

# Charlevoix County Herald.

VOLUME 31

EAST JORDAN, MICHIGAN, FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 11, 1927.

NUMBER 6

## Soils and Fertilizer Meetings

To Be Held in Charlevoix County, Feb'y 15th and 16th.

A series of meetings will be held in the County during the 15th and 16th of February that will be of interest and value to farmers. The subjects to be discussed will be Soils and Fertilizers as well as other farm problems, and it is hoped that a good attendance will be on hand to hear the two speakers.

Mr. S. J. Culver, the Agr'l Agent of Emmet County will discuss in detail the Soils problems, and your local County Agent, Mr. Mellenkamp will take the subject of Fertilizers, which subjects are very closely related to each other and are today probably the most important factors in successful agriculture.

The first meeting will be held at the Marion Center Grange Hall, Feb. 15th in the afternoon, starting at 1:30 fast time; the second at Horton's Bay in the Odd Fellows Hall, Feb. 16th in the evening, starting at 8:00 fast time; third in the Rock Elm Grange Hall, Feb. 16th in the forenoon, starting at 9:30 fast time; and the last at Boyne Falls in the Town Hall, Feb. 16th in the afternoon, starting at 1:30 fast time.

We hope that you will be present and desire that you come full of questions and anxious to get into the discussion, as only through these channels can the fullest benefits be derived from these sort of meetings.

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

## Several Marl Beds in Charlevoix County

Marl is one of the several materials that are used to correct soil acidity and has the added advantage of being the cheapest source of lime available, providing the percent lime is high enough and the distance not too great to haul it.

Ordinarily marl is sold at \$1.00 per yard, air dry and no other agency can approach this price, the nearest being crushed limestone, which costs \$1.25 per ton at Petoskey plus the freight. Any marl that tests over 85% lime is profitable to buy at \$1 per yard and in this county there are several beds that average over 90% lime.

Marl should be applied at the rate of from 2 1/2 to 3 yards per acre as compared with from 2 to 2 1/2 tons of limestone, which indicates that it takes about 1 1/2 yards of marl to equal one ton of limestone. It can be applied practically any time during the year including winter without detrimental results to the land or crops. The two most convenient ways of applying are by hand or by the use of the manure spreader. Also marl can be hauled any time during the winter if it is dug out during the early fall and had a chance to dry out, during which process it loses about 20% in weight. This is a big advantage in that a farmer can haul it when he has the most time and when it suits his pleasure.

We hope to open up several marl beds this coming season and in time have marl available to every farmer in the county. We have a marl bed just outside of Boyne City that will be opened up early in the spring, and it is hoped that before that time we can have many more available, so that the farmer coming to town in any of the cities can take a load of the cheapest fertilizer available back with him and without making a special trip.

By all means inform County Agent Mellenkamp if you know of a good marl bed and talk with your neighbors about cooperating in bearing the expense of getting it out—the main thing is 30% of the land in this county needs a soil sweetener and you as a farmer should use either marl or limestone which ever seems to be cheaper for you to use.

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

Going to Church next Sunday will be an excellent way to spend the morning.

One glutton for punishment is back in the stock exchange after losing ten million dollars in a deal.

The president declares for "adequate military preparedness." Yes, yes, but there is so much difference of opinion as to what it is.

In the midst of all the extra dividend news we have so far failed to see where any farmer announced a stock dividend or an extra slice of profits.

## Riviera Artists Third Number Lyceum Course

The Riviera Artists will be in town Tuesday, February 15, to present the third number of the Lyceum Course at the High School. You will recognize and be pleased with their musical ability and cleverness as entertainers. They are artists first and then entertainers and are unusually versatile. There will be violin, piano and harp solos and rare duet combinations, readings, impersonations, costume numbers, piano-logues and comedy specialties that are sure to be "hits." Their music visualizes the gayety and charm of the Old World which makes the program of exceptional, fascinating quality. The time is 7:30 standard.

## Circuit Court Jurors February Term

List of Jurors drawn to serve at the February term of the Circuit Court, for the County of Charlevoix.

Harry LeRoy, Boyne City 1st W. Atwood Schafer, Boyne City 2nd W. Mrs. Leo Smith, Boyne City 3rd W. Nicholas Speltz, Boyne City, 4th W. Fritz Bergman, Charlevoix, 1st W. Henry Ager, Charlevoix, 2nd W. Andy McCall, Jr., Charlevoix, 3rd W. Gerritt Drogt, East Jordan, 1st W. Frank Smith, East Jordan, 2nd W. Agnes Porter, East Jordan, 3rd W. Fay Allen, Bay Township.

J. H. Sudman, Boyne Valley Twp. Frank Atkin, Chandler Township. Ren Mulette, Charlevoix Township. Luella Clute, Evangeline Township. Hugh King, Eveline Township. Clifford Peters, Hayes Township. Lewis Magee, Hudson Township. Charles Pierce, Marion Township. Gladys Everts, Melrose Township. George Versnyder, Norwood Twp. Joe Burke, St. James Township. Dalton Gay, South Arm Township. Edward Weldy, Wilson Township.

GEORGE A. RODERICK,  
County Clerk.

## Slow Game With Gaylord

East Jordan H. S. Wins Basket Ball Game From Gaylord, 19 to 12.

In comparison to the flashy and unusual game with Boyne High a week ago, the Gaylord rehearsal last Thursday was in marked contrast as to an exhibition of basketball. The playing in the first half was not of the usual speedy type and due to the locals' superiority over their opponents they might have rung up a real in the second half the boys were sore had they been going. However, nearly taken off their feet when the visitors succeeded in caging six points from the middle of the floor and two more by a pretty side shot, which made the count 9-11. The team then played more evenly and the game became enlivened with the punch and spirit it previously lacked. With Rolenske out on persons the fellows began to tally stronger. Gleason made a nice shot and Gaylord duplicated; Barnett scored two in a good play and immediately took the ball again down the floor for a one-hand two pointer, after which Gleason totaled the count in a quick goal before the final whistle.

In general the game was not bad and was fairly exciting but both teams did an unnecessary amount of fumbling and missing of goals, perhaps not making more than a quarter of the baskets that they had chances to make.

EAST JORDAN		GAYLORD	
F.	T.	F.	T.
Gleason R. F.	8	1	2
Shepard L. F.	0	1	0
St. Charles O.	0	0	0
Barnett R. G.	2	0	1
Taylor I. G.-L. F.	2	2	0
Smith L. G.	0	0	0
7		5	
5		2	
2		10	
12		19	

Referee—Snelenberger.

Baseball has now introduced the Scandal League to the public.

Advertisers are urged to line up their February campaigns before all our space is sold.

## ABRAHAM LINCOLN



From a photograph taken five days before the President was assassinated.

## Council Proceedings

Regular meeting of the common council of the city of East Jordan held at the council rooms Monday evening, February 7, 1927.

Meeting was called to order by the Mayor. Present:—Mayor Dicken, and Aldermen Ross, Gidley, Proctor, Watson and Sedgman. Absent—Alderman Aldrich.

Minutes of the last meeting were read and approved.

Election boards for all spring elections were appointed by the Mayor as follows:—

First Ward—Wm. F. Bashaw, H. A. Goodman, D. J. Whiteford, J. E. Houghton and Ray Mackey. Second Ward—Nellie Blair, Bessie Collins, Iva Montroy, Lela Bishaw and W. R. Barnett.

Third Ward—Janet Severance, Retta LaLonde, Richard Lewis, C. H. Whittington and Joseph Trojanek. Moved by Alderman Watson, supported by Alderman Sedgman, that the above appointments be confirmed. Motion carried.

The following resolution was offered by Alderman Watson, who moved its adoption, seconded by Alderman Gidley.

Resolved, That the city council of the City of East Jordan deem it advisable, and does, hereby approve of, and accept, the provisions of Act No. 10 of the Public Acts of the first extra session of the Michigan Legislature of 1912, known as the Workmen's Compensation Law. Further

Resolved, That the said City of East Jordan desires to adopt the plan of paying compensation directly to its employes as they may become entitled to receive the same under the terms and conditions of the said act.

Adopted by the council of the City of East Jordan on the seventh day of February, 1927, by an aye and nay vote as follows:—

Ayes—Ross, Proctor, Gidley, Watson, Sedgman and Dicken. Nays—None.

Bills were presented for payment as follows:—

Ormand Winstone, labor	\$ 1.50
Howard Cook, labor	1.00
Jerry Deshane, wood	4.25
Ole Heegerberg, fixing siren	14.26
Thomas St. Charles, labor, etc.	93.20
Julius Miers, draying	.75
Alvin Ward, labor	2.50
Edward White, labor	2.50
Jno. Whiteford digging graves	20.50
Henry Cook, salary for Jan.	125.00
Mich. Bell Tel. Co., rentals	4.00
Reid & Sherman, thawing meters	55.01
E. J. Hose Co., fires and flooding ice rink	66.00
Miles Battery Shop, light bulbs, etc.	5.82
Peoples State Savings Bank, insurance	19.60
Peoples State Savings Bank, order of Light Co.	600.00
Elec. Light Co., bal. on Jan. bills	98.70
Northern Auto Co., gas, oil and labor	47.13
Grace Boswell, sal. postage, etc.	64.55
Otis J. Smith, salary	35.00
Burroughs Add. Machine Co. service	3.85
Healey Tire & Vulc. Co. mdse	1.50
Otto Kaley, sanding streets	1.50
D. E. Goodman, mdse	4.10
Goodman & Bohn, mdse	4.78
Chas. Strehl, mdse & labor	4.60
E. J. Co-op. Ass'n. coal	4.75
G. A. Lisk, printing	12.60
Lorenzo Bingham, medical services	20.00
Moved by Alderman Sedgman, supported by Alderman Ross, that the bills be allowed and paid. Motion carried by an aye and nay vote as follows:—	
Ayes—Ross, Gidley, Proctor, Watson, Sedgman and Dicken.	
Nays—None.	
On motion by Alderman Gidley the meeting was adjourned until Monday evening, March 7, 1927.	

OTIS J. SMITH, City Clerk.

## Boils



## Officers To Be Voted For In Charlevoix County

At the Biennial Spring Election to be held in each of the several voting precincts of Charlevoix County on Monday, April 4th, 1927, the following officers are to be voted for in said County:—

STATE—Two Justices of the Supreme Court; two Regents of the University of Michigan; one Superintendent of Public Instruction; one Member State Board of Education; two Members State Board of Agriculture.

COUNTY—County Commissioner of Schools.

## State News in Brief

Escanaba—His kindness to a horse cost the life of Arthur Richer, 17 years old. Seeing a horse that had fallen on an icy road and was unable to rise, Richer obtained a long pole and attempted to raise the animal. The pole slipped and struck the youth on the head. His death followed.

Adrian—Charles Allen, of Toledo, the 11-year-old boy, who fired the shotgun charge that killed Roy Cooley, a South Dakota horse dealer, was exonerated by a coroner's jury in Marquette. The shooting occurred when Cooley entered the home of Carl Allen, where Charles was a guest, and failed to leave when ordered to go. He advanced towards Charles, who then fired.

Lansing—Michigan will vote on a constitutional amendment providing for a state income tax in April, according to present indications. The House committee on revision of the constitution has reported out favorably, a resolution to place the issue on the ballot. Sentiment among out state members of the House is for the scheme, and the out state members usually have their say.

Grand Rapids—Patrol Driver Harley Wilcox suffered a bullet wound in the neck when a cartridge he had thrown into the furnace at the first precinct station exploded. The bullet came through the open door after being deflected by the interior wall of the furnace. Wilcox had swept up the litter left by patrolmen practicing at the pistol range and had thrown the accumulation into the furnace. The bullet narrowly missed his jugular vein.

Lansing—With introduction of his bill proposing a state tax on all tobacco, Peter B. Lennon, of Flint, announced he would introduce a resolution for elimination of the state property tax. He would raise the necessary money for state operations by levies on amusements, soft drinks, mortgages, bonds and numerous other things. In his tobacco tax bill, Lennon provided for a 10 per cent tax on the retail value of cigars, tobacco and snuff, and a tax of \$2 per 1,000 cigars.

Marine City—A misunderstanding as to which of two men should stand guard in a Marine City home one night and try to capture a burglar who had entered the place three times resulted in the fatal shooting of Orin N. Hush, 31 years old, a United States immigration border patrol inspector, at the hands of his best friend, William Cattanaah, 35. Mrs. Hush and county officials exonerated Cattanaah of blame when they heard his story and no inquest will be held.

Lansing—Two trucks fully equipped with fire fighting apparatus have been purchased by the state fire marshal's department for experimental use this summer. The trucks are equipped with motored pumps, 200 gallon tanks and sufficient hose to reach from an eighth to a quarter of a mile. The fire marshal believes the use of speedy trucks by the fire wardens will result in a lessening of the many small fires which break out every year in the slashings and cut over lands of the northern counties.

Lansing—Coincidentally with the report of the state board of agriculture, advising the abandonment of the idea of creating a junior college of agriculture at Menominee, Gus T. Hartman, of Houghton, introduced a bill in the house to provide for the enlargement of the Michigan College of Mines. Hartman's bill asks for a general engineering course and the changing of the name to the Michigan College of Mines and Technology. At present the college is limited to the instruction of mining engineering.

We imagine that most criminals are getting quite a kick out of the discussion that they be disarmed. The query is, "who is to do it?"

## State Legislature Down to Business

Death Penalty, Highway Finance Tobacco Tax and Waterway Are Considered.

Lansing, Feb. 7th—After a recess of nearly two weeks during which the members visited the various State Institutions to study their financial needs, the Legislature resumed operations in earnest Wednesday of last week. An accumulation of nearly forty bills was immediately thrown into the legislative hopper and the work of the present session began in earnest.

A dozen or so of the bills now pending are intended to combat the crime wave in Michigan. Several varieties of capital punishment have been proposed, including death by electrocution, lethal gas and hanging. Other bills having the same general purpose would prohibit the paroling of persons convicted of first degree murder and would increase the penalty for offenders having previous prison records. The death penalty has been a very live issue during the past few sessions, but each time it has been defeated by a rather close vote. However, voters of the measure declare that this year they have a substantial majority ready to vote in favor of capital punishment.

New Gas and License Schedules From the standpoint of popular interest, second only to crime prevention legislation are the various measures dealing with highway finance. During the past week a new combination of gas and weight taxes was proposed which seems to meet with a good deal of support among the lawmakers.

Rep. C. J. Town of Onondaga is fathering a bill to raise the gas tax to 4c a gallon, while a companion measure sponsored by Rep. William P. Strauch of Vernon proposes a \$5 permanent license for passenger cars and the present schedule of annual weight license levies for commercial vehicles, including trucks and buses. Representatives Town and Strauch declare that this new combination would bring in as much or more revenue from the motorists as they are now paying, and would result in greater fairness and less inconvenience. Under the terms of these bills, the counties would receive eight million dollars instead of six million dollars annually from the State highway funds.

A new tax measure which is certain to excite a great deal of discussion was introduced by Sen. Peter B. Lennon of Genesee County during the past week. It provides a tax of \$2.00 per thousand on cigars and a flat 10 per cent tax on all other forms of tobacco. Wholesalers and retailers would be licensed and the tax would be collected through stamps which would be purchased by the dealers and affixed to the packages. A unique feature of this bill is that it definitely provides that the revenue which it would raise would decrease by that amount the state general property tax which would otherwise be levied.

Acting under suspension of the rules, the House and Senate passed unanimously a resolution calling attention to the importance of the Great Lakes-St. Lawrence waterway and urging upon President Coolidge and Congress the necessity of entering into proper treaties with Canada and proceeding at once with this project. The action of the Legislature followed closely upon the receipt by the lawmakers of a special message on this subject from Governor Green.

If you want to make individual progress ask yourself, every evening, "What was the most foolish thing I did today?"

When commissions begin to study a subject it is time for the rest of the public to give up all hope of understanding it.

The wets' idea of a zealous champion is Senator Jones, of Washington, a dry who challenges the wets to a vote on dry repeal.

## ADD LIFE TO YOUR YEARS

As well as years to your life. Life without health is burdensome and the lack of it casts a shadow over all our activities. Foley Pills, a diuretic stimulant to the kidneys, cause a regular, healthful flow, carrying out of the body in a natural way, that waste matter, which, if not promptly removed, spreads its poisons throughout the entire system, to the detriment of health. Bodily aches, severe pains, a run-down condition of the system, inevitably results. Avoid this. Ask for Foley Pills, diuretic. Hite's Drug Store.



**CHARLEVOIX CO. HERALD**

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**PENINSULA**

(Edited by Mrs. E. Hayden)  
 Saturday evening about 9:30 as 13 year old John Reich of Lone Ash farm was undressing his feet preparatory to retiring for the night, he glanced out of the window under the shade which was not quite down and saw a ladder against the north end of the house and the feet and legs of a person part way up the ladder. He was very much frightened as he was the only one down stairs, but he wrapped on the window and the peeper came down a couple of steps and dropped to the ground and disappeared before he could open the door, but when the ladder was released of its burden it slid side ways and fell to the ground with a great racket, which frightened the rest of the family, some of whom were already in bed, but when Mrs. Reich got to the door nothing could be seen but the ladder lying across in front of the door. Mr. Reich is employed in East Jordan. The family which has been very ill for two weeks with whooping cough were very much frightened and kept watch after putting out the lights. There was no moon, but light enough that they saw from the upstairs window east a person standing behind a shade tree on the north side of the road, after what seemed a long time, the person who looked like a man came into the road and went east. Investigation in the morning revealed the fact that the prowler who must have been well acquainted with the premises for the dog, a very good one, did not make any fuss, although in the yard, had gone into the barn and got the ladder which was frozen down. It is only fair to say a shot gun will be kept loaded and on hand from now on.  
 Old friends of Will Jarman will be interested to hear of his death at his home at Mesick, Saturday, Feb. 5th. Mr. Jarman was born in Lorraine County, Ohio, in Sept. 1865 and came to the Peninsula when a very small child. He worked all his life at newspaper work, beginning on The Boyne Citizen, and later the East Jordan Enterprise and a good many others, including the Central Lake Torch. He was a great sufferer all his life from asthma, and the last one and a half years from heart trouble. He was confined to his bed only about two weeks. He was

married to Mrs. Gertie LaClair about thirty years ago, who survives him. Inherment at Mesick.  
 Mrs. Will Scott of Mountain Dist. has gone to Harvey, Ill., called there by the death of her sister, Mrs. R. J. Bell.  
 Mr. Jones of Chicago presented the Star-of-Hope Sunday School with the Missionary Book, Uganda, The White Man of Work, which will be read at the Sunday School after the regular session, a few chapters at a time.  
 Mrs. Case, the Mountain Dist. teacher is ill at Charlevoix, so the school is closed for the present.  
 Mrs. Cash Brooks and Mrs. Davis and children of Boyne City visited their brother Fred Croil and family at the David Staley place, Sunday.  
 Friends of Will Gaunt will be pleased to learn that he is able to sit up a while at a time now, after a severe illness at his home in East Jordan.  
 Mr. and Mrs. T. J. Hitchcock and son, Burton, and neice, Miss Gladys Hitchcock of East Jordan were guests of their son-in-law and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. F. K. Hayden at Orchard Hill, Sunday, Feb. 6. They came as far as Cherry Hill with their car and walked the rest of the way.  
 The whooping cough is slowly easing up and some of the pupils are returning to school.  
 Alfreda and John A. Reich of Lone Ash farm and Robert Hayden of Orchard Hill returned to the Star school Monday after two weeks absence with illness.  
 Zepha Faust returned to Three Bells school Monday, after being absent two weeks with illness.  
 Word has been received from Mrs. Mercy Woerful, who went to Detroit a month ago, that she is now in Muskegon taking care of Mrs. Floyd Davis, nee Mildred Healey, who is ill with erysipilis.  
 Geo. Jarman of Knoll Krest has been confined to his bed the past few days by illness, but is now able to be around again now.  
 George Woerful of Knoll Krest visited Clayton Healey of Star Dist. over the week end and were Sunday dinner guests with the Charles Healey family of Mr. and Mrs. Billy Frank in Advance Dist.  
 The Geo. Staley family with the exception of Mr. Staley are all ill with a mild form of flu.  
 After the slight thaw last week the roads were so icy it was almost impossible to get a barefoot team along the lake shore roads. Fred Croil got as far as Advance Friday and walked the rest of the way to Boyne and back, as did Ellen Croil, Ellen Reich and Eula Arnott, who attend High school there. Geo. Staley got all the way to the Co.-Op., but had an accident

time. Clarence Johnston was the only one on the cross road to try it Saturday and made it. The heavy snow storm of Sunday put the roads in fine shape again.  
 Perry Looze of Three Bells Dist. made a business trip to Ironton, Saturday. He was accompanied by Mr. Cecil Ogden, the Three Bells teacher.  
 Mrs. Elmer Faust of Mountain Ash farm is confined to the house by illness.  
 February is one-quarter gone and the mercury has not been down to zero yet.

**WILSON**

(Edited by Mrs. O. D. Smith)  
 Lovely weather for February.  
 Cars are numerous on the State road these days.  
 Robt. Barnett is cutting and hauling logs to East Jordan from his farm in Wilson.  
 Miss Leatha Cox, the teacher in Afton is boarding at home, and driving back and forth with her car at present.  
 Mrs. James Alwin of Detroit is here on a visit to her sister, Mrs. Henry Timmer, and son, Robert Alwin, in Afton.  
 We have neglected to mention that Vincent Guznick has gone to Chicago to join his five brothers and sisters, who are already in the windy city.  
 Mrs. Thomas Shepard is spending the winter with her children in Grand Rapids, Muskegon and other points in Southern Michigan.  
 Claude Pearsall and family are stopping with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. R. E. Pearsall this winter. They expect to go on the farm again in the spring.  
 Mrs. Elmer Hayner is able to be out again after being confined to the house with an attack of neuralgia for several weeks.

**MILES DISTRICT**

(Edited by Mrs. A. Miles)  
 Last Tuesday morning Mr. G. Steenhagen had got his team hitched up to go to Ellsworth, he drove down by the house and went in to get the robe, the horses did not wait for him and started off town. They telephoned to Eugene Miles that the team was running away and to stop them. Mrs. Miles who was there alone went out in the road and waved her coat and finally stopped them and held them until Mr. Steenhagen came and got them.  
 Pat and Sadie Murphy of Ranney Dist. came last Thursday and got Mr. and Mrs. A. Miles where they spent the day visiting at the Chas. Murphy home.  
 Francis Evans spent Sunday evening at the Archie Kowalske home in East Jordan.  
 Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Evans returned Monday from Bitley, Mich., where they had been for a visit at the home of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Krise.  
 Dett Evans and Merrit Shaw motored to Charlevoix Sunday, Mr. Evans to consult Dr. Armstrong.  
 Rev. Conklin and Rev. Mosher of and Mrs. Rodger Speyer and daughter, Harriet, and Eleanor and Milton Donaldson of Ellsworth, all were callers at the A. Miles home last week.  
 Mr. and Mrs. Bert Mullen and Miss Rosie LaLonde and Mrs. Mullen of Traverse City were Sunday dinner guests of Mrs. Bert Mullen's sister, Mrs. Frank Addis. After dinner they called on Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence Addis.

**First M. E. Church**

Victor J. Hufton, Pastor.  
 Sunday, February 13, 1927.  
 Standard Time.  
 10:00 a. m.—Morning Service.  
 Subj.—"Supreme Knight Abraham Lincoln."  
 11:00 a. m.—Sunday School.  
 6:00 p. m.—Epworth League.  
 7:00 p. m.—Evening Service.  
 Subj.—"Kindness Doesn't Come by Evolution."  
 The Epworth League will hold a business meeting and pot luck supper Friday at 6:00 o'clock p. m.  
 Roy Webster entertained his Sunday School class, Wednesday.  
 The anniversary of the Boy Scout movement was recognized by the Scouts Tuesday at the M. E. Church.

**Presbyterian Church**

C. W. Sidebotham, Pastor.  
 C. R. Harper, Foreign Pastor.  
 "A Church for Folks."  
 Sunday, February 13, 1927.  
 10:00 a. m.—Morning Worship.  
 11:15 a. m.—Sunday School.  
 6:30 p. m.—Evening Worship.  
 The Young People will have charge of the first 30 minutes and the Pastor will have charge of the remainder of the time.

**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., Friday—Religio.  
 All are welcome to attend these services.  
 The average sweet young thing is just thinking how charming she will look in her new spring suit.

**Merchandise At Your Own Price**

**PUBLIC AUCTION SALE**

The Entire Remaining Stock of  
**A. DANTO STORE**  
 Consisting of Dry Goods, Ladies' Ready-to-wear, Notions, Men's Clothing and Furnishings, etc.,

**STARTING**

**SATURDAY Feb. 12**

and Continuing Daily Until Stock Is Sold.

**AUCTION HOURS DAILY:**  
 9:30 to 11:00 A. M.      1:30 to 4:30 P. M.  
 7:00 to 8:30 P. M.

**TERMS OF SALE: CASH. Every Sale Final; No Exchanges. Privilege of examination allowed on any article.**

**COMER & MILSTEIN**

**Public Notice!**

**STORE CLOSED**

J. H. Parker's West Side Store in Boyne City turns the key to slash prices for complete Close-Out Sale, which starts—

**Saturday, Feb. 12**

and continues until completely sold out.

Entire \$15,000 stock of Clothing, Shoes, Furnishings and Groceries on sale. Nothing held in reserve. Everything goes to the bare walls.

Fixtures and building For Sale or Rent.

Parker quits the retail business for good, and has priced this stock to sell quick.

**SHARE IT! PROFIT BY IT!**

**J. H. PARKER**

**BOYNE CITY - Michigan**

**STORE OPEN EVENINGS.**

**Primary Election, Monday, March 7**

Do your duty on that date by casting your ballot for the candidate, who in your judgement will best fulfill the duties of this office.



Permit me to announce for your consideration, my candidacy on the Republican ticket for Commissioner of Schools in Charlevoix County. I am 41 years of age, a college graduate, with the degree of Bachelor of Arts; I also hold a life certificate from the Department of Public Instruction; and am now in my tenth year's teaching experience in Rural Schools. This is my fifth year in the Grammar room at Clarion.  
 The year our schools were organized into the Township Unit System, I served as secretary of the Board. I am a teacher because I am a lover of children, and want to see them get the best, and be the best in every way.  
 Yours for faithful service and the highest citizenship,  
**WILLIAM CHARLES PALMER.**

**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.  
 Paying your subscription in the month of February will enable you to begin March like a lion.

**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.

**WANTED**  
 WORK WANTED—Paper hanging, house cleaning, washing, sewing, general house work, done at a low price. Inquire of MRS. DAN FOLSOM, on Fair Ground Road. 6x1

**FOR SALE—REAL ESTATE**  
 FOR SALE on easy terms, 120 acres, house, barn, silo, poultry and fruit shed, 40 acres orchard, 60 alfalfa. Two miles north of East Jordan, owner—H. S. HADDEN, 2127 Oakman Blvd., Detroit. 6x2

**FOR SALE—112 acres Land, barn silo, water in house and barn, 9-room house with electric lights, furnace. Price \$3,500. On account of ill health, I am offering this for sale.—WM. WEBSTER, East Jordan, phone 78-J. 5x4**

**FOR SALE—MISCELLANEOUS**  
 80-ACRE FARM FOR RENT, 60 acres cleared. Small buildings. Fair fences. On good road close to East Jordan. See W. G. CORNEIL at Peoples State Savings Bank, East Jordan, Mich. 6-6

**MILL WOOD FOR SALE**—Beech and Maple. \$1.25 per cord at mill. LILAK BROS., four miles west of East Jordan on Ellsworth road. 6x8

**FOR SALE—Baled Alfalfa** HAY. ROBERT J. CARSON, phone 187-F22, East Jordan. 5x4

**FOR SALE—Household Furniture.** Also Hudson Coach, and a King

Radio Set complete. Call A. E. WELLS, phone 4, East Jordan. 4-t.f.

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

**NORTH WILSON**

(Edited by Carl Bergman)  
 Henry Sloop is on the sick list. Harry Behling is hauling logs to East Jordan and bringing lumber home.  
 Mrs. Harley LaCroix and children spent the week with her mother and brothers, Mrs. Fred Behling and sons. Carl and August Knop visited at the Fred Behling home Thursday evening.  
 Rev. Opitz was a dinner guest of Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Schultz and family, Sunday.  
 Mrs. Carl Bergman and children spent Sunday afternoon with Miss Margaret Knop.  
 Misses Louise and Martha Reidel spent the week end with their sister, Evelyn, and aunt, Margaret Knop.

**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 9th day of February, A. D. 1927.  
 Present: Hon. Servetus A. Correll, Judge of Probate.  
 In the Matter of the Estate of Essy G. Sidebotham, Deceased.  
 Wesley Sidebotham having filed in said court his final administration account, and his petition praying for the allowance thereof and for the assignment and distribution of the residue of said estate,  
 It is Ordered, That the 4th day of March, A. D. 1927, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, at said probate office be and is hereby appointed for examining and allowing said account and hearing said petition;  
 It is Further Ordered, That public notice thereof be given by publication of a copy of this order, for three successive weeks previous to said day of hearing, in the Charlevoix County Herald a newspaper printed and circulated in said County.

**SERVETUS A. CORRELL**, Judge of Probate



# FIX BAYONETS!

The War at Close Range Described in a Remarkable Series By an Officer of the Marines

Capt. John W. Thomason, Jr.

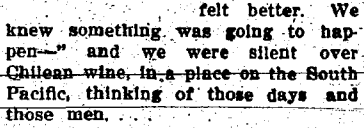
(Illustrated by the Author from Sketches Made on the Battlefield)



Editor's Note: This story is a cross section of the war. As Captain Thomason is a marine officer, naturally the actual names, dates, and places mentioned will bear a definite relation to marine activities in France; there is no intention, however, to overshadow the rest of the fighting American units. This story is a Marine story, because the author is only familiar with the combat experiences of his own men—but every doughboy who saw service in the war will recognize these experiences and encounters as similar to his own.

## INTRODUCTION

Seven years after the war, across the world from France, I met a major of the American general staff, who was on the Paris-Metz road that last week in May, 1918, and saw the boys looking in "They looked fine, coming in there," he said. "Tall fellows, healthy and it—they looked hard and competent. We watched you going in through those little tired Frenchmen, and we all felt better. We knew something was going to happen—and we were silent over Chateau wine, in a place on the South Pacific, thinking of those days and those men.



There is no sight in all the pageant of war like young, trained men going to battle. The columns look solid and businesslike. Each battalion is an entity, 1,200 men of one purpose. They go on like a river that flows very deep and strong. Uniforms are drab these days, but there are points of light on the helmets and the bayonets, and light in the quick, steady eyes and the brown young faces, greatly daring. There is no singing—veterans know, and they do not sing much—and there is no excitement at all; they are schooled craftsmen, going up to impose their will, with the tools of their trade, on another lot of fellows; and there is nothing to make a fuss about. Battles are not salubrious places, and every file knows that a great many more are going in than will come out again—but that is along with the job. And they have no illusions about the job. There is nothing particularly glorious about sweaty fellows, laden with killing tools, going along to fight. And yet—such a column represents a great deal more than 28,000 individuals mustered into a division. All that is behind those men is that column, too: the old battles, long forgotten, that secured our nation—Brandywine and Trenton and Yorktown, San Jacinto and Chapultepec, Gettysburg, Chickamauga, Antietam, El Caney; scores of skirmishes, nearly every year—in which a man can be killed as dead as ever a chap was in the Argonne; traditions of things endured and things accomplished, such as regiments hand down forever; and the faith of men and the love of women; and that abstract thing called patriotism, which I never heard combat soldiers mention—all this passes into the forward zone, to the point of contact, where war is grim with horrors. And common men endure these horrors and overcome them, along with the insistent yearnings of the belly and the reasonable promptings of fear; and in this, I think, is glory.

They tell the tale of an American lady of notable good works, much esteemed by the French, who, at the end of June, 1918, visited one of the field hospitals behind Degoutte's Sixth French army. Degoutte was fighting on the face of the Marne salient and the second American division, then in action around the Bois de Belleau, northwest of Chateau Thierry, was under his orders. It happened that occasional casualties of the Marine brigade of the Second American division, wounded toward the flank where Degoutte's own horizontal-blue infantry joined on, were picked up by French stretcher bearers and evacuated to French hospitals. And this lady, looking down a long, crowded ward, saw on a pillow a face unlike the fiercely whiskered Gallic heads there displayed in rows. "Oh," she said, "surely you are an American!" "No, ma'am, the casualty answered, "I'm a marine."

from every sort of calling. There were northwesterners with straw-colored hair that looked white against their tanned skins, and delicately spoken chaps with the stamp of the eastern universities on them. There were large-boned fellows from Pacific coast lumber camps, and tall, lean southerners who swore amazingly in gentle, drawing voices. There were husky farmers from the corn-belt, and youngsters who had sprung, as it were, to arms from the necktie counter. And there were also a number of diverse people who ran curiously to type, with drilled shoulders and a bone-deep sunburn, and a tolerant scorn for nearly everything on earth. Their speech was flavored with navy words, and words culled from all the folk who live on the seas and the ports where our warships go. In easy hours their talk ran from the Tartar wall-beyond Peking to the southern islands, down under Mailla; from Portsmouth Navy yard—New Hampshire and very cold—to obscure bushwhackings in the West Indies, where Cacao chiefs, whimsically sanguinary, barefoot generals with names like Charlemagne and Christophe, waged war according to the precepts of the French revolution and the Cult of the Snake. They drank the eau de vie of Haute-Marne, and reminded on saki, and vino, and Bacardi, rum—strange drinks in strange cantinas at the far ends of the earth; and they spoke fondly of Milwaukee beer. Rifles were high and holy things to them; they also talked patronizingly of the war, and were concerned about rations. They were the Leathernecks, the Old Timers, collected from ship's guards and shore stations all over the earth for the Fourth brigade of marines, the two rifle regiments, detached from the navy by order of the President for service with the American Expeditionary Forces. They were the old breed of American regular, regarding the service as home and war as an occupation; and they transmitted their temper and character and viewpoint to the high-hearted volunteer mass which filled the ranks of the Marine brigade.

It is a pleasure to record that they found good company in the army. The Second Division (United States Regular was the official designation) was composed of the Ninth and Twenty-third Infantry, two old regiments with names from all of our wars on their battle-flags, the Second



Going Over.

regiment of engineers—and engineers are always good—and the Twelfth, Fifteenth, and Seventeenth field artillery. It was a division distinguished by the quality of dash and animated by an especial pride of service. It carried to a high degree esprit de corps, which some Frenchman has defined as esteeming your own corps and looking down on all the other corps. And although it paid heavily in casualties for the things it did—in five months about 100 per cent—the Second division never lost its professional character. In 1917, when trained soldiers in the United States were at a premium, the navy offered a brigade of marines for service in France; it was regarded desirable for marine officers to have experience in large operations with the army; for it is certain that close co-operation between the army and the navy is a necessary thing in these days of cat-fung battle lines. The British distress at Gallipoli is a crying witness to this principle. In a navy transport, therefore, United States Ship Henderson, the Fifth regiment of marines embarked, for France in June, 1917, with the first armed American forces. The Sixth regiment followed. The two regiments constituted the Fourth brigade, and served in the Second Division United States Regular, until the division camp home, in August, 1918. About 30,000 marines were sent to France; some 14,000 of these went as replacements to maintain the two regiments of the Fourth brigade. A brigade musters some 7,500 officers and men; this brigade took part in some very interesting events.

Hereafter I have written of the marines in the war with Germany; how they went up, and what they did there, and how some of them came out again. Being a marine, I have tried to set forth simple tales without comment. It is unnecessary to write what I think of my own people, nor would it be, perhaps, in the best taste.

And I have written of marines in this war because they are the folks I know about myself. Those battlefields were very large, and a man seldom saw much or very far beyond his own unit. If he had a job in hand. As a company officer, I always had a job. There is no intent to overlook those very gallant gentlemen, our friends, the army. Their story is ours, too. JOHN W. THOMASON, JR.

## CHAPTER I

### Attack.

In the fields near Marigny marines of the First Battalion of the Fifth found an amiable cow. There had been nothing in the way of rations that day; there were no prospects. All hands took thought and designated a robust Polish corporal as executioner. He claimed to have been a butcher in a former existence. He was leading the cow decently away from the road when a long gray car boomed up, halted with the touch of swank that Headquarters chauffeurs always affect, and disgorged a very angry colonel.

"Lieutenant, what are you doing there?" he yelled. "Sir, you see, the men haven't had anything to eat, and I thought, sir—we found this cow wanderin' around—we couldn't find any owner—we'd like to chip in and buy her—we were goin' to—"

"I see, sir, I see! You were going to kill this cow, the property of some worthy French family. You will bear in mind, Lieutenant, that we are in France to protect the lives and property of our allies from the Germans—Release that animal at once! Your rations will be distributed as soon as possible—carry on—"

The colonel departed, and four or five 77s crashed into a little wood two hundred yards up the road. There were more shells in the same place "Hi! Brother Boche must think there's a battery over there!" "Well, there ain't—" the marines sat down in the wheat and observed the cow, abandoned by a vanished French family.

"I was a quartermaster sergeant once, sir," said the platoon sergeant dreamily, "I remember just what the cuts of beef are. There'd be fine sirloin on that cow-critter, now. Mr. Ashby (another fight of 77s burst in the wood), if we was to take that cow over an' tie her in that brush—she oughter to be out here in the open, anyway—might draw fire shell's liable to hit anything, you know, sir."

"Sergeant, you heard what the colonel said. But if you think she'd be safer—I'd suggest volunteers. And by the way, sergeant, I want a piece of tenderloin—the T-bone part—"

The cow was duly secured in the wood, men risking their lives thereby. The Boche shelled methodically for two hours, and the marines were reduced to a fearful state of nerves—"Is that dam' better gonna live forever?" Two of three kilometers away fighting was going on. The lieutenant, with his glass, picked up far, running figures on the slope of a hill. You caught a flicker, points of light on the gray-green fields—bayonets. Occasional wounded Frenchmen wandered back, weary, bearded men, very dirty. They looked with dull eyes at the Americans—"Tres mauvais, la-bas! Beaucoup Boche, la—" The marines were not especially interested. Their regiment had been a year in France, training. Now they, too, were dirty and tired and very hungry. The war would get along... it always had.

A week ago, Memorial day, there had been no drills. The Second Division, up from a tour in the quiet Verdun trenches, rested pleasantly around Bourmont. Rumors of an attack by the First division, at Cantigny, filtered in. Cantigny was a town up toward Montdidier. Notions of geography were the vaguest—but it was in the north, where all the heavy fighting was. It appeared that the Second was going up to relieve the First. "Sure! we'll relieve 'em. But if they wanted a fight, why didn't they let us know in the first place?—We'd a showed 'em what shock-troops can do!"

between Solsons and Rheims, which was, until May 27, a quiet sector. On that day forty-odd divisions, a tidal wave of fighting Germans, with the greatest artillery concentration the Boche ever effected, were flung upon them, and they were swept away, as a levee goes before a flood. They had fought; they had come back, fighting, thirty-five miles in three days; and the Boche, though slowed up, was still advancing. They were holding him along the Marne, and at Chateau-Thierry a machine-gun battalion of the American Third division was piling up his dead in heaps around the bridge-heads but to the northwest he was still coming. And to the northwest the Second Division was gathering. During the second, third and fourth of June it grouped itself, first the Fourth brigade of marines, with some guns, and then the regular infantrymen of the Ninth and Twenty-third. Already, around Hautevesnes, there had been a brush with advancing Germans, and the Germans were given a new experience: rifle-fire that begins to kill at 800 yards; they found it very interesting. This was June 5; the battalion near Marigny, on the left of the Marine Brigade, had a feeling that they were going in tomorrow.

The men thought lazily on events, and lounged in the wheat, and watched that clump of trees—and at last an agonized bellow came on the echo of a bursting shell—"Well—she's stopped one! Thought—she musta dug in—" "Let's go get it—" Presently there was lots of steak, and later a blither lesson was repeated—mustn't build cooking-fires with green wood, where the Boche can see the smoke. But everybody lay down on full bellies. Before dark the last French were falling back. Some time during the night Brigade sent battle orders to the First battalion of the Fifth marines, and at dawn they were in a wood near Champillon. Nearly every man had steaks in his mess-pan, and there was hope for cooking them for breakfast. Instead...

The platoons came out of the woods as dawn was getting gray. The light was strong when they advanced into the open wheat, now all starred with dewy poppies red as blood. To the east the sun appeared, immensely red and round, a handbreadth above the horizon; a German shell burst black across the face of it, just to the left of the line. Men turned their heads to see, and many there looked no more upon the sun forever. "Boys, it's a fine, clear mornin'! Guess we can chop after we get done molestin' these here Helms, hey?" One old non-com—was it Jerry Finnegan of the Forty-ninth—had out a can of salmon, hoarded somehow against hard times. He haggled it open with his bayonet, and went forward so; eating chunks of goldfish from off that wicked knife. Two hours later Sergeant Jerry Finnegan lay dead across a Maxim gun with his bayonet in the body of the gunner.

It was a beautiful deployment. Lines all dressed and guiding true. Such matters were of deep concern to this outfit. The day was without a cloud, promising heat later, but now it was pleasant in the wheat, and the woods around looked blue and cool. Across this wheatfield there were more woods, and in the edge of these woods the old Boche, lots of him, infantry and machine-guns. Surely he had seen the platoons forming a few hundred yards away—it is possible that he did not believe his eyes. He let them come close before he opened fire. The American fighting man has his fallings. He is prone to many regrettable errors. But the sagacious enemy will never let him get close enough to see whom he is attacking. When he has seen the enemy, the American regular will come on in. To stop him you must kill him. And when he is properly trained and has somebody to say "Come on!" to him, he will stand as much killing as anybody on earth.

(Continued on 4th Page)

CUT THIS OUT—IT IS WORTH MONEY.

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

SULPHUR SOOTHES UGLY, ITCHING SKIN

The First Application Makes Skin Cool and Comfortable

If you are suffering from eczema or some other torturing, embarrassing skin trouble you may quickly be rid of it by using Mentho-Sulphur, declares a noted skin specialist. This sulphur preparation, because of its germ destroying properties, seldom fails to quickly subdue itching, even of fiery eczema. The first application makes the skin cool and comfortable. Rash and blotches are healed right up. Rowles Mentho-Sulphur is applied like any pleasant cold-cream and is perfectly harmless. You can obtain a small jar from any good druggist.

## Camera Man Saved This Prisoner



The advance of the Cantonese down the Yangtze river has been checked by many misdeeds against the Chinese natives. Agitators have formed strike groups, who arrest innocent women serving as servants to foreigners. This photograph shows a servant, charged with working against the Soviet, tied to a pole like a pig transported for slaughter. Fortunately the newsmen photographer saved her life. When the Reds learned she was photographed by a foreigner and the picture would be shown to foreigners who had no Communist ideas they let her go.

### Far From Japan

An authority says that Japanese silk comes from Japan. It is a dyed fur, and naturally will not wear as well as fur that has not been dyed. In many cases, however, people who have had coats made from a good grade of this fur have been well satisfied with its wearing qualities. Before being dyed it is a pale yellowish color.

### Beyond Redemption

"Making Plants Grow Better" is a headline in a current magazine. "We are sure that the poison ivy just wouldn't do it," says Montague.

### "Voicing" Piano

In voicing a piano the hammers are softened in order to make the tone more uniform. This process does not prevent a piano from being tuned afterward.

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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 Monocetecacidester of Salicylic

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

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





# FIX BAYONETS!

The Way of Chateaux Described in a Remarkable Series by an Officer of the Marines

Capt. JOHN W. THOMASON, JR.

(Illustrated by the Author from Sketches Made on the Battlefield)

(© By the Bell Syndicate, Inc.)

Continued From 3rd Page.

The platoons, assailed now by a fury of small-arms fire, narrowed their eyes and inclined their bodies forward, like men in heavy rain, and went on. Second waves reinforced the first, fourth waves the third, as prescribed. Officers yelled "Battle-sight! Fire at will!" and the leaders, making out green-gray, clumsy uniforms and round pot-helmets in the gloom of the woods, took it up with Springfield, aimed shots. Automatic riflemen brought their chauch-chauts into action from the hip—a chauch-chaut is as accurate from the hip as it ever is—and wrangled furiously with their ammunition-carriers—"Come on, kid—bag o' chips!" "Aw—I lent it to Ed to carry, last night—didn't think—" "Yeh, and Ed lent it to a fence-post when he got tired—got me some off a casualty, before I—" A very respectable volume of fire came from the advancing platoons. There was yelling and swearing in the wheat, and the lines, much thinned, got into the woods. Some grenades went off; there was screaming and a tumult, and the "taka-taka-taka-taka" of the Maxim-guns died down. "Hill Sergeant!—hold on! Major said he wanted some prisoners—" "Well, sir, they looked like they was gonna start somethin'—" "All right! All right! but you catch some alive the next place, you hear?" "Quickly, now—get some kind of a line—" "Can't make four waves—" "Well, make two—an' put the chauch-chauts in the second—no use gettin' 'em bumped off before we can use 'em—" The attack went on, platoons much smaller, sergeants and corporals commanding many of them. A spray of fugitive Boche went before the attack, holding where the ground offered cover, working his light machine-guns with devilish skill, retreating, on the whole, commendably. He had not expected to fight a defensive battle here, and was not heavily entrenched, but the place was stiff with his troops, and he was in good quality, as marine-casualty lists were presently to show.

There was more wheat, and more woods, and obscure savage fighting among individuals in the brushy ravine. The attack, especially the in-board platoons of the Forty-ninth and Sixty-seventh companies, burst from the trees upon a gentle-slope of wheat that mounted to a crest of orderly pine, black against the sky. A three-cornered copple this side of the pines commanded the slope; now it blazed with machine-guns and rifles; the air was populous with wicked keening noises.

Most of the front waves went down; all hands, very sensibly, flung themselves prone. "Can't walk up to these babies—" "No—won't be enough of us left to get on with the war—" "Pass the word: crawl forward, keepin' touch with the man on your right! Fire where you can—" "Sweating, hot, and angry with a bleak, cold anger, the marines worked forward. They were there, and the Germans were there. An officer, risking his head above the wheat, observed progress, and detached a corporal with his squad to get forward by the flank. "Get far enough past the flank gun, now, close as you can, and rush it—we'll keep it busy."

Nothing sounds as mad as rifle-fire, staccato, furious. The corporal judged that he was far enough, and raised with a yell, his squad leaping with him. He was not past the flank; two guns swung that way, and cut the squad down like a grass-hook levels a clump of weeds. They lay there for days, eight marines in a dozen yards, face down on their rifles. But they had done their job. The men in the wheat were close enough to use the split-second interval in the firing. They got in, cursing and stabbing.

Meanwhile, to the left a little group of men lay in the wheat under the very muzzle of a gun that clipped the stalks around their ears and riddled their combat packs—firing high by a matter of inches and the mercy of God. A man can stand just so much of that. Life presently ceases to be desirable; the only desirable thing is to kill that gunner, kill him with your hands! One of them, a corporal named Geer, said: "By God, let's get him!" And they got him. One fellow seized the spitting muzzle and up-ended it on the gunner; he lost a hand in the matter. Bayonets flashed in, and a rifle-butt rose and fell. The battle-tore through the copple. The machine-gunners were brave men, and many of the Prussian infantry were brave men, and they died. A few streamed back through the brush, and hunters and hunted

burst in a frantic medley on the open crest of the hill. Impartial machine-guns, down the hill to the left, took toll of both. Presently the remnants of the assault companies were panting in the trees on the edge of the hill. It was the objective of the attack, but distance had ceased to have any meaning, time was not, and the country was full of square patches of woods. In the valley below were more Germans, and on the next hill. Most of the officers were down, and all hands went on.

They went down the brushy slope, across a little run, across a road where two heavy Maxims were caught sitting, and mopped up and up the next long, smooth slope. Some marines branched off down that road and went into the town of Torcy. There was fighting in Torcy, and a French aviator reported Americans in it, but they never came out again. A handful of impudent fellows against a battalion of Sturmtruppen. Then the men who mounted the slope found themselves in a cleared area, full of orderly French wood piles, and apparently there was a machine-gun in every woodpile. Jerry Finnegan died here, sprawled across one of them. Lieutenant Somers died here. One lieutenant found himself behind a woodpile, with a big auto-rifeman. Just across from them, very near, a machine-gun behind another woodpile was searching for them. The lieutenant, all his world narrowed to that little place, peered vainly for a loophole; the sticks were pumping and shaking as the Maxim flailed them; bullets rang under his helmet. "Here, Morgan," he said, "I'll poke my tin hat around this side, and you watch and see if you can get the chauch-chaut on them—" He stuck the helmet on his bayonet, and thrust it out. Something struck it violently from the point, and the rifle made his fingers tingle. The chauch-chaut went off, once. In the same breath there was an odd noise above him. The machine-gun. He looked up. Morgan's body was slumping down to its knees; it leaned forward against the wood, the chauch-chaut, still grasped in a clenched hand, coming to the ground but first. The man's head was gone from the eyes up; his helmet slid stickily back over his combat pack and lay on the ground. "My mother," reflected the lieutenant, "will never find my grave in this place!" He picked up the chauch-chaut, and examined it professionally, noting a spatter of little red drops on the breach and the fact that the clip showed one round expended. The charging handle was back. He got to his feet with deliberation, laid the gun across the woodpile, and sighted three Boche with very red faces; their eyes looked pale under their deep helmets. He gave them the whole clip, and they appeared to wilt.

Then he came away from there. Later he was in the little run at the foot of the hill with three men, all wounded. He never knew how he got there. It just happened.

Later in the day the lieutenant was back on the pine-crested hill, now identified as Hill 142. Captain Hamilton was there, one or two other officers, and a handful of the Forty-ninth and Sixty-seventh companies; a semblance of a line was organized. From the direction of Torcy a counter-attack developed; the Boche was filtering cleverly and forming somewhere on the Torcy road, in cover. The marines were prone, slings adjusted, killing him. "It's a quarter-point right windage—" "Naw! not a breath of air! Use zero—" A file of sweating soldiers, burdened with picks and shovels in ad-

dition to bandoleers and combat gear, came trotting from the right. A second lieutenant, a reddish, rough-looking youngster, slumped up and saluted. "You in charge here?" he said to the marine officer. "I'm Lieutenant Wythe of the Second Engineers, with a detachment. I'm to report to you for orders." "Well—captain's right up yonder—how many men you got?" "Twenty-two, sir—" "Fine! That makes thirty-six of us, includin' me—just flop right here, and we'll hold this line. Orders are to dig in here—but that can wait—see yonder?"

Those engineers, their packs went one way and their tools another, and they cast themselves down happily. "What range, buddy?—usin' any windage?" A hairy non-com got into his sling and laid out a little pile of chips. There was always good feeling between the marines of the Second division and the regular army units that formed it, but the marines



An Engineer of the Second.

and the Second engineers—"Say, if I ever got a drink, a Second engineer can have half of it—Boy, they dig trenches and mend roads all night, and they fight all day!" "When us guys get all killed off, they just come up an' take over the war! They're no better folks anywhere than the engineers..."

## CHAPTER II

The Boche wanted Hill 142; he came, and the rifles broke him, and he came again. All his batteries were in action, and always his machine-guns scoured the place, but he could not make head against the rifles. Guns he could understand; he knew all about bombs and auto-rifles and machine-guns and trench-mortars, but aimed, sustained rifle fire, that comes from nowhere in particular and picks off men—it brought the war-home to the individual and demoralized him.

Toward mid-day, this sixth of June, 1918, the condition around Hill 142 stabilized. A small action, fought by battalions over a limited area of no special importance, it gave the Boche something new to think out, and it may be that people who write histories will date an era from it.

Between attacks the stretcher-bearers and the Red Cross men on both sides did their utmost for the wounded who were scattered through the wheat around the hill, and who now, under the torture of stiffening wounds and the hot sun, began to cry out. As the afternoon advanced, you heard pitiful voices, little and thin across the fields: "Ach, Himmel, hilf, hilf! Brandighe!—Liebe Gott, brandighe!" "First-aid—this way, First-aid, for the love of God!"

Late in the afternoon a great uproar arose to the right. There was more artillery up now, more machine-guns, more of everything. The Third battalion of the Sixth marines and the Third battalion of the Fifth attacked the town called Bourresches and the wood known as Bois de Belleau. They attacked across the open, losing hideously. Platoons were shot down entire.

Lieutenant Robinson got into Bourresches, with twenty men out of some hundred who started, threw the Boche out, and held it. They gained a footing in the rocky ledges at the edge of the Bois de Belleau, suffering much from what was believed to be a machine-gun nest at this point. They tried to leave it and go on, with a containing force to watch it; they found that the whole wood was a machine-gun-nest.

Night descended over a tortured area of wheat and woodland lit by flares and gun-flashes, flailed by machine-guns, and in two many places pitiful with crying of wounded who had lain all the day intended in a merciless sun. Stretcher-bearers and combat patrols roamed over it in the dark. Water-parties and ration parties groped back from forward positions over unknown trails. There were dog-fights all over the place, wild alarms, and hysterical outbreaks of rifle-fire. It was the same with the Boche; he knew the ground better, and he was determined to repossess it. His people filtered back through the American strong points, for the marines did not hold a continuous line; isolated positions were connected by patrols and machine-guns laid for interlocking fire.

At the southern angle of Hill 142 the Forty-ninth company put out a listening post—one man down the slope a little way, to watch for visitors. In the night there was a tramping, a grunt, and one scream—"Boche!"—at once the hill blazed into action—wary men, overspent, they fired into the dark until their pieces were hot. And after, they found the listening post fellow, bayoneted. And down the hill a little huddle of new dead. Not all the rifle-fire had gone astray.

Back in brigade, officers bent over maps and framed orders for a stronger attack on the Bois de Belleau at dawn. Brigade was writing also to Division: "... casualties severe... figures on which to base call for replacements will be submitted as soon as possible."

At the crossroads beyond La Vole du Chateaux the replacements met the war.

Behind them, crammed somehow into weeks, were Quantico, the transport, Brest, a French troop train. Then there was the golden country around St. Aignan, the "Saint Onion" of Americans.

The war was represented by demoralized non-coms, instructors in this and that. Bayonet drills—"Come on, now; lemme hear you—What do we wash our bayonets in?—German blood!"—Aw—sing out like you mean it, you dam' replacements! I'll swear, it's a shame to feed animals like you to the Germans—Gas-mask drill—"Take more than five seconds, an' your maw gets a gold star—Now!—the gas-alert position—O, for Gawd's sake, you guy, you wit' the two left feet—" "But sergeant, I find that I have a certain difficulty—" Sergeants also swear terribly. There was every kind of drill, eight hours a day of it, and police work.

Rumors of great battles in the north. Glum and sad civilians—they were glum and sad everywhere in France, that spring of 1918—talking in anxious groups after the town crier with his drum passed. Another troop train—maybe the same train that was carelessly left alongside a train containing the wine ration for some French division, the papers in which case are probably still accumulating. Camions after that. The

replacements debussed late of a June afternoon and went up a great white road between exactly spaced poplars. They marched first in column of squads, then in column of files, platoons on opposite sides of the empty road. At the crest of a slope the column stopped. You could see, banging above the skyline to the north and east, curious shapes—"Look like a elephant's head, bows on, wit' his ears out, don't they, sergeant?" The tall non-com replacement officer in charge: "We'll stop here, sir. Boche sausages yonder—observation balloons—see the whole country. We'll wait till dark."

The detachment was glad to fall out, off the road. The sun set after a while, and the day drowned into the long twilight. Presently the sergeant said: "We can move now, sir." The replacements moved, making no conversation.

A little country road led them off the highway. They passed a shattered farmhouse where a few soldiers lounged in the dust. "Regimental, sir. Gets shelled a lot. No, sir, they don't expect you to report. Somebody on the road to meet you. . . . A little group of officers rose out of the ditch, yawning. They looked slack and tired. "Replacement column? You in charge? Yes—assignments made back in Brigade. You'll go too, Henry: Your battalion gets a hundred and seventy, with five officers. Take 'em off the head of the column—tell Major Turill—"

The detachment followed the officer called Henry, who set what they considered an immoderate pace. He passed the word: "Don't bunch up; if a plane comes over low, don't look up at it—he can see your faces; no smokin' an' don't talk—"

They went through a gap in a hedge and were at another crossroads. "Fall out here, an' form combat packs. Leave your stuff under the hedge. Take one blanket. Come on—quickly, now!—an' don't bunch up!" The replacements formed combat packs expertly, remembering Parris Island and Quantico. "Smartly, now! Come by here, fill your pockets—each man take two boxes hard bread. Where'll you carry them? How in hell do I know—There!"

Two goods boxes sat close together, and the men filed between them. One box had dried prunes in it, the other bread. "Don't stop! Don't stop! Right down that road, an' keep movin'!"

Out over the woods a sound started, a new sound. It was a rumbling whine, it grew to a roar, and a 77 crashed down just beyond the crossroads. A cloud blacker than the night leaped up, shot with red fire—"Lie down, all hands!" Another landed at once; the air was full of stinging particles. The men, flat on their faces, in the dark, waited numbly for the next order. There were a dozen or so shells all around the place. The last one hit between the two goods boxes, where a man was lying. The boxes and the man vanished in a ruddy cloud—better than if he'd gotten it in the belly and rolled around screaming. . . . There were no more shells—"Say, you know, I saw an arm an' a rifle goin' up wit' that burst—I—who was he, anyway?"

"Keep quiet, there! All right! on your feet—right down that road—" the officer ordered, and added to himself—"Dam! It! Should have remembered they shell La Vole du Chateaux every night this time—but they acted fine." A voice spoke up, excited, amused: "Say! Sergeant McGee—anything like that in Vera Cruz?" "Pipe down, you Boot."

They went down a wood-road, black as a pocket. Just ahead came a bright flash and a roar, and fragments ripped through the woods, and they heard a lamentable crying, getting weaker: "First-aid! first-aid!" The column came to a dead mule and the wreck of a cart lying athwart the road, and a smoking hole, and a smell of high explosive, and the sharp reek of blood. There was a struggling group, somebody working swiftly in the dark, a whiteness of bandages, and the white blur of a man's torso. "Lie still, damn you!"—"O, Ahhhhh! Go easy, you—" "Well, I know if hurts, guy, but I got to get this bandage on, haven't I? Come on—quit kickin'—" Passing around the mule, a man stepped on something neither hard nor soft—nothing else on earth feels that way—and he floundered to one side, cursing hysterically. "Quiet, back there—pass the word, no talking!" The files obediently passed the word. The column groped on in the dark.

It came out of the woods into a pale stone town—Champlillon. There were no lights in the houses; the place had an air of death about it. There was a Ph.D. from Harvard in that sweating file, a big, pale, unhandy private, hounded habitually by sergeants and troubled with indigestion and patriotism. For all his training, a pack was not at home on his shoulders or a rifle easy in his hands. He thought of the pleasant study back Cambridge way, of the gold-and-blue sergeant under the "First to Fight" recruiting poster—"Your job, too, fellat! Come on an' help lick the Hun! You don't wanta wait to be drafted, a big guy like you! We can use you in the marines—" A hearty, red-necked ruffian—extremely competent in his vocation, no doubt. Good enough chaps. Yes . . . but . . . Good enough chaps. Yes . . . but . . . and philosophic anarchism— one wrote fastidious essays on such things for the more discriminating reviews . . . scholarly abstract

Of all the stupid, ignorant, uncivilized things a war! Who coined that phrase, civilized warfare? There was no such thing! . . . Here, in the most civilized country on earth. . . . The neighborhood of Chateau-Thierry. . . . Montaigne's town, wasn't it? The kings of France had a chateau near it, once. And yet it was always a cockpit. . . . since Aetius rolled back Attila in the battle of the nations, at Chalons—Napoleon fought Champ-Aubert and Montmiral around here—always war—

The column was through Champlillon, dipping into a black hollow. More shellholes in the road here. . . . All at once there was a new shell hole, and the doctor of philosophy, sometime private of marines, lay beside it, very neatly beheaded, with the rifle that had been such a bore to keep clean, across his knees, and dried prunes spilling out of the pockets that he never had learned to button. The column went on. At dawn a naval medico attached to the marine brigade, with a staff officer, passed that way.

Odd, the wounds you see," observed the naval man, professionally interested. He looked curiously. "I



Sketches From Captain Thomason's Notebook.

couldn't have done a neater decapitation than that myself. Wonder who took his identification tags with it. I see. Replacement, by his uniform." (For the Fifth and Sixth regiments had long since worn out their forest-green marine uniforms, and were wearing army khaki, while the replacements came in new green clothing.) The staff officer picked up the rifle, snapped back the bolt, and squinted expertly down the bore. "Disgustin'," he said. "Sure he was a replacement. You never catch an old-timer with a bore like that filthy! Bet there was some other through it in a w

geon. I was looking at some of the rifles of that bunch of machine-gunners lying in the brush just across from Battalion; they were beautiful! Never saw better kept pieces. Fine soldiers in a lot of ways, these Boche!"

Meantime the column had passed into heavier woods, and halted where the rifles ahead sounded very near. They saw dugouts, betrayed by the thread of candlelight around the edges of the blankets that cloaked their entrances. One was a dressing station, by the sound and the smell of it. The officer named Henry ducked into the other. There a stocky major sat up on the floor and rolled a cigarette, which he lighted at a guttering candle. "Replacements in? Well, what do they look like?"

"Same men I saw in the training areas last month, sir. A sprinkling of old-time marines—Sergeant McGee, that we broke for something or other in Panama, is with 'em—and the rest of them are young college lads and boys off the farm—fine material, sir. Not much drill, but they probably know how to shoot, they take orders, and they don't scare worth a cent! Shelled coming in, at Vole du Chateaux, and some more this side of Champlillon—several casualties. No confusion—nothing like a panic—laid down and waited for orders—did exactly as they were told—fine men, sir!"

(TO BE CONTINUED)

**Keeping Tab on Madame**  
We remember the time when the waiters asked the cook what was her day out. Now the cook asks the mistress what is her day in.—Tom Mason in Collier's.

**Goodness in Its Own Reward**  
Great minds, like heaven, are pleased in doing good, though the ungrateful subjects of their favors are barren in return.—Rowe.

**EXACTLY SUITS ELDERLY PERSONS.**

There is a sound therapeutic reason why Foley's Honey and Tar Compound for coughs and colds is especially suited to the needs of elderly persons; because it contains no shlor-form, or opiates to cause constipation (that bug-bear of advancing years) and to dry up the natural and necessary secretions. Mildly laxative, wonderfully soothing and healing to the irritated area, Foley's Honey and Tar Compound quickly stops all coughs and throat irritations, lingering "flu" coughs and disturbing night coughs. Is exactly suited to the needs of elderly people. Ask for it.—Hite's Drug Store, adv.

**Hugh W. Dicken**  
Physician and Surgeon  
East Jordan, Mich. Phone No. 128  
Office Hours:  
11:00 to 12:00 a. m.  
2:00 to 3:00 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—168-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.  
OFFICE E. J. LUMBER CO. BLDG., East Jordan, Mich.  
Phone No. 196.

**Dr. C. H. Pray**  
Dentist  
Office Hours:  
8 to 12 a. m. 1 to 5 p. m.  
And Evenings.  
Phone No. 223

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**Dr. G. W. Bechtold**  
DENTIST  
Office Hours: 8:00 to 12:00 a. m.  
1:00 to 5:00 p. m.  
Evenings by Appointment.  
Office, Second Floor of Kimball Block

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

**L. R. HARDY**  
D. C. Ph. C.  
Palmer Graduate  
Chiropractor  
OFFICE HOURS: Standard Traffic  
DAILY—2:00 to 5:00 p. m.  
7:00 to 8:00 p. m.  
Phone No. 17  
OVER HITE'S DRUG STORE  
Main St. East Jordan, Mich.

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

**Frank Phillips**  
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

Just a friendly act Aimee might slip King Ben the low down on how to outbluff a district attorney.



## TEMPLE THEATRE

Program for week beginning Saturday, Feb'y 12th.

SATURDAY Feb. 12.

### "The Desert's Toll"

With Francis McDonald.

An outdoor film drama of the great Western desert, filled with action, thrills and intrigue.

—BUSTER BROWN COMEDY—

Admission—10c and 25c

SUNDAY and MONDAY Feb. 13-14

Bert Lytell and Billie Dove in

### "The Lone Wolf Returns"

From the popular novel by Louis Joseph Vance. The last of the famous "Lone Wolf" stories, and the best. The biggest society mystery drama of the year.

COMEDY FOX NEWS

Admission—10c and 35c

TUESDAY, Feb. 15 FAMILY NIGHT

2 for 1 with Merchant Tickets.

BUDDY ROOSEVELT in

### "The Ramblin' Galoot"

Action! Thrills! Comedy! A cowboy golfer who drives off with a bang.

Chapter 5—"FIGHTING WITH BUFFALO BILL"  
Admission—10c and 25c

WED. THURS. FRI. Feb. 16-17-18

RICHARD DIX in

### "THE QUARTERBACK"

A romantic comedy of the great American college game. Football game supervised by Fielding H. Yost, University of Michigan coach. The greatest football picture ever made.

—EXTRA ADDED ATTRACTION—

THURSDAY ONLY—HIGH SCHOOL NIGHT

THE BIG NEGRO FARCE COMEDY TRIAL

The Case of Mr. E. Jordan

VS.

Mr. Charlie Voix

Real People Not a Movie

Just a lot of Fun.

Between first and second showing of picture.

NOTE: Tickets will be sold at the High School for benefit of H. S. Athletic Fund.

Admission—10c and 35c

### NOWLAND HILL

(Edited by Mrs. C. M. Nowland)

Mrs. Alma Nowland and Mrs. Edith Nowland visited Mrs. Joel Sutton week ago Tuesday.

Miss Laura Derby of Boyne City spent the week end with Alice Nowland.

Mr. and Mrs. Roy Zinck and children were Saturday p. mp visitors of his sister, Mrs. E. G. Kurchinski.

Mrs. Darius Shaw of East Jordan is visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. A. R. Nowland.

Miss Lila Batterbee visited her father, Earl Batterbee and family of East Jordan last week.

Mrs. Alvira Munger is visiting at

the home of her uncle, S. R. Nowland at present.

Mr. and Mrs. James Isaman of South Arm visited his niece, Mrs. Sam Nowland Tuesday.

Mrs. Ray Nowland and son of Mud Lake visited Mrs. Ida Kurchinski, Wednesday.

### DEER LAKE

Mr. and Mrs. Lester Hardy and children, Mr. and Mrs. Loyal Barber and son, of Porter's farm visited their parents, Mr. and Mrs. Terry Barber Sunday.

Miss Virginia Gates of Boyne City spent the week end with her grand- parents, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Hott.

Mr. and Mrs. S. R. Nowland visited Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Hott.

## Briefs of the Week

S. E. Rogers went to Honor, Monday.

W. E. Malpass went to Detroit on business, Tuesday.

H. Rosenthal was at Chicago on business this week.

Daniel Bancroft is at the Petoskey hospital for treatment.

Mrs. Charles Valleau returned home Tuesday from a visit at Flint.

Mrs. Ernest Sandel left Wednesday for a visit with relatives at La Porte, Ind.

Mrs. Maurice Gorman went to the Grayling Hospital last Saturday for treatment.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Bishaw left Monday for a visit with friends at Muskegon.

Mr. and Mrs. Archie McArthur returned Monday from a visit with her mother at Bellaire.

Mrs. W. R. Stewart is visiting her daughter, Mrs. Duncan Crawford at Central Lake this week.

Mrs. Mary Freeman who has been visiting her daughter at Moran, Mich., returned home last Saturday.

Mrs. Thomas Busseler was at Charlevoix over Sunday, called there by the illness of her brother-in-law.

Annual Delinquent Tax Sale list for Antrim County is now being published in the Central Lake Torch.

Mrs. Frank Tafelski of Traverse City was here over Sunday for a visit with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. P. Weisler.

Notice to Pythian Sisters! Temple No. 65 will hold regular meeting, Tuesday, Feb'y 15th. Full attendance desired.

Mr. and Mrs. Leonard Dudley who have been visiting relatives at Lansing for the past few weeks, returned home Wednesday.

Mr. and Mrs. Don Parmeter and son went to Grand Rapids, Thursday, called there by the illness of the former's grandmother.

Jasper Stallard was home from his studies at Mt. Pleasant Normal, Friday and Saturday last. He was enroute back from Marquette where he represented the Normal on a debating team.

Clarence Bowman was at a Petoskey hospital last week, where he had a silver plate inserted in his left arm between the wrist and elbow, where he had it broken in an accident about five years ago.

Elder E. N. Burt of Onaway is holding a series of meetings at the L. D. S. Church every evening, except Saturday, commencing at 7:00 o'clock standard. Bring your questions you would like answered.

Among the Mt. Pleasant Normal students on the honor roll for the first semester are the following from East Jordan—Carlton Bowen, Jasper Stallard, Marguerite Rogers, Marie MacDonald. Also Lena Ekstrom, a former East Jordan girl.

The East Jordan K. of P. Basket Ball team will play a game with Elk Rapids here next Thursday night, Feb. 17th. The local team played at Elk Rapids recently and won by a 32 to 31 score. This next game promises to be a good one. There will be a good preliminary game at 7:30. Admission 15c and 35c. adv.

Fire of undetermined origin started early last Sunday morning in the basement of Jersey's Variety store at Boyne City. The fire was soon under control, but not before it had ruined Mr. Jersey's stock of goods. The damage having been caused by water and smoke. The Boyne City House Furnishing Co. stock room was also visited by smoke which did considerable damage to the fine mattresses and bed coverings. These losses are covered by insurance.

The sweet young things, in this day and time, practice such frank revelations.

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## Mrs F. Bennett Passes Away

Mrs. Fred Bennett, a well-known and esteemed resident of this city, passed away at an early hour Thursday morning, Feb'y 10th, at the Lockwood hospital in Petoskey, where she had went for treatment a couple of weeks ago. The remains were brought to this city and taken to the home of Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Cummins, where funeral services will be held. Further particulars will be published next week.

Funeral services will be held this Saturday afternoon at 1:30 at above residence.

## East Jordan K. P.'s Win From Grayling

In a closely contested game at Grayling last Saturday night, East Jordan K. of P. Basket Ball team was defeated by the Independents of that place by a 31 to 30 score. This was a good fast game. Each player on the local team played a good game. Reynolds starred for Grayling.

Elk Rapids will play here next Thursday night, Feb. 17th.

LINE-UP

EAST JORDAN

F. G. F. T. P. Ttl

Swafford R. F. 6 0 1 12

Benson L. F. 5 3 0 13

Lee C. 2 1 3 5

Kling R. G. 0 0 2 0

Snyder L. G. 0 0 1 0

13 4 7 30

GRAYLING

Robertson R. G. 0 0 0 0

Reynolds L. F. 7 0 2 14

Johnson C. 6 0 0 12

Burnham R. G. 1 1 1 3

Hanson L. G. 1 0 4 2

15 1 7 31

School Notes

VALENTINE BOX SOCIAL

There will be a box social at the schoolhouse this Saturday. The Athletic Association is giving this for the purpose of raising funds for the tournament at Harbor Springs which the basket ball team is soon to attend.

Come, all you girls of the high school with your boxes! Boys, don't forget your money. Games will be played and the entertainment will last until nine o'clock, then the boxes will be auctioned off.

All of the parents are invited. Mothers, fix your boxes like your daughters and see who gets it. Fathers, show your boys you can be worthy rivals. Everyone be there!

LINCOLN ASSEMBLY, FEB. 16.

Special observance of Lincoln will be made at the high school program on Wednesday afternoon, Feb'y 16, at 12:15 o'clock standard time. There will be several literary numbers, a violin solo, and some patriotic selections by members of the orchestra. The parents and friends of the school are cordially invited to attend.

JUNIOR-SENIOR DINNER PARTY

The second union party of the Junior and Senior classes and one of the nicest of the year was held at the high school last Saturday evening from five until ten-thirty o'clock. A delicious dinner of roast pork, mashed potatoes and gravy, scalloped corn, bread and butter, pickles, coffee, and apple pie a la mode was served to about forty students and their guests—the high school teachers. The student committee, appointed from the two classes, are to be commended for their large part in the preparation of the dinner which would have been a great credit to cooks of much longer experience. Following the dinner, the company enjoyed a program of toasts with Gregory Boswell, president of the Senior Class, acting as toastmaster. This was followed by a few games and dancing for the remainder of the evening. Mr. Keefer and Mr. Snelberger chaperoned.

By appointment to fill the unexpired portion of Miss Stewart's term, I became the County Commissioner of Schools.

Four years ago you elected me to that office.

I am a candidate for re-election, and, if you consider me worthy, I shall appreciate your votes at the primary and spring elections.

ARCHIE C. BELDING, Commissioner of Schools.

Five new colors are reported in the advanced French styles; they are the same old ones, with new names.

A "Homey," Friendly Bank Under State Supervision.

Founded on Security



Built by Service

## There Are Still Some Slaves To Free

Lincoln freed a great many slaves, but there are millions still in need of freedom. The 20th Century variety are the WAGE SLAVES—folks who are shackled to their pay envelopes, because they have no FINANCIAL FREEDOM.

A Savings Bank Book is the real "Emancipation Proclamation" for the people of this kind. If you are a "wage slave" FREE YOURSELF today by opening a Savings Account in this bank.

## State Bank of East Jordan

"THE BANK ON THE CORNER"

"Strength and Ability Plus the Willingness to Serve."

### Mankind's Blindness

Surely half the world must be blind; they can see nothing unless it glitters.—Hare.

The women, God bless 'em, have so far failed to reform politics.

### St. Paul's Holds 25,000

St. Paul's cathedral in London will accommodate 25,000 persons.

Our extra slice of pie for this week is awarded the fruit seller who lets the buyer pick his own.

## EAST JORDAN LUMBER CO.

# FEBRUARY "WHITE" OPENING

Is Now In Progress.

February and March are good months to do your Spring house sewing.

Look after your supply of towels, sheetings, tubings, etc., at least once a year. "Don't wait until you are out, but replenish each year," is the advice of a real old-fashioned housekeeper.

Perhaps our prices may make this suggestion attractive.

42-inch Linen Finish Tubing ..... 40c

45-inch Linen Finish Tubing ..... 45c

Sheetings, all good grades, bleached, half-bleached, and unbleached, 7-4 and 9-4.

Steven's unbleached Crash ..... 23c

Steven's bleached Crash ..... 25c

Turkish towels and toweling; tickings, mattress pads, curtain goods, from 10c up to \$2.00 the yard; table linens; bed spreads, plain white and striped.

Wash Cloths ..... 3 for 25c

Dish Cloths ..... 3 for 25c

## EAST JORDAN LUMBER CO.

# ME-TEE-OR

A HIGHER TEST GASOLINE

Easy To Start With a Cold Motor

FULL OF SPEED AND POWER

West Side Filling Station EAST JORDAN

## I Am

I am the open door, a new chance in life, A chance to try again, an opportunity to bring victory out of defeat.

I am a beginning of new things,

I open up a world, a wider world,

A world filled for rich or poor,

a world filled with a

New hope, a new inspiration,

New promises for the future.

I am a new book in which will appear Your Chance.

I am very young, yet richer than any potentate In opportunities, I bring great possibilities to All who accept me, in the right spirit, but If you treat me lightly or indifferently If you make no effort to utilize the treasures I bring, You may never be able to make good your logs.

I am not selfish, I show no favoritism, But offer my opportunities to old and young, Rich and poor,

I am the open door to a new chance in Life and bid you welcome to my gifts.

## I Am Chiropractic!

## Boyne City Branch For Auto Licenses Office Hours

Beginning February 7th and continuing until April 1st, or until the spring break-up, the State Department Branch Office, Boyne City for distribution of Automobile License Plates will be open—

Wednesdays and Saturdays from 8:00 to 12:00 a. m., and 1:00 to 6:00 p. m.

Mondays, Tuesdays, Thursdays and Fridays from 8:00 to 12:00 a. m., eastern standard time.

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CHAS. T. McCUTCHEON, Branch Manager.



### Her Daughters-in-Law

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

MRS. CARSON has three sons, very interesting boys they are, and quite as intelligent as the average. The oldest is just entering college, and the two younger ones are in high school. The boys are independent, self-reliant, and have already begun to do their own thinking. They cannot in any sense be said to be tied to their mother's apron strings.

Mrs. Carson is herself an intelligent woman. She is a graduate of a well-known college and was a teacher for a short time before she and Carson became interested in each other. She thinks for herself and is ordinarily reasonable and logical in her thinking. She is as happy as are most high-strung, ambitious women in their married life. She wants her boys to be happy and she wants them to think for themselves. When it comes to choosing the work which they are to follow after they are out of school and college, she is quite satisfied that each should decide for himself. There is only one thing upon which she sets her foot down. They are not to marry. She won't stand for it; there is no woman in the world whom she could endure as a daughter-in-law.

It does no good to suggest to her that she made her own choice, elected to marry the man who appealed to her and that her sons are entitled to the same privilege.

"When they marry, they are no longer mine," she says. "I couldn't endure to have anyone take precedence of me in their affections. I know I should hate any girl who was my daughter-in-law."

"But aren't your boys entitled to have a home of their own?"

"If they want one after I am dead I shouldn't mind, I suppose, perhaps I shouldn't know, but while I am alive they have my home, and they should be satisfied with that."

The boys themselves do not take her very seriously yet. They would like at times to confide in her little sentimental experiences which they are going through, but they refrain, knowing that such a confidence would only have an unhappy ending. So they keep all these things to themselves. She dislikes every girl with whom they associate. She warns them constantly against feminine wiles, but as always the warning falls upon the dull ears of youth. Some day, not many years hence, Mrs. Carson is going to have a daughter-in-law or two. Her sons are going to make their own choice, as she herself did. She will be happier, as they will be, if she makes up her mind early to approve the choice and make the best of it.

There are two things, as I have often before said, that young people have a right to choose for themselves—the profession they will follow and the person they will marry. When parents set out themselves arbitrarily to make the choice of either of these things for their children, there is trouble in the wind. It is his own life he is to live; the young person should be permitted to make his choice.

(© 1927, Western Newspaper Union.)  
Harbor Springs—A summer White House in Michigan was offered President Coolidge recently, by Alfred Owen Crosier, who tendered his house at Harbor Springs, on Lake Michigan, near Petoskey.

Grand Rapids—Smothered when he turned over in his bed and buried his face under the blankets, Donald E. Myers, 5-months-old son of Mr. and Mrs. Dee Myers, died one night recently. His lifeless body was found by the parents upon awakening the following morning.

Big Rapids—Mecosta County intends to plant sufficient spruce to furnish the entire community with a permanent supply of Christmas trees. Planting will take place this spring and 50,000 white spruce and white pine seedlings have been ordered for the plantation work.

Detroit—New York showed the greatest infant mortality among the cities of the country last year, a department of commerce survey shows, with 8,308 deaths. Chicago had 4,460; Philadelphia, 3,007, and Detroit, 2,544. Lawrence, Kans., was lowest with 2 and Asbury Park, N. J., next lowest with 12.

Marquette—Another record has been established by Sam Bennett, one-armed state trapper of the Upper Peninsula. Bennett accounted for 78 of the larger predatory animals in the last seven months of 1926. Of this number 68 were wolves or coyotes. This is almost one for every three days.

Lansing—The state administrative board authorized the release of \$100,000 for the construction of the new architectural building at the University of Michigan. The release of \$75,000 had already been authorized. The architectural building was approved by the last session of the legislature, which set aside \$500,000 for the purpose.

Detroit—Computations by Government census experts indicate that the population of Continental United States, July 1, 1927, will be 118,628,000. That is an increase of 1,492,000 over the estimate of July 1, 1926, and an increase of 12,917,380 over the figure for Jan. 1, 1920, when the last actual census was taken. Michigan's population is estimated at 4,490,000, an increase of 94,000.

### Feed Beef for Spring Market

Plan Is Favored Because of Low Price of Cottonseed Meal and Hulls.

Because of the low price of cottonseed meal and hulls this winter, winter feeding of beef cattle for the spring market might be a good venture for farmers who are favorably located for the work.

Favorable Fattening Dates. "The most favorable dates for fattening beef cattle are between November 1 and March 1," says Prof. R. S. Curtis, animal husbandman at the North Carolina State college. "Cattle do better in the winter months and there is not so much danger in feeding the meal. Those who wish to begin this work should do so at once, otherwise the finishing period may extend over into the warm months. Conditions then are less favorable for feeding cottonseed meal, farmers are busy in spring and the manure must be hauled out at an unfavorable time."

Professor Curtis states that when one starts to feed beef cattle with the meal, each animal should be given one pound daily and the amount be gradually increased so that a full ration be given at the end of 30 days. A safe rule to follow for the full ration is one pound of meal to each 100 pounds live weight of animal, using 2 1/2 to 3 pounds of hulls for each pound of cottonseed meal used. Where farm roughages are available the hulls should be decreased. It requires from 90 to 120 days to put a decent finish on beef cattle. Rations should be given them twice daily and water and salt kept before them at all times.

Gain of Beef Animal. A beef animal should gain from 180 to 200 pounds during a feeding period of 120 days and under average conditions there should be a margin of two cents per pound between the buying and selling price. Most feeders figure that if they can break even and have the manure clear with 80 to 85 per cent of the fertilizing constituents of the meal, it, they have done a good piece of work. The finished animals are usually marketed during the early spring.

### Calf Feeds Necessary to Make Rapid Growth

If a calf eight weeks old is to make rapid growth it will be necessary to feed it some milk with grain and hay. If it is impossible to feed it milk it will make a fair good growth on the following mixture: Shelled corn, 30 pounds; oats, 30 pounds; wheat bran 30 pounds, and linseed meal, 30 pounds. Mix and let the calf have all it will clean up without waste. The oats and corn may also be ground, if desired. The calf should have all the bright clover hay it will eat and also all the water it will drink. Alfalfa hay can be fed instead of the clover hay, but it is not so good for young calves as is clover hay, since it is much richer in protein, which in some cases, does not agree with the calf. The calf should have a clean box stall and have plenty of sunlight.

### Feed Adult Geese for Eggs Along in February

Adult geese should be fed for eggs about February 1, or so that the goslings will be hatched by the time there is good grass pasture. In feeding for eggs give a mash of equal parts by weight of corn meal, bran, and middlings or low-grade flour with 10 per cent of beef scrap, in the morning, and a feed of corn at night. A constant supply of drinking water should be provided. If geese need grain when not laying, the beef scrap should be left out and the corn meal increased in this ration to three parts.

### Cull Out Poor Sows

It will not pay to carry sows through the winter if they are not satisfactory pig raisers. Sows that for any reason are not raising good litters should be fattened and sent to market. Old sows that are past the age of greatest usefulness should be replaced in the breeding herd by good gilts. Blindness, bad udders and sluggish disposition are frequently found with old sows. A sluggish, lazy sow is more apt to injure or kill her pigs.

### FARM NOTES

One way to save labor is to put it on the best land.

To keep the loafer hens from eating up the profits why not eat up the loafer hens?

The term unit as applied to fertilizers means 1 per cent or 20 pounds in a ton.

A farm inventory is the first step in keeping farm accounts. On the average farm it requires about one-half a day to take it.

Many dairymen consider buckwheat middlings equal to gluten feed for milk production. They have about the same total feed value as wheat bran.

The comparatively high prices that have been paid for summer milk for the past few years have had a tendency to make a shortage of winter milk now.

### Natalie Barrache



Natalie Barrache, known as the "most beautiful Russian," has arrived in this country to conquer the screen. She has been famous in the film studios and on the stages of Moscow. It was only a year ago she was pronounced the "most beautiful woman in Russia" by a committee of distinguished Russian artists, producers and writers.

### WHAT THE GRACIOUS HOSTESS SAYS:

By DELLA THOMPSON LUCES

### WHEN CALLING

THERE are certain fundamental rules which, observed, will make the brief visit a thing to be remembered pleasantly by the hostess, and invite her to a desire, perhaps, for further interchange of courtesies.

Do not gush or make a fuss over your hostess. Be courteous, affable, pleasant, and show her by your visit that you are glad of her acquaintance.

Do not wriggle or twist about on your chair. Sit evenly and quietly, without crossing and uncrossing your knees half a dozen times. Do not gossip or talk too much about your own affairs. If there are several persons in a room, do not buttonhole one and carry on a private conversation. Talk generally, quietly and with what interest you can.

Do not attempt to kiss your hostess unless she makes the advance. Women of good breeding do not often kiss each other in public. It is a pretty custom, held in check, but greatly abused. Neither should one be promiscuous with other manifestations of affection, such as holding another by the elbow, hugging or "pawing" in any way. One can show affection in other ways than by public demonstration. And as for the utterly unbridled, senseless and meaningless parade of expressions of affection like "sweetheart," "love," "darling," and similar words, the effect to one who really cares for words is nauseating. The too-familiar clerk who calls you "dearie," and the woman who doesn't care any more about you than she does for forty others and still calls you "sweetheart" are on a level. Words and hands should keep their places, and then, when they do steal away to pleased uses, they will mean something, which is what they do not do, used promiscuously.

When the time comes to go, get up easily. Shake hands with your hostess, make some pleasant remark—and go. The people who are always talking about going and are the last to leave, are dreadful bores.

"Stand not upon the order of your going—but go at once," is a motto that many a hostess would be glad to have framed and hung over her door. Never overstay. It is better to have your hostess wish you had stayed longer than have her regret that you stayed so long.

If there are any elderly people in the room pay them special deference. If there are very young people, treat them as if they were grown-up. Give them a word or two of real conversation, and do not "talk down" to them. They hate it.

If a taller arrives before you, as hostess, are dressed for the afternoon, receive her in the dress you have on rather than keep her waiting.

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### Has Hearing in Whiskers

Doctor Munnich of the University of Minnesota discovered that the caterpillar of the morning clock-butterfly hears through its whiskers. He found that by carefully singeing the hairs of one of these creatures, or by otherwise putting them out of commission, the caterpillar failed to respond to sound stimuli. He also noted that these caterpillars responded to sound when their heads were cut off and that relatively small sections of a dismembered caterpillar showed that they could still recognize a sound stimulus.

### In That Sense

Mother (at midnight)—I wonder if that young man can really support our daughter.  
Father—Well, he can certainly keep her up.

### Registration Notice

For General Primary Election March 7, 1927.

To the Qualified Electors of the various Wards of the City of East Jordan, State of Michigan,

Notice is hereby given that in conformity with the "Michigan Election Law," I, the undersigned City Clerk, will, upon any day except Sunday and a legal holiday, the day of any regular or special election or primary election, receive for registration the name of any legal voter in said City not already registered who may APPLY TO ME PERSONALLY for such registration. Provided, however, that I can receive no names for registration during the time intervening between the Second Saturday before any regular, special, or official primary election and the day of such election.

The last day for General Registration does not apply to persons who vote under the Absent Voters Law. (See Registration by Affidavit.)  
Feb. 26, 1927—LAST DAY for General Registration by personal application for said election.

Notice is further hereby given that I will be at my office under Postoffice on—

Feb. 14 and Feb. 19, 1927  
From 8 o'clock a. m. until 8 o'clock p. m. on each said day for the purpose of REVIEWING the REGISTRATION and REGISTERING such of the qualified electors in said CITY as SHALL PROPERLY apply therefor.

The name of no person but an ACTUAL RESIDENT of the precinct at the time of registration, and entitled under the constitution, if remaining such resident, to vote at the next election shall be entered in the registration book.

### REGISTRATION BY AFFIDAVIT

Sec. 10—Registering of Electors: Regular Session of 1925—Any absent voter, as defined in this act, whose name is not registered and who shall claim the right to vote by absent voters' ballot at any election or primary election, may at the time of making application for absent voter's ballot, present to the City Clerk an affidavit for registration which shall be in substantially the following form:

### AFFIDAVIT FOR REGISTRATION

State of Michigan,  
County of \_\_\_\_\_ ss.

I, \_\_\_\_\_ being duly sworn, depose and say that I am a citizen and duly qualified elector of the \_\_\_\_\_ Ward of the City of \_\_\_\_\_ in the County of \_\_\_\_\_ and State of Michigan; that my post-office address is No. \_\_\_\_\_ street, or R. F. D. No. \_\_\_\_\_ P. O. \_\_\_\_\_; that I am not now registered as an elector therein and that I am voting by absent voter's ballot at the election (or primary election) to be held upon the \_\_\_\_\_ day of \_\_\_\_\_, 1927, the application for which ballot accompanies this application; that I make this affidavit for the purpose of procuring my registration as an elector in accordance with the statute; that I make the following statements in compliance with the Michigan Election Law: Age \_\_\_\_\_; Race \_\_\_\_\_; Birthplace \_\_\_\_\_; Date of naturalization \_\_\_\_\_ I further swear or affirm that the answers given to the above questions concerning my qualifications as an elector are true and correct to the best of my knowledge and belief.

Taken, subscribed and sworn to before me this \_\_\_\_\_ day of \_\_\_\_\_, 1927.

Signed \_\_\_\_\_

Notary Public in and for said County, State of Michigan.

My Commission expires \_\_\_\_\_ 1927.

Note—If this acknowledgment is taken outside of the State, the Certificate of the Court that the person taking the acknowledgment is a notary must be attached.

### REGISTRATION OF ABSENTEE BY OATH

If any person whose name is not registered shall offer and claim the right to vote at any election, or primary election, and shall UNDER OATH, state that he or she is a resident of such precinct and has resided in the WARD TWENTY DAYS next preceding such election, designating particularly the place of his

or her residence and that he or she possesses the other qualifications of an elector under the constitution; and that, owing to the sickness or bodily infirmity of himself or herself, or some member of his or her family or owing to his or her absence from the City on public business or his or her own business, and without intent to avoid or delay his or her registration, he or she was unable to make application for registration on the last day provided by law for the registering of electors preceding such election, then the name of such person shall be registered, and he or she shall then be permitted to vote at such election. If such applicant shall in said matter, wilfully make any false statement, he or she shall be deemed guilty of perjury, and upon conviction, be subject to the pains and penalties thereof.

Provided, That any city may provide by its charter or by resolution approved by a majority of the members of its legislative body for the registration of such sick and absent voters on the last Saturday preceding any election or primary election at the places of voting in the several voting districts of such city, instead of on election or primary election day.

### PROVISION IN CASE OF REMOVAL TO ANOTHER PRECINCT

Any registered and qualified voter who has REMOVED from ONE ELECTION PRECINCT of a Ward to another election precinct of the same Ward shall have the right, on any day previous to election day, on application to the City Clerk, to have his or her name transferred from the registration book of the precinct from which he or she HAS REMOVED to the registration book of the precinct which he or she THEN RESIDES. Such elector shall have the right to have such transfer made ON ELECTION DAY, or Primary election day, by obtaining from the board of inspectors of election of the precinct from which he or she HAS REMOVED a CERTIFICATE OF TRANSFER, and presenting the said certificate to the BOARD OF ELECTION INSPECTORS OF THE PRECINCT IN WHICH HE OR SHE THEN RESIDES.

Dated Feb. 2, A. D. 1927.

OTIS J. SMITH, City Clerk.

### DIPPING INTO SCIENCE

### Why Lightning Does Not Strike Lightning Rods

The air at all times contains electricity. Because lightning rods allow electricity in the air near the rods to pass through them to the earth, there is thus created a sort of neutral zone. Lightning cannot originate in such an area because the potential of the earth and air at this spot has been made the same through the lightning rod's presence. (© 1927, Western Newspaper Union.)

### Joy in Kindness

A kind heart is a fountain of gladness, making everything in its vicinity to freshen into smiles.—Washington Irving.

### World's Oldest College

It is said that the oldest college in continuous operation is the University of Oxford in England, which was founded in 1050.

### RHEUMATISM

While in France with the American Army I obtained a noted French prescription for the treatment of Rheumatism and Neuritis. I have given this to thousands with wonderful results. The prescription cost me nothing. I ask nothing for it. I will mail it if you will send me your address. A postal will bring it. Write today. PAUL CASE, Dept. M-390, Brockton, Mass.

### Too Much "Acid?"

Excess Uric Acid Gives Rise to Many Unpleasant Troubles.

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

### DOAN'S PILLS 60c

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

### 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.

### PUT CREAM IN NOSE AND STOP CATARRH

Tells How To Open Clogged Nostrils and End Head-Colds.

You feel fine in a few moments. Your cold in head or catarrh will be gone. Your clogged nostrils will open. The air passages of your head will clear and you can breathe freely. No more dullness, headache; no hawking, snuffing, mucous discharges or dryness; no struggling for breath at night.

Tell your druggist you want a small bottle of Ely's Cream Balm. Apply a little of this fragrant, antiseptic cream in your nostrils, let it penetrate through every air passage of the head; soothe and heal the swollen, inflamed mucous membrane, and relief comes instantly.

It is just what every cold and catarrh sufferer needs. Don't stay stuffed-up and miserable.

### Plea for the Wicked

Great God, have pity on the wicked, for Thou didst everything for the good when thou madest them good.—Saadi.

SUCH IS LIFE  
By Charles Sughree  
AND SUCH IS WOMAN

