

Charlevoix County Herald.

VOLUME 33

EAST JORDAN, MICHIGAN, FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 20, 1929.

NUMBER 38

E. J. Consolidated Schools Has Large Enrollm't

OPENS MONDAY, SEPT. 23RD WITH 656 ATTENDANCE.

The East Jordan Consolidated Schools opened last week Monday with a larger enrollment than at first anticipated. A number of the country districts had more children than they thought. In fact the total enrollment of the nine districts a year ago was said to be 135 whereas instead of 135 coming in on the busses from the grades of the nine districts we have 171. Altogether 193 are being carried on the five busses each day. This of course includes the High School pupils and the Rogers District.

Quite a vivid picture of the enrollment in the schools is given below. Last year the first week there were 598 in attendance in the East Jordan schools. This year the first week there were 656. This is the largest enrollment the local school has had in a number of years. There are still quite a number of pupils all the way through the system to come in yet.

The Junior High has 111 pupils. The largest number enrolled for 6 years. One fact has been vividly brought out in checking up the enrollment and that is that quite a number of High School students are here that otherwise would not have been here at all—this is shown by the large Freshmen enrollment. One of the arguments that consolidation has often advanced that many boys and girls will attend High School if they have the right kind of chances.

It was expected that the sixth grade would have a very large attendance. You will notice that there are 64 in the sixth grade room. About the only room that is really overcrowded in the grades. The High School is running well near capacity.

Only two rooms are being used on the West Side. You will note that there are 29 in one room and 43 in another. However this makes two good sized grades on the West Side and being fortunate in having a public spirited citizen aid the district on a boiler, and with the two rooms down stairs eliminates the need of a new fire escape—this makes a very satisfactory condition at the West Side school.

On Wednesday, Sept. 11, a primary election was held to determine candidates for the Student Council from all grades of both Junior and Senior High.

After the close of nominations and the votes having been cast, the four having the greatest number in Senior High and the two having the greatest number in Junior High were chosen as candidates for the election to be held the following Wednesday, Sept. 18th.

The result of the primary was as follows:

SENIOR—Carl Weaver, William Kitsman, Bea Boswell, Gloria McPherson.

JUNIOR—Vera Hammond, Lois Healey, Robert Kenny, Ethel Staley.

SOPHOMORE—Roy Busseler, Marie St. Charles, Gwendolyn Malpass, Howard Sommerville.

FRESHMEN—Anna Votruba, and John Vogel.

EIGHTH—Robert Joynt, Elizabeth Severance.

SEVENTH—Mary Jane Porter, Cyril Dolezel.

On Wednesday, Sept. 18, at 10:20 the election was opened and ballots prepared. The following students were elected:

SENIOR—Bea Boswell, Carl Weaver.

JUNIOR—Vera Hammond, Ethel Staley.

SOPHOMORE—Roy Busseler and Howard Sommerville.

FRESHMEN—Anna Votruba.

EIGHTH—Robert Joynt.

SEVENTH—Cyril Dolezel.

The duties of those elected are to co-operate with the faculty. They are to work together for the good of the school as a whole, and are to advise their class in all school activities.

The election of class officers will be published later.

East Jordan Public School Enrollment—Years 1928-29—1929-30.

CENTRAL BUILDING		From Country
1928-29	1929-30	
Kindergarten	39	29
First Grade	47	52
Second Grade	42	41
Third Grade	43	47
Fourth Grade	30	45
Fifth Grade	41	33
Sixth Grade	59	64
HIGH SCHOOL		
Seventh Grade	43	58
Eighth Grade	38	53
Ninth Grade	39	56
Tenth Grade	34	33
Eleventh Grade	39	39
Twelfth Grade	28	35
WEST SIDE		
Second Grade	11	14
Third Grade	18	15
Fourth Grade	15	25
Fifth Grade	12	17
Kindergarten	11	
First Grade	10	
Total	598	656
West Side, First Grade	8	193

SCHOOL CHAT

A class in library instruction, which has been organized for the first time in this high school, is under the direction of Miss Crofoot. The students enrolled will have charge of the school library during the day.

Saturday, Sept. 21, the first football game of the season will be played on the HIGH SCHOOL GROUNDS with the St. Ignace High School team. This will be the first of the two home games which will be played in East Jordan this year.

The classes of the Home Economics Department have started on their first projects. The first year cooking class, composed of ninth graders, are bringing fruits and vegetables from home and going thru the various processes of canning them. The tenth grade sewing class are working on a wardrobe. The home management class, consisting of eleventh and twelfth graders, are re-decorating one of the rooms of their department. New drapes are being made, the woodwork is being varnished and the furniture re-upholstered.

The class in Debating have begun earnest work preparatory for the first debate, scheduled for Nov. 16. The question—"Resolved, That a Judge, or Board of Judges, be sub-

TO ORGANIZE PARENT-TEACHERS' ASSOCIATION

Parents and all interested in our public schools are invited to visit school next Wednesday afternoon, Sept. 25th and stay after school to help organize a Parent-Teacher's Association. This meeting is for both men and women and will be held in the Junior High School session room as soon as school is dismissed. An informal discussion of ways and means of organization will be the program, and a large attendance is desired. East Jordan has not had a Parent-Teacher's Association for several years and this seems like a good one in which to start.

stituted for the jury in all trials in the State and municipal courts of Michigan," is one of wider interest and more interesting material than those used for some time. The following have enrolled: Frances Brown, Thelma Sommerville, Clara Leu, Francis Votruba, Carl Weaver and Helen Severance.

STUDENT COUNCIL FOR E. J. H. S. ARE ELECTED

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VACATION DAYS OVER

With the coming of September and the opening of schools and colleges the summer vacation period is declared officially ended, although it is said that hundreds are forming the habit of remaining until late September or early October when the resort country is most beautiful.

The resort sections report the most successful in years, especially during August when the hot dry days drove thousands from the cities to seek the cool shady spots of Michigan, rapidly becoming the summer playground of the nation.

Although the capacities of those catering to the tourist trade were taxed to the limit, very few complaints were heard by visitors complaining of poor treatment. They are evidently finding in Michigan the spirit of hospitality that will make them want to come back again next year. A satisfied vacationist is an asset. They always induce others to accompany them the following season.

We doubt if the possibilities of Michigan as a summer resort state have yet been visualized. Each year 500 miles of new paved highway opens new vistas, new places to visit, new charms to be enjoyed. Another decade and the summer resort business will rank close to that of industry. Already it has surpassed the old lumbering days in amount of money spent, and it is virtually in its infancy. Each succeeding year should establish a new high mark. It is a business in which every part of the State has a share—we are wise to devote our best efforts in giving it encouragement.

ONE POSSIBLE DISASTER

The one terrible thing in this world, in the view of Ecclesiastes, is to be without a friend. To have nobody to love, nobody to be loved by, nobody to speak to when you are happy, nobody to speak to when you are sad, nobody to grow old with, nobody to meet life with, nobody to pray for, nobody at whose prayer God might bless us; to have nobody to believe in you in all weathers, nobody to be with you in some hard place and to be with you at the last; nobody to shed a tear for you when at length it is apparent that you are about to leave this world; nobody to follow your dust to the grave in sorrow that you have gone, in faith that such a one as you have been cannot have gone forever—to be thus alone, for this man and for every truly human heart is the one possible disaster.

It's a good thing that a woman doesn't faint every time she has a faint idea.

BULOW-HAMILTON WEDDING AT DETROIT

Fenton R. Bulow of East Jordan and Miss Ruth Elizabeth Hamilton of Detroit were united in marriage at the home of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Horace A. Hamilton at Detroit, Saturday, Sept. 14th. Alfred Thorsen of this city, and Miss Norabelle Wilcox of South Haven attended them.

Mr. Bulow has been a resident of East Jordan a good many years. He is affiliated with his brother, Glenn, in business here, is President of the Charlevoix County Fair Ass'n and was recently appointed County Clerk of Charlevoix to fill a vacancy. The bride was teacher in the West Side school last year and made many friends here during her year's stay.

Mr. and Mrs. Bulow left Detroit for the East on a wedding trip and will be "At Home" at Charlevoix after Oct. 1st.

Among those from East Jordan to attend the wedding were Mr. and Mrs. Ray Benson with son, Marvin, Miss Frances Rogers, and Miss Moreen Bulow.

MRS. ANNA BARNETT TAKEN BY DEATH AT MISHAWAKA, IND.

Mrs. Anna Lavina Barnett passed away at the home of her sister, Mrs. Margaret Pickard, at Mishawaka, Ind., Sunday, Sept. 15th, after suffering two paralytic strokes since last May.

Anna L. Howard was born Nov. 28, 1857, in Ontario, Canada, and was united in marriage to Richard Barnett Oct. 7, 1875, in Canada. They came to East Jordan where they made their home for some 40 years. They went to Tacoma, Wash., about six years ago to make their home with their son-in-law, Andrew Reid and family. Mr. Barnett died there Aug. 28, 1927. Since that time Mrs. Barnett making her home with her granddaughters at Tacoma. She arrived at the home of her sister, Mrs. Margaret Pickard of Mishawaka, Ind., on Aug. 22nd last for a visit.

Deceased is survived by a daughter Mrs. Ella Harrison, of Sault Ste. Marie, and five grandchildren. Also by a brother—J. D. Howard of Mackinaw City, and her sister, Mrs. Pickard.

Mrs. Barnett was a member of the East Jordan M. E. Church when it was first built and was an ardent church worker.

The remains were brought to East Jordan Tuesday. Funeral services were held from the M. E. Church Wednesday afternoon. In the absence of the pastor at Conference, Rev. C. W. Sidebotham, pastor of the Presbyterian Church, conducted the services. Interment at Sunset Hill.

"FIRE PREVENTION WEEK," OCT. 6-12

Although earnest efforts have been made in recent years to cut down America's fire loss, it is still said to exceed a half billion dollars a year, to say nothing of the sacrifice of the lives of thousands of human beings. The real tragedy in this picture is seen when we realize that most of this enormous loss of life and property was caused by carelessness—most of it could have been prevented.

October 6-12 has been set aside as "Fire Prevention Week." It is a week when we should see to the removal of every fire hazard, a time when we should study the simple rules of fire prevention, a week in which we should decide to reduce America's ash heap to a minimum. We can accomplish this if we have the will to that end.

SCREEN STARS TO BE SEEN AT TEMPLE THEATRE

Manager Glenn R. Bulow of the Temple Theatre has recently contracted with the United Artists Corp. for a series of some of their high class motion pictures to be shown in East Jordan in the near future. Among some of the Stars to be seen are Douglas Fairbanks, Dolores Del Rio, Ronald Colman, Vilma Banky, Norma Talmadge, Mary Pickford, Eleanor Boardman and Jean Herschort.

These pictures will be shown without any advance in price from the regular admission. Watch this newspaper for dates.

Mrs. Arthur Johnson Dies Suddenly At Greencastle, Ind.

A telegram received here, Tuesday, stated that Mrs. Arthur Johnson passed away suddenly at her home at Greencastle, Ind., Monday. Funeral services are to be held this Friday at Lansing, Mich.

Mrs. Johnson was a former well-known and esteemed East Jordan girl—daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Ellson, who now reside at Lansing. Deceased is survived by her husband and three daughters. She was a member of Mark Chapter, Order Eastern Star of East Jordan.

COUNCIL PROCEEDINGS

Regular meeting of the Common Council of the City of East Jordan held at the Council Rooms Monday evening, Sept. 16, 1929.

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

Minutes of the last meeting were read and approved.

Bills were presented for payment as follows:

Wm. McPherson, mowing lawn \$ 2.50
John Schroeder, magneto 3.00
Reid-Sherman, labor & mds. 47.10
Bert Reinhart, labor .75
Loyal Murray, labor 5.78
Wm. Prouse, labor 27.48
Jno. Whiteford, work at cem. 49.00
Andrew LaLonde, labor 15.75
Northern Auto Co., truck parts 5.27
Wolverine Sign Wks., bulletin service 30.00
E. J. Co-op. Ass'n, labor & mds. 3.71
E. J. Hose Co., fire 35.00

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

Ayes—Taylor, Bradshaw, Severance, Williams and Gidley.
Nays—None.

On motion by Alderman Severance meeting was adjourned.

OTIS J. SMITH, City Clerk

REV. JAMES LEITCH RETURNS TO EAST JORDAN

Rev. James Leitch, pastor of the East Jordan Methodist Episcopal Church, was re-appointed another year to this charge at the annual State Conference held at Kalamazoo the past week.

Other appointments to this part of the Grand Traverse District are as follows:—

Superintendent—J. O. Randall, Traverse City.
Bellaire—A. W. Baker
Boyer City—William Helrigel.
Boyer Falls—Margaret V. Nash.
Central Lake—M. W. Weaver.
Charlevoix—John Lockyer.
Ellsworth—G. P. Stanford.
Mancelona—M. A. Oldt.
Petoskey—C. J. Kruse.

CHARLOTTE POTTER BURIED HERE LAST TUESDAY

Charlotte Jane Potter passed away at the home of her brother, Harry J. Potter, at Spring Lake, Mich., Saturday, Sept. 14th, following an illness of some duration from pernicious anemia.

Deceased was 49 years of age and was a daughter of Mr. and Mrs. James E. Potter, former residents of East Jordan. Since the death of her parents, she has made her home with her brother, Harry Potter.

The remains were brought to East Jordan, Monday, and funeral services were held from Watson's Funeral Parlors, Tuesday forenoon, conducted by Rev. C. W. Sidebotham, pastor of the Presbyterian Church. Interment at Sunset Hill.

Among those here to attend the funeral were Mr. and Mrs. Harry Potter of Spring Lake; Mrs. F. K. Warne of Chicago; Mrs. J. A. Lancaster of Levering, and F. A. Kenyon of Mackinac Island.

WM. J. MEGGISON DIED AT CHARLEVOIX

Funeral services were held Thursday morning, Sept. 12th for William J. Meggison, long-time resident of Charlevoix County, who died Monday Sept. 9th at Charlevoix, after a lingering illness.

Mr. Meggison was born February 11, 1875, in Muskoka County, Ontario, Canada, and was 54 years old at the time of his death. When a lad of 11 years, he came to Charlevoix County with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. William D. Meggison, who settled on a farm in the Barnard district. He remained at the parental home until two years after his marriage on December 26, 1904, to Miss Rachel Nixon. Prior to that time he had worked at varied occupations in and about Charlevoix, being employed as a mill hand, in the woods and at farming.

Twenty-three years ago, Mr. Meggison purchased a farm in Eveline township, located on the Charlevoix-East Jordan road. He was known as one of the successful farmers of Charlevoix County and was active in affairs of his community. He remained on the farm until last May, being forced at that time to retire on account of ill health. He came to Charlevoix to reside with his sister, Mrs. E. B. Ward, and it was at her home that death took him Monday. Mrs. Meggison preceded him in death about eight years ago.

Deceased is survived by five children, viz: Emerald B., and Winnifred of Detroit; Wesley, Arthur and Lillian of Charlevoix. Four sisters, Mrs. E. B. Ward, Charlevoix; the Misses Ella and Grace Meggison of Jackson; and Mrs. L. G. Everts of Detroit; also three brothers, George of Charlevoix, Thomas of Traverse City and Albert of Chicago. Two other brothers, James and Robert, are deceased.

Rev. W. H. Rauch, of the Baptist Church officiated at the funeral services held from the Ward residence at 302 State Street. Interment was at Brookside cemetery.—Charlevoix Courier.

SIX CLUB MEMBERS ATTEND STATE FAIR AT DETROIT

The trip that all club members strive for and the biggest feature of Boy's and Girl's club work in Michigan is the trip to the Michigan State Fair, which is made possible by the Fair Management.

This year Charlevoix County had the honor and pleasure of having six club members selected to receive this high award. These awards were given at the recent Gaylord Camp for club members in Northern Michigan. At this camp the various contests were put on for each project that club members belonged to, such as judging and demonstration teams. This year this county had 35 boys and girls in attendance, which is the best showing thus far.

In addition to winning trips to Detroit, we carried away first prize in the singing contest and in the stunt night program.

The following boys and girls made the trip: Katherine Wangeman and Doris Russell, East Jordan in the judging contest for canning club members; Carlton Smith, Charlevoix, Warren Shapton and James Block, Charlevoix, in dairy judging.

In addition James Block and Carlton Smith were also on a demonstration team that won at Gaylord and thus won the trip for the second time. They demonstrated the fitting and showing of dairy calves in preparation for exhibits. Dick Straw, Charlevoix, had his transportation paid as the leader of the Barnard Junior Dairymen and accompanied his members.

The party left for Detroit on Wednesday afternoon and returned early Sunday morning. While there considerable time was spent in visiting all the interesting exhibits at the Fair and in seeing the sights in Detroit. Probably the most enjoyable features were the trips to Belle Isle, and seeing a big league baseball game, and in seeing two of the most beautiful theatres in Detroit. Needless to say a very happy but tired group was the result.

In view of the fact that Charlevoix County had 23 different clubs in 1929 had 35 members in attendance at the Gaylord club camp, won three trips to the State Fair and won first in stunts and music contest at Gaylord we feel that boy's and girl's club work has progressed wonderfully in this county and is accomplishing a great deal toward the development of individuals and in the prosperity of agriculture.

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

Charlevoix Co. D. H. I. A.

AUGUST REPORT OF EDDIE MORTIMORE, OFFICIAL TESTER.

The high herd for the month was owned by Frank Behling, of Boyne City. His herd of 4 P. B. H. averaged 36.3 lbs. of B. F., and 1067 lbs. milk. The second high herd was owned by Jim Nice, of East Jordan. His 7 P. B. G. produced an average of 36.2 lbs. of B. F., and 649 lbs. of milk. Third high herd was owned by John Seiler, also of East Jordan. His 9 mixed cows produced an average of 32.6 lbs. of B. F., and 646 lbs. of milk.

The high two year old for the month was owned by Irving Crawford of East Jordan. His P. B. G. produced 45.6 lbs. of B. F., and 877 lbs. of milk. George Meggison of Charlevoix, ranks next with a P. B. J. that produced 38.8 lbs. of B. F., and 791 lbs. of milk. The third was owned by R. V. Liskum, of East Jordan. She, a P. B. G. produced 31.6 lbs. B. F., and 1020 lbs. milk.

R. V. Liskum also is the owner of the high three year old for the month. She, also a P. B. G., produced 58.5 lbs. of B. F., and 1125 lbs. of milk. The second high three year old, a grade Guernsey, was owned by Edd. Potter of Charlevoix, and produced 44.6 lbs. of B. F., and 1240 lbs. of milk. Walter Heileman of East Jordan, owns the third high cow in this class. She, a P. B. G. produced for her owner 45.1 lbs. B. F., and 868 lbs. milk.

George Meggison has a P. B. J. that ranks first in the 4 year old class with a record of 48.6 lbs. B. F., and 1056 lbs. milk. A P. B. H. owned by the Breezy Point Farm, of Ironton, holds second place with a record of 43.2 lbs. B. F., and 1271 lbs. milk. R. V. Liskum, owns the second high cow in this class, a P. B. G. which produced 37.8 lbs. B. F., and 899 lbs. milk.

In the mature cow class, Floyd Black, of Charlevoix, ranks first with a grade Guernsey that produced 54.9 lbs. B. F., and 1144 lbs. milk. The Breezy Point Farm is second with a P. B. H. that produced 51.5 lbs. B. F., and 1376 lbs. milk. Jim Rice ranks third with a P. B. G. that produced 49.6 lbs. B. F., and 856 lbs. milk.

Others who own cows that made 1250 lbs. milk or over or 50.0 or more lbs. B. F. are as follows:—

Eckland Bros., Charlevoix, four P. B. H., that produced respectively: 49.4 lbs. B. F. and 1454 lbs. milk. 40.4 lbs. B. F. and 1345 lbs. milk. 37.2 lbs. B. F. and 1330 lbs. milk. 40.4 lbs. B. F. and 1401 lbs. milk.

Edd. Potter, one Grade Guernsey that produced 44.3 lbs. B. F. and 1339 lbs. milk.

Breezy Point Farm, one P. B. H. that produced 40.5 lbs. B. F. and 1348 lbs. milk.

Out of the 26 herds tested 18 were feeding grain and 4 were weighing the milk.

Out of the 15 Separators tested only one was losing money for its owner.

There was 263 cows on test, 18 of which were dry.

The average milk per cow was 603 lbs.

The average B. F. per cow was 24.6 lbs.

EDDIE MORTIMORE,
Tester.

SIX PUREBRED RAMS PURCHASED FROM "RAM TRUCK"

In all livestock breeding operations the sire at the head of the herd or flock is responsible for over half what the future improvement will be. Therefore whenever several new sires are purchased by farmers to head their livestock you can be sure that the future will look brighter.

As a result of the visit of the "Ram Truck" last week we are glad to state that six purebred rams were purchased by Charlevoix County farmers. Not only that but they were the highest priced and best type rams that were on the truck and will surely make their presence felt in the future.

Louis Shapton, Charlevoix, and Carl Stevens, Walloon Lake bought Shrophires, and E. J. Edwards, Charlevoix, Robert Barnett, East Jordan, and Henry Kortbase, Boyne City are the new owners of Hampshires. Last year 13 purebred rams were delivered from the truck on a similar visit. With 19 new rams in the last two years a decided improvement in sheep can be noted. Don't worry about the future of Agriculture, but like these men who are starting right, go ye and do likewise.

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

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AFTON

Edited by Mrs. Henry Timmer.

Leo Boyd of Pontiac spent last week with his aunt, Mrs. Henry Sloop Jr.

Matthew Hardy has a new Dodge Sedan.

Mr. and Mrs. Merritt Finch were guests of his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Finch of Bellaire, Sunday.

Mrs. Aaron Bruce and son, with Mr. and Mrs. Edmonds of Blanchard visited their cousin, Mrs. J. L. Sutton two days last week.

Arthur Brintnall and family, and Mrs. O. D. Smith were guests Sunday at Albert Todds.

Mrs. Curtis Brace returned Monday from Iowa, leaving her mother recovering.

Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Holland were Traverse City Fair visitors, Wednesday, dining at the home of her mother.

Lester Hardy is driving a new Ford.

Mrs. John Miles and son were Afton callers Sunday evening.

Dwellers on the State Road are much disheartened at the rumor that the Road Commissioners will not attempt to keep this road open during the coming winter.

Mr. and Mrs. L. R. Hardy and family were guests of the James D. Frost family Sunday at East Jordan.

Mrs. Henry Timmer and daughter visited two old school friends, Mr. and Mrs. Monte Dingman, of Bellaire Sunday.

Wm. Saunders was a dinner guest at the Wm. Tate home, Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Bert Lumley and Miss Sidney Lumley were callers Sunday evening at the Chas. Shepard residence.

Mrs. Chas. Hott is convalescing from a serious attack of tonsillitis.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Starkes drove

to Traverse City in their new Ford Sedan one day this week.

Rocco DeMaio is reported to have purchased the John Heller farm.

Wm. Tillotson had a wood saw outfit busy on Tuesday.

Louis Kamradt is taking his children to and from school in East Jordan, until their removal there in the near future.

Miss LaVerne McCalmon with her mother spent Sunday with Mrs. J. L. Sutton. They called briefly at Ed. Nowlands in the afternoon.

Matthew Hardy and son have purchased a new silo filler and will soon be starting on their own silage.

The State College Buck Truck with its valuable cargo stayed over Friday night at Silver Leaf Farm. There were two animals sold at the meeting Friday afternoon, another the following morning, making a total of six purebred rams purchased in the county.

Wm. Moore has taken up his residence in the old Chorpensing house, which is now part of Silver Leaf Farm, and will remain as shepherd for the winter.

Deer Lake Busy Workes Canning Club are proud of Evelyn Hardy, who won first place in the club, then demonstrated her ability by drawing first prize in Charlevoix County.

Ed. and Miss Esther Shepard were Sunday dinner guests of their cousin Chas. Shepard.

Mrs. L. Henderson and Mrs. M. Hardy called Sunday morning to see Mrs. J. L. Sutton, who has been very poorly with palpitation of the heart.

CENTRAL LAKE

(Edited by Jesse Morse)

Nice series of rain for the Fair.

Lloyd Morse will show several head of his driving horses at the Traverse City Fair.

Mrs. Doris Donner is visiting with her brother, Doyle Morses' people this week.

Ralph Watkins and Wendel Evans have put up four swings at the Bay View schoolhouse.

Mrs. Vera Carpenter is teaching at Bay View again this year. It is her second term.

Miss Margaret Watson is teaching her third term of school at Lake View.

Alva James is putting in a new furnace and ceiling at Grand View schoolhouse this week, so J. W. Morse is having a short vacation.

Central Lake schools opened again last week with an enrollment of 179 pupils. Ellsworth has 127. J. L. Kraft is again Superintendent.

Mrs. Cora Dunlop and daughter, Florence, left Sunday evening for LaGrange, Indiana, where she will make her home with Grandpa Browning.

Mrs. J. O. McEwan died at Orange City, Calif., a week ago last Friday. According to her wish, her body was cremated. Her sister, Mrs. Currin of this place went out to attend the funeral.

The Gleaners met at the hall at Eastport Friday night. The men purchasing the Gleaner grounds are unable to pay the balance of \$8,000, so they are just paying the interest this year.

Mrs. Edmund Curtis will leave next week for Topeka, Kansas, where her husband has employment with a graphophone sales company. She was formerly Fanny Elzinga.

Prof. E. C. Rowe of Mt. Pleasant returned Saturday from Japan and is stopping for a while at his cottage on Torch Lake. He went to Japan to study the people there in connection with psychology, the subject he teaches at Central State.

C. H. Morse and Henry Hostler have been repairing the interior of the Grand View school room this week and putting up a new garage for Mr. Hostler. They will put in a bid for the painting of the Eastport Baptist Church, which is advertised.

J. L. Kraft and J. W. Morse have started a Spelling Contest for Antrim County. The country schools surrounding the several High Schools of the county will meet with these schools and conduct the contest, then send delegates to the county contest. There will be a meeting of the teachers Friday night to discuss plans for the contest.

EVELINE

(Edited by Mrs. Frank Kiser.)

Mrs. Wilber Spidle, Mrs. F. Kiser, and Mr. and Mrs. Ben Clark were Charlevoix visitors last Thursday.

Mr. and Mrs. Ed. Nowland and Mrs. Max Graham and son, Melvin, were visitors at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Kiser last Friday.

Mr. and Mrs. Smith of Ellsworth were Sunday guests of their daughter Mrs. Marion Best and family.

Mrs. Russell Thomas and son, Gabriel, and little daughter, Evelyn, are visiting her parents and friends at Allegan.

Mr. and Mrs. Spidle were Ellsworth callers last Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Best and family dined with Mr. and Mrs. Kiser Sunday evening.

Ed. Kowalski is building a new chimney and plastering for W. O. Spidle, and also they have their new furnace installed.

Heavenly

Cora—Why did Muriel insist on being married in an airplane?

Dora—Well, she's so convinced that she thought no man on earth was good enough for her.

PENINSULA

(Edited by Mrs. E. Hayden)

A VALUED CITIZEN CALLED

A highly respected and fondly loved citizen was called to his final rest, Saturday, Sept. 14th, at 3:00 o'clock p. m. Ernest Loomis was born at Bingham, New York, Oct. 20, 1855, his parents being Alfred and Lucinda Loomis. He came to Grand Rapids, Mich., with his parents at the age of six years. He was united in marriage to Miss Caroline Hewitt on Nov. 28, 1886 at Grand Rapids. To this union two sons were born—Ray Loomis of Eveline Twp., and Earl of Detroit. He came to his farm in Eveline Township in 1894 and has made this his home since. He passed this life Sept. 14, 1929, after an illness of three years from cancer of the face. Mr. Loomis was ever a kind and loving husband and father, a good helpful neighbor and a jolly fellow with the young people and children, who will miss him greatly. He is survived by the wife and two sons, and one brother, Geo. Loomis of Detroit, all of whom were at his bedside at the last. There are three granddaughters.

R. G. Short, the McNeess man of Bay Shore was on the Peninsula, Friday.

After several damp days last week which helped the drought somewhat, a general rain set in Friday evening and continued until Saturday noon and gave us all the moisture we needed. It is the first real rain since Aug. 16th.

Mrs. Orval Bennett and children spent Thursday and Friday in Boyne City.

There was an Auction Sale at the Ernest Loomis farm Saturday afternoon. There was a fairly good crowd and things went well.

Mead Benson of Detroit is caring for the Charlie Earl farm for awhile.

George Loomis of Detroit and Mrs. Maddie Lyle of Bridgeport, Mich., arrived Friday evening, Sept. 6th to help care for Ernest Loomis, who was very ill with cancer of the face.

Mr. and Mrs. Earl Loomis arrived from Detroit Friday, Sept. 13th, called by the illness and death of his father, Ernest Loomis.

Ernest Loomis died at his home—Maple Lawn Farm—Saturday at 3 p. m. An Auction Sale, which had been arranged for the week before, was in progress at the time.

The State Potato Inspector made his final inspection of this section, Friday.

Lyle Wilson, Bob Wilson, Oswald Hosegood, Geo. Jarman and Mrs. Mercy Woerfl went to Springvale Sunday for blackberries.

Ed. Stollard who had the misfortune to lose his farm house by fire Sept. 8th, will move what household goods that were saved from the fire to East Jordan, Monday.

Miss Alice Stollard spent last week at the Ray Loomis home and attended High School in East Jordan, riding in the bus to and from.

Mr. and Mrs. David Gaunt and Mr. and Mrs. Bob Myers were dinner guests of Mr. and Mrs. Will Gaunt and family at Knoll Krest, Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Daniel Faust and Mr. and Mrs. F. K. Hayden and two children of Orchard Hill were guests to a dinner with Mr. and Mrs. Elmer Faust and family at Mountain Ash Farm, Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Lon Hewitt and daughter of Charlevoix called at the Ernest Loomis home, Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Waggoner and son of Charlevoix were dinner guests at the Ray Loomis home, Sunday.

Miss Birdie Stollard spent last week at the Geo. Jarman home, going to and from school in East Jordan in the bus.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Conyer motored up from Traverse City, Saturday evening and visited the Geo. Jarman family, returning Sunday.

Hugh Russell and his sister, Mrs. Nellie Pohman and her daughter and husband and Mr. and Mrs. Northrup all of Grand Rapids motored up Saturday and visited at the Ray Loomis home until Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. George Johnston, former residents of this section, but now of Washington State, are here visiting relatives and friends. He is a brother of Clarence Johnston.

PLEASANT HILL

(Edited by Anson Hayward)

Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Lanway and daughter, Beatrice, and Miss Peck were up to their farm—"Lake of the Woods"—Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Joe Ruckle and boys visited his father and family, Mr. and Mrs. Joe Gaunt, Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Anson Hayward and son, Lucius motored to Traverse City last week.

Rev. B. E. Manker preached at the Bennett schoolhouse Sunday. Mrs. Manker will preach next Sunday, Sept. 22nd at three o'clock.

Miss Wilma Schroeder has gone to Detroit for a two weeks visit.

Beatrice and Lottie Kidder who have been visiting their parents, Mr. and Mrs. H. Kidder for a month, have returned to Chicago.

Will VanDeventer got seriously hurt by a runaway team, week ago last Sunday.

(Edited by Mrs. Vernon Vance.)

John Hawley Jr., and family of Detroit visited his parents over the

week end. Mrs. D. E. Carpenter and family of Ellsworth spent Sunday at the Vernon Vance home.

Clarence Murray is in the neighborhood with his threshing outfit. Roy Vance and family took supper with Geo. Vance's Saturday evening.

WILSON TOWNSHIP

(Edited by Mrs. C. M. Nowland)

William Kurtz, son of Mr. and Mrs. Fred Kurtz of Wilson, was united in marriage Tuesday evening, Sept. 10, to Miss Myra Leist, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John Leist of Horton's Bay, at the home of the bride's parents, by Rev. Linnel of Petoskey. Miss Rozina Kurtz of Old Mission was home a few days to attend the wedding.

Ed. Nowland was taken quite ill Friday night with stomach trouble. A doctor was called to relieve his distress. He is better, but rather weak, Tuesday.

Mrs. E. J. Coykendall visited Mrs. Mary Morgan, Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Russ drove to Trout Lake last Saturday to visit his mother, and a sister of Wisconsin, whom he had not seen in years, who is there on a visit.

Mr. and Mrs. Ed. Nowland, Mrs. Max Graham and son visited Mr. and Mrs. Frank Kiser, near Eveline Orchards, last Friday.

Mr. and Mrs. Roy Hardy and family were dinner guests of Mr. and Mrs. J. D. Frost in East Jordan, Sunday.

Miss Ocole Scott of Kalamazoo is home for two weeks at Boyne City, and visited her grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. A. R. Nowland, and uncle, Ray, Thursday and Sunday night.

Mr. and Mrs. George Hardy of Petoskey, Mr. and Mrs. Lester Hardy and children of Boyne City visited their parents, Mr. and Mrs. Matt Hardy, Sunday evening.

Matthew Hardy and son purchased a new silo at Boyne City Co-ops Monday. The former drives a Dodge Sedan.

The four daughters of Mr. and Mrs. Harry Behling drive an auto to and from high school at Boyne City. Mr. and Mrs. Frank Behling have two daughters attending also.

Clark Colver of Wilson, a Boyne City dairyman, purchased a Guernsey herd of cows of Ben Gardner, instead of having Holsteins, a week ago Saturday. He has the Holsteins for sale now.

George Cooper finished the addition of the Sam Nowland home last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Tom Shepard were Monday afternoon visitors of their daughter, Mrs. Joe Leu of the Peninsula.

Mr. and Mrs. Milo Clute and children visited her father and brother, Martin and Guy Wilber of Wildwood.

Mr. and Mrs. George Jaquays and daughter, Marian visited Sunday at the home of his brother, Walter Jaquays and family at Pellston.

Mr. and Mrs. L. R. Hardy called on Mr. and Mrs. R. E. Nowland Tuesday evening.

Mrs. John McCalmon, Miss LaVerne McCalmon, and John Jr.'s son Don, of Bay Shore visited Mr. and Mrs. Joel Sutton, and Miss LaVerne called on other friends.

Will Garberson and daughter, Mrs. Maude Schults of St. Joseph visited his sisters, Mrs. John Hott, Mrs. Chas. Hott and Mrs. Sarah Hudkins and other relatives last week.

Mrs. Max Graham and son Melvin returned to Detroit Monday, after visiting her grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. E. L. Nowland, and her father, Earl Batterbee, and uncle, Chas. Nowland, of East Jordan.

The waters of Round Lake near Charlevoix claimed two victims late Sunday afternoon, Sept. 8th. They were Edward Greiner, age 26, son of Mr. and Mrs. Louis Greiner of Marion township, and John Kerchak, age 24, son of Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Kerchak who live south of Charlevoix. The two young men were running around the lake in an outboard motor boat.

It's a case of true love if he can remain for an hour and forget to light another cigaret.



Presbyterian Church

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

10:00 a. m.—Morning Worship.
11:15 a. m.—Sunday School.
6:30 p. m.—Evening Service.
The Young People will report on their Conference held at Wequeton-sing.

First M. E. Church

James Leitch, Pastor

10:00 a. m.—Morning Service.
11:30 a. m.—Sunday School.
8:00 p. m.—Epworth League.
7:00 p. m.—Evening Worship

Church of God

11:00 a. m.—Sunday School.
12:00 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!

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.

A few persons depend too much on themselves, but more depend too much on others.

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.

"How long will this lawn mower last?" asked the careful buyer.
"How many and what kind of neighbors have you?" countered the experienced hardware dealer.

You can continue to respect your friends if you will learn to say "no" when they need money.

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 fifth day of September A. D. 1929.

Present: Servetus A. Correll, Probate Judge.

In the Matter of the Estate of James F. Cole, Deceased.

The above estate having been admitted to probate and Mary E. Cole appointed administratrix thereof.

It is ordered that four months from this date be allowed for creditors to present their claims against said estate, and that such claims will be heard by said court on Wednesday, the 8th day of January A. D. 1930, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, at the Probate office in the city of Charlevoix.

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

SERVETUS A. CORRELL, Judge of Probate.

MICHIGAN BELL TELEPHONE CO.

Long Distance Rates Are Surprisingly Low

For Instance:

for 65¢

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

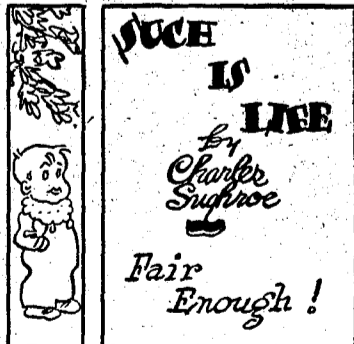
You can call the following points and talk for THREE MINUTES for the rates shown. Rates to other points are proportionately low.

From East Jordan To:	Day Station-to-Station Rate
ALPENA	\$.65
BENZONIA	.55
BEULAH	.55
MANISTEE	.65
MANISTIQUE	.60
WEST BRANCH	.60

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

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

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



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—Pair of Eye Glasses about two weeks ago. Owner may secure same by inquiring of ORRIN BARTLETT. 38x1

LOST—Aug. 24th, at the Monroe Creek bridge, a bamboo fly casting rod (monogram "Icely") with dull burnished reel and new line. Five dollars reward if delivered to A. E. BARTLETT, East Jordan. 37-2

HELP WANTED

REAL SILK HOSIERY MILLS will employ one woman in East Jordan and vicinity to present new Fall Line. Territory has been worked eight years and has many customers. Exclusive territory. Good earnings and bonus. Write or call 707 Building & Loan Bldg., Grand Rapids, Mich. 38-2

WANTED

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

FOR SALE—REAL ESTATE

FOR SALE—House and Lot, East Jordan West Side, 210 Division St. Six rooms and basement, electric lights—\$300 on easy terms. Inquire of MRS. HENRY ST. JOHN, 1900 Sanford St., Muskegon Hts., Mich. 25-18

FOR SALE—MISCELLANEOUS

FOR SALE—Peony Roots, Tulip Bulbs and other bulbs.—MRS. ROSE HABEL, Nettleton's Corners, East Jordan. 38x1

HOUSE For Rent with all modern improvements. PIANO For Sale, in good condition.—MRS. C. WALSH, Corner Third & Nicholls Sts., East Jordan. 38x1

FOR SALE—Round Oak Heater; Reed Bird Cage and Standard. Inquire of PAT FOOTE, East Jordan. 37-2

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

Community Building

Middle West Backward in Road Beautifying

There is such a thing as wanting too much, but the project of the Vermont Chamber of Commerce has its appeal. It is undertaking a national campaign to beautify the roads.

Here in the Middle West the public is more concerned over getting hard roads than beautiful roads. This means getting money to pay for the paving and maintenance, without regard for looks. The matter of beauty has to be left mostly to nature. If there happen to be trees along the highway, that is luck. If the gouge of a new highway through the gravel or sand is ugly, time will put vegetation there to hide the unloveliness.

And yet, there is something that makes a Middle Westerner wishful, in the announcement that California has planted trees along 600 miles of highways; that Massachusetts has set out 60,000 trees along its state highways, and that Indiana last year set out 10,000 evergreens, Michigan 40,000, along the state roads. It makes one look regretfully at bare, ugly banks when he hears that Connecticut plants rambler roses, woodbine and honeysuckle vines in such places on its highways. It gives one pause, too, to discover that New Jersey, when it cuts down a tree in widening a highway, replaces it with two others along the border.

May we give no thought to beautification, or to conservation of beauty, along the trunk highways, until that day in the future when the heavenly state of complete pavement shall have been reached?—Minneapolis Journal.

Americans Slow to See Ugliness Doesn't Pay?

In general, Europeans spend a good deal of time admiring what is done in America, but on one particular they hold this country a horrible example: We are careless builders. Too frequently our real estate developments give no thought to the future, being bent on quick money and the minimum responsibility.

The people of Europe generally take much more pains than is thought of in this country, to prevent tasteless and injurious real estate changes. In many German cities there are strict regulations preventing the erection of buildings of such architectural character as to contrast unfortunately with the stately beauty of old structures. There are 29 organizations in England devoted to the preservation of rural beauties. They use publicity and seek legislation to prevent subdividing beauty spots, destruction of ancient monuments, constructing ugly buildings or buildings out of keeping with the character of their surroundings, and spoiling landscapes with unsightly advertisements.

In our rapidly developing country, if greater attention were given to the protection of public rights and the conservation of natural beauty and to prevention of the encroachment of ugliness, it would be a good thing. And it would pay, too, if that is any argument.

Material for Outside Walls

With the great popularity of the English style as interpreted by architects in this country, the house wherein are blended a variety of materials is frequently seen. There are many justifications for exterior walls combining several types of finish.

Suburban architecture recognizes no single style and conforms to no uniform precedent. Neighboring houses on a street will be in brick, stucco, stone and frame. There is therefore every reason for welcoming a newcomer which combines several or all of these. For instance the first story may be stone with brick trim, and small wing in brick, the second story stucco with siding in the gable ends.

Money for Improvements

Some thirteen hundred building and loan associations are lending more than two billion dollars, and for those who wish to carry on remodeling and modernizing of their homes, these associations will often increase the first mortgage on a house enough to cover the modernizing expenses.

National banks may lend up to 50 per cent of their savings deposits on realty loans of five years or less. This means that with all the savings deposits now existing there is plenty of money for home construction and home modernizing.—Portland Oregonian.

Town Forests and Taxes

In Europe town forests have existed for many years. In some instances the forest yields have been a material help in reducing the town taxes, says the American Tree association. Many eastern states have special legislation regarding municipal forests. These include Massachusetts, Minnesota, New Jersey, New York, Ohio, Pennsylvania, and Vermont.

House Requires Width

One essential principle of architectural beauty is that the width of a house shall be greater than its height, for only in this way will it fit in with the horizon line in a way that will please the eye.

The SANDMAN STORY

PETER GNOME AT PARTIES

THE people in Fairyland were always very much interested in hearing what the children were doing, of their games and their frolics and Peter Gnome often used to go to children's parties and watch them at play.

It really wasn't rude of him for he put on his invisible robe so no one could see him and he wasn't in the way at all.

He had a beautiful time early one morning watching two children playing the telephone game.

They each had a little toy telephone and they played that they were tele-



Had Watched Scampering Wild Rabbits and Flocks of Wild Beasts.

phoning people just as they had heard their mothers talk.

"Hello," said one, "please give me 145 Party J." And the other answered:

"Yes, this is 145 Party J. Did you wish to speak to me?"

"Oh, yes, my dear, how are you this morning? Well, I had the loveliest time yesterday afternoon. I called you up to tell you all about it."

Next he saw two children sitting in a big box and the big box was in a still bigger puddle and they were playing that they were on a boat.

Another little girl was playing "house" with her friend and she was saying:

"Dear Mr. Iceman, why didn't you leave ice for me today? Do you know now where I can get any?"

And the other girl who was supposed to be the iceman answered in a gruff voice:

"Go to the North pole and you'll find some, lady."

Some other children were starting out with their dolls for a trip and

they were saying to their little dolls: "We have to pay to ride on the cars, but you are young enough to travel free."

Then Peter went to a zoo where most of the people about spoke another language, for he went a long, long way this time. But the animals still grunted and squealed and chattered in their own way to Peter's great relief.

Coming back he sailed on an old schooner and had a most adventuresome time.

He sang to himself at times and this was one of the songs he sang:

The ocean and the sky
And our boat plowing steadily on
While trees and land and streets
Are quite completely gone.

It was quite true, too, that they had left trees and streets in the far distance now for quite a while.

He listened to the sea gulls saying the same things over and over and he thought how much they were like some people who said the same things over and over.

But they were so graceful and so beautiful and they always made the scenery more interesting. Then he liked to hear their funny laughing voices and he thought their good appetites showed how healthy they were.

He certainly would tell them in Fairyland, how he could see, when he looked from the top of the mast, only where the sky and sea met all around. There was a blue ridge in the distance and beyond he couldn't see.

He thought of all the curious things he had seen on this trip—the donkey and dog wagons and how much they had to work. But then, too, he had been in one little place and every day the dogs had all met together on the beach and had gone in swimming and had played and had a beautiful time.

It had seemed just as if they had named an hour to meet on the beach.

He had seen woolly white sheep lying on stones, on rocky hills, and he had watched scampering wild rabbits and great flocks of wild birds.

He had made friends with a dear little dog as they had warmed themselves before a fire when every one was out and the little dog had felt so blissful lying on his back by the warm fire and having Peter Gnome rub his chest.

Oh, Peter had made many a visit and had seen many a quaint and interesting sight at home and far away, but the best thing of all was always, he thought, to go back home again!

(Copyright.)

THE WHY of SUPERSTITIONS
By H. IRVING KING

VERVAIN

ABOUT all that seems to have survived in this country of the once high esteem in which vervain was held in magic and folk-medicine is its reputation as a cure for fever and ague—a reputation which the doctors say is entirely undeserved. But let science say what it may, superstition still calls vervain "favor-weed" and this is little enough as salvage from its once great estate of magical properties.

In former times the vervain was highly esteemed as a love philter and is so today in some sections of Europe. At a German wedding a wreath of vervain is presented to the bride and is supposed to aid her in holding the affections for her husband. In England the herb is thought to be efficacious in staunching a wound, and in France, it gathered in the waning of the moon it is as much regarded for its curative properties as it is in the "fever and ague" districts of the United States. But the French employ an incantation while gathering it which is not done in America. That is the reason, perhaps, why in France it cures not only fever but various other sicknesses.

In the days when witches were more common than they are now vervain was one of the herbs which they gathered to work their magic with; but also it was regarded as a charm against witchcraft—as it is today in some sections of Europe, including rural England. All the superstitions regarding vervain are an inheritance from the days of the Druids with whom it was a sacred plant, and if it has lost a portion of its magical reputation today it is probably due to the fact that we have forgotten how to gather it properly. The Druids gathered it only "when the dog-star arose from unspanned places."

(© by McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

Habits of Wild Horses

Horses are gregarious, that is, their tendency is to herd, and as a rule they graze with the wind, presumably from the same instinct that impels them to face away from a storm. Some believe that in their wild state they depend on wind-carried scent to warn them of danger from the rear and trust their eyes for news of danger coming against the wind.

Signs on Roofs

Billboards are so strictly regulated in France that signs are painted on roofs and walls of farm buildings.

Factories Near Farms Check Drift to Cities

Agricultural people benefit from the employment opportunities afforded by nearby industrial development, W. M. Jardine writes, in the Saturday Evening Post. Many farm families include more individuals than can find continuous employment in farm work. This is demonstrated by the steady exodus of farm population from the farms. Industrial expansion in small towns takes surplus labor from the farm without necessarily removing it from the farm home.

This fact may have important consequences. When young farm people must leave a community in order to find a satisfactory occupation, they may be lost to it forever. When they can live at home and work in a nearby town, they at least retain a connection with agriculture.

Modern conditions make it more certain that we shall have a sufficient number of farmers than that we shall have farmers of the highest type. Unfortunately, it is too often the best of our young people who abandon agriculture for city life.

Industrial development in rural communities has a tendency to reduce the loss of this valuable human material. It gives farm families a choice of occupations and means of increasing their earnings without disrupting home life.

No Grade Crossings on Coming Ideal Highway

Visions of an ideal thoroughfare are seen in the bill for the incorporation of a company which proposes to construct an express toll highway between Boston and New York. On this highway there would be no crossings at grade with other roads or with railroads or street railways. What joy for the motorist! Not that he could speed recklessly along for miles after miles, but that he could go gliding on and on without fear of intersecting traffic of any kind.

Highways intersecting at grade, narrow and curving highways, seemed adequate enough in the days of the horse and wagon. But the motor car has changed all that. Thus the motor car is not an unmixed blessing, as far as costs are concerned. Much of the money which is made or saved as a result of the advantages of automobile transportation must be spent to provide suitable highways for the cars to travel on. And despite the tremendous advances in highway construction, the people have been rather slow in perceiving that the old highway system is itself as out of date as the buckboard or the Concord.—Terre Haute Tribune.

Beautifulizing Roads

We hail the effort of the Vermont Chamber of Commerce to make a national campaign of its own program to beautify Vermont roads. Some states have already begun: California has planted trees along 600 miles of highways; Massachusetts, pioneer in this and in so many other campaigns, has set out nearly 60,000 trees along its state highways, and last year Indiana planted 10,000 evergreens and Michigan 40,000 along their highways. Connecticut takes the trouble to plant rambler roses, woodbine and honeysuckle vines over the newly graded slopes beside its roads; New Jersey has a program of replacing two for one, all trees cut down when widening highways. And the Westchester Park commission leads them all in knowing how to make a new parkway look like an old turnpike.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Highway Signs Opposed

A recent survey by the bureau of roads of the Department of Agriculture shows that in Nevada county laws governing advertising signs and billboards are designed not only to afford safety for tourists, but also to preserve the scenic beauty of highways. Permits are not granted for billboards which destroy natural beauty or shut off views of curves, grades or intersections. Although a majority of the states have specific rules as to the placing of billboards at a certain distance from curves, Nevada is the only state which restricts the placing of billboards where they will mar the view of adjacent landscapes.

Beautifulizing New Orleans

South Claiborne avenue, one of New Orleans' new and most beautiful thoroughfares, is to be planted for a distance of several miles with live oaks as tributes to local heroes who gave their lives in the World war. Each oak will represent an individual whose name has been obtained from the adjutant-general's office.

B'ooms at the Roadside

Massachusetts has for seven years been displacing weeds at the edges of her 60-foot new highways with blossoming shrubs and native wild flowers.

Backbone of Nation

No country has ever lived long when its cities and towns have grown and its country has faded.—David Lloyd George.

Community Building

IF JUST A WORD

By DOUGLAS MALLOCH

IF ANY little word of mine
Can make the day more fair,
If just a message, just a line,
Can ease the load of care,
If just a thought can bring you cheer,
When things are looking blue,
If just a word can do, my dear,
The things we think they do—

If any words that I can say,
However poor they are,
Can push a single cloud away,
Or light a single star,
If anything in any case
Can turn your skies to gold,
And make the world a better place,
The way that we are told—

If any message I can send,
Or thought that I can write,
Can make you feel you have a friend,
One faithful friend tonight,
If any message that you can
Can make your sky more clear,
The way that people say it can—
Then here it is, my dear!
(© 1929, Douglas Malloch.)

SOMETHING TO THINK ABOUT

By F. A. WALKER

FEARING MISTAKES

THE man or woman who fears to tread unfamiliar fields, or hesitates to undertake something apart from the commonplace, simply because of the dread of making mistakes, will never attain a place of distinction.

History is replete with golden deeds of men and women who in their beginning made error after error, rubbing them out as they moved along undaunted, until finally they reached the beckoning heights towards which they were ever pressing.

Success is very often built on failures of vision and judgment and then made a glorious monument by their errors and the applause of a wondering world.

To write an acceptable sonnet involves repeated trials and the frequent drawing of the pen through blunders that slipped in during the excitement of the chase of effective lines and rhymes.

To manage a business without now and then making miscalculations is not possible; so it is with every other form of work, from the building of a skyscraper to the planning of a bungalow or the taking care of a home.

In spite of the intelligence and capacity of the human mind, it frequently puts the saddle on the wrong horse and in its heated quest pursues shadow for substance.

When an old hound gets on the wrong scent, he does not sit on his haunches and whine, but keeps scurrying around until he picks up the trail and reclaims his reputation for being the best hunter in the pack.

To hesitate on the threshold of worthy effort through fear of committing an error, is sheer folly.

To keep going and brushing impediments aside is wisdom.

The wise man or woman accepts his or her mistakes gracefully but turns them to profitable account by avoiding them in the future.

Nothing that man does is perfect. No man is without faults, but every man by persistent effort can overcome them and make a creditable showing worthy of emulation by those timid souls who halt between two opinions and thus accomplish nothing.

The sensible thing to do in every walk of activity, is to have a fixed purpose and stick to it until you rise at the top and stand shoulder to shoulder with the unconquerable.

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SMILES

GABBY GERTIE

"The synthetic thrill in kissing is dangerous—to your bridge-work, unless your car boasts shock absorbers."

Signs on Roofs
Billboards are so strictly regulated in France that signs are painted on roofs and walls of farm buildings.

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Community Building

IF JUST A WORD

By DOUGLAS MALLOCH

IF ANY little word of mine
Can make the day more fair,
If just a message, just a line,
Can ease the load of care,
If just a thought can bring you cheer,
When things are looking blue,
If just a word can do, my dear,
The things we think they do—

If any words that I can say,
However poor they are,
Can push a single cloud away,
Or light a single star,
If anything in any case
Can turn your skies to gold,
And make the world a better place,
The way that we are told—

If any message I can send,
Or thought that I can write,
Can make you feel you have a friend,
One faithful friend tonight,
If any message that you can
Can make your sky more clear,
The way that people say it can—
Then here it is, my dear!
(© 1929, Douglas Malloch.)

SOMETHING TO THINK ABOUT

By F. A. WALKER

FEARING MISTAKES

THE man or woman who fears to tread unfamiliar fields, or hesitates to undertake something apart from the commonplace, simply because of the dread of making mistakes, will never attain a place of distinction.

History is replete with golden deeds of men and women who in their beginning made error after error, rubbing them out as they moved along undaunted, until finally they reached the beckoning heights towards which they were ever pressing.

Success is very often built on failures of vision and judgment and then made a glorious monument by their errors and the applause of a wondering world.

To write an acceptable sonnet involves repeated trials and the frequent drawing of the pen through blunders that slipped in during the excitement of the chase of effective lines and rhymes.

To manage a business without now and then making miscalculations is not possible; so it is with every other form of work, from the building of a skyscraper to the planning of a bungalow or the taking care of a home.

In spite of the intelligence and capacity of the human mind, it frequently puts the saddle on the wrong horse and in its heated quest pursues shadow for substance.

When an old hound gets on the wrong scent, he does not sit on his haunches and whine, but keeps scurrying around until he picks up the trail and reclaims his reputation for being the best hunter in the pack.

To hesitate on the threshold of worthy effort through fear of committing an error, is sheer folly.

To keep going and brushing impediments aside is wisdom.

The wise man or woman accepts his or her mistakes gracefully but turns them to profitable account by avoiding them in the future.

Nothing that man does is perfect. No man is without faults, but every man by persistent effort can overcome them and make a creditable showing worthy of emulation by those timid souls who halt between two opinions and thus accomplish nothing.

The sensible thing to do in every walk of activity, is to have a fixed purpose and stick to it until you rise at the top and stand shoulder to shoulder with the unconquerable.

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SMILES

GABBY GERTIE

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THE DESERT MOON MYSTERY

by KAY CLEAVER STRAHAN

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W.N.SERVICE

Lovers of mystery stories—and their numbers are legion—will find a new sort of thrill, a new and fascinating interest, in following the strange sequence of events and trying to piece together the clues presented in this unusual tale. These clues abound everywhere, yet none is definite enough to provide a logical basis—a starting point.

Three murders and a suicide—one of them a lovely girl with a secret. Days and nights of suspense, danger, suspicion—suspicion, falling by the force of circumstances, upon the innocent—upon every resident and visitor at a charming, hospitable old ranch house.

The ranch where the events occur is in Nevada, yet it is not a western story. But the puzzling and exciting incidents could have happened nowhere else. The setting itself adds greatly to the mystery, for into the perfectly created atmosphere of a western scene, deep intrigues, dark plottings and the most sinister of occultations are introduced, the effecting and concealment of which would have been impossible excepting in such an out-of-the-way place.

The story is at once a challenge and an adventure for the reader. There is a surprise in the personality of the detective employed—a type that is wholly new to crime stories and mystery fiction in general.

CHAPTER I

The Cannezianos

I knew, that evening in April, when Sam got home from Rattall and came stamping snow into my kitchen, his good old red, white and blue face stretched long and wide in its usual grin, that he had brought some bad news with him.

"I had a letter today," he said, "from the Canneziano twins."

I am like a lot of folks who say that they are not superstitious, who just happen to think that it is bad luck to walk under a ladder. More than likely the shivery, creepy sensation I felt, when Sam said that, was due to the cold he brought in with him, and was not due to the fact that those words of all his were the forerunners for all of the grim mysteries and the tragedies that made the Desert Moon ranch, before the end of July, a place of horror.

"How much do they want?" I questioned.

"No, Mary; they want to come here to live. Danielle wrote the letter. She says they want to come here and rest, indefinitely. She says she longs for it with all her soul, or something like that."

"Danielle," I said, "always was the best of the two. You going to let them come, Sam?"

"Anything else for me to do?"

"Not a thing—for you. There'd be plenty of others. Those girls are no kin of yours. Let me see eight—eight years old when they were here in 1909, makes them twenty-four years old now, according to my figures. Why a couple of women twins, aggregating forty-eight years, should decide to come here and rest their souls, at your expense, is beyond me."

"I have plenty."

"So has Henry Ford. Why don't they go rest their souls with him? They've got as much claim on him as they have on you. None. Leave those girls rest their souls right there where they are, Sam."

"No—I don't know, Mary. I guess I'll write them a letter and tell them to come along. Lots of room."

I didn't argue any more about it. For twenty-five years I had been housekeeper of the Desert Moon ranchhouse, and I had learned, during that time, that there was only one subject, concerning Sam, or the place, on which I could never hope to have any say-so. Trying to argue with Sam about anything that had to do, in any way, with Margarita Ditsle, when she was Margarita Ditsle Stanley, or when she was Margarita Ditsle Canneziano, was about as sensible as holding a chiffon parasol for protection in the midst of one of our Nevada mountain cloudbursts.

Margarita Ditsle was of French-Canadian parentage; a dark-haired, big-eyed beauty. Her father kept a gambling hole in Esmeralda county in the early days. Her mother had run away from a convent, after she had become a nun, to marry him. The girl had some of the nun, some of the runaway, and some of the gambling house proprietor in her. It made a queer combination.

When she was eighteen years old she came from Carson to visit Lily Trooper, over on the Three Bars ranch, about sixty miles from here. Sam met her there. She and Sam were married two weeks later. She was a lot younger than Sam; but, even then, he was the richest man in the valley, with every unwedded woman for a hundred miles around setting her cap for him.

Whether Margarita married him for his wealth, or whether it was to spite the other girls who would have liked to marry him, I don't know. All I

know is that Margarita never had a mite of love for him. She stayed with him, though, and acted decently enough for two years, until Dan Canneziano came to the ranch and got a job on it as a cowpuncher.

It was during those two years that Sam built this ranchhouse for her. Sam's lead and silver mine had just come in, and there was not anything, from Italian marble fireplaces to teak-wood floors, that was too grand for what Margarita called the Stanley mansion. She left it, all the elegance and the luxury, and she broke her marriage vows, for love of this wop cowpuncher. That, I guess, is fair and full enough description of Margarita Canneziano.

I don't blame her. I quit blaming folks for things a good many years ago when, after firing three Chinese cooks in six weeks, I decided that, if we were to live healthy and wholesome, I'd have to take over the job of cooking as well as housekeeping for the Desert Moon ranch, and set about it, and learned to cook. In other words, when I became a creator myself, I got to know creations and so quit blaming all of them.

If I forgot to put the soda in the sour milk pancakes, it isn't their fault if they don't rise. They are as I made them. Margarita was as the Lord made her. He, I suppose, either had His own good reasons for turning out such a mess, or else He was tired, or flustered, or maybe, was just experimenting on the road to something better when He did it.

I should explain, I suppose, wishing to be as honest as possible in spite of the fact that I am writing a mystery story, that Canneziano had a good education; he talked poetry, and played the violin. Margarita heard him playing, down in the outfit's quarters one day, and had Sam invite him up to the house to play. She accompanied him on the grand piano that Sam had bought for her.

Before long, Dan Canneziano was spending a good part of his time at the ranchhouse. Sam, being nobody's fool, soon saw how the land lay; but he, according to his custom then and now, kept his mouth shut and his eyes open. Sure enough, one evening they tried to elope together. Sam went after them and brought them back. The three of them had about half an hour's talk together. Then Sam herded Canneziano down to the outfit's quarters and, I suppose, told the men to keep him there, for there he stayed until Sam was ready for him again.

The next morning Sam started to the county seat. He reached there that evening. The following morning he got his divorce. He came back to the Desert Moon on the third morning, with his divorce and with a preacher. He sent for Canneziano, and stood by, while the preacher married Margarita Stanley to Daniel Canneziano, decent and regular, according to the laws of Nevada.

There it should have ended. It didn't, because Sam never got over loving Margarita. So when, nine years later, she came back to the Desert Moon, with twin girls, Danielle and Gabrielle, and said that Canneziano had deserted her and the children Sam took them all right in. I don't know, yet, whether or not they took him in.

Certainly he did not show much surprise when, in about ten days, Canneziano put in an appearance. Sam allowed him to get a good start with his threats, and then he took him across his knees and gave him a sound spanking, and passed him over to Margarita to dry his tears, and washed his own hands and went fishing.

That evening he had one of the men hitch up and take the whole kit and caboodle of Cannezianos to Rattall in time to catch the east-bound train. I am ashamed to say that Sam gave them money. I don't know how much. A tidy sum, I'll be bound, for shortly after we heard that Canneziano had opened the finest gambling house south of the Mason and Dixon line, in New Orleans.

Sam wanted to keep the children. He offered to adopt them. Margarita would not consider it.

When Margarita died, in France, seven years after she had paid us her blackmailing visit, Sam, the ninny, wrote to Canneziano and again offered to adopt the girls and give them a good home on the Desert Moon. He got a few insulting, insinuating lines for an answer. Canneziano had his own plans for his daughters, who had developed into rare beauties.

But, if Sam was soft with the women, he was not soft with Canneziano. He had showed up here, beaming and broke, about three years ago. He had left, suddenly, after having seen Sam and no one else, less beaming; but quite as broke as he had been

when he had come. I thought, maybe, Sam was forgetting that side of the family, and that this might be a good time to remind him.

"Is Canneziano planning to come on later, too, and rest?" I asked.

"Just at present he is in San Quentin, serving a three years' term. Danielle didn't say for what devilry. His term's up this summer. Poor little girls," Sam went on, "I reckon we haven't any idea of what they've been through, all these years."

"I reckon not," I agreed. "But they aren't little girls any more. Seems queer to me, with all the beauty they've got, that father was bragging about, that neither of them has married. Twenty-four is getting along."

"I'll bet," Sam answered, "it is because they have never had any decent opportunities. Considering the life that they've had to lead, and all, I think it speaks pretty well for them that they have come through straight and clean."

Instead of asking him how he knew that, I said, "You'd be willing, then, to have John marry one of them?"

John, Sam's adopted son, was the apple of Sam's eye. He would have the ranch, and Sam's fortune, other dependents provided for, when Sam died. Whether or not the girl he un-



He Left Suddenly After Having Seen Sam and No One Else.

ried would be contented to live on the ranch, and help John carry it on and keep up its traditions, making it one of the proudest spots in Nevada, was a mighty important thing to Sam.

He waited so long before answering my question that I was sure I had hit the nail on the head.

"John," he finally said, "is old enough to take care of himself."

With that he turned and went out of my kitchen, not giving me a chance to say that, though I had lived through fifty-six years, I had never yet seen a man at the age he had just mentioned. I knew that if these Canneziano girls came to the Desert Moon, they would bring trouble with them. I was right. A merciful Providence be thanked that, for a time at least, the knowledge of how terribly right I was, was spared me.

I am not an admirer of men. Looking at most any man, I find myself thinking what a pity it was he had to grow up, since as a little, helpless child he would have made a complete success.

Sam Stanley is different. There is some of the child left in Sam, just as there is, I think, in any good man or woman—a little seasoning of simplicity, really, is all it amounts to—but there is a quality about Sam that makes a person feel that he set out, early in life, to follow the recipe for being a man, and that he has made a thorough job of it.

Why he, as a young man, with a pretty fair education and a tidy sum of money left him by his father, who had been a well-thought-of lawyer in Massachusetts, should come out here to Nevada, take up his homestead land, and settle content for the rest of his life, has always been more or less of a mystery to me, unless you take Sam's explanation of it.

He says that, when his father died, it left him without a relative, whom he knew of, in the world. He was twenty years old, and he owned a set of roving toes and an imagination. So he went to California, seeking romance and gold. Finding neither, he came down here to Nevada.

He staked out his hundred and sixty acres with Boulder creek tumbling and roaring through them. He built his cabin. He hired help, and built fences, and dug ditches, and planted crops, and bought stock. He bought more land. He hired more help, dug more ditches, planted bigger crops, bought more stock. He has been doing that regularly ever since. And, of course, he located the lead and silver mine, on his property, that made him millions if it made him a cent, before it played out. But, in spite of the money that "Old Lady Luck," as he called his mine, made for him, Sam never gave his heart to it. It was the Desert Moon ranch that he loved, and the money he made from it that he was proud of. That was why, when the honor of the ranch went under, during those terrible weeks last summer, Sam all but went under with it.

After Margarita left the place from her visit of 1909, taking the twins with her, Sam went around for a week or two, with his head cocked to one side as if he was listening for something. I knew what he was missing, and I was not surprised when one day, he told me he had decided to send to San Francisco and get a couple of children and adopt them.

He wrote to a big hospital in San Francisco and got in touch with a trained nurse who would be willing to come up and live on the ranch and take care of the two children. He had her go to an orphan's home and select the children and bring them with her when she came.

The nurse came early in September with two brown-eyed children named Vera and Alvin. Sam at once re-named them. John, he said, was the only name for a boy, and Mary the only name for a girl. But since my name was Mary, he would let the little girl have Martha, which meant, according to Sam, "Boss of the Ranch."

The nurse's name was Mrs. Ollie Ricker. I don't know how old she was then. I don't know how old she is now. She never talked. I do not mean that she never chatted, or gossiped. I mean that she never said one word if she could possibly avoid it. At the end of sixteen years of daily association with Mrs. Ricker, that is, up to the time of the second murder on the Desert Moon, I knew exactly as much about her past life as you know at this minute.

John, at that time, was nine years old. He was as bright, and as up-standing, and as handsome, as any little fellow to be found anywhere. I may as well say, now, that this description of John, at nine years old, is as good a description as I can give of John at twenty-five, if you will draw his height up to six feet, and put on weight accordingly.

The papers from the orphanage gave Martha's age as five years; but even I, who knew less about children than it was decent for any woman to know, soon saw that something was wrong. She walked well enough, but she could scarcely talk at all. Her ways and her habits were those of a two-year-old infant, yet she was far too large for that age. Before she had been with us a week I knew that Martha was not quite right in her mind.

Mrs. Ricker knew it, too. Her excuse was, that she had chosen Martha because she was so pretty; that she had had no opportunity to judge her other characteristics. She insisted that she thought, with proper care, Martha would develop normally.

I knew better. Sam knew it, too. But when I begged and besought him not to adopt her, he brought out an argument good and conclusive for him. "If I don't adopt her, and take care of her," said Sam, "who the heck would?"

So adopt her he did. And he spent a small fortune on doctors, specialists, for her. None of them could do anything. It was, they said, a hopeless case of retarded development. So, at twenty-one years of age, Martha, though the care and doctoring had given her a fine healthy body, had the mind of a child of five or six years—not too bright a child, either. That was it best. At worst—Well, no matter. Entirely harmless, the doctors said; but I always had my doubts.

CHAPTER II

Arrivals at the Ranch

It was three years after Mrs. Ricker came to the ranch, bringing John and Martha; that Hubert Hand put in his appearance. He had got Mr. Indian Chat Chin, as everybody called him, to bring him up from Rattall in his old surrey.

Mr. Indian Chat Chin stopped his old nag at the entrance to the driveway, and Hubert Hand climbed carefully down and came up the road, swinging a walking cane like he was leading a parade.

Sam and I, as was our custom, went walking down to meet him.

He took off his hat to me, and said to Sam, "I wish to see the owner of this ranch."

"Nobody ever mistook me for a fairy before," Sam said. "But go ahead. Your first wish is granted. What are the other two?"

Hubert Hand got out his card then. Besides his name it had "Clover-blossom Creamery," and the San Francisco address printed on it.

Hubert Hand explained that he had an up-and-coming creamery business in San Francisco, but that his physical condition had told him that he had to live in a high, dry climate with plenty of sunshine and no fog. He had, after inquiries and investigations, decided that the Desert Moon ranch, altitude seven thousand feet, sunshine three hundred and sixty-five days in the year to say nothing of the marvelous view of the Garnet mountains, the hunting, the fishing, and the pure snow water, would fill all his requirements.

His proposition was that he start a creamery, on the Desert Moon ranch, and supply the valley with ice cream, butter, and other dairy products. Sam had the ranch, the cows, the big ice plant. Mr. Hubert Hand had the knowledge and the equipment. They could divide the profits.

Next to sleep men, I guess there is nothing that cow men hold in lower contempt than they hold dairy farms. Sam was too much disgusted to swear very long.

"Listen, stranger," he said, "I wouldn't turn the Desert Moon into a place to stop milk around in if the entire valley had to depend on Hongkong, China, for its ice cream cones. Forget it, and come in now and have some supper."

To my knowledge, Hubert Hand, from that day to this, has never again mentioned, on the Desert Moon, any-

thing that had to do with creameries. Neither, from that day to this, has he been off the ranch for more than a couple of weeks at a time.

"By the way," he began, trying to make it sound unimportant, when we had finished supper, "I heard, in Tello, that you were something of a chess player."

"I am, when I can get a game," Sam said. "But chess players, in these parts, are as scarce as hen's teeth."

"I play a little," Hubert Hand produced, right modestly.

Sam jumped up and got out his chess table.

Hubert Hand beat him the first game in about half an hour. They set up their men again. It took Hubert Hand over an hour that time to beat Sam, but he did it.

"Heck!" Sam said, at the end of that game. "You're hired."

"Hired for what?"

"For whatever you want to call it, except the stopping of milk around. Send for your trunk and name your price. Why didn't you say, in the first place, that you were a blankety blank crack chess player?"

Hubert Hand accepted Sam's offer, then and there. The next day he lifted himself assistant ranch manager, and named his salary at two hundred and fifty dollars a month.

Sam paid it without blinking; and kept right on managing the ranch, and everything on it, except, perhaps, myself, without any assistance, the same as he had always done.

Chadwick Canfield, the other member of our household, who was present on the Desert Moon ranch at the time of the first murder, came only two years ago last October.

He was wearing white corduroy trousers, a long yellow rubber raincoat, and a straw hat tethered to its buttonhole with a string. He was carrying a ukulele under his arm and a camera in his hand. He took off his hat, displaying a head full of pretty yellow curls. He smiled, displaying a sweet, gentle disposition. (If there is any better index to character than the way a person smiles, I have never found it.)

"How do you do?" he said. "I have come to visit you."

By the time Sam got his pipe picked up, John had got down the forty-foot length of living room and had Chad by both hands, and was introducing him as the friend he had told us about, the friend he had made at Mather's field, during the war.

The way of that was, John had saved his life for him down there, and had never since been able to get out from under the responsibility of it. John had found a job for him, after the armistice, and when Chad lost it, John had loaned him money to start out in a vaudeville act. He did fine with that for three years, and was making good money, when he got into an automobile accident in Kansas City and was laid up for months in the hospital there. John had wired money to him, and had asked him to come for a visit to the Desert Moon. But, since he had had a standing invitation for years, and since he had sent no word that he was coming, John was as much surprised as any of us that evening.

Chad was a little, plinking fellow. Around Sam and John and Hubert Hand he looked about as jainty and trifling as the garnish around the platter of the Thanksgiving turkey. He seemed kind of like that, too; like the extra bit of garnishing that makes life's platter prettier and nicer—absolutely useless, maybe, but never clutery.

Until after he came, I had not realized how little real laughing any of us had done. We had been happy

enough, and content; but we had never been much amused. He amused us. He made us laugh. He took the mechanical player off the old grand piano, and played it as we had never before heard it played. He spoke pieces and sang funny songs until we held our sides with laughing. He was a ventriloquist, and a mimic besides. He could imitate all of our voices to a T.

Martha adored him. He played with her by the hour. He made two dolls, Mike and Patsy, for her, and he would let them sit on her knees while he made them talk for her.

At the end of November, when he began to talk about leaving, Sam offered him a hundred and fifty a

month to stay on. He said, like Hubert Hand had said, "What for?"

"For living," Sam said. Chad laughed and shook his head. "Double it, then," Sam urged. "I wouldn't have you leave the place, and Martha, for three hundred a month; so why shouldn't I pay it to have you stay?"

Chad never would take any regular money from Sam. But he stayed on. He called himself the "Perpetual Guest—P. G." for short, but some of the others said it stood for "Pollyanna Guah" and called him "Polly" to twit him. Pollyanna may not be literature, I don't know; but a person of that nature is most uncommonly pleasant to have around the house.

The girls got here on Friday, the eighth of May. Sam and I rode down to Rattall in the sedan to meet them, and John took the small truck down to bring up their baggage.

I don't know what there is about riding in a train that turns folks haughty and supercilious; but there is something that does. A person who would be right hearty and human on his own two feet, sits in a car window and looks out at the platform people as if they were something he wanted to be careful not to step on. By the time I had passed fifty or more windows, and had reached where the girls were standing, I was so heated up I couldn't find a word to say but, "Pleased to meet you," which was not the truth.

One of them smiled real sweet, and said, "Mary." Upon my soul you haven't changed at all in sixteen years," and made as if to kiss me; which I did at once.

The other one gave me a jerky nod, and stood there, watching the train pull out, until Sam, who had been poking along behind me, managed to catch up.

"Uncle Sam," she exclaimed, laughing and standing on tiptoe, and putting her hands on his shoulders, and tipping her pointed chin up to him, "you dear, to have us! I had always remembered that you were the biggest man in the world, and now I see that I was right about it."

Sam didn't kiss her, as she had expected him to. He patted her hands, took them down off his shoulders and held them a minute before he dropped them and reached to shake hands with the twin who had kissed me.

"Well, now," he said, "this is sure great. Little girls all grown up to ladies, and coming to see their old uncle." (He had bitten on that uncle bait, though he was no more their uncle than I was.) "Which of you is which, now? Let's get you sorted out, so I can call you by name. I used to get you all mixed up, when you were little tykes—couldn't tell one from the other."

"You won't have that trouble any more," said the one who had nodded at me. "I am Gabrielle, and that prim little puss is Danielle. People never get confused about us any longer."

The population of Rattall had come running to the depot, of course, when the train stopped; and, at last, swaggering his way among males, females, Indians, cowpunchers, and dogs, here came John.

"La-la!" exclaimed Gabrielle, when she caught sight of him. "Who is this picturesque man thing coming toward us?"

John did look pretty fine, wearing his new corduroy suit, and his shining new leather puttees, and his new sixteen-dollar sombrero. He had never gone so far as to button up the collar of his brown flannel shirt.

"He," Sam answered, beaming with pride, "is my boy, John."

"How thrilling!" chirped Gabrielle. "It is like living in a cinema, isn't it, Danny?" And off she went, sort of skipping along the tracks, to meet him.

When they met, John gave her about the same attention that a passenger gives the ticket chopper at the gate, in a city depot, when he sees the train he is trying to catch moving slowly out through the yards. He pulled off his hat with a bow, but he passed her, walking very fast. I thought that he was so flustered that he did not know what he was doing. He knew. He was headed straight for Danny. He had been in the freight house since long before the train came in, sliding up from a safe distance the girls' arrival. Then he had sneaked out the back way, up past the station house, and around it and back again, to give the appearance of having just that minute got into Rattall.

"John," I said, when he reached Danny and me, and stopped short, like he had just been lassoed from the rear, "this is Danielle Canneziano."

John dropped his hat in the alkali dust, his new hat, and reached out and took both of Danny's hands in his. Falling on his knees in front of her would not have been much slower.

"I—" he produced, "I—I heard you laugh."

To me, it barely made sense; but she seemed to find it interesting and important.

"Really?" she said, and sort of thrilled it full of meaning.

Rattall's population was beginning to close in around us. I pulled at John's sleeve; but I declare, if a freight hadn't come along, forcing those two to get off the tracks, they might have been standing there yet, gazing into each other's eyes.

I was halfway home, riding beside Danny in the sedan, when Gabrielle's laughing out again, at some remark of Sam's, made me remember that she had been the only one who had done any laughing when we had met. Danny had only smiled. So, if that laugh

(Continued on Last Page)



Sang Funny Songs Until We Held Our Sides With Laughing.

Briefs of the Week

Henry Gee is quite ill at his home on the West Side.

Mrs. Floyd Peck is at the Charlevoix Hospital for treatment.

Miss Eugenia Boosinger returned Thursday from a visit with friends at Gaylord.

Rev. and Mrs. James Leitch returned home Wednesday from a trip in Southern Michigan.

Mr. and Mrs. Maurice Gee went up near Munising, Thursday, where Mr. Gee will be employed.

Mr. and Mrs. Archie Kowalske and family are moving from the Second farm near Monroe Creek to their own home at Nettleton's Corners.

Mrs. Lizzie Martindale of Gaylord and Mrs. Bessie Hensel of Detroit are guests for a few days of Mrs. Hertel and Miss Boosinger at their Second Street home.

The Good Will S. S. Class of the M. E. Church will serve a Chicken Pie Supper at the church parlors this Friday evening, Sept. 20th, from 5:00 to 8:00. 50c per plate. adv.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. R. Spencer recently moved from Wilson township to East Jordan so that their children may attend our public schools. They now reside at 307-East Division St.

Miss Ione Catton, State Supt. of Children's Division will be one of the speakers at the County S. S. Convention to be held in the Boyne City Presbyterian Church, Friday, Oct. 3.

The Information Bureau established by the Business Men's Club has proven a great success. It is reported that every furnished room and dwelling for rent, which was listed there, was filled, and many applications for cottages along the lake could not be taken care of.

Thousands of property descriptions have been returned in the last few weeks to county supervisors by Auditor General O. B. Fuller because of errors in them. The Auditor General announced recently. More than 1,200 descriptions have been returned to officials of Washtenaw and Berrien counties alone. Corrections must be made and returned to Fuller or the townships will be charged with the unpaid taxes.

Orrin Bartlett was a Detroit visitor last week.

Miss Lydia Beyer left last week to teach in a school near St. Ignace.

Mesdames F. P. Ramsey, Otis J. Smith and Ella Johnson were Detroit visitors first of the week.

Mr. and Mrs. A. Danto who have spent the summer in East Jordan, returned to their home in Chicago, Sunday.

Mrs. A. J. Hite with son, Buddy, and daughter, Marian, who have spent several weeks at their home here, left last week for their home in Lansing.

Mrs. Lottie Bechtold left Tuesday for her home at Toledo, Ohio, after an extended visit here with her father, J. E. Strong, and other relatives and friends.

While touring Northern Michigan, Ralph Fowler, Eddie Cyr, Archie Albeans of Detroit, and Fred Baas, of Lansing stopped at the home of Mr. and Mrs. R. DeMaio over Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Earl Gee and family were here first of the week from Munising, called here by the illness of their father, Henry Gee.

New storms have caused fresh damage to the Petoskey harbor. The Petoskey News says no more docks were destroyed for the reason that the terrific storm of a week ago piled the piers up in broken heaps on the shore and left no more docks to damage. A movement is under way to have the government rebuild the breakwater.

Sale of 100 acres near Charlevoix, including a mile of Lake Michigan frontage, by Charles H. Latimer, Muskegon, to the Newaygo Portland Cement Co., has been announced by J. J. Fagan Co., Muskegon realtors. The cement company previously owned 700 acres adjacent to the Latimer property. A development costing several million dollars is now under way at Charlevoix by the Newaygo Portland Cement Company, including the dredging of a boat slip, the purchase of one or two boats, and the erection of the first unit of a cement plant, which will produce more than 3,000 barrels of cement daily.

Miss Virginia Hite visited her parents at Lansing over the week end.

Dr. W. H. Parks was here from Petoskey on business, Wednesday.

Read The Herald's new serial story—"Desert Moon Mystery"—which starts in this issue. If you enjoy a good mystery story you'll like this one.

Born to Mr. and Mrs. Lewis Faad, of Detroit, Sept. 7th, a daughter—Patricia Louise. Mrs. Faad was formerly Miss Marie Brennan of this city.

The business men of Mackinaw City recently organized a Board of Commerce. Among officers elected is Treasurer, Vernon D. Barnett, former East Jordan citizen.

Alfred Williams, of near Ironton, went to Mayo Bros. Hospital at Rochester, Minn., last week for treatment. He was accompanied by his wife, and brother-in-law, Sam Straw.

The annual 15-day Fall Excursion of the Pere Marquette Railway to Chicago, Detroit and Toledo will be held on Sept. 27th. The train is scheduled to leave Ellsworth at 9:09 a. m., central standard time.

Clarence "Buck" Weaver, co-captain and only veteran lineman on the Northern Michigan championship Traverse City football squad, broke his arm in scrimmage last Friday and is out of the game for the season. He is a tackle.

See the newest improved Walnut Porcelain Parlor Furnace, the one which subtracts from your coal bill all the time it is used, at C. J. Malpass Hdw. Co. Its lower in price, sold on easy payments and you can trade in your old stove. adv.

Ernest Loomis, aged 73 years, died at his farm home in Eveline Township, Saturday afternoon, Sept. 14th, following a three years illness from cancer of the face. He has resided on his farm since 1894. He is survived by the wife, and two sons—Ray Loomis of Eveline Twp., and Earl Loomis of Detroit. Also a brother, George Loomis of Detroit.

According to a newspaper exchange, there's some hot stuff in the 1927 Public Acts of Michigan. Section 4 of Act No. 38 sets forth that any person who willfully or maliciously burns any personal property owned by himself or another shall be guilty of arson. Under such legislation, lighting a match, cigar, stove, bonfire, etc., become a felony it is claimed.

The judges of our "Better Yards and Garden Contest" are making the rounds of our city this week, awarding the prizes. The winners will be announced next week. East Jordan can be proud of its many pretty yards and gardens. It seems as though more painting has been done this year than usual and many old buildings have been torn down, all of which greatly improves our town.

If East Jordan citizens, together with many who have gone away and still have a warm spot in their heart for "the old home town," could unite in some way to gather up many of the old vacant and run-down properties (most every small town has them), rebuild into summer cottages those which are possible, and wreck others for the rough lumber, what a wonderful transformation might be possible.

Delos Ostroem, a 50-year-old Hayes township farmer, charged with violation of the prohibition law, waived examination before Justice Withers at Charlevoix last Saturday and was bound over under bond of \$2,500. Deputy Sheriff, Charles Marshall reported he had found on Ostroem's farm a 20-gallon still and 80 gallons of mash. Ostroem served a six-months term in Ionia Reformatory several years ago for violation of the liquor law.

Group two of the Michigan Bankers' Ass'n held their fall meeting at Traverse City last Friday evening. Officers were elected for the coming year. Robert Bridge of Charlevoix was elected Vice President from Charlevoix County. Among those from East Jordan attending were—Mr. and Mrs. Walter Cornell, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Campbell, Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Stroebel, Mrs. Hugh C. Dicken, and Lewis Cornell.

E. A. Clark, aged 82 years, of the West Side this city, was thrown from an auto while near Honor last Saturday and received a dislocated collar bone and other serious injuries. Mr. and Mrs. Clark were on their way to Shelby, Mich., to attend the funeral of Mrs. Clark's sister-in-law. They left East Jordan Saturday morning with Mrs. Russell Thomas and son of Eveline township who were motoring to visit relatives at Fennville, and while driving near Honor, a door of the car became unfastened and Mr. Clark reached to close it. A strong wind wrenched the door open, throwing him onto the pavement and he was dragged some distance. He was taken to a physician at Honor, where it was found that a collar bone was dislocated, his right arm and other parts of his body badly bruised and cut. He was later taken to Traverse City. His son, Earl, and daughter, Miss Bertha, were notified and drove to Traverse City and brought him and Mrs. Clark to their home here, where he will be confined to his bed for some time.

Ionia—Injuries to Mrs. Fred Eddy, 68 years old, of Saranac, suffered when paraffin she was preparing to seal fruit jars exploded and set fire to her clothing, proved fatal. She leaves her husband and a daughter.

Detroit—The Press Wireless, Inc., a company organized by a group of American publishers, has applied to the radio commission at Washington for permission to construct 26 stations throughout the country. One of the stations would be located in Detroit.

Jackson—Twelve aged veterans attended the forty-fourth annual reunion of the 11th Michigan Cavalry, which met in Jackson recently. The oldest was J. S. Kirkendall, 87 years old, of Albion, and the youngest, Walter Rosell, 82, of Manton. The regiment had 1,360 enlisted men during the Civil War.

Parma—By skillfully maneuvering his automobile, Rollo Case, rural mail carrier, ran over two large rattlesnakes in the road near Picketts Corners, four miles north of here. One of the snakes measured 30 inches in length, and had 12 rattles. The other was 28 inches long and had eight rattles.

Lansing—Gov. Green, was honored by the United Spanish War Veterans in convention recently, at Denver, Colorado, with the highest office in the organization—that of commander-in-chief. He succeeds William L. Grayson, of Savannah, Ga. The victorious candidate served in the Spanish War with the 31st Michigan Infantry.

Battle Creek—Clarence Kirby, 19 years old, is in a hospital here as the result of a game of tag on the roof of his home. Physicians say he may be paralyzed for life. Kirby's back and both arms were broken when he slipped from the roof and fell 20 feet onto an automobile. Arnold Haver, 17, was chasing Kirby when the accident occurred.

Muskegon—Chief Corrigan, of the Chicago Fire Department, a visitor in the oil fields, had a new experience here when he took off his coat and joined the volunteers fighting a 50-acre timber blaze in Muskegon Township, near the oil field, which was threatened. The blaze, which was brought under control, was the most serious well menace in recent years. wardens said.

Port Huron—Tractors have started to move the huge stone from four miles north of Kinde, intended to mark the birthplace of Thomas A. Edison, at Old Fort Gratiot, at the north end of Port Huron. The 62-ton stone will be loaded aboard a Pere Marquette flat car and moved to Port Huron and placed with appropriate ceremonies. The stone is the donation of the Port Huron Rotary club.

Royal Oak—Charles Bradley, 48 years old, father of seven children, was killed when he drove his automobile in front of a Grand Trunk freight engine within 200 yards of his home at 424 East Harrison avenue, Royal Oak. Mrs. Bradley, who had asked her husband to go to the store for supplies for his supper, heard the crash but did not learn the identity of the victim until a half hour later.

Coldwater—A. G. Wermuth, Birmingham contractor, set what is believed to be a record for long distance commuting by airplane. The Wermuth family was vacationing at Coldwater Lake, near this city. Wermuth not only flew to Birmingham in the morning and home again in the evening, but also made the trip each noon for lunch. He used his new plane, which his daughter christened "Here 'Tis".

Lansing—H. J. Horrigan, assistant attorney general, is preparing to sell the bulk plant and two retail stations of the Alcco Service Co., 8484 West Jefferson avenue, Detroit, to satisfy the State's claim of \$4,558, representing the unpaid tax on gasoline sold by the company. The property now is held by the State Police. The State recently sold two bulk and 12 retail stations of the Mid-Continent refining Co., in Kalamazoo and Battle Creek, to satisfy a claim of \$10,000.

Ludington—Joe Grublecki, of Grand Rapids and Charles Wischniewski, of Manistee, were drowned and a third, Joe Chapla, of Ludington, was rescued when their car plunged off the south Pere Marquette ferry slip late one night into the waters of the harbor. The bodies of the two men were recovered. The accident happened in the view of a dozen railway and car ferry men. Chapla tried to turn the car around on the dock and steered directly over the edge into the lake.

Petersburg—A postcard, mailed in Detroit in 1913, has arrived in Petersburg, 17 years overdue. It seems that Miss Leo Lowe needed some fruit jars when she was canning, so, according to the time-honored custom of puzzled daughters, she dropped a card to her mother in Petersburg. This was Aug. 23, 1913. The card arrived a few days ago. Mrs. Lowe has been dead several years and the card was sent back to the daughter, now Mrs. William Hersbeck, of Detroit. Petersburg is 45 miles from Detroit.

Grand Rapids—Almost 11 years after he led a patrol of eight men through the German lines in the Meuse-Argonne sector, Maj. Edgar B. Strom, former State representative, has received the Distinguished Service Cross. The expedition was considered of vital importance and recognition of the service rendered by Strom, then a captain commanding Co. I, 126th Infantry, 32nd Division, was recommended by Capt. Emil G. Ganaser, of this city. Each member of the patrol now has received a similar award.

CREDIT

is a man's reputation for ability and willingness to pay. HOW he pays his bills also has a good deal to do with it.

Why not open a Checking Account in this bank and pay all of your bills by check.

It helps your credit and is the modern way of doing business.



"THE BANK ON THE CORNER"

She took my hand in sheltered nooks,
She took my candy and my books,
She took the lustrous wrap of fur,
She took the gloves I bought for her.
She took my words of love and care,
She took my flowers, rich and rare,
She took my ring with tender smile,
She took my time for quite awhile,
She took my kisses, maid so shy—
She took, I must confess, my eye,
She took whatever I would buy,
And then she took the other guy!

Teacher (to new pupil): "What is your father's name, dear?"
New Pupil: "Daddy."
"Yes, dear. But what does your mother call him?"
"She doesn't call him anything. She likes him."

"And how do you like school?" asked the kind old lady.
"Closed," answered the little lad.

BETTER HEALTH—FOR WIFE AND MOTHER.

Just how hard it is sometimes for wife or mother to nerve herself up to her daily tasks no one but the sufferer can tell. Mrs. A. G. Wells, Rocky Mount, N. C., says: "I want women everywhere to know of the wonderful benefit I derived from taking Foley Pills diuretic. They drove away my physical ills, and I am now never 'too-tired' to attend to my family and household, as I could not do while suffering from those distressing kidney ailments." Hite's Drug Store. adv.

"I am sorry I married you," sobbed the bride.
"You ought to be. You cheated some other girl out of a mighty fine husband."

A FEW WORTH-WHILE Special Offerings

We have a few left of the Marshall Field Jersey All Wool DRESSES at \$4.98. These are pretty styles and colors.

SMOCKS—Flowered or Plain, \$1.00. When you see them you will wonder that they could be made for that, not to mention the materials.

These cold nights remind one of Blankets and Comforts. Bedding for warmth and comfort is what everyone needs.

We have just in some of the new and popular "Tweed" Dress Goods. Fall weight, fast colors and good patterns.

SHOES—25c the pair.

MEN'S CLOTHING DEPARTMENT

CAN YOU BEAT THIS?

Men's Grey or Khaki FLANNEL SHIRTS—roomy and well made, two button down pockets, long pointed collars—\$1.69

Heavy Wool SWEATER—Pull-over, V Neck Style, Black or Blue—\$4.45

EAST JORDAN LUMBER COMPANY STORE

TEMPLE THEATRE PRESENTS

SATURDAY Sept. 21

Wm. Fox Presents

"BLACK MAGIC"

With Josephine Dunn, John Holland, and Dorothy Jordon.

— COMEDY —
Admission—10c and 25c

SUNDAY and MONDAY Sept. 22-23

Special—First National Presents Billie Dove in

"THE MAN AND THE MOMENT"

With Rod LaRocque

Pathe News Comedy
Admission—15c and 35c

TUESDAY Family Night

2 for 1 with Merchant's Tickets.

Universal Presents—Wm. Cody in

"SLIM FINGERS"

With Duane Thompson

6th Chapter—"A Final Reckoning."

— Comedy —
Admission—10c and 25c

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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.

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Community Building

Many Cities Adopting Zone Regulation Idea

Cities, towns and villages in all sections of the United States, with a total population of 37,000,000, have enacted zoning regulations, a survey just completed by the division of building and housing of the Department of Commerce reveals.

The survey shows the extent to which the municipal zoning idea has spread in recent years. In 1916 such regulations were in force in only eight cities. The number increased slowly up to 1920, after which the progress was rapid.

During 1928, 87 municipalities passed zoning ordinances, while 101 either adopted more comprehensive zoning laws or amended existing regulations to make them more effective. An analysis of the 87 new zoning ordinances which were passed shows that 44 of them were comprehensive—that is, the use, height and area of buildings were regulated. Twenty-seven merely controlled the use of buildings. Seven controlled the use and area of buildings, and two were temporary enactments pending the preparation of zoning laws to suit the local requirement.

New York led in the number of municipalities zoned during 1928, with 23 cities, towns and villages. Ohio and Pennsylvania tied for second place with six each. Youngstown, Ohio; Waterbury, Conn., and Altoona, Pa., were three of the largest cities which adopted zoning regulations during the year.

Make Attractive Town Matter of Civic Pride

A preliminary to an attractive city, in all its districts, is an aroused public pride. Nobody can be proud of dirt, litter and unsightliness. Where community pride comes, the other must go. Once let residents of a block or a larger section decide that their homes or places of business will be made and kept attractive, and the trick is turned.

That is the encouraging aspect of the city-wide clean-up campaign being pushed. Dirt and ugliness have been attacked with good results here and there. They will be besieged at other points. They even may be made so conspicuous they will lose their respectability altogether, and no district, however large or small, could feel at ease as long as they were around. There might even be a sense of disgrace and humiliation. Such wonders have been. Let the clean up work continue. It may come about that any district inclined to be indifferent will be made to feel it doesn't belong in Kansas City at all. That would go for the indifferent individual, too.—Kansas City Star.

Garden Hints

In the private garden one should express his own idea of outdoor beauty. There should be planting to give privacy and screen out unsightly views. This may be arranged so that passers-by on the street can get a glimpse of the beauty within without privacy being destroyed. Comfortable furniture, perhaps a swing, seats, chairs and a table, will give the yard the look of an abiding place. Bird houses will attract feathered visitors to entertain us. And flowers will help make the outdoor living room the source of joy throughout the summer.

Small Town's Importance

"One may look to the American town for much of future America," reads an editorial in the "Household Magazine." "The town has what neither the city nor the open country possesses. It is different. It is an imitator of neither the large city nor the country, yet it is in touch with both. It is a place to live in. People in town know that everybody has to co-operate if there is to be a new community center, a better-looking business street, medical attention in the schools, or any other modern enterprise."

Early Zoning Methods

The early methods of zoning were predicated upon conditions which have been rapidly shifting. Thus, ugly, steam-driven industry required complete isolation, while modern electrically powered plants might frequently, except for stereotyped zoning, more readily permit a restoration of a convenient relation of work place and dwelling place typical of the earlier industrial town.

Color in Small Garden

Everything is seen closely in the small garden. A single plant or flower becomes the subject of attention rather than the mass of the border. More care must be taken to remove minor imperfections, but there is less for which to care. Color schemes may more easily be handled and close attention to color will be well repaid here.

Loss by Poor Planning

Lack of permanence of economic stability and of co-ordination are said by architects to be characteristic of much of the land and building development of United States communities. Because of this, there are great economic and social losses.

State News in Brief

Montrose—Lou Dunn, 52 years old, a farmer, shot and killed himself at his home near here. He had been despondent for several days. He leaves a wife and son.

Detroit—John "God" Ryan and Harvey Long, tackles on the undefeated 1928 University of Detroit football team, have been signed by the Chicago Bears of the National Pro Football league.

Owosso—Joseph Antell sincerely desired to become an American citizen. He took the necessary examination and later was informed that his papers would be denied him. Then he committed suicide.

Grand Rapids—A father testified against his son here. William Babylon, of Cedar Springs, waited in his six-acre watermelon patch, armed with a shotgun, for the youths who were pilfering it. When he captured three of them, one was his 18-year-old son, Leo. They were fined \$15 each in justice court.

Read City—Jesse Johnson, 33-year-old farmer, escaped death at the bottom of an 18-foot well shaft. Loose sand caved in about him. A neighbor, Archie Gurnish, leaped in and removed the sand from about Johnson's head. With assistance of other neighbors, Johnson was removed from the well in two hours.

Charlevoix—Edward Greiner, 28 years old, and John Korchak, 24, were drowned in Round Lake Harbor. The two were in an outboard motorboat which capsized while they were racing with other boats. Greiner, who was employed by Hamilton & Son, boat builders, could swim, but Korchak hung onto him and both sank.

Grand Rapids—For having aided Miss Marian Smith, 18-year-old ward of the Girl's Training School at Adrian, to escape from a Grand Rapids home where she had been placed, a sentence of one to two years in the Michigan Reformatory at Ionia was passed by Superior Judge Leonard D. Verlander on George Slocum, 18, of Holland.

Kalamazoo—The fire which damaged the home of Mrs. Victor Manzullo to the extent of \$200 was started by two kindergarten pupils while reenacting a movie thriller. Fire Chief Charles Russel announced after obtaining the children's confessions. The children, both 5 years old, applied matches to the house to rob it undetected, for money to buy some ice cream, they told the officials.

Grand Rapids—Although he was knocked down by a Pere Marquette locomotive at Elmdale, and was run over by the engine, two tenders and another car, Arthur Stahl, 25 years old, a section hand, is expected to recover from his injuries. Thrown between the rails, Stahl escaped more serious injuries by lying close to the roadbed. He was injured about the back and several toes were amputated.

Greenville—Wayne Bower, 9-year-old son of Mr. and Mrs. Leland Bower, was injured fatally when struck by an automobile while on his way home from a rural school. The boy's teacher had taken him part way home. When he alighted from the car he waited at the side of the road for an east-bound automobile to pass, and then darted across the road into the path of a car driven by E. J. Chamberlain of Kendall.

Jackson—Freight service on the Detroit, Jackson & Chicago Railway, between Detroit and Jackson will be discontinued, it was announced by J. F. Collins, receiver for the railway. Operation of passenger interurban cars was suspended at midnight Sept. 4. Collins stated that he was unable to make any forecast of the eventual disposition of the D. J. & C. property. The bondholders control the destiny of the property, he said.

Kalamazoo—The 18th Michigan Infantry Association will hold at least one more regimental reunion if two or more members are alive next September. This decision was made at the sixty-fourth annual reunion at which Lusher Durand, of Allegan, was elected president for the tenth consecutive term and H. C. Bond, of Muskegon, was re-elected secretary-treasurer. The regiment was mustered in at Kalamazoo, Jan. 7, 1862.

Battle Creek—When a jury here found Mrs. Gladys Hogan guilty of disorderly conduct, it went on record as deciding that anybody who runs a "music box" in the silent hours of the night, is a public offender. The neighbors charged her with running her radio at unseemly hours; but she developed that she had no radio, but she did have a phonograph and ran it freely. In addition, the neighbors claimed she used abusive language toward them and that at one time threw water on the complainants.

Lansing—Predictions of a \$5,000,000 increase in highway receipts this year were substantiated when Sidney Schulte, deputy secretary of state revealed that collections from the weight tax for the first eight months are almost \$2,500,000 more than the 1928 total. On August 31 the state had collected \$21,147,000 from the sale of license plates, in comparison with \$18,773,000 for the whole of last year. Gasoline tax receipts are also greater than last year, and it was predicted that instead of \$18,000,000 the state will obtain \$20,000,000.

kind feelings for their father. Both of them laid their mother's death at Canneziano's door. They thought that his cruelty and his neglect had killed



There Were the Girls, Everlastingly Searching for Something.

her. It was senseless to suppose that they were harboring a grudge against Sam for anything that he had ever done to Canneziano.

The Desert Moon was like a three-ring circus during the months of May and June. There were the girls, everlastingly searching for something; leaving the house shortly after the men left it, each morning; returning, tired out, just in time for dinner; off again for the afternoon, and coming home just in time to pretty up for supper. After a while, I began to lose interest in that; and, being a woman, I allowed my attention to become distracted by the center ring where all the love interest was going on. Most of my attention I gave to the clown in the ring.—to Chad.

I cannot explain it, now or ever; but Chad, from the very first, was head over heels in love with Gaby. He had no more chance of winning her, penniless, funny, kind little fellow that he was, than an amateur has of riding an outlaw pony.

She never gave him two looks. He couldn't even make her laugh with his jokes and his songs, as he could the rest of us. But he followed her about, and waited on her. He brought her pony up to the house, instead of allowing one of the outfit to do it. He brought her desert flowers, which she tossed away to wither. And Martha was half mad with jealousy.

Right at first, I think that some of the others thought that Martha's jealousy was something of a joke—I never did think so. Before long we all began to feel that it was more than a little serious. Sam talked to Chad, and to Gaby about it. Chad did the best he could, after that, to be as attentive to Martha as he had been before; but if he so much as opened a door for Gaby, Martha would go into temper fits, and sulking spells.

As for Gaby, Sam's talk with her made things worse. She had never noticed Chad at all, so she had not noticed that Martha was jealous of him. She welcomed the news as another tool she could use to tease and torment the poor girl. All along she had delighted in teasing and tormenting Martha, though she had not dared to do it when Sam was present.

(To Be Continued)

GAS FORCES WOMAN TO SLEEP IN CHAIR

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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 14th day of September A. D. 1929.

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

In the Matter of the Estate of Henry E. Watkins, Deceased.

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

It is Ordered, That the 17th day of October 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.

and myself. For certain reasons or my own. Gaby, because she was choosing to consider herself also in love with John.

She made no bones about her feelings. I did not do as John did, and set all of her open advances toward him down to sister-in-law affection. Still, I didn't believe that she really thought she was in love with John, until I hid in the clothes closet that evening and heard Danny and her talking together.

Gaby's actions, that evening, toward John had been so downright disgusting, sitting on the arm of his chair, and trying to coax him out of the house to see the mountains by moonlight, and hanging herself around his neck when they danced together, and so on, that I had a notion Danny might have a little conversation ready for her when she could get her alone.

I had waited about ten minutes when I heard the door of Gaby's room open. I was so tickled I all but squealed, when I heard that Danny had come in with her, instead of going on down the hall to her own room. Evidently they had begun their conversation in the hall, for Gaby's first words were, "Jealous, my dear Dan?" "I don't know. But it is silly for you to act as you do. John is in love with me. Why should you try to take him away from me, when you don't want him yourself?"

"Are you sure of that?" "Yes, I am. His good looks fascinate you, and so does his un sophistication. You'd like the fortune he is to inherit. But you would never be satisfied to marry him and live right here for the remainder of your life."

"No, I would not. I'd marry him, if he didn't have a penny—it is you who are always thinking about his fortune—but I wouldn't allow him to bury himself, and his beauty, and charm in this Godforsaken country. I'd get him out into the world, and have him take his place there. With his ability and energy, and with me to help him, what a place it might be! For you to have him is—waste. Waste. You don't know anything about love. You'll never learn. I—I tell you I can't hear it. It isn't fair—" She began to cry, hollow sounding sobs, that seemed to catch in her throat and wrench free from it.

"I am sorry, Gaby. I love John. He means to me peace, and security, and decent living—the things I want most for my life. Why should I risk it all?"

"Coward! Coward! Peace and security! He means life to me. All of it; full and complete. Love, and passion, and adventure and attainment, for him and for me, too. Do you think I'll stand by, and allow you to have him, to bury his wonder in your peace, and smother his possibilities with your security and decent living?"

"I think," Danny answered, "that you will have to. John and I love each other; and we are going to keep each other. You, nor anyone, can change that."

"Suppose I should tell John why we came here?" "You won't do that. You can't harm me without harming yourself. But, if you threaten that, just once more, I will go straight to John and tell him the truth—"

"You promised—" "I haven't broken my promise. I shan't, if you don't. But you must know that I haven't any interest left in the thing."

"What about your desire for revenge?" "That desire was yours, not mine. I never considered that side of it at all."

"Coward! Quitter! Stool-pigeon—" "That isn't fair, Gaby. I'll help if I can. I have been helping, haven't I? I won't hinder in any way. But the time is short now. Remember that."

"Danny—" There was a new tone in Gaby's voice, sweet like, and appealing. I did not trust it for a minute; but I think Danny did, for she answered, gently, "Yes, dear?" "Forgive me. Let's be twinned again. Friends?" I could hear the treachery in that as plainly as I could hear the words. I think Danny did not hear it, for she answered, "I do want to be friends, Gaby. I do, truly. Only—please, dear, won't you leave my man alone?"

"And you'll help me. And you won't tell him—anything?" "Of course I won't tell, Gaby. It is really your secret, now; not mine. And I'll help you all I can."

Revenge. Out of all that crazy conversation the one word kept pestering me like a leaking faucet. Did people revenge other people, or have revenge on them, or—what? I looked it up in the dictionary. "Millicious inflicting in return for an injury or offense received."

I got a piece of paper and wrote it down. "The Canneziano girls want to injure, maliciously, some one on the Desert Moon ranch, in return for an injury or an offense received." I crossed out "The Canneziano girls," and wrote, "Gabrielle Canneziano," since Danny had said that she had never considered that side of it at all. It did not help any. It did not make sense.

Since Sam and I were the only people on the ranch they had known before they came here this time, it seemed as if they had come to injure, maliciously, one of us. I had never done either of them a mite of harm in my life. Sam had never done anything but good for them. Of course Sam had not been very gentle with their father. But, as I took pains to discover, neither of them had any

THE DESERT MOON MYSTERY

By
Key Cleaver Strahan

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WNU Service

(Continued From Fourth Page)

was what had put John clear off his head, he had picked the wrong twin.

CHAPTER III

The Secret

The first minute I heard that the Canneziano girls were coming to the Desert Moon, I questioned my self as to what reason any Canneziano ever had for coming to the ranch, or for writing to the ranch. The answer was, to get money. I tried to think that they would stay a few months, long enough to put themselves in Sam's good graces, ask him for a tidy sum, and leave. But they had not been on the place two days before I knew that there was something far less simple, something, probably, treacherous and sinister at the root of this visit of theirs to the Desert Moon.

On the evening of their arrival the girls had unpacked their trunks in their bedrooms. The next morning the boys carried their trunks to the attic. Going through the upper hall, later that same morning, I saw one of the empty drawers that had fitted into their new-fangled trunks, lying beside the door to the attic stairway.

I hate clutter. I picked it up and carried it upstairs. I went in all good faith; but I wear rubber-soled shoes around the house, and the stairs are thickly carpeted; so the girls, who were up there, did not hear me coming. Just before I got to the turn in the stairs, I heard one of them say: "I am sure that there is no use in searching the house. In the first place, he never could have gotten it into the house without being seen."

"You are too sure of everything, when you are unsure of anything," the other girl answered, and I thought, since the voice was louder and, somehow, richer, that it was Gaby's. "Stop being sure, and try being sensible. We must find it. We have very little time. How do you know whether he could have brought it into the house or not? There is a back stairway."

Fool that I was, I kept right on going up the stairs. It took me a while to develop the poll-lying, eaves-dropping, sneaking, and generally despicable character that I did develop later.

"Did you girls lose something?" I asked.

Danny jumped, from being startled, but Gaby never turned a hair.

"Only a trinket of Dan's," she said. "Possibly she never packed it at all." I gave them the trunk drawer and came back downstairs, wracking my brain with questions.

Who was the "he" who had, or who had not, gotten something into the house? The something that they must find, and had very little time in which to find it. And, land's alive, what was the something?

I resolved to say nothing, but to watch those two girls, like a hawk, from then on. I did so. But it was three weeks before I heard anything more at all, though I saw a great deal.

It was during these three weeks that Danny and John announced their engagement. My own opinion is that they got themselves engaged the first five minutes they were alone together, but that they had gumption enough to wait for ten days before telling it.

Sam gave them his blessing. That is to say, he said that any agreement they wanted to make was all right with him, if Danny was sure she would be satisfied to live on the Desert Moon, and if they would wait a year to be married. They agreed to this, the year of waiting, reluctantly. The only people who were downright pleased with Sam's decision were Gaby

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