

Charlevoix County Herald.

VOLUME 33

EAST JORDAN, MICHIGAN, FRIDAY, AUGUST 2, 1929.

NUMBER 31

Fair Books Now Ready

**CHARLEVOIX CO. FAIR AUGUST
27-28-29-30.**

Secretary Kit Carson is this week distributing the annual Fair Books of the Charlevoix County Agricultural Society. Those desiring copies may secure same at either of East Jordan's two banks or The Charlevoix County Herald office.

Dates for the forty-fifth annual exhibit, which will be held at East Jordan, are the last Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday of this month—Aug. 27-28-29-30. Liberal premiums to exhibitors are offered in all departments.

Among the many special features will be the giving away of \$2,000 in prizes; consisting of eight heads of Registered Live Stock and a Plymouth Auto Coach. High School Bands of Charlevoix, Boyne City and East Jordan will furnish music. The Lippa Amusement Co. will head the midway attractions. Liberal purses are offered for the annual horse racing events on Wednesday and Thursday, while auto races will be held Friday.

A special feature of interest to all owners of horses this year will be the **DRAFT HORSE AND MULE PULLING CONTEST**

OBJECT—The value of draft animals depends upon their ability to pull and capacity to endure sustained effort. The object of this test is to determine the sustained maximum pulling capacity of each pair. These tests will also afford valuable scientific data on the relation between form and function of draft animals and will stimulate general interest in the breeding and use of good draft horses and mules. In particular it is desired:

- To demonstrate the value of type, soundness and proper breeding in the selection of horses or mules intended for long and arduous draft work.
 - To ascertain and demonstrate the proper method of training and conditioning horses and mules for long and severe draft work.
 - To encourage horsemanship, in fitting harness and driving.
 - To encourage the maximum pulling capacity of the horse and mule.
- The contests will be held in front of the grandstand or some good location selected by the Fair officials on the fair grounds. The Class 1 Contest will be held on Thursday and the Class 2 contest will be on Friday.

CLASSES
Horses may be pure-bred or grade. Class 1—Light Class. Teams of horses or mules weighing under 3,000 lbs.

Class 2—Heavy Class. Teams of horses or mules weighing 3,000 lbs. or over.

The following prizes will be offered in each class:

1st	\$40.00
2nd	30.00
3rd	20.00
4th	10.00

Rules Governing the Contests

- A tractive dynamometer furnished by the Fair department of the Michigan State College is used to measure the pull.
- All teams to be weighed without harness on scales stipulated by the Fair management.
- Whipping is forbidden and the carrying of a whip, undue use of lines, profanity, or shouting is prohibited.

Information relative to stabling, time of entry, etc., may be secured by writing **KIT CARSON**, Secretary, Charlevoix County Agricultural Society, East Jordan, Michigan.

NEW ROAD SIGNS WILL BE USED SOON

The state park division's road signs directing travelers to the parks will soon be augmented by auxiliary signs giving the mileage. The new signs are of somewhat smaller size and have black figures against a white background.

The recent legislative enactment authorizing the construction of roads to and through state parks will insure a much wider popularity for some of these parks, which may soon be approached over good roads where in previous years they have been reached with difficulty. The State now has parks on four of the five great lakes and Saginaw Bay and another is to be established on Lake St. Clair.

Some married women that I have talked to admit that their husbands is the only real mistake they have ever made.

By the time we get another five year's crop of laws the national bird of this country will be the jail bird.

JURORS FOR AUGUST TERM CIRCUIT COURT

Following is a list of the Jurors drawn to serve at the August term of Circuit Court for Charlevoix County: H. A. Goodman, East Jordan, 1st W. Ed. Strehl, East Jordan, 2nd Ward Dan Kale, East Jordan, 3rd Ward Rudy Korth, Charlevoix, 2nd Ward Joseph Hallet, Charlevoix, 3rd Ward John Nulph, Boyne City, 1st Ward Ed. Maves, Boyne City, 2nd Ward Stanley McNally, Boyne City, 3rd W. Lew Davis, Boyne City, 4th Ward George Morton, Wilson Twp. John Rude, South Arm Twp. Ralph Palmer, St. James Twp. Anthony Green, Peaine Twp. Edd. Gregory, Norwood Twp. Lena L. Kay, Melrose Twp. Charles Mascho, Marion Twp. Walter Stanhope, Hudson Twp. Amandus Evers, Hayes Twp. Clyde Ogden, Eveline Twp. Lee Anthony, Evangeline Twp. J. Johnson, Charlevoix Twp. Noah Howard, Chandler Twp. John Hausler, Boyne Valley Twp. Harry L. Smith, Bay Twp.

HENDERSON STOCK CO. ALL NEXT WEEK

The Henderson Stock Co., is returning to the Temple Theatre for one week—beginning Monday, Aug. 5th. It is the same Henderson Stock Co., with all the old favorites, some new faces, and entirely new line of plays and vaudeville. It's East Jordan's one week of the spoken drama. The opening play Monday night, "Gossip," is a delightful comedy drama, a story of human interest which specializes in comedy. The price is the same. Admission 10c. adv.

TOP O' MICHIGAN POTATO SHOW

The Program and Premium Committees of the Top O' Michigan Potato Association met at Gaylord recently and made arrangements for the Seventh Annual Potato and Apple Show, which will be held at Gaylord on October 30 to Nov. 1. Few changes were made in the premium to be offered, but two new prizes of importance were announced.

The Show Association is offering \$100.00 to help defray the expenses of the Master Potato Grower of Michigan to some Eastern potato tour. The tours proposed were to Prince Edward Island, Long Island, or New Jersey.

A second trip open only to members of the 4-H Clubs was also announced. This trip is to the International Livestock and Hay and Grain Show at Chicago in December and is awarded by the Ford Implement Company of Gaylord and the Saginaw Branch of the International Harvester Company. The winner of this trip will be judged on his winnings at the Show, his ability to judge and his ability to report the results of his Potato Club work.

Mr. A. G. Tolaas, Potato Specialist of Minnesota, has been engaged to judge the potatoes this year. The exhibitors will remember him as the judge of the 1926 Show.

SANTA CLARA COUPLE CELEBRATE THEIR GOLDEN WEDDING

[The following article is taken from the San Jose, Calif., Mercury Herald of July 7th. Mr. and Mrs. Vance were former residents of East Jordan.]

On June 29, 1879, in a little vine-covered log house in northern Michigan, John Robert Vance and Miss Jennie M. Schofield were united in marriage by the Reverend H. C. Scofield of the Baptist Church.

The bride, a blushing little school teacher, and the groom, a stalwart young lumberman, lived in the lumber regions and in Florida, until 1908, when they arrived in Santa Clara to establish their future home.

Mr. and Mrs. Vance charmingly celebrated their golden wedding at their home in Santa Clara on Saturday, June 29, when their three daughters, Mrs. Vera M. Smith of Charlevoix, Michigan; Mrs. Beulah Clark of Santa Clara, and Mrs. Delita Fusch of Bellflower, Calif., were present. The couple were also honored by the presence of eight of their 14 grandchildren. Messrs. Henry and Isaac Vance, brothers of Mr. Vance were also able to be present at the informal gathering on Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. Vance are esteemed residents of the Mission City and are prominent members of the Baptist Church.

The Go-Getter



ANNUAL ELK'S PICNIC DATE IS SET

The annual Northern Michigan Elk's Picnic will be held at Whiting Park, near Boyne City, on Sunday, Aug. 11th, according to Edmund Dean, exalted ruler of Petoskey lodge.

Petoskey lodge plays host on this occasion to Elks from all over the country and their invited guests and friends. Meat, coffee, bread and other things are usually furnished and the remainder of the picnic meal of each party is brought by that party.

Sports of all kinds are planned with committees in charge of each one.

Whiting Park makes an ideal place for such picnics, having plenty of space for sports, games and other features. Good weather usually makes the picnic a success for the committees always have everything well planned for the occasion.

The date was selected because no other picnic or special event had been previously announced for Aug. 11th.

ANOTHER EVOLUTION

Back in 1889 the "doctor" used to say: "Now ladies and gents, kindly gather 'n' close around the wagon. Small boys please keep back so that older people wishing to make purchases may get in where they can hear. The boys are going to play on the banjos in just a few minutes—ho, this way, everybody! Now, ladies and gents we are introducing in this locality Doctor Bokakiaks Famous Pain Eradicator for Man or Beast at a price so low as to be amazing. I am not going to ask a dollar for this large home size bottle. I am not going to ask even 75, 50, 40 or 30 cents. For the breath-taking pittance of 25c, a quarter of a dollar, you get the full oversized bottle with complete directions for taking, with a rust-proof corkscrew thrown in ABSOLUTELY FREE. Now, as the boys play on the banjos my assistants will pass among you. Remember, this great medicine will cure coughs, rheuma-

tism, headache, goitre, spavin, ringworm, soreness, epilepsy, etc."

Now in 1929 the story goes like this: "Good evening ladies and gentlemen. The following program is being brought to you by the courtesy of the Choo Choo Chewing Gum Co., makers of chewing gum for engineers—the chew with a personality. We trust that you will apply at your nearest dealer for a sample of this meritorious product. Remember it does not stick to the teeth, enmesh the gums or lose its flavor on the bedpost overnight. Remember the name—Choo Choo Chew. We will now take a ride on the Choo Choo train, with the famous Choo Choo orchestra as the engineer. There will be a brief pause for station announcements."

FROM LOGS TO LUMBER

Think back a few years and you will recall that many of the rural schoolhouses were made of logs. Now as you travel throughout the country you find the rural schools to be modern, comfortable, inspiring structures. Many of them, of the consolidated variety, are large.

The log schoolhouse was not built as a matter of choice, but necessity. In the earlier days there was no lumber available and it is to the credit of communities that they did not await lumber, brick and cement, to start an educational system. The log schoolhouse is an outstanding evidence of the desire of the American people for education.

But despite the fact that it is symbolic of educational ideals—we are glad to see the new standards of equipment and instruction.

One of the most inspired things in Michigan is the wonderful new system of rural education. No where in the nation are better ideals of service and training. The conditions are a splendid recommendation to every citizen of the State.

It's great to be young. But from the way people dress and act nowadays, often you can hardly tell whether they are in their first or second childhood.

COUNTY SUNDAY SCHOOL PICNIC NEXT THURSDAY

The County Sunday School Picnic scheduled for Thursday, Aug. 8th, at Whiting Park, beginning at 10 a. m. central standard time, promises to be an outstanding event.

The committee on games and sports, with W. H. Helrigel of Boyne City as chairman will be on the ground and ready to begin activities at the hour named. Dinner will be at noon on the co-operative plan and Earl Clark of East Jordan is chairman of the committee on table arrangements.

Everyone should bring sandwiches, a dish of food to pass, lemons and sugar for lemonade, also plate, cup, spoon, etc. There will be ice cream on the grounds for sale to those desiring it.

In the morning such games as Pom Pom Pull Away, Prison Goal and Last Couple Out will be played. Horse shoes will be ready for the men. In the afternoon a track meet is planned for boys and girls between the different districts of the county. The ages for boy's groups and girl's groups will be 8 to 11; 12 to 15 and 16 up. There will be Play Ground Ball for the girls, Flag Capture for the boys, and a Treasure Hunt for everybody. Something doing every minute.

Members of all Sunday Schools within reach, with their relatives and friends are invited to participate.

POMONA GRANGE WILL MEET WITH BARNARD GRANGE

Pomona Grange will meet with Barnard Grange, this Saturday, Aug. 3rd. Afternoon and evening sessions will be held.

Barnard Grange is preparing for a good time, so every granger should be there to enjoy it.

Mesdames Hilton and Gregory and Al Warda will appear on the program. Enough said.

Every grange in the county expects to be well represented.

CONFIDENCE PRICE- LESS ASSET

The most important constructive factor in our business life is confidence.

A man once boarded a street car, gave the conductor a dollar bill, and upon receiving his change in nickels and dimes, put it into his pocket without counting it.

"Hold on!" said the conductor. "How do you know that I gave you the right change?"

"Oh!" replied the passenger. "How do you know that I did not give you a counterfeit bill?"

This same type of mutual confidence between a merchant and his customer is invaluable. Once a customer has attained perfect confidence in your business you are not likely to lose his trade. But until he becomes imbued with confidence in your business dealings, he cannot be rightfully listed as a regular customer.

How can a merchant or business man instill confidence in his customers? This valued confidence may be built through giving your buyers the same excellent service and high quality merchandise when they order by phone or thru their children, that you give them when they shop in person; thru selling them exactly what they want, without substitution; thru avoiding exaggeration and mis-statements, and thru weighing goods accurately and delivering them promptly.

Confidence thus gained is not easily lost, but once lost, can hardly be reclaimed.—Storm Lake (Iowa) Pilot-Tribune.

ELMER G. LAVANWAY DIES AT DETROIT

Elmer Gleason Lavanway was born in Echo Township, Antrim Co., August 3, 1897, and passed away July 15, 1929, at a Detroit Hospital, after a brief illness from pneumonia. He leaves besides his wife to mourn his loss, his parents, and the following brothers and sisters—Mrs. Bertha Sutton, Rapid City; Sylvia Sutton and Luey Misner of Jordan Township; Edwin, Elgin, Eben, Edward and Olive, all at the parental home.

Funeral services were held at his home in Detroit, Thursday afternoon, July 18th, and the remains were laid to rest in Forest Lawn cemetery, Detroit.

Henry VanDeventer motored to Detroit with Edwin and Elgin Lavanway, being called there by the illness and death of their brother.

Lime-Legume Truck Coming

**TO CHARLEVOIX COUNTY NEXT
MONDAY AND TUESDAY.**

All farmers are not only invited, but urged to attend one of four demonstrations that will be conducted in Charlevoix County when the famous Lime-Legume Truck makes its appearance on Monday and Tuesday, August 5 and 6.

This truck is a completely equipped soil fertility laboratory on wheels, illustrating by charts, placards, and actual samples the more important factors that influence soil fertility and plant food.

Soil fertility embraces a large number of factors. Lime alone is not sufficient. In most cases it takes a combination of lime, organic matter and fertilizer to put the soil in the best condition for crop production. Green manuring is very profitable if properly handled. The crops to be used, the manner of handling and their value will be discussed. What is barnyard manure worth? How much value is lost by leaching? How should manure be reinforced? The many benefits derived from organic matter will be graphically shown.

The following meetings will be held, starting on fast time:

Monday forenoon at 10:00 o'clock, Frank A. W. Behling, German Settlement, 5 miles south and west of Boyne City.

Monday afternoon at 2:00 o'clock, George Nelson, Waterman Farm, 2 1/2 miles south and west of East Jordan.

Tuesday forenoon at 10:00 o'clock, Wm. Withers, Marion Center, 4 miles south of Charlevoix.

Tuesday afternoon at 2:00 o'clock, Wm. Burns, Barnard, 6 miles south of Charlevoix.

Don't forget the dates. Plan on securing this useful information.
B. C. MELLENCAMP,
County Agr'l Agent.

CONSERVATION DEPT. ISSUING MAPS OF COUNTIES

Lansing, Aug. 1.—Colored maps of Roscommon county showing the different soils, the farm development, and the nature of the forest growth along with various physical features such as streams, roads, dwellings, are the latest additions to the series published by the land economic survey, according to L. R. Schoenmann of the conservation department.

Similar colored maps in the series are now ready for Antrim and Ogemaw counties, while uncolored preliminary maps of Charlevoix, Alpena, Menominee, Chippewa, Kalkaska, and Crawford Counties can be had.

Five different types of maps are published by the department for each county inventoried by the land economic survey; base maps which show section lines, lakes, streams, and man-made improvements as roads, houses, railroads, towns, churches, and schools; soil maps showing the location and extent of the different sand, loam, clay, and swamp soils; cover or farm-forest maps showing the present location, kind, density, and size of forest growth; areas recently burned over, idle and used farm and pasture land; property ownership maps showing the owners of acreage property as found in the county records; geological maps which show rock outcrops, glacial and hard rock formations, gravel, clay, marl and peat. Water power reports for the various counties are also available.

These maps will be mailed to any address for the cost of printing. The complete price list can be had by writing to the Conservation Department.

One of the most important functions of the inventory taken by the survey is the information which it supplies to the various divisions of the conservation department in the expansion and locating of parks, forests, game refuges, fire towers, and many other activities. Industries, settlers, and resorters also make valuable use of the survey's maps to locate lands and conditions particularly adapted to their needs.

WARNING TO AUTOISTS

A number of autoists are failing to observe Stop Streets in East Jordan. The sign "STOP" means just what it says. Persons failing to observe this are subject to arrest.

HENRY W. COOK,
30-4 Chief of Police.

FALLEN ARCHES are increasing among girls, we are told, but it's dollars to doughnuts they are not caused by standing too long in front of a dishpan.

Capital Women Frustrate Builders



A dispute regarding the erection of a gasoline filling station on a prominent highway leading into Washington resulted in two prominent women, one a physician and the other the owner of the land, erecting a small tent and living on the disputed territory while attorneys representing the interested parties endeavored to solve the problem which halted work on the station. The photo shows one of the ladies holding the fort.

DIPPING INTO SCIENCE

Pumice Stone

Pumice stone comes to us from the depths of the earth. Filled with gas when thrown out upon the surface by volcanoes, it was found under great heat, the escaping gas causing it to be very spongy in appearance. It has been of great aid to scientists in learning something of the undercrust of our planet.

The Modern Way

Girls used to resign their position when they got married. Now they ask for a raise in pay.

A few children used to be seen; the most of them heard. Nowadays you can't do either unless you sit up all night.

Peoples' Wants

MUNNIMAKERS

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

LOST AND FOUND

FOUND—A Ladies Fancy Silk Scarf, on Esterly St., this city, last Sunday. Owner may call at HERALD Office for same. 31-1

HELP WANTED

WANTED—Agents in this County to sell the best Waterless Cleaner on the market. A general household article. Good profits. For appointment, address F. and R. Chemical Co., Oxford, Mich. 31-1

REAL SILK HOSIERY MILLS can use three ladies in East Jordan and vicinity to take over territory that has been worked for seven years and has hundreds of customers. About \$27.50 a week to start and bonus monthly. Write or call 707 Building & Loan Bldg., Grand Rapids, Mich. 31-1

WANTED

WANTED to know the whereabouts of Franklin J. Cole, son of the deceased J. F. Cole, former East Jordan resident. Address MRS. MARY E. COLE, East Jordan, Mich. 30x3

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—A bargain. Seven-passenger Nash Sedan, 1926 model; recently overhauled and newly painted.—JOHN PORTER, East Jordan. 31x1

FOR SALE—Purebred Holstein Bull Calves, \$20.—W. C. HOWE, Route 2 East Jordan. 31x2

FOR SALE—New Welch Harness in good condition.—MARY E. COLE, at the Aldrich Townsend home, East Jordan. 30x2

FOR SALE—CANARIES, all colors, \$1.00 each.—MRS. MAURICE GEE, West Side, 109 North Lake St. 30-3

FOR SALE—Team of Black Mares, between 6 and 7 years old.—J. F. KENNY, East Jordan. 30-t.f.

FOR SALE—Lapsiding; 2 x 4's; 2 x 8's; Doors & Window Frames. Inquire at STATE BANK of East Jordan. 30-3

FOR RENT—Furnished cottage for rent by week or month. Also 7 furnished sleeping rooms for rent by day, week or month.—MRS. C. WALSHE, Cor. Third and Nicholls St., East Jordan.

WILL TRADE—\$750 LOT in Lansing for East Jordan property of equal value. Inquire of MRS. E. E. SCOFIELD, Phone 247, East Jordan. 30-1

REPAIRS—You can get Repairs for any Stove, Range, Engines, Cars, Sewing Machines, Cream Separator, Plow, or any Farm Machinery at C. J. MALPASS HDWE. CO. 10-4-2

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School Board Considers Budget

CONSOLIDATED TAX RATE WOULD BE ABOUT \$17.50.

The East Jordan School Board met Tuesday evening to check up the local school budget for next year as well as a prospective budget for a possible Rural Ag. School with nine additional rural school districts. They found that the local schools can be run with a tax rate between 19 and 20 dollars per \$1,000 valuation, and with the other districts the rate would be between 17 and 18 dollars per \$1,000 valuation. What many people interested in consolidation want to know, is what their tax rate would be should they consolidate. About a \$17.50 rate is the answer and a lower rate the following years.

The above estimated rate will include such items as busses, bus drivers, fencing, in addition to the county and State fences, extra teachers, Janitor, one additional school, opening roads in the snow time, etc. A number of Board members suggested this was certainly a fair rate considering what they were getting. With all the rural school district statistics before them, including valuation, tax rate, attendance, census, etc., it was found that it costs the rural tax payer and the State of Michigan \$100 to educate each country child per year. Too much for what they get at the best. On the other hand with the advantages, of better trained teachers, building, equipment, music, both band, orchestra and public school music, home economics, manual arts, agriculture, commercial work and organized athletics the cost per child is a shade less than \$90 per child per year.

It may not be generally known that the East Jordan school district will draw from the State by the first of October \$20,055. The above money is already earned and due the local district. The proposed Ag. unit would draw an additional \$10,000, making over \$30,000 from outside sources, with still more next year, with most, if not all our initial cost in organizing the rural agricultural school already cared for. The above figures are based on nine in-coming districts and does not include the Ranney district which signed over 50% of their school electors this week to a petition of their own accord. Two other districts want to come in this year but no one locally has time to see them about the matter.

To say that consolidation is a good proposition is putting it mildly. In addition to lower taxes, better education, all the rural people in the in-coming districts will have better roads, many of them motor roads the year around. The city people already have all the above advantages, most of the country people may have them if they choose. As any local Board member will tell you the local district, with the extra State aid coming, is in the best shape financially it has been in its history.

One item more should be mentioned, five outlying districts will be coming in with substantial debts, two or three with as much as \$450, proportionally as much as if East Jordan had eighteen thousand. Mr. Hoyt, Treasurer of the local district said the local debt would be reduced to less than six thousand within eight weeks. The above statement should clarify the understanding of the financial situation.

Anyone interested in consolidation who has further questions, may ask B. J. Ford, Ass't State Supt. of Schools, or any local Board member, or the local Supt. of Schools. The local Board consists of W. P. Porter, L. A. Hoyt, A. L. Darbee, G. W. Bechtold and C. H. Pray.

The local Board only holds until consolidation goes into effect, then a Board elected by all the electors of all the districts take charge. Making out the final budget, and in other ways taking charge of the local schools.

Several people have asked the question, "what vocational subjects will be taught in the East Jordan schools the coming year?" The local School Board has arranged for the following subjects:—1. Manual Training. 2. Home Economics (Cooking and Sewing.) 3. Commercial (Bookkeeping, Typewriting and Shorthand.) 4. Agriculture. 5. Music (Band, Orchestra and Public School Music.) It should be understood that the new Board elected after consolidation has been effected will have the power to add any other subject that it may think wise.

Imitation of the Old World has gone pretty far, but we haven't seen any American architects yet building leaning skyscrapers.

WILSON TOWNSHIP
(Edited by Mrs. C. M. Nowland)

The barn on the Frank Russ farm burned to the ground Friday night about 11 o'clock. The barn had once been the Pleasant Valley schoolhouse. Irving Coykendall and the Kurtz boys discovered a blaze in the house but put it out.

Mrs. Frank Clute with son, Clyde, and three daughters spent Sunday evening at the home of her son, Milo Clute and family.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Yettes of St. Louis, Mich., visited a few days at the home of her girlhood friend, Mr. and Mrs. Ray Nowland. Tuesday they all drove to Petoskey on a pleasure trip.

Mission Festival will be held next Sunday, Aug. 4th at the Wilson Lutheran Church. To be given in German, then in English. Ladies will serve lunch. Everyone is welcome.

Mrs. Eugene Kurchinski and sons visited Mrs. John R. Newville of Boyne, Thursday afternoon.

Mr. and Mrs. Ed. Nowland visited, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Mills near Boyne City, Sunday.

Born to Mr. and Mrs. Peter Bowyer, July 26, a daughter, Lucille Janette. This makes them the 13th child, 7 of whom are living.

Mrs. Beatrice Rattlis and daughter, Betty, of Toledo, Ohio arrived Wednesday for a visit with Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Slaughter.

Mr. and Mrs. Lewis Trojanek and sons of Jordan Twp., and Mr. and Mrs. Tom Shepard spent Sunday evening at the home of Mr. and Mrs. S. R. Nowland.

Mr. and Mrs. Roy Nowland of East Jordan visited his parents, Mr. and Mrs. A. R. Nowland Sunday evening.

Mrs. Charles Janack of Pleasant Ave., entertained Monday evening with a party in honor of Mrs. Roy Zinck's birthday.

Mrs. Johanna Behling returned home over a week ago, accompanied by her son-in-law and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. Wm. A. Johnson of Chicago. The Johnsons returned to Chicago last Thursday.

Mr. and Mrs. James Isaman of South Arm Twp. and Mr. and Mrs. Darcy Isaman and two sons of Dilworth, Minn., who were there on a visit, called, on Mr. and Mrs. Sam Nowland, and at the J. M. Harris home in Boyne City and relatives in Charlevoix, Thursday.

Mr. and Mrs. Ivan Nowland of Milwaukee, Wis., arrived July 28 at the homes of their parents, Mr. and Mrs. S. R. Nowland and Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Allison of Boyne City. Ivan left Sunday for Flint to seek employment.

Mr. and Mrs. Byron Godfrey and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. Snyder of Jackson spent the week end at the home of Mrs. Snyder's and Byron's brother, Albert St. John and wife, also called on old friends, as they lived here in their childhood.

Cecil Winner, owner of Maple Slope farm called on Henry Korthase Monday. The cherry picking started on July 29 at Maple Slope farm.

Earl Bricker and family, Wm. Korthase and family picniced Sunday at Young's State Park to celebrate the birthday anniversaries of Mrs. Bricker and Mrs. Korthase.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Behling and granddaughter, Miss Mary Behling visited their son, Louie Behling and family of the Soo last week.

Railway President



Mrs. Thomas C. Bickett, of Raleigh, N. C., who has just been made president of the North Carolina railway system, a state-owned organization. She is prominent in welfare work and is the widow of a former governor of North Carolina.

NOT HOW OLD—BUT HOW ACTIVE

To have an active, limber, pain-free body, unhampered by advancing years, watch elimination! S. D. McMillan, Hudson, N. Y., describes his plight. "Misery when I walked, back ached so I could neither sit nor lie down in comfort, impossible to sleep at night. I tried Foley Pills diuretic, and now I feel so good over my recovery I am once again limber and free of pain, and want to recommend Foley Pills diuretic to others who suffer as I did." Men and women everywhere use and recommend them. Guaranteed.—Hite's Drug Co. adv.

AFTON
Edited by Mrs. Henry Timmer.

The following Aftonians picnicked at Snowflake Sunday and attended the Spiritualist meetings: Mr. and Mrs. Bert Lumley, Miss Sidney Lumley, Mr. Dow and Mrs. Lumley of Florida, Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Shepard, and Mrs. Ida Hayner.

Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Hott were callers at the Henderson home Sunday evening.

Curtis Brace is haying on the Zoulek place.

Dave Vaughan was an Afton caller one day this week.

Mrs. Charles Stanek and daughter were drenched in the sudden rain storm, Wednesday, while picking berries, and took refuge in the Merritt Finch home.

Mrs. Geo. Jaquays in a Dodge sedan and Mrs. Henry Timmer in a truck collided on the north road Tuesday afternoon. As both vehicles were moving slowly very little damage was done, and no one had even the slightest injury in spite of the broken windshield in the sedan.

Mr. Ida Hayner has gone to Flint to visit her son, Charles.

Mr. and Mrs. Bert Gates of Alba were callers Sunday of her aunt, Mrs. Albert Todd.

Friends of Mrs. Marion Hudkins will be pleased to learn that she is once more able to sit up, and seems to be on the road to recovery, after a long illness.

Mr. and Mrs. John Martin are entertaining their daughter, Faye, and her husband. They are from Detroit and will remain for a few weeks.

Mrs. Metcalf Sr. is picking cherries at Fife Lake.

Bert Lumley and sister are receiving a visit from their mother of Kissimmee, Fla.

Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Plumb of Pierston, Mr. and Mrs. Lester Hardy of Boyne City, and Ruby Hardy were diners Sunday at L. R. Hardy's.

Mr. and Mrs. L. Henderson and son drove to Mio Sunday. They were accompanied on their return by their granddaughters, Esther and Alice Boehner.

Mr. and Mrs. John Hott were Mancelona visitors, Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Hardy are moving their household goods to Petoskey, as Mr. Hardy has employment at the pickling works at that place.

Mr. and Mrs. Tompkins, and Mr. and Mrs. Newkirk were initiated in the first and second degrees at the last meeting of Deer Lake Grange; owing to Pomona Grange coming on the regular meeting night, a special meeting was held this week so they

could receive the third and fourth degrees.

Mr. and Mrs. Merritt Finch and Mrs. Henry Timmer and daughter called at the home of Frank See of Echo, Saturday afternoon.

Herbert Holland has been somewhat delayed in his haying operations due to a sick horse.

Mrs. Myrtle Roberts and two daughters were picking blackcaps on the Jake Roberts farm this week.

Rocco DeMaio after cutting all the hay on the Heller farm, is ambitious enough to start haying on the Stroebe place.

Ralph Lenoskey called on George Jaquays, Wednesday morning.

Mr. and Mrs. Roland Birkencamp of Toledo, who have been staying with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Marion Hudkins the past two months, left for their home, Saturday.

WEST SIDE

(Edited by Mrs. A. Miles.)

Henry VanDeventer and family of Finkton, Mrs. Arthur Howard and Irene and Alice Jenke of Detroit and Mrs. James and Mrs. Cook all were callers last week on Mr. and Mrs. George Vance.

Frank Dunlap of Frankfort called on Mrs. E. Lanway one day last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Jerry Moblo of Miles District and Mr. and Mrs. Elmer Reed and children and Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Lanway spent Sunday at the "Lake of the Woods."

Mrs. Clifford Cox of Detroit spent the past week with Miss Harriet Kaake.

Mrs. John Howell of Detroit is visiting at the home of her daughter, Mrs. Lynn Evans.

Vincent Wanicke of Detroit called on Geo. Kaake, Thursday evening.

Mr. and Mrs. Julius Roberts and children and Mr. and Mrs. C. L. Strong motored to Grayling.

Ray Mackey is busy these days putting a new roof on his house.

Born to Mr. and Mrs. Vernon Clark, a son, Carrol John, July 21st, at Lansing.

Mr. and Mrs. Vernon Vance and children of Echo, the Methodist minister and wife of Central Lake, and Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Vance ate their dinner Sunday at the Tourist Park.

Chas. Buckman and daughter, Lillian, of Chicago, came Wednesday to visit at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Kaake.

Mrs. Louis Johnson of Grayling visited Sunday at the home of her mother, Mrs. J. Vondell. She was accompanied home by Mrs. Dan Conway and children.

MILES DISTRICT
(Edited by Mrs. E. Miles)

A birthday party was held at the Fleming home Friday evening for Fred Bancroft and J. Flemings. A supper was served. Everyone had an enjoyable time.

Mrs. P. LaLonde of East Jordan spent the afternoon with Mrs. F. LaLonde and family.

Mr. and Mrs. H. Lindenau of Boyne City; Mr. and Mrs. Roy Houston; Ray Lang, Mrs. Howell and Mrs. Helen Cox, all of Detroit; Mr. and Mrs. Lynn Evans and children of East Jordan, and Mr. and Mrs. B. Evans and grandson, Wesley Zimmerman were dinner guests of Mr. and Mrs. Fred Bancroft, Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. R. Barnett and son, Gerald, and Mr. and Mrs. E. Miles motored to Alpena Sunday, returning by the way of Rogers City and Petoskey.

Mrs. Howell of Detroit is visiting Mr. and Mrs. F. Bancroft this week. Mr. and Mrs. Jerry Moblo and Mr. and Mrs. Elmer Reed and children visited George Carpenter near East Jordan Sunday evening.

Gus and Joe LaLonde of Resort District called at the F. LaLonde home, Thursday.

Mrs. Will Looze and children of Advance were callers at the F. Bancroft home, Sunday.

Elmer Reed and family visited Mr. and Mrs. J. Moblo, Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Withers and children, Mrs. Shearer and Barbara Withers visited at the F. LaLonde home, Sunday.

PLEASANT HILL
(Edited by Anson Hayward)

Mrs. John Schroeder and daughter, Velma, called on Mrs. W. R. Batterbee Wednesday night.

G. L. Manley, Federal Pure Food Products was through the neighborhood, Friday.

Miss Velma Schroeder spent the evening with Mrs. A. Hayward, Thursday.

Mr. and Mrs. Roy Vance and little son, Ardis spent Wednesday evening with Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Henning at Finkton.

Mr. and Mrs. A. Hayward called on Mr. and Mrs. Roy Vance Monday evening.

Mr. and Mrs. Joe Ruckle and sons took supper with his folks, Mr. and Mrs. Joe Gaunt.

A large crowd at the Bennett schoolhouse, Sunday, July 21st. Roy Vance has been on the sick list, but is better at this writing.

THE HUSKY NEW GOODYEAR PATHFINDER

offers you Outstanding Quality at LOW PRICE



IT BELONGS TO A FAMILY OF PIONEERS, THIS RUGGED PATHFINDER. A FAMILY WITH THE GREATEST NAME IN RUBBER.

Big, handsome, rugged—broad of tread—you can see it is built for traction, and long, economical wear. You can tell that here is high value at surprisingly low cost.

Come prepared to see a Tire which compares with the products of other manufacturers who ask far higher prices. You will find this Pathfinder a true Goodyear through and through.

Unlimited Lifetime Guarantee—Free Mounting

Full Size Balloons
29x4.40 - - \$6.60

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Equally big values offered in Pathfinder Tubes.

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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

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Contractors & Builders

Let us do your building. Nothing too big, nothing too small. All work done right. Estimates Free.

Telephones—217 and 154-F3

Honesty is undoubtedly the best policy, but the trouble is that it is allowed to lapse so often.

True, fermentation is an act of nature. But nature never squeezes out the juice and adds sugar.

FIGURES never lie. And that's what makes dressmaking such a difficult profession nowadays.

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 87 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 LaCroix will sell at public auction to Theodore C. LaCroix and Leatha M. the highest bidder the premises described in said mortgage, or so much thereof as may be necessary to pay the amount due on said mortgage and all legal costs and an attorney fee of fifteen dollars.

The premises described in said mortgage are as follows, to-wit:— "The East half of the Northwest quarter (E½ of NW¼) of section eight (8), township thirty-two (32) north, range seven (7) west, containing eighty (80) acres more or less according to the United States survey, which said premises are in the Township of South Arm, Charlevoix County, Michigan."

Dated May 24th, 1929.
THEODORE C. LACROIX and LEATHA M. LACROIX, Mortgagees.

E. N. CLINK, Attorney for Mortgagees. Business Address: East Jordan, Michigan.

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 22nd day of July A. D. 1929.

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

In the Matter of the Estate of Leander Nyquist, Deceased.

Robert A. Campbell having filed in said court his final administration account, and his petition praying for the allowance thereof and for the assignment and distribution of the residue of said estate.

It is Ordered, That the 15th day of August 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.

State News in Brief

Detroit—Burns suffered when gasoline exploded in his parents' garage caused the death of Clarence Jackson, 3 years old, 5904 Van Court avenue.

Leslie—Loss estimated at \$5,000 was caused by a fire which destroyed the farm home of Nicholas Burley, six miles southeast of here. The place is known as the George Baldwin farm.

Grand Rapids—William Lauritsma, Jr., 13 years old, was entombed in a cave-in of a sand pile near his home. His cries brought John Petersen, who dug out the boy. He was revived.

Reed City—E. L. Bruce & Co., of Memphis, Tenn., and Little Rock, Ark., have purchased the Reed City Maple Flooring Co. at an appraised valuation of \$450,000. The purchase includes mills here.

Kalamazoo—Helen Vanderboef, six years old, is in Old Borgess hospital seriously burned as the result of her brother, four years old, setting fire to her dress. The children were playing with matches when the boy ignited his sister's clothing.

Monroe—Mrs. Ruby Roberts, 30 years old, Lakeside, Mich., 14 miles southeast of here, was killed almost instantly when an automobile she was driving, collided with a bridge abutment on the South Dixie highway. She is survived by her husband and two children.

Port Huron—John Baker, North street, well known farmer, is dead as the result of injuries suffered when a horse attached to a hay rake which he was riding, ran away. Baker's right leg was caught in a wheel, resulting in a compound fracture and other injuries.

Monroe—Ralph Rosswurm, 24 years old, son of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Rosswurm, living near Ida, was electrocuted while working on a crane on roadwork near Carleton. It is said the crane struck a high tension wire. Rosswurm is survived by his parents, two sisters and three brothers.

Pontiac—Oscar Foraker, 37 years old, 164 Hamilton avenue, Birmingham, had a narrow escape from electrocution when he came in contact with a high tension wire on a pole on the Square Lake road south of Pontiac. He was thrown 20 feet to the ground by the shock and suffered a fractured pelvis and wrist and was bruised and cut.

Lapeer—Two young people, on their way to Lake Pleasant for an evening's recreation, were killed when automobiles crashed at the entrance to Palmer's Landing, at the foot of a hill on M-21. Charles Wilcox, 16 years old, of 2545 Canton avenue, Detroit, driver of one of the cars, and Miss Helen Noble, 22, of Lapeer, who was riding with Donald Vanderlit, 18, of Lapeer, were the victims.

Grand Rapids—"Make it a joyous time for I long to go," admonished Mrs. Martha J. Bailey in that section of her will, filed in Probate Court, in which she outlined instructions for her funeral services. Mrs. Bailey, widow of Sylvester Bailey, directed her body be clothed "with things in the suitcase." She asked that a package of children's clothes be placed in her casket. She died Oct. 24, 1928.

Port Huron—Plans for a super-highway along the Lake-St. Clair shore from Fair Haven toward Algonac are under consideration by the St. Clair County road commission. W. W. Cox, engineer-manager, stated here. The project includes two 20-foot roadways, one for eastbound and one for westbound traffic. The present highway is 16 feet wide and connects two miles east of Fair Haven with a new 20-foot highway to Algonac.

Port Huron—With the ending of the 90-day trial of 10-cent street car fares, the city commission again is confronted with a traction problem. The street car company reported recently that it had lost money under the 10-cent fare but has made no announcement of future plans. A city bus plan, submitted by the city commission, was rejected in an election last spring and the commission is wondering now what to offer the public for transportation if the street car company suspends.

Lansing—in Michigan, there were 97,500 births and 54,571 deaths in 1928, and 4,789 of the deaths were of infants in their first year. These figures represented a birth rate of 21.2 per 1,000 of estimated population and a death rate of 11.9 compared with 22.3 and 11.3 respectively, in 1927, showing a slight decline in the birth rate and a slight rise in the death rate. Hamtramck enjoys the distinction of having registered, with only 4 deaths per 1,000 of population, the lowest death rate in any of the cities above 30,000 population in the 38 states during 1928.

Bay City—Two children, the youngest 18 months old, the other less than 3 years, were burned to death when fire destroyed the home of Mr. and Mrs. Emil Martin, at 505 North Erie street. Mrs. Martin, who found the house in flames when she awakened, was barely able to save herself. She was unable to enter the small room in which the children, Catherine and Charles, were sleeping. Martin, who came here four months ago from Detroit to work in a new plant of the Murry Body Corp., was at work at the time of the tragedy.

Shilly-Shallying and Regret

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



Mr. Silar Jeffrey, in Thomas Bailey Aldrich's story of "Miss Mehetabel's Son," whenever he can get anyone to listen to him, is constantly recounting what would have happened if he had only married Mehetabel.

"Indeed, I know my life would have been very different now," he used to say "if I had only married Mehetabel," and so on.

"Why didn't he marry her?" the visitor in the neighborhood inquired of the village hotel keeper.

"Never asked her," was the reply. "Might have married her forty times. She'd have had him quick enough. Seven years, off and on, he kept company with Mehetabel, and then she died. He shilly-shalied."

And so he never had a home, never had a son, and all through life talked about what might have been as many people since his time have done.

Gregory always thought that the town would have a boom one of those days, and if it did the only possible direction it could expand would be toward the south. There was a beautiful tract of land—forty acres or so—lying just at the edge of the village, well situated, well wooded, a perfect place to build if the town should develop. He could have bought it for a small sum and he had the money, but he hesitated to take the risk, he shilly-shalied, and someone else, seeing his opportunity, stepped in, took a chance, and cleared a hundred thousand dollars in no time.

Now Gregory is regretting his hesitation, and telling everyone what he might have been worth today and how different his life would be if only he had not shilly-shalied. The thing had been his almost for the taking.

I saw in the paper last night that Watson who died a week or two ago had left no will. He had meant, I know, to do something worth while for charitable organizations in which he had a real interest, and there were certain intimate friends who had every reason to expect benefit by his death. As it was, his property, which was quite considerable, would go to some remote and distant relatives whom he had never seen and in whom he had little interest.

He had always intended to make a will; he had known that that was the only thing for him to do, but he had shilly-shalied, putting it off from day to day until it was too late. Were he not far beyond the possibility of regret and self-criticism, I am sure that Watson would be telling everyone to what better purposes his wealth might have been put had he not neglected doing the thing which he all the time knew was for him the wise procedure.

I hear people every day regretting as did Jeffrey that they had not married Mehetabel, that they had not taken advantage of this or that opportunity, made this or that investment, or gone into one profession or another. It is useless. Things might not have turned out as they expected. If Jeffrey had married Mehetabel they might not have had a boy.

(© 1929, Western Newspaper Union.)

Aids Mrs. Hoover



Miss Roberta L. Braddock of Los Angeles, Calif., who has been appointed social secretary to Mrs. Herbert Hoover, wife of the President.

A KANSAS man can play the ukulele with his toes, thus leaving his hands free for self-defense.

THE NEW tariff bill makes provision to place the emu on the free list. This ought to be a great boon to cross-word puzzle nuts.

A Buying Guide

Before you order dinner at a restaurant, you consult the bill-of-fare. Before you take a long trip by motor car, you pore over road maps. Before you start out on a shopping trip, you should consult the advertisements in this paper. For the same reasons!

The advertising columns are a buying guide to you in the purchase of anything you need—including amusements! A guide that saves your time and conserves your energy; that saves useless steps and guards against false ones; that puts the s-t-r-e-t-c-h in family budgets.

The advertisements in this paper are so interesting, it is difficult to see how anyone could overlook them... fail to profit by them. Just check with yourself and be sure that you are reading the advertisements regularly—the big one and the little ones. It is time well spent—always.

Avoid time-wasting, money-wasting detours on the road to merchandise value.

Read the Advertising "Road Maps."

Charlevoix Co. Herald

<p>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.</p>	<p>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.</p>	<p>R. G. WATSON FUNERAL DIRECTOR 244 Phones 66 MONUMENTS EAST JORDAN, MICH.</p>
<p>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</p>	<p>DR. C. H. PRAY Dentist Office Hours: 8:00 to 12:00—1:00 to 5:00 Evenings by Appointment. Phone—223-F2</p>	<p>FRANK PHILLIPS Tonsorial Artist WHEN IN NEED OF ANYTHING IN MY LINE, CALL IN AND SEE ME.</p>
<p>Sounds Logical Jimmie—Pa, a man's wife is his better half, isn't she? Pa—They are generally referred to as such. Jimmie—Then, if a man marries twice, there isn't anything left of him, is there?</p>		<p>Important, If True "Missing Young Woman Found in Her Home," announces headline. Well, that's about the last place in the world anyone would think of looking for her. One At a Time New Lodger—Can I have a private bath? Landlady—Yes, sir. We have only one bath tub in the house but every one here takes his bath privately.</p>

SUCH IS LIFE
By Charles Scribner
the young aviator!

MOM, I WON AN AEROPLANE RIDE TODAY IN A RAFFLE. YOU DID?
YOU'VE NEVER FLOWN
THEN WHAT'S THIS STORY ABOUT THE STORK BRINGING ME?

TAKE ME WITH YOU, POP—I HAVE FORGOT WHAT IT FEELS LIKE TO FLY THROUGH THE AIR.

HATE

By
Arthur D. Howden Smith

Copyright, 1928
ARTHUR D. HOWDEN SMITH
WNU Service

(Continued)

He broke off, and hailed the shipwright, who loitered near, gazing lovingly on the thing he had created.

"Mr. Bergh. What guns were you figuring for her?"

"Well, I leave dot for you undt Mr. Inglepin. But if you put in carronades, beraps we say eighteen-pounders, den you better not hafe more dan sixteen—undt a couple of long twelves for chasers."

Fellowes shook his head. "A privateer has no proper use for carronades," he said. "She should never fight at close range. Give us long twelves in the broadside batteries, and we'll mount a twenty-four-pounder Long Tom for'ard on a pivot."

"A twenty-four-pounder!" Mr. Inglepin cried protestingly. "You'd rack her to pieces."

But Christian Bergh dissented vociferously.

"Not dot Centurion! I buldt her for rough work. Ja! We put in some more heavy beams in der fo'c's'le, undt brace der deck."

"Yes, you'd better reinforce those bulwarks, Mr. Bergh. I'd like her to be as strong as a navy vessel of her class."

"She will be," promised the shipwright. "Mit dot brig you can fight a Klug's ship, if she chase you. Ja!"

They talked then of storage room, and spare sails and cables, and arrangements in the galley for a numerous crew—"you'd best reckon on a hundred and fifty men, captain," advised Inglepin. "Aside from our private ventures, I hope you'll have the luck to pick up prizes. And prizes take hands to bring them in." And afterward, in the glow of late afternoon, they said good-bye to Bergh, and retraced their steps to the warehouse in Front street. Joshua led the way to the table beside which they had held their earlier conversation.

"I am a business man, sir," he said, pointing to a chair. "And I find it more satisfactory to have definite agreements, of a contractual nature, with persons I deal with. So, if you have no objections, we will reduce our relations to writing. Perhaps you will be so kind as to express your side of the bargain?"

Fellowes peered out the small-paned window next him at the tree-bordered street, dusty and peaceful and very quiet since the workers had gone home. It was difficult to associate this soberly charming scene with all the wild and turgid events that had preceded it, difficult to imagine that only a few miles distant, off Sandy Hook, the Badger plied her errands on the blockade, that perhaps Collishawe had pressed three more men to take the place of Tom, Cuffee and himself.

He was conscious of Joshua Inglepin's china-blue eyes studying his expression with avid intensity.

"My bargain is of the simplest, sir," he answered coolly. "You will purchase the brig Centurion for operation as a privateer. I am to be master of the brig, and I will sail as soon as may be, whenever the True Bounty puts to sea. My major object will be to overhaul the True Bounty, search her for papers or documents of treasonable purport, and if any

such are found, seize all persons aboard her. Having done so much, I shall be at liberty to make every attempt to bring the sloop-of-war Badger to action, after which I will return to this port, and render account to you of my operations."

"Clearly phrased," applauded Joshua, grasping a quill pen in his chubby hand. "I will write it, by your leave, sir. A mere matter of form, captain, but advisable, always advisable." He scribbled rapidly at a sheet of foolscap. "Here, sign if you please."

Fellowes wrote his name, with a perverse sense of futility in the gesture.

CHAPTER IX

The Chase Begins

To the considerable amusement of Joshua Inglepin, Fellowes was obliged to rescue Tom and Cuffee from a ring of admiring idlers who crowded the taproom of the Washington hotel to watch the negro twisting horseshoes and breaking bricks in his great hands, and listen to Tom's hair-raising yarns. Cuffee had been so delighted with the admiration he aroused that he forgot his charge to restrict Tom's drinking, with the result that Mr. Grogan was a good bit more than three sheets in the wind.

"D'you want to go with me as bosun in the Centurion privateer?" demanded Fellowes.

"Boshun?"

"That's what I said. But I won't have a drunkard pipping my fo'c's'le."

Cuffee, who had been humbly apologetic over his dereliction from duty, was unable to confine his enthusiasm at this news.

"Yo' ketch him ship wid Long Tom, Mars'r Fellowe?" he cried, eyes shining.

"Yes, but her gunner is going to be a man I can depend on. Frankly, I'm at a loss what to do with you two."

"Tush," said the merchant, "we'll send 'em to Christian Bergh. He can rig hammocks for them aboard the brig. Here, Tom, give this line to Mr. Bergh. He'll take care of you."



"My Bargain Is of the Simplest, Sir," He Answered Coolly.

And now, by your leave, Captain, we'll have a bite of dinner, and after wait upon his excellency."

Fellowes' head was jammed with an incoherent stream of thoughts as he walked beside the merchant under the weighted, green boughs of the tulip trees. His mind was concentrated upon the future. He was planning the berthing of one hundred and fifty men, estimating the quantities of powder and shot for great guns and small, the proportion of boarding-pikes to cutlasses, of pistols to muskets, designing special broadside ports for the Long Tom in either bulwark, so that by yawing in flight the Centurion might sting a pursuer to the utmost.

He scarcely heard Joshua Inglepin's conversation; his responses were mechanical. Eating his food, drinking the choice Madeira, it was always the same: Joshua's voice, declaiming positively, his own measured responses, the turgid stream of his thoughts.

They left the house and walked down Broadway. In Bowling Green they were challenged by a picket, but Joshua's name passed them inside the grounds of Government house, and they ascended the wide stairs of the portico among a procession of aides-de-camp and politicians. A short wait, then, and they were ushered into the presence of Governor Tompkins.

The governor was both courteous and interested.

"Captain Fellowes? Ah, yes, to be sure. Knew your father well, sir. A shame he left the legislature, but he was determined for diplomacy. Well, well! And you have been in the enemy's hands? Flogged, b'gad! And there are Federalists who would assure the country that no honest Americans have been pressed and there's not such a tool as the cat in the British fleet! But tell me your story, sir."

He listened keenly, with an occasional interjection, drawing out Joshua's theories, and after his entreats had concluded delivered instant judgment.

"Your lawyer friend was in the right, Captain Fellowes. We could never maintain your evidence in judicial proceedings, civil or military. Moreover, 't would be bad politics to attempt it, for the Federalists would

make capital out of our efforts. A prosecution, d'you see? A partisan attack upon a leader of their faction. No, no, 't wouldn't do. 'T wouldn't do at all, sir. But don't think I'm belittling the value of your information. Circumstantially, it bears out evidence we have been accumulating this past twelve-month. The fact is, gentlemen, New England is rotten with intrigue against the national government. There's a move afoot now to summon a convention of delegates of the dissatisfied states to take action to secure a peace. There's open talk of secession."

He was silent for some minutes.

"Joshua, you have the right idea," he decided at last. "This is a matter for private enterprise. But—are you certain you wish to bring your brother to justice? Should the evidence Captain Fellowes seeks come to light, 't would be a hanging job, my friend."

Joshua Inglepin's features contorted spasmodically, with such a congestion of blood that Fellowes wondered if he ought to loosen the man's stock. But Joshua waved him away.

"I'm—all right." Passion throbbled in the merchant's voice. "Damme, Governor, who should bring my brother to justice, if not I? Isn't he a reproach to my name?"

"Yet, after all, your brother," the governor reminded him. "And there is the young lady. I fear, gentlemen, if the affair is as black as 'tis painted—"

Joshua Inglepin fairly shouted at Fellowes:

"Well, Captain, what have we to say to that? Shall we shrink from our task because a woman is concerned with it?"

Fellowes looked from one to the other, idly aloof.

"I have settled that issue with Mr. Inglepin," he said quietly. "Miss Inglepin must take her chance. She is not—" he struggled for the right phrase, anxious neither to overblame nor excuse—"a loyal American, your excellency."

"Forgive me, captain, if I intrude upon your personal affairs," replied the governor. "But let me ask again: are you sure you will not regret your participation? Hatred is a bitter medicine."

"Not so bitter," Joshua spoke up fiercely. "A man hates for the satisfaction of it! There's zest in a right, proper hatred. Take Ben. I hate him because he's disloyal. I hate him because he's my brother. I hate him because he's a Federalist. And I might go on indefinitely at the same rate. If I can live to see Ben ruined, I'll die happy. Happy, by G—d, sir! Eh, Fellowes?"

"I have no expectation of happiness," Fellowes answered wearily. "But we wander from the point of our visit. Your excellency has not said you'll help us."

"By all means in my power," the governor returned promptly. "The Secret Service shall be instructed to protect you, and report every move of these people." He paused. "I suppose you'll wish to have the young lady watched?"

"She must take her chance with the others," Fellowes insisted. "We'll play no favorites, sir."

Joshua Inglepin clipped his arm, savagely peremptory.

"Aye, no favorites, damme," rasped the merchant. "You can't afford 'em when you hate, Fellowes. I know!"

An aide knocked at the door.

"General Scott is arrived from the Niagara frontier, your excellency," he announced.

"Ah," exclaimed the governor. "In that case, I must ask you to excuse me, gentlemen. But be assured of my sympathy in your undertakings." He hesitated. "My sympathy, gentlemen, and my pity," he added earnestly.

Outside on the steps of the portico, Joshua Inglepin clutched Fellowes' arm again.

"Don't heed the governor's twaddle," he urged in his jerky, impatient speech. "He means well, but he doesn't know. How could he? How could anyone, who hasn't learned to hate? Pah! Well show 'em, Fellowes. We'll show 'em, damme!"

Fellowes experienced a slight inclination to nausea, and asked himself if Joshua's hysterical assertiveness wasn't perhaps a reaction from the same cause. He hated, he hated with his whole being. But there was no satisfaction in it, despite Joshua's claim. It was, on the contrary, rather debasing.

There was much to be done in fitting the Centurion for sea, but the easiest job of all was collecting a crew. Nimrod Sopher, with Paris Eaches, Joe Doak and a dozen more Babylonians posted into town by Jeff Riggles' coach as soon as the news trickled through the pine forests down the South shore, and were all enrolled in the marine guard, and put to assisting Cuffee in mounting the battery and overhauling the small arms. A Marblehead man named Spencer, who had left his home-port in disgust at New England's Federalist proclivities, was accepted as first lieutenant, and a low-voiced Virginian, Henry Breed, qualified as second. For surgeon Fellowes picked a city doctor, Aloysius O'Shaughnessy, red-headed son of a surgeon in Willett's regiment of the old New York Line.

The minor ratings were selected from some five hundred applicants for the shipping trade was hamstrung, and employment in a fast heavy-armed privateer was infinitely preferable to enlistment in the regular army or militia, notwithstanding bounties and land warrants freely offered as inducements to recruits. Fel-

lowes took only healthy, seasoned men. When the brig hauled out of her slip, and anchored in the stream, she mustered the choicest crew, mariners said, that ever had sailed from New York.

Fellowes was imperturbably satisfied, and Joshua never tired of his visits of inspection. "I wish to God Ben would make up his mind, and sail," he'd exclaim, scowling over the stumpy hull of the True Bounty, lying a quarter mile nearer Governors Island. "Tis vastly annoying, this delay."

Fellowes, himself worn by the tension, could only counsel patience.

"We're ready, Mr. Inglepin. The moment he slips his cable, we'll be after him."

And Joshua would sigh gustily, his ruddy features suddenly ugly with the passion that stewed in his soul.

"If we might only seize him when he sails! But doubtless he'd destroy aught damaging to his interest."

"Doubtless," Fellowes agreed curtly. And added as curtly: "And forget not you'll watch for us until I've brought the Badger to action, aye, if it takes a year."

Strangely, Joshua never resented such reminders.

"To be sure, to be sure," he'd assent. "I mustn't be selfish. You have Collishawe to reckon with, too. And you do well to hate thoroughly, captain. You'll never regret it."

So he'd go over to his wherry, piped by Tom and his mates, like an admiral into his barge.

Summer waned into fall and the waterfront speculated freely on the conjunction of circumstances that kept the two Inglepin ships in port. So did Ben and his friends. The Secret Service reports that came to Joshua every few days were full of such passages as this:

"Mr. Inglepin had with him over the Thursday Senator Pickering of Massachusetts. They attended a meeting at the Bank Coffee house in the evening. Higgins, the waiter says there was a deal of talk of secession, but mostly of the objective of Mr. Joshua Inglepin's new privateer brig. Mr. Benjamin assured the gentlemen he'd give the d—d rascals the slip."

Another time Mr. Daniel Webster, a young, fiery representative in congress from New Hampshire, and Mr. George Herbert were cited as having conducted an animated discussion at Ben's dinner table. "Curse this government," cried Mr. Herbert. "At six days' notice I'd march for Washington, and swear upon the altar not to return until Madison was buried beneath the ruins of the capital." A sentiment which Mr. Webster applauded. "This is no longer a free government," said he. "The Constitution is foally libeled. There is growing up in Washington a fabric of despotism. We must take measures, gentlemen, desperate measures if need be."

Finally, in September, when the fall gales began to blow in earnest, the True Bounty loaded a cargo of bar-reled flour, salt fish, and sundries, and Ben Inglepin visited the custom house in person and took out clearance papers for Cadiz.

Joshua foamed with rage when he heard this. "The impertinence of it," he fumed. "The d—n fellow's been trading with the enemy. Aye, and if the truth be known, he is, now, Cadiz! H—l, Fellowes, there are roads from Cadiz to Wellington's front. Cadiz! Why not Southampton, and be done with it?"

Joshua made a nuisance of himself occasionally, but it was he who fetched the first warning of the True Bounty's sailing.

The day had been overcast, with light airs quartering from south to east. Fellowes was sitting at supper in the main cabin, solitary by choice, when a thump sounded overhead, and Joshua pelted through the companionway.

"They're off!" shouted the merchant.

"Off? Nonsense, sir, my lookouts—"

"No, no! I mean Ben and the girl—and that creature that tends her. I saw 'em, Fellowes. Saw 'em pile out of their house, bag and baggage. They came in a coach, but I bent 'em. By G—d, I ran a race!"

Knuckles battered the door, and Tom Grogan rolled into the cabin.

"Mr. Spencer's compliments, cap'n, and thar's two smallboats comin' alongside the True Bounty, and her hands aloft on the yards."

"You're right," exclaimed Fellowes jumping for the companionway.

The night had turned clear when he reached the deck, and the stillness in the air indicated one of those calms which precede a radical shift of wind. Spencer, the first lieutenant, a gruff, bearded sea-dog—whose proud boast was that he'd "sailed with Bowditch, the navigator"—sniffed uneasily like a dog hunting a trail.

"Aye, aye, Captain," he responded to a question. "Something's brewin', but don't ask me what. I'd say a nor'wester, if 't wasn't for them stars."

Breed, the Virginian second lieutenant, who seldom spoke, held up a forefinger for attention.

"What's that?" he asked in his soft voice.

"That," was a distant murmur in the air, and glancing across the roofs and trees of the city toward the Hudson, Fellowes noticed a low bank of clouds drifting above the Palisades.

"Here she comes! Topmen aloft, Mr. Spencer," he ordered crisply. "Double-reef tops'ls. Mr. Breed, make haste with that anchor."

stream through nightglasses, Fellowes caught a momentary glimpse of the upper yards of the True Bounty, ghostly with drooping canvas, before the thickening darkness blanketed her.

"But—but—you're really going?" Joshua quavered beside him.

"Yes, sir, and we'll be hugging the True Bounty's taffrail," Fellowes assured his employer. "But you must be going, sir. The river will be wet for you when that wind strikes us."

Joshua paused at the gangway, and grasped Fellowes' hand, a look of concern on his rubicund features.

"You must hate, remember," he pleaded. "With all of yourself. Not just one of 'em. The whole lot. And if you feel you're slacking up on one of 'em, why, bear down harder on her—ah—him."

"I dare swear I'll be able to, sir," Fellowes answered sadly. "Good-by, and bid your wherry men row for their lives."

"Lives, b—l!" rejoined Joshua, mercurially elated. "Nothing can happen to me—not until after I've caught Ben." His voice was indistinct as he descended the Jacob's ladder. "You're safe—if—hate—enough. Hah, damme!" A bump announced his arrival in the wherry. "Good luck! A fat cruise! And hate, man, hate. Hate will see us through."

Fellowes turned from the gangway. A moan came out of the west, and a scumner of clouds blotted the sky. The moon tightened to a screech, and the gale hit them, physically vindictive, a monster that belloved and clashed and yammered in the rigging, bent on piling the brig against the walls of Castle William that towered unseen above the Governors island shore. But the Centurion bore up nobly, light as a cork for all her burden of men and armament, faithful to her helm.

Rearing like a racehorse on the choppy cymbers, she edged safely around the west tip of the island, and squared away for the run down the Upper bay, a bowl of empty night, save for the True Bounty and the whooping wind. Fellowes was chagrined to find he could no longer discern the True Bounty. In desperation, he summoned Cuffee, whose vision, he knew, was better than any white man's—and Cuffee made short work of the difficulty.

"Cuffee no see him lan', Mars'r Fellowe, but dar him Chater ship."

"Good! You take the wheel. Follow the True Bounty as closely as you can."

"Yah, Mars'r Fellowe."

The brig bucked and sidled, swaying to the conflicting pressure of wind and wave and tide in the gut; but Cuffee held her to the course. Apparently, Chater steered by feel here. Fellowes realized, with his first thrill, that the Centurion was at sea off the blockaders there was not a trace.

"Do you still see the True Bounty?" he asked Cuffee again.

"Yah, mars'r. Him dar."

But an hour or so after midnight a frown distorted the negro's scarred features, and he exclaimed angrily in his jungle dialect.

"Lost him?" cried Fellowes.

"Yah, him juju, mars'r. One time Cuffee see him, den him gone."

"He's no fool, Chater," Fellowes said grimly. "Mr. Spencer, take the deck, if you please. I'll turn in for a few hours."

CHAPTER X

Savor of Vengeance

Morning brought a dull, gray sky, an untiring wind—and empty horizons. Fellowes knew he must have long since outdistanced the cumbrous True Bounty, and shortened sail as much as he dared, but the Centurion fled before the gale at a fair twelve knots.

All that day and the next the nor-wester stormed after them, but during the second night it blew itself out in a snow-squall, and Fellowes wore ship to retrace his course. Studying charts, he decided the True Bounty would steer north of the usual track to the Peninsula. Chater would bug the routes of the British convoys to Canada, choosing rather to risk being overhauled by an enemy cruiser than by his own countrymen—very possibly trusting to some form of protection from Admiral Cockburn. So for four days more the Centurion beat to the northward on a zigzag course that covered many miles of sea, but it wasn't until the fifth day that the cry of "Sail ho" from the maintop sent all hands to their stations.

The strange sail made a clumsy attempt to run away, but the brig overhauled him in less than two glasses, and a musket-shot across his bows sent him flapping into the wind. An hour later the George and Anne, of Liverpool, loaded with strouds, Yorkshire woollens, crockery and hardware, was diverted from Halifax to New York, with a Yankee prize crew in charge of her, and the Centurion bore off on her mission.

Northeast Fellowes steered on a slanting course that would carry him far to seaward of the coasting routes where the enemy cruisers kept watch and ward, far to seaward, too, of the Grand banks; but a week after the George and Anne had dwindled over the skyline a cold clammy fog wrapped the Centurion, and the privateer crawled along, with double lookouts at each masthead and on poop and fo'c's'le, the magazine open and the gun-crews mustered. That day they sailed as remote as though they had entered another world. Once a whale almost collided with them, and sounded indignantly beneath

near keel. The night was so silent that the swish of the brig's cutwater could be heard aft on the poop. And the morning was as still. But noon saw a streak of sunshine overhead, and suddenly the fog-curtain was rent in tatters, and stoppers seemed to come out of their ears—for they heard all about them a muffled clamor: horns growling, tin-pans clanking, bells tolling, men shouting. A bristle of masts projected from the lingering shreds of mist, hulls took shape, scores of hulls, a stately seventy-four, flying an admiral's pennant, a brace of frigates.

"A Canada convoy," exclaimed Spencer. "We be good as stewed, cap'n."

"Not by a d—n sight," snapped Fellowes. "Aye, not if 'tis Admiral Warren, himself. Where's that sig-



The Centurion Fled Before the Gale at a Fair Twelve Knots.

nalman? Signalman, hither! Break out the Royal Navy ensign. Haste, man, haste! Now, the Stars and Stripes. Aye, you fool, on the same balyards. Run 'em up! Run 'em up!"

He leaped on the breach of a gun as the seventy-four, nearest of the men-o'-war, came squattering down from windward.

"Aho! What ship's that?" bailed an officer from her lofty poop, crowded with figures in blue and gold lace.

"Down, you men," Fellowes snarled at his curious crew. "Flat on the deck." And lifting speaking-trumpet to lips, returned the hail:—"Aye, aye, sir! This is the American privateer Centurion, nineteen guns, Captain Lion Fellowes, out of New York—prize to the Semele frigate, Captain Lord Sandys."

Like all American privateersmen, Fellowes had been primed with the information available as to the cruising stations of the British men-o'-war, and he happened to recall that the Semele, a thirty-two, was a unit of the Jamaica squadron. The watch-officer of the seventy-four knew as much, and retorted promptly:—"Where did you leave your ship, sir?"

"Off the Mona passage."

There was a moment of consultation on the enemy's poop, then the same officer hailed again:—"And your name?"

"Lieutenant Broderick, sir," Fellowes answered desperately, casting a wary eye about him—for an opening to slip clear.

"Broderick, eh? You ain't rated to the Semele, sir—not by my Annual."

"I am newly transferred to her, sir," Fellowes improvised. "From the Cape."

"Ha, sir! I find no Broderick listed as a lieutenant—"

A pair of Tyne traders, heavy-loaded, blundered out of a swathing of mist, and staggered aboard the Centurion. Fellowes, swift to seize the opportunity, pretended to great anxiety.

"Luff up, there, d—n ye," he balled the first of the merchantmen, with all the typical arrogance of a navy officer. "What d'ye mean, my man? Luff up, I say! Here, you at the wheel—" to his own helmsman—"bear away from the rascals. By the fiend, they'll run us down!"

Skillfully, he interposed the hapless traders between the brig and the seventy-four, and urged his topmen aloft.

"Jump, lads!" he shouted. "Get every stitch on her, if you'd not see Dartmoor."

The Centurion's hands responded with yelps of appreciation, swarming the yards, regardless of a ragged fire of musketry from the seventy-four, which had begun to smell a rat. The fog, still swirling at different levels, obscured the situation for other ships. The frigates, mindful of their special duty, the guarding of the convoy's flanks and rear, contented themselves with discharging warning-guns for the laggards to move up. The seventy-four, cramping on all sail, tried to wear past the officious traders; but she was an old Spanish prize, broad-beamed and slow, and before she could bring her forward divisions to bear the privateer had interposed other vessels of the convoy to cover herself. The confusion was prodigious, individual ships changed their courses; a slovenly Irish brig rammed a Southampton ship, and was roundly cursed; cannon boomed, and every fog-horn, tinpan, drum or bell in the fleet was set to work.

In the midst of everything the Centurion stood ruthlessly through the heart of the convoy, loosing her

(Continued on Last Page)

MKADO

Have Your
Scribblings
Analyzed

The
YELLOW
PENCIL
WITH THE
RED
BAND

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 "scribblings" or signature for analysis. Enclose the picture of the Mkado head, cut from a box of Mkado pencils, and ten cents. Address Louise Rice, care of EAGLE PENCIL CO., NEW YORK CITY

Some men are always getting something for nothing, and others are forever getting nothing for something. I see where some Illinois burg has elected a 42-year-old woman as it's mayor. Well, a woman who admits she is 42 deserves some sort of an honor. "Civilization is based on oil," says Secretary Wilbur. Uh-huh, banana oil.

TEMPLE THEATRE

—PRESENTS—

SATURDAY and SUNDAY Aug. 3-4

First National Presents—JACK MULHALL in
"The Butter and Egg Man"
 With GRETA NISSEN

Comedy. Pathe News
 This is a picture everyone should see. In addition to the above there will be one Educational Reel of "Business Management of Business Hens."
 All for the price of 10c for Children UNDER 12; Adults, 25c.

News of the Week

Presbyterian Church

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

10:00 a. m.—Morning Worship.
 Rev. R. S. Sidebotham, of Tiffin, Ohio, will preach.
 11:15 a. m.—Sunday School.
 On August 11, Dr. D. H. Jones, Pastor of the First Presbyterian Church of Evanston, Ill., will preach.
 On August 18, Dr. George Buttrick, of the Madison Avenue Presbyterian Church, New York City will preach.

First M. E. Church

James Leitch, Pastor

10:00 a. m.—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!

Pilgrim Holiness Church

Rev. B. E. Manker, Pastor.

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

Bay City—Resident consumers of electricity will benefit through the reduction in rates of the Bay City electric light department, given formal approval by the city commission. The reduction will be effective September 1. The Consumers' Power company through its district manager, Samuel Ball, has announced that it will meet the reduction made by the city. It is planned that the reduction will benefit the small consumer. The reduction on a light bill now running about \$2.50 will be approximately 14 per cent.

Port Huron—Farmers of St. Clair, Sanilac and Lapeer counties are circulating petitions for the deepening, widening and extension to 14 miles of the Mill Creek drain, which runs through these counties. This project was halted by an injunction some months ago after contracts totaling \$262,000 had been let. The time for appealing to the Supreme Court from the injunction issued by Circuit Judge Henry H. Smith, of Lapeer, has expired. Exactly the same project is proposed in the new petitions now in circulation.

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.

Briefs of the Week

Mr. and Mrs. James D. Frost were Detroit visitors this week.

Mrs. A. Danto visited Mrs. Chris Holstad at Mancelona recently.

Mr. and Mrs. H. A. Goodman were at the Soo a couple of days last week.

Mrs. Beulah Walton and children spent the week end at Flint with her daughter.

Mr. and Mrs. Elmer Hott and son attended the Home-coming at Mancelona, Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. James Nicholls went to Central Lake, Saturday, where they will spend a few weeks.

Mrs. Guy King of Muskegon is here visiting her daughter, Mrs. John Vallance and other relatives.

"Gossip" at the Temple Theatre, Monday night by The Henderson Stock Co. Admission 10c. adv.

Mr. and Mrs. H. O. Nelson of Chicago spent the week end with Mr. and Mrs. Len Swafford at Cherryvale.

West Side Standard Service Station will open for business next week. Free air, and crank case service. Phone 77. Floyd Rice, Mgr. adv.

Joe Trojanek and a friend from Detroit spent his vacation with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Jos. Trojanek and other relatives. They returned to Detroit, Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. P. D. Sullivan (nee Lona Swafford) returned first of last week from their wedding trip, and left on Friday to visit his mother at Gladwin, until he commences his school duties at Detroit.

Born to Mr. and Mrs. J. P. Jamison of Detroit, a daughter—Alice Ray—July 26th. Mrs. Jamison was formerly Miss Ardis Milford, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Harvey Milford, former residents of East Jordan.

A warning to berry pickers to be extremely careful with fires in the woods, as the season continues to be dry, was issued today by the forest fire division of the conservation department. Campfires should be extinguished before leaving, and there is always danger from carelessly thrown matches or smoking material.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Howard of Detroit, who have been spending the past two weeks with the former's mother, Mrs. James Howard, and other relatives in our city, returned home Wednesday. They were accompanied by Mrs. Howard who plans to spend a week at Detroit.

The 22nd annual Camp Meeting of the Church of God will be held this year from Aug. 2nd to 12th inclusive, at their camp grounds located 2½ miles south of the Belvedere depot, Charlevoix. Evangelists of note will speak at each of the meetings, to which the public is cordially invited to attend.

Mr. and Mrs. Darcy Isaman and sons, Donald and Darcy Jr., of Dilworth, Minn., who have been visiting at the home of his father, James Isaman and other relatives the past week, departed for their home last Saturday morning. Mrs. James Isaman accompanied them as far as East Lansing, where she will visit her daughter, Mrs. Thomas Gunson.

The Calexico, Calif., Chronicle of May 23rd contains an article relative to the presentation of a check of \$485 as a good will offering from Calexico and Mexicali people to Coach Ed. Covington, physical director of the Calexico schools. Mrs. Covington, wife of the director, was formerly Miss Dorothy Glenn, who was born and spent her girlhood in East Jordan.

The Detroit Times of July 27th contains a lengthy article written by Jackson D. Haig relative to the experiences of Con Hughes who is engineer for a rubber company developing a concession in Liberia—the so-called "Black Republic." Mr. Hughes was a former East Jordan young man. In concluding the article, Mr. Hughes says: "I'm on a well-earned vacation and I am going up into northern Michigan for some real fishing."

Talkies in the flesh. Henderson Stock Co., all next week, Temple Theatre. Admission 10c. adv.

Road Commissioners and builders of Northern Michigan, members of the Northern Michigan Road Commissioners Association, will meet at Ludington, Aug. 7 and 8. On the program for the first day, as announced by the district office, will be talks by A. L. Burridge, Walter J. Kingscott and J. Hagaman, district engineers; V. R. Burton, Lansing; Engineers Fletcher, Connor and Sharpsteen, C. E. Foster, B. C. Thney, Lansing; Peter Von Sprecken, Ludington. A banquet is scheduled for 7:00 p. m. Thursday morning the maintenance men will hold a session in the supervisor's room and will elect officers. Other topics will include reports of committees, vote on admission of Bay County, selection of a place for the next meeting, election of directors and discussion on snow removal and use of calcium chloride and clay.

If You Please

THE HERALD would appreciate it very much if those contributing correspondence and other articles for publication would get their copy to us by Tuesday night of each week. This would simplify matters for us and relieve an unnecessary amount of work on Thursdays.

Advertisers would confer a favor by getting their copy in by Wednesday night.

Your co-operation in this matter will be appreciated.
 G. A. LISK, Publisher.

Mrs. Cecil Blair and children were here from Detroit this week for a visit at the S. Ulvund home.

A small roof fire at the Ira D. Bartlett residence called out the Fire Department Tuesday forenoon.

One solid week of singing, dancing, drama, music by The Henderson Stock Co. Admission 10c. adv.

Miss Viola Snyder is home from Grand Rapids for a visit with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. S. Snyder.

Miss Marguerite Budden of Detroit and Miss Dorothy Campbell of Saginaw are visiting Miss Lois Moore.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter Cornell returned home first of the week from spending their vacation at St. Ignace.

Mrs. Harold Brown and children of Lansing are spending a few days at the Palmer residence on the West Side.

Vernil LaPeer, who has been in Chicago for the past several months, has returned to his home here for the summer.

Mrs. Lynn Evans is receiving a visit from her daughter, Mrs. Helen Cox, and her mother, Mrs. John Howell of Detroit.

Miss Doris Fuller is home from Ann Arbor for a week's vacation from her duties as circuit court stenographer of Washtenaw Co.

Richard Muma motored up from Kalamazoo first of the week. His brother, Roderick, accompanied him back, where they both will attend school.

Mr. and Mrs. Matt Swafford and Mrs. H. C. Swafford were at Mancelona last week Thursday to attend the funeral of John Swafford, aged 71 years.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Whittington and son of Kalamazoo were here over the week end for a visit. His parents Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Whittington accompanied them home for a visit.

The Rogers Construction Company, which is now completing the paving west of Petoskey, has been awarded the contract for paving of 7.17 miles of road on US-2, from the junction of US-2 and US-31 north to Pine River turn. The grading contract for the intersection of US-2 and US-31 also has been awarded this company.

Lillian Albrecht, 15 year old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William Albrecht, of 8746 S. Paulina Street, Chicago, was drowned at about 3:30 Sunday afternoon in Lake Michigan near Fisherman's Island, 6 miles south of Charlevoix. Lillian, who with her parents, were visiting at the Joseph Vratana home south of Charlevoix on U. S. 31, had gone with a party of young people to swim. Shortly after entering the water, her friends were attracted by her cries for help, but she sank before help could reach her. The girl was an excellent swimmer and is thought to have either been taken with cramps or was caught in the undertow. The body was recovered Tuesday by Coast Guards.

Proposed Agricultural Unit

East Jordan, Mich., July 30, 1929
 At a meeting of the East Jordan School Board, held Tuesday evening, July 30, 1929 to consider what the budget and the tax rate should be of the proposed consolidated Agricultural school district. After considering the valuation of the district and the necessary expenses, including the cost of busses, bus drivers, fencing, road opening, extra teachers and Janitor and operating an extra building, it was the judgment of the local Board that the tax rate for the coming year ought to be between \$17 and \$18 per \$1,000 valuation, and that the following year the tax rate should be lowered.

Signed:
 G. W. Bechtold, President.
 L. A. Hoyt, Treasurer.
 C. H. Pray, Secretary.
 W. P. Porter, Trustee.
 A. L. Darbee, Trustee.

O. K. The State's Stamp of Approval

ON OUR BANK IS YOUR PROTECTION

Our bank is backed by the State and responsible to the State. The system of State bank inspection is a close and searching one. The head of the state department knows his men personally and thoroughly and the examiners know the banks through and through, not only the cold figures but the character of the officers.

The precautions which are taken to protect you, as a state bank customer, are well worth your consideration. The state department is always in close touch with us. Its scrutiny of loans and credits is keen, its requirements exacting. Our state banking system is both powerful and efficient.



"The Bank With The Chime Clock."

Hours For Sprinkling

The hours for the use of city water for sprinkling purposes are from 6:00 to 8:00 a. m., and 6:00 to 8:00 p. m., central standard time.

All persons violating this ordinance are subject to penalty.

HENRY W. COOK,
 Chief of Police.

30-4

A WOMAN never believes she has lost an argument with a man. She merely thinks he is too dumb to understand her.

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

"TOO TIRED"

A healthy person never feels constantly tired. Being too tired continually is a sign of something wrong. Women who find themselves always "too tired" to be a companion and playmate to husband and children should first of all suspect the kidneys. When they are affected, good health, even life itself, is in danger. Foley Pills diuretic, a reliable valuable medicine constantly in use over 25 years, promotes sound health by stimulating kidneys and bladder to a normal healthy activity. Men and women everywhere use and recommend them. Guaranteed.—Hite's Drug Co. adv.

Every man is above the average—to hear him tell it.

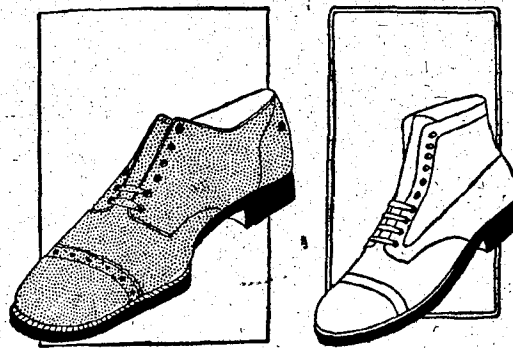
After one girl breaks a man's heart another girl comes along and mends it.



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

HATE

By
**Arthur D.
Howden Smith**

Copyright, 1928
ARTHUR D. HOWDEN SMITH
WNU Service

(Continued From Fourth Page)

broadside batteries at intervals to heighten the existing consternation. The frigates, responding to frenzied signals from the flagship, finally gave chase, but by the time they had discovered the whereabouts of the privateer the fog blanketed her, and Fellowes changed his course to due south. He saw no more of the convoy, although in the morning he picked up one of its trailers, a little Scotch brigantine, which was so crank a sailor that he burned her.

The following week, cruising backward and forward in wide loops across the track he expected Chater to take, he spoke a Charleston privateer schooner, driven into these latitudes by a storm the Centurion had avoided. Her master had tracked the brig's course, but had seen nothing of the True Bounty, so Fellowes turned northward again into a region of frequent fogs, where the cold was biting and ice froze on the ratlines, until the men could scarcely find a footing when they went aloft.

Headwinds drove him back, and in more moderate latitudes a pair of fast thirty-eight gun frigates, evidently one of the patrols on the watch for the hard-hitting Yankee men-of-war of the same class, chased the Centurion two days' sail to the southward. Having dodged his pursuers, Fellowes caught a smart Plymouth snow, the Sprightly Jean, loaded with Jamaica rum, a cargo which Joshua could sell at a ready profit in the state of the New York market. He depleted his crew to man out the prize, and again pointed the brig's bow north.

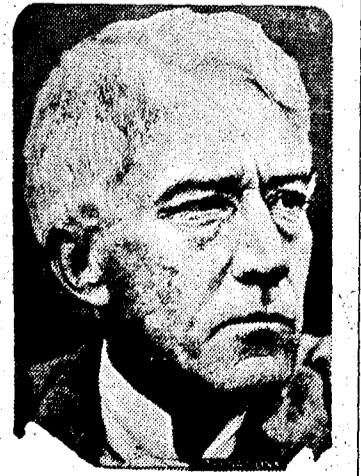
Certain of the crew grumbled at this departure from the trade-routes. But Fellowes held on his course to the Fifties, held on until he was convinced Chater had not ventured so far a latitude.

Driving southeast, they struck the outbound track of the West Indian convoys, and snatched a sassy, six-hundred-ton ship, the Mary Carroll, of London, from under the guns of a razeed and a thirty-two-gun frigate. Conflicting airs permitted the Centurion to make off with the prize. Cuffee's snap-shooting with the Long Tom diminishing the frigate's ardor for the chase. A sweet prize, the Mary Carroll; her strong-box held ten thousand pounds in gold, and her holds were full of fancy goods and kickshaws for the spoiled wives of planters. Fellowes put ten men and a prize-master aboard her, and dispatched her for New York, after shifting the coin to the Centurion.

There was no more grumbling, now that the brig steered east by south for the trade-routes to southern Europe and the Mediterranean. The rigid blockade of American ports seemed to have released British merchantmen from their earlier dread of the Yankee privateers, and these southerly seas almost swarmed with shipping. The Centurion captured a small Canton trader, the Pembroke, of Bristol, and the very next day ran down the Jessie brig, of Falmouth, bound for the Gold coast with trade-goods.

Simply as a privateering enterprise, the cruise had been successful up to this point, but Fellowes was perturbed by the failure of his main objective. He had come to sea, first of all, to catch the True Bounty, and

Judge Landis Given Medal



The American Legion distinguished service medal, hitherto awarded to only two Americans, was presented to Kenesaw Mountain Landis, former federal judge, now national baseball commissioner, at a testimonial luncheon at Chicago. Gen. John J. Pershing and Admiral R. E. Coontz are the other two who have been awarded the medal.

the True Bounty had disappeared as completely as the Flying Dutchman sailors said was forever trying to round the Cape of Good Hope—and forever disappointed by headwinds blown against him by an outraged Divinity.

"The course is southeast by east," he announced to Breed, who relieved him. "We'll follow it until we strike one of the Gibraltar patrol. I'll cruise 'twixt here and the latitude of Cadiz." And they zigzagged westward, now nor'west, now west by nor', now west, now west by south, now so'west. The third day, an hour past sunrise, a thin hail drifted down from the main-top:

"Sail ho! Fower p'ints to sta'b'd." Spencer, officer of the deck, summoned Fellowes, who tumbled out of his bunk, half-dressed. One look through his glass, and he spied a man forward to rouse Cuffee.

"Take the glass," Fellowes directed. "Can you make out that sail? Is she the True Bounty?"

"Cuffee don't wan' no glass, Mars'r Fellowes. Dat him Chater's ship."

The jagged white teeth glistened in the cold sunlight.

"Oh, my aunt! Now we shoot him Long Tom, Mars'r. Now we shoot him plenty hard."

Fellowes' lips tightened. He strove to reconcile the rising floods of exultation and sorrow, of triumph and foreboding, that choked him emotionally.

"But shoot carefully," he warned. "We may require to cripple a mast, but I'll have no killing—if it can be avoided."

"Yah, Mars'r. Cuffee know. We don't hurt him pitty ill Missee. But him Chater—"

The immense black hands, free of the swaying ratlines, opened and closed, crooked and slashed.

"But why should you hate Chater?" Fellowes questioned.

Cuffee hate him Chater fo' dat yo' hate him, Mars'r. Yo' see! Cuffee kill him plenty quick."

"Not save I bid you," Fellowes cautioned sternly, descending to the deck.

A dangerous force, this hatred he reflected. A disease which seeped from one heart to another. But a smoldering glow burned in his blue eyes, and his jaw squared aggressively. No moment for sentiment. This was the day of his vengeance, the day he had awaited for months. Ah, but why should the savor of it be bitter in his mouth?

He remembered Joshua's parting advice. Hate! Hate enough, and all would be simple. Hate every one of your enemies, aye, every one linked with them. Hate 'em root and branch. And a mighty wave of resentment swamped his spirit. Resentment against Joshua, against Ben, against Chater, against—against—He clawed open his neckcloth so feverishly that his officers, busy though they were, regarded him perplexedly. Aye, against her! Above all, against her!

She, who consorted with the nation's enemies, who intrigued with Wellington and God alone knew what other British statesmen, who entertained Collishawe's suit, who had not lifted a finger to save him from being flogged! Why shouldn't he hate her? She merited nothing from him. She, whose lover was the man who had whipped him! She, who had accepted a visit from this man after their lips had met that last night on the True Bounty!

Something swelled up in his throat, hot, suffocating. Hate? Aye, hate! "Run out that Long Tom," he ordered hoarsely. "A shot betwixt his masts, Cuffee."

Chater had the weather gauge, and maneuvered expertly to make use of the advantage; but the Centurion could sail two knots to the True Bounty's one, and a couple of round-shot between his masts seemed to convince him of the hopelessness of his plight. He lay to while the brig overhauled him and rounded his stern in position to rake, Fellowes dominating her crowded decks, his slight figure taut with repressed energy.

Above, on the lofty poop of the True Bounty, Chater glowered sullenly, beside him Ben Inglepin, an expression of well-nourished resentment clouding the merchant's chubby countenance. Cara, muffled in a green coat of fur, clung to her father's arm. There was curiosity in her glance, but no fear; and as often before, Fellowes was constrained to admit a grudging measure of respect for her. The Centurion came back, with a din of flapping canvas, and not waiting to be hailed, Inglepin bawled angrily:

"What is this that you do, Captain Fellowes? You have reason to know this vessel. D'you not see the colors she flies?"

"I'm not assured you have a justifiable claim to that flag's protection, sir," Fellowes answered shortly. "Captain Chater, I'm coming aboard to examine your papers."

"Purty high piracy, I'd say," whined Chater. "A letter-of-marque don't give ye the right to search American vessels."

Nimrod Sopher nudged Fellowes' elbow.

"Tis as he says," murmured the lawyer-marine. "Look to your commission, my friend. The private ship-of-war is distinguished from the regular naval vessel by a limitation of her legal exercise of hostility and supervision."

In the bustle of mustering the boarding party, no one on the Centurion noticed the disappearance of the Inglepins and Chater from the True Bounty's poop. Indeed, when the longboat pulled under her lee the only members of the merchantman's crew in sight were young Rofke and the helmsman, but a rope ladder had been lowered from the waist, and Fellowes climbed its jerking rungs without a thought of danger, bidding his men follow him one at a time. He reached



"Well, Naow," He Snarled, "Murdered Me, Ain't Ye?"

the bulwarks' level, and vaulted carelessly to the deck—to be pounced upon by a dozen seamen, whose hairy, brown paws effectually sealed his lips. In the background Chater hovered, whinnying orders:

"That's right, men! Grab the damned pirate. I calculate he'll do for a hostage. Here, one o' ye cut loose that ladder."

But the last word was still wet on his tongue when a roar resounded from the bulwarks. Fellowes glimpsed a gigantic black shape sailing through the air—and crashed down on the deck with the rest of the dozen as Cuffee bounced into their midst. Right and left, the negro kicked and struck, legs and arms hitting with ferocious accuracy.

Half-blinded, dazed, battered sore, Fellowes staggered to his feet, thinking to support Cuffee's charge. But a pistol cracked behind him, and he spun around in time to see Chater drawing a second weapon. And instinctively, without conscious effort, the Long Islander snatched for his own pistol, and pressed the trigger.

Chater's green eyes widened bewilderedly; the pistol slipped from his hand, his fingers clawing at his chest. "Well, naow," he snarled. "Murdered me, ain't ye?"

And he flopped on the deck, a tumbled heap of garments, leaning rustily.

"Will you have my surgeon?" Fellowes offered perfunctorily.

"No use. But ye won't find—what ye want. She's agin ye. Workin' for—British. But ye'll never know—not for sartin."

The grotesque chin dropped, and Fellowes understood the man was dead—was surprised, too, that he should experience neither satisfaction nor compunction. But here was no time for reflection. The longboat's party, pouring over the lee bulwarks, were driving the True Bounty's crew toward into the fo'c's'le, no difficult enterprise, for the spirit had gone out of the ship's defenders, and they flinched under the flats of cutlasses and Tom Grogan's hearty abuse. Nimrod Sopher, tailing the boarders, of course, was wringing his hands, aghast at the sight of Chater's body.

"My dear Lion! What a misfortune! And a delicate question in admiralty law. Manslaughter—in fact, it may be murder on the high seas—"

"Captain Fellowes killed Captain Chater in self-defense, sir," Cara Inglepin's voice was low-pitched and steady, and there was color in her sunwarmed cheeks as she stepped from the cabin companionway. Ben Inglepin, who followed her, was much less master of himself. His hands shook, and his mouth wobbled nervously. The duenna, billowing after them, funereal in black, her fat hands clacking a rosary, her beady eyes roving and probing, was as phlegmatic as ever she had been in Perenna. "You saw it with me, Father?" Cara appealed to Ben. "Captain Chater fired first. A dastardly shot!"

"A most lamentable incident," quavered Ben.

Fellowes was puzzled, nonplused, by Cara's testimony for him, the more so, as Sopher twittered immediately:

"Ah, then the case is simplified! Two witnesses, two impartial witnesses, should nullify any attempt at prosecution. But I will, with your permission, Lion, proceed to take depositions, and draw them up in due order. 'Tis a safeguard—"

"We have more important work to do than accounting for the death of that scoundrel," Fellowes interrupted sternly. And for the first time he looked Cara in the eye, disturbed by the directness of her gaze, the absence of any indication of a sense of guilt. "I am under a certain embarrassment, ma'am," he continued, trying to keep his voice level, to hide from her the distraction her mere presence caused in him. "I must ask you to pledge me your word of honor you and your attendant have no documents or

papers upon your persons." "We have none," she replied readily. "And your luggage? I am loath to search it."

"You'll find naught, sir, of any import."

"You say this upon your word of honor?"

"Upon my word of honor," she repeated haughtily. "I am, whatever my sins, not one to practice lies, sir."

Ben Inglepin hemmed fustily. "Since we are upon the subject, Captain Fellowes," he remarked, "I will give you my word of honor, that no documents, other than those of a strictly business nature, are comprised in my effects."

"Then what is the purpose of your voyage, Mr. Inglepin?"

"'Tis revealed in the ship's papers." Ben answered with new-found suavity. "A commercial venture to Spain. I am persuaded the war will soon be ended, and am anxious to establish satisfactory connections with Spanish clients against that eventuality."

Miss Inglepin abruptly gave them her back, and Fellowes conceived a suspicion that she meant by this action to divorce herself from connection with her father's assertion.

"I am compelled to doubt you, Mr. Inglepin," he returned. "I must detain you on deck while your luggage is examined."

The merchant shrugged his shoulders, somewhat light-heartedly. Fellowes imagined his bearing similar to that he had displayed at Chater's house. But the realization that his task would not be easy only stiffened the Long Islander's determination.

"Cuffee," he called, and when the negro approached: "You are responsible for these three people. Keep them here until I release you."

"Yah, Mars'r Fellowes. Yo' look fo' lettah?"

"Yes." Some quality in Cuffee's tone made Fellowes expectant. "Why?"

"Yo' wait fo' see, Mars'r. Yo' no sh'—him lettah below, Cuffee make juju fo' him."

Going through the True Bounty's clearance papers, manifest and log, and ransacking the contents of Chater's desk and locker, Fellowes was disposed to favor the employment of all the juju at Cuffee's command. After Ben Inglepin's cabin had been searched, with equal unsuccess, he called in the Centurion's hands to hunt for loose floorboards or concealed wall closets; and they tore the cabin to pieces—quite fruitlessly.

Frustrated at each point he assailed, Fellowes was striding the fo'c's'le deck, cudgeling his wits for some nook or cranny he hadn't attempted, when Tom Grogan accosted him.

"Cuffee'll have a word with ye, Cap'n."

"About what?"

"I dunno, but he's mortal itchin' for it. Wants to know can he bring his prisoners forward?"

Recalling the negro's talk of juju, Fellowes' interest was awakened.

"Tell him to come along, Tom," he directed.

And presently, Cuffee shepherded the Inglepins and the duenna to the fo'c's'le.

"Him big debbil—" Cuffee nodded to Ben Inglepin—"sweat plenty, ebery time yo' walk on fo'c's'le, Mars'r."

"Yes?" Fellowes prompted.

"Cuffee make juju, Mars'r. Juju tell Cuffee him lettah been on fo'c's'le."

Fellowes look sidewise at Inglepin. There were tiny beads of moisture on the merchant's forehead, despite the evening cool—Cara, however, seemed serenely indifferent, and the duenna was content to click away at her beads.

"Sir, this is nonsense," protested Ben. "Will you permit a superstitious negro to incommode persons, who, for no fault of their own, happen to be in your power?"

"Where are these papers concealed?" Fellowes demanded sternly.

"Papers? Why, you have had access to all we possess."

Cara Inglepin turned away with a faint sigh. Cuffee, wandering softly about the deck, touched various objects with his hands, his eyes, close-lidded, darting snakily at the merchant's face, his lips moving in a guttural refrain:

No him bowsprit!
No him capstan!
No him pawl!
No him hawse-pipe!
No him—

"Oh, my aunt, Mars'r Fellowes! Him lettah in anchor-stock!"

Fellowes stared unbelievably, but the negro pointed to Inglepin's gaping consternation while with his other hand he pulled out a plugged section in the end of one of the balks of timber that stocked the heavy bow-anchors.

"My God!" exclaimed Ben.

Cara's face was devoid of feeling, but she stepped forward beside her father, squarely, in-front of Fellowes.

"I knew not its hiding place," she said feily, "since I refused longer to be concerned with secrecy. But 'twas I, no less than my father, who drew up that paper, and secured the signatures. And I am responsible for having interested Lord Wellington and the Prince Regent's ministers—"

Ben Inglepin emitted a groan of despair.

"Oh, have done, have done," he begged. "Are we not sufficiently exposed to this man, who would ruin us? I tell you, Cara, he and your uncle will see us hung!"

Sioux Adopt Josephine Altman



Miss Josephine Altman of Evanston, Ill., was adopted by the Sioux tribe of Indians in the Black hills. She was given the name of Singing Bird because she sings Indian songs so well. Miss Altman acquires her interest in Indian things honestly, for she is a descendant of Capt. John Smith, whose life was saved by Pocahontas.

but Joshua's voice rang in his ears, Joshua's face, so absurdly like Ben's, appeared before his eyes. Hate! If you'll only hate enough! And after all, he had been given a trust.

"Hand it here, Cuffee," he said in a voice that was strange to him.

The scroll, inside the covering, was written in a bold, free script, and the import of its message took his breath away:

To the Right Hon. The Lord Liverpool, K. G., H.M.'s Prime Minister My Lord:

Your petitioners, political representatives of the Federalist Party in the United States, and in especial, those sections of the Party established in New England and New York, do represent and make manifest—

Fellowes flipped through the pages to the end page after page of names. Names of senators, of representatives, of state officials, of those high in commerce, in the law and in the church.

Cara Inglepin nodded sadly, partly to herself, partly to him.

"That is the Federalist party," she said. "And they are Americans, Captain Fellowes, no more than Americans who disagree with you."

Fellowes gritted his teeth. "They are traitors," he disputed her. "Your errand was treason of the blackest."

Ben Inglepin cried out in agony: "Not treason! No, no! We want peace. Oh, d—n Jos!"

"Let us damn nobody, Father," Cara interrupted. "Treason or no, we need not be ashamed, for what we did we intended honorably."

She had pluck, this girl, Fellowes owned, but resolutely he curbed the admiration she inspired, bowing coldly, implacably.

"If it please you, ma'am! I must remove you all to the Centurion. Will you show the men your luggage?"

She smiled, and he had an uncomfortable sensation that she pitted him.

"It does not please me, sir, but—" she spoke in Portuguese to the duenna, and the three walked past him. Ben Inglepin with dragging feet. Cara lightly under the weight of her greatcoat, the duenna flashing a quizzical stare from her jetty eyes. Surely, the fat woman mocked him! But why? And why should Cara, Inglepin, who shortly must answer at the bar to a charge of high treason ply him who had taken her? Ah, and why should he ask himself such questions? What did they matter? He had won; he had his vengeance. He and Joshua would crush these people as—as—Cuffee's twenty-four-pound shot should crush the Badger.

Yes, crush the Badger, crush Collishawe, crush these people—crush them all. All! He must hate her the more vigorously because she smiled, because she pitted him, because she knew how desperately he tried to hate.

He stifled a groan.

"A fire under each hatch, Cuffee," he ordered. "I can't spare hands for another prize—not with the Badger to fight."

Cuffee crowed delightedly.

"Dis Chater ship him make plenty big fire. Oh, my aunt, we see him too long time off. Whoosh! Him buhn to sky. Yah, yah, yah!"

So hatred burned, Fellowes thought, annihilating, all-consuming, destroying even the soul that kindled it.

CHAPTER XI
Stormy Seas

Silence cloaked the Centurion as a twist of flame flickered up from the True Bounty's forward hatch. There was something portentous in the spectacle which impressed the roughest sailors. This was no ordinary act of destruction. It partook of the character of an execution, the condign punishment of a guilty fabric. The ship was dying, as her master had died, as perhaps her owners should die, in retribution for the offense of which she had been a part.

The Inglepins, standing apart on the brig's poop, watched with a kind of sorrowful fascination. When the masts of the dying ship crashed over-

side, and a murmur of comment broke the silence on the Centurion, Cara caught her breath and Ben Inglepin's lips framed a curse.

Fellowes, eyeing his prisoners uneasily, fancied there was something symbolical for them in the True Bounty's fate, but the punishment of the ship would be accomplished in much simpler fashion than the punishment he must see dealt to them. Soon, very soon, the charred remnants of the True Bounty would be rent asunder, and she would cease to be. But for Cara and her father remained all the long-drawn agony of public disgrace, the rancor of factional hostility, the torment of the law's delays. Surely, a punishment sufficient to satisfy any hatred, even Joshua's. Yes, even his own—except that it didn't. Perhaps nothing ever would. At the moment, he realized, he hated Chater dead as much as he had Chater living.

Ben Inglepin's voice, fretfully insistent, pierced his reflections.

"Captain Fellowes! Have you not some corner to which my daughter may retire? 'Tis insufferable she should be kept on deck."

"I have arranged that she and her attendant shall occupy my cabin," Fellowes interrupted. "You, sir, may have the quarters of my second lieutenant. You will be restricted to the after-cabin and the poop. Am I plain, sir?"

"Sufficiently," Ben assented, flushing. "May we go below, then?"

"Within the limits prescribed," rejoined Fellowes.

Turning on his heel as the Inglepins left the poop, he saw that the True Bounty was gone. Only the frosty glimmer of the stars relieved the darkness.

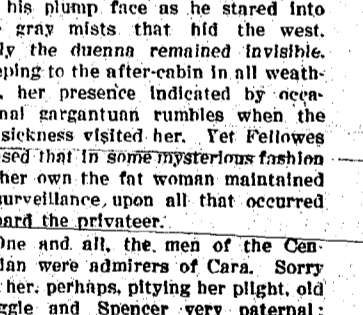
For Fellowes the voyage now was irksome almost beyond bearing. He was impatient to come up with the Badger, and the inevitable daily contact with Cara embarrassed and harassed him. And Ben Inglepin, too, was continually in evidence, a set look on his plump face as he stared into the gray mists that hid the west. Only the duenna remained invisible, keeping to the after-cabin in all weathers, her presence indicated by occasional gargantuan rumbles when the seasickness visited her. Yet Fellowes sensed that in some mysterious fashion of her own the fat woman maintained a surveillance upon all that occurred aboard the privateer.

One and all, the men of the Centurion were admirers of Cara. Sorry for her, perhaps, pitying her plight, old Noggle and Spencer very paternal; Breed and Noggle's sons and nephew and O'Shaughnessy, the surgeon, ardent in varying degrees; Nimrod Sopher pompously devoted.

Red-headed Aloysius O'Shaughnessy suggested assuming joint responsibility with Ben Inglepin.

(To Be Continued)

New World's Shot Record



Herman Brix of the Los Angeles A. U., putting the 8-pound shot to a new world's record—67 feet 1 1/2 inches. The former mark set by Ralph Rose in 1907 was 67 feet 1 inch. Brix, a member of the 1928 Olympic team, set his record at the A. A. U. championships at Denver.