

Charlevoix County Herald.

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Greenebaum To Speak Here

WILL ADDRESS CITIZENS ON COMMUNITY BUILDING.

Through the efforts of the East Jordan Business Men's Club, W. K. Greenebaum, Manager of the LaPorte Wind, Chamber of Commerce, and an authority on community development, has consented to be with us for one day—next Tuesday, July 9th.

During the day Mr. Greenebaum will make a survey of the resources of East Jordan and vicinity to assist in giving suggestions of benefit to our community.

Mr. Greenebaum will address an open meeting at the High School Auditorium commencing promptly at 6:00 p. m. central standard time. Everyone interested in the development of East Jordan and surrounding region is urged to be present at this time to hear Mr. Greenebaum's message. The ladies are especially urged to be present as they are equally and vitally interested with the men in the future of East Jordan.

For a number of years Mr. Greenebaum was manager of the Michigan City Chamber of Commerce, and The Nation's Business in a lengthy article on his work there says in part:—

"In 1918 the city was absolutely without community spirit. The people would not work together. Now they have a common object. They decide what they want to do and then unite and do it. It took all of three years to bring this change about. There are still fossils without vision, but they may, in time, get the right viewpoint.

The difference between the Michigan City of 1918 and the Michigan City of today is the difference between a divided community without a vision and a united community with a very bright vision before it."

Alpena—Fred Zasko, 47 years old was fatally injured when an automobile hit his motorcycle near here. The car, which was owned by Miss Betty Richie, of Detroit, was driven by Miss Peggy Penchard, 127 Richton avenue, who was accompanied by George Brown, 3357 Fullerton avenue, Detroit. The driver failed to see Zasko when she dodged Zasko's dog, which was following him.

Gladstone—Mistaking his 15-year old daughter, Geraldine, for a wild cat, Roy Thorbahn, 800 line fireman, shot and killed the girl at their farm near Gladstone Bluff. Thorbahn saw an object moving in the brush and thought it was a wildcat. He ran to the farm house, got his gun and fired at the moving object. Going to pick up the supposed animal, he found his daughter shot through the head.

Port Huron—Seven aliens were arrested here when found hiding in a box car which had come through the St. Clair River tunnel from Sarnia. Immigration officials believe they had assistance both at Windsor and at Sarnia. The aliens, who will be deported, are: Sta Svorla, his wife and son, and four men, all from Yugoslavia. Peter Hitzjak asked permission to telephone his wife, in Windsor, and tell her not to attempt to cross the border with other aliens.

Menominee—Going down for the second time in the strong current of the Menominee River, Page Bertrand, 12 years old, was saved from drowning by Frank Frankard, 21, who dived from the high railing of the Menominee-Marquette bridge to effect the rescue. The Bertrand boy was swimming near the bridge when he was swept into the channel where the current is swiftest. Frankard was crossing the bridge in his automobile when he saw the plight of the boy. He stopped his car and dived as Bertrand was carried beneath the span.

Harbor Springs—Archie Brown, 40 of Conway, a road construction employee, was electrocuted here in a freakish accident. Brown was leaning against a truck whose battery was being used to set off the charge. The explosion threw a wire attached to the truck across a high tension conduit, completing a circuit through Brown's body. His son was slightly burned. The widow and four other children survive. A year ago when the family lived north of St. Ignace, their home burned and four children lost their lives.

Grand Haven—Michael Eicher, 40 years old, of Milwaukee, rowed into port here after 27 hours of continuous rowing when he crossed Lake Michigan. He showed little signs of strain or great fatigue and talked freely of his trip across the lake. He says he had nothing to eat but a few sandwiches, some oranges and he drank lake water. He rested five minutes out of every hour, using most of the time to rub his legs which became cramped. He claims he is the first white man to row across Lake Michigan.

The man who owns a paying oil well lives off the fat of the land.

POMONO GRANGE AT MAPLE GROVE

Regular session of Pomona Grange No. 40 met with Maple Grove Grange on Thursday, June 27th.

Meeting was called to order by the Master, J. E. Chew, at 2 o'clock.

Song—Opening Ode.

Committees were appointed.

Song—Tramp, Tramp, Tramp.

Discussion—"What stage should the blossoms be cut for hay?" Led by Terry Barber.

Discussion—"Value of pure water on live stock," led by Roy Hardy.

Reading—"Popping the Question," by Mrs. Olive Webster.

Discussion—Conservation of moisture on gardens and fields, led by Roy Hardy.

Discussion—"Our responsibility as voters. Ways and means of getting every qualified voter to the polls," led by Bert Friday.

Monologue—Robert Winneck.

Song—"Michigan, My Michigan."

Recess until 8:00 p. m.

Evening Session

Song—"The Battle Hymn of the Republic."

Roll Call—Unshingly Waysides.

Recitation—Thomas Winneck.

Reading—"The Auction Wedding," by Mrs. Yeomans.

Piano Solo—Agnes Stanek.

"Rural Life at the Cross Roads," Archie Murphy.

"Woman's Rights," Charles Shepard.

Dialogue—"A Busy Mother," Marjorie and Evelyn Sneathen.

Vocal Solos—"Lassie 'O Mine" and "By the Bend of the River," Sadie Murphy.

The Beautitudes of Nature, Alice Shepard.

Piano Solo—Juanita Secord.

Recitation—Bessie Chew.

Song—"God Be With You Till We Meet Again."

The next Pomona meeting will be held at Barnard on Saturday, Aug. 3, at 2:00 o'clock.

There were nine Granges represented and an attendance of 119.

Many thanks to Maple Grove for a most enjoyable day.

Grange closed, the Chaplain invoking divine blessing.

Alice M. Smatts, Sec'y.

Richmond—When Mr. and Mrs. Guy Fletcher returned home, after a day's absence, they found that their home had been invaded by thousands of honey bees, which blocked every window.

Petoskey—Irving. Anesburg, 18 years old, of Walloon Lake, was killed near here, when his automobile overturned. His neck was broken. He was the son of Mrs. Frank Anesburg, of Boyne City.

Petoskey—Carp Lake, located between Petoskey and Mackinaw City south of the main highway, has been renamed Lake Paradise by the Legislature. This is one of the most beautiful lakes in the north country and draws thousands of tourists annually.

New Boston—Two men are dead and another man is in a hospital here as a result of injuries incurred when their auto overturned on the Huron River drive near here. The dead are Nelson Wainwright, 23, and Austin S. Brinner, 20. Joseph Hamilton, 28, is the injured man. All three lived in Michigan Center, near Jackson.

Negaunee—Miss Martha Parson, of Negaunee Township, has been awarded the county all-around championship for 1928 in boys' and girls' club work. L. R. Walker, county agricultural agent has been notified by Arne G. Kettunen, State club leader. Miss Petersen has been awarded a short course scholarship in Michigan State College.

Lake Odessa—Lloyd Henney, 40 years old, died at St. Lawrence hospital at Lansing of an injury suffered on his farm near here. He slipped from his tractor, the machine catching his leg and tearing it. The leg was amputated and blood transfusion attempted in an effort to save the man's life. He leaves a widow and one son, Forrest, 18 years old.

Bannister—Several thousand dollars damage resulted from the wreck of a freight train on the Ann Arbor Railroad here. Eighteen cars in the center of the train left the rails and piled up. Two of the cars smashed into the L'bbly, McNeil & Libby pickle factory, crushing two vats filled with pickles. Other cars crashed into the office of the Bannister Elevator Co.

Howell—Rejected by a girl with whom he had been acquainted for several years, Howard Combs, 24 years old, of Hartland Township, took his own life in front of her home. His act followed a second attempt at a reconciliation. He walked to his automobile, took a vial of poison from the car and drank it. He died within a few minutes. Combs was the son of Mr. and Mrs. Daniel Combs.

We call ourselves a business-like people. And in Mexico, recently, a bandit gave his victim a receipt.

Welcome, Thrice Welcome



DAIRY MEETING IN JORDAN TOWNSHIP

The importance and need of good dairy cows for the prosperity of any agricultural community will be stressed at the Dairy Meeting at the Jordan Township Settlement House next week Wednesday, July 10, at 7:30 p. m.

Elmer Hansen, M. S. C., Dairy Specialist will speak on dairying and the County Agent will stress the need of alfalfa and means of getting stands of alfalfa and sweet clover.

SKULL AND BONES DOPE'S TRUE SIGN

On every honest package of morphine or cocaine (and they are honest when used by a physician) is a skull and cross bones. This emblem tells a vivid story. Death lies at hand for the unwary user, but the sign does not tell what kind of death. It's the death of dishonesty and decency, a living death with the soul strangled by the coils of that deadly octopus—DOPE.

It kills the mind and soul and leaves the body a wretched thing to carry on in a semblance of humanity and bring sorrow to all who once loved and spirit within the body. No more dramatic telling of the story of what dope can do to souls was ever attempted than in that startling and sensational drama of life today—"THE PACE THAT KILLS."

"The Pace That Kills" is coming to the Temple Theatre, East Jordan for a showing Saturday night only—July 13th and it will startle you in showing what conditions can exist beneath the surface of seemingly peaceful world. "The Pace That Kills" is not sensational because the dramatic story it tells is unusual. Unfortunately it is a story that is all too true. Too many are the victims who

have followed the path at the pace that kills, chosen by the boy and girl in this story that has moments as tender as the tragic minutes of the lives these youngsters lead.

BIBLE SCHOOL BEGINS MONDAY

The Daily Vacation Bible School that was announced and explained last week commences next Monday morning. The sessions will begin at 8:30 a. m., and close at 11:00 a. m. The time is one half hour later than given last week. The place is the basement of the Presbyterian Church. The work is undenominational in character and children of all and of no denominations will be welcome. The plan is to have the school continue for three weeks.

DIPPING INTO SCIENCE

Center of Streams Swifter

Water along the sides of a stream is retarded constantly by rubbing against the banks. The water just a little farther out is retarded less because it touches only the slower moving water. So bit in the middle of the stream the current is swiftest because water develops less friction from the adjoining water than it does from a stationary mass.

Woman's feet are now two sizes larger than they were 20 years ago, according to an orthopedic expert. Is this because she has been trying to fill man's shoes?

Why isn't an actor cut up when he appears in several parts.

Mill Children Touring the Nation



These three mill workers of Gastonia, N. C., are now making a tour of the country under the auspices of the International Labor Defense committee to raise money for the defense of other workers, some of whom were held in connection with the shooting of Chief of Police Aderholt. The three are, left to right: Edgar Passmore, seventeen; Elizabeth Maginnis, sixteen, and Binney Green, fourteen years old.

EAST JORDAN HAS INFORMATION BUREAU

Through the efforts of the East Jordan Business Men's Club an Information Bureau has been opened in the office annex of the Russell Hotel with City Treasurer, Mrs. Grace Boswell in charge.

Anyone having rooms, cottages, etc., to rent to tourists are requested to list same at the Information Bureau office.

Mrs. Boswell has moved her City Treasurer's office from the Library building to the above location.

RUSSELL HARRINGTON DIES SUDDENLY AT FLINT

Russell Harrington passed away at a Flint, Mich., Hospital, Wednesday night, July 3rd, where he had been taken for treatment that day. He was taken ill on Sunday.

Mr. Harrington, aged about 40 years, was a former East Jordan boy, son of Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Harrington. His wife is a daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Jos. Cummins of this city. Mr. and Mrs. Cummins, Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Harrington, and Mrs. Nellie Sweet of this city, and Mr. and Mrs. John Pelton of Knoxville, Tenn., who were here for a visit, are attending the funeral which will be held at Flint this Saturday afternoon.

State News in Brief

Calumet—Convicted of assault with intent to do great bodily harm to his bride of six weeks, John Urban, 32 years old, of Calumet, was sentenced to five to ten years in the Marquette Branch Prison with a recommendation of five years by Judge John G. Stone in the Houghton Circuit Court. Jealousy provoked the attack.

Lansing—County prosecutors know their legislation. Here's an example: The annual meeting of prosecutors had been set for the latter part of June at Lansing. It was postponed until August 28. This is the effective date for the new law which provides that the expenses of the prosecutors during the annual meeting be paid by the counties.

Kalamazoo—A 200-foot plunge down the smoke stack of the Consumers Power Co. steam plant here proved fatal to Reed Nester, 31 years old, of Chicago. Nester was refining the stack when the cable holding the platform on which three men were standing, slipped. He was dead when picked up. His companions saved themselves by clutching the chains.

Pontiac—Startled by the sudden appearance of a gopher for which he was lying in wait with a revolver, August Beckenmeyer, 62 years old, stumbled and shot himself through the head at his home on the west shore of Williams Lake in Waterford Township. Beckenmeyer had been sitting on the porch with his revolver awaiting the appearance of the gopher.

Menominee—Hans Dahlstrom, 69 years old, and Gilbert Savoy, 71, are believed to have sought death as relief from the recent heat. Dahlstrom hanged himself in his home near Whitney after slashing his wrists and Savoy hanged himself in the barn on his farm near Powers. The sheriff was told both men had been affected by the heat and Savoy suffered a sunstroke recently.

Pontiac—Struck by three box cars, shunted across the Oakland avenue crossing of the Grand Trunk railway, Mrs. Marcella L. Silverthorn, 60 years old, suffered injuries which caused her death. Mrs. Silverthorn was crossing when she saw the cars approaching and ran down the track. She was overtaken, knocked down and dragged for some distance by the cars. Her chest was crushed.

Flint—Sheep that attacked others in the flock on the farm of Thomas Williams, former supervisor, in Forest township, were infected with rabies, according to Deputy Sheriff Rolland Harrow who killed two of the animals to prevent further spread of the disease. A mad dog bit several sheep on the farm a few weeks ago and the farm tenant shot the canine. Two ewes died immediately and later two more sheep became rabid.

Detroit—A woman who lives in a Philadelphia avenue upper flat is alone most of the day. To avoid going up and downstairs she lets her small dog outdoors by means of an ordinary market basket and a long rope, lowering the dog to the ground from the front porch. When he barks to get into the house again, she lowers the basket to the ground, the dog steps in, and she pulls him to the top. The system required weeks of training.

Second Annual Guernsey Show

WITH PICNIC TO BE HELD AT EAST JORDAN, JULY 11.

Plans are being rapidly completed for the second annual Guernsey Summer Show and Picnic which will be held at East Jordan on Thursday, July 11th. This event is the red letter day for farmers who are interested in Guernseys and is sponsored by the Charlevoix County Guernsey Breeder's Association which is now in its second year of existence. This Association is made up of 25 of the leading Guernsey breeders of the County.

They cordially invite and urge all interested dairymen to spend the day, to be their guests and to see the best Guernseys in the county which will be on exhibit.

Last year 29 head of Guernseys were shown and this year you are assured of seeing an even better exhibit.

Ribbons will be awarded the winners of the various age classes. W. D. Berrington, State Guernsey Fieldman will be present and will judge the show. This is your opportunity of finding out just what type Guernseys you want to work for.

A picnic dinner in the East Jordan Tourist Park will be enjoyed at the noon hour, with coffee furnished by the Association. Promptly at 1:00 a splendid program will be offered on the picnic grounds. Mr. Berrington will be the principal speaker. Local speakers from East Jordan and the Guernsey Association will also have interesting talks. At 2:30 the judging will take place.

A Guernsey booth will be on the grounds to pass out information concerning Guernseys and to give out considerable material that you will be interested in reading.

The Association is greatly appreciative of the splendid co-operation so gladly extended by the East Jordan Business Men's Club in assisting with the finances of the Show.

Space does not permit giving you any more of the interesting features that will be on hand, but by all means come and enjoy the day with us and see the great progress of the Guernsey Breed in this county. Come early and spend the entire day as the guest of East Jordan.

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

ALFALFA SEED

For some time it has been hoped that several farmers in this County would become interested in the production of high quality alfalfa seed.

The Counties of Cheboygan, Otsego, Emmet, Antrim and Alpena already have entered the game and have thus far made good. They are using certified seed of the Hardigan and Grimm varieties which have shown the most promise as seed producers. They are securing yields of from one to three bushels of cleaned seed per acre which gives them a nice profit per acre, and most important of all they are not robbing the fertility from the soil in so doing.

Arrangements have been made with Roy Decker, of the Farm Crops Department to spend Wednesday, July 10th in this County in visiting the farmers who are raising alfalfa for seed, or who are interested in starting. It is felt that better results might be accomplished by personal visits than by having meetings.

Therefore please let me know immediately if you wish to have us call on you and explain the merits of alfalfa seed production. We will be glad to talk the matter over with you.

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

"JUST SUPPOSE IT HAD BEEN EMPTY"

"I knew our bottle of Foley's Honey and Tar was getting low, but just neglected buying another. Then Sonny had an attack of dreaded croup, and we were thoroughly scared. I fairly flew for our bottle of Foley's Honey and Tar, and am thankful to say two doses relieved him and he was soon fast asleep. But just suppose that bottle had been empty!" Foley's Honey and Tar Compound is dependable for croup, (spasmodic) whooping cough, measles cough and troublesome night coughs. No narcotics. Guaranteed.—Hite's Drug Co. adv.

An African

"Oh, dear, 'trumpeted the elephant, as the hunter emptied his 22 rifle, 'It's raining again!'"

Quite Simple

Mae—"You really made over that dress yourself?"

June—"Yes; you remember that orchid handkerchief with the pink embroidered edge, don't you? Well this is it.

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PENINSULA

(Edited by Mrs. E. Hayden)

Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Hyde and son and daughter of Battle Creek visited Mrs. Hyde's brother and family, Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Johnston from Friday to Monday.

Nelson Bush and son, Robert, of Chicago were dinner guests of Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Johnston, Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Crowell and family, Mr. and Mrs. David Gaunt and Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Gaunt spent Sunday evening with the Clarence Johnston family.

Mrs. F. K. Hayden and children of Orchard Hill, Mrs. A. Reich and two daughters, Alfreda and Ellen of Lone Ash farm and Mrs. Mercy Woerful of Gravel Hill motored to Charlevoix Tuesday afternoon, where the two Reich girls looked for employment.

Mr. and Mrs. A. B. Nicloy of Sunny Slope farm were called to Petoskey Tuesday afternoon by the death of her sister, Mrs. Ed. Leist at the Reycraft hospital.

The Peninsula was very well represented at the Co-op. annual meeting Wednesday evening.

A goodly number from the Peninsula attended the Cherry meeting at East Jordan Friday evening.

Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Sweet and little son, and Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Sweet of Detroit motored up Saturday bringing home Mr. and Mrs. Harlow Sweet, who have been in Detroit for two weeks. They will visit relatives here for two weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. Leo McGee and two sons returned to Grand Rapids Friday after a weeks visit here with relatives.

A very jolly crowd gathered at the Eveline Gleaner Hall Saturday night for a dance. Everyone reports a good time. Another dance was given out for July 13th.

Mr. and Mrs. Bob Willson and son, Lyle, motored up from Muskegon Saturday. Lyle will stay with his grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. Lyle Willson in Mountain Dist., but Mr. and Mrs. Bob Willson returned to Muskegon Monday, where Mrs. Willson will have her tonsils removed.

Mr. and Mrs. B. F. Conyer motored up Sunday from Traverse City to visit their little son, Jack, who is staying with his aunt, Mrs. Mercy Woerful at Gravel Hill.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Faust and nephew motored up from Detroit Saturday and will spend a week with their parents, Mr. and Mrs. Daniel Faust, and brother, Elmer Faust and family at Mountain Ash farm.

Mr. and Mrs. A. B. Nicloy and sons of Sunny Slope farm, and Mr. and Mrs. D. D. Tibbits and family of Cherry Hill attended the funeral of Mrs. Ed. Leist at Boyne City Friday.

Miss Mildred Wangemann and friend of Lansing are spending a few days at the F. H. Wangemann home.

Mrs. Fred Crowell gave a birthday party at her home Saturday evening for Mr. Crowell, and Ira Lee, Supt. of the County Farm.

Miss Dorothy MacDonald of Three Bells Dist., started Saturday noon on a motor trip to the Yellow Stone National Park with a party of friends.

Mrs. Geo. Papineau returned to her home in Boyne City, Sunday, after spending ten days with her daughter, Mrs. Orval Bennett and family.

Miss Ella Papineau of Boyne City came Sunday for a visit with her sister, Mrs. Orval Bennett and family.

Mr. and Mrs. Perry Looze of Three Bells Dist., have gone to the Charlevoix County Infirmary to work for the summer.

Vern Hurd of Horton Bay was the guest of his sister, Mrs. A. B. Nicloy of Sunny Slope farm, Wednesday.

Archie Bedell, the Cow Tester has been on the Peninsula the past week.

Miss Doris Russell of Ridgeway farm is improving nicely from her broken arm which she sustained some days ago while cranking a car.

Will McGregor has rented his tent and a camp site at Hayden Park to some people from Ohio who wish to camp for some weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. A. B. Nicloy and sons of Sunny Slope Farm went to Petoskey Sunday and brought home the little Leist baby, who had been at the Reycraft hospital where her mother died June 25. She will keep the little Miss.

A. B. Nicloy of Sunny Slope farm and Mrs. D. N. McDonald of Three Bells Dist., attended the funeral of their uncle, Mat Barry at Boyne City Monday morning. Mr. Barry was formerly a resident of Ironton.

Haying was very much retarded last week by the continued rains.

Bob Jarman is working for C. H. Tooley.

Friends of Tracy LaCroix will be interested to hear of his marriage to Miss Edith Papineau of Boyne City at Gaylord, Saturday. Miss Papineau is a sister of Mrs. Orval Bennett and has many friends of the Peninsula.

A man always credits himself with firmness and charges the other fellow with obstinacy.

WILSON TOWNSHIP

(Edited by Mrs. C. M. Nowland)

Mrs. Johanna Behling was called to Chicago Sunday by the serious illness of her sister, Mrs. Will Norman.

Mr. and Mrs. Hans Johnson and 2 children of Elk Rapids, Mr. and Mrs. Phil Green of Boyne City were Sunday visitors of the former's daughter, Mr. and Mrs. Will Korhase.

Mrs. Clara Liskum, R. V., Harold, Miss Eunice Liskum and Mrs. Reuben Liskum spent Tuesday evening with their cousin, Mr. and Mrs. S. R. Nowland.

Mr. and Mrs. Ray Nowland, Mr. and Mrs. E. G. Kurchinski and sons, and Carl Zinck picniced Sunday 3 miles from Otsego Lake Station with Mrs. Nowland's cousins, Burdette Paine and family.

Richard Shepard of Grand Rapids is here on a two weeks' visit with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Tom Shepard. Richard's wife and daughter, Wanda are visiting most of the time with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. R. Barnett of East Jordan.

Charlevoix County Pomona met Thursday June 27, at Maple Grove. Very small attendance in the afternoon, but a large one in the evening. Next Pomona will meet with Bernard Grange, Aug. 3.

Farmers Line Telephone 296 met Monday evening at the home of Leonard Dow on the town line road.

Mrs. S. R. Nowland visited Mrs. Tom Shepard Monday afternoon and Mrs. Joe Sutton Tuesday afternoon.

Mr. and Mrs. Tom Shepard visited their daughter, Mrs. Joe Leu and family of the Peninsula Friday afternoon.

Mr. and Mrs. Will Simmons and Mr. and Mrs. Elmer Cook and two children of Cadillac drove up Wednesday and visited Mrs. Simmons' sister, Mr. and Mrs. Ed. Nowland, returning home Sunday morning.

Mr. and Mrs. Cox of Traverse City spent the week end with her sister and family, Mr. and Mrs. Will Korhase. The latter returning with them for a few days' visit at Traverse City.

Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Sutton arrived Monday from Indianapolis for a few days' visit at the home of his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Joel Sutton and other relatives.

Saturday evening, June 22 Wilson Grange met with a large attendance. 17 members of Deer Lake Grange visited them. A class of eight were initiated. A god program was rendered. Pot luck supper, and dancing afterward until a late hour.

Mr. and Mrs. Darius Shaw and daughter returned to their home at Lansing, Saturday, after a week's visit at the home of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Albert Nowland, other relatives and friends.

Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Slaughter and Mr. and Mrs. Henry Korhase visited Mrs. Clara Slaughter and Mr. and Mrs. Will Cook at Charlevoix Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Milo Clute and children visited his mother, Mrs. Frank Clute and family, and Mrs. Clute's father, M. B. Wilber of Wildwood Harbor Sunday.

Chester Shepard, Mrs. John VanHovan and son of Grand Rapids drove up Sunday to join the former's wife and they will camp out on the Ray Nowland farm for about two weeks.

Herman Griffin of Boyne City is working for Tom Shepard at the haying.

Mr. and Mrs. Roy Nowland and Mr. and Mrs. Charles Nowland and niece, Pauline, of East Jordan were Sunday visitors of their respective parents.

James Watt of Flint is home for over the Fourth at the home of his mother, Mrs. E. J. Coykendall.

Gordon Gibson of Detroit spent a few days at the Victor Peck home and left Friday for Iron Mountain.

MILES DISTRICT

(Edited by Mrs. E. Miles)

Mr. and Mrs. H. Lindenau of Boyne City visited Mr. and Mrs. Fred Bancroft, Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Withers and daughters of Charlevoix visited their mother, Mrs. Frank LaLonde and family, Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Raymond, recently of St. Petersburg, Florida, are holding religious meetings (un-denominational) every Sunday afternoon at the home of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Jerry Moblo.

The house on the farm purchased by Nicholls Ranch from Jerry Moblo is being remodeled. Mr. and Mrs. N. Nicholls will occupy as soon as completed.

Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Moblo of Traverse City were callers at the Jerry Moblo home Thursday afternoon.

Mr. and Mrs. Bert Muller of Traverse City spent Sunday at the home of her sister, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Addis.

Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence Addis were Sunday callers at the Jas. Candh home in Ranney Dist.

Miss Agnes LaLonde and Mrs. E. Miles made a business trip to Boyne City, Wednesday.

The visitors at the Legion Lodge have all reported a good time and good fishing.

Mr. and Mrs. Ernest St. Charles and Ed. St. Charles of Pontiac are spending the week of the 4th with Mrs. Frank LaLonde and family.

Mrs. Chris Peterson and children of South Lyons, Mr. and Mrs. Xelle Miles and children of Lansing, and Miss Coral Madison of Cadillac are spending the week of the 4th at the home of Eugene Miles and other relatives and friends.

Several from this vicinity attended the out-door motion pictures at Ellsworth Saturday evening.

Frances Evans who is working on the Eckland Bros. farm near Charlevoix, spent the week end with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. B. Evans.

Miss Jessie Metz of Detroit and Mrs. Lawrence Jensen of Rock Elm took supper with Mr. and Mrs. Frank Addis Thursday evening.

Mr. and Mrs. Darius Shaw of Lansing were supper guests of Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence Addis, Wednesday.

WEST SIDE

(Edited by Mrs. A. Miles.)

Mr. and Mrs. Julius Prouse of Flint are here for a visit with his father.

Mr. and Mrs. Floyd Morgan and Dorothy Del Monte of Lansing spent the week end with Mrs. Morgan's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Proctor.

Dr. and Mrs. McIntyre and son, Jack, of Lansing spent last week at the "Weed Patch Cottage" at Monroe Creek.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Steel returned to their home in South Bend, Ind., after a ten days' stay at the Whittington cottage.

Mr. and Mrs. H. Weed and son, Clyde, and grandson, Morley, spent last week at Calumet.

Mrs. R. C. Sommerville and daughter, Thelma, and Mrs. Kenneth King shopped in Petoskey, Tuesday afternoon.

Mrs. Kenneth King of Kewadin came last Sunday for a visit at the home of her aunt, Mrs. R. C. Sommerville and other relatives.

Mrs. Glenn Pearl of Charlevoix spent Sunday at the Clyde Strong home.

Mrs. Alfred Raymond is spending the week with her sister, Mrs. Elmer Reed, and her brother, Carl Moblo.

Mrs. Ernest Lanway and daughter Beatrice are spending the week at their farm home—"The Lake of the Woods."

Mrs. Chris Peterson and daughter, Doris, of South Lyons called at the home of Mr. and Mrs. C. L. Strong Wednesday afternoon.

Martin Sommerville is at Chas. Murphy's in Ranney Dist., helping with the farm work.

George Vance in our midst is making some improvement on his property.

Robert Proctor is a busy man these days, he has added a new boat to his fishing enterprise.

Mr. Huffman and J. Milford of Petoskey called on George Vance, Tuesday.

Mrs. Sam Colter had dinner with Mrs. George Vance, Tuesday.

Howard Sommerville is in Central Lake, where he has employment.

Mr. and Mrs. Edwin Sutter and children of Kewadin spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. George Kaake.

Mr. and Mrs. James Weed and son Bobby of Lansing spent the week end with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. H. Weed at their cottage at Monroe Creek.

Miss Leona Kaake who has been home for a visit, returned to Flint last Sunday.

Mrs. Clifford Ingalls and children of Central Lake visited last Thursday with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. R. C. Sommerville.

CENTRAL LAKE

(Edited by Jesse Morse)

E. S. Carrol and several others attended the Antrim County Sunday School Convention at Alba, Monday.

O. R. Morse and son, Lyle, and C. H. Morse left last week for Lansing, where they are finishing constructing a dwelling house.

Rev. Hyde and Mr. Carrol attended the farewell sermon of Rev. G. Rozeboom at the Holland Church last Sunday.

Norman Arnold is again employed by H. C. Ransom at Eden Shores, the Resort on Grand Traverse Bay.

Will Drought has finished working on the road for Torch Lake Highway Commissioner, traveling a road to the lake from M-31.

Sam Aldrich who has a small nursery below Torch Lake as well as at Detroit was up this way Saturday.

Mrs. E. C. Hildreth of Iowa has returned to her cottage on Torch Lake shore, where she will spend her summer vacation.

The Balt Moving Van of Grand Rapids came Monday for the household goods of Rev. Garrit Rozeboom of the Holland Church.

Allen Ardena and family have moved onto the O. R. Morse farm and the Morse family have moved to the A. G. Morse residence.

Miss Florence Dunlap who was run down and struck by a car driven by Forrest Kauffman of Eastport, is around again, apparently as well as ever.

Norton Pearl, teacher of Athletics in the Detroit High Schools, is again resorting at his cottage on Torch Lake.

Miss Cleo Cornett and Mrs. Doris Donner, who are attending Ferris School at Big Rapids, took advantage of examination week to visit relatives here, returning Sunday.

The road men are finishing a piece of asphalt this side of Kewadin which was left on account of a culvert being put in. After finishing this, they will return to the work just south of Torch Lake village.

Manslaughter is a penal offense, but man's laughter isn't.

PLEASANT HILL

(Edited by Mrs. Vernon Vance.)

Mr. and Mrs. John Schroeder, Mr. and Mrs. Sam Bennett, and Mr. and Mrs. Vernon Vance and family were Sunday callers at the Hawley home.

Mr. and Mrs. Elliott Jubb entertained relatives from Gaylord, Sunday.

Rev. C. W. Sidebotham called at the Roy and Vernon Vance homes, Tuesday.

Mrs. Robert White of Ellsworth is visiting at the Taylor home.

Vernon Vance and family attended the Jersey Show at Ellsworth last Saturday afternoon.

Patricia Vance is home after spending a week with her grandmother, Mrs. D. E. Carpenter.

Mr. and Mrs. Roy Vance spent the week end at the M. B. Ardis home at Lake City.

(Edited by Anson Hayward)

Rev. B. E. Manker preached at the Bennett schoolhouse Sunday June 30 at three o'clock fast time. He will preach next Sunday, July 7th.

Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Lanway and daughter, Beatrice spent Sunday at their farm.

Mr. and Mrs. Jack Carney and son Verlie took dinner with Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Lanway Sunday at their farm.

Mr. and Mrs. Joe Ruckle called on Mr. and Mrs. Henry Vandeventer last Wednesday night.

Mr. and Mrs. A. Hayward and son Lucius spent the evening with Henry Vandeventer and family, it being his birthday.

Rev. B. E. Manker and family called on Mr. and Mrs. H. Kidder, Mr. and Mrs. A. Hayward and Mr. and Mrs. W. R. Batterbee Friday afternoon.

Miss Beatrice Lanway called on Mrs. Joe Ruckle, also on Mrs. A. Hayward, Sunday.

Mrs. Sam Lewis and children took dinner with Mrs. Joe Ruckle Tuesday.

Mrs. Ernest Lanway and daughter, Beatrice are staying on the farm for a few days looking after their berries.

JORDAN TOWNSHIP

(Edited by Agnes Stanek)

While trying to find a shorter route to Ellsworth from Elmira, our County Agent, Mr. Osterhout discovered the Bohemian Settlement and in trying to find out what township it was in he was told it was Jordan Township. Possibly we will see him again soon.

Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Williams visited relatives at Wolverine.

Miss Vera Hammond spent the week end visiting Miss Agnes Stanek.

Miss Ella Marvin entertained friends from Petoskey, Sunday.

DeWitt Williams underwent an operation for appendicitis at the Gaylord hospital recently.

Helen Trojanek visited her grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. John Stanek last week.

Mrs. Julia Cashmere and son, Daniel, of Washington are spending a few weeks in this vicinity.

Miss Harriet Chadcock visited at Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Chanda's home Sunday.

The chicken dinner held at the Bohemian Settlement in the Workman Hall was considered a success.

Mr. and Mrs. Angus Forten and Miss Erma Kratochvil of Traverse City were in the vicinity visiting friends and relatives, Sunday.

Clifford Forten of Traverse City spent the past week visiting at the Em. Kratochvil home.

Virginia Stanek spent two days at her grandmothers, Mrs. John Stanek, visiting her cousin, Helen Trojanek.

Forrest Williams was visiting relatives in this vicinity during the past week.

Mrs. George Brown has completed the hatching of chickens for the season.

Mrs. Bert Gates and son, Neil, of Alba recently visited her parents, Mr. and Mrs. George Brown.

A Box Social will be held Saturday evening in the basement of the Bricker Church.

EVELINE

(Edited by Mrs. Frank Kiser.)

John Whaling had dinner with Mr. and Mrs. Ben Clark, Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Sanborn of Boyne City visited at the Kiser home, Sunday.

Gerald Gooden of Mancelona is spending his summer vacation with Mr. and Mrs. Wilber Spidle.

Mrs. Ruth Leisner and son Edwin, also Mr. Dillman of Boyne City dined with Mr. and Mrs. Frank Kiser, Sunday.

Mrs. Ada Boggs and son, Ernest called on Mr. and Mrs. Frank Kiser, Sunday.

Mrs. Russell Thomas and son, Gabriel, also Frank Kiser and son, Dale went on a shopping trip to Petoskey, Friday.

Mrs. Tom Kiser of Elk Rapids and Mrs. George Eteher called on Mrs. Frank Kiser, Sunday.

Solved the Problem

Southern Visitor—Did you feel the shogage of coal this winter?

Northern Native—No, we had the Hot Stove league at our house.

When man's business runs down, the sheriff comes along and winds it up.

REPORT OF THE CONDITION OF



at East Jordan, Michigan, at the close of business June 29, 1929, as called for by the Commissioner of the Banking Department.

RESOURCES	Commercial	Savings
LOANS AND DISCOUNTS:	\$168,794.56	\$ 10,000.00
Items in transit	128.88	
Totals	\$168,923.44	\$ 10,000.00
Real Estate Mortgages		\$ 89,083.84
BONDS AND SECURITIES, viz.:		
Municipal Bonds in Office		\$ 67,400.00
Other Bonds	152,500.00	48,000.00
Totals	\$152,500.00	\$115,400.00
RESERVES, viz.:		
Cash and Due from Banks in Reserve Cities	\$ 34,704.63	\$ 38,762.76
U. S. Bonds and Cert. of Ind. carried as legal reserve in Savings Dept. only		17,750.00
Exchanges for clearing house	35.36	
Totals	\$ 37,739.99	\$ 56,512.76
COMBINED ACCOUNTS, viz.:		
Banking House		\$ 5,633.00
Furniture and Fixtures		3,090.00
Other Real Estate		10,404.12
Due from banks and bankers other than in reserve cities		1,146.57
Customers' Bonds Deposited with Bank for Safekeeping		6,200.00
Total		\$56,633.72
LIABILITIES		
Capital Stock paid in		\$50,000.00
Surplus Fund		25,000.00
Undivided Profits, net		5,613.13
COMMERCIAL DEPOSITS, viz.:		
Commercial Deposits Subject to Check	\$150,667.27	
Certified Checks	1,285.54	
Cashier's Checks	4,184.24	
Time Commercial Certificates of Deposit	68,290.64	
Totals	\$224,427.69	\$224,427.69
SAVINGS DEPOSITS, viz.:		
Book Accounts—Subject to Savings By-Laws		\$345,470.82
Certificates of Deposit—Subject to Savings By-Laws		22.08
Totals	\$345,492.90	\$345,492.90
Customers' Bonds Deposited with Bank for Safekeeping		6,200.00
Total		\$656,633.72

STATE OF MICHIGAN, County of Charlevoix—ss.
I, ROBERT A. CAMPBELL, Cashier of the above named bank, do solemnly swear, that the above statement is true to the best of my knowledge and belief and correctly represents the true state of the several matters therein contained, as shown by the books of the bank.
ROBERT A. CAMPBELL, Cashier.
Subscribed and sworn to before me this 5th day of July 1929.
HUGH C. DICKEN, Notary Public.
My commission expires August 5, 1931.
Correct Attest:
GEORGE GARR,
CHAS. H. PRAY,
W. P. PORTER,
Directors.

Insulting!
Murphy—What's Scribberton so mad about?
Haig—His new novel was chosen as February's Book of the Month—and February has only 29 days in it!

Considerable
Dolores—"You say Donna's afraid of her shadow?"
Mac—"Well, you would be, too, if it looked like a mob at your heels."

It is said that college girls spend on the average \$300 a year for their clothes. And it's our judgment that they don't get very much for their money.

NOT A SECRET—JUST COMMON SENSE.
The neighbors of Mrs. Arthur DeMulle, Grasmere, N. H., were curious to know what medicine she took that "acted like

DR. B. J. BEUKER
Physician and Surgeon
Office Hours:
2:00 to 5:00—7:00 to 8:00 p. m.
Office Phone—158-F2
Residence Phone—158-F3
Office, Second Floor Kimball Bldg.
Next to Peoples Bank.

DR. F. P. RAMSEY
Physician and Surgeon
Graduate of College of Physicians
and Surgeons of the University
of Illinois.
Office—Over Bartlett's Store
Phone—196-F2

DR. G. W. BECHTOLD
Dentist
Office Equipped With X-Ray
Office Hours—8 to 12—1 to 5
Evenings by Appointment
Office, Second Floor Kimball Bldg.
Phone—87-F2.

DR. C. H. PRAY
Dentist
Office Hours:
8:00 to 12:00—1:00 to 5:00
Evenings by Appointment.
Phone—223-F2

R. G. WATSON
FUNERAL
DIRECTOR
244 Phones 66
MONUMENTS
EAST JORDAN, MICH.

FRANK PHILLIPS
Tonsorial Artist
WHEN IN NEED OF ANYTHING
IN MY LINE, CALL IN
AND SEE ME.

**MORTGAGE FORECLOSURE
NOTICE.**

Default having been made in the terms and conditions of a certain mortgage made and executed by William D. Tait and Myrtle E. Tait, husband and wife, jointly, to Theodore C. LaCroix and Leatha M. LaCroix, husband and wife, jointly, which said mortgage bears date the 17th day of December, 1928, and was recorded on the 18th day of December, 1928, in Liber 67 of Mortgages on page 85, in the office of the Register of Deeds in and for the County of Charlevoix, Michigan; that said mortgage is past due, and there is now claimed to be due and unpaid on said mortgage the sum of one hundred ninety-six and 56-100 (\$196.56) dollars at the date of this notice, including principal, interest, taxes, and attorney fee, and no suit or proceedings at law or in equity having been instituted to recover the moneys secured by said mortgage or any part thereof;

NOW, THEREFORE by virtue of the power of sale in said mortgage contained, and of the statute in such case made and provided, NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, that on Saturday, the 17th day of August, 1929, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, standard time, at the east front door of the Court House in the City of Charlevoix, Michigan, that being the place where the Circuit Court for the County of Charlevoix is held, said Theodore C. LaCroix and Leatha M. LaCroix will sell at public auction to the highest bidder the premises described in said mortgage, or so much thereof as may be necessary to pay the amount due on said mortgage and all legal costs and an attorney fee of fifteen dollars.

The premises described in said mortgage are as follows, to-wit:—
"The East half of the Northwest quarter (E½ of NW¼) of section eight (8), township thirty-two (32) north, range seven (7) west, containing eighty (80) acres more or less according to the United States survey, which said premises are in the Township of South Arm, Charlevoix County, Michigan."
Dated May 24th, 1929.
THEODORE C. LACROIX and
LEATHA M. LACROIX,
Mortgagees.
E. N. CLINK,
Attorney for Mortgagees.
Business Address: East Jordan, Michigan.

**State News
in Brief**

Manistique—While playing on an improvised swing in the barn, Hilding Strom, 15-year-old son of Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Strom of Viola, near here, slipped and broke his neck when caught in the twists of the rope.

Ironwood—Struck by a Duluth South Shore and Atlantic passenger train as she was playing alongside the tracks near her home at Bergland, Mary Elizabeth, 15-months-old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. George Palacek, was killed.

Flint—Stricken by cramps while swimming at Daisy Beach on the Flint River, two miles north of here, Edward Swarthout, 21 years old, drowned before he could be rescued by his sister, Mrs. Edith Richey, and John Winchester, his companions.

Mt. Clemens—The water supply at 20 schools in Macomb County is contaminated and unsafe for consumption, according to a report made by Edward D. Rich, chief engineer for the State Health Council, to Miss Mabel Hinds, county nurse. The report has been referred to the county superintendent, W. L. Lee.

Petoskey—Failure of the certified seed potato farmers of the Alba region to get a profitable price for their 1928 crop, is declared to be one of the main reasons for the closing of the private bank of Noble and Bennett, at Alba. Assets are said to be frozen. The bank is owned by Charles Noble, of Detroit, and R. C. Bennett, of Alba.

Mt. Clemens—Gladys Donato, 17-months-old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William Donato, of Roseville, died at Grace Hospital, Mt. Clemens, from suffocation. The child choked to death on a marble she had put in her mouth. A pulmotor was used on the child by the Mt. Clemens police department in an effort to restore life but without result.

Jackson—Clarence Foote, 24 years old, was captured near Mason by Sheriff Hugh Silsby, of Ingham County, four hours after his escape from a Michigan State Prison probation gang working in Jackson. Foote was on his way to Dansville, where his parents reside, when caught. The inmate was sentenced January 14, 1929, from Jackson County, to serve one to five years for indecency.

Lum—Frank Schrader, 33 years old, of Detroit, was killed when he was struck by lightning after he had taken refuge under a tree on the bank of Mud Lake, near here. Schrader had gone to the lake with his wife and eight-year-old daughter for the weekend. They were living in a tent. Schrader was accompanied by E. L. Dudley, of Lapeer, who was knocked unconscious when Schrader was killed.

Lansing—Harry D. Coster, 32 years old, associate editor of Michigan Roads & Pavements, and David Barnes, 27, were injured fatally and three others were hurt in an automobile collision, east of Lansing. The two men died soon after reaching a Lansing hospital. The injured were Mrs. Coster and her two young children. The Costers were en route to Ann Arbor to spend the day. Coster's father is postmaster at Bear Lake, in Manistee County.

Muskegon—Information received here is that Bennie Oosterbaan, a member of the University of Michigan coaching staff, has declined an attractive offer made by the University of Wisconsin to join its staff and give special attention to the coaching of the ends. Oosterbaan has told friends that he desires to stay at Michigan, where he made his remarkable record in three sports. George Little, athletic director at Wisconsin is a great admirer of Oosterbaan.

Grand Haven—Damage, estimated at \$250,000, was caused at the Story & Clark piano factory by fire and water, after the building had been struck by lightning. The bolt hit a wire outside the building and ran along a wire to a fuse box inside the building. The melted fuses set off the sprinkler system all over the plant. The fire loss was only a few dollars and the damage was the result of water soaking into expensive, seasoned woods used in making pianos.

Muskegon—Three thousand persons at the Pere Marquette Park recently witnessed the 30-minute battle of M. H. Hughes, 26 years old, against the heavy sea and undertow of Lake Michigan, when he saved the life of Miss Edith Marie Morrow, 18. The girl, unable to swim, was caught in the undertow and carried out. Hughes, who was standing on the breakwater, saw her go down and plunged in with his clothes, and finally managed to get the girl to a pile. There Hughes clung for 25 minutes, holding the girl until the Coast Guard arrived in a boat.

Cadillac—Frank Bassett, 66 years old, of Bay City, diver employed by the Consumers Power company in constructing a new intake at the pumping station here, was drowned in about 15 feet of water when he slipped from the big pipe on which he was working, loosening his helmet in the fall. The diver signalled with the life line to be brought to the surface, but when he was pulled up it was seen that his helmet had been torn loose from its fastenings and his canvas and rubber suit was filled with water.

**I'LL TELL THE
WORLD**
By THOMAS ARKLE CLARK
Dean of Men, University of
Illinois.



He was wearing an Alice blue tam perched jauntily upon the side of his head, and she was wearing an Alice blue tam, and their young son was wearing an Alice blue tam, and there was a crowd outside the station also, each member of which was wearing the same sort of headgear. Alice blue was really not his particular color, for he was a brunette, and blue is usually supposed to be for blondes.

"Why does the man wear that funny cap?" an observant youngster inquired of his mother.

"Oh, he's been to some sort of—some sort of—" she didn't complete her sentence, for the child asked another question before she had time to determine the exact species of the thing he had been to, but there was no doubt in anyone's mind that he had, and he was coming home from Seattle covered with badges, which he was displaying with pride to the citizens of Vancouver.

He came from New Jersey, so the legend on his cap indicated, and he was a member in good standing I take it in all sorts of organizations, the insignia of which were attached to various parts of his clothing. There were keys and ivory teeth and jeweled and engraved emblems hanging from his watch chain, and attached to his waistcoat were two or three pins while decorating the lapel of his coat were buttons and ribbons and a variety of parti-colored announcements which indicated to the curious observer where he had been and what had been going on and whom he had voted for, and how many times he had been to conventions of this sort before.

One could almost read his personal history from birth by the badges he wore.

It is a curious habit which most of us Americans have of broadcasting our beliefs and affiliations by the badges we wear. We seem to keep nothing to ourselves. The elderly gentleman just at the other end of the seat in which I am now sitting in the railway station is a clergyman in the Anglican church it is quite easy to make out from the cut of his garb and the gold cross which dangles from his watch guard. The young man beside him goes to college at Michigan, belongs to the Sigma Nu fraternity and a sophomore social organization and is a Republican. All this he announces to the world by the decorations which adorn his front.

An engineer and a shirmer in one just walked past me. I know by the gold decoration in his lapel and by the Tau Beta Pi key which caught my eye as he went by. He was evidently a good student in college and is not ashamed for everybody to know it.

It doesn't seem exactly modest to be metaphorically shouting as we walk down the street that we are Presbyterians or Elks or members of the plumbers' union, or whatever we do belong to, but there must be some glory or advantage in the custom or not so many Americans would follow it.

(© 1929, Western Newspaper Union.)

Albion—The woman who drowned herself in the Homer Mill Pond one night recently was identified by relatives here, as Mrs. Carrie G. Collins, 73 years old, of Youngstown, O., a former Albion resident and a daughter of the late Edwin Johnson, Albion druggist, ill with an incurable malady, while visiting friends in Homer, where she once lived, she threw herself into the pond.

Grand Rapids—Five garter snakes have been released by the Kent Scientific museum as a means of reducing the surplus snake population in the study room because difficulty had been experienced in obtaining a sufficient supply of food for them. The reptiles are said by the museum employees to be extremely voracious and feed on almost anything offered them. One recently ate nine small frogs at a single meal.

Lansing—A public hearing will be held by the city council July 8 to consider changes in the zoning ordinance to permit the erection of a 22-story bank building and tower planned by H. E. Olds, Lansing manufacturer, and the Capitol National Bank. A motion to change the zoning ordinance, which limits structures in the commercial district to 150 feet, was made in the city council meeting recently.

Menominee—Fire threatened the village of Carney, 80 miles north of here, but with the arrival of the Menominee fire department the blaze was confined to a blacksmith shop, garage building and residence owned by Arthur Hart, and the residence of Gus Peterson. The loss is estimated at \$25,000. The fire is said to have started in the Hart blacksmith shop from a spark of a gasoline engine being used in cutting lumber.

A Suggestion
Mary—I heard father say he'll smoke a cigar and go to bed.
Henry—Let me offer him a cigaret.

**193
Men's SUITS
and
TOPPERS
25% off**

Men! Here is the opportunity you've been waiting for! Our entire stock of Men's Suits and Top-Coats is reduced 25% for Five Days Only. We have all sizes and styles in the various ranges, but DON'T WAIT until the last day—come early while we can fit you at your price.

Lay away a Suit or Coat for Fall. A small down payment will hold any garment in stock until you are ready for it.

\$27.50 Suit or Topcoat	\$20.50
\$29.50 Suit or Topcoat	\$22.00
\$32.50 Suit or Topcoat	\$24.35
\$34.50 Suit or Topcoat	\$25.50
\$37.50 Suit or Topcoat	\$27.75
\$39.50 Suit or Topcoat	\$29.50
\$45.00 Suit or Topcoat	\$34.75
\$49.50 Suit or Topcoat	\$37.50
\$55.00 Suit or Topcoat	\$42.25
\$60.00 Suit or Topcoat	\$45.00
\$65.00 Suit or Topcoat	\$48.75

SUITS
A special rack of 63 Suits, originally priced at between \$24.50 to \$39.50, Friday morning with one pant for—
\$15.50
Extra Pant \$4

Fochtman's Depm't Store
PETOSKEY



Love Under Difficulty
He—"I live in the country now. It's terribly inconvenient."
She—"It must be. What do you miss most?"
He—"The last train."

And the War Began
Mrs. Jones—"Of course I need another wrap. Don't you know that I need three coats?"
Jones—"Well, I knew you did for your face."

At Palm Beach
Mother—"I see you went swimming with the life guard. Is he serious?"
Louise—"He must be to take all that extra exercise."

AUCTION SALE!

The undersigned will sell at Public Auction at his farm located 3½ miles north of East Jordan on the Advance road (Section 2, South Arm Township) on—

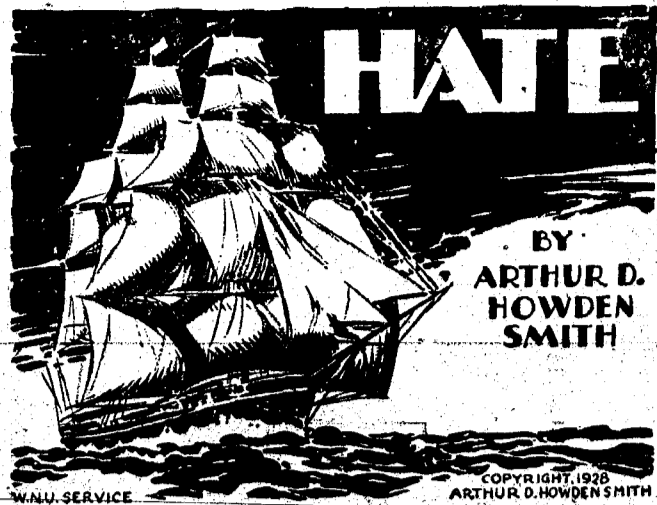
TUESDAY, JULY 9TH

Commencing at 1:00 o'clock p. m., fast time, the following described property:—

Pair Bay Mares, 9 and 10 yrs., wgt. 2800	Lever Spring-tooth Drag
Black Cow, 4 yrs., to freshen Dec. 13	Wood Frame Drag
Red Cow, 6 yrs., to freshen Nov. 9	Oliver Plow
Guernsey Heifer, 20 mos. old, to freshen Dec. 22	Spike-tooth Drag
2 Yearling Steers	2 Cultivators
2 Calves, 6 months old	McCormick Mowing Machine
	Massey-Harris Hay Rake
	Studebaker Wagon, 3 inch tire
	Spring Cutter
	Buggy
	Pair Sleighs
	Set Heavy Work Harness
	60-gal. Cooker
	Some Household Furniture and other articles too numerous to mention.

TERMS OF SALE:—Sums of \$10.00 and under, cash; over \$10.00, 9 months' time will be given on approved bankable notes, bearing seven per cent interest, payable at the Peoples State Savings Bank, of East Jordan, Michigan. Five per cent discount for cash on sums over \$10.00. No property to be removed until terms of sale are complied with.

J. L. HELLER, Prop'r
BYERS & BOSS, Auctioneers.
W. G. CORNEIL, Clerk.



BY ARTHUR D. HOWDEN SMITH

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Had not the dark shadow of Napoleon hung over Europe, keeping the Duke of Wellington busy in Spain and Portugal, and the destiny of England in the balance, our War of 1812 might have been a very different matter with a decidedly more dubious outcome. As it was, the conflict presented incidents aplenty—the burning of our Capitol at Washington, the Battle of New Orleans and the ascendancy of Andrew Jackson, and the most thrilling sea fights in which America has ever participated.

CHAPTER I

Wreck of the Schem

There were black looks from the men as they cut away the wreckage of the main-topmast and curses on their lips lost nothing in vehemence for being muted by the gale. Fellowes, remote on the poop, missed none of the discontent, although he seemed to have eyes only for the huzzess astern, and the rocky coast that filled the horizon to starboard. He held himself very erect, his slight, wiry frame tensed with energy, his hard-etched, young face frowning bleakly. Old Henderson, his first mate, standing beside him, nodded toward the frigate's close-reefed tops'ls, lifting nearer about the combers.



It Came With a Jarring and Rending of Timber, a Mighty Din of Waters.

stubbomly. "I'm sorry, sir. Ye been a good skipper. I'd stay—if I seed any chance of gettin' ashore." "Thank you, Mr. Henderson. Don't worry—you're right to go."

rocks dripped blackly in a hollow between two waves, and he pulled the slip-knot of his lashings, bracing himself for the shock. It came with a jarring and rending of timbers, a mighty din of waters. Then he was snatched off the deck, hurled up—and up—and up. He must swim, he realized, but at once he began to sink. Down—down! A drumming in his ears, eyes smarting, lungs oppressed. But he must fight on. He must! Show these Englishmen—

Fellowes was aroused by fingers prodding at his garments. A hairy face glared greedily into his; a curved knife flashed in the gusty light of torches, playing hazily about a ring of other hairy faces, hefted and cruel.

The man holding the knife wrenched at his soaking neckcloth. Easy to imagine what would happen next. He braced himself for the nick of the steel—and a woman's voice belled in the shadows, high and clear. The hairy faces recoiled; the knife was hidden. The woman spoke briefly again.

The torches blazed nearer, straw torches, tightly braided and dipped in resin. Across the area of plebby beach, he saw distinctly the three people who approached him: two women, one slim and willowy, despite the cloak that enveloped her, the other enormous in girth, panting and wheezing as she waddled along, and with them a casked priest.

The slim woman stooped over Fellowes, and he looked up into a pair of velvet brown eyes, dewy and compassionate, set in a lovely, oval face. "Poor soul," she exclaimed in English, innocent of accent. "We saw your misfortune from the castle. But why did you remain on your ship?"

"I don't strike," he whispered. A shadow mantled her olive features. "All the world at war, and America must thrust her infant into the melee! But we'll not talk politics, sir. I'll have you carried to Padre Antonio's."

Four of the hairy peasants, very uneasy and deferential now, lifted the American upon their shoulders, and tramped off at a fast gait up a winding path in a vent of the cliffs. But Fellowes knew little of that climb, for the rough handling tortured his battered frame, and most of the way he was unconscious.

When he came to, he was lying in a huge, canopied bed, warm and drowsy. His wet clothes had been removed, and liniment applied to his cuts and bruises. Moving tentatively under his covers, feet rustled among the rushes, and the girl of the mantilla appeared beside him, no longer cloaked, her figure showing to advantage in a gown of woolen stuff as brown as her eyes.

At her elbow was the enormous woman, who had attended her on the beach, a creature so stout as to seem a caricature. The girl dropped a hand on Fellowes' forehead. "Ah, your fever is going," she said approvingly. "You'll do well, sir."

"Thanks to you," he murmured. "No, no! Thanks to yourself—and such aid as we could render." "I'd have had—knife in throat—but for you," he insisted.

"We won't speak of that. Our peasants, alas, are little better than savages. But there is something I must say to you, sir. I am obliged to leave this place, Perenna, in the morning. There is no one here who speaks English. So, if you will tell me your wishes, I will explain them to Padre Antonio. He has the money-belt you wore, and will return it at your pleasure."

un in her conduct. He supposed the girl to be Donna Cara, but he wasn't by any means sure of it. All he could be assured of was that she had gone to Lisbon. Very well, he'd go there. And the third day of his stay he announced his intention. The Padre seemed disinterested, but after considerable debate, he shrugged his shoulders, produced Fellowes' money-belt and a hairy-face named Rojas, who looked like a bandit and passed for a muleteer.

The fourth day Fellowes rode forth of the village. At the top of the narrow street, he halted to look back for the last time. His eyes were up on the rocks where the Schem had gone to her doom, a doom so complete that the only vestiges remaining of the brig were scattered bits of wreckage lodged in inaccessible crannies of the cliffs.

CHAPTER II

A Licensed Trader

The diligence from Beja deposited Fellowes at the ferry-landing opposite Lisbon. The river was crowded with shipping, and his heart leaped in his throat at sight of the legend. "True Bounty, New York," printed across the broad stern of a ship. His mind harked overseas, to the sprawling town on the tip of Manhattan island, a little, red-brick town, now eroded in tulip trees and chestnuts, that he'd left a year and a half ago, and to the sleepy village he called home, huddled between the pine forests of Long Island and the Great South bay.

He wondered how an American ship, flying American colors—the Stars and Stripes, flaunted proudly from the mizzen yardarm, as if in defiance of the White Ensign displayed by the King's ships—could be here in the Tagus. How had she gotten in? And more important, how would she get out? A small boat lay alongside her, and as he watched, a lank stoop-shouldered man descended into it. Saul Chater! No wonder he'd been thinking of Babylon. And Chater's presence meant the True Bounty was an Inglespin ship. Ben Inglespin's of course. Ben had married a Portuguese, and very naturally, specialized in the Peninsula trade. In that, as in everything else, differing from Joshua.

Fellowes chuckled as he remembered the whimsical feud between the brothers. They had been enemies from the day the firm of Inglespin Brothers was dissolved in '48, after Joshua had declared General Washington was plotting to return the country to the British Crown. Joshua believed in Jefferson; Ben cursed him for a demagogue. Joshua considered Washington had been "that libertine, Hamilton's puppet"; Ben all but said his prayers to the General's memory.

The ferry bumped into the quay, and noticing Chater's boat heading for the same landing-steps, Fellowes decided to wait, and speak to the True Bounty's master. Chater was the last American he would have chosen to meet in a foreign land, but the fellow was an American, and what was more, came from Babylon. Fellowes recalled the day the New Englander had appeared in the village, buyer of the farmlands across Sampawant's creek from the Manor. Fellowes' father, whose ancestors had held the Manor since the conquest from the Dutch, insisted the village must give Chater fair treatment.

Fellowes knew his father had come to detest the man, but he, himself, had seen little of Chater. For he had taken to the sea in the hope of replenishing the family fortunes, un dermined by years of ill-paid diplomatic service, and particularly since his father's death, was seldom at home. Now, he reflected, there'd be nothing to lure him from Babylon, unless he could obtain a privateer. All his spare funds had gone in the wreck.

He banished such thoughts, however, as Chater shambled up the landing-steps. It would never do to let the New Englander suspect the extent of his misfortunes. So, proffering his hand, he mustered a cheery smile.

"How are you, Captain Chater?" "Well, well, now," Chater with nerved usually. "If taint Lion Fellowes! Last I heard, ye'd sailed for Canton."

"I was wrecked a couple of weeks ago," Fellowes explained. "Driven ashore by a British frigate, south in Algarve."

"That was pesky luck. Ye got to be careful in wartime, Cap'n Fellowes."

"D'you call this careful?" Fellowes waved toward the British armada that surrounded the True Bounty. Chater cackled derisively. "Ye see, I sail on license. I got me a dockymen, all signed and sealed, with Admiral Warren's name on it. Licenst the True Bounty for a voyage to Portygal."

"There are worse fates than loss of trade to befall a nation," Fellowes returned. "I owe the British for the destruction of my ship, and I can't forget I'm at war with them."

"A h—l of a fine war!" mocked Chater. "What can we do ag'n a hundred and twenty sail of the line?" "We can fight. We did in '76. When I get home—"

"Calc'latin' on a passage for Noo Yawk?" Chater interrupted with interest. "I'm lookin' for a mate—jest lost mine with the river-flux. And my second's too young to take his place. Got some of the owner's family aft. Make it with yer while, Cap'n Fellowes."

"Thank you, but I'd prefer not," Fellowes declined. "Can you tell me where the American consul has his office?" "A sight of good he'll do ye," jeered Chater. "And with a touch of irritation: 'Hornswoggle me, if I can see how ye reason things out. If any feller oughter be Federalist, ye'd oughter be. Wasn't ye born in London? Didn't yer pa send ye to school in England?'"

"That why I'm a Democrat, and a believer in American trade rights," Fellowes replied good naturedly. "It wasn't my fault my father happened to be consul in London, or that I was at Eton."

"Well, now, I'd say ye ain't made the most of it," gloomed Chater. "But I ain't got time to stand gormin' here."

"But I Ain't Got Time to Stand Gormin' Here, With a New Mate to Find, and Sailin' Tomorrer."

More discouraged than he liked to admit, Fellowes watched the drab figure of the True Bounty's master slouch away through the gaudy throng of mariners on the quay.

Dispiritedly, without any conscious purpose, he suffered himself to drift in the tide of humanity that swirled along the quays, and presently emerged in Black Horse square, center of state and military activities, over one of the palaces walled the Cross of St. George. A loquacious sergeant informed him Lord Wellington was down from the front in Spain and for want of something else to do, the Englishman who had bested Napoleon's bravest marshals.

A knot of officers emerged from the doorway, a flutter of feminine garments in their midst. Fellowes stood paralyzed with astonishment as he recognized a hulking black specter of a woman, The duenna, and behind two glittering aides, leaning on the arm of a lean-beaked officer in uniform, his rescuer, herself. She looked lovelier than ever, her oval face framed in the folds of the mantilla, her eyes upcast gravely to meet the gaze of her escort. No ordinary jockey of the Staff, this man, his voice, curt as a drillmaster's, carrying to where Fellowes stood.

"—get your people lined up, ma'am," he was saying. "Ministers are cordial, but they'll require a definite petition, d'ye see? No sense in this American war. We've got troubles enough without it. Sure there's nothing else we can do for you?"

"Oh, yes, my lord. 'Tis for us to do, now, though I fear 'twill take a year, at the least."

smile spread across the smooth olive of her features. "Tis our American sailor! But, sir, you have no right to be here. I bade Padre Antonio keep you all of a week."

"I left against his urgency," Fellowes answered, the friendly reproof putting him at his ease. "But there was no need for me to linger—my carcass is a tough one."

"That we may allow, sir. Yet still, you were rash to come to Lisbon. If the British Secret Service fail to arrest you, there are the press-gangs. We must take thought to this." Her brow puckered. "If you'd tell me who you are—"

A familiar nasal voice interrupted her. "Well, well, now! I didn't figger on ye fixin' to git me a new mate, Miss Cara. But taint no use—least-ways he turned me down."

Fellowes eyed Chater with a distaste as pronounced as his bewilderment at the discovery of a connection between his rescuer and the master of the True Bounty, but the girl cried eagerly: "Do you know this gentleman, Captain Chater?"

"Calc'late I do," drawled Chater. "Make ye acquainted with Cap'n Lion Fellowes. Neighbor of mine, home to Babylon."

"How fortunate," she exclaimed. "This is the first time I've seen Cap'n Chater since we came north, so he hasn't heard of our meeting at Perenna, Captain Fellowes. And I didn't know, then, that Mr. Penner, his mate, had died. But if I had—"

"Heh! Heh! He daon't hold with sailin' on license, Miss Cara. A rabid Democrat, and him brought up in England!"

"Sanctissma!" Miss Inglespin bit her lip. "I might have remembered you preferred shipwreck to yieldin' to an English frigate. But this is foolishness, sir. You are not like to reach home, save it be in a licensed ship. No privateer or letter-of-marque will touch at a Peninsula port."

"There's much in what you say," Fellowes owned. "I'm loath to disoblige you, ma'am. But 'tis wartime, and I'd not care to betray my sentiments."

Miss Inglespin blushed crimson; her slim body stiffened. "And we have no wish to 'betray you, sir," she said coldly.

"You mistake my meaning, ma'am," protested Fellowes, much perturbed. "I merely tried to make it clear that in accepting your offer I was not abandoning my own opinions."

"Naow, naow, there ain't any call to be het up over a misunderstandin'! We want a mate, and we want Cap'n Fellowes for the job—and he won't need to complain over his treatment," Chater struck in.

"But Captain Fellowes must decide for himself," insisted Miss Inglespin. "And he must decide in light of the fact—"

"Don't say nothin' ye'd be sorry for, Miss Cara," warned Chater. "—in light of the fact," she continued, ignoring the interruption. "that we are Federalists, heart-and-soul, and utterly opposed to this wicked, senseless war, and its attempt to cripple Britain at a time when she is fighting for the freedom of mankind against the vilest tyrant in history."

The vehemence of her declaration took Fellowes' breath away, arousing in him a respect all the greater for the concern Chater displayed.

"If you feel so, ma'am, I can but applaud your honesty in admitting it," he said. "Shall we elect to forget politics? And will it please you that I accept Captain Chater's offer?"

She swallowed hard, a suspicion of tears in her eyes.

"It will not please me," she answered. "And yet—and yet—you had best come. Good afternoon, sir. Captain Chater will escort you aboard."

And she swept regally into the hotel, the monstrous attendant waddling at her heels, Chater whinnied placatingly.

"Naow, naow! You daon't want to set too much store by wimmin's talk. Has a lot on her mind, Miss Cara nas. Fust off, her ma died. And then the war came, and her pa sent her here. And when she come back here her grandpa, he up and died. Fine old feller, Markess da Perenna."

"But what did she mean by saying it didn't please her for me to ship with you? And then saying I must come?"

Chater performed a very creditable leer.

"Easy to see ye ain't had much to do with young wimmin, friend. They talk all 'round the clock. I tell ye. And Miss Cara's spilled a mite her pa's jest dotes on her, and her ma's

(Continued on Last Page)

TEMPLE THEATRE

—PRESENTS—

SATURDAY and SUNDAY July 6-7
Special—Pathe Presents

"SHOW FOLKS"

Featuring Eddie Quillan, Lina Basquette, Bessie Barriscale, Robert Armstrong, Carol Lombard.
Comedy. Pathe News
Admission—10c and 35c

TUESDAY Family Night

2 for 1 with Merchant's Tickets.

Universal Presents the Wonder Horse "Rex" in

"WILD BLOOD"

With JACK PERRIN
Chapter 4—"The Diamond Master"
—Comedy—
Admission—10c and 25c

REARRANGING THE FURNITURE

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



It is said of Thackeray, I believe, that when in his novels he once got his characters cast and definitely outlined, they seemed to get away from him to determine their own behavior and procedure, and no matter how much he tried to manage them, they seemed to have wills of their own and a destiny to work out in spite of all the author's attempts to make them behave toward each other as he would have liked to have them.

I have sometimes felt that our furniture had something of these same human characteristics, and that when the various pieces were once settled in their respective corners of the house, no matter how determined we might be at times to bring about a rearrangement, the chairs and the tables and the settees, managed in a short time to drift back again each into its own familiar corner, as if they knew by a sort of wooden intuition the most appropriate place for each particular piece.

When Nancy and I first settled down to housekeeping we had few rooms to be furnished, and only the minimum amount of furniture to place in them. There was a sleeping room and a sitting room which seemed to me might at any time with advantage be completely changed about, the one becoming the other, but Nancy had her way as women are wont to do, and we proceeded to arrange our small bits of furniture. I was all the time thinking how much better it would be if the bedroom were used as a sitting room, and the sitting room as a bedroom.

We lived along for two or three months with things as they were, and then one evening Nancy was to be out for two or three hours, and I determined upon the rearrangement. Everything was to be changed, including the window curtains and the pictures on the wall. One of the fellows agreed to help me and we worked fast. Before Nancy got home the metamorphosis had been wrought. She was a little dazed when she first came in and looked around, and then together we looked the change over. I tried to think it was better, but it really wouldn't do at all. There wasn't a piece of furniture that wasn't lonesome for its old corner. The pieces stood out stiff and uncomfortable. There didn't seem to be an old friend anywhere. We couldn't stand the change a half hour, so we set to work, before we

even went to bed, and moved every thing back into its old place. Adaptability to new work and new conditions is too infrequently found in people. Like the furniture, we look awkward and out of place when we are moved to a new position. Having once found a corner or a convenient wall space into which we seem to fit it is often the wisest plan to stay there and to make the best of our position. The main thing is to find the proper corner, and then to let the furniture stay where it is put. (© 1929 Western Newspaper Union.)

NOTICE OF ANNUAL SCHOOL MEETING

The Annual Meeting of School District No. 4 of the Township of South Arm, Charlevoix County, Mich., for the election of school district officers and for the transaction of such other business as may lawfully come before it, will be held at the High School Building in East Jordan on Monday, the 8th day of July, 1929, at 7:30 o'clock p. m., standard time. Dated this 27th day of June, 1929. C. H. PRAY, Secretary

Kept Busy

Egbert—"Did he leave his footsteps on the sands of time?"
Bert—"No, he was too busy covering his tracks."

If some men felt as bad as they really are, it would be useless to call in a doctor.

That slight rumbling in the early talking movies may be a truck passing by with the hero's fan mail.

People think the world is all going to be different when they get away on their vacation. And sometimes it is.

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 27th day of June A. D. 1929.

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

In the Matter of the Estate of John Monroe, Deceased.

Catherine Monroe having filed in said court her final administration account, and her petition praying for the allowance thereof and for the assignment and distribution of the residue of said estate.

It is Ordered, That the 25th day of July A. D. 1929, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, 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.

Briefs of the Week

Miss Rosalie Griffin was home from Flint over the Fourth.

Mr. and Mrs. John Cornell are here from Lansing for a visit with friends.

Floyd Walker and Howard Cook were East Jordan visitors this week.

Office of City Treasurer, Mrs. G. E. Boswell is now located in the Russell Hotel.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Dennis and family are here from Lansing visiting friends.

Ralph Baneroff who has been employed at Lansing, has returned home for the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred LaLonde and children of Lansing are here for a visit with friends and relatives.

Mr. and Mrs. Alonzo Shaw and daughter, Miss Alta, of Lansing are at their home here for a few days.

Miss Aurora Stewart is here from Detroit for a visit with her mother, Mrs. Josephine Stewart, and friends.

Mrs. Alice Sedgman is receiving a visit from Mr. and Mrs. Harry Keaton, Mrs. Lyle Keaton Jr., and Fred Ginsky, all of Detroit.

Mr. and Mrs. Bert Lorraine are receiving a visit from the latter's parents, Mr. and Mrs. B. Swabb of Stewartville, Minn.

Misses Doris Hayden and Ruth Gregory, who have been teaching in Detroit the past year, are home for the summer vacation.

Sidney Sedgman left Sunday for Newberry, where he has a position. His family expects to leave soon to make their home there.

The Misses Mary Jane Porter and Gertrude Sidebotham are spending a few weeks at the Chippewa Trail Camp for girls on Elk Lake.

Mr. and Mrs. Grover C. Moore and daughter, Lois, returned home last Friday from a two weeks' business and pleasure trip to Detroit.

Misses Louise and Margaret Knop, Edward Henning and Herman Kamradt motored to Chicago last week and visited friends and relatives.

Born to Mr. and Mrs. Claude Johnson of Flint, a son—Stephen Frederick—June 21. Mr. Johnson is a son of Mrs. Etta Johnson of this city.

Cort Hayes, Walter Jofflin, Arthur Kaley, Milford Winstone, Harold Reed and Rollin McPherson are here from Lansing for a few days' visit.

A miscellaneous shower was given at the home of Mrs. Ed. Kamradt Tuesday afternoon by a number of ladies in honor of the approaching marriage of Miss Lona Swafford.

Bulow Bros. will have on sale Sunday, July 7th, the Detroit Times of that date which contains a Resort Tourist section devoted to this region with map of this territory. adv.

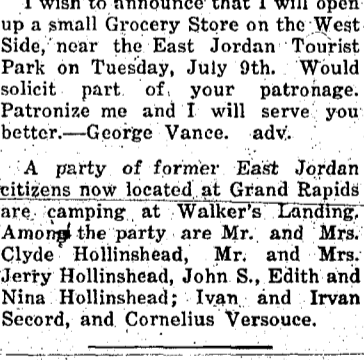
Mr. and Mrs. R. O. Bisbee of Jackson and the latter's sister, Mrs. Esther Bliss, left New York last Saturday on the Str. Mauretana for Liverpool, England. They plan to spend a couple of months in England and on the Continent.

I wish to announce that I will open up a small Grocery Store on the West Side, near the East Jordan Tourist Park on Tuesday, July 9th. Would solicit part of your patronage. Patronize me and I will serve you better.—George Vance. adv.

A party of former East Jordan citizens now located at Grand Rapids are camping at Walker's Landing. Among the party are Mr. and Mrs. Clyde Hollinshead, Mr. and Mrs. Jerry Hollinshead, John S., Edith and Nina Hollinshead; Ivan and Irvan Secord, and Cornelius Versouce.

Famous Golf Grip of Jones

The famous golf grip of Bobby Jones, the ace of amateur golfers, photographed at the Winged Foot Country Club at Mamaroneck, N. Y., where the National Amateur champ was in training for the national open championship.



The famous golf grip of Bobby Jones, the ace of amateur golfers, photographed at the Winged Foot Country Club at Mamaroneck, N. Y., where the National Amateur champ was in training for the national open championship.

Ed. Kamradt, received a broken wrist while cranking an auto Friday forenoon.

Miss Lucile Eggersdorf of Chicago is spending the summer at the home of C. F. Knop.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Wilson of Michelson, Mich., were East Jordan visitors, Friday.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Dye and children of Detroit are here visiting her mother, Mrs. John Monroe.

Mr. and Mrs. Orrin Gorman and children are here from Muskegon for a visit with friends and relatives.

Misses Cathola Lorraine and Clara Leu left last Saturday to attend a summer course at the Ferris Institute Big Rapids.

Mr. and Mrs. John Pelton of Knoxville, Tenn., arrived here this week for a visit with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Harrington.

Mrs. M. Lintner and son, Bruce, and Mr. and Mrs. James Gleason were here from Muskegon the past week visiting friends.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Weeks and his sister, Miss Mae Weeks, and niece, Miss Laurine Farley, all of Detroit, and Miss Ardist King of Houghton Lake visited friends in East Jordan this week.

Walter I. McKenzie of Detroit accompanied Mr. and Mrs. Robertson also of Detroit, to East Jordan Wednesday and are spending a few days with the former's wife and family, who are spending the summer here with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Loveday.

Rev. Henry Hulme, pastor of the Methodist Church at Constantine, Mich., plans to leave soon on a two months vacation to visit in Scotland with brothers and sisters whom he has not seen for 27 years. Mr. Hulme was a former pastor of the Church here.

Wm. E. Lanway with son, Albert and wife, started from their home in Haywards, Calif., the fore part of June by auto to visit friends in northern Michigan. When near Green River, Wyoming the auto struck loose gravel and toppled into a ditch. Mr. Lanway was seriously injured and the others somewhat bruised. They returned home to Haywards. Mr. Lanway is a well-known former East Jordan resident.

Two former East Jordan young people—Richard H. Jaquays and Genevieve Helen Farley were united in marriage at the Third Pilgrim Holiness Church, Detroit, Saturday afternoon, June 29th. They were attended by Miss Laurine Farley and Alfred Collier of Detroit. The bride is daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Farley, and the groom is son of Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Jaquays. Following the ceremony a wedding supper was served at the home of the bride's parents, eighty-five guests being in attendance. The young couple will reside in Detroit.

"We hear a lot about trial marriages, but they're nothing new—a lot of people regard their marriage as a trial."

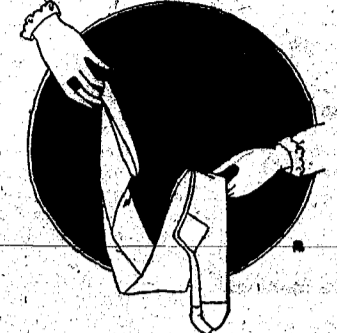
Lansing—The Sunday anti-hunting law in Huron county does not prevent hunting on Maisou, Defoe and Heisterman Island, the attorney-general's department ruled. Some time ago the Conservation Department informed the Port Huron Ministerial Association that the county hunting statute did not prevent hunting on relicted lands. The statute makes no reference to State owned land. It permits hunting on Sunday with the consent of the owner.

Mt. Clemens—Max Karkner, 32 years old, of Highland Park, was drowned in Lake St. Clair, near here when he dived from a springboard into 12 feet of water. James Fedanaco, a roomer at the Karkner home, probably would have drowned also had it not been for the efforts of Robert Miller, 19 years old, of Mt. Clemens, who helped him to shore. Both men jumped off the board together, probably thinking the lake was shallow at that point. Neither could swim.

Lansing—The new inland fishing bill, effective August 28, 1929, provides that all non-residents over 15 years of age must have a license for taking all kinds of fish, the fee for which is \$3 per year; also that all residents over 18 years of age are required to procure a license to catch trout, the annual fee being \$1. These provisions will not be enforced, however, until the season of 1930, in view of the fact that the season is nearly at an end when the act becomes operative.

Kalamazoo—Though the state department at Washington has offered its services in a demand upon the Arabian government for indemnity in connection with the death of Dr. Henry A. Bilkert, of Kalamazoo, who was killed last January by Arabian bandits, his widow, who has just arrived in Kalamazoo, announced recently she would decline it. Acceptance of the indemnity would only serve to create ill-feeling among the native peoples against the missionaries working there," she said. "The government was in no way to blame."

HOSIERY

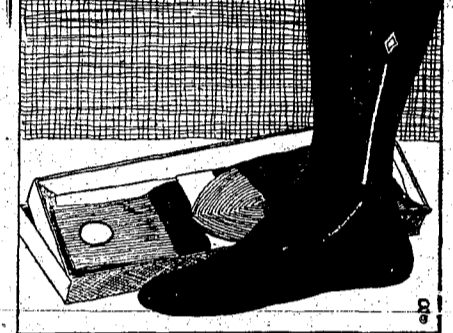


The Ladies Hose—"Silk to the Top" that we told you about last week, are here, and are better than we expected. Light colors. Not enough of them to last very long.

New Applied Pillow Slips—\$1.00, \$1.25

We have in some pretty goods for Ensemble Suits, in white and colors.

MEN'S CLOTHING DEPARTMENT



A Clean Up On
MEN'S SILK HOSE
Choice of 75c and \$1.00 Hose—59c or 2 pair \$1.00.
Many Beautiful Patterns. See Window.

EAST JORDAN LUMBER COMPANY STORE

Peoples' Wants

MUNNIMAKERS

Notices of Lost, Wanted, For Sale, For Rent, etc., in this Column is 25 cents for one insertion for 25 words or less. Initials count as one word and compound words count as two words. Above this number of words a charge of one cent a word will be made for the first insertion and one-half cent for subsequent insertions, with a minimum charge of 15 cents. These rates are for cash only. Ten cents extra per insertion if charged.

WANTED

WANTED—Young Calves and old Horses. Write or phone SEARS FOX RANCH, East Jordan. 18-t.f.

FOR SALE—REAL ESTATE

FOR SALE—House and Lot, East Jordan West Side, 210 Division St. Six rooms and basement, electric lights—\$300 on easy terms. Inquire of MRS. HENRY ST. JOHN, 1900 Sanford St., Muskegon Hts., Mich. 25-13

FOR SALE—MISCELLANEOUS

FOR SALE—Team of Horses and Harness, \$125; Wagon double box and seat, \$20; Plow, \$5; Daisy 2-horse walking Cultivator, \$10; McCormick Mowing Machine, \$25. ARTHUR METCALF, R. 4, East Jordan. 27x3

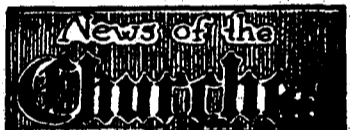
HORSE For Sale—weight 1500 lbs. BOHUMIL STANEK, Route 4, East Jordan. 26x3

FOR SALE—Piano, very cheap. Inquire of MRS. A. DANTO at Russell Hotel, East Jordan. 26-2

FOR SALE—McCormick Mowing Machine, nearly new; Disk, Cultivators, Tedder, Trailer, Iron-wheel Wagon, Weeder, Lumber, Farms. Also Cabbage and Pepper Plants. MRS. JAMES VOTRUBA. 25-5

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. 1A-t.

Very Flashy
Pete—Is Ted a loud dresser?
Jerry—I'll say so. You ought to hear him when he finds a hole in his only pair of socks.



Presbyterian Church

C. W. Sidebotham, Pastor.
C. R. Harper, Foreign Pastor.
"A Church for Folks."

10:00 a. m.—Morning Worship.
11:15 a. m.—Sunday School.

First M. E. Church

James Leitch, Pastor

10:00 a. m.—Morning Service.
11:00 a. m.—Sunday School.
6:00 p. m.—Epworth League
7:00 p. m.—Evening Worship

Latter Day Saints Church

Leonard Dudley, Pastor.

9:00 a. m.—Sunday School.
10:15 a. m.—Social Service.
7:00 p. m.—Evening Service.
7:00 p. m., Thursday—Prayer Meeting.
All are welcome to attend these services.

Church of God

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.
Everyone is cordially invited to attend these services. Come!

Pilgrim Holiness Church

Rev. E. E. Manker, Pastor.

11:00 a. m.—Sunday School.
2:00 p. m.—General Service.
7:00 p. m.—Friday night, Prayer Meeting.

CITY TAX NOTICE

City Taxes for the City of East Jordan for the year 1929 are now due and payable at my office in Russell Hotel during the month of July without penalty.
G. E. BOSWELL, City Treasurer.

Regular Rate
Mic—Your young brother saw me kiss you. What should I give him to keep him quiet?
Marion—Well, he usually gets 50 cents.

OUR TRUCKS ARE AT YOUR SERVICE

WE ARE IN THE MARKET FOR YOUR MILK AND CREAM POULTRY AND EGGS

And a Phone Call to us—No. 137 will bring one of our trucks to your farm door. We always pay the Highest Market Price for above Farm Products.

Northern Dairy Products Co.
IONIA PRODUCE COMPANY, Operators.

HATE

By
Arthur D. Howden Smith

Copyright, 1929
ARTHUR D. HOWDEN SMITH
WNU Service

(Continued From Fourth Page)

family are grand folks. "Heap o' money comin' to her." He cackled furiously. "Portygee money's as good as any, heh? Yes, sirree, Ben Inglepin, he knowed what he was doin' when he married Donna Rosa."

"I don't care what she has," snapped Fellowes, "unless it's a better disposition. Shall we go off to the ship? I ought to learn something of my duties, if we sail tomorrow."

"That's what I call a proper spirit," fawned Chater. "We'll get on rust rate, Cap'n Fellowes."

A stout craft, and well-found, the True Bounty. The crew were of a piece with their captain, dour New Englanders and Long Islanders from "Daown East," arant Federalists to a man. Without a word of politics being uttered in his hearing, Fellowes understood that he was alone in his opinion, spiritually isolated from the ship's company. Nor could all Chater's oily civility dispel his instinctive distrust of his skipper. A distrust which was accentuated—perhaps unfairly, he admitted secretly—by his uneasiness over Clara Inglepin's attitude.

She had as good as told him she was disloyal. But then, he argued with himself, the candor of her declaration was an earnest of essential honesty. As for her visit to Wellington, that might conceivably be dismissed as in connection with her grandfather's affairs—or to clear up some matter of business between her father and the British authorities in the past. Yet, on the other hand, if all this was so, why had she wavered with him at the last? Why had his careless use of the word "betray" aroused such a tempest?

He couldn't answer his own questions, and sought forgetfulness in the bustle of preparing the ship for sailing. But when Miss Inglepin came off next morning, she lifted some of the load from his mind by the cheeriness of her greeting, apparently couched to assure him she had abandoned her misgivings of yesterday.

The True Bounty slipped out over Tagus bar, and by sunset had sunk the Rock of Lisbon under the eastern horizon. The third day of the voyage Fellowes discovered the course had been altered to fetch the ship far north of the Western Islands, which, he knew, were regular ports of call for all vessels plying to and from southern Europe. Inquiry informed him the neighborhood of the islands had become a regular cruising-ground for American privateers, as they provided a base within easy striking distance of the converging routes of the British convoys from the West Indies and South America and the lordly East Indianmen of John Company's fleet. Evidently Chater was fighting shy of his own countrymen.

Barred, as he was, from any bond of sympathy with his brother officers, it was inevitable that Fellowes should be thrown more and more in Miss Inglepin's company. And she, on her part, made no secret of her preference for the Long Islander. She was like a child in her craving for entertainment, absorbing eagerly his hoard of experiences. He painted for her fever-ridden factories of the West African coast, jungle rivers where the tom-toms throbbed the night long and slavers anchored beside stinking baracoons, the icy tempests that beat about the Horn, and the languorous seas beyond. For her part, she gave him glimpses of a world equally exotic, spoke of evenings in the Pavilion at Brighton when the Prince Regent was condescending, narrated anecdotes, sad and humorous, of the stuffy Portuguese court.

There was inherent in her a fine and gracious reticence. And she im-

pressed him more and more as an unqualifiedly honest. She was a normal product of the background against which she had been reared, a contradictory blend of the social forces of the Old world and the New.

She was, too, a keen politician and delighted to argue with him, although she was scrupulous to treat their differences with a lightness of touch which usually prevented them from quarreling.

"Aye de mi," she sighed one day toward the end of the voyage. "I cannot afford to quarrel with you, sir. I should die of ennui without your company."

"What will you say of me when I am a privateersman?"

"I'll say what I think," she retorted, blushing. "But you'll not go, if I can stay you."

"You'd have me bide at home with the cravens?"

"Why—" she hesitated—"I think all men of parts will find sufficient to occupy them before another year is out. We are on the verge of great events. 'Twill have had its use, perhaps, this war. But there! My tongue is runagate."

"Do you speak of rebellion?" he pressed. "Tis an ugly thought."

"Tis your word, not mine," she parried. "A true Democratic word."

"No, our watchword is loyalty," he declared with feeling.

"Loyalty to what?" she mocked him. "To a pack of buckskin politicians and tavern orators?"

"To an ideal—Independence," he exclaimed, irritated. "But what can you know of that, who are intimate with our enemies, and think as they do? I saw you with Lord Wellington in Lisbon, heard you talking with him."

Her face blanched; the fingers by which she hung to the rigging whitened under pressure.

"Sir," she said quietly, "you may think—as you please of that. I shall say nothing."

And she quitted the deck before he could answer her, leaving him vexed by his own impetuosity and admiring the way in which she had taken it. He tasted humility as he trod the deck, keeping the early watch after dark, too downcast to notice her when she came from the cabin, a fluttering wraith in the golden yellow cloak she wore when the air was chill.

His first warning of her was the pressure of her fingers on his arm.

"Lion," she said, and his heart leaped a beat at that. "Lion! There was a little choke in her voice."

"Lion," she gasped a third time.

He caught her arm.

"I'd cut my tongue out," he muttered hoarsely. "Tis your secret."

"But I was wrong," she persisted. "I don't want you to think—as you

please, I want you to believe—to believe—that I wouldn't do—anything dishonorable. Truly, Lion!"

His arms wound about her, as their lips met, suddenly. Then she was gone from him, a shadow in the darkness.

CHAPTER III

Crimpin' Collishawe

Fellowes was happier than he had been for months. Tramping the poop, he hummed a tune, thinking how lucky he had been; saved from the Schemer, and conversely, from months, maybe years, in Dartmoor; meeting Cara—and home just over the horizon's rim. Cara—and home! Her Federalist leanings he brushed aside as his wife—

"Sail ho!"

He snatched a glass from the binacle-rack and climbed into the mizen-shrouds. The morning was clear; he had no difficulty in making out the stranger, a lofty pile of canvas, driving down toward the True Bounty.

"Call Captain Chater," he hailed the deck, and Chater promptly popped out of the cabin-companionway almost as if he had expected the summons.

"A man-o-war, Captain," Fellowes reported.

Chater took the glass.

"Aye," he pronounced cheerfully, "she's the Badger sloop-of-war, Captain Collishawe."

"Collishawe," repeated Fellowes. "Crimpin' Collishawe!"

"That's him," Chater assented.

"He ought to be foul-bottomed," said Fellowes. "Most of these blockaders are. We'd have the wind of him if we ran south."

"Well, naow, why should we run for

it?" drawled Chater.

"Why? Lord, man, Collishawe's pressed more Americans than any British officer on the station. 'Crimpin' Collishawe they call him. If he has a full crew, himself, he'll press for any other blockader that's short handed."

Chater laughed in a peculiar noise less way that always repelled Fellowes.

"I ain't consarned for him. We've got to pass the blockade to make Sandy Hook. And ye forget we run on license."

"I know," answered Fellowes, still perturbed; "but license or no, why risk your men—"

"All my crew carry press-protections," rejoined Chater. "What's the use of tradin' on license, if ye can't make your home-port, hey? We'll jest hold to the course. I wouldn't wonder but maybe Collishawe'd be kind of grateful for Peninsula news. And he always shortened sail whenever he sighted Miss Cara. 'Used to come to old Ben's house a lot when he was in New York."

Everyone but the duenna hastened on deck to watch the Badger come foaming down from windward.

"Oh, brave," cried Cara Inglepin clapping her hands delightedly.

She received Fellowes' eager greeting with a hint of embarrassment—almost as if she regretted last night's kiss, he thought—and continued quickly:

"We are fortunate 'tis the Badger. Sometimes the blockading captains are very severe. But Captain Collishawe is a gentleman, and my father's friend."

"Crimpin' Collishawe! Yes, many Americans have called him friend!"

"Why, Lion! There was asperity in her tone. "Tis vulgar, I vow! You must not speak so. You'll commend yourself to Captain Collishawe."

"I have no concern with Captain Collishawe," he returned, and walked away, heedless of her protest.

The Badger rounded to under the True Bounty's quarter. Collishawe hung in the sta'bd mizen-rigging, a tall, lean man, of about Fellowes' age, handsomely uniformed, his half-boots polished, his blue coat fitting trimly. His manner was haughty as he hailed:

"Ahoi! What ship's that?"

"True Bounty, Cap'n Chater, from Lisbon for New York, with wine and lemons," answered Chater.

"I'll send a boat aboard you," snapped Collishawe. "Have your papers ready."

He turned to give some order, and Miss Inglepin ran to the True Bounty's side, waving her mantilla.

"Oh, James," she cried. "Haven't you a word for me? 'Tis unmanly, sir."

He swung around. The sternness melted from his features.

"Cara! What rare good fortune! I'll come aboard, myself."

The Badger's boat swung overside and rowed smartly across the rap of choppy water separating the vessels. Collishawe leaped from its gunwale to the rope-ladder Chater had ordered rigged for him, ascending its rungs as lightly as a monkey and vaulted to the merchantman's deck with hands outstretched to Cara. Their voices, friendly, excited, clamoring together, exasperated Fellowes unreasonably. He tried not to listen to them, but he couldn't very well help himself.

"—dispatches on the eve of our sailing," she was saying. "I was reported the Grand army evacuated Moscow in October, and was torn to pieces in the retreat. Napoleon, himself, barely escaped."

"Great news," applauded Collishawe. "And the Peninsula?"

"Lord Wellington carries all before him. Soul's in on the defensive. Your people are certain they will drive him over the Pyrenees before autumn."

"Excellent! An uphill struggle, by gad, but the French are nigh finished. With the Russians on their backs—"

"But have you news for us?" she interrupted eagerly. "Have you heard of my father?"

He laughed on a keen, boyish note that Fellowes found ingratiating.

"We hear from our friends. Your father does well, but is roundly abused. Your uncle diverts himself fitting out privateers against us." His face clouded. "The Yankees have tricked us once more with those razees of theirs. Our Java struck to the Constitution in a fight off the Brazils. 'Tis said the Constitution refused to close, and hammered the Java with her long guns. I hold we are but discovering captains grown soft from fighting the French."

Chater fawned assent; but Cara Inglepin replied spiritedly:

"No, James, you are wrong, and you do your own country no honor thereby, since we Americans are but Englishmen transplanted to another land and toying with another government."

He laughed once more at that.

"Toying with another government. You have a trick of language, Cara. 'Tis so. They are for re-electing this idiot President of theirs, while those of your father's opinion labor to supply our wants—and remedy the sores that run at home. But their eyes will be opened anon. Admiral Cockburn has proclaimed a blockade of their whole coast, and with Napoleon tottering we shall soon have sufficient troops in Canada to brush aside their militia levies, sweep down the Hudson and take New York."

"Aye, aye, Cap'n Collishawe, that's how it shall be," Chater cried servilely. "And if ye'll suffer me to attend ye to the cabin, we'll tell ye summit of interest along that line."

Cara scoffed the invitation.

"Yes, yes, James, do let me give you a dish of tea. We've so much to discuss. I had vast success in Lisbon. There were friends made me fetch messages to you, and my father will wish to know how the Admiral esteems our purposes." So come below, James, and meanwhile Captain Chater shall give orders to break out a barrel of port for you—yes, Captain Chater, and a tierce of lemons to ward against the scurvy."

Collishawe bowed his appreciation.

"Always thoughtful, Cara! Ah, I'll be grateful when this cursed war is ended, and I may call on you again in Broadway, and smoke my pipe in the garden under the tulip trees."

Her answering smile, as he ushered her into the cabin, was a dagger of jealousy in Fellowes' heart. Raging silently, the Long Islander didn't hear Chater's ball until it had been repeated.

"Fellowes! Ahoi, Mr. Fellowes! Ye heard Miss Cara's orders? Well, see to 'em. The port ye can take from the cabin stores—I'll send the key."

For the next quarter hour Fellowes was busy, slinging the keg of port overside, and breaking out the lemons from beneath the forward hatch. When the task had been concluded he walked aft, entering the cabin companionway without knocking, as was his custom. At the end of the passage was the main cabin, a spacious apartment, with a long table thwartwise of the ship, about which sat Miss Inglepin, Collishawe and Chater, their heads bent over a small heap of papers. Fellowes could distinguish several documents which bore official seals.

"The Admiral should be off the Delaware capes," Collishawe was saying. "But we'll pass on the word to him."

"We must have time to consult our New England friends," interposed Miss Inglepin.

"Aye, 'tis no matter to be hasted," agreed Chater. And raising his head, perceived Fellowes in the companionway. "Well, naow, what will it be, Mr. Fellowes?"

(To Be Continued)

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"Can't say."
"Well, approximately?"
"I really don't know."
"You've no idea, then, just how long it will take you?"
"Not the least."
"Well, all right. I guess I can be back by then, too."
"Splendid. Don't forget I'll be looking for you."
"Sure thing. I'll be there."

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