of joy and love. Nowhere in all the world, perhaps, was there a keener appreciation of Christmas cheer than in the heart of winsome Ina Walton, the affectionate and resourceful younger sister of Edith, just now recovering from a long and desperate illness. Seventeen-year-old Ina, the only living relative of the sick girl, had gone down into the valley of death, with her, suffering in mind and spirit as severely almost as did Edith, physically. But now, Edith was so greatly improved as to be able to sit up in bed for her breakfast. Near her stood a small table on which was a vase of red-and-white roses, and dishes of very tempting food. She took up the saucer containing a half-orange and looked in bewilderment at the well-buttered toast, "eggs and coffee."

"I don't understand," she announced. "I simply can't see how you manage to do all this, Ina," with a significant gesture toward the table. The sister smiled sweetly. "Don't you know it is Christmas?" she naively asked by way of reply.

"Oh, yes, of course. I know it is Christmas, Ina, dear, but the season does not put anything into our pockets, you know. We can't afford it."

"But I'm quite sure we can. So don't you worry."

Edith did not seem satisfied. Her expression of perplexity called for further explanation and Ina continued: "I've been a daring creature while you were ill. I'm quite sure you'll not approve, even though I did it for your sake, but it really doesn't matter, now that you are getting well. Nothing matters but just that. Oh, Edith! You are my precious Christmas gift."

"You've been so good to me, dear, quickly responded Edith, ignoring her sister's claim of daring, "but you have not satisfied my curiosity. How do you manage to spread such sumptuous meals?"

"By my boldness," Ina tossed her head, coquettishly and strode defiantly across the room, as if to characterize her words. Then she paused and leaned on the footboard of the bed, smiling teasingly. "I knew you would think it very dreadful. It is true, nevertheless. I had to do it."

"Nonsense, Ina. You couldn't be bold, even if you tried. You don't know how."

"I was though, very bold, I guess. Listen. When I went to pay the gas bill last week, I just told the clerk at the window all about it—your illness, my giving up my position to be with you, our lack of funds and our very great need, and just as good as asked him for help."

"Ina!" Edith paused with the spoon half-way to her mouth. "Yes, I did just that before I realized what I was saying. I was des-



"You Were in a Critical State," Ina Went On.

perate that day. I was quite ready to ask aid of anyone to save your life, and the clerk at the gas office was the one I happened to strike at the psychological moment.

Edith uttered a little moan of vexation as she dropped the spoon into the saucer.

"You were in a critical state," Ina went on, "and something had to be done at once. The new druggist who recently bought out our old friend, does no credit business. He refused to let me have medicine without the money; you had to have medicine."

"But, Ina, think of a Walton begging! What you did was actual begging," and the proud girl's face registered her humiliation.

"But the flowers?" Edith questioned. "Why the flowers? You surely do not consider them a grave necessity?"

For reply Ina walked around to the table on which the tall vase stood and

buried her face in the roses. "But they are so lovely," she said, "and I just adore flowers!"

"So do I, dearie, but you should be more prudent with our scant means. Did they cost much?"

"Much?" Ina hesitated. "Yes, they really were very expensive."

Edith was growing extremely annoyed. "You extravagant little imp! How much?"

Ina made a grimace at her and drawled, "Oh—about three dollars."

"Three dollars!" echoed Edith with a frown. "Why, we didn't have more than three times three dollars the last time I saw you count the money."

"No," blandly acquiesced Ina. Edith looked really troubled. "Ina, you are too provoking for anything this morning. I never knew you to behave quite so foolishly."

"Foolish, am I?" crooned Ina, diving for her sister and kissing her on both cheeks. "Am I foolish for loving you? Suppose I had held on to my Walton pride and refused all help. You could not have had what your condition required, and I should not have—"

Ina stopped abruptly, clapping both hands over her mouth while her neck and face went scarlet.

"What?" Edith waited, but her sister only burst into a confused laugh. Then, "Sh-sh-sh—" she whispered, laying a finger on her lips. "Some one is at the door."

Tripping across the room, Ina opened with an expectant air and took from a messenger-boy a large well-filled basket, which she carried straight to the bed and set down by Edith. "There," she said, "It is all for you."

"Oh, dear!" exclaimed the wondering girl, shaking her head. "You puzzle me sorely. Flowers again!"

"It is not all flowers, I'm sure," answered radiant Ina with a provoking little toss of her head. "Let me see."

With this she lifted the covering of carolans, laid them lovingly in Edith's lap, and delved into the basket's remaining contents. "Look!



Took From a Messenger Boy a Large Well-Filled Basket.

Here is a young chicken, a pound of butter, rolls, eggs, a bottle of milk, and more oranges. Oh, Edith, it is all so lovely!"

"But where do all these lovely things come from? We haven't so interested a friend that I can recall. Edith was both pleased and curious."

"Now, that's where you are mistaken," corrected Ina, shaking a wise finger in her sister's face. "We have got a friend who is just that interested—one whom you have not met and who has done even more than all this. This new friend has procured me a position, and I shall go to work next week if you are well enough for me to leave you."

Edith surveyed her sister critically. "Who is it, pray?"

Ina rippled another merry laugh, then tried to look very serious as she leaned heavily on the footboard of the bed and answered deliberately. "The—gas—man."

The two stared at each other for a moment in silence, the younger smiling roughly at the elder's dignified disapproval. "I knew you would think me dreadful," said Ina finally. "That is why I have kept it from you until now. But listen to me, Edith, in all seriousness. I must make you understand. When I left you that day to pay the gas bill, because to have failed would have meant no heat, with the thermometer standing at zero, and you with pneumonia, I was nearly crazy. I returned as soon as possible and found you unconscious. The new woman across the hall had already called the doctor. He said you could not live unless there was a change for the better by midnight, and I am quite sure he did not expect that change."

Next morning, Mr. Clark, the clerk of whom you say I begged, came to see if there was anything he could do for us.

"Poor little sister," from Edith, Ina continued.

"He took in the situation at once and sent his own physician, Doctor Danks. It is to Doctor Danks that we owe your life. Then Mr. Clark sent everything that was needed for your comfort and mine, too. No doubt, the doctor made out the list for him. Nothing helpful was omitted. You were too sick to notice, and I, too anxious to refuse whatever might be of benefit to you. I simply used my common sense, instead of clinging to that old family pride that should have spent itself long ago. This basket is from him also. See?"

handing her the card on which were inscribed holiday greetings and his full name. "And, oh, Edith, he is—"

"—a dear!" Ina clasped her hands over her heart to add emphasis to her enthusiasm. Edith listened in amazement while she rambled on.

"I am sure you will like him, dear. You just must, for my sake, because—"

"—because—"

"A merry twinkle lit the happy girl's face as she hesitated, "but I'll not tell you, now—I'll let you guess."

(© 1926, Western Newspaper Union.)

The Pine Tree and a Christmas Inspiration

THE creaking, crunching snow under foot, as well as the crisp, frosty air bespoke a temperature some degrees below zero. However, native mid-westerners looked for, anticipated and expected a quantity of snow and cold weather for the Christmas holidays. Their expectations were usually right with an added cold stretch long before the holidays, and long—after them.

The hard lines of the massive, bulky, stone Central Administration building of the college was delightfully contrasted against the dead white, fluffy, fairy-like snow all about it. This building, as did four others, faced a huge stretch of campus, with groupings of trees scattered pleasingly about to break the wide expanse.

Trees, heavily hung with the almost artificial-looking, cottony webbing formed an artistic group across the road and in front of the building. In the center of the group stood a well formed, tall, perfect specimen of a long-needed pine. It was singled out to be the proud possessor of many colored lights distributed about generously among its branches. Deserving of praise was this awesome tree, and its surroundings.

Silhouetted against the sky, forming a background for the proud pine tree stood the campanile, the pride of every student on the campus. In the dull afterglow of the winter twilight the chimes were extolling the Christmas carols.

At the foot of the narrow winding staircase of iron which leads to the belfry of the campanile, upon close inspection could be seen a maid and young man—not the first time, nor would it be the last time the campanile should witness such a sight. The meeting had been planned in view of their separation on the morrow when both would go to their homes. Moved by the sight of the proud pine, its symbolism, and the chimes, they bade each other farewell in fond embrace, carrying away with them the spirit of the proud pine tree in their hearts.—Eleanor E. King.

(© 1926, Western Newspaper Union.)

THE CHRISTMAS SEASON

HAPPY fatigue. Rushing, hurrying, sitting up late. Doing up bundles. Posting packages. Delivering presents. Getting so tired-out you don't know how you can ever finish and then a new vigor and energy and Christmas spirit coming over you so that you feel you can continue more than ever. Wondering whether it will snow and the snow arriving just in time for Christmas, the stars twinkling down on the white, white earth. Bright red apples with the real flavor of the country. Memories of other Christmases and New Year's, blurred at other times somewhat, but poignantly vivid in the happiness of Christmas-tide. This is the Christmas season.—Mary Graham Bonner.

(© 1924, Western Newspaper Union.)

Making Others Happy Will Bring Happiness

AUNT ELIZA had lived alone for many years; her finances had dwindled, and her health as well.

It was Christmas Eve and as Aunt Eliza returned from town with a few little things that her scant purse could buy, her heart was a little heavy, for the winter was before her and her strength was falling fast.

"I'm glad I got that knife for crippled Jim; he so enjoys cutting out those animals. Life is worth while so long as we can give others pleasure, and there is always some one that we can help. I'll read to blind Jane tomorrow and that will help her and me pass away the day. Tonight I must try to think of some way that I can earn money. Sister would help me if she knew, so would the church ladies, but I simply can't tell anyone. Well, the only way to be happy is to make some one else happy, so I'll take Jimmy's knife to him. God has never forsaken me." All this was going through Aunt Eliza's mind.

As she opened the door she stood face to face with her only sister. She was overcome with joy.

"Oh, Eliza, all the children want for Christmas is you, and they sent me for you. We have a nice-home next to ours, for you. We will start tonight so we can get there for dinner tomorrow. You shall never feel lonely again."

Eliza continues to believe that making others happy brings happiness.—Emily Burks Adams.

(© 1924, Western Newspaper Union.)

For the Tree

Has any one ever tried cutting little stars, circles, etc., from pumpkin rind for the Christmas tree? Peel pumpkin with as wide a peeling as possible. Then cut out your circles, etc., with scissors or knife and fasten in a piece of card.

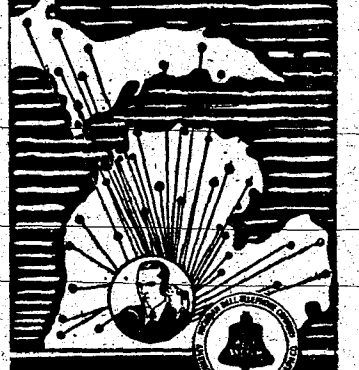
Christmas Day Brides

According to an old belief Christmas Day brides are inclined to be frivolous and fond of pleasure.

Holiday rush orders by LONG DISTANCE

To get the goods you want when you want them, use Long Distance. Direct, personal and attention-compelling, it is the fastest way of replenishing your stock during the holiday busy season. A complete line means more customers and more satisfied customers for you. Long Distance calls can help you to get and keep those customers. The rates are reasonable.

MICHIGAN BELL TELEPHONE CO.



MORTGAGE SALE

Default having been made in the terms and conditions of a certain mortgage made and executed by Wellington Baker, a single man, of East Jordan, Michigan, to Fred Martin of East Jordan, Michigan, which said mortgage bears date the 19th day of September, 1925, and was recorded on the 25th day of September, 1925, in Liber 67 of Mortgages, on page 48, in the office of the Register of Deeds in and for the County of Charlevoix, Michigan; that said mortgage is past due and there is now claimed to be due and unpaid on said mortgage the sum of Six Hundred Eleven and 10-100 (\$611.10) Dollars, at the date of this notice including principal, interest and attorney fee; that no suit or proceedings at law or in equity have been instituted to recover the moneys secured by said mortgage or any part thereof.

NOW, THEREFORE, by virtue of the power of sale in said mortgage and of the statute in such case made and provided NOTICE is hereby given that on Monday the 31st day of January, 1927, at Ten o'clock in the forenoon, standard time, at the front door of the Court House in the City of Charlevoix, County of Charlevoix, State of Michigan, (that being the place where the Circuit Court for the County of Charlevoix is held) said Fred Martin will sell at public auction to the highest bidder the premises described in said mortgage, or so much thereof as may be necessary to pay the amount due on said mortgage and all legal costs.

The premises described in said mortgage are as follows: "The South-east quarter (1/4) of the South-east quarter (1/4) of Section Twenty (20), Township Thirty-two (32) North, Range Seven (7) West, containing Forty (40) acres of land, more or less."

FRED MARTIN, Mortgagee. CLINK & WILLIAMS, Attorneys for Mortgagee, Business Address, East Jordan, Mich. (First publication Nov. 5th, 1926.)

"Seein' Things at Night"

Taking man's night vision as a standard for purposes of comparison it has been found that a lion is slightly better able to see at night, a bear still better equipped for night vision, while an owl is the best equipped of all. Closely rivaling the latter are two representatives of the cat tribe, the tiger and the ordinary domestic cat.

CUT THIS OUT—IT IS WORTH MONEY.

Send this ad and ten cents to Foley & Co., 2835 Sheffield Ave., Chicago, Ill., writing your name and address clearly. You will receive a trial bottle of Foley's Honey and Tar Compound, for coughs, colds, croup (spasmodic) and tickle throat; also a trial packet each of Foley Pilla, a diuretic stimulant for the kidneys, and Foley Cathartic Tablets for constipation, biliousness, and sick headaches. These wonderful remedies have helped millions of people. Send for them.—Hite's Drug Store.

Eliminating Hardship

Taxes, insurance premiums and all such payments will not impose hardship when they come due if you'll anticipate and prepare for them by saving.

Just a little saved each week will provide for all such necessities with ease.

Start a systematic savings account at this safe State Bank. Accumulate for your needs.



"The Bank With The Chime Clock."

Briefs of the Week

Roy Beebe is spending a few days in Charlevoix.

Mrs. Kit Carson was home from Kalamazoo a few days last week.

We take orders for Hemstitching and Pleating at Co. Store. adv.

Now is the time to buy that new Coat and Hat at the Ramsey store. adv.

Born to Mr. and Mrs. Oscar J. Weisler, a son—David William—Nov. 27th.

Miss Greta Carney returned home last Saturday from a visit with friends in Detroit.

Mrs. Lee Farmer of Grand Rapids is here visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Peter Lanway.

Mrs. Josiah St. John returned home last Friday from a visit with her sister near Honor.

Mrs. Wm. Streeter who has been visiting her daughter at Detroit, returned home Thursday.

Mr. and Mrs. Everett Spidel left last week for Grand Rapids, where they expect to make their home.

Mrs. Thomas B. Gould was called to Grand Rapids, Tuesday, by the illness of her sister, Mrs. R. Cooper.

Born to Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Howell of Detroit, a daughter, Nov. 22nd. They were former East Jordan residents.

The Pythian Sisters will hold a Rummage Sale at the Studebaker salesroom, Friday and Saturday of this week. adv.

Notice to Sunset Hill Lot Owners: To the members who own lots at the cemetery, please remit, who have not paid.—Alveretta Roy, Com'r. 48-2

C. F. Snellenberger and A. E. Wells of our Public Schools left Wednesday for Lansing on a short business trip in the interest of our schools.

The heavy freeze of Wednesday night put a thin coating of ice over the waters of the South Arm of Lake Charlevoix for the first time this season.

Presbyterian Missionary Society will meet at the home of Mrs. W. H. Sloan on Friday afternoon, Dec. 10. Mrs. Sloan and Mrs. Roy Sherman, hostess.

The M. E. Ladies Aid will meet at the home of Mrs. Vernon Barnett, Wednesday afternoon, Dec. 8th, at 2:00 o'clock standard. Visitors are welcome.

One of East Jordan's citizens suggests that small Christmas trees be placed along the curb of our Main Street, using the holes in the sidewalks made for flag displays.

The date of the East Jordan School Band Concert is changed from Wednesday, Dec. 8th, to Thursday, Dec. 9th, on account of the Bazaar at the Presbyterian Church, Wednesday. adv.

Repairs on the Methodist Church (which was partially destroyed by fire last summer) have reached a point now when they can use their chapel-room for services. The meetings next Sunday, Dec. 5th, will be held at the Church Chapel, instead of the school auditorium.

Darwin Scofield and family, Charles Miltimore and Mrs. James Alwin of Detroit spent Thanksgiving with Mrs. Henry Timmer, at Silver Leaf Farm. Mr. Scofield was born in Echo, and lived there until he reached his majority. This is his first trip to Northern Michigan in twenty-five years.

An unknown autoist ran into and broke down an electric light pole on corner of Esterly and Third streets, Tuesday noon. A high-tension wire was thrown to the ground, causing the East Jordan Electric Light Co. considerable trouble in repairing, and necessitating their shutting down the power-house for several hours.

Plans for a six-county potato show to be held in Traverse City next fall are underway. Six counties—Grand Traverse, Antrim, Leelanau, Benzie, Kalkaska and Charlevoix—are embraced in tentative plans. According to chamber of commerce officials, the show would be for consumers as well as producers and would point out the necessity of producing quality instead of quantity crops. Certified seed exhibits are planned.

This is the season for harvesting herring in the waters of the Great Lakes. They need no protection from the conservation department as they are prolific breeders. At this time the large schools spawning grounds where they encounter the gill trap and pound nets of fishermen in the lower lakes where they can be marketed. But few are taken here on account of the rivers and bay freezing over. The annual herring catch in Michigan runs second only to that of lake trout. It is said that the catch will total at least 4,000,000 pounds with a value of \$200,000.

All Hats—\$8.50 to \$15.00 value, now \$5.00 at Ramsey's. adv.

Another Big Slash in Coat prices at the Ramsey Store. adv.

Leave orders at Co. Store for Pleating and Hemstitching. adv.

Fred Richards left Tuesday for Sandusky, Mich., where he expects to work.

Mrs. Wilber Spidel left Wednesday for a visit with relatives at Grand Rapids.

John Goodwell of Alba was here first of the week for a visit with his sister, Mrs. Clifford Underwood.

Milford Mackey left Monday for Grand Rapids, where he expects to get employment. His family will follow later.

Mrs. Cornelia VanSteenburg and her brother, Jay Swift, returned to Flint, Tuesday, after having been here by the illness and death of their sister, Mrs. Ida Misenar.

Did you ever hear "Old Black Joe" on a hand saw? Come to the School Band Concert, next Thursday, and you will get an evening full of entertainment, for 25c; children 10c, Dec. 9th, at 7:30 p. m. adv.

Highways in this section of the State are covered with a coating of smooth ice that makes auto driving and walking anything but safe. Several minor accidents have been reported, but locally nothing of a serious nature.

Irvin E. Plank, aged 22 years, died Friday, Nov. 19th at his home, 634 Baker St., Flint, Mich., following an illness of less than a week from pneumonia. He was born in Deward, Michigan, Nov. 27, 1904.

He was the youngest son of Mr. and Mrs. David Plank. He had lived in Flint the past 11 years, coming here from East Jordan. On August 14, 1926, he was married to Pearl Irene Ward at Saginaw. He leaves his wife, his parents, Mr. and Mrs. David Plank of Flint; five brothers—Roy of Detroit; Earl of Muskegon; Lyle and Chester of Saginaw; Otis of Flint; and three sisters—Mrs. Homer Warner of Saginaw; Mrs. Oliver Carson of Grand Rapids, and Mrs. Robert L. Herron of Flint. Interment at Oakwood cemetery at Saginaw, Mich.

It is a good idea to pay all your debts at the end of the year, even if you have to owe somebody else in order to do it.

In spite of the fact that the boys are all carrying 17-jewel clocks, the engineer down at the works still persists in blowing the seven o'clock whistle.



First M. E. Church
Victor J. Hufton, Pastor.

Sunday, Dec. 5th, 1926.
Standard Time.
Services at the Church Chapel.
10:00 a. m.—Morning Service.
Subject—"What is Christmas Going to Mean to You?"
11:00 a. m.—Sunday School.
6:15 p. m.—Epworth League will be followed by Song Service and talk by the Pastor.
Choir practice and Prayer Meeting at the Parsonage, Thursday.

Presbyterian Church
C. W. Sidebotham, Pastor.
C. R. Harper, Foreign Pastor.

"A Church for Folks."
Sunday, Dec. 5th, 1926.
10:00 a. m.—Morning Worship.
11:15 a. m.—Sunday School.
6:30 p. m.—Evening Service. The young people have the first thirty minutes and the Pastor has charge of the remainder of the time.

Church of God
Rev. Roy L. Harris, Pastor.

Central Standard Time
10:00 a. m.—Sunday School.
11:00 a. m.—Preaching Service.
6:00 p. m.—Young People Meet.
7:00 p. m.—Evening Service.
Mid-Week Prayer Meeting, Wednesday, at 7:00 p. m.

Pilgrim Holiness Church
Rev. B. E. Mankes, Pastor.

Fast Time
11:00 a. m.—Sunday School.
8:00 p. m.—General Service.
8:00 p. m., Friday night—Prayer Meeting.
The public is cordially invited to attend these services.

Latter Day Saints Church
L. Dudley, Pastor.

9:00 a. m.—Sunday School.
10:10 a. m.—Social Service.
7:00 p. m.—Evening Service.
7:00 p. m., Wednesday, Prayer Meeting.
7:00 p. m., Thursday—Religio.
All are welcome to attend these services.

A "Homey" Friendly Bank Under State Supervision.
Founded on Security
Built by Service



WE PAY YOU

We actually pay you for keeping your money safe for you. A savings account at this bank is worth while just for the protection alone, but the interest we pay you on your deposit makes it doubly worth while.

State Bank of East Jordan
"THE BANK ON THE CORNER"
"Strength and Ability Plus the Willingness to Serve."

Card of Thanks

We wish to express our heartfelt thanks to the friends and neighbors for their kindness and beautiful floral offerings, and cars, and Mr. Watson, during the illness and death of my beloved husband.
Mrs. Nettie Stafford
Bert Gilmore

Success in Business

Behind every business that keeps up with the times is somebody who keeps ahead of them. Successful business is not a mere happenstance, but the product of brains, enterprise, courage, even risk. It indicates a big man whose success it is. Grit.

Protection for Youth

So far as we know no statistician has figured out how far all the newspapers printed on one day would reach if placed end to end.

Twenty-four states require physical examination of children by a physician before granting them work permits.

SHORT TALKS BY THOUGHTFUL MOTHERS.

A Pennsylvania mother speaks first: "I know the worth of Foley's Honey and Tar Compound. We used it for years, and it never failed us. For croupy children feverish colds, disturbing night coughs, it gives us a feeling of security to have Foley's Honey and Tar Compound in the house." No opiates, no chloroform, made under rigid sanitary control, Foley's Honey and Tar Compound carries a strong appeal to thoughtful mothers everywhere. Ask for it.—Hite's Drug Store.

Grange Gaining Popularity



Red Grange, leader of the Yankees football eleven of the American Football league, is increasing his popularity among young football fans by instructive talks on the sport to high school students at the Yankees' stadium every Saturday morning. Grange, unquestionably one of the most colorful and popular figures in football, intersperses his talks with practical demonstrations, as far as possible.

Snakes Kept to Kill Mice

Bull snakes are kept in the balloon houses of the big oil refining plant at Casper, Wyo., to exterminate mice that eat holes in the balloons. The balloons are used for the storage of gasoline vapors over the tanks during the day when the vapor expands.

Simple Divorce

Among some of the tribes in the Arctic region a man who wants a divorce leaves home in anger and does not return for several days. The wife takes the hint and departs.

Changed Attitude

Men used to say that the world owed them a living. Now they are learning that they owe the world a reasonable amount of work at a useful occupation.

Incentive

All that is necessary to have Mount Everest climbed is for some one to discover that its peak would make a good place for putting up an advertising sign.

TEMPLE THEATRE

Program for week beginning Saturday, Dec. 4th.

SATURDAY Dec. 4th.

NORMAN KERRY in

"Under Western Skies"

A thrilling western story of the great Pendleton Round-up.

Andy Gump Comedy.
Admission—10c and 25c

SUNDAY and MONDAY Dec. 5-6

"The Splendid Road"

Anna Q. Nilsson, Lionel Barrymore, Robert Frazer.
A drama of the gold frontier days.

Comedy—"Cold Turkey"
Admission—10c and 25c

TUESDAY, Dec. 7 FAMILY NIGHT

2 for 1 with Merchant Tickets.

ART ACORD in

"The Riding Rascal"

Chapter 5—"THE RADIO DETECTIVE"
Admission—10c and 25c

WED. THURS. FRI. Dec. 8-9-10

Rex Ingram's

"THE MAGICIAN"

With Alice Terry and Paul Wegener.
Melodrama of fantastic design showing the mad ambition of a magician.
Admission—10c and 25c

BAND CONCERT

By The East Jordan School Band

JOHN TERWEE, Director

And a Fine Program by Prof. Jessup

Thursday, Dec. 9th

High School Auditorium 7:30 p. m., standard

BAND PROGRAM

March The Booster
Overture Under the Circus Tent
The Sax Queen Solo for Four Saxophones
Tranquility Duet for Cornet and Trombone
Medley of Southern Melodies
Merriment Polka Trio for three Clarinets
The Two Johns Solo for Baritone and Bass
Selection out the musical comedy, Louise, by Fulton
By Request—Let Me Call You Sweetheart, Waltz
March The Merrimac



Professor Jessup

will entertain next, and be sure not miss him
Prices—10c and 25c Buy tickets of the boys.

The proceeds of this entertainment will be used for a Memorial for Allan Green.



HEY did not have very much money. In fact, they had very little. If you had peered into Ma Grady's worn pocketbook you would have seen only a two-dollar bill and a few stray coppers. This represented three months' careful saving for Christmas. The Gradys were poor and there were seven of them. Pa Grady was killed in an accident three years ago, since when Ma Grady and Susie and Bill had worked hard to keep the family together. But all the hardship in the world could not dampen the spirits of that fighting family.

Susie Grady was a plucky fifteen, and got small jobs of looking after the neighbors' babies, or coming in as a mother's helper. Bill Grady was twelve. He picked up odd quarters in all sorts of clever ways. Ma Grady, that rosy, smiling, battling woman, had her big arms in the ends from morning until night. She did the washings of half the town.

And so Christmas Eve came. And Ma Grady stepped down to where the stores were and expended her two dollars and a few coppers on gifts for her family. In the meantime Susie and Bill were busy about a Christmas tree. Bill had bought it at a great reduction because it was so ugly. Susie paused in draping a bit of tinsel on a branch. "Don't you hear a crying?" she asked.

"Haven't got time to listen to the wind," growled Bill, who was feeling too important to be bothered with trifles. Susie went on with her work. Then—"But I do hear something, sure as the world!" she insisted. Bill grunted and stood off to squint up his eyes at some cotton he had just arranged like snow.

"It's a scratching sound and a whine. I'm going to see." Susie slipped into the hall. She opened the door. There, shivering on the sill, was the coldest, tiniest dog she had ever seen in her life. It had long, silken ears and the biggest brown eyes imaginable. "Why, you poor little beastie!" Susie gathered him up in her arms. A grateful pink tongue lapped her face. A cold little body pressed against her warm neck. She hurried back to the Christmas tree.

"Look! Look what I've found!" Bill came over to examine the dog. "Cute little feller, ain't he?" he conceded. "Guess he's one of them new-fangled kind; a Chinese Pekingese. Wonder why he came to our door?" The children stood patting the new treasure. And the wee dog made tiny snortings of pleasure, wriggling and squirming with delight. The Christmas tree was forgotten.

"Don't get him to barking or it will wake up the other kids!" warned Susie. For half an hour the two children played with the small stranger. Bill and Susie had never seen such a

friendly little creature. They began to think of him as their own as a Christmas gift come especially for them. A loud rapping on the door. A rapping as of a cane knocked smartly against the panels. "Mercy!" said Susie, "who's that?" And she flew to answer it. "Have you seen?" asked a man's voice, a deep, businesslike voice, "a small dog about here?" "Why—" stammered Susie, "why—"

A sharp little bark from the other room. "Ah," said the stranger, "I perceive that you have. Allow me to enter and retrieve my property." Before Susie could say a word the big man had pushed by her and was in the room where the Christmas tree stood. Bill had the dog tight in his arms. There was an expression on the boy's face of dogged determination. He looked as though nothing in the world

could separate him from this new-found happiness. "Yes," said the stranger, "that is the little fellow. He got away from me while I was giving him a walk. The mistress would be wild if I lost him. I'll have to teach him a lesson." He reached the dog. "No, no!" cried Bill. "We found him and took him in. He's ours!" "Why, Bill," said Susie, "you mustn't speak that way!" The man laughed. "I don't wonder you want him—he's a cute little tyke. But I must take him back home. I'm to drive the family to a party tonight and I'm late now."

But Bill relinquished his hold of the dog not a whit. "You can't have him! He's mine!" As the big man in a driver's livery took a step forward his glance fell on a framed photograph. For an instant he blinked very fast. Then he scrutinized the picture more closely. His formal speech lapsed into natural expression. "By gorry if that ain't the spittin' image of me oldest brother Tim. Tim Grady, or I'm a liar!" Bill and Susie stood spellbound. The little dog made a snuffling sound with his nose.

Just at this moment who should come puffing in the door but Mrs. Grady herself, her arms laden with packages, her face rosy with the cold. "Mother!" screamed Bill and Susie at once, "mother! Here's a man who lost a little dog!" Mrs. Grady set her bundles on a chair and came in. The very breath of clean outdoors came with her. "Mrs. Grady," said the man, "could your name be Nora Finnegan?" Mrs. Grady smiled. "It could—and it is!" "Well," said the man, and a queer, shy look passed over his face, "maybe you won't be welcoming me—but I'm Tim's youngest brother, Tom. I ran away from home when I was six or seven. I've been pretty near all over

the country. Just came to work for Mrs. Platt in October—right here in this town. I lost track of my family—but I did hear about Tim's death. I was in California then. I'm awful ashamed—" The heart of Mrs. Grady was a large one. She forgot as easily as she forgave. And it took her only a few minutes to make this big youngest brother of her husband very much at home. "You was always his favorite," she said, "and he used to worry about you a lot. Are ye married?" "No," confessed Tom Grady, "not I. And by the livin' soul of St. Patrick, I'll lend a shoulder in this house! Ye've had a hard time, Nora, and you've done a fine job by the kids. It'll be grand to come here my nights off. I was feelin' terrible lonesome this Christmas. I have most of the day tomorrow and you bet I'll hike it over here as fast as I can. Will ye invite me?" Susie slipped a shy hand into her new uncle's big fist. Bill moved nearer, his eyes round with bewilderment. He still held the little dog tight in his arms. "Can you bring the dog to visit, too?" he asked. "I don't know about that, but I do know that I can buy another dog just like him for a lad I've just found—a boy by the name of Bill."

The Gradys had a merry Christmas—the merriest Christmas for years. Big Tom romped with the children like a boy. And barking away with all his exuberant might was a brown and white dog with large eyes and a plume of a tail. "To Bill with a Merry Christmas from his Uncle Tom!" had been on the tag that came with the new puppy. "Bedad, a fine day!" sighed Mrs. Grady. "This maybe I can give up a dozen washin's or so and tend to me family. That Tom is a whale of a lad for helpin'!"

Christmas Team Work— and It Was for Keeps

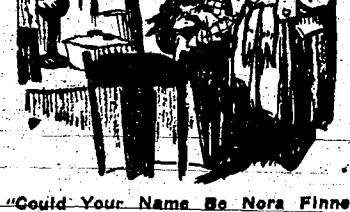
IT HADN'T been a good Christmas season for the little maiden lady in her little Economy store. Economy was an apt name for it—only the strictest economy prevailed there. The next day was the last before Christmas, she reasoned, and a lot of her cheap toys were not sold. The little maiden lady made a resolution. She had always wanted to be rich that she might bestow fine presents upon all the boys and girls. She liked boys and girls, but somehow they always treated her distantly when she made her timid overtures. It was very evident she was never going to be rich—she would do something now; so she made a big sign and put it in her window:

"A Christmas toy for each of the first fifty children who come in at four o'clock the day before Christmas." Miss Watkins didn't think there were fifty in the whole town, but she was mistaken. At four o'clock the next day they came trooping in—in such numbers she never knew how many toys she gave away.

It was all exciting and very thrilling. It was the most fun she had ever had. The "Thankyous" and the "Merry Christmases" were all so genuine and overwhelming, and right in the midst of it who should appear but the kind-faced, white-haired gentleman who kept the small candy shop across the street, and he invited them all over to partake of his wares. He looked like Santa Claus himself with his round rosy cheeks, shining blue eyes, and white hair curling over his fur collar.

When everything was quiet once more and Miss Watkins sat with folded hands thinking about the Christmas joy the simple giving had brought to her, Santa Claus, from across the street again appeared. "Pretty good team work we made of it, didn't we, Miss Watkins?" he chuckled. And Miss Watkins uttered a surprised "Yes, indeed!"

Santa Claus chuckled again and put his hands on the surprised lady's shoulders. "Don't you think we could team it together the rest of our lives?" And Miss Watkins looked up and blushing stammered: "Yes, indeed!"—Florence Harris Wells. (© 1926, Western Newspaper Union.)



CHRISTMAS TREES

THE only kind of trees that interest us at this time of year are Christmas trees. I wonder if you know that a Christmas tree may be a hemlock or a spruce, a fir, pine, cedar, or perhaps some other evergreen, as an arbor vitae. But the ones named are the most popular. Can you tell the difference? A spruce Christmas tree has stiff needles, sharp as pins, that stand out all ways. A hemlock Christmas tree has flat needles that lie on the twigs as if they were parted, just as hair is parted. These hemlock needles are whitish underneath. The fir Christmas tree has needles that are parted very much like the hemlock, only each separate needle seems to be parted on its under side, too. Very likely your tree will be one of these three.

The pine is too well known for much description. It has two forms of leaves, the primary, small and scale-like, and the secondary—long and in clusters of various numbers. There are many species, from a few feet high to over a hundred. The cedar is of an old family. It is the well-known Cedar of Lebanon. It is of slow growth, very hard wood, and much used in manufacturing lead pencils. All are fragrant, and very popular for Christmas trees.—Frank Herbert Sweet. (© 1926, Western Newspaper Union.)

THE Town's Christmas —an Enjoyable Affair

IT WAS the town's idea. Of course you may say how absurd that statement is, that a town cannot have an idea because a town is not a person. But when many people in a town all have the same public-spirited feelings and interest in others, you can almost say that the town itself is different from other towns—more generous, more thoughtful—just as you will speak of a person. So the town lined its streets with Christmas trees and lighted them with twinkling lights. And the town invited all the parents and all the children from the surrounding countryside to come to the town any night during the week from Christmas to New Year's when a concert of Christmas music was given by the village band, and when hot soup and biscuits were served to every listener. And the town never enjoyed itself as much before.—Mary Graham Bonner. (© 1926, Western Newspaper Union.)

CHRISTMAS HOLLY

THERE are four kinds of Christmas holly, two of which are not in reality a true holly. First, native American holly, grown along the eastern and southern Atlantic coast from Cape Cod to Texas for about 80 to 100 miles inland. Second, European holly (more glossy and larger leaved), grown in Oregon for Christmas decoration. Third, California holly; this is not a true holly. California holly is known as toyon or Christmas berry. The leaves are nearer like the mountain laurel, and the plant is grown along the coast of California and in the foothills. Fourth, Oregon holly, or Oregon grape; the leaf is similar to the true holly, but it is not a holly. It is the native hollyberry.

GREENHORNS

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

THE editor of the metropolitan college daily came down to our country town to a football game last fall and after the game was over wended his way back to his urban fastnesses. He was not favorably impressed with our appearance. We were crude, vulgar as opposed of course to polished and refined. We were, as he expressed it, a bunch of "hicks."

The word is obsolete, so the dictionary asserts, but it is in quite common use notwithstanding and means a country jake, a greenhorn. Now everyone, metaphorically speaking, is a country jake or a greenhorn when he is out of his ordinary environment and is not familiar with the customs or the conventions of the community in which he finds himself.

When I first went to New York, I was a grown man, but I had never before been out of the state. I had never been in a sleeping car before or eaten in a dining car. I had had no acquaintance with city ways, had never ridden on an elevated or through a subway, and was embarrassed and confused in ordering a la carte meal. I had never before registered in a hotel. In our country town we just went in and ate and paid at the desk when we were leaving. There were no tips left for the waitress, or expected, for that matter. I was in a strange and unfamiliar country whose manners and customs were like a foreign tongue to me. I was indisputably a "hick."

Our cousins came to visit us from Chicago when I was a boy. They had been born in a city and had never before been outside its walls—if it had walls. They knew absolutely nothing of country life or of the machinery with which business is carried on upon the farm. Think of not knowing the difference between a hay tedder and a corn cultivator! They didn't know which end of a horse to put the collar on; they were ignorant of how or where to extract milk from a cow, and when the process was explained to them they were quite at a loss to know which side or end first to approach. They were riotous jokes to us children. They had never seen sweet corn growing or gooseberries or timothy hay. They had never picked strawberries or climbed up into a hay-mow or ridden a horse or gone swimming in the creek. They were the most hopeless confirmed "hicks" in our eyes.

The rural districts are pretty thickly infested with greenhorns—few men live up to their possibilities—but commend me to the city for the prize winners in this field of endeavor. The city chap has more chances, usually, for ignorance and he takes advantage of them. Whether one is a greenhorn or not depends pretty largely upon who is making the statement. No doubt the man from the metropolis was as laughable to us as we were to him—in our eyes was as much of a "hick" as we were in his estimation; for the greenhorn is always the fellow who doesn't know what we know. (© 1926, Western Newspaper Union.)

Petals Turn Back

A rather remarkable trait of the hibiscus, says Nature Magazine, is that often, after it has been plucked, the petals will turn back, gradually returning again to normal, several hours later. A silent protest, it would seem, against despoliation.

BUT—HE "FELT NO BETTER FOR THAT"

A man from Nebraska tells this: "For three nights I was kept awake by a bothersome persistent cough, and so were others of the family; and I felt no better for that. The very first doses of Foley's Honey and Tar relieved me and in two days' time my cough was entirely gone." Think of the saving of distress to himself and others, had he taken Foley's Honey and Tar Compound at the start. It pays to keep it on hand. The large family size is a real economical buy. Ask for it.—Hite's Drug Store.

THE Two Children Played With the Small Stranger.

friendly little creature. They began to think of him as their own as a Christmas gift come especially for them. A loud rapping on the door. A rapping as of a cane knocked smartly against the panels. "Mercy!" said Susie, "who's that?" And she flew to answer it. "Have you seen?" asked a man's voice, a deep, businesslike voice, "a small dog about here?" "Why—" stammered Susie, "why—"

A sharp little bark from the other room. "Ah," said the stranger, "I perceive that you have. Allow me to enter and retrieve my property." Before Susie could say a word the big man had pushed by her and was in the room where the Christmas tree stood. Bill had the dog tight in his arms. There was an expression on the boy's face of dogged determination. He looked as though nothing in the world

could separate him from this new-found happiness. "Yes," said the stranger, "that is the little fellow. He got away from me while I was giving him a walk. The mistress would be wild if I lost him. I'll have to teach him a lesson." He reached the dog. "No, no!" cried Bill. "We found him and took him in. He's ours!" "Why, Bill," said Susie, "you mustn't speak that way!" The man laughed. "I don't wonder you want him—he's a cute little tyke. But I must take him back home. I'm to drive the family to a party tonight and I'm late now."

But Bill relinquished his hold of the dog not a whit. "You can't have him! He's mine!" As the big man in a driver's livery took a step forward his glance fell on a framed photograph. For an instant he blinked very fast. Then he scrutinized the picture more closely. His formal speech lapsed into natural expression. "By gorry if that ain't the spittin' image of me oldest brother Tim. Tim Grady, or I'm a liar!" Bill and Susie stood spellbound. The little dog made a snuffling sound with his nose.

RED PEPPERS END RHEUMATIC PAINS

When you are suffering with rheumatism so you can hardly get around just try Red Pepper Rub and you will have the quickest relief known. Nothing has such concentrated, penetrating heat as red peppers. Instant relief. Just as soon as you apply Red Pepper Rub you feel the tingling heat. In three minutes it warms the sore spot through and through. Frees the blood circulation, breaks up the congestion—and the old rheumatism torture is gone.

Rowles Red Pepper Rub, made from red peppers, costs little at any drug store. Get a jar at once. Use it for lumbago, neuritis, backache, stiff neck, sore muscles, colds in chest. Almost instant relief awaits you. Be sure to get the genuine, with the name Rowles on each package.

Not Always Best Plan

Compromise is but the sacrifice of one right or good in the hope of retaining another—too often ending in the loss of both.—Edwards.

Compromise is but the sacrifice of one right or good in the hope of retaining another—too often ending in the loss of both.—Edwards.

Compromise is but the sacrifice of one right or good in the hope of retaining another—too often ending in the loss of both.—Edwards.

Compromise is but the sacrifice of one right or good in the hope of retaining another—too often ending in the loss of both.—Edwards.

Compromise is but the sacrifice of one right or good in the hope of retaining another—too often ending in the loss of both.—Edwards.

Compromise is but the sacrifice of one right or good in the hope of retaining another—too often ending in the loss of both.—Edwards.

Compromise is but the sacrifice of one right or good in the hope of retaining another—too often ending in the loss of both.—Edwards.

Compromise is but the sacrifice of one right or good in the hope of retaining another—too often ending in the loss of both.—Edwards.

Compromise is but the sacrifice of one right or good in the hope of retaining another—too often ending in the loss of both.—Edwards.

Compromise is but the sacrifice of one right or good in the hope of retaining another—too often ending in the loss of both.—Edwards.

Compromise is but the sacrifice of one right or good in the hope of retaining another—too often ending in the loss of both.—Edwards.

Compromise is but the sacrifice of one right or good in the hope of retaining another—too often ending in the loss of both.—Edwards.

STOP Coughs Colds.

with FOLEY'S HONEY AND TAR

ESTABLISHED 1875

HITE'S DRUG STORE

Zinc High in Favor

Zinc is the metal most generally used for roofing in Europe, to so great a degree, in fact, that the metal artisans of those countries, it is said, would hardly know how to operate without such material.

Zinc is the metal most generally used for roofing in Europe, to so great a degree, in fact, that the metal artisans of those countries, it is said, would hardly know how to operate without such material.

Zinc is the metal most generally used for roofing in Europe, to so great a degree, in fact, that the metal artisans of those countries, it is said, would hardly know how to operate without such material.

Zinc is the metal most generally used for roofing in Europe, to so great a degree, in fact, that the metal artisans of those countries, it is said, would hardly know how to operate without such material.

Zinc is the metal most generally used for roofing in Europe, to so great a degree, in fact, that the metal artisans of those countries, it is said, would hardly know how to operate without such material.

Zinc is the metal most generally used for roofing in Europe, to so great a degree, in fact, that the metal artisans of those countries, it is said, would hardly know how to operate without such material.

Zinc is the metal most generally used for roofing in Europe, to so great a degree, in fact, that the metal artisans of those countries, it is said, would hardly know how to operate without such material.

Zinc is the metal most generally used for roofing in Europe, to so great a degree, in fact, that the metal artisans of those countries, it is said, would hardly know how to operate without such material.

Zinc is the metal most generally used for roofing in Europe, to so great a degree, in fact, that the metal artisans of those countries, it is said, would hardly know how to operate without such material.

Zinc is the metal most generally used for roofing in Europe, to so great a degree, in fact, that the metal artisans of those countries, it is said, would hardly know how to operate without such material.

Zinc is the metal most generally used for roofing in Europe, to so great a degree, in fact, that the metal artisans of those countries, it is said, would hardly know how to operate without such material.

STOP Coughs Colds.

with FOLEY'S HONEY AND TAR

ESTABLISHED 1875

HITE'S DRUG STORE

Zinc High in Favor

Zinc is the metal most generally used for roofing in Europe, to so great a degree, in fact, that the metal artisans of those countries, it is said, would hardly know how to operate without such material.

Zinc is the metal most generally used for roofing in Europe, to so great a degree, in fact, that the metal artisans of those countries, it is said, would hardly know how to operate without such material.

Zinc is the metal most generally used for roofing in Europe, to so great a degree, in fact, that the metal artisans of those countries, it is said, would hardly know how to operate without such material.

Zinc is the metal most generally used for roofing in Europe, to so great a degree, in fact, that the metal artisans of those countries, it is said, would hardly know how to operate without such material.

Zinc is the metal most generally used for roofing in Europe, to so great a degree, in fact, that the metal artisans of those countries, it is said, would hardly know how to operate without such material.

Zinc is the metal most generally used for roofing in Europe, to so great a degree, in fact, that the metal artisans of those countries, it is said, would hardly know how to operate without such material.

Zinc is the metal most generally used for roofing in Europe, to so great a degree, in fact, that the metal artisans of those countries, it is said, would hardly know how to operate without such material.

Zinc is the metal most generally used for roofing in Europe, to so great a degree, in fact, that the metal artisans of those countries, it is said, would hardly know how to operate without such material.

Zinc is the metal most generally used for roofing in Europe, to so great a degree, in fact, that the metal artisans of those countries, it is said, would hardly know how to operate without such material.

Zinc is the metal most generally used for roofing in Europe, to so great a degree, in fact, that the metal artisans of those countries, it is said, would hardly know how to operate without such material.

Zinc is the metal most generally used for roofing in Europe, to so great a degree, in fact, that the metal artisans of those countries, it is said, would hardly know how to operate without such material.



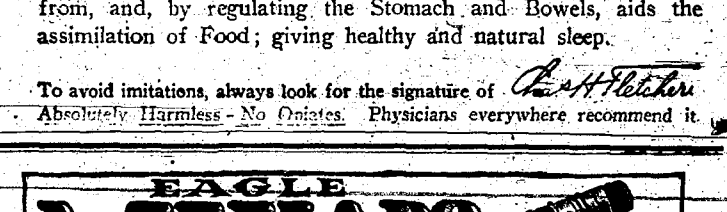
SAY "BAYER ASPIRIN" and INSIST!

Proved safe by millions and prescribed by physicians for Colds Headache Neuritis Lumbago Pain Neuralgia Toothache Rheumatism

DOES NOT AFFECT THE HEART

Safe Accept only "Bayer" package which contains proven directions. Handy "Bayer" boxes of 12 tablets. Also bottles of 24 and 100—Druggists.

CHILDREN CRY FOR



CASTORIA

MOTHER:—Fletcher's Castoria is especially prepared to relieve Infants in arms and Children all ages of Constipation, Flatulency, Wind Colic and Diarrhea; allaying Feverishness arising therefrom, and, by regulating the Stomach and Bowels, aids the assimilation of Food; giving healthy and natural sleep.

To avoid imitations, always look for the signature of Dr. J. C. Fletcher. Absolutely Harmless—No Opium. Physicians everywhere recommend it.



EAGLE MIKADO YELLOW PENCIL with the RED BAND

SUCH IS LIFE

By Charles Sughroe

An Eye for Business

NO SIR! PAPA, THE MOST IMPORTANT STATION OF ALL ANY IN THIS HERE BOOK.

PAPA, ARE ALL THE STATIONS IN THAT RADIO BOOK? SEEMS LIKE THERE'S AN AWFUL IMPORTANT ONE ANY THERE

I FIXED UP THAT LOG BOOK MYSELF, AND ALL THE BIG STATIONS ARE IN IT! LOOK AGAIN!

THEN TUNE IT IN BY THE WAVE LENGTH

PAPA! WHAT WAVE LENGTH FOR SANTA CLAUS?

NO SIR! PAPA, THE MOST IMPORTANT STATION OF ALL ANY IN THIS HERE BOOK.

THEN TUNE IT IN BY THE WAVE LENGTH

PAPA! WHAT WAVE LENGTH FOR SANTA CLAUS?

NO SIR! PAPA, THE MOST IMPORTANT STATION OF ALL ANY IN THIS HERE BOOK.