

Charlevoix County Herald.

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Charlevoix Co. Fair Dates Sept. 14-15-16

COUNTY AGR'L SOCIETY RE-
CENTLY RE-ORGANIZED.

At a meeting of the Executive Committee of the Charlevoix County Agricultural Society held at the Public Library in East Jordan, Wednesday night, it was decided to hold the Fair on the 14, 15, and 16th of September, 1932. The Fair will be held both day and night.

At a meeting held some time ago the Fair Association was re-organized and a complete new group of officers elected. These men are from all sections of the county and feel that Charlevoix County should preserve its Fair and are giving their time and effort toward making it a success. Harry Behling of Wilson Township is the new President of the Society and urges all farmers and others who have products to exhibit to join with the officers of the Society in making the Fair a success.

It is the hope of the officers of the Society to eliminate all unnecessary expense and run the Fair with very little overhead and make it pay its own way.

Premiums will be paid pro-rata out of the gate receipts but of course will be paid in full if funds are available.

Admission will be 25c for adults, and 10c for children, and a charge of 10c will be made for all cars entering the grounds. This is less than has ever been charged for admission.

OLSON—BRETZ

Miss Helen Louise Bretz, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Bretz of 15505 Marlowe Ave., Detroit, became the bride of Gilbert LeRoy Olson, son of Mr. and Mrs. O. G. Olson of Tomah, Wisconsin, at 8:00 o'clock Saturday evening, July 9th, at the home of the bride's parents. Dr. W. H. MacClenchen of the Ford Memorial Church read the ceremony before a bank of ferns and garden flowers. Duncan Ferguson sang "O Promise Me," accompanied at the piano by Miss Christine Laurmer, who also played the wedding march.

The bride who was given in marriage by her father, was gowned in peach chiffon and carried a bouquet of white roses. Her sister, Miss Betty Bretz who attended her, wore blue georgette and carried Ophelia roses. Willard Hunter of Detroit assisted the bridegroom.

Among the guests attending were Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Malpass of East Jordan, Mrs. O. G. Olson of Tomah, Wis., Miss Alice Hodge of Oklahoma City, Okla., Miss Dorothea Malpass of Saginaw, Mr. and Mrs. Paul Bretz of Almont, Mich., and many Detroit friends and relatives.

The Worm Turns

An Indian down in Oklahoma, hard up, went to the bank to borrow \$100. The banker said it would be all right, provided he had some security. The deal finally was made, the Indian giving a mortgage on 20 ponies.

Not long after that off was struck close to the Indian's allotment, and he sold his off lease for a lot of cash, so stepped into the bank and peeled off a \$100 bill to pay the loan.

"That's fine," remarked the banker when the business was completed, "but you don't want to carry all that money around with you. Better leave it here with me."

"All right," replied the redskin; "how many ponies you got?"—*Cap-per's Weekly.*

America's "Kangaroo"

The nearest thing native to North America to a kangaroo is the so-called jumping mouse. This small forest and field rodent with a head and body length of not more than three inches can leap as much as 15 feet in a single bound. Its hind legs, suggestive of the kangaroo, are much longer than the forelegs and are used in the huge leaps the kangaroo effects on a larger scale.

The jumping mouse is a night-roaming animal, seldom making an appearance in the daytime. It feeds almost exclusively on grain and seeds. It is sought after by most of the smaller predaceous animals.

Change in Rapid Transit

The taxi was traveling along at a rapid clip when it suddenly struck a patch of rough road. The driver, a reckless soul, kept clipping along.

After a bit he called back to his lone fare. "Are you there, mister?" "Yee-es, but if you don't mind (bump), I'd like you to stop a few minutes (bump, bump) so I can put my clothes back on."—*Kansas City Star.*

CANNING DEMONSTRATIONS WELL ATTENDED

The Canning Demonstrations conducted in the County July 14, 15, and 16 by Miss Roberta Hershey, Extension Nutrition Specialist of the College, proved to be very interesting and helpful to the 100 ladies and Canning Club girls who attended.

At each demonstration Miss Hershey canned two vegetables, using the pressure cooker. One was canned in glass and the other in tin. Contrary to general belief Miss Hershey stated that canned goods in tin were fully as satisfactory as in glass and in fact were somewhat cheaper.

She very carefully discussed all the precautions necessary and described in detail the various steps in canning. Miss Hershey emphasized in particular the following precaution: Always cook non-acid fruits and vegetables 10 minutes after the can is opened.

The ladies expressed a hope that Miss Hershey could again be secured for similar demonstrations.

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

HAGENBECK-WALLACE CIRCUS AT PETOSKEY NEXT MONDAY

Cantankerous tigers, lions gifted with marvelous bass voices, pernicious pumas, polar bears, and herds of ponderous pachyderms, clowns and klars bespangled—all these, together with bands and calliopes, side-shows, and hundreds of blooded track and ring steeds, are coming to Petoskey for the Great Hagenbeck-Wallace Circus, one of the largest in the world, is scheduled for afternoon and night performances on Monday, July 25th.

This celebrated show, always to the fore with new and thrilling features, has this season, outdone itself in the line-up of its 1932 program. It isn't merely the same old round of the same old acts and displays, but, all new, novel, extremely thrilling and colorful. It abounds with names that are warp and woof of spangleland—the greatest array of circus stars ever presented under the famed Hagenbeck-Wallace banners.

Clyde Beatty, youthful subjugator, who is called the world's most fearless wild animal trainer, heads the list of thrillers. Alone, and single-handed, he enters the great steel arena containing a mixed group of wild and ferocious lions and tigers. Thirty-four of the most savage beasts on earth.

Other equally prominent highlights will include Poodles Hanneford, greatest of riding comiques, and his noted family of equestrian; the Cronin Sisters, and the Wingert Trio, aerialists; the famous Hagenbeck-Wallace herds of performing pachyderms; the MacFarlan educated equines; groups of ironjaw aerialists in thrilling displays, and scores of amazing track offerings.

In the maze of aerial displays, the Clarkonians, and the Siegrist troups will astound with their breathtaking mid-air somersaulting in the extreme heights of the big top.

Riding acts, acrobatic, and almost countless ground acts will vie with wild animal, the horse, and novelty numbers in the great oval arena with its three rings, spacious stages, and steel-barred presentation dens.

In offering this season, "Cleopatra, Queen of Egypt," for the opening lyrical spectacle, the Great Hagenbeck-Wallace show dwarfs all previous inaugural numbers with its beauty of music, chorus, ballet, number of animals, and in costly wardrobe and trappings.

Clowns? Yes, half a hundred of 'em, and a whole track full of animal and grotesque comics thrown in for good measure.

Queer Old Beliefs

Chocolate, which has enjoyed first place popularity for many hundreds of years, was once regarded as a sinful food. Joan Franc Rauch in 1624 wrote a treatise about chocolate in which he condemned it as a "violent inflamer of the passions," and urged that the monks should be forbidden to drink it. Another writer complained that the addition of sugar destroyed the value of chocolate, because sugar was a "corrosive salt and an enemy of the body."

Beginning of Great Work

What is said to be the earliest Ladies' Aid society work is spoken of in the ninth chapter of Acts, from the thirty-fifth to the fortieth verses, describing Tabitha or Dorcas, who with other saints and widows devoted their time to serving the distressed of the early Christians, ministering to the sick and afflicted and making little coats and garments for the clothing and health of the poor children, as well as ministering to the disciples and apostles.

DISTINGUISHED MINISTERS TO PREACH IN EAST JORDAN

It was feared that on account of there being fewer resorters than usual in northern Michigan this summer that the people of East Jordan might not have the opportunity to hear the fine talent of ministers that they did last summer. It is therefore a keen pleasure to be able to announce that a group of ministers will preach in the East Jordan Presbyterian Church the following few Sundays equal to any group to be heard in any church in the country during the vacation season. The manner in which the people of East Jordan have shown their appreciation in years past for the privilege of hearing outstanding ministers has been the incentive for forming the plans for the present season.

The following is the schedule of ministers and of dates:

July 24—Dr. John Gardner, for many years pastor of the First Congregational Church of Riverside, Cal.

July 31—Dr. Selby Vance, Professor in the Theological School of Pittsburgh, Penn. Dr. Vance is one of the most honored Christian teachers in the country.

August 7—Dr. Carl Glover, Pastor of the First Congregational Church of Quincy, Ill.

August 14—Dr. George Buttrick, Pastor of the Madison Ave., Presbyterian Church of New York City. This is the largest Presbyterian Church of New York. Dr. Buttrick is author of "The Parables of Jesus," and of the Yale University book on preaching, "Jesus Came Preaching."

August 21—Dr. Wm. Lampe, Pastor of the West Side Presbyterian Church of St. Louis, Mo. This is the largest Presbyterian Church in St. Louis.

Indian Women First to Make Marvelous Laces

Feminine tourists to South American cities find delight in the beautiful laces which are used in profusion by women of Spanish blood throughout the entire world.

Strange as it may seem, however, many of the laces found in South America are not of Spanish origin, but were made by the Indian women long before the coming of the conquistadores.

A particular lace which might well be mistaken for a cobweb, so fine is its texture and design, has been made by the Indian women of Paraguay for so long that its origin is lost in the obscurity of legends.

It takes much time and infinite patience to make this lace, known as nanutti, and only those who have known the art from mother to daughter really know how to do it.

The nanutti lace is to be found only in Paraguay. No other country makes it, and many buyers are sent from other countries in South America to purchase it.

In Paraguay, frequently whole villages are employed in the manufacture of these laces. If you pass the half-opened door of one of the homes in these villages, you will see all the women of the family, from the young girls to the old grandmothers, bending over the frames making these laces.

Insane Once Believed to Be Devil-Possessed

Since we know so little of the inner workings of the human mind, insane asylums are really only places where the mentally ill are kept. And yet when one compares these institutions and the care given to the insane with methods used formerly, the least one can say is that the insane are now handled reasonably.

Philippe Pinel, born in 1745, was not only an apostle of reasonableness as well as of human goodness, but possessed the medical training needed to cast aside the ignorant superstitions regarding the insane. In those days in France, and in fact all over Europe, the insane were forged, were believed to be possessed by the devil, were loaded with chains and imprisoned with the sick and criminal.

As head of the Bicetre hospital in 1793 and as director of the Salpêtrière in 1795, Pinel cast aside the chains of the insane inmates, substituted warm baths for the cold water immersion and instituted many reforms that seem only natural to us. Claude Lillingsston also has offered to readers of *Hygeia Magazine* the biography of Philippe Pinel, another of the "Pioneers of Medicine."

Laugh at Yourself

Prof. Carl G. Gaum of Rutgers college, New Jersey, who when he says that, smiles: "A moron, a halfwit, even an idiot, can laugh at other people's mishaps; the man who can laugh at a superstition, a custom, a tradition, an institution, must be an observer; but the man who can genuinely laugh at himself, is truly intelligent."—*Quoted in "Golden Book."*

MANY IMPROVEMENTS HAVE BEEN MADE AT TOURIST PARK

The Tourist Park Committee wishes to extend a vote of thanks to the Charlevoix County Nursery, Boyne City Greenhouse, Al Frieberg, Mesdames Jessie Hiatt, Eva Votruba, Chas. Brabant, Sarah Rogers, Geo. Carr, G. W. Bechtold, Glen Bulow, and M. J. Williams, for contributing bulbs, shrubbery, and plants for the flower garden at our Tourist Park, which has added much towards beautifying the grounds.

Much work has been done by the local people this year toward improving the park, the grading and laying out the local baseball diamond on the east end of the park was entirely donated by local ball fans. The ball ground has attracted many people from surrounding cities, and is the best ball diamond in this locality.

The new log cabin for the caretaker, Jos. Cummins, the new rose arbor, a new ventilated roof on the bath house, and the overnight cabins built by Carl Shedina have all added to making our a better park for the tourist and also the home people.

The home folks, those in the country and neighboring cities are invited to enjoy their picnic dinners and bathing at the East Jordan Tourist Park.

LEWIS G. CORNEIL
Republican Candidate for Office of
COUNTY TREASURER
Your support will be appreciated.

Treasure Hunters Still Seeking Gold in Mexico

Ever since the days of the Spanish conquest legends of gold hidden in the hills of Mexico have survived. Fortune hunters have dreamed of coming upon sudden riches in hidden caches.

In our own day many treasure hunts have been organized: one American searcher went so far as to organize a stock company to look for the wealth which legend says was dropped by the plumed serpent god, Quetzalcoatl, in his mythical flight from the unknown city of Tula.

The Mexicans themselves jokingly say that, if only a portion of the ancient treasure were recovered, the national debt would be wiped out.

But it is in Oaxaca, far to the south of the capital city, that the ancient cry of "El Dorado" has most recently re-echoed. Early in 1932 a small party of archeologists, led by Alfonso Caso, tunneled into an ancient tomb of Monte Alban, the "White City," that overlooks the pink and white and blue town of Oaxaca. Gold and jewels and human bones met their gaze.

Reminiscent of the riches of legendary Mexico, recalling the more celebrated tombs of ancient Egypt, the treasure tomb was rich by worldly standards. Yet it promises to be richer when valued by cultural standards. In modern days the historical value of such treasures far outweighs any mere jeweler's estimate.—*Watson Davis in Current History.*

Life's Span Lengthened by Freedom From Worry

Two English explorers recently reported the existence of a white tribe in Tibet in Central Asia whose members are remarkable for their longevity. They think nothing of living to be one hundred and ten or one hundred and twenty years old and continue to marry at the age of seventy-five or eighty. A happy and contented people, members of this tribe are supposed to be descendants of the ancient Chaldeans and revert back to tribes of the earliest civilizations, says the Life Extension Institute's monthly journal, *How to Live*. Those of the Tibet tribe live in the mountainous regions in the winter and go to the tropical valleys in the summer to gather their harvests. According to the explorers, Miss Cossley-Blatt and Dr. Irwin Baird, the most striking thing about these people is their happy viewpoint on life and the apparent complete absence of the tension and strain, worry and fear that tend to shorten the life span of modern Europeans and Americans.

Burglars in Hard Luck

What happens when burglar meets burglar? It is easy to imagine two men or more breaking into a house simultaneously, each being unaware of the presence of the other. That did happen in a west country mansion in the early years of the present century, when two old thieves, acquaintances at Dartmoor, where they had often talked of this particular burglary, met in a drawing room almost packed with "swag."

Each accused his rival of treachery, and in the fight which ensued they did each other so much damage that they were not fully conscious they were under arrest until a police surgeon had been attending to them for some minutes.—*London Answers.*

47 FARM ACCOUNT BOOKS TO BE INSPECTED

The 47 Farm Account books being kept by Charlevoix County farmers will be inspected by H. A. Berg, Farm Management Specialist, the entire week of July 25th. These account books include all of the business transactions that happen on a farm during the year and reflect very accurately the labor and management wage being maintained. In addition the book includes a wealth of information concerning the various farm departments. In spite of the discouraging situation the farm account co-operators are still deeply interested in securing all the facts concerning their farm operations.

Over a thousand of these records are being kept by farmers throughout the State of Michigan, and the surprising fact is that the farmers in the various sections all show about the same progress. Many people believe that the farmers in northern Michigan are making less money than elsewhere but that is not the case as actually during the last three years northern Michigan has shown better results than any other section.

In addition to the regular farm account book there are 8 farmers keeping special account records on potatoes.

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

COUNCIL PROCEEDINGS

Regular meeting of the common council of the City of East Jordan held at the council rooms, Monday evening, July 18, 1932.

Meeting was called to order by the Mayor. Present: Mayor Watson, and Aldermen Strehl, Mayville, Taylor, Kenny and Williams. Absent: Alderman Parmeter.

Minutes of the last meeting were read and approved.

Bills were presented for payment as follows:

John Whiteford, work at cem.	\$48.50
Earl Bussler, work at cem.	4.50
Wm. Prouts, labor.	34.50
Wm. Nichols, labor.	34.75
Wm. McPherson, mowing lawns	3.90
Standard Oil Co., gas and oil.	3.18
Bert Scott, labor on dock.	3.00
Theo. Scott, work at cem.	3.00
Mich. Bell Tel. Co., rentals and toll.	11.96
Mich. Pub. Service Co., pumping and light.	112.10
Franklin Severance, screens and door.	10.50
J. F. Kenny, draying.	.96
Solvay Sales Corp., calcium chloride.	57.20
State Bank of E. J., bond of Treasurer.	50.00
East Jordan Lbr. Co., mdse.	29.84
East Jordan Hose Co., fires.	67.00
G. A. Lisk, printing.	25.00
LeRoy Sherman, labor & mdse.	9.25

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

Ayes—Strehl, Mayville, Taylor, Kenny, Williams and Watson.
Nays—None.
On motion by Alderman Taylor, meeting was adjourned.
OTIS J. SMITH, City Clerk.

Shakespeare at Close of His Marvelous Life

For weeks before his death, Shakespeare lay ill at New Place. His will was drawn up and executed. As he saw his end approaching he must have gone over again the life he had lived here in the flesh and in the spirit. Like the spirit of God, he had gone up and down the earth incarnating himself in men of every sort. He had worn motley and ermine; put on the crown and the cockcomb; wielded the scepter, and tossed the bauble. He had borne sway as Caesar, reviled and raged as Antony, as Macbeth had murdered sleep, and as Othello thrown a pearl away "richer than all his tribe." He had dreamed and moralized as Hamlet; laughed and lied, swaggered and drunk deep, as Falstaff. He had lived and spoken in more than 800 separate characters. He had been born in all conditions; he had died in glorious battles and in senseless bravies. He had made the world merry with his humor, and brooded over more things in heaven and earth than are "dreamt of" in our philosophy. There was no joy he had not tasted—no daggerpoint of pain he had not felt. Through all he was leaving to the world he had breathed a faith profound in justice, nobility and truth, and the redeeming power of pity and forgiveness. Best of all, he had mastered his own soul. His hand was firm upon the tiller, and he had unfurling stars to steer by, when at last he set his sail, and turned his prow to the dark waters of the unknown sea.—*Hon. Wendell Phillips Stafford, District of Columbia Supreme Court.*

PACKERS TIE JORDAN FOR LEAGUE LEAD

The Ellsworth Packers went into a triple tie for first place in the Antrim-Charlevoix Baseball League when they stopped the highly touted East Jordan nine 9-8 on the Jordan ground last Sunday. The result was a complete surprise to the Jordan aggregation who expected to take the Packers without much trouble.

Yeager, East Jordan's star pitcher, started the game but was chased in the 6th inning when the Packers slammed across 4 runs. Peck finished the game and pitched very nice ball. H. Peebles went the entire rout for Ellsworth and hurled a splendid game allowing the hard hitting Jordanites but 9 hits and had them well in hand at all times with the exception of the 5th inning.

The Packers jumped into the lead at the start, running in 2 runs on two errors and two hits. Jordan put across one run in their half on a single by Swafford and two errors. A run in the 3rd and 2 in the 5th frames put Ellsworth in the lead 5-1. In their half of the 5th Jordan chased 4 runs across the plate on a walk and four successive hits followed by an error, thus tying the score.

The Packers came back in the 6th with blood in their eye. Five hits coupled with an error and a hit batsman and 4 runs trickled in which was enough to win the game. With the bases loaded and two out, Peck came in to relieve Yeager. He got out of a bad hole when Wilson grounded out retiring the side.

A run in the 6th, 7th and 9th marked East Jordan's unsuccessful efforts to tie the score.

By virtue of this victory Ellsworth goes into a tie for first place in the League with East Jordan and Bellaire. The Packers play Bellaire on the 24th, Central Lake on the 31st, and East Jordan again on the 7th of August. All these games will be played on the opponent's diamonds. They must win all these games to be assured of first place and the championship.

Line-up and Summary				
	AB	R	H	E
Ellsworth	AB	9	12	5
F. Morgan, 3b	6	2	1	1
C. Bolser, c	4	2	2	0
T. Yettaw, 2b	5	2	2	2
J. Peebles, ss	5	1	3	2
L. Bolser, lf	4	0	2	0
H. Peebles, p	4	0	0	0
E. Wilson, 1b	4	1	1	0
F. Bolser, cf	4	0	0	0
D. Yettaw, rf	4	1	1	0
East Jordan	AB	9	12	5
H. Sommerville, ss	3	2	2	3
Gee, 2b	5	1	1	1
R. Swafford, 3b	4	2	2	0
S. Kamradt, 1b	5	3	1	2
L. Sommerville, cf	5	0	2	1
P. Sommerville, lf	5	0	0	0
Farmer, rf	3	0	0	0
Krchner, rf	2	0	0	0
Wilson, c	4	0	0	0
Yeager, p	2	0	0	1
Peck, p	2	0	1	0

40 8 9 7
Two base hits: Kamradt, L. Sommerville.

Double plays: H. Sommerville to Gee to Kamradt.
Struck out: By Yeager 3; Peck 2; Peebles 7.

Bases on balls: Off Yeager 0 in 6 innings; off Peck 2 in 3 innings; off Peebles 3 in 9 innings.
—Ellsworth Tradesman.

POLITICAL ANNOUNCEMENT

To the Voters of Charlevoix County: Having filed my petition for the nomination of Probate Judge on the Republican ticket, to be voted upon at the primaries held September 13, 1932, I take this opportunity of introducing myself to the voters of Charlevoix County who I have not had the pleasure of making their personal acquaintance. I am 58 years of age, lived in Charlevoix County 43 years, been a taxpayer 32 years, served the public in several elective and appointed offices, having filled the office of Justice of the Peace for the City of Charlevoix the past six years. If favored by your votes for the nomination and election of Probate Judge, I pledge the undivided time and attention that is due the public of the one chosen to this office. Respectfully soliciting your support at the September Primaries and November election.

HORACE R. FOWLER,
Charlevoix, Mich.

CITY TAX NOTICE!

City Taxes for the City of East Jordan for the year 1932 are due and payable at my office in the Russell Hotel during the month of July without penalty.

G. E. BOSWELL,
City Treasurer.

The Desert's Price

By WILLIAM MACLEOD RAINE

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CHAPTER XII—Continued

He turned to another subject, one that had been on his mind a good deal of late. "It wouldn't be hardly reasonable to expect you to be friendly with us McCanns. Now that Matt has gone it's too late for me to fix things up. But I want to tell you how I feel. When I heard of what had happened to him it gave me a jolt. At first I was worried about Wils. But while I was sittin' there at the Circle Cross by his bedside, after he began to mend some, I couldn't get Matt outa my head. We were mighty close, like I told you, in those early days. I kep' seein' him as he was when we frolicked around together. An' there was you, lookin' the spittin' image of yore mother, first savin' my boy's life an' then lettin' me come to yore house an' stay with him. I'll say you made me feel like a plugged nickel, you an' yore young brother Phil. How could I go on hatin' you Starks after that? I reckon I'm a tough an' stubborn proposition, but I had to give in. No other way to it."

In her eyes swam little wells of tears. "I wish you had come to Dad while he was alive and asked him to make up. Why didn't you?"

"Because I'm a hardened old sinner an' bent on gettin' my own way. I couldn't any more have come to Matt than he could of come to me. But with you it's different. First off, I can't ever pay what I owe you, not if I live to be a hundred an' lie awake nights figurin' out ways. Then, too, whenever I look at you, I see yore mother shinin' outa yore eyes."

"You—loved her?" she asked, very softly.

Again he looked across the arid desert at the paper-mache mountains. In the peculiar afternoon sunlight they looked like artificial stage settings.

"Yes," he spoke, it seemed, rather to himself than to her.

"Was it about her you and Dad quarreled?"

"No. About some trifling thing to start with. We had kind friends to keep us stirred up. When he was for a thing, I fought it. If I wanted it he was against it. The older we got the worse it grew. But I'm through now. I throw up my hands, I quit. If there can't be friendship between us, anyhow there will be peace."

"Yes," Julia agreed.

"We'll let it go at that."

"It's not that I hate you—any of you—any more. I see now there's nothing but loss in that. But I don't see how we can be friends. Dad stands between us and you. If he was alive I could go to him and tell him how I feel. But I can't do that now. I can't feel it would be loyal for us to be friends with his enemies." Her honest eyes appealed to him for understanding.

He nodded. "I reckoned you would feel that way. Well, I'm glad we've cleared things up. The feud's off anyhow."

"Yes, it's off," she assented.

Prater did not offer to shake hands on it. He glanced at the descending sun. "I'll be hittin' the home trail," he said.

She turned, after she had ridden a little way, to watch him, a strong, straight-backed figure sitting his horse like a Centaur. A lump choked her throat. The sight of him carried her mind back irresistibly to her father. He, too, had been virile and purposeful and dominant, but beneath the marbled surface she had known him tender and loving. What a waste that his last years should have been embittered by this implacable quarrel with the man who had been his closest friend! What a loss that he should have been cut off in his prime! Surely if he had lived the breach would have been healed.

Phil was combing burrs out of his pony's mane when the cowpuncher, Red, rode into the yard at the Circle Cross and fell into the easy posture of the rider who intends to be comfortable while he stops and chats.

"How'll you swap that paint hoss for my buckskin?" Red drawled after greetings had been exchanged.

"I ain't swapping this peg pony for any other in Arizona," Phil announced proudly.

"You sure got some notion of yore broodtail, boy. I was allowin' you'd ortin gimme about ten dollars to boot. Buck's no plug, I'd have you know. Mighty few broncs can travel alongside of him. Seventy miles he done yesterday in the hills an' never turned a hair."

"Where was it you an' Buck broke the world's record?"

"Up in the Mal Pains—takin' a New York engineer over the divide to look at Basford's copper proposition."

"Didn't meet up with any rustlers whilst you were up there, did you?"

About to give a careless negative, Red stopped with his mouth open. "Why, dawggone my hide, maybe I did," he said at last. "I never thought of it till right now. We was way up above Guadaloup canyon when we saw a couple men driving eight or ten vacas into it. I hollered, but they was a long way off an' didn't answer. Maybe at that I'm lucky they didn't hear me."

"Headed south, were they?"

"Y'betcha! They went into this end

of the gulch an' that's the last we seen of 'em."

Phil spoke his thoughts, to himself rather than to Red. "Funny they were way up there. Who could they have been? Where were they goin'? Unless they were rustlers. Wish you'd ride to the Flying VV an' tell Wils McCann what yore told me. It won't take you more than three-four miles outa yore way, an' Buck being the best traveler in the U. S. A."

"Which I'm bettin' my boots he is."

"It'll hardly be any trouble at all. Tell Wils I'll meet him at Jim Yerby's along about three o'clock."

The cowpuncher was still in sight when Phil came out to the porch.

"I'll have to leave, sis," her brother said.

"Red tell you something?" she asked. He repeated to her what the range rider had said.

She nodded agreement. "Looks like you've struck a hot trail. What do you mean to do?"

"I'm going to put it up to McCann. My notion is for him an' me to drift up to Guadaloup and see what we see."

"Let me go, too."

"Now looky here, Jule, you be reasonable," he protested. "This is no woman's job. You know that mighty well. We're out after bear meat. We're liable to be out three-four days. I never did see such a girl for wantin' to boss everything."

"I don't, either. I'm not trying to boss this. Far as that goes I've been up in the Mal Pains before. You remember when we went hunting with Dad and stayed a week."

"Well, you're not goin'."

"I don't want to go. I'll ride with you far as the sheep ranch. I can stop there tonight with the girls. I'll tell Ethel what a nice boy you are and how kind to your sister."

"I can tell her anything it's necessary for her to know," he said, flushing beneath the tan.

"You might omit something on account of being so modest."

He looked at her suspiciously, remembering something Jasper had once told him. "I reckon you're not going to meet Wils McCann, are you?"

His words struck out of her face the laughter, the gleam of sisterly malice that had sparkled in her eyes. "What do you mean?" she asked tensely.

He was ashamed of himself, sorry he had spoken. "I didn't mean that, Jule."

"Of all the mean things you could have said—" She stopped, from sheer inadequacy, then turned and walked swiftly into the house.

Phil stood a moment, frowning at the ground, then slowly followed. He had not meant really to hurt her and he could not let it stand so. He knocked on her bedroom door, was told sharply to go away, and after a moment entered.

"Sorry, sis. I didn't go to say it. I reckon I was kinda peevish because you were joshin' me."

"If you think just because I was civil to him at Mesa, after he had worked his head off to save Dave Stone—"

"Shucks, I don't think a thing. Nothin' to it. I just shot off my mouth. Don't be sore about it. I'll slap saddles on the broncs an' we'll start."

"I'm not going."

It took him ten minutes of coaxing to get her to relent.

Harmony restored, Phil roped and saddled the horses.

Crossing Tincup pass, they descended to the mesa above the Painted desert. The horses' hoofs flung up clouds of fine dust in the fringe of desolation which lay between the mesa and the sheep camp.

"I was sure enough spittin' cotton," Phil told Ethel after he had drunk two glasses of the lemonade she made for them. "Down in the basin she's certainly dry as a cork laiz this time of year."

Wilson McCann had not yet passed, and Gifford told them, so they sat on the porch and waited for him.

Ann's attitude toward her neighbors was much changed. Her experience with them had broken the ice barrier that had dammed in her the flow of human fellowship. The manner with which she greeted the world was less hostile. Many of the kindly people who lived on the edge of the Painted desert had come to her with warm eyes, a little awkwardly but manifestly in a friendly spirit, and had contrived to suggest that bygones be bygones.

Through Ann's new-born faith in her fellows ran a thread of distress. She knew that the testimony of Ethel and of herself had done much to save Dave Stone. A little flare of fierce and primitive joy rose in her when she thought of it. All her life she would be glad that she had done what she had. She had been forced to risk her reputation or let him die, and she had chosen the better part. The sting of shame in it was that she did not know what the Texan himself thought of it. He had come to her that night and thanked her formally. Since then she had not seen him. Beneath his cold and grave exterior, what was his real feeling about it? She tortured herself with doubts.

It was well past four when Wilson McCann rode across the mesa leading

a pack horse. He had not been at home, he explained, when Phil's messenger arrived. Hence the delay.

Julia said a word to him before he left. They were for the moment standing alone. "You'll look after Phil, won't you? He's only a boy."

"I'll do that if I can," he answered, smiling into her eyes by way of reassurance.

"Is it safe to go up there—you two alone?" she asked. "I wish you'd wait and take a posse."

He shook his head. "Can't do that. We'd be followin' a cold trail if we did. But I reckon it'll be all right. We're not allowin' to bring any rustlers back with us. Just now we're after information."

"Well, don't let Phil do anything foolish, please."

Again he promised to look after the boy.

He tightened a cinch before he made reference to another subject on his mind. "Father was tellin' me about his talk with you."

"Yes, we smoked a pipe of peace," she said.

"I'm sure glad. Far as I was concerned it wasn't necessary. I was through anyhow. You an' yore brother have done too much for me. I'd never lift a hand against you. But it's better to have an open treaty."

"If Dad had only lived," she murmured, more to herself than to him.

"Father can't get over that. I reckon they hated each other, but there was something between them deeper than hate. I expect Mr. Stark knows that now, if over there they know about things here. Likely their hate hurt them a lot more than they let on."

"That's what I think. Did your father tell you about how I feel?"

Her deep eyes met his and through him went a thrill that quickened his pulses. His drumming heart beat the tidings that he wanted this lovely girl, so quick and vibrant with life, so passionately desirous of the fine things it had to offer—wanted to take her for his mate and spend the years of his life beside her. Yet he knew it could not be. There was a chasm between him and her that could not be bridged.

"Yes, I understand that, too. It's the only way you could feel. But . . . Remember that night we rode across the desert together an' talked about how it had got us, how it had made us tough an' ferocious an' harsh like that clump of cactus there, an' how you said it had another side, too, for from that dry waste came lovely flowers an' out the heat came hours when the air was all rose-colored an' pink an' blue? I've thought a heap about that, an' you sayin' it was thataway with our lives, too. It's so . . . What I'm gettin' at is this, that if the desert makes us gant and hardy, if it gives us endurance and fierceness, shows us how to survive when softer folks, untrained by it, would crumple up an' die, maybe these very qualities, brought in service an' subdued to use, are the ones we've got to have to win out on this thirsty frontier. We live where we're always seein' the flash of teeth. We've got to stand heat an' drought an' hardship or get off the map. All summer my sister has been tryin' to cut the ironwood outa her garden, but it's still there, I notice."

"Yes, it's tough, like the bisnaga and the cholla and the prickly pear," she agreed.

"Nature gives hooks an' barbs an' saw-edged teeth to those of her children that need 'em. A mule deer learns to go a couple weeks without water. Same way with prairie dogs an' coyotes. If they couldn't stand

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"Their level gazes met."

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Into her dark eyes there flashed a momentary panic. She drew back, her pulses fluttering.

Phil called across to his companion. "Ready, Wils?"

The two horsemen disappeared round a bend in the road.

Wilson McCann and Phil Stark did not find Yerby at home. A Mexican boy herding sheep on the hillside near said he had seen him start toward in the morning.

The trail ascended steeply. The travelers left behind them the desert vegetation. The lean and haggard ocotillo, cruel of claw, no longer shared with the mesquite dominance of the landscape. Catalpa and cholla were still to be seen and occasionally a Spanish bayonet. Scrub oaks and Juniper appeared, at first straggling and hesitant. The riders passed, through a splendid grove of live oaks festooned with great clumps of mistletoe, and as they still climbed upward pines were silhouetted against the skyline.

They camped far up in the hills, choosing for the location a small park where grass grew in place of burroweed. The very sky had changed its character. It had become more live, much nearer, a deeper blue. The tang of the pines was in the winy air.

Phil chopped fuel and built a fire while his companion undid the last rope and removed the cross buck from the pack horse, picketed the animals, and brought water from the spring. After supper they smoked a pipe and chatted.

"We'd ought to reach Guadaloup by nine o'clock, wouldn't you say?" Phil murmured sleepily, his head pillowed on the most comfortable spot of his saddle.

"I reckon. If we get an early start."

They were up before daybreak. The sun was just peeping over the ridge when McCann threw the diamond hitch with the lasso rope. It was possible, though not probable, that at any time they might jump up the rustlers driving stolen cattle. Wherefore they rode warily, following ridges where they could so that they could sweep with their eyes as much territory as was feasible.

Guadaloup canyon opened before them after an hour or two of travel. Precipitous walls shut them into a defile, narrow and tortuous, up which they moved in single file. The soil was a red clay formation. Loose rocks strewn the floorway of the gorge, flung down ages ago from the heights above.

The trailers dismounted and studied the ground. Sure enough there had been cattle here and recently. Prints of horses' hoofs showed that they had been driven and had not strayed here by chance. This they already knew, by the testimony of the cowpuncher Red.

They followed the gulch for several miles. The walls opened out, so that the sun beat down upon the riders and baked them. There was no shade. The only vegetation showing was the creosote clinging to the rocks. Even this was scarce and stunted.

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They swung down and grounded the reins of the horses. Through the red sand ran half a dozen tracks of sidewinders.

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"I'm sure glad. Far as I was concerned it wasn't necessary. I was through anyhow. You an' yore brother have done too much for me. I'd never lift a hand against you. But it's better to have an open treaty."

"If Dad had only lived," she murmured, more to herself than to him.

"Father can't get over that. I reckon they hated each other, but there was something between them deeper than hate. I expect Mr. Stark knows that now, if over there they know about things here. Likely their hate hurt them a lot more than they let on."

"That's what I think. Did your father tell you about how I feel?"

Her deep eyes met his and through him went a thrill that quickened his pulses. His drumming heart beat the tidings that he wanted this lovely girl, so quick and vibrant with life, so passionately desirous of the fine things it had to offer—wanted to take her for his mate and spend the years of his life beside her. Yet he knew it could not be. There was a chasm between him and her that could not be bridged.

"Yes, I understand that, too. It's the only way you could feel. But . . . Remember that night we rode across the desert together an' talked about how it had got us, how it had made us tough an' ferocious an' harsh like that clump of cactus there, an' how you said it had another side, too, for from that dry waste came lovely flowers an' out the heat came hours when the air was all rose-colored an' pink an' blue? I've thought a heap about that, an' you sayin' it was thataway with our lives, too. It's so . . . What I'm gettin' at is this, that if the desert makes us gant and hardy, if it gives us endurance and fierceness, shows us how to survive when softer folks, untrained by it, would crumple up an' die, maybe these very qualities, brought in service an' subdued to use, are the ones we've got to have to win out on this thirsty frontier. We live where we're always seein' the flash of teeth. We've got to stand heat an' drought an' hardship or get off the map. All summer my sister has been tryin' to cut the ironwood outa her garden, but it's still there, I notice."

"Yes, it's tough, like the bisnaga and the cholla and the prickly pear," she agreed.

"Nature gives hooks an' barbs an' saw-edged teeth to those of her children that need 'em. A mule deer learns to go a couple weeks without water. Same way with prairie dogs an' coyotes. If they couldn't stand

"No, you're right about Gltner. He belongs to the lobo family. I reckon Well'll be movin' along."

"I don't think you belong to the lobo family, Mr. McCann," she told him impulsively. "I did once, but I've changed my mind."

"Their level gazes met."

"Much obliged for that," he replied in the drawl of the Southland. "I don't reckon I'd better tell you what I think about you."

Into her dark eyes there flashed a momentary panic. She drew back, her pulses fluttering.

Phil called across to his companion. "Ready, Wils?"

The two horsemen disappeared round a bend in the road.

Wilson McCann and Phil Stark did not find Yerby at home. A Mexican boy herding sheep on the hillside near said he had seen him start toward in the morning.

The trail ascended steeply. The travelers left behind them the desert vegetation. The lean and haggard ocotillo, cruel of claw, no longer shared with the mesquite dominance of the landscape. Catalpa and cholla were still to be seen and occasionally a Spanish bayonet. Scrub oaks and Juniper appeared, at first straggling and hesitant. The riders passed, through a splendid grove of live oaks festooned with great clumps of mistletoe, and as they still climbed upward pines were silhouetted against the skyline.

They camped far up in the hills, choosing for the location a small park where grass grew in place of burroweed. The very sky had changed its character. It had become more live, much nearer, a deeper blue. The tang of the pines was in the winy air.

Phil chopped fuel and built a fire while his companion undid the last rope and removed the cross buck from the pack horse, picketed the animals, and brought water from the spring. After supper they smoked a pipe and chatted.

"We'd ought to reach Guadaloup by nine o'clock, wouldn't you say?" Phil murmured sleepily, his head pillowed on the most comfortable spot of his saddle.

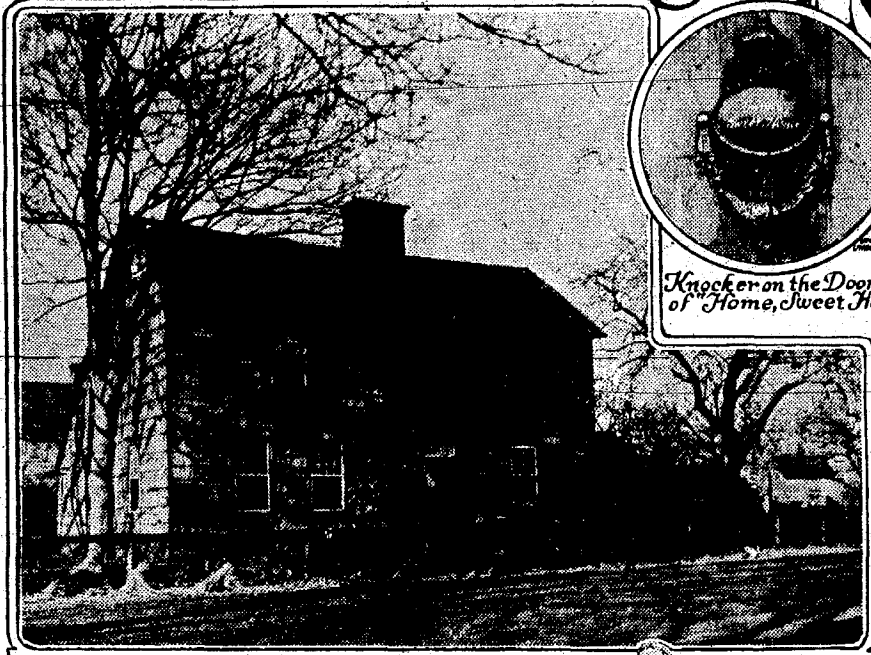
"I reckon. If we get an early start."

They were up before daybreak. The sun was just peeping over the ridge when McCann threw the diamond hitch with the lasso rope. It was possible, though not probable, that at any time they might jump up the rustlers driving stolen cattle. Wherefore they rode warily, following ridges where they could so that they could sweep with their eyes as much territory as was feasible.

He Came Back to "Home, Sweet Home" 100 Years Ago.



John Howard Payne as a Youth.



The Easthampton, L.I. House which Inspired "Home, Sweet Home"

By ELMO SCOTT WATSON

I WAS just one hundred years ago that the man who had made the phrase "Home, Sweet Home" immortal came back to his homeland. For it was on July 25, 1832, that John Howard Payne returned from his self-imposed exile in Europe. There the splendor of success had truly "dazzled in vain" for there, despite his triumphs, he had also known extreme poverty and imprisonment for debt. So his homecoming was all the sweeter because he came back to his native land to receive the acclaim of his fellow-Americans who honored the penniless composer with great festivals in New York and in Boston.

Since that day a century ago the fame of John Howard Payne has spread to all corners of the world, for the song which he wrote, perhaps more than any other ever written, has a universal appeal. It has been translated into every language and sung in every country under the sun. Simple of melody and homely of words though it may be, some of the greatest singers of all time have been proud to include it in their repertoires, for it is the one song which is sure to reach the heart of mankind, no matter under what color of skin that heart beats.

Because Payne's fame rests so securely upon this one song, Americans are likely to forget— if indeed they know, at all—that he had other claims to distinction, any one of which would entitle him to a place in the list of American notables. At the age of twenty he was darling of the New York stage, a young actor who had leaped into fame overnight. But the fame of Payne, the actor, was no greater than the fame of Payne, the intimate friend of such literary notables as Washington Irving, Sir Walter Scott, Lord Byron and Thomas Moore and of such statesmen as Henry Clay, Daniel Webster and William L. Marcy.

He might have been remembered as one of the great playwrights of his time, for he was the author of no less than five operas, nine farces, 21 dramas, six comedies and eight tragedies. But the chances are his name would have passed into oblivion had it not been for a song which he wrote for one of his operas. That song was "Home, Sweet Home."

In 1823 Payne, who was dividing his residence between London and Paris and traveling all over the Continent, wrote a play which he later converted into the opera called "Clari, or the Maid of Milan." The music was written by Sir Henry R. Bishop, composer and director of music for the Theater Royal in London, but it was Payne who gave Bishop the idea for the music.

The song was first sung by Anna Maria Tree at the premiere of "Clari" at Covent Garden in London on May 8, 1823. The song was an instantaneous success. More than 100,000 copies were issued by its publishers in London within less than a year after it was first sung there and it yielded them a profit of more than half a million dollars. And yet the author of the song received only a mere pittance from this sum. The publishers did not place his name on the title page nor did they even send him a complimentary copy of his song which was so soon to become immortal! But this was not an unusual experience for the composer. For Payne's life had been a series of successes and failures, a strange combination of affluence and poverty alternately.

Payne was born at 33 Pearl street in New York city in 1791, the sixth child of William Payne, a school teacher. His mother was the daughter of a Jewish family, named Isaacs, who lived in Easthampton, Long Island. It was this peaceful Long Island community which was "Home, Sweet Home" to Payne during his boyhood and there today stands the house which is said to have been in Payne's thoughts when he wrote the song. As a matter of fact this house was not owned by Payne's father but was rented by him, while he was principal of the Clinton academy in Easthampton, from the Mulford's, a family that was in continuous possession of it from 1751 to 1910 when it was sold to Gustave H. Buck of New York city.

While John Howard Payne was still very young—the family moved to Boston where his formal education began.



Knocker on the Door of "Home, Sweet Home"



The Mill near "Home, Sweet Home"



Payne's Monument in Oak Hill Cemetery, Washington, D.C.

In Boston the elder Payne was a teacher of elocution and the son inherited and learned all that the elder Payne could offer. In his early teens Payne constructed an amateur playhouse, assisted by a friend, and they went in heavily for private theatricals.

Master Betty, actor of old England and then in vogue for his interpretations of stage characters, became Payne's idol. It was his ambition one day to win even greater acclaim; and the parents viewed this growing love for the stage with alarm. It must be stopped, and so, at thirteen, Payne was packed off to New York to work in a counting house where his uncle, until his death, had held a desk.

Such an occupation held little interest for Payne. Perfunctorily remaining at work, he devoted his spare moments to publishing in secret a paper known as the Thespian Mirror. As the name indicated, it dealt with the stage, and the bright and clever reviews of dramatics to be found in it caught the interest of New Yorkers. William Coleman, editor of the Evening Post, investigated the journal, and Payne's secret was out.

"Why, 'tis a boy of fifteen!" excitedly commented those who had wondered at the identity of the Thespian Mirror's editor. Literary circles lionized him, and so much success for one so young naturally began to go to Payne's head. Interested friends decided that he must receive more schooling, and a patron was found to finance him at Union college, Schenectady.

Up the Hudson he went and began a new phase of life; one that lasted only two years. He lived with the head of the institution, one Doctor Nott, and enthusiastically began another paper, known as Pastime, which was an immediate success. But poor Doctor Nott confessed himself quite unable to discipline his pupil properly. Payne often disappeared for days at a time and was otherwise unruly. He was handsome; his talents had been recognized, and he was eager to begin his stage career.

This opportunity came after the death of his mother, when his father fell into financial difficulties. Payne left college and returned to New York, seeking a role in the theater. In 1809, at the age of eighteen, he appeared as Norval in "Douglas," one of Master Betty's famous roles, and achieved astounding popularity.

But despite this success Payne's father wished him to give up the stage and the young man acceded to the elder's wishes. He consented to found a school but it was a dismal financial failure, so again Payne turned to the stage, acting in Shakespearean drama in Boston and elsewhere. Finally in January, 1813, accompanied by his brother, Payne sailed for London to seek a stage career there. But an unexpected event delayed his theatrical debut abroad. England and America were then at war and Payne was arrested as a spy, and thrown into prison. It was two weeks before his friends, among

them Washington Irving, were able to secure his freedom from his British jailers.

Soon afterwards Payne was introduced to Sir John Kemble, the great English actor, who in turn introduced him to a Mr. Whitehead, chairman of the board of managers of Drury Lane theater. As a result Payne made his first stage appearance in London in "Douglas" on June 14, 1813, and scored a triumph similar to the one he had scored in the same role in America. He also acted in other English cities and is said to have established a record by performing for 106 consecutive nights, taking the party of 26 characters.

Early in 1814 the new manager of the Drury Lane theater sent Payne to Paris to write English translations of French plays and this marked the beginning of his career as a playwright. The first play he wrote was "Acquiescence" a melodrama in three acts. Successfully produced, it had a long run, but the theater was already in financial difficulties and the upshot was that Payne not only failed to receive a penny for his work but actually lost \$2,000 which he had invested in the production.

Undaunted by this experience Payne arranged with the Covent garden to write and act in "Adelgitha" at Bath. Soon afterwards he wrote "Brutus" for Edmund Kean, a popular English actor who was then beginning to decline in public favor. The play was a remarkable success, running for 53 nights and paying its producers thousands of pounds, but Payne received only 200 pounds for his play.

Once more he was sent to Paris by the Drury Lane theater under the management of Charles Kimball. It was then that he wrote "Clari, or the Maid of Milan," which, as has already been stated, gave to the world his immortal song. Despite the fame which this song brought him, Payne was soon in financial difficulties and a disastrous venture as producer and manager landed him in debtor's prison. He paid his way out with playwriting done while in prison and finally returned to America in 1832 almost penniless.

For once the saying about a prophet being without honor in his own country was proved untrue. For New York turned out to honor him with a benefit celebration at the old Park theater where he had scored his first triumph in the role of Norval. The performance, with Edwin Forrest as Brutus and Fannie Kemble also in the cast, brought \$7,000 to the man thus honored. Other benefits were given in different cities for Payne, who was truly back in "Home, Sweet Home." But he did not return to the theater. It was out of his life, and his next enterprise was in behalf of the Cherokee Indians, whom he desired to save from oppression.

The Cherokee Indian work, which brought much unjust censure on Payne, took him into political fields, and he was much in evidence about Washington, where he contributed to the "Democratic Review," with Whittier, Hawthorne, Emerson and Bryant. Never affluent, his finances at this time were not an exception to the rule, and his problem was solved by an appointment as United States consul at Tunis, in 1842, under President Tyler. He was recalled in 1845, but sent back in 1851, and died there less than two years later, in 1853.

The body of the man who had sung so sweetly of his native land was buried at Tunis, beneath a slab sent from America. But the story of Payne was not finished, for 30 years later his coffin was brought to the United States and entombed in the Oak Hill cemetery at Washington, through the efforts of William H. Corcoran.

A monument was erected there, and two other monuments to his memory stand; one in the shape of a gateway at Union college, the other a bronze bust in Brooklyn, N. Y. But the real monument in the hearts of his countrymen is the house on the village green at Easthampton, Long Island, where the bronze knocker on the door tells the thousands of visitors who come to this memorial every year that this is "Home, Sweet Home!"

(© by Western Newspaper Union.)

DEATH OR SLAVERY FATE OF CHILDREN

"Crusades" That Were Doomed to Misfortune.

There were no less than three movements called "children's crusades," the first in 1212, the second in 1237, and the third in 1458. The first is the one usually referred to as the children's crusade because it far surpassed the others in magnitude and importance.

It consisted of two distinct movements. At about the same time, in the early summer of 1212, two immense armies of children were gathered at Cologne, Germany, and at Vendome, France, in response to the summons of boy prophets who proclaimed themselves inspired by heaven.

The prophet leaders are known to history as Stephen of Cloys and Nicholas of Cologne—each of them about twelve. The crusades they preached was not a crusade of blood against the Saracens, but one of prayer. The children were to march to the sea, which would open for them as it had for the Israelites, to permit them to pass over to Palestine dry shod. There they would convert the leaders of Islam, baptize the heathen and by prayer and faith accomplish what the armored hosts of kings and knights had failed to do.

The excitement aroused by this preaching spread like the plague among children of all classes. There was parental opposition, but the mania spread, and finally the cry of heresy was raised against those who sought to check it. Within short intervals, two unarmed hosts of German children—most of them under twelve and many of them girls—left Cologne to march to the sea. They are believed to have numbered about 40,000. Soon the army of 30,000 French children, under Stephen, left Vendome.

The German children crossed the formidable Alpine passes—which generals had never traversed without great difficulty—and descended into Italy to gain the sea. The losses of their columns were probably 30,000 between Cologne and Italy; while the French army lost 10,000 of its number before it reached Marseilles, heat and hunger straying the pathway with bodies. Of the 70,000 children who joined the crusade probably less than 20,000 were ever heard of afterward by their parents or friends. The most of those who survived were such as had been unable to keep up with the rest and had dropped out of the ranks in their own countries.

When the army of Nicholas reached Genoa and found that the sea would not open, there was a general breaking up. The Genoese cared for and fed bands of these waifs and assisted some of them in returning home. But the larger number pressed on to Pisa, whence they obtained passage by ship. Others gained Brindisi, and were also "shipped to Palestine." Most of those who did not die on the way were sold as slaves to the Turks and Arabs. Of the French children, 5,000 fared equally ill, for they were induced by merchants of Marseilles to ship with them for the Holy Land, and all who survived the voyage were sold, like the German children, into slavery.

Spot Without Rain

There is no need to go so far afield as Australia and South America to find a really dry place. In Lora, on the Mediterranean coast of Spain, there has been no rain to speak of for the past seven years, and more than 20,000 people have left for wetter latitudes. Why it should be so dry in this particular district is a puzzle which the weather experts cannot solve.

Australian Competition

A decade ago Australia produced practically no tobacco and cotton, importing the bulk of these products from the United States. Both crops, however, have increased so rapidly under the protection of the commonwealth government that all domestic requirements will be supplied this year and there will be an exportable surplus next year.

Diplomacy in Sentiment

"How did you treat that persistent suitor?"
"Most cordially," answered Miss Cayenne. "I invited him to a dinner prepared by my own hands."
"Did it work?"
"Perfectly. It scared him off."

In detouring in the line at a cafeteria there is no need to be ostentatious about it.

Anyway, a swelled head makes one nappy.

Mercolized Wax Keeps Skin Young

Get an ounce and use as directed. Fine particles of wax skin peel off, until all defects such as pimples, liver spots, tan and freckles disappear. Skin is then soft and velvety. Your face looks younger. Mercolized Wax brings out the hidden beauty of your skin. The cream contains no harmful ingredients. Mercolized Wax is available in one-half pint which lasts. At drug stores.

Women Rule the Cities

For the first time in the history of our country there is an excess of women in the cities. A survey by the University of Chicago reveals 100 females to every 98 males in urban centers with 108 men to every 100 females in rural districts.

Kill Flies
USE
TANGLEFOOT
FLY SPRAY
FLY PAPER
FLY RIBBON

Tastes Differ

Mistress—Mary, while I was away you wore my blue dress. I don't like it.
Maid—Oh, madam! And I just love it.—Flegende Blätter.

Try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound



Too "Worn-Out" to go

Another day broken... Couldn't stay on her feet a minute longer! Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound always relieves cramps. Try it next month.

Good Enough

Artist—Shall I paint you in a frock coat, sir?
Mr. Newrich—Oh, don't make any fuss—just wear your overalls.—Frankfurter Illustrierte.

Worms are Dangerous

Most children and many adults have worms. Restlessness, loss of appetite, abdominal pains, are signs that worms may be present. These intestinal parasites cause a general run-down condition and become serious if they are not treated promptly. Jayne's Vermifuge is the most powerful remedy known to expel round worms and their eggs. One bottle is usually sufficient. It is pleasant, absolutely harmless, tones up the whole digestive system. Get a bottle today from your druggist. DR. D. JAYNE & SON, Philadelphia.

OVER 36 MILLION BOTTLES SOLD

JAYNE'S Vermifuge

Proof!

The Girl—So you've seen daddy, darling? Did he behave like a lamb?
Suitor (grimly)—Absolutely! Every time I spoke he said "Bah!"—Humorist.

GET RID OF ANTS
Peterman's Ant Food keeps them out of house, too! Sprinkle it about the floor, window sills, shelves, etc. Effective 24 hours in dry, cheap. Safe. Guaranteed. 1,000,000 cans sold last year. At your druggist's.

PETERMAN'S ANT FOOD
Duped in the Dark
Mrs. A.—My husband has no idea what I go through when he snores.
Mrs. B.—Mine never makes his small change, either.

PARKER'S HAIR BALSAM
Removes Dandruff Stops Hair Falling
Imparts Color and
Beauty to Gray and Faded Hair
Sells and is sold at Druggists,
Floreson, Wash., Paterson, N. J.

FLORESTON SHAMPOO—Ideal for use in connection with Parker's Hair Balsam. Makes the hair soft and fluffy. 50 cents by mail or at druggists. Hiseox Chemical Works, Paterson, N. J.

W. N. U., DETROIT, NO. 30-1932.

Nature and Time
Nature is more powerful than education; time will develop everything.—Disraeli.
Real culture safeguards itself against becoming swell-headed.

Styles and times change but
CUTICURA
retains the same pure, medicinal and healing qualities for which it has been famous since it was introduced in 1878. Soap to cleanse, Ointment to heal.
Proprietors: Potter Drug & Chemical Corp., Malden, Mass.

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DEER LAKE

(Edited by Mrs. Roy Hardy)

Yvonne Hardy spent Sunday evening with her grandmother, Mrs. T. S. Barber of Boyne City.

Mr. and Mrs. Merritt Finch spent Sunday fishing on Deer Lake.

Glen Easton and father of Boyne City were callers at Roy Hardy's Thursday evening.

Mr. and Mrs. Jerry Moblo of East Jordan, Mrs. Cummings of Melbourne, Fla., Mrs. Mae Peasley and daughter, Miss Emma of Detroit, and friend, Miss Pierce of Ontario, Can., were callers at the Eugene Raymond home last Thursday evening.

Mr. and Mrs. Sid Thompson and Mrs. Carl Brown and family of Chestonia were dinner guests of Mr. and Mrs. Forrest Williams, Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. H. C. Barber and Dora Barber were Sunday guests of Mr. and Mrs. George Barber of Bay Shore.

Mr. and Mrs. Earl Bricker spent Sunday at the Melvin Bricker home.

Mr. and Mrs. T. S. Barber and the latter's mother, Mrs. Minnie Phelps were Sunday afternoon callers of Mr. and Mrs. Lester Hardy.

Valora Hardy spent Monday with Marie and Wilma Coon of Boyne City.

Mr. and Mrs. DeWitt Williams were Sunday guests of Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Mankey near East Jordan.

Mr. and Mrs. Harvey Green spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. Oral Barber.

Mrs. E. Raymond and daughter, Miss Nellie, H. Korthase and son, Ivan were Sunday afternoon callers at Melvin Brickers.

Oral and Loyal Barber were callers at the Wm. Gaunt home, Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Laurie Adams of Sault Ste Marie visited the Sutton families Tuesday-Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Lester Hott of Detroit visited the former's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Hott over the week end.

Mrs. Joel Sutton, Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Sutton, Mr. and Mrs. Laurie Adams and Christobelle Sutton were callers at the Wilber Sommerville home, Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. E. Raymond with daughter, Nellie and son, Ernest and Forrest Williams were business callers at Manacelona, Friday.

Mr. and Mrs. Maurice Pierce and son visited their grandmother, Mrs. Byrum of Petoskey, Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Sutton, Mrs. Joel Sutton and Christobelle Sutton called on Mr. and Mrs. Fred DeNico of Boyne Falls, Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Blain Stie and family of Mio, Mich., spent Sunday with the latter's parents, Mr. and Mrs. L. Henderson.

Mr. and Mrs. Bert Lumley and children were dinner guests of Mr. and Mrs. M. Hardy. Mr. and Mrs. George Hardy were afternoon callers.

Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Sutton of Sault Ste Marie arrived at the home of Mrs. Joel Sutton last Tuesday for an indefinite stay.

Mr. and Mrs. Ted Smith of Hillman are the proud parents of a daughter. Mrs. Smith was formerly Elizabeth Williams.

Mrs. Joel Sutton, Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Sutton and Christobelle Sutton were callers at S. R. Nowlands, Sunday evening.

BOHEMIAN SETTLEMENT

(Edited by F. J. Kubicki)

Frankie and William Wanek are spending the summer with their grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. Anton Rebec.

Ivan, baby son of Mr. and Mrs. Francis Nemecek is at Lockwood Hospital, Petoskey.

Lewis and Walter Trojanek are spending their summer vacation with their grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. James Zitka.

A surprise birthday party was given to Joseph Zitka last Monday. There were 20 guests present.

There was a church meeting held in St. John's Church last Monday evening for the purpose of deciding when the annual chicken dinner would be served. It was decided to have it the 31st of July in the Bohemian Settlement Workmen's Hall.

CHESTONIA

(Edited by Mrs. Arthur Hawley)

Arthur L. Guild of Charlevoix was in our neighborhood Monday buying eggs.

Mrs. Robert Votruba and sons of Chicago came Saturday for a three weeks visit with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Hejhal, and brother and sister, John and Mrs. Anna Lilak and family.

Theresa Wilcox visited her brother, Adolph Swotosh the past week.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Fyan and baby were Saturday evening visitors of Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Hawley and family.

Francis Lilak helped John Hejhal cut grain Saturday and Monday.

Those who attended the Cherry Festival at Traverse City last week from this neighborhood were Joe Weiler with daughters, Alice and Dorothy, and son, James, and Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Moore.

Joe and Mrs. Anna Lilak were Sunday evening visitors of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Hejhal.

Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Sutton and family of Bay City are visiting relatives and friends here.

Fred and Archie Fyan of Midland are visiting their brother, Harry through summer vacation.

Rev. L. B. Morford held baptismal services at the Jordan River bridge Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Fyan went raspberrying Sunday and got about 20 quarts.

John Ellis with niece and nephew, Genevieve and Billy Ellis were visitors of Joe Weiler and family, Wednesday.

Percy Wieler did the chores for his father, Joe Weiler while he attended the Cherry Festival.

Let's Advertise our way back to prosperity.

Isn't it cheering when something turns out just the way you planned it?

Get the habit—tell the Editor of your visitors, of the visits that you make or other items of local interest.

PROBATE ORDER

State of Michigan, The Probate Court for the County of Charlevoix.

At a session of said court, held at the probate office, in the City of Charlevoix, in said county, on the 19th day of July, A. D. 1932.

Present: Hon. Ervan A. Rueggger, Judge of Probate.

In the Matter of the Estate of Essy G. Sidebotham, Deceased.

Wesley Sidebotham having filed in said court his five annual accounts as Trustee of said estate, and his petition praying for the allowance thereof.

It is Ordered, That the 12th day of August A. D. 1932, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, at said Probate Office, he and is hereby appointed for examining and allowing said accounts.

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

Ervan A. Rueggger, Judge of Probate.

WILSON TOWNSHIP

(Edited by Mrs. C. M. Nowland)

Mrs. Mable Holland visited Mrs. Jasper Warden, Thursday.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Clutterbuck and children left Friday for Traverse City.

Mrs. Willis Benton and children of Cadillac spent the week end with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Leonard Dow.

Mr. and Mrs. Max Graham and sons of Detroit arrived Sunday at the home of her grandmother, Mrs. Alma Nowland to spend a few weeks here and with his parents near Eveline Orchards.

Mr. and Mrs. Ray Nowland were Sunday dinner guests of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Shepard.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Davis and children were Sunday visitors of their daughter, Mr. and Mrs. Arnold Smith of South Arm.

Mrs. Dana Shaler and sons, Frank and Leslie of Deer Lake spent Sunday with her father, Martin Wilber and son, Guy.

Mr. and Mrs. Roy Nowland and daughters of East Jordan were Sunday visitors of his parents, Mr. and Mrs. A. R. Nowland.

Mr. and Mrs. Oliver Conklin returned to their home at Lock Haven, Pa., last Friday. They were visiting the past three weeks at the home of her niece, Mrs. Eugene Kurchinski.

Evelyn and Wanda Zinck of Deer Lake spent Thursday at the home of their grandfather, Geo. Jaquays.

Mr. and Mrs. Enoch Dean and son of Flint were Sunday afternoon visitors of Mrs. Arvilla Coykendall.

Deans spent the week end with her aunt, Mrs. John Lewis of Boyne City.

Claude Clute, 2-year-old son of Mr. and Mrs. Milo Clute fell out of a little wagon and broke his collar bone 10 days ago.

Wild raspberries are ripe; corn is growing very fast since the rain last of the week; haying was finished here first of this week; grasshoppers are bad in some parts of the locality.

Several attended the meeting in Charlevoix Tuesday where all but 2 Supervisors of the county listened to the hearing of charges against Rouse of the County Road Commission.

Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Sutton and mother, Mrs. J. L. Sutton and Miss Christobelle Sutton were Sunday evening visitors of Mr. and Mrs. S. R. Nowland.

Mr. and Mrs. Albert Todd were Sunday visitors of her brother, Mr. and Mrs. George Brown.

Mrs. Will Leib and children of South Arm were Sunday afternoon visitors of Mr. and Mrs. Harry Behling. Monday evening visited at the Frank A. Behling Sr., home.

ECHO

(Edited by Mrs. Denzil Wilson)

Mrs. John Carney visited Mrs. Elmer Murray last Thursday.

George Gibbard of Pleasant Valley was a caller at Denzil Wilsons Friday afternoon.

Miss Hazel Walker called on Mr. and Mrs. Carol Bartholomew Saturday evening.

Mr. and Mrs. Elmer Murray and Alice Wilson called on Mrs. Murray's mother, Mrs. John Henning, and sister, Miss Mable Henning, Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Volorus Bartholomew were callers at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Denzil Wilson Sunday evening.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Derenzy and family, Dan Bennett and son, and Mr. and Mrs. Archie McArthur of East Jordan were at Kalkaska after huckleberries, Sunday.

Mrs. Manuel Bartholomew called on Mrs. Elmer Murray Monday afternoon.

Miss Hazel Walker was a dinner guest of Mr. and Mrs. Denzil Wilson, Sunday.

Rev. and Mrs. Scott Bartholomew of Ashton were here for a visit with their son, Carol Bartholomew and family, and other relatives.

Mr. and Mrs. Ben Bolser Jr., are here from Flint for a visit with relatives and friends.

Accumulations of Coal

From Vegetable Tissue

In the formation of coal many problems still remain unsolved but there is general agreement in its vegetable origin, of which, in most cases, indubitable proof can be obtained in the plant structures still observable in thin or polished sections. Coal, therefore, represents vegetable material which has escaped the ordinary processes of decomposition, but has undergone certain chemical and physical alterations. The chemical changes from vegetable tissue to coal consists in the elimination of the more volatile constituents whereas the physical modifications resulting mainly from pressure, render the product more compact and hence more satisfactory where large quantities of fuel are necessary.

Although plant life has grown profusely over large portions of the continental land masses for millions of years, most of the excess beyond that utilized by the animals of the globe has died and been quickly decomposed; in which process the oxidizable particles returned to the atmosphere from whence they came. During several periods, however, nature has produced the requisite conditions for preservation and prepared great accumulations, upon which the industrial life of the present day is absolutely dependent.—Boston Post.

PENINSULA

(Edited by Mrs. E. Hayden)

Geo. Block of Charlevoix was on Peninsula Tuesday buying spring lambs.

Wm. Hunter, the Watkins man of Charlevoix was on the Peninsula Friday.

The greatest rain fall for a long time visited this section Thursday night.

There was almost continuous thunder for 15 hours, although not very heavy. There was considerable damage to roads and fields by washing.

C. H. Dewey, Alfred Crowell and Bob Jarman went on a camping trip to Traverse City, Thursday and took in the Cherry Festival until Saturday.

Miss Gladys Staley was quite ill Thursday and Friday with cramps in the stomach, but is better now.

Mr. and Mrs. David Gaunt, Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Gaunt and children, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Myers and Mr. and Mrs. Will Gaunt and family made up a motor party Saturday and took in the Cherry Festival at Traverse City.

Elmer Faust is the first one in this immediate vicinity to have ripe raspberries for market. He delivered berries Saturday.

The 4-H Club did not have their 4th meeting with Gladys Staley as planned, but attended the Canning Demonstration at East Jordan, Saturday. Mrs. Bertha Staley took the following members: Ruth Slate, Gladys Staley, Lela Nowland, Eunice Earl and Elva Gould. Eloise Gaunt went to Traverse City to the Cherry Festival. Vera Staley also attended the canning demonstration. They all profited by the meeting. The next meeting will be with Ruth Slate in 2 weeks.

Mrs. Joel Bennett and Mrs. Wm. Bogart of Honey Slope farm spent Wednesday afternoon with Mrs. E. Faust at Mountain Ash farm.

Everybody was haying last week and some finished, however there is still quite a lot of hay out yet.

The Pine Lake Telephone Co., held their annual meeting at the Mountain schoolhouse Monday, July 11th, but only a few attended. Wm. Sanderson was elected Sec'y-Treas. to succeed himself, and H. Gould was re-elected Trouble man. It was also voted one might pay 1/4 cent each assessment every 8 months if he so desired.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Bogart who are staying at Honey Slope farm for the summer, spent Saturday night and Sunday at their home in Boyne City.

Miss Ellen Reich and a friend of Lansing arrived Saturday for a weeks vacation with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. A. Reich of Lone Ash farm.

A. J. Wangeman who has been employed at the Soo for several months is visiting his parents, Mr. and Mrs. F. H. Wangeman in Three Bells Dist. He expects to get a call to go to So. Dakota to a mining job soon.

Mr. and Mrs. Herb Sutton, Mr. and Mrs. R. A. Adams and baby of the Soo, and Mrs. J. L. Sutton and granddaughter, Christobelle Sutton of Afton visited Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Healey at Willow Brook farm Thursday forenoon.

Mrs. Henry Moyer of Boyne Falls and Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Cole of Muskegon spent Thursday afternoon with Mr. and Mrs. Charles Healey at Willow Brook farm.

Mr. and Mrs. Elton Jarman and Mr. and Mrs. Joe Mlujek and little daughter of Old Mission visited Geo. Jarman and daughter, Mrs. Harriett Conyer, Sunday, at Gravel Hill, south side. Little Jackie Conyer accompanied them home for a week's visit.

Mr. and Mrs. Ira McKee of Star Dist., and Mr. and Mrs. David Gaunt of Three Bells Dist., spent Sunday at the Geo. Weaver home in East Jordan. Mr. and Mrs. Leo McCanna and family were also guests. It was Mr. McCanna's birthday.

Mr. and Mrs. James Earl of Mountain Dist., were Sunday dinner guests of Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Gaunt in Three Bells Dist. After dinner they all went to Ellsworth to the ball game.

Mr. and Mrs. Ray Loomis and family and H. B. Russell of Gravel Hill north side, were dinner guests Sunday of Charles Arnott and his grand-

mother, Mrs. Minnie Manning at Maple Row farm.

Cherry picking begun in earnest Monday, July 19th. There is an immense crop of excellent quality.

The contract wax beans are just coming in bloom which means it will be three weeks before picking begins. The green beans are not beginning to bloom yet.

EVELINE

(Edited by Mrs. Walter Clark)

School meeting was held Monday night, twenty voters were present. Mrs. Bernice Harnden was elected as a new Director.

Cattle buyers were in this neighborhood looking for cattle, Monday. Mr. and Mrs. Richard Livingston and Mr. and Mrs. Blue were callers at the home of Walter Clark, Tuesday morning. Mr. and Mrs. Livingston are Walter Clark's aunt and uncle of Toledo, Ohio.

Walter Burbanks and Willard Moorehouse helped Lew Harnden with his haying. Russell Merideth helped them a couple of days.

Lew Boyer has been on the sick list for a short time.

Charlie Zitka's house was struck by lightning Thursday night.

Mr. and Mrs. Max Graham and children of Detroit game Monday for a visit at Lew Harndens.

PLEASANT HILL

(Edited by Anson Hayward)

Mr. and Mrs. Kraemer and sons, Leonard and John, and daughter, Anna, Mr. and Mrs. Joe Ruckle and their sister, Vesta, motored to Frederic to get huckleberries, Wednesday.

John Schroeder and Sam Lewis called on Joe Ruckles, Sunday.

Vesta Wilmath, Lucius Hayward and E. Sweet called on John Schroeders Friday night.

Lucius Hayward spent Saturday evening and Sunday at Mrs. Taylors.

Vesta Wilmath was a caller on Ruth Jubb Saturday forenoon.

Mr. and Mrs. Seth Jubb called on Mr. and Mrs. Anson Hayward Wednesday.

IF YOU HAD A THOUSAND MESSENGERS COULD YOU GATHER THIS NEWS?

If you had a thousand fleet men at your command and you called them in and said, "Go forth into the world, in all directions, and bring back news of things which will fill my life with more pleasure and more comfort—"

If you did, you wouldn't learn as many helpful facts about this world's goods as you do by reading the advertisements in your daily newspaper!

These advertisements tell you, first-hand, of countless things which will give you more pleasure and more comfort. They quote dimensions, sizes, colors, qualities, prices, so that you may buy as efficiently as a purchasing agent. They announce the new, the smart, the unusual. They save you many steps in shopping and many dollars on the year's purchases.

Each day, as you read your newspaper, messengers come to you with good news from the merchants in your community and manufacturers all over the country. These messengers are the advertisements. Read them and know the best the world is offering you.

DO YOU READ THE ADVERTISEMENTS?

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.

HELP WANTED

WANTED—Girl for housework and help with children. Good cook. References. Call 252-F31, East Jordan. 30x1

WANTED

CASH any time for your CHICKENS, MALPASS HDWE. CO. 27-4f

FOR SALE—MISCELLANEOUS

REPAIRS for Everything at C. J. MALPASS HDWE. CO. 29-4f

CIRCUMSTANCES have forced us to repossess and store a complete four room outfit of furniture which sold eight months ago for \$893.00 and which will be sold for the balance due on the original contract of \$263.00 plus storage. Contract can be rewritten if necessary. Outfit will be delivered free of charge anywhere in Michigan or stored free of charge for future delivery. All pieces are in A-1 condition and can hardly be told from new merchandise. Includes two-piece Grand Rapids made living room suite, 9x12 Domestic Oriental Rug, walnut console phonograph, walnut occasional table, walnut end table, two lamps, beautiful eight-piece genuine walnut dining room suite including large size buffet, extension table, five side chairs and one arm chair, 9x12 dining room rug, walnut vanity dresser, chest of drawers, bed, double deck coil springs, two throw rugs, chintz bouoir chair, breakfast set including dropleaf table and four chairs, twenty-six piece set of silver ware, etc. Act at once. Call 9-8486 Grand Rapids collect or write CHAFFEE BROTHERS FURNITURE CO., 106-118 South Division Ave., Grand Rapids, Mich. 30-2

Briefs of the Week

Mrs. M. B. Palmist was a Traverse City visitor last week.

Nice, modern furnished rooms for rent. C. J. Malpass. adv.

Mr. and Mrs. Cecil Blair and family have moved here from Detroit.

Mr. and Mrs. Claude Pinney of Flint are here visiting relatives.

Robert Darbee arrived home first of the week from Fort Sheridan.

Sale of all summer hats, beginning Saturday, July 23. Mrs. Alice Joynt. adv.

Ladies! We repair all kinds of home goods. Malpass-Hdwe. Co. adv.

Born to Mr. and Mrs. Marion Best of Eveline Township, a son, Sunday, July 17th.

Furniture for sale for the balance on the sales contract. Malpass Hdwe. Co. adv.

Mrs. Jos. Courier and Miss Ethel Staley were Traverse City visitors last week.

Mrs. John Flannery of Kalamazoo is here visiting her daughter, Mrs. Clifton Heller.

Mr. and Mrs. Chester Thompson of Saginaw visited East Jordan friends, Monday.

Montmorency Cherries, pick them yourself, 1c pound. Lawrence Jensen, East Jordan. adv.

Bobby and Otto Bretz of Detroit are visiting their grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Malpass.

Mrs. J. D. Frost received word last week of the death of her mother, Mrs. Henderson at Louisiana.

Raspberries—Six acres. Pick your own. For particulars call phone 162-F11. Orrin Bartlett. adv.

Cut prices on all fishing tackle, and nice refrigerators from \$5.00 up at C. J. Malpass Hdwe. Co. adv.

Mr. and Mrs. Lionel Goodman and family of Chicago are here this week visiting his father, H. A. Goodman.

Miss Margaret, Bob and Bill Brennan are here from Saginaw visiting at the home of their brother, Bernard Brennan.

Mr. and Mrs. Lowell Baker were here from Flint this week visiting at the home of his sister, Mr. and Mrs. R. G. Watson.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Garret of Council Bluffs, Iowa have been here the past two weeks visiting at the Kenny homes.

Monday night—"In Walked Her Husband." Henderson Stock Co., at Temple Theatre, East Jordan. 10c admission. adv.

Miss Margaret Staley is spending a couple of weeks, visiting at Eaton Rapids at the homes of Miss Topliff and Miss Dorothy Merritt.

Mr. and Mrs. Clark C. Coulter and children, and G. H. Dunlap of Detroit are at the Dunlap Camp on Lake Charlevoix for the summer.

Henderson Stock Co., all next week at Temple Theatre, East Jordan. Nine people, new plays, new vaudeville. Same old price 10c. adv.

Saturday, July 23 only—Men's all wool Bathing Suits, \$1.39, sizes 38 to 46. A broken assortment of boy's Pants, 8 to 14, choice 63c. Bill Hawkins. adv.

Mr. and Mrs. Harold Waldo of Detroit are visiting at the home of her mother, Mrs. S. Gregory. Also Ray Whitmore of Detroit has been a guest there.

See Robert Montgomery and Nora Gregor in "But the Flesh is Weak," also Our Gang Comedy in "Big Ears" at Temple Theatre, Saturday and Sunday. adv.

The Show you all know—Henderson Stock Co. All next week, starting Monday night in the fun play—"In Walked Her Husband." At Temple Theatre, East Jordan. adv.

Warda's Cherryvale Lodge is available for card parties, luncheons and dinners. Special Sunday chicken dinners every Sunday, 50c. Phone 166-F2 for reservations. adv. 30-2

Large Black Sweet Cherries for canning. Eveline Orchards Sales Booth, phone 252-F23. Four cents per pound without package or delivery. Better ones at 5 cents. adv.

Mrs. Mabel Secord returned home last Thursday from Rockford, Mich., where she was called by the illness and death of her mother, Mrs. Margaret Edwards, aged 82, who died July 2nd.

This year The Henderson Stock Co. are playing good plays. Dick assures us he is bringing a good Company and will appear in person in some good comedy roles, as well as the play in which he was featured on one night stands over the entire middle West—"Dr. Jehyll and Mr. Hyde." Don't fail to meet him at the Box Office Monday night. 10c to everybody. adv.

Mrs. Harriet Junget is a Chicago visitor this week.

Miss Margaret Maddock is visiting friends at Bellaire.

Any of the most popular cow sprays 25c quart at Malpass Hdwe. Co., adv.

Miss Dorothy Cook is home for a vacation from her duties at Washington, D. C.

The Lutheran Ladies Aid will meet with Mrs. Mary Settem Thursday, July 28th.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Whiteford of Detroit visited friends and relatives here this week.

Joseph Junget received a couple of fractured ribs in an accident, Tuesday, while attending a picnic.

Midsummer Sale on Hats, choice of any hat in stock for \$1.50 and down, starting this Saturday. Mrs. Alice Joynt. adv.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Perkins and daughter, Miss Leatha, returned home the past week from a visit at Millington, Mich.

Mr. and Mrs. A. E. Wells and children of Dearborn are spending a couple of months here, being located in the Bell residence.

Mr. and Mrs. W. P. Squier and daughter, Miss Ellen are here from Dallas, Texas to spend a few weeks at their home here.

Mr. and Mrs. Raymond Squier and family of Des Moines, Iowa are visiting at the home of the former's father, W. P. Squier.

The Lutheran Young People will meet at the Tourist Park, Saturday evening, July 23rd, at 8:00 o'clock. Pot luck, bring dishes.

Mr. and Mrs. Carroll Hoyt and family of Iola, Kansas are visiting at the home of the former's parents, Mr. and Mrs. L. A. Hoyt.

Mr. and Mrs. Enoch Hawkins and son of near St. Ignace were here first of the week visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Richard Beyer.

Finest quality Cherries at low prices. Call or send orders to Malpass Hardware Co., phone 92 or after 6:30, 105 East Jordan. adv.

Miss Marjorie McHale was guest at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Flanders and daughter, Miss Lillis, at Charlevoix the past week.

Montmorency Cherries at Eveline Orchards Sales Booth, phone 252-F23. 75 cents per 25 pound lug, without package or delivery. adv.

Mr. and Mrs. F. M. Caldwell returned to their home in Jackson, Wednesday, after occupying the Rogers-Carson cottage for about a week.

Mrs. George Ramsey and son Howard, and Miss Dorothy Currier of Cadillac were Sunday visitors of Mr. and Mrs. R. T. McDonald and other relatives.

A party consisting of Ethel Staley, Mina, Virginia and Marian Hite, Clara Leu, and Ed. Egan are spending the week at the Nice cottage at Hayden's Point.

A surprise party was given at the farm home of L. A. McKinnon, Wednesday evening in honor of his 80th birthday. Twenty-five relatives enjoyed music, dancing and refreshments.

Come to the White orchard, five miles northwest of Elmira and pick your own cherries, 80 acres all cherries—Richmonds one cent, Montmorencies 1 1/2 cents per pound.—L. H. White. adv.

Henderson Stock Co., will be at Temple Theatre, East Jordan all next week, starting Monday night in the up-to-date comedy—"In Walked Her Husband." Sugar-coated price, 10c to everybody. adv.

Special meeting of Mark Chapter, O. E. S., Monday night, July 25th, promptly at 8:00 o'clock last time. The Worthy Grand Matron, Mrs. N. Belle Pike of Detroit will hold a School of Instruction. All members are requested to be present.

After an absence of two years, The Henderson Stock Co., returns Monday night to East Jordan for a week's engagement at the Temple Theatre. New plays, new specialties, bigger and brighter than ever. The same old price. 10c to everybody. adv.

Fred Bennett passed away Thursday, July 21st, following an illness of several years' duration. Mr. Bennett was identified with our City's business interests for many years. Funeral services will be held from his late home this Saturday afternoon at 2 o'clock. Burial at Sunset Hill.

MUST SELL \$795 Mahogany Story & Clark Player Piano with rolls and bench for balance due on contract of \$97.00. In A-1 condition and guaranteed. — CHAFFEE BROS., FURNITURE CO., Telephone 9-3436. 106-118 South Division Ave., Grand Rapids, Michigan. 30-2

Mrs. Robert Davis is at Potosky taking treatments.

Miss Helen Strehl returned home last week from a two weeks visit at Detroit.

Frank Knoff of South Haven is visiting at the homes of Charles and Frank Crowell.

Dr. B. J. Beuker underwent an operation for hernia at the Charlevoix Hospital, Tuesday.

Mrs. A. H. Morris and Mrs. Agline of Detroit were here the past week visiting at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Strehl.

Mr. and Mrs. Pratt of Battle Creek who have been visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Ira D. Bartlett, returned home first of the week.

The Misses Marguerite Rogers, Martha and Olga Wagbo, and three other young ladies are on a motor trip through the eastern States.

Frederick W. Arbury of Empire, was an East Jordan visitor, Thursday, in the interest of his candidacy for State Representative from the Charlevoix-Leelanau district.

Mrs. Mary Roy Gillet-Barkmier passed away at Bloomington, Ill., Saturday morning, July 16th, following an operation. Funeral services were held Monday, July 18th with burial at San Jose, Ill. Mrs. Barkmier was a former East Jordan resident for many years, and of late years had been Postmistress at San Jose, Ill.

Birds Help Farmers

Birds may help themselves to a choice fruit or vegetable sometimes, but they help the farmer in turn. Protection of birds should be almost instinctive on the part of the farmer, says a bureau of biological survey bulletin, "Usefulness of Birds on the Farm." When one kind of insect becomes so numerous in a region as to threaten the wholesale destruction of vegetation, birds, as a rule, congregate there and live largely on the insects. Not only that, but the everyday services of birds in consuming insects of all kinds and holding back the threatening tide of insect life, says the bulletin, are probably of even greater significance.

Good Word for Blue Heron

Great blue herons and other fish-eating birds have been given a clean bill of health by the biological survey, which definitely has proved the birds get only a small proportion of game or commercial fish and prey on the enemies of spawn to a sufficient extent to make them more beneficial than harmful. Examination of stomachs of birds indicate that yellow perch, catfish, suckers, minnows, sticklebacks and the like kinds of fish were taken more frequently than trout or other game fish. The birds also eat dragon-fly larvae, predaceous diving beetles and other types of insects harmful to young fry.

Tree Adopts Temple

In the dense forests of French Indochina there is a temple which has stood for many centuries. Many years ago a tree began growing from soil which had lodged between the cracks of the rocky roof. In the course of time the roots of this tree twined themselves around the temple. The building is believed to have been erected about 1,000 years ago. There is no record of when the tree began to grow. Each year it takes a firmer grip upon the little temple and shoots its roots farther and farther into the surrounding ground until only the steps and the entrance are clear.

Dog Shares Kennel With Three Rabbits

Ashland, Ky. — Ollie Manley missed three of his finest rabbits the other day. A search of the pen failed to reveal a trace of them and Manley concluded the pets had been eaten by rats. Several days later he heard his bound dog growling at the children when they walked near the kennel. That surprised Manley for the dog was generally amiable. An investigation revealed the three young rabbits sleeping in the dog's bed. Manley said the dog gave up the rabbits only after considerable coaxing.

No Ban Is Now Placed on Movie Stars Flying

Los Angeles.—In sharp contrast to a few years ago when movie stars' contracts prohibited them from riding in airplanes is a general use of this form of transportation by film celebrities, shown in a compilation of prominent movie people who travel by air. Among recent travelers were: Douglas Fairbanks, Mary Pickford, Richard Barthelmess, Will Rogers, Ann Harding, Everett Horton, Wallace Beery, Lil Dagover, Lawrence Tibbett, Nancy Carroll, Dolores Del Rio, Bebe Daniels, Lupe Velez, Zazu Pitts, Victor McLaglen, Claire Windsor, Harry Langdon, Sally O'Neil and Marie Duncan.

Boston Firemen to Be Trained as Sea Divers

Boston.—Diving apparatus and a squad of firemen specially trained in deep sea diving were recently added to the Boston fire department. The new equipment can be utilized in freeing persons trapped in submerged vehicles.

Ring Lost 25 Years Found in Lawn Sod

Niagara Falls, N. Y.—A plain gold band ring lost for 25 years was found here recently when Louis Manz turned up the sod on his front lawn.

The ring was un tarnished and in good condition, and Manz at first thought it had been lost only recently. His wife, however, recognized it by its peculiar engraving. The ring had been lost by a member of the family.

RICHEST MAN LIVES LIFE OF FRUGALITY

Indian Prince Is Called "The Miser Maharajah."

Hyderabad, India.—The world's richest man watches his pennies and wears old clothes.

Wealthiest and most powerful of India's 700 maharajas, the prince and tribal chiefs is his exalted highness, the Nizam of Hyderabad, largest state in India.

He is owner of the renowned Golconda diamond fields.

With the subterranean vaults and caves of his great palace here bulging with several hundred million dollars' worth of gold bullion, diamonds, rubies, sapphires and other treasures, and with an annual income from his estates of something like \$25,000,000, the Nizam is said to be much richer than John D. Rockefeller, or any of the American multimillionaires.

The Nizam is described by his friends as the only "billionaire" in the world.

In the war he gave many millions to the British cause, in recognition of which King George of England gave the Nizam the title of "exalted highness" and allowed him to sign himself "faithful ally of the King-Emperor."

All the other 700-odd princes in India have the title only of "his highness."

The Nizam comes from one of the most illustrious families in India, claiming descent on his father's side from Hazrat Abu Bakr Siddiq, the first Khalifa of the Prophet Mohammed, and on his mother's side from the prophet himself.

The Nizam is one of the most romantic figures in the modern world. He is just past forty-five. He has eleven palaces in India and is reputed to keep a harem of fifty wives.

It would be natural to assume that, in view of the Nizam's staggering wealth, he lived in the most luxurious magnificence. It is almost the opposite.

America would call him "stingy." Indeed, he is known throughout India as "The Miser Maharajah," for he counts the pennies and lets the dollars take care of themselves.

Many stories are told of the Maharajah's penuriousness.

Certainly the Nizam himself is most frugal in the matter of dress. He may be seen any day at the palace in an old faded and threadbare coat.

Orient Is Largest User of Silver, U. S. Reports

Washington.—The largest single annual movement of silver is across the Pacific ocean from San Francisco to the orient, the Commerce department has announced in a world survey of silver production and distribution.

Silver today is mined chiefly in North and South America and is consumed principally in the Far East. The reason for this is adherence to a silver instead of a gold standard by many oriental nations.

The flow of silver from continent to continent is affected by the existence of an important silver market in London and the existence of refining facilities in Germany.

Mexico is the largest world producer of silver at present and exports practically all silver mined. Most of this is shipped through San Antonio, El Paso, San Francisco and Arizona custom posts. During 1930 our imports from Mexico through San Antonio totaled 27,254,000 ounces.

Low silver prices have resulted in a decrease of world production.

In 1930 318,300,000 fine ounces of silver were mined. Last year the total dropped to 255,000,000 fine ounces.

IT'S AN EASY THING TO GET AWAY FROM THE HEAT

if you have a Savings Account with which to finance a vacation trip. Millions of Americans save each year for the express purpose of taking a summer vacation. It is a wise plan to follow.

During the coming year put 5% of your income in a Savings Account in this bank for vacation purposes. Then, when next July rolls around, you will be "all set" to go wherever you desire. You can open an account in this bank within one minute.



"THE BANK ON THE CORNER"



Presbyterian Church

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

Eastern Standard Time.
11:00 a. m.—Morning Worship.
Dr. John Gardner will preach.
12:15—Sunday School.

First M. E. Church

James Leitch, Pastor
11:00 a. m.—Preaching Service.
Sunday School will follow the morning service.
7:00 p. m.—Epworth League.
8:00 p. m.—Preaching Service.

Church of God

Pastor—Rev. Lester Morford
10:00 a. m.—Sunday School.
11:00 a. m.—Preaching Service.
7:30 p. m.—Preaching Service.
Mid-Week Prayer Meeting, Thursday, at 7:30 p. m.
Everyone is cordially invited to attend these services. Come!

St. Joseph Church

Rev. Joseph Malinowski
Sunday, July 24, 1932
8:00 a. m.—East Jordan.
10:00 a. m.—Bellaire.

Latter Day Saints Church

Leonard Dudley, Pastor
10:30 a. m.—Church School. Program each Sunday except first Sunday of month.
8:00 p. m.—Evening Services.
8:00 p. m., Tuesday—Study of Book of Mormon.
7:00 p. m., Wednesday—Prayer Meeting.
All are welcome to attend any of these services.

Pilgrim Holiness Church

A. T. Harris, Pastor
2:00 p. m.—Sunday School.
3:00 p. m.—Preaching.
Services are held every Sunday. Everyone is cordially invited to attend.
Good advertisers know that writing an advertisement is a job that requires care, even if it is going to be inserted in The Charlevoix County Herald where results are almost certain.

MICHIGAN BELL TELEPHONE CO.



IN THE DEAD OF NIGHT...

The smell of smoke—an unaccountable noise—the cry of a sick child... the telephone will bring you aid immediately.

Whatever emergencies may arise... and they are common to all households... you can summon doctor, firemen, police or other aid instantly if you have a telephone in your home.

Of all things purchased, few offer so much usefulness and PROTECTION at such low cost as the telephone.



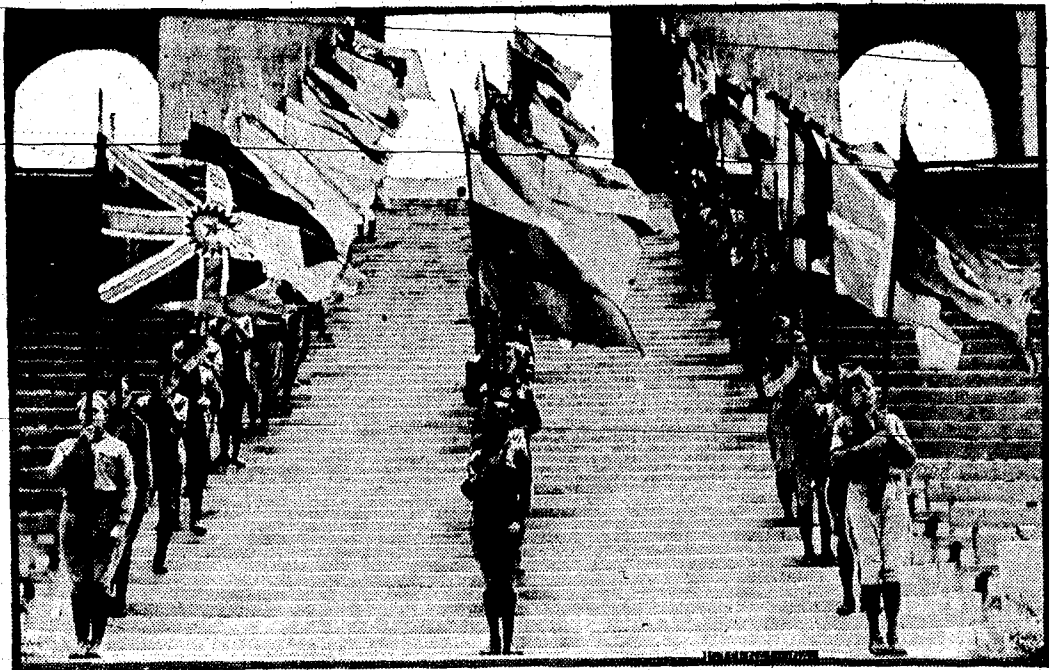
ANNUAL CHICKEN DINNER

— At —
Bohemian Settlement
SUNDAY
July 31st

Dinner served from 12:00 to 2:00 p. m.

Adults 50 cents
Children 25 cents

Flags of All Nations for the Olympics



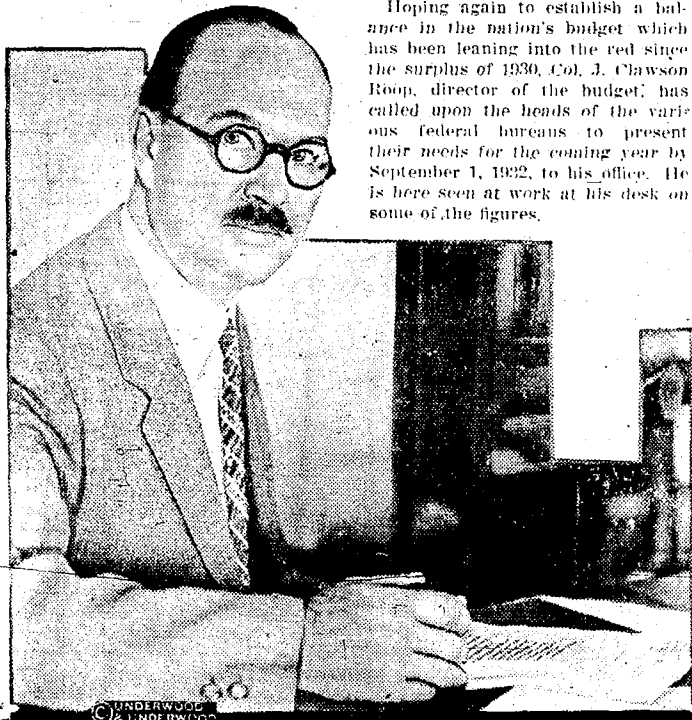
Like an ocean of silk, the gaily hued emblems of 58 countries fluttered in the Olympic stadium at Los Angeles, the occasion being an inspection of the flags, which will be used in the "march of nations," impressive feature of the Olympic games opening ceremony, scheduled for July 30. Los Angeles Boy Scouts assisted the Olympic officials in the inspection, carrying the flags in company formation.

Unemployed Are Sold on the Auction Block



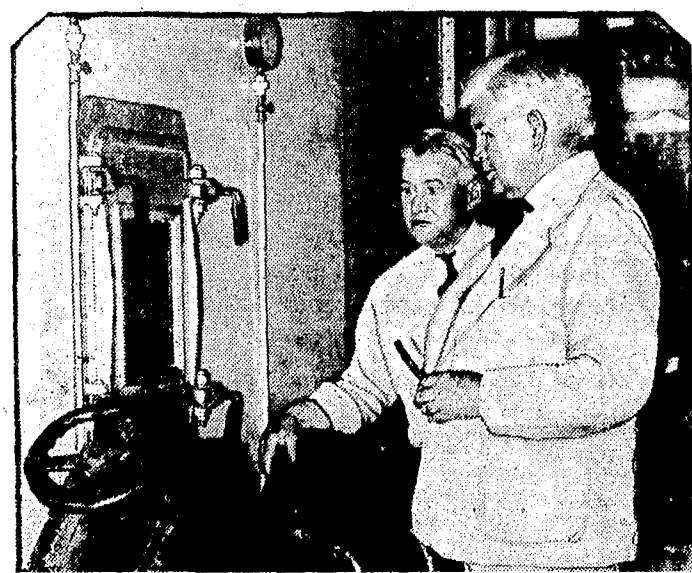
The ancient slave market, around which centered the business life of the early Greeks and Romans, found its counterpart in the Los Angeles Plaza. But instead of slaves, 15 free men and women, Americans for the most part, down on their luck and unable to find employment, auctioned themselves off to the highest bidder for their services. Col. Louis Byrnes, who conducted a similar auction years ago in Boston for returned soldiers, immediately after the war, presided over the strange ceremony.

Planning Next Year's Savings



Hoping again to establish a balance in the nation's budget which has been leaning into the red since the surplus of 1930, Col. J. Clawson Roup, director of the budget, has called upon the heads of the various federal bureaus to present their needs for the coming year by September 1, 1932, to his office. He is here seen at work at his desk on some of the figures.

Rainey Sees What Keeps Congress Cool



Fresh and comfortable in an immaculate white linen suit, Representative Henry T. Rainey of Illinois, Democratic leader of the house, descends into the lower regions of the Capitol and inspects the gigantic air conditioning machinery, which keeps the lawmakers comfortable despite the shriveling weather.

State News in Brief

Iron River—Reversing previous action, the Iron County board of supervisors has voted an appropriation of \$4,000 for the annual county fair.

Crystal Falls—Found guilty of having venison in their possession during a closed season, August Pierantoni, Casplan, was sentenced to serve 60 days in jail, and his son, Oscar, 30 days.

Coldwater—George Hammond, aged resident here, escaped death by inches. A hog standing almost on the man's foot was instantly killed by a bolt of lightning during an electric storm. Hammond was knocked to the ground, but otherwise escaped injury.

Grand Rapids—Marvin Heath, who a few months ago was made heir to a \$10,000 trust fund established by a relative, faces charges of breaking and entering for a \$5 theft. Heath, who resides outside the city, was said by sheriff's officers to have admitted he broke into an oil station and looted the till.

Sturgis—The Rev. Frank Gageby, D. D., of the Decatur Presbyterian Church, is in jail here facing charges of negligent homicide in the death of Mrs. Sherman Webber, of White Pigeon, who was struck by Dr. Gageby's automobile while on her way to a funeral. Dr. Gageby was arrested by State Police. Mrs. Webber was the mother of seven children.

Mt. Clemens—Collection of delinquent 1929-30 taxes on property in Macomb County during June and so far in July are far above anticipations, according to County Treasurer Thomas Siggins, who reports a total collection of \$125,000 for the past month. This amount compares favorably with that paid during June two years ago and is approximately \$100,000 short of the mark set in June, 1931.

Bay City—Announcement that St. Stanislaus Parochial School would not reopen this fall for lack of funds brought the city school board the problem of absorbing 5,000 more students. School Superintendent G. L. Greuner estimated the added cost would be \$50,000 if the buildings are used and public school teachers hired to replace the sisters. If the sisters are retained, he said, the cost would be about \$15,000.

Elmira—Fire, believed to have been incendiary, destroyed five potato warehouses and the Pennsylvania Railroad depot here with a loss estimated unofficially at about \$70,000. The blaze, breaking out simultaneously in three of the warehouses, destroyed about a third of the village of 150 population and severed all wire communication for a time. State police were summoned here from Rockford and began an investigation.

Albion—Through the generosity of Edward E. Horner of Eaton Rapids, a member of the Board of Trustees of Albion College long identified with the work of the Methodist Church, the Methodist Foundation of Michigan has been presented with a 6,000 acre tract of land on the shores of Thumb Lake, between Boyne Falls and Vanderbilt, in Charlevoix County. The only condition of the gift is that it "be devoted to the causes of Methodism."

Mason—Ingham County, already equipped with a large garage here, has arranged for the erection of a smaller one in Onondaga Township to serve the southwest part of the County in the housing of road equipment frequently used in that locality. Should the arrangement prove satisfactory, it is predicted other similar garages will be built. Williamston and Stockbridge have been mentioned as places where such provision would prove advantageous and economical.

Battle Creek—Wellington R. Burt came home from his summer home on Crystal Lake, but he didn't come the way he had planned it. Russell West, pilot at the Kellogg Airport, had flown his plane to Frankfort, to bring Burt back, and had to leave it out in a field over night. In the morning it was found that a cow had squatted on the stabilizer and had also eaten bits of the nitro cellulose processed linen off the "fin" of the tail-piece. Burt had to motor here and leave the plane with the cow.

Lansing—Failure to answer court summons for traffic violations may result in revocation of a driver's license. It has been announced by Frank D. Fitzgerald, secretary of state. Motorists who do not respond to charges of failure to stop at "through" streets and highways, and who drive at speeds faster than those allowed by cities and villages are liable. After failure to appear in court to answer a summons in such cases, it is mandatory on the department to revoke the license to operate a motor vehicle.

Potoskey—A complete Indian village, just as they appeared before the white man conquered the forest, will spring up on the shore of Little Traverse Bay for the annual Potoskey Indian Pageant, Aug. 25 and 26. Gov. and Mrs. Brucker will attend. Chief Shwas Nee Shee Noo, celebrated Ottawa Indian tenor, will be the soloist and lead the pageantry. The American High School Band from the School Band Camp at Bay View also will participate. More than a hundred costumed Indians will appear in the pageants.

Adrian—A report to the secretary of state by W. J. Hanna, Lenawee County sheriff, shows that during the year ending June 30 his office was operated for \$9,100 less than during the previous year.

Battle Creek—Mary Ellen Savage, 4, rescued from drowning by her brother, Harold, 7, three months ago, is dead of injuries suffered in a fall. She fell to the basement through an open air duct in a neighbor's home and died in a hospital.

Crystal Falls—Iron County's last Civil War veteran is dead. He is Hiram G. Fribley, 92, who died in General Hospital of heart disease. He was active in more than 30 battles in the Civil War and took part in battles at Fredericksburg, Gettysburg and Bull Run.

Mt. Pleasant—A 450 barrel a day oil well and a "duster" were completed recently in the Central Michigan fields. The Pure Oil Company's Mullet No. 4 in the east pool is the new producer. J. C. Arthur Company's Bowman No. 1 in the North Vernon field failed to make a well.

Bear Lake—Lewis Lingg, 57 years old, was found dead in a water tank in the barn of his farm near here, a drowning victim. He is believed by the coroner to have fainted while watering horses. The body was found when relatives investigated his failure to return to the house.

Kalamazoo—Shirtless bathing suits are taboo at Milham Park swimming pool, it is announced by City Manager Edward C. Rutz. Sun bathers who appear only in trunks or in two-piece suits of which the jerseys are let down for further exposure to the sun's rays are to be banned from the park.

Grand Haven—Matt Hahn, 45 years old, took his own life by shooting himself in the head, as Deputy Jack Spangler waited for the man to leave his home for a term in Jackson Prison. Hahn drew a sentence of 18 months to four years when he was arrested again on a liquor charge during a probation term. A note written while the officer waited left the personal property and an insurance policy to Miss Leona Jones.

Adrian—James Bachman, 12-year-old Irish Hills farm youth, holds the record for catching the largest large month black bass ever taken from a Lenawee County lake. Harold W. Barrow, Michigan conservation officer, said he had verified the capture in Mahr's Lake, near Cambridge Junction, of the 9 1/2-pound fish, 18 inches long. James used a chalk line, an iron nut for a shaker, a blue gill hook and grubs for bait.

Marne—Pointing out that the Berlin Fair was organized in 1873, during one of the major economic depressions in the Nation's history, directors of the fair here have issued an appeal, not for cash, but for the general support of the farmers and business people of the area served in entering exhibits, attending the fair and otherwise boosting the institution. Directors are confident the 1932 fair will be one of the best on record.

Parma—Because Stanley Marsh "had not made enough arrests to warrant retaining him," Marsh has been removed as motorcycle patrolman, Mayor Stephen A. Powers said here. L. H. Godfrey, municipal judge, said Marsh had made seven arrests in the last month while his predecessor often made that many in a day. Parma business men have objected to the program of wholesale arrests, charging it keeps tourist traffic out of town.

Monroe—Not a taxi is running in Monroe. Instead, ex-taxicab drivers in ex-taxicabs carry passengers free, but accept contributions left on the rear seat. Taxicabs ceased to exist June 30, when all city licenses expired and drivers refused to apply for new ones because they are required, under a new ordinance to obtain liability insurance policies of \$10,000 for one passenger and \$25,000 for a load. Taxi stand signs were removed by the chief of police.

Luther—The huckleberry crop in Lake County is unusually light this season due to the efficient control of forest fires. The bushes flourish best in burned over land and several fires last year allegedly were set by men hoping to improve their berry crop. A few years ago the berry crop was a leading industry in this region. The plants grow on waste cut over land that will produce little else. Indians, Negroes and poorer white families depended on the crop in considerable numbers.

Rochester—What sounded like a funeral dirge to students of Rochester High School was cheerful music to their parents, the taxpayers. The village school board, determined to cut school operating expenses even below the low level of last year, has decided to abolish the high school band for the next school year. The board also said the village could get along without a school nurse, and that the pupils could manage for a year without art classes. Now the schools can be operated for \$75,000.

Jackson—Although Joseph Chapman, alias John W. Orton, inmate of the Michigan State Prison who died recently, had at least five wives a few years ago, no one claimed his body and the State was obliged to bury it at Jackson. Chapman was sentenced Aug. 25, 1930, in Superior Court, Grand Rapids, to 15 years for embezzlement. He admitted acquiring at least \$11,000 from his wives during his much-married career. Chapman's last wife has refused to take his body and his three sons are in as many prisons.

IMPROVED UNIFORM INTERNATIONAL SUNDAY SCHOOL Lesson

(By REV. P. B. FITZWATER, D. D., Member of Faculty, Moody Bible Institute of Chicago, (© 1932, Western Newspaper Union.)

Lesson for July 24

THE DELIVERANCE AT THE RED SEA

LESSON TEXT—Exodus 14:1-31.
GOLDEN TEXT—The Lord is my strength and song, and he is become my salvation.—Exodus 15:2.

PRIMARY TOPIC—Walking Through the Sea.
JUNIOR TOPIC—A Dry Path Through the Sea.
INTERMEDIATE AND SENIOR TOPIC—How Israel Won Freedom.
YOUNG PEOPLE AND ADULT TOPIC—How God Helps His People.

I. Israel in Straitened Circumstances (vv. 1-12).

1. Going out of the land of Egypt (13:18). The tenth stroke from the strong hand of the Almighty made Pharaoh willing to let Israel go. The tenth turn of the screw of Omnipotence brought him to time. The Israelites went out from Egypt on their way to the promised land with a hard hand. The way of the wilderness was a longer route, but it had many valuable lessons for them. By this way they escaped the experiences of war which would have come to them at the hand of the Philistines, but they learned the crookedness and perverseness of their own hearts (Deut. 8:12).
2. Hemmed in (vv. 1-3). At the Lord's direction they turned from their first course and were made to face a great difficulty. The Red sea was before them and mountains on either side. However, they should have been encouraged because the Lord went before them by day in a pillar of cloud to lead the way, and by night in a pillar of fire to give them light. He took not away the pillar of cloud by day, nor the pillar of fire by night (13:21, 22).

3. Pursued by Pharaoh (vv. 4-12). The stricken Egyptians had now recovered from their sorrow, and perceiving the straitened circumstances of the Israelites they interpreted this to mean that Moses was unable to lead them out of their difficulty. Therefore they went in pursuit, hoping yet to prevent their leaving the country.

II. The Miraculous Escape of the Israelites (vv. 13-22).

There seems to have been a two-fold object in leading them in to this particular place.
1. To strengthen the faith of the people. To be delivered from such circumstances would impress upon them anew the reality of the love and power of God. The people, as usual, displayed their unbelief, and even cursed Moses for leading them out of Egypt. Moses replied to their murmurs by saying, "Fear ye not, stand still and see the salvation of the Lord." Standing still in such a trial is faith taking hold on God's promises. God said, "Wherefore criest thou unto me? Speak unto the children of Israel that they go forward." Having had his definite promise, to have prayed longer would have been unbelief. They were to go forward a step at a time without raising any question as to the outcome, for from the source from which came the command, came the power to obey. The presence of the Lord was adapted to their needs as they went forward. When the situation was such that the Lord's leadership was not necessary, the cloud passed to the rear and held the enemy at bay. The presence of God had a double effect—darkness and confusion to the enemy, and light and guidance to his people.

2. To lay a share for the overthrow of the Egyptians. Those who will not heed the warning judgments of God may be allowed to go to their destruction under the presumption that the Almighty is helping them.

III. The Overthrow of the Egyptians (vv. 23-27).

Having seen the Israelites go across the sea dryshod, Pharaoh and his people madly pursued them. They insanely thought that in their unbelief could follow in the wake of God's children. The Lord looked forth from the cloud and wrought confusion among the Egyptians. He not only looked upon them but took off their chariot wheels which caused them to realize that God was fighting against them. He then directed Moses to stretch forth his rod and bring destruction upon the Egyptians.

IV. The Song of Triumph (15:1-21).

Standing on the other shore of the Red sea they could fittingly sing the song of triumph because of their miraculous deliverance and the overwhelming defeat of the Egyptians. They attributed it all to God. In a glad coming day, a similar but much larger company will sing the same song with an important addition, namely, the "Song of the Lamb" (Rev. 15:3).

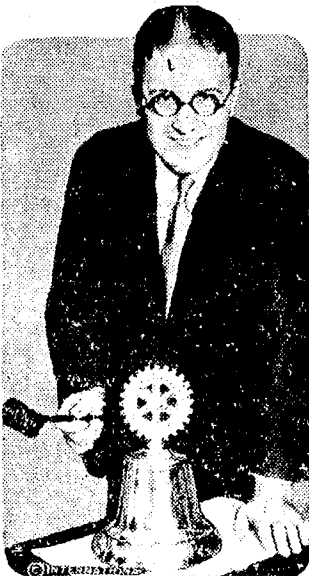
GEMS OF THOUGHT

The question of duty is one of the most serious. On that pivot swings both usefulness and destiny.

We spend too much time ringing the doorbells of earth, and not enough the doorbell of heaven.—Quoted by Hanna.

The purpose firm is equal to the deed. Who does the best his circumstance allows, does well, acts nobly. Angels could do no more.—Young.

ROTARY'S NEW HEAD



Clayton P. Anderson of Albuquerque, New Mexico, newly elected president of Rotary International.

SUCCEEDS FROST



New portrait of Prof. Otto Struve who has become director of the great Yerkes observatory at Williams Bay, Wis., succeeding Prof. Edwin B. Frost, who has retired.

Pioneer Autoist

Elwood Haynes, of Kokomo, Ind., received in 1893 the first license to operate an automobile.

NEW WISDOMS

By FANNIE HURST

(© by McClure Newspaper Syndicate, (WNU Service))

IT WAS as if, crash! a skyscraper had collapsed. Or a tornado devastated a forest, or a segment of heaven fallen, obliterating everything in chaos.

That was the way Frederick Farmington felt the noonday he emerged from the office of the most eminent diagnostician in New York city.

Crash. Crash. Crash. Of course many men before him must have merged from that same office with the same torment of emotion.

But nonetheless, to Frederick Farmington, newly president of his corporation, director of three others of equal importance, vice president of a bank and treasurer of a railroad, it seemed that never had blow smitten a man so in the midst of life!

In the midst of life, Farmington had just been ordered out of it!

That is to say, out of the rushing turmoil of his day-by-days.

There was no longer any use trying to elude the symptoms. The eminent diagnostician had spared no words, Farmington's left lung had two growing sore spots with a threat of one on the right. It was a matter of getting out of town, one way or another, his doctor had informed him with rather purposeful brutality. By way of the Adirondack express to the pine forests, or by way of mahogany with silver handles.

In the midst of life Farmington had been ordered out of it.

Standing there on the steps of the doctor's office in the gray of November, it seemed to Farmington, with depression clamping down upon him, that possibly of the two ways—ostracism to the Adirondacks or the way of mahogany with silver handles—the latter was preferable.

Life was so jammed and pulsating an affair when you were in the midst of it as Farmington was! Life in the pine forests with the soughing of wind at night and the creaking of trees by day was all right for a two weeks summer vacation of it. But ostracism to it for what the doctor had termed an indefinite period—

It was a matter of weeks before Farmington finally decided upon his alternative. The flow of life was too quick in him. Life too dear in him. Banishment to the pine woods if need be. But not death.

Farmington was not ready for death.

There were worlds to conquer. Earthly fields to dominate. At forty-three he had tasted too much of the elixir of success to relinquish the cup easily. Life. Life. Life. The battle of Wall Street, the conflict of master industrial minds. The shrewd connivings with the picked business men of the country.

Life. Life. Life. Farmington was giddy for it. The life of the executive. The leader. The captain. It was good to live. And so Farmington surrendered to the prospect of temporary exile... with the bitterest pain he had ever known in his life.

In the midst of life, to the silence of pine forest and the long motionless days in a log cabin.

At first there were friends and the days were as clear as steel and the fishing and hunting helped them pass quickly enough, but the camp was on the top of a mountain and the motor roads left off 62 miles before you reached it and train connections were bad and the winter season in town set in with a bang, and the friends fell away.

Those were the days when the loneliness first began to settle upon Farmington. The exile. Breathless, deathless days with only a mountain guide, hired to live with him for company, and the stacks of books and a radio machine and a magnificent mechanical piano.

Those were the days when the loneliness began to settle. And the beauty of the forest to recede and the sound of waterfall to beat into his brain with monotony, and the yearning for the tramp of men's feet and the excitement of the fray to eat and gnaw at him.

The clear, thin, biting cold days of the forest. The pellucid nights with stars like silver Christmas-tree balls waiting to be plucked. A waterfall leaping in glory and suddenly frozen there, a shy and startled loveliness.

All part of the loneliness. The devastating, eating, gnawing loneliness of this man of affairs.

Pain in the lungs. Pain in the heart. Days and days of the kind of pain that made him irascible and difficult for even the old mountain guide, rather scornful and oblivious of the ways of men, to endure.

A gnarled old oak tree of a guide. Strange secrets he knew. Out of the forests. The habits of wild things. The call of the loon. The way of the quick-flanked trout. The footfall of the deer. His lore was full of these delicate, lovely intimacies.

He knew the look in the eyes of a trapped fox and was bitter at the women who wore their pelts.

He loved the prickly little mash of pine cones under him and had a pillow of them on his crude pallet.

He spent long days in the woods and came home more silent than they. Sometimes it seemed to Farmington

he must spring at the throat of this man who was so complacent with the mystery of the silence.

Sometimes, watching him sleep through his own sleepless nights, it seemed to Farmington he must fly at his heart. To tear from it the secret. The secret of his capacity for silence.

The silence that was eating into Farmington. Gnawing into him. Making him a little mad with terror of it.

The radio did its part to help. Yanking the outside world into the heart of the forest. And the mechanical piano and the letters from his friends and the hint of the doings of men in the outside world that came with the weekly parcel post.

But those were only moments out of hours. Hours of torment. Hours of trying to read out of the books, to tear out of the piano, something to counteract the loneliness.

Poor Farmington! It is difficult in the haunts of men to learn how to be alone. Farmington frankly had horror of it. He had all his life been the sort of man who would call up a bore of a friend sooner than dine alone. Or sit through a rapid musical show sooner than spend an evening at home without guests. When Farmington so much as traveled from one city to another he took a secretary along for company.

And now, up here in the woods, not even the secretaries would remain for more than a few weeks at a time. Only Farmington and his old guide, who talked back to the birds in noises that resembled their own and who knew secrets of the forests that first had entertained, but after a while began to pall on Farmington.

Two years of this and then, as the saying goes, the house settled. That is, from a nervous, plunging kind of resistance, Farmington receded into a morose kind of acquiescence. Lethargy. Torpor. Or call it what you will. Sometimes days of silence in their little cabin, or the two of them, Farmington and his guide, tramping the woods hour after hour. Silently. There was so little to say. And, strangely enough, so much to observe—quick, fleeting life of the forest. It shimmered with it. Indeed, it kept the senses alert just being on the watch. The perky head of a chipmunk where you least expected it. The slant of late sunlight through trees. Clear, cold music of waterfall. Ever see a pine tree sway in wind? The bob-tailed leap of a rabbit? The wind-pollished bole of a poplar? Farmington was the unconscious student in the mystery of this lore. Sometimes the old guide used secretly to smile. Farmington coming home of a dusk with a few choppy words of what he had seen. Mysteries too subtle for many words. Mysteries as lovely as the leap of a deer.

Then a great diagnostician, for a fee that would have been ransom for a king, journeyed up to the mountain shack.

The sky and the pines and the silence had done their work well.

The two sores on one lung and the threat of a sore on the other had entirely disappeared. Farmington had won.

Farmington was released from the forest and given his ticket of leave back to the haunts of men.

And, Farmington, after weeks of procrastination with himself, did not take it.

There was not much explaining to be done about it. In fact he never even discussed it with his guide. They just sat side by side smoking pipeful after pipeful of silence. The old guide knew, of course. With the sensitiveness that helped him to know the footfall of a deer.

He knew. The peace had bored its way into Farmington. Far, far from the tramp-tramp-tramp of the feet of men, Farmington had heard the footfall of a deer.

And it was worth waiting for to hear the footfall of another. And another. And another. And all the strange, new wisdoms that went with knowing and loving the delicate sound of the footfall of a deer.

American Indians Not Lacking in Good Ideas

With particular respect to fishing, the American Indian methodology was especially interesting. The harpoon was a favorite implement for taking large fish, the spear or simply a sharp-pointed stick for smaller fry. But the net also was used, and a kind of fish corral was frequently employed on the tidal beaches—a circle of sticks driven into the sand. In the New England region torch fishing was common; the fish, attracted by the light, were speared or netted by the Indians in canoes or actually wading in the water. No better evidence of the natural economy of the race, so frequently denied, can be cited than the custom of fertilizing corn hills with the remains of fish. This was the trick taught to the settlers at Plymouth by Squanto, and a little thought on the subject will suggest that it was an example of pure primitive genius on the part of the inventor. Another exhibition of the same type is to be found in the custom of using mild vegetable poisons to catch fish, but in this case the origin may well have been of the nature of a discovery rather than of an invention.

First Gypsies in Europe

Organized gypsy bands first appeared in Europe at the beginning of the Fifteenth century, and in Italy their number in 1422 was computed at 14,000. Five years later they made their first appearance in Paris, saying that they were Christians of Lower Egypt, driven to take refuge in Europe from the Saracens, and had recently left Bohemia.

Minerals in Food Easy to Supply

Dependable Calcium Salts Not Expensive and Satisfying.

(By DR. H. H. MITCHELL, College of Agriculture, University of Illinois, (WNU Service))

In spite of all the mystery and discussion about the feeding of minerals to live stock, the whole thing simmers down in most cases to the simple little matter of supplying lime salts and common salt in the rations for swine and poultry. Other classes of live stock so seldom need minerals, except for common salt, that they need not be considered.

For pigs and poultry, two, or even one, of the dependable calcium minerals mixed with salt in the proportion of three or four parts of the mineral to one part of the salt makes a simple, cheap and effective mineral mixture. Even this mixture is an extravagance when the ration contains calcium-rich feeds, such as milk products, tankage, alfalfa, or the like. If pigs do not eat minerals when getting such rations, in all probability they do not need them.

There are several calcium salts that are readily available, relatively cheap and of proven worth. Bone meal has no superior as a source both of calcium and phosphorus. Dicalcium phosphate is more soluble than bone meal, it is true, but in extensive experiments on growing swine at this station it has not proved superior to bone meal, notwithstanding its "citrate solubility." "Citrate solubility" means little or nothing in animal feeding, since animals can digest and absorb extremely insoluble minerals, such as calcium silicate. Dicalcium phosphate also is more expensive than bone meal.

Cheaper than either of these two minerals are rock phosphate and limestone. Of these two, limestone is much to be preferred. As a calcium mineral it is but little inferior to bone meal, and if the ration contains liberal amounts of nitrogenous concentrates, which are high in phosphorus, it is for all practical purposes as good as bone meal. Dolomitic limestones are distinctly less valuable than high-calcium limestones. Rock phosphate has not proved to be a good supplement in all cases and unless used in restricted amounts is distinctly toxic to farm animals. In the self-feeding of a mineral mixture, it would be safer to omit this mineral entirely.

Wood ashes are sometimes good, but are always uncertain sources of calcium, because of their variable composition.

Suggestions That May Help Farmers' Finances

To aid farmers in meeting the present economic situation, W. L. Cartwright, extension economist, University farm, St. Paul, recently issued a series of suggestions. Among these suggestions are the following:

Overhaul old machinery, automobiles, and harness to a greater extent than usual.

Co-operate with neighbors in the use of machinery. Avoid installment buying, as installment purchases usually involve a high interest rate. Defer purchases, especially of articles that have shown little or no drop in prices.

Live from the farm as fully as possible. Get closer to the consumer, if possible, for the marketing of such products as eggs, cream and potatoes.

Economize wisely; don't try to save a dollar at the cost of losing three dollars.

Give more attention to producing what the market wants.

Farm better than usual. Good farming will bring in a few extra dollars even if prices are low.

Agricultural Squibs

Where the growth of sweet clover is short, the deficiency of organic matter can be made up by applying barnyard manure before the ground is plowed for potatoes.

Be sure of the ration you use to rear chicks. If in doubt about one that will carry them along at the right speed of growth, consult those who have been successful.

A 10-by-12 house will rear enough chicks and house enough layers to supply a household of six persons with a fair amount of chicken meat and ample egg supply.

A bird that does not present an alert, snappy appearance and a great deal of aggressiveness will not be apt to transmit the high constitutional vigor necessary in a highly productive flock.

A proper use of the silo will prevent an over-production of corn. It will also prevent a great waste in corn fodder. Forty per cent of the nutritive value of the corn plant is found in the stalks and leaves.

Late dent corn planted in the bean row has been used as a substitute for poles in growing pole beans. This system makes it unnecessary to use sticks or a fence for the beans to climb upon.

Young ducks must have access to sharp sand, either mixed with the food or in a separate vessel. At least 3 per cent of the food's weight should be the sand.

Animals failing to receive enough phosphorus develop poorly, fail to gain weight, and have soft bones.

Who wants second-choice tires

WHEN

FIRST-CHOICE cost no more?

GOODYEARS are first-choice G-rated first in quality by a nation-wide vote of more than 2 to 1.

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TRADE IN
your thin unsafe tires—let them help you pay for stout new Goodyears

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IMPORTANCE OF BEING IMPORTANT

Matter of Moment, as You Look at It.

"The importance of being important, it seems to me, too disturbingly impressive to the people who would like to be, or, at any rate, seem to be, important," said Mr. Cato Ninetails. "If course, there are people who are undoubtedly important, but it is not so much the result of their special efforts to be important as of a combination of circumstances and their individual talents. That is to say, they are not important merely because they want to be important, but because of the natural order of things. There are other people who are not important, but who seem to be important. I don't know whether this is merely the result of chance or is brought about by good management. Which ever it is, it seems to require no great effort by them, and they undoubtedly fool a great many people. Sometimes I suspect that they even fool themselves. There are still others of high ambition—or perhaps strong egotism—who notwithstanding their vast expenditure of effort, thought and imagination, are unable to make themselves seem important; and their persistence is a trial to their own nerves, and an irritation or, even worse, a bore to their acquaintances.

"Now, it seems to me that being important must be rather burdensome, and seeming to be important is even more so. On him who is important many things are loaded that, by rights, should be carried by other people, but with his peculiar talents I doubt that he finds oppressive a load that would crush most of the rest of us. Importance is his job in the world, and he is built to endure it. It is not likely that the burden of imitation importance—that is, that carried by the people who seem important—is nearly so heavy; added to the workaday pack of him who is important it is probable that it would hardly be noticed; but for the carriers it is sometimes so great that close observation shows that now and then they stagger under it for all their knack of maintaining misleading appearances. There is a hard life, but they like it because so many people think that they are important.

"My sympathy goes out to those who want to seem important, and can't. They strive so hard, and achieve so little. Nor do they ask much, for while they would undoubtedly like to be important, they would be fairly well content if they could just manage to seem important. Life with them must be a succession of disappointments, of trial and error, with error predominating. It seems to me that somebody whose oral flow and command of expression were equal to it should explain to them that they do not know when they are well off, for not being important is one of the easiest—if not the eas-

iest—of life's assignments. He who is important pays for it with hard work, however equal to the task he may be; he who seems to be important pays for it with worry, whatever the degree of tranquility he may present to the world; he who fails in his efforts to seem important must find a bitter tang in all life's savors; on the other hand, he who is willing to leave the job of being important, or seeming important, to others is relieved of many of life's most arduous requirements. His responsibilities are light and his obligations are lighter, for he does not, like the people who are important or who seem important, have to be all things to all men. It is his privilege to get out of the hurly burly for a contemplative period now and then, and thank his lucky stars that he has no aspirations that interfere with a quiet and comfortable life.

"What things do you regard as important nowadays? I asked Buck. "How would I know?" he responded.

"Why shouldn't you know?" "Only the historians of century hence will be able to tell what was important nowadays."—Indianapolis News.

Old Custom Retained

The letters "L. S." on legal documents are the abbreviation of Latin "locus signilli," meaning place for the seal. The Romans used to take off their signet rings and imprint their seals on all documents, and the present legal practice is a survival of that custom.

Slapped by "Her Majesty"

At the age of eighty-six a scientist and electrician won a fresh reputation by delivering one of the wittiest and most entertaining after-dinner speeches ever heard in the Savoy hotel, London, writes Henri Pickard in the Cincinnati Enquirer. This pioneer octogenarian was Col. C. E. Crompton, the Faraday medalist of 1922, who was accorded a complimentary dinner by admirers, friends and colleagues.

You see in this room today. Of course, it is common now, but at that time it was a novelty.

"Her majesty said she had never seen anything like it before and promptly slapped my face.

"But when other people admired the light she was very fair about it. When someone wanted to introduce me later Queen Victoria waved him aside with the remark: "This young man had the cheek to have his own way, and his own way happened to be right."

Antrim Co. Extension Service News

K. OUSTERHOUT, County Agent
Bellaire, Michigan

GRASSHOPPERS

The grasshopper market went up several points last week. The 'Bulls' put in a few days to their own very good advantage.

Many are pessimistic and say that you just can't keep them down. If that's the way you feel about it you had better not start. But, if you are willing to take on a little extra chore about the farm, you can protect your crops against grasshoppers. Besides it won't cost much money if you follow directions and spread it thin in those places where the hoppers are working. A bushel of poison bait should cover at least 3 acres. I covered, last Thursday, a strip 50 rods long and about 10 feet wide with 12 quarts of bait. C. W. Wing of Alba gets good results and he is twice as stingy with the poison as I am.

In mixing bait we prefer bran. If you can't afford bran be sure and get well rotted sawdust. Some thrown out of an ice house is preferred.

SEED POTATOES

I have word from Mr. Moore's office that 86 farmers of Antrim Co., have applied for inspection this year. These 86 growers have an aggregate of 785 acres of potatoes. This acreage is about the same per farm as last year. The acreage is, however, some 300 acres below last year's. I don't know what the dope is for the State. The "powers that be" have not cut loose with that yet. Certified seed growers are supposed to get along with the least amount of market information of any group of farmers.

APPLE MAGGOT

Scattered over Michigan are districts in which the apple maggot is established. This pest is sometimes known as the "Railroad Worm" and to others as the "apple fruit fly." In such districts extra arsenical sprays are usually required to hold the maggot in check. The larvae of the apple maggot are headless, footless, yellowish or white maggots, smaller than the pink larvae of the codling moth. They pass the winter underground and the flies usually emerge from their underground cells early in July. The Department of Entomology of the Michigan State College attempts to determine the exact time of the emergence of the flies in various parts of the State, and to notify apple growers, through the County Agents, as to the optimum time for applying these emergency sprays. It is understood that these special sprays are not advised in the absence of this pest.

The measure of control accomplished through these extra sprays depends very largely on the exact timing of the applications. The adult flies immediately after emergence, scrape and scrub and lick the foliage and fruits of apple with their mouthparts for a few days, after which they lay their eggs in tiny slits cut through the skin of the fruit. After the eggs are once laid the insect is protected and safe from any treatment yet devised. Therefore, it is imperative that in order to gain control the sprays be applied while the flies are feeding on the foliage and fruit and before the eggs are deposited inside the fruit.

In case of doubt as to the presence or absence of apple maggot in an orchard, consult circular bulletin No. 137, on Pests of Apple and Pear in Michigan. This bulletin will be sent on request, and in it will be found full descriptions of the three insects most likely to be confused in this connection: Namely, the codling moth, the apple maggot, and the plum curculio. All growers of apples are urged to send for the bulletin mentioned, unless they already have one, and to become familiar with the difference in appearance between the three insects mentioned.

The spray recommended is for late fall and winter varieties. The formula is two pounds of arsenate of lead in 100 gallons of water and the application should be made just after the flies begin nicely to come out in numbers. A second spray, similar to the one just mentioned, should follow two weeks after the first one. This treatment is not recommended for late summer apples, because of the danger of residue and staining.

It is now a well-known fact that ordinary hawthorn or thornapple trees serve as breeding places for the apple maggot. We therefore recommend that all hawthorn trees in the close vicinity of commercial apple orchards where the apple maggot is established, be included in this program, and that they receive a spray similar to that given the apple trees. The emergence of adult flies in your vicinity indicates that the first of these emergency sprays be applied in your County by the 22nd of July, 1932.

Produce Buys Lunches

Moxee City, Wash.—Pupils at the public school in this farming community may trade raw produce for hot lunches. "Town kids" pay 20 cents a week, which pays for cooking what the "country kids" bring in.

Mice Chew Police

Fingerprint Files
Springfield, Ohio.—Wanted: A Pied Piper.
James C. Hale, head of the police identification bureau, entered his office to find his fingerprint files reduced to confetti. Investigation disclosed the destruction had been committed by mice.

The visitors, Hale believes, were the celebrated Three Blind Mice, as they chewed the trousers and nose from a picture of Al Capone in preference to the foodstuffs section of a mail order catalog contained in the files.

MAMAC USES KNIFE ON GROUP OF GIRLS

"Have to Kill Millions," He Shouts to Policeman.

Cleveland, Ohio.—A knife wielding maniac killed one girl and slashed two others here when he ran wild among a group of children on their way to school.

The victims were Elaine Macken, eight, dead; Rose Marie Parker, eight; severely slashed; Lena de Sant, twelve, cut across the abdomen and throat.

The madman, Jake Gordon, thirty-eight, was captured a few minutes later by a traffic policeman near the scene of the attack. Dropping at the feet of Patrolman Charles Mitschele, who came running toward him, the killer brandished a knife with a four-inch blade and cried:

"Shoot me. Kill me. I killed two of them. But I haven't killed enough I have to kill more—lot more. I have to kill millions."

Scores of men, women and school children stood frozen with horror at the attack then the throng of more than 100 sought to lynch the killer, but Mitschele kept the crowd back until re-enforcements arrived.

Gordon is being held in the county jail in a straight-jacket.

The children were on their way to school when they encountered Gordon who had just emerged from a barber shop.

Questioned in the county jail, Gordon muttered: "I killed them so they wouldn't kill others when they grow up. I'll be forced to kill a million more. For a year and a half God has been after me to start."

It developed that Gordon was under treatment in one hospital here for paries and six weeks early in 1930 and another doctor had been treating him for extreme nervousness. He was a carpenter by trade.

While He Chases Hat in Wind His Car Runs Away

Chicago.—John Harbaugh of 1315 Argyle street jerked the brake of a costly new car just north of Michigan avenue bridge, jumped out and began running. So did Policeman Thomas Dunleady.

Both were after Harbaugh's hat. And they got it. Then they turned and began running again. The car had started to roll down grade. Before they caught up the car crashed into the window of Almee, Inc., a block away across the street.

"And the car," groaned Harbaugh, "belongs to John Ferris, who owns the garage where I work."

"But," consoled Dunleady, "you got your hat."

Criticism of Phone Girl Brings 30 Days in Jail

Waterville, Maine.—John McNeilan is serving 30 days on the rock pile in jail because he criticized a telephone operator for giving him the wrong number. He took so long telling the operator that she was terrible that the manager of the hotel where he was staying had him arrested for drunkenness.

Youngster Is Rescued From a Giant Octopus

Le Levandou, France.—A young man at this Riviera resort recently saved the life of a five-year-old child whose arm a giant octopus had wrapped one of its tentacles. The small boy was watching the octopus in a shallow pond when seized. After much effort, the young man succeeded in cutting the animal loose.

Fall Into Hot Soup Kills Year-Old Baby

Pittsburgh, Pa.—Steve Padal, eighteen months old, died recently from burns received when he fell into a pan of steaming soup. The child's mother had placed the soup on the floor near a door to cool. The baby toddling unsteadily about the floor, fell into the container. He died a few hours later.

Skunk Turns Firebug

Torrington, Conn.—An incendiary that no one dared arrest was observed spreading a forest fire here. Forest Ranger Edward Hawkes reported seeing a skunk, with fur ablaze, leaping through underbrush away from a fire, setting a new fire at every jump.

Burned Fourth Time

Hernon, Maine.—Four times within the last 30 years, Hernon's town hall has been raised by fire. Citizens are preparing to rebuild the structure.

OMAHA IS PUZZLED BY GANG MURDERS

Leading Citizen One of Victims of Assassins.

Omaha, Neb.—In the last eighteen months there have been eight well-planned shootings of the gangster type in or near this city. Four of them have resulted in the deaths of the victims. With one exception all were underworld characters known to have been engaged in bootlegging activities. The exception was that of Harry Lapidus, a respected citizen, a successful business man and a participant in many civic activities. The other day the automobile in which he was riding was crowded to the curb near his home by an unidentified assailant, who shot him three times through the head.

For want of a better explanation this last killing is linked by the public with the others as the probable work of gangsters, although for a different reason. Among other activities, Mr. Lapidus had been prominently identified with municipal reform movements, seeking more stringent enforcement of the liquor laws and the suppression of vice in general. This is not entirely a plausible explanation; it is merely the best there is.

Crimes Amaze City.

These things have amazed and finally excited the city. People here have regarded killer gangs as products of the great metropolitan center. Now they have begun to wonder if the smaller cities are to be plagued by the same type of underworld activities, and if so, how much further it will go.

While all the shootings have been characterized by gangster methods, the mystifying thing about them is to determine the identity of the gangs. Everybody talks about gangs and gangsters, but nobody seems to have any idea who or what they are.

The police force, although it has usually functioned well, has failed totally in attempting to solve the mystery of any of these shooting affairs. The utmost confidence is reposed in the chief of police, but the same confidence is not extended to his subordinates and a general shaking up of the force is now in progress.

State Also Agitated.

One question which is being asked is whether the gangsters, if they are gangsters, are members of a purely local group or if they are emissaries from a more powerful organization elsewhere which is undertaking to control the local bootleg industry.

Aside from the local situation the state is considerably agitated over the outcome of negotiations which ended in the dismissal of bank robbery charges against Gus Winkler, Capone lieutenant, and the return of \$600,000 of bonds stolen from the Lincoln National bank. The county attorney insists that he was not influenced by any promise to return the bonds, but solely by his conviction that Winkler was innocent of the crime. Nevertheless, Winkler has received immunity and the bonds have been mysteriously returned and along with them information to the effect that about \$2,000,000 of non-negotiable securities were destroyed. Governor Bryan terms it the "blackest page in the state's history."

Eat, Smoke, Read and Bathe in New Zeppelin

Friedrichshafen.—Lying in a bathtub 20,000 feet above the earth, smoking a cigar and reading a book, is one of the unique sensations promised in the new giant German airliner, the Zeppelin L. Z. 129, now under construction at Friedrichshafen.

Costing over \$3,000,000 the L. Z. 129, with its more than 600,000 cubic feet of helium gas, its two decks and two bathrooms, will represent the most luxurious airship of its kind ever constructed. It will be twice as large as the "Graf," famous for its globe-circling voyage, and only a few feet shorter than the giant ocean liner Bremen.

The new Zeppelin will be able to carry 52 passengers and eight tons of freight. Its upper deck, Deck A, will comprise 26 cabins with two beds each. Its lower Deck B will include a promenade deck 45 feet long, a spacious dining room, a parlor, a reading room, smoking room and library. An electric kitchen will supply passengers with regular four-course dinners.

Tear Gas Gun in Cafe Gives Customers 'Weeps'

El Paso, Texas.—Opium tears were shed in a cafe here because of the carelessness of Deputy Constable Hermenegildo Garcia.

Garcia, while exhibiting a tear gas gun to a friend, accidentally discharged the weapon.

"The trigger catch slipped, tear gas filled the air, everybody cried, I was blinded," Garcia said at an emergency hospital.

"I don't want to carry it around any longer."

Wild Life Is Thriving in Oregon Game Refuge

Enterprise, Ore.—Despite depredations of nimrods during the hunting season just closed, wild life is on the increase in Wallawa national forest, a check reveals.

The game census shows 2,515 elk, 10,300 mule deer, 450 brown and black bears, 1,800 coyotes and 325 bobcats.

MORTGAGE FORECLOSURE NOTICE.

DEFAULT HAVING BEEN MADE in the terms and conditions of a certain mortgage made and executed by Charlevoix County Agricultural Society, a Michigan corporation of South Arm Township, Charlevoix County, Michigan, to the Peoples State Savings Bank, a Michigan corporation, of East Jordan, Charlevoix County, Michigan, which said mortgage bears date the 17th day of February, 1931, and was recorded on the 18th day of February, 1931, in Liber sixty-seven (67) of Mortgages, on page one hundred one (101); 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 nineteen hundred fifteen and fifty-eight-100 (\$1915.58) dollars at the date of this notice, including principal, interest, insurance, and attorney fee as provided for by said mortgage; 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 Wednesday, the 14th day of September, 1932, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, 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 Peoples State Savings Bank 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 attorney fee.

The premises described in said mortgage are as follows, to-wit:

"All of the southwest quarter (SW ¼) of the northwest quarter (NW ¼) of section twenty-five (25), township thirty-two (32) north, range seven (7) west, situated in the township of South Arm, Charlevoix County, Michigan."

Dated June 10th, 1932.
PEOPLES STATE SAVINGS BANK, Mortgagee.
By Walter G. Corneil, Cashier.

E. N. CLINK, Attorney for Mortgagee, Business Address: East Jordan, Mich.

300 Youths Will Make Amity Tour of Europe

New York.—Three hundred boys and group leaders from twenty states and seventy-nine cities will sail in July to spend forty-five days in Europe as members of the largest "good will" party to visit abroad in the history of boys' tours. Twenty-four groups, numbering from fifteen to twenty-five each, will follow five itineraries. The average cost per boy for the entire trip will be \$275.

Entertainment in each country by citizens' committees, made possible by special arrangement with the national councils of the Y. M. C. A. in European countries, will be a feature of the tours this summer. Each group of boys, upon arriving in a country, will be met by officials and citizens—members of the Y. M. C. A. in that country, who will escort and entertain them until they cross the border of the next country.

R. G. WATSON

FUNERAL DIRECTOR

244 Phones 66
MONUMENTS
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Physician and Surgeon

Office Hours:
10:00-12:00; 2:00-4:00; 7:00-8:00
and by appointment.
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Residence Phone—6-F3
Office—Over Peoples Bank

DR. C. H. PRAY

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Evenings by Appointment.
Phone—223-F2

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Office Equipped With X-Ray
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Evenings by Appointment
Office, 2nd Floor Postoffice Bldg.
Phone—87-F2.

The present unscientific method of ending the depression is to cut wages so the people can't buy back the things that would end the depression if they could.

THE GREAT OPEN SPACES

WE ARE headed for the open . . . Open spaces where fresh air and sunshine put roses in our cheeks. Open diplomacy that substitutes frankness for secret scheming and negotiation. Open opportunities, open doors in business . . . And modern business in general conducted in an honest and open manner.

No force has been as powerful as advertising, in bringing American business into the open. A manufacturer who advertises, issues an open challenge to every competitor to produce better goods if he can. He invites the public to compare his article with all others. He makes definite claims for his product over his own signature. And he knows the vital importance of keeping his promises.

Advertising tells you where you can get the greatest value for your money. When you buy an advertised article, you know it is dependable. An unknown product means nothing. Advertising prohibits the worthless, and promotes the good.

The advertisements in this newspaper are the records of business progress, the report to you of the manufacturers and merchants who serve you. It will pay you to read them.