

Charlevoix County Herald.

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NUMBER 3

Cherry Meetings Jan'y 22-23

PRUNING, POLLINATION, AND
MANAGEMENT TO BE DISCUSSED.

A series of Cherry meetings of interest to all cherry growers of Charlevoix County will be conducted on Wednesday and Thursday of next week, January 22 and 23.

These meetings are so arranged that all important phases of profitable cherry production will be taken up as well as any questions pertaining to the same will be welcomed.

It is hoped that all will be able to attend the big meeting on Wednesday afternoon January 22 at East Jordan in the K. of P. Hall, beginning at 1:30 standard time. At this time both H. D. Hootman and J. C. Kremer, Horticultural and Beekeeping Specialists respectively from M. S. C. will be present. Mr. Kremer will discuss the pollination of cherries and the very favorable results from the use of bees in cherry and apple orchards that have been secured from many leading orchardists throughout the State. Slides will be shown carrying pollination experiments that will be very instructive.

On Thursday, January 23 two field pruning demonstrations will be conducted in two different orchards. The first will be held at George Hanson's mature orchard, located 1/2 mile south of Ironton, on new road, on Thursday forenoon at 9:30 standard time. The second at the farm of Charles Healey on Thursday afternoon, Jan. 23, located 2 1/2 miles west of Advance. If driving a car, leave at woods, just west of Whiting Park and walk the remaining short distance, using the road leading south thru the woods.

These demonstrations will show you the correct system of pruning to follow and indicate the great necessity of properly training the young trees for profitable production later.

Don't forget the dates and plan to be present. One day spent may mean many dollars to you in the future.

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

STATE BANK OF EAST JORDAN HOLD ELECTION

The annual meeting of the Stockholders of the State Bank of East Jordan was held last Tuesday and the Board of Directors of the past year were re-elected, viz.—W. P. Porter, Fred Smith, W. E. Malpass, H. P. Porter, George Carr, C. H. Pray, R. A. Campbell.

Officers of the Bank were elected as follows:
President—W. P. Porter
Vice President—Fred Smith
Cashier—R. A. Campbell
Ass't Cashier—Lewis W. Ellis

Sports Costume



The very latest in sports costumes for southern resort wear this winter, a charming ensemble of yellow and white celanese pique.

Don't try to kill time. Time can stand the racket longer than you can.

It's one thing to marry for money, but quite another matter to collect.

It would probably be just as easy to fall in love with a rich girl as with a poor one if there wasn't so much competition.

"When a man's polite to his wife in public he may be showin' off; but if he's polite at home they're still sweethearts or else he's mad."

FINE PROGRAM AT P. T. A. MEETING LAST THURSDAY

Regular meeting of the P. T. A. was held on January 9, 1930. Meeting was called to order by the President, Mrs. G. W. Bechtold. Opening songs—"Keep the Home Fires Burning" and "America the Beautiful."

A program by some of the pupils of the sixth grade was given, several numbers were included, vocal and instrumental selections, also recitations, which we all thank them for and which they rendered very well indeed.

Minutes of the last two meetings were read.

Mrs. Howard Porter reported that the Rest Room was almost completed.

Mrs. Kitman gave some original poems, which were much appreciated. The Ten Commandments, by Paul Pitman, were read.

Rev. Sidebotham gave a talk on our Community Christmas, it's success, it's failures and suggestions for improvement, we were very grateful for this talk, it gave us all some very good ideas.

The next P. T. A. meeting will be Thursday night, Feb'y 13th, at 7:30 standard time. A pot luck lunch will be served. Each one bring their own plate, cup and spoon.

A membership drive is under way and we would be very happy to have everyone in East Jordan School District belong. A reward will be given the room having the most members at the end of the drive. Membership to date, 65.

Alice Maude Smatts, Sec'y.

State News in Brief

Belding—The body of Elmer Reeder, former Belding resident who died in Lakeland, Fla., of a rattlesnake bite, was recently returned here for burial.

Monroe—The one hundred and tenth anniversary of the founding of the first Presbyterian church of Monroe was celebrated recently.

Owendale—The body of Peter Doerr, 61-years-old, was found hanging from a bed post at his farm home in Grant Township. Doerr had been despondent, friends said.

Charlevoix—Dee Smith, 7, son of Mr. and Mrs. Lester Smith, drowned in Round Lake Harbor when he lost control of his sled and coasted off a dock into 10 feet of water. Coast guards attempted to revive him after recovering the body, but to no avail.

Lansing—Mrs. Mary C. Newell was fined \$75 and costs and her driver's license was suspended for 90 days when she was arraigned in Municipal Court on a charge of driving while drunk. Mrs. Newell was arrested as police observed her automobile weaving from one side of the road to the other.

Monroe—James Hale, 28 years old, of Walts, Wayne County, was killed instantly in alighting from a freight train as it passed through Walts. Hale escaped from the Detroit House of Correction Farm at Plymouth, where he had served half of a 60-day term for drunkenness. Hale's skull was crushed.

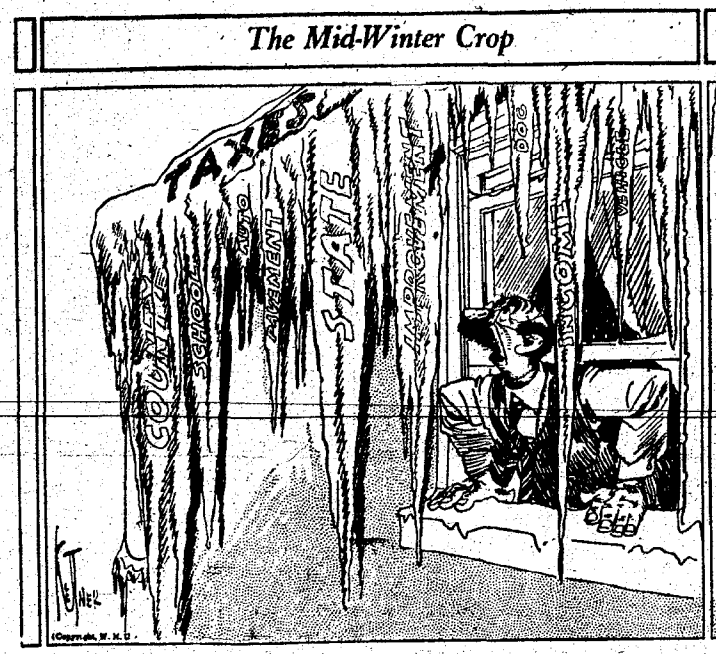
Lansing—Orders to proceed with work of remodeling the Owosso Armory have been given to the State Building Department by the administrative board. The work is expected to cost between \$14,000 and \$18,000. The order is in line with the board's policy of doing all possible reconstruction work.

Adrian—Passenger service on the D. T. & I. railroad through Adrian recently was suspended. The present local freight and package freight through Adrian are not affected. The passenger trains, formerly operating through Adrian, will use the new line built between Durbin and Malinta, Ohio.

Pinckney—Carl Sykes was drowned when he fell through a hole in the ice of Hilland Lake, near Howell, while fishing. He was accompanied by Maurice Kelly and Dallas Cox. The latter injured his hand building a fire and Kelly accompanied him to shore. When they returned they found Sykes' hat floating on the water. They recovered his body.

Port Huron—The city commission has taken action to give Port Huron a local traction system, to replace the electric railway which is to be discontinued January 24. On or about January 29, a special election will be held, the voters being asked to vote on what the city commission considers the best plan submitted by the various promoters of bus or other transportation systems.

Then there's the one about the Scotchman who bought two loaves of bread for supper and then sat in the subway waiting for the jam.



Census Starts April First

MANY PERSONAL QUESTIONS
WILL BE ASKED.

Charlevoix County residents will have to answer some personal questions during the two weeks starting April 1, 1930, when census takers start work, and these questions must be answered, correctly, unless of course, the correct answer eludes both questioner and questionee.

False information or the withholding of knowledge will be prosecuted in the federal courts. Conviction will carry a prison sentence or heavy fine or both.

1. Relationship to head of family, including a statement as to the homemaker (housewife) in each family.
2. Whether home is owned or rented.
3. Radio set? ("Yes" or "no.")
4. Sex.
5. Color or race.
6. Age at last birthday.
7. Marital condition (married or single).
8. Age at first marriage. (For married persons.)
9. Place of birth. (State or country.)
10. Place of birth of person's father.
11. Place of birth of person's mother.
12. Mother tongue of each foreign born person.
13. Whether able to read or write. (Yes or No.)
14. Attended school or college any time since Sept. 1, 1929. (Yes or No.)
15. Year of immigration to United States. (For foreign born only.)
16. Whether naturalized. (Foreign-born only.)
17. Whether able to speak English. (Foreign-born only.)
18. Occupation of each gainful worker.
19. Industry in which he is employed.
20. Whether employer, employee or working on own account.
21. Whether actually at work.
22. Whether a veteran of the U. S. military or naval forces, and for each veteran, in what war or expedition he served.

Then there was the Scotchman who kissed the neighbor's baby every time it finished eating an ice cream cone.

Cherry Growers Plan Organizat'n

MEETING WAS HELD IN EAST
JORDAN, JAN. 7.

A large number of cherry growers of this county attended a meeting sponsored by representatives of the new cherry growers association held in the Library Building, East Jordan, January 7th and heard with much interest the discussion led by A. J. Rogers, Beulah, and Mr. Ulsperger, Sturgeon Bay, Wisconsin.

Briefly plans are being made to combine the cherry tonnage of both Michigan and Wisconsin, and through this gigantic merging have control of sufficient cherry tonnage to stabilize the prices of cherries. The new Federal Farm Board have agreed to loan \$720,000, to assist in the organization, providing 60% of the cherry tonnage is signed up for the next two years. Sturgeon Bay, Wisconsin have already agreed to mortgage their facilities as security as well as their entire crop. All that remains is for Michigan to sign up their production.

Charlevoix County growers feel that before signing up that the interests of the East Jordan Canning Factory should be protected, hence a committee has been appointed to confer with the Board of Directors of the new organization at Traverse City, Monday, January 13, to have a definite understanding as to how the local factory will operate under the new plans.

If a favorable conference, no doubt our cherry growers will gladly become a part of this huge cooperative.

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

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 Hitt's Drug Store. adv.

What is the only color we can feel? Blue.

Four-Legged "Prohibition Agent"



"Doc," a German shepherd of the police type, the newest member of the prohibition bureau of San Francisco, who has been trained to smell out illicit distilleries. He is also said to have a keen nose for fermenting mash and can smell "hooch" for blocks.

COUNTY CLUB CHAM- PIONSHIPS AWARDED FOR YEAR 1929

During the year 1929 there has been considerable activity in Boy's and Girl's Club work, not only from the number of different projects but also from the number of rural boys and girls that have participated in the program and events associated with its operation.

The total shows that 184 were enrolled in the various projects with 149 finishing all requirements in the following clubs:

- 5 Canning Clubs, 55 enrolled, 44 finished.
- 6 Clothing Clubs, 32 enrolled, 21 finished.
- 5 Handicraft Clubs, 29 enrolled, 22 finished.
- 2 Hot Lunch Clubs, 24 enrolled, 24 finished.
- 2 Dairy Clubs, 19 enrolled, 19 finished.
- 2 Potato Clubs, 25 enrolled, 19 finished.

(Includes one corn member.)
The above represents the largest club program yet carried on, both from number of clubs and number enrolled.

At the close of the year recognition is given to the outstanding club members of the county by awarding county championships to those who have been selected as having met the requirements the most fully and who have shown the most interest and participation in club activities. An appropriate Certificate of Achievement is given to all county champions by the State club staff in recognition of their fine service.

The following members are to be congratulated upon winning the succeeding awards:

Canning Club Championships:
Agnes Stanek, Doris Russell, and Katherine Wangeman, East Jordan. Martha Reidel, Boyne City. Bessie Straw, Charlevoix.

Clothing Club Championships:
Elsie McClanaghan, Elsie Rumisk and Edna Cunningham, Charlevoix.

Handicraft Club Championships:
Alfred Nelson and Gardelle Nice, East Jordan. John Mathers, Boyne City.

Dairy Club Championships:
James Block and Carleton Smith, Charlevoix. George Johnston and W. F. Wurn, East Jordan.

Potato Club Champion:
Fred Ranney, East Jordan.
Already some 18 clubs have been organized to carry on clothing and handicraft club work this winter, so fond hopes are entertained that the year of 1930 will see a still larger program conducted in Charlevoix Co.

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

PEOPLES STATE SAV- INGS BANK ANNUAL MEETING

Stockholders of the Peoples State Savings Bank of East Jordan re-elected their Board of Directors at their annual meeting last Tuesday as follows:—John J. Porter, W. A. Stroebel, Roscoe Mackey, Dr. W. H. Parks, C. H. Whittington, S. E. Rogers.

Officers elected were:
President—W. A. Stroebel.
Vice President—R. O. Bisbee.
Vice President—Roscoe Mackey.
Vice President—John J. Porter.
Cashier—W. G. Corneil.
Ass't Cashier—L. G. Corneil.
Ass't Cashier—Agnes V. Kenny.

NEW SERIAL AT TEMPLE THEATRE STARTING TUESDAY

One can find more adventure in making a jungle picture than in the jungle itself, according to Frank Merrill, the "Tarzan" of "Tarzan the Tiger," Universal sound thriller serial, the opening chapter of which will be shown at the Temple Theatre next Tuesday night, January 21st. Merrill's athletic body is covered with scars, the results of hand-to-hand conflicts with such wild animals as lions, leopards, alligators and apes. "Tarzan the Tiger" is replete with wild animal thrills. It is based on Edgar Rice Burroughs' famous novel, "Tarzan and the Jewels of Opar." Natalie Kingstone appears as the beautiful and courageous heroine, and strong parts are portrayed by Al Ferguson, Sheldon Lewis, Kithnou and Paul Panzer. Henry MacRae directed, with William Lord Wright supervising.

When the Golden Rule becomes a road rule there will be fewer accidents.

One way of making sure of getting a telephone call is to get in the bathtub when there is nobody in the house.

After what flower is the king of beasts named? Dandelion.

Indoor Base Ball League

FOUR-TEAM ORGANIZATION.
FIRST GAMES LAST MONDAY.

Local indoor teams played first games Monday. After a delay or account of the Lyceum Course and other conflicting dates, the local Indoor Baseball League played their first games Monday night. The games were a little late in starting on account of placing the screening, fixing the lights, etc., but after they did get under way two good games were played. Some of the old enthusiasm seemed to be present and with the announcement in the paper of the schedule, without question many more fans will enjoy seeing the indoor games.

Without question the games will start at seven o'clock from this on. The first game between the Foundry and the Knights of Pythias team. The Foundry had a very good team, lacking only in experience. The K. P.'s have a bunch of sluggers and largely for that reason won the game 28-12. The Masons with perhaps a well balanced team, if not the best team in the League, won from the American Legion. The teams played evenly the first few innings but the Legion had a penchant for getting out on the bases. Largely blew their chances on this glaring fault, Masons winning 19-11. The Masons showed the best fielding aggregation and also have perhaps as many sluggers as any other team. Should be a hard team to beat. The schedule follows:

- Monday, January 13
K. P.'s vs. Foundry—1st game.
Masons vs. Am. Legion—2nd game.
- Monday, January 20
Masons vs. Foundry—1st game.
K. P.'s vs. Am. Legion—2nd game.
- Friday, January 31
Am. Legion vs. Foundry—1st game.
K. P.'s vs. Masons—2nd game.
- Monday, February 3
K. P.'s vs. Foundry—1st game.
Masons vs. Am. Legion—2nd game.
- Monday, February 10
Masons vs. Foundry—1st game.
K. P.'s vs. Am. Legion—2nd game.
- Monday, February 17
Am. Legion vs. Foundry—1st game.
K. P.'s vs. Masons—2nd game.

Oddfellows—Rebeksahs Hold Joint Installation Of Officers

Jordan River Lodge No. 360, I. O. O. F., and Jassamine Rebekah Lodge No. 265 held a joint installation of officers last Friday night, Jan'y 10th.

Following were the officers installed:
Jordan River Lodge I. O. O. F.
Noble Grand—Ira S. Foote
Vice Grand—Pete Sommerville
Rec. Sec'y—Gilbert Sturgill
Financial Sec'y—Rex Hickox
Treasurer—Kiley Bader
R. S. N. G.—Frank Cook
L. S. N. G.—Bert Scott
L. S. V. G.—Lyle Persons
R. S. V. G.—Neil Sommerville
Warden—John Hitchcock
Conductor—M. J. Williams
Chaplain—Robert Proctor
R. S. S.—Leslie Gibbard
L. S. S.—Alva Davis
Inside Guardian—Isaac Bowen
Outside Guardian—Clarence Morehouse.
Lodge every Friday night.

Jassamine Rebekah Lodge
Noble Grand—Reta Bader
Vice Grand—Jane Foote
Rec. Sec'y—Nina Bowen
Financial Sec'y—Hilda Cook
Treasurer—Mary Hitchcock
R. S. N. G.—Etta Jones
L. S. N. G.—Bertha Williams
R. S. V. G.—Minnie Sturgill
L. S. V. G.—Rita Hickox
Warden—Adella Dean
Conductor—Anna Carr
Chaplain—Kittie Sackett
Inside Guardian—Willa Lee
Outside Guardian—Beulah Walton

BELIEVES IN GROWING CERTIFIED SEED POTATOES

Among the encouraged farmers near East Jordan is Harry Dougherty who recently purchased the "Ira Bradshaw Farm," and who within another year or two expects to get this farm on a real money making basis. Mr. Dougherty has great faith in the future success of growing Certified Seed Potatoes. While his yield on 18 acres this year averaged 225 bu. to the acre, much greater yield is possible, though on this basis is profitable.

Mr. Dougherty used a tractor for his plowing and spraying and next year will add to the tractor equipment. With 40 head of stock and 60 acres of his land in alfalfa, a splendid start has been made on this formerly idle farm and Mr. Dougherty's start for success is only one of the many that are possible in this locality.

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PENINSULA

(Edited by Mrs. E. Hayden)

Miss Margaret Wilbur of East Jordan spent Wednesday night with Miss Phyllis Woerful at Gravel Hill, south side.

Mr. and Mrs. George Hanson of Ironton were dinner guests Wednesday of Mr. and Mrs. D. D. Tibbits at Cherry Hill.

Mrs. Mabel Hanson, Eveline Twp. Treasurer was at the Advance store Wednesday to receive taxes. She had a very good day.

Geo. Hanson of Ironton is tearing down the small barn on the Charters place in Advance.

D. D. Tibbits of Cherry Hill had a crew of men buzzing wood at his place Friday afternoon.

A goodly number from this section attended the cherry meeting at Traverse City last week Monday and plan to attend Monday, Jan. 13 also. Miss Ruth Stallard of East Jordan spent Thursday night with Miss Pauline Loomis at Gravel Hill, north side.

Thomas Russell of East Jordan spent Tuesday night with Master Clayton Healey at Willow Brook Farm.

Mrs. Belle Edwards of Dearborn came Saturday to spend some time with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Daniel Faust.

A. B. Nicoly of Sunny Slope farm took his tractor and run it over the road from his place to Cherry Hill, making the road passable for cars.

Mr. and Mrs. Will Gaunt and two children, and Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Gaunt and baby motored to East Jordan Saturday evening and visited the

Geo. Weaver family. Mrs. W. H. Lamb and son George of Grand Rapids, who were visiting Mr. and Mrs. Fred Wurn, went to Boyne City, Wednesday to visit for a few days before returning to their home.

Mrs. Fred Wurn visited her daughter, Mrs. Elwood Cyr and family in Boyne City from Wednesday to Saturday. While Mrs. Wurn is somewhat improved in health, she is still very poorly with nervous breakdown. Mrs. Mercy Woerful of Gravel Hill is confined to the house with a sore throat.

Mr. and Mrs. J. P. Seiler and family of East Jordan spent Sunday with Mrs. Will Sanderson and family at Northwood Farm.

Will Sanderson of Northwood farm spent last week in Milwaukee, called there by the serious illness of his mother, Mrs. Martin Sanderson.

Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Johnston and family, and Mr. and Mrs. Bob Myers spent Sunday afternoon with the David Gaunt family.

Clute Bros., of Boyne City purchased a beef cow at Orchard Hill, Wednesday.

C. C. Shaub purchased some beef cattle of Joel Bennett and Son at Honey Slope Farm, Tuesday.

F. D. Russell and sons of Ridgeway farm spent the fore part of last week baling hay at the Mose-LaLonde farm near East Jordan.

Since the thaw most roads can be traveled with cars. The icy condition of roads make it impossible to travel with barefoot horses.

The Gleaners had election of officers and oyster supper Wednesday evening at the home of Geo. Staley. There was a good turn out and all had a very good time.

Mr. and Mrs. T. J. Hitchcock and son, Burton, and Arlene and Lloyd Hayden motored out from East Jordan Sunday and spent the day at Orchard Hill, returning home in the evening.

AFTON

Edited by Mrs. Henry Timmer.

Mrs. Harry Sloop had as guests over the week end Misses Leona Pickel and Martha Stallard.

Lloyd Miles cut his foot severely with an axe while splitting wood.

Mrs. Wm. Vrondran had a little neighborhood party Friday afternoon for her grandmother, Mrs. Bergman.

Mrs. Henry Timmer hiked over for a call at Chas. Knop's, Friday.

Ben Reid and a crew of men buzzed wood for Merritt Finch Tuesday.

O. D. Smith and Merritt Finch hauled hay for Albert Todd this week.

Mrs. Chas. Parks and nephew was a caller Monday at Silver Leg Farm. George Jaquays hauled hay to East Jordan last week with his truck.

Mr. and Mrs. Albert St. John visited at the home of Roy Zinck at Boyne City Tuesday.

Ivan Nowland was an Afton caller Tuesday.

Mr. and Mrs. Ashland Bowen visited her parents, Mr. and Mrs. John Hott, Sunday.

To answer several inquiries: Mrs. Tom Shepard is as well as can be expected. Her arm is improving, but very slowly.

Wm. Vrondran and Miss Glennie Vrondran were Charlevoix visitors, Monday.

Herman Griffin has been staying with Tom Shepard the past week.

Prize Redskin Dribbler



Louis Weller, who is a full-blooded Caddo Indian, from Anadarko, Okla. He has learned to dribble the basketball in a way that has won the admiration of Dr. James Malmuth, the inventor of basketball. Weller is a forward on the Haskell institute team and has frequently dribbled his way through the entire defense of an opposing team. He is also a lightning halfback at football and looks after second base on the college nine.

It is true that a bee dies when it stings you, what about crossing it with the man who sells bogus oil shares?

Kalamazoo—Harold Henderson, a farmer who lived near here, died of a self inflicted bullet wound. His motive has not been established. He leaves his widow and two children.

Grand Rapids—Running away from home for the first time, 5-year-old Albert Surofick, son of Chester Surofick, wandered to the Grand River Canal a few blocks from his home, and was drowned.

Pontiac—Pontiac's Board of Education has decided to hire no married women as teachers in Pontiac schools after March 1. This will not alter the status of married women already on the staff but their contracts will not be renewed.

Lennon—Dexter Barden, 65 years old, farmer living near here, was found dead on the running board of his car. He had started for Lennon, when his car became stalled in a snow bank. He got out and started shoveling, but apparently had moved only a few shovelfuls when he was stricken.

Buchanan—Charles Rossow, 55-year-old retired farmer and father of 11 children attacked two of the children and his wife with a baseball bat and then shot himself through the heart, police revealed here. Rossow came here from Fergus Falls, Minn., two years ago.

Coldwater—Two men walked into the Cortright grocery store at Burlington, near here, loaded more than 7,000 eggs into a truck and drove away. Employees of the store believing the men to be truckers engaged by the owner, did not interfere with them. The proprietor learned later that he had been the victim of thieves.

Rochester—William Green, 82 years old, died of pneumonia at the home of his son, Raymond Green, Rochester. For 35 years Green drove a street car on the Baker street car line, Detroit. When the horse-drawn trams were replaced by electric cars, he became a motorman. He retired 12 years ago, coming to Rochester.

Tawas City—Stanley Halleck, 16-year-old son of Adam Halleck, died of exposure and shock after he broke through the ice in Tawas Bay while skating. Carl Babcock and Jerry Owen heard Halleck's yells and pulled him out. He was taken to a nearby home and a physician worked over him for three hours but was unable to save his life.

Bad Axe—One child is dead and another was seriously burned as the result of a fire which destroyed the Frank Kalka home just north of Rapson. Mrs. Minnie Kalka, 22 years old, the mother, was returning from a neighbor's when two of her children rushed to tell her that the house was on fire. She ran home and rescued her two small children from the burning house.

Midland—A dispatch from New York received here states that Dr. Herbert H. Dow, of Midland, was announced as the winner for 1929 of the Perkins medal, one of the highest awards in chemistry. The award was made to Dr. Dow because of "his development of improvements in the production of chlorine, magnesium and numerous other chemical materials."

Hudson—The Hudson State Savings Bank celebrated its 75th year as a banking institution, and the honor of being the second oldest banking house in the state. It was founded in 1855 as Boise, Rude and Company, and successively has been known as Boise, Eaton and Company and the Boise State Savings Bank. Byron J. Foster is the president of the bank at the present time.

Lansing—To assist the welfare activities of the Veterans of Foreign Wars, an appropriation of \$4,000 was made by the State Administrative Board. A request for an appropriation of \$3,839 to pay the balance on the building erected for the United Spanish War Veterans on State-owned land at Higgins Lake was referred to the finance committee. The original appropriations of \$18,000 made by the Legislature has been exhausted.

Detroit—Acquisition by the Michigan Bell Telephone company of the properties of the Benzle Consolidated Telephone company, operating at Benzonia and Thompsonville, has been approved by the interstate commerce commission, at Washington, D. C. Approval already had been given by the Michigan utilities commission. The service will be carried on by the Bell company, and no change of rates is contemplated. Purchase price is \$62,000.

Lansing—The state public utilities commission has no authority to compel the Grand Trunk railroad to enlarge its viaduct connecting Silver and Gull lakes in Genesee county, Attorney General Wilbur M. Brucker advised in a recent ruling. The opinion was sought by the commission after the Fenton chapter of the Isaac Walton league had complained to the utilities body that the viaduct, built more than a decade ago, is too small to allow fish to pass between the two lakes. Brucker said the sportsmen should take the matter to the Genesee Circuit Court.

East Lansing—The secret of prowess of Mr. Don Grove, 115-pound mighty mite of the Michigan State basketball team, is no longer a secret. Mr. Grove, it seems, must be sugared before each game. Before each of the games this season, Grove has swallowed 15 to 20 lumps of sugar. The little forward says he only loses about three pounds during a game compared with a previous average loss of 5 1/2 pounds. "And it gives me steam to go through the entire game without tiring," says the half pint.

JORDAN TOWNSHIP

(Edited by Agnes Stanek and Miriam Gould.)

Miss Sophia Dubas left for Chicago a week ago Saturday, after a two weeks vacation spent with her parents of this vicinity.

Mrs. Em. Kratochvil went to the Charlevoix Hospital a week ago Sunday for goitre treatments.

Mrs. Nettie Nemecek is spending the rest of the winter with her daughter, Mrs. Matthew Cipra at Cleveland, Ohio.

Mrs. Ida Thompson has been quite ill. Mrs. Adam Skrocki and daughter, Jennie, called on Mrs. C. White a week ago Monday.

Miss Essie Thompson spent her Christmas vacation with her mother, Mrs. Ida Thompson.

Mrs. George Stanek called on Mrs. Em. Kratochvil a week ago Sunday. A sleigh ride party was enjoyed on Myers' Hill Saturday evening by nearly twenty young people who live in and around Chestonia.

Jimmy Wieler of Pellston visited friends at Chestonia Saturday.

Victor Bechtold, H. B. Hipp, Roy Gunderson and William Taylor visited Marshall Shepard at his home Sunday afternoon. They also went skiing.

Cy and Ivan Tobey visited Mr. and Mrs. Homer Shepard and family Sunday afternoon.

Joseph Stanek was quite ill last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Richard Farmer visited Mr. and Mrs. Lyle Persons at Chestonia two days last week. Mrs. Farmer was formerly Miss Margaret Piggott, Mrs. Person's sister.

Edward Swoboda visited his sister, Mrs. Andrew Matelski of Boyne Falls last week and he now is visiting friends in Saginaw.

CENTRAL LAKE

(Edited by Jesse Morse)

Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Eschleman of Grand Rapids are visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Fred Hodge.

John Kirby has gone to Bois Blanc Island, upper peninsula, to work in government service.

Harry Chamberlain and Edd Yettaw are working on a cedar job for Wendel Evans at Eastport.

Mrs. Cora Dunlap was called here from Indiana on account of the serious illness of her mother, Mrs. Kennedy.

County Agent, Kenneth Oosterhout of Bellaire was called here on impor-

tant business last Saturday.

Winfield Sission, student at West Point, returned last week to his school duties. He will graduate in June.

Mrs. Ida Dawson has been stopping at the home of Arthur Knowles the past two weeks, since the death of his wife, Mrs. Lida Dawson Knowles.

Mr. and Mrs. George Hetler have been staying with S. B. Anway since the death of Mrs. Ada Anway. Their home is at Muir.

O. R. Morse has returned from Copenish where he has been contracting for beans. He put out 368 acres in less than three days.

George Austin was able to be out driving his car last Sunday.

M. E. Sunday School had 39 present last Sunday. Mrs. A. J. Gibson's class, the Juniors was the banner class last Sunday.

O. R. Morse and son Lyle, and J. W. Morse called on Rev. Weaver and wife at Petoskey last week, and visited Evelyn Boole, the girl injured by being struck by a car. She is now on the road to recovery.

Many are grief stricken here this week by the passing of John Cameron. He fell from a load of hay on his farm east of town last Friday.

When picked up, he had expired. Dr. Duffie thinks that he may have died of heart trouble as no bruises were found on him. His funeral was held at his late home Sunday afternoon, conducted by Rev. Hyde of the Congregational Church. Mr. Cameron was well and favorably known by nearly everyone in the Grand Traverse region. He was the only remaining member of the once Cameron Lumber Co.

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.

To-day's Definition.—Relations are people who come to visit you when it is too hot for them to do their own cooking.



Presbyterian Church

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

10:00 a. m.—Morning Worship.
11:15 a. m.—Sunday School.
6:00 p. m.—Evening Service.
At the annual church meeting held last Thursday evening, W. E. Malpass and L. A. Hoyt were elected elders for terms of three years. For Trustees, R. G. Watson, John Seiler and Mrs. Alice Joynt were elected for 3 years. W. H. Malpass was elected Sunday School Superintendent for 1930.

First M. E. Church
James Leitch, Pastor

10:00 a. m.—Morning Service.
11:30 a. m.—Sunday School.
6:30 p. m.—Epworth League
7:00 p. m.—Evening Worship

Church of God

10:00 a. m.—Sunday School.
11:00 a. m.—Preaching Service.
6:30 p. m.—Evening Service.
Mid-Week Prayer Meeting, Thursday, at 7:00 p. m.
Everyone is cordially invited to attend these services. Come!
The Church of God invites you to a real Holy Ghost Prayer Meeting, held at their chapel every Thursday evening at 7:00 o'clock standard time. Would you enjoy a refreshing from the presence of the Lord? Come and you will be convinced that He is "in the midst" as He has promised.

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.

Eleanor Jane Smith

Nationally-famous lecturer on home economics subjects will conduct the series of special demonstrations as noted below.

Miss Smith—who attended Hibbing College—has been prominent in 4-H Club work. She is well versed in every phase of domestic science and will bring to you many new and interesting recipes.

Learn—from this competent authority—how to make many new and delicious foods from one basic recipe. Samples of Miss Smith's baked products will be distributed among the audience.



BETTER BAKING SCHOOL

Thursday, Friday and Saturday,
January 23rd, 24th and 25th

at the

Knights of Pythias Lodge Hall

EAST JORDAN, MICHIGAN

Classes at 2:00 P. M. each day.
No admission charge or solicitation
for orders at any session of the school

Occident Better Baking Schools are sponsored by the Russell-Miller Milling Co., millers of Occident Special Patent Flour, and the Argo Milling Co., distributors of Occident Flour. Schools are conducted to promote the use of better baked foods. The baker using quality ingredients, such as are used in this school, deserves your patronage. Sold by all leading grocers.

Peoples' Wants

MUNNIMAKERS

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

WANTED

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

FOR SALE—REAL ESTATE

FOR SALE—Six-room House on Main Street. Phone 164-F3 for particulars. 3x2

FOR SALE—Two Houses with Lots and barns, also Farm of 160 acres, 90 acres of timber.—MRS. S. LA-LONDE, phone 88. 5x16

FOR SALE—MISCELLANEOUS

FOR SALE CHEAP—Majestic Kitchen Range.—W. G. CORNEIL. 2-2

FOR SALE—Sauer-Kraut.—MRS. JAMES VOTRUBA, East Jordan. 2-2

FOR SALE—Cornish Organ, Piano case, seven octave, \$25 cash, in good condition, Charles Sutton owner. Inquire of ETHEL SUTTON, East Jordan, Route 5. 2x3

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. 1-1f

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. 50-1f

FOR SALE—Dry Buzz Wood.—H. A. GOODMAN. 47-1f

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

**The
Crippled
Lady
of
Peribonka**

By James Oliver
Curwood

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

SYNOPSIS

CHAPTER I—Introducing some of the people of the pretty little French-Canadian village of Peribonka, particularly the Crippled Lady, idol of the simple inhabitants, and heroine of an epic destined to live long in the village annals.

CHAPTER II—How the romance of Molly Brant, sister of the great Indian chief, Joseph Brant, and Sir William Johnson, in pre-revolutionary days, comes down to today with the birth of a son, Paul, to Molly Kirke, wife of a powerful New York financier, and her death when Paul is thirteen years old. Molly Kirke was a descendant of Molly Brant, and her boy has many of the Indian characteristics. At thirty-two Paul marries Claire Durand, daughter of his father's business partner. He is in charge of an immense engineering work on the Mistassini river, near Peribonka, which his millionaire father has undertaken, but his Indian blood deprecates the destruction of the wilderness, and his thoughts are more to the Crippled Lady than to his work.

CHAPTER III—Paul's wife is in Europe, she having no inclination to live in "those horrible woods." He comes to see in Carla, daughter of a central European immigrant, with her devotion to her invalid mother and her work of educating the village children, his ideal of womanhood.

(Continued)

He could not keep Carla out of his mind. She came to him vividly when he stood in the shadow of the ancient chapel of the Ursulines, at Quebec, where he had seen through the chancel grating the lovely nun whose face and eyes had looked so much like Carla's. In Lower Town he went into the little old church of Notre Dame des Victoires, and he felt as if she were standing at its side. She seemed to be a part of the composure and beauty and age-old enchantment of these quaint and hallowed spots which he loved, as if in some just day her soul had helped to mold and fit their destinies. Here, like himself, Carla could dream, and see ghosts and mystic fabrics of forgotten things where others saw only slow dissolution and ruin of brick and mortar and wood. In her eyes were the deep and slumbering lights which linked the memories of the past with the mysteries of the future—in Claire's the vibrant life of a glorious present. Together, he thought, these two women held the world in their breasts, from its beginning to its end.

He was at the dock an hour ahead of the ship. When it arrived he drew himself back of the waiting people, for he knew that Claire would not be in the rush of disembarking passengers, nor would she be along the rail



She Raised Her Lips and Kissed Him, With the Light Touch of Her Mouth, Which Was a Part of Claire.

in the crush that always gathered to wave their greetings to friends and relatives. It surprised him when he found her to be one of the first on the landing walk. As she came down he could see that she was looking for him. She was the same Claire, tall, slim, exquisitely dressed, a woman to be picked out of a thousand. He could always expect Claire like that, a wife any man would be enormously proud to possess. He waved his hat, and she saw him. A swift, beautiful smile passed over her face, and in his eagerness to reach her he made his way a little roughly through the crowd. His heart was jumping. He was meeting her alone—no one but himself to greet her, while always be-

"Tomatoes are blushing," says a headline. They must be blushing at the price some merchants are asking for them.

fore there had been many. One dream had come true!

When they met he held out his arms. But that was not Claire's way. She was always right, never forgetful of the fitness of things—and gave him her hands. Her fingers closed warmly about his. She raised her lips and kissed him, with the light touch of her mouth which was a part of Claire.

"Dear old Paul!" she said. "At last I'm home!"

Three days after her arrival Claire was mistress of the bungalow which her husband had prepared for her visit. Thereafter Paul could look from the window of his office to the physical realization of the second of his dreams. Claire was at last one of the wives who lived in the row of cottages on the hill. While this dream, like the friendly but dispassionate greeting of his wife in Quebec, missed something in its fulfillment, it had opened doors through which he was looking to still greater things for himself, and the woman who was making this fight against prejudice and environment for him.

"This time I am going to stay until you become tired of me and send me home," she told him.

The change in her was inexplicable unless he accepted it as one of sheer sportmanship. This he did, and was warmed by the thought of what he was bound to give in return for it. Behind her effort it was not difficult for him to see the truth—her struggle against instincts and impulses as deeply inborn as was his own Indian blood in himself. The desire to please him, his sunny cheer and friendliness, was an inspiration to him and strengthened his resolution to twist and bend his life, so that it would fit in with hers. He did not tell her this. The thought of explaining to her that he was about to make a mighty endeavor to cross the gulf which lay between them was embarrassing to him. Claire had said nothing about her own effort. Her actions had shown him the way. This lack of intimacy between them at times made him feel scarcely closer to her than some of the many friends she had. It was a thing which he could not tear down even in moments when some impulse or situation seemed to draw them very close to gether. He knew that Claire felt it as well as himself. Facing it, smiling at each other, waiting for some force greater than themselves to break the way for them, they said nothing about it. Each was hoping, and struggling, that this thing between them might be triumphed over. But it persisted in spite of them.

Each day he found something new and unexpected in Claire to increase his admiration for her. She became acquainted with the pit. She put on rubber boots and explored its muddy depths with him. She made no discrimination among his friends, and nodded and smiled as pleasantly at a foreman or a laborer as she did at the others on the hill. More puzzling to him than these things was her intimacy with Carla Haidan. After her first few days on the Mistassini they were together much of the time when Carla was not at her work. Even in this Claire joined her now and then and talked to the children in Carla's classes about the boys and girls in other lands, and came to know their mothers, until she began to fill a little of Carla's place among them.

Carla came to his office again, but always with Claire. She was unlike the Carla who had brought him flowers, so different from her that he was left with a dull painful sense of loss when he was alone and thinking about her, as if someone very dear to him had died, leaving only memories behind. The paradoxical reason for this emotion in him was that Carla appeared to be strangely and forgetfully happy. She was lively and gay, and joined freely in the small social affairs of the camp from which she had always held herself more or less apart. She talked only a little of Peribonka, and the forests, and of the places which he knew she loved, but seemed to hold her heart when listening to Claire's colorful descriptions of interesting places his wife had visited. The two had a real affection for each other. No matter how uncertainty might cloud his judgment in other ways, there could be no doubt about this sentiment of mutual regard which had grown up quickly between them.

One evening Claire said to him: "It is strange how deeply I care for Carla. There is something about her which draws me out of myself, to her. Yet I am finding it more and more impossible to paint her as I want her, she is so completely changed. Where is the real Carla, Paul? What has happened to her? Do you know?" Her head was bowed over a bit of lace work in her lap, and she did not look at Paul.

"I have noticed the change in her," he said. "It has happened since you came. I think you have helped to bring her out of the terrible grief which oppressed her after her mother's death."

Claire smiled gently at her husband. For a few moments a contemplative light lay in her eyes, as if she were looking—not at him—but at a child.

"You think she is happier—since I came?"

"There is no doubt of it," he declared.

"But I cannot paint her. And it is because—there is so much unhappiness behind what she is trying to make us see in her face."

In his puzzled silence, she added: "I am wondering why she tries so hard to make me believe she is happy, Paul."

Before he could answer she began

to tell him about her talk to the children in Carla's school that day.

CHAPTER VII

Claire came to the Mistassini on the first of June. It was the fifteenth when they went to what Paul called the Big gorge, ten miles back in the rocky forests. This is the date which will remain a long time on the calendars of the simple-hearted folk north of Lac St. Jean, because of the miracle which happened on it. It is a date almost to be canonized. Priests speak of it, and people point it out, as a day of infallible proof of the omnipotence of God.

Lucy Belle is not remembered, though it was she who planned the expedition to the gorge. In it, besides herself, were her husband and Paul, Claire and Carla. For two days preceding the journey Paul had men on the rough and narrow trail clearing it of obstructions and overhanging limbs and brush so that they might travel over it on horseback.

Paul had seen Claire turn white and tremble at the foaming unrest of the Mistassini heaving sternally against its rocks, just as he had felt her shiver, one evening in a deep and gloomy place in the forest, where the wind was whistling through the pine tops over their heads. He had taken her hand, and her fingers had clung tightly to his, as if these things which he loved sent a horror through her. On the morning of this eventful fifteenth of June, with sunshine and birds about them, he and Derwent rode a little behind their wives and Carla, and never had Claire looked so lovely to him. Her beautiful body seemed vibrant with the thrill of the day, her voice was sweet to hear, her eyes were filled with laughter, until he could almost make himself believe she loved the things which she was facing, and which had so completely conquered her until now. Her unbattered golden head and Carla's dark one rode side by side, one a shining radiance in the sun, the other richly lustrous, with gleamy pools and seas of darker shadow in it. For half a mile they followed a trail so close to the river that its roaring tumult drowned their voices and cobwebby drifts of spray came to wet their faces. Through this Paul rode close to the side of his wife, and saw her smile and fight to hide its effect upon her. Then they struck Indian file into the narrow, rocky, deeply rooted trail to the gorge, with Paul at the head of the little procession and Derwent following last. Occasionally the trail widened so that Paul could drop back and ride beside Claire, and each time he noted a little more in her face and eyes the thing she was fighting against, her dislike of the black forests and the earthy smelling swamps and the rock fragments of hills they were traveling through.

Toward mid-afternoon they came to the Big gorge. Those who have seen it can never forget the spectacle of its thundering water tearing itself out of a finger of the cavernous Laurentians, crashing through the open for a space in whirling maelstroms, then narrowing into a sullen, oily-looking avalanche of irresistible force as it descends into a chasm whose rock walls become higher and closer, until, at last, its fury and voice disappear again into the bowels of the Laurentians, making the earth tremble with its subterranean rumble and roar.

Its effect on Claire was not what Paul had anticipated. To his amazement



To His Amazement It Was She Who Suggested They Spread Their Luncheon on the Edge of a Great Slab of Rock.

ment it was she who suggested they spread their luncheon on the edge of a great slab of rock which projected into the stream, and from where they could look upon the wonderful play of water below them. This rock, several acres in extent, was covered with soil which was continually absorbing moisture from the river, so that it had clothed itself with a carpet of flowers and grass until it was an oasis of beauty in the heart of a rock-visaged landscape which otherwise would have possessed little to offset its more forbidding aspects. It was Claire who also selected the spot for their tablecloth and who arranged their places afterward so that all might sit looking toward the mouth of the overhung chasm, several hundred yards downstream from the rock which held its tenure like an indomitable guardian before it. Between their position and

the abyss of the gorge was a black and irresistible sweep of water which had the appearance of a flood of boiling oil on its way to the mouth of a huge funnel. Halfway to the orifice a rock slowly wearing away with the centuries reared its grim and battered head out of the stream, cutting it like a knife in two equal parts. Even about this jagged tooth of stone was no glint of sunlight, witness of froth or foam, and no sound came from this part of the channel except a sullen murmur and hiss, lending still greater reality to the caprice of thought that water must metamorphose itself to oil before the throat of the gorge would receive it. It was from the other side of the table rock that the chief tumult came, where for half a mile or more the huge churns of the river bed were at work, slashing and twisting the down-rushing floods until Paul thought, they were an inspiring and beautiful thing to look upon.

Yet it was the darker and more sinister side that Claire chose, with a scene under their eyes that was colorfully awesome but equally unbecomingly.

As they ate their luncheon she let him know, for the first time, something of the strange fear which possessed her whenever she was near the fury of rushing water. He was surprised she should speak of it now, and not at some time when they had been alone. Derwent roused the confusion in her by saying, in answer to a question asked by Carla, that no living creature whose habitat was land could exist for more than a few seconds in the oily Charybdis below them.

Claire shrugged her slim shoulders and looked with untroubled eyes upon what Derwent had accredited with the omnipotence of superdestruction.

"Were you ever haunted by a dream?" she asked. "I have been, since childhood. Most children dream of falling from ladders and housetops, of seeing ghosts, of running away from dangers—but mine was always of water. It has remained with me. I am terribly afraid of water, but only when it is angry. The ocean terrifies me when it lashes itself white. I found a lovely place to paint in Cornwall, but the surf was always beating against the cliffs and drove me away. Water like this below us does not disturb me at all. It is so smooth and unbroken, like the ripples in Carla's hair when it is down—so soft and velvety looking as it turns over and over that I can scarcely believe what you have said. Doctor Derwent, I would jump into it without fear."

(Continued on Next Page)

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The fastest service is given when you furnish the desired telephone number. If you do not know the number, call or dial "Information."



A partisan is a man who thinks you are against him if you talk sense.

When a man is generous to a fault it is usually his own fault he is generous to.

The idea of grasping hands across the sea is quite all right so long as the hands do not become too grasping.

To-day's Definition.— Relations are people who come to visit you when it is too hot for them to do their own cooking.

It is true that a bee dies when it stings you, what about crossing it with the man who sells bogus oil shares?

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.

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

"The Crippled Lady of Peribonka"

(Continued from Proceeding Page)

while back there—where it is breaking itself into spray and foam—I would never have the courage to start!"

"There you might live—here there could be no possibility of it," said Derwent.

"I can almost fancy walking upon it without wetting my shoes, it is so firm and substantial looking," persisted Claire.

"Did you ever stand on a mountain top and look down into the clouds and think how nice it would be to jump off into one of the cozy little nests they make?" asked Lucy-Belle. "I have. Once I think I might have done it if Colin hadn't held me. He says I would have had another mile to go after I hit the cloud. But this down here doesn't appear to me like a nice, white cloud all filled with feathers. It makes me think of a—a big box constrictor running into a hole! I wouldn't try to walk on it, or jump into it, unless Colin fell in first and I had to help him."

"Would you—then?" asked Paul. "Lucy-Belle meditated for a moment. "Of course I would," she said. "Do you suppose I would let him go into that tunnel alone?"

"I—wonder. Life is a precious thing. In ninety-nine cases out of a hundred it is more precious than the person we live with. We don't idealize the women who burn themselves on their husbands' funeral pyres in India. Do we?"

"I don't think so. Their sacrifice was inspired by duty and a religious faith. Neither takes the place of love. But if Colin were down there, going to a death like that, I would want to go with him. I would go. I cannot explain it. Isn't there a difference?"

"Yes—a difference that is infinite," said Claire. "In this instance a woman would be joining the man she loved in a final hour of life, that they might be together in the supreme moment. It would be choosing between a few more minutes with him or a few more years without him, and minutes measured by love are more priceless to a woman than years without it."

"Also to a man," said Derwent, holding his wife's hand closely for a moment. "I don't think we would hesitate to take the leap. Do you, Paul?"

"No."

He was looking at Carla, who was gazing meditatively upon the viscous sweep of water below them. She looked up almost in the moment his glance went to her. Her lips moved, as if for an instant she were on the point of speaking to him, and to him alone. Then she caught herself, and turned her gaze to the river again.

"A woman's love for a man isn't always like that," she said, and something in her voice strangely thrilled Paul. "I think there is a love so great that it is cowardly for it to deliberately die, a love so complete that when its other half goes there is still heaven left in memories of it. It is wicked to take the breath of human life from such a love because of a selfish desire not to live alone. I think, Lucy-Belle, if it came to the real test God would give you strength to hold yourself back. You would not die. You would live, and cherish the

memories of your love like a garden of beautiful flowers."

It was as if a cathedral bell had tolled softly among them, so wonderfully gentle and strange was Carla's voice. Carla knew. That was the thought which gripped Paul, and it held the others. She had passed through the fire at which his wife and Lucy-Belle were only guessing, and it was from her soul, not her lips, that evidence had come. Claire gave a little start at his side, and her face and eyes grew suddenly and vividly filled with light as she looked at Carla, as if all in a second a great and half-expected truth had come to possess her. Stranger even than the change in her face was the way in which she found Paul's hand and held it tenderly and warmly between her own. Never had the thrill of her entered into him as during these moments. He closed his hands tightly about hers. But he was looking at Carla!

Lucy-Belle sprang to her feet and drew Derwent after her.

"Let's not get sentimental!" she cried. "I'm going to throw all kinds of things down to my box constrictor and see what he does with them. This to begin with—" and she flung out a paper plate which curved and circled, until, lighting gracefully upon the surface of the torrent below, it was caught like a feather and whirled with the speed of a bullet toward the maw of the gorge, without so much as getting its inner side wet.

Claire gave a gasp of amazement. "I did not dream the water sped as swiftly as that!" she exclaimed. "But see! It is as I said! The plate is going—it has disappeared into the tunnel—and not once was it ruffled or upset. Back where the water is breaking and roaring it would have been destroyed."

"Wait!" said Derwent. He rolled the short log which they had used for a seat to the edge of the cliff, and with Paul's help tilted it on end and flung it over. "There goes a man," he laughed. "Now see what happens!"

They stood close to the sheer edge of the table rock and saw the log as it struck the water. There was an oily splash, and for a few yards the wood drifted away as smoothly as the plate had gone. A smile of triumph curved Claire's lips, then swiftly a frightened look gathered in its place. A hand had reached up, a terrible unseemly hand that had gripped the log like a living thing and dragged it down until no chip or shadow of it rode the liquid serpent under them.

"Hold your eyes near the rock!" commanded Derwent.

Breathlessly they watched. Half a minute later, as it spewed up by the monster who had swallowed it, the log reappeared near the huge tang which split the stream struck against it, and climbed half its length out of the water, then sank back and disappeared again, this time to be seen no more.

"Gone," said Derwent. "And if you stood at the other end of the gorge five or six miles from here, you would never see that log come through. It is ground to pieces, goes out of existence in whatever there is between the walls of the chasm, which no man has ever explored, and none ever will. Are you satisfied?"

Claire was staring, wide-eyed. "I believe it—now," she said. Lucy-Belle had turned a little white. "Still—I would jump in," she murmured, looking at Derwent.

Again Paul looked at Carla. The calm and placid beauty of her face seemed accentuated by what they had seen.

"And the wonder of it is there are so many who believe that Nature and God are not One!" she said, only for him. "Is it possible that in the blindness of our egotism we shall always fail to understand the significance of such things as that? It is a written word, in the hand of God, just as the Peribonka, with its gentleness and sunshine, is another and different message for us. That is what I believe."

Paul nodded. "So do I," he said, and felt the desire of all the world to take Carla's hand against his breast and hold it there.

Gullit fastened itself upon him, and a little later, inspired by the sweetness of her manner toward him, he whispered to his wife: "Claire, you are wonderful! God knows I hope, some day to make you happy!"

"You will," she answered, and the gentle mystery in her voice and eyes stirred him with a deep emotion.

Until the play grew tiresome they brought sticks and chunks of wood from the edge of the timber and fed them to the hidden hands of the stream. The result was always the same, except that chips and grass and very light pieces of wood raced swiftly and safely away, like the pasteboard plate, as if they were too insignificant to attract attention from below. But with the heavier objects there was a variation so small in what happened that the watchers on the rock were amazed and fascinated, and started a little game of guessing how many seconds would pass before Lucy-Belle's huge snake spat up an object and then swallowed it again.

To end their sport Paul and Derwent staggered from the edge of the timber with a forty-foot log, which had lain so long in the drying sun and wind that they could bear its weight on their shoulders, and before this was tossed over the five made their guesses, the loser to entertain the other four at dinner the next day.

"I've a notion to ride this log through the gorge!" exclaimed Lucy-Belle. "I want to know what is under and between those walls which you say no one has ever explored."

Colin. What do you suppose can be there?"

"An inferno of devils, I imagine," replied her husband.

"Possibly not. Fairies might live there," suggested Claire.

"A black and sunless place where lovely water mists without eyes frolic in the darkness," added Paul.

"Or a kingdom of Miccomcon, where dreams are made and sent out into the world," said Carla.

Derwent was preparing his end of the log for a final heave. "I insist it is a place of devils and death. Still, like Lucy-Belle, I'd like to see what's there. After all, it's fifty million years of—mystery! Are you ready, Paul?"

"Ready!"

The log pitched down, and as it went the end of it swung like a living thing and struck Paul. Even before the blow—in the lightning flash of time when eyes behind could see it sweeping upon him—a sudden scream filled his consciousness, and as the timber caught him he saw it was Claire whose cry had tried to warn him. Then he was over. With photographic clearness his eyes beheld his fate. The water seemed to reach up and catch him on its oily breast, and for a brief instant after this there was a sensation not unpleasant about its hold. For some unaccountable reason he felt no sense of fear or terror even when forces that were irresistible but gentle pulled him down. He knew it was death, the death they had played with and lightly talked about, yet its presence closing about him did not rob his mind of its vision and judgment, nor frighten him into senseless wrestling with it. He would come up again, alive, near the jagged tooth of rock; after that would be his end, and in such an hour as this seconds became eternities of life. His wife, Carla, Lucy-Belle, and Derwent were still nearer to him than the final stroke of death; he would see them, especially Claire and Carla, when he looked back in those few moments of grace which the monster of the undercurrents would give him. These two, and the supreme faith which had wrought a comradeship between him and all the forces of Nature, gave him, instinctively and without effort the courage not to be afraid.

The undercurrent's indraughts and refluxes carried him with a quiet and deliberate leisureliness, which gave him no physical discomfort except that of holding his breath. Yet they were so powerful, so utterly sure in their grip, that when he made an experimental effort to reach the surface it was as if he were struggling against a wooden wall. To save the air in his lungs he restrained himself from further exertion, and when, at last, he came up near the rock, and felt fresh air in his face, he had suffered no greater inconvenience than if he had taken a long drive. His first thought was of the log, his second of the granite snag. Against this, after a moment, he felt himself being slowly lifted, and throwing out his hands he was thrilled by the fibrous, slimy touch of a rope-like substance which had gathered thickly about it just under the surface of the water. River weeds and flag had wrapped themselves in a tough belt about the rock and so firmly had they attached them selves to it that he knew they would, for a time at least, hold up his weight from the sucking undertow which was already beginning to drag at his limbs.

He looked toward the cliff and raised one hand to wave at the four who stood there. With the distance,

gasp as the figure struck the water and disappeared. An appalling and devastating weakness seized upon him, a deadly sickness of shock, a thing that loosened the grip of his fingers from the clinging belt of weeds and made him limply impotent against the dragging force of the undertow. For an instant his brain reeled in darkness. He began to go down, easily and slowly, as if the cruel and murderous hands below were fearful of arousing the inertness to which he had momentarily succumbed. Then water struck into his face and startled him. Heart and brain leaped in response to its warning, and he thrust up wildly and caught the weeds again. They hung closely to the rock, allowing him to drag his body up until his shoulders were out of water once more. He heard Derwent shout, as if from a mile away, but he paid no attention to the cry, nor did he look toward the cliff. The thought in his mind was that Claire would be with him in another moment or two. She would come to the surface near the rock, and he must be ready to seize and hold her with him until the weeds gave way—or a miracle happened.

(To Be Continued)

JIM DOLE AND PINEAPPLES

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

It is the man with an idea and a vision and the persistence to make his dream a reality who has revolutionized science and business and education. Most of such men have been thought queer or crazy by the ordinary humdrum citizen who is contented with things as they are and is willing to trudge along the old way.

Pineapples and sugar are the two great industries of the Hawaiian Islands—sugar for some time and pineapples somewhat recently. I went over the pineapple plantations on Oahu in July—thousands of acres of them, the vigorous, healthy plants stretching in long light green rows for miles, not a weed to be seen anywhere. I went through the factory where the ripe pineapples are put through the various processes to prepare them for shipment to the retail trade. Tons of the ripe fruit come in every day; millions of cans of preserved pineapple go out to every state on the mainland and to every civilized country on the globe. I saw crates ready for shipment to South Africa, to England, to Germany, to Holland, and to cities ten thousand miles away.

These few paragraphs are not an advertisement of the pineapple industry, nor intended to broadcast the excellent qualities of Hawaiian pineapple; they are simply to emphasize what one man with a vision and persistence can accomplish, for the success of the pineapple industry in Hawaii is attributable, in large part, to one man.

Jim Dole was a young fellow of energy and intelligence. He graduated from Harvard university and came to Honolulu to make a place in the world for himself. He knew that pineapples flourished on the islands, and he was sure that there might be profit in their cultivation. He talked pineapples, thought pineapples, dreamed pineapples and what might be done with them. When a young woman at that time announced that she was going out in the evening with Jim Dole, her friends would say encouragingly: "Well, you'll have a pleasant evening with the pineapples."

He had little money of his own, but what he had he was willing to risk on the venture which he had in mind. Finally he interested people who had money. The enterprise had hard sledding at first. Those who looked on said it was nonsense; Jim was sure to fail; people were fools to put their money into such a chimerical scheme. Jim stuck. His enterprise did not fail. He made a fortune out of pineapples; his plantation and his factory give profitable employment to thousands of people, and he has done a good service to the millions of people to whom his products go. People say now that he was lucky. Maybe. At any rate he demonstrated what faith in an idea and persistence in putting it across can accomplish.

(© 1930, Western Newspaper Union.)

A good neighborhood is a place where landlords make you pay for your vanity.

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.

TO THE ELECTORS OF THE CITY OF EAST JORDAN, CHARLEVOIX COUNTY, MICHIGAN.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, that a meeting of the Common Council will be held at its Chambers in the City of East Jordan, Michigan, on the 17th day of February, 1930, at 7:00 o'clock p. m., for the purpose of hearing objections, if any there be, to the vacating and discontinuing of the premises described in the following resolution, as a park or public ground.

The following resolution was presented by Alderman Watson, who moved its adoption; seconded by Alderman Williams:

WHEREAS, the City of East Jordan is the owner of a parcel of land described as follows, to-wit:

Part of Government Lot seven (7), section twenty-three (23), Township thirty-two (32) north, range seven (7) west; commencing at the quarter post on the west line of section 23; thence north on section line to the center of the East Jordan and Charlevoix highway; thence south-easterly along the center of said highway to the east and west

quarter line of section 23; thence west on said quarter line to place of beginning, situated in the City of East Jordan, Charlevoix County, Michigan; which said piece or parcel of land was purchased, with other lands, for park purposes, and,

WHEREAS, the same is not suitable or adequate for a park or public ground, and said city is not desirous of using the same for park purposes or as a public ground; therefore,

BE IT RESOLVED, that we, the Common Council of the said City of East Jordan, deem it advisable to vacate and discontinue the above described premises as a park or public ground, and will meet at the council rooms in the said City of East Jordan on the 17th day of February, 1930, at seven o'clock p. m., for the purpose of hearing objections, if any there be, to the vacating or discontinuing of said above described premises as a park or public ground.

Adopted by the Council of the City of East Jordan on the sixth day of January, 1930, by an aye and nay vote as follows:

Ayes—Aldermen Clark, Watson, Severance and Williams, and Mayor Gidley.

Nays—None.

Not voting—Aldermen Bradshaw and Taylor.

JAMES GIDLEY, Mayor.
OTIS J. SMITH, City Clerk.

If it is true, as some assert, that a bachelor has no excuse for living it is also a fact that a married man has to have several.

Impatient Customer—Can't you wait on me? Two pounds of liver. I'm in a hurry.

The most recent example of a perfect pessimist is the man who bought cork tipped cigarettes for a sea voyage.

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 (S½) of the southwest quarter (SW¼) 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, Michigan,

By Robert A. Campbell, Cashier.

E. N. CLINK,
Attorney for Mortgagee.

Business address, East Jordan, Mich.

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

You can recognize the road to success by the friends discarded along the way.

"When a man's polite to his wife in public he may be showin' off; but if he's polite at home they're still sweethearts or else he's mad."

Why Have Rheumatic And Neuritis Pain?

"BONKURA relieved me of my rheumatic and neuritis pain quickly." Mrs. J. M. Lenon, Frankfort, Ind.

In most cases rheumatism and neuritis is caused from constipation, indigestion, gas on stomach, etc. If you take the latest scientific developed medicines BONKURA, you will not only be relieved of these ailments completely, but also overcome your rheumatic and neuritis pain. Why suffer? When everything has failed—BONKURA is sold and guaranteed by GIDLEY & MAC, DRUG STORE. adv.

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. Dicke's Office east of State Bank.

DR. G. W. BECHTOLD

Dentist

Office Equipped With X-Ray

Office Hours—8 to 12—1 to 5
Evenings by Appointment

Office, Second Floor Kimball Bldg.
Phone—87-F2.

DR. C. H. PRAY

Dentist

Office Hours:
8:00 to 12:00—1:00 to 5:00
Evenings by Appointment.

Phone—223-F2

R. G. WATSON

FUNERAL DIRECTOR

244 Phones 66

MONUMENTS

EAST JORDAN, MICH.

FRANK PHILLIPS

Tonsorial Artist

WHEN IN NEED OF ANYTHING IN MY LINE, CALL IN AND SEE ME.

DIPPING INTO SCIENCE

Deafness in Insects

The sense of hearing was the last of the five senses to be developed in the great scheme of evolution. Few insects can hear. Even the highest types of insects, such as ants and bees, are deaf although the senses of sight, smell and touch are very keen. Flies are also deaf.

(© 1930, Western Newspaper Union.)

Champion Pea Eater



Miss Lucille Anderson of Los Angeles holding her special knife with which she won the world's pea-eating championship by eating upwards of five thousand peas in exactly one minute and ten seconds.

Butcher—Sorry, Madam, but two or three are ahead of you. You surely don't want your liver out of order!



Paul Saw the Swift, Deliberate Plunge Through Space of the Slim Body.

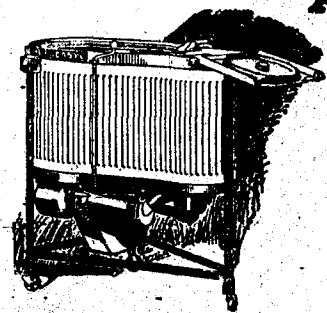
and the water in his eyes, he could not make out which was Claire or Carla or Lucy-Belle. But something told him it was his wife who stood nearest to the edge, with her arms reaching out toward him.

And then, on the cliff, one woman said to another: "Are you going with him?"

The woman spoken to gazed wide-eyed—motionless—voiceless—and after a moment of tense waiting the other said: "Then—I am!"

CHAPTER VIII

Paul saw the swift, deliberate plunge through space of the slim body, which, in the uncertainty of his vision, an instinctive and positive impulse told him was Claire's. A woman's piercing cry came from the cliff, but no responsive echo of horror escaped his own lips, no sound, but an articulate



Announcing

2

NEW and IMPROVED EASY NO-WRINGER WASHERS

1. Improved suction type washer
2. Marvelous new agitator type washer—

at the **LOWEST PRICES** ever asked for any no-wringer **EASY**

Easy terms - See them today

MICHIGAN PUBLIC SERVICE COMPANY

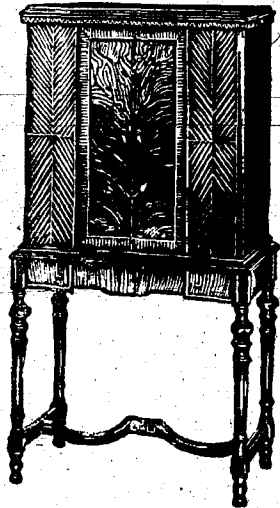
WHEN KIDNEYS BOTHER YOU, REMEMBER THIS

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.

Don't try to kill time. Time can stand the racket longer than you can.

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

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.**

Briefs of the Week

Mrs. N. Stafford left Saturday for a visit with relatives at Grand Rapids.

Mrs. Andrew Olson and Mrs. Louis Bathke were here from Petoskey on business, Monday.

Dance Saturday night on the "Keuka" the "Floating Dance Hall" at Boyne City. Roller Skating every night but Saturday. adv.

At the next regular meeting of the Pythian Sisters, Jan'y 21 it is hoped that all our members will be present, including our gentlemen members, as the officers for the ensuing year will be installed, and a social hour follow.

At A. & P. store—Week of Jan'y 20 to 25th—Maxwell House or White House Coffee 39c; Chipso 2 for 37c; Pink Salmon 2 for 29c; Del Monte Corn 3 for 35c; Peas 2 for 27c; Tomatoes 2 for 25c; Peaches No 2 1/2, 2 for 49c; Spinach 2 for 35c; Scratch Feed \$2.09 cwt. adv.



Special Communication of East Jordan Lodge No. 379, F. & A. M. this Saturday night, Jan'y 19th. Work in the M. M. degree. Lodge will open promptly at 7:00 o'clock standard time instead of the usual hour of 7:30.

Not one cent of tourist advertising funds will be spent by the Upper Peninsula Development Bureau for billboard advertising, officials of the organization decreed in a resolution passed at their winter session last week. A copy of the resolution was forwarded to a Detroit billboard concern which had solicited business. Accompanying the resolution was a statement by George E. Bishop, sec'y of the association, that billboards would be spurned because of public sentiment against them and because State officials have declared against this form of advertising.

Miss Lydia Beyer, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Richard Beyer, was united in marriage to Enoch Hawkins of McKesson, Mich., Wednesday afternoon, January 15th, at the Presbyterian Manse in East Jordan. Rev. C. W. Sidebotham officiating. They were attended by Miss Emma Beyer and August F. Leu. The bride wore a blue velvet dress and carried a bouquet of roses and lilies-of-the-valley, the bridesmaid wore a blue georgette dress and carried roses. Following the ceremony, a wedding supper was served to 25 guests at the home of the bride's parents. The bride grew to womanhood in this vicinity—and has many friends who extend sincere congratulations. Mr. and Mrs. Hawkins will make their future home at McKesson, where Mrs. Hawkins will continue to teach school.

Stanton—Samuel Straley, 33 years old, a World war veteran and township clerk, who lived two miles west of Edmore, died from a broken back as result of a fall. He had gone to the barn, taking an air rifle to kill sparrows. He climbed to a rafter about 15 feet above the floor. Later Samuel's body was found on the cement floor. He is survived by his father and mother, his widow and two children.

Saginaw—Floyd Hall, 24 years old, escaped with minor injuries here when his truck was struck by a southbound Michigan Central passenger train on the road leading to the Consumers Power company gas plant in Milwaukee. Hall was thrown clear of the wreckage when the train collided with his truck which was dragged for nearly 100 feet before its twisted chassis and body dropped off the engine of the train.

Buchanan—Homsick for old scenes. A pedigreed police dog owned by Bert Allen a farmer who formerly lived two miles from here, has returned to Buchanan after running away from the new home of its master in California. The dog required a year to make the trip of more than 2,000 miles. In the fall of 1928 Allen took his family and the dog to California by truck. Soon after his arrival on the west coast Allen missed the dog and wrote to friends here that it had been stolen.

Brighton — Residents of Brighton are discussing the possibilities of a gold rush in Livingston County, following the revelation that Edward Minkley, Brighton barber, had filed claim on 35 acres of summer resort property between Fonda and Dollar Lakes, just off Grand River avenue, under the U. S. Mining Act. Minkley recently excavated to build a summer cottage and found a quantity of ore which he believed contained gold. He sent the ore to the Government assayer's office and received a report that the ore contained gold in paying quantities.

Benton Harbor—Her blind husband, 70, tried to put out the flames, but Mrs. William F. Williams, 66, was fatally burned in her Berrien Springs home after dropping a gasoline container near the kitchen stove. A few drops of gasoline ignited from a match and Mrs. Williams became a human torch. Her husband wrapped rugs about her and called neighbors. They saved the husband, who was badly burned. A semi-invalid for two years, he was dependent on his wife for care.

Charles Crowell returned home Monday from South Haven, where he was called some five weeks ago by the illness and death of his brother-in-law.

Dance Saturday night on the "Keuka" the "Floating Dance Hall" at Boyne City. Roller Skating every night but Saturday. adv.

Mrs. Leonard Dudley returned home Tuesday from Plymouth, where she has been caring for her daughter who has been quite ill. She also visited relatives at Lansing.

About 20 friends gathered at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Sam Persons, Saturday night, Jan'y 4th to help Mr. Persons celebrate his 71st birthday. An oyster supper was served, after which a social time was enjoyed by all.

After pulling the throttle on the G. R. & I. and the Pennsylvania railroads for over 40 years, Wm. H. Hardick, of Cadillac, has perfected a new turnbuckle, which it is claimed will prevent wrecks caused by loose bolts in switch rods resulting in derailment in most cases. Previously no such device had been known. Hardick states that the Pennsylvania Co. is considering adopting the new device for permanent use on their rails.

Fire, caused by spontaneous combustion in the coal pile at the Reiss Coal docks, at Escanaba, has been burning slowly for three weeks, already causing more than \$1,000 damage. The fire is beginning to spread and efforts to extinguish the flames have been in vain. Because of the nature of the fire, it is practically useless to use water lines. Many thousands of tons of coal are contained in the pile where the fire is concentrated.

When the Farm Board considers a proposed loan of \$720,000 to a cooperative association of Michigan and Wisconsin cherry growers this week, it will have before it a letter from Michigan canners challenging the need of the loan. W. P. Hartman, Grand Rapids, president of the Michigan Canners Association, wrote the letter in which he does not protest the loan directly, but declared untrue allegations that the canners have treated growers unfairly. He says Michigan canners have paid as good or better prices than the Wisconsin cooperative.

The "Keuka," the Floating Dance Hall at Boyne City has been attracting goodly crowds from this section, who are enjoying roller skating thru the week and dancing on Saturday nights. This is a very novel roller rink and dance hall, being the only one of this nature on the Great Lakes. The "Keuka" was formerly a lumber barge and is owned by the Wolverine Steamship Co., of Boyne City, who for a number of years operated the Steamer "Griffin" in the iron ore and steel trade. Tables are arranged around the sides of the hall, which are used for serving lunches and refreshments on special occasions.

Smart House Dress



Here's a house dress smart enough to wear almost anywhere. It is a wash frock of red and white polka dots, with trimming of red and pearl buttons.

DIPPING INTO SCIENCE

—Elements of the Sun
Helium, the element which is always being produced by radium in the earth, was first discovered in the sun and not until years later was it found to exist on our planet.
Carbonium is another element of the sun, but none of this has been found on the earth.
(© 1920, Western Newspaper Union.)

Own Your Home!

It CAN be done and SHOULD be done That is why the banks of the United States have included in the lessons of NATIONAL THRIFT WEEK—January 17th to 23rd—the desirability of owning your own home.

Decide now that you will own your home as soon as possible. THEN OPEN A SAVINGS ACCOUNT in this bank and SAVE FOR THAT DEFINITE PURPOSE. We will be glad to help you figure out just how—and when—you can own your home.

COME IN AND OPEN A SAVINGS ACCOUNT IN THIS BANK TODAY. LET US HELP YOU GET AHEAD.



"THE BANK ON THE CORNER"

TEMPLE THEATRE
— PRESENTS —

FRIDAY and SATURDAY, Jan. 17-18—Special. Colleen Moore in "Lilac Time." Comedy "Our Gang." Proceeds of this picture is for the benefit of the E. J. H. S. Commercial class. 10c—35c
SUNDAY, Jan. 19—Corrine Griffith in "Prisoners." Comedy and Fox News. 10c—25c
TUESDAY, Jan. 21—Hoot Gibson in "Courtin' Wild Cats." Comedy. 1st chapter "Tarzan the Tiger." The greatest Tarzan picture of them all. Family Night—2 for 1 with merchant's ticket. 10c—25c
THURSDAY, Jan. 23—China Night. Farrel McDonald in "Riley The Cop." Comedy. 10c—25c

**Short Lengths of
SILKS and SATINS**

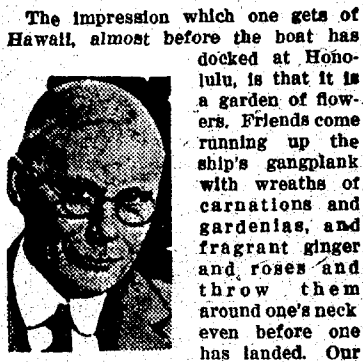
Are you going to make any new Pillows?

Beginning about next Wednesday, we are, along with other things of which you will hear later, going to sell Short Lengths of Silks and Satins, just right for a number of things. Some lengths enough for a child's dress, blouse, slip or skirt at 1-2 the regular price. If it is a heavy Crepe \$3.00, now it is \$1.50 the yard. Some short pieces just what is needed to lengthen some dress if you wish to do so.

**EAST JORDAN LUMBER
COMPANY STORE**

The Embarrassment of Riches

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



The impression which one gets of Hawaii, almost before the boat has docked at Honolulu, is that it is a garden of flowers. Friends come running up the ship's gangplank with wreaths of carnations and gardenias, and fragrant ginger and roses and throw them around one's neck even before one has landed. Our eyes are blinded almost as we drive down the street with the brilliance of the coloring. Croton hedges which seem unreal, painted, so bright a scarlet are they. Long rows of shower trees line the street covered with flowers—scarlet, yellow, pink and a combination of rainbow tints which make one think he is in fairy land. Great masses of hibiscus are everywhere showing a thousand tints and colors and combination of colors. I had never before seen such a variety of flowers and such a riot of color. And the sky was blue with soft white clouds drifting lazily across it, and the air was only mildly warm, and out there was the ocean glistening in the sun and showing every opalescent tint that imagination could conceive of. It seemed an ideal place to live—flowers everywhere and a blue sky and sunshine and the air filled with a thousand sweet odors.

In the morning I was awakened by a regular scratching sound outside my bungalow. I looked out of the window and saw Suki sweeping the lawn with a long handled rattan broom. A half dozen huge hau trees stood back of the hotel, yellow with big bell-like blossoms. In the daytime. During the night the flowers had faded and dropped, and the ground underneath the trees was littered with them. So, too, with the brilliant hibiscus; and under the red shower trees there was a carpet of faded petals. Suki was raking them into piles and carrying them away and burning them. Even flowers, it seems, involve labor and responsibility, and are not an unalloyed delight. There is an embarrassment in a riches of flowers as I suppose there is in every sort of riches.

A woman in San Francisco has just applied for a divorce. She was married to a man who after their marriage had become suddenly rich through the discovery of oil on some of his property. The luxury amid which the woman suddenly found herself was an embarrassment to her; she longed for the old simple life.

"Poverty grants to those she loves," she wrote to her husband, "the only urge of life—the boon of desire." With nothing to wish for, nothing to work for, with every want satisfied, life would no doubt fall upon us. We can have too many flowers, too much sunshine. For even flowers and sunshine might in time become a real embarrassment of riches.

"I sometimes long to be a poor man's wife," a wealthy woman once said to me. "There would be less responsibility for me in such a position, more freedom, more joy to which I could look forward."

(© 1930, Western Newspaper Union.)

Branded by Turks



Albert Nye Roughton, fifty-four, an American citizen, who is now in Washington, exhibiting the scars inflicted on his face and body during the two years he spent in a Turkish prison. Roughton, who seeks a pension on which he may live, was a Spanish-American war veteran who was engaged in 1914-15 in running the blockade into Mesopotamia aboard a British ship. He was captured, branded as a spy and sent to prison in the Blue mountains. There he was branded with the German double-headed eagle superimposed on the Turkish "Spider of Death," which served as a means of identification in case of escape. Escaping from prison with a young girl, Ada Allen Mace, another prisoner, Roughton later joined the expedition of Lord Carnarvon which unearthed the tomb of King Tutankamen.

"Money kept in hosiery draws more interest."

School News and Chatter

"Jack was nimble,
Jack was quick
And Jack jumped over
A candle stick."
"We are nimble
With our wit.
We look for news,
And news we get."

Editor-in-Chief—Katherine Wangerman.

Assistant Editor—Helen Severance
Reporters—Ethel Staley, Luella Nelson, Frances Brown, Margaret Bayliss, Margaret Wilbur, William Taylor.

Sophomores

The Sophomores are busy planning their first party of the year for Saturday night. They may be slow, but they surely are SURE. We are glad to know that this party is to be the invitation kind.

The Sophomores also had a party planned for last Wednesday night, but due to the boy's inability to get the required number of girls, the party was called off.

Chorus

The new song books have arrived and the chorus group have begun working on the new operetta "Carrie Goes to College," or "Campus Daze." This is a very good operetta and we believe that those who are taking chorus will be able to make this go off big when the time comes.

Commercial

Don't forget the show 'Lilac Time' that the commercial department is putting on tonight (Friday) and tomorrow night. This is a very wonderful play and "loads" of tickets have been sold already. However, if you hurry, you can get your ticket from the High School and thus be sure of a seat.

Home Economics

This week the eighth grade Home Economics girls are learning how to serve an attractive breakfast. The ninth grade girls are studying "Luncheon." We all know that this work must be interesting, because several tasty dishes are served, and the girls are allowed to eat what they cook.

The tenth grade girls are becoming efficient seamstresses. This week they are studying the making of children's clothes.

Once More We Win

There was a grand scramble for places in the buses, on Thursday night, Jan'y 9th, the night of the debate with Alba, because the school spirit was so genuinely shown by East Jordanites who wished to attend that debate. The debating team was certainly well supported by our High School, because approximately 75 students and parents were there.

In spite of the rising wind and storm, we arrived safely, and were accommodated into the M. E. Church where the debate was held. At 8:00 o'clock the debate began.

The same question was debated—Resolved: That a Judge, or Board of Judges be substituted for the Jury, in the State and Municipal Courts of Michigan.

This time our team took the affirmative side, Alba arguing for the negative. After hearing our team fight the Mancelona and Charlevoix teams, we were thoroughly convinced that they believed in the negative side, but this last debate with Alba, in which they changed sides, was certainly a good argument for the affirmative.

The first speaker was Frances Brown. She introduced the problems of the Jury and Judge systems, tore down some supposed theories of the negative side, and generously discussed each individual problem.

The negative team seemed inclined to picture the Jury system as something sacred, something "which was in the hearts of every true American citizen," and which was imbedded in the Constitution and could not be abolished without great difficulty.

Nothing could make Carl Weaver become confused, however, and he had a ready comeback. Their negative opponents have been upholding the Jury system as a shrine, or as something sacred. As I have always understood the word sacred, it refers to the profound deity.

That dismissed the "sacred and shrine" question. Then Helen Severance stepped forward, and by means of good, sound, arguments, succeeded in tearing down many more of the Alba points.

Everyone realized that Alba had a good team, and so when the results were announced, it made every East Jordanite feel still prouder of the East Jordan team. Three votes were cast—two for the Affirmative side, and one for the Negative.

Another victory in debate. The next debate is to be held here on Thursday, January 23. This conflict will be with Petoskey and our team will need everyone's support. We hope that everyone will be as enthusiastic over this debate as they were over the last one.

FUN FOR EVERYONE

Friday, January 24 at the High School will be a happy night for all. And are the Juniors busy? The annual Junior Carnival is going to be a treat and you're promised to see a Basket Ball game worth the price of a whole season ticket. Boyne City, our close rivals, especially in B. B., will be here to do their best "to take home the bacon," so it's up to us to help our team win and to make the annual Junior Fair of 1930 the best ever.

Not the same old thing this year but something original and unique. Not all graft, and you're sure to get your money's worth if you join the crowd at the Schoolhouse, Friday, Jan'y 24. Don't miss it.

The Hi Skool Gerl's Diary

(This diary of a High School girl consists of plain bare facts. The notes are adequately criticized, jeopardized, revised, surmised and mesmerized by other news reporters.)

January 6—Everyone is back to school after vacation and it seems they've all improved a lot—or else I have. The teachers seem sweeter too. Gee, but it's hard to study after two weeks idleness and good times and all. I've made a New Year's resolution to get all good marks this semester, but things look pretty bad for me now because I simply can't settle down.

January 7—Last night I went to the Lyceum Course and saw the magic "Reno" wave silk handkerchiefs around, produce glass bowls full of water, make cards jump around, and what not. I tried some of the stunts but didn't seem to have the knack or talent, or whatever it is.

January 8—Today we got our report cards and I got so worked up while they were being passed around that I swallowed a fresh stick of juicy fruit.

FEAR

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

As a child I was terrified by the dark. No sooner had the shadows begun to gather than I peeped every dark corner inside the house and out with untold dangers. If I had to go to the barn I expected some one or something to jump from behind every tree or to rise up from every dark corner to do me injury.



If I were sent down cellar I shrank against the farther wall lest some hand reach up from the open side of the staircase and grab my leg. I never told anyone of these fears, but I was far into manhood before I was able to control or to forget them.

As one reads the history of religion one sees how great a part fear played in its development. Primitive man saw in rocks and trees, in thunderbolts, and wind and storm and in every object living and inanimate some manifestation of an unseen and mighty power which he thought he must placate if he were to be fortunate, or lucky, or successful. He did not understand these things, but he was afraid of the gods, and so sacrifice and prayer and other elements of primitive worship came into his life.

We are wiser now, as we have grown up or have come better to understand the laws of nature, but everywhere we can still see how fear, useless, unintelligible, pagan almost, still handicaps and holds men back from success, from happiness, from accomplishing the best that is in them.

Gordon is afraid of his boss. When he meets him he is thrown into a state of sweaty self-consciousness. When he is sent for he goes trembling wondering what has happened and what the penalty is likely to be. Fear puts him always at a disadvantage, paralyzes his tongue, stupefies his brain and makes him appear like a veritable boob. And yet he has more brains and more ability than his boss; only fear ruins him.

George is afraid of his wife. She is a person of huge dimensions; she blusters and talks in a loud, threatening voice. She checks him up at every move he attempts to make, and rather than have a row he allows himself to be browbeaten and cowed. He could manage her if he would only once take a firm stand, and they might be much happier than they are, but fear inhibits in him every tendency to assert himself.

I stayed at the Potters for a few days not long ago. Mrs. Potter is an intelligent and educated woman, but she is obsessed with fear. She knows the value of fresh air, but every window in the house is locked, every door is barred, all her silver is in the bank, the window blinds are pulled down as soon as the sun has set. When she leaves the house she locks everything that can be locked and when she has locked the door she goes back and shakes it two or three times to be sure that it is locked. Fear! And yet she has never had a burglary in her life.

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A partisan is a man who thinks you are against him if you talk sense.

But glory be. Wasn't I surprised to get three A's. Teacher gave me a sweet smile and said I was a nice little girl. Actually I was annihilated into seclusion over it all—I mean astonished to the extreme point of assiduity.

January 9—Diary, diary, I've begun to think I'm not quite such a smart girl after all. Give me an onion and I will weep.

This morning I flunked out on four questions in Literature and Life class. It's LIFE, alright. Really, it's so hard to keep one's mind on ancient writers when there are real boys in the same class with you and whose aptitudes are so freakish.

January 10—Last night was the big debate with Alba, and I rehearsed the yells for "Team, team" until I was literally confused into degenerative hoarseness. Everyone in town went to that debate.

"Our team: Whether they win or lose, they're criticized, they're praised, they're congratulated, but our team."

Our team won. I was thrilled to the freezing point and if it hadn't been for that big caramel in my mouth at the time results were announced I would have exploded with joyous ejaculations.

I did not get a chance to freeze on the way home—the weather was so cold. Also, the bus ran out of gas

about a mile out. Not so romantic for poor little me who was crowded in with the line of parents, children and faculty members.

I surely am tired today after having only five hours sleep last night and a hard struggle with the bed post. But at least I showed my broad personality because debates are instructive and educational, and all

I'm going to forget education over the week end and settle down to a natural state of absent-mindedness. Goodbye, diary dear, until Monday.

Grades

The Kindergarteners have been learning about Eskimos and their customs. Several Eskimo songs have been learned and a poem about Jack Frost has also been memorized.

The bulletin board has many colored winter pictures. Across the top of the blackboard are a number of wintry pictures, constructed by the "artists" of the class.

The second graders are studying about our northern friends, the Eskimos. They have also made some very outstanding calendars for this month.

Arlene Engel is the new scholar who has recently joined the second grade forces. We are glad, also, to announce that Hugh Richards is back to school again.

The third graders have begun a study of the Dutch. To make the study more interesting, they have been writing stories and collecting pictures. A village of the Dutch, showing the customs and home life and ideals, has also been constructed.

They are also showing interest in physical education, by making attractive health booklets.

The contest in spelling is now closed. The girls have the honor of winning. The outcome was that the boys had to give a peanut hunt for the girls.

The spelling race between the "Flying Clouds" and "Eords" is still going on. It seems that the cars will soon run out of gasoline, if the race continues much longer. However, this goes to show the enthusiasm and animation of the fifth graders.

The sixth graders certainly must be recognized as a studious, intelligent bunch. 32 students have an average of "B" or more. This indisputably places their name on the Honor Roll.

The sixth grade boys won the spelling contest last week, but the victory was marked by the small gain of 3-5 of 1%, so the girls do not feel badly. In fact, four of the girls—Virginia Bartlett, Bertha Spencer, Phyllis Rogers, and Priscilla Rogers attained the high average of 100% for last month.

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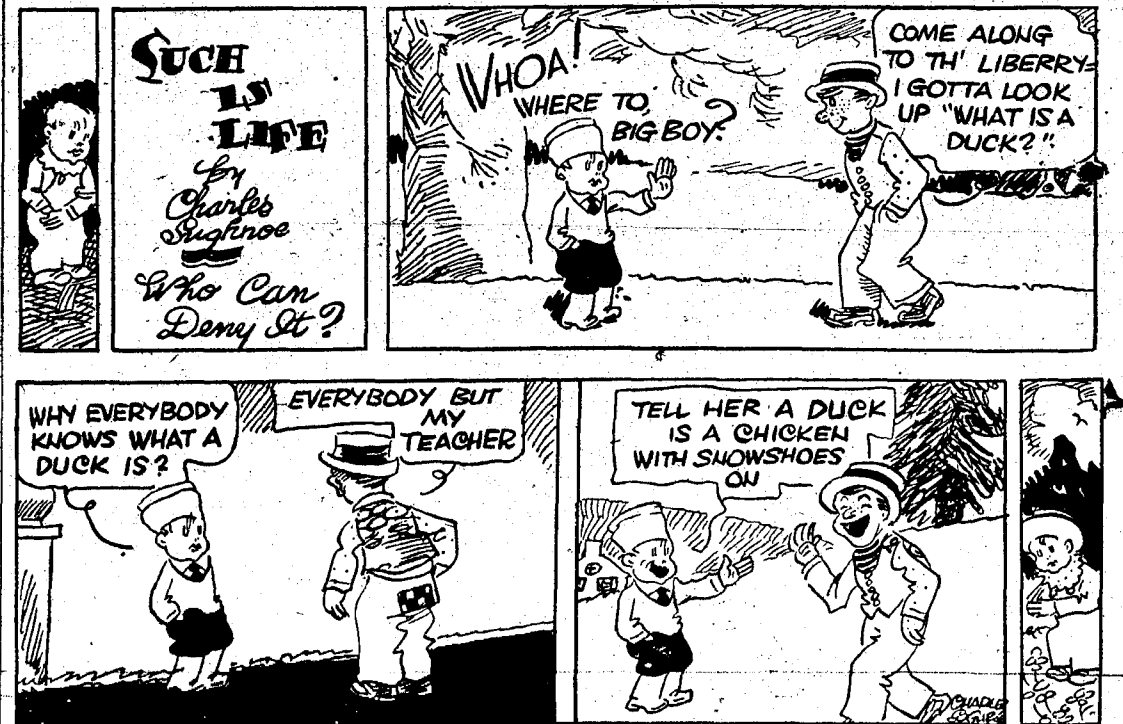
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