

Charlevoix County Herald.

VOLUME 33

EAST JORDAN, MICHIGAN, FRIDAY, DECEMBER 13, 1929.

NUMBER 50

Community Christmas

BUSINESS MEN'S CLUB APPOINT COMMITTEE FOR WORK.

The Business Men's Club of East Jordan is following its custom of the past two years in appointing a committee to see that provision will be made so that no child in East Jordan will need to go without some touch of Christmas. The last two Christmas seasons many children would have been "forgotten" if it had not been for this committee.

This committee asks that the different organizations of the City clear all information through it so that there will be no overlapping in the work.

The general chairman is Rev. C. W. Sidebotham; the treasurer is Walter Corneli. The following so far have been appointed on the Committee: Barney Milstein, Miss Bertha Clark, Mrs. Walter Davis, Mrs. Ira Bartlett, Mrs. Gus Muma, Mrs. Leo LaLonde, Mrs. C. Healey, Mrs. R. G. Watson, Mrs. H. P. Porter. Others will be appointed later.

The success of the past two years has been due to the splendid team work, which is being counted on again for the present Christmas season. Any individual, or organization, can call up Walter Corneli about finances and Miss Bertha Clark with names of children in the city.

SHOP EARLY AND MAIL EARLY

The Postoffice Department is urging early mailing of Xmas mail, because of no mail deliveries on Xmas Day.

Wrap and pack parcels securely, address them plainly on one side, Xmas seals should be put on opposite side of address side of package.

There will be no Postoffice service Xmas Day except Special Delivery Service, therefore Shop Early and Mail Early so that all Xmas mail will reach its destination and be delivered before Xmas Day.

ELMER LAVANWAY DIED DEC. 2ND

Elmer Lavanway passed away at his home December 2, 1929, after a three days' illness from pneumonia.

Mr. Lavanway was born in New York, April 8, 1864. At the age of 9 years he came to East Jordan, locating on a farm in Echo township and has since lived there.

He is survived by his wife and 8 children who mourn his loss.

Funeral services were held Wednesday afternoon, Dec. 4th, from the Finkton schoolhouse, conducted by Elder Leonard Dudley of East Jordan. Interment at Densmore cemetery.

MRS. VERN FYAN PASSES AWAY

Mrs. Vern Fyan, aged 36 years, passed away at her home in Jordan Township, Thursday, Dec. 5th. She leaves besides her husband, eight children. Funeral services were held from the Chestonia schoolhouse, Saturday afternoon, conducted by Rev. James Leitch. Interment at Mt. Bliss cemetery.

CITY TAX NOTICE!

Taxes of the City of East Jordan are due and payable at my office in the Russell House on and after Dec. 10th. If paid on or before Jan. 10, 1930, no collection fee will be added. Thereafter a charge of four per cent will be added.

G. F. BOSWELL, City Treasurer.

DOG TAX NOTICE!

Dog Tax Licenses are payable at my office in the Russell House from December 10th, 1929 to January 10, 1930.

G. F. BOSWELL, City Treasurer.

NOTICE!

We have purchased the interest of George Bohn in the firm of Goodman & Bohn and will continue same under our name.

D. E. GOODMAN, East Jordan, Mich., Dec. 10, 1929.

Pleasant?

"Next to making a sale, the most pleasant experience," says the business philosopher William Feather, "is collecting the money."

FRANCHISE GRANTED ELECTRIC LIGHT CO.

A light vote was cast at the Special Election held last Monday to vote on the proposal to grant the East Jordan Electric Light & Power Company, operated by the Michigan Public Service Company, a franchise to operate in the City of East Jordan. The proposal was carried by a vote of 119 to 13.

JOSEPH ETCHER DIES AT CHARLEVOIX HOSPITAL

Albert Joseph Etcher of South Arm Township passed away at the Charlevoix Hospital, Friday, Dec. 6, 1929. He was taken to the hospital about three weeks ago for treatment for bladder trouble.

Mr. Etcher was born at Port Hope, Ontario, October 1, 1866, his parents being Mr. and Mrs. Barney Etcher. He came, with his parents to East Jordan some 35 or 40 years ago. His first wife died some 30 years ago and 26 years ago he was united in marriage to Miss Nora Jackson at East Jordan.

Mr. Etcher was for many years a drayman in this city, later on taking up farming. He is survived by the wife and the following sons and daughters:—Albert Etcher of East Jordan; Mrs. Katherine Brooks of Charlevoix; Mrs. Idan Gibbs of Waterbury, Conn.; Mrs. Ila Hackett of Victoria, B. C. Also by one brother, George Etcher of East Jordan; and two sisters, Mrs. W. S. Cox of East Jordan and Mrs. Lou Kelloway of Rochester, N. Y.

The remains were brought to East Jordan and funeral services were held from the M. E. Church Tuesday afternoon, conducted by the pastor, Rev. James Leitch. Interment at Sunset Hill.

Smart Defensive Ball Won



Jack Elder's 97-yard dash to triumph for Notre Dame over West Point was due just as much to "smart" defensive football as it was to any fortuitous circumstance or "lucky break" to judge from the inside story of the famous play. The final score was 7 to 0.

Lansing—Contracts for more than 17 miles of concrete pavement in Sanilac County were awarded by the highway committee of the State Administrative Board recently. The Hersey Gravel Co., of Hersey, Mich., got a contract for 16.5 miles of pavement on M-19, between Peck and Sandusky, at \$331,437. J. H. Baker & Son, of Port Huron, will pave 6.8 miles of M-29 from Lexington south to the county line for \$223,898. The work will be done early next year.

Ann Arbor—Students at the University of Michigan are prohibited, not only from using automobiles without permission, but from operating airplanes or motor boats, officials here pointed out. The term "automobile ban" is a misnomer, it was asserted, because the regulation prohibits the use of any motor driven vehicles. The university has issued a warning to all students that they must have permits to fly airplanes. Two students now have such permits. They are endeavoring to obtain pilot's licenses.

Buchanan—John Koenig, Berrien County's oldest resident, recently celebrated his 102nd birthday anniversary at the farm home of his son-in-law, Albert Schmaltz, near Glendora. For the third successive year, Koenig outdid his grand sons, 15 and 17 years old, in a husking contest. He works about the farm regularly, and keeping young, he says, by youthful association, hard work and exercise. He has never used tobacco or liquor, he says, and has never seen a motion picture. His father, Gottlieb Koenig, died in Poland at the age of 101.

The pearls that are cast before swine may have been mere imitations.

The great problem is distribution. There is plenty of the inferiority complex if the right people had it.

Divorce courts are for the convenience of those who plight their troth and then seek a means of getting out of their plight.

Getting Ready for Business



State News in Brief

Marquette—Peter Gaspar, 51 years old, was found dead in the basement of his home with a bullet wound through his heart. Mrs. Gaspar said he was cleaning a gun to go hunting.

Manistee—Fire destroyed the Swedish Baptist Church, the first Baptist church built in this city. The loss is estimated at \$12,000, of which \$4,000 is covered by insurance. The fire started from an overheated furnace.

Lansing—A dispatch received here stated that Secretary Hyde at Washington, D. C., ordered an apportionment among the states of a fund of \$73,125,000 authorized by congress as federal aid for construction of roads in the fiscal year of 1931. The amount allocated to Michigan was \$2,200,177.

Detroit—Many people give up various things in order to enjoy an automobile, but a North End resident reports that she had to make a real sacrifice for the car. Garage rents near her apartment were too high, so she moved to another neighborhood, where the automobile could live a little cheaper.

Calumet—Four former Upper Peninsula Hockey Association players now are serving with the Hollywood, Cal., hockey club. Harold "Fat" Lankbury, Calumet defense man, is the latest to join the team. Those who preceded him were, Fred O'Connell, former Calumet defense man; Bennie Ward and "Bill" Pelletier, former Marquette players.

Kalamazoo—James Deryke, 19 years old, spent the day, which was to have been his wedding day, in jail awaiting sentence after pleading guilty to a charge of forgery. Judge George V. Welmer told the prisoner he might as well bid the young woman goodbye, as he expected to impose a prison sentence. He is a second offender. Deryke admitted forging and passing three checks.

Detroit—While a crowd of pedestrians stopped to watch with much amusement a pigeon, whose better judgment surely must have been overcome by hunger, pecked away at a large globe containing salted peanuts in a slot machine on Woodward avenue at Warren avenue. Only after several minutes of pecking had failed to produce a single peanut did the bird fly away.

Traverse City—Mary Marks Sogod, reputed to be 120 years old, died recently at the parsonage of the Indian Church at Kewadin. Her years were not accurately known, but she looked

the advanced age that was boasted for her and was authentically more than 100. She was born in a Chippewa tribe near St. Ignace. Her husband, Jacob, not more than 20 years her junior, is in good health.

Lansing—The closing of roads in connection with the establishment of a large game preserve in Ogemaw County by Harry M. Jewett, wealthy Detroit, was approved by the Michigan Supreme Court. Victoria Houstain and others had sued to restrain the closing of the roads, arguing that the township highway commissioner had no authority to discontinue the highways. Affirming a lower court decree, the Supreme Court says he has.

Battle Creek—Mrs. William Keyer, Urbandale, was imprisoned for two hours recently when her arm caught in an electric wringer before her nephew, Ed Keyes, came to the house. He could hear the woman's screams, but the doors were locked and he had to break one door in before he could reach his aunt. Mrs. Keyes managed to pull the cord with her teeth and stop the motion of the wringer, but only after her arms were badly burned. Her condition is serious.

East Lansing—Two Michigan State College graduates have perfected an invention which may prove of vast importance to oil interests throughout the world, it was announced here. William C. Keck, of Rochester, and H. Wesley Dove, of Crosswell, members of the class of 1929, have perfected an electrical method of determining the strata in which oil can be found. The invention is claimed to be the most accurate of all torsion balance of electrical instruments used in the location of oil.

Alma—The men of the Alma Presbyterian church were guests of the Ladies Aid society at a venison banquet at the church one night. It wasn't the idea of the Ladies Aid society at all but of Game Warden Wilbur Ennis. Mr. Ennis heard something about a venison banquet at \$1 a plate, which was to be given for the benefit of the church society. He called the attention of the pastor, Rev. W. L. Gelsten, to the law, forbidding the sale of venison, raw or cooked. The deer had already been donated by E. J. Lobbell, so the banquet was held as a gesture of hospitality on the part of the ladies.

The trouble with some students is that they write things down in their minds and then lose their heads.

The man who never does any kicking makes a delightful companion, but he generally gets the worst of it. An uncivilized country is one where they do not have to transport a pay roll in an armored car.

Gossips know how to make even the little things tell.

What Russians Did to Chinese Town



View in the city of Lokhsauna, on the River Sungari near the Siberian-Manchurian border after its destruction by the invading Soviet Russian troops.

F. & A. M., NO. 379 ELECT OFFICERS

At the regular meeting of East Jordan Lodge No. 379, F. & A. M., held Tuesday night the following officers were elected for ensuing year:—
W. M.—J. P. Seller.
S. W.—George A. Nelson
J. W.—R. G. Proctor
S. D.—Walter G. Corneli
J. D.—Arthur Shepard
Treasurer—Martin Ruhling
Secretary—George W. Bechtold
Installation of officers will be held this Saturday night.

A. E. ALEXANDER WAS BORN HERE SIXTY YEARS AGO

Andrew Edwin Alexander passed away at the Grace Hospital, Mt. Clemens, Mich., Wednesday, Dec. 4, 1929, following a week's illness from pneumonia.

Mr. Alexander was born in the Rock Elm District of South Arm Township in March, 1869, his parents being William and Jane Alexander. On June 10th, 1895 he was united in marriage to Lydia Terry at Chicago, Ill. They came to East Jordan in 1908 following a few years residence at Boyne City. Following the death of Mrs. Alexander Jan. 2, 1929, he has recently made his home with his niece, Mrs. W. B. Babcock at St. Clair.

He is survived by two half-brothers Joseph Maddock of Idaho, and R. P. Maddock of East Jordan, two sisters, Mrs. Wm. Anderson of St. Clair, and Mrs. W. F. Worth of Trenton, Ont. Also by three nieces—Mrs. O. M. Misener, Mrs. F. G. Harmer and Mrs. W. B. Babcock, all of St. Clair.

The remains were brought to the home of R. P. Maddock in this city, Thursday, and funeral services were held from the Maddock residence Friday afternoon, conducted by Rev. James Leitch, pastor of the M. E. Church. The remains were laid to rest at Sunset Hill by his brother Oddfellows.

Among those here to attend the funeral were Lieut. and Mrs. W. B. Babcock and daughter, Mrs. F. G. Harmer and Mrs. O. M. Misener, all of St. Clair.

CARD OF THANKS

We wish to express our sincere appreciation of the many acts of kindness extended by friends and neighbors, especially Mrs. Gould, also the minister for his words of comfort during our late bereavement, the loss of our loving wife and mother.
LEVERN FYAN and Family.

CARD OF THANKS

We wish to express our sincere appreciation of the many acts of kindness extended by friends and neighbors during the illness and death of our beloved husband and father. We also wish to thank the Junior class of the East Jordan High School for the beautiful floral offering.
MRS. ELMER LAVANWAY and Family.

CARD OF THANKS

We wish to express our heartfelt thanks to our friends, neighbors, and relatives who so kindly rendered services to us, and for the many beautiful flowers sent us in our sad bereavement.

Mrs. Joseph Etcher
George Etcher
Mrs. W. S. Carr
Mrs. Katherine Brooks
Albert Etcher

CARD OF THANKS

We wish to express our appreciation for the many acts of kindness extended by friends during our recent bereavement, and particularly to the East Jordan Lodges of Oddfellows and Rebekahs.
Mr. and Mrs. R. P. Maddock and other relatives.

IN LOVING MEMORY OF OUR DEAR BOY.

Days of sadness will come over me
Tears of silence often flow,
For memory keeps you ever near me
Though you died one year ago.
Sadly missed by his mother, sister and brothers.

MRS. WINNIE DEAN

Every man realizes that he must die, but he always puts it off till the last minute.

One reason woman's work is never done is because the bridge game starts promptly at 2 o'clock.

"When a man says he makes the livin' an' it's the woman's place to look after all the little things, he means the disagreeable things."

Stellar Basketball Game

GAYLORD AND EAST JORDAN BATTLE ROYAL SATURDAY.

It is doubtful if East Jordan Basketball patrons ever saw a better game of basketball than took place Saturday night at the High School Gym. Gaylord High School brought a heavy, aggressive team that looked like easy winners as far as size and appearance are concerned. But if Gaylord ever had a harder game than the one Saturday night, we would be glad to have it mentioned. The East Jordan boys looked like midgets by comparison. But this did not prevent them from taking up the challenge thrown at them by Gaylord and started in immediately to prove they were not there to be slaughtered.

The first half ran along something like the average game of basketball with the half ending with a 6-5 lead for East Jordan and they seemed to have just about this much edge on the visitors. To open the second half Gaylord tossed a basket on almost the first tip off to make the score 7-6. This was the spark that set off the fire and from that moment on it was not an ordinary basketball game but one of the reddest, hottest games that was ever played on the local floor. We do not know just how good either team is yet; but as far as Gaylord and East Jordan are concerned they are as evenly matched as two teams could be and there is one thing the crowd will say for both teams they can put on a warm battle when they clash. It brought many of the older people to their feet by sensational shots from almost the center of the floor.

The local boys soon passed the Gaylord team and held the lead until the last ten seconds of play when Cook, a Gaylord guard tossed a basket from the center of the floor to knot the count making the score 16 all. Over time of course was required and it took three over time periods to decide the issue. All through this overtime basketball East Jordan seemed to out play the opponents and had many chances to win the game but the breaks of the game were against them. Finally just as the whistle blew the same pestiferous guard, Cook tossed another basket from the center of the floor and won the game 18-16 for Gaylord.

It was expected that the East Jordan basketball team would not be champions or near champions this year but from the exhibition displayed Saturday night they will really make a lot of teams hustle. It looks very much as though any time they play the crowd will get its money's worth.

Cook for Gaylord at Left Guard did sensational work and the star Forward was Gocha. Crisha of Gaylord also played a good game. For East Jordan it would be hard to pick an outstanding man. Every man played a very good game and showed he could stand the gaff even if he lacked avoirdupois. In the first half Hegerberg not only tossed the first basket of the game but played a good game all the way through. Captain Lee did well at Center. Bill Taylor tossed a couple of beautiful shots in the second half at a crucial moment. Bill LaLonde did some stellar floor work and was a strong cog in the machine. Roy Gunderson and Howard Sommerville held down their positions in first class duty. These boys are trainers and hustlers and we'll take our hats off to them for their work Saturday night.
Referee for the game—Tex Buchanan.

LINE-UP
Gaylord East Jordan
Gocha F Arne Hegerberg
Criski F Bill LaLonde
Deming C Harold Lee
Cook G Gunderson
Sission G Taylor
Subs—Gaylord, Bucelson for Deming; Noviat for Cook. East Jordan, Sommerville for Gunderson, Sommerville for Taylor.

When history repeats itself it sometimes makes more noise than it did the first time.

It is not a sign of weakness when you draw lavishly upon knowledge superior to your own.

"JUST SUPPOSE IT HAD BEEN EMPTY!"

An Ohio mother writes this: "I knew our bottle of Foley's Honey and Tar was getting low, but just neglected replacing it. Then one night Sonny awoke us with that dreaded croupy cough, and I fairly flew for our bottle of Foley's Honey and Tar. I am thankful to say the few remaining doses relieved him and he soon rested quietly. But, just suppose that bottle had been empty!" Reliable, and for these many years a standard family cough medicine of highest merit. Ask for it. For Sale at Hite's Drug Store. adv.

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PENINSULA

(Edited by Mrs. E. Hayden)

Miss Eva Crowell of Dave Staley Hill was absent from school all last week with a severe attack of pleurisy.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Bogart and son Clare, and Mrs. Nellie Evans and son, J. F., of Boyne City visited at the Joel Bennett home from Saturday evening to Sunday evening.

Mrs. J. W. Hayden returned to her home at Orchard Hill Friday evening after spending 17 days with her daughter, Mrs. Elmer Faust and family at Mountain Ash farm. She left Mrs. Faust and new son, Daniel Gene doing very nicely.

Mrs. A. Reich of Lone Ash farm had the misfortune to fall on the icy step last Wednesday, striking her side on an upper step, causing a very painful injury.

Miss Kate McDonald was absent from school most of last week, entertaining the chicken pox.

Master George and Miss Phyllis Woerful of Gravel Hill south side were absent from school part of last week with the flu.

Miss Pauline Loomis of Gravel Hill north side spent Thursday night with friends in East Jordan.

A goodly number from the Peninsula attended the Parent-Teachers meeting in East Jordan Thursday evening and report a very pleasant time.

A very pleasant pedro party was held at the Star schoolhouse Saturday evening. Because of the condition of the roads only a few attended.

Bob Willson of Mountain Dist., is very ill with anemia and high blood pressure.

Mrs. Fred Wurn is very poorly in health from a nervous breakdown. Her daughter, Mrs. Elwood Cyr of Boyne City is helping her with her household.

Will Gaunt and Bob Myers are working in East Jordan, driving to and from their homes.

Mr. and Mrs. F. K. Hayden and family of Orchard Hill were dinner guests of Mr. and Mrs. T. J. Hitchcock in East Jordan, Sunday. Mr. Hayden returned in the evening, but Mrs. Hayden and children remained.

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

LOST—A green Schaffer Fountain Pen. Engraved with M. Staley. Reward.—Please notify MARGARET STALEY, East Jordan. 50x1

WANTED

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

FOR SALE—MISCELLANEOUS

FOR SALE—Dry Cedar Wood.—W. H. MALPASS. 50x1

RUGS FOR SALE—Also Woven Pillow Covers. Suitable for Xmas Gifts. Phone 36.—MRS. CHAS. SHEDINA. 50x1

FOR SERVICE—Purebred O. I. C. Boar, one year old; not related in this locality.—EDWARD THORSEN, Phone 165-F22. 50-tf

FOR SALE—9 Barred Rock Hens and some young chickens.—FRANCIS SONNABEND, 311 Maple St., East Jordan. 50x1

FOR SALE—One medium size wood or coal burner, \$10; Two-lid Laundry Stove with hot water coil, \$6. One small sheet iron Stove, \$5, all nearly new. Inquire of MRS. C. H. PRAY. 50-2

FOR SALE—Dry Buzz Wood.—H. A. GOODMAN. 47-tf

We will ship a carload of YOUNG FARM HORSES into Charlevoix each month and offer the same For Sale. We can sell you a young guaranteed horse for less money than you can buy elsewhere in Northern Mich.—M. B. HOOKER & SON, Charlevoix, Mich. 46-13

for a longer visit. Burton Hitchcock of East Jordan is spending a few days at Orchard Hill.

Charles Arnott of Maple Row farm is working for F. H. Wangeman.

A good many lengths of snow fence is being put up on the Peninsula and promises to be a great help in keeping the roads open.

"Pat" Foote, Mail Carrier on East Jordan Route 2 circulated a petition last week to the effect he be permitted to follow the county road instead of the cross road during the bad road period. He got plenty of signers as it will not cause very much inconvenience during school time.

Born to Mr. and Mrs. F. K. Hayden of Orchard Hill, at the home of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. T. J. Hitchcock in East Jordan, a son, Dec. 9th. Mother and son are doing well.

AFTON

Edited by Mrs. Henry Timmer.

Mrs. Tom Shepard is staying with Mrs. Joe Leu a few days.

Mrs. Chas. Shepard visited at Will Shepard's Wednesday.

Chas. Knop has a new 8-tube radio. Afton and Knop schools will both hold Christmas entertainments on the evening of Dec. 20th. Knop school will have a box social in conjunction with their entertainment.

Mr. and Mrs. Bert Lumley and Miss Sidney were guests at Chas. Shepard's Tuesday evening.

Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Sutton and Christobel spent Sunday at Ed. Nowlands.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Murphy of So. Arm visited Deer Lake Grange Saturday evening and remained over Sunday at the Arthur Starks home.

Mr. and Mrs. Lester Hardy and family spent Sunday at L. R. Hardys. Harry Sloop Jr. helped A. J. Weldy butcher, Tuesday.

Merritt Finch and L. R. Hardy butchered mutton at Silver Leaf Farm, Saturday.

Wm. Palmer was a Tuesday morning caller at Afton school.

Walter Cornell was re-newing insurance in and around Afton, Tuesday.

Mr. and Mrs. L. R. Hardy visited Mrs. Geo. Bowen and Mr. and Mrs. E. L. Bowen at East Jordan, Friday.

PLEASANT HILL

(Edited by Mrs. Vernon Vance.)

A little son, who will answer to the name of Glenn Dale, arrived on Dec. 2nd to make his home with Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Murray.

Howard Vance drove up from Flint, Thursday. He visited Mr. and Mrs. Ira Carpenter, former residents of this vicinity, on his way here. Saturday morning he returned home, accompanied by Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Vance, who will spend the winter in Lansing with their daughter and family, Mrs. Oris G. Carpenter.

Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Vance of Flint left Nov. 30 to spend the winter months in Florida. A card received from them dated Dec. 5 at Fitzgerald Ga., said they were having a fine trip.

Ralph Jubb is hauling wood to town for Seth Jubb.

Russell McClure is drawing wood to town for Wright Carr.

Vernon Vance now drives the sub-bus to Bartholomew's corner, a house on runners which will carry all the children in the district. David Nowland, Russell and Cecil Murray from the Dingman district are riding in the bus this winter.

Dr. Brenner was called to see Ralph Jubb one day last week. He succeeded in getting as far as Vernon Vances with his car, but had to drive with horses the remainder of the way.

Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Vance spent Thanksgiving with Mr. and Mrs. Roy Vance, then the week following at the Vernon Vance home.

EVELINE

(Edited by Mrs. Frank Kiser.)

Mr. and Mrs. Wilber Spidle visited friends at Mancelona last Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Tom Kiser and children of Elk Rapids called on their parents Tuesday afternoon. They came to attend the funeral of her uncle, Joseph Etcher.

Mr. and Mrs. Russell Thomas and family drove to Petoskey last Sunday where they called on friends and attended church there.

Mrs. Ben Clark spent a couple of days in East Jordan with her son, Joe Clark this week.

Mr. and Mrs. Lee Danforth and son drove to Boyne Falls last Sunday to spend the day with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Upton.

DIPPING INTO SCIENCE

What is a Calory?

When the term calory is applied to food it applies to the fuel or heat value. A calory, in its broader sense, is the unit applied in measuring heat quantities, a calory being the heat required to raise one kilogram of water one degree (centigrade) in heat. This is equal to the heat required to raise one pound of water four degrees, Fahrenheit. (© 1929, Western Newspaper Union.)

Battle Creek—Inhaling fumes from the exhaust of his automobile, William J. Datley, ended his life in his garage. Datley had been ill several months.

Jackson—When Gale Chaple, a student aviator, attempted to do the "barrel roll" several hundred feet in the air, his plane crashed to the ground, without injuring Chaple or a passenger.

Detroit—Alfred Betts, two years old, 2936 Trumbull avenue, was scalded to death in his home when he was enveloped by clouds of steam from a radiator from which he had loosened the valve.

Pontiac—Fewer pheasants than have been killed here in years were reported taken in Oakland County this season. For some reason, the birds were present in exceedingly small numbers.

Grand Rapids—Because he could not meet payments and was forced to surrender his automobile, Albert Vanderhaag, 22 years old, shot himself, at Kent City. He lived on a nearby farm with his father, Fred Vanderhaag.

Alma—Charles Hicks, clerk of Gratiot County, reports that 445 licenses have been issued to deer hunters. Licenses have been issued to six women and among these are Mrs. Norris Winslow and Mrs. Bert Reynolds, of Alma.

Lansing—The use of floating anchored blinds in Muskegon Lake was authorized by the Conservation Commission at its November meeting. Under a 1929 act of the Legislature, floating anchored blinds may be used only in waters definitely specified by the commission.

Traverse City—Ordered by his employers to forego his usual camping trip to the Upper Peninsula, Glenn Ingalls, oil station attendant, obtained a few hours off on the opening day of the deer season. He walked into the woods and by dusk was back home with his buck.

Adrian—John Hawley, a member of the Adrian Fire Department saw an automobile passing the engine house with the under part ablaze. When Hawley failed to attract the attention of the driver, he jumped into a small fire truck and pursued the blazing car. He overtook it and extinguished the fire.

Kalamazoo—Burns received when she upset a coffee percolator proved fatal to Barbara Jean Klinger, year-old daughter of Charles Klinger, of Comstock. While playing on the floor, the child pulled the cord attached to the percolator. The boiling coffee was spilled on the child's chest, face, arms and head.

Howell—Jacob Link, who resided on the Nine-Mile road, near Detroit, was killed and Ray Kedde, 8250 Nurenberg avenue, Detroit, was injured slightly, when an automobile turned over in a ditch, nine miles west of Howell on the Mason road. Link was pinned under the car. The accident was caused by a blowout.

Albion—After waiting for a west-bound freight train on the Michigan Central to pass a crossing here, two sisters, Esther and Carrie Reddick, 7 and 6 years old, stepped in front of an east bound passenger train and were killed. A third sister, Novello, crossed the track in time to avoid being struck. The girls were on their way to school.

Muskegon—Two men were drowned in Muskegon Lake when their row-boat capsized. The dead are John A. Mulready, 30 years old and John Hutzanga, 28, both of Muskegon. Matt Whitehead and Joseph Essenberg, who were in the boat with them, clung to the overturned craft and were saved. It is believed the boat struck a submerged object.

Grand Rapids—A verdict for \$20,000 was obtained in Circuit Court by Mrs. Edith Sampson, of Flint, in a malpractice suit against Dr. William H. Vanhoer, Grand Rapids surgeon. It was charged that during an operation an accident occurred which necessitated eight corrective operations. It was the second trial of the case, the first having resulted in a disagreement.

Lansing—Life guards on the bathing beaches of four Michigan state parks during the past season rescued 43 people from drowning. Only three of the 46 persons taken by the life guards from the water failed to be brought back to consciousness by various methods of resuscitation. Life guards are stationed at the Grand Haven, Holland, Island Lake and Bay City State parks.

Detroit—Michigan, with 48 airports, is far behind many of her sister states with this regard, according to a report published by Maj. Clarence M. Young, assistant Secretary of Commerce for aeronautics at Washington, D. C. California leads all other states in the number of airports with 161. Texas has 101; Pennsylvania 88; Illinois 67; New York 57; Oklahoma 48, thus placing Michigan eighth. There are 1,809 airports in the United States of which 465 are commercial, 440 municipal; 287 intermediate fields; 88 government and 246 auxiliary.

Marquette—The worm has turned and deer have declared war on hunters. Edward Rose, 49 years old, of Flint, while driving a sedan between Sidnaw and Kenton had his left eye punctured when a large buck galloped out of the woods and plunged into the car. The buck's horn broke the window glass and pierced the hunter's eye. Three other men riding with Rose. Rose was treated by Dr. Whitehead, of Trout Creek, and then taken to Ironwood hospital.

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

My father went to work very young. There were no laws limiting child labor in England when he was young, and before he was ten he was doing something to add to the all too meager family income. All through middle life and until old age stared him in the face, he looked forward to the time when he should have accumulated a competence and be able to give up the hard work to which he had been accustomed since boyhood. Leisure, he thought, would be very sweet.



He had picked out a little house in the village near which we lived which he said would suit him perfectly when he could quit work. There was a pleasant front yard with trees and flowers and vines, and at the back ample space for a vegetable garden. The house itself had four rooms with a wide porch running across the front on which father could sit during a summer afternoon reading his book and smoking his pipe with nothing pressing to interrupt his leisure.

It was a very attractive life which he pictured to himself as he was engaged in the heavy tasks incident to farm life, but it was one which he never realized. He died with the harness still on. Almost to the last day of his life the days were taken up with hard toil. It seemed sad that the little house in town with nothing more strenuous to do than to read an interesting book and to smoke a quiet pipe of tobacco never was more than an unrealized dream. But he was happy no matter how hard the work might be, and possibly leisure to which he had never been accustomed would shortly have grown very dull and tiresome. I am not sure that quitting work is likely to bring happiness no matter what competence a man may have.

Pratt, an acquaintance of mine, started out in life in good circumstances, and, being a shrewd business man, by the time he was fifty-five he was considered the richest man in town. Why should he toil from morning until night, he asked himself, when it was not necessary. He would quit work and enjoy himself, he decided, and he gave up his business and proceeded to do nothing. For ten years he sought happiness and satisfaction everywhere that money would take him, but he finally drifted back to his home town. He bought a small bank, he is president of it, he has something regular to engage his time and his interest, and he is quite happy. He never intends to quit work, he says. There is no happiness in idleness.

As I write this a freighter is crossing the Pacific from San Francisco to Japan. An old man of nearly seventy-five is in command of the boat. He quit work a few years ago after more than fifty years on the sea. He meant to enjoy himself. But leisure brought him no happiness. He has gone back to work. He can die happily only when he is still in command. (© 1929, Western Newspaper Union.)

DIPPING INTO SCIENCE
Fur Seals
The male, or bull, fur seal often weighs as much 400 pounds but the female is scarcely a fourth as big. Baby seals weigh about 10 pounds at birth. As the old bulls will not allow the young males to acquire families until about seven years of age, the males live in large colonies together and are the first ones killed for fur. (© 1929, Western Newspaper Union.)

I HAVEN'T SMOKED
By DOUGLAS MALLOCH

I HAVEN'T smoked now for a week. But no one else has thought to speak.

About my sudden noble spasm. Through lack of error-man exalts. It seems that people note his faults. But only note 'em when he haq'em.

I haven't smoked for many days. But no one notes my mended ways. Although it's hard to do without it. A word would help me keep my vow. "I notice you're not smoking now." But no one says a word about it.

I haven't smoked since gosh knows when. But know I soon shall smoke again. I feel resistance growing brittle. Although no virtues I may own. At least for sins I leave alone. They ought to praise a man a little. (© 1929, Douglas Malloch.)

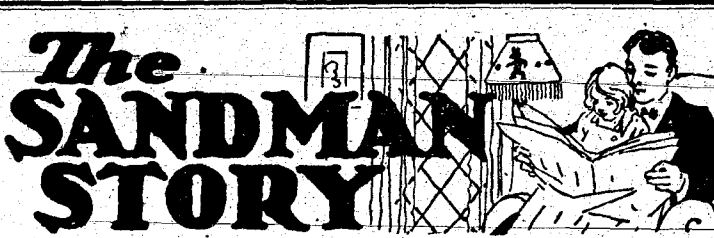
"Some husbands kiss and make up—excuses for being late."

Mistaken for "Killer"
Lion, Miner Is Slain

Colorado Springs, Colo.—Charles C. Schmidt, a miner, was shot and killed when he was mistaken for "the killer," a huge mountain lion. The lion has roamed the Dead Man Canyon country for several months and although it has some thirty kills to its credit, game wardens and ranchmen have been unable to bag it. Rewards of \$100 are offered for its head.

ADD LIFE TO YOUR YEARS, AND YEARS TO YOUR LIFE.

When John R. Gordon, Danville, Ill., found himself unable to sleep after his day's work, constantly "tired out," and continually pestered with urinary irregularities, he very wisely took Foley Pills diuretic, and says: "After just a few doses I felt better, could work with more ease, became stronger, and could sleep all night without a call." Men and women everywhere use and recommend them. In constant use over 25 years. Try them. For Sale at Hite's Drug Store. adv.



BEATRICE'S RAG DOLL

BEATRICE had never before been to a big city. It was a great event when her father and mother told her they were going to take her for a visit with them to a very, very big place. Beatrice packed her bag; a little straw bag which Santa Claus had given to her the Christmas before. It was such a nice straw bag, very light and easy to carry and, yet it held quite a good deal, too—particularly so if you pushed everything in hard enough.

The bag was of green and tan straw, and this was the first time it had been taken away on a trip. Beatrice began packing a week before, but she kept putting more and

more things in each day, until the bag was very queer looking, with its sides bulging out in all directions.

And then she didn't have all the things in she really needed at all. So the day before they started she took everything out and packed all over again.

Of course her rag doll had to go along and so did the toy monkey, but she decided to leave the rest of her dolls at home. There was no room for them, and they were a little too young to be taken on such a trip after all.

They could go later, she told them, when they were older. They were very good about it, too. They didn't act disappointed or sulky in the least. Then she put in her little rubber bag with a toothbrush and sponge and all the little things she needed every night and every morning. Her brush and comb—oh, there were a number

of these odds and ends which Beatrice knew must be taken along. There was her best dress and hat but her mother had said she would take those.

So Beatrice put handkerchiefs and stockings and little things in her bag. At last they reached the big city. It was the strangest place in the world.

There were just crowds and crowds of streets and cars and motors and people all the time.

At night there was a constant noise—a queer humming sound unlike the sounds of the crickets and the owls, and the leaves of the trees swishing and laughing as they thought of things to say to each other.

The next day they went shopping. The shops, too, were crowded. And Beatrice began to feel homesick for the country and her own friends and the places she knew.

But now her mother said they were going to visit a top shop. It was a dream shop. Beatrice had, actually, to pinch herself to make sure that she wasn't asleep. There was everything in this shop.

There was all the toys one could ever think of and so many more besides.

But of all the wonderful toys a little doll, a tiny china doll with a dress made of china lace filled her heart with longing.

Oh, if she could own that doll, she would be perfectly, perfectly happy always.

She stood looking at it, not noticing that she had forgotten to follow her mother who had gone to look at some bigger dolls. And then, something more wonderful than any dream happened to her.

A kindly man looked down at her, and said: "Little girl, do you like that doll?" "Oh, I think it's the most beautiful thing I've ever seen in all my life. I adore it."

"Maybe you'd like to own it," the kindly man said. "Oh, I'm sure it's so beautiful it must cost dollars and dollars."

"No, it's not so very expensive—it is rather unusual—but it needn't be expensive at all. I'll give it to you."

"But how can you give it to me? Are you so very, very rich?" "I own this shop," the kindly man said, "and I think I know children. I know the little china lace doll will always be happy with you, so it is yours!" (Copyright.)

SOCH LIFE by Charles S. Surprenant THAT'S DIFFERENT

POP COME QUICK! I WANT YOU TO SPANK THAT BAD LITTLE BOBBY YOKKS!

TUT! TUT! MUSTN'T LET THE ANGRY PASSIONS RISE!

LIFE IS TOO SHORT TO WASTE GETTING MAD ABOUT ANYTHING!

WE WERE PLAYING GOLF, AND HE BROKE YOUR BROWN DRIVER.

WHICH WAY DID TH' LIL BUM GO?

YES, BUT-

Through a Woman's Eyes

By Jean Newton

WHAT WOULD A JURY OF WOMEN DO?

I HAVE a letter from a man who pays us the compliment to read this column, as he says, "religiously." "What do you think," he asks, "a woman jury would do in the case of that woman holding up a famous pugilist in a breach of promise suit after having been twice paid off to relinquish whatever claims she had against him? My wife says that since the pugilist is a millionaire, most women would give her the 'break' and bring in a verdict for all the traffic can bear. What do you say?"

The case this man refers to is so complicated that it is impossible to give a sweeping opinion as to what a jury of women—or I myself—would do about it. You have to hear the evidence before you can decide.

But to begin with, the idea of any breach of promise suit is very repugnant to me, and a woman would have to prove very clearly that she had been imposed upon before I, or I believe any jury of women, would give her a verdict. Aside from the awful abuses to which it has been subjected, where rich men have been involved, it seems to me that the theory of the breach of promise suit is wrong. I never could see why a man should not have as much right to break off an engagement as the woman. The reason, of course, for the law being continued and used, as it is, in favor of women, is the protection of women against selfish or designing men. And there are cases, of course, where women who care to subject themselves to that sort of thing are entitled to the money damages they get. These are usually not a strong type of woman; but laws are made to protect the weak.

In the case of the woman suing the pugilist, I think that most women on a jury consider that if she had been deceived by him, if, with an understanding of marriage he had "taken the best years of her life," as has been said, and then left her flat with her chances of matrimony and life's happiness and security impaired, then, if she cares to fight for it, she is entitled to some of his plentiful supply of cash.

However, if rumors are true to the effect that the woman is an adventuress, who therefore had nothing to lose by her association with the man, who is merely taking advantage of his prominence and fear of notoriety, then, I believe, any jury of women would throw her case out of court.

(© by the Bell Syndicate, Inc.)

What Does Your Child Want to Know?

Answered by BARBARA BOURJAILY



CAN WATER GET ANY HOTTER THAN BOILING?

The boiling point's a point that water cannot pass, as soon as it gets hotter it turns into a gas.

(Copyright)

First Seal Buyer

Mrs. Mary Bosschem, Irons, again wins the honor of being the first person in Michigan to buy an allotment of tuberculosis Christmas seals. Continuing a tradition that now dates back four years, she mailed to the Michigan Tuberculosis Association on Armistice Day a check for one hundred of the health stickers.

In a letter accompanying her 1929 remittance, Mrs. Bosschem wrote: "Your work is a most deserving one and I feel has proved that it merits everybody's support. I hope you are as successful in the future as you have been in the past in carrying on your campaign against tuberculosis."

Another early Christmas seal buyer this year was George Pearson, Grindstone City, whose letter was received by the Michigan Tuberculosis Association one day after Mrs. Bosschem's. Thanksgiving Day marked the official start of the seal sale.

Fraternal Note

Have you heard about the Scotchman who was building a house and telephoned to the Masonic Temple for a couple of Free Masons?

Port Huron—Governor Fred W. Green has vetoed the ordinance which prohibited Sunday hunting in St. Clair county, declaring that it was illegal and not within the powers of the board of supervisors to adopt.

Munising—Fayette Cornish, 53 years old, Wetmore farmer, committed suicide by hanging himself in the barn. He was in good health and had no financial worries, members of the family said. He is survived by his widow and seven children.

Stanton—Harrison Culver, 16 years old, son of Mr. and Mrs. Jack Culver, living 10 miles northwest of Stanton, was fatally shot accidentally. He was preparing to go hunting, when, in going through a doorway, the gun was accidentally discharged. He died 20 minutes later.

Lansing—Arrests and convictions for violations of the conservation laws of Michigan reached an all time record during October, according to George R. Hogarth, director of conservation. During the month 693 persons were arrested. They paid \$17,349 in fines, and were sentenced to 490 days in jail. The fines averaged \$28.77.

Marshall—The \$30,000 bonding issue for the purchase of the old stone barn, Marshall landmark, which is to be converted into a city hall, was passed by the voters of the city, by a vote of 989 to 165. The old stone barn was built in 1856. Its stone walls will be retained while the structure is remodelled into a municipal building.

Munising—A total of 1,519 miles of trunk lines in the upper peninsula will be kept open for vehicular traffic this coming winter, it was announced here by H. I. Davies, of Escanaba, divisional highway engineer. This is approximately 150 miles more than was included in the state's snow removal program for upper Michigan last winter.

Fulton—Imprisoned four hours in a silo, Charles Stuck, a farmer residing two and one-half miles south of here, was rescued by neighbors who heard his shouts for help. Stuck climbed up the silo chute and threw an engine into the chute, believing it would slide to the bottom. When he was ready to climb down, he found the chute was so full he could not get out.

Saginaw—After his automobile had plunged through a cable fence into the Saginaw River, Samuel Meisel, 1109 Eleventh street, Bay City, climbed through a window of the car and swam ashore, apparently uninjured. Meisel was driving on the River road when a tire on the automobile blew out. The car ran 400 feet before crashing through the cables, into the water.

Midland—Earl Schultz, 14 years old, son of William Schultz, Midland county farmer, died a few minutes after he was accidentally shot while hunting with his father and two brothers near their home, seven miles northeast of Midland. The father had placed his shotgun against a fence, to investigate tracks leading into a culvert. When the boy picked the gun up, it was discharged, sending a load of birdshot into his chest.

Lansing—The population of State penal institutions increased 462 in the last year, according to a report by Arthur D. Wood, pardon and parole commissioner. On Nov. 25, the total population was 8,301, as compared with 7,839 a year ago. The population of Michigan State Prison at Jackson is 4,261, including the Chelsea cement plant and road camps, as against 3,830 on the corresponding date in 1928. The number of life-term prisoners now confined is 551.

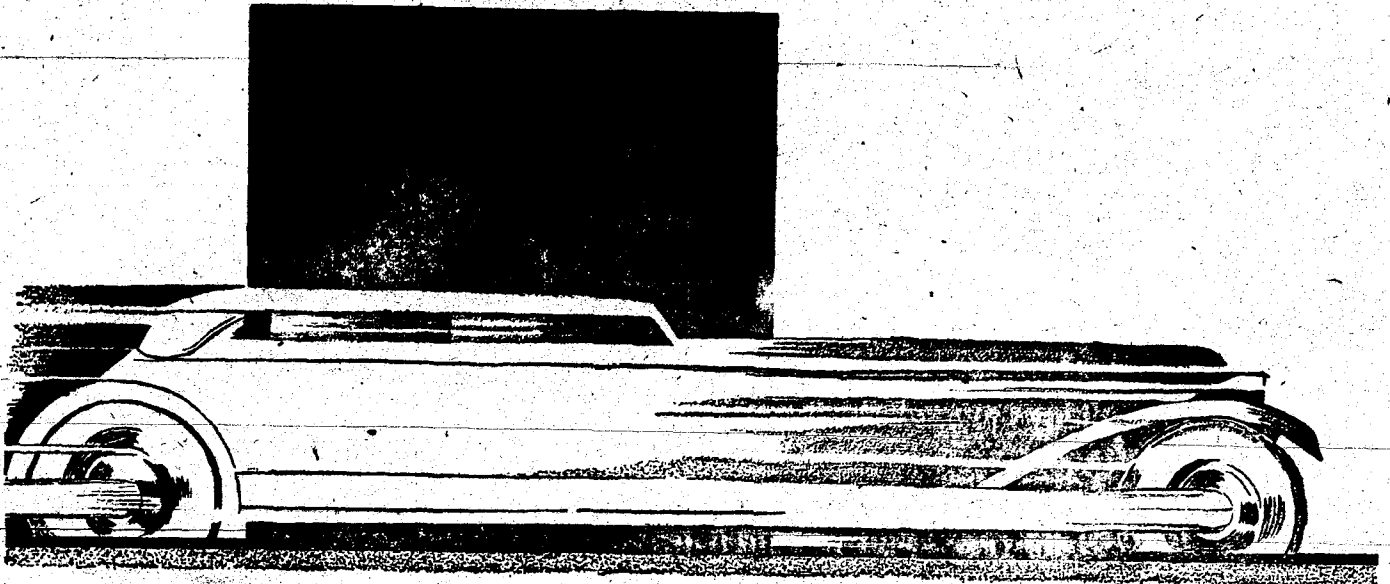
Detroit—Mrs. Anna Karolski is dead at 108 years of age. Until a few weeks ago she did her part about the home of her son-in-law, Valentine Smolinski, 690 Garfield avenue. Then she was taken ill and her fight for still more years of life closed with death. According to Smolinski, the aged woman never wore glasses and could thread a needle. She was born in Poland in June, 1821. She has been a widow 50 years. She survived all five of her children.

Lansing—Purchase of an additional 478 acres in the Hardwood state forest, was authorized by the conservation commission at its last regular meeting. The land bought by the state for reforestation in the Hardwood state forest is in Charlevoix county. It was bought from John C. Scott, of Rochester, Mich., and includes standings of hardwood, balsam, cedar and spruce. The 1,575 acres in the Au Sable forest were purchased from the Kneeland-Bigelow company, of Bay City.

Grand Rapids—That he might marry a young woman he met here, Harry J. James, of Boston, walked into police headquarters and asked to be sent to Chelsea, Conn., to serve an additional ten months for violation of a parole. James said he had been here nine months, had become engaged but desired to comply with his fiancée's request that he square himself with the law. He had been sentenced for larceny of an automobile, James said. Connecticut authorities were notified.

Ypsilanti—One hundred and thirty years of continuous service and still keeping accurate time. This is the record of a clock now in the possession of Miss Lotta C. Combs of this city which has run since 1799. The clock was made by a New England tinkerer and was first purchased by Noun Melcher, who lived near Brunswick, Maine. It stands nearly eight feet high and is made of cherry. It runs by a pendulum and weights and has to be wound once each week with a crank-like key.

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SO. ARM TAX NOTICE

The Tax Roll for the Township of South Arm is now in my hands for collection and I will be at Clyde Hipps store, East Jordan, each Saturday to receive same.

LILLIAN CHEW, Twp. Treas.

Why, of Course!
Merchant: "Before I can engage you, you will have to pass an intelligence test."
Girl Candidate: "Intelligence test? Why, the advertisement said you wanted a stenographer."

"Why is Jones looking for a cashier, he only hired one last week?"
"That's the one he is looking for."

DON'T COUGH UNTIL WEAK.

Just a few doses of Foley's Honey and Tar Compound give ease and quick relief from persistent, weakening worrisome coughs. This reliable cough syrup, made of pure pine tar, fresh demulcent honey with other valuable cough healing ingredients, leaves a soothing coating on the irritated air-passages, loosens and raises phlegm without effort, clears away throat irritations, permits rest and sleep. Sedative without opiates, mildly laxative, reliable and effective. Ask for Foley's Honey and Tar. For Sale at Hite's Drug Store. adv.

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MONUMENTS
EAST JORDAN, MICH.

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The Yellow Pencil with the Red Band

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

One way to meet the best people is to become a bootlegger.

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

THE DESERT MOON MYSTERY

By Kay Cleaver Strahan

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THE STORY

CHAPTER I—Sam Stanley, wealthy owner of the Desert Moon ranch, informs his housekeeper, Mary Magin, who tells the story, that his former wife's twin daughters, Danielle and Gabrielle, are coming to the ranch to live, their mother being dead and their father, Daniel Canneziano, who had been the cause of Sam's divorcing his wife, in the penitentiary. Sam has adopted a boy, John, now grown to manhood, and a girl, Martha, twenty-one, physically healthy but weak-minded. Mrs. Ollie Ricker, Martha's nurse lives with them.

CHAPTER II—Hubert Hand, a wanderer, and Chadwick Caulfield, John's wartime buddy, who is an expert ventriloquist, are the other members of the household. The girls arrive.

CHAPTER III—Mrs. Magin has an uneasy feeling that there is a sinister motive in the twins' presence at the ranch, and her suspicions are strengthened by the girls' mysterious prowling around the place. John becomes engaged to Danielle. Caulfield shows a pronounced liking for Gabrielle.

CHAPTER IV—Gabrielle seeks to win John from her sister, and John, disgusted, tells Mrs. Magin the girl is a trouble maker and he would like to choke her. Gabrielle's actions when she receives a letter from France arouse and mystify Mrs. Magin.

CHAPTER V—Sam learns Canneziano is soon to be released from the penitentiary and he looks for him to come to the ranch. The household, with the exception of John, in town for the mail, and the twins, together upstairs, are in the living room when Gabrielle comes down and, with Caulfield, goes into the garden. Danielle, from upstairs, calls to her sister. Caulfield comes back alone, in a few minutes. Danielle comes into the living room.

CHAPTER VI—Mrs. Magin finds Gabrielle, choking to death, with tobacco ashes beside her. Despite her terror at the discovery of the body, she realizes that the ashes must be from Sam's pipe, and she calls the rancher, who, and conceals them before calling the household. Caulfield commits suicide.

CHAPTER VII—The coroner's verdict is murder and suicide. Sam finds a note left by Caulfield confessing he killed Gabrielle, but the rancher proves he could not have done it, and the entire household is under suspicion.

CHAPTER VIII—Danielle shows Mrs. Magin the letter Gabrielle had received from France. It is in code, typewritten.

CHAPTER IX—At a conference of all the members of the household it is revealed that the girls came to the ranch hoping to find the proceeds of a train robbery in which their father had participated, and which, Lewis Bauermont, his partner in crime, had told them was hidden there. Danielle tells them she found tobacco ashes on Gabrielle's bag, beside the body, and practically accuses Sam of the murder.

CHAPTER X—After heated recriminations, the conference finds Martha, who had seemed to be asleep, dead. Mrs. Ricker asserts Martha killed Gabrielle and Sam knew it and shielded the girl. Sam denies it.

CHAPTER XI—Sam tells them he has hired a San Francisco detective, Lynn MacDonald, to try to clear up the mystery. Canneziano comes to the ranch. He knows of Lynn MacDonald, who he says is a woman and an expert "crime analyst."

CHAPTER XII—Lynn MacDonald arrives, having traveled with Danielle, who has been in San Francisco arranging for her sister's cremation. Danielle is manifestly uneasy over the presence of her father at the ranch.

(Continued)

Would it have been possible for Hubert Hand to have slipped into the house, through the front door, during that hour, without Danny's having seen him? Possible—that was all Mrs. Ricker, of course, would have seen Hubert Hand pass through the room; but Mrs. Ricker could keep a secret.

Again, what had he thought that I had overheard that day in the cabin? What motive could he have had for killing Gaby? Suppose that Gaby had lied to Danny about the entire contents of the code letter, and that, after all, the money had been hidden on the place. That would be an explanation for Canneziano's coming to the ranch. But suppose that Hubert Hand had found it, or had known that Gaby had found it—

"Come home, Mary," Sam's voice, speaking extra low, cut in on my reverie. "I want to know what you think about this."

"I set Canneziano to mending the south clover fence this morning. I told him I was going to north clover. On my way there, I passed the house. I happened to remember how slick Miss MacDonald had cleaned the attic. It seemed a shame not to use it so I went up, taking my field glasses with me, for luck. I'd watched about five minutes, out of the window, when I saw Canneziano leave the fence and make up toward the cabin. I came down, jumped on Bobbie Burns, and circled around the hill, back of the cabin. Just as I got my glasses

Where the average wife sits, there is the head of the table. The difference between squandered money and a cat is that the cat comes back.

trained. I saw Danny, walking to beat time, coming away from the cabin. I don't know whether she had been in it or not. I didn't see her come out of it. I rode straight down. Before I had quite reached the cabin, Canneziano came out of it. He was carrying a fishing rod, and he went right down to the stream, with it. What I'm wondering is, had he and Danny met at the cabin, and had a talk?"

"I know exactly what Mrs. Ricker means," I said, "about losing her mind on this place. It has come to the pass that no one can do any simple thing without being spied on and suspected. Danny always takes her walks in the direction of the cabin. We all do. It is the prettiest, coolest walk on the place."

Sam rubbed the back of his head. "By Joe! I hadn't thought of that." "Think about it now, for a minute," I advised. "When you get through, try to think whether you know of any place where we could get hold of a scrap or two of Gaby's handwriting. We have the last note she wrote to Danny, but we want something more."

"You've come to the right place, for once," he said, and took a long envelope out of his pocket. "I guess I never happened to mention to you, did I, that I fixed up a small checking account for the girls in the Telko bank. Their bank statements and canceled checks came in a few days ago. Here they are. Do you want me to take them up to Miss-MacDonald?"

"I'll take them," I offered, "and save you the trip." I longed to see how much of Sam's money the girls had spent in one month, and what they had spent it for.

I don't know yet whether it was cunning, contrariness, or courtesy that propelled Sam up those stairs, with the envelope tight in his hand, and without having allowed me as much as a peek at its contents.

I went into the kitchen and put through a fairly good batch of baking, considering that I'd got a late start at it. I was all through and frosting the cakes, when Miss MacDonald telephoned down to the kitchen and asked me to go for a walk with her.

I told her that I'd like nothing better than a breath of the clean, sage-seasoned air, and that I'd be ready in ten minutes. I gave Zinnia a few directions, and went upstairs to change my shoes.

As I came down the front stairs, into the living room, I saw Mrs. Ricker coming up the steps to the porch. She was toting a big old shovel, carrying it out in front of her, and carefully, right side up, like it was a pancake turner and she had a pancake on it.

She stopped to turn sidewise and open the screen door with her foot, and then she came straight along into the living room, poking the thing toward Miss MacDonald.

"I want you to look at this," she said. Miss MacDonald, all crisp in white linen, backed away a mite; but she looked, as directed.

I came hurrying to look, too. I don't know what I expected to see—nothing less than a dead scorpion; but, certainly, something more than I did see: an old iron shovel with dirt on it.

"Well?" Miss MacDonald questioned.

"I was going to Martha's grave when the shower came up. I stopped in the cabin. This shovel, and another one, were inside the door there. Look at that earth—it is fresh earth. Now I tell you, two people have been digging around this place; and they were at it no longer ago than yesterday, more likely this morning."

"My word!" said Miss MacDonald. It seemed to me there was more annoyance in her voice than there was interest or astonishment. "But surely, around a farm, a ranch, that is, around a place of this sort there must be a great deal of digging going on. Gardens—vegetables, you know. That is—one thing and another." She fumbled it, like that.

"We don't make garden here in July," I told her. "The vegetable gardens and greenhouses are about three miles away from where Mrs. Ricker found the shovels."

"To be sure," She puckered her brows. Danny had come downstairs. I guess we must have looked funny, the three of us, standing there and staring at the shovel, which Mrs. Ricker was still holding as if it were a pancake turner.

"But—what is it?" Danny inquired. "It is a shovel," said Mrs. Ricker. "Yes, I know. But what about it?"

"It has fresh earth on it," Mrs. Ricker explained. "It means that some one is still hunting for something on this ranch."

"I—don't understand," Danny faltered. "You do, if anyone does," Mrs. Ricker said, trying to make it sound off-handish; but it did not.

To my surprise, Miss MacDonald answered, "I think that you are mistaken, Mrs. Ricker. Miss Canneziano knows, I fancy, no more about the shovel than you do."

Mrs. Ricker's face flushed. She carried the thing out and threw it into the yard with a gesture of furious anger. When Miss MacDonald and I passed her on the porch, she turned her head away and did not look at us.

"If we hurry," I said, "we'll have time to walk to the cabin and see the other shovel."

"Both the other shovel! We don't want to hurry. Can't we get down to the stream, somewhere close here, and find a place where we can be alone to talk?"

"Right down this path," I answered,

and started down it. She followed me. For fifty yards or more neither of us said a word. I was too put about to feel like talking.

I must have made a sound that was suggestive of my disgusted annoyance, for Miss MacDonald stepped up to walk beside me on the narrow path.

"I am sorry," she said, "that I have seemed so exasperatingly stupid; but I know that those shovels are of no importance. You'll understand all about it, later. Please don't be vexed. I have some really good news. First, the handwriting on the checks, the photograph, and the note all tally accurately. That must mean, that Gabrielle Canneziano wrote all of them. Next, I have worked out the key to the code letter—"

"Lands alive!" I said, my astonishment and admiration getting the best of my bad humor. "In this short time? Talk about wonders—"

"Not a bit of it. The code is so simple that I am surprised that people, who have wits enough to use a code at all, would use it."

"The keys on typewriters, with a standard keyboard, are arranged, you know, for the touch system of writing: a, s, d, f, g, so on. All that this code amounts to, is taking the letters straight as they come along: a, b, c, d; and so on. From the center line of letters, they skip to the upper line, making 'q' be a 'j' and from the upper line down to the lower line, making the 'z' a 't'. They use only the letters on the keyboard, and the punctuation marks as they would rightly be used. Generally they put a hyphen after the letter to be capitalized, though occasionally they use the capital letter. It is so childish that I fancy it is only a friendship code, and that it is not used for matters of any real importance."

"Then this letter is of no importance?" I asked. "Not to the writer. Of vast importance to you, I believe. It explains why the original letter was stolen, among other things. Here is one of the copies that I made of it."

We had come to the stream and to the shade of the aspen trees. I sat



Unfolded the Papers She Had Given to Me, and Read.

down on one of the rocks, above the first fishing hole, and unfolded the papers she had given to me, and read:

"Salutations! Do you remember my dear and Gaby, after the V. affair, when you visited me in the hospital; that you said, with your-imitated Mona Lisa smile, 'Sorry, old dear, I made a trifling mistake, did I not?' The incident has probably passed from your memory. It has not passed from mine, because I did not believe then, and I do not believe now, that you intended to fire that shot at V. Instead of at me. You proved your innocence, however; like the expert you are; so, 'let the dead past—' et cetera. Particularly since I did not die, but have lived to make, also, a trifling mistake."

"I find that I was in error concerning the train robbery. After due reflection, I have remembered that, reading of the details in the Denver papers, your respected father and I merely regretted that we had not had the forethought, and the cleverness, to have pulled the affair ourselves. Since this is the case, we could not have hidden the money, as I seem to recall telling you that we did, on the Desert Moon ranch. It was a pretty dream of ours—that was all."

"Shall I explain? Do you remember the sweet cocotte with the colored sash at Cannes? Very young, very exquisite, and almost very innocent? She watched us, from her table, out of the violet corners of her long, long eyes. When we left the place, you and I, my gloves were missing and I returned for them. You were duped, my dear, were you not?"

"She is not as lovely, not as gay, as you were at eighteen. But you are no longer eighteen. And you have grown exacting, and a bit vicious (re-calling, again, the V. affair), and a bit selfish, too. (I knew that you collected the final five hundred pounds from Baron T.)"

"These, and all things considered, I seem to myself to have acted rather nobly, rather compassionately. I spared you the heartache of witnessing your supplantation. Ours was a tender leave taking, was it not? I paid the expenses of a long and costly journey for you—and the gentle Danielle. (Gad, Gaby, I'd have paid twice as much to be rid of you for half the time!) I sent you to fond

relatives I provided you with an interesting and romantic occupation—treasure hunting. I gave the right-ous Danielle the opportunity for which she was waiting; the opportunity to try her hand at turning you into an honest woman."

"Tell her, by the way, that her lover, or as she virtuously insisted, her husband is still with me and that he is behaving himself admirably. I suspect that my Lill is a bit over fond of him; but I have warned her that one who has had the closest affections of the little nun would be unlikely to succumb to her arduous."

"Lill now inquires to whom am I writing. She is eighteen; she has seen you; so I dare tell her, to you. In a far country with an amusing name—Nevada."

"She mispronounces it, deliciously. She blows it, and you, charmingly away from the tips of her tiny pink fingers. She kisses my ears. She tells me that she owns me. So, I suppose, I should not sign myself, as of old, Yours, with an ever increasing devotion, Binhi."

"Good lands alive!" I said. My stomach hurt me, and my head ached. "I am sorry for young Mr. Stanley," Miss MacDonald said. "But, you see, I was right in thinking that Miss Canneziano's life might hold a secret."

"No! No!" Danny stood there in front of us, holding to an aspen tree for support. "I wondered whether you were coming out from behind the tree," Miss MacDonald said.

"I saw you looking at me. You are cruel. You are very cruel."

"For a minute all I could be was sorry for Danny. I got up and went to her and put an arm around her."

"Danny, honey," I said, "are you planning a divorce, after you've had your six months in Nevada? Was he cruel to you? Unfaithful?"

"No, no," she said. "Nothing like that, nothing at all. I can explain every word of it. But will anyone believe me?"

"You just try it," I urged. "I'm all set for believing you, right here and now. Come over here, and rest, and tell us all about it."

I led her across to the rock where I had been sitting, and made a place for her beside me. She began, right straight forward and sensible: "I knew that was in the slip, and I longed to destroy it. On that account, but I was afraid. I knew that its disappearance would throw all sorts of suspicions on me. But this morning, when I saw the thing right there on her desk, the temptation was too great. I never thought of her having made a copy of it. This afternoon, when I heard her at the typewriter—I knew. I've been in torment ever since. I have prayed and prayed that she might fail to work out the code. When I came downstairs, just now, I knew that she had not failed. I thought she would tell you about it; so I followed. I thought, perhaps, if I'd tell you both the truth, and plead with you to believe me— But now I am ashamed to offer it."

"You won't believe me, John won't believe me— But, it was only a dot one of those funny, long-legged, floppy things, with an adorable face. I saw him in Paris, and loved him, and bought him for mine. I called him Christopher Clover, and said that he was my husband—because I had always said that I would never marry Lewis—he was so horrid about every thing—used to tease me about my lover, until I got so tired of it, and so ashamed, that I put him away on a closet shelf."

"After we were all packed, and the trunks were locked, that last day, I found him there on the shelf. Gaby wanted me to carry him on my arm—that was done quite a bit over there. She thought it was chic; but I thought it looked silly. I was going to leave him in the apartment; but Lewis asked me to let him have him. I did. That is all. But—will you let me see the copy of the letter? Gaby read it to me only once."

I gave it to her. "See," she said, eagerly, "he calls me righteous. See how he speaks of the doll and his—Lill. He wouldn't have spoken like that about a man nor said that he was behaving himself. See, too, he calls me a nun. If you'll be fair—it seems to me you can easily believe me."

"Honey child," I said, and spoke the truth. "I do believe you. I believe every word you've told us."

"And you?" she appealed to Miss MacDonald.

"Your explanation is reasonable. You have told the truth about every thing else in the letter. Certainly, I shall give you the benefit of the doubt."

"You won't tell John," Danny pleaded. "Of course not. Nor anyone else, just now. Shall we go back to the house?"

Danny and I sat still. "I'll run along, then," she said, and went away without us.

"Danny," I began at once, "you take my advice. You get to John as quick as you can and tell him the truth about this."

"Have you noticed," she questioned slowly, "that John has been different—very different, ever since—"

"We've all been different, dear," I told her. "Yes, I know. But—John has been more different. Mary, tell me, am I silly? Have you noticed that John seems to be very much interested in this Miss MacDonald?"

"Danny," I said, "it is just this. Men don't wear well in times of trouble. They can't help it. It is a way they are made. So we women

put up with it. We have to, if we put up with men at all. Everything is going to come out all right. But I want you to tell John, yourself, about your doll and not wait for some one else to do it."

"I'll try to," she agreed. "But we are so rarely alone together any more."

CHAPTER XV

Another Murder

Canneziano did not come down for breakfast the following morning. I thought that a little strange, for meals were the one thing he had been real polite to ever since he had been on the Desert Moon.

As soon as breakfast was over, Miss MacDonald spoke to Sam and asked him, as she had asked him that first morning, if she might detain him



"Men Don't Wear Well in Times of Trouble."

"You, also, Mrs. Magin," she smiled at me.

"I wonder," she said, as soon as we three were alone together, "if Mr. Canneziano could have given us the slip, last night? Will you go and see whether or not he is in his room, now Mr. Stanley?"

Sam went. When he came back he had to draw a lot more than usual to keep his voice steady. "His door is locked. He doesn't answer when I pound on it."

Miss MacDonald said, "I have an excellent pass key. Let's go up and try it."

Curiosity dragged me along with her and Sam, though every bone in my body protested.

Miss MacDonald's key unlocked the door. The three of us went into the room.

The blinds were tightly drawn. The electric fan was whirring and buzzing away in the gray gloom.

Miss MacDonald crossed the room, quickly, and snapped up the blinds. Sam walked to the bed where Canneziano was lying huddled up under the covers. I looked the other way.

I heard the rattle of Sam's pipe as it fell on the floor. I heard the rustle of Miss MacDonald's quick movement. I heard a queer, throaty note that she uttered. Something dragged my hot, aching eyes open. I looked toward the bed. I saw Canneziano's swollen, discolored face. I saw the deep yellow throat, with great brutal bruises at its base.

I felt Sam's strong hands on my shoulders, pressing me down into a chair. I heard myself saying, shrilly, over and over, "What are we going to do? What are we going to do?"

It was Miss MacDonald's voice, cold and clear as spring water that brought me to my senses. "We are going to find the murderer on the Desert Moon ranch."

Sam said, "You're d—n right we are. And we are going to have half a dozen men detectives on this place by tomorrow night."

"Very well," Miss MacDonald answered. "Will you telephone, at once, for the coroner, Mr. Stanley?"

"E—!" Sam said. I had my face covered; but there was a hollowness in that oath of Sam's that told me, plainer than any looking at him could have told me, that he was frightened; scared to the marrow of his bones.

It took Miss MacDonald, though, to understand the reason for his fear.

"Yes, Mr. Stanley," she said, "these men, when they come this time, in spite of their friendship for you, are not going to be as easily satisfied as they were last time. They were able to blink at one murder. They can't keep on blinking. They dare not—even in Nevada."

"Who wants them to blink?" Sam bluffed. "You do. We all do, for the present."

Sam did not answer that. He stood, and looked stupid. "Won't you listen to reason," she urged, "before you go downstairs to telegraph for other detectives? If, when the coroner and the others arrive today, you confess that no progress has been made, they will undoubtedly step in and take matters into their own bungling hands. I think that they would make an arrest silly? Have you noticed that John seems to be very much interested in this Miss MacDonald?"

"Danny," I said, "it is just this. Men don't wear well in times of trouble. They can't help it. It is a way they are made. So we women

(Continued on Last Page)

Add Life to your years and years to your Life

Foley Pilla

A Diuretic Stimulant for the Kidneys. Promote a normal urinal flow, thus carrying off those urinal poisons that cause your tired, languid, aching feelings. Backaches, headaches and dizziness relieved. Foley Pilla contain no harmful ingredients, and are just as pure as they are sure. Men and women everywhere have been using and recommending them for years.



HITE'S DRUG STORE

Seals Delivered By Air



Michigan school children who each December join in the campaign to sell tuberculosis Christmas seals were given the unusual experience this year of having a quantity of their seals "air delivered" by the plane pictured above. Seals were delivered by Pilot Ford Bott and a representative of the Michigan Tuberculosis Association to more than 50 towns in the course of a three-day, 1,500-mile trip shortly after the opening of the seal sale on Thanksgiving Day.

The airship, displaying the double-barred cross, symbol of the crusade against tuberculosis, made one trip to the Thumb region, a second to the northern part of the Lower Peninsula, and a third to the southern portion of the state. The pilot's services and use of the plane were donated by the Foster Airways Corporation as the company's contribution to the 1929 Christmas seal sale.

Since greatest emphasis is now being placed on prevention of tuberculosis through health work among children, their enlistment in the seal selling army is held to be one of the most worthwhile effects of the annual Christmas seal sale.

Siren Staff

Mrs. Brown: "So your husband was lost at sea?"

Mrs. Green: "Yes, a bathing beauty got him."

MORTGAGE FORECLOSURE NOTICE

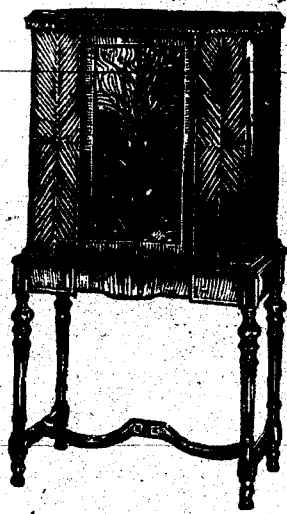
Default having been made in the terms and conditions of a certain mortgage made and executed by Tillie Howey, of the Township of South Arm, County of Charlevoix and State of Michigan, to the State Bank of East Jordan, a Michigan corporation, having its principal office and place of business at the City of East Jordan, Charlevoix County, Michigan, which said mortgage bears date the 15th day of April, 1914, and was recorded on the 22nd day of April, 1914, in Liber forty-seven (47) of mortgages on page five hundred twenty-seven (527) in the office of the Register of Deeds in and for the County of Charlevoix, Michigan, and that said mortgage is past due, and there is now claimed to be due and unpaid on said mortgage the sum of thirteen hundred six and 42-100 (\$1306.42) dollars at the date of this notice, including principal, interest, taxes and attorney fee, and no suit or proceedings at law or in equity having been instituted to recover the moneys secured by said mortgage or any part thereof;

NOW, THEREFORE, by virtue of the power of sale in said mortgage contained, and of the statute in such case made and provided, NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, that on Saturday, the 1st day of March, 1930, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, standard time, at the east front door of the Court House in the City of Charlevoix, Michigan, that being the place where the Circuit Court for the County of Charlevoix is held, said State Bank of East Jordan will sell at public auction to the highest bidder the premises described in said mortgage, or so much thereof as may be necessary to pay the amount due on said mortgage and all legal costs and the attorney fee.

The premises described in said mortgage are as follows, to-wit: "The south half (S 1/2) of the southwest quarter (SW 1/4) of section twenty-seven (27), Township thirty-two (32) north, range seven (7) west, containing eighty (.80) acres of land more or less."

Dated November 29th, 1929. STATE BANK OF EAST JORDAN, Mortgagee, By Robert A. Campbell, Cashier, E. N. CLINK, Attorney for Mortgagee, Business address, East Jordan, Mich.

HEAR IT! SEE IT!



Brunswick

THE LAST WORD IN CABINET DESIGN.

Priced as low as \$119 less tubes

Why be satisfied with less than the best.

R. G. WATSON

PHONE—66



First M. E. Church
James Leitch, Pastor

10:00 a. m.—Morning Service.
11:30 a. m.—Sunday School.
6:00 p. m.—Epworth League
7:00 p. m.—Evening Worship
The last number in the series of stereopticon sermon-lectures will be given next Sunday night at 7 o'clock. These series covering the Five Crises in the Life of Jesus, have been very interesting; those who have been present the past Sunday evenings have enjoyed them very much. Be sure and be present next Sunday night.
The Men's Fellowship Club will meet again next Tuesday evening.
We extend to any and all who have not selected a church home in which to worship, a hearty welcome to worship with us.

It takes a man of fact to remember a woman's birthday and at the same time forget her age.

A matrimonial tragedy is when a man marries a pretty face and discovers that it has no head.

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.
6:00 p. m.—Evening Service.

Church of God
LeRoy Sheldon, Pastor

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.
9:30 a. m.—Sunday School.
10:10 a. m.—Social Service.
7:00 p. m.—Evening Service.
7:00 p. m.—Thursday — Prayer Meeting.
All are welcome to attend these services.

Notable among the poor who are with us always is the poor fish. The difference between a chef and a cook is that the chef costs more.

Briefs of the Week

Mrs. John Monroe left Tuesday for Muskegon to visit her son.

Henry Ribble is receiving a visit from his mother of Leland.

Miss Mary Stanek was home from Petoskey first of the week.

Mr. and Mrs. D. E. Goodman now occupy rooms over their store for the winter.

Oscar Light, who has been sailing the past season, returned home Wednesday.

The Lutheran Ladies Aid will meet with Mrs. Lawrence LaLonde, Thursday, Dec. 19th.

W. A. Loveday returned to his home here Saturday after a few days at Lansing on business.

Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Brabant are occupying rooms over the Gothro barber shop for the winter.

Mr. and Mrs. George Vance left Saturday for Lansing to spend the winter months with their daughter.

Mrs. Wm. Howard leaves this Friday for Chicago to spend the winter with her daughter, Mrs. E. F. Reese.

Mrs. Len Swafford of Manistique arrived Sunday to spend a few weeks with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. S. Carr.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Kiser and children of Elk Rapids were here Tuesday to attend the funeral of her uncle, Joseph Etcher.

Born to Mr. and Mrs. F. K. Hayden a son, Monday, Dec. 9th, at the home of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. T. J. Hitchcock of this city.

Mr. and Mrs. Amber Muma and family, and Mr. and Mrs. Harold Hill of Detroit were here this week to attend the funeral of Joseph Etcher.

Try our Glass Service—Auto Glass, Window Glass and Plate Glass. Our stock is complete. B. L. Severance, adv. 50-1

The Good Will Class of the M. E. S. S. will give a Bake Sale, Dec. 24, including Plum Puddings, Fruit Cakes Mince Pies, both white and brown Bread and Rolls, also an Apron Sale. For advance orders, call phones 71, 99, 231, 189. This sale will be held in the former Ramsey store building. adv. 50-2

Friday morning, Nov. 29th, George Anderson of East Jordan and Miss Vera Kevit of Muskegon were united in marriage at the Baptist parsonage, Rev. W. H. Rauch reading the ceremony. Guests were Mr. and Mrs. Anderson, father and mother of the groom, a brother and sister. They will live in Muskegon.—Charlevoix Courier.

Mrs. John Krolkowski, age 30 years, disappeared from her home in Chicago last Friday morning and she had not been found by this week Wednesday. Her maiden name was Jessie Bolser, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Allen Bolser of East Jordan, and her parents left here Saturday for Chicago to assist in the search. She has a husband and three children.

Special Communication of East Jordan Lodge No. 379, F. & A. M. this Saturday night, Dec. 14. Installation of officers and work in the F. C. degree.

Most Beautiful



This is Dolly Jarvis, who was picked as the most beautiful mannequin in Hollywood, Calif. This was not considered a hollow honor, for many of the world's best designers are busy there making the movie colony one of the fashion centers, and they know beautiful models when they see them.

Grand Rapids—Leroy Young Jr., 5-year-old son of Leroy Young, died of burns suffered when a younger brother, playing with matches, set fire to his clothes.

Coldwater—Mr. and Mrs. George G. Bixler, of East Gilead, celebrated their sixtieth wedding anniversary, Mr. Bixler, 80 years old, is the last surviving Civil War veteran of this community.

Monroe—Pulp and paper stock valued at \$25,000 was destroyed by fire at the Consolidated Paper company mill. The fire, started by spontaneous combustion, was confined to the paper stock. The building was not damaged.

Grand Rapids—In a National Guard ceremony set for Dec. 17, Maj. Edwin B. Strom, of Muskegon, will receive from Brig.-General John R. Schiputen the Distinguished Service Cross awarded for meritorious service in the World War.

Ypsilanti—Glenn Jacob, 32 years old, who, with his twin brother, Earl, operated gasoline service stations in Ypsilanti and Belleville, killed himself by shooting. He had been in ill health. Jacob shot himself at the home of his mother, where he lived.

Grand Rapids—Two-year-old Keith Young, son of Mrs. Helen Young, is recovering from the effects of an attempt to swallow an open safety pin. He was rushed to a hospital with the pin lodged in his throat and later taken home after doctors had removed it.

Lansing—Injuries suffered when he was struck by a Pere Marquette locomotive proved fatal to William Baurle, 55 years old. The accident occurred as Baurle slipped on the ice while hurrying over a railroad crossing on Turner street ahead of a passenger train. He died an hour after the accident.

Lansing—Full reports on all accidental shootings of hunters during the current season are being gathered by Edward A. Hyer, publicity director of the Department of Conservation, with a view to discovering the principal causes of such accidents. Since Sept. 1, 26 hunters have been killed accidentally and 38 wounded, according to a preliminary survey.

Pontiac — Three business houses were robbed at South Lyon recently. A safe in the office of the United Lumber company was opened with a wrecking bar and \$96 was taken. A cash register in the garage of W. J. Warby was robbed of \$12. A small amount of change was taken from a cash drawer in the office of the Marshall Elevator company.

Battle Creek—When Donald Van Hoeve, of Kalamazoo, stopped on U. S.-12, just west of Camp Custer to change a tire one morning, he was surprised at the courtesy of the driver of a sedan who stopped and asked if he couldn't help. He changed his mind, however, when three men got out of the car, stuck a gun in his face and relieved him of \$25.

Manistee—Charles Phaylan of Scottville can thank his hound for his life. Phaylan was aroused at 4 o'clock one morning by his dog frantically pawing at the bedclothes and licking his face. The house was filled with smoke and burning. Guided by his dog, Phaylan found his way out. The house was practically destroyed. The loss is estimated at \$5,000, partly covered by insurance.

Lansing — The Boys' Vocational school at North Lansing, where Mort Hovey, superintendent of the school farm and a group of the delinquent boys undertook the hatching and raising of pheasants for the state game farm at Mason, has succeeded in raising 2,600 birds, according to a report made by Superintendent Donald Lamont, of the Mason farm. A lot of eggs sent to one of the Jackson-state prison farms has resulted in 1,600 young pheasants.

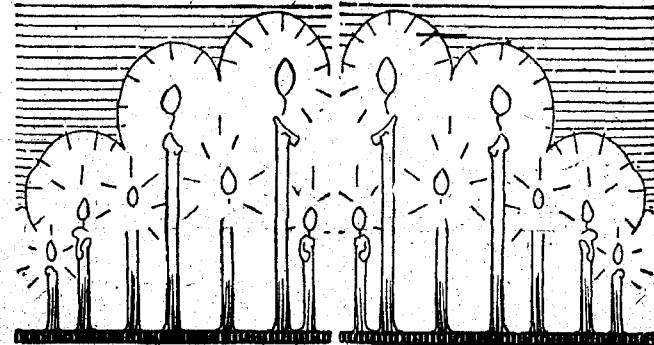
Battle Creek—A lifesize portrait of Walter H. North, chief justice of the Michigan Supreme Court, will be unveiled in the Calhoun Circuit Court rooms here in the near future by the Battle Creek Bar Association. The portrait recently was completed by a Detroit artist. Justice North presided over the Calhoun Circuit for 22 years before his appointment to the Supreme Court by Gov. Green three years ago. His son, Walter H. North, Jr., a law student at the University of Michigan, will unveil the portrait.

Detroit—A car owner filled the radiator of his car with a patent anti-freeze compound without telling his wife about it; she proceeded to have the radiator drained the next day and refilled with fresh water and the requisite amount of alcohol, also without telling her husband; the following night, he left the car in a prohibited parking area downtown, the police towed the car to the pound and because the car was to be left overnight, drained the radiator of its entire contents, leaving the owner with the necessity of beginning his protective preparations anew in the morning.

Nowadays what is not worth saying is sung.

A pedestrian is a man who is alive today and dead tomorrow.

As a man grows old he considers gallantry and patriotism less and common sense more.



A MERRY CHRISTMAS IS OUR WISH TO YOU



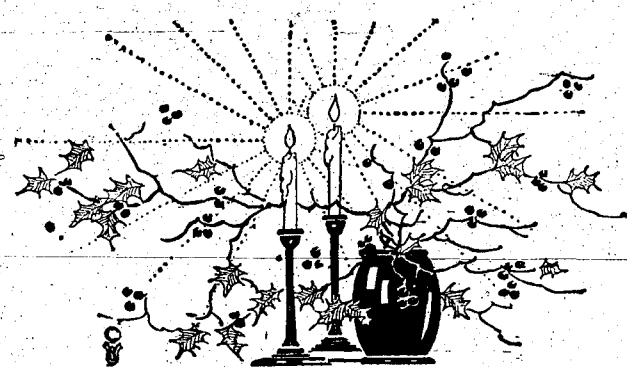
"The Bank With The Chime Clock."

TEMPLE THEATRE
— PRESENTS —

SATURDAY and SUNDAY, Dec. 14-15 — Joan Crawford in "Our Dancing Daughters." Comedy and Pathe News. 10c—35c

TUESDAY, Dec. 17—Rex, King of Wild Horses, and Jack Perrin in "Harvest of Hate." 6th Chapter—"Ace of Scotland Yards." Comedy. Family Night—2 for 1. 10c—25c

THURSDAY, Dec. 19—Billie Dove in "Her Private Life." Comedy. China Night. 10c—25c



Only 11 Days More Before Christmas

Every house needs a Xmas present. Here are a few items that would please most houses: Linen Lunch Set, Cloth and six Napkins; Pair Wool Blankets; Waterless Cooker; Chenille Rug; Linen Towels; Fancy Bed Spreads; Tapestry for wall piece or Davenport; White Sewing Machine.

For the Family, Mother and Sister, a lot of things they might like: Scarf; Gloves; Slippers; Silk Underwear; Night Gowns; Pajamas, silk or cotton; Box of Handkerchiefs; Silk "Dance Sets" for the girls; Bath Salts; Stationery; Silk Hose; Bath Towel Sets; All Leather Purses with Amber tops; Beads, all colors and so popular; Xmas cards; "Coolie" Coats and Robes

For the smaller people: Beads and Sets, Necklace and Bracelets; Slippers; Perfume; Bonnets; Sweaters; Purses; Handkerchiefs.

MEN'S CLOTHING DEPARTMENT

To buy a present for a man is easy. There are so many things he likes. Anyone of the following would make him happy Xmas morning:—

Dress Shirts, Flannel Shirts, Silk Socks, Silk and Wool Socks, Neck Ties, Hdkfs, Slippers, Neck Scarfs, Cuff Buttons, Garters and Arm Bands, Underwear, Trousers, Mittens, Gloves, Pajamas or Night Shirts, Bath Robes, Sweaters, Lumber Jacks, Suit Cases, Traveling Bags, Hats or Caps, Belts, Overcoats.

Come in and see a nice assortment of useful presents.

EAST JORDAN LUMBER COMPANY STORE

WANTED!
Pork, Beef and Veal
POULTRY, EGGS,
MILK and CREAM
We Pay the Highest Market Price.

Phone 137 and We Will be Glad to Send One of Our Trucks to Your Door.

Northern Dairy Products Co.
IONIA PRODUCE COMPANY, Operators.

Bring In Your Poultry
MONDAY, DEC. 16th

Market Price Paid for No. 1 Turkeys (Toms, 12 lbs. and up. Hens, 9 lbs. and up.) Geese. Ducks. Chickens (all meat varieties—no Leghorns) must weigh 5 lbs. or over.

E. Jordan Co-op. Ass'n
Phone 204 East Jordan

THE DESERT MOON MYSTERY

By
Key Cleaver Strahan

© by Doubleday Doran Co., Inc.
WNU Service

(Continued From Fourth Page)

the sheriff—respect it. If you will keep me on this case, I will tell them that I am making definite progress. That I believe I shall be able to turn the criminal over to the state within a comparatively short time—

"Would that be the truth?" Sam demanded.

She hesitated. "If you mean, is that what I believe now—my answer is yes. I may be wrong. I have, at least, a very definite suspicion. I have no proofs."

"You wouldn't," Sam questioned, "give these men that assurance if you knew that I was going to get some men detectives up here to work with you?"

"I couldn't," she said. "I can speak only for myself. Please give me my chance. Do you realize what it means to be tried for a murder, even if one is acquitted? I am not asking this for myself. I wouldn't stoop to beg for anything for myself as I am begging for this, now. I am sure you mean to be a fair man. Be sure to me, and to all of the innocent people here on your ranch. I don't say that other detectives might not be able to discover the murderer. I do say that I am certain they would do irreparable harm before they succeeded."

"If you stayed," Sam had the cheek to question, "and worked along with them—that was my idea—couldn't you prevent their doing any harm?"

"I could try to. I will try to, if you insist. But I am doubtful of my success. Consciously, or unconsciously they work against me, because I am a woman. You don't know them as I do. You don't know their methods, as I do. If you feel that you must have others here, working on the case, allow me to send, at my own expense, for my own assistants; the girls whom I have trained—"

"We don't need any more girls around here," Sam said. "It is pretty certain that we do need some one to protect the lives of all of us on this place—"

"When you telephone for the coroner," she said, "won't you telephone for a locksmith to come out with him, and bring strong bolts for all the doors—"

"You admit, then, that we are all in danger?"

"Nothing of the sort. You are all perfectly safe—at present. I do believe that before long, my own life may be in danger. I want no one to think that I suspect that. I need the protection of the bolts. It must seem that I think that every one needs the protection."

"You believe," Sam questioned, "that your own life is in danger. And yet—"

"Please reconsider, Mr. Stanley. Please allow me to have the case alone, at any rate for a little while longer."

"You honestly think," he questioned, "that you can manage this single handed, and keep us all safe, and produce this murderer—pretty shortly?"

"I do, Mr. Stanley. Mary, can't you say something. Won't you help me to persuade Mr. Stanley?"

"You don't need any help," I told her. "He's persuaded."

"Is that true, Mr. Stanley? May I have the case alone, for a little while longer?" She was all breathless with eagerness.

"Drat it all, yes," Sam said. "I'm d—d if I know what I ought to do. But you are dead game. I— Well, shake on it, Miss MacDonald. You'll do the best you can for us, I know."

The hand she held out to him was trembling, and her voice as she thanked him trembled. But still I was amazed when, right after Sam had gone out of the room, she said to me, "Mary, I believe on my soul that I have just had an experience that is too strong for me," and hid her face in the crook of her arm and began to cry.

In the week that followed I had times of thinking that Sam had likely made a mistake in keeping Miss MacDonald on, alone.

I couldn't begin to describe the horror of that week. It is, I suppose, what books call a paradox to say that the worst thing about the week was that nothing, just nothing, happened. To all outward appearances the Desert Moon ranch was as peaceful as an empty grave; hollow peace, false peace, and all of us conniving at the falsity made it worse.

Sam locked up the house early

The man who drowns his trouble in drink is apt to go out looking for more.



Mrs. Ricker Went Every Day to Visit Martha's Grave.

every evening. Then, trying to make it casual, one and another of us would go sauntering around to make sure that he hadn't overlooked a door, or a window. People were constantly jumping, and starting, and looking behind them at nothing. None of us women ever went far from the house, except Mrs. Ricker, who went every day to visit Martha's grave. She went alone. I would not have gone with her, not for any price. I was afraid of her. I was afraid of Hubert Hand. By Wednesday of that week I was afraid of every one in the house except Miss MacDonald and Sam. Friday found me doubtful of Sam. None of our minds went straight, those days. I am sure that the mind of each one of us on the place—always excepting Miss MacDonald's—did as mine did. It went groping in the dark; it bumped into obstacles of doubt; it tripped over fear and fell into senseless stupidities; it lost its way, and wandered into wild suspicions. I tell you, there were times, during those frightful days, when I found myself seriously considering whether or not I had committed the two murders.

At that moment I was certain that every one on the place was more or less insane, especially Miss MacDonald. I think yet that I was right about the others. I know, now, that I was wrong about Miss MacDonald; but she had certainly given me plenty of reasons for thinking either that she had lost her senses entirely, or else that she had never had any to lose.

All week I could see Sam watching her and growing more and more impatient. On Thursday he said to me that she was too busy flirting with John to have time for anything else. That was not fair. She didn't flirt with John—she wasn't the sort who would flirt with anyone. But she surely did begin to notice him, and his attentions to her.

I tried to make excuses for John. Poor little Danny wasn't, I had to admit, much like the girl he had fallen in love with. She had lost practically all of her prettiness, and she looked, all the time, too white and wan and generally dragged out to seem quite wholesome.

She had explained to John about the reference to her and to her doll in the code letter. He had taken it all right, and had been, as she said to me, "sweet" about it, and never doubting her word at all. Still, I sort of thought that a grain of suspicion might still be bothering him. And I knew that he had not been quite able to forgive her, not for telling of her suspicions concerning Sam, but for suspecting Sam in the first place.

On Friday morning, when Sam came zigzagging into my kitchen, ordered Zinnia out of it, his voice all thick and husky, he fell down into a chair. "Mary," he said, "we've got the report from the Frisco chemists."

Miss MacDonald had thought it necessary to have Martha's body exhumed and sent to San Francisco. That is what the coroner and the undertaker had been about on their second trip to the ranch. Sam had not wanted Mrs. Ricker to know. That had suited Miss MacDonald better, too; so they had had the men do the work while we were all at dinner that day. They had been careful to fix the grave so that it would not show that it had been disturbed; and then, being men, they had left their shovels right there in the cabin for the first person to find. As you know, the first person had been Mrs. Ricker.

We had been waiting ever since for the chemists' report. Sam's first words were reassuring.

"It is too good to be true," he said, and repeated, dazedly, "too good to be true. Miss MacDonald had her assistants trace the prescription from Doctor Roe. The powders were harmless. I didn't cause my girl's death. The report proves—Miss MacDonald says— The report proves—"

"Take it easy, Sam. What does the report prove?"

"Somebody gave her a deadly poison. The chemists found two traces. One they can't analyze. That's why they've kept us waiting so long for the report. They are still working on it, hoping for results. The other was nitrobenzene. Miss MacDonald says that, in small doses, induces coma and takes as long as twenty-four hours to act. But it is apt not to be deadly by itself. It was combined with this other drug—the one that must have made death certain."

(To Be Continued)

School News and Chatter

LET THEM DEBATE

We have begun to feel that there is a lack of appreciation for Debating, in this town, judging by the small audience who attended the last Debate. There was not a very large crowd at this debate, in comparison to the size of the town, and surely those who did attend got their money's worth. East Jordan has as fine a team this year, under the instruction of Miss Perkins, as could be wished for. They have won every Debate so far, and certainly have displayed fine talent in doing so.

Here are some reasons why debating is of value to those who take part in this school activity. It gives them the opportunity to obtain:

- 1—Development in accuracy of expression.
- 2—A knowledge of what is reliable and what is unreliable in evidence and argument.
- 3—Development in breadth of mind.
- 4—Sincerity as a value in moral character.
- 5—Interest in public questions.
- 6—Improvement in personality traits.
- 7—Training in public speaking.
- 8—Training in co-operation.
- 9—Further study of human nature.
- 10—Improvement in English composition.
- 11—Development of skill in finding needed information.
- 12—Development in mental flexibility.
- 13—Practice and skill in the analysis and solution of problems.
- 14—Development of skill in organization of data.

WHEN IT COMES TO ARGUING

The debate between the Manclona and East Jordan High School debating teams was held here on Friday, Dec. 6th. While it cannot be said that, "a goodly number" of townspeople and students turned out, all who did go were eager to boost our team on to victory.

The Manclona team took the affirmative side, their speakers being Kathleen Davidson, a rather witty personage, Ardeen Oldt, who laid stress on the "plain facts" of the conditions of the jury, and Louis Drake, who, from what we saw and heard, could speak with a will.

Everybody will have to admit that we have an exceptionally good team this year. We all know the three—fiery Frances Brown, who expresses her views in a straight forward manner, Carl Weaver, that scholarly young gentleman who can hold his own in an argument of any sort, and Helen Severance, who can very ably outwit her opponent when it comes to the rebuttal speech.

Professor Brokenshire of Alma College acted as the judge.

What was the debate about? Just this: The affirmative side has taken the stand that the jury which we have in our Michigan government is becoming inefficient—null and void, so to say, and that it cannot handle all court cases properly. They are advocating in its place a judge or board of judges.

But will this plan operate capably, and take care of all problems? No, answers the negative debaters. The Jury is the better system, although it is not at its best today. If the constitution of the United States needed a new law or provision, did they cast out the original, and begin over? Of course not, it was simply amended. If the jury needs something new, do you need to throw it away entirely, or improve it to suit the people and have it able to efficiently decide all questions?

Then the affirmative side: In not the Jury about three hundred years old? That shows that it is becoming worn out.

Carl Weaver quenched this fire: "If the Jury system is three hundred years old, what about the Judge system? It was even known in Biblical times."

Thus they argued back and forth. Our team had an answer for every question asked, and when the end came—Prof. Brokenshire cast the decisive vote, and that was—for East Jordan.

Furthermore, we shall keep right on winning, if the debaters work as well as they already have. We do not know, yet, who the next debate is with.

MORAL SUPPORT

Surely the five front rows that were filled with High School students had a little bit to do with our team winning that debate. The team was also given a yell, "Yea Team, yea Team, Argue, argue, argue," which probably helped to establish their confidence in themselves. Looking at familiar scenery must have made them feel at home, especially the grinning faces of students who felt very confident in their team.

RHYTHM

We wonder why Gaylord won that game at the very last minute when

the East Jordan team was so well supported. In fact, every East Jordanite with his brother was there, sitting near the front where he could make plenty of noise.

Maybe that row of gum-chewing boys from Gaylord, over on the right, put some pep into their team. Those boys certainly must all play in a jazz orchestra, because their sense of rhythm was perfect.

The next game will be here Dec. 16th with Alba.

COMMERCIAL WORK

The Advanced Shorthand class are still doing fine work. Every member has won her sixty word certificate in shorthand, and several have won the eighty. As you remember, the first ones to do this were Clara Leu, Selma Thorsen and Ellen Reich. Later on Cathola Lorraine won hers also. This month the following girls made theirs: Minnie MacDonald, Ivis Pickel and Katherine Wangeman.

COULD YOU TELL US?

Why the Juniors hate to see the Seniors march first to Assembly.

Why Moreen Bulow chews gum so much.

How many hearts Cecil Murray has broken.

Why Charles Looze should like the song "Marie."

Why John Dolezel is so good looking.

Why everyone likes to omit a class.

Why Lois Healey talks so jerkily.

OR CAN YOU IMAGINE?

Elizabeth Craig broadcasting.

Frank Severance giving a timid reply.

Bud Thomas as "Beau Brummel."

Marvel Rogers "sitting down and being quiet."

Stephen Shepard scaring anyone away.

Earl Coblenz acting the role of Romeo.

GRADES

The Kindergarten are making Christmas gifts. Quite a few are out now, on account of having chicken pox. The Kindergarten children were very much pleased to have Marland Bussler and Carl Sutton visit them one afternoon last week.

The Second grade have their new Christmas curtains now, and they are also busy making gifts.

The Third grade have started making Christmas gifts, such as weaved holders, pin cushions, etc. They are planning their Christmas program and have drawn names.

The Fourth grade have chosen two plays for their Christmas program.

The name of the two plays: "Agents of Santa Claus," and "Santa's Helpers." They are also making posters of the Three Wise Men. For their window decorations, they have also chosen the Three Wise Men and the Bright Shining Star.

The Fifth grade program committee has chosen the play: "Santa Takes a Rest." But the boys and girls hope he will not take his rest the night he is to visit them.

The Sixth grade is going to edit a paper called "The Spotless Town News." The editor is David Pray. Next week we will tell you who the rest of the staff is.

Now to take up the spelling thermometer. The boys have shown a considerable rise from 74 to 84 degrees. The girls are now 90 degrees. The boys are happy to think they are ahead of the girls. They are going to keep ahead of them as long as they can manage. Come on girls! You can pass them.

"Bonkura Only Medicine That Corrected My Stubborn Ailments."



MR. GEORGE A. RUST

"Although I am 62 years old, have suffered for many years, Bonkura won a splendid victory over my stubborn ailments," said Mr. George A. Rust, 653 Glenwood Ave., Owosso, Michigan. "My food did not agree with me, I had to spit out particles of half digested food and a sour liquid continually. For many years I suffered terribly with constipation, nervousness and neuritis pains in my hips and back. All medicines I had tried proved worthless."

"After being persuaded to take Bonkura, relief came instantly. My system was thoroughly cleansed with the first bottle and the gas, belching, constipation, nervousness and neuritis pains left me. I was able to eat and digest anything. The wonderful Bonkura Tonic gave me back appetite and strength and I enjoy working again. Bonkura Treatment alone could overcome my miseries and I gladly recommend it."

Bonkura is sold by: GIDLEY & MAC, Druggists. adv.

Some people never know which side of the fence they are on till they fall off.

SAT IN A DRAFT— THEN SUFFERED!

It's never safe to sit where a draft of air strikes the kidneys. Painful congestion, severe backache, and a disturbed urinal flow are usual results. "Impossible to sleep, and my back ached so I could neither sit nor lie down in comfort. Foley Pills diuretic cleared away the pain and stiffness, and I am no longer troubled with night calls, and sleep soundly," so says D. McMillen, Hudson, N. Y. Men and women everywhere use and recommend them. For Sale at Hite's Drug Store. adv.

Two-Toned Caracul Coat



This two-toned gray caracul kid coat shows the "dressmaker" flare that is being emphasized on the newer coats this season. The dress is of black satin with an "agnes" model turban.

A lot of scenic beauty is hidden behind billboards and face powder.

?????

WHY IS IT

"A man wakes up in the morning after sleeping under an advertised blanket, on an advertised mattress, and pulls off advertised pajamas; takes a bath in an advertised tub, shaves with an advertised razor; washes with advertised soap; powders his face with advertised powder; dons advertised underwear, hose, shirt, collar, shoes, suit handkerchief; sits down to a breakfast of advertised cereals; drinks a cup of advertised coffee; puts on an advertised hat; lights an advertised cigar; rides to his office in an advertised auto, on advertised tires; deposits his money in advertised institutions; then he refuses to advertise on the grounds that advertising does not pay.

IF YOUR BUSINESS ISN'T GOOD ENOUGH—

ADVERTISE

ASK US

Charlevoix Co. Herald