

Charlevoix County Herald.

VOLUME 34

EAST JORDAN, MICHIGAN, -FRIDAY, JANUARY 3, 1930.

NUMBER 1

Opening Number Next Monday

HIGH GRADE ENTERTAINMENT COURSE OFFERED.

A TREAT IN MAGIC.

The committee that is sponsoring the entertainment course for the winter has provided a feast in magic for next Monday evening, January 6th. Who does not enjoy the clean, wholesome fun furnished by a master of magic? Old as well as young are bewildered, spell bound and electrified by the seemingly impossible things that a great magician can bring to pass before their eager eyes.

Reno, the magician, who is to be in East Jordan Monday evening has traveled all over the world, including India, Syria and Egypt. His illusions and slight-of-hand are dazzling and bewildering. Many of them have been picked up in the orient, the home of weird mystery. He springs one surprise after another, keeping all in a state of breathless wonder and delight until the audience forgets to note the flight of time.

It is a long time, a great many years, since there has been a good Magician in East Jordan, and next Monday evening the people of this community will have the privilege of seeing one of the best in the country in operation.

"LOYALTY AND LAW" ORATORICAL CONTEST

East Jordan is keeping in step with many of the cities of the country in looking forward to a Young People's Oratorical Contest on "Loyalty and Law" on the Sunday evening between Lincoln's and Washington's birthdays. To further interest in this contest the Presbyterian Church is offering three prizes of \$10, \$5 and \$2.50, and the contest will be held in the church building the evening of February 16. The judges will be announced a little later.

The general theme of the orations is to be Loyalty and Law, with reference to Prohibition, but the specific phase of this subject is a matter of the individual contestant's own choice. The age limit is from the 14th to the 19th birthday.

The purpose of the contest is to assist in creating a more aroused public consciousness concerning the dangers of lawlessness, which is one of the greatest problems the Hoover administration has to face. The orations are to be about 1200 words in length. Anyone desiring further information should inquire of Rev. C. W. Sidebotham.

Hawkeyes Elect Captain



Marcus Magnussen, center, who was elected joint captain of the Hawkeye eleven with Mike Farrah, halfback. The latter was hit by the eligibility ruling—four hours after the election. The ruling, which banned 22 athletes (according to the demands of the Big Ten conference) leaves Magnussen the captain, virtually by the process of elimination. The center is a cousin of Bert Ingwersen, head football coach at Iowa.

His Level Best

Knight of the Road—"Say, boy, your dog bit me on the ankle."
Boy—"Well, that's as high as he could reach. You wouldn't expect a little pup like that to bite you on the neck, would you?"

Big Bertha Tactics

"What are you standing over there throwing rocks at that little boy for?"
"I dassn't go no closer, ma'am. He's got the whooping cough."

When something unpleasant must be said, the average man has his wife to do the telephoning.

COMMERCIAL CULTURE OF BITTERSWEET.

A form letter is being sent out from East Lansing to determine the commercial use of Bittersweet. The letter is as follows:

East Lansing, Mich.

Gentlemen:

The Horticultural Department of Michigan State College is undertaking a study of the commercial culture of Bittersweet for decorative purposes. We would like to obtain information as to the extent of its present commercial use and therefore write to ask if you will answer the following questions:

- 1—How much do you handle each year?
- 2—What is the source of your supply?
- 3—What is the average retail price that you receive?
- 4—Is the demand such that considerably more could be sold if a supply was available?

Any information you can give us will be very much appreciated.

Sincerely yours,
James A. Neilson,
Research Specialist in Horticulture

ANNUAL DANCE AT DETROIT, JAN. 18.

Cards are out from the Detroit Committee announcing the annual East Jordan Dance and Get-to-Gether Party of former East Jordanites residing in Southern Michigan. The affair will be held Saturday night, January 18, 1930, at Northwestern Community Hall, Detroit, (corner Wreford and Grand River) the same place as last year.

In addition to dancing and all-around good time, there will be election of officers. A cordial invitation is extended to all present and former citizens of East Jordan to be in attendance.

Hunting Seasons Closed Jan. 1

FOR PRACTICALLY ALL PROTECTED GAME IN LOWER PENINSULA.

Lansing, Jan. 1—After midnight January 1, practically all hunting and trapping seasons on protected animals and birds in the lower peninsula are closed until next fall.

In the upper peninsula, however, the rabbit season remains open until midnight on January 31.

The game species which may not be hunted after today in the lower peninsula are rabbits, coots, ducks, geese, brants, and Wilson snipe. Muskrat trapping, which was lawful in the southern third of the State, closed at midnight Tuesday.

The lower peninsula open season for rabbits was made a month shorter this fall and winter than it was in 1928. Long open seasons have taken an excessive toll of cottontails in parts of southern Michigan and it is hoped by the Department of Conservation that the shorter season will conserve the rabbit stock and result in a greater abundance of bunnies next fall.

According to reports, the fall migration of ducks has been somewhat erratic. Although the Department, as usual, is receiving complaints of scarcity of ducks, during the past season a great many hunters met with excellent success.

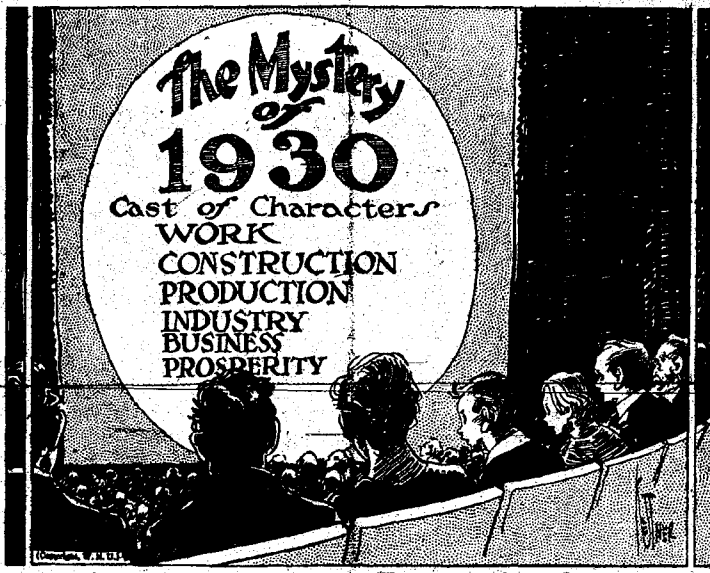
Last fall about 525 bands were placed on wild ducks at Dodge Bros., Munusong State Park. To date over 70 of these banded birds have been shot and the band numbers reported to the Department. Most of these have been killed in Michigan, Wisconsin and Ontario. From States farther south a few more returns are expected. Any Michigan hunters who secured such bands and who have not reported them are urged to do so, for such records give much needed information about duck migrations in Michigan.

EXACTLY SUITS ELDERLY PERSONS.

Foley's Honey and Tar Compound quickly stops teasing harassing coughs that tire out and prevent sleep. Immediately relieves dry tickling throat and nervous hacking coughs. Sedative without opiates and mildly laxative. Wm. Barnes, San Antonio, Texas, says: "Actual experience with many cough medicines has taught me that Foley's Honey and Tar excels and with it on hand I shall not need to cough this winter. It has been worth \$50.00 a bottle to me." Ask for it. For Sale at Hite's Drug Store. adv.

About the only thing left in this world that can be shocked is grain.

The New Year



Dairy Herd I. A. For November

AS REPORTED BY EDDIE MORTIMER, OFFICIAL TESTER.

Breezy Point Farm of Ironton again leads the Charlevoix County D. H. I. A. in B. F. production for the month of November. The high herd for the month of November was owned by the Breezy Point Farm of Ironton. There herd of 9 P. B. H. produced an average of 30.4 lbs. B. F., and 932 lbs. milk. A very close second was the herd of 6 Gr. G. owned by Clyde Clute of Boyne City, 30.1 lbs. B. F. and 688 lbs. milk were produced. Walter Heileman of East Jordan, with his herd, also of 6 Gr. G., ranks third with an average of 24.5 lbs. B. F. and 532 lbs. milk.

In the two year old class, Earl Danforth of East Jordan ranks first with a Gr. H. that produced 41.3 lbs. B. F., and 891 lbs. milk. Dan Swanson of East Jordan ranks second with a Gr. J. that produced 39.7 lbs. B. F. and 903 lbs. milk. Earl Danforth also owns the third high in this class. She a Gr. H. produced 39.2 lbs. B. F. and 981 lbs. milk.

In the three year old class another Gr. H. owned by Earl Danforth ranks first with a production record of 43.0 lbs. B. F. and 1074 lbs. milk. 39.2 lbs. B. F. and 1059 lbs. milk is the record produced by the second high cow in this class. She a Gr. G. was owned by Clyde Clute. Irving Crawford is the owner of a three year old Gr. G. that produced 37.0 lbs. B. F. and 810 lbs. milk, a record entitling her to third place.

The Ecklund Bros. of Charlevoix, own a Gr. H. that produced a record of 44.6 lbs. B. F. and 1239 lbs. milk, which entitles her to first place in the four year old class. The second four year old, a Gr. G. was owned by Irving Crawford and produced 42.1 lbs. B. F. and 762 lbs. milk. Another Gr. G. owned by Clyde Clute holds third place with a record of 36.6 lbs. B. F. and 729 lbs. milk.

Earl Danforth owns a mature cow that, a Gr. H. that produced the high record in her class for the month, her production was 54.0 lbs. B. F. and 1173 lbs. milk. Wm. Withers of the

Marion Center Dairy, Charlevoix, owns the second high cow in this class, a P. B. H. that produced 46.6 lbs. B. F. and 1227 lbs. milk. The third high mature cow was owned by the Breezy Point Farm, 46.6 lbs. B. F. and 1227 lbs. milk were produced.

DEATH TAKES PIONEER WOMAN

Funeral services for Mrs. Lucina Williams, real pioneer of Northern Michigan, were held last Friday afternoon at Charlevoix at the Church of God chapel, Rev. I. T. Mark, pastor, conducted the services and burial was in Brookside cemetery.

Mrs. Lucina Bingham-Williams died Tuesday, Dec. 24th at her home on Antrim Street, Charlevoix, following an illness of long duration.

Deceased was born at Albany, New York, Sept. 15, 1857, and was 79 years of age at the time of her death. At the age of six years she accompanied her parents to Northport and ten years later to Antrim City. The family was among the early settlers of that district. When 18 she was united in marriage to Wallace Bingham at Atwood. Mr. Bingham died 29 years ago.

Following the death of her husband Mrs. Bingham moved to Charlevoix and was later married to Nelson Williams, the couple moved to Aberdeen, Wash., where Mr. Williams died about nine years ago. Mrs. Williams resided in East Jordan with her son, Ren Bingham for several years, later coming to Charlevoix.

Surviving are two daughters, Mrs. Cora Noble of Charlevoix; Mrs. May Lant of Aberdeen, Wash.; a step-daughter, Mrs. George Gladus of Charlevoix; one granddaughter and a niece residing in Petoskey.

NOTICE!

The annual meeting of the Stockholders of the Peoples State Savings Bank of East Jordan, Michigan will be held in offices of the bank on Tuesday, January 14th, 1930 at 4:30 p. m., standard time.

W. G. CORNELL, Cashier.

Wisdom comes from answering questions that fools ask.

Flyer Gets Pointers From Expert



Claude Gwinn, pilot at the Sand Point naval air station near Seattle, Wash., is getting some flying information from Wings, a hawk that has been adopted as mascot by the station. The bird is very tame and would rather ride in the cockpit of a plane than fly himself.

PLAN BIG BUSINESS FOR FARMERS WEEK

East Lansing, Dec. 31—A general clearing house of information on the most up-to-date farm ideas and practices, with leaders among Michigan farmers themselves directing the discussion, will be one of the big features of the annual Farmers Week at M. S. C., to be held this year from February 3 to 7.

Decided cutting down of "general" programs, with much more time allotted special subject matter meetings and informal gatherings, marks the preliminary program for the week. Greater opportunity for visitors at the big conference to get together for practical discussion of their special problems is thus afforded.

That more than 30 of the leading Michigan agricultural societies and groups will hold meetings during Farmers Week is shown by a review of the program. The list includes practically every important farm organization in the State.

Entertainment features and talks by national figures in the farm and business fields find their place on the schedule, as in past years, while exhibits will be characterized more by new features than by any change in the general plan of showing.

More than 5,000 delegates, representing every county in the State, have registered for recent Farmers Weeks.

HARBOR SPRINGS DROPS FAST GAME TO EAST JORDAN

In a fast, rough game Friday night at East Jordan the Harbor Springs Independents lost to the East Jordan team 20 to 19. The Harbor team failed to get started in the first half and at the whistle was trailing 12 to 3.

Willard Cornell led the team in a brilliant comeback in the second half, outplaying East Jordan 16 to 8.

Swafford was the East Jordan star with 14 points.

The Lineup:
Harbor Springs—Forwards, Winegarden and Grimes; Center, Zuber; Guards, Woodruff and Johnson. Substitutes—Cornell for Grimes, Taylor for Woodruff, McClain for Johnson, Grimes for Zuber.

East Jordan—Forwards, Benson and Swafford; Center, Shedina; Guards, Barnette and Malpass; Petoskey Evening News.

Youthful Sports Coat



Lapin is used to fashion this youthful sports coat. The lining and frayed scarf trimming is of flannel with hand-embroidered figures done in bright colors. The hat of soleil matches the beige scarf.

DIPPING INTO SCIENCE

The Coal Supply

While impossible to estimate accurately because of undiscovered fields, the known supply will last for centuries at the present rate of consumption. One recent estimate was approximately 8,000,000,000 tons, of which over five-eighths is in the United States. In square miles, the coal area of the United States is about 335,000. China is next with 200,000 square miles.

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The man who travels in exclusive circles doesn't get very far.

Farmers Work To Cut Taxes

WILL WATCH CLOSER WORK OF SCHOOL AND TOWNSHIP TREASURERS.

Arrangements have been completed for co-operation between Attorney General Wilbur M. Brucker, Auditor General Oramel B. Fuller and the Department of Taxation of the Michigan State Farm Bureau to afford farmers protection from misuse of township and rural school district funds, R. Wayne Newton, director of the farm bureau tax department, announced.

Under the plan, Farm Bureau members and county farm bureau taxation committees are invited to confer with Mr. Newton whenever they have cause to believe that township or school district funds are not being handled properly. The Farm Bureau tax department will then conduct a careful investigation and, if the facts warrant, will assist local taxpayers in preparing petitions to the Attorney General asking for an official audit.

The proposed audits of doubtful township and school district accounts will be made pursuant to an act of the last legislature. The act provides that 10 or more taxpayers of any township or school district may request an audit, setting forth specifically and in detail their reasons.

Petitions for such audits go to the Attorney General who is authorized to order an audit if, he is convinced that the public interest requires it. The petitions then go to the Auditor General for action by him. The Auditor General is also empowered to call upon the Prosecuting Attorney of the county in which the township or school district is located for such help as may be deemed necessary.

In carrying out the provisions of this act the administrative board recently authorized the employment of two additional auditors and 14 petitions have been received to date, the Attorney General's department reports.

The Farm Bureau proposal has been developed following communications between Brucker and Newton, in which the Attorney General has expressed an earnest desire to assist farmers by preventing the use of their tax money for illegal purposes. The farm bureau taxation department is to work directly with the aggrieved taxpayers or taxation committees, assisting them to decide where formal petitions are justified.

Charlevoix Farm Hand Faces Long Term In State Prison

Charles Weber, 21, whose home is near Jackson, was bound over to Circuit Court under five thousand dollar bond in Justice Robert Wither's court Monday morning on charges preferred by Sheriff Dave Vaughan. He is alleged to have attached a 15 year old girl living near Charlevoix. Weber is said by officers to have signed a written confession. Prosecuting Attorney Rollie L. Lewis has been investigating the case prior to preferring charges ever since Weber attempted to procure a marriage license some time ago.

Weber was placed under arrest last Wednesday night by Sheriff Vaughan following his theft of a bag of beans from the Earl Shapton farm south of this city. Weber had been working at the Shapton farm as a hired hand. He quit Wednesday and when departing took the beans along on the children's hand sled. They saw him go however, and notified their parents, who, in turn, called the Sheriff. When Weber was about to transfer the beans to his car, after hauling them through the heavy snow clear to Stephen's corner on U. S. 31, he found Sheriff Vaughan waiting for him.

Further investigation disclosed that Weber had also stolen a pig that had disappeared mysteriously from the Shapton farm. He admitted killing the animal with a hammer. He was refused the use of Shapton's horse to take the pig away, so he took the animal anyway and delivered the pork to the home of the girl. Shapton was unaware what Weber wanted the horse for, and did not even know that he took it. Weber also admitted taking several chickens and a duck.

Weber was unable to furnish bond and will be held in jail at Charlevoix until the February term of court. He faces life imprisonment if found guilty on the statutory charge and in addition must answer for his thefts.

Mother—"Behave yourself, Tommy. What would your teacher say if you were to behave like this in school?"
Tommy—"He would say, 'Behave yourself! Remember you are not at home now.'"

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WILSON TOWNSHIP

(Edited by Mrs. C. M. Nowland)

Mr. and Mrs. Zell Bricker of Maple Slope Farm spent Christmas with Mr. and Mrs. Earl Bricker, his brother.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Korhase and son spent Christmas with his mother, Mrs. Louise Korhase and son, Chas.

Mr. and Mrs. Conn Nowland of Harbor Springs, Route 1, spent the week end with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Sam Nowland, and his brother, Ivan, in Boyne City.

Mr. and Mrs. Claude Shepard and children of Peninsula visited her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Hott, Sunday.

Mrs. Harley LaCroix and children visited her mother, Mrs. Johanna Behling, Tuesday and Wednesday.

Mrs. Tracy LaCroix was ill with the flu and is spending a week with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Papi-neau in Boyne City.

Mr. and Mrs. Milo Clute and children visited Sunday at the Alva Tompkins home.

Mrs. John Martin visited Mrs. R. E. Nowland, Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. Ivan Nowland and baby of Boyne City visited his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Sam Nowland, and uncle, George Cooper.

Mrs. Frank H. Behling moved to Boyne City to care for her mother, Mrs. Fred Schroeder, who was brought Saturday from the Lockwood hospital by Wm. Benzer. Frank will keep bachelor's hall till his wife and children can return home as it was impossible to move feed and stock to Boyne City.

R. E. Nowland left Friday for Grand Rapids.

Mrs. Charles Stanek of Jordan Township visited Mrs. Zell Bricker at Maple Slope Farm.

Mr. and Mrs. Will Gates with son, Ned, and daughters, Leonola and Virginia, of Boyne City drove as far as J. L. Suttons farm, then hiked on to the home of her parents Mr. and Mrs. Charles Hott, Thursday.

Mrs. Roy Zinck and children of Boyne City visited Mrs. Eugene Kurchinski, Friday.

Virgil Wise spent his vacation with

friends in East Jordan. He teaches the Slaughter school.

Louis Prebble of Elmira spent Christmas Day with his cousin, Ernest Slaughter and wife.

Mrs. Harley LaCroix called on Mrs. Archie Karlskin and new baby of Advance, Sunday afternoon.

Quite a number of the Deer Lake school children are having the chicken pox during their two weeks vacation.

Mr. and Mrs. Joel Sutton and granddaughter spent Xmas in Boyne City at the home of their son, Mr. and Mrs. Archie Sutton. Miss Eleanor returned with them, hiking back next afternoon.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Nowland and niece, Pauline, of East Jordan, and Mr. and Mrs. Tom Shepard were Sunday dinner guests of the former's parents, Mr. and Mrs. E. L. Nowland.

Mr. and Mrs. Will Behling and children, and Mr. and Mrs. Harry Behling and children spent Xmas at the home of their parents, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Behling Sr.

Howard Boyer of Maple Slope Farm spent Xmas and Sunday at the home of his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Peter Boyer.

Mrs. A. R. Nowland and Mrs. D. Shaw and daughter visited their daughter and sister, Mrs. Omar Scott and family, Saturday.

Ernest MacGreggor of Boyne City spent Christmas with his cousins, Carl Zinck and Mr. and Mrs. E. G. Kurchinski. Mac departed Thursday for his home in Pennsylvania, after working at the Tanney and making his home with his cousin, Roy Zinck the past four months.

PLEASANT HILL

(Edited by Mrs. Vernon Vance.)

Mrs. Ruth Taylor and family spent their Christmas vacation with Mr. and Mrs. John Hawley. They left Saturday, Miss Eller to resume her school duties at Remus, Mrs. Taylor to enter the Normal at Mt. Pleasant, and Lloyd, probably to enter Ferris Institute at Big Rapids.

Sam Bennett and family spent New Year's Day at the home of his mother, Mrs. G. Bennett.

Dr. Pearsall was called to the Jansen home lately to care for a sick cow.

Ralph Jubb left early Saturday for a wood camp near Gaylord, but when within a short distance of camp, found teamsters leaving on account of the warm weather breaking up the roads. He returned home Tuesday.

The roads and weather are unusually fine for this season of the year.

School opened Monday morning in the Bennett district, after a week's vacation, which Miss Patrick spent with her parents in Mancelona.

Miss Martha Wagbo returned to her school duties at Rockford on Saturday, after spending a week with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. Wagbo.

Mrs. Roy Vance spent New Year's Day with Patricia and Barton Vance while the rest of the Vernon Vance family drove to Ellsworth to visit Mrs. D. E. Carpenter and family.

The Neilson farm home, formerly the Lawrence Isaman home, was destroyed by fire during the afternoon of New Year's Day. The house and contents were a total loss with but a small amount of insurance.

QUICKLY STOPS DREADED COUGHING.

Coughing won't bother you this winter if you keep Foley's Honey and Tar Compound on hand. Whether your cough results from a cold, irritated bronchial tubes, tickling throat, troublesome night coughs or a constant nervous hacking; each dose of Foley's Honey and Tar carries its curative demulcent virtues into direct contact with the irritated surfaces, and gives instant relief. Feels good to the throat, warms and comforts. No opiates, mildly laxative. Ask for Foley's. For Sale at Hite's Drug Store, adv.

Corn King of U. S.



John L. Pfantz of Hannibal, Mo., who became the "corn king" by winning the grand championship on a single ear of corn exhibited at the International Live Stock Exposition and Grain show in Chicago.

The hand that rocks the cradle is seldom the hand that rules the mothers' meeting.

It is sometimes hard to determine a man's age. The man who thinks he understands women, for instance, may be younger than he looks.

State News in Brief

Traverse City—Blown 40 feet in an explosion of a grease pit in which he was working, Jess Letherby escaped without injury here.

Muskegon—Norma Mae Cole, 4 years old, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Lyle Cole, died in Mercy hospital from burns. The child backed into a tub of scalding water.

Lansing—Pheasants face starvation because their food is buried beneath ice and heavy snowdrifts, warned P. F. Lovejoy, chief of the Department of Conservation's game division. He urged that food be placed where game birds can find it.

Coldwater—Otis Fry, of Coldwater, was revived with a pulmotor after he had been overcome by carbon monoxide gas while working in a closed garage. Ernest Brown, a fireman, who found Fry in the garage, ran to the fire station for the pulmotor.

Becanaba—Fred Stedman, of Milwaukee, died of alcoholic poisoning in a hospital here, the second victim of canned heat. Chester Walling, of Green Bay, Wis., died previously after drinking the canned heat with Stedman in a caboose in the railway yards.

Kalamazoo—Dreaming his house was on fire, E. B. Lepper, 75 years old, leaped from a second story window and was bruised severely. He lay in the snow 30 minutes before a passer-by heard his cries and took him to a hospital. His condition at the time was serious because of exposure.

Ludington—J. Mershon, 84 years old, died in a Ludington hospital of injuries suffered at his farm south of this city in an explosion. It is believed Mershon set off dynamite in a woodchuck hole and failed to get away before the charge exploded. He formerly was a Government engineer and surveyor.

Howell—William Gray, 80 years old, was killed instantly when he was hit by a Wabash passenger train near Hamburg. The accident happened while Gray was walking along the tracks. The victim was deaf and it is believed he did not hear the approaching train. Gray lived a mile from Hamburg. Two sons survive.

Adrian—Three youths were under sentence here for terms of six months to five years in Michigan State Reformatory, after their conviction for stealing rabbits. They are Raleigh Martin, 18, and Thomas and Martin Snell, both 16 years old. They were sentenced by Judge Jesse H. Root in Circuit Court.

Mt. Pleasant—Mt. Pleasant high is exceedingly eager to have every one in the state know that its football team last season reversed the school's record of 1928. The 1929 team, Michigan title claimants in Class B, did not lose a game to a school in its class, whereas in 1928 Mt. Pleasant high failed to win a single game.

Petoskey—Senator Vandenberg has notified Petoskey that the Federal Government will build a new breakwater in Little Traverse Bay and that work would begin early in 1930. It was explained that the improvement is an "approved project" having been adopted by Congress many years ago, and that a preliminary allocation of \$25,000 to start the work will be made soon.

Lansing—Trappers are not required to have a special permit to ship furs out of the state, according to the law enforcement division of the Department of Conservation. The 1929 law requiring permits to ship furs out of the state applies only to dealers and is not applicable to individual trappers, it was stated. Trappers, dealers and shipping agencies have been confused according to the numerous letters received by the division.

Kalamazoo—Who has Kalamazoo College's 96-year-old pulpit? President Allen A. Hohen would like to learn. He has been doing some detective work since the pulpit, used in chapel services, disappeared. It is believed the pulpit was removed by students in retaliation for the president's recent order abolishing hazing. Though of little commercial value, the pulpit is highly prized by college authorities as the oldest relic of the institution's early days.

Manistique—A dispatch received here states that Secretary of War Hurley at Washington, D. C., transmitted a report to congress disapproving further development of the Manistique river in Michigan for navigation in conjunction with power development, control of floods or irrigation. The report signed by Major General Brown, chief of army engineers, said: "Flood damages have been small. Additional water power development is possible only on a small scale. There is no need for irrigation. I therefore report that further development is not deemed advisable at present time."

Buchanan—Andrew W. Anderson, 28 years old, millwright, in attempting to dislodge an icicle from the roof of the new axle building of the Clark Equipment company, here, fell with the icicle 30 feet to the ice strewn sidewalk, receiving serious injuries. Anderson, with other employees, had been sent to roof of the building to remove overhanging icicles, remnants of a blizzard, lest these ice masses become dislodged and injure employees who use the sidewalks under the building's overhanging cornice.

PENINSULA

(Edited by Mrs. E. Hayden)

Mr. and Mrs. Walter Wurn and Mr. and Mrs. Elwood Cyr and little son of Boyne City were dinner guests Xmas of Mr. and Mrs. Fred Wurn.

Mrs. Fred Wurn still is very poorly and under the doctor's care.

Mrs. Edith Tibbitt and Miss Albertha Tibbitt of Boyne City spent Christmas with the D. D. Tibbitt family at Cherry Hill. Mrs. Tibbitt returned to Boyne City in the evening, but Miss Albertha remained to spend her vacation with her parents.

Mr. and Mrs. Richard Russell and son of Breezy Point and Miss Georgie Green of Boyne City were guests to Christmas dinner with the F. D. Russell family at Ridgeway farm.

Mr. and Mrs. Ray Loomis and daughter, Miss Pauline of Gravel Hill north side, were guests to Christmas dinner with the Gene Inmann family in Boyne City.

Mr. and Mrs. Orval Bennett and family were guests to Christmas dinner with the Geo. Papineau family in Boyne City.

The school bus came out from East Jordan Christmas afternoon and took the school pupils who wished to go to the free show in East Jordan. It brought them back after the show.

Mr. and Mrs. Lester Capelin of Boyne City were guests at the F. H. Wangeman home Christmas.

Miss Nita Wells spent Christmas with Miss Zepha Faust. Miss Faust in return spent Christmas night with Miss Nita Wells.

Miss Dorothy McDonald of Owosso, Miss Nita of Monroe and Miss Opal of Cadillac are spending their vacation with their parents, Mr. and Mrs. D. N. McDonald.

A. J. Wangeman of Lansing is spending his vacation with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. F. H. Wangeman.

Miss Eva Beers of Chicago is spending the Christmas holidays with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Beers.

Mr. and Mrs. F. D. Russell and daughters, Alice and Doris of Ridgeway farm were dinner guests Sunday at the Ray Loomis home, Gravel Hill.

Quite a crowd of young people spent Sunday on the ice at Newson's Lake. The skating is fairly good.

Mr. and Mrs. Joel Bennett of Honey Slope farm had a family dinner, Sunday. Those present were Mr. and Mrs. Orval Bennett and two daughters, Byrel and Beverly, Mrs. Nellie Evans and son J. F., and Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Bogart and son, Clare.

Mr. Bogart returned to Boyne City Sunday evening, but Mrs. Bogart and Clare remained until after New Years

Mr. and Mrs. George Weaver and family of East Jordan spent Xmas with Mr. and Mrs. Ira McKee.

Mr. and Mrs. David Gaunt were hosts to a family dinner Christmas. Those present were Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Gaunt and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. Will Gaunt and two children, Mr. and Mrs. Bob Myers and Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Johnstone and three sons, George, Donald and David.

Daniel Reich of Lone Ash farm has been confined to the house the past two weeks by illness.

F. K. Hayden of Orchard Hill spent Christmas with his family at the home of Mr. and Mrs. T. J. Hitchcock in East Jordan.

Mr. and Mrs. Elmer Faust and family of Mountain Ash farm spent Xmas with Mr. and Mrs. Daniel Faust.

Mrs. J. W. Hayden and son, Robt. of Orchard Hill were guests to dinner Christmas with the A. Reich family at Lone Ash farm.

Mrs. Myrtle Boynton and children, and Mrs. Pauline McGeorge of Boyne City were guests at the A. B. Nicoly farm last week Thursday.

There was a mistake in last week's items—Lake Charlevoix froze over Dec. 15th instead of the 2nd.

The big new snow plow and tractor are now here and ready for business. The smaller outfit has done very well so far.

There are lots of fishermen on the ice, but so far no catches have been reported.

AFTON

Edited by Mrs. Henry Timmer.

A meeting of Afton Grange was held on New Year's Day at the home of Ed. Nowland. A very nice pot luck dinner was served.

Mr. and Mrs. Claude Shepard visited her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Hott, Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. John Hott were Xmas dinner guests of Mr. and Mrs. L. Henderson.

Matthew Hardy has been very sick with pleurisy the past week.

A large crowd attended the Xmas entertainment given jointly by Deer Lake school and Grange, at the Grange Hall.

Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Sutton and granddaughter spent Xmas at Boyne City with the Archie Sutton family.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Fall of Frankfort, with Miss Mary Barber and Sid-nell Clacey of Grand Rapids were holiday guests of Mr. and Mrs. H. C. Barber.

Mr. Glen Easton, Miss Ruby Hardy and Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Hardy and Mr. and

Mrs. L. R. Hardy were Saturday evening callers at the Lumley home.

Mr. and Mrs. Ivan Nowland were Christmas morning callers at L. R. Hardy's.

Callers at Silver Leaf Farm the past week include Mr. and Mrs. Harry Palmer of Petoskey, Mrs. Chas. Parks, Mrs. Chas. Shepard, Christobel Sutton Mrs. Floyd Schmitt Webb Taylor and Mrs. Wm. Hines of Walloon Lake, Mr. and Mrs. Ames Croft of Wequetonsing.

Two Misses Stollards of East Jordan are visiting during their vacation at the Harry Sloop home.

Eleanor and Winnifred Sutton are spending vacation week with their sister, Christobel. Together with Ruby Hardy they visited Afton school Tuesday.

Mrs. Henry Timmer and daughter, and Wm. Saunders had dinner New Year's Day with the Merritt Finches.

Mr. and Mrs. Joel Sutton and grandchildren were guests New Years Day of the L. R. Hardy family.

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. ROSWELL,
60-4 City Treasurer.

Sympathy without help is like mustard without beef.

We may be led into temptation the first time, but after that we can generally find our own way.

It is sometimes a pity that the man who talks like a book cannot be shut up like one.

The one thing that matters about friends is quality, not quantity.

Conscience does not trouble those who are very good—or very bad.

A woman knows when her husband is licked. He always slams the door as he goes out.

WON'T BE BOTHERED WITH COUGHS THIS WINTER.

From 651 East 46th St., Chicago: "Last winter a stubborn cough worried me, kept me awake nights. It resisted other cough medicines, but quickly disappeared when I started taking your good Foley's Honey and Tar. Coughing won't bother me this winter as I keep a bottle on hand. I like the smooth and pleasant feeling it leaves in the throat." Your druggist sells and recommends Foley's Honey and Tar. Ask for it. For Sale at Hite's Drug Store. adv.

Peoples' Wants

MUNNIMAKERS

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

LOST AND FOUND

LOST—McKay Tire Chain, 2x6. Reward if returned to HOWARD PORTER, East Jordan. 1-1

WANTED

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

FOR SALE—REAL ESTATE

FOR SALE—Two Houses with Lots and barns, also Farm of 160 acres, 90 acres of timber.—MRS. S. L. LONDE, phone 88. 51x6

FOR SALE—MISCELLANEOUS

FOR SALE—Team Horses, weight 2600 lbs.; Set Heavy Harness; Pair Light Sleighs; Pair Heavy Sleighs. Price \$100.00.—W. G. CORNEIL, Special Administrator Estate of Lewis Bashaw. 1-tf

FOR SALE—Cedar and Hardwood

Buzz Wood. Delivered any time on one day's notice.—W. S. CARR. 52x8

TRY OUR GLASS SERVICE—Auto

Glass, Window Glass and Plate Glass. Our stock is complete.—B. L. SEVERANCE. 51-4

FOR SERVICE—Purebred O. I. C.

Boar, one year old; not related in this locality.—EDWARD THORSEN, Phone 165-F22. 50-tf

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. 46-18

HIGH GRADE Entertainment Course FOR EAST JORDAN 3 Fine Numbers 3

Reno, Master of Magic, Jan. 6
An entertainment that will delight all, old and young. The finest magic that has been displayed in this section. Single admission 50c and 35c.

The Wells Entertainers, Jan. 27
Two notable entertainers in Drama and Music. This will be high grade with a distinct human appeal. Single admission, 50c—35c.

Ramos Mexican Orchestra, Mar. 5
A Company of five expert musical entertainers with vocal music and many musical instruments. Hesiquio Ramos, Director, at the age of 22 won first prize in the International Piano Contest at Mexico City. 31 nations were represented in the contest. Single admission, 75c—50c.
SEASON TICKETS FOR THE THREE NUMBERS—\$1.25; 75c
The Entertainments will start at 7:30 p. m., standard time.
AT HIGH SCHOOL AUDITORIUM

The Crippled Lady Of Peribonka

By James Oliver Curwood
W.M.U. Service

The human element of this story is enriched by a study in heritage-genealogy. Noble blood of two races united. In one case, primitive and savage, but none the less royal. In the other, civilized and cultured to the highest degree. This phase is based on the historical union, some century and a half ago, between the Indian maiden known as Molly Brant, sister of Thayendanegea that greatest of Mohawk chiefs, and Sir William Johnson, representative of King George II in the colonies.

Down through the years to a descendant, to a Molly Brant of the present time, married to a Croesus and living in a palace in the city of New York. Through her son, a throw-back to type, the blood of the original Molly Brant comes into its own. This blending of the primitive and the modern is one of the greatest fascinations of the story. It is given an appropriate setting—in a village far back in Quebec where the Eighteenth century touches elbows with the Twentieth.

The American setting is a symbol in the Crippled Lady herself. The late James Oliver Curwood was a writer of adventure stories who had a most wonderful faculty for catching the spirit and translating the romance of a chosen locality. It was singularly fortunate that his affections centered about the north country, about the Habitant sections of Quebec and those farther reaches of forests and snows toward the Arctic.

No one has written more or better stories about the regions he loved. Curwood's "New" editions of his works make their appearance with even greater regularity than did new novels from his pen during life. One of his last books was "The Crippled Lady of Peribonka," a tale that will be read and read again for many years.

CHAPTER I

This story is going to start like a lesson in geography. This is because it is largely a chronicle of real events in human lives. History, whether of things or people, rests upon the basic necessity of possessing certain aspects of situation which we encompass within the terms of latitude and longitude. The following narrative would quite profoundly miss its real drama if it were to ignore the points of the compass and the manner in which Fate played, with them to bring about an unusual combination of ends.

We will begin with Peribonka. Peribonka is a quiet little French-Canadian village which nestles on the shore of the glorious Peribonka river, four miles above Lac St. Jean, in the province of Quebec. It is made up almost entirely of a single row of thirty or forty houses, all of which face the river. Should one adventure a little farther into the wilderness after having made the wonderful Saguenay trip up from Quebec to Ha Ha bay or Chicoutimi and come to know Peribonka for himself, he will understand why the houses are situated with no neighbors or obstructions between them and the river. For the river is a living, breathing, God-sent thing to the French-speaking people of the place, about whose drowsy lives there still remains, like a sweet-scented veil of old lavender lace, the picturesque simplicity of their great-grandfathers of a hundred and fifty years ago.

In contrast to the roaring, passion ate Mistassini, fifteen miles away, the Peribonka is peculiarly like the men and women and children who inhabit a few acres of its shores. It has, I believe, given to them much of their character, for of all the people in the habitant country those of Peribonka are the gentlest and most lovable. Even in the floodtimes of spring it is not an angry or menacing river, and in winter it is so gently smooth and well frozen that the habitant farmers use it for their horse-and-cutter races or as a trail by which to come to town. In spite of its great size and the vast forces behind it, the kindness and gentleness of its nature must have made its people what they are. The men are truthful, their morals are right, they believe in God as well as in spirits, they are clean and courteous and hospitable. The women are bright eyed, clear skinned, unrouged unbobbed, pretty. These people are always looking toward the river, in the evening when they go to bed, in the morning when they get up. They have built their picturesque little church facing it, and the good Father sleeps with his bedroom window opening upon it. The local cemetery occupies an acre of hallowed ground within a hundred feet of the water's edge. A venerable monastery is built at the mouth of it.

Until quite recently the two happiest people in the village of Peribonka were Maria Chapeleine and her husband Samuel. They are still happy, although Samuel is a bit overcast at present because of a financial loss which has come to him. For years Samuel has run his little store and Maria her kitchen, in which she prepares delectable meals for the few transients who come their way, and until this recent time to which I have referred, there is good reason to believe she was the happiest woman in her little world.

Now there is another. They call her the Crippled Lady. She is often seen sitting on the wide veranda of a quaint little home in a garden of flowers just this side of the church. There is a road which completely encircles Lac St. Jean, connecting the villages and farms in its narrow rim of civilization, and during the tourist season occasional automobiles pass through Peribonka. Their occupants always stare at the Crippled Lady if she happens to be on her porch. She is a vision of loveliness which one cannot easily forget. Women talk about her, and men silently bear away a picture of her in their hearts. Her beauty, if one has only a moment's contemplation of it, strikes almost with a shock. It is Slavic—thick, dark, shining hair drawn smoothly back, a face clearly white as a nun's, unforgettable eyes, a slim, beautiful figure in a big chair—and something else. It is that other thing which photographs her so vividly and so permanently upon one's consciousness. Perhaps it is some time before one realizes that what has been seen is not beauty alone but happiness. The Crippled Lady, who cannot walk, who cannot stand alone, is happy, and she covets nothing which God has not already given her. Her voice tells you that.

The people of Peribonka love this charming foreigner, who has made her home among them. The women are not jealous of her. She makes the significance of purity and beauty nearer and more comprehensive for the men. The church prayed for her when she was very sick. She is, of all religions, just loving God, so that even the sternest of the monks in their grim white walls down near the lake speak and think of her tenderly. The children worship her, and the big, wide porch of her home has become a shrine for them. In Peribonka youth still continues to grow up into manhood and womanhood believing with great faith in the visible existence of spirits, both good and bad, and in the varied and frequent manifestations of a divine interest and watchfulness. So the children have come to believe that it was a miracle which sent the Crippled Lady through the doors of death, and then brought her safely back again, that she might remain with them always. Even the mothers and fathers believe this, just as surely as they believe it is a sin to steal from one's neighbor or speak falsehood against him. "Thus works the hand of God," the good Father has said. So the Church believes it, too.

They all know her story. And that story is an epic which will live for a long time in the country about Lac St. Jean. I doubt if it will die until the so-called progress of industrially active man thrusts up its grimy hand and inundates it, along with the quaintness and beauty and satisfying nearness to God of living up there.

It is this story I have set out to tell, with a bit of geography to begin with—who the Crippled Lady is and why she is there, how she bravely tried to give up her life for another woman's husband, and why she lives today so happily in Peribonka.

CHAPTER II

It is unusual that an Indian should be born in one of the wealthiest families in New York.

Yet it happened. A traveler to the city of Brantford, Ont., will find within a few miles of the town a little church built for the Indians by King George the Third, and close about it an old cemetery in which rests the dust of the last of the great Iroquois warriors and chiefs. In a tomb built of stone, which is green with age and moss, lies Thayendanegea, greatest of all the Mohawks, and more commonly known as Joseph Brant. Readers of the romance, as well as the fact of history may recall the day when Sir William Johnson, the king's right arm in the Colonies, first saw Thayendanegea's sister. He was attending a muster of his county militia when an officer came galloping by with a beautiful Indian girl of sixteen riding laughing in his arms. Sir William, whose wife had recently died, caught a vision of lovely dark eyes and of flowing black hair streaming in a cloud behind a form of rare symmetry and grace, and in that moment the hours of the lonely and susceptible widower was smitten so deeply that evening found Molly Brant in Johnson's castle, where she remained, thenceforth its mistress and the idol of its proprietor.

Molly's veins, except that Molly was always secretly proud of it. Kirke was not the kind of man to boast of ancestors, or even to think about them, for he had one consuming ambition from the beginning, and that was to pyramid his inherited millions into ever-increasing financial power. He became so completely absorbed in this task that after a few years Molly was left very largely to whatever dreams she may have had of the picturesque and romantic past, and to an absorbing love for her young son Paul. She told him many of the pretty stories and some of the tragic ones which deeds had written in the lives of their ancestors, and twice she went with him to the ancient burial place near Brantford and sat beside the tomb of Thayendanegea, and tried to make him see as clearly as herself the stirring days when Molly Brant came with tresses flying before Sir William Johnson.

From the hour Paul opened his eyes to the light of life he had in him the soul of an Indian. After a hundred and thirty-five years the blood of the lovely Molly Brant had come into its own. One would not have guessed it from the boy's physical appearance, for he was light rather than dark, with blue eyes and blond hair. But the modern Molly who lived in a palace, with a Croesus for a husband, saw what was happening as the years



Peribonka.

passed by. Her boy grew lean of face and figure. His cheek bones were a little high. His love for the outdoors became a passion. She made it possible for him to spend his vacations in the woods, and each time he returned she knew that something had been taken away from him and a little more of the other thing put in its place. The servants thought he was queer, and loved his quiet and stoical kindness, which was many years older than his age. Most boys would have lived up to the princely grandeur of his environment. To Paul it meant less than a tree with birds singing in its branches.

In his thirteenth year came three events of vital importance in the shaping of his future. First his mother died. No one would ever know the terrible, unhealing wound it cut in Paul's heart. It was James Kirke, the hardened and power-seeking juggernaut of flesh and blood who went to pieces when he discovered that death had been fearless enough to cross his path. His agony was like a storm, tragic for a time, and quickly over. He settled back into the fierce strifeness of his money getting by the time Paul began to grieve. But the shadow and the fact of death changed him a little. He saw himself alone, except for his son. And this son, after years of passing interest on his part, became the kernel of his plans and ambitions. He was now king. Some day his boy would be king. And it was his desire and his decision that he should be a greater king than himself. Pride fired his resolution.

But here the geographical genius of Fate again stepped in with humors of its own. In another Fifth avenue home a baby girl was born to the wife of Kirke's most implacable financial enemy, Henry Durand. A few months later, three thousand miles or more away, an immigrant ship left for America. On board this ship was a clear-eyed, hopeful woodcutter from the mountain country of central Europe. With him were his wife and baby. They were an unimportant three. The sea might have swallowed them and no one would have cared very much, for their adventure was only one of millions of a similar kind. The immigrant baby's fortune began and ended with the few little clothes she wore. The other baby was worth millions one second after she came into the world.

Paul continued to grow up, and with equal steadiness his father continued to amass fortune and influence. It was his passion to smash and break down, then devour and build up—until some one called him the Anaconda, a name which fitted him so well that the newspapers would have used it had they dared. Kirke was always within the legal boundaries of his country's laws. He absorbed shipping companies, railroads, coal mines and timberlands, and sent out his engineers to corner vast water-power rights. From an industrial point of view he was constructively an asset, for wherever he broke down or consumed small activities he built up larger ones. But morally and ethically his brain was

inspired by a covetous and avid desire to rule. He was intolerant of rivalry, and this brought him each year, in closer and more deadly contact with the equally far-reaching interests of Henry Durand. The Titanic struggle between these two Goliaths of financial and industrial activities is a part of Wall Street history. The more interesting story of Paul and the two babies is known only to a few, chiefly about Lac St. Jean.

That his father married again soon after Molly Kirke's death and had another son did not hurt Paul, except that it made him grieve more deeply for his mother and added to his loneliness. He got along only fairly well in college, because he could never completely shake his mind to notes that were confined within stone and brick walls. It took him an extra year to finish an engineering course, and after that he was never happy except when in the open spaces. In a business way he was interested only in his father's timberlands and such water-power projects as were situated in the wilderness. As a whole he was a disappointment to his present.

One restless night the greatest of all his ideas came to James Kirke. The next day he went boldly and in friendly spirit to the office of Henry Durand, and for hours the two talked over Kirke's suggestion that their interests be combined into one great force of countless millions. They parted friends. In a little while they were seen at the clubs together. Later the all-powerful Kirke-Durand corporation became a reality. The flinty old warriors worked hand in hand, their assets multiplied. Their palatial homes were scenes of mutual intercourse. Their wives were intimate. Their children became acquainted.

In his thirty-second year Paul married Claire Durand.

In his thirty-eighth year, the son of one of the richest men in New York he was officially in charge of the huge engineering work on the Missisquoi river in the wilderness north of Lac St. Jean and had been three years on the job.

During these three years he had known Carla Haldan.

He was thinking of Carla as he looked from a window of his bungalow office on the hill down over the vast and naked workings of an engineering achievement which was costing fifty million dollars. He felt no exultation or thrill of pride, and in his eyes was a far-back, somber gloom. What he saw was to him an unending and nauseous pit into which a steady and monotonous drizzle of rain was falling. There were fifteen hundred men on the job below him working in three, eight-hour shifts, and neither darkness nor storm could stop them. He could see them moving and crawling about like ants at their labor. In his mind they added nothing to the scene, unless it was to give grimness and reality to a hell that was smoking and boiling over. Everywhere a rumble and din, everywhere the fierce and heart-breaking labor of men, everywhere the ugliness and madness of a man-made place of torment.

Paul was thinking this even with Carla Haldan in his mind. He could see the gray-white slates and dykes with their cement and steel walls, and the monster sections of the almost completed dam, which was to harness northern waters to the production of light and power for twenty million people. Three years of human effort and millions in capital lay under his eyes. Yet about it all was only one excusable and beautiful thing for him. That was the rim of wilderness, the green and black and purple boulders of the forest which clung like a frame about the workings.

His contemplation of the scene in the valley was interrupted by a voice at his office door, and he turned to greet the most intimate of his friends in the field, Colin Derwent, who was the company's medical man. Even on rainy days, and with his boots clogged with mud, Derwent was a cheerful soul. With his Frenchy little mustache, his smooth cheeks, his liveliness of movement, and his appreciation of all phases of life, he continued to bear the appearance of a boy, though he had filled an important chair in medicine in Johns Hopkins.

He nodded to Paul, dropped off his rubber coat, and began to fill his pipe as he looked out over the workings. "I wish all the boys in the world could stand in this window and see what's going on down there," he said. "That idea gets into my head every time I come here. It would fill 'em with ambition, show 'em what can be done, give 'em something to live and work for. Rotten day, isn't it?"

"Rotten," agreed Paul. "But for a man who's done that—it ought to be sunshine all the time," added Derwent, lighting his pipe and putting it in with great contentment. "Splendid work, Paul. Something to be proud of all your life. Something—"

"I hate it," interrupted Paul. "I've hated it from the beginning. I've hated it for three years."

Derwent nodded. "I know it." Paul turned from the window with a fiercely eloquent gesture. At thirty-eight his lean, lithe figure was more like an Indian's than when he was a boy. There was something in the cut of his chin, his neck, his shoulders and the look in his eyes which seemed to set him widely apart from the scene he had moodily surveyed a moment before. Shadows were hidden behind them, restless and troubled shadows, which revealed themselves only now and then like ghosts whose ghastly could not always be kept behind walls of flesh. His eyes were a deeper blue than when his mother had known

him, and they held a chained something which was forever struggling against the powerful will of the man. Occasionally the prisoner was released, and when this happened there was a singular, far-seeing, almost poetic beauty in them, and the steel went out of his flesh, so that he seemed all at once to come under the passing warmth of an influence other than that which had become so deeply rooted in his life.

Derwent's analytical mind had arrived at the truth of the matter a long time ago. He nodded again and repeated: "I know you don't like it. But it's a great work, just the same."

Paul looked at him with a grim smile, and Derwent surrounded himself with a cloud of smoke.

"Do you think I am quite a fool, Colin? Do you really believe I could be on a job of this kind for three years without getting a pretty accurate measurement of myself? The flattery of my friends—everybody treating me as if I were an omnisciently powerful godhead of some kind? I tell you it's all a lie, and I hate it. I'm glad I didn't build that outrage down there. I'm glad there isn't a mark of my hand upon it. Good God! I would die by inches rather than destroy a beautiful place for a thing like that—desecrate a masterpiece for a few dollars' profit, prostitute a gift when God put there when the world was made, that a few worms like you and me may turn it to our selfish ends. If there is a Power that mounts the storm and walks upon the wind it ought to strike us dead for transforming a paradise into that!"

Weeks and months and years of gnawing torment had at last broken through the dam Paul had built up about his emotions, and he spoke words which yesterday he would have thought he would never have thought of in his breast.

"Fifty million dollars in and about that hole before it is finished, Derwent," he said. "My father's money. That is why I am here. A score of engineers are on this job, and every one of them is better fitted to fill my place than I. They have done the work, not I. Respectfully they submit suggestions when they know they should be commands. Yet they are slaves to my whims and desires as long as they remain on this work. I am the strutting figurehead of a financial monarchy. I hate that pit down there. I hate the millions going into it. I take no pride in what seems to thrill you all. If I filled my proper place I would be among the men digging and mending myself with clay earning my six dollars a day. But I'm here! Instead, I do not have to succeed simply because I cannot fail. My father's millions attend to that. The millions cannot lose. They are all-powerful next to the Lord Jehovah. They get you and hold you, and you cannot break away. My father has never got away from them for a day's play in his life. And they've got me. I hate them, but that doesn't help. No matter where I go they follow me. I must tie me hand and foot, grime at me, and mock me. Some times I have had a terrible thought I would like to see those millions shrivel up and die. I would like to feel the necessities of life with my naked hands. I would like to feel the joy of knowing that I had to work or go hungry. What a thrill that must give one!"

He turned toward Derwent again, trying to stem the tide of his emotion with a smile.

"Pardon me. It's a gloomy day and I feel like raving. But I did love that glorious river before we cut it into ribbons. If my father would head his millions the other way and save such things instead of destroying them, I'd be quite happy. As it is, I suppose I must carry on until the d-d thing's finished."

"You owe yourself an apology," Derwent remonstrated, pocketing his pipe. "The engineers and your father's money are making the job a success of course. But do you ever think of morale? That's a big thing, a mighty big thing. And it is what you have kept alive in the camps up and down the river for the last three years. You're too serious, you don't laugh enough, you don't join much in our parties and excitements, but people like you. That is what pulls the trick. Even the old heads, the engineers who worked in Egypt and Panama, love to be with you. There isn't a jealous man in the workings. To have made that condition possible is an achievement which makes you the most valuable human asset in the organization."

"It is good of you to say that," acknowledged Paul. "Funny why I should feel so strangely out of humor today. I think Carla's mother is getting on my nerves. Have you seen her recently?"

"This morning."

"And you still insist there is no hope?"

"Positively. I had Doctor Thiedmer come up from Quebec, as you requested. He gives her even less time than L. Doctor Rollins agrees with him. It can't be more than three or four months, I think. Mrs. Haldan knows she is going to die and talks to us very calmly about it. She isn't afraid. The thought of it doesn't seem to cast a shadow over her motherly sweetness. She is keeping herself that way for Carla's sake. If it were not for Carla the thing wouldn't be such a tragedy."

"I know. It's Carla," said Paul. "Sudden sickness and death, like my own mother's isn't so terrible. But seeing it coming, waiting for it, counting the days and weeks—must be horrible. Carla is losing everything

she has when her mother goes. I'm wondering what she will do."

"Go on working among the children. She told my wife that yesterday. When the company's school closes here she will find another. I cannot understand her—quite. She is lovelier than Hebe, and so lovable that half the men I know worship her. Yet she favors one no more than another. She is twenty-five, Lucy-Belle says. They like each other and have had their confidences. Lucy-Belle says there is a love affair in Carla's life a broken one, which makes it impossible for Carla to love any other man or marry. Carla told her that."

Paul looked out of the window again, with his back to Derwent.

"What a rotter I am to blow up as I did a few minutes ago," he exclaimed. "But I was thinking of Carla and the oblativity of life. Mine has been one way, Carla's another. I was born rich; she came over an immigrant baby. I did nothing but grow up; she fought with the perthacity of her race for an education after her father died, got it, and has been fighting for her own and her mother's existence ever since. I'm a man. She's a woman. I stand here and sympathize with myself and curse my luck for being what I am while she bears up like a soldier under her burdens. I saw her this morning. It was wet, soggy, gloomy, but she smiled. The sadness of all the world is back of that smile, but it doesn't spoil its sweetness or its cheer. She makes me feel how small I am and how inconsequential all this work is down in the pit. I would give all this down here—if it were mine to give—could I save her mother for her!"

Derwent put on his raincoat. "We all feel that way about it. And—we're helpless. Lucy-Belle wants you to come over to supper. Will you?"

"Thanks. Tell Lucy-Belle she is an angel to think of me so often. I'll come."

CHAPTER III

Paul sat at his desk after Derwent had gone. From his chair he could look through another window to a clean and unbroken sweep of country where the forest had stood, and where now were rows of cottages built for the men whose wives and families had come with them to the workings. He could see Lucy-Belle Derwent's home, and not far from it the cottage in which Carla Haldan and her mother lived. He had often felt an emptiness of heart and a great longing when his eyes rested upon these half hundred homes of the women whose love and loyalty had urged them to follow their husbands' fortunes. His wife was not among them. Only twice in three years had she come up to what she had called "these horrible woods," and then she had departed after a day or two. Her picture was on his desk. He knew she was beautiful, in a vivid, golden way. But her beauty had never touched him deeply. It had been for him like a beauty of a flower made by a master craftsman from paper or glass, without the rare, sweet perfume which should have been a part of it, and for which he had yearned all his life. He had thought of her as a lovely bird in a gilded cage—and the cage was the palace which he called his home. It was a



She Was in Europe Now. Last Year It Was Egypt. Next Year It Would Be Some Other Far-Away Place.

senseless thought, for the cage did not hold her often. She was in Europe now. Last year it was Egypt. Next year it would be some other far-away place.

He had been true to the woman on his desk, just as he knew she was true to him, and whatever he had wanted in woman he tried to build up about her. He wanted to love her. He did love the ideal which he created of her, a kind of dream woman, whom he endowed with a great love for himself and placed in one of the cottages which he could see from his office window.

He did not realize that during recent months he had clothed this ideal a little at a time in what he found in Carla Haldan.

Yesterday he had received a letter from Paris. It was friendly and full of interest, quite a long letter, but without a line in it to say she wanted him or was looking forward to the time when she would see him again. She must have written it in her dressing room, with her hair down, for one of the long, fine-spun golden filaments had got into the letter somehow, and

(Continued on Last Page)

MICHIGAN BELL EXPANSION PLAN SHOWS INCREASE

1930 EXPENDITURES LARGEST IN HISTORY OF COMPANY, SAYS PRESIDENT FORAKER

WILL EXCEED \$62,000,000

PLANT EXPANSION ALONE WILL TOTAL \$32,000,000, ADDING MATERIALLY TO INDUSTRY OF THE STATE

President Burch Foraker of the Michigan Bell Telephone company announces that the plant extension plans of the company for 1930, contemplate the expenditure of \$62,000,000, exceeding the 1929 program approximately \$8,000,000.

That expenditure will be for new plant construction only, Mr. Foraker says, and will be in addition to approximately \$30,000,000 the company will expend for maintenance and operation of the service. Total expenditures of the company for the year will be approximately \$62,000,000, or about \$8,000,000 in excess of the 1929 figures. The program is one of the largest yet definitely made known for 1930 by any Michigan company. The Michigan Bell's 1929 expansion program was the largest in its history.

Use of Service Grows

Telephone officials, after careful study, believe business and industrial activities throughout the state will require greater use of telephone service than ever before, and the 1930 program has been planned with the purpose of enabling the company to provide increased service in advance of actual need.

The telephone plant extension work for 1930 will mean the employment of large construction and plant crews throughout the territory, and the purchase of enormous quantities of poles, crossarms, wire and other equipment and supplies that will mean the payment of many millions of dollars to labor outside the telephone industry.

In 1929, the Michigan Bell company added facilities and service improvements at a cost of approximately \$26,355,000. Telephones added approximated 50,000, to gain which it was necessary to install 211,000, the difference being accounted for by changes, removals, moves, etc.

Every Section to Benefit

Investment of plant in service at the end of 1930 is expected to have increased to \$242.28 per telephone, compared with \$230.46 per telephone at the close of 1929, while operating expenses the coming 12 months are expected to be \$53.25 per telephone, compared with \$51.93 per telephone the past year.

The company's new investment in land and buildings during 1930 is expected to total \$4,300,000; additional central office equipment, \$9,000,000; additional telephone equipment, \$6,650,000; exchange pole lines, wire, cable and conduit, \$8,500,000; long distance pole lines, wire, cable and conduit, \$3,200,000; general equipment, \$1,047,000; interest during construction, and undistributed construction expenses, \$275,000.

The Michigan Bell company has upwards of a dozen building projects under way, with several others planned. Those to be completed in 1930 include new structures at Benton Harbor, Saginaw, Port Huron, Dearborn, Holland, Macatawa Park, Grand Rapids, Drayton Plains, and Detroit. Many new long distance cable projects are in hand and others will be started during 1930, and central office and other local exchange equipment will be added at many points. Every section of Michigan will be affected.

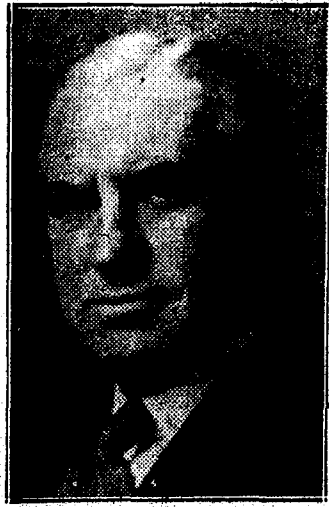
Add to Outside Plant

Considerable outside plant construction is planned during 1930 at Ada, Battle Creek, Benton Harbor, Big Rapids, Grand Rapids, Greenville, Holland, Leslie, Wayne, Bay City, Clio, Commerce Village, Drayton Plains, Port Huron, Saginaw, Escanaba, Kalamazoo, Jackson, Lansing, Flint, Pontiac, Houghton, Dearborn, Iron Mountain, Menominee and Detroit.

The Jackson-Lansing long distance cable is to be completed in 1930 and a cable will be built from Benton Harbor to South Haven, Grand Rapids to Grand Haven, and Grand Haven to Muskegon, in addition to projects now under way and those that will be started next year. An all cable telephone route from Grand Rapids north to the upper peninsula is scheduled for 1935, the Grand Rapids-Big Rapids section to be erected in 1931, with an extension to Cadillac in 1932.

Among others, long distance circuits also will be added in 1930 between Bay City and Petoskey, Jackson and Hillsdale, Adrian and Ann Arbor, Adrian and Monroe, Lansing and Flint, Port Huron and Bad Axe, Saginaw and Bad Axe, Saginaw and Reed City, St. Ignace and Marquette, Marquette and Ironwood and Menominee and Escanaba, Benton Harbor and Coloma, Grand Rapids and Rockford, Grand Rapids and Howard City, and Grand Rapids and Reed City.

Burch Foraker



President of Michigan Bell Telephone company announces increased expenditures, totalling \$62,000,000, for 1930. New construction, alone, is expected to total \$32,000,000, he says. All parts of Michigan will benefit.

BRINGING UP PARENTS

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

The book stores and the magazines are full these days of advice and directions for the proper training and discipline of children. The wise ones, who probably have never had a child of their own, tell you just what to do from birth, or long before that time in fact, to feed, train, influence and educate the child so that he will be healthy, self-reliant, independent, useful, dependable, and in short make the very most of the possibilities which are within him, or if heredity counts for nothing, conquer his environment. It is all very wonderful, and if these child experts know half as much as they admit, the next generation ought to make the present one look like the feeble-minded inmates of a state asylum.

Very little has so far been written for childhood about how properly to bring up parents, and here is a field which could with good effect be cultivated. Children stumble along in a hit and miss way with their parents without scientific directions and yet in many cases do a remarkably good job without the training which those who have studied the matter properly should make available for them.

The Sydners were getting pretty chummy with Powers and his wife, and the Powers family were not as refined as they should have been. They had money, but their laughter was loud and their speech was unrefined and ungrammatical and their ideals of life were not high. Little Sarah, aged eleven, the youngest of the Snyder children, looked on at her parents' growing intimacy with the Sydners and for a time said nothing. But finally she took things in hand.

"I wish you wouldn't ask those people here any more," she said to her mother one morning. "I don't like them; they aren't nice, and I think their influence over you and father isn't good." She was firm as a child often has to be with a headstrong parent, and the Sydners were invited no more.

The Stewart family are quite in sympathy with the principles of the Volstead act excepting as it applies to themselves. Prohibition is a mighty good thing for working people, they are convinced, and results in their being regular in their work, and in their saving of money. But for themselves it is perhaps not so important. They like their beer and they are not averse to an occasional cocktail. John, their ten-year-old son, has noticed the situation and has pondered over it. Father and mother went out for the evening on a visit. The day had been sultry and thirst possessed both of them. There were a few bottles of beer cooling on the ice chest, and through a humid evening they had looked forward to a cool glass on their return. But there was no beer on their return and John was interrogated. Was it possible that he was thus early in life taking to drink?

"I poured it into the sink," he explained. "It is against the law to drink, and I don't think you and father ought to do it."

He was learning how best to bring up his parents.

Isn't that man wonderful? Why, he can actually make one feel hot or cold, happy or sad, at his slightest will.

"That's nothing at all. Our janitor can do that!"

Laces Free

Customer: How much are those \$10 shoes?
Assistant: "Five dollars a foot, ma'am!"

Control of Oat Smut With Dust

Disease Will Respond in Same Manner as With Copper Carbonate.

Indications are that the smut disease of oats will also respond to dust treatments in the same manner that treatment with copper carbonate dust is now satisfactorily controlling smut in wheat.

Two Control Dusts. "There are two dusts which give promise of controlling oat smut when applied to the seed before planting," says G. W. Fant, plant pathologist at the North Carolina state college. "One of these is a compound containing mercury in organic combination and the other is a fine clay which has been impregnated with formaldehyde. As well known, we have used a formaldehyde solution to control oat smut heretofore. This is not so simple a treatment as it might appear because under some conditions the germination of the seed oats is reduced and the grains may swell because of absorbing moisture from the disinfectant."

Mr. Fant says there was much oat smut this past spring. Fields in which about one-half of the heads were affected were found frequently and in some instances fully 80 per cent of the heads in a field were found to be infected. This is a serious loss. During the spring months the smut spores pass from these infected heads to the healthy grain and remain there during storage and through planting time. When the grain is planted, the smut spores grow and infect the seedling grain which eventually produces diseased grain. By treating the seed oats before planting, the smut spores are destroyed and healthy plants produced.

Receiving Attention. These new dust treatments for oats are receiving careful attention in all parts of the United States. Mr. Fant says that several successful farmers have used them during the past two seasons with encouraging results. He thinks that the same barrel used to treat seed wheat with copper carbonate dust may be used in treating oat seed with the new dusts.

Tennessee Says Farmers Can Go Broke Farming

The division of extension of the University of Tennessee has recently released ten points telling how farmers can go broke farming. Farmers will be interested in these points in order that they may avoid the consequences. Here they are:

1. Grow only one crop.
2. Keep no live stock.
3. Regard chickens and a garden as nuisances.
4. Take everything from the soil and return nothing.
5. Don't stop gullies or grow cover crops—let top soil wash away, then you will have "bottom land."
6. Don't plan your farm operations—It's hard work thinking—trust to luck.
7. Regard your woodland as you would a coal mine, cut every tree, sell the timber and wear the cleared land out cultivating it in corn.
8. Hold fast to the idea that the methods of farming employed by your grandfather are good enough.
9. Be independent—don't join your neighbors in any form of co-operation.
10. Mortgage your farm for every dollar it will stand to buy things you would have the cash to buy if you followed a good system of farming.

Fresh Air Movement of Benefit to Seed Corn

Seed corn should be kept where there is good air movement so that the products thrown off by respiration may be readily moved away from the corn, or there may be a loss of viability. After the corn has become thoroughly dried out, respiration becomes lowered and ventilation is not so important, nor will materials put on the corn prove so injurious, but even then it is best to apply nothing to the corn.

Perhaps you can arrange to hang the corn on wires so the mice cannot reach it.

Inspect Equipment to Order Needed Repairs

It is a good idea for farmers to look over their machinery in ample time to place orders for repairs. The farm equipment industries prepare, during the winter, for furnishing repair parts and they can serve agriculture to good advantage, if the repair part orders are sent in early. One cannot wait until the day he begins to use a machine and expect the implement industry always to be in position to supply him with repair parts. Very often expensive delays are brought about due to late orders for repairs.

Inefficient Methods

The feeling has grown more prevalent in recent years that inefficient methods and practices in farming are as wasteful and unprofitable as undesirable live stock or crops. A worn, out-of-date machine or piece of equipment is just as much a cull as a border cow. The poor cow can be replaced with a higher producer and the worn out, inefficient machine can be replaced by equipment which does the work quicker, cheaper and better.

FARM STOCK

GOOD SIRES WILL RETURN PROFITS

Bull Will Influence More Calves Than Five Cows.

(By J. J. MOXLEY, Extension Live Stock Specialist, Kansas Agricultural College.) In the opinion of Kansas cattlemen, a good sire is worth 20 per cent of the value of the cow herd. These same live stock raisers figure the sire will influence more calves than five cows during his lifetime.

The bull represents the corner stone for a foundation of successful cattle production. Closely connected with him is the right kind of cows. They should represent the good, big beef type.

In the Minnesota car lot baby beef contest, where the weight of a car load of calves at 18 months was the method of determining the winning lot, calves out of the biggest, bestest cows and sired by medium to big bulls were the ones which ranked at the top.

Giving consideration to a demonstration in Clay county the past year, a group of cows which would class as "good cows" were compared with those which were classed as medium in the weight and value of the calves. The good grade cows had calves weighing 80 pounds more than those out of the medium grade cows. Their calves were worth \$1 per hundred more—making a difference for the year of \$15.91 more in favor of the calves out of the good grade cows.

From every angle in the cattle production business, a good sire is a necessity and a good cow herd is a great help in the production of beef that will return a profit.

Proper Care of Horse's Feet Often Neglected

An important but oftentimes neglected job is to trim the feet of farm horses. In dry weather the feet become tough and hard and it is difficult to do anything with them. However, following a rain, or a spell of damp weather, they will cut easily, and it is no great effort to get them into shape for the season's work. Most farmers own a rasp which can be used to file down the rough, unsightly edges of the hoofs which have grown during the winter. Few farm horses are expected to work on cement or concrete roadways and they do not have shoes. A little judicious trimming at this time will give the horse better grip on the ground and more confidence to go at heavy pulls. The coils, also, should not be forgotten for the care which you give the feet of a colt may govern to a large extent the conformation of his legs at maturity.

Find Lambs on Pasture Are Most Profitable

Lambs produced on pasture are more profitable, is the conclusion of Purdue university agricultural experiment station after two years' work. When ewe and lambs were both fed on grain and hay the profit per lamb amounted to \$4.11, and when both were pastured on timothy, oats and alfalfa pastures, the profit per lamb amounted to \$9.81. "The market finish of the two sets of lambs was the same," said Claude Harper, sheep specialist.

"Does it pay to feed lambs on pasture?" is a question often asked by Hoosier farmers. Purdue found that lambs developed on pasture returned a profit of \$9.81 and lambs fed grain on pasture returned a profit of \$9.97 per lamb above feed costs.

Red Clover Excellent Pasture for the Hogs

Red clover makes an excellent pasture for hogs and ranks close to alfalfa as a forage. From the standpoint of the average farmer or hog feeder, it will probably be the most used forage crop particularly because it fits better into almost any system of crop rotation than does alfalfa. However, it will not usually support quite so many head per acre, nor will the forage season be quite so long, but if not pastured too closely and not allowed to go to seed, it will generally produce an abundance of good forage all summer. An acre of clover should furnish ample pasture for from 8 to 16 hogs if properly handled. Clover is high in protein and will replace a large part of the tankage or similar feeds, necessary to get maximum growth.

Cure for Worms

Tetrachlorethylene, in single doses, has been found to be approximately 100 per cent effective against the sheep stomach worm, and is also very effective against the hook-worm and some of the other round-worms found in the small intestine of the sheep. The drug is given in capsules, in doses of five cubic centimeters. The animal should not be fed for 12 hours before treatment. If possible, the drug should be administered by a veterinarian.

How It Started

By JEAN NEWTON

"LIKE SAM HILL"

THE phrase "like Sam Hill," as "He ran like Sam Hill," or "He works like Sam Hill"—always with the connotation of hectic or excessive activity—is commonly used in everyday speech and many people have wondered about its origin and whether there was in fact such a person as "Sam Hill."

There was a descendant—yes, there was. And we have tracked him to his lair! Not only that, but a descendant has been found, living in Westchester county, New York, who has but to turn to the family album to supplement our biography of him!

Col. Sam Hill (for that is what he was) was born in Guilford, Conn., February 21, 1878, and died in May, 1922. He was elected to the general assembly, and re-elected term after term. He was for a time justice of New Haven, County court. In 1917 he was town clerk and clerk of the proprietors of the common and undivided lands. From 1920 to 1925 he was clerk of the Probate court and later judge of probate, which he remained until his death.

In fact, so often and so continuously was Sam Hill elected to public office, we learn, that the moderator at town meetings might have been said to have the habit of remarking: "We are again assembled to nominate Col. Sam Hill!" And in and about the town of Guilford to this day, people say with reference to an unusually successful and surviving candidate for public office, "he runs like Sam Hill." Throughout the country the phrase gained popularity and an expression for unusual activity, which is the sense in which we use it today.

Great Shakespearean Drama

"King Richard III" was written in 1594 and first printed in 1597. The title page of the first edition reads as follows: "The Tragedy of King Richard the Third, Containing his treacherous plots against his brother Clarence; the pitefull murder of his innocent nephews; his tyrannical usurpation; with the whole course of his detested life, and most deserved death." "King Richard the Third" has kept perpetual possession of the stage ever since it was written, and the character has been a favorite one of nearly every English speaking tragedian of eminence, from Burbage down.

From an advt.—Your Baby can be enlarged, Tinted, and Framed. Even Edison couldn't do that.

"If a man bites a hot dog, that's not news, but if a hot dog bites a man, that's news!"

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.

PROBATE ORDER

STATE OF MICHIGAN, The Probate Court for the County of Charlevoix.
At a session of said Court, held at the Probate Office in the City of Charlevoix, in said County, on the 20th day of December A. D. 1929.
Present: Hon. Edward E. Gilbert, Judge of Probate, acting in Charlevoix County.

In the Matter of the Estate of Lewis Bashaw, Deceased.
Elnora Bashaw, wife of deceased having filed in said court her petition praying that the administration of said estate be granted to Walter G. Cornell or to some other suitable person,
It is Ordered, That the 17th day of January A. D. 1929, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, at said probate office, be and is hereby appointed for hearing said petition.

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

EDWARD E. GILBERT,
Emmet County Judge of Probate,
Acting in Charlevoix County.

WHEN KIDNEYS BOTHER YOU, REMEMBER THIS

That Foley Pills diuretic are a reliable valuable medicine that have been helping kidney and bladder disorders for the past 25 years. Are absolutely dependable. Mrs. Black, Petersburg, Va., says: "Before I took Foley Pills diuretic I could not sleep, stoop over nor rise up without great pain. Now, since taking them, I rest well at night and of pains I have none." Too often people sacrifice health by neglecting early danger signals of kidney disorders. Ask for Foley Pills diuretic. Men and women everywhere use and recommend them. For sale by Hite's Drug Store.

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

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

DR. E. J. BRENNER
Physician and Surgeon
Office Hours:
10:00-12:00; 2:00-4:00; 7:00-8:00
and by appointment.
Office Phone—128
Residence Phone—59
Office—Dr. Dicken's Office east of State Bank.

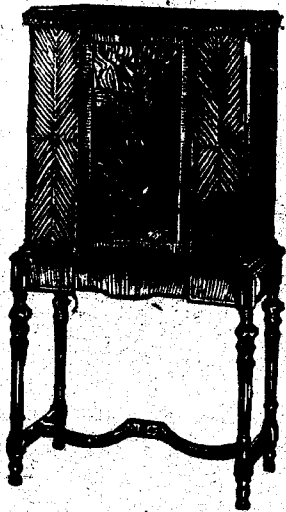
DR. G. W. BECHTOLD
Dentist
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Office Hours:—8 to 12—1 to 5
Evenings by Appointment
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Phone—87-F2.

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8:00 to 12:00—1:00 to 5:00
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Phone—223-F3

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

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AND SEE ME.

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

Briefs of the Week

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Strehl spent the week end in Flint.

Mrs. L. G. Balch is visiting relatives in Jamestown, N. Y.

George Ruhling left Tuesday to visit relatives at Jackson.

Mrs. Mattie Palmiter and daughter were Kewadin visitors this week.

Mr. and Mrs. Kit Carson are spending a couple of weeks in Florida.

Born to Mr. and Mrs. Samuel T. Lewis, a daughter, Marjorie, Dec. 25.

Roderick Muma was home from Kalamazoo the past week for a visit.

W. H. Fuller was here from Traverse City first of the week on business.

Dr. E. J. Brenner was visiting friends at Crosswell a few days this week.

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

Mrs. A. J. Hite was called to Northport the past week by the death of her brother, William Gagnon.

Howard Cook and Ted Malpass who were home for the holidays, returned to Detroit, Wednesday.

Miss Eva McBride of Jackson and Miss Aura McBride of Kalamazoo were home for a visit during the holidays.

Miss Margaret Sherman was home from Alma over Christmas to visit her parents, Mr. and Mrs. LeRoy Sherman.

Born to Mr. and Mrs. Albert Trojanek of North Main St., this city, a daughter—Jean Veronica—Tuesday, Dec. 31st.

Dr. and Mrs. E. J. Beuker returned home Tuesday from a week's visit with their daughter, Margaret, at Grand Rapids.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Mayville and daughter, Marjorie, and Mrs. George Pringle returned home Monday from a week's visit at Flint.

Michigan hunters spend \$15.00 for hunting equipment, supplies, etc., for every \$1.00 they spend for a license to maintain and protect game.

Miss Lena Baldwin has returned to Birmingham, Mich., after spending the holidays at the home of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Mark Carney.

Opening Number of Entertainment Course next Monday night at High School Auditorium. See announcement elsewhere in this issue. adv.

The farm home and contents of Mr. and Mrs. Neilson of South Arm Township, near the Miles schoolhouse, was destroyed by fire New Years day.

You can start the New Year right at the A. & P. store Jan. 6th to 11th inclusive. Cane Sugar 100 lbs. for \$5.49; 8 O'clock Coffee 25c per lb.; Gold Medal and Pillsbury Flour 24 1/2 lb. sack 99c; Scratch Feed per 100 lbs. \$2.19; Bokar Coffee per lb. 35c. adv.

Opening Number of Entertainment Course next Monday night at High School Auditorium. See announcement elsewhere in this issue. adv.

Llewellyn Sheffer, who confessed to Chief of Police Harter some days ago that he robbed a Wequetonsing cottage, was sentenced to a term of from 1 to 15 years in the State branch prison at Ionia, when Judge Sprague took over the case Saturday. Bernard Swenor, companion of Sheffer, was sentenced to 90 days in the county jail and placed on probation for the next two years.—Petoskey News.

Etta, nine-year-old daughter of J. W. Drenth, of Ellsworth, died Tuesday, following an operation at the Charlevoix hospital for appendicitis, which she underwent early Tuesday morning. Funeral services were held Friday morning. She is survived by the father, four sisters and five brothers. The mother died in 1928. Another girl, Tena, was stricken with the same disease and was taken to the hospital Wednesday night.

In honor of old time Michigan lumbermen, plans are almost completed for the erection of a bronze monument in Huron national forest. William B. Mershon Sr., leader of the movement has received \$40,000 of the \$50,000 to be pledged. The monument will be erected on a high bluff overlooking Five Channel dam in the Au Sable river. It's location in the Huron national forest is believed to insure permanency, since the federal government does not abandon a project of that kind.

The State of Michigan is now receiving a revenue of over \$300 a day from oil royalties from mineral rights leased from the State, according to the Geological Survey Division of the Department of Conservation. There are now six paying wells in the Mt. Pleasant district in which the oil rights have been leased from the State and from which the State is receiving royalties. Oil royalties go into the general funds but part of it is to be used to defray expenses of State supervision of the oil operations.

Miss Aina Griffin is home from Flint for a visit.

Gilbert LaClair was a Charlevoix business visitor, Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. W. S. Carr were Charlevoix visitors Saturday evening.

Ole Hegerberg and a party of friends were Charlevoix visitors Sunday.

W. A. Stroebel was at Saginaw latter part of last week for a visit with his son, Paul.

Mrs. Louise Bergman returned first of the week from a visit with her son, Fred and family at Charlevoix.

A number of East Jordan K. P.'s motored to Central Lake Monday night where they were guests of the Central Lake Lodge.

Some fine catches of fish are being reported from Intermediate Lake. Last Thursday, Robert Evans Jr., speared a 12-lb. pike.

Miss Ellen Squier returned to Dallas, Texas, Thursday, after spending the holidays with Miss Cathola Lorraine and other friends.

Opening Number of Entertainment Course next Monday night at High School Auditorium. See announcement elsewhere in this issue. adv.

Miss May Stewart of the faculty of the State College at Oskosh, Wis., was here for a visit with her mother, Mrs. Josephine Stewart the past week.

Chris Somerville, who lives near Central Lake, died suddenly Sunday, Dec. 22nd from heart disease. He is a brother of Neil Somerville of this city.

Miss Aurora Stewart returned to her duties as teacher in the Detroit schools this week, after a visit here with her mother, Mrs. Josephine Stewart.

The next P. T. A. meeting will be held at the high school building next Thursday afternoon, Jan. 9th, at 2:30 o'clock. An interesting program has been arranged.

Miss Dorothy Cook, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Cook left first of the week for Grand Rapids, where she will take a course at the Davenport-McLachlan Institute.

Grand Rapids—An alert engineer saved the life of Ernest Tinney, Pennsylvania Railroad man, here. Tinney jumped from the path of a Peré Marquette engine that was moving slowly through the yard but was struck by the side of the engine and thrown beneath the cab. Engineer Ira W. Enos stopped so quickly that Tinney was untouched by the wheels of the tender although they were but a few inches from his body.

Owosso—Curiosity of two children of Mr. and Mrs. Linus Leffingwell, of Owosso, as to what Santa Claus was going to bring them, resulted in a fire that damaged the interior of their home, and destroyed much of the family's clothing and most of the Christmas gifts. In the absence of their parents, the children searched a closet where the gifts were hidden. They lit a match, and almost instantly the closet was ablaze. The children escaped injury.

Lansing—Within the past month the parks division of the Department of Conservation has added 9,468 acres of land to those previously made available for state park purposes. Scattered throughout Michigan are 6,832 acres of state-owned land, desired by the parks division for use in the future. The land is located in Alger, Alpena, Alcona, Arzac, Benzie, Grand Traverse, Houghton, Huron, Keweenaw, Marquette, Presque Isle and Schoolcraft counties.

Monroe—Fumes from his automobile, the motor of which he had started as he prepared to leave his home two miles north of Monroe, on the Custer road, took the life of George Armstrong Custer, nephew of Gen. George Armstrong Custer, gallant soldier killed by Indians in Montana. Mr. Custer, born in Ohio, located here 55 years ago, at the age of 10. He spent his life on a farm. He was a son of Nevin J. Custer, who fought beside his brother.

Cadillac—An unusual relationship resulted from the marriage here of Theodore Renner and Hazel Selden, step-brother and sister. They were married at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Will Goodman. Now Mrs. Goodman is step-mother and mother-in-law to Theodore and mother and step-mother-in-law to Hazel. Goodman is the step-father and step-father-in-law of Theodore. Theodore is step-brother and step-brother-in-law to the other children of the home while Hazel is sister and step-sister-in-law. Hazel and Theodore are step-brother and sister, though neither bore the name Goodman.

Jackson—An order for County Treasurer J. B. Dicker and County Clerk L. A. Vincent to show cause Jan. 13 why a mandamus writ should not be issued to compel them to pay to Jackson County \$11,509 in back fees was signed by Judge John Simpson. The county seeks to collect \$7,260 from Dicker and \$4,249 from Vincent. Both the treasurer and clerk contend they were entitled to retain certain fees. The supervisors charge the fees were retained illegally as the salaries paid the two officials were in lieu of fees.

Two Ways to Start the New Year

There are two ways to start the New Year. One is to keep on in the old rut and pay no attention to it. The other is to turn over a new leaf, wipe the old page clean, and make up your mind you are going to GET AHEAD as rapidly as possible.

If you choose the second plan you will find that an account in this bank will help you greatly.

Why not open such an account today?



"THE BANK ON THE CORNER"

TEMPLE THEATRE
— PRESENTS —

SATURDAY and SUNDAY, Jan. 4-5—Raymon Navarro in "The Pagan," with Renee Adoree and Janet Jarvis. Comedy and Fox News, Special. 10c—35c

TUESDAY, Jan. 7—Family Night, 2 for 1. Conrad Veidt and Mary Philbin in "The Last Performance." Comedy. 9th chapter—"The Ace of Scotland Yards." 10c—25c

THURSDAY, Jan. 9—Karl Dane and Geo. K. Arthur in "Brotherly Love."

To Old Friends Tried and True and to Many New Ones Too

We embrace the opportunity which the season offers to give expression of feelings of appreciation we have for the old friends, tried and true and to the new ones it has been our pleasure to make in the year past. We thank each of you for favors of the past and assure you that as we look to the New Year we do so with the expectation of taking advantage of taking advantage of every opportunity to serve and please you.

We enter the New Year with renewed vigor and aggressiveness, more determined than ever to merit your patronage. We expect to work with you in the spirit of co-operation, not only to the end that our business dealings may be pleasant but that our city and community may be made greater, more prosperous and attractive.

May the most wholesome enjoyment the season affords be with you now and on and on and on.

EAST JORDAN LUMBER COMPANY STORE



Latter Day Saints Church

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

She's a Real Tar



Miss Barbara Leighton, member of the younger society set of New Haven, Conn., who proved to be a valuable member of the crew of the schooner Wanderbird when it made its 5,000-mile cruise from Vigo, Spain, to Miami Beach. Miss Leighton stood watch the same as the male members of the crew.

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.

Presbyterian Church

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

10:00 a. m.—Morning Warship and Communion Service.
11:15 a. m.—Sunday School.
6:00 p. m.—Evening Service.
Thursday evening, January 6 is the date of the annual meeting of the Church for the purpose of the election of officers and the receiving of reports from the organizations of the Church.

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
A very cordial invitation is extended to all to begin the new year aright by attending church, not only next Sunday, but every Sunday of the year.

The Fellowship Club, will have their next regular meeting Tuesday night, Jan. 7th.

The Ladies Aid Society will meet Wednesday afternoon, Jan. 8th at the Parsonage, Mrs. Blossie and Mrs. Leitch hostesses.

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!

One of the greatest needs of today is Equality without the E.
"His face was lined with anxiety. He was worried."—Weekly Paper. (This is a misprint for either married or worried—the same thing, anyhow.)

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.

50-4

The Crippled Lady of Peribonka

By James Oliver Curwood

WNU Service
(© 1929, Doubleday
Doran & Co., Inc.)

(Continued From Fourth Page)

at first he wanted to believe she had put it there. Then he recalled that previous to this letter it had been five weeks since she had communicated with him. So there was no sentiment about it. Just accident. With Carla it was different. Flowers which she cut from her garden were always on his desk. A vase of gorgeous autumn nasturtiums was there now. Usually Carla sent them over by one of her school children, but occasionally she brought them herself. She made no display of the act, nor was there a motive in it, except the one inspired by kindness. Paul knew she would have done the same thing if his wife had been there. The two had met. Carla had seemed to hear in her heart a warm and tender feeling for the woman to whose husband she brought flowers. A curious fact had come out between them. They were the same age—twenty-five—both born on the same day. Funny, Paul had thought, how much two women could learn from each other in a short time.

Paul was looking at the Haldan cottage as he sat thinking, and saw Carla come out into the rain and turn down the cinder path toward his office. In a little while he knew she was on her way to visit him. He stood up to watch the slim figure in its close-fitting silken raincoat and hood. He knew how she would come in through his door, hiding her grief as much as she could from the world, that its gloom might not oppress or embarrass others. To have a mother at home dying, and then to smile, was—Carla.

He met her at the door, and Carla had wet, fresh nasturtiums in her hand. A glow of greeting was in her eyes and the smile was on her lips, as he knew they would be. He helped her off with her coat and hood.

She objected a little to taking off her raincoat.

"I want to talk with you for only a few moments, if the inconvenience isn't too great," she said.

"And I want to talk with you—for a long time," he replied. "I am not working, not even dictating, and I have let my secretary go. I have felt peculiarly the desire to do nothing this afternoon. The day has been empty and blue, and it brightened only when I saw you coming down the path. I have been thinking about you—quite a bit."

He had never said as much as this, with the steady shutters let down from his eyes so that the other man within him was looking through. A flush so faint that Paul did not notice it gathered in Carla's cheeks.

"Thinking of me?" she inquired. "That is kind of you. I like to be thought about—pleasantly. And you could not think otherwise of me when I bring you flowers."

He was glad she had spoken about her flowers.

"They have been an encouragement and an inspiration, to me for a long time," he said. "No matter how annoying my work or how gloomy the day, they are always like a cheering friend smiling at me from my desk."

The warmth in her cheeks deepened into a delicate rose flush of color.

"I am glad my flowers have seemed friendly to you. They are always that to me. I love them just as I love trees. If it were not that their crowning mission is to bring us comfort and solace, I should hate to pick them. Sometimes it seems to me like killing beautiful things with souls in them. I feel the same way when I see a tree cut down."

Her gaze rested upon the picture of his wife.

"I often think of Mrs. Kirke when I pick my nasturtiums," she added. "She is of their beauty, colorful, vivid, full of gold and life—is she well?"

"I believe so. She is in Paris. I received a letter from her yesterday in which she speaks of you. She says she has not forgotten her threat to come up and paint you some day. That will be exciting, her third visit in three years."

She caught the inflection of irony in his voice, though he was not trying to reveal it. The knowledge of his loneliness sometimes oppressed her. It was one reason why she picked flowers for him. And she was always saying something nice for the woman whose picture was on his desk and whose life was so apart from his, so infinitely separated from everything in which he might have found happiness.

"I have tried to grow hyacinths about my cottage," she said. "But they won't live. They die. I love them and have given them every care, and I make myself believe they would like to grow for me if they could. I told Mrs. Kirke of my experience when she was here a year ago, and

you should have seen her eyes light up. 'I am like that,' she said. 'I would die if I had to live up here. Paul doesn't understand. You won't. Yet—I would die—and I believe that, too. It isn't her fault any more than it is the hyacinth's. They are very much alike. A wonderful flower—and a wonderful woman. I think your wife is the more wonderful of the two—giving you up as she is doing, all because of your work.'

Behind her courage was a smoldering depth of pain. Paul thought she looked like an angel as she sat opposite him, with the desk between them—like an exquisite, white-faced nun he had seen in the Ursuline convent in Quebec.

"Yes, she is a wonderful woman," he said, thinking only vaguely of his wife. "All women are wonderful. And especially—mothers."

He knew she had come to talk to him about her mother. Carla did not flinch when he brought her mission home to her in this way. She bowed her head a little, then her eyes came back to him with a misty glow in them.

"I don't like to add to your worries," she said. "But it seems necessary. I don't want to go to any other—but you. I think you will help me—a little."

"If my life could save your mother I would give it," said Paul.

His words broke through her calm for a moment.

"I have come to ask if you will take me over to Peribonka tomorrow and help me arrange for a little plot of ground," she said, tightening her hands in her lap. "My mother loves Peribonka. In so many ways it has reminded her of the village where she was born and from which my father brought her to America. We have dreamed of living there some day, for I love it, too. Now that mother is going to die, she wants to be buried there. Tomorrow I want to arrange for a place in the cemetery, as near the river as possible. She told me today just where she would like to rest, in a little corner that was overgrown with wild honeysuckle when we were there last. She is so eager to get it, so happy and smiling and unafraid in planning for it—so wonderful—such a mother—that last night I asked God to let me die and go with her."

Looking into her bravely clear and tearless eyes, Paul felt himself, for a moment, unable to answer her. Then he said:

"We will go tomorrow, Carla. But it will be a long time before anything

happens. It may be—it won't happen at all. Doctors are not infallible. Sometimes—"

Carla smiled at him. Her look of gratitude transfigured her face.

"Thank you," she said gently. "It gives me greater courage to know that you are hoping for me like that. My mother says the doctors are wrong. That is why I want to go to Peribonka tomorrow. Mother wants to be with me as long as she can, but she insists that the time is very short, much shorter than the doctors have said."

"You believe that?"

"I must," Carla was looking beyond him, as if in the distance were a vision which it would be impossible for him to share. "I try not to believe, but it comes over me and holds me. It isn't just fear."

"I am going to write for Miss Wixom to come and take charge of the children," said Paul. "You must be with your mother without interruption."

Carla drew herself together with a little shock.

"Please don't. I must have the work—the pleasure—the inspiration of the children. Mother wants it that way too. She sits in her window, and I can see her from the schoolhouse, and we wave our hands at each other every little while. She can see the children, and they are always thinking about her. Even during hours they don't forget. You see, they are as much mother's as mine, and we cannot turn them over to Miss Wixom. Mother and I need them. You won't send for Miss Wixom—until it is necessary?"

"No."

As she rose from her chair she took the picture of Paul's wife from the desk and stood looking at it with her back turned to the light coming through

the window. Thus Paul could see them both—the profile of Carla, her exquisitely cut features, the grace and beauty of her head, and his wife smiling up at her out of the picture. After a moment Carla smiled gently in return.

"When is she coming home?" she asked.

"I don't know. She doesn't keep me in touch with her plans. Some time before Christmas, I think."

He wondered why the note of bitterness persisted in coming into his voice when he spoke of his wife. It annoyed him. He tried to keep it back. Yet it would come out.

"She likes to surprise me," he added, walking around the end of his desk to stand beside Carla. "When the time comes I will get a telegram from her saying she is on board ship or in New York. 'Home, Paul,' she said last time. 'When are you coming to see me? I wish she loved children as you love them.'"

"All women love children," replied Carla mysteriously.

"No, she doesn't. I've wanted a lot of them. Boys, mostly. Claire could be such a wonderful mother."

"She will be, some day," said Carla. "I saw the painting of it in her face when she was here, and I see it now—shining in her eyes—in this picture."

She has a soul as deep as the sea, Mr. Kirke, and she must love children!"

She replaced the picture on the desk, and Paul helped her again with her raincoat.

"May I go with you?" he asked.

"Like the children, I love your mother."

"Oh!"

The word escaped her lips, and the eagerness of it made his heart tingle.

"You mean that? You are not saying it just to be good to me? You love my mother?"

"Yes. Next to my own mother, who has been away from me so long."

He could not understand what he saw in her face. It was as if a flame had suddenly thrown a glow upon it.

They went out into the rain, and on the narrow cinder path Carla's arm touched Paul's. A soothing and pleasurable sensation accompanied the gentle pressure of it, and he glanced down at her head near his shoulder, imprisoned in its hood. He could see the silken mesh of her long lashes gathering the rain mist.

A few minutes later the mother welcomed him from her chair near the window, from which she could see Carla's school. Carla had taken his hat and coat. A new spirit had entered the house with her. She was smiling, kissed her mother, chirruped a few notes to a bird in a cage as she went for a moment into the kitchen. What a magnificent fight! The cottage was filled with birds and flowers. Out where Carla had gone a canary was singing. A sleepy cat was purring on a cushion at Mrs. Haldan's feet. In a small grate a fire was burning. Contentment and happiness, and not the shadow of death, seemed triumphant about him.

(To Be Continued)

Odd Feeling Traced to Subtle Trick of Mind

The feeling that one has been some place before when he knows he has not is known as paramnesia. It is a common experience, and, briefly explained, the reaction depends upon a little trick of the mind manifested by a momentary loss of a sense of time and space. The individual enters into an experience or a situation, obtains a fleeting impression of this situation, then the attention is momentarily attracted to something else. The period of time may be almost infinitesimal. Then upon the return of the attention to the original situation this lapse of time is lost to the individual and the period between the two experiences seems occasionally to expand into a long period, even into the remote past. Another explanation, which is based on more recent psychological investigations, holds that one's unconscious mind sees much more than the attentive conscious one and that a situation, even to its details, may be taken in without paying direct conscious attention to it. Then a moment later when the faculties of the conscious mind are at work on the situation the experience seems to have been experienced before. Here, again, the lapse of time between the two impressions may be greatly overestimated and expanded.

Writer Deals Harshly With Men of Medicine

Today physicians fall roughly into classes, writes T. Swann Harding, in the Forum. First, there are those who seek to restrict their practice to comparatively few patients, charge high fees, keep regular hours, take time to search the literature of their profession and sincerely try to practice medicine scientifically—a small class, accused by many of making exorbitant charges, an accusation which, all things considered, is not true.

Second, those who take all comers, make comparatively low charges, rush nimbly from case to case and claim to have no time to read or attend meetings—a very large class indeed.

Third, those who rapidly sink into a slough of lassitude, have sporadic appointments which amount to staccato of in private practice do the least possible work; who are careless, deliberately unconscious and too lazy to use their brains, read, or attend meetings, fortunately a small but yet a very nefarious class.

To Lighten Your Burden

Little more than a generation ago wise purchasing—even of the family's necessities—required a great deal of time and effort. Manufacture was limited. Exact articles for particular needs were hard to find. And often one product after another had to be tried before the right one was found.

Today—manufacture that seems limitless has filled our stores with excellent articles of every nature. There are many brands for every need. The discriminating buyer can choose from a great array of goods that are continually being spread before his eyes.

But to buy wisely one must read the advertisements. In the pages of this newspaper, progressive merchants and manufacturers are telling you—truthfully and concisely—about their products. They are anticipating your needs. They know that they must meet your exacting requirements.

Read the advertisements regularly and carefully. They are the daily measure of business progress. They are the means to discriminate buying. They will help you to get the greatest value for every dollar you spend.

THE ADVERTISEMENTS IN THIS NEWSPAPER ARE A MOST VALUABLE GUIDE TO WISE BUYING.

Finds Chicago First to Call Policemen 'Coppers'

New York.—A member of the police force is a "bobby" or a "copper," according to where you were born. But he is seldom a policeman, except in the elegant forms of daily speech.

It may surprise many to learn that the term copper is a Chicago invention.

Lloyd Lewis and Henry Justin Smith tell of the origin of the word in "Chicago: The History of Its Reputation," just published. The "cop" dates back to the fifties, when Chicago was young. But even in its youth Chicago was a hard-boiled village. One of its mayors at the time was John C. Haines, known as "Copperstock" Haines because he played the stock market. His busy police were nicknamed by the Chicago citizens "coppers"—and soon after the whole country adopted the term in speaking of their guardians of the law.

When a man's married he learns a lot of things he never knew before, but the trouble is he learns them too late.

The butcher uses everything about the pig except the squeal, and the purchaser uses that when he asks the price of pork.

She: Dear, they say that the people with opposite characteristics make the happiest marriages.
He: Yes. That's why I'm looking for a girl with money.

A company is known by the men it keeps.

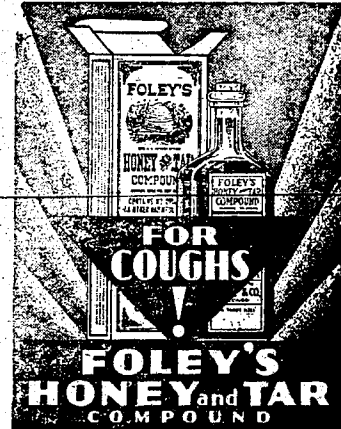
A Chicago woman who shot a burglar modestly disclaims any credit for bravery. She thought it was her husband.

Every motorist knows that a second-hand car is all right as far as it goes.

Just 4 Doses Brings Amazing Relief

Just 4 does of BONKURA set my stomach right after years of suffering, as no other medicine had done," Mr. W. E. Reasner, Owosso, Mich.

The very first day you take BONKURA, you will feel better than you have for years. PAIN gas pressure and tired feeling after meals will be gone. BONKURA acts on BOTH upper and lower bowel, removing foul, toxic matter, which has poisoned all inner organs. BONKURA IS SOLD and guaranteed by: GIDLEY & MAC'S DRUG STORE. adv.



FOR COUGHS
FOLEY'S HONEY and TAR COMPOUND
RELIABLE QUICKLY EFFECTIVE
SOLD AND RECOMMENDED EVERYWHERE
HITE'S DRUG STORE

Professor: "Who was the smallest man in history?"

Backward Bertie: "Please, sir, the Roman soldier who went to sleep on his watch."

Conscience is that still, small voice that will never record very well in the talking movies.



"We Will Go Tomorrow, Carla. But It Will Be a Long Time Before Anything Happens."

