

Charlevoix County Herald.

VOLUME 33

EAST JORDAN, MICHIGAN, FRIDAY, JULY 19, 1929.

NUMBER 29

Consolidation Presents Great Opportunity

NINE DISTRICTS HAVE SIGNED PETITIONS TO VOTE ON THE QUESTION.

Consolidation presents the greatest opportunity for the boys and girls of East Jordan and vicinity that has come to them. As one public spirited citizen said only last week, "If I lived in the country and yet had no children I would vote for consolidation. If I had children I would work for it." The gentleman quoted above is a successful man of wide experience, holding county offices for many years. Any far seeing man or woman who is progressive will at once subscribe to the above statement, especially if they have children, and all others who want lower taxes and better roads certainly ought to do the same thing.

The chance to vote on the proposition has been delayed a little for the reason that the State had to approve the map for the district. This they would not do until they were assured that the consolidated district could maintain motor transportation on the road from Chestonia to East Jordan and from the Ferry at Ironton to East Jordan. Only Tuesday the above assurances were secured. They might have been gotten sooner had some one been able to see the right parties. Tuesday morning, John Porter, Wm. Stroebel and A. J. Duncanson drove to Cadillac to see Mr. Burridge, Chief Engineer in charge of the roads of the northern section of Michigan, he at once gave the required assurance on that part of M-66 mentioned above. He not only did that but much more. "Saying that that should not be any trouble at all, with the new equipment they have. He said, 'he would make such a statement to the Dept. of Public Instruction.'" With a statement from the County Road Commissioners that they would keep open the road from the Mountain District. Mr. Ford, Ass't Supt. of Public Instruction and in charge of the rural and consolidated districts of all Michigan, gave assurance by phone Tuesday that our map would be given his O. K., Thursday. The above statements should be good news to the people on the above roads especially. Mr. Burridge also indicated and gave the example of Hoxieville that the road people are always anxious and willing to aid in the transportation of school people.

Our County Road Commissioners tell us that the County has purchased 100% more fence and with other new equipment will be able to keep all the necessary roads open. They also tell us that no serious effort has ever been made to keep open any roads except those connecting Charlevoix, Boyne City and East Jordan. Already our consolidation proposition is bearing fruit and that without extra cost to the taxpayers except the gas tax.

Wm. C. Pamer, Comm'r of Schools will be home this Thursday or Friday to look after the placing of the notices for the election. In as much as twenty days notice must be given, the election will take place about the 8th or 10th of August.

The ninth district signed to vote on the proposition only Thursday. Supt. Ford said this made the largest and strongest consolidated district in Michigan, and with one of the most ideal situations in the country, that the State Department would send people from all over to see us in operation if the proposition carried. He said, "we were the largest town by 1,000 people ever to consolidate in Michigan." The above statements were made in the presence of County School Commissioners Thumm of Antrim and W. C. Palmer of Charlevoix counties, W. P. Porter of East Jordan and A. J. Duncanson, Supt. of the local schools. The situation was made ideal by the fact that there is not one cent of bonded indebtedness on the local schools. It has been rumored that there is, why not write to Frank A. McKay, State Treasurer, or Webster H. Pierce, Supt. of Public Instruction, Lansing, Michigan, they have the facts, and then you need not be worried by wild rumors. As has been stated repeatedly the local district has a temporary loan, part of it borrowed two years ago to help make the last payment on the local High School building. Yet, after the local Board checked up carefully on the budget they would have for next year considering that the rural districts were coming in, found the rate would be between \$17 and \$18 on a thousand and that it would be much less next year and still less the following. \$17.50 school tax would lower the rate next year for every in coming school district except two and they will have good roads to help balance accounts. A statement on our rate of taxes will likely be in next week's Herald, as soon as the

EAST JORDAN MAN NAMED CLERK OF CHARLEVOIX COUNTY

F. R. (Pete) Bulow, well-known East Jordan business man, was appointed last Saturday by Judge Parm C. Gilbert, of Traverse City, to fill the unexpired term of George A. Roderick, former Clerk of Charlevoix County, who was removed from office when shortages were found in his accounts.

From all angles Mr. Bulow's appointment to the office is a popular one. At the present time he is President of the Charlevoix County Agricultural Society, heads the County organization of the American Legion, and is President of the East Jordan City Band. Mr. Bulow is active in Pythian fraternal circles and has a large following of friends throughout the county.

Mr. Bulow assumed the duties of his office on Monday of this week and has retained Fay Bradley as deputy. It is his intention to make his permanent home in Charlevoix early this fall, when, it is rumored, he will bring the future Mrs. Bulow to Charlevoix with him.

With auditors at work on books in the County Clerk's office this week, the extent of shortages will be positive known within a short time. Mr. Roderick's hearing at a special term of court set for July 16, has been postponed until Friday, July 19. Inability of attorneys having cases on the special docket to be here on the day set occasioned the postponement.

local Board meets.

Someone has suggested that the East Jordan District without the rural schools will have higher taxes next year, this is not true, any Board member can confirm the above statement. On the other hand the taxes of the local district will be \$3.50 less than last year and much less next year. It was also suggested that one or two signers did not know that they might be bonded with East Jordan. As every one would be part of the large consolidated district and one would have as much to say as any one else it would be up to them. The very thing that makes it such an opportunity is because of the very fact that we will not have to bond. There is no possibility of bonding. No building will be needed even if we took in 18 rural schools instead of 9. In the 8 schools that are going to vote, excepting the 9th just signed on which no check has been made, only 116 pupils attended school last year, ran eight furnaces, paid eight teachers, the above pupils could be put into the East Jordan schools and we would hardly notice the difference. Every signer on every petition had it carefully explained to him that when he came into the district he had as much to say about bonding, running the school, or any other matter as anyone in East Jordan or any other part of the district. To state that they did not understand this is a hedge on their part. In a few other places it was suggested that the local Supt. of Schools naturally was working hard for it, because they were going to increase his salary \$1200. We find nothing has been even hinted by any Board member of the East Jordan Schools about any raise whatsoever. Rather on the other hand Supt. Duncanson made a real sacrifice in remaining away from the University of Michigan, where he would have received his M. A. degree, this summer, in order to help put over consolidation.

Every rural district that has signed, knows that their taxes will be higher next year and very likely will continue to be higher. Then at the same time will not receive 50% as much educational returns as if they were in a good High School.

Perhaps one of the most important facts of all to consider is the fact that the boys and girls of High School age will be home every night instead of spending most of four years away from home in high school at a vital time in their life, as well as to be gradually weaned away from home in many cases. Then they are really prepared in the 6th, 7th and 8th grades on a par with the town children.

To sum up, the leaders in our own community as well as all State leaders say both the country and ourselves will gain. E. E. Gallup, Inspector of Rural Agricultural Schools in a letter to Supt. Duncanson short time ago said it was going to be the finest kind of proposition. J. B. Edmunson, head of the Graduate School University of Michigan, advised Mr. Duncanson to stay in East Jordan this summer with such a fine proposition. By the way Mr. Gallup said, it assured lower school taxes in the future.

Not much danger of the East Jordan people wanting to bond in the future, they know by experience what it means to pay bonds. If you have any questions to ask on the proposition, ask people who are in authority and not someone who may have an

B. J. Ford Endorses Consolidation

Lansing, Mich., July 11, 1929

"The proposed consolidation unit for East Jordan and vicinity offers an unusual opportunity to the rural districts that are to be included in the proposed unit. The city of East Jordan has adequate housing facilities, suitable vocational rooms, and equipment for the work in manual arts, agriculture, and home economics, and all that is necessary for the maintenance of a complete and up-to-date educational program. In the average consolidation unit it becomes necessary to bond and build a new school building and provide the other necessary equipment after the unit is organized. All of this has been provided and paid for by the East Jordan City District and under the new plan of organization will be made available for the larger community service. In this way the door of opportunity can be thrown open to the rural boys and girls and a higher degree of efficiency will be provided for the city children."

B. J. FORD, Ass't Supt. of Public Instruction.

axe to grind. All impartial thinkers will tell you that the rural people get all the best of the bargain. And we find that a large majority of the rural people say this themselves. Other questions will be answered in next week's Herald.

Band Concert-- Motion Picture

E. JORDAN MERCHANTS WILL ENTERTAIN WEDNESDAY NIGHTS

For Five Wednesday evenings, the Merchants of East Jordan will put on a Motion Picture Show at the Temple Theatre in conjunction with the Band Concerts.

The Wednesday nights planned are July 24th and 31st; Aug. 14 and 21; Sept. 4. For these evenings it is planned to hold an open-air Band Concert of one hour, commencing at 7:00 o'clock. The motion picture show to start at 8:00 o'clock.

Merchants sponsoring this series of shows will give tickets to patrons of their stores which will admit the holder to the Theatre.

A charge of ten cents will be made for those not holding merchant's tickets.

First evening's entertainment next Wednesday, July 24th.

SWAFFORD -- SULLIVAN

St. Joseph's Church, beautifully decorated was the scene of a very pretty wedding Wednesday morning, July 10th, when Father Schueller of Traverse City, at High Mass service, united in marriage Miss Lona Swafford, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Matt Swafford of this city, and Mr. Patrick Sullivan of Gladwin.

The bride, was attired in a beautiful peach georgette ensemble suit and carried a shower bouquet of rose buds and swansonia. She was attended by Miss Margaret Semons of Traverse City, who wore a dainty green georgette gown. The groom was attended by Mr. Basil Mitchell of Gladwin. After the ceremony a dainty wedding breakfast was served to about thirty guests at the home of

the bride's parents.

Mr. and Mrs. Sullivan left for an extended trip after which they will locate in Detroit, where Mr. Sullivan is engaged in the teaching profession.

Mrs. Sullivan is a graduate of our East Jordan Schools and of Central State Teachers' College. For the past two years she has taught in the Traverse City Schools, and previous to that at Shepherd, Mich., for four years. She has a host of friends in this city who extend to Mr. and Mrs. Sullivan their best wishes for future happiness.

JOHN F. McALEAR DIES SUDDENLY

John Francis McAlear passed away at his home north of East Jordan in South Arm Township at an early hour Wednesday morning, July 17, 1929, following a sudden attack of heart trouble.

Deceased was born October 19, 1864, being 64 years of age. Relatives here are unacquainted with his early history beyond the fact that he was married and his wife later died. He came from the West in 1919 and was united in marriage to Mrs. Frances Wovever of Boyne City, Sept. 30, 1919, at Charlevoix. They resided in Boyne City a few years, moving to the farm near East Jordan about seven years ago.

Deceased is survived by his wife, and three children by his former marriage, viz: Mrs. John Foster of Post Falls, Idaho; Floyd McAlear, of Mabel, Minn.; Mrs. Margaret Leishman, of Conrad, Montana. Also by two step-children—Mrs. Clyde W. Hipp of East Jordan, and John W. Larrabee of Duluth, Minn., and a brother residing in Montreal, Canada. Funeral arrangements have not yet been completed. Funeral will be held from his late home, with interment at Maple Lawn cemetery, Boyne City.

Three Things No Man Can Escape.
Death.
Taxes.
The Neighbor's Radio.
Wouldn't This Rattle Your Soapbuds?
Hush, little flivver,
Don't you cry,
You'll be a bathtub
By and by.

Hints to Parents



IT'S HIS INTEREST IN WATCHING YOUR CHIN WIGGLE THAT PUTS OVER MANY A BED TIME STORY

Boyne City-East Jordan Ladies Are Holding Golf Tournament

The women of Boyne City and East Jordan are having a Golf Tournament at the Pine Lake Golf Club. In the first round, Mrs. W. A. Stroebel won from Mrs. John Porter; Mrs. Robert Campbell won from Mrs. H. P. Porter; Mrs. George Bechtold won from Mrs. Dick Dicken of Boyne City; Miss Hazel Cornell of Grand Rapids won from Mrs. Hugh Dicken Jr.; Mrs. I. Neymark of Boyne City won from Mrs. Walter Cook of this city.

The women are holding a benefit Bridge Tea at the Club House on Monday afternoon at 2:00 o'clock standard time, which all East Jordan ladies are urged to attend and enjoy a pleasant afternoon on the attractive club porch. If you do not care to play cards, bring your sewing.

WITH THE Co. Agr'l Agent

MORE FARMERS RAISING CERTIFIED SEED.

A wonderful increase in acreage devoted to the production of high quality certified seed in this county has been noted from the compilation of data as received from the Michigan Crop Improvement Ass'n, the organization carrying on the inspection.

The greatest number are producing certified seed potatoes. This looks good to us when we stop to consider that last year was a poor year in regard to price, but in spite of it the good farmers are facing this year with confidence and faith.

Not only in potatoes, but the same holds true in the production of high quality grain. The largest number are raising Spartan Barley. The latest variety developed and the one that holds the most promise from the yield standpoint. Seven growers are in this game all of whom secured their seed from Jay Adams, Charlevoix, who was the first to raise it in this county.

To make a well balanced program we have one farmer raising certified seed corn, and one producing seed oats.

With this array of high quality producers and production no farmer needs to go outside of Charlevoix Co., to secure the best obtainable.

Following are the certified growers, address, and acreage for the year 1929:

CERTIFIED SEED POTATOES

Name	Address	Acreage
Harry Daugherty	East Jordan	15
Clint Blanchard	Charlevoix	7
W. C. Behling	Boyne City	2 1/2
Harry Behling	Boyne City	4
August Jensen	Walloon Lake	5
Arthur Starks	Boyne City	5
Frank Fox	Boyne City	3 1/2
Lewis Brown	Ironton	2
Frank Behling	Boyne City	3
Zell Bricker	East Jordan	5
Chas. Koteskey	Boyne City	4
W. K. Straw	Charlevoix	9
H. C. Stevens	Boyne City	8
W. J. Petts	Boyne City	10
Atlee Todd	Boyne City	3
John Addis	East Jordan	5
Wm. Shepard	East Jordan	5
Norman Jensen	Ellsworth	9
W. H. Henley	Charlevoix	4
Edward Kowalske	East Jordan	4
Roscoe Smith	East Jordan	5
Geo. Meggison	Charlevoix	5
Henry Korhase	Boyne City	5
E. P. Jensen	Walloon Lake	12
Lee Sneathen	Charlevoix	8 1/2
Murphy Bros.	East Jordan	5
R. V. Liskum	East Jordan	3 1/2
Joseph Leu	East Jordan	4 1/2
Orville Bennett	East Jordan	1
Chas. Reidel	Boyne City	4
Arthur Nicloy	East Jordan	4
W. D. Slough	Ellsworth	10

Total 32 growers acres 175

SPARTAN BARLEY

Eddie Omland	East Jordan	10
Geo. Meggison	Charlevoix	3
Howard Stephens	Boyne City	8
W. K. Straw	Charlevoix	5
Jay Adams	Charlevoix	4
Richard Paddock	Charlevoix	8
C. S. Blanchard	Charlevoix	4

Total 7 growers acres 42

GOLDEN GLOW CORN

Henry Korhase	Boyne City	5
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WOLVERINE OATS

Geo. Meggison	Charlevoix	4
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FERTILIZER FOR ALFALFA

Charlevoix County is one of the few counties in Michigan to have one-fourth of its cultivated crop acres into alfalfa or other legumes. Probably this is the chief reason why Charlevoix County stands well towards the head of the list in production of quality potatoes and other crops.

Although the alfalfa crop is so important, most of it is now seeded without commercial fertilizer. As reported in these columns last year, a demonstration was started on May 11, 1928, on the David Smith farm to

County Clerk Under Arrest

FACES CHARGE OF EMBEZZLING STATE FUNDS.

George A. Roderick, Charlevoix County Clerk, is under arrest on a charge of embezzlement preferred by the State Department of Conservation, following an audit of his books. He is specifically charged with taking \$2,040 of game and fish license moneys.

Mr. Roderick has been practically confined to his bed for several weeks on account of illness. Upon a physician's written statement of his condition, Roderick was released on his own recognizance until July 16, when he is to appear before Judge Parm C. Gilbert for hearing.

While a complete audit of the books of the office has not been made, it is known there are shortages in other departments other than the one above mentioned. Fees of the office since January 1 have not been turned over to the County Treasurer, as well as a portion of fines and costs assessed by the circuit court. What other shortages may result from an audit are still problematical. It is understood the shortages cover a period of two years or more, and that the total will be between three and four thousand dollars.

We understand that Mr. Roderick has taken steps to repay all funds misappropriated, but what other disposition of the case will be made is unknown.

The Courier has been in touch with the situation for some time, but had entered sort of a gentleman's agreement with other publications to withhold information until definite facts were available. Unfortunately the above mentioned agreement was broken last week by one of our local newspapers, forcing us to publish a story before facts of the case have been fully determined.—Charlevoix Courier.

learn the answer to several questions, among them—"Will fertilizer help alfalfa and if so, what combinations of phosphoric acid and potash help it most?"

Through Co. Agent Mellencamp's office, the demonstration was located on the David Smith farm. Five fertilizer analysis were used: 0-16-0, 0-16-8, 0-16-16, 0-16-24, 0-16-30. These were furnished by the N. V. Potash Export My., of Amsterdam, Holland and were applied by David Smith, County Agent Mellencamp, and Irvin J. Mathews, representing the firm.

As the 1928 summer wore on, it was more and more apparent that the fertilizer was getting the alfalfa off to a better start and this spring, the plots that got commercial fertilizer stood out even plainer.

Last Wednesday, all those who helped to start the demonstration, together with C. W. Andrews, who now represents the firm in this territory, took the weights of green hay produced by each combination.

The green weights are 2550 lbs. per acre where no fertilizer was put on, the 0-16-0 produced 4060 lbs. per acre, the 0-16-8 grew 5060 lbs. per acre, the 0-16-16 produced 5620 lbs. per acre, the 0-16-24 made 5930 lbs. green hay, while the 0-16-30 caused 6180 lbs. of green hay per acre to grow.

In the formula, the first figure refers to per cent of nitrogen, the second to phosphorus, while the third refers to per cent of potash.

It will be observed that there was no nitrogen in these analysis, that each contained 16 per cent superphosphate. The potash content was varied.

The green hay weights show that potash and phosphorus are about equally necessary on this type of soil to grow alfalfa, although more potash than 16 per cent did increase the yield.

After helping to cut the plots and take the green weights, Mr. Smith said:

"It certainly paid me to fertilize the alfalfa. My time taking care of alfalfa fertilized with 0-16-16 would be worth almost two and a half times as much as when taking care of alfalfa planted without fertilizer."

The Perils of Education

A Boston schoolboy has married his teacher, 47 years old. We do not know what particular school he attended, but he doesn't seem to have learned much.

That Depends

Distracted Wife (at bedside of sick husband)—Is there no hope, doctor? Doctor—I don't know. What are you hoping for?

BLESSED is the home where the greatest problem is to keep the neck of the ketchup bottle looking neat.

Isn't it funny how much harder an apology is to make than a mistake?

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PENINSULA

(Edited by Mrs. E. Hayden)

Mrs. Susie Bogart of Boyne City, who visited in Traverse City last week accompanied by Mr. and Mrs. Wesley Staley of Traverse City, and the Misses Margaret and Ethel Staley of East Jordan were dinner guests of Mr. and Mrs. Joel Bennett at Honey Slope farm, Wednesday.

Mr. and Mrs. Ray Loomis of Gravel Hill and Mr. and Mrs. Orval Bennett attended the Gurnsey picnic at East Jordan, Thursday. They report a fine time. Mr. Bennett got first place in the two year old class, Mr. Loomis got second place in the same class and first in the three year old class.

Mr. Stanek of the East Jordan Co-ops was on the Peninsula Thursday selling hay loaders and side delivery rakes. He sold one of each to Lyle Willson of Mountain Dist.

Mr. Duncanson of the East Jordan Schools was on the Peninsula Thursday and Friday circulating a petition to consolidate the Star Dist., with East Jordan School. He secured the required number of signers to require the vote.

Mr. Erforth of Petoskey, was on the Peninsula Tuesday, looking up a cream route for Petoskey creamery, but the route is already cared for by the Ionia Produce Co. of East Jordan.

The Misses Jeanett and Marian Loomis of Lansing arrived Tuesday for a visit with Mr. and Mrs. Ray Loomis and family at Gravel Hill.

John Healey and friend Miss Ferris returned to Muskegon Tuesday, after spending a few days with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Healey at Willop Brook farm. Clayton Healey accompanied them back, returning home Friday.

During the severe electric storm Friday night, lightning struck the flag pole on the Whiting Park Fire Tower, breaking it off even with the eaves and burned up the telephone wires from the lookout to the first host and somewhat crippled the 67 and 237 lines.

A very pleasant affair was the public dance at the Eveline Arbor of Gleaners Saturday evening July 13. Another dance is billed for July 27. Mr. and Mrs. B. F. Conyer of Traverse City motored up Sunday and

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

REAL SILK HOSIERY MILLS can use two more men in East Jordan and vicinity to call on customers during Special Sale. Earnings about \$45.00 a week and bonus. Permanent position if you make good. Write or call 707 Building & Loan Bldg., Grand Rapids, Mich. 29-2

WANTED

WORK WANTED—Practical Nursing, with three years' experience. ALICE BRUNDRETT, Route 3, East Jordan. 29x1

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

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

REPAIRS—You can get Repairs for any Stove, Range, Engines, Cars, Sewing Machines, Cream Separator, Plow, or any Farm Machinery at C. J. MALPASS EDW. CO. 18-4-2

got their little son, Jack, who has been staying with his grandfather, Geo. Jarman at Gravel Hill.

Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Sweet and son, Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Sweet and Mr. and Mrs. Edwin Sweet and son returned to Detroit, Wednesday, after spending two weeks on the Peninsula with relatives.

Mr. and Mrs. P. Anderson of Boyne City visited their daughter, Mrs. Marion Russell and family at Ridgeway farm, Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. A. Reich of Lone Ash farm, Mr. and Mrs. F. K. Hayden and Mrs. J. W. Hayden of Orchard Hill motored to East Jordan Tuesday evening to call on Mr. Duncanson for the purpose of inviting him to circulate a petition to consolidate the Star school with the East Jordan school.

A great deal of hay was taken care of Wednesday, Thursday and Friday. The heavy rain of Friday night also caught a great many tons yet in the field.

Geo. Block of Charlevoix was on the Peninsula Thursday buying lambs and strawberries.

The strawberry crop which was splendid, is just about done.

The Gleaner meeting which was to have been held Friday evening was postponed one week because several wished to attend the Better Herd Association meeting at Breezy Point.

The Pine Lake Telephone Co., held their annual meeting at the Mountain schoolhouse Wednesday evening. Not very many were there and as Mr. Scott forgot the key, the meeting was held outdoors where Geo. Staley kindly furnished the light from his car. Will Scott was re-elected President and trouble man and Will Sanderson, secretary and treasurer.

Wheat is turning, and oats and barley are heading out.

Joe Perry and daughter, Ella and son, David, and Mrs. Mercy Woerful spent Sunday at Grayling.

Mr. and Mrs. Thompson and baby of Detroit visited Mr. and Mrs. Will Looze last week.

Lynn Perry of Advance is helping Charles Healey with his haying.

PLEASANT HILL

(Edited by Mrs. Vernon Vance.)

Mrs. Barclay of East Jordan is visiting Mrs. John Hawley.

Mrs. A. Kershner and little daughter of Tennessee are visiting at the home of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. R. Batterbee.

Mr. and Mrs. Seth Jubb are enjoying a visit from their daughter and family, Mr. and Mrs. Howard Stewart and daughter of Lansing.

Frank Bennett and niece, Miss Rosetta Bennett returned to Detroit Sunday, after having spent several days visiting relatives and friends in this vicinity.

Mrs. D. E. Carpenter and daughters Miss Frances and Mrs. F. H. Glazier of Ellsworth spent Friday at the Vernon Vance home.

Mr. and Mrs. Carmen Call of Detroit, who have been visiting the latter's sister, Mrs. C. G. Murray, called at the Hawley and Vance homes on Wednesday of this week.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Crowell and two sons spent Sunday afternoon at the Vance home.

The Roy and Vernon Vance families spent Saturday evening at the Geo. Vance home in East Jordan. Dr. and Mrs. Selby Vance of Sequanota were invited to help in the celebration of the 72nd birthday anniversary of Geo. Vance, and the occasion was a complete surprise to Mr. Vance.

(Edited by Anson Hayward)

Misses Marian and Phyllis Batterbee called on Mrs. Joe Ruckle Saturday afternoon.

Mr. and Mrs. Roy Vance and son Ardis called on Mr. and Mrs. Anson Hayward Friday night.

Henry VanDeventer, Mr. and Mrs. H. Kidder and Mr. and Mrs. Anson Hayward and son, Lucius motored to Mancelona to Camp Meeting, Sunday.

Mrs. Anson Hayward spent Thursday afternoon with Mrs. John Schroeder.

George Carpenter has returned home from Muskegon.

Quite a few from Pleasant Valley were over to Mancelona to Camp Meeting, Sunday.

The Barberry destroyers are in the neighborhood this week.

JACKSON — JOHNSON

Miss Fannie Jackson of Sparta, Michigan, was united in marriage to Clarence E. Johnson of Kent City, Michigan, July 1, 1929. The couple were married by Rev. W. H. Bransford of the Monroe Street Methodist Episcopal Church at Toledo, Ohio.

Mrs. Johnson is a former graduate of the East Jordan High School. Since she completed her work at Western State Teachers' College, she taught two years at Kent City, Michigan and two years at Cedar Springs, Mich.

After a week's motor trip in Northern Michigan, Mr. and Mrs. Johnson returned to their cottage at Long Lake, near Sparta for the summer.

Just recently, Mrs. Johnson was honored with a miscellaneous shower, given by Miss Marie Tindale, a former East Jordan girl, and Miss Katherine Chase of Greenville, Mich. Another surprise shower was given for the bride at the close of school by the mothers and friends of Mrs. Johnson's pupils.

Kisses are worth their face value in any market.

State News in Brief

Jackson—Max Allen, 17 years old of Jackson, who suffered three fractured vertebrae when he fell from a slide on a water toboggan at Clark's Lake, 12 miles south of here, died in the Foote hospital.

Detroit—Believed to be the oldest person in Detroit, Mrs. Lila Butler, Negress, 17562 Maine avenue, died in Dunbar Memorial hospital of senility. She claimed to be 115 years old, and had been a resident of Detroit for 20 years.

Pontiac—Disregarding warnings of companions, Lyman Leonard, 21 years old, employed on a private estate at Turtle Lake, rowed 200 feet out into the lake, leaped in where it is 40 feet deep and was drowned. Leonard was unable to swim.

Birmingham—Forced out of line by an automobile which did not stop, a car driven by Frank Harrington, 50 years old, of Birmingham, sideswiped one driven by Frank Morris, 37, of Pontiac, resulting in the death of Harrington and a passenger, Emery Corby, also of Pontiac.

Grand Rapids—Frank Deno, 34 years old, residing west of Grand Rapids, was killed when struck by a piece of a stump he was blasting. He stood 135 feet from the stump when he made the electrical contact. Deno was employed preparing the right of way of the West Belt line.

Petoskey—Walking in front of a car driven by her father, 3-year-old Dorothy Figg, was killed at Bayview, a mile north of here. Mr. Figg is proprietor of the Bayview garage and was shifting cars to various stalls when the girl, unnoticed by him, stepped in front of a car he was moving.

Mt. Pleasant—Officers are investigating the death of Frank Huffman, 18 years old, whose body was taken from the Coldwater river 10 miles northwest of here. When the body was recovered the mouth was filled with salted peanuts. The boy had been swimming with two companions when he disappeared.

River Rouge—A contract was recently awarded to the Inland Steel Co. of River Rouge, by the state, allowing them to take sand from the waters of Lake St. Clair, near the water canal at the Flats, for filling purposes at the Rouge. The state is to receive one cent a cubic yard for this material. About 1,500,000 cubic yards will be required.

Bay City—Nearly one-third of what the postoffice department at Washington described as a record breaking gain for the month of June over May in air mail poundage was furnished by the Bay City-Chicago line, which increased its total to 17,342 pounds from the May figure of 15,565. The increase for the entire country was from a total of 587,471 pounds in May to 593,254 pounds in June.

Grand Rapids—Apple growers are confronted with a new menace in the appearance of the apple maggot, also known as the railroad worm, according to Kent K. Vining, county agricultural agent, who is in charge of a campaign to check the ravages of the pest. The maggot caused considerable damage in this state several years ago. This year it is said to have appeared in scattered areas.

Detroit—Detroit's postal receipts of \$1,014,682 for June showed an increase of nearly 4 per cent over June, 1928, although this June had one less business day. This circumstance, caused the cities of the country as a whole to fall off more than 2 per cent as compared with last year. The only other places with receipts reaching the million mark in June were New York, Chicago, Philadelphia and Boston.

Eaton—Rapids—George Mellon, 78 years old, and his brother, Alonzo, 74, were killed when the light wagon they were driving was struck by a truck driven by Cecil Briningstool. The accident occurred in front of their home, four miles south of here on M-50. Witnesses declared the men waited in the driveway of their home until a gravel truck went by, then drove out directly in front of a truck coming from the opposite direction.

Jackson—Detroit sent inmate No. 1 to the Michigan State Prison Nov. 22, 1848, and just the other day inmate No. 25,000 arrived from Detroit. The first inmate of the prison who was given a number was John Marsh, sentenced to serve life for homicide. Before 1848 no numbering system had been in effect. No. 25,000, who came with 20 other Detroit prisoners was Herbert Minton, sentenced to serve five to 15 years for a statutory offense. The 20 new prisoners swelled the inmate population to 4,090, the largest in the history of the institution.

Battle Creek—No immediate pardon in the case of Arthur C. Rich, now serving a life sentence for assault on Miss Louise King, is looked for by her attorney, Mayor John W. Bailey. Commutation of sentence, reducing it to from seven to ten years, would probably be the first step, Bailey figures, and then a parole. There seems little opposition locally to commutation of sentence for Rich, but some sentiment against a full pardon. Just what the majority opinion is has not been announced.

Saginaw—Warren J. Bell, 17-year-old Tittabawassee Township farm youth, drowned while swimming in the Tittabawassee River near his home. Companions attempted unsuccessfully to rescue him. The body was recovered by sheriff's deputies.

Detroit—Injuries suffered when he fell from an upper porch in the rear of his home, 2603 McClellan avenue, proved fatal to John Relby, 49 years old. He died in Receiving hospital. According to hospital attendants, Relby told them he was sleeping on the porch and rolled off.

Sault Ste. Marie—A piece of property with 460 feet frontage on the St. Mary's River has been presented to Sault Ste. Marie by Chase S. Osborn, former Governor of Michigan, and his son, George, Sault editor and publisher. The land will be used as a public park and in connection with the municipal tourist camp.

Grand Rapids—An unusual traffic accident here resulted in the death of Michael Kowrach, 48 years old, father of four children. Kowrach was the driver of a light automobile on which a gravel truck and its load toppled when the two vehicles collided. He was injured internally. The truck was driven by P. Pepper.

Ludington—Preparations are being made here to open the sour cherry canning season. A large part of the crop in Oceana and Mason counties will be cold-packed. The fruit will be frozen in barrels and held in cold storage for later distribution to fresh cherry pie bakers in Chicago, Cleveland and other large consuming centers.

Manistee—The first real effort to drill for oil has been started in Manistee county with the arrival of equipment on the J. J. Fagen company property near Aradgia. According to the announcement of the Fagan company, who have played a prominent part in the development of the Muskegon field, drilling will start within the next few days and will be made from the top of the rock to the Dundee strata.

Ypsilanti—One of John Z. Gault's favorite farm horses met death in a manhole at the corner of Ferris and Adams streets. Charles Ehle, employe at the Gault dairy farms, was delivering milk when one of his team stepped on a loose manhole and fell in. Trying to extricate itself it went farther down. Veterinaries were summoned and wreckers used, but the large horse went to the bottom and was killed by sewer gas.

Saginaw—Warned in time when one them noticed a bulging wall, a dozen workmen constructing the foundation for a new S. S. Kresge Co. building here escaped uninjured when an adjoining structure collapsed. Mrs. Harry Simmons and her 5-year-old son occupied the second floor of the wrecked structure. They were in the front part of the building, which remained standing, and were carried to safety on a ladder.

Muskegon—A special election Sept. 16 to settle the question of municipal ownership and operation of the street railway system has been ordered by the city commission. The election was ordered on a petition of the Parent-Teacher Associations, asking that the city acquire the property which the Muskegon Traction and Lighting Co. proposes to abandon Oct. 1. Another election authorizing a bond issue is required in event voters approve purchase.

Mt. Clemens—Because he went to the aid of four men, Ted Vernier, St. Clair Shores, went to the hospital with several broken ribs. Passing the site of the new Mt. Clemens Savings Bank Building in the bus of which he is driver, Vernier saw four workmen fall when a scaffold broke. He jumped from his bus and ran to help them, but fell in a hole. One of the injured workmen, Alex Beveridge, Detroit, suffered a broken leg. The others escaped with bruises.

Flint—Mrs. Molly Semson, of Flint, announced at Niagara Falls that she would attempt to go over the falls Labor day in a specially constructed rubber ball. The vehicle in which she intends to make the trip is now under construction by a Cleveland rubber firm, she said. The last person successfully to complete a trip over the cataract was Jean Lussier of Springfield, Mass., who went over last summer in a ball similar to the one now being constructed for Mrs. Semson.

Sault Ste. Marie—The freight movement at the Sault Ste. Marie locks in June was 14,075,844 tons as compared to 12,632,376 tons in June last year, according to the monthly canal report by Isaac De Young, general superintendent. The movement through the locks for the first three months of this year's navigation season was 32,411,844 tons as compared with 21,931,267 tons for the corresponding period of 1928, a 33 per cent increase. Iron ore jumped from 3,743,356 tons in June, 1928, to 10,166,049 tons last June and soft coal from 1,952,225 tons to 2,394,735.

Bay City—The radiator of the automobile of Adolph Blanchard needed repairing recently as the result of a unique collision. A woodpecker had drilled as neat a hole into the front of Adolph's car while it was being driven up here from Flint, as could have been done by a drill. When Mr. Blanchard got home, he noticed the bird, hanging dead, to the radiator. Its beak was imbedded in the metal. He pulled it out and a little stream of water shot from the small hole. The car hit the bird squarely, for the beak had punctured straight in.

WEST SIDE

(Edited by Mrs. A. Miles.)

Mrs. James Cole of Boyne City and Mr. Russell of Detroit were business callers at the Vance Cash Store, Tuesday.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Gidley of Detroit and Mr. and Mrs. Leonard DeForde of Sturgis, and Mr. and Mrs. George Nelson called Sunday at the C. L. Strong home.

Mr. and Mrs. George Vance were very pleasantly surprised Saturday evening, when Vernon Vance and family, Roy Vance and family, also Dr. and Mrs. Selby Vance of Pittsburg came to help Mr. Vance celebrate his birthday anniversary.

Carl Moblo is working at Eveline Orchard.

John Momberger was taken very suddenly ill from hemorrhage of the stomach, Tuesday. But at this writing is better. Dr. Beuker is attending him.

Mrs. Nina Curnsner of Big Rapids and Mrs. Frank See of Central Lake were dinner guests of Mrs. See's daughter, Mrs. R. C. Sommerville, Wednesday.

Mrs. Wm. Hosler and Roy Kenny of Ranney District spent Wednesday visiting Mrs. R. C. Sommerville.

Mrs. Russell Harrington of Flint, Mrs. Joe Cummins, also Mrs. Snyder called on Mrs. Geo. Vance one day last week.

F. A. and Orrin Wright of Wright Dist., called on Albert Miles, Monday. Josie Jensen of Miles Dist., visited Mrs. C. L. Strong, Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Watson of Central Lake visited Mr. and Mrs. George Vance, Sunday.

AFTON

(Edited by Mrs. Henry Timmer.)

Matthew Hardy lost his two best cows Friday evening, when they were struck by lightning during the electric storm. They were partially insured.

Robert Alwin left for New York City Sunday to join his parents.

Frank Bryzik and Julius Guzniczak are here from Chicago for a two weeks visit with their parents, Mr. and Mrs. Vincent Guzniczak.

Walter Germaine of Boyne Falls has taken the place of Wm. Moore on the Albert Todd farm.

Mr. and Mrs. H. J. Korthase and son called at the home of L. R. Hardy Monday evening.

The Forest Reserve Nursery removed a second load of seedling trees from Silver Leaf farm this week. They will be replanted in the southern part of the State.

Mr. Winters, of the old White farm dined Wednesday at the home of George Jaquays.

Mr. and Mrs. Bert Lumley and Miss Sidney Lumley were Sunday evening callers of Chas. Shepard.

Wm. Mooye is helping in the haying for George Jaquays.

Mrs. Claude Sutton of Ionia arrived Wednesday to convey Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Sutton and Christabel to southern Michigan, where they will attend a large family re-union.

Eveline Orchard Resort

Prof. W. C. Latta and wife and the Misses Bertha and Mary Latta of Lafayette, Indiana are at Roberspauma cottage for the season.

Dr. Thos. M. Williamson, Mrs. Williamson and Miss Mary Reis, of Saginaw are at the Williamson cottage for four weeks.

Professor and Mrs. Blair have guests their son, Caton Blair and wife of Decatur, Ill., and Mr. and Mrs. Stewart Robinson of Springfield.

Misses Julia and Winifred Gettemy with their guest, Miss Nellie Hayes of Grand Rapids motored to Interlochen last Sunday to hear the Concerts given by the National High School Orchestra and Band, at the Interlochen Bowl.

Howard A. Taft of Detroit is at the Taft cottage, Gray Gables, for a week. Eveline Orchard's sweet and sour cherries are now on sale, but although orders are being taken for the Bing and other large block varieties, they will not be ready for shipment for 2 weeks.

Master "Billy" Best, five year old son of Mr. and Mrs. Marion Best, of Eveline Orchards, fell and broke both bones of his right arm, Sunday afternoon.

Howard Darbee and Gabriel Thomas of Eveline Orchards left this week for four weeks of camp life at Fort Brady, Sault Ste Marie.

The large crop of cherries and apples in prospect at Eveline Orchards has made it necessary to purchase a 1 1/2 ton Chevrolet truck from the Healey Agency at East Jordan.

MILES DISTRICT

(Edited by Mrs. E. Miles.)

Mr. and Mrs. G. LaClair and daughter, Beatrice; Mr. and Mrs. Elmer Reed and family; Mr. and Mrs. Carl Moblo; Mr. and Mrs. Bustard of East Jordan, Mr. Raymond, Ernie Raymond, Mrs. F. Bancroft and Mrs. D. Evans visited at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Jerry Moblo, Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence Addis visited Mr. and Mrs. L. Jensen of Rock Elm District, Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. F. Bancroft called on Mr. and Mrs. Gillett of Ellsworth Wednesday evening.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Addis and son Jamie were Sunday dinner guests at the home of Lewis Zoulek in Chad-dock District.

Mr. and Mrs. F. Bancroft called on Mr. and Mrs. Madril of Ellsworth Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. K. Bader and children Mr. and Mrs. R. Barnett and son, Gerald of East Jordan and Mr. and Mrs. E. Miles visited the Grayling Camp, Sunday.

The Catholic Ladies Aid was entertained by Mrs. Frank Addis and Mrs. Lawrence Addis at the former's home Thursday afternoon.

Rev. and Mrs. Manker of Ellsworth were callers at the F. Bancroft home Friday evening.

Mr. and Mrs. H. Lindenau of Boyne City visited her parents, Mr. and Mrs. B. Evans, Sunday.

Mrs. B. Evans and Mr. and Mrs. F. Bancroft attended services at the Holiness Church in Ellsworth, Sunday.

Can You Make Good Bread?

SURE! IF YOU HAVE GOOD FLOUR

175 Pounds GOOD FLOUR FREE

100 lbs.—First Prize.
50 lbs.—Second Prize.
25 lbs.—Third Prize.

For the Best Loaf of Bread Made Of

E. A. CO. FLOUR

PRIZES AWARDED AT THE FAIR.

You have five weeks to practice. No increase in price as yet, although wheat is going up every week.

\$1.15 per 25 lb. Sack

THE BEST BUY ON THE MARKET FOR HIGH GRADE FLOUR.

East Jordan Lumber Co

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

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

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

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

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

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

**MORTGAGE FORECLOSURE
NOTICE.**

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

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

The premises described in said mortgage are as follows, to-wit:—
"The East half of the Northwest quarter (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.

**HEIGHT LIMIT OF
SKYSCRAPER NEAR**

Elevator Demands Make Lofty Towers Unprofitable.

New York.—Where 100,000 men once spent 20 years building a pyramid for the Pharaohs, a thousand men now rear a modern skyscraper 50 stories into the air in a single year. But where the Pharaohs raised their monuments to stand for all time, the life of the modern monument to commerce is fixed at 25 years. Children who watch these lofty towers reaching toward the sky today in New York, Chicago and a score of other cities will, as middle-aged adults, see them leveled again.

The explanation is that the average skyscraper is being built comparatively as cheaply as a subdivision bungalow because the builder cannot afford to take chances on the course of rapidly changing land values, as the American city changes its course of growth, points out Silas Bent in World's Work. They cannot risk sinking a fortune in a giant office structure only to find that within 10 or 15 years the district has changed from a commercial one to a manufacturing center. They also cannot risk encumbering land that may rise many times in value with a building that may be antiquated within a decade.

Whether the 75-story skyscraper soon to be erected in Chicago will mark the ultimate in lofty construction, or whether it will be surpassed by a 110-story tower projected in New York, and by others still higher, is a problem interestingly discussed by Mr. Bent.

While theoretically there is no limit to which builders may not aspire today, there is a rigid economic limit at which such buildings cease to be profitable, he shows. And the limit is due to one of the chief factors that made the skyscraper possible—the elevator.

"The taller the building, the greater must be the number of elevators to accommodate the tenants," he points out in the World's Work article. "Now where ground rentals are enormous the space given over to elevators becomes an item of moment. In cities of a million population it is calculated that the 20 story building is about as lofty as is consistent with economic construction. Only where land values are abnormal, or where there is exceptional advertising value in mere height, are more stories justified."

A building so high that it must give a third or half of its ground space over to elevator shafts would necessarily be far more costly than one only two-thirds as high, and not as profitable, he shows. So that unless engineers devise some apparently impossible means of indoor transportation for the tens of thousands of inhabitants, the skyscraper soon will have reached its positive limit.

**Former Ghost Town
Citizens Hold Reunion**

Traver, Calif.—One of California's best known "ghost" towns returned to life here with a population of approximately 500 citizens for one day, when visitors came from as far north as Sacramento and as far south as Los Angeles.

"Citizens" is the proper word to describe the returning population, for all of the 500 persons were former residents, gathered in reunion. It was the 45th anniversary of the founding of Traver, once a 3,000 population center of a great grain and horticultural area.

Every building in the town has disappeared. The last to go was the Del Zante hotel, burned to the ground last year, together with a little store.

Alkali was responsible for Traver's demise as a municipality. The chemical came to the surface with irrigation, killing grain, orchards and vine yards.

Cattle now roam over sparse "salt grass" where once a prosperous community existed. The 500 reunionists picknicked beneath the great eucalyptus trees that border what once was the Traver school yard.

**Texas Claims Largest
Wheat Field, 6,000 Acres**

Heresford, Texas.—This section of Texas has issued claim to the largest single wheat field in the state, and is shooting at national honors. The field of grain is under one fence and comprises 6,000 acres. Production is expected to total about 200,000 bushels of wheat valued at approximately \$250,000.

Monster Codfish
Provincetown, Mass.—What was believed the biggest codfish ever caught in Massachusetts waters was brought in by Capt. George Brier off Truro recently. The giant weighed 100 pounds.

**Radio Serves Double
Purpose in School**

Racine, Wis.—A radio receiving system that serves a dual purpose has been installed in a Racine school. Aside from making broadcast programs available in each schoolroom, a microphone has been installed in the office of the principal so that he may make announcements at one time throughout the school.

**400 AGENCIES BARE
MOVE TO SAVE EYES**

Progress Made in Prevention of Blindness.

New York City.—The last year has seen the most widespread campaign for the prevention of blindness in the history of America, it is announced by Lewis H. Carris, managing director of the National Society for the Prevention of Blindness, in making public the society's fourteenth annual report.

The movement for the prevention of blindness now has behind it not only the organizations built up for this particular purpose, but also the report shows, the medical profession, the field of education, organized labor, the safety movement, the profession of social work, federal, state and local governmental officers, and many groups of public-spirited private citizens.

Four hundred agencies are co-operating with the Society for the Prevention of Blindness.

"Men and women in every walk of life are now participating in the campaign to save the eyes of the nation," Mr. Carris said.

Two New Projects.

"During 1928 the National society undertook two new projects involving joint efforts. With the League of Red Cross societies, the National society undertook a study of international aspects of prevention of blindness, the report of which will be published in 1929 in English and in French by the League of Red Cross societies. The second project is an extensive co-operative educational campaign with the American Federation of Labor to reach 5,000,000 families of working men and women. In addition, it has continued its past co-operative relationships with scores of local and national agencies, realizing that the gospel of prevention of blindness must actually permeate the atmosphere in order that the responsibility of the citizen, the parent, the teacher, the doctor, the nurse, the illuminating engineer, the safety engineer, the worker, and the employer, all take their responsibility to prevent blindness and save sight."

Steady progress continues toward the society's goal of complete elimination of ophthalmia neonatorum, usually called "babes' sore eyes," as a cause of blindness, the report points out. The use of prophylactic drops in the eyes of babies at birth is now required in most states, and free supplies of the solution are furnished to midwives, nurses and doctors in 36 states. Entire eradication of this source of blindness—once the most prolific of all causes—is said to be scientifically possible.

Use "Game" for Kids.

By means of a special "game" for preschool age children, the society is able to test, with some accuracy, the vision of children too young to read the letters on the charts used for adults, the report mentions.

Two classes for school children with seriously defective vision, started 15 years ago, have grown into 318 "sight-saving" classes throughout the country in a specialized field of education today, the report says. Through the use of large type books, movable desks, ideal lighting, and special teaching methods, children with little vision are not only given the same sort of education that children with full vision receive, but they are taught how to conserve their remaining sight. The society estimates that approximately 5,000 such classes are needed in the United States.

Through a questionnaire addressed to industrial plants, the National society together with the National Safety Council endeavored to ascertain for the first time the instances in which eyes have been saved in industry through the use of mechanical safety devices," the report says. "The experience of 583 industrial plants employing more than 578,000 men and women, during the years 1926 and 1927, indicates that in the two-year period 2,757 men and women were saved from serious injury or total blindness in both eyes, and 4,654 were saved from serious injury or total blindness in one eye. Detailed information regarding this study will be available later. During the year 1928 almost 900,000 pieces of literature were circulated by the society."

**Doctor on Job at 90;
Likes Modern Styles**

Newcastle, Ind.—This is the world's "rarest age," according to Dr. Edward W. Goodwin, ninety, Henry county's oldest physician. He adds: "The costumes today are the most sensible a woman ever wore, from every viewpoint." Doctor Goodwin is still engaged in his profession and drives an automobile in making calls.

**Fifth of Air Pilots
Live in California**

San Francisco.—California had 1,038 aircraft pilots licensed to fly by the federal government, or nearly one-fifth of all licensed pilots in the United States on April 1, according to an analysis of department of commerce records, announced by Pacific Flyer coast aeronautical journal.

Importance of Nonsense

London.—Nonsense is an exceedingly important element in life and people lacking in nonsense are not quite right according to J. Dover Wilson, professor of English in London university.

For Late Summer



An attractive navy blue dress with white dots. It features a high waist and a flare at the hem.

Too many people make a specialty of thinking second-hand thoughts.

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.

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. Dunson and Leon Ray Dunson, 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.

**MICHIGAN BELL
TELEPHONE CO.**

Long Distance Rates Are Surprisingly Low

For Instance:

for **65¢**

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.

FROM EAST JORDAN TO:

Station-to-Station Rate	Day Station-to-Station Rate
BENZONIA	\$.55
WEST BRANCH	.60
ALPENA	.65
BEULAH	.55
MANISTEE	.65
MANISTIQUE	.60
STANDISH	.65

The rates quoted are Station-to-Station Day rates, effective 4:30 a. m. to 7:00 p. m.
Evening Station-to-Station rates are effective 7:00 p. m. to 8:30 p. m., and Night Station-to-Station rates, 8:30 p. m. to 4:30 a. m.

To obtain Out-of-Town telephone numbers, call "Information."

Why, the Readers Even Send 'Em In!
Listen, mothers, can't you see Your handsome daughter's naked knee?
Just cover them with silk or lace, Then men will look up at her face.

Call Another Peace Conference!
For 150 years not a shot was heard along the United States-Canadian frontier. Then someone invented prohibition, and now look at the casualty lists!

A Burden Off Our Minds
We sincerely trust that the new farm bill will prove as much of a relief to the farmers as it's passage has to the rest of us.

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, oppressed with backache and rheumatic stiffness, take Foley Pills diuretic. Guaranteed. Hite's Drug Co. adv.

**OUR TRUCKS ARE AT
YOUR SERVICE**

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

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

Northern Dairy Products Co.
IONIA PRODUCE COMPANY, Operators.

SUCH IS LIFE
by Charles Doughoe
Ask and Ye Shall Find Out

MY SON IS JUST COMING FROM HIS FIRST SESSION WITH THE DENTIST
BRAVE BOY

AND NOW THE OLD TOOTH DOESN'T HURT A BIT, DOES IT?

YOU'LL HAVE TO ASK THE DENTIST—HE'S GOT IT

HATE

By
Arthur D. Howden Smith

Copyright, 1928
ARTHUR D. HOWDEN SMITH
WNU Service

(Continued)

Battle lanterns shed gouts of yellow radiance on the deck, and the longboat's company followed their captain down the Jacob's ladder, Clinch tacking them off at the gangway. Ours rattled in the thole-pins. "That you, Clinch? Take the tiller. Give way, men."

Fellowes stole forward. Men were dousing the extra lights. A pair of ship's boys were sparring by the main-hatch, egged on by a circle of sailors. The confusion of the longboat's departure hadn't quite died down.

"Cuffee?" whispered Fellowes. "Yah, mars'r." The negro rose from the windlass. "Tom been under bowsprit heel."

"Good! We must go quickly." They slipped over the catheads into the water that rippled purringly about the bow. Tom muffled a groan.

"Drown me, ye will," he murmured dismally.

"Cuffee no let yo' drown," returned the negro, placing one of Tom's hands on his shoulder. "Hol' on dar'."

And he vanished in the darkness with the celerity of a fish, towing Tom's floundering bulk as easily as though his companion was a lump of cork. Fellowes pursued at a more moderate pace. He couldn't see twenty feet beyond his nose; the Badger was a vague huddle of spars, in a few strokes more became invisible. He traced Cuffee's progress by Tom's puffings and snortings. It was easy, he told himself, driving ahead, hand over hand, legs kicking rhythmically. Ah, but not so easy, he discovered soon, as the little waves kept slapping at his face, and his limbs grew heavier and heavier.

The venture assumed the aspect of a nightmare. He was being crushed between black water and darkness, the air squeezed from his laboring lungs, a deadly pressure numbing his heart. Time ceased to have meaning. Space was illimitable. He was conscious simply of splashing wearily, of intervals when he was tempted to subside under the next wave, of recurring spells of battle. He came to himself at last, treading water feebly, Cuffee pummeling his face and chest, a dull roaring in his ears.

"Mars'r Fellowes," pleaded the negro. "Mars'r Fellowes! We go fo' surf. Yo' hear? Dat him surf."

Fellowes acceded drunkenly. "Where's Tom?"

Cuffee indicated a dripping burden lashed to his belt by the remnants of his shirt. "Tom plenty wet, mebbe him drown. But we go fo' surf—quick! Yo' hol' Cuffee tight. Cuffee pull yo' two like him whale pull boat. Yo' see?"

Fellowes was too tired to argue longer. He suffered his fingers to be hooked into the negro's belt, and floated supine, marveling at the undiminished vigor with which Cuffee slashed into the rollers. After a few strokes he was stung to renewed effort, himself, paddling dog-fashion with one arm and kicking his feet, albeit sluggishly. In the darkness they were blind, steering by sound rather than eyesight, and both were surprised when their feet touched bottom.

Cuffee, with a grunt of satisfaction, tossed Tom over one shoulder and grasped Fellowes by the arm, striding out against the suck of the undertow as easily as though he walked a level deck. And while Fellowes collapsed on the dry sand, panting and muscle-cramped, Cuffee set to work on Tom, and had him choking and coughing by the time the Long Islander was sitting up. An irate person, Tom—"Fine pair o' messmates!" "Tain't yer fault I wasn't drowned." "Never be the same man, I won't!" "Oughter be, keelhauled, ye had!"

"Just the same, you're a free man tonight," exclaimed Fellowes with his first whole breath. "Free o' Crimplin' Collishawe. An American again! We're as good as home, Tom. This is my land—the Point o' Woods, at the west end of the island. My herders' shack is on the far side of the forest, behind the dunes."

Fellowes led the three at a stiff-legged trot over the dunes, until they emerged upon the island's opposite shore. Close at hand a cordial glow poured from the open door of a light-

ly built structure, together with the pleasant odor of bacon and a singsong hum of voices.

Fellowes approached the door, his companions crowding his heels.

"—Jes as I'm atellin' ye, Joe," one of the voices was saying. "He come back nex' night, and he looked like he'd seed a ghost. Ses he: 'Twas that alr slaver cap'n—over to P'int o' Woods. Ha'nted me, he did. All night. Come 'n' walked into my ear. 'Whar's my head?' he'd holler. 'Whar's my—'"

"Lord!" moaned another voice. "Here he be, head 'n' all!"

Fellowes, peering in the doorway, saw two frightened figures cowering in a corner of the hut, but no sign of a



"We're as Good as Home, Tom."

ha'nt" until he happened to glance sideways. Then he chuckled. Cuffee, curious as to these strangers, had stuck his head in a convenient window. The negro's scared features, atop of his glistening naked torso were sufficient to frighten any yokels already bent on frightening themselves.

"Haven't you seen a black man before?" called Fellowes, stepping inside. "Paris Eaches! And Joe Doak. Well, well, boys—"

"Another ha'nt," gasped Doak. "Oh, Squire Fellowes, be kind like ye used to, and go back to the grave, and leave us poor fellows be."

Fellowes laughed outright. "You'd better try the zantes, Tom," he invited. "Here, Paris, Joe! Ever see anyone more like a live sailor?"

The pair were fascinated by Tom's gargoyle visage and grotesque figure. "De-be-ye really Squire Fellowes?" quavered Eaches.

"Feel my hand," Fellowes bade him. "Cuss me, but that's flesh-'n'-blood," he confessed. "But how 'n' tim'd ye git here, squire? We heard tell ye was pressed by Collishawe."

"'Tis a long story," Fellowes answered grimly. "Is Saul Chater in Babylon?"

"Ever sence he come home from Portygal," Eaches replied, a trifle shamefaced. "But who ye got with ye, squire?"

"Two men who escaped with me off the Badger. Collishawe and a landing party are bound for Babylon tonight. I want to take them. Have you a boat here?"

"My leetle ducker," responded Doak. "She's a durned handy craft, if I do say so."

"Get her ready. We must scud for it. Hurry! Every minute counts." He set an example by seizing a roll of blankets; Cuffee helped Eaches collect the provisions; Doak slipped out with an apologetic: "Git the anchor up. Ye'll have to wade to her," and Tom brought up the rear.

The ducker was an almost flat-bottomed craft, an elongated triangle in shape, with a single leg-o'-mutton sail, capable of astonishing speed before the wind. Just the feel of her silny

floorboards under the bare feet stimulated Fellowes' self-respect. She was a boat, and he was captain aboard her; and the realization helped him to slough off the last trace of the subordination the Badger's iron discipline had ground into his soul. His voice crackled with the crisp authority of the quarterdeck. "Get that sail up, Paris! Joe, you take the tiller. Cuffee and Tom, lie up in the bow."

"We'll make a spy run with this wind," Joe Doak announced as the sail filled. "Wouldn't be s'prised if we done it in two hours to Sampawms creek—land ye slick as a whistle at the Manor dock, squire."

"No, we'll have to run into East creek," replied Fellowes. "The Britishers will be at Saul Chater's farm and I don't banker to go near them, unarmed. How are we going to catch Collishawe's party? Have you any militia?"

"For sartain," Joe spoke up proudly. "That's the Fencibles."

"Who's in it?"

"All o' us—Nimrod Sopher's cap'n." Fellowes deliberated for some minutes.

"I'll tell you what," he decided finally. "As soon as we land, Paris had better go wake up Sopher. The rest of us—I suppose the Widow Rhodes still has the Pig and Farmer at the crossroads? 'Tis a convenient place to rally at. Joe, you can be waking other lads in the village. I think I'll get some sleep while I can."

He had rolled himself in a blanket under the herders' feet when a sudden thought occurred to him. "Have you heard if Chater has visitors at the farm?" he asked, sitting up.

"By heck, I'd plumb forgot," exclaimed Eaches. "Couple o' women, squire, and the feller to Noo Yawt owns Chater's ship."

Fellowes laughed heartily. "I expected they'd be there. Wake me when you make in for the East creek."

He was asleep almost as soon as his head touched the floorboards. Every thing was happening as he had intended. Success he no longer doubted.

CHAPTER VI

At the General Armstrong

Doak's hand on his ankle awakened Fellowes with all his senses alert. No light showed against the curtain of the night, no noise came from the shore.

"Seems as though the Britishers wore mortal quiet," whispered Eaches. "They don't want to be seen here," returned Fellowes. "Look sharp, Joe! There's a landing."

"I will do," acknowledged Doak, and slid the ducker inshore beside a rickety wharf.

Their feet clattered on loose boards, then pattered soundlessly on the earthen roadway paralleling the creek.

"Waill, I turn off here for Sopher's," Eaches announced. "I'll knock at every door I pass. Joe, ye better work west."

"I'll grapple up the hull durned village," promised Doak.

Eaches vanished between the trees, and at the next lane Doak left them, with a brief, "See ye at the Widder's."

The others soon emerged upon a wider thoroughfare, sprinkled liberally with houses, the largest of which, directly opposite, was distinguished by a signboard, creaking gently in the breeze as it swung above the street. In the stable yard beside it stood a dilapidated stagecoach.

"Jeff Riggie must have been late driving out from Brooklyn," exclaimed Fellowes. "Mrs. Rhodes is still up. This is luck."

The lighted window was open, and a spatter of argument carried clearly to the fugitives. "I never heard such foolishness! Ye be'n adrinkin', Jeff. That's what ye be'n." "No, I ain't, M'randy. I seed him as nigh as ye be. A-grennat, tall man, dressed like a English sailor, and a naked cutlass in one hand and pistol in t'other. And he stuck the pistol into my stummock, and says he: 'Is this the 'Babylon road' and ses I: 'T' be.' And ses he: 'Git along it, mate. And I seed mebbe three-four more dressed like he wore.'"

"A likely tale," scoffed the woman. Fellowes snatched aside the window curtain.

"But true, Mrs. Rhodes," he said. "Another one," squawked Riggie. "And look to that evil naygur with him!"

But Mrs. Rhodes was unperturbed. She rose from the table at which she had been sitting, six feet of gaunt, capable bone and muscle, and stalked to the window.

"Now, see here, my man," she asserted sternly, "no nightwalker, be he English or American, ever had aught out o' M'randy Rhodes. I've a musket handy, and—God bless my soul, 'tis Squire Fellowes! Where in the name o' Providence did ye come from, sir, that Saul Chater told us were pressed off'n his ship. Dear, dear, dear! Come in, sir, come in. And who have ye thar? Land's sake, that nigger's as tall as some o' Jeff Riggie's stories!"

"Huh, ye better not talk so brash. M'randy," growled Riggie. "I said I seed a Englishman, and it 'pears like I did."

"Ye saw that nigger o' squire's—?" "No, he saw a real English sailor. Mrs. Rhodes," interrupted Fellowes. "We've just escaped off the Badger. Captain Collishawe's ship. She's lying outside the Inlet, and Collishawe and twenty men should be at Saul Chater's this moment—they came ashore in the longboat."

"Saul Chater!" Mrs. Rhodes lips clamped in a tight line. "Ye mean that skunk—"

"That's what we want to find out. I've sent Joe Doak and Paris Eaches to rouse Sopher and the Fencibles. We'll catch the English, and overhaul the farm." He hesitated, strangely reluctant to name Cara Inglepin, despising himself for his embarrassment. "Chater has visitors—"

"Mr. Benjamin Inglepin from New York, 'n' his daughter," corroborated Mrs. Rhodes, her jaw still very square. "An arrant Federalist knave, by all accounts."

"Are the Inglepins the only strangers at Chater's?"

Jeff Riggie answered him. "Right now, they be; but Saul's had a passel o' comp'ny sence he come home from Portygal. Mr. Inglepin's be'n out afore, and a dozen fellers off 'n' on—most o' 'em from New England, by the way they talked."

Fellowes experienced a rush of savage exultation. "There's a mess of treason brewing on Sampawms creek but we'll upset the pot," he said. "And that reminds me: Jeff, will you wake the Fencibles, who live on Main street?"

"I'll whip 'em out o' bed, if I got to," Riggie assented. "M'randy, I want to borrow that air musket o' yer's. I'm goin' to have a shot at the feller poked his pistol in my stummock."

"I'll b'lieve it when some one else tells me," she retorted as he departed. "One o' squire's men 'd do my powder 'n' lend more justice." She leveled an admonitory forefinger at Tom. "Now that hairy, leetle feller, he looks like he'd be better at shootin' than backin'."

"Axin' yer pardon, ma'am," replied Tom, shuffling his brown feet, "but I

no hand with a gun. If ye had a cutlass—or a boardin' ax—"

"That's a wood ax ye're welcome to. What about the nigger, squire? He don't look decent in that naked state. He's welcome to the gun, but I can't come by a shirt, let alone a coat, to cover him."

"Cuffee can get along as he is," rejoined Fellowes. "But he'll be grateful for a musket, Mrs. Rhodes."

The negro favored her with a view of his entire mouthful of filed teeth. "Cuffee plenty lub fo' shoot," he said.

"Heavens, what gibberish," she protested. "And is he a cannibal with all them wicked teeth?"

"No more'n ye be, yerself," growled Tom before Fellowes could answer. "H'they—fitey!" snapped the widow. "Keep a civil tongue in yer head, my man."

"I ain't yer man," roared Tom. "And I'll thank ye to mind as how Cuffee's my nigger."

"A pressed man own a nigger?" "The negro would serve with his master, you see," Fellowes interposed. "I don't see," scoffed Mrs. Rhodes. "If that makes sense, I'm a fool."

"Ye said it yerself," jeered Tom. The widow grabbed a pewter jack from the table.

"And if ye think to talk back to me, ye leetle, hairy, vermin, I'll try the weight o' yer skull," she threatened. But Cuffee thrust his enormous body between them.

"Cuffee him b'long fo' Tom," he said in his curiously soft, soothing voice. "Tom him b'long fo' mars'r Fellowes. Cuffee plenty lub him bofe. Ye' don't hit Tom."

She regarded the negro with unwilling respect. "Why, ye talk like a Christian—which is more'n that Tom does."

"Tom him no lub woman," explained Cuffee, grinning. "Oh, my aunt, him plenty 'frald fo' woman."

"Land's sakes, so that's the kind o' critter he is!" Mrs. Rhodes smiled upon the pair of them. "Waill, it's time he learned what a respectable woman's like. Poor feller! Thar's naught nearer to a baby than a sailor in this world." Tom started to retreat toward the door. "Tom! You, Tom!"

"Yes, ma'am?" he answered meekly. "What's yer name?"

"Tom Grogan, ma'am—o' Philadelph'y, P. A."

"Set yerself doawn, Tom. I wouldn't want for any man to think I meant him harm. Will ye have a drop o' drink jest to wet yer tongue?"

Tom brightened perceptibly. "Why, I'd take it kindly, ma'am."

"Not too much," cautioned Fellowes, and turned to greet Nimrod Sopher, who hurried in at the head of four or five men, all carrying rifles, muskets or fowling pieces of various dates and patterns. Sopher was a man of about forty, thin as a lath, with a long mournful face that reminded Fellowes of a horse. Around his waist was belted a dragoon saber of prodigious size.

"This is an unforeseen pleasure, Lion," he proclaimed ponderously. "I very nearly fell out my window when Paris told me you were home. An extraordinary deliverance! A veritable Odyssey, I doubt not. You'll have much to tell us, yes, yes! But we have not been idle at home. And you'll find the Manor all in order. I've had some trouble with Chater, who gave me to understand 'twas your pleasure he should be permitted to buy the 'swamp tract' east of the creek; but I trust I've not merited rebuke in resisting his persuasions."

"Chater lied to you," rasped Fellowes. "He and—an accomplice of his betrayed me to Collishawe—to silence me lest I reveal their intercourse with the enemy. Collishawe, as Eaches must have told you—"

"Ah, but my dear Lion, how can you prove this British officer comes with

the intention of proposing a commerce in treason?"

"That's why I had your Fencibles roused. We must catch the scoundrels in the act."

"Scoundrels?" Sopher was distressed. "A Hibernian phrase, my friend. And it occurs to me that Chater has visited him—Mr. Benjamin Inglepin, a reputable merchant, of New York city as well as Mr. Inglepin's daughter—"

"Who is the guiding hand in the plot?" bared Fellowes.

"But, Lion! Mr. Inglepin is a reputable merchant."

"Say a wealthy merchant, and I'll

agree with you. Grown wealthy on trading with the enemy. A corrupt, conspiring Federalist, bent on restoring allegiance to the Crown."

Sopher was bewildered. "It passes comprehension," he said. "And as your attorney, Lion, I must counsel you to have your proofs in order before you undertake to prosecute your charges."

"With your Fencibles to aid me, I'll have proof enough to hang the lot of them."

"What? A woman?" Mrs. Rhodes, who had stood by listening, arms akimbo, rapped sternly: "And why not, if she deserves it?"

"Why not?" echoed Fellowes. Sopher wagged his head forebodingly. "I like it not, Lion, and that's the truth. As your attorney—"

"'Tis not as my attorney, but as captain of the Fencibles I've called on you. Will you aid us to capture these British invaders?"

"Ah, that's a different matter." The lawyer-millitaman plucked up his spirits. "There, to be sure, we have the law on our side. Invaders in arms may be resisted, nay, they should be resisted. But laying an information alleging the crime of high treason is a matter requiring protracted consideration. I should err in my responsibility did I not urge reflection upon the possible consequences."

"I care nothing for the consequences," Fellowes said coldly. "To protect the Inglepins and Chater, Collishawe pressed me off the True Bounty, and gave me a hundred lashes of the cat. Did you ever see a man who had taken a hundred lashes on his back? Do you understand what it means to be compelled to serve against your country?"

"Your resentment is justifiable," deplored the lawyer, "yet suffer me to indicate that justice is seldom realized through passion."

Eaches, who hovered by the window, made an awkward attempt to come to attention.

"Axin' yer pardon, Cap'n," he reported, "the powder's sarved out, and the comp'ny—be acallin' for ye 'n' squire."

"And 'bout time some one took heed to actin' 'stead o' argyin'!" announced Mrs. Rhodes. "Here!" She opened a cupboard, and drew from it a musket, powder horn and shot pouch, which she extended to Cuffee. "Tom, jest stir yerself out to the woodshed, and ye'll find a hefty ax—I honed, myself. Squire, thar's a pistol in the drawer o' that table. Nimrod, git out o' here, and muster yer Fencibles or I'll go do it for ye."

"I trust I do not need to be reminded of my duty, Mirandy Rhodes," the lawyer returned with dignity. "Corporal Eaches, lead out your squad. After you, Lion!"

In the hall they encountered Tom, fingering the edge of a shiny, broad-bladed wood ax.

"Run yer thumb over that," he invited them admiringly. "The Badger's gunner couldn't have it no sharper. Thar's a woman for ye! Cripes, she'd fight a seventy-four 'soon as look at it."

Fellowes reflected uneasily that, at least, she'd probably fight more handily than his prolix attorney. But a clamor of voices distracted his attention. "Hil, whar's the squire?" "Down with the Bloodybacks!" "Come on, Nimrod, we want to fight!" "Three cheers for the Fencibles!" "We'll show them Englishmen a few tricks!" "Hey, Sopher! Hear yer bloodhounds barkin'?"

Not so well disciplined, the Fencibles, who, after all, were only everyday farmers and fishermen. Thank God for the misty darkness!

The men were armed as nondescriptly as the squad that had attended Eaches—half of them carried old Brown Bess flocks, with bayonets; the remainder sported hunting rifles, tradeguns and fowling pieces. Lads barely in their teens shambled beside grandfathers wearing their white hair long in the fashion of the last century. But all, regardless of age or equipment, were hysterically aggressive, and they broke ranks with a whoop to receive Fellowes.

He quieted the demonstration with difficulty.

"The British will hear you, friends. Our one hope is to surprise them. Fall them in, Nimrod."

Sopher drew his saber with a clang. "Fall in, men! Fall in! Sergeant Peirt! Where's Sergeant Peirt?"

One of the ancients of the company stepped clear of the confusion and saluted with shaky smartness.

"Muster the men, sergeant. Column of fours."

"And douse those torches," added Fellowes.

Prompt obedience plunged the group in darkness, and the confusion increased until the Widow Rhodes appeared with a lighted stable-lantern in either hand.

"I never see sech clumsy onfs," she snapped. "For land's sake, git agoin', Abner Peirt. I've heard yer tell 'bout Saratogy for thirty years. S'pose ye show us a bit o' sojerin' for a change."

"We will, M'randy, we will," quavered Peirt. "The Fencibles ain't Continentals, but they know thar drill. Fall in, men! Slope arms! Right dress!" His old voice took on a ghostly ring of virility. "By fours—column right—for'ard!"

Feet shuffled in the dust, and Fellowes found himself, with Cuffee and Tom and Nimrod Sopher, leading the Fencibles west on the South Country road. From the rear of the little column echoed the monotonous intonation of Sergeant Peirt: "Hayfoot, strawfoot! Hayfoot, strawfoot! Hayfoot—"

The ancients reiterated refrain died away in the chatter of the tree-tops.

There was only the "shuffle-shuffle, stomp-stomp" of feet in the dust, the rustling of equipment, the tense breathing of men laboring under excitement held in leash. It must be very late, Fellowes reflected, well along toward dawn; but the mist, low-lying over the swampy lands bordering the bay, thickened the darkness. Collishawe should be on the point of departure—the Englishman was no fool; in any case, would wish to keep his landing secret.

They tramped around a curve in the road, and Cuffee, at Fellowes' elbow, stiffened with a jerk.

"Wha' dat?" he whispered. Simultaneously, came a hail from the shadows in front:

"Aho, there! Lay to!" And a bosun's whistle trilled, sharp and clear.

"Back yer oars, Clinch," roared Tom Grogan.

Pistols exploded among the trees; the whistle trilled again, sharper, more piercing.

"Out cutlasses," bellowed Clinch. "Stand by to receive boarders."

Behind them Fellowes heard Peirt, quaveringly authoritative:

Form column—by fours—left into line—for'ard! Shift—flocks! Present—flocks! Aho—fire!"

The crashing detonation of thirty stand of arms dismayed the sailors, notwithstanding the militiamen's bullets flew in every direction save the enemy's. Fellowes detected their flight by the crackling of tree branches and Clinch's fervid oaths, and summoned the Fencibles to pursue.

"After them, boys! Give 'em the cold steel!"

Tom was off already, Mrs. Rhodes' ax brandished at the length of his apelike arm, howling challenges to Clinch. Cuffee leaped into the woods, screaming a weird slogan learned in the jungles of Coromandel. Sopher continued to emit twittering calls that ran the gamut from falsetto to bass, trotting next to Fellowes. The Fencibles followed stultily:

The pursuit receded from the road, traversing a belt of trees which hid the antagonists from each other, bewildering both sides, and presently spilled out of the grove on to a range of cultivated fields. The light was growing, Fellowes perceived. In the distance, Chater's house was a white blur against a windbreak of tufted elms. Clinch launched a vigorous cutlass charge as soon as the increased visibility revealed the scanty numbers and character of the attackers.

"Come on, Badgers," the bosun encouraged his men. "Carry it to 'em, lads! Slice the lights out o' 'em! They're only milshy!"

(Continued on Last Page)

Beauty and Health



Little Yvonne Darville, of Copenhagen, winner of the first prize in a competition to find the prettiest and healthiest child in Denmark. She is five years old.

He Takes Orders Now

"This lunch room is under new management."

"Why, I see the same proprietor around here."

"Yes, but he got married yesterday."

What Every Married Man Knows Annoy a woman before marriage, and she won't speak to you. Annoy her after marriage, and—oh boy!

Satisfaction Guaranteed

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

Foley Pills

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

Sold Everywhere

HITE'S DRUG STORE

Makes a Difference

You simply can not find a maid who is honest. That one you recommended just left suddenly, and took with her nine of my towels.

"What kind were they?"

"They were those Pullman towels, which I brought back from my trip."

THE OLD-FASHIONED woman who used her table scraps to make chicken feed, now has a daughter who uses them to make chicken salad.

TEMPLE THEATRE

—PRESENTS—

SATURDAY and SUNDAY July 20-21
 Special—Pathe Presents Phyllis Hoover in
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 Comedy. Pathe News
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TUESDAY Family Night
 2 for 1 with Merchant's Tickets.
 Universal Presents
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WEDNESDAY—Show after the Band Concert.
 Sponsored by the Merchants. Ask for Tickets.

COMING — July 25-26 — "LEATHERNECKS."
 Benefit of American Legion, Post No. 227.

Briefs of the Week

Mrs. Gus Kitsman visited relatives at Standish last week.

Richard Muma was home over the week end from Kalamazoo.

Mr. and Mrs. Matt Swafford were Mancelona visitors, Sunday.

Miss Vera Hupp was home over Sunday from Grand Rapids.

Mrs. Earl Blair and children have returned home from a visit at Duluth, Minn.

Mrs. Dan Conway and children of Flint were here for a visit with relatives.

Mrs. Roy Sherman and children visited relatives at Vanderbilt this week.

Mrs. D. F. Godfrey of Los Angeles, Calif., is visiting her sister, Mrs. Jas. Howard.

Born to Mr. and Mrs. Leo Sommerville, a daughter—Frances Ann—July 12th.

Mrs. Ray Lyons and two sons of Grand Rapids are visiting her mother, Mrs. Andrew Olson.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter G. Cornil left Wednesday for a fortnight's outing near St. Ignace.

Mrs. Flora J. Moir of Houghton, Mich., is visiting her sister-in-law, Mrs. Richard Lewis.

Miss Elizabeth Sweet is here from Chicago for a visit with her mother, Mrs. D. E. Goodman.

Mrs. A. W. Overholt and daughter, of Detroit, are here visiting her mother, Mrs. Minnie Freiberg.

Your chance to furnish that cottage cheap with good guaranteed Goods at C. J. Malpass Hdwe. Co. adv.

The Fire Dept was called to the home of James Merideth Monday forenoon to extinguish a small roof fire.

Mr. and Mrs. John Lenhardt and children of Frankfort were here Sunday, guests of Mr. and Mrs. Clyde Hipp.

Mr. and Mrs. Amber Muma and family and Mrs. Nelson Muma of Detroit visited relatives in this city this week.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Bennett moved their household goods to Flint this week, where they will make their home.

Mrs. C. A. Hudson with sister, Mrs. Nina Malone, and father, Alexander Bush are on a motor trip through southern Michigan.

Rev. and Mrs. Adolph Shay of Flushing, Mich., are here for a visit. Mr. Shay will preach at the Methodist Church Sunday morning.

Guaranteed fresh House Paint, \$1.95 per gallon now at C. J. Malpass Hdwe. Co. Also brushes and oil and all paint necessities. adv.

Mrs. H. C. Swafford, Mrs. Lillian Hoover and Mrs. Matt Swafford were at Mancelona last Thursday to visit their uncle, who is very ill.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Pringle of Flint visited here over Sunday. His mother, Mrs. George Pringle accompanied them home for a visit.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Gidley and son, of Detroit were here this week visiting at the home of his brother, James Gidley, and other friends.

Ben Weikel who has been here for a visit with his sisters, Mrs. F. P. Ramsey and Mrs. Otis J. Smith, returned to Detroit first of the week.

Mr. and Mrs. Chester Donaldson and family of Detroit were here the past two weeks visiting at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Donaldson.

Mrs. Otis J. Smith, accompanied by her father, Howard Weikel, and her brother, Ben Weikel were at Munising a few days last week visiting friends.

Born to Mr. and Mrs. Floyd Vermillion, a son, July 14th. The little one only lived a few hours. The remains were taken to Kalkaska for interment.

Dr. and Mrs. A. C. Gibson of Lansing were here last week for a visit with her mother, Mrs. A. L. Hilliard. Harry Price of Dayton, Ohio was an East Jordan visitor, Tuesday.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Schultz of Chicago, and her mother, Mrs. James Brezina of Traverse City, also Frank Brezina, and Marian and Angeline Scheid of Traverse City visited friends in this vicinity this week.

Try our Auto Glass service. B. L. Severance. adv. 29-2

Miss Mildred Best, daughter of R. C. Best, of Cadillac, a former East Jordan resident, was wed at the Methodist parsonage in Cadillac last Saturday evening, July 13th, to Peter Peterson of that city. The bride wore a blue and yellow ensemble and a hat to match. She carried a bridal bouquet of yellow sweetpeas. Her only attendant was Miss Bernice Rosevear of Detroit. Delvan Best of Detroit, a brother of the bride, attended the groom. The former Miss Best was a member of the Charlevoix Hospital staff for the past year.

Miss Eva McBride was home from Jackson over the week end.

Mrs. Chris VanDeventer of Chicago is here visiting her daughter, Mrs. Jack Shier.

Earl Reid of Muskegon was here over Sunday visiting his uncle, Ben Reid and family.

Mrs. George Leitch of Grand Rapids visited her father-in-law, Rev. James Leitch over Sunday.

Mrs. Arthur Hurley with children and Mrs. Edwards of Royal Oak, Mich., are visiting at the home of Mr. and Mrs. S. J. Colter.

Some good used Mowers, Rakes, new and used Hay Cars, Ropes, etc., also repairs for all kinds, at C. J. Malpass Hdwe. Co. adv.

Mrs. J. M. Hertel and Miss Luella Boosinger are now occupying their permanent summer home, formerly owned by Roy Webster.

Rev. James Leitch is confined to his bed this week with blood poisoning. He received an infection in his right hand which spread.

Miss Anna Wagbo and Miss Genevieve Munson of Chicago are visiting at the home of the former's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Jacob Wagbo.

Bohumil Cihak and Miss Ruby Craig, both of Jordan Township were united in marriage by Elder Leonard Dudley at his home, Sunday, June 30.

Edward Biber, wife and three children of Lansing have rented the Darbee home for the summer. Mr. Biber returned to Lansing, Sunday, but expects to be back in a few weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. Lyle Kinsey are here from Jackson, Mich., for a visit with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Martin Ruhling. They were accompanied by Jack Atkinson, a grandson of Mr. and Mrs. Ruhling.

Julius W. Loveday came up from Lansing Saturday with his wife and two children. The family are at the W. A. Loveday home—"The Elms" for the summer, and Mr. Loveday has returned to Lansing.

The Norwegian Lutheran Ladies Aid of East Jordan will meet with Mrs. Chris Holstad at Mancelona next Thursday afternoon, July 25th. All planning to attend are requested to meet at Mrs. Gunderson's at 1:00 p. m.

The East Jordan Lumber Company has just unloaded a fine carload of British Columbia Red Cedar Shingles (10" Clear), and 6" Bevel Siding. The Shingles sell at 95c per bunch, the Siding at \$55.00 per M. adv. 29-3

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Smith and son, Dale, and Mr. and Mrs. Allen Pickel and two sons, Everett and Eugene, have returned to their homes in Muskegon after spending a few days at the home of Mr. and Mrs. W. M. Pickel. Miss Ivis Pickel accompanied them home for a few weeks visit.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter Baker of Detroit, Mrs. James Kimball, sister of Mrs. James Isaman, of Ontario, Canada, and Mrs. Thomas Gunson of East Lansing were visitors at the home of Mr. and Mrs. James Isaman, Mrs. Gunson's mother. They returned to their homes Tuesday.

Announcements have been received here of the marriage of Miss Elsie J. Johnson to Lemuel E. Rogers at Toledo, Ohio, Wednesday, July 3rd. The bride is daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Julius Johnson of Jackson—former residents of East Jordan. The groom is son of Mr. and Mrs. S. E. Rogers of this city.

Mrs. Leatha Graves and Mrs. Leverett of Ypsilanti were guests of Mrs. Josephine Stewart the past week.

July meeting of the Presbyterian Missionary Society will be held at the church parlors, Friday, July 26th, at 2:30 p. m. Program in charge of the Sequanota ladies. All are cordially invited.

George Leitch of Grand Rapids, who is encamped at Grayling with the M. N. G., visited his father, Rev. Jas. Leitch over Sunday. He is a member of one of the regimental bands and was accompanied here by three of his fellow-members. The quartet gave a musical program at the M. E. Church last Sunday evening.

The date of the annual County Sunday School Picnic, sponsored by the County Council of Religious Education, has been set for Thursday, Aug. 8th, at Whiting Park. The Council is interdenominational and every Sunday School in the County is urged to attend. The usual pot luck picnic dinner at noon will be followed by games and contests under competent direction. Watch this paper for further announcements.—Muse E. Sloan, Sec'y.

IT MAY BE, as a physician says, that a tap on the head, given in the right place, will make a man forget he is married. But if he gets it in the wrong place it usually reminds him of it.

A card of thanks sent out by an Ohio widow reads: "I want to thank those who helped me to bury my husband." Oh, don't mention it!

FREEDOM

Freedom from financial worry is the aim of the man and woman who want something more in life than a hand-to-mouth existence.

A savings account will give you time and means to do and have the things that make life worth while.

We shall be glad to have you carry your account at this strong bank.



"The Bank With The Chime Clock."

Be thrifty. Because your money will be smaller after next week.

A thunder shower is no respecter of denominations when it comes to Sunday School picnics.

The chemical value of the human body is estimated at 24 cents. Then perhaps it's true that some people have 30-cent brains.

DUDLEY & OLSON

Contractors & Builders

Let us do your building. Nothing too big, nothing too small. All work done right. Estimates Free. Telephone—217 and 154-F3

EAST JORDAN UPHOLSTERING CO.

We Upholster All Kinds of Furniture. Work Called For And Delivered. Work Guaranteed. 221 Main St. E. Jordan

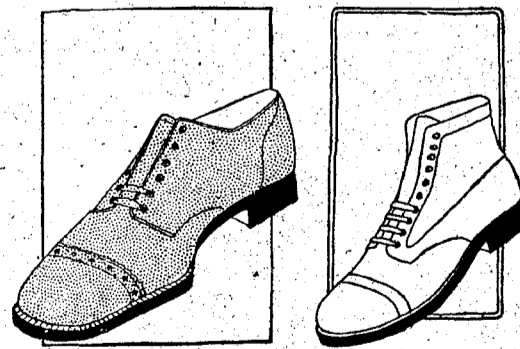
A woman may gain her point, but she seldom acquires it at the end of a lead pencil. Those who tell us that prohibition causes all the wickedness haven't yet named any saints that the saloons produced.



The story this time is partly about SWEATERS. Infant's wool and silk, either singly or in sets. Children's, either Pull-over or Button. Ladies and Misses, silk, or silk and wool, sleeveless or with sleeves, or a heavy sweater for the car in the evening. The most convenient wrap and for the most purposes that a person can have.

Wool Bathing Suits and shoes to match. House Dresses—\$1.00 each. Very pretty Children's Dresses, fast colors, well made, organdie collars—\$1.19 each. Ladies' Hose—50c the pair.

MEN'S CLOTHING DEPARTMENT



If you are looking for a good WORK SHOE, cheap, we have it, soft and easy—\$2.10. Also an up-to-date Black OXFORD at \$3.95. Many other Shoe bargains.

Also Men's All Wool SUITS with two pair Pants—\$17.95

EAST JORDAN LUMBER COMPANY STORE

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.

"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.

DIPPING INTO SCIENCE

Deafness in Infants

Because the inner channels of the ears are full of mucus, newly born infants are usually deaf for a few days after birth. In three or four days they become very sensitive to sound and loud noises startle or frighten them. There should be exercised that only soft sounds reach the young one. (Ex. 1929, Western Newspaper Union.)

A man's most bitter enemy is his ex-friend who can no longer work him.



Presbyterian Church

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

10:00 a. m.—Morning Worship. Dr. Wm. Lampe, pastor of the West Side Church, St. Louis, Mo., will preach.

11:15 a. m.—Sunday School.

First M. E. Church

James Leitch, Pastor

10:00 a. m.—Morning Service. Rev. Adolph Shay, pastor of the Baptist Church at Flushing, Mich., will have charge of the morning service.

11:30 a. m.—Sunday School.

6:00 p. m.—Epworth League

7:00 p. m.—Evening Worship

Latter Day Saints Church

Leonard Dudley, Pastor.

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

Church of God

10:00 a. m.—Sunday School. 11:00 a. m.—Preaching Service. 7:00 p. m.—Evening Service. Mid-Week Prayer Meeting, Thursday, at 7:00 p. m. Everyone is cordially invited to attend these services. Come!

Ignorance occasionally borrows garments and poses as wisdom.

Signed After Forty Years



Mr. Hibbard Signing Original Drawing of Blue Bell Sign at Bell Historical Library.

A good deal of history has gathered around that first Blue Bell which Angus S. Hibbard, then General Superintendent of the American Telephone & Telegraph Company, designed in 1833 and which Edward J. Hall, Jr., Vice-President and General Manager of the American Telephone & Telegraph Company, authorized in January, 1839. The original drawing is one of the treasures of the American Telephone Historical Collection at 195 Broadway, New York City. But it

had been signed only by Mr. Hall. So the request was made that the next time Mr. Hibbard was in New York he come to the American Telephone Historical Library and sign it. Accordingly in the fall of 1928, almost forty years after he designed the emblem, he complied with the request, and there now appear in the lower right hand corner of the original the words:—Angus S. Hibbard, Designed and Recommended, December, 1833. (Signed, Oct. 15, 1928.)

HATE

By Arthur D. Howden Smith

Copyright, 1928
ARTHUR D. HOWDEN SMITH
WNU Service

(Continued From Fourth Page)

The sailors responded gallantly coming forward in a compact group, sure-footed and agile, and the militia men, caught off-balance, out of breath, most of them with their guns empty, were disposed to run, despite Sergeant Peirt's angry appeals. Sopher, vocal at last, stood stockstill, wheeling his saber and crying shrilly: "Follow your captain, men! Follow your captain!" It was Fellowes, with Tom and Cuffee, supported by Peirt, who checked the impact of the sailors, and gave the Fencibles an opportunity to rally. He flung his empty pistol into the charging group, snatched a "clubbed rifle" from one of the faltering militiamen, and attacked Clinch, himself—who recognized the Long Islander with a yell of incredulity.

"Slink me, lad! 'Owd ye git 'ere?" "Surrender, Bob! You're cornered." "Not me! Bob Clinch don't strike 'is colors—"

But in the midst of his defiance the knot of sailors disintegrated, as Cuffee smashed the head of one and Tom heaved a second from shoulder to waist. The Fencibles, who had been on the verge of flight, were intoxicated with ferocity by their first sight of blood, and eagerly resumed the pursuit.

"Surrender, Bob," Fellowes urged again.

"Not if I knows it," retorted the bosun, dodging a blow with a clubbed rifle. He parried another swing, then stooped and grabbed a fold of Fellowes' shirt, jerking it over the Long Islander's head. Blinded and hampered, Fellowes stumbled to his knees, and by the time he had ripped off the tattered garment and scrambled up, half-naked, Clinch was safely out of reach.

The sailors recovered rapidly from their panic, and made for the creek bank, halting at intervals to fire their pistols and gain a breathing spell. Daylight, Fellowes realized, would increase the timidity of his raw men, and he called anxiously to Sopher:

"We must finish this while we have the darkness for cover. One more charge! Fire a volley, and drive them into the creek."

Peirt cried valiantly: "That's the way we took 'em at Saratogy! Keep achargin'! The British'll run fast as any fellers if they see bay'nits to thar gizzards. Hearts up, naow, boys! With powder 'n' ball—load! Present—firelocks! Aim—fire!"

The greasy powder-smoke billowed across the field, and the Fencibles trotted with it, making no pretense at order, unable for the moment to see what the enemy was doing, and therefore persued they were beaten. Fellowes, in advance of the line and not yet blanketed by the smoke, saw the sailors fall prostrate as the American's muzzles jetted flame. Then Clinch's whistle piped distinct in the racket of musketry and haphazard cheering, a cannon boomed on the creek, and a host of sinister voices whined through the dank air. Grape-shot! Fellowes knew what that meant: the longboat's three-pounder had been brought to bear on them. And he knew, too, by their frightened yells:

The Four Loves of Man
Schoolteacher
Actress
Flappers
Himself.

Merely an Observation
Men who sing their own praises are usually away off key.

Mr. Coolidge sprained his wrist fishing. It must have been a whooper.

Oysters may be eaten in any month that has an "r" in it; taxes need not be paid in any month that has a "2" in it.



Louise Rice, world famous graphologist, can positively read your talents, virtues and faults in the drawings, words and what notes that you scribble when "lost in thought". Send your "scribbles" or signature for analysis. Enclose the picture of the Mikado head, cut from a box of Mikado pencils, and ten cents. Address Louise Rice, care of EAGLE PENCIL CO., NEW YORK CITY

that the Fencibles were in headlong retreat.

"Peirt," he shouted. "Sergeant! Can't you hold your men? Sopher! Nimrod!"

But his only answer came from Tom Grogan, who bobbed up out of the smoke beside him.

"The old feller took a whif o' grape 'twixt wind-and-water, messmate," Tom reported. "And that air milshy cap'n 's off on 't'her tack under full sail, along o' the rest o' his squadron."

"Where's Cuffee?"
The negro towered erect at mention of his name.

"Cuffee wid yo', mias'r," he answered simply.

"Three of us left," groaned Fellowes. "But we can't fall like this. We must take Collishawe."

They stepped out of the smoke onto the creek bank as the longboat was backing into midstream. The gun in her bows no longer aimed their way, but several sailors discharged pistols at them. Collishawe, in the stern-sheets, bending over a wounded man, straightened at a word from Clinch, who held the tiller.

Fellowes waded waist-deep into the creek.

"Collishawe," he shouted. "D'you hear me, Collishawe?"

The Badger's captain rose slowly to his feet, motioning to several of his crew to put aside their pistols.

"I hear you," he answered clearly.

"This is Fellowes—Lion Fellowes, whom you flogged. Will you come ashore, and fight me, man to man?"

"How did you come here, Fellowes?"

"Never mind how I came here," Fellowes waded further out, the bottom mud clutching at his feet. "Will you come ashore, and fight me, man to man? Choose your weapons, choose mine. You and all your men shall go off, unharmed, whatever happens to me."

"That is impossible," the Englishman replied deliberately. "I am an officer on duty. I cannot indulge in personal quarrels."

Gripped as he was by a rage that was volcanic in its force, Fellowes never for a second doubted the honesty of his enemy's position. Say what he might of Collishawe, he would believe the Englishman courageous—morally courageous, as well as physically. He choked down his wrath, and as Collishawe remained standing, with an effect of courteously allowing him the last word, he called again:

"Very well, I'll come to you."
Collishawe bowed.

"I shall be ready, Fellowes."

He resumed his seat, the longboat's oars feathered and dipped, and she pulled away for the mouth of the creek, as the first pink of the sunrise stained the east. Fellowes waded ashore, less disgruntled than he had been. For Collishawe's parting words had recognized their equality. They were no longer captain and common sailor, superior and infinitely inferior; but two enemies, who should encounter on a level plain of enmity, honorable, however bitter the hatred which knit their interests as closely as though they had been abiding friends. And somehow, hatred tasted cleaner in Fellowes' mouth—much, much cleaner than the hatred he held for the three who remained in the farmhouse beyond the creek fields.

CHAPTER VII

A Nolle Prosequi

The glow in the east was deepening. Objects that had been obscure assumed their proper shape. Fellowes' whole being, now that Collishawe had escaped, was concentrated upon the punishment of the three who remained in Chater's house. Climbing the creek bank, he set his face in that direction and led the way across the trampled fields, pausing only when they came upon a rusty-brown sprawl of limbs in a furrow of beet tops. Pallid lips mumbled unhappily:

"D—n milshy! Takes—Continental's—stand—cannon—"

"We can't leave Peirt out here," exclaimed Fellowes. "His wounds must be dressed."

"Nuthin' to do for them wounds," grunted Tom. "Looks like he'd stopped a roundshot."

"You drove the Britishers, Peirt," Fellowes tried to comfort him. "We'd have been beaten without you."

"Drove 'em—hey?" The wrinkled face lightened. "Jest—like—Saratogy." His breath quickened. "Give 'em bay'nit—boys—see I. But—takes—Continental's—"

"He sighed faintly, and the light in his face went out.

"Poor old Peirt," Fellowes said sadly. "If we'd had a dozen like him Collishawe couldn't have escaped. Pick him up, Cuffee. We'll carry him with us."

Cuffee handed Mrs. Rhodes' musket to Tom, and gathered the frail body in his arms, cradling it with a gentleness that was almost maternal.

"Him lil bitty man, but plenty brave," he murmured.

Fellowes strode along, absorbed once more in contemplation of his vengeance, unconscious of the ghastly figure he made, plastered with mud and water, his naked torso hideously scarred by the livid welts of the cent.

his bare foot, and again gave precedence to Cuffee.

There was a flutter of movement in the room. "God save us!" exclaimed a man. "Oh, who is he?" cried Cara Inglepin's voice. An asthmatic torrent of Portuguese: "Sanctissima mal e todos os Santos!" And Chater's nasal drawl: "You don't need to drip all the blood onto the carpet, nigger."

Fellowes entered after Cuffee, with Tom trampling his heels. He saw Cara Inglepin first, very white-faced and thinner than he remembered her on the True Bounty, in a green frock



"Him Lil Bitty Man, but Plenty Brave," He Murmured.

that accentuated the dusky glory of her hair; and resolutely, tenaciously, he curbed the thrill her beauty inspired. He hated this woman, he reminded himself. What right had she to rouse in him desire or satisfaction?

She sat on a sofa by the fireplace with a man he recognized as her father. Benjamin Inglepin was a stout, ruddy gentleman. He was dressed, as became a prominent Federalist, in the fashion of the elder century, black satin breeches and dresscoat, Mechlin stock and jabot, white silk stockings and varnished pumps with silver buckles. The faces of father and daughter revealed a mingling of fright and compassion. Chater leaned against the mantelshelf, chewing a cigarro, his wily visage doing its best to mirror indifference. "The duenna crouched in a corner, her broad face woebegone, her fingers plucking at a rosary.

Fellowes bowed ironically toward the sofa.

"I am loath to incommode you," he said, "but we require a temporary resting place for the body of an American soldier."

Cara Inglepin was on her feet in a second; her father rose more slowly.

"You?" she cried, her face a study in emotions. "How come you here? He said you were on the Badger!" She clutched Ben Inglepin's arm.

"Father, 'tis Lion Fellowes! James must have fetched him ashore, after all."

Inglepin was nonplused, and made no attempt to hide it. Chater's jaw dropped, and he went as tall as the duenna, who wheezed a reiterated: "Sanctissima!"

"No, I assure you Captain Collishawe had nothing to do with my being here," Fellowes denied.

"But he promised me you should be set ashore in the next cartel."

Fellowes laughed, and she shrank from that laugh as from a blow.

"You don't believe me!"

"I fear I do not, ma'am."

"Oh, you must!" There was a frantic note in her voice. "I have suffered more than you can know. But 'twas a mistake! James—Captain Collishawe—he had seen you in New York. He knew officers who had been 'at Eton with you. He was persuaded you were truly a British subject. And he misunderstood something Captain Chater said."

"I'll swear he did," Fellowes assented mockingly. "How of that, Chater? What was your error?"

"Why, ye heard what I said to him on deck," responded the True Bounty's master.

"Ah, but below decks?"

"Well, naow—Tarnation, Fellowes, he asked me was it true ye was born in London, and all that. And I said 'twas. And afore I could say more he cut me off."

"A fair story," Fellowes applauded. "And where were you, ma'am?" She regarded him gravely.

"My duenna was quite ill of the sea-sickness, and called me from the cabin."

Fellowes remembered the duenna's face at the cabin port as he left the True Bounty, and his impression of her ejaculation in English. He wheeled upon the stolid creature.

"Is it true?" he snapped. She eyed him with impendable calm, gabbling a phrase in Portuguese.

whole sorry affair was founded upon misunderstanding." Captain Collishawe confessed himself in the wrong tonight in this very room.

Fellowes stared at him with a contempt that set twitching the wattles under the merchant's chin.

"Frankly, sir, I do not believe you."

"Tush, Captain Fellowes, as one gentleman to another—"

"What has gentility to do with it, sir? I am an American—who has been wronged. And I have 'yet to ask you' to explain Captain Collishawe's presence here. This poor, old man—" he nodded to Cuffee's burden—"gave his life to thwart the treason you plotted."

Inglepin changed color.

"Treason! 'Tis a strong word."

Chater exclaimed angrily: "No man can't say that 'bout me! I'm as good as ye by any day, Fellowes."

"Doubtless you'll have no difficulty in so convincing the Federal authorities," Fellowes observed.

"It can be explained, sir," Inglepin protested eagerly. "The thoughtless deed of a rash young man."

"Acting upon his admiral's instructions."

"No, not a personal matter," Mr Inglepin became ruddier, a thought short of wind. "Most unfortunate, most unfortunate! My daughter—you see, the fact is—"

He glanced toward her appealingly, and she made a little gesture of resignation.

"He came to see me, Mr. Fellowes."

"I question it not, ma'am."

She hesitated, blushing rosy-red, and Chater interjected:

"Collishawe's daft over her."

"A lover's trust," sneered Fellowes. "That's the tale, now!"

"Need we dispute over it, sir?" she asked with dignity. "We seem all to forget that death is present with us, and deserves somewhat of respect."

"Even a dead American, who was sacrificed for a nest of traitors?" he queried sarcastically, turning to assist Cuffee.

"Does it matter for what a man dies, if it be only what he believes—Oh! Her voice shrilled in a scream, "Your back! Your back!"

One hand flew to her mouth as if to contain the sobs that rattled in her throat; the other was extended shakily toward Fellowes, who, in turning, had exposed his striped back and flanks to the glare of the candles in the wall-sconces. The agony in her face was unmistakable.

"Oh, Father!" she wailed. "How dreadful! That was what he meant—when he spoke of punishment!"

Fellowes frowned again, stirred, despite himself, by the genuineness of her emotion, provoked that he should be.

"'Twas only a hundred lashes," he said. "Is it so much worse than you looked for?"

She shuddered.

"How you must hate me!" There was no trace of bitterness in her manner. "I am proud, too. A hundred lashes! I should hate—But words are cheap, sir."

"They have their price," Fellowes agreed coldly. "This lamentable a lesser injustice should breed a greater, but those who deal in injustice may not complain if their victims rebel against the larger portion."

"Injustice!" She swayed. "Ah, if I might make you see. Oh, Father, I said ill, should come of this—and sure, 'tis here. He does well to hate me," she panted. "That back! How can men—Oh, there are stripes on my soul will never fade!"

And she collapsed in a crumpled, green mass on the turkey carpet.

There was a sudden tense silence in the crowded parlor. Then Inglepin bent over his daughter, and the duenna swept across the floor, a purposeful glint in her beady eyes. Fellowes motioned Cuffee toward the dining-room.

"They will require the sofa for the lady. Lay Sergeant Peirt on the table. Tom, you stand guard at the door here. And remember, no one is to pass out."

"Nonsense, Captain Fellowes!" Inglepin abandoned his daughter to the capable attentions of the duenna. "We must remove this girl to her bedroom."

They Know Edison's Rubber Secret

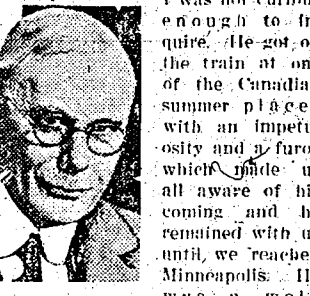


These three youthful berry pickers came upon Thomas A. Edison in a field near Brookside, N. J., where he was gathering wild flowers which he told them were to be used in cultivation for his rubber exploitations. During the course of his conversation Mr. Edison told the youths the secret of his process, but they refused to disclose it to interviewers. The boys are, left to right: Lawrence Horner, twelve; Grant Thorburn, Jr., twelve; and Jack Horner, seven.

CHESTER

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

I don't know what Chester's last name is. I could have found out, but I was not curious enough to inquire. He got on the train at one of the Canadian summer places with an impetuosity and a furor which made us all aware of his coming and he remained with us until we reached Minneapolis. He was a well-dressed and well-set-up youngster of ten, I judge, and if he had had any manners or had been taught any sort of self-control he would have been a very likable boy. He was apparently the only child of a prosperous-looking gentleman of sixty and a handsome woman considerably younger. I inferred that there were no other children in the family from the completeness with which he got what he wanted, disobeyed all verbal orders given to him, and disregarded the comfort and the rights of every one on the train.



Father and mother occupied a drawing room at the end of one of the cars but Chester seemed to feel that the whole train was his personal property. While his parents were quietly engaged in a friendly game of bridge with some acquaintances which they had picked up on the way, Chester roamed at large like a wild Texas steer turned loose in a public street. He went tearing up and down the aisles shouting and slamming the doors and tripping over feet and suitcases and paying no attention to anyone. He was quite at home wherever he went.

In the observation car where a number of people were trying to write or to read quietly, Chester moved constantly from one place to another, trying this chair and then that, looking at one magazine and then tossing it aside for another, and all the time he was making a great racket.

"Don't do that, Chester," his mother would occasionally say, but her warn-

ing seemed to act more as an incentive to further disturbance than as a deterrent. Chester had not yet learned the sound of his master's voice. He went on as if nothing had been said to him.

At the table Chester auked a good deal for a while as if the process were wholly to satisfy his appetite. Generally he did not like what was set before him and made derogatory comments on the menu. Father and mother took little notice of this attitude; they were evidently quite used to it and were neither surprised or shocked.

Chester is the illustration of one sort of modern training of the young. He is being allowed to express his own personality, to develop without restraint. If he learns good manners, or modesty, or self-control, or unselfishness, or regard for other people's comfort or personal rights he will pick these things up himself through experience and hard knocks, and possibly through watching some one else whose example he thinks well of. If I may judge from the way he acted between Seattle and Minneapolis the parental, restraining hand has not yet been laid on him.

(© 1929, Western Newspaper Union.)

American Wins French Title



Jack Westland, U. S. golfer who won the French amateur golf championship when he defeated Richard Fletcher of England 6 up. Westland is a member of the Winged-Foot club at Mamaroneck, N. Y., but he has also resided and played at Seattle and Chicago.

Such is life by Charles Supina. But the dog forgot. YES! I WIPED THEM GOOD. JUNIOR, WAIT! HAVE YOU CLEANED THE MUD OFF YOUR SHOES? THEN YOU MAY COME IN. COME ON! WHAT YUH STOPPING FOR!

(To Be Continued)