

# Charlevoix County Herald.

VOLUME 30

EAST JORDAN, MICHIGAN, FRIDAY, DECEMBER 17, 1926.

NUMBER 51

## Christmas Week At Postoffice

Postmaster Stroebel Announces Schedule of Hours. Suggestions in Mailing.

Commencing Monday, Dec. 20th, the East Jordan Postoffice will be open every evening until 7:00 o'clock standard until Christmas day. On Christmas day (Saturday) the office will be open from 8:30 to 9:30 a. m., and from 12:00 m. to 1:00 p. m. The evening mail on Christmas day will not be distributed. On Sunday, Dec. 26th, the office will be open from 8:30 to 9:30 a. m.

## PREPARATION FOR CHRISTMAS MAILING.

**Wrapping and Packing.** All parcels must be securely wrapped or packed. Use strong paper and heavy twine.

**Special Packing.** Articles easily broken or crushed must be crated or securely wrapped. Use liberal quantities of excelsior, or like material, in, around, and between the articles and the outside container. All articles easily broken or damaged must be plainly marked "FRAGILE."

**Perishable Matter.** Articles likely to spoil within the time reasonably required for transportation and delivery will not be accepted for mailing. Wrap or pack carefully, according to contents, and plainly mark all such parcels "PERISHABLE." Use special delivery stamps to expedite delivery.

**Limit of Weight and Size.** No parcel may be more than 84 inches in length and girth combined. For delivery locally and in the first, second, and third zones, 70 pounds is the maximum weight; in all other zones, 50 pounds.

Christmas gifts and cards addressed to points within one day's travel should be mailed not later than Dec. 20th; within two days' travel, not later than Dec. 18. Parcels and Envelopes may be indorsed "Please Do Not Open Until Christmas."

## Special-Delivery Service.

Special-delivery service is obtained by affixing a special-delivery stamp of the proper denomination, or its equivalent in ordinary stamps, in addition to the regular postage. When ordinary stamps are used, the words "SPECIAL DELIVERY" must be written or printed directly below, BUT NOT ON THE STAMPS. Special delivery is for speed and not for safety. Valuable mail should be registered or insured. If mailed in time the use of a special-delivery stamp will insure delivery on Xmas.

**Insurance or Register Valuable Mail.** All valuable domestic parcel-post mail should be insured. Insurance fees: Value not exceeding \$5, 5 cents; not exceeding \$25, 8 cents; not exceeding \$50, 10 cents; not exceeding \$100, 25 cents. Coin, currency, jewelry, and articles of similar value should be sent as SEALED FIRST-CLASS REGISTERED MAIL.

## MR. AND MRS. F. J. GRUBER BUY SAN DIEGO, CALIF., STRAND THEATRE.

Mr. and Mrs. F. J. Gruber, who managed East Jordan's Temple Theatre for a number of years, have invested in a California theatre. The following item is taken from a newspaper of that city:

With the final business details practically consummated this week, the new Strand Theatre on Newport avenue is scheduled to change ownership and management this week. The splendid amusement building and valuable business property has been purchased from Ray G. Ericsson by Mr. and Mrs. F. J. Gruber, who will shortly assume personal management of the Strand theatre. Mr. and Mrs. Gruber are practical show-folks of many years' experience and have been residing in San Diego for some time. During their long and active theatrical career they both achieved wide fame and were headliners on the various amusement circuits throughout the country. The new owners propose to make the Strand Theatre one of the best show houses in Southern California.

## Attention Children!

The City of East Jordan will again give to all the children of East Jordan and vicinity a free show Christmas Day. The picture this year is "Thunder," the marvel dog in "Wings of the Storm." Candy will be distributed to all children free. Parents are urged to arrange to have their children attend. The show will start at 2:30 p. m. standard time.

## E. J. Schools Win Two Games

Defeats Gaylord 16 to 14, and Alba 12 to 7.

East Jordan High School, recently reinstated by the M. H. S. A., started the Basket Ball season with two flashy wins during last week end. The team journeyed to Gaylord Friday and Alba on Saturday. They came back on the long end of the scores of 16-14 and 12-7, respectively in the first two starts.

**GAYLORD GAME**  
Although the team had a tiresome ride to Gaylord they took the floor with one view in mind—to start the season right, with a win. Gaylord began the scoring with a free throw but was soon headed by East Jordan who finished the half ahead 11-5. The second half Gaylord came back and steadily closed in on the locals but never to lead them. Muma replaced St. Charles, who was taken out on fouls, and came through with a basket and the winning points of the game.

**ALBA GAME**  
This game was not characteristic of the Gaylord game for it was more of the football type. The locals, acclaimed the under dogs from the start—Alba having defeated Gaylord 23-7 a week before—played winning ball throughout.

The team work as a whole was outstanding, although Taylor provided the scoring thrills by caging four baskets. The team, though green in experience played good basket-ball through out the trip and promise to provide the East Jordan fans with a brand of ball that has been set forth in previous years. There is but one letter man of experience on the squad from which to develop a winning team, but in the games played they have shown an aptitude for team work which is fundamental.

The pre-holiday schedule is: Bellaire there, Dec. 17; Bellaire here, Dec. 22.

**LINE-UP**  
East Jordan: Shepard F., Taylor F., St. Charles C., Barnett G., Smith G.  
Gaylord: Cole Merry, Shields Campbell, Schreur  
Substitutions—E. J. Carr for St. Charles, Muma for St. Charles, Gaylord—Cook for Cole, Fitzpatrick for Merry, Gocha for Fitzpatrick, Fox for Shields.

**LINE-UP**  
East Jordan: Shepard F., Taylor F., St. Charles C., Barnett G., Smith G.  
Alba: Hignide L., Ruskell E., Ruskell C., Shoup G., Rifenberg L.  
Substitutions—Carr for Shepard.

## East Jordan Wins Basket Ball Game

(Petoskey News, Dec. 10th)

In a basket ball game witnessed by about 150 fans at the high school gymnasium last Thursday evening East Jordan Knights of Pythians proved entirely too well organized for the Petoskey Portland Cement Company plant team, the visitors winning 28 to 5. Petoskey was held to a single field basket in each half by Kalbfleisch and a foul shot by Ernst.

The visitors had good team work and sent Johnson beneath the basket time after time for easy shots. In the second half Benson was used in Johnson's place and scored heavily. Although not in on the heaving scoring Lee at center for the visitors was easily the star of the game. This player is coach of East Jordan High School Team and was a star player for Western State Normal while in that institution. The visitors were a clean playing lot escaping with but three personal fouls.

Playing for Petoskey were Fetting, Kalbfleisch, Henry, Crick, Ernst and Campbell. On the visitors' lineup were Johnson, Benson, Swafford, Lee, Snyder, Shedins and King. Rupert, of Petoskey High School was the referee.

## Dog Tax Notice.

Dog Tax Licenses are now due and payable a my office, without penalty until Jan'y 10th, 1927, after that date, a penalty of \$2.00 will be added.

G. E. BOSWELL, City Treasurer.

Our idea of a poor joke is one on us.

## The Christmas Spirit



## First Home Game A Victory

The rapidly developing East Jordan Basket Ball team played their first home game Tuesday night and defeated Alba 12-11.

The Alba boys started with a rush the second the whistle blew and by the end of the first quarter, although three fouls had been called on Shoup of Alba, they had looped in three (six points) baskets while our boys remained scoreless.

The second quarter with Gleason taking Taylor's place at left forward and Taylor Carr's place at Center was more successful. The boys really started to fight for the first time during the game and held the Alba men scoreless while they dropped in three field goals and two free throws, making the score East Jordan 8, Alba 6.

The third quarter started with no change in lineup and both teams doing their best. The Alba quintet splashed one field goal and one free throw while our men sank two field goals, setting the score, East Jordan 12, Alba 11.

The last quarter started with the game still on the floor. To start with, Shoup, Alba's R. guard, had to leave the game because of his fourth personal foul. Both teams were held scoreless the fourth quarter. The final score was East Jordan 12, Alba 11.

In general the game was exciting but both teams were much better on defense than offense, as neither team shot a quarter of the baskets they had chances to make.

**LINE-UP**  
Alba: Hignide R. F., Ruskell L. F., Ruskell C., Shoup R. G., Rifenberg L. G.  
East Jordan: Shepard L., Taylor R., Carr G., Barnett R., Smith L.

Substitutions—East Jordan, Gleason for Taylor, Taylor for Carr, at the same time. Alba—Hubbard for Shoup.

We'll say this much in favor of winter—it puts an end to the channel swimmers.

Advertising in this journal of freedom and intelligence is the best way that we know for business-getters.

## Potato Fertilizer Shows Big Return

Production Increased 50 Bushels Per Acre in M. S. C. Tests—Closer Planting Also Helps.

Use of fertilizer on the Michigan potato crop has paid a fine profit this year. Results obtained on field fertilizer test plots, conducted by Michigan State College, in co-operation with farmers who specialize in growing potatoes, show that an average increase of 50.9 bushels an acre was obtained through the use of fertilizers.

This increase in yield was worth over 50 dollars per acre this year. The cost of the fertilizer used was 12 dollars an acre. The average price of potatoes over a ten year period is sixty cents a bushel, and so the average profit which would be obtained from the use of fertilizer would be 18 dollars an acre, based on this year's results.

It is believed that the quality of the potatoes is much improved on the fertilized fields. The better quality is due to the tendency of the phosphoric acid in the fertilizer to force early maturity. The ripe potatoes have a better color and the skin of the tuber is not bruised as easily as that of an unripe tuber.

Experiments on the influence of closeness of planting on the yield of potatoes obtained show that close planting increases the yield to a marked degree. The average yield on fields planted 36 by 36 inches was 82.9 bushels an acre. When a portion of the same field was planted 36 by 18 inches, the yield was 140.5 bus. Close planting also reduces the number of hollow potatoes in the crop. There are not so many over sized potatoes in the closely planted field, but the tubers run a nice average size which is desired on the market.

The way some men start work is to look over their mail, talk to their friends and then go to lunch.

Correct this sentence: "I want something more valuable. I must give her a better present than she gives me."

A strike of the soft coal miners is predicted for next spring. This ought to be enough to keep the prices up until 1928.

## Trunk Lines To Be Plowed

Charlevoix-Boyer City and Boyne City-East Jordan Roads Will Be Kept Clear.

(Charlevoix Courier, Dec. 8th)

Extensive plans are now being worked out for snow removal on Charlevoix County roads during the present winter, according to Ernest Peaslee of the Road Commissioner's office.

A large rotary plow from the State Highway department is expected to arrive here some time this week from Cadillac, and if present plans are carried out will be located at Charlevoix. This plow will operate on M-11 between Bay Shore and Eastport. The County owned plow will make its headquarters at Boyne City and will operate on trunk line M-57 between Boyne City and Boyne Falls, and on M-18 between Boyne Falls and the junction of M-13 and M-57 near Clarion.

In addition to the two large tractor-plows, two smaller units will be employed after light storms. The County now owns one truck with plow equipment which will be located at Boyne City and work in conjunction with the larger outfit in that end of the County. The commission also contemplates the purchase of another truck and V type plow attachment which will be operated at the Charlevoix end.

Along with the work above mentioned, which will be under State supervision, the county will keep county roads open between Charlevoix and Boyne City, and Boyne City and East Jordan. No attempt will be made to keep the Charlevoix-East Jordan road clear of snow on account of the many narrow cuts. It is estimated that the road from Charlevoix to East Jordan may be kept open by the way of Boyne City at less expense than to clear the stretch from Ironton to East Jordan.

This program puts just twice the amount of equipment on the same roads this winter that were kept open by one plow last year, and undoubtedly better results will be obtained. Around two miles of the picket type snow fence will be placed on M-11 between Bay Shore and Eastport, and should keep some of the worst cuts free of snow. Last year the snow removal work of the state highway department in northern Michigan was only in the experimental stage, and department officials believe that with this experience to help them, they will have the situation well in hand this winter.

## F. & A. M. INSTALLED OFFICERS FOR YEAR.

At a meeting of East Jordan Lodge No. 379, F. & A. M., held Tuesday evening, Dec. 14th, the following officers were elected and installed for the ensuing year:—  
W. M.—S. G. Sedgman  
S. W.—B. L. Severance  
J. W.—Charles P. Murphy  
Treasurer—M. Ruhling  
Secretary—G. W. Bechtold  
S. D.—J. P. Seiler  
J. D.—R. G. Proctor

## Mme Orlowska



Mme Leon Orlowska, wife of the secretary of the Polish legation, is one of the most beautiful and popular members of the diplomatic set in the national capital. She is an American girl, daughter of Mrs. Katherine Brady Harris of New York, and formerly was the wife of John Barrymore, actor, whom she married during her school days.

It won't be long now before you can write "1926" and rub it out. Many a poultry keeper wonders what becomes of the eggs that his hens ought to lay.

## Somebody Was Careless

At The Grade Crossing Was a Warning, But Somebody Took a Chance.

Six persons were killed on a grade crossing at Wellborn, Fla., recently, a young woman, her mother, her mother-in-law and her two little daughters, aged six and three years, respectively. The sixth member of the party was a friend, the wife of the Wellborn postmaster.

Somebody was careless. Somebody "took a chance." The grade crossing was a warning to be cautious—to obey the command painted on a sign to "Stop, Look and Listen." That would have assured safety for the party of six in the automobile.

But it was easier to take a chance. It meant the saving of a quarter of a minute. It meant avoiding the necessity of stopping and starting. And it meant—death!

The thousands of grade-crossing horrors that occur annually in the United States indict the motoring public of indifference that is inexcusable, of carelessness that is criminal. An automobile has no chance when it disputes a crossing with a flying train weighing hundreds of tons. It will be hurled from the track a mass of tangled wreckage, and only as the result of a miracle can any of its occupants escape death or serious injury.

Why gamble with fate at the grade crossing?

Why dare death for the sake of ten or fifteen seconds saved, even if the journey is important.

Why take it for granted that you, Mr. or Mrs. or Miss Car Driver, are luckier than thousands were who have died at grade crossings.

Gambles if you will, but don't gamble with human lives. When you reach a grade crossing, be sure you can get across before you start across.

## School Notes

School closes for Christmas vacation Dec. 22 and will open January 4, 1927.

All Christmas exercises will be held Wednesday afternoon, Dec. 22.

The Junior High boys played the Freshman Friday night after school. The score was 9-3 in favor of the Junior High.

The Home Economics Club met Thursday at 2:30 o'clock. A regular meeting was held. After the business meeting, refreshments consisting of cocoa and graham surprises were served. The entertainment following consisted of three songs by Alice Carney, accompanied by Beatrice Burbank at the piano. The club laid plans for Christmas at this meeting.

## FOOTBALL AWARDS

The event of chief interest in assembly last week was the awarding of the Football letters. Mr. Lee presented the letters and monograms to the members of the football squad. The letters are different than have usually been awarded. This year they are seven inch block J's made of red chenille. The men receiving these were:—Willard St. Charles, Vernil LaPeer, Robert Pray, Ira Weaver, Vail Shepard, Christopher Taylor, Harold Whiteford, Edward Carr, Chester Amburgey, James Gleason, Cuthbert Barnett. An honorary letter was awarded to Olaf Ormland. The monograms have not been previously given in this school but are a new idea for awards for the second string men. They are the red letters AJA on a black background. The ones receiving these were:—Carl Rumenta, Bruce Lintner, Roderick Mousa, H. B. Hipp, Frank Chew.

## LYCEUM NUMBER—DEC. 18.

Second Lyceum Number—Dec. 18. The Boyds and Katherine Gutchell, Concert Artists and Entertainers. Time—8:00 o'clock standard.

## Ancient Leaven

The leaven spoken of in the Bible used by the Jews is a simple form of yeast probably made from the wild yeast common in hot countries. It is in no way different in its action from the commercial yeast of today.

## Begin Early

The earlier the child's training in self-reliance begins, the better prepared he will be to meet the demands of school life.—Children.

## The Ananias Club

"It's strange," said the clerk, "that these articles marked \$1 go so much faster than the ones marked 98 cents."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

## Chicago Huntress Bags a Buck Deer



Georgia Wells Rorback returning to her Chicago home with a buck deer which she bagged in northern Michigan. She hunted without a guide and she admits that her first shot was wild, but her second got him.

**Detroit**—Nearly 1,000,000 gallons of beer and 500,000 gallons of liquor were seized in the eastern district of Michigan extending from Detroit to Bay City, in the fiscal year ending Sept. 1, 1926. In this period 169 rum runners' boats, valued at \$48,830, 429 automobiles valued at \$171,107.50, and 161 stills were seized. Padlock orders were asked for 451 cases, and 1,514 prohibition cases were started in court. Fines collected in liquor violation cases amounted to \$220,710.02.

**Clare**—The three younger children of Mr. and Mrs. William Ancel, who live 12 miles north of Harrison, were burned to death when their two-story frame farm house was destroyed by fire. The children were four, and two years and four months old and were with their grandmother, the father and mother being away from home. The grandmother went out to the barn for a few minutes and when she returned, the entire house was a mass of flames. There was no chance to get the children.

**Pontiac**—Closed for nearly four months, during which time thousands of tons of earth-crushed stone and other filling material has been dumped into a hole over which the Dixie highway passes, the pavement has finally been returned to traffic. The sink hole on this pavement, main trunk line between Detroit, Pontiac and Flint, has been about the worst in the state, engineers say, and filling it has delayed opening of the road. The concrete surface will not be put on until spring, gravel being used until then.

**Muskegon**—Muskegon has expended more than \$3,000,000 in the last few years on new school buildings, and is planning additional buildings to relieve congestion. Two new schools, the Junior College and Sen for High School costing \$1,000,000, and the Nelson grade school, have been dedicated recently. Muskegon's educational foundation was established by Charles H. Hackley, lumber man. He gave Muskegon a manual training school, one of the first in the United States, a gymnasium, athletic field, library and art gallery.

**Ann Arbor**—The University of Michigan had some wonderful scoring football teams in the past. In 1901, the Wolverines amassed a total of 550 points to none for their opponents; in 1902, they registered 644 points to 12 for the opposition; in 1903, they totaled 565 points against 6 for their opponents, the latter, by the way, being Minnesota, which played them to a tie that year; in 1904, Michigan scored 577 points to 22 in its rivals, following this up in 1905 by scoring 495 points against 2 for the opposing teams.

**STOPS COUGHING, VERY QUICKLY EFFECTIVE**

Here is the basic reason why, without opiates or chloroform, Foley's Honey and Tar Compound stops coughs so quickly and heals the distressing cause. Because it combines the curative virtues of pure Pine Tar and other healing ingredients, together with the mollifying demulcent effect of clear fresh Honey—a valuable combination. Coughs and throat irritations, bronchial and "flu" coughs, croup (spasmodic) and troublesome night coughs are quickly controlled by Foley's Honey and Tar. The name tells the story. Ask for it.—Hite's Drug Store.

**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.

**LOST AND FOUND**

**STRAYED**—A small black and tan DOG came to my home near But-ton's Corners, Dec. 8th.—**ELMER LAVANWAY.** 51x1

**FOR SALE—MISCELLANEOUS**

**FOR SALE**—Jersey Heifer calf, 8 mos. old. Horse, weight about 1000 lbs. Inquire of **ETHEL SUTTON**, Route 5, East Jordan. 51-2

**FOR SALE**—Purebred Jersey female CALVES, \$40.00, registered and transferred.—**RALPH PRICE**, Ironton. 51-1

**FOR SERVICE**—Purebred O. I. C. BOARS. **EDW. THORSEN**, East Jordan, phone 165-F22. 46-1-f.

**FOR SALE**—Purebred Mammoth Bronze Turkeys, Champion strain, large and vigorous.—**MRS. B. SMATTS**, Phone 118-F31, Route 1, East Jordan. 46-6

**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.** 10-4-f.

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**PENINSULA**  
(Edited by Mrs. E. Hayden)

Henry Price of Iron Mountain has come to spend the winter with his daughter and husband, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Healey in Star Dist.

Walter Holcomb is receiving a visit from his father from Boyne City.

Mrs. Charles Healey received word that her brother Barney Price had received his discharge from the Navy but had enlisted again.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Bogart and son, Claré of Boyne City and Mrs. Nellie Evens, who is employed in East Jordan, spent the week end with Mr. and Mrs. Joel Bennett, making the trip as far as Cherry Hill with the Bogart car, where they were met by team and sleigh.

The Sewing Club of the Star school has got nicely started, having had their first lesson last week Thursday after school, under the leadership of Miss Frances Gould, the teacher.

Wm. Hunter, the Watkins' man from Charlevoix made the Peninsula trip Tuesday with his car, but secured the use of Ray Loomis team for his work the rest of the winter.

Ira McKee has sold his team to Frank Crowell of East Jordan. He delivered them Saturday.

Ed. Stollard and son, Earl, of Pleasant View farm made a business trip to East Jordan, Saturday.

Sixteen of the faithful few attended the Star of Hope Sunday School Dec. 12th.

Brucg Sanderson of Northwood, Mountain Dist., is absent from school with the chicken-pox.

The Douglas Tibbitt family of Cherry Hill have moved to Boyne City for the winter.

The Eveline Arbor of Gleaners will have election of officers at their Temple Wednesday evening, Dec. 15.

Mr. and Mrs. Bert Staley and son, and Mrs. Chase, the Mountain school teacher, spent Thursday evening with Mr. and Mrs. George Staley in Star Dist., listening to the new radio.

F. H. Wangeman threshed beans for G. C. Ferris last week.

Jim Coblenz of Charlevoix started to thresh beans for Joel Bennett, Thursday, but broke his frower and had to quit.

Douglas Tibbitt of Boyne City is soliciting orders for fruit trees, especially cherries for the Chase Bros. Nurseries.

Cash and Frank Hayden of Orchard Hill who have been employed at the furnace in East Jordan, were laid off Tuesday morning, and are home again.

John and Gertrude Looze arrived from Detroit Friday for a visit with their parents, Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Looze in Three Bells Dist. They expect to remain until the New Year.

The Three Bells School is planning a nice program for Xmas.

C. A. Hayden has been confined to the house for several days with a severe cold, but is better.

Walter Holcomb and his father are cutting stove wood for A. Reich.

Will and Ralph Gaunt report some nice catches of fish through the ice in the South Arm of Lake Charlevoix, (Pine Lake.)

The Three Bells school plan to have their Xmas tree and program Thursday evening, Dec. 23.

The Star school plan to have their Xmas tree and program Friday evening, Dec. 24th.

Mr. and Mrs. Richard Hosgood and family of Mountain Dist were guests at the Clarence Johnston home in Three Bells Dist., Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Johnston and son, David, of Three Bells Dist. visited their daughter, Mrs. Grant Moore and family in Boyne City, Thursday, and report they are getting along very nicely.

Miss Helen Kroll, who is attending High School in Boyne City came to the home of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Fred Kroll on the David Staley farm, Sunday, and is confined to the house with a sore throat.

Miss Alice Gould of Mountain Dist who attends High School in Boyne City, came home last week, as the place where she was boarding was quarantined for scarlet fever.

**PLEASANT HILL**  
(Edited by Anson Hayward)

Sunday School attendance 27. Our mail man is taking his sleighs these days for delivering mail.

The teachers and pupils are busy practicing for their Xmas program. John Hawley is gaining slowly.

Farmers are busy cutting wood for winter use, it begins to look like winter.

Roads are beginning to drift up. Last week there was quite a few cars passing through.

George Carpenter has been cutting wood the past few days. Quite a few of our neighbors have returned home from Detroit on account of employment being scarce. The most of them have gone to Camp for employment.

Monday, it rained, snowed and blowed and it got rid of the snow. The Pleasant Valley neighborhood are threshing their beams now, Edg: Heldon is doing it.

Bennett's Sunday School attendance was 22. There was no preaching on the 12th, on account of Rev.

list. He expects to go to Alpena for Henry VanDeventer was on the sick a two weeks time to help the Evangelist in meetings at that place.

The Chicken-pox are in the Bennett District at present.

There will be a watch meeting at Pleasant Valley to see the old year out and the new year in. They are going to have prayer meeting that night.

A. Hayward and family called on H. VanDeventer Sunday evening.

**MILES DISTRICT**  
(Edited by Mrs. A. Miles)

Gleaners of Ellsworth Arbor met at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Black of Ellsworth Dec. 9th for installation of officers, and an oyster dinner was served and enjoyed by all present. Thirteen members were present, Mr. McCallister of Ellsworth, a member of Maple Hill Arbor was a visitor.

Mr. and Mrs. A. Miles spent Thursday at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Black in Ellsworth.

Mr. and Mrs. Eugene Miles and Mr. and Mrs. A. Miles called on Mr. and Mrs. C. L. Strong Saturday evening in East Jordan.

Mr. and Mrs. G. Steenhagen were Sunday dinner guests of Mr. and Mrs. Peter Weiland in Ellsworth.

Mr. and Mrs. G. Steenhagen spent Friday afternoon at the home of their daughter, Mrs. John Weiland near Ellsworth.

Eugene Miles sold a bunch of hogs last Friday.

Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Evans of East Jordan spent Thursday night at the home of his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Dett Evans.

Clifford LaClair of East Jordan, who returned last week from his trip to Florida, and Miss Sarah Sherman of East Jordan, and Mike Addis spent Sunday afternoon at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Jerry Moble.

Frances Evans spent Friday evening at the Louis Kowalske home in Rock Elm.

**NORTH WILSON**  
(Edited by Carl Bergman)

No Church—Sunday as the minister found the snow banks too deep this side of Boyne City.

Mail carrier came with horses Saturday for the first time this fall, roads are impassable for cars.

Paul and Cora Stenke were Sunday dinner guests of their sister, Mrs. Harry Behling, and family.

August Behling, Sr., spent Sunday at his brothers, Frank Behlings.

Our teacher, Elgie Dow is boarding at the home of Edd. Weldy, he has been driving to school from Boyne City.

Roy Schrader and August Behling Jr., spent Saturday evening with Mrs. Fred Behling and sons.

Roy Schrader and Mr. and Mrs. Carl Bergman and family spent Sunday afternoon at the home of August Behling, Jr.

Carl and August Knop were Monday evening visitors at the Bergman home.

William Spencer was called to Lansing, Wednesday by the death of his father, Charles Spencer. He brought the body back to Boyne City for burial.

**NOWLAND HILL**  
(Edited by Mrs. C. M. Nowland)

Mrs. E. L. Nowland called on Mrs. Edwin Stocker of Boyne City, Wednesday.

E. G. Kurchinski spent the week end with his family. He is employed at the Tannery in Boyne City.

Omar Scott of Boyne City hauled stove wood from his farm a few days last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Darius Shaw of East Jordan spent a few days at the home of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Albert Nowland last week.

The next regular meeting of Wilson Grange will be held at their Hall the evening of Dec. 23, instead of the 4th Saturday evening, because it comes on Xmas.

Ray Nowland made a business trip near Alba last Friday.

Miss Alice Nowland spent the week end with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Sam Nowland.

**Smallest Place of Worship**

It is claimed that Hackney, London, possesses what is probably the smallest consecrated church in the land. In it are seats for "ten poor ancient widows," who live in ten tiny almshouses. These, forming three sides of a square, and fronting an Old-world garden, give an impression of rusticity that is rudely dispelled when one crosses the road into the cloister of Hackney.

**Origin of A-I**

The familiar symbol, "A-I," was used originally only by insurance companies in rating the general condition of ships. It is now quite generally applied to anything in first-class condition, or "ship-shape."

**Good and Evil**

He who imitates what is evil always goes beyond the example that is set; on the contrary, he who imitates what is good always falls short.—Guliclardin.

**Best Memory Season**

The memory is said to be strongest in summer than in winter.

**STATE NEWS IN BRIEF**

**Detroit**—The postoffice department at Washington, has authorized the appointment for Detroit service of 23 additional carriers, effective January 1.

**Pontiac**—Hugh Belford of Holly, a road maintenance man, was killed instantly when he drove his road scraper on the tracks directly in front of a Pere Marquette passenger train, at a crossing one mile north of the village.

**Muskegon**—Convicted of trapping muskrats out of season, Anton Kanawicz, 42 years old, of Muskegon Heights, close to serve 30 days, in jail rather than pay a fine of \$50, although when arrested he had \$1,480 in \$20 bills in his pocket.

**Grand Rapids**—Vincent Gallagher, three-year-old son of James A. Gallagher, is plaintiff in a \$10,000 damage suit in circuit court against J. Donald McCormick, and wife, said to be the owners of a dog which bit the youngster January 20 of this year.

**Monroe**—Valentine Birch, 15 years old, accidentally shot and killed his boy companion, Ralph Aldrich, 13 years old, in the Aldrich home here. The boy was cleaning a small caliber rifle when it was discharged accidentally.

**Grand Rapids**—A \$200,000 appropriation with which to advertise Michigan will be asked of the state legislature by the Michigan Real Estate association. The association, with the Michigan Tourist and Resort association and development bureaus, plans to raise an equal amount.

**Greenville**—Damage estimated at between \$25,000 and \$30,000 was caused by a blaze which destroyed the elevator of the Rockefeller Grain Co. at Vickeryville, near here. A storehouse and warehouse, as well as a stock of grain, 2,500 bushels of beans and a quantity of cement were destroyed in the blaze. The company, a Detroit concern, only recently purchased the elevator.

**Detroit**—Slightly more than 10 years ago, Peter Dzewzewski, then 27 years old, took out a marriage license to wed Mary Gortal, 22. The exact date of the license was July 24, 1916. But it took Dzewzewski all these years to think the matter over, for his wedding didn't take place until November 25, 1926, according to a return on the license received by Thomas Farrell, county clerk.

**Detroit**—Purchase of an iron ore mine at Snow's Pond, Conception Bay, near St. Johns, N. F., for \$100,000 by Henry Ford, was reported here. The mine, which has not been operated for several years, was examined by experts last summer. It is said diamond drill equipment is being shipped from the United States by the new owner in preparation for a resumption of mining soon.

**Leland**—The Manitow Islands, 14 miles to the west in Lake Michigan from this port, have been linked again with the mainland by a slender telephone cable, laid at a cost of about \$100,000. The installation of the cable was completed recently by the department of communication of the United States coast guard service and was put into operation at once. Construction was begun early in the summer.

**Grand Rapids**—A series of burglaries on the west side of Grand Rapids, which the police believed to be the work of professional thieves, was done by 11 youths, ranging from 6 to 14 years, the police say. The 11 composed a gang known as the "triplex" and had a roster, by-laws, a list of stores which they intended to rob, and another list of things they were to steal, ranging from camping material to saxophones.

**Grand Rapids**—A \$500 reward for recovery of a deer weighing between 400 and 500 pounds, which he shot in Alpena county during the deer season and which was stolen from his camp, has been offered by W. L. Culver, a Grand Rapids real estate dealer. He has searched for the deer without success for some weeks. Culver said the animal had become a highly sought prize of northern Michigan hunters who had frequently seen it during the last five years but who were unable to bring it down.

**Sault Ste. Marie**—A big bull moose owes his life to five men, who at the risk of their own lives, rescued him from a watery grave after hours of futile struggle and hoisted him on Round Island. The struggling animal was guided to shore by the five in a small boat, showing no fear whatsoever. So exhausted was the big animal that he was unable to walk ashore and the five men pulled him up, spread their coats over him, applied artificial respiration until he could move about.

**Lansing**—The ghost of a dark brindled cow wandered into the proceedings of the state administrative board here. A farmer demanded that the state pay him for the loss of the animal. He declared employees of the state highway department left some green paint in the road and the cow drank it. Shortly afterward the cow left this earthly sphere. The case was referred to the attorney-general to determine whether the state was at fault for leaving the paint in the road or the farmer for letting his cow get onto the highway.

**FINANCIAL STATEMENT**  
FOR THE CITY OF EAST JORDAN  
FOR THE MONTH OF NOV. 1926.

**GENERAL FUND RECEIPTS**

November  
1 Balance on hand \$15688.65  
City Taxes 80.10  
Penalties 6.45

Total \$15,675.20

**DISBURSEMENTS**

November  
Peoples Bank 534.50  
G. A. Lisk 110.10  
Henry Cook 100.00  
Edward Kamradt 100.00  
Otis J. Smith 36.64  
Grace E. Boswell 68.10  
John F. Kenny 7.25  
Thos. St. Charles 41.40  
Delbet Hale 27.60  
City Treasurer 90.00  
B. L. Severance 2.00  
Mary Green 13.00  
Clarence Bowman 7.50  
F. H. Crowell 1.50  
Hite Drug Co. 1.05  
E. J. Lbr. Co. 118.32  
Howard Cook 1.25  
Bernard J. Reuker 60.00  
Jerry Deshane 4.25  
Bell Tel. Co., 4.00

30 Balance on hand 14361.74

Total \$15,675.20

**STREET AND SEWER FUND RECEIPTS**

November  
City Taxes \$ 57.88  
30 Overdrawn 791.05

Total \$ 848.93

**DISBURSEMENTS**

November  
1 Overdrawn \$ 797.23  
Joseph Martenek 7.50  
Thomas St. Charles 42.20  
Delbet Hale 8.75

Total \$ 848.93

**WATER WORKS FUND RECEIPTS**

November  
Water Taxes \$ 912.08  
Tapping Permits 50.00  
Turn-on-permits 2.00  
30 Overdrawn 1063.28

Total \$ 2027.36

**DISBURSEMENTS**

November  
1 Overdrawn \$ 1827.21  
Henry Cook 25.00  
Peoples Bank 85.00  
Elec. Light Co. 90.15

Total \$ 2027.36

**INTEREST AND SINKING FUND RECEIPTS**

November  
City Taxes \$ 8.90  
30 Overdrawn 125.21

Total \$ 134.11

**DISBURSEMENTS**

November  
1 Overdrawn \$ 134.11

Total \$ 134.11

**BRIDGE FUND RECEIPTS**

November  
Balance on hand \$ 599.72

Total \$ 599.72

**DISBURSEMENTS**

November  
Anthony Kenny \$ 2.50  
30 Balance on hand 597.22

Total \$ 599.72

**CEMETERY FUND RECEIPTS**

November  
30 Balance on hand \$ 44.32  
30 Overdrawn 13.68

Total \$ 58.00

**DISBURSEMENTS**

November  
Francis Kleinhans \$ 3.00  
Alveretta Roy 6.50  
John Whiteford 33.50  
Joseph Kenny 15.00

Total \$ 58.00

**RECAPITULATION**

General Fund \$14851.74  
Bridge Fund 597.22

Total \$14,948.96

Street Fund \$ 791.05  
Water Works Fund 1063.28  
Interest and Sinking Fund 125.21  
Cemetery Fund 13.68

Total \$1,993.22

Less Overdrafts 1993.22

Total \$12,955.74

Outstanding Orders 141.07

Cash on hand at end of the month \$13,096.81

OTIS J. SMITH, City Clerk.

Our sympathy is always extended to the man who begins to build a house, expecting to get out on the amount he expects to get out on.

We hope that every child in Charlevoix County will have a happy Christmas; unless they do the grown ups are falling down on their jobs.

When you can pay your bills with the same cheer that you receive money you will be a better man than we are.



**Suggestions for Xmas!**

For Girls Away from Home!

A "Dress Case" to protect her party dress, a Robe or Bath Robe, Silk Slips, Bloomers, Nightgowns, and Hose, Bedroom Slippers, Hdks., and Compact Sets.



How about a good warm wool Shawl for Grandmother? Also Gloves, Hose, Slippers and pretty Stationary.

Linen Lunch Set, wool Blanket Rayon Bed Spread, "White" Sewing Machine, leather Purse and Rugs for Mother.

For the entire family--an Auto Robe or "White" Sewing Machine.

**EAST JORDAN LUMBER CO.**

# FULL CHRISTMAS STOCKINGS



## The CHRISTMAS EVE HOME-COMING

By MARY GRAHAM BONNER.

IT WAS so cheerful when the unknown crowds were left behind and the known ones appeared. That was on the last part of the journey. Dexter Lyons had been traveling all day and now it was dark and the lamps on the little branch line train were lighted and all the home-comers from all directions had met. Everyone knew everyone else on this train and the conductor knew them all.

The stove at the end of the train was burning almost too warmly. The train joggled along. The car was filled with people, bags, suitcases, packages of all shapes and sizes. The conductor took the "tickets" only as a secondary consideration. His first interest was in hearing how everyone had been, what they had been doing, when school or college began after the holidays, when the business folk must be back in the cities. To everyone he wished a merry Christmas.

They had hurried so to make connections, they had scrambled and pushed through the great holiday crowds. But now they were all sure they would get home on Christmas Eve. After they got on this train there could be no missing of connections and the conductor had promised them they would be on time.

Out of the windows occasional lights could be seen in the farmhouses, they passed and in the streets of very small villages. But every house, no matter how separated and alone, was decorated. Christmas reached everywhere. It penetrated the traffic of cities and reached out to the most remote places.

There was a general chatter going on, a renewing of friendships, a talk between some who only saw each other at this time of the year, who had different interests and occupations and lived in different places, but who enjoyed this annual little talk.

And then the engine gave a long, long whistle. It was not the ordinary whistle of an engine. It was the way the engine always whistled on Christmas Eve, as to carry word to the waiting families and friends at the little station at the end of the line that the train was doing its part to wish them a merry Christmas by bringing its load of people.

Dexter was out on the station platform. Oh, such greetings as there were. And then a rush to the different homes where hot suppers were spread out upon candle-lit tables and where ruddy fires radiated their glow of cheer.

Dexter was surrounded by his family. And besides—there was Nancy. That made the home-coming perfect. For it gave him the hope, the unspoken promise that he would have his own, own home-coming before long. Nancy would never have joined this family gathering on Christmas Eve when Dexter was first home, if she had not decided that certain matters he had taken up with her in letters were to be answered by assent!

"Oh, Nancy," he told her later, "it does. It does mean that you say 'yes,' doesn't it?"

And Nancy said that it did!

**Always Merry**  
A prosperous country like this always has a Merry Christmas.

**Santa's Substitute**  
The letter carrier is a pretty fair substitute for Santa.

## CHRISTMAS CAROLS

THE world these days is thrilling with the singing of Christmas carols. When the angels sang out their glad news above the plains of Bethlehem, they started all the best music and singing that our world has ever known.—Herald and Presbyter.

## Christmas Spirit

By Martha Banning Thomas

NOT the green wreath hung on the knocker of the door. Not the gleam of silver tinsel dripping from the Christmas tree. Not the pile of packages heaped about—fat packages, slim packages, packages fairly bursting with their own secrets. Not the plump turkey and cranberry sauce and pies steaming with fragrant, holiday odors. Not the blizzard of greeting cards coming by every mail. Not the exciting ring of the postman who has a special smile as he hands out the letters.

Not the happy voice of the carol-singers who tramp through the snow under the stars to bring a bit of Christmas cheer to those shut away from the usual festivities.

Not bulky stockings knobby with gifts. Not the crunch and squeak of footsteps on snow on a frosty night.

Not these things alone make Christmas. They all help. They add the happy trimming, as it were. But only as they take on the true spirit of this holy time do they merge into the power and the glory of the precious season.

Christmas! The interlude between the old year and the new. The promise of great things to come. The consummation of things that have gone. The priceless moment when men may reach up and be God-like in their pity and understanding.

The Star of Bethlehem is a symbol—a gift—an opportunity for the justification of the faith that is in us.

Let us be merry. Let us be gay. Let us feel the last, full measure of happiness at this happy time. But let us also dedicate ourselves anew to the highest possible expression of Christmastide, tolerance, unselfishness, liberality, peace and good will toward men.

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## Sure, Santa Claus Was Here



## Christmas Daring

By Eleanor E. King

LOUISE had not been oblivious to the courteous "How do you do's" and attempts at conversation—at least those that could be appropriately engaged in from the other side of the bars. The conversation assumed such a form as: "Two fives, a ten or some ones?" with an accompanying smile. Today, as she entered the great, white stone building, she made a resolve. She wrote her check and approached the desk. The smile and the same "How do you do?" greeted Louise. She hesitated, then nerved herself to meet the occasion and with quivering smile burst forth: "Did—didn't I meet you at the University of Chicago? It seems to me I did."

"N-um, well yes, perhaps. Yes, I believe you are right," acquiesced Bert, putting down some figures in the little bankbook so vigorously that the pen point protested sputteringly, making the ink fly to the right and left.

"Looks like Christmas is making inroads in my bank account. Oh, but



the joy I get out of buying the things I have in mind; I wouldn't trade for a dozen bankbooks with full pages of deposits. By the way, did you know Tom Masters at the university? Your fraternity pin made me think of him. He had one just like it."

A queer look shot across Bert's face. "Of course. He was the best old scout. Can't we talk over old times some evening?"

Three days later Louise, all expectancy, put the finishing touches to the living room—a small Christmas tree gracefully distinguished one end. Wreaths hung in the windows and little sprigs of holly ornamented the center, calling light. Louise turned on the circuit of Christmas tree lights and sat down to admire the tree and collect herself. She was a little worried. What in the world had prompted her to be so brazen? Never before had she acted so. To say the least, her customary timidity had certainly been put to flight—had deserted her. She had not long to ponder, for the doorbell rang.

Bert, the picture of neatness, looked more than his usual six feet in height as he stood alongside of Louise when he greeted her. For the first few minutes the evening seemed doomed to be a miserable failure. Finally Louise could stand it no longer.

"You probably will hate me forever when I tell you this, but I can't keep up this farce any longer. I knew you never attended the University of Chicago. I knew exactly what school you graduated from and that it had been with high honors, too. I knew what type of family you came from and the kindly care you gave your mother. I learned these things from the woman I am living with, as she is an intimate friend of your aunt. I have been lonely for company since my coming here and so determined I would not spend this evening, of all the ones in the year, alone. Now you can hate me if you like. I wouldn't blame you."

"On the contrary, I think this is a lark. I had a presentiment of just such a situation, but I couldn't imagine why you picked out this evening—Christmas Eve—for me to come and talk to you about mythical fraternity brothers. I was sure tired of waiting for an introduction. Then you know my name and history? And at last the meeting," cried Bert with one of his famous smiles. "Well," praise be to Christmas and the courage I gave you!"

(© 1924, Western Newspaper Union.)



IT WAS with smiling resolution, but also with invincible vanity, that Mr. Thomas Spriggs greeted the sunshine of a New Year's morning. He had determined to be socially active and pleasant, but he had failed to reckon with himself. In assuming that everybody would be glad to see him he had forgotten that his previous faithfulness to calling lists had not always seemed to hit the mark. If some kind friend could have advised and convinced him about his faculty of getting into situations wrong and his ability for saying the things he did not mean to say, he might have profited by counsel, but as the case was, his powers in these directions were unimpaired. He was still unaware of the fact that he was ironically known as Tactful Thomas.

Thus it was that the day opened characteristically as he shook hands with old man Young and, after the usual New Year wish, stepped on his favorite corn by an unfortunate comparison. Mr. Young was on the other side of seventy, but fond of imagining himself as young as ever, and a mutual acquaintance of the two was this side of that meridian, but with the looks of Methusalem. "How old do you think our friend Smithers is?" asked Young. "Well, I should say about sixty," replied Mr. Spriggs, "but he looks as old as you do!" The conversation was then abruptly ended.

Nothing daunted by Mr. Young's failure to appreciate his wit, Mr. Spriggs proceeded to find his next victim, gayly wishing himself a happy New Year. On his way to Miss Bump's reception he fell in with Mr. Ignatius Friendly, his pastor for many years, and still holding the office. But he presently fell out with Mr. Friendly as follows: "I see," says Spriggs, "I see that the other church is about to lose its pastor. He's been in our town only about three years and now has a call to Bigville. They don't keep a good man long in Bliss-town!"

Arriving at the Bump homestead just in time to be rather late, Mr. Spriggs again distinguished himself in his anxiety to promote social fellowship by introducing a young lady friend of some forty winters to one of the literary lions present. Unfortu-



"It Won't Be Long Now."

nately he forgot the name of the lady, so he escaped from his dilemma and fell into a new difficulty by saying, "Professor Fox, let me make you acquainted with—with Miss—with one of our old standbys!"

After this, Spriggs, all unabated, presented himself at the Gladys's in time to say to Judge Upright, who was approaching the age limit set upon his office, "It won't be long now, judge, before you will have to go way back and sit down."

Perhaps the most interesting adventure of this colorful day occurred at the Robinson party. There he grew increasingly careless, until he finally took his leave with a crowning bon mot. As Mrs. Robinson kept her upstairs room during the festivities, on account of a rather severe indisposition, her daughter, Miss Allura, had done the honors, and to her he made his adieu: "Give my best regards to your mother, Miss Robinson," he said, "and tell her that I hope that she will soon be down and out!"

Talking with his landlady that evening, Mr. Spriggs heard from her that there are many queer people in the world. When he replied that this would undoubtedly continue to be the case after they both had left it, the good lady overlooked the implication and wished him good night.

Nothing interfered with the slumbers of Mr. Spriggs. No ghostly consciousness of an imperfect New Year's day seemed to stand accusingly about his bed. He awoke the next morning to put on the magnifying glasses of conceit with fresh assurance. He will fare forth on January 1, 1927, to commit new deprecations upon the conventionalities of society. But people will wish him a happy New Year just the same. They know that he means well with it all and they take his mistakes as contributions to the merriment with which we all desire to enter upon new and promising years. Some day he will laugh at himself, and, although that would deprive us of amusement, it will do him good. If we could see ourselves as others, see us, who would dare to be funny? And if we are queer it avoids monotony and gives us that variety which has been called the spice of life.

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## McInnis Long in Service



John "Stuff" McInnis, new manager of the Philadelphia Nationals, has been a big league player since 1909. He has worn six different major league uniforms.

## Saves Postal Time

Mail boxes on wheels are proving a success in Amsterdam, where collection boxes are attached to the backs of trams going toward the general post office. At the halt in front of the post office the boxes are emptied and letters are rushed to the sorting rooms, saving several hours' time in collection.

## At Last, a Place to Park!

Parking space has been discovered at last. Afghanistan has one motor car for every 1,200,000 inhabitants.—Wichita Eagle.

## SHORT TALKS BY THOUGHTFUL MOTHERS

An Indiana mother tells this:—"We find nothing to compare with Foley's Honey and Tar Compound for coughs and colds. My little lad had trouble with his bronchial tubes from his third year, but since we started giving him Foley's Honey and Tar we have been able to control it. We know there is nothing to compare with Foley's Honey and Tar Compound." The very name tells a story. Good also for croup (spasmodic) and troublesome night coughs. Ask for it.—Hitler's Drug Store.

## Keep Eliminative System Active

Good Health Requires Good Elimination

ONE can't feel well when there is a retention of poisonous waste in the blood. This is called a toxic condition, and is apt to make one tired, dull and languid. Other symptoms are sometimes toxic backaches and headaches. That the kidneys are not functioning properly is often shown by scanty or burning passage of secretions. Many people have learned the value of Doan's Pills, a stimulant diuretic, when the kidneys seem functionally inactive. Everywhere one finds enthusiastic Doan's users. Ask your neighbor!

## DOAN'S PILLS

60c  
Stimulant Diuretic to the Kidneys  
Foster, Millburn Co., Mfg. Chem., Buffalo, N. Y.

# STOP Coughs Colds.

with  
**FOLEY'S HONEY AND TAR**

ESTABLISHED 1875  
No Opium. Ingredients printed on Wrapper  
**INSIST UPON FOLEY'S**

HITE'S DRUG STORE

## Colds Ended overnight

There's a way to end colds so quick and efficient that we paid \$1,000,000 for it. That way is HILL'S. It stops colds in 24 hours. Checks fever, opens the bowels, then tones the entire system. Millions employ it because it brings such prompt, complete results. Go try it now.

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

**EAGLE**

# MIKADO

The  
**YELLOW PENCIL**  
with the  
**RED BAND**

EAGLE PENCIL CO., NEW YORK, U.S.A.

## Children Cry for

Fletcher's

# 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 natural sleep.

To avoid imitations, always look for the signature of *Charles F. Fletcher*  
Absolutely Harmless—No Opium. Physicians everywhere recommend it.

Genuine

# BAYER ASPIRIN

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.

Aspirin is the trade mark of Bayer Manufacture of Monacetate of Salicylic Acid.

# The Girl in the Mirror



By Elizabeth Jordan

(By The Century Company.)  
WNU Service

(CONTINUED)

Without another word, he crossed the threshold into the hall. Before him hurried the two Italians. Behind him crowded Shaw and the secretary. He walked forward six strides. Then, as the side railing of the stairway rose beside him, he saw his opportunity. He struck out right and left with all



His First Blow Sent the Blond Secretary to the Floor, Where He Lay Motionless.

his strength, flooring one of the Italians and sending the second helpless against the wall. In the next instant he had leaped over the slender rail of the stairway, leaped half-way down the stairs, and made a jump for the front door.

As he had expected, the door was locked. Shaw, if he had entered that way, had not been too hurried to attend to this little detail. Laurie had just time to brace his back against it when the four men were upon him.

If he could have taken them on one by one he could have snapped their necks in turn, and he would have done so without compunction. As it was, with four leaping at him simultaneously, he called on all his reserve strength, his skill in boxing, and the strategy of his football days.

His first blow sent the blond secretary to the floor, where he lay motionless. After that it was hard to distinguish where blows fell. What Devon wanted and was striving to reach was the throat of Shaw, but the slippery thing eluded him.

He fought on with hands and feet

## FIERY, ITCHY SKIN QUICKLY SOOTHED BY THIS SULPHUR

Mentho-Sulphur, a pleasant cream, will soothe and heal skin that is irritated or broken out with eczema, that is covered with ugly rash or pimples, or is rough or dry. Nothing soothes fiery skin eruptions so quickly, says a noted skin specialist.

The moment this sulphur preparation is applied the itching stops and after two or three applications, the eczema is gone and the skin is delightfully clear and smooth. Sulphur is so precious as a skin remedy because it destroys the parasites that cause the burning, itching or disfigurement. Mentho-Sulphur always heals eczema right up.

A small jar of Rowles Mentho-Sulphur may be had at any good drug store.

## OPEN NOSTRILS! END A GOLD OR CATARRH

How To Get Relief When Head and Nose are Stuffed Up.

Count fifty! Your cold in head or catarrh disappears. Your clogged nostrils will open, the air passages of your head will clear and you can breathe freely. No more snuffing, hawking, mucous discharge, dryness or headache; no struggling for breath at night.

Get a small bottle of Ely's Cream Balm from your druggist and apply a little of this fragrant antiseptic cream in your nostrils. It penetrates through every air passage of the head, soothing and healing the swollen or inflamed mucous membrane, giving you instant relief. Head colds and catarrh yield like magic. Don't stay stuffed-up and miserable. Relief is sure.

even drawing, against these odds, on the savate he had learned in Paris. Blood flowed from his nose, his ear and his lip. Shaw's face was bleeding, too, and soon one of the Italians had joined the meek young secretary in his stumbers on the floor. Then Laurie felt his head agonizingly twisted backward, heard the creak of a rusty bolt, and in the next instant was hurled headlong through the suddenly opened door, to the snow-covered veranda.

As he pulled himself up, crouching for a return spring, Shaw, disheveled and breathless on the threshold, jerkily addressed him.

"Try it again if you like, you young devil," he panted, "but remember one thing: the next time you won't get off so easily."

The door slammed, and again the bolt shot into place. Laurie listened. No sound whatever came from the inner hall. The old house was again apparently dead, after its moments of fierce life. He slowly descended the steps, and, bracing himself against the nearest tree, stared at the house, still gasping from the effects of the struggle.

He was out of it, but he had left Doris behind. The fact sickened him. So did the ignominy of his departure. He was not even to be followed. His absence was all the gang desired. His impulse was to force the door and again face the four of them. But he realized that he could accomplish nothing against such odds, and certainly, as a prisoner in the house, trussed up with Shaw's infernal rope, he would be of no use to either Doris or himself. He decided to return to the garage and get his car and the weapon he had left there. Then, if the four still wanted to fight, he would show them something that might take the spirit out of them.

Having arrived at this sane conclusion, he turned away from the silent house, and, hatless and coatless as he was, hurriedly made his way through the heavy snow-drifts toward the public road.

### CHAPTER XIV

#### Mr. Shaw Decides to Talk

At the garage he found Burke faithful to his trust and with an alert eye out for more five-dollar bills. The proprietor temporarily lost sight of these, however, in his sudden and vivid interest in the new patron's appearance.

Laurie answered his questions with a word that definitely checked the further development of curiosity. Then, huddling over the stove, and warming his icy, soaked feet, he curtly outlined his intentions. He was going to change back into his own clothes, he explained, and he would want his car at five o'clock sharp. This, he intimated, would give Burke a little more than half an hour in which to get his mental processes started again and to have the car ready.

Burke whistled inaudibly. Obviously the joke the lad had played had not panned out to the young man's taste. Burke was sorry for that. His experience had been that with these young "rounders" generosity went hand in hand with success and its attendant exhilaration; and that when depression set in, as it obviously had done in this instance, a sudden paralysis numbed the open palm.

However, even granting that this was so, he had already been largely overpaid for anything he had done or might still be expected to do. He nodded his response to the young man's instructions, and though he was not a subtle person, he succeeded in conveying at the same time a sense of his sympathy with the natural annoyance of a high-spirited practical joker whose joke had plainly miscarried. Ordinarily his attitude would have amused Devon, but Laurie was far from his sense of humor just now. Still whistling softly, Burke departed, to make a final inspection of the car, leaving Laurie the sole occupant of the cramped and railed-in corner that represented the private office.

That young man was in the grip of a characteristic Devon rage, and as he rapidly got back into his own clothing his fury mounted until the blood pounded at his temples. He dared not let himself sum up the case against Shaw, though the manner in which he had been kicked out savored strongly of contempt. Evidently Shaw didn't care where he was, so long as he was outside of the house.

Neither dared he sum up the case against Doris, though he could not for a moment banish from his mind the picture of her as she had stood with her back to him and his four assailants. Why had she stood thus? Because she was indifferent to any fate that befell him? Or because she was numbed by her own misery? Crowding forward with these questions was a sick fear for her, alone in that sinister house with four thugs and an old hag whose sole human quality seemed to be a sardonic sense of humor exercised at his, Laurie's, expense.

What might happen to her? What might be happening even now? And what assurance had he that even if he again succeeded in entering the house, a very remote possibility, he could accomplish anything against Shaw and his companions? Oh, if only he had waited and brought Rodney with him! Together, he felt, the two of them could have met and overcome a regiment of men like Shaw and his secretary.

A wild impulse came to him to take Burke with him in his second effort, but an appraising look at that seedy individual checked it. He was convinced that Burke could neither fight nor keep his mouth shut. Owing to his promise to Doris, police help, of course, was out of the question. No, he must go back alone. But this time

there would be no semi-ignominious departure. He would either bring Doris away, or he would remain there with her. And if Shaw wanted trouble, he'd get it, and it would be the real thing.

That afternoon, on his first visit to the Cedars, his new instinct of caution had made him leave behind him the little revolver he had brought. He knew his own hot temperament too well to risk carrying it, and he had an arrogant faith in his own physical strength which, as a rule, had been justified. Now, however, he retrieved the weapon, and with a sudden tightening of the lips dropped it into his overcoat pocket.

When he was dressed he went out to look over his car. Burke, who was evidently fascinated by the slender racer, rose from an admiring inspection of the engine as its owner approached.

"She's ready any minute now," he reported. "She's had gas; oil and air, and I've put on the chains. Thought you'd want 'em, in this storm."

Laurie nodded and glanced out at the window. The storm had developed into a blizzard. His optimism, somewhat numbed in the past hour, reasserted itself to suggest that nature was helping him to meet the odds against him in the old house down the road. He glanced at his watch. It was not yet quite five, but certainly there was darkness enough for his purpose. He could safely take the car into the side wood road near the Cedars, and leave it there among the trees until he needed it. He handed Burke his final offering, the size of which wholly dispelled that philosopher's pessimistic forebodings. Jumping into his car, he backed it out into the storm.

"Hey, there! What about these clothes?" demanded Burke, indicating with a thumb the abandoned heap of garments in the office.

"Eat 'em," briefly advised the occupant of the disappearing car. Burke shook his head. Garage men are used to hectic human types and strange happenings, but this particular type and incident were new to Burke. He was also interested in the discovery that the young fella wasn't going to New York, now that his joke was played. He was going straight up the road, in the wrong direction, and driving like the devil. Well, anyway, Burke had made a tidy bit on that joke, whatever it was. Gasping affectionately at the latest crisp bill, he thought of his wife and the seventh, and nobly decided to forgive them both.

Laurie, his hot head cooled by the storm that beat against him, raced through the gathering darkness. He had the road to himself. In weather like this no one was abroad who could stay at home. He turned out into the country road, already deep in snow-drifts, and swept on through the little wood whose leafless birches now looked unfamiliar, even spectral, in the increasing gloom. Save for the soft purr of his engine, his progress made no sound. He drove as far as he dared, then stopped the car off the road, in a clear space among the trees, and continued his way on foot. He must leave the car there, and take the chance of having it discovered in the storm and darkness that chance seemed very remote.

He plunged on toward the house, knee-deep, now, in the drifts that swept across the narrow road. Soon the building was visible in its somber setting, and as he stared at its dim outlines his heart leaped. In the right-hand corner, on the second floor, a light showed faintly through drawn shades. The sight filled him with an overwhelming relief. Until he saw it, he had not realized how great his inner panic had been. He stopped, drew a deep breath, and stood staring up at it.

The rest of the house looked black and uninhabited, but somewhere within it, he was sure, Shaw and the blond secretary watched and waited. To the Italians he gave no thought. He was convinced that neither of them cared to come alone to those quarters with him; and this conviction was so strong that the prompt retreat of the fellow with the rope had not surprised him, either at the moment or in retrospect, though both men had fought well under Shaw's eyes. If the Italians were again on guard in the grounds, it would be his job to choke them off before they could warn Shaw of his presence. Warning Shaw, he hoped, was about all they were good for.

His plan, fully made, was very simple. He had no intention of risking another encounter if it could be avoided. His purpose was to get Doris out of that house, back to New York, and in Louise Orway's care with the least possible difficulty and delay. That done, he could take up his little affair with Shaw. Even against the blond secretary he felt no personal rancor. The youth with the pursuing eyes and the chloroform was merely a wretched pawn in Shaw's game.

In Shaw's game! The phrase struck, burning into his consciousness like the vision he believed the beast would use if he dared. What was Shaw's game? Why was he so smugly sure of it? And why, oh, why, why, was Doris seemingly numb to its danger, yet anxious for his help? For the first time he gave definite shape to a reflection that for hours had been trying to catch his attention, and from which he had restively turned. It was this:

When those four men, headed by Shaw, had entered that upper room, Doris had not been surprised. She had expected them. Moreover, she had not been really afraid. Instead, she had worn a look of flaming anger, of sudden resolution. She had advanced toward as if to speak. Her feet had been parted for speech.

Then, Shaw had looked at her, and slowly she had turned away and stood staring out of the window, her back to the room and its tableau. In short, with one glance of his veiled, protruding eyes, Shaw had conquered her, and Laurie himself had seen, what no one could have made him believe, but instantaneous and complete submission.

It was this revelation which had added the smoke barrage of doubt to the situation, clouding his faculties and temporarily stifling his faith. In the face of this, how could he still trust? Yet he had promised to trust, to believe, "whatever happened." Those had been his own words, and she had wept and told him he was "wonderful!"

The deep breath he had drawn ended in a sigh. He was fighting more than one storm, and in this instant he felt an indescribable weariness of soul and body. But not for a second did he hesitate in the course he had decided on. Later, when Doris was safe, perhaps things would clear up. For the moment there was one thing, and one alone, to be done.

The trees around the house made the approach under their cover a fairly easy one. However, he moved slowly, missing no precaution. He hardly believed the seal of the Italians would keep them out in the storm, but they might have rigged up some sort of shelter, or, more probably, they might be doing sentry work at some of those dark windows.

Clinging close to the trees, he skirted the house, then approached it from the rear, and slipped along the side of the building, hugging the wall. As he noiselessly moved he listened, but no sound came from inside. When he reached the front right wing he stopped, and looking up, verified his swift impressions of the afternoon.

A wide veranda swung around the front and side of this wing, supported by substantial pillars, up any one of which he knew he could climb like a cat. The roof of the veranda opened on the low French front windows of the upstairs sitting-room. There was no question that within a few moments he himself could enter that sitting-room.

The real question, and again he carefully considered it, was how, once in the room, he could get the girl out of it. She could not climb railings and slide down pillars. There was a window on the rear end of the wing, above what plainly served in summer-time as a veranda dining-room. This end of the veranda was glassed in, and over it a trellis afforded a support for frozen vines that now shivered in the storm. If he could get Doris out at that window, he might be able to get her down to the ground with the help of the trellis. But from what room did the window open, and how much of the upper hall would they have to traverse before reaching it? Not much, he fancied.

Again he looked around, and listened. There was no sound or motion, save those caused by the storm. The next instant he was climbing the pillar toward the dimly lighted window. The ascent was not so easy as he had pictured it. To his chagrin, he made several unsuccessful efforts before he finally drew himself over the top of the veranda roof, and, lying flat in the snow, slowly recovered the breath exhausted by his efforts.

Lying thus, and stretching out an arm, he could almost touch the nearest window with his fingers, almost, but not quite. Still lying flat, he dragged himself a yard farther. His head was now in line with the window, but the close-drawn shade shut out all but the suggestion of the inner light. He hesitated a moment, then, very cautiously, tapped on the frosty pane.

There was no response. He tapped again, and then a third time, twice in succession and more compellingly. This time he thought he heard a movement in the room, but he was not sure.

He waited a moment, then softly signaled again. There was no question now about the movement in the room. He heard it distinctly, heard it approach the window, heard it cease. Then saw the curtain slowly drawn. The face of Doris looked out, at first vaguely, as if she had fancied the noise some manifestation of the storm. But in the next instant she glanced down, saw him, and obviously checked an exclamation. In another moment she had opened the window, and without straightening up he had slipped across the sill.

Neither spoke. Laurie was looking about the room, reassuringly empty, save for those two. He closed the window, drew the shade, and became conscious that she held his hand and was drawing him urgently toward the fire. At the same time she answered his snatched question.

"They're all down in the kitchen, I think. Listen."

She opened the door leading to the hall, and, going out, leaned over the stair-rail.

"Yes, they're still there," she reported when she came back. "All but one of the Italians. They're eating now, and after that I think they're planning to leave."

"Where's the hag?" "Waiting on them."

She walked detachedly, almost dully. As in the morning, she was not surprised; but tonight there was in her manner a suggestion of repressed excitement which it had not held before.

"Does you a heavy coat?" he asked her.

"Yes."

"Get it and put it on, quick. Don't waste any time." He indicated the buckled house-shoes she still wore. "And put on some real shoes, if you have them."

Without replying, she disappeared. He followed her into the bedroom in which, during the hours of his presence that afternoon, the hag had found uneasy asylum. He indicated a door.

"Where does that lead?"

"Into a bathroom."

"There's a back window over the veranda. What room does that mean?"

"A bedroom off the hall."

"Good!"

She followed his thought. "But I don't think we can risk that. One of the Italians is patrolling the hall. That's why they haven't locked the door. I caught a glimpse of him just now, coming toward the foot of the stairs."

He stared at her frowningly, then, walking to the bed, stripped it with an arm-throw and seized the sheets.

"Then it's simply a question of lowering you from the front," he cried, curtly. "I'll lower you as far as I can, and we'll have to risk a drop of a few feet. Snow's safe."

As he spoke, he was hurriedly tearing and ryping the sheets. "Used to do this at school when I was a kid," he explained. "Quite like old times. Now get on the coat and shoes, please."

She needed the reminder. She was staring at this visitor, who had the face of the man she knew, and the voice and manner of a stranger. All trace of young Devon's debonair indifference was gone. He had the cold eyes and set jaw of a determined man, busy at some task which would assuredly be done, but his air of detachment, equalled her own.

When she was ready, and still with his new air of businesslike concentration on the job in hand, he addressed the linen ropes, and after a preliminary survey of the grounds, led her through the window and out on the veranda roof. Here he briefly told her what to do, suiting action to words with entire efficiency, and assuming her unquestioning obedience as a matter of course.

The lowering was not the simple exercise he had expected, any more than the upward climb had been. Light as she was, it was clear that her unsupported weight would be a heavy drag upon a body resting insecurely on a slippery roof with nothing more substantial than snow and ice to cling to. But eventually she was down, a little shaken but unhurt, and he was beside her.

"Now, let's see how fast you can run," he suggested; and for the first time his whispered voice held a ring of youth she knew. "Shaw's watchers may suddenly begin to watch, or even to see something."

She responded to his changed tone with an uncontrollable gasp of relief, which he attributed to excitement.

"Don't worry. All right now, I think," he said, with an immediate return to courtliness. It steadied her as no other attitude on his part could have done.

"Can you drive a Pierce Arrow?" he asked, as they plunged ahead through the snowdrifts.

"Yes."

"That's fine. That's great. I was afraid you couldn't." This was Laurie again. He went on urgently. "If we're stopped or separated, do exactly as I say. Don't lose an instant. Rush to my car. It's over there, among the trees. See!—over there at the right. It's turned toward the road." He indicated the spot. "Get in, go to the left at the first turn, drive full speed to a garage a quarter of a mile down the main road. No matter what happens, don't stop till you reach it. Go into the garage, and wait half an hour for me. If I'm not there then, drive on to New York and go to this address." He gave her a penciled slip he had prepared. "Mrs. Orway is a good friend of mine. She'll take you in and look after you. Will you do that?"

"Yes." The word was so low that he had to bend his head to catch it. His voice softened still more.

"Don't worry. It will be all right."

Only, some way, I can't believe that Shaw is letting us off as easily as this."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

### Hearing of Bees

Dr. E. F. Phillips of the bureau of entomology has made the following statements concerning the hearing of bees: "We are justified in concluding (1) that no organ or organs of hearing are recognized; (2) that the existence of a sense of hearing is doubtful, and (3) that the investigations so far carried out are inconclusive."

### Wise Tommy

Father—"So the teacher caught you using a bad word and punished you." Tommy—"Yes, and she asked me where I learned it." Father—"What did you tell her?" Tommy—"I didn't want to give you away, pa, so I blamed it on the parrot."—Boston Transcript.

### THE WHAT AND WHY OF A "DIURETIC"

Diuretics are used to aid the kidneys in carrying on their necessary work of picking out of the blood stream certain poisons which must be regularly carried off in the secretions to preserve the system from self-poisoning. Foley Pills, diuretic, in constant use over twenty-five years, a reliable, valuable medicine, aid in regulating this flow and in keeping the system free of the lurking poisons that cause certain phases of ill health and bodily pains. Satisfaction guaranteed. Ask for Foley Pills, diuretic. You may need them now.—Hite's Drug Store.

## 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—158-M

Office hours: 2:00 to 5:00 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.

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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.

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D. C. Ph. C.

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OFFICE HOURS: Standard Time

DAILY—2:00 to 5:00 p. m.

7:00 to 8:00 p. m.

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OVER HITE'S DRUG STORE

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Tonsorial Artist.

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

## C. E. Merchant

Watches, Clocks,

and Jewelry

REPAIRING.

Tousch's Shoe Store

State St. East Jordan

Our extra slice of pie for this week is given to the child who does not know how many days there are before Christmas.

## An Acceptable Christmas Gift

Start a savings account at this institution, and give the deposit book on Christmas morning as one of your gifts. Many of our most successful depositors started themselves on the road to prosperity through a savings account. It is easy to acquire the savings habit, and, the interest we allow helps to build the account.

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



"The Bank With The Chime Clock."

Mauntes-Howard Adamszak, 16 months old, died recently as a result of drinking iodine. The child found the bottle while his mother was placing medicines in a cupboard and drank a quantity of the contents, dying shortly after.

Detroit—The largest single industrial title insurance policy ever written in Detroit has been placed by the Union Title & Guaranty company. The policy is for \$2,000,000 and has been written on the Plymouth road property of the Electric Refrigeration corporation.

Grand Rapids—The Michigan Poultry Improvement association will seek a \$213,500 appropriation from the state legislature for constructing and equipping a two-story poultry administration building, a research plant and a disease laboratory at the Michigan State college. Fifty-five acres of land should be provided, also as a poultry range, it is said. This announcement was made following a meeting of the association's board of directors.

Grand Rapids—After having operated interurban cars between Grand Rapids, Holland and Saugatuck for 25 years without having missed a day except during his vacation, Jacob Brock, of Jamestown, now has a job in the Grand Rapids freight office of the Goodrich transit company. In its early days the road paid well, but it gradually declined until the holders of the \$1,900,000 bonds saw the entire property sold for \$227,000.

Mt. Clemens—Once more the quest for oil is to be resumed in Macomb county. H. H. and W. D. Brown, of Calgary, Sask., have obtained leases on 27,000 acres of land in Chesterfield, Harrison and Clinton townships, and have virtual closed with the E. H. Mason company of Port Huron, to drill a well to a maximum depth of 4,000. Drilling is to start January 1 and the first well is to be completed April 1, to be located in Chesterfield township.

Grand Rapids—Fifty deputy game wardens will work as under cover men for the West Michigan Game and Fish Protective Association this winter. A club has been formed, whose membership will be limited to 50, and will be composed entirely of commissioned wardens. The membership of the club will be kept secret by keeping the names of its members unknown to the public, officers of the club believe the efficiency of the organization will be greatly increased.

Lansing—In the fiscal year that ended June 30, 1926, Michigan, with 3.41 per cent of the population of the country, paid 7.96 per cent of the total internal revenue collected by the government. In dollars and cents this means Michigan, last year, paid \$51.33 per capita as compared with \$21.97 per capita for the nation. The total internal revenue taken from Michigan was \$225,629,148, made up of \$122,570,115 in income taxes and \$103,059,032 in miscellaneous taxes.

## Briefs of the Week

Clifford-LaClair returned home last Friday from a trip to St. Petersburg, Florida.

Born to Mr. and Mrs. Wm. L. Stanek, a daughter—Louise—Wednesday, Dec. 15th.

Born to Rev. and Mrs. Victor J. Hufton, a daughter, Hazel Margaret, Tuesday, Dec. 14th.

Born to Mrs. Ida (McWaters) Bjnard, a son, William Grant, at Osego, Mich., recently.

A beautiful 5-tube Radio for \$30. Get your orders in now for Xmas, or we will not be able to supply in time. C. J. Malpass Hdwe. Co. adv. 51-1

Born to Mr. and Mrs. Horace Gould a daughter—Kathryn Waldron—Dec. 4th, at the Kalamazoo hospital. Mrs. Gould was formerly Miss Christa Hoover of East Jordan. They reside at Richmond, Mich.

Basket Ball—East Jordan K. P.'s vs. "The Collegiate Five" of the Kalamazoo Normal, at the High School Gym next Tuesday evening, Dec. 21st. Game called at 7:30 standard. Also a good preliminary game. Admission—Adults, 50c; Children 15c.

City of Charlevoix tax payers, last week Wednesday, again registered an emphatic "No" to the proposition to bond that city for a new school building. The majority against the issue was 224 out of 444 votes. It is said that the present school building, which is considered by some as unsafe and unsanitary, is still unpaid for by several thousand dollars.

Miss Nellie LaLonde, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Fred LaLonde of this city, was united in marriage to Carl King, of Boyne City, at the home of the bride's parents, Wednesday evening, Dec. 15th. The ceremony was performed by Rev. C. W. Sidebotham of the Presbyterian Church. The young couple will make their home in East Jordan, where Mr. King has employment.

The following students arrived home this week for the holidays:—Harold Price and Riley Stewart from M. S. C. at Lansing; Lucile Bartlett, Thaxter Shaw, Archie LaLonde and Eva McBride from W. S. N. at Kalamazoo; Dorothy Webster, Marie McDonald, Jasper Stallard, Emil Hegerberg, Marguerite Rogers, Frances Rogers, Carlton Bowen and Frances Cook from Mt. Pleasant.

W. A. Stroebel received a message last Saturday from Detroit, stating that his uncle, Samuel Dopp, had been killed by bandits in a raid on Mr. Dopp's restaurant. Mr. Stroebel left Sunday to attend the funeral. The killing was one of the most wanton in the annals of Detroit's banditry. Mr. Dopp and two employees were killed by four bandits who entered his restaurant and commenced shooting with sawed-off shot guns. They escaped with about \$5,000.00. Several suspects are held for examination by police.

If President Calvin Coolidge is prevailed upon to establish the summer White House on Mackinac Island next summer, it is more than probable he will be escorted in the Mayflower, presidential yacht, from the Atlantic ocean through the Welland canal up the proposed great lakes-to-the-ocean waterway, and up the St. Lawrence river, Bert D. Cady, Secretary of the Michigan state park commission stated Saturday. The invitation to President and Mrs. Coolidge to summer in Michigan next year is the result of a conference in Detroit between Cady and Governor-elect Fred W. Green when the learned chief executive had expressed a desire to visit Detroit and vacation in the middle west. At a dinner in Washington, Green formally extended the invitation to Mr. and Mrs. Coolidge from the state park commission.

Mrs. Alice Joynt and Miss Irene Bashaw were hostesses at the annual Christmas meeting of the East Jordan Study Club, which was held at the home of the former, Tuesday evening. A very interesting program was rendered which consisted of the reading of Henry Van Dyke's story, "A Mansion," by Mrs. Sloan. Throughout the reading, music was interspersed, both vocal and instrumental, consisting of selections from the Opera Bohemian Girl—"Then You'll Remember Me," "The Holy City," "Some Morning," also old favorite hymns. Each selection harmonizing, accentuating and portraying the various phases and points of the story. Miss Bashaw giving much expression in the rendition of the instrumental numbers. Santa Claus and his efficient wife took charge of the Xmas tree and presented gifts to each. Some gifts causing much merriment, after which appetizing refreshments were served. All pronounced this meeting one of the best.

Special Communication of East Jordan Lodge No. 879, F. & A. M., this Saturday night, Dec. 18th. Work in the E. A. degree.

Richard C. Supernaw is confined to his bed with erysipelas.

Felix Gagnon left Tuesday for a visit with relatives at Detroit.

Mrs. John Ter. Wee left Tuesday for a visit with relatives at Grand Rapids.

Treat yourself by purchasing a pound of Votruba's keep fresh Coffee.

William Vrontron returned home Monday from the Charlevoix hospital where he underwent an operation.

The tax payers of Rogers City voted last week a bond issue of \$200,000 to erect a new union school building.

You can get beautiful hand loomed Rugs, new material, wool, cotton or rug filler, exclusive patterns in shades of blue, green, red, tan or gray.—Al. Warda, East Jordan, phone 166-F2. adv. 50-2

An Xmas tree with program, followed by an oyster supper will be given by the Rebekah and Odd Fellows and their families Saturday night, Dec. 18th, commencing at 7:30 at their hall over Bulow Bros. adv. 50-2.

Basket Ball—East Jordan K. P.'s vs. "The Collegiate Five" of the Kalamazoo Normal, at the High School Gym next Tuesday evening, Dec. 21st. Game called at 7:30 standard. Also a good preliminary game. Admission—Adults, 50c; Children 15c.

A Christmas party will be given for the primary department of the Methodist Sunday School on Saturday Dec. 18th, at 1:00 o'clock standard, at the Church. All members of the Methodist Sunday School are invited to a pot luck supper at the Church on Wednesday, Dec. 22nd, at 6:00 o'clock standard.



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

Standard Time.  
Sunday, Dec. 19th, 1926.  
Services at the Church Chapel.  
10:00 a. m.—Morning Service.  
11:00 a. m.—Sunday School.  
6:15 p. m.—Epworth League.

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

"A Church for Folks."  
Sunday, Dec. 19th, 1926.  
10:00 a. m.—Morning Worship.  
Christmas Service and Music.  
11:15 a. m.—Sunday School.  
4:00 p. m.—Christmas Vesper Service under the auspices of the Sunday School. Miss Bryant will tell the story of "The Other Wise Man," written by Henry Van Dyke. The story will be given a setting of Christmas music by the Sunday School and the choir.  
6:45 p. m.—Christian Endeavor.

**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. Manker, 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.

**Pedantry**  
There is a pedantry in manners, as in all arts and sciences; and sometimes in trades. Pedantry is properly the over-rating any kind of knowledge we pretend to. And, if that kind of knowledge be a trifle in itself, the pedantry is the greater.—Swift.

**Canal Under Land**  
What is said to be the longest subterranean canal in the world has been constructed near Marseilles, France, as part of a ship passage to link that port with a smaller one inland. For four miles the canal runs under a chain of hills.

A "Homey," Friendly Bank Under State Supervision.

Founded on Security  Built by Service

## When Buying Your Xmas Gifts

do not overlook the value and moral effect of a SAVINGS PASS BOOK issued by this strong and old established Bank.

It is the START in life that is most important. Start your boy or girl to save this year.

Savings Accounts may be started at this Bank with one dollar or more. Come in TODAY and settle your Christmas-gift problem.

## State Bank of East Jordan

"THE BANK ON THE CORNER"  
"Strength and Ability Plus the Willingness to Serve."

### 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.

### South Arm Tax Notice

The Tax Roll for the Township of South Arm is now in my hands for collection, and I will be at D. E. Goodman Hardware beginning Saturday, Dec. 11th and each Saturday thereafter until March 1st. to receive same.  
ARTHUR SHEPARD,  
Treasurer.  
adv. 50-2

### Trout in Hawaii

The common American brook trout has adapted itself to Hawaii, development of the fish in the fresh waters of Kauai Island indicate. During the last few years introduction of trout into Kauai streams has been undertaken by fish and game wardens. Trout fishing is becoming a favorite pastime. Several trout caught recently measured 12 inches and over.

### Of Course That's Different

Most every one seems to be willing to be a fool himself, but he can't bear to have anybody else one.—Josh Billings.



## MERRY CHRISTMAS TO YOU!

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

J. J. VOTRUBA



## A Delicious Gift!

Remember your friends, on Christmas, with some of our delicious Candies, Fruits, Nuts, or choice canned goods.

These, arranged in a Holiday box or basket, make a gift that is appreciated.

The A. & P. Tea Co.

## TEMPLE THEATRE

Program for week beginning - Saturday, Dec. 18th.

SATURDAY Dec. 18.

HOOT GIBSON in  
"THE PHANTOM BULLET"  
In the fastest mystery thrillo-drama of the year with lots of comedy added.  
Comedy—"Which is Which"  
Admission—10c and 25c

SUNDAY and MONDAY Dec. 19-20

Betty Bronson in  
"THE CAT'S PAJAMAS"  
A gay, swift comedy, a bright, heart-griping romance. A rich, dazzling gown parade, and gay old Theodore Roberts back—cigar and all.  
Buster Brown Comedy Fox News  
—Special Music—  
Admission—10c and 35c

TUESDAY, Dec. 21 FAMILY NIGHT  
2 for 1 with Merchant Tickets.

Fred Humes in  
"THE YELLOW BACK"  
A novelty treat in a Western.  
Chapter 7—"THE RADIO DETECTIVE"  
Admission—10c and 25c

WED. and THURS. Dec. 22-23

"THE BOY FRIEND"  
With Marceline Day, John Hannon.  
He tried to make love by a book. The season's comedy surprise.  
Added—Comedy  
Admission—10c and 25c

### Thoughts in an Old Churchyard

By DOUGLAS MALLOCH

SO MANY years they have been sleeping,  
So many years they have been keeping  
Their tryst with death; and now, I wonder,  
Of all the hearts that lie hereunder,  
How many now are wept for, sighed for,  
Yea, even some by some they died for?

What matter? What has ever mattered?  
Those roses fade, their petals scattered,  
But, oh, how fair they made the summer!  
What matters now if not a corner  
Shall speak their names, 'aye, names remember?  
Who talks of roses in December?

This matters, this, and this thing only:  
In their own season hearts were lonely,  
And needed help and needed roses,  
And then it is the heart uncloses,  
Though winter now lies all about them,  
Some summer could not do without them.

In their own time, in their own season,  
They lived, they died, for some good reason,  
They lived, they loved, they did their duty,  
And filled one summer full of beauty,  
And though their petals now are scattered,  
What matter? What has ever mattered?

This matters, this, the time we live in,  
Our time to love in, pray in, give in,  
Whatever years may follow after,  
If our own years we filled with laughter,  
Served well the world while in our keeping,  
What matters more when men lie sleeping?

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### The Hotel Stenographer

By Joe Fulkerson



"SOME peach." The Hotel Stenographer looked after a woman passing through Peacock Alley.  
"I don't think women care as good looking as they used to be." The House Detective shook his head.  
"Nothing is," agreed the girl, succinctly.  
"Nothing is what?"  
"Nothing is as good as it used to be," she answered. "Your flivver is not; that pair of pants you have on are not; the electric tower at Luna Park is not; you are not."

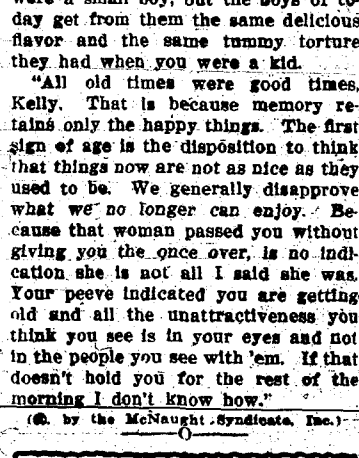
"But they still make new models of flivvers that are as good looking as your Lizzie ever was; the tailors turn out new spring models of pants as snappy as those were when you first bought 'em, and architects build better looking electric towers today than that one at Luna Park ever was and there is a new crop of young Irishmen coming into the world every year, better looking than you were the day you went on the force."

"Kelly, green apples do not taste as good to you as they did when you were a small boy; but the boys of today get from them the same delicious flavor and the same tummy torture they had when you were a kid."

"All old times were good times, Kelly. That is because memory retains only the happy things. The first sign of age is the disposition to think that things now are not as nice as they used to be. We generally disapprove what we no longer can enjoy. Because that woman passed you without giving you the once over, is no indication she is not all I said she was. Your peevishness you are getting old and all the unattractiveness you think you see in your eyes and you think the people you see with 'em. If that doesn't hold you for the rest of the morning I don't know how."

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### GIRL GAGS



"There is nothing like marriage," says Reno Ritzel, "for making a man fond of dumb animals."

# The Sandman Story

Martha Martin

## LARRY'S HOLIDAY

LARRY, to be sure, wasn't so very old. Neither was he so very young.  
No one knew that better than Larry. He was very far from being a baby. Once some one had called him a baby. It had been very hard to keep from tears. But tears were so like a baby. So he had kept back his tears but he had felt very angry, indeed.

Larry was all of five years old. And a fine, straight, sturdy boy he was. He could do so many things and he wasn't afraid of anything. Not of a single thing.

To be sure, there were some things he wouldn't have cared to meet so as to prove that he was not afraid of them, for there were some things and



For the Next Few Days Larry Was Very, Very Busy.

some creatures no one wanted to meet face to face.

He had no desire to have a hand-shaking acquaintance, or paw-shaking acquaintance, as perhaps it should be called, with a lion; for example, and even less so with a tiger or a leopard or a wildcat.

He wouldn't have cared to have been caught far from home in a bad thunder and lightning storm, but then that wasn't being cowardly.

But apart from all this Larry was a fearless boy. Only a holiday was coming along on the very next Monday—and Larry knew the holiday was not his at all. He rather wanted to feel the holidays were all partly his. Of course they were to be shared by

lots and lots of others, but he, too, wanted his own particular little share.

There was Lincoln's birthday and there was Washington's birthday—and the Fourth of July and Thanksgiving day, and all of these Larry felt a share in, for was he not an American boy? And does not every American boy feel a share in these holidays?

Christmas day—of course he felt a part of Christmas day and a big share in the day itself—just as all boys and girls feel that they belong to that most wonderful of all days.

But the coming holiday—it was not Larry's. Nor had it anything to do with Larry. The thought of that bothered him. He wished somehow it could be different.

He had asked his father what Labor day meant and his father had told him that it was a holiday set apart as a day of recognition to the laboring class. He had not quite understood what that meant but his father had explained that it meant a day set aside in honor of those being such a class as a laboring class, showing that to belong to the laboring class was something dignified and to be respected.

Larry knew then that it was useless for him to have a share in this holiday—a real, real share in it at least.

But then a happy thought came to him. For the next few days Larry was very, very busy. Every one thought he was busily playing and making mud pies and such, but not at all.

And on the morning of Labor day they knew what Larry had been doing. He led his father and his mother and his grownup sister and his fourteen-year-old brother to the very far corner of the garden which had always been set aside as Larry's mud pie playground.

There he showed them a tiny garden set out with paths and borders of pretty pebbles. Growing in the garden were ferns which Larry had transplanted from the woods and a tiny red geranium stood proudly in a little bed by itself. It had come from Larry's nursery flower pot.

"You see," he said, "I wanted to have a holiday today—I mean I wanted to have a right to the holiday as daddy talked about laborers having so 'I've labored, too.' It was rather a hard word to say but he managed it well."

"And now," he turned to his family, "don't you think I can have a little share in Labor day, too—a real little share?"

And his family said, "Yes, and I think you'll agree with them, too!" (Copyright.)

### The Savage in Us

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

WE HAVE been a good many centuries trying to civilize the human race and haven't got a great way yet. Scratch the skin ever so slightly, and the savage is likely to appear. Wedded as we are to the comforts of civilized life we get fed up on them at times and long for the woods and the mountains and the wild out-of-door life. Children show this quality perhaps more than we grownups do who have been trained to conceal or lighten our savage tendencies.

We were not a little shocked, I recall, when we were studying Beowulf in college at the accounts of the bloody orgies of our ancestors. It was not wholly that they should have indulged in such brutal, bloody recreations, but the recitiveness of it all surprised us. A few hundred years ago almost infinitesimal in the life of the world, and here it was relatively only yesterday that we were out and out savages.

"It is in our children yet," our instructor said, and then he told the story of his oldest son, aged four. The boy's mother—a very quiet, gentle, refined lady—was entertaining an equally refined and gentle caller in the parlor when her son entered with a cat squirming and scratching, but firmly held under his left arm. He was determinedly twisting the cat's head around in an effort to dislocate its spinal column, and so put an end to its nine lives.

"This is the hardest cat to kill I ever got hold of," he remarked interestedly, if not sympathetically. It was the savage in him not quite eliminated.

We used to have at our institution years ago an annual clashing of the two lower classes. It was an occasion for the most familiar contact and the most savage, bloody warfare. Youths came out of it often bruised and maimed and stripped of everything but honor. As numbers grew the danger to life and limb increased until finally it became necessary to forbid the contest. I recall that one member of our faculty used annually to express his amazement that young fellows educated and coming from refined homes should stoop to such brutality.

"They surely have no interest in such a contest," he would say to me. "They must really revolt at such savagery."

In reality they enjoyed it all, and it was with regret and reluctance that they saw themselves deprived of the opportunity to tear the clothing from each other and beat each other up.

I ran into Briggs, two years ago far north in British Columbia. At home he is almost a Beau Brummel of fastidiousness, his hose and his cravats always in harmony with the suit he wears. It would be a crime in his eyes not to be clean shaven every morning. Here he was dressed like a tramp, his face unshaven for a week, and his hands as hard as those of a section hand. He had been climbing mountains and sleeping on the ground and shooting things. He was just giving expression to a little of the savage that is in all of us.

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### PROBATE ORDER

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

At a session of said Court, held at the Probate Office in the city of Charlevoix in said County, on the 4th day of December A. D. 1926.

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

In the Matter of the Estate of Ida Misenar, Deceased.

Belle Roy having filed her petition, praying that an instrument filed in said Court be admitted to Probate as the last will and testament of said deceased and that administration of said estate be granted to petitioner or some other suitable person.

It is Ordered, That the 31st day of December A. D. 1926 at ten A. M., at said Probate Office is hereby appointed for hearing said petition.

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

SERVETUS A. CORRELL, Judge of Probate

### 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, 1926, and was recorded on the 25th day of September, 1926, 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.)

### THE NAME TELLS A TRUE STORY

The very name, Foley's Honey and Tar Compound, tells why, without opiates or chloroform, it is so quickly effective in stopping coughs and in healing the distressing cause. Because it alone combines the curative virtues of pure Pine Tar and other healing ingredients, together with the mollifying demulcent effects of clear fresh Honey. From 651 E. 46th St., Chicago, comes this: "A stubborn cough worried me, kept me awake nights, and resisted other cough medicines, but quickly yielded to your good Foley's Honey and Tar Compound. My druggist recommended it." Ask for it.—Hite's Drug Store.

Buying from front door peddlers never helps local merchants pay their rent; this means lower values for East Jordan real estate.

### Smart Afternoon Coat

Trimmed With Astrakhan



Though fur coats have decidedly entered the sports clothes field in its severe simplicity, afternoon coats and evening wraps are fashioned of soft, luxurious fabrics and are lavishly trimmed. The afternoon coat shown here, which Carmel Myers, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer star, is wearing, is of black broadtail cloth smartly trimmed with astrakhan. The smart way the collar forms the border in front adds to its chic.

What has become of the old-fashioned guy who thought that eighteen dollars was too much to pay for a winter suit?

### Ouch! My Back! Rub Lumbago Pain Away

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

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

Don't stay crippled! This soothing, penetrating oil needs to be used only once. It takes the pain right out and ends the misery. It is magical, yet absolutely harmless and doesn't burn the skin.

Nothing else stops lumbago, sciatica, backache or rheumatism so promptly. It never disappoints!

### STOP RHEUMATISM WITH RED PEPPER

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.

### How It Started

By JEAN NEWTON

### THE WEDDING RING

ON WITH your wedding ring, my Feminist sister, who with tears in your eyes stamped your little foot and said: "For the Cause! I will be no man's chattel!" while you tenderly tied it around your neck and tucked the ribbon beneath your blouse!

For the marriage ring is not, where you do not choose to make it so, a sign of bondage. It does not signify your subjection, whether your husband wears one or not. And according to its original significance, you might prefer that it remain a one-sided tradition.

The use of the ring was introduced by the Egyptians. It implied the endowment upon the bride-of all the husband's possessions, and gave to the Egyptian woman the right to issue commands with the same authority as her spouse.

The ring, as a symbol, has at all times had a dignified and noble connotation. By its form it signified eternity, and its use in the wedding service is not without this thought.

As a pledge the ring dates back to the ancients, when its delivery signified a transfer of authority and carried with it the power of the donor.

"And Pharaoh said unto Joseph, 'See, I have set thee over all the land of Egypt.'"

"And Pharaoh took off his ring from his hand and put it upon Joseph's hand."—Gen. 42:42.

The ring as a marriage token to-day lacks some of these sentiments, but to the Egyptians we owe the custom and its significance:

"With all my worldly goods I thee endow."

(Copyright.)

### Lamps Detect Criminals

Tracking down murderers by the bullets they leave in their victims is a new branch of police practice. The use of electric lamps for ocular and camera studies of each bullet makes possible some accurate guesses as to the gun which fired the lead. It is said that every gun leaves its own peculiar set of marks upon the bullets it discharges and that experts can trace bullets back to particular guns. Thus lamps help to "finger-print" criminals by their firearms.

### THE WHY OF SUPERSTITIONS

By H. IRVING KING

### DEAD MEN'S CLOTHES

THE clothes of the dead never wear long" is a common saying in all parts of the United States. It means, of course, when the clothes are worn by the living. The superstition is entirely one of sympathetic magic—the first principles in philosophy of our primitive ancestors.

A man's clothing was supposed to become imbued with his personality in a lesser degree only than his hair and his nails and his shadow partook of that individuality. The clothes absorbed a part of the man's "ego" and thus between them and the man became established such a sympathetic relation that what was done to the clothes reacted on the man and what happened to the man necessarily reacted on his clothes. It will easily be seen then why "The clothes of the dead never wear long."

The superstition is sympathetic magic in its simplest form, without any "trills," and bears every evidence of great antiquity. This belief in a close inter-relationship between a man and his clothes is found today among the tribes living in a primitive state in many parts of the world.

Some South African sorcerers are supposed to destroy their victims by getting possession of something that they have worn," says Clodd, and adding certain "medicine" which they mix secretly and bury. When this dries up the victim dies. The belief is so strong among some savage tribes that even the water in which clothes have been washed is carefully thrown away lest some sorcerers should get hold of it and "work black magic" against the owner of the clothes.

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### Glass Fallacy

Most people believe that a thick rubber stands heat better than a thin one. Science, however, discounts this belief, since it has been proved that glass is a very poor conductor of heat, and when hot water is poured into a thick glass tumbler, the inner layers of the glass are soon at a much higher temperature than the outer layers. This high temperature causes a great expansion, and the outer layers are then burst by the expansion of the inner ones.

### DIPPING INTO SCIENCE

#### What Keeps Sun Bright

The sun remains a shining globe because continuous currents of heated matter from the interior are constantly rising to the surface and there radiate brightness. Another reason is that the sun is not a solid body. If it were its enormous radiations of heat would result in the surface rapidly cooling off, and it would no longer be bright.

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SUCH IS LIFE  
By Charles Sughroo  
NONE BETTER

HELLO THERE, LITTLE BOY, DON'T YOU KNOW ME?

I KNOW YOUR PARENTS AND I'M THE SCHOOL PRINCIPAL.

GEE! I MEAN, HOW DO YOU DO, SIR.

AND HOW ARE YOU GETTING ALONG IN SCHOOL?

I HOPE YOU OCCUPY A GOOD PLACE IN YOUR CLASS.

GOOD PLACE?

I SHOULD SAY I DO! RIGHT NEXT TO A WINDOW WHERE I CAN SEE OUT.

HEH! HEH! HEH!