

Charlevoix County Herald.

VOLUME 33

EAST JORDAN, MICHIGAN, FRIDAY, JULY 12, 1929.

NUMBER 28

Brought Message of Encouragement

GREENEBAUM SAYS EAST JORDAN'S POSSIBILITIES UNLIMITED.

Before an audience of about 150 persons interested in the welfare and development of East Jordan, W. K. Greenebaum, Manager of the LaPorte Ind., Chamber of Commerce presented a message of encouragement at the High School Auditorium Tuesday evening.

Mr. Greenebaum's talk, which lasted over an hour, was without question the best address ever given by anyone in East Jordan along the line of community building. All who heard his talk went home feeling that there is a bright future in store for East Jordan and its surrounding region.

Mr. Greenebaum was born in a small community center and has a heart-interest in the welfare of the smaller town. East Jordan was fortunate in securing him for the day as his services as a community organizer are in constant demand throughout the mid-west States. During his day here he made a survey of the industrial possibilities of East Jordan and made valuable suggestions of far-reaching possibilities.

Mr. Greenebaum came here at the invitation of the East Jordan Business Men's Club and prior to the address a supper was served at the Auditorium by the Methodist Ladies Aid. The East Jordan H. S. Orchestra furnished music for the occasion.

GREENEBAUM EPIGRAMS

To have and be more, East Jordan must think and do more.

It isn't what you believe, it's what you do that counts.

Individual prosperity is wrapped up in community prosperity.

East Jordan is not YOUR town, nor MY town, but OUR town.

An optimist never killed a town. A pessimist never built one.

To make it greater is not YOUR job, nor MY job, but OUR job.

One person proud of East Jordan is worth a hundred well meaning persons.

East Jordan directly or indirectly pays for the things it needs whether the city gets the same or not.

Men of any city are the measure of it's greatness.

Many people can see through a thing, but don't see a thing through.

What a good many of us need is more horsepower and less exhaust.

Co-operation is spelled with a W E not I alone.

More than half the victories of life are a confident belief in success.

East Jordan needs more bridge builders; people who can span the gap between themselves and their vision.

Success come in "CANS."

Opportunity is man made. It's not luck, but a firm determination that achieves.

East Jordan's future is limited only by the building ordinances of the ambition of it's citizenship.

There are many WILLING people in East Jordan. Some WILLING to work and most of the others WILLING to let them.

The world judges a city by the spirit of it's people.

Co-operation is not a matter of sentiment; it is an economic necessity.

The business world looks for men who can keep hitting the bull eyes without shooting the bull.

Good times for all can only be the product of good work by all.

Men with DIME ideas rarely put over DOLLAR projects.

Ahead shines the vision of a Greater East Jordan. The door is open. Forward on to greater heights.

That's Essential

"Yesterday you were not at the office, saying you were ill, and I saw you on the street."

"Yes. I was going for the doctor."

There may be nothing new under the sun, but the imitations frequently surpass the original.

BEGINNERS' BAND IS ORGANIZED

A Beginners' Band for East Jordan students has been organized with 15 members. Instrumentation is as follows:

Cornets—Glenn Keller, Murray Nelson, Arthur Quinn.

Saxophones—Rodney Rogers, Bud Strehl.

Altos—Junior Simmons, Colen Sommerville.

Piccolo—Suse Healey.

Trombones—Kenneth Pickel, Howard Sommerville.

Bass—Martin Sommerville.

Bells—Dale Clark, Claude Lorraine.

Drums—Robert Joynt, Clare Batterbee.

Monday and Thursday afternoons of each week practice in the Band Room at 2 o'clock fast time.

JOHN TER WEE, Director.

SCHOOL MEETING WELL ATTENDED

The annual School Meeting for East Jordan Public Schools—School Dist. No. 4, South Arm Township—was held last Monday evening with 135 persons in attendance.

Annual report of the Treasurer and Secretary were read and approved.

The regular 9½ months school term was voted.

In the election of members of the Board of Education the three members whose term of office had expired were re-elected, viz.—Dr. C. H. Pray, Dr. G. W. Bechtold and A. L. Darbee.

The annual report will be published in The Herald in a few weeks.

Clyde W. Hipp and Mrs. Myrtle Holland United in Marriage

Clyde W. Hipp, well-known business man of this city, and Mrs. Myrtle Holland, daughter of Mrs. J. F. McAlear of East Jordan, were united in marriage Sunday, June 30th, at Traverse City.

The wedding took place at the Congregational Parsonage, conducted by the pastor, Rev. Dennis Conklin. They were attended by Mr. and Mrs. Robert Moore of Chicago.

Mr. and Mrs. Hipp are now "At Home" at their residence on Garfield Street in this city.

Adrian—Lasting only a few minutes, a terrific windstorm, coming from the southwest, recently, swept across the western half of Lenawee county and left in its path wrecked homes, barns, uprooted trees and wreckage-blocked highways and streets. Striking the eastern half of the village of Medina, it ripped through 13 buildings, the loss being estimated at \$40,000.

Honor—Two men, convicted of catching 45 trout on a closed stream, most of which were less than the legal length, were given an unique sentence by Justice Wesley B. Covey here. After fines and costs of \$89 each had been imposed, the offenders were given the alternative of spending 90 days in jail, or going to church every Sunday for the same period. They chose the latter.

Lansing—The peak of reforestation activities in Michigan was reached last year when 13,027 acres of state lands were planted with more than eleven million trees. In both acreage and number of trees set out, these figures almost double any previous year's attainment. Conservation department records show that up to the present time 54,255 acres of state-owned lands have been reforested with better than 62,000,000 trees.

Lansing—A chain of state owned airports will be established by the new board of aeronautics. It was indicated at the board's first meeting held here recently. The meeting was called for the purpose of organizing, and no formal action was taken, except to elect William B. Mayo, chief engineer of the Ford Motor company, chairman. The proposal to construct landing fields, at state expense, at strategic locations resulted from a suggestion by Governor Fred W. Green that the board take over the operation of Lansing's airport, which is on state property.

Monroe—Section men of the Detroit, Toledo and Ironton railroad, formerly owned by Henry Ford, Detroit automobile manufacturer, have been given notice that their wages will be reduced 40 per cent, according to a report received here. This ruling also applies to construction workers on the cut-off between Durbin, Monroe county, and Malinta, Ohio. The road was recently acquired by an unnamed purchaser, one report being that the Pennsylvania railroad had bought the line.

When a woman and a cyclone make up their minds to go anywhere, nothing on earth can stop them.

Fire!



COUNCIL PROCEEDINGS DECLARE WAR ON INSECTS

Regular meeting of the Common Council of the City of East Jordan held at the Council Rooms Monday evening, July 1, 1929.

Meeting was called to order by the Mayor. Present: Mayor Gidley, and Aldermen Taylor, Watson and Severance. Absent: Aldermen Clark, Mayville and Williams.

Moved by Alderman Watson, supported by Alderman Taylor that \$25 be donated to the Fire Department to cover part of the expense of sending delegates to the State Firemen's Convention. Motion carried.

Bills were presented for payment as follows:

Francis Votruba, moving park	\$ 1.00
John Whiteford, work at cem.	37.75
Dan Parrott, work at cem.	28.00
Arthur Miller, driving truck	15.75
Wm. McPherson, labor	4.25
John Vallance, labor	1.75
Wm. Prause, labor	10.80
Andrew LaLonde, labor	14.35
Bert Reinhart, labor	7.00
Chris Taylor, labor	29.75
City Treas. paym't of labor	49.70
Henry Cook, salary	125.00
Reid & Sherman, labor & mulse	54.48
Elec. Light Co., lighting Sts. and park	544.00
Elec. Light Co., pumping	180.10
Fred Nelson, spawner belts	3.00
Mich. Bell Tel. Co., rentals, toll	7.53
Gidley & Mac, mdse	15.75
Graybar Elec. Co., lamp globes	33.90
Wm. Bashaw, making tax roll	235.79
Standard Oil Co., mdse	21.11
A. Kenny, fgt and dray	1.57
Joe Nemecek, labor	1.75
Gus Anderson, labor	1.75
Marshall Griffin, labor	1.75
John Ter Wee, Band instructor	50.00
Grace Boswell, sal. for June	60.00
Otis J. Smith, sal. for June	35.00

Moved by Alderman Severance, supported by Alderman Taylor, that the bills be allowed and paid. Motion carried by an aye and nay vote as follows:

Ayes—Taylor, Watson, Severance and Gidley.

Nays—None.

On motion by Alderman Severance, meeting was adjourned.

OTIS J. SMITH, City Clerk.

Fred Laptad in His 100 Per Cent Wheat



Fred Laptad, farmer of Lawrence, Kan., in the midst of his 100 per cent pure wheat field. Laptad has set what is believed to be a record in the agricultural life of the country by having developed his wheat properties for five years with a rating of 100 per cent pure wheat. He raises his wheat exclusively for seed and his wares are marketed to farmers all over the United States as well as in many foreign countries. He also holds the medal as the master farmer of the state of Kansas.

FOOD PLANE PASSES OVER EAST JORDAN

The large Ford tri-motored Plane "Independence" owned by the Monarch food products makers, passed over East Jordan about 8:45 a. m., Monday, enroute from Lansing to Potoskey. The trip was made in three hours.

The plane is equipped with three Wright-Whirlwind motors with 225 horse power each. The inside of the plane is arranged with shelves lined with all manner of Monarch Food Products. The scheduled tour will go 42,000 miles and will probably last a year. This plane is a sister ship to the one now in use by Commander Byrd in his South Pole expedition. The plane was originally built for 12 passengers but the seats have been removed to make room for their food display.

Accompanying the plane were: V. N. Johns, Tulsa, Oklahoma, pilot; R. C. McDaniels, Dallas, Texas, first mechanic, and Jimmy Minscer, Springfield, Ill., as second mechanic. Mr. Johns served in the World War and is a well-known pilot.

'THE PACE THAT KILLS'

Thrilling Drama of Untamed Youth.

Here is a story that reveals in an absorbing manner the road that the young men and women of the country follow when the restless urge of their minds and bodies is not controlled. The author has searched deep for his facts; he has written a story that might be a page torn from life; and he has done it so dramatically that you cannot but feel the thrill of his tale.

Portrayed by a group of actors and actresses who have learned their work under master directors, "The Pace That Kills" is not just a moral lesson, but an evening's entertainment that will hold you from the opening moment of its unfolding until the final fadeout is flashed on the screen.

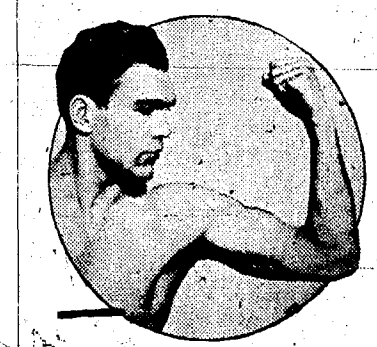
"The Pace That Kills" is a picture that will appeal to the adult mind and will carry to the young people a warning that is more than any mere words can ever bring home. See it at Temple Theatre, East Jordan, one night only—Saturday, July 13th.

Her Slogan Won



Miss Marlon Boyd, seventeen, of Detroit, Mich., with the certificate which President Hoover presented to her for her winning slogan, "This is your country—beautify it." The contest was conducted by the Art Center of New York sponsored by Mrs. J. D. Rockefeller, Jr., and the prize was a trip to Washington.

Schmeling Defeats Uzcudun



Max Schmeling, young German fighter, who whipped Paulino Uzcudun in their 15-round bout at the Yankee stadium, New York.

WOW!

Senior Member—"Gosh, that new stenographer is temperamental."

Junior Member—"What's the trouble now?"

Senior Member—"She wants stationery to match her rouge."

WITH THE Co. Agr'l Agent

HAY PLOT HARVESTED

On Wednesday of last week the Alfalfa Fertilizer Demonstration Plot at the farm of David Smith, just west of Horton's Bay, was harvested by L. J. Mathews and Ward Andrews, both of the American Export Potash Corporation, who furnished the fertilizer.

This is the first cutting of hay from the five different plots, each having a different analysis of fertilizer used, but the same rate of application. The alfalfa was seeded last May with oats as a nurse crop. An excellent stand was secured in this manner.

The following results were obtained from the experiment, each plot having 425 lbs. applied per acre:

- 1st plot—0-16-0 analysis, 4060 lbs. hay per acre.
- 2nd plot—0-16-8 analysis, 5060 lbs. hay per acre.
- 3rd plot—0-16-16 analysis, 5620 lbs. hay per acre.
- 4th plot—0-16-24 analysis, 5930 lbs. hay per acre.
- 5th plot—0-16-30 analysis, 6180 lbs. hay per acre.
- 6th plot—no fertilizer analysis, 2930 lbs. hay per acre.
- 7th plot—no fertilizer analysis, 2170 lbs. hay per acre.

The important results from the experiment are that where phosphate was used alone, approximately twice as much hay was secured as where none was used, and where 0-16-30 was used approximately three times as much forage was cut. In all cases weeds such as thistles and dock were removed which gives us the actual weight of the hay itself.

This experiment will be continued for several years and no doubt some very valuable information will be secured on the proper fertilizer for alfalfa.

Five other plots are located in Michigan in different counties, so that accurate information will soon be available.

CALF CLUB MEETING

A very instructive calf club meeting was held at the farm of Clyde Smith, Charlevoix, on July 1st. All the members of dairy club work were present with the exception of one, in the entire county.

Mr. Nevels Pearson, State Dairy Club Leader was present and conducted a demonstration on fitting and showing for the Fair. He showed them how to trim off the long scraggy hair about the head, shoulders and tail which many times spoils the appearance of the animal, how to polish the horns and to trim the feet.

Secondly he explained the matter of keeping accurate records and of finishing up the project in the most approved manner.

Thirdly, a judging demonstration was conducted. The many points that indicate dairy type and production were carefully stressed by Mr. Pearson and last of all two dairy cows were judged and placed by the members themselves.

Many of the members are planning on attending the Northern Michigan Club Camp at Gaylord on the week of August 5th.

All the members are taking a very active interest in the work and the most successful year is in prospect.

RUSSELL HARRINGTON BURIED AT FLINT

Russell Alger Harrington died at the Hurley Hospital, Flint, Wednesday night, July 8th, 1929, from a complication of diseases. He was taken seriously ill the Monday previous and was removed to the hospital a few hours previous to his death.

Mr. Harrington was born at Mullett Lake, Cheboygan County, June 25th, 1890, his parents being Mr. and Mrs. William Harrington. He came with his parents to East Jordan when but a few years old and made this place his home until he reached maturity.

On Sept. 19, 1917 he was united in marriage to Miss Hazel Cummins, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Cummins of this city, at Charlevoix. Shortly after their marriage they made their home at Flint, where they continued to reside. Mr. Harrington was in the employ of the Chevrolet Motor Co., for the past 12 years.

Deceased is survived by his wife and three children—Donald, 9 years; Gilbert 7, and Barbara Jean 5. Also by his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Harrington of East Jordan; one brother, Blaine Harrington of Muskegon; and three sisters—Mrs. J. A. Caulder of Toronto, Ont.; Mrs. J. L. Pelton of Knoxville, Tenn.; and Mrs. Nellie Sweet of East Jordan.

Funeral services were held from Dodds & Dumanois Chapel, Flint, Saturday afternoon, conducted by Rev. J. H. Gliddon, pastor of Calvary M. E. Church, Flint. Burial at Sunset Hills Memorial, Flint.

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WEST SIDE

(Edited by Mrs. A. Miles.)

Mr. and Mrs. George Kaake announce the marriage of their daughter, Miss Leona Mae Kaake to Oscar Wiehelm of Flint, Friday, July 5th.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Heller and children of Chicago are here on a ten days' visit at the Weed Cottage.

Frank Kaake and daughters, Helen and Marie, and Gordon Kaake of Flint; James Gordon and Mose Zess of Detroit spent the week end at the George Kaake home.

Mrs. Leora Strong and son, Kenneth, and granddaughter, Irma, of Muskegon spent Friday afternoon with Mrs. George Kaake.

Roland Holmes and grandsons, Jack and Bobby, of Lansing spent a few days here at his home near the Park.

Howard McPherson and Lillian King of Kewadin were guests over the Fourth of Mrs. Alice Sommerville.

Mr. and Mrs. Clifford LaClair of Lansing called at the home of Mr. and Mrs. C. L. Strong, Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Kelle Miles and children, Donald and Madelon, returned to their home in Lansing, Sunday, after a visit with their parents, Mr. and Mrs. Albert Miles, and other relatives.

Miss Velma Harrington, Mrs. Floyd Hartsuff and children, Ben Patterson and Dale Baker of Lansing came the Fourth to visit Mrs. Richard Murray and other relatives and friends until Sunday.

Roy Bradshaw and Chas. Stonebreaker of Detroit came the Fourth to visit a few days at the home of the former's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Ira Bradshaw.

Miss Gladys King of Flint called on Mrs. Ira Bradshaw Friday afternoon.

Mrs. Cleo Harris of Beaver Island and Lee Hodgkin of Petoskey spent Friday afternoon at the Clyde Strong

home. Miss Margaret Carney and friend, Charles Hawkey and his brother, Gus Hawkey of Muskegon were callers at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Lanaway.

George Vance has had electric lights installed in his store, which is a great improvement.

Mr. and Mrs. Deward Clifton of Jackson, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Mackey and son, of Grand Rapids, Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Mackey and children of Traverse City, were visitors at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Ray Mackey last week.

Little Eva Bradshaw of Detroit is visiting at the home of her grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. Ira Bradshaw. Harold Reed of Lansing is home on a visit with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Elmer Reed.

Mr. and Mrs. Albert Roberts of Flint visited Friday at the home of his sister, Mr. and Mrs. Carl Moblo.

Miss Gladys King and friend, Mr. Mann, of Flint, called at the home of Mr. and Mrs. C. L. Strong, Sunday.

Roy Bradshaw and daughter, Eva, of Detroit, and Mrs. Ira Bradshaw called on Mr. and Mrs. C. L. Strong Friday evening.

Mr. and Mrs. R. C. Sommerville and son, Colon, spent the Fourth at Central Lake at the home of their daughter, Mrs. Clifford Ingalls.

Mr. and Mrs. Lon Hewitt and daughters, Edith and Dorothy, of Charlevoix spent Sunday at the home of Mr. and Mrs. R. C. Sommerville.

Harvey McPherson of Lansing spent the week end at the home of his aunt, Mrs. Alice Sommerville.

Mr. and Mrs. Hector McKinnon and children of Gaylord were dinner guests at the home of Mr. and Mrs. R. C. Sommerville.

Tuesday was the opening day at the Vance Cash Store and Mr. Vance was very much pleased with the patronage.

AFTON

Edited by Mrs. Henry Timmer.

C. C. Vaughan and Mr. Jones of Boyne City were callers at Silver Leaf Farm, Tuesday.

O. D. Smith has been working for Albert Todd the past week.

Mrs. Ida Hayner, family, and guests picnicked at Goodhart, near Petoskey, on the holiday.

Mrs. David Shepard is visiting relatives in Canada for a few weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. Barklow of Boyne City spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. Lem Henderson.

Hector Larsen of Detroit drove up with his two brothers and a friend to visit George Jaquays, Sunday. They returned Wednesday to Detroit, after some disappointed fishing trips.

Mr. and Mrs. Richard Shepard were Wilson guests last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Merritt Finch, Mrs. Henry Timmer and daughter were Sunday dinner guests at the home of Mrs. Mysie Sommerville near Central Lake, Sunday.

Miss Grace and Boyd Hudkins have been called home by the illness of their mother, Mrs. Marion Hudkins, the past three weeks.

Afton School Meeting this week was attended by a goodly number. J. L. Sutton was again elected to the office of Moderator.

Mrs. Ida Hayner returned from Southern Michigan. She was accompanied by her son, Elmer, and little Harold Hayner, who remained for the Fourth.

Mrs. Ernest Rinehart of Boyne City won the quilt which was raffled off at Deer Lake Grange Saturday night. Archie Sutton treated the members to watermelon.

Mr. and Mrs. John Hott gave a family dinner Sunday for Mr. and Mrs. Henry Hott of Indiana, who visited last week at the home of Chas. Hott.

The invitation party at Afton Grange Hall for out-of-town guests was well attended.

Miss Ruby Hardy came home from Petoskey to spend Sunday with her parents. She was accompanied on her return by Miss Louise Riedle.

Carl Moblo is working for J. Roberts during haying.

Mr. and Mrs. Roy Cook and children of Flint are visiting relatives in this vicinity, and in Boyne City.

Mrs. Arthur Metcalf is entertaining her father, John Steenberg of Detroit also her sister.

Mr. and Mrs. Albert Roberts and family of Flint visited his father, Jacob Roberts over the week end.

Miss Pauline Kelts has returned from Petoskey where she has been working the past few weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. Lester Hardy and children, and Mr. and Mrs. George Hardy spent a few days last week with relatives at Sand Lake. They returned home Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd Hott were visitors Friday at the home of his parents.

Mr. and Mrs. Blain Stitt, Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Bockner with their children, and Wm. Henderson, all of Mio, Mich., spent the Fourth at the home of L. Henderson.

A merry picnic at Whiting Park, on July 4th was held by the following west Wilsonites: Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Tate; Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Metcalf and guests, Mrs. M. Hudkins, Melvin Hudkins, Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Holland and family.

Many a young man who asks for a girl's hand deserves the father's foot.

Two men are setting out to row a boat from Boston to St. Johns. Isn't it curious how men who don't have to work like to do it?

WILSON TOWNSHIP

(Edited by Mrs. C. M. Nowland)

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Hott of Iowa visited his uncles, John and Charles Hott and other relatives in Boyne City and East Jordan.

Mr. and Mrs. Leonard Dow and son of Muskegon spent the Fourth with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Leonard Dow, returning Sunday.

Mike Slack is quite ill with the quinsy.

Mr. and Mrs. Ervin Hoy and family of Grand Rapids were Sunday callers of Mr. and Mrs. Victor Peck.

Alfred Raymond left Tuesday for Cleveland, Ohio to seek employment. His wife is spending this week at the home of his parents in Wilson.

Mr. and Mrs. Will Crawford and son, Wellington, and bride of Muskegon drove up the Fourth and spent a few days with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Tom Shepard, also called on her sister, Mrs. Joe Leu and family, Friday evening.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Behling and family spent Thursday evening at the home of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Fred Stenke near Ellsworth. Miss Helen stayed for a week's visit with her grandparents.

A large number from here spent the Fourth in Charlevoix.

The Lutheran Ladies Aid meet at the Wilson Church next Sunday afternoon to plan on the Mission Festival to be held in the near future.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Walter of Lansing visited Friday and Saturday at the homes of her sons, Roland Danforth Cushman and Bert Danforth.

Mr. and Mrs. Ed. Nowland visited at the home of his cousin, Mr. and Mrs. Ben Nowland of Charlevoix, Tuesday.

Mrs. Eugene Raymond and daughter, Miss Nellie were Sunday callers of Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Williams of Jordan Township.

Newwilles and relatives had a picnic dinner July 4th at the Frank Russ farm in Pleasant Valley.

Mr. and Mrs. Roy Church of Evert called on the E. Raymond family one day last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Emerson Collins and son, Richard and wife, of Inkster, drove up Wednesday and spent the rest of the week with their parents, Mr. and Mrs. Albert Nowland, and Mr. and Mrs. John Collins of Rock Elm, and other relatives.

Miss Sidney Lumley and Mrs. Bert Lumley spent one day last week at the Charles Murphy home in Ranney District.

Mr. and Mrs. Lewis Trojanek and sons of Jordan Township, Miss Esther and Ed. Shepard were Sunday visitors of Mr. and Mrs. S. R. Nowland.

Mr. and Mrs. Harold Weeks of Detroit who were up over the Fourth at her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Ramsey Wells of Three Bells Dist., took supper Friday evening with her cousin, Mrs. Ray Nowland.

PLEASANT HILL

(Edited by Anson Hayward)

The Rawleigh man was through the neighborhood, Thursday.

Mrs. Ruth Taylor and Mrs. Batterbee called on Mrs. Joe Ruckle Sunday night.

Mr. and Mrs. Joe Gaunt and two sons, Frank and Walter, visited her son and family, Mr. and Mrs. Joe Ruckle, Sunday.

Joe and Harold Scott called on their uncle and aunt, Mr. and Mrs. Anson Hayward, Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. David Newcomb of Traverse City visited his niece, Mrs. Anson Hayward from Saturday to Monday.

Mrs. Edith Bennett and children of Detroit will spend a few weeks with her mother and father, Mr. and Mrs. H. Kidder.

Mr. and Mrs. David Newcomb of Traverse City visited his nephew, Henry VanDeventer, also his sister, Mrs. Hockin, Friday.

Henry VanDeventer called on Anson Hayward Tuesday night.

Eveline Orchard Resort

Prof. Francis G. Blair of Springfield, Ill., Mrs. Blair and Mr. Livingston L. Blair have opened their cottage for the summer. Professor Blair is State Superintendent of Public Instruction. He came to East Jordan direct from Atlanta, Georgia, where he attended the annual session of the National Education Association, of which he was President in 1927-28.

Misses Winifred and Julia Gettemy spent the Fourth with friends at Bay View.

Miss Ruth Clark of East Jordan is staying at the Blair cottage.

Among the recent arrivals here are—Alfred H. Perrin, of the Second National Bank, Saginaw, Mrs. Perrin, Miss Frances Perrin and Master Robert Perrin; Mrs. Philip Spalding and two children, and maid, of Grand Rapids; W. O. Fitch, Lafayette, Ind., Mrs. Fitch and Miss Mildred Fitch. Mr. Fitch is State Superintendent of Farmers' Institutes.

Sault Ste. Marie—One of the country's most successful bird banders hails from the Soo. He is M. J. Magee, who during 1928 banded 1,985 individual birds. Included in this number were 1,283 purple finches, a bird rarely seen down here. Since 1921, when Mr. Magee first started banding operations, he has handled over 11,000 birds. From this work 941 bands have been returned to Washington that were recovered from birds banded by him that had been killed or found dead.

PENINSULA

(Edited by Mrs. E. Hayden)

Miss Gladys Hitchcock of Flint spent Saturday with her cousin, Mrs. F. K. Hayden and family at Orchard Hill.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Suess of Alton, Ill., and Mr. and Mrs. Elmer Suess and son, Gene, of Grand Rapids arrived Monday evening for a visit with Mr. and Mrs. Elmer Faust at Mountain Ash farm.

At the annual school meeting of Star Dist., Chas. Healey was re-elected to succeed himself as Moderator.

Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Hyde and family of Battle Creek visited her brother Clarence Johnston and family last week from Friday to Monday.

Nelson Brush and son, Robert of Chicago visited the Clarence Johnston home Monday of last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Will Gaunt and family of Knoll Crest, and Mr. and Mrs. Robert Myers were Sunday evening guests of Mr. and Mrs. David Gaunt.

Mr. and Mrs. Edwin Sweet and son of Detroit are visiting Mr. and Mrs. Ray Loomis and family at Gravel Hill south side, and other relatives for two weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Kerry and son of Detroit, and Mr. and Mrs. Robert Gunsolus of Chaddock Dist., called at the Fred Wurn home Thursday.

Fred Wurn is quite indisposed with a stiff neck.

Mr. and Mrs. Elwood Cyr and son, and Mr. and Mrs. Walter Wurn of Boyne City spent Sunday with their parents, Mr. and Mrs. Fred Wurn.

Ora Crow, who has been working for Fred Wurn for several months had the misfortune to have a heavy timber in the barn fall on his foot, Thursday, laying him up for some time. He went to his home in Boyne City.

Mrs. Boll and son, Billie, of Cleveland, Ohio now occupy the Will McGregor tent at Hayden Park. While cutting wood around camp Saturday, Billy had the misfortune to cut his foot severely. Mr. McGregor took him to Boyne City, where the wound was sewed up, requiring five stitches. He is doing nicely.

Mr. and Mrs. Fineout of near Wildwood Harbor celebrated their Golden Wedding at Whiting Park, July 4th. About 75 relatives and friends joined

them with a picnic dinner. Mr. McDonald of Detroit is spending his summer vacation with his aunt Mrs. Will McGregor at Hayden cottage.

Miss Ella Papineau returned to her home in Boyne City, after spending a week with her sister, Mrs. Orval Bennett and family.

Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Sill returned to their home in Birmingham, Sunday, after spending some time with Mrs. C. A. Crane at Cedar Lodge.

Mr. and Mrs. Geo. McNearney returned to their home at Ferndale, Sunday, after spending some time with Mrs. C. A. Crane at Cedar Lodge.

Mr. and Mrs. Curtis and daughter, Shirley, of Toledo, Ohio, now occupy Cedarhurst cottage, property of Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Crane.

C. A. Crane and daughter, Mrs. Wm. Little and little son arrived Saturday and will spend the remainder of the summer at Cedar Lodge.

Johnny Healey and a friend, Miss Ferris, of Muskegon arrived by motor Sunday to spend some time with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Healey at Willow Brook farm.

Mr. and Mrs. Ed. Looze of Flint spent the Fourth with her brother, Charles Healey and family at Willow Brook farm.

Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Healey and family of East Jordan were guests of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Healey at Willow Brook farm, the Fourth.

Gilbert Looze of Flint called at the Charles Healey home, Wednesday.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Dow of Kissingee Fla., Neil Dow of Flint, Mrs. Ruth Hartly of Akron, Ohio, Leon Dow and Mr. Hall of Muskegon, and Leonard Dow of Advance were guests of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Healey at Willow Brook farm, Friday.

Lawrence Bennett and family, and Mrs. Nellie Evens of Flint arrived by motor, Friday morning and visited their parents, Mr. and Mrs. Joel Bennett at Honey Slope farm until Sunday afternoon.

The Misses Alfreda and Ellen Reich of Lone Ash farm have secured positions at the Mac's tea room in Petoskey, and went Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Faust and nephew, Jerome Faust, returned to their home in Detroit, Friday, after spending a week with Mr. and Mrs. Daniel Faust, and Mr. and Mrs. Elmer Faust and family at Mountain Ash farm.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Faust and Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Faust and Mr.

and Mrs. Daniel Faust made a motor trip to East Jordan, Charlevoix and Petoskey, Wednesday.

Mr. and Mrs. Jay Bailey and family arrived Wednesday evening to spend a few days with Mr. and Mrs. Daniel Faust, and at Bay Shore. Friday the two families motored to Bay Shore and spent the day. The Baileys returned to Detroit Sunday afternoon.

Mr. and Mrs. Earl Edwards motored up from Detroit Wednesday night and spent Thursday with Mr. and Mrs. Daniel Faust. From there they motored to Hillman to visit Mr. Edward's father, who is very ill.

Mr. and Mrs. T. J. Hitchcock and son, Burton, motored up from Lansing Wednesday night, arriving at Orchard Hill in time for breakfast with their daughter, Mrs. F. K. Hayden and family.

Mr. and Mrs. Derby A. Hayden and son, Junior, and Cash Hayden motored up from Grand Rapids Wednesday night, arriving at Orchard Hill in time for breakfast July 4th, they returned to Grand Rapids, Sunday.

A very enjoyable affair was the picnic at the A. Reich farm, Lone Ash Bunker Hill, south side, July 4th. Those present were the A. Reich family, 13 in number, Charles, Eula and Leslie Arnott of Maple Row farm; Archie Bedell of Central Lake; Mrs. Bessie Newson and son, George, and Mr. and Mrs. John Cablor and Harold Plank, Petoskey; Mr. and Mrs. Will Faust and Jerome Faust of Detroit;

Mr. and Mrs. Derby A. Hayden and son, Junior, and Cash Hayden, Grand Rapids; George Jarman, Mrs. Mercy Woerful with son, George and daughter, Phyllis, of Gravel Hill; Joe Perry Advance; Mr. and Mrs. Elmer Faust and three children of Mountain Ash farm; the Edwards family; Mr. and Mrs. T. J. Hitchcock and son, Burton of Lansing; Mr. and Mrs. F. K. Hayden and two children, and Mrs. J. W. Hayden and son, Robert, of Orchard Hill—48 in all. Two long tables just loaded with good eats to which all did ample justice.

The continued rainy weather greatly retarded the haying. There is a great many tons of hay out.

Similar Effects

Gloria—I wonder why they use "moonshine" as a name for liquor?
Louise—I suppose it's because people do such rash things while under the influence of it.

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. Ter cents extra per insertion if charged.

HELP WANTED

WANTED—Ladies at once in East Jordan and vicinity to call on customers during Special Sale. Earnings \$25.00 a week and bonus. Experience not as essential as willingness to work. Write or call 707 Building & Loan Bldg., Grand Rapids, Mich. 28-1

WANTED

WANTED—A few SHEEP. Will turn in a handy Ford "pick-up" and some cash. See W. A. LOVE-DAY, East Jordan. 28-2

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

FOR SALE—REAL ESTATE

WILL TRADE—\$750 LOT in Lansing for East Jordan property of equal value. Inquire of MRS. E. E. SCOFIELD, Phone 247, East Jordan. 28-1

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—Wagon, double box and seat, \$20; Plow, \$5; McCormick Mowing Machine, \$25; Emery Grinder.—ARTHUR METCALF, R. 4, East Jordan. 27x3

HAY FOR SALE—About 30 acres in the field, or will cut on shares.—ABRAM W. CARSON, Phone 166-F5. 28x1

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

REPAIRS—You can get Repairs for any Stove, Range, Engines, Cars, Sewing Machines, Cream Separator, Plow, or any Farm Machinery at C. J. MALPASS HDWE. CO. 10-t.2

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EVERY day, for twenty-four hours, Goodyear's tire-testing cars race along the roadways of America.

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Some of them are big cars, some small; some cruise in Ohio, some in Florida, some in Arizona and New Mexico, some on the Pacific Coast.

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WHEN you buy a Tire, ask yourself if it has this background—this insurance of brilliant and economical performance that is a part of every Goodyear Tire.

We will demonstrate to you the superior traction of Goodyear Treads and the greater vitality in Supertwist Cord.

East Jordan Co-operative ASSOCIATION

State News in Brief

Grand Haven—Jack Miller, 17-year-old son of Albert Miller, was drowned in Spring Lake while swimming.

Milford—For the first time in years a death was caused here by a runaway team when Robert Campbell, 65 years old, Milford, died at the Milford General hospital of injuries suffered when he was pitched to the street as a team ran away.

Custer—Perry Jenks, 54 years old, prominent Custer farmer, was killed in an automobile accident near Chicago. Mrs. Jenks and a daughter, Elsie, 15, were seriously injured and are in a Chicago hospital. The family was returning home from a six-weeks' vacation.

Manistee—James Ryan, 24 years old, escaped jail here by unscrewing the nuts from the bolts to the County Jail door. He carried the nuts away with him. Ryan was arrested May 27 after the entire police force and several members of the fire department were summoned to overpower him. He was sentenced for 90 days for intoxication.

Holland—Hazel Bonzelaar, 4-year-old daughter of Harry Bonzelaar, of East Saugatuck, is dead of burns received in a gasoline explosion. Her father was filling the tank of a machine with gasoline, while the motor was running. The gasoline exploded and Bonzelaar threw the can from a window and struck the child, who instantly was enveloped in flames.

Lansing—An increase of \$2,848,169 in weight tax receipts from Jan. 1 to June 30, 1929, over figures for the same period last year, was announced by the secretary of state. The increase in registered motor vehicles is 153,262. The report stated that \$19,977,153 has been received during the first six months of 1929 to compare with \$17,128,984 last year. There are 1,292,551 autos registered.

Luther—Merchants closed their stores recently to give aid in fighting a fire endangering the business section. As many as 15 fires were caused at one time by sparks carried from the home of Roger Fairbanks, which was destroyed, and from the home of Clyde Streeter, father of eight children, which was damaged. The state fire truck was brought from Baldwin to aid in extinguishing the blaze.

Iron River—By displaying his courtesy and respect to two women, John Kondra, 7 years old, almost lost his life by drowning. The little boy was crossing a bridge and stepped aside to allow the women to pass, and at the same time bowed to them. He stepped aside too far, however, and plunged into the river. A passerby jumped into the water and saved the boy after the swift current had taken him down stream 100 yards.

Pontiac—A 50 cent bet cost Fred W. Gaskins, 28, his life, according to police. Gaskins was fishing with Clyde Weldeman, in Morgan Lake. He wagered Weldeman 50 cents he could hit a cork bobber with the .22 rifle he had with him. He stood up to aim but lost his balance when he fired. The boat overturned. Weldeman clung to the boat until rescued but Gaskins made an attempt to swim to shore. The body was recovered.

Lansing—An appropriation of \$38,750 for Mackinac Island state park, made by the legislature two years ago, was saved for future use at a special meeting of the administrative board. The board made the money available for improvements to land and buildings. All appropriations of the 1927 legislature, which have not been made available before July 1, automatically revert to the general fund as a new fiscal year begins July 1.

Harrison—Does a partridge swim? Yes, indeed, says John C. Briggs, conservation officer at Clare. Several days ago Briggs flushed a young grouse which lit in a small pool a rod square. "It swam to shore like a duck, shook itself off and ran into the grass and hid," Briggs added. "Furthermore, it seemed to enjoy the experience." Many big broods of young birds are found in the area surrounding Harrison, the conservation officer revealed.

Ithaca—A walking trip around the world has been begun by Clare Wiedmaier, 19 years old, of Slaterville Springs, who started recently from his home on the first lap of his long journey. He has had experience in hiking, having when only 17 years old, completed a trip on foot across the continent without mishap. The year before he made his first venture as a long-distance pedestrian, traveling through New York State. Wiedmaier will walk to San Francisco where he will board a steamer for Australia. From there he will go to Asia and on his trip through Europe will visit 14 countries.

Ishpeming—Henry Ford has taken membership in the Huron Mountain Club, an exclusive Upper Peninsula outdoor organization with extensive holdings in the salmon trout river country on Lake Superior 40 miles from Marquette. Membership is made up of Detroit and Chicago people and there are 40 cottages on the lands with a central clubhouse. Mr. Ford became impressed with the Huron Mountain Club when he was on a vacation trip here in company with Thomas A. Edison and Harvey Firestone.

ON BEING WELL

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

So many things we take for granted in life—regular food, clothing, health

—and taking them for granted, we very seldom feel any sense of thankfulness or appreciation of these things which are regularly ours. I have seldom ever been hungry excepting for an hour or two in my life. I have always had adequate clothing, though at times I have wished it were more elegant or of greater variety, and as for illness, there has never been a time in my life when I was considered seriously ill. I've had aches and pains and an occasional ache or pain for a day or two, and that is as much as I know about real illness. I come and go as most of you do, never giving much consideration as to how I feel, what I shall eat or what I shall drink or where withal I shall be clothed. These things have never been matters to require serious consideration.

But not all people are so lucky. Sam has been lying in a hospital at most ever since I came to know him four years ago. He is an ambitious young fellow, who had every likelihood of doing something worth while until disease got a grip on him and sent him to bed where he has been lying all these months. He has a good prospect of some day being well, but no one knows exactly when. It will take time and patience and self-sacrifice on his part. Until health comes he must lie quietly and take things as they come, and amuse himself as he may. There is little he can do.

His bed is by an open window, and the view outside is a very restricted one. A road passes near by obscured by shrubbery, but occasionally he can see a motor car scurrying by or a pedestrian moving slowly along the road as he himself longs to do. The strip of lawn in view of his window grows green in the spring—flowers are planted in the small beds scattered about and gladden his eye with their color. The grass grows brown and dead as winter comes on; snow covers the ground at intervals, and all the time Sam is lying looking out upon this circumscribed scene. He has been a very active boy, too, before his illness. He has memories of athletic games in which he excelled, of long walks along pleasant shady roads, of cantering over the prairies on horseback, and these recollections make his enforced imprisonment the more galling.

He would be happier sometimes, he thinks, if he were alone with a few games and a book or two and his own thoughts, but he is surrounded by people not of his own choosing or of his own tastes. Twenty-four hours a day, seven days in the week, three hundred and sixty-five days in the year—the same people shut in as he is. How they can keep from hating each other I cannot see.

It's a wonderful thing to be well!
(© 1929 Western Newspaper Union.)

Colorful Suit



Here is a colorful suit of gray and rose. The tunic is sleeveless and fashioned in a circular style in the gray silk. The short jacket shows a printed scarf, while a rose here and there carries out the color of the suit.

Explanation

Ted—Did she marry him for his money?
Louise—Well, she said she would not marry a man for his riches, but she might not marry him if he was poor.

MILES DISTRICT

(Edited by Mrs. E. Miles)

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Cummings of Chicago visited the past week with Mr. and Mrs. Fred Bancroft, also visited friends and relatives in Boyne City, Charlevoix and other nearby towns.

Mr. and Mrs. Roy Houston and Ray Lang of Detroit spent the Fourth at the home of B. Evans, returning Sunday.

Henry Steenhagen has employment in Charlevoix, as meat cutter.

Mr. and Mrs. Ernest St. Charles and Ed. St. Charles of Pontiac returned Sunday, after spending a few days with Mrs. F. LaLonde and family.

Mrs. Chris Peterson and children left Saturday for the Soo, after visiting a few days with her sister, Mrs. E. Miles.

Alfred Raymond left for Cleveland, Ohio, where he has employment. Mrs. Raymond will remain a few days visiting friends and relatives before leaving.

Josie Jensen received a broken wrist while cranking her car, Sunday. Mr. and Mrs. Xelle Miles and children left for Lansing, Sunday, after visiting at E. Miles home and other relatives and friends.

Mrs. Mary Clark, who has spent the past several months in Southern Michigan, returned last week to spend the summer at her home. Mrs. Elmer Fowler and children of Detroit and

Lewis Fowler of Atlanta, Mich., are visiting her for a few days. Mrs. Clark received slight injuries while enroute, when the car in which she was riding collided with another car and upset. Mrs. E. Fowler and children received no injuries. After a few hours delay in Saginaw waiting for repairs, they completed the remainder of their journey.

Mr. and Mrs. Lynn Evans and children of East Jordan; Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Cummings of Chicago; Mr. and Mrs. H. Lindenau of Boyne City and Mr. and Mrs. Fred Bancroft were dinner guests of Mr. and Mrs. B. Evans, Sunday.

Frank and Mike Addis were visitors in Boyne Falls, Friday.

Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence Addis visited Mr. and Mrs. Tony Zoulek in Rock Elm, Thursday. Mr. and Mrs. Tony Zoulek are living in Muskegon, but were called home by the death of his brother.

Bert Mullen of Traverse City spent Sunday night at the Frank Addis home.

Mr. and Mrs. Lewis Zoulek were dinner guests of Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence Addis, Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. John Wieland of Ellsworth spent Sunday with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. G. Steenhagen and family.

Mr. and Mrs. Staghuis and children of Grand Rapids are visiting at the G. Steenhagen home.

JORDAN TOWNSHIP

(Edited by Agnes Stanek and Miriam Gould.)

Leon Cornell and Miss Evelyn Mitchell of Lansing were here visiting at Earle Gould's home last week.

Mr. and Mrs. John Cornell returned to their home in Lansing, Sunday, accompanied by his father, Mr. Cornell of Cheboygan, and Mr. and Mrs. Fred LaLonde and family.

Mr. and Mrs. Earle Gould and family visited at Clifford Justices at Ellsworth Sunday afternoon.

Sherwood, Elgie and Lionel Pinney and their wives of Flint, camped at the Pinney Bridge over the week end. Mr. and Mrs. Merle Gould and family came up from Lansing Wednesday evening and are visiting at the home of Jack Craig and family.

Mr. and Mrs. Earle Gould and family called on Mrs. Carl Brown and family Tuesday evening.

The Fred Hancy family visited at Joseph Chanda's Sunday.

Miss Ruby Boyer visited at Brickers over the week end.

John Swoboda has returned from California to visit friends and relatives in this community.

Misses Ella and Lucille Sweet visited at the Bowers home and attended the social at the Bricker church.

Mrs. Andrew Matelski visited at the home of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Edd. Swoboda, Tuesday.

Joseph Votruba of Cleveland visit-

ed his sister, Mrs. James Davis Monday.

Jake Carpenter and brother, John, of Detroit spent a few days visiting Walter Bowers and family.

Mr. and Mrs. Anthony Josefek and son, Ralph, of Muskegon, spent a few days at their farm, returning Saturday, July 6th.

Perfect

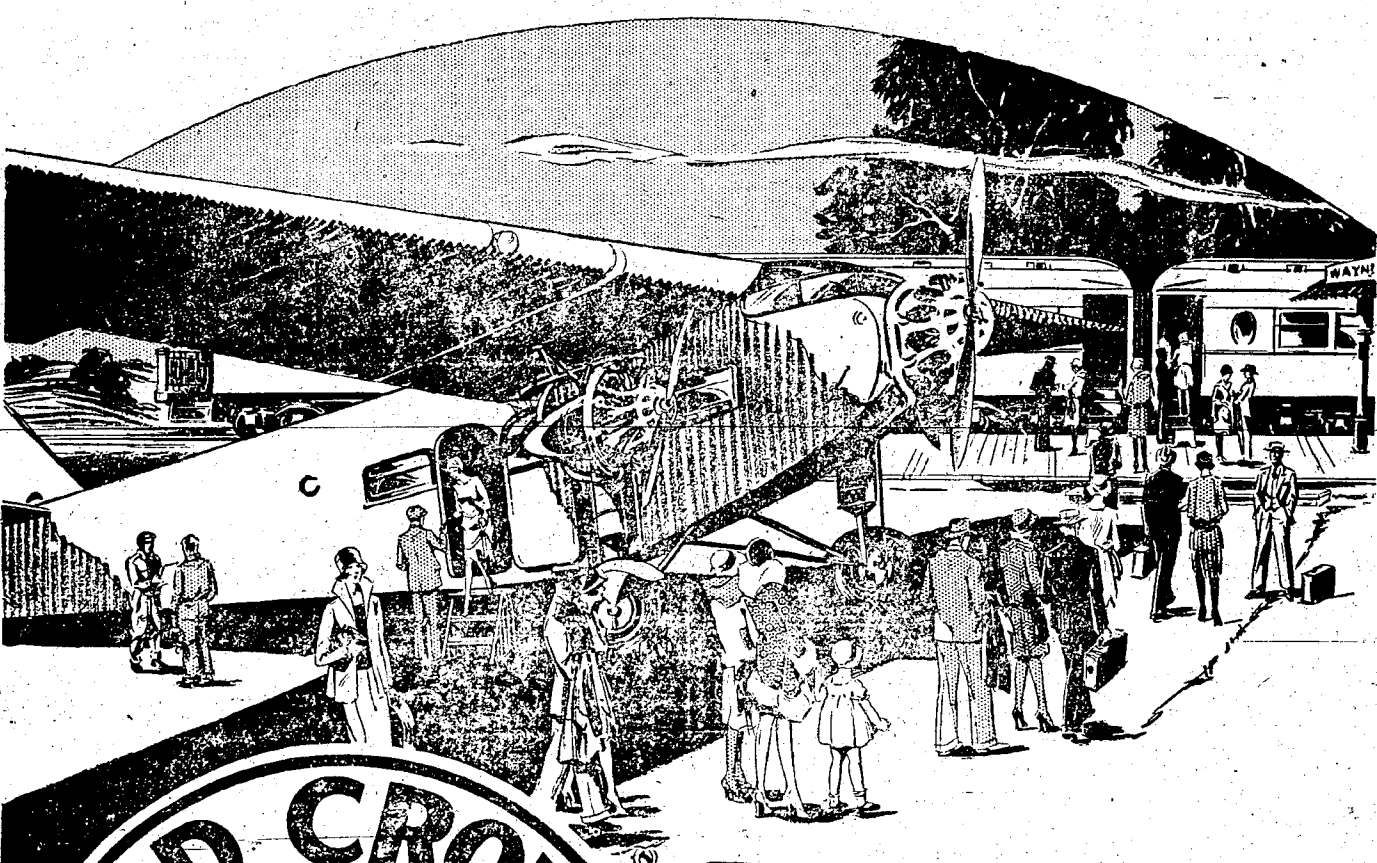
Traffic Cop—Hey! Why did you stop when the green light went on?
Sweet Thing—My new dress—it's just the shade I've been looking for.

He Knew

Hazel—I'm sorry, Bill, but I can't return your ring.
Bill—All right. Just give me the ticket.

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 magic" in restoring her health. "No secret at all!" she says, "Just common sense. I saw Foley's Pills advertised and began taking them. Now, after fifteen years of suffering from kidney trouble I feel just fine and am active and happy." When worn out with kidney and bladder weakness, appressed with backache and rheumatic stiffness, take Foley's Pills diuretic. Guaranteed. Hite's Drug Co. adv.



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MICHIGAN

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HATE

By
**Arthur D.
Howden Smith**

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ARTHUR D. HOWDEN SMITH
WNU Service

(Continued)

"The cabin stores key."
"Oh!" Chater cracked his finger-knuckles abstractedly, peering from his mate to the Badger's captain. "Well, jest bang it on the hook there. That'll be all, Mr. Fellowes."
Miss Inglepin looked away as Fellowes strode across the narrow floor, but Collishawe eyed him alertly. "I've seen you in New York, haven't I?" Collishawe asked Fellowes, who replied, with a shrug:
"Very likely, Captain. I remember having seen you."
"Ah! Be so good as to shut the companionway door after you."
Fellowes tramped out. What were they up to in the cabin? He recalled Car's conversation with Wellington. Was the True Bounty a medium for conveying intelligence of treasonable plots to the enemy?
Against the evidence accusatory he balanced his conviction of Car's essential honesty, and not least, her fervid plea the night before. And he mustn't let jealousy of another man dye his opinions, he realized.
Perhaps half an hour passed, when the cabin door banged open, and Collishawe stepped out, Chater at his heels.
"Very good, Captain," the Englishman said in response to a remark Fellowes missed. "Please tell Miss Car I'm sorry she was obliged to leave us. And I shall have to ask you to muster your crew. Very strict orders, y' know. Admiral instructs me to seize every British subject in enemy vessels."
"Well, naow, sir, jest ye cast your eye over the men," whimpered Chater. "Good, honest Federalists, every man jack o' 'em, New Englanders, except a couple of lads out of Long Island."
"What about your officers?" Collishawe spun on his heel, and looked straight at Fellowes. "You, sirrah! I told you in the cabin I had seen you before. Your name is Fellowes, ain't it?"
"Yes, Captain," Fellowes answered quietly.
"Born in London, weren't you?"
"My father was—"
"Born in London?"
"My parents were in London because—"
"Went to Eton, eh?"
"Yes, but I don't see—"
Collishawe strode over to the gangway.
"A couple of you men up here," he called down to his boat's crew. And then, over his shoulder to Chater: "I'll have to press this man. British born, and not of the type we can encourage in dishabity."
"But I am an American citizen," Fellowes protested. "My father was consul—"
Collishawe ignored him.
"Bundle this feller overside," he directed, the two bluejackets who had swarmed the gangway.
The bluejackets had seized Fellowes by either arm, and he tried to wrench out of their grip.
"Captain," he appealed to Chater. "You'll never submit to this! It's barefaced kidnaping!"
Chater cracked his knuckles loudly, his sly twinkle belying the mournful droop assumed by his nut-cracker features.
"Don't, for marcy's sake, go and fight, Fellowes," he begged. "T'won't do ye no good." He addressed Collishawe directly: "I encleat ye kind of misunderstand. Captain. Y' knowed Fellowes for years. His father was in London—"
"Immaterial to me what fetched his father to London," snapped Collishawe. "He's British-born. Get on with him, men."
Fellowes began to struggle, but the two husky bluejackets pinned his hands behind his back. One of them snatched a loose coil of rope from the deck, and slipped a loop-around his waist.

Fellowes was dumfounded, dazed by the suddenness of the injustice which had overtaken him. A whip was lowered from the yardarm of the Badger, and he was slung through the air as casually as so much merchandise. Collishawe, who followed him by way of the Jacob's ladder, was equally casual in manner.
"Slack off this man's bonds, Mr. Curry—" to an officer, who held a spy glass under his arm—"have that quarter-bow hauled aboard, and make sail for our station. Boston! Clinch! Where's Clinch?"
"Aye, aye, sir!" A stalwart, bearded sailor, with a jagged scar across one cheek, rolled up, tugging at his forelock.
"Have this man mustered in—ah! seaman—draw clothing for him."
But Fellowes turned desperately to Collishawe.
"Look here, Captain," he exclaimed. "You've made a mistake. I'm not a British subject—"
"Born in London, weren't you?"
"Yes, but my father and mother both were American citizens. My father was our consul."
"Humph! Don't think that lets you off. However—Humph! Got your press protection?"
"Press protection?" Fellowes repeated thickly. "No! Why should I carry one? I'm an American citizen, I tell you—and no common sailor, into the bargain. I hold master's papers."
Collishawe eyed him coldly.
"Makes it worse for you. A native-born Englishman shipping with the enemy! Might be excusable if you were an ignorant feller, didn't know any better. Humph! Some captains would flog you on general principles."
A red mist swirled in front of Fellowes' eyes.
"If I'd had a weapon, you wouldn't have taken me," he snarled. "You trapped me, didn't you? That cur Chater put you up to it—he was afraid I understood his plotting!"
"That will do. Another word, and you'll go in irons."
Something exploded in Fellowes' brain. It wasn't only Chater who had betrayed him. Car! He choked.
"If you don't like words, try this," he gasped, and his fist shot up to Collishawe's jaw.
The Englishman pitched backward, long limbs asprawl, as Clinch and half a dozen more bluejackets closed in on Fellowes. Something like a grunt went up from the awestruck crew of the Badger. Collishawe lurched on to his feet. There was a puzzled look in the eyes of the Badger's captain, an expression almost of uncertainty.
"Easy with him," he directed Clinch. "Don't maul him. Here! Stand him up." And as Fellowes was dragged erect, cursing and fighting with all his strength: "Why on earth did you do that, man? 'Tis mutiny to strike your officer."
"You know why? 'Crimpin' Collishawe, that's what they call you! You didn't even press me like an honest Englishman. No, you cramped me like any lick-spittle, pot-house shipping-agent. To clear the road for yourself!"
Collishawe met Fellowes' glance squarely, and so they fronted one another for several breaths.
"I should have liked to ignore your offense," Collishawe said finally. "You seem to labor under a misapprehension—"
"Oh, no," mocked Fellowes. "I know what you're up to—trying to cover the tracks of a pair of traitors!"
Collishawe's hands clinched tightly. "You misapprehend me," he repeated. "I regret I cannot—but discipline must be maintained. Clinch, this man is to have fifty lashes—at once."
Fellowes went limp in his captors' grasp. A clammy sweat dewed his face, sweat brewed by a volcanic gust of hate that rocked him to the soul. His eyes glittered insanely. His voice came hoarsely:
"I'll kill you. Wherever you go, however long it takes to run you down, I'll kill you, Collishawe."
"Give him an hundred lashes, Clinch," Collishawe answered bleakly. He turned and strode aft, ignoring Fellowes' silent resumption of the struggle with Clinch's assistants.
"Easy all, lad," admonished the bosun. "If the cap'n doubles your ration again ye ain't likely to worrit much over your troubles. A hundred lashes is fair-nasty. But call yerself lucky, at that. Yer the first man I ever seed strike an officer, and live!"
"The dog," croaked Fellowes. "I'll kill him!"
"Oh, no, ye won't, me lad! 'Not arfter a hundred lashes. Now, then, what's the use o' fightin' us? We're



"The Dog," Croaked Fellowes, "I'll Kill Him!"

only adoin' of our dlooty. 'Ere strip 'im, a couple of ye."
It occurred to Fellowes, as the rough hands of the sailors paved his garments, that to continue resistance meant only add further to his indignities. Whatever he did, his punishment would be administered. He must suffer. Very well, he'd suffer silently. Better so. He'd not squander in idle resistance the energy which should feed the fires of hatred burning now in his heart with a high, relentless flame. Hate! He'd hate so long as life pulsed in him. He'd hate unwaveringly, consumingly, with all the power of his spirit, each one of the group who had brought him to this pass—Collishawe, Chater, Car, Inglepin and the father who had begotten her. He'd spend his life, his money, his strength, in revengeing himself upon them one and all. But most of all upon her!
Something welled-up in his throat, and he felt a stinging in his eyes.
"Cryin', eh?" Clinch rumbled in his ear. "All right, lad. Let 'er drip. I've seen stouter men aweepin' like babies under the eat."
Fellowes shook the tears from his eyelids.
"The Englishman doesn't live can make me cry," he answered grimly. "Get on with your duty, you called it? I shan't resist you."
"That's the proper spirit! 'Ere ye are, now—and over yer 'ead—and a turn 'round the wrists. 'Urd' ye? It hadn't oughter be tight—ye'll wiggle main 'ard when Kitty starts to kiss ye, lad."
The red mist, with the salty moisture, had cleared from Fellowes' eyes. He was conscious of weariness, mental and physical; yet his body had acquired a peculiar lightness. Around him on the deck were grouped scores of sailors, an inhuman similarity in the ring of tanned faces and muscular bodies, all wearing the identical blue uniform. His watchers might have been hewed from a single pattern—except for two, who stood together a short distance forward of the mast. He observed this pair particularly because one of them was a negro, a giant of a man. The negro's companion was equally ugly, very short, monstrously broad, with comical, bowed legs and long, apellike arms.
Of all those on the Badger's deck this pair were the most brutal in appearance, ostensibly the most debased; but in some unexplainable way they imparted to him a message of sympathy. Their eyes signaled encouragement in his ordeal, and he felt mysteriously heartened. He saw, without trembling, Clinch striding aft, stripped to the waist like himself, in one gaunt fist a short stock of wood from which depended nine knotty chunks of brown rope. He saw the officer of the deck, Mr. Curry, move nearer, aversion plain in his testy attitude. Then, out of the tail of his eye, he saw Clinch step back, with a loud: "Ready, lad! This is the count sir—One!"
To save himself, he could not help flinching from the nine simultaneous bites of the cat. He strained in toward the mast, arching up on his toes, and as he raised himself to the limit of his height he saw outboard above the bulwarks the True Bounty bearing away on the opposite tack, one superb tower of canvas leaning to the pressure of the wind. Then he had sunk back upon the balls of his feet, and Clinch's crisp "Two" preceded the whistle of the lashes cutting into welts the first blow had raised, but this time he managed to keep from flinching. God, how he hated her!
"Three!" he lashes coiled lovingly around his flanks, criss-crossing the welts, drumming on his ribs, flicking the hair out by the roots. "Four!" Fire burned all over his back and sides, and reached to his belly. His body quivered under the agony of it. But inside him burned a fiercer fire. He raised his head indomitably, and rasped over one shoulder at Clinch: "Why don't you hit hard, man?"
Clinch paused in the midst of a blow, almost abashed.
"And?" he echoed. "Don't be asty, lad. 'Ere's five—and ninety-five to come."
"No talking," called Mr. Curry. Fellowes huddled closer to the mast, bracing himself to the shock of the lashes. Presently he tasted the salty moisture again on his lips, and licked them with his tongue. He mustn't cry. Mustn't give this d—n Britisher the satisfaction of it. But the beads to wasn't tears. It was blood. At the

next blow he saw it spurring over his shoulders. The red pulbit of the mast was decked with it. He glanced down and saw specks of blood on the clean white deck.
He laughed.
"Butcher Collishawe they'll call him after this," he said in a tired voice that was distinct in the oppressive silence.
"Thirty-five," counted Clinch. "Thirty-six, thirty-seven, thirty-eight."
Fellowes was one broil of agony from his loins to his shoulders. He lay along the butt of the mast, hanging limp from his fettered wrists. For a while the strain on his arms had hurt him. Now, it was simply one part of the complicated torment that was his being. His hearing had gone with his sense of sight. He didn't know when it was that the count of "Fifty!" tolled, and Clinch's voice boomed at his ear:
"I've ear me, lad? Ye can take yer 'ther fifty later. We'll have the surgeon up for ye. Yer back's cut to pieces."
"Go on," croaked Fellowes, forcing open bloodshot eyes. "Kill me if you can. That's what he wants."
Mr. Curry's voice was fretful.
"If the man insists, you'll have to go ahead, Clinch. Here, fetch him a pan at 'righ' one of you."
A new voice pierced Fellowes' dwindling consciousness, a soft, plaintive voice, almost womanish in its husky musical quality:
"Yah, marse! Cuffee got him rum, Fellowes felt the rim of a pannikin at his swollen lips, and sucked thirstily. The raw stuff burned his swollen throat, and he coughed—and every muscle in his torso throbbled and steebled. He throated a groan.
"More," he pleaded.
"Ye'll git it, friend," promised another new voice. "This here's Tom Grogan, of Phillydelphy, P. A. I'm astandin' by, along of my nigger 'Cuffee, here. Easy, does it! That's 'uff."
Gradually, Fellowes rallied under the stimulant. "Thanks," he mused to say.
Mr. Curry shouted testily:
"If he won't have his punishment postponed you'll have to resume, Clinch."
"Aye, aye, sir," Clinch acknowledged reluctantly. "Ready, lad."
Fellowes tried to smile, but all he could contrive was a crooked grin.
"Ready," he assented. "And I want you to finish the hundred. Understand? Finish!"
"Fifty-one!" counted the bosun.
Fellowes groaned as the dripping cat slashed into the pulp of his back, but he straightened by a mighty effort of will, and the following blows drew no sound from him. At the seventy-sixth he sagged limp, hanging from his tortured wrists. He revived with salt water sluicing over his head, smarting in the wounds that furrowed him. He felt as if he were dying under the reiteration of the lash, and before long a numbness assailed him. A rather pleasant numbness. He was aware distinctly of another deluge of water, of voices arguing, of a recurrent nervous shock. And at last oblivion relieved him.

CHAPTER IV Tom Grogan and Cuffee Cockroach

In his delirium Fellowes was plagued by a weird specter—the head of Collishawe on the sinewy torso of Bob Clinch—that brandished a dripping cat over his lacerated back. But always as the lashes were about to fall a gigantic black figure intervened, and a soft, crooning voice quieted his frenzied defiance:
"Hush y'osef, marse! Cuffee hol' y'oh! Dar, y'oh! don' need holler—ain't only Cuffee 'n' Tom wid' y'oh."
Fellowes raised his head as the negro spoke, and his lips parted in a groan. He was lying on his stomach on a pile of hammocks; the yellow glare of a battle-lantern, suspended above him, revealed the confined space of the Badger's berth-deck. From his neck to his loins his back was a blaze of agony.
"How long have I been here?" he whispered.
"Dis two nighr'. Y'oh hab much bobbey, marse. Y'oh holler, an' y'oh yell, an' y'oh wan' fo' kill him cap'n. Oh, my aunt, y'oh plenty sick!"
Fellowes moved again, tentatively, to ease a stiffness in his legs, and with the stab of pain which shot through him he felt an oily moisture percolating down his flanks.
"What have you got on me?" he asked, between gritted teeth.
"Plenty slush. Dat best fo' y'oh. Bob Clinch fotch him from cookee. Y'oh go fo' sleep." The negro settled back on his heels. "Sleep mo' better fo' y'oh."
"But why do you do this for me?" exclaimed Fellowes.
"Cuffee help y'oh fo' dat y'oh strike him cap'n bad face. An' Cuffee tink y'oh plenty juju fo' take floggin' widout holler. Cuffee like y'oh sne."
"I'm very grateful," said Fellowes weakly. "You—it's the last thing I expected. What did you say your name was?"
"Cuffee, marse—Cuffee Cockroach. Now y'oh go fo' sleep."
The crooning voice hummed a slow monotonous tune, and despite himself, despite the pain that nacked and burned, Fellowes drifted off into a drowsy slumber. When he awakened sunshine was pouring down an open hatch. He turned his head with difficulty, and at once a gruff voice spoke beside him.
"Easy all, shipmate. That back's party tender."
The speaker was the short, bow

legged siffor, of the bristling black beard and mahogany-tanned hide.
"There was a negro here," Fellowes answered feebly. "In the night—"
"Cuffee, mesmate. He's on watch—leastways, he's at gun-drill. Ye wouldn't sincerely suspect it, now would ye, but that nigger's a master-hand with Long Tom? Holystone me, if he ain't the smartest gunner I ever seed."
"Your name is Tom, isn't it?"
"Tom Grogan of Phillydelphy, P. A.—likewise. A. B. Pressed off the schooner Marthia out o' Baltimore. But mebbe ye could eat a morsel? All ye had was a sup o' rum since ye came below."
He dropped on his knees by Fellowes' head, and offered him a spoonful of steamy liquid from a pannikin.
"Cuffee cooked this for ye," he pursued. "For an ign'rant nigger he's got a surpris'n lot o' knowin'."
Fellowes was amazed at the fastness and savor of the mess.
"What is it?" he asked.
"Salt-horse 'n' hardtack to whatever Cuffee could steal out o' the galley." Grogan replied, grinning. "He's a master-cook, too—that's how we shipped him on the Marthia."
"You were pressed together?"
"For sartain, Collishawe was only fo' takin' him, but Cuffee, he up and says as how he's allus shipped with me, n' if I'm transferin' to the r'yal navy, why, he'll come, too."
"Then Cuffee isn't a slave?"
Grogan set down the pannikin and scratched his ear doubtfully.
"Well, mate, that's a question I've often asked myself. Y'see, the Marthia took him off the wreck of a slaver-Sank Jago, of Havana—dismissed in the Middle passage. He was the only livin' critter aboard. I guess he wouldn't have lasted more'n a day if we hadn't happened by. (Ain't he didn't want to take 'cuffee off—but I was a curious young feller, and that was a chance the slavers had left treasure behind em, so the cap'n he heins 'n' haws and 'lows I can go, if so be I go alone, which same I did.")
Fellowes found the narrative amusing. It removed his thoughts from his tortured back.
Grogan went on: "Cuffee come, 'n he kissed my hand, and kneeled down on the deck in front of me. And after I took him back to the Marthia, 'n' we'd fattened him a piece, why, ye jest couldn't pry him away from me. Cap'n, he called him 'Tom Grogan's nigger,' and nex' time we made Baltimore that's how the customs officers entered him. 'Cuffee Cockroach, property o' Tom Grogan, A. B., of Phillydelphy, P. A.'"
A shadow fell across Fellowes' face, and Clinch squatted opposite Grogan.
"Feelin' a mite more peckish, lad?" inquired the bosun. "Rot my guts, but yer a game bantam." He paused awkwardly. "No aneemesetees. 'I ope?"
Fellowes thrust out a hand, regardless of the pain the movement caused him.
"I haven't anything against you bosun," he answered. "I'm sore, but I'll be up and about soon. And then I'll attend to the cur who used you."
Clinch darted a worried look over his shoulder.
"Belay that talk, lad," he ordered gruffly. "T'won't get ye now'ere ye can't reach the cap'n. Ain't it so, Tom Grogan? Yer a pressed man. Tell the lad I'm talkin' for 'is own good."
"Sartain, sartain," Grogan corroborated soothingly. "Ye got to use plain sense. Yer jest a pressed seaman like me 'n' Cuffee, only ye hit the cap'n in the jaw—and lived to reckon it."
"Aye, aye," agreed Clinch. "Don't forget that, Cripes, lad, a cap'n can't let one o' 'is men strike 'm." "E was as easy as 'e could be."
"Easy!" Fellowes snapped scornfully. "I'd rather have been killed than flogged."
Clinch rose uncomfortably.
"See 'ere," he said, "I don't like the way ye talk. The cap'n, 'e's fair, but 'e's 'ard. All for discipline, 'e is."
Fellowes experienced a profound sensation of weakness. "It doesn't matter," he mumbled, fighting back



"What Yo' Po' Fool Do?" Cuffee Scolded.

the tears of rage that pricked his eyelids. "But if I live—G—d, how I hate the cur! And her! and her!" His voice became a wail. There was

a sudden patter of feet on the deck. "What yo' po' fool do?" Cuffee scolded. "Buckra marse, him sick, like ill chile. Yo' wan' fo' make him mo' bobbey?"
"We ain't done nothin' to him nigh ger," Clinch protested. "E was atalkin' 'n' ag'in the cap'n—"
"Yo' let him talk! Cap'n bad man. Someday him die. Dis buckra marse, plenty juju. Yah, him good man, him juju man."
The big, calloused hand slid caressingly on to Fellowes' head. "Dar, now, marse, yo' go fo' sleep. Cuffee here."
And the crooning, monotonous hum of liquid polysyllables fell like an anodyne on Fellowes' aching nerves.
The Long Islander improved steadily. His back, which, fortunately he could not see, remained a horrid spectacle; but gradually the shredded flesh commenced to scab over, and what meant most to him, his nerves eased off from the terrific tension imposed upon them. And now he was morbidly anxious lest the mitigation of his pain should quench the fire of hatred burning in his heart. But he need not have concerned himself. The first time he was assisted to the spur-deck, and saw, aloft in the sacred precincts aft, Collishawe's straight, trim figure, his eyes were clouded by the same red mist which had blinded him the day he boarded the Badger.
With nothing else to think of, Fellowes found diversion in whetting the edge of his hatred, scheming plans of vengeance. And slowly, as his mind became normal, he relinquished the fantastic dreams which had occupied him in his earlier convalescence. No ordinary retribution for him! No blow in the dark, no shot across a smoke-filled deck, no yielding to suicidal hysteria.
They'd stand face to face, aye, side to side, when the time came. Which ing Collishawe, he discovered the Englishman's heart was bound up to the Badger. Smash 'em, take 'em from him, and Collishawe would suffer infinitely more than the pangs of death. But to take or trap the Badger Fellowes must first escape from her, and this posed an apparently insoluble problem. He cudged his wits over it, and finally called on Tom and Cuffee for advice.
"Mebbe a man can escape when he's ashore," commented Tom; "but how ye goin' to escape anywhere in all this water?"
"There's always a way, if we can find it," Fellowes answered doggedly. "We must hope, and keep a watch. And if we do get ashore I'll buy a ship that can run the Badger into her-hole in Davy Jones' locker—and you shall be with me."
Cuffee was all smiles. "Yo' hab Long Tom, Marse! Fellowe? Oh, my aunt, I mos' please to deaf wid him!"
"Ye'll be deaf afore yer pleased, nigger," Tom sighed dolefully.
But Fellowes refused to despair. "Nonsense, Tom," he exclaimed. "You shall be bosun. Think! A sharp, Yankee privateer that'll carry royals in an ordinary blow. You wait and see."
A few days later the sloop-of-war spoke the Shannon frigate, which made signal she was bound south with dispatches for Admiral Cook, burn cruising off the capes of the Chesapeake, and Fellowes heard the signalman's report to Collishawe, and Collishawe's prompt rejoinder.
"My compliments, and ask 'em to heaven to. Tell 'em Captain Collishawe has important documents for the admiral's attention. Mr. Curry, have a boat lowered. I'll see Captain Broke, myself."
Fellowes remembered the papers Collishawe had discussed with Car, Inglepin and Chater in the True Bounty's cabin. This could be no trivial plot, which was referred direct to the admiral commanding the blockading squadrons, having previously been endorsed by British authorities across the Atlantic.
Another reason for escape, there should be a weapon with which to humble the Inglepins and Chater. For he mustn't waste all his hatred on Collishawe. No no! It was Car, Inglepin, who had betrayed him in the first place. And sneaking Saul Chater! If he might only escape! With any luck, he'd see them hung in chains for the traitors they were.
For several hours the two vessels tossed on the waves, then Collishawe's boat put off from the Shannon, and the frigate scurried away south, while the Badger tacked inshore to resume her patrol.
Dripping wet in his boat-cloak, Collishawe climbed the Badger's side as adroitly as though it was a garden-path. His eye lit on Fellowes, and the Long Islander, perceiving it, made a deislive tug at his forelock.
"You are the pressed man who was flogged?" Collishawe asked abruptly.
"I'm Captain Fellowes of New York, whom you cramped out of the True Bounty."
"How's your back?" snapped Collishawe. "Why aren't you on duty?"
Fellowes slipped out of the loose pea-jacket he wore, dropping a mass of bandages with the garment, and turned to expose his stripes to the Englishman's inspection.
"You ought to see it," he said. "You might like to describe it to Miss Inglepin, when you go to smoke your pipe in her father's garden."
Collishawe's cheeks whitened.
"No occasion for this exhibition—or for your insolence. You were flogged for striking your commander—you should have been hung; I made

(Continued on Last Page)

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TEMPLE THEATRE

—PRESENTS—

SATURDAY, July 13 SPECIAL
"THE PACE THAT KILLS"
 Featuring Virginia Roye and Owen Gorip
 —Comedy—
 Admission—20c and 40c

SUNDAY July 14
 Warner Bros. Presents MONTE BLUE in
"NO DEFENSE"
 With May McAvoy
 Comedy. Pathe News
 Admission—10c and 25c

TUESDAY Family Night
 2 for 1 with Merchant's Tickets.
 Universal Feature Picture
"WOLVES OF THE CITY"
 Starring Wm. Cody and Sally Blaine
 5th Chapter—"The Diamond Master"
 —Comedy—
 Admission—10c and 25c



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

10:00 a. m.—Morning Worship.
 Dr. Selby Vance, Professor in the
 Theological School of Pittsburg, will
 preach. Miss Edith Thompson, of the
 Department of Music of Wilson Col-
 lege, Pennsylvania, will sing.
 11:15 a. m.—Sunday School.

First M. E. Church
 James Leitch, Pastor

10:00 a. m.—Morning Service
 Sermon subject—"The Makers of
 Public Opinion."
 11:30 a. m.—Sunday School.
 6:00 p. m.—Epworth League
 7:00 p. m.—Evening Worship
 There will be rendered a very inter-
 esting service, the delegates who were
 at the Epworth League Institute, held
 in Albion, Mich., recently will give
 their report of that great gathering,
 there will be Cornet Solos and Duets
 by the Trumpeters from Camp Gray-
 ling, and little Miss Marian E. Leitch,
 the child reader, of Grand Rapids,
 will give a number of fine readings.
 The general public have a most
 cordial invitation to this service.
 Come and bring someone with you.

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, Thurs-
 day, at 7:00 p. m.
 Everyone is cordially invited to at-
 tend these services. Come!

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

11:00 a. m.—Sunday School.
 2:00 p. m.—General Service.
 7:00 p. m.—Friday night, Prayer
 Meeting.
 The man who depends more on
 cleverness than old-fashioned honesty
 is usually headed for an awakening.

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.

Briefs of the Week

Born to Mr. and Mrs. Leonard B. Barber, a son, July 5th.

Bicycle Spokes, 15c doz. at Malpass Closing Out Sale. adv.

William Kenny of Traverse City visited friends here this week.

Miss Ardis Longtin of Muskegon visited friends here last week.

Good looking Baby Cabs \$4.50 to \$7.50 at Malpass Closing Out Sale. adv.

Mrs. B. E. Waterman who has been at Saginaw for several weeks, has returned home.

Private Dance at Workman Hall in Bohemian Settlement, Saturday night July 13th. adv.

Mr. and Mrs. Barney Milstein and Mr. and Mrs. Kit Carson spent the week end at the Soo.

Mrs. Morgan Lewis and children of Saginaw are occupying the Bisbee residence for the summer.

Mrs. Fred Dye and family of Detroit are spending the summer here at their cottage at Birch Point.

Calcium Lead Arsenate, high test, 11c per lb. in large quantities at C. J. Malpass Closing Out Sale. adv.

Miss Josie Cihak arrived here this week from Chicago to spend the summer visiting relatives and friends.

Mrs. Ethel Goodrie, of Detroit returns home this Friday, after a two weeks' visit with Mr. and Mrs. S. Ulvund.

Mr. and Mrs. Earl S. Pratt of Detroit are visiting at the home of the latter's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Ira D. Bartlett.

Mr. and Mrs. George Ruhlmg of Detroit are spending their summer vacation at the Ruhlmg farm, north of East Jordan.

Mr. and Mrs. Donald Porter with daughter returned home Monday to Grand Rapids, after a visit here with relatives and friends.

Mrs. Frank Blair of Iron Mountain and Mr. and Mrs. E. R. Cowles of Detroit are spending the week end visiting relatives in East Jordan.

Mrs. Joseph Hodge and family of Oklahoma City, Okla., are here visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Malpass and other relatives.

Arthur Blair of Iron Mountain, who has been visiting the past two weeks at the S. Ulvund and Robert Carson homes, returns home this Friday.

Dr. and Mrs. Harold Henderson of Harbor Beach were here latter part of last week for a visit at the home of the latter's mother, Mrs. Josephine Stewart.

Mr. and Mrs. Percy LaLonde of Lansing were here last week visiting his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Leo LaLonde. Also Miss Gladys King and friend, Mr. Mann, of Flint.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Early and daughter, Ruth, and Miss Josie Henderson, of Kalamazoo are here to spend a few weeks in our city. They are located in Mrs. C. Walsh's No. 2 cottage.

Mr. and Mrs. George Mombberger and Mr. and Mrs. Sturch with children, of Buffalo, N. Y., were guests this week at the homes of Mr. and Mrs. M. Ruhlmg and Mr. and Mrs. John Mombberger.

Peter LaLonde, Harry Simmons and Matt Swafford of the East Jordan Fire Department attended the annual Convention of the Michigan State Firemen's Ass'n at Sault-Ste Marie this week.

We are glad to sell you anything of like quality at lower prices than outside towns. If we haven't got it we will be glad to order for you for as long a time as we are here. C. J. Malpass Hdwe. Co. adv.

The household goods of F. M. Shaw were shipped to Grand Rapids Tuesday, where Mr. Shaw is now located. His family leave for their new home latter part of this week. They will be located at 15 Union St., S. E., Grand Rapids.

The Forest Home Spiritualist Camp at Snowflake opens July 14 and closes Aug. 18. Rev. Sprague and Rev. Darling of Grand Rapids will be our lecturer and test medium, respectively, from July 14 to Aug. 1. Rev. John Parent of Saginaw will serve as lecturer, test medium and trumpet medium from Aug 1 to close of camp. Everyone is welcome. Come and hear the truth expounded.—Jennie Welch, Secretary.

You can get bargains in Everything at Malpass Closing Out Sale. adv.

Sunday arrivals at "The Elms"—the home of Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Love-day—Mr. and Mrs. Edward Biber of Lansing, Miss Louella Boosinger and Mrs. J. M. Hertel of Toledo. Mr. and Mrs. Dan James of Memphis, Tenn., and Miss Eugenia Boosinger of San Diego, Calif., arrived Monday. Mr. and Mrs. Biber returned to Lansing Tuesday, expecting to return with their children this week end and occupy the Darbee home on Second St., for a few weeks.

Dalton Gay was home from Pontiac for a visit last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Clyde Hipp were at Grand Rapids this week.

Mrs. Ira S. Foote is visiting her sister at Gaylord this week.

James Whitman of Lansing called on old friends here, Saturday.

Mrs. Louise Bergman visited her son at Charlevoix first of the week.

You can get some bargains in City Property now from C. J. Malpass. adv.

Miss Leone Hipp is home from Grand Rapids for a two weeks' visit.

Mrs. A. J. Hite and son of Lansing are here to spend the summer at their home.

All kinds of Hardware, Farm Machinery and Repairs, Furniture, Rugs, etc., at Malpass Hdwe. Co. adv.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Thompson and family of Lansing are spending a few weeks at the Freiberg cottage.

Mrs. Jos. LaValley of Pontiac was guest of Mrs. Harry Simmons and other friends over the week end.

Dr. and Mrs. Chamberlain and daughter of Lansing were guests of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Wylie last week.

H. R. Wilkinson & Son have opened an Upholstering Shop in the Kneale store building—221 Main St.

Arthur Metcalf left Wednesday for East Claridon, Ohio, where he will visit his sister, and seek employment.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Wylie were at Escanaba this week on business. Mr. Wylie expects to teach there the coming year.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter Brinkman and Miss Marcella Miller, of Pontiac were here the past week visiting at the Kenny homes.

Frank Blair and daughter, Miss Maude, of Iron Mountain called Monday at the homes of Robert Carson and S. Ulvund.

Mrs. L. C. Monroe and children of Muskegon are here visiting friends and relatives. Mr. Monroe was here over the Fourth.

Mrs. Henry Kamradt and children and sister, Miss Gertrude Martin, of Grand Rapids are here visiting relatives and friends.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Bingham and daughter, Miss Ann, of Detroit spent the week end at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Ira S. Foote.

Mr. and Mrs. Reo Bockes of Lansing were here first of the week for a visit with his sister, Mrs. Archie Quick and family.

Mr. and Mrs. Richard Ter Wee motored to Rudyard last week to spend the Fourth with relatives. They returned home Friday.

George Ruhlmg returned to his home at Flint, Monday, after spending several days here with his parents Mr. and Mrs. M. Ruhlmg.

Mr. and Mrs. Edd. LaLonde of Chicago are here visiting his parents, Mr. and Mrs. John B. LaLonde and other relatives and friends.

Mrs. Russell Harrington and three children came Tuesday from Flint to spend the summer with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Jos. Cummins.

The Birthday Club entertained with a luncheon last week Wednesday at the home of Mrs. Harry Simmons, in honor of Mrs. M. Lintner.

John Pelton returned to his home at Knoxville, Tenn., Wednesday after a visit at the Wm. Harrington home. Mrs. Pelton remained for a longer visit with her parents.

Mr. and Mrs. Elwyn Sundstedt with child returned to Flint, Sunday, after a few days' visit here. They were accompanied here by the former's mother, Mrs. Anna Sundstedt, who remained for a longer visit.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Bosman with daughter, Norma, and Mrs. C. B. Dalman, of Holland, Mich., were visitors at the John Ter Wee home a few days last week. Mrs. Dalman is the mother of Mrs. Richard Ter Wee.

Mr. and Mrs. C. Riser returned to Chicago Monday, after a two weeks' visit with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Victor LaCroix. Mrs. Riser's brother Shirley LaCroix accompanied them home to spend the summer vacation.

Mrs. C. Walsh entertained the following visitors last week:—Andrew Dooley and three daughters, Misses Geraldine, Winifred and Margaret; Mrs. J. McCormick and daughter, Miss Mary, all of Grand Rapids. They were delighted with their visit here and plan to return here in August for a longer visit.

A Ford Touring Car, looks like new \$20.00 at Malpass Closing Out Sale. adv.

Old Newspapers For Sale, 2c per pound, at Herald Office.

Any man can figure out how generous he would be if he had a little more money.

Before You Go Away

for your summer vacation be sure to come to this bank and convert the money you intend taking with you into Travelers' Checks.

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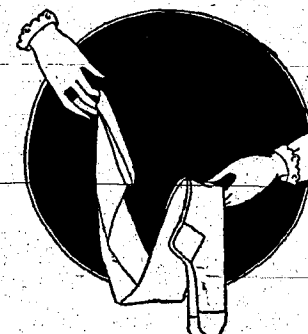
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Insects Stronger Than Man
 In proportion to size, flies, ants, and many insects are relatively far stronger than man. They lift and carry many times their own weight. Man's superiority comes not from the muscle but from the brain. It is by brain directed intelligence that man has survived and thrived. Muscular strength after all is secondary.
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The Martyr
 Graham—Great guns! That thing isn't one of those Mexican hairless poodles, is it?
 Smythe—No, my wife has been testing her depilatory on it.

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 Work Called For And Delivered. Work Guaranteed.
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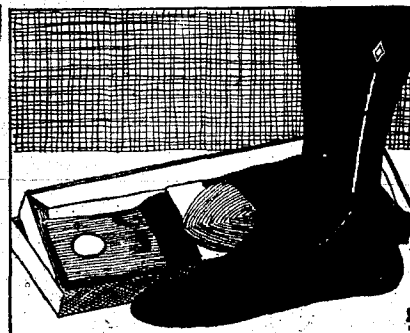
HOSIERY



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 Appliqued 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

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.
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Michigan's Own Favorite Player

AT CHARLEVOIX, MICH.
 Week Starting **Mon. July 15**
 NEW ROYALTY PLAYS VAUDEVILLE
BIG TENT THEATRE
 Drive to Charlevoix Opening Night and See a Real Show. ONE LADY ADMITTED FREE with each paid adult ticket on MONDAY NIGHT.
POPULAR PRICES

Satisfaction Guaranteed

When irritations of the kidneys, and irregular bladder action annoy and impair health, take

Foley Pills

Diuretic

Men and women everywhere have been using and recommending them for years. Try them.

Sold Everywhere

HITE'S DRUG STORE

Then It Started

Mae (soulfully)—There are times when I feel that I was on this earth in prehistoric times.
Bill (joking)—Ha, it's rather unusual for a girl to kid about her age.

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, at said probate office, be and is hereby appointed for examining and allowing said account and hearing said petition;

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

SERVETUS A. CORRELL, Judge of Probate.

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

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DR. G. W. BECHTOLD

Dentist

Office Equipped With X-Ray

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Phone—223-F2

R. G. WATSON

FUNERAL DIRECTOR

244 Phones 66

MONUMENTS

EAST JORDAN, MICH.

FRANK PHILLIPS

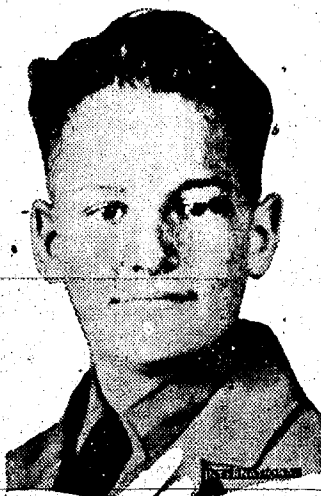
Tonsorial Artist

WHEN IN NEED OF ANYTHING

IN MY LINE, CALL IN

AND SEE ME.

Brave Boy Scout



This is Richard Paul, thirteen, Lincoln, Neb., Boy Scout who saved Mrs. Grover Cleveland Alexander, wife of the famous St. Louis pitcher, from drowning in Platte river. Richard is the son of Adjutant General Paul, of the Nebraska National Guard.

Impossible

Dave—You can't agree with Dora? Tom—No, I buried the hatchet this morning after quarreling for a week, and she said: "I'm glad you've seen your error."

Another of the more difficult feats of carpentry, as mentioned now and again by some orator, is "driving home a blunt truth."

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 8th day of July A. D. 1929.

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

In the Matter of the Estate of Donald Wm. Danson and Leon Ray Danson, Minors.

Irene F. Jaquay, Guardian having filed in said court her petition, praying for license to sell the interest of said estate in certain real estate therein described.

It is Ordered, That the 1st day of August A. D. 1929, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, at said probate office, be and is hereby appointed for hearing said petition, and that all persons interested in said estate appear before said court, at said time and place, to show cause why a license to sell the interest of said estate in said real estate should not be granted;

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

SERVETUS A. CORRELL, Judge of Probate.

MORTGAGE 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 86-100 (\$196.86) 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 (E 1/2 of NW 1/4) 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.

HATE

By Arthur D. Howden Smith

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(Continued From Fourth Page)

allowance for your excited condition." He hesitated. "It ought not to be necessary to have to tell you that the lady you mention was in no way responsible for your being pressed. If you're a gentleman—"

"But I'm not," objected Fellowes. "I'm a common sailor. I've been flogged to convince me of it—one hundred lashes of the cat."

Collishawe rubbed his chin, embarrassed, apparently at a loss. "See here," he exclaimed impulsively, "I'm d—d sorry this happened. You acted most foolishly, but I wouldn't have ordered the cat if there'd been any way out of the mess you got yourself into."

"Oh, d—n you and your sympathy," Fellowes answered, gently venomous. "And d—n your lies. I know what you are up to. I know what Miss Inglepin is up to. You aren't fooling me."

The Englishman stared at him coldly.

"That will do," he rasped. "Go below. And if you insult me again I'll send you to the brig in strict confinement. Clinch!"

"Aye, aye, sir!"

"Escort this man to his berth. He's not to come on deck unless he conducts himself in accordance with discipline."

"Aye, aye, sir!" The bosun was flustered. And as soon as they were out of earshot of Collishawe: "Wot ave I been atellin' ye? Want to get that back cut up again? Only that the cap'n's kindly ye'd be stripped at the mast this mornin'."

Fellowes sobered. "I hate him. I think I hate him more every day. I hate him for what he did to me. I hate him for being sorry he did it. I hate him— Oh, I just hate him. D'you understand, Clinch? I hate him! Whatever he does, I hate him!"

"Tain't Christian, lad," rebuked the bosun. "Tain't nowise Christian. Now, ere's yer berth. Lie down and rest up a piece. Likely ye'll get some o' that hate out o' ye, then."

"No, Bob," Fellowes answered wearily. "It's a part of me. It won't come out."

CHAPTER V

Escape

Plying her regular patrol well to seaward of Sandy Hook, the Badger was the vidette of the New York squadron, always on outpost.

One of the first things Fellowes discovered was that the blockade runners were in constant communication with the shore. At night sloops and peragueros would steal out from the Jersey coves or the Rockaway inlets, with fresh meats and vegetables—and information that was much more valuable. Well-dressed gentry would climb aboard the sloop-of-war, nats pulled low over their eyes, and be escorted to the cabin, where they talked into the small hours.

Obviously, Ben Inglepin's daughter was not singular in her disloyalty; the country seethed with national spite as in the days of the Revolution. There must be many Americans who hated Madison worse than the stupid Prince Regent—Americans who would wreck their country, procure its defeat, sacrifice a measure of its independence, rather than see the Democratic administration triumph.

Fellowes regarded the intercourse between the blockade runners and the shore as encouraging for his plans to escape. He was certain the tide of treason was flowing unchecked. The continuing visits of the contraband traders were sufficient proof, and the news that percolated from them through all ranks indicated how disastrously the national effort was being crippled by political jealousy and incapacity.

But he waited with unabated confidence. His back was entirely healed and he was glad to do his share of hard, physical labor. Work helped to dull the carking itch of humiliation. Collishawe ignored him, and he avoided Collishawe as much as he could.

With the crew he was, if not popular, respected. But then any man would have been respected aboard the Badger, who could boast the friendship of Bob Clinch and Cuffee Crookroach. Clinch was all-powerful forward, and no sailor would have dared to risk the giant negro's wrath. The nigger, men said, fought with 'is teeth; he'd eat yer alive, if 'e got primed.

One July morning the Badger left her consorts off the Hook, hauled her wind and stood to the northwest on long, reaching tacks, and Fellowes' eye glinted expectantly when she

closed a low, sandy shore that afternoon, and dropped her anchor outside the line of breakers. The hunger in his face drew Cuffee to him.

Fellowes caught the negro by the arm. "That's mine, Cuffee! That's my land."

In his excitement he had raised his voice slightly, and Tom Grogan rolled across the deck.

"Easy all, messmate!" advised Tom. "No need to git yer dander rizzed up. These landin' parties is reg'lar divarsons on the blockade."

"Landin' parties?" exclaimed Fellowes. "Who told you a party was going ashore?"

"Nobody, but I seed Clinch a-russin' with the long boat, and we ain't anchored here for to rest our spars."

Fellowes glanced aft to where the longboat lay on its chocks. Bob Clinch was bending over it. As Fellowes watched him, he straightened and strolled forward.

"Oh, Bob," called Fellowes. "What's this I hear about a landin' party?"

"Cap'n's orders. Dark o' the moon, ye see." Clinch winked mysteriously. "Fine time to raid 'emroasts."

"Is that what you're after?"

There was disappointment in Fellowes' voice.

"Ow should I know, lad? The cap'n ain't give me 'is confidance. All 'e says is: 'Bosun, landin' party tonight. Overhaul the longboat and pick me twenty good men. Pistols 'n cutlasses. Ye'll go with me.'"

"He's going, himself?" Fellowes asked eagerly.

"Aye, aye, lad. That's 'ow I understood it."

"Which stumped off, and Fellowes fixed his gaze again on the shore that was so near, and so unattainable. He had been right. Carr Inglepin's treason was bearing fruit. Tonight, perhaps, it would flower. And he was helpless to interfere!

He groaned, and Tom inquired anxiously:

"Ye ain't goin' to be silly, 'n fret 'cause ye can't go in the longboat?"

"Dat him land," spoke up Cuffee.

"Dat him home whar he lib."

"Not my home, Cuffee," denied Fellowes. "That's Fire Island, the Great South beach. My home is across the Great South bay beyond it—at Baby-lop, where the landin' party are goin'."

"Who telt ye that?" demanded Tom. "I'm as positive as I can be," the Long Islander concluded. "Collishawe, himself wouldn't go with an ordinary raidin' party. No, he is going to meet her—Miss Inglepin—"

a cold note of passion rang in his voice as he spoke the name—"and her father At Charter's farm, of course. They must have something for him, political or military information—and if we could only get there in time we might raise the militia, and trap them all!"

"Mebbe so we swim fo' sho'," suggested Cuffee. "Cuffee him Krooboy swim plenty. Cuffee swim fo' beach, pull yo' wid him."

Startled and doubtful, Fellowes surveyed the expanse of restless blue water and the smother of breakers.

"It would be a hard swim, Cuffee," he objected. "I can swim a little, but—"

"I can't," grunted Tom.

"Cuffee pull yo' bofe," rejoined the negro. "Dat easy fo' Cuffee."

"Foolishness," grumbled Tom.

"We must make a try for it, Tom. If you won't come—"

"Cuffee no let yo' drown," promised the negro.

"Well, stand by you, if you'll stand by us," Fellowes pleaded earnestly. "But we must make a try for the shore. We may never have another opportunity. Why, we'd deserve to be flogged, if we didn't go!"

Tom spat disgustedly.

"Oh, I'll go," he agreed. "Flogged or drowned, it's all one."

Despite himself, Fellowes was unable to keep his eyes off Collishawe, methodically concerned with preparations for the longboat's expedition. An undercurrent of excitement pervaded the crew. Each of the men selected to go was surrounded by a knot of friends, and Bob Clinch was trailed along the deck by sailors, who hoped to be chosen at the last moment.

Mr. Curry and the other officers were hurrying about their various duties; the gunner was inspecting pistol-belts, and packing bags of grape-shot for the light three-pounder which squatted in the longboat's bow. Only Collishawe remained phlegmatic and undisturbed.

Watching Collishawe, fury slowly welled in Fellowes' heart. He pondered the thoughts which occupied Collishawe, tried to plumb the secrets concealed behind the Englishman's hawk-nosed face.

(To Be Continued)

Enthusiasm is something that begins to ooze away after the third installment has been paid.

"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.

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Complete Duco Refinishing Any Combination of Colors

Only Skilled Mechanics and First Grade Materials Used

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STUDEBAKER Sales & Service

Just Joy Riding

Driver—"I'm always glad to give a person a lift. Where do you want to get off?"

Girl—"Where you picked me up. That's where I live."

The man who plays cards for fun is sure to get it, but the other fellow gets the money.

Beware

Madam—Why did you leave your last place?

Cook—Because the lady asked me that question.

When the grocer says it is fresh country butter, the Office Cut-up always says, "What country?"

MICHIGAN BELL TELEPHONE CO.

Long Distance Rates Are Surprisingly Low

For Instance:

for **50¢**

or less, between 4:30 a. m. and 7:00 p. m.

You can call the following points and talk for THREE MINUTES for the rates shown. Rates to other points are proportionately low.

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BURMA	\$.50
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The fastest service is given when you furnish the desired telephone number. If you do not know the number, call or dial "Information."

