

Charlevoix County Herald.

VOLUME 31

EAST JORDAN, MICHIGAN, FRIDAY, DECEMBER 23, 1927.

NUMBER 51

Cherry Pruning Demonstrations

IN CHARLEVOIX CO. THURSDAY, DEC. 29TH.

Plans have been completed to conduct two Cherry Pruning Demonstrations on Thursday, Dec. 29th, for both the beginners and those having mature trees.

The first demonstration will be held on the farm of John Noble, located on the Advance road, about five and one-half miles north of East Jordan or one mile south of Advance at ten o'clock a. m. fast time on Thursday, Dec. 29th. This meeting is of particular interest to the new cherry growers.

The second demonstration will be conducted at the Eveline Orchards on Thursday afternoon, Dec. 29th, at two o'clock fast time.

H. A. Cardinell, fruit specialist of the Michigan State College will be present at both meetings and demonstrate the proper system to use in pruning both the young and mature trees. He is one of the foremost authorities on pruning and has assisted on great many new fruit growers in getting the right start that, many times is the difference between success and failure.

About two years ago he conducted a demonstration at Eveline Orchards and explained the new system of pruning. As a result of this visit they pruned their trees with the suggested plan and now have two years results to show the success they have enjoyed and this is the reason we are holding the demonstration there.

Be sure and come. See the results and judge for yourself. Mark the dates now for Dec. 29th.

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

Care At Xmas Time

STATE FIRE MARSHAL ISSUES TIMELY WARNING.

Fires and deaths are caused by candles on Christmas Trees. Trees should be fastened firmly. They should not be decorated with cotton, wool tissue paper, celluloid ornaments or lighted candles. Use only metallic tinsel or other non-inflammable material. Asbestos fiber may be used for snow. Electric bulbs should be used in place of candles. Trees should be removed within two or three days, for when dry they are extremely inflammable.

1. "Fireproof"—all material for Christmas clothing (such as Santa Claus garments) by immersing them thoroughly in a solution of commercial ammonium phosphate, one pound to one gallon of water.

2. Never use lighted candles on Christmas trees. Use electric lights, in perfect condition, carefully wired.

3. The lighted candle in the window Christmas Eve is a dangerous practice. If you must have a candle in your window Christmas Eve, let it be an electric one.

4. Never use cotton, wool, tissue paper and other highly inflammable decorations. If you must have snow on your Christmas Tree, use powdered mica or asbestos fibre. Set the tree firmly so that it cannot be tipped in reaching for things. Keep the fire demon away from your Xmas Tree.

5. A fire in a crowded store has terrible possibilities of loss of life by panic as well as financial loss and it is well to remember that the installing of amateur electric wiring and use of inflammable material in decorations may void your insurance in case of fire. Watch Smokers. Do not permit them to light cigars, pipes or cigarettes while inside buildings filled with holiday shoppers or while around decorations, etc.

6. Let the home, church, school or store be warm but watch out for overheated stoves and pipes.

Let Santa Claus and not the undertaker be your guest Christmas.

Let the reindeer and sleigh jingle up to your door, not the red wagon of the fire department.

If the doctor has to be called, let it be for the lass or laddie who has eaten too much and not for the child suffering from burns.

A house of merriment is better than a house of mourning. Make this Christmas fireproof.

Our idea of a versatile man is one who can write a straight line on a piece of crooked paper.

The young boy who thought that Santa Claus was a great man some thirty years ago is about to believe that he is a miracle worker, after all.

EAST JORDAN WINS FROM ST. FRANCIS

East Jordan High School gave the local fans as well as the Traverse City Parochials, a real surprise in their play Friday night. The locals scored eleven points before St. Francis got a couple of four shots in the second quarter. The locals showed that they had played basketball before and went at Traverse City in such a business-like way that they swept the boys from the "Heart of Nature's Playground" off their feet, and made it a rout by scoring an easy 29 to 5 victory.

The Traverse City Record Eagle gave a fairly good account of the game except that they left out one man who certainly did hit that old hoop Friday night—Vail Shepard. Evidently he showed so much speed that Traverse City did not see him make seven field baskets. The other men who starred are mentioned in the Traverse City write-up. Should the locals keep their heads and play together, the prospects of an excellent year for basketball were never brighter.

Baskets: East Jordan—Taylor 2; St. Charles 4; Shepard 7. Traverse City—Captain Ommen 1.

Fouls: East Jordan—Shepard 1; St. Charles 1; Smith 1. Traverse City—Folk 2; Shutter 1.

Referee—Snellenberger, East Jordan.

REBEKAH LODGE ELECT OFFICERS

At the regular meeting of Jassamine Rebekah Lodge No. 365, the following officers were elected: Noble Grand—Hilda Cook. Vice Grand—Reta Bader. Rec. Sec'y—Jessie Kleinhaus. Fin. Sec'y—Ola Streeter. Treas.—Nina Bowen.

One of the mysteries of the average citizen is how wise men learn all that they claim they know. The sweet young things have long since ceased to require anybody to carry a sprig of mistletoe.

Strategy



DEATH CLAIMS

H. J. PANGBORN

Harvey Jecento Pangborn, who suffered a paralytic stroke about five weeks ago, was taken to the Charlevoix hospital last Thursday, and passed away the following day, Friday, Dec. 16, 1927.

Mr. Pangborn was born in Sanilac County, Michigan, July 11, 1866, his parents being Mr. and Mrs. B. T. Pangborn. He came to East Jordan some 30 years ago. On Sept. 5, 1899 he was united in marriage to Miss Adeline King of Ironton, Charlevoix County. She passed away at East Jordan May 28, 1910.

Deceased is survived by the following children:—Mrs. Leonard Hite Mrs. Daniel Jones and Harvey Pangborn, all of East Jordan; and Mrs. Frank Mathers of Boyne City. Also one sister, Mrs. Florence Watts of Saginaw.

Mr. Pangborn was a member of the Modern Woodmen of America.

Funeral services were held Tuesday afternoon, Dec. 20th, from the Latter Day Saints Church, conducted by Elder Leonard Dudley. Interment at Lakeside cemetery.

AN APPRECIATION

We wish to express our thanks to the friends and neighbors for the kindly assistance and the sympathy shown us during the illness and death of our father. Also for the beautiful floral offering, and also wish to thank members of the Woodman Lodge.

Mrs. Leonard Hite.
Mrs. Daniel Jones
Mrs. Frank Mathers.
Harvey Pangborn

Balance Books Occasionally

It is good to have money and the things that money can buy, but it's good, too, to check up once in a while and make sure you haven't lost the things that money can't buy.—Anon.

"7TH HEAVEN" TO HAVE LOCAL SHOWING

The Wm. Fox picture—"7th Heaven"—at the Temple Theatre, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday, Dec. 28-29-30.

This picture has been creating a sensation and playing to capacity houses all over the country and is considered one of the finest productions of the year. Janet Gaynor and Charles Farrell are featured at the head of an all-star cast which includes Gladys Brockwell, Albert Gran, David Butler, George Stone, Emile Chautard, Marie Mosquini, Ben Bard and Brandon Hurst.

Winter Sports At Charlevoix

SCHEDULES EVENTS FOR HOLIDAYS AND FEB'Y CARNIVAL.

Charlevoix is planning the most ambitious winter sports program ever attempted in Michigan. The committee appointed by the Charlevoix Ass'n of Commerce to handle the enterprise has completed arrangements and has full assurance of financial backing from the city council.

Dec. 25 has been set for the opening of the winter resort season. Members of the Lake Charlevoix Winter Sports Club will raise the club's flag at 2:30 o'clock in the afternoon over the new ski and toboggan slides that recently have been constructed at Mt. McSaubia. This will be the official start of college week and afternoons and evenings between Xmas and New Year's day will be given over to snowshoeing, skiing and ice races, dog races, hockey games, ice-boat races, horse (skijoring) races and coasting events.

Thursday, Dec. 29, will see a special afternoon and evening program of sports and winners of the various competitions will receive prizes. The afternoon has been declared an official holiday in the city.

Plan for Carnival. The annual sports carnival (Charlevoix's third) will commence Feb'y 1 and continue until Feb'y 13, inclusive. Ski and skating experts will take part in the events of this period and cash prizes and cups will be the reward of the winners. Hockey games, horse and dog races, etc., will be interesting features of the afternoons and evenings.

The ski and toboggan slides on Mt. McSaubia have been patterned after those at Lake Placid, N. Y., and have cost the city no inconsiderable sum. Weekly programs will be announced in advance by means of posters. The resort hotels of the city are being put in readiness to take care of the visitors and the Pere Marquette and Pennsylvania lines have promised through Pullman service from Chicago and other main centers.

Everything indicates a larger number of visitors to this year's carnival than ever before, some reservations for accommodations having been made two months ago.

OBITUARY

MARY ETHEL GIBBARD YORK

Mary Ethel Gibbard was born in Charlevoix County, June 16, 1880. She was the daughter of Chas. and Anna Gibbard, and was married to Lewis York on Sept. 23, 1897. She died at Butterworth Hospital, Grand Rapids, Dec. 5th, 1927.

To Mr. and Mrs. York were born six children. The oldest daughter, Thresa, died four years ago, leaving a small girl, Lois, to whom Mrs. York has given a mother's care.

Besides her husband and her children, Verne of Grand Rapids; Laura Locke of Deford; Durwood, Lewie and Betty at home, and a little grandchild, Velma Jean Locke, she leaves her mother, Mrs. Gibbard; two sisters, Mrs. D. J. Bedell, of Bellaire, and Mrs. Wm. Burlow of Central Lake; and three brothers, George and John Gibbard of Echo, and Leslie Gibbard of East Jordan.

Funeral services were held in Central Lake on Friday, Dec. 9, and burial was made in the Dunsmore cemetery.—Bellaire Record

CARD OF THANKS

We wish to sincerely thank the friends and neighbors, also the members of the Woodman lodge for the help and sympathy extended us during the illness and death of our husband and father, and for the beautiful floral offerings.

Mrs. Wm. Evans.
Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Hutchins.

Good Subject for Worry

Folks who have nothing else to worry about might consider the statement of scientists that the sun will get cold in 12,000,000 years.—Des Moines (Iowa) Register.

New Book Being Planned

WEST. MICH. ASS'N O. K. 1928. PROSPECTUS.

The West Michigan Tourist & Resort Association will supply patrons of the State's natural playground and those who expect such a visit there next year with the most complete booklet on the virtues, attractions and equipment of this western section, from a tourist's standpoint, ever published.

This was decided when 18 directors of the association gathered with President Carrol Sweet and Secretary Hugh Gray, Friday afternoon at Grand Rapids and adopted a program of activities for the coming year.

he new booklet of which there will be 50,000 copies, to cost \$12,000, will contain four-colored maps of all counties which are members of the association. These maps will give general information on each county and will list all creeks, rivers, girls and boys' camps, resort hotels and lodging places and golf courses. Each map will be followed by a page or two of intensive information on the county in question and will tell the possible visitor just what he wants to know, how to get there and what he will find when he arrives.

Budget to be Larger. The budgets for the coming year will be jumped up to \$51,000 which is a considerable increase. Directors from the membership counties, present at the meeting, indicated this amount could be raised with ease.

A third important matter regards an exhibit at the National Outdoor show in Chicago beginning May 7. The Western Michigan Ass'n, together with the East Michigan Tourist Ass'n and the Upper Michigan Development association, will join the state conservation department in arranging an All-Michigan exhibit. Mr. Gray assured the directors this would be a real display and one that would go a long way in advertising the State favorably at the Chicago show.

Mr. Gray has the full support of his directors in these matters and the meeting closed with an optimistic expression regarding the 1928 outlook in the State's playground.

THIS FRIDAY, DEC. 23, 7:00 P. M.

Xmas Program M. E. Church

Choir opening—"The King Has Come." Scripture—Prayer, Pastor.

Primary Dept.—Mrs. Webster, Supt. Song—"The King's Birthday," by Primary Department.

Welcome—Barbara Bader. "Hymn to the Christ Child," Ruth Sturgill.

"Little Jack Horner," Douglas Johnson. "A Christmas Wish," Genevieve Ellis.

"Your King Has Come," exercise by Gerrie Palmiter, Grace Higby, Nina Palmiter, Ruth Darbee, Captola Richardson.

"Great Expectations," Donald Bogart. "Christmas Time," Gerald Barnett.

"The Beautiful Christmas Story," Donald Johnson. Song—"The Story I Like Best," Primary Department.

Intermediates—Miss M. Bowen, Supt. Song—"Just For Christmas Day," by Ruth Clark and Bea Boswell's classes.

Recitation—"Merry Christmas Everybody," Pauline Clark. Duet—"From Heavenly Portals," Esther Clark and Genevieve Gay.

Recitation—"Christmas Morning," Helen Darbee. Song—"Golden Stars Are Shining," by Margaret Bowen's class.

Recitation—"No Christmas Day Till Jesus Came," Rhea Healey. Exercise—"The Three Travelers," Jayson Snyder, John Vogel, Harold Bader, Carl Bogart.

Solo—"Christmas Slumber Song," Elaine Hufton. Song by the Choir—"The Question of the Bells."

Choir closing—"Come and Worship."

Real Patriotism. Most citizens claim to be patriotic, and probably are. But the brand of patriotism this country most needs at this time is that for which no claim is made. Is yours of that brand?—Grit.

Christmas [1927]

THIS should be the most successful Christmas in our history if we try to make it so. Let us crowd hate and its kindred, suspicion and gloom, out of our hearts. Let us focus our eyes on that guiding star which led the Wise Men to a poor abode, and in the warmth of its glow rekindle in ourselves the genial flame of charity.

Let us, for the day at least, forget the things that worry us. In their places let us substitute thoughts of the many things for which we may be thankful. Let us forgive our enemies and lean more heavily upon the staff of friendship. Thus each of us will become a center of happiness and able to spread that cheer which is at the heart of Christmas observance.

No season of the year so delightfully excites one's imagination or calls more sympathetically to one's tenderest emotions. We do not need to be reminded that the festive occasion commemorates the announcement of the religion of peace and love, for the feeling is all around us. It expresses itself in tranquillity for the old and in joyous promptings for the young.

Happiness is in the air.

The penetration of the Christmas spirit encourages us in the faith that the world is growing better, for it cannot be otherwise than that the recurrent planting of such seeds year by year tend more and more toward the fruition of universal love and brotherhood.

Our greeting to you is for a merry Christmas and the wish that all of us may carry much of the spirit and blessings of the day into every other day of the year. Thus shall we draw nearer to the fulfillment of the ideal typified by Christmas.

THE PUBLISHERS

Harvard Hockey Star



Photograph shows Capt. Johnny Chase, one of the players that Harvard relies upon in the hockey season. Harvard closed its first week of hockey with a glaring weakness in lack of defencemen with only one defence player available. Coach Joe Stubbs has planned to shift many prospective wingmen to the point positions.

A man tried to make peace between a man and his wife last week. They are both living.

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.

HELP WANTED

GIRL WANTED—For Housework. MRS. F. E. BROTHERTON, phone 31. 51-1

FOR SALE—REAL ESTATE

HOUSE For Sale, Cheap. Inquire of STATE BANK OF EAST JORDAN. Phone 14. 45-t.f.

FOR SALE OR RENT—Ten acres of land with good dwelling—hot water heating system. See on phone JAMES SECORD, administrator Estate Kate Webster. 43 t.f.

FOR SALE—MISCELLANEOUS

FOR SALE—Dry Block and Buzz Wood—beach, elm, maple. CHAS. KNOP, Phone-178-F4, Route 1, Boyne City. 51x2

HEAVY-SLEIGHS For Sale—4 in. runners, 7 ft. bunks, cordwood rack.—ARCHIE MISENAR, East Jordan. 51x1

FOR SERVICE: O. I. C. Boar, "The Big White Hog," with good foundation. Charges \$1.00, payable at time of service.—EDW. THORSEN, East Jordan, Route 3, phone 165-F22. 51x5

FOR SALE—HONEY in 60 Lb. Cans. RALPH LENOSKY, phone 167-F13. 50x3

FOR SERVICE—Registered Hampshire BOAR.—VICTOR LACROIX R. 1, East Jordan, phone 118-F3. 50x3

APPLES! APPLES! Apples.—A. L. DARBEE, East Jordan, 405 Second St. Phone 116. 45-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. 19-t f

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 17th day of December A. D. 1927.

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

In the Matter of the Estate of Belle Roy, Deceased.

Fitch R. Williams 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 13th day of January, A. D. 1928, 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.

State News in Brief

Mt. Clemens—Work has been started on installing machinery to drill a second oil well in Macomb county. The site is on the Otto Coulon farm, two miles northwest of this city. The St. Clair Oil & Gas company has retained Berns Becker of Halfway to do the drilling.

Adrian—The State Health Department has ordered the city to co-operate, with the State in halting the practice of certain industrial plants, which dump chemicals or refuse from industrial process into the River Raisin. The manufacturers along the river front will be notified to discharge their wastes into sewers.

Grand Rapids—A group of importers and exporters met here recently with O. M. Butler, of the Detroit office of the United States bureau of foreign and domestic commerce to consider a proposal for the establishment in Grand Rapids of a co-operative office of the bureau. Grand Rapids is the state's second important exporting city.

Lansing—A third state ferry to ply the Straits of Mackinac has been authorized by the State Administrative Board. A contract for the construction was awarded to the Great Lakes Engineering Co. The price was \$325,000. The ferry will be 202 feet long with a beam of 48 feet. It will be of all steel construction and will accommodate 60 automobiles. The two ferries now on the route carry from 50 cars each.

Greenville—Edward Jorgensen, 48 years old, a farmer of Greenville, is dead from injuries received when he fell from a ladder while fighting fire at a neighbor's home. The ground was icy and the ladder slid from under him. He struck the ground heavily and concussion of the brain resulted. He regained consciousness a few minutes before his death in an ambulance on the way to a Grand Rapids hospital. The fire did little damage.

Grand Rapids—When W. J. Lessiter, Grattan township farmer, sold a "baby beef" recently to Ryskamp Brothers, Grand Rapids-butchers, for 24 cents a pound, live weight, he is believed to have set a record price in western Michigan. The snow white shorthorn steer, he sold, was 11 months old, had spent its lifetime in a box-stall, weighed 820 pounds, had never tasted a spear of grass and was "dry fed" on grain and hay.

Mt. Clemens—Selfridge Field, the home station of the First Pursuit Group, is to have a new commander in the near future according to an official army announcement from Washington. Lieutenant-Colonel Charles H. Danforth, now stationed at Fort McPherson, Ga., will assume the command. Major Thomas G. Lanphier, under whose leadership the group has gained international fame, will remain at the field for the present as flight commander, the announcement said.

Lansing—A re-organization of the state police, whereby a swift, mobile force will be held in readiness at some central point for use in emergencies and fewer officers will be around the state on special detail, is being considered by Governor Green, he said here. While a recent United States supreme court ruling that state officers are not charged with the duty of enforcing the federal prohibition law will not materially affect the state force, as it still must enforce the rigid Michigan dry statute.

North Branch—An explosion and fire recently destroyed the oil tanks of the North Branch Oil & Gas Co. More than 15,000 gallons of gasoline and 9,000 gallons of kerosene were destroyed. No one was injured. The tanks, near the Grand Trunk Railroad tracks, were about 50 feet from the buildings and tanks of the Standard Oil Co. The latter were saved by the efforts of volunteer firemen. A gasoline engine employed to operate pumps, is believed to have become over-heated and caused the explosion.

Holland—Gerritt J. Diekema, Holland, Michigan, has been elected a director of the Michigan Bell Telephone Company, succeeding Mr. E. S. Wilson, of New York, vice-president of the American Telephone & Telegraph Company, resigned. Mr. Diekema is a leading attorney, banker and businessman of Western Michigan. He is president of the First State Bank of Holland, director of the Grand Rapids Trust Company and the Grand Haven State Bank, and is associated in several business and manufacturing concerns. He has served as mayor of the city of Holland and in the Michigan state legislature, and was a member of the lower house of congress from 1907 to 1911, from the fifth Michigan district. Mr. Diekema also was a member of the Spanish Treaty Claims Commission, from 1901 to 1907, and in 1926 was named delegate to the Rivers and Harbors congress at Washington.

Iron River—Forced off the highway to permit passage of a snowplow recently, three men opened fire on the road plow crew and a nearby school house. Twenty pupils sat at their desks as bullets crashed through the wall and whistled over their heads. The men later were arrested by Iron River police in a wood near Basewood. The men, police say, admit aiming deliberately at the school house. Two of the trio recently arrived in this section from Kentucky and possessed United States Army rifles, the police said.

Buchanan—Wesley Gale, 81 years old, resident of Summerville for more than 80 years, is dead at his home there of injuries received eight years ago when he was kicked by a horse. A son, 70 years old, who lived with his father, survives.

Mt. Clemens—Officers' quarters, new hangars, service shops, and a new administration building at a total cost of \$450,000 will be erected at Selfridge Field next summer if bills now before congress are approved. It was announced by Captain Robert S. Beard, construction quartermaster.

Escanaba—The body of Charles Carlson, 45 years old, was found lying across the grave of his wife in a cemetery here. He had killed himself with a revolver. Mrs. Carlson was killed several months ago when she was struck by an automobile at a street intersection and Carlson had brooded over her death.

Pontiac—The Continental & Commercial Trust & Savings Bank of Chicago, and William F. Kopf, trustee, recently foreclosed in Circuit Court here a trust mortgage covering all the property of the Western Knitting Mills at Rochester. The property is to be sold to satisfy a claim of \$580,824.29 for unpaid bonds issued by the knitting company.

Jeddo—Just as he had finished a Christmas talk he was giving to the children "to grow up in the Christmas spirit, a life that Christ symbolized," Rev. W. C. Helmbold, pastor of the Jeddo and Applegate parish, dropped dead. He complained of feeling ill and sank to the floor. The body was sent to Applegate for burial. The pastor came here from Tuscolt in September.

Battle Creek—The War Department at Washington has allotted \$25,000 for improvement of Camp Custer as a cantonment for the R. O. T. C., National Guard and Citizens' Military Training. Construction planned for Camp Custer includes extension of water lines to seven buildings, extension of sewage system to camp kitchens and lavatories and construction of seven new lavatories.

Lansing—All of the principal thoroughfares crossing Detroit boundaries will be accepted as trunk line highways from the outskirts to the city hall, allowing Detroit \$75,000 a year for street improvements above what it would normally receive from the state, Frank Rogers, state highway commissioner, said here. The streets to be accepted as trunk lines are Grand River, Woodward, Michigan, Gratiot, Mt. Elliott and Fort.

Grand Rapids—President Coolidge has been invited by the Grand-Rapids Market association to make an address at the one hundredth anniversary of furniture market on any date at his convenience between January 2 and 25. The invitation, presented by Representative Mapes, was in the form of a beautifully decorated wood panel on which words of invitation had been inlaid with 10 different varieties of wood.

Mt. Clemens—The Macomb County Board of Supervisors has passed an ordinance giving to the superhighway commission of Wayne, Oakland and Macomb counties power to restrict building operations along highways included in the master plan. The measure gives power to grant or refuse all requests for permission to build within the area designated as the future right-of-way of the superhighway. This will affect property owners on a half dozen roads in Macomb county.

Iron Mountain—That gold, silver and other metals besides iron and copper can be mined in the upper peninsula at a profit, is the theory advanced by mining engineers in this district. About 50 years ago, they point out, operation of the Ropes gold mine, near Ishpeming, produced more than \$500,000 worth of gold while in 1884, a few miles west of the Ropes mine, \$50,000 worth was taken from the Michigan gold mine. Silver and lead also have been found at various times in the peninsula.

Hilledale—Uriah and Luther Fitzsimons, of Reading, who were born when this section of the state was a wilderness, and who are believed to be the oldest twins in Michigan recently celebrated their ninetieth birthday anniversaries. Never in their four score and ten years have the twins been more than a few miles from each other. After they were married, they purchased adjacent farms, on which they have lived since their retirement. Both are in excellent health and keenly interested in world events.

East Lansing—Michigan has the second greatest mileage of bus routes in the United States, with 541 buses in daily service, earning an annual revenue of \$5,422,812.45, according to a bulletin issued by the engineering experiment station at Michigan State college. Average maintenance cost for the highways over which Michigan bus lines operate is \$102.18 a mile. Of this cost, \$39.56 is paid by the tax collected from bus operators so that nearly 75 per cent of the cost comes from revenue through the taxation of the companies.

Detroit—Senator James Couzens, of Michigan, is possessor of the first Model A Ford automobile to be delivered in Washington, a gift of his former business associate, Henry Ford. The Michigan senator ordered one of the cars several days ago and received a reply from Mr. Ford that he was "presenting" No. 35 of the new line to the senator. Thirty-five was the number of the first Ford automobile owned by Couzens, a Model T, manufactured shortly after he aided Ford in organization of the Ford Motor Co.

Charlevoix County Herald

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

AFTON

Edited by Mrs. Henry Timmer.

Miss Meiba Sutton, who has been attending the Western State Teachers' College at Kalamazoo, came home Wednesday of last week for the holidays.

Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Schultz and son, Frank, and Wm. Spencer returned from Chicago Saturday. They went to attend the funeral of Mrs. Schultz's sister, Mrs. Anna Hardt, who was at one time a resident of Wilson township.

Earl Blair, Chas. Hayner and Ed. Sandie are building a new sheepshed for Mrs. Henry Timmer.

Mr. and Mrs. Albert Todd, Miss Mary and Julius Guzniczak, did their Christmas shopping at Petoskey, Thursday of last week.

Mr. and Mrs. L. R. Hardy spent Sunday with her aunt, Mrs. Alfred Sudman of Boyne City.

Chas. Parks is cutting wood for Claude Pearsall.

Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Sutton and daughter, Melba, and Miss Christabel Sutton were callers at Geo. Snyders, Sunday.

Mrs. Matt Hardy visited her daughter, Mrs. Bert Lumley of Deer Lake, Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. Ed. Nowland dined Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Sutton.

Wm. Gates of Boyne City, returning home after a call at Chas. Hott's, was so unfortunate enough to get stalled in the snow drifts at Shepards corner, and broke the car in trying to get out. He found a good samaritan in Bert Lumley, who towed him to town, Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Shepard spent Sunday with her brother, Chas. Hayner and wife.

Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Hott were Sunday visitors at the John Hott home.

Mrs. Claude Pearsall and Mrs. Henry Timmer had luncheon at the Cushman House, Petoskey, Thursday.

Wm. Vrondran has begun his usual winter pursuit of hauling cars out of the swamp which lies between Pearsall's store and Afton corners. The first haul of the season was Thursday of last week.

PENINSULA

(Edited by Mrs. E. Hayden)

Ernest Staley was up from Charlevoix Thursday to his farm and got his fish house and took it to Charlevoix.

Gertrude Looze came home Thursday evening from North Manitou Island, where she has been staying for some weeks with her sister-in-law Mrs. Fred Looze, while Mr. Looze is on duty at the Coast Guard Station.

Mrs. Wm. Looze arrived home Friday from Detroit, where she has been for some weeks with her daughter, Mrs. Lee Chambers. Mrs. Chambers and three children accompanied her home.

Mrs. T. J. Hitchcock of East Jordan motored out Thursday evening and called on their son-in-law and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. F. K. Hayden at Orchard Hill.

Wilfred Arnott arrived home Sunday from Muskegon, where he has been employed, to spend the holidays with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. James Arnott at Maple Row farm.

Mrs. Ray Loomis of Gravel Hill, and Mrs. James Arnott of Maple Row farm of Star Dist. attended the Nutrition school at Boyne City Thursday. The next meeting will be with Mrs. Duncan McDonald some time during the holidays.

In spite of the worst blizzard for years, most everybody went Boyne City Saturday to do their Xmas shopping. Some went with teams, while the majority went with motor power. Some of the motors pulled in on their own power, but in some cases "Ned and Robin" were pressed into service.

vice.

Mr. Mullett of East Lansing is visiting at the F. H. Wangeman home in Three Bells Dist.

Miss Mildred and A. J. Wangeman arrived home from the M. S. C., where they are attending school, to spend the holidays with their parents, Mr. and Mrs. F. H. Wangeman in Three Bells Dist.

The little new son of Mr. and Mrs. Grant Moore will answer to the name of Ellwood James.

Mr. and Mrs. Billy Frank have christened their little son, Charles Martin.

Mrs. Edith Tibbit of Cherry Hill represented the Advance Nutrition Club at the school in Boyne City, Thursday.

Mrs. James Amott of Maple Row farm took Mrs. Geo. Staley's place at the Nutrition school in Boyne City, Thursday.

The Douglas Tibbit family of Cherry Hill attended the Free Methodist Quarterly Meeting in Boyne City Friday, Saturday and Sunday.

Miss Dottie Nice and her mother of East Jordan motored out to their cottage at Hayden Point, Sunday, going around by Deer Lake.

The Geo. Staley family of Gleaner Cogner will be fumigated and let out of quarantine, Wednesday.

Miss Goldie Boyer was an hour late getting to the Mountain school Monday morning, because of ice driven into the narrows by the north wind.

The Community Church at Ironton are putting on a fine Christmas program for Friday evening to which a good many from Mountain Dist. plan on attending, if they can cross the ferry.

Jim Willson nearly got buried in snow, Sunday, while trying to call on Claude Myers.

Our faithful Pat brought us our mail all last week with his car, but was forced to come with horses, Monday.

All the Peninsula schools are working hard on their Christmas programs. Some fine catches of fish are reported.

The Advance school will have their Christmas program, Friday afternoon Dec. 23rd.

The South Arm of Lake Charlevoix is developing into its annual state of population as fish shanties are being placed for the winter sport. As bad a storm as can be remembered is with us and has been raging since Friday night.

Last week was butchering week. A good many tons of pork were dressed and marketed or packed for home use.

The last of the 1927 turkey crop was marketed Saturday, most of which was in fine condition.

Ralph Price of Ironton purchased quite a lot of turkeys on the Peninsula last week.

Mrs. J. W. Hayden of Orchard Hill is still staying with her daughter, Mrs. Elmer Faust and family at Mountain Ash farm.

Douglas Tibbit of Cherry Hill is hauling the buzz wood which he has cut at Hayden Point to his farm, where he will have it buzzed.

Will Gaunt of East Jordan was down the Arm Friday, where he caught a fine catch of fish.

Mrs. Elmer Faust of Mountain Ash farm who has been very ill with jaundice the past three weeks, is a great deal better, but still confined to her bed most of the time.

MILES DISTRICT

(Edited by Mrs. E. Miles)

Where are the "Old Timers" who said, "A Green Christmas."

A Merry Christmas and A Happy New Year to all.

R. Evans called at Burdette Evans home, Tuesday.

Mr. and Mrs. Glenn Pearl of Charlevoix, and Mr. and Mrs. Harold Pearl of Detroit, called at the E. Miles home Friday.

Darus Shaw and Frances Evans are cutting wood for Burdette Evans.

The snow plow went through Sunday, and by all indications will be kept busy for some time.

Going to church is not the least excuse for being sleepy on Monday morning.

RANNEY DISTRICT

(Edited by Mrs. E. Evans.)

We wish you all A Merry Xmas and A Happy and Prosperous New Year.

Wm. Hostler and R. V. Liskum are cutting wood for Jas. Isaman.

Mrs. E. Larsen was canvassing in our neighborhood for home knit mittens and stockings.

Mr. and Mrs. Roscoe Smith and daughter, Leona, visited at Irving Crawfords, Sunday.

Miss Eunice Liskum is expected home from Pontiac to spend Xmas with her mother, Mrs. N. Liskum and other relatives.

There will be an oyster supper at South Arm Grange next meeting, Dec. 30th.

Miss Sadie Murphy will be home Friday to spend Xmas with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Murphy.

Neighbors are all getting out to try to open roads for our mail carrier Mr. Ribble, he was unable to get out Monday, but got nearly all the way around the route, Tuesday.

Ralph Ranney had the misfortune to lose a horse last Friday.

Ranney school will have a Xmas tree and program Friday afternoon at the Ranney schoolhouse.

J. McPherson and family are moving on their farm near Central Lake.

DEER CREEK DISTRICT

(Edited by Mrs. Tom Kiser)

Isabel Murray spent Monday with Mrs. Tom Kiser.

Mr. and Mrs. Joe Martinek took dinner with Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Etcher one day last week.

Dalton Gay and family spent Sunday last with Tony Gilmore and family.

Mrs. C. S. Abbott and L. G. Balch called at the Dam one day last week.

Bill Murray butchered five hogs for Geo. Etcher last Friday.

Ray Williams and family spent Saturday evening with Barney Bayliss and family.

Paul Franseth is home for a visit with his father, Andrew Franseth.

Mrs. E. Lanway and Mrs. Stafford took dinner at the Jas. Murray home one day last week.

The Mcness agent was in the neighborhood Sunday of last week.

Prosperity is here, so the financial experts say. Thanks to them we know it.

Lounging Robe Chic

With Quilted Border



Green satin robe with a quilted edge of bright yellow satin, as displayed by Audrey Ferris, Warner star. The green embroidered motifs along the border are the only trimming on this very attractive robe.

SUCH IS LIFE
POP TRIES TO BE FUNNY

POP: MAY I ASK YA A QUESTION?
LET ME ASK YOU ONE, LIKE YOU USUALLY ASK ME. IF YOU GET UP AT 7 O'CLOCK, AND OUR DOG LIKES CANDY, HOW OLD IS THE MINISTER? TWENTY-FIVE CELTS REWARD, AND DON'T ASK ME ANOTHER TILL YOU CAN ANSWER IT!

HE IS 35 YEARS OLD
HOW DO YOU KNOW?
I ASKED HIM!

Sylvia of the Minute

By HELEN R. MARTIN

Copyright by Dodd, Mead & Co. WNU Service

(Continued)

When he had locked the school door, he glanced up the road to the waiting car. Its lights had been turned on, illuminating the road over a wide area, and he saw that his brother, standing in front of his car, was witnessing his coming out of the schoolhouse with Miss Schwenckton. She, he observed, was viewing with a frank surprise the lighted car and its owner a few rods away. That look of surprise seemed so genuine, it was hard to believe that his own unexpected arrival at the school had foiled a meeting between these two. And yet it would be so like St. Croix to seek a furtive love affair with a charming girl like Miss Schwenckton when he'd die before he would openly associate with anyone of a class outside his own—like a parvenu uncertain of his position, rather than like a man born to a secure place in the sun! But that a girl of Miss Schwenckton's spirit should accept such cowardly attentions seemed incredible. And this mystery of her changing her clothing in the schoolroom!

As they turned their backs on the car and went on their way, neither of them referred to it—though Meely was so absorbed in wondering whether St. Croix had recognized her that her sense of Marvin's interesting companionship was less keen than it would otherwise have been.

"Does your work always detain you so late as this at your school?" he asked with subtle gulf. She didn't know he had seen her coming along the highway!

"Not always. Sometimes," she answered guardedly.

"I should think the schoolroom would be too dark for you to work there so late."

"I usually stop working before dark."

"But this evening?"

"I—lingered on—"

A brief silence.

"I must warn you, Miss Schwenckton, it's not really safe for you to be alone after dark either in your school room or on this lonely road."

"Then I'm thankful you're with me."

"But what detained you so late?"

"Oh—this and that—a bit of work—"

"Correcting spelling-papers, I presume?"

"Really, Mr. Creighton, your interest in perfectly unimportant, trivial things like spelling-papers! My goodness!"

"I'll bet you never bore yourself with correcting spelling-papers! Not you!"

"How you came by the impression that I'm so light-minded as never to correct spelling-papers! Well, to be sure, it isn't my favorite pastime. I do sometimes indulge in other diversions."

No use—he could not trap her into admitting that she had been working in her schoolroom, but walking on the highway. Why didn't she want to admit it?

"Oh!" he exclaimed as at this instant she tripped over a rough place in the dark road and, to his consternation, fell headlong. "Are you hurt?" he solicitously inquired in alarm as he lifted her and she leaned against him panting.

Birds and Colors

A peacock is unable to distinguish one color from another. It is said that birds which fly by day see everything a bright reddish orange. Night birds see blue and violet.

Rub Rheumatic Pain From Aching Joints

Rub Pain right out with small trial bottle of old "St. Jacobs Oil."

Stop "dosing" Rheumatism. It's pain only, not one case in fifty requires internal treatment. Rub soothing, penetrating "St. Jacobs Oil" right on the "tender spot," and by the time you say Jack Robinson—out comes the rheumatic pain and distress. "St. Jacobs Oil" is a harmless rheumatism liniment which never disappears and doesn't burn the skin. It takes pain, soreness and stiffness from aching joints, muscles and bones; stops sciatica, lumbago, backache and neuralgia. Limber up! Get a small trial bottle of old-time, honest "St. Jacobs Oil" from any drug store, and in a moment, you'll be free from pains, aches and stiffness. Don't suffer! Rub rheumatism away.

"No, no. Don't you know, Mr. Creighton," she asked, as she moved out from the circle of his arm, "how dangerous it is to lift a fallen woman? What a h—l of a road!" she remarked as they resumed their walk cautiously, his hand under her arm to guide her. "There are just two kinds of girls," said Marvin, "that would talk about a h—l of a road—high-born ladies and toughs! As a country teacher and pious Sam Schwenckton's relative, you don't come under either of these heads. What must I conclude?"

"That I adapt my speech to my company. When I'm with—Cousin Sam—my speech is Yea and Nay."

"If it were more than that I'm sure he would not harbor you—if for no other reason than for your corrupting influence on his children. You're not afraid he might have your school taken from you?"

"He would if he thought it was his duty to," she nodded, her tone expressing supreme indifference to this fate so dreaded of the county teachers.

"You wouldn't mind that—losing your school?" he asked curiously. "It would be hard on the school. They'd not get another teacher like me in a hurry!" she smiled.

"I can well believe you!"

"I've always thought people that don't know me miss a lot!"

"I'm sure I've gained a lot in knowing you!"

"Thanks. Same to you. And if I were dismissed," she added with a sigh, "all the elegant education I'm getting in textbook lore would be brought to an untimely end! I'm learning a lot through teaching—from geography up."

"Up?—Up to what?"

"Oh, the multiplication tables up to twelve. I never knew them so well beyond seven."

"Then for the sake of your education, I hope Sam Schwenckton doesn't find out what he's harboring in his family! But really, Miss Schwenckton," added Marvin earnestly, a solicitous note in his voice, "I'm afraid that with the sort of trustees we have in this district a teacher like you can't hold down this job long! I'd hate like the dickens to have your bigoted old trustees fire you, so let me warn you—do be a bit prudent—if it's in you to be! I've been hearing complaints—"

"Of me?"

"—from the parents. A small boy in your school, Jakey Raffensburger, roused his parents' suspicions by being so enamored of school since you've taught it, when heretofore he had to be flogged to make him go, that they were moved to investigate the reason and he admitted, after much probing, that he'd rather go to school to you than see a movie, because you told them about 'devils,' showed them pictures of devils and acted the devil for them! Satan, it seems, has become to Jakey a hero, to the unspeakable horror of his devout parents, who, believe me, take the devil seriously! They complained to me that they didn't send their child to school to learn to love and admire the devil! So I interviewed Jake and found you'd been telling these children of scenes from 'Paradise Lost!'"

"A little English poetry surely can't be objected to, Mr. Creighton?"

"It's not in the curriculum, Miss Schwenckton! Stick to the curriculum just enough to hold your job, can't you?"

"But do you know I couldn't endure my job a week if I didn't liven it up with a little of the joy of life!"

"Joy of life—Paradise Lost? You'll be brightening their lives with Dante's 'Inferno' next! By the way," he suddenly remembered, "you're booked for a talk to the district teachers at their monthly meeting next Saturday, aren't you?"

"Gawd help me, yes! Ain't it awful!"

"What are you going to give them? How to teach geography, I suppose?"

"I could even get away with that in the frock I'm going to wear! The softest, most alluring French blue georgette!" she said enthusiastically. "Anything I say will be well received in that garb! I'm trying to collect suitable shoes and hat to go with the frock—seeing the hard-boiled shoes and hat I'd just invested in, before I'd dreamed of buying this dainty frock, would be a thought too harsh. If I'd only known," she lamented, "that I was going to buy that luscious georgette, I'd have bought entirely different shoes and hat! Isn't it tragic they don't match?" she wailed.

"Good Lord, are you confusing a teachers' institute with a fashion show? I asked you what you're going to talk about to those teachers?"

"What would you advise?" she asked confidently.

"I, you mean to say you haven't anything ready and the meeting booked for day after tomorrow?"

"I don't know any of the teachers, so I don't know their tastes."

"Tastes! Do you think you're expected to treat them to a vanderbilt hunt? You're supposed, child, to discuss some pedagogical problem of the day for their edifying! Now I'll admit you've some rather good ideas, if you could put them over—"

"I won't matter what I say—they'll be too taken up with looking at my French georgette—"

"She was on the frock again and she sang praises for the next two minutes without intermission, until they had reached the Schwenckton's gate. As they stopped, Meely suddenly realized, with a passing anxiety, that he had been entirely neglecting to attend to her accent—she had been saying 'jawgette' and 'Maffah' and 'teach-ah.'"

"Oh, come in and see Aunt Kory will you?"

"Sounds tempting—but I hardly have time; I always spend Thursday

evening with my mother, as my father is never home then; he attends a directors' meeting in Philadelphia every Thursday." He paused; then added slowly, deliberately, "Mother phoned me she particularly wanted to see me this evening, as she'd found an old photograph I'd asked her to look for—also, that she'd got some interesting mail from England—"

He paused again tentatively. Meely held herself rigid that he might not detect the tremor that went over her at his words.

"Good night," he said abruptly—and before she quite realized he was going, he had disappeared in the dimness of the road.

St. Croix Creighton and his father, dining at the Ritz-Carlton in Philadelphia, were discussing a certain matter not at all connected with the business of the directors' meeting which they had come to the city to attend.

If the infatuated eyes of Nettie Schwenckton could have beheld St. Croix just now—his evening clothes making him look taller, more slender, more than ever like the young god of her romantic air castles, she would indeed have thought her "honor," a small price to pay for any least notice such a divine creature might bestow upon her. Little did that enamored maiden dream that at that very moment her name was on the sacred lips of her demi-god, her image in his thought.

St. Croix, in his desperation that afternoon, after Meely's amazing rebuff, determined, on his way to his car, that he would plague her into a regard for him by exciting her jealousy; she herself had given him the hint when she had explained her silence about the teacher's boarding with them. He would make love to that school teacher under her very eyes! Meely should be made to see how other girls in her station, or in any station, for that matter, jumped at his nod!

And then he had seen, as he supposed, the school teacher in his brother's company; coming out of her schoolhouse hours after the closing time, apparently in a relation with him of the utmost friendliness. This was the third time in ten days that he had seen Marvin come out of that schoolhouse! His official duties certainly did not take him there so often as that. St. Croix was genuinely worried over the circumstance, as well as irritated at being foiled in his plan to make Meely jealous of the teacher, which of course he could not do if Marvin were intrigued with her.

Over their cigarettes and coffee St. Croix was shifting his own apprehensions about his brother on to his father's broad shoulders.

"The danger is, you know, Father, that Marvin might take it into his cracked head to marry one of these

headresses! I'm seriously thinking of asking him to come home again. Might as well. He'll never change. And it makes your mother so unhappy—his being away!"

"And the d—d gossip it makes!" St. Croix frowned.

"What put this idea into your head, that he might marry a county teacher?" Mr. Creighton anxiously asked.

"If he'd go that far—disgrace me with a low marriage—"

St. Croix realized, as he told his father the grounds of his fears, that they sounded rather insubstantial. "But he must have been closeted a long time with that girl this afternoon, for it was nearly two hours after closing time," he explained.

"And he seems to haunt her schoolhouse!"

"She's young and pretty, I suppose?"

"Young and pretty, yes, but deadly common!"

"How do you know? Ever met her yourself?"

"Yes. She's a relative of the farmer, Sam Schwenckton, and boards at his farm. I met her that night Sam Schwenckton snatched my watch."

"Attractive?"

St. Croix nodded. "But an impossible little vulgarian. I can't imagine why they let such illiterates teach our schools. She murders the English language as terribly as any uneducated Pennsylvania Dutch girl does!"

"I scarcely believe, St. Croix, that Marvin could be attracted to such a girl as you describe. He doesn't usually let his senses blur his judgment."

"I think, too, but for what I've seen with my own eyes, Father, if he could tolerate her for two hours—alone in her schoolroom with her—alike then walk home with her for a mile—I should think he must be pretty far gone!"

"It wouldn't matter how far gone he were if it weren't that the young fool's apt, as you say, to marry her! Consideration for his family, for his mother—trifles like that!—would not stop him! Well, I'll nip it! I'll investigate the thing and if there's anything in it, I'll bribe the girl to go away."

"But wait—we haven't much evidence; it would be a pity to let her hold you up for a pile of money if there's nothing in it."

"I'll soon find out whether there's anything in it."

"But how?"

"If I can contrive to get in touch with her, the rest will be easy!"

"The danger of interfering is that it often starts just what you meant to prevent!"

"I wasn't born yesterday, St. Croix. Once I meet the girl, I'll soon find out enough to guide me. If I waited for indisputable evidence, I might be too late. I suppose I could drop in to see her at her school just at closing time, don't you think? Do you know what time in the afternoon the school closes?"

"About four o'clock."

"I'll look her over on Monday. It won't do to dally with such a possibility! I'm just coming to the point of resigning myself to the fact that Marvin can't be coerced. Very well, then, we've got to circumvent him!"

"Conceded, obstinate ass!" muttered St. Croix.

"Nothing of the kind! He has one of the few qualities in which men differ from sheep. Backbone. He has backbone. Stands upright on his own. Refuses to get down on all fours and run after a tinkling leader!"

"Steps out from the herd and throws the whole works into disorder!" St. Croix contended.

"He would say he was starting them on a better path—away from the slaughter house."

"Sounds as if you agreed with him, Father!"

"You know better. But I respect his backbone. Gets it from me," Mr. Creighton concluded, as at this moment the waiter presented the bill and St. Croix rose from the table.

CHAPTER VII

When Marvin Creighton reached his father's house that same evening, he found, to his dismay, all the driveways about the place filled with limousines. A party on? But that was unlikely, for now that he no longer lived at home, he and his mother valued these Thursday evenings together too much to let anything interfere with them. This evening he especially wanted to see her alone for the reason he had accurately stated to Miss Schwenckton—he wanted to see the photograph he had asked his mother to unearth and he wanted very much to hear about the English mail she had received.

He surmised that he had probably come in at the tail end of an afternoon club meeting—the "Quo Non Ascendit club," probably. Well, he didn't want to be caught in that bedlam! So he stole in at a side door and went upstairs to his own rooms.

The familiar sight of his bedroom and study, to which he could now come only on brief visits in his father's absence, depressed him. If all seemed so unnecessary, this bitter controversy between him and his father! Yet it was not a light thing of recent growth, but deep-rooted in their essential differences of temperament and character and outlook—his father being quite frankly primitive and "human" (he claimed) in his gospel of self-interest, while he himself was inherently, unconquerably socially minded. From his boyhood up his father had tried in vain to knock out of him his unbusiness-like consideration of the other fellow's point of view; and it had ended at last in their being unable to live under the same roof.

The hardest part of it to Marvin was the distress it caused his mother. If anything could have made him deny his soul it was that.

While he freshened up in his bathroom, revelling in its conveniences and comforts (there was no bathroom at Absalom Puntz) he wondered how Miss Schwenckton, who looked so dainty and seemed so fastidious, endured the crude life at Schwenckton's farm. She didn't fit into the picture.

He knew the party must break up soon, for it was nearly dinner time and most of these people had several miles to drive; and a few empty cups and saucers about the hall which the servants had overlooked told him they had already had tea.

How did his mother, comparatively intelligent, stand that crowd? And yet, how else would she fill her life, emptied, through her great wealth, of the wholesome necessity to work? Superfluous wealth was a joy-killer as surely as poverty.

The visitors were gone at last and Marvin went downstairs to take his mother in his arms.

It was cozy having his dinner alone with his mother; and the taste and comforts of his home, after his dose of Absalom Puntz' menage, were certainly soothing.

"Father thinks a dose of plain living will cure me!" Marvin smiled as he helped himself to fillet of steak and mushrooms the butler was passing.

"On the contrary, living at Absalom Puntz' has made me realize, as I never did before, how much unnecessary luxury we have here, which I always took for granted, not knowing any other way of life. So this throwing me out on my own is just having the opposite effect of what he intended it to have."

"I don't like to think of your living in such discomfort, dear," his mother answered, "though you're not looking any the worse for it! But how in the world do you stand their food?"

"It's good. I walk about the country so much that anything tastes good. I'm getting to like sauerkraut and boiled beef and cabbage! Bully! And fried ponhaus! And even smearcase!"

"Imagine St. Croix eating at the table with those Puntzes!" Mrs. Creighton smiled. "Sauerkraut and smearcase and ponhaus!"

"It's not their food so much as the way they eat it that 'krestles' me. Know what 'krestles' means? Of course you don't. Means disgust, rubs me the wrong way, gets my goat. I can't watch them eat; they are too damned industrious about it."

"Marvin, I want to ask you something—I'm worried. St. Croix is philtering, I'm afraid, with a very common girl and I do dread what can come of such entanglements. It's so imprudent! You get about the country so much I thought perhaps you had heard or seen something of it, have you? Do you know who the girl is?"

"No," Marvin responded gloomily, his heart sinking; that car of his brother's near the William Penn school and Miss Schwenckton pretending she had remained in school to work when she had been out on the road—and that world business of her changing her clothes—"How did you hear of it, Mother?"

"The girl sent a box of fudge here to the house for him, with a verse written on the wrapping paper—the poetry being as home-made as the candy! I gave it to him when he came home and he was so embarrassed and angry I knew he must be involved rather deeply—and I've been worried!"

"What makes you conclude, Mother, that she's a 'common' girl?"

"Her poetry!"

"When you receive this box of fudge you'll maybe think it ain't so much. But in one place I put a kiss. You'll know which one—the sweetest 'tis."

Marvin laughed joyfully—the author of that was not Miss Schwenckton!

"St. Croix certainly takes his chances, playing 'round with one of these Pennsylvania Dutch girls! First thing he knows he'll have a lawsuit on his hands. But I think," he tried to comfort his mother, "we may always bank on St. Croix—playing safe. Philtering is of course always dangerous where a suit for damages offers a big haul—but in St. Croix' philosophy of life, Prudence and respectability are such influential factors I think we needn't be anxious."

"Well, I hope so," she sighed. "Another thing I wanted to ask you—do you know, I'm beginning to think, Marvin, that there's more to this affair with our English cousins than meets the eye?"

"Aha! You are? Well, so am I! Go on—what's yours?"

"You know that for months St. Croix has been planning to go to England to see Lady Sylvia—and Marvin, they keep holding him off! Their latest letter says Lady Sylvia has gone abroad. Now, of course they've no money to let her travel about the continent, so I'm sure she must have taken a position as traveling companion or governess. I'm beginning to suspect, dear, that she's as much averse to this rather ridiculous marriage scheme as you are yourself!"

"I should think she would be! Probably she prefers earning her own living!"

"But she can't earn enough to save the estate!"

"It's possible she may think more of her self-respect than of the estate."

"Well, her parents don't admit anything like that—they probably hope to persuade her—to bring her 'round."

"Vain hope, if she's a girl that's worth anything."

"Yes—only you must remember that the English don't regard such mar-

riages as we do, they're so used to them."

"If she marries St. Croix, she's no better than any other courtesan that sells herself!"

"What are your suspicions, Marvin?"

"My suspicions?"

"You said you agreed with me that there seemed more to this affair than meets the eye."

"Exactly. But let's not go so fast. About the girl's being 'abroad,' now—perhaps it's here, to America, that she has come to earn her living!"

Mrs. Creighton looked startled. "What makes you think that? Do you know that she has?"

Marvin regarded his mother uncertainly—a wild possibility flashing upon his mind. His mother was always perfectly open with him, but she was conscientiously loyal to his father and if his father had asked her to keep a certain secret she would certainly try to do it.

"Mother," he asked, his quiet tone concealing his strong feeling, "do you know that she's here?—for perhaps he was being 'worked'; perhaps the girl had been brought over here and placed where she was bound to cross his path, his father hoping that when his son met her without knowing who she was, he might 'fall for her'; and all this talk about St. Croix marrying her was perhaps a bluff to throw him (Marvin) off the scent! Could this be possible?"

Was the girl conniving with his father to trap him, that her family and her home might enjoy the Creighton millions? And was his mother playing a silent hand? But a girl that could lend herself to such a plot! He felt a revulsion of feeling against her at the bare thought of it and his heart sank like lead in his breast.

He would demand the truth from his mother; she would not deny it. He put down his coffee cup and took both her hands in his. "You know, of course, Mother, why I asked to see that photograph?" he hazarded.

"Why, no, Marvin, I don't," she answered, very puzzled. "Why did you? And what on earth makes you think she may be here?"

"Mother, what do you know about this idiotic business? Let me have the truth!"

"I don't know a thing about it, dear, that you don't know, or not as much, evidently. What do you mean?"

"You don't know whether Lady Sylvia St. Croix is in America?"

"Of course I don't. Why?"

The possibility still remained that his father and Lady Sylvia might be working without his mother's knowledge.

Here was an acid test of his suspicion. "Are you sure St. Croix means to go over to England and try for her?"

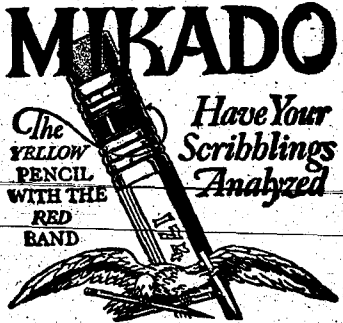
"Why of course! Why should I doubt it? He's crazy about it! You know that, dear. And so is your father. What is in your mind, dear?"

Marvin dropped her hands, leaned back in the deep couch and folded his arms. "I suppose I'm a fool but I had a suspicion for a moment that Father had got the girl over here and was jabbing her on to me on the sly!"

"Oh! What makes you think such a thing?"

"A young teacher at William Penn school who is suspiciously ignorant of these United States and occasionally when she isn't on her guard, falls into rather an English accent. She's supposed to be Sam Schwenckton's niece or cousin; she lives at his farm and her name is Schwenckton. But she's quite unlike the other county teachers. Rather distingue; a thoroughbred; the only teacher in the county that ventures to cheek me!" he growled.

(To Be Continued)



Louise Rice, world famous phlogologist, can positively read your talents, virtues and faults in the drawings, words and what note that you scribble when "lost in thought!"

FOLEY'S HONEY-TAR COMPOUND

For All Coughs and All Ages Safe and Reliable Children like it. Mothers endorse it. All users recommend it.

ASK FOR THE LARGE SIZE A REAL ECONOMICAL BUY

SOLD AND RECOMMENDED EVERYWHERE

HITE'S DRUG STORE

Dr. B. J. BEUKER
Physician and Surgeon
Office second floor Kimball Bld.,
next to Peoples Bank.
Office Phone—158-J
Residence Phone—158-M
Office hours: 2:00 to 5:00 p. m.
7:00 to 8:00 p. m.

Hugh W. Dicken
Physician and Surgeon
East Jordan, Mich. Phone No. 128
Office Hours:
11:00 to 12:00 a. m.
2:00 to 4:00 and 7:00 to 9:00 p. m.

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

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

L. R. HARDY
PALMER GRADUATE
Chiropractor
FOR APPOINTMENT CALL
Residence Phone—261-F13,
Boync City.

R. G. Watson
FUNERAL DIRECTOR
244 Phones 66
MONUMENTS
EAST JORDAN

Frank Phillips
TONSORIAL ARTIST
When in need of anything in my line
call in and see me.

WHITE STAR RESTAURANT
331 Main St., E. Jordan
THE HOME OF
GOOD EATS
Open Day and Night.
E. W. GILES & SONS

WE HAVE FOR SALE
Apples
LOOK US UP—PHONE 416
A. L. Darbee
405 Second St., East Jordan.

That Cold
May End in Flu
Check it Today
There's a way to do it—HILL'S. Does
the four necessary things in one.
Stops the cold in twenty-four hours;
checks the fever, opens the
bowels, tones up the entire system.
That's the aid you need. Don't
be satisfied with anything less.
Go right now and get HILL'S.
In the red box—99c.
HILL'S
CASA-TA—Brenside—Quinine

Cuts His Own Salary


When William C. Horvater, cigar-maker and Socialist, was elected city treasurer of Reading, Pa., he decided not to accept all the salary allowed him and fixed his wage at \$6,000 a year. Horvater declares he wants only enough money to keep himself and family, and that \$6,000 is plenty. There are five Socialists in office in Reading now, the others being the mayor, two councilmen and the controller.

Clubs Enough
"I want to get something for my husband. He's a golf player." "Why not get him a new club?" suggested the clerk. "Dear me, no. He belongs to three clubs already."—Detroit Free Press.

TAX NOTICE!

Taxes of the City of East Jordan, levied for State, County, County Roads, and School purposes will be due and payable at my office over Hite's Drug Store on and after Dec. 10th. If paid on or before Jan'y 10, 1928, no collection fee will be added. Thereafter a charge of four per cent will be added.
Office Hours:—9:00 to 11:00 a. m., and 1:00 to 5:00 p. m. Evenings, Saturdays and pay nights.
G. E. BOSWELL,
City Treasurer.

DOG TAX NOTICE!

Dog Tax Licenses are now due and payable at my office without penalty until Jan'y 10th, 1928. After that date, a penalty of \$2.00 will be added.
G. E. BOSWELL,
City Treasurer.

SO. ARM TAX NOTICE!

The Tax Roll for the Township of South Arm is now in my hands for collection and I will be at Clyde Hipp's store, East Jordan, beginning Saturday, Dec. 17th, and each Saturday thereafter until March 1st to receive same.
PETER UMLOR
adv. 50-2 Township Treasurer.

EVELINE TOWNSHIP TAX NOTICE!

The Tax Roll for the Township of Eveline is now in my hands for collection and I will be at the following places:—Advance Store, Jan. 4 and 7, 1928; Ironton Store, Jan. 5, 1928 to receive same.
D. D. TIBBITS,
adv. 50-2 Township Treasurer.

GOOD REMEDY FOR BAD COUGH

"A hard persistent wearing cough kept me awake for several nights, and when my druggist recommended Foley's Honey and Tar Compound, I was eager to try it. In less than two days, my cough was entirely gone," says this satisfied user from Nebraska. No opiates, no chloroform, a really valuable remedy for coughs, colds, throat and bronchial irritations. Accept no substitute for Foley's Honey and Tar Compound. Get the genuine.—Hite's Drug Store. adv.

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 6th day of December A. D. 1927.
Present: Hon. Servetus A. Correll, Judge of Probate.
In the Matter of the Estate of Joseph A. LaLonde, Deceased.
Emma LaLonde having filed in said court her petition praying that the administration of said estate be granted to Peter LaLonde or to some other suitable person,
It is Ordered, That the 30th day of December A. D. 1927, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, at said probate office, be and is hereby appointed for hearing said petition;
It is Further Ordered, That public notice thereof be given by publication of a copy of this order, for three successive weeks previous to said day of hearing, in the Charlevoix County Herald, a newspaper printed and circulated in said county.
SERVETUS A. CORRELL,
Judge of Probate.

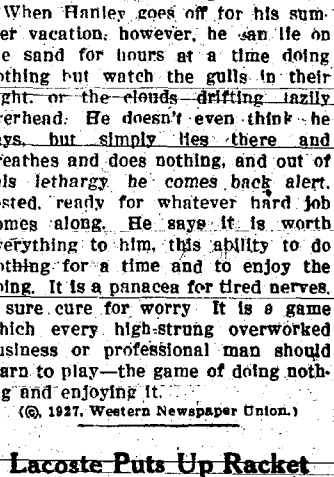
DOING NOTHING
By THOMAS ARKLE CLARK
Dean of Men, University of Illinois.

IT IS a real art to do nothing and find comfort and pleasure in it, an art which unfortunately I have never learned. We were never idle at home when I was a boy. During the day, winter or summer, there were always chores to be done, odd jobs waiting to be accomplished when the regular work was finished or interrupted. In summer we went to bed as soon as the work of the day was finished, and during the long winter evenings there were books to be read and this task I took to very kindly.
"Can't you sit still for a minute?" mother used to ask me as I wandered about restlessly. I couldn't then and I cannot today. When the regular tasks of the day are over I still must be busy with something—reading or writing, or a game, or something which will keep my hands employed.
Now there is Carter—he can sit for an hour, or two for that matter, smoking—not saying a word, but simply blowing rings and relaxing his muscles and looking into space. He gets much comfort from this pastime three times a day. But as for me, I get no pleasure in smoking. A very dear friend of mine—a minister, by the way, who had my welfare at heart—did his best to encourage me to cultivate the habit. He sent me a pipe and a can of fine tobacco, saying that if I should become addicted to the pipe I would take life more easily, would gain a certain poise, and grow old less quickly. Doing nothing would be good for me—he thought. Very likely he was correct, but I didn't stick to it long enough to learn.

I have watched the great Hindu poet Tagore sit for an hour or two silent, motionless, looking into space quite oblivious of those around him. He was meditating I was told, a very good practice for us all, no doubt, but one of which I grow tired in a very few minutes. I am too active for prolonged meditation, good as it would be for me.
When Morris goes home from his office at night he takes a sheet of letters with him to look over. When he goes for a vacation his stenographer and a clerk or two go along and he has a long distance telephone installed in his sitting room. He has no knowledge of how to do nothing.
When Hanley goes off for his summer vacation, however, he can lie on the sand for hours at a time doing nothing but watch the gulls in their flight, or the clouds drifting lazily overhead. He doesn't even think he says, but simply lies there and breathes and does nothing, and out of this lethargy he comes back alert, rested, ready for whatever hard job comes along. He says it is worth everything to him, this ability to do nothing for a time and to enjoy the doing. It is a panacea for tired nerves, a sure cure for worry. It is a game which every high-strung overworked business or professional man should learn to play—the game of doing nothing and enjoying it.
(© 1927, Western Newspaper Union.)

Lacoste Puts Up Racket

Jean Rene Lacoste, tennis champion of France and the United States, conqueror of William T. Tilden, has abandoned the courts until next May, and is devoting his entire time to the motor business, automobile and airplane.



Age of Progress

The history of the world consists mostly in the memory of those ages, quite few in number, in which some part of the world has risen above itself and burst into flower of fruit. We ourselves happen to live in the midst or possibly in the close of one such period. More change has probably taken place in daily life, in ideas, and in the general aspect of the earth during the last century than during any other four centuries since the Christian era; and this fact has tended to make us look on rapid progress as a normal condition of the human race, which it has never been.

Or Even Worse

Sometimes a girl pinks her complexion till she looks like a salmon salad.—Dallas News.

Plants Containing Sugar

It is an interesting fact that sugar exists not only in the cane, beet-root and maple, but also in the sap of about one hundred and ninety other plants and trees.

Pontiac—Dennis Wells cranked his automobile so strenuously on the street here that he threw one of his legs out of joint.

Lapeer—Marcellus Hunt, 61 years old, Deerfield township, Lapeer county, slipped and fell from the hay mow in his barn, breaking his neck, and died instantly. His father-in-law found the body.

Lansing—Every man, woman and child in Michigan would have had \$3,031 in 1925 if the wealth of the state had been distributed equally, according to a computation made public by the National Industrial Conference Board at New York. In that year the total wealth of Michigan was \$12,985,000,000.

Three Rivers—Hurled from his truck as it bounced into a deep rut on the road in St. Joseph county, where he was working, Melvin Page, 26 years old, son of Levi A. Page, Detroit and Chicago live-stock dealer, was killed instantly when he fell against a huge bowlder.

Port Huron—Residents of this city have been warned by City Physician Leo R. Gaddis red measles cases were approaching the near epidemic stage. The monthly report of the city physician for November revealed that there were 290 cases. New cases since November 30, have brought the total to more than 300.

White Cloud—A large buck attacked an automobile driven by John Larsen, Jr., a high school student, near here recently. The buck, which followed a doe into the road, apparently was afraid the auto would strike its mate, and raising its hind feet repeatedly struck the radiator until the doe had crossed in safety.

Lansing—A reduction of about 75 per cent in the automobile weight tax may be suggested to the next legislature by Governor Fred W. Green, if he is then in office, the chief executive stated recently. The governor announced he would advocate reduction of this levy in a statement made public the day the supreme court upheld the validity of the 3-cent gasoline tax.

Cheboygan—Several Cheboygan residents received an unusual thrill when a hunter displayed a horned rabbit he had shot. The horns are said to have been of the yellow "spike" type, and about three and a half inches long. The hunter, who also had his deer, shot it in the upper peninsula. Horned rabbits are common up there, it is said, although they are seldom heard of in the southern part of the state.

Traverse City—Robert Graham, 5-year-old son of Mr. and Mrs. Hugh Graham, saved himself by his presence of mind from probable death, when he was struck by an automobile on his way home from kindergarten recently. He was squarely in front of the car and as it hit him he reached up with both hands and held on to the radiator. The car stopped within 15 feet and he fell to the pavement, only slightly injured.

Lansing—The State Health and Conservation Department intends to press their campaign to end stream pollution by seeking conferences with the governing bodies of 50 cities and villages and insisting upon action. Homer S. Murphy, chief of the pollution division of the Conservation Department, announced here. In an effort to clean up the public waters, the councils of the cities and villages will be requested to grant a conference to State officials prior to next April.


Blissfield—Companionate marriages mean nothing to Mr. and Mrs. Barney Lennon of Blissfield, who recently celebrated their sixty-third wedding anniversary at their home here. "I don't even read about such stuff," Mrs. Lennon said when asked to give her views on companionate marriage and divorce. Any kind of marriage except the old-fashioned kind is sinful. "Barney and I have been companions for 63 years. That's as near as our life is to a companionate marriage."

Muskegon—Approximately \$500,000 will be available for construction and maintenance work in Muskegon harbor next year if recommendations of Major General Edwin, chief of army engineers, and Secretary Hoover, now before congress, are approved. Of this amount \$45,000 will be used for dredging and regular maintenance work. The remainder, \$450,000, is to be used in construction of the arrow-head breakwater at the harbor entrance and of a new lighthouse and fog horn tower.

St. Clair—The Diamond Crystal Salt Co. apparently has an inexhaustible flow of natural gas from a well which was brought in near the plant October 14. Two small plant boilers of 300 horsepower each now are heated by the gas which also is being used at the plant for lighting purposes. The well is now producing 500,000 cubic feet of gas every 24 hours. The gas was struck at a depth of 2,400 feet. At first it was thought to be a gas pocket and no effort was made to harness it.

Battle Creek—Pluck and speed on the part of Elvis Peoples, a truck driver, saved the lives of Mrs. Pauline Bostock, and her daughter, Geraldine, 10 years old, after Mrs. Bostock had driven a motor car through a bridge falling into seven feet of water. Peoples saw the crash and immediately plunged into the Kalamazoo river after the car. He could not open the door under the water, but twisted a curtain rod loose and freed Geraldine. Placing her on the bridge he then rescued the mother.


What a Difference Solite Makes!
It's a special premium gasoline—costs a few cents more—but you'll be glad to pay the difference when you've tried it!
Fill up the tank with Solite and you'll hardly know your car. So obedient—so speedy—so smooth! And powerful, too. Solite drives the piston the full stroke under power. No other light gasoline like it!
At any Standard Oil Service Station and at most garages
Standard Oil Company
(Indiana)
EAST JORDAN, MICHIGAN

-a BUICK for Christmas

Make this Christmas last for thousands of miles
Surprise your family on Christmas morning with a wonderful new Buick for 1928. Nothing could give them greater happiness.
The liberal G. M. A. C. time payment plan is available if desired.
HEATON & HOOPER
BOYNE CITY, MICHIGAN

CHRISTMAS

Again the chime of bells, tumultuous in their song of joy, of life, of giving.

A time when all the world is kin, and friend meets friend to exchange the age-old greeting

MERRY CHRISTMAS!

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



"The Bank With The Chime Clock."

Life Ain't So Dull



Briefs of the Week

Felix Gagnon left Tuesday to visit relatives at Detroit.

Born to Mr. and Mrs. Edward M. Kamradt, a son, John Henry, Dec. 21.

Permanent and Finger Waving. Marjorie Miller, phone 70. adv.

Felix and James Green left Tuesday for a visit with relatives in Detroit.

Riley Stewart, a student at M. S. C., Lansing, is home for the holiday vacation.

Miss Maggie Colter of Charlevoix was here the past week visiting relatives and friends.

Mrs. Josephine Stewart returned home from a visit with her daughter at Alden, Monday.

Joe Boyd who is attending Howe Military School at Hows, Ind., is home for the holidays.

Come in and see the "Tecco" Dolls. Will show you how to get them. Hite's Drug Store. adv.

Dance at K. P. Hall Monday, Dec. 26th and Saturday, Dec. 31st. Ladies Free. Jos. Kenny, Mgr. adv.

Mr. and Mrs. Delbert Hale left last week for Detroit, where they expect to spend the winter.

Mrs. Harold Stueck is home for the holidays from her studies at the State Normal at Ypsilanti.

Mrs. L. G. Balch left Wednesday for Jamestown, New York to spend the holidays with relatives.

The two Banks of East Jordan will be closed next Monday, Dec. 26th, it being the Christmas legal holiday.

Paying subscriptions before Xmas eve is one way of letting Santa Claus know that you are a first-class citizen.

A good Christmas present to the friend or relative away from East Jordan would be a year's subscription to the Charlevoix County Herald.

Mrs. Ralph Bancroft returned home Monday from the Lockwood hospital at Petoskey, where she underwent an operation 3 weeks ago.

Probably the largest single Christmas mail ever received at the East Jordan Postoffice came in Monday night. It comprised two large truck loads.

Miss Pauline Hoover is home for the holiday vacation. She is Juvenile Instructor for the Gleaners, and covers Michigan, Illinois and Indiana. Of late, she has been working in Illinois.

Mr. and Mrs. George Phillips with sons, Bobbie and Donald, are here from Flint for a visit at the homes of the former's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Phillips, and the latter's uncle, W. A. Stroebel.

F. J. Wangeman and son, Lyle, motored to East Lansing latter part of last week. The son and daughter, A. J., and Miss Mildred, who are attending M. S. C., returned home with them. Clarence Mullett of Three Rivers, attending above college, accompanied them to their home here for a visit.

Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Loveday entertain a considerable number of guests at their home, "The Elms," every summer. This year they decided to keep a record of all transient visitors and callers for the season, and find they had seventy-six—not counting those who came more than once. Five States outside of Michigan were represented.

The Otsego Hotel at Elmira, operated by Mrs. Addie Wicket, was totally destroyed by fire last Wednesday morning. The fire which started on the second floor was beyond control when discovered. Most of the contents of the lower floor were saved. The cause of the fire is not known, but it is thought that it started from a defective chimney.

Come in and see the "Tecco" Dolls. Will show you how to get them. Hite's Drug Store. adv.

Mrs. Mabel Holland who recently returned from a visit at Lansing and Grand Rapids, was given a birthday surprise party, Saturday, Dec. 3rd at the home of her son, Herbert Holland. About 20 guests were present, who enjoyed the evening by visiting and playing cards, after which refreshments were served. Mrs. Holland is planning to leave for Detroit the first part of January.

Charlevoix, Mich., Dec. 15—A 16-year-old boy, who had the highest average of any senior at the local high school, and a companion, also 16 have confessed to more than 15 robberies. The boys, Harold Newman and William Brown, admitted using a church, where Newman, the star student, acted as janitor, for their headquarters. The two had formed a "detective agency" among high school companions and discussed methods of catching the thieves who for more than six months had mystified the town with burglaries.

Come in and see the "Tecco" Dolls. Will show you how to get them. Hite's Drug Store. adv.

John Flannery is at the Lockwood hospital, Petoskey, for treatment of one of his feet.

Mrs. Louisa McColeman left Thursday to spend the holidays with relatives in Detroit.

Clement Kenny who has been employed in Grand Rapids, returned home last week.

Jay Walling who has been employed at St. Johns, returned home Tuesday for the winter.

Come in and see the "Tecco" Dolls. Will show you how to get them. Hite's Drug Store. adv.

Mr. and Mrs. W. S. Carr leave this Friday to spend Xmas with their daughter at Grand Rapids.

Mrs. Florence Watts of Saginaw was called here this week by the death of her brother, H. J. Pangborn.

W. A. Loveday left Thursday to spend the holidays at Lansing. He expects to return to his home here the first part of January.

Edward Carr is home from the Columbia (Tenn.) Military Academy for a holiday visit with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. George Carr.

Mrs. F. V. Anderson returned to her home in Grand Rapids, Tuesday, after a few days' visit with her sister, Mrs. Russell Barnett and family.

Come in and see the "Tecco" Dolls. Will show you how to get them. Hite's Drug Store. adv.

Mr. and Mrs. George Sumner with son, Merle, who have been at Charleston, Miss., for some time past, returned to their home here latter part of last week.

For Christmas Day, Monday, Dec. 26th, the East Jordan Postoffice will be open from 12:00 to 1:30 noon, and the evening mail will be distributed. Rural Route Carriers out of East Jordan will make the regular trip, Monday.

Come in and see the "Tecco" Dolls. Will show you how to get them. Hite's Drug Store. adv.



St. Joseph Church

St. John Church

Rev. Fr. D. M. Drinan, Pastor

Midnight Mass at St. Joseph's Church, Saturday, Dec. 24th. Services will begin a few minutes after 12:00 p. m., standard time.

Christmas Eve at 8:00 o'clock standard, Mass at St. John's Church, Bohemian Settlement.

Sunday, at 11:00 a. m., standard, a second mass at St. Joseph's Church city.

Presbyterian Church

C. W. Sidebotham, Pastor.

C. R. Harper, Foreign Pastor.

"A Church for Folks."

Sunday, Dec. 25th, 1927.

10:00 a. m.—Morning Worship. Christmas Service.

11:15 a. m.—Sunday School.

6:00 p. m.—There will be a light lunch and a song service for the young people.

There will be no Prayer Meeting next Thursday night.

First M. E. Church

Victor J. Hufton, Pastor.

Sunday, Dec. 25th, 1927.

Christmas Day

10:00 a. m.—Morning Service.

11:00 a. m.—Sunday School.

No service Sunday evening.

Church of God

Central Standard Time

10:00 a. m.—Sunday School.

11:00 a. m.—Preaching Service.

7:00 p. m.—Evening Service.

Mid-Week Prayer Meeting, Thursday, at 7:00 p. m.

Latter Day Saints Church

Arthur E. Stark, 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.

Pilgrim Holiness Church

Rev. B. E. Manker, Pastor.

Fast Time

11:00 a. m.—Sunday School.

8:00 p. m.—General Service.

8:00 p. m., Friday night—Prayer Meeting.

The public is cordially invited to attend these services.

A "Homey," Friendly Bank Under State Supervision.

Founded on Security



Built by Service

To Our Many Friends

we extend the best wishes of the Officers, Directors and employes of this Bank and the hope that Christmas will be a day of whole-souled joy and that the New Year sweeping toward us will bring to each and all a great abundance of the good things of life.

State Bank of East Jordan

"THE BANK ON THE CORNER"

"Strength and Ability Plus the Willingness to Serve."

Works Both Ways.

Any time a friend or neighbor outstrips us in making money we can assume a moral superiority, say "money is not the most important thing in the world," and hint that he is losing his soul through worship of the dollar. If we happen to succeed better than he, we can let him have the same consoling thought.—Pathfinder Magazine.

Few Worth Preserving

One picture in ten thousand, perhaps, ought to live in the applause of mankind, from generation to generation, until the colors fade and blacken out of sight or the canvas rot entirely away.—Hawthorne.

A GOOD THING—DON'T MISS IT.

Origin of Word Canada

The word Canada is derived from the Huron-Iroquois Indian word "Kanata," meaning a collection of huts. In Jacques Cartier's time the territory on the north side of the St. Lawrence river, from Hochelaga, now a suburb of Montreal, to the gulf, was apparently divided into three districts—Hochelaga, Canada and Saguenay. It is here for the first time we meet the name now borne by the dominion.

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

EAST JORDAN LUMBER CO.

ONLY 2 MORE DAYS



TO SHOP

At The

East Jordan Lbr. Co.

TEMPLE THEATRE

PRESENTS

CHRISTMAS WEEK PROGRAM

SATURDAY Dec. 24

HOOT GIBSON in

"A Hero On Horseback"

From Peter B. Kyne's story, "Bread Upon the Water"

Comedy—"With Love and Hisses."

Admission—10c and 25c

SUNDAY and MONDAY Dec. 25-26

Lew Cody, Aileen Pringle and Owen Moore in

"TEA FOR THREE"

A hearty brew of laughter. You'll enjoy "Tea for Three" until the last drop.

Asops Fables.

Pathe News

Admission—10c and 35c

TUESDAY, Dec. 27 Family Night

2 for 1 with Merchant Tickets.

"SNOWBOUND"

With Betty Blythe and Robert Agnew

A Farce Comedy, with setting in the Adirondacks.

Last Chapter—"Whispering Smith Rides."

Beginning—"THE HOUSE WITHOUT A KEY."

Admission—10c and 25c

WED. THURS. FRI. Dec. 28-29 30

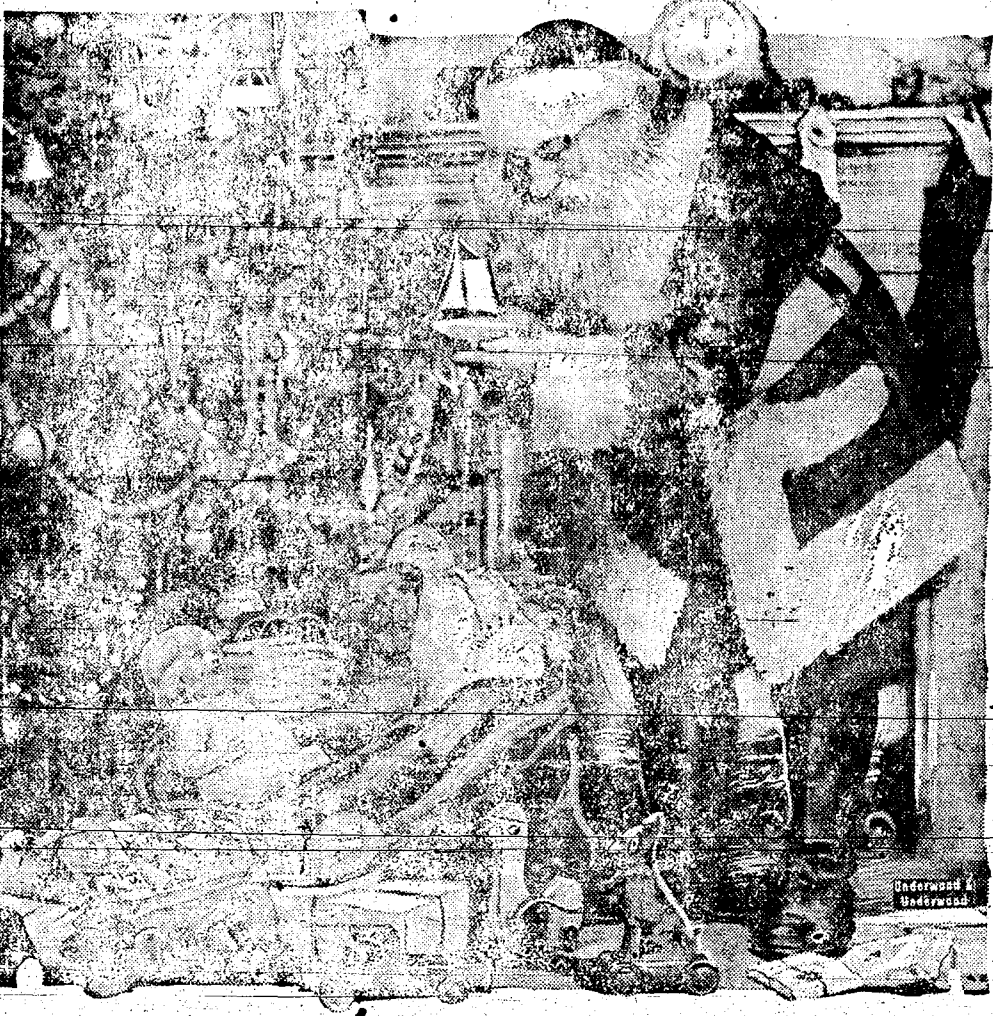
"7TH HEAVEN"

Laughter that sparkles through tears—drama touched with pathos and suspense pulsing with thrills touch the heart and fire the imagination in "7th Heaven."

Pathe News.

Admission—10c and 35c

When HE Comes



JOSEPH REAGAN had just opened his little florist shop on a morning a few days before Christmas. In his single window were baskets of poinsettia, pots in which Christmas cherries grew, fragrant narcissus that reminded you spring would be here some day, and in the center of the display was a great basket of pink roses.

Joseph's daughter, Katie, helping in the shop during the vacation from high school, fitted about in short-skirted flannel arranging growing plants, baskets and glowing red and green decorations just for the pleasure of it, for the shop was already as trim and fresh as any customer could wish.

Joseph, his eyes bright with the light of the Christmas spirit that comes to us at this time, stood con-



tentedly, palms flat on a counter, and looked out at the street.

He saw a boy who might have been sixteen or seventeen, though small for those years. His suit proclaimed its own threadbareness, as well as the worn coat a little more closely on his shoulders. He tried to pull his ragged cap down over ears that were flaming with cold, and Joseph thought he shrank from putting the worn spots of his shoes against the freezing-cold pavement. But as the boy came opposite the florist's window he sheered inward on the sidewalk to look at the display of those wares that only people who have satisfied their needs in food and clothes can afford to buy.

Joseph noted with pity the pinched features, the look of grim control in the face of one so young. It was the great basket of pink roses that held his attention. Joseph expected to see him turn away with the look of resignation many more prosperous seeming people have when they must pass the temptation of flowers. To his surprise the lad, seeming to settle the worn coat a little more closely on his shoulders, entered the shop briskly. Just inside the door he shivered with delight in the warmth. Joseph saw he had sandy hair and eyes of Irish blue.

"It's freezing he is, the poor boy," Joseph murmured to Katie, "and sure the shop looked friendly."

"And would you like to look at the flowers, young sir?" he bowed to the unpromising customer. "You're welcome to enjoy them all. But would you'd like first to warm yourself be-

side the radiator, it being a frosty morning."

"Thank you, I will," the boy stretched numb fingers over the steamy heat after he had taken off his cap in deference to Katie, who watched him sympathetically while she pretended to rub the satin ribbon around a pot of poinsettia. "But I want to buy some roses. Like those in the window."

"Ah, the Killarneys," smiled Joseph. "They are bonny flowers, the Killarneys."

He stepped lightly to the refrigerator at the back of the shop and, taking out a bouquet of the roses, brought them forward for the young man's inspection.

"The lad thrust a hand into his pocket. Joseph and Katie saw him put back a nickel and two pennies. The rest he spilled onto the counter, because his hand trembled with cold."

"There's only a dollar and a half," he said. "How many will that buy?"

The florist shook his head. "Not so many of these, son. But let me show you. We have some here we call 'seconds.'" He retraced his steps and drew forth another bouquet.

"Oh, those are finer yet!" cried the boy.

"They look so," said Joseph fairly, "but they will not last quite so long. They bloomed too soon, for there were not enough people wanting roses yesterday, when they should have been sold."

"I will take those," said the boy of the sandy hair, the glow in his blue eyes seeming to warm his whole body. "But they are to go to a little town east of here. Could you mail them for me to Mrs. R. E. Arnold, at Ladonia?"

Joseph, scribbling slowly on the pad he drew toward him, could only think of the miserable nickel and two pennies he had seen the boy put back in his pocket.

And he thought, "Sure, now, why wouldn't he be sending them to some bonny lass like my Katie instead of a 'Mrs.'—This is only some woman who has charmed the lad for pastime, or more like it's some fine lady, his teacher perhaps, would dislike to know he's spent his last money for these."

He overcame a natural hesitation—it was none of his business how the young boys spend their money—and leaned across the counter toward the boy.

"Sure, an' wouldn't it be better now if you took the money across the street there and got yourself a good



breakfast at my friend Timmy O'Mara's? Are you sure you want to send the lady these flowers, and you with only seven cents left to you?"

"Oh, yes," insisted the boy, who with thawing out by the radiator had lost much of his shrunken appearance, "you see, they're for my mother."

"Your mother?" exclaimed Joseph, consulting the memorandum he had made, "Mrs. Arnold. Son, I made sure your name would be Irish."

"And the first of it is... It's Terrence," beamed the sandy-haired lad, "and my mother is Irish. Sure, Killar-

ney means all the romance of the world to her. And how she loves the roses! She says they seem to her like they had souls or the little people was in them. I must send her the roses for Christmas so she will think, do you see, that I am doing well, for I haven't enough money to take me all the way home, like I wanted to go."

"Sure, Terry, you're talking the blarney now yourself," the florist smiled through misty eyes. At the kindness in that voice the boy's head suddenly went down on the counter and he was sobbing with heartbreak.

"Katie, if he's more than fifteen after all!" was Joseph's whispered exclamation before he rounded the counter to put an arm across the boy's shoulder.

"There now, Terry. Tell me all about it, lad," he urged, and Terry did, snuffling after the deluge of tears.

"So you ran away because the mother wanted you to stay in school. And you're homesick for the little cottage, with the flowerpots inside in winter and in summer the rosebushes green



and blooming. Well, I think we can fix that up. I'll take you over to Timmy O'Mara's restaurant right now. Then we'll see about getting you a ticket home."

The blue eyes of Terrence were bright and he choked on his thanks, "But how'd I pay you again for that? Mother doesn't make much at the sewing and who at home would hire a boy that had run off and left his mother?"

"I don't know who at home would, but I would. For afternoons when school hours are over. It's hard to find boys who love the flowers, isn't it, Katie?"

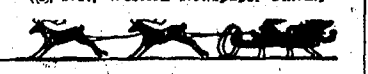
Katie, suddenly appealed to for conversation, uttered a breathless "yes," but there was an expansive smile of approval with it.

"Your mother might as well sew in the city," the florist went on, "and there's a fine high school where they have classes to teach you about growing flowers."

As Joseph Reagan took his hat from a peg and opened the door, Terry nodded dumbly and the glow in his eyes, though it may have been produced by anticipation of breakfast, was not lessened by the thought of school.

"Shall I mail these roses to Mrs. Arnold, father?" asked Katie.

"No! No! What are you thinking of! Those 'seconds' will be a day older when they reach her. Send the finest Killarneys we have. Didn't you hear him say his mother is an Irish lady? And besides, Terrence is practically a member of the firm now."



Christmas Everywhere

Christmas is celebrated in almost every country in the world, possibly in every land, since our missionaries and travelers have found their way into almost every heathen land, carrying the Christian customs with them. —Farm and Ranch.

HAVING THE DRAG

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

GIBLER had been dropped from college for poor scholarship in accordance with the regulations which prevailed, and he was mourning the fact and racking his brains for some adequate alibi which would give him reason for applying for readmission. It was not that he had made the most of his opportunities or that he had been the victim of ill-luck or sudden misfortune, he had simply been caught asleep at the switch. It was the end of the semester and most of the fellows had gone home.

"If Tom Johnson were only here," Gibler remarked, "I'd be able to get by all right."

"How come?" his roommate asked him.

"Well, Tom has a drag with the dean, and I know he could get me reinstated just by asking."

Gibler accepted the Hindu proverb that if you have a friend on the police force, respect for the law is not essential. He believed thoroughly in making friends with the sons of Belfair.

It is a curious and rather general point of view that if we know some one of importance or even if we know somebody who knows somebody in a position of influence that fact entitles us to special consideration, special privilege, the right to ignore regulations and to violate the law.

A boy came to me not long ago to enlist my help in getting a job.

"My father is very well acquainted with Senator Blank," he said, "and he knows....." And then he named a long list of more or less prominent citizens and officers of the state.

"How would that fact help you to do a job well?" I inquired.

"Well, I suppose it wouldn't," he was forced to reply.

"And what about the boy who wants a job and whose father is so unfortunate as not to know anyone of importance?"

"He'd just be out of luck."

"We never hold it against a boy who wants work that his father knows a lot of prominent people. He has just as good a chance as anyone else."

He looked at me curiously; but I don't think he understood. It was an intelligible to him that anyone who knew a congressman or a policeman didn't have a better chance to get something he wanted than another not so fortunately situated.

It is interesting to see how often a man, when he wants something that he has no legal right to have, shows me a badge or a button or a membership card in some organization to which I myself belong, or brings me a letter from an acquaintance of prominence, saying:

"Mr. Brown is a man of influence in our community and an intimate friend of mine. If you can see your way clear to set aside the regulations in his case I shall appreciate the courtesy."

And such a man expects that it will be done. It isn't justice he is after; it is special consideration. Knowing a man on the police force, he felt quite sure that he could get by.

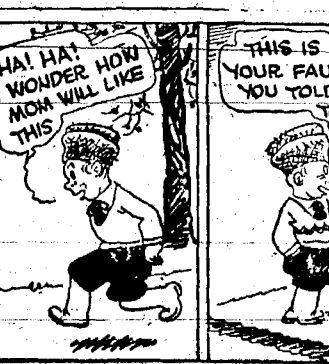
It's a poor theory.

(© 1927, Western Newspaper Union.)

Santa Claus won't be long, now. The vegetarians wish to know who put the "eat" in meat.

SHORT TALKS BY THOUGHTFUL MOTHERS

A California (Long Beach) mother speaks: "Only a mother who has passed through anxious hours of fear of crop can appreciate our feeling of gratitude toward Foley's Honey and Tar Compound. It stopped Junior's dreadful hoarse coughing the very first night he took it and it was a great relief to see him drop into a quiet sleep. Since then, we have many times proven its reliability for coughs and colds." Good also for whooping cough. —Hite's Drug Store, adv.



Fire Fighters Clad in Asbestos



Battling oil field fires is a hazardous task; terrible heat in such emergencies has been overcome by using asbestos suits. The Union Oil company, in its southern California fields, has specially drilled "asbestos crews" whose efficient work is attracting much comment. The photograph shows an asbestos crew combating a fire which occurred in the midst of oil derricks.

Midget Couple Seek Divorce



Ike Marina, twenty-six years old, and his miniature wife Margaret, twenty-five years old, who are believed to be the first midgets to enter court action for divorce. Ike filed suit in Jacksonville, Fla., asking for a separation from his wife, saying they were not mad at each other, only they couldn't get along.

Salt of the Earth

The entire evaporation of the world's oceans would leave a layer of salt 235 feet thick.

Long-Felt Want

What this world needs is a spray and a germicide for the humbug. —Wilmington News.

IF SKIN BREAKS OUT AND ITCHES APPLY SULPHUR

Just the moment you apply Mentho-Sulphur to an itching, burning or broken out skin, the itching stops and healing begins, says a noted skin specialist. This sulphur preparation, made into a pleasant cold cream, gives such a quick relief, even to fiery eczema, that nothing has ever been found to take its place.

Because of its germ-destroying properties, it quickly subdues the itching, cools the irritation and heals the eczema right up, leaving a clear, smooth skin in place of ugly eruptions, rash, pimples or roughness.

You do not have to wait for improvement. It quickly shows. You can get a little jar of Rowles Mentho-Sulphur at any drug store.

No matter how self-satisfied the average business man may be he will lose his conceit if he witnesses the performance of a go-getter in the movies.

BREAK CHEST COLDS WITH RED PEPPER

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

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

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

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