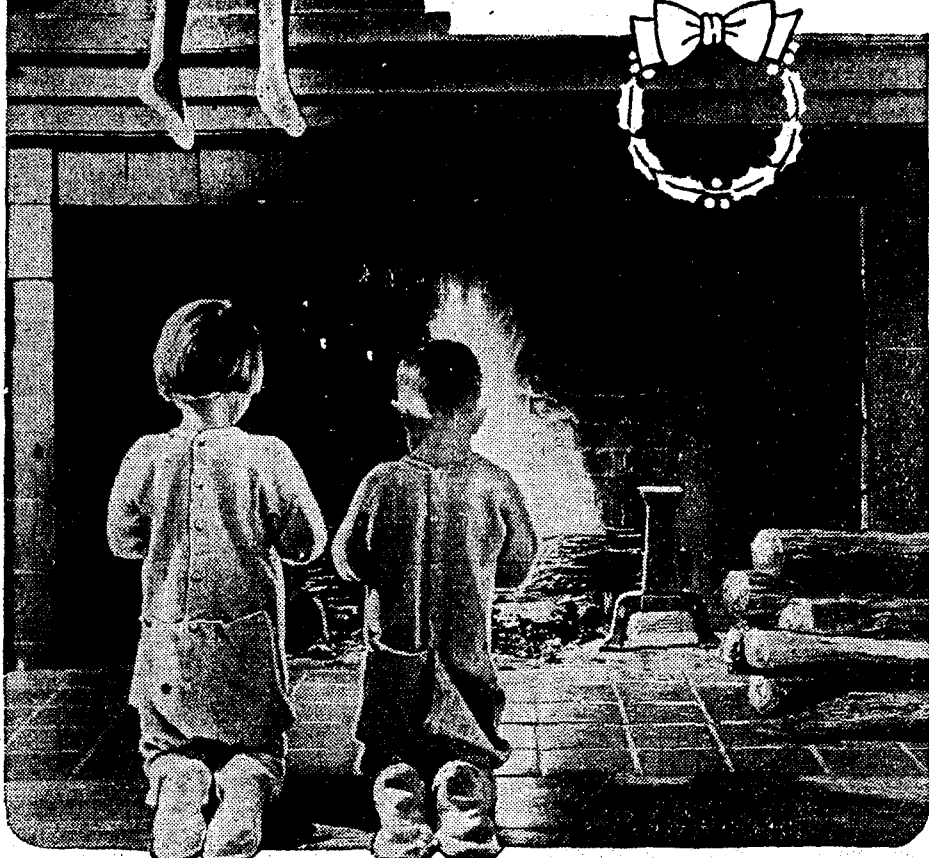


'Twas the Night Before Christmas

When all through the house
Not a creature was stirring,
Not even a mouse;



IMPROVED UNIFORM INTERNATIONAL SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON

By REV. F. B. FITZWATER, D. D.,
Member of Faculty, Moody Bible
Institute of Chicago.
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Lesson for December 22
MALACHI FORETELLS A NEW DAY

LESSON TEXT—Malachi 3:1-12.
GOLDEN TEXT—Behold, I will send my messenger, and he shall prepare the way before me, Malachi 3:1.
PRIMARY TOPIC—God's Best Promise Comes True.
JUNIOR TOPIC—How God Kept His Best Promise.
INTERMEDIATE AND SENIOR TOPIC—Bringing in a Better Day.
YOUNG PEOPLE AND ADULT TOPIC—Preparing the Way of the Lord.

(The lesson committee has provided as an alternative a Christmas lesson, using the text Matthew 2:1-12.)

The subject of today's lesson is broader than the printed text. In order effectively to teach this lesson, the entire Book of Malachi should be surveyed. The prophet pointed out the sins of the corrupt priesthood, mixed marriages, and failure to pay tithes, with the portrayal of the coming judgment and glorious new day with Christ reigning in his glorious kingdom.

I. The Base Ingratitude of Israel (1:1-5).
God approached them with the tender affirmation, "I have loved thee." It was the burden of the prophet to declare this fact unto them (v. 1). So worldly were the people that they failed to discern God's good hand upon them. Israel's attitude toward God is shown in the skeptical question, "Wherein hast thou loved us?" (v. 2). Malachi answers this question by showing God's choice of Jacob and his passing by of Esau, his destruction of Edom and his saving of Israel.

II. God's Severe Indictment (1:6-2:17; 3:7-15).

1. Against the priests (1:6-2:9). They were guilty of
a. Profanity (1:6). Their profanity consisted in despising the name of God. To fail to honor God is to be profane. To use his name in any unclean way is to be thus guilty.

b. Sacrilege (1:7,8). Their sacrilegious act was in offering polluted bread and blemished sacrifices.

c. Greed (1:10). They were not willing even to open the doors of God's house without pay. Service to God should be out of a heart of love for him.

d. Weariness (1:12,13). Because of the absence of love, the routine of priestly duties became irksome.
e. Not teaching the law to the people (2:1-9). Those set apart to teach God's law to the people have a great responsibility and God will most assuredly demand an accounting.

2. Against the people (2:10-17; 3:7-15).

a. For ungodly marriages (2:11, 12). God's purpose in the prohibition of mixed marriages was that he might raise up a holy seed (v. 15). Marriage with the heathen would frustrate this purpose. Marriage of the believer with the unbeliever today brings confusion into the fold of God and turns aside his purpose.
b. Divorce (2:13-16). Divorce in Israel was the source of great sorrow. Even the tears of the wronged women covered the altar (v. 13). The offerings of the man who had thus treated his wife would be an abomination to God.

c. Public wrongs (3:5, 6).
(1) Sorcery or magical arts. This includes the practice of occult sciences, such as spiritism, necromancy, fortune telling.

(2) Adultery. This is a sin of wider extent than the direct parties concerned. It is a canker which gnaws in the very heart of society. Unfaithfulness to the marriage relation should be regarded as a public sin. Such sinners should be ostracized from society.
(3) False swearing.
(4) Oppression of the hireling, the widow, and the fatherless.
(5) Turning aside the stranger from his rights.

d. Withholding tithes from God (3:7-12). Failure to pay tithes is robbery of God. His claim upon Israel was a tenth, plus free will offerings. Our responsibility is to give as God prospers us (1 Cor. 16:1).
e. Blasphemy (3:13-15). They openly spake against God, saying that it was profitless and vain to serve him.

III. The Awful Judgment Which Shall Befall the Nation (3:15; 4:1-6).

1. By whom executed (v. 1). It is to be done by the Lord. All judgment hath been committed unto the Son of God (John 5:22, 30; cf. Acts 17:30, 31).
2. The time of (3:2-4:1). It will be at the second coming of Christ. John the Baptist was the forerunner of his first coming. Elijah will be the forerunner of his second coming.
3. The result (3:3, 4, 18-19; 4:1, 2). For the righteous it will be a day of healing and salvation; for the wicked it will be a day of burning and destruction.

A Mother's Love
If there be aught surpassing human deed or word or thought, it is a mother's love!—De Spradaro.

Well-Doing
There is no well-doing, no God-like doing, that is not patient doing.—J. G. Holland.

Justice
To give every man that to which he is entitled, is indeed supreme justice.—Cicero.

Some Rules and Suggestions for Serving the Formal Dinner

Though Well to Know,
Good Hostess May Ignore
Some of Them.

Dinner parties, except in most elaborate households, must be limited in the number of guests. Six used to be considered the ideal number for the small dinner. Nowadays, with bridge addicts, we are likely to stretch the number to eight. Of course the menu must be planned carefully so that there will not be long intervals between courses. And be sure that you do not overcrowd your table—if you can help it. If your dining room table won't seat eight, plan a buffet supper instead of a dinner party.

A large array of silver is no longer used on the table. The necessary knives, forks and spoons to be used for the first three courses may be arranged on the table, always in the order in which they are to be used, beginning from the outside. Knives and spoons are on the right; forks are on the left. If oysters are served instead of, or in addition to the soup, the oyster fork is placed with the food. If salad is served at a formal dinner the fork arrives with it as do always the dessert forks and spoons.

A formal dinner may begin with soup or oysters. Then comes a fish course, meat and vegetables, sometimes a salad, and then a dessert. Coffee is generally served in the living room after dinner. Up to the dessert course there must always be a plate in front of each person. After the courses the plates containing food are removed from the left by the waitress with her left hand.

During the meal all dishes are passed to the left. Water glasses and wine glasses are filled from the right. The wine glasses are in place when the guests sit down at the table. At a formal meal bread and butter plates are not used. Melba toast, hot rolls and crackers are passed with the various courses. While custom used to omit butter entirely with dinner, the hot rolls may now be split and buttered if you like.

Just one more thing about the formal dinner which can be applied to any meal entertainment. Have your flower decorations very low so that they do not interfere with the guests seeing each other across the table. Tall candles may be used. Do not attempt to serve a formal dinner without enough help for food preparation and service. Any dinner to be successful must run so smoothly that neither the guests nor the hostess are over-conscious of the table.

Rules Are Sometimes Ignored.

While all of us like to know the accepted rules for formal dinner service, we all find that the good hostess dares ignore some of them. If she asks her guests to "come to dinner" instead of to a dinner party, she can be as original as she likes. With the present custom of serving a large variety of appetizers before dinner in the living room, appetites are already whetted. The guests will be delighted to find when they go into the dining room, that the roast is already on the table, partially carved, ready for serving quickly. A variety of vegetables, cranberry sauce, hot rolls, celery, relishes, then a green salad and dessert will cause all the guests to compliment the hostess on her menu.

The success of a dinner party depends on a number of things. Good choice of a menu, arrangements for efficient service, the use of attractive silver and linen and, it goes without saying, the selection of congenial guests.

Formal Dinners.

MENU 1
Clam and Chicken Bouillon
Toasted Crackers Relishes
Filet of Sole de Bonne Femme
Sliced Cucumbers
Roast Chicken with Virginia Ham
Buttered Potato Balls
Cauliflower with Lemon Butter
Grilled Tomatoes
Vanilla Ice Cream, Pineapple Ice
Little Cakes Coffee

MENU 2
Oysters on the Half Shell
Melba Toast Relishes
Roast Turkey, Cranberry Jelly
Grilled Sweet Potatoes
String Beans and Celery in Cream
Mixed Green Salad
Lemon Souffle Tarts, Whipped Cream
Coffee

Roast Chicken, Virginia Ham.
Prepare chicken for roasting and stuff with mixed sausage meat and soft bread crumbs. Rub with butter salt and pepper and roast in a hot oven, 450 degrees F., until light brown. Lower temperature to 325 degrees F., and continue baking until tender. Just before serving, broil or fry lightly thin slices of boiled

ham (Virginia style) and arrange around chicken on serving platter, and garnish with parsley.

Lemon Souffle Tarts.
4 egg yolks
1 cup sugar
1 lemon, grated rind and juice
1 tablespoon boiling water
4 egg whites

Mix egg yolks with sugar and lemon juice and rind and water and cook in double boiler, stirring constantly, until smooth and thick. Beat egg whites stiff and fold them in the first mixture. Fill tart shells and chill. Garnish with whipped cream and sliced almonds or Brazil nuts.

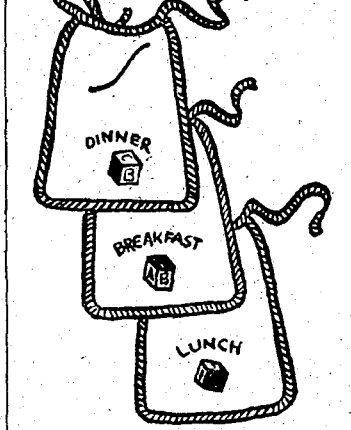
Filet De Sole Bonne Femme.
1 tablespoon butter
3/4 cup minced onion
2 1/2 pounds filet of sole
1 1/2 cups sliced mushrooms
3/4 cup white wine
4 egg yolks
2 teaspoons minced parsley

Melt the butter in a large skillet, sprinkle the bottom with the onion and arrange the fish filets on top. Sprinkle with mushrooms and add the wine. Bake uncovered in a hot oven, 450 degrees F., 20 to 25 minutes, or until the fish is tender. Remove from oven and arrange the fish in an oven-proof platter. Beat the egg yolks slightly in a double boiler and add gradually the liquid in which the fish was cooked. Place over hot water, stirring constantly until smooth and thick. Pour the sauce over the fish and place under a medium broiler for two or three minutes. Sprinkle with parsley and serve at once.

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Simple Set of Bibs For the Little One

By GRANDMOTHER CLARK

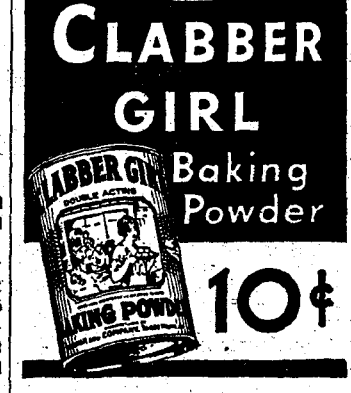


Plenty of bibs must always be handy for the little one and a mother is always ready to make up a few more if they cost as little as these do and also require a little handwork. This package No. A-4 contains a set of three bibs stamped with designs like shown above on a fine quality heavy sheeting. Binding and thread are not included. The embroidery is in simple outline stitch. Send 15 cents to our stamped goods department and receive this set by mail.

Address Home Craft Co., Dept. A, Nineteenth and St. Louis Ave., St. Louis, Mo. Inclose a stamped addressed envelope for reply when writing for any information.

Be sure of Success

And bake that Holiday Cake with the famous



CLABBER GIRL Baking Powder 10¢

CUTICURA SOAP
Special Care for Sensitive Skin
Tender, easily-irritated, sensitive skins require a toilet soap that will do more than merely cleanse. It must keep the skin in good condition, freeing it from all cause of irritation. Cuticura Soap contains the delicately medicated, emollient properties of Cuticura which bring to the skin a condition of healthful cleanliness.
Price 25c. Sold at all druggists.

Late Christmas Dinner by Gertrude H. Walton

IMPATIENTLY Louise shoved the steaming pans and kettles into the warming oven. Looking down the driveway as she had done for almost two hours, she exclaimed:
"Of course Horton called that he might be late. But what is keeping sister and Hal, and Aunt Jen, Uncle Jim, Betty and Clyde? Six people invited to a Christmas dinner and all of them late! Accident? Surely not all of them in a heap along the roadside unless each bumped into the other hurrying because they are late to our dinner!" Louise was smiling even before a honk sent her outside.

"Horton, please drive me to Larion crossroads. Maybe we'll meet sister



"Drive Me to Larion Crossroads. Maybe We Will Meet Sister."

and Hal. Maybe they will know why the others are delayed. Sort of a news center at the crossroads, anyway."
"Pshaw! Don't worry. They probably think you will not have dinner promptly at 1 o'clock."

"But I told each one that we would have dinner promptly because I thought you boys might wish to hear the program at Baxter. Do you suppose they have all gone to the festival before coming here?"
"That's it, exactly! Let's go, too! Then we can all come home together to a grand Christmas reunion dinner," Horton interrupted.

"Come home to cold turkey, dressing, and potatoes reunion dinner, you mean," Louise snapped.
"Hurrying home and eating lunch, Horton, with Louise a bit reluctant, started for Baxter, where a special festival of Christmas music and drama, an annual community affair, for many years, between rival towns, would be presented at the Community Center playhouse. Prizes were awarded to best productions from the two towns.

"The guests must have misunderstood my letter. Whatever it is, they have all 'misunderstood together,' Louise whined during applauding for the Edgewood performers in which Horton blattered his hands, clapping for his home community.
He seemed unsympathetic to Louise's further peevish questions:
"But not one of our guests are here that I can see. Do you glimpse Uncle's bald head, or sister's fur, or Betty's red hat?"

His First Christmas by Earle Hooker Eaton

RING up the Pole and telephone Without a moment's pause, Or by the wireless make it known To dear old Santa Claus, That Papa's Boy and Mama's Joy, And Sister's Precious Mite, While glad bells clang will gaily hum His stocking up tonight!

"Ting-ling! Ting-ling! Hello, hello! Is that you Santa, dear? Be sure your reindeer hear your 'Whoa!' When you are passing here. What's that? You'll come and bring a drum,
A jumping-jack and ball, And other toys for little boys? Dear Saint, you're best of all!"

"Tis Christmas morn, and to his shop Old Santa homeward flies; 'Tis five o'clock, but open pop The baby's roguish eyes. We're dead for sleep, but out we creep, And dress at once to get What Santa kind, has left behind For Toddlekins, our pet.

From Pole to Pole there's surely not A babe more pleased than he, And how he crows, the happy tot, And gurgles in his glee. The jumping-jack, the ducks that quack, The drum, the horns, the ball, The chicks that peep, the horse, the sheep, He tries to eat them all!

Oh this his first glad Christmas morn, The toys with blocks he pelts, He makes old Noah wish the Ark Had landed somewhere else! A soldier blue he breaks in two, A puncture gives the drum, He fills the air with legs and hair, And then—he sucks his thumb!

The Sand-Man's surely come to town, And soft is mummy's lap; Clear up the wreck and snuggle down, 'Tis time to take a nap. Then rock-a-bye, close each blue eye, Rest, my darling, rest! (He's just asleep, with baby sheep Hugged tight against his breast!)
© Western Newspaper Union.

After the program Horton and Louise watched every means of exit for their guests, then hurried home, arriving at five o'clock. At sight of the left-over dinner, Louise sobbed:
"Never saw such a frost. What on Adam's earth could have happened? What have we—have I done to deserve such snubs?" She was almost suspicious that Horton had something to do with the absence of their guests. She leaped to the jangling of the telephone. Anything was better than silence—or was it?
"Ye—yes—yes—we'll be there—at once!" The receiver clicked.
"Horton, hurry. Someone needs you—at Herald's Corners. Hal called. No, Hal and sister are not hurt, but someone else. You run on and I'll stay to prepare beds."

Horton, Hal, and Louise's sister soon arrived with a man, woman, and small child who had been buried under an automobile after being struck by a hit-and-run driver. When Hal found them, hours before, they were unconscious. After return to consciousness the doctor had consented for Hal to drive them to Horton's for the night, as no hospital was nearer than one hundred miles.
While administering to the injured ones in the spotless beds Louise provided, Uncle Jim and Aunt Jen arrived with Betty and Clyde, son and

daughter-in-law, at exactly six o'clock! "We were determined to be on time for dinner," Aunt Jen called innocently.

"Yes, you are in time—to help nurse these injured strangers," Louise answered, trying not to look discomfited.
"Jim had too bad a cold to go to the program at Baxter. So Clyde said he would drive our car and we would all come together. Clyde could not get away from the store until noon. We thought you would probably go to the program if we were not here to hinder during the afternoon. And we'd get here in time for your six o'clock dinner. Let us help make these injured



"Yes, You Are in Time—to Help Nurse These Injured Strangers."

ones comfortable. Or, we'll get the dinner on the table while you attend them," Aunt Jen rattled on.

"The date of the dinner's coldness seemed not to matter. One thing I've learned, that a cold dinner is no less palatable after eight hours, than for two hours' wait. It's all because of two times—two dates for dinner—12 o'clock—and six o'clock! Two things learned today!" Louise recited to herself the text of the letter sent to her guests, and as nearly as she could remember it was worded:

"Can you come for Christmas dinner? Come early if the men wish to go with Horton to the program at Baxter. We women will gossip the afternoon away until the men return. Dinner promptly then!"

"Dinner at six—for six late guests! But it all turned out right. The poor people were rescued by Hal's coming in the afternoon. Hal said that since he had the afternoon for driving he would leisurely drive by way of Herald's Corners to see the new viaduct just completed. You and I, dear, attended the program together. Uncle Jim needed a driver. Next time I'll make it plain which dinner hour to expect my guests—at one o'clock or at six o'clock on Christmas!" Louise smiled the next day after the injured strangers were on their way, and the guests had returned to their homes.
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ON HIS WAY



Green—Going away this Christmas? Wise—No, but I guess I'll go away right after Christmas.
Green—Where to? Wise—To jail as a mad debtor.

Lights of New York

by L. L. STEVENSON

Julius Jonas was blinded completely by a gun cleaning accident when he was forty-eight years old. He managed to learn Braille, but ahead of him seemed to be only years of broom and mop making—rather a bitter prospect since the accident had not only cost him his sight but a fine income as well. Refusing to accept such a fate, Jonas went to one of the large life insurance companies and applied for a job. He got it. Now at sixty-two, he is one of the most successful life insurance men in the city, his income being far larger than many men with sight. Incidentally, he has never capitalized his infirmity, his selling being strictly on the merits of what he has to offer.

Having proved to himself that it could be done, Mr. Jonas began giving attention to other blind men, his thought being to teach them to help themselves. Having found no Braille books of insurance rates, he had made one for himself. From that, he made copies which he presented to other blind men whom he persuaded to enter the business. At present, there are about 200 in the city. Not satisfied with that, he wrote Braille books on insurance and followed those with books on salesmanship, so that now there is a complete course for the blind. And all because one man refused to surrender to blindness!

In one section of New York, a moth is not merely a household pest but Public Enemy No. 1. It is the crowded blocks between Sixth and Eighth avenues, Twenty-sixth and Thirty-first streets. That is the fur district of the city and in it is concentrated about 75 per cent of the entire fur business of the United States. As the fur business of the country amounts to about half a billion a year at retail prices, it is easy to get an idea of the value of the pelts handled there—and why moths are enemies. More than 12,000 persons are employed by the various fur houses and last year the pay roll amounted to almost \$25,000,000.

Heard about an artist who came to the manager of the syndicate for which he works in great distress. It seems that his wife had learned the size of his weekly check and was furious because he was not earning more. So he wanted to be allowed to pay the accounting department \$5 a week in cash with his check hoisted accordingly, thus causing the wife to believe he had received a raise. The arrangement was entered into and the artist has home peace now. The incident strikes me as curious since with artists and newspaper men, the wife is usually the last to hear of a raise.

Anthony Rocco, who plays a seven-stringed guitar in the El Patio lounge of the Rockefeller Center Roof, is the same Rocco who played but one note in a recent broadcast. He was engaged to play a long, whining note on his guitar and his transportation was paid from Chicago. At the last moment, the note was eliminated. But the producer was informed he would have to pay Rocco anyway. So the note went back into the score.

Edwin Ross, author of "One Being Living" is an ERB worker, being connected with the drama department of the PWA as a play reader. Born in San Francisco two years before the earthquake, he became an orphan at seventeen. In 1932 he married an orphan. His first work was published during his first year of marriage and his second during his second year which may or may not be an argument for matrimony. He maintains that his latest work was not done on government time.

Heard about a well-known man whose hobby is collecting ash trays without the formality of paying for them. It seems that whenever he encounters one not in his collection, he can't rest until it is acquired. His wife keeps careful track of him and whenever it seems that trouble or embarrassment may ensue, she arranges a settlement which she is careful to keep from him so as not to spoil his pleasure.

Mushrooms His Meat
Mechanicsburg, Mo.—George E. Anderson claims the mushroom hunting championship with a record of 512 specimens in one day's hunting.

Dust Storms Reveal Old Indian Flints
Wichita, Kan.—The dust-producing winds from the Southwest, which have eroded farm lands, have brought nothing but ill fortune for most farmers, but for their children they have produced a new sport with a cash angle. Hundreds of Indian arrowheads, long buried, have been brought to light by the shifting soil and weekend expeditions are organized by school children of southwestern Kansas to hunt for them. The children report particularly good "pickings" at scenes of early day skirmishes between the pioneers and the Indians. Old camp sites along the Santa Fe trail, Point Rocks, in the extreme southwest corner of the state, and Wagon Bed Springs, down the Cimmaron, are favorite hunting spots.

WEATHER BUREAU TO WATCH HURRICANES

Three Posts Opened to Render Better Service.

Washington.—The big chiefs of the United States weather bureau have moved to divide up the responsibility for forecasting hurricanes.

Too often, it appears, has the hurricane service, centralized in Washington, been caught napping on the advent of a hurricane arising in the distant Caribbean.

To secure quicker and more accurate forecasts the Agricultural department asked congress to appropriate \$80,000 for the weather bureau to establish hurricane forecasting outposts at New Orleans, Jacksonville and San Juan, Puerto Rico.

E. B. Calvert, chief of the hurricane service, has already charted the storm region for allotment among the three stations, as follows:

New Orleans—Covering the Gulf of Mexico and the gulf coast west of longitude 80 W.

Jacksonville—Atlantic coast south of latitude 35 and the gulf and Caribbean areas not otherwise assigned.

San Juan—Caribbean sea and islands east of longitude 75 and south of latitude 20.

In addition Jacksonville will issue daily weather forecasts warning of cold waves and frosts in the fruit belt and take over from Washington a twice daily wind and weather forecast for marines from Cape Hatteras to the western Caribbean.

Teletype will connect Jacksonville and New Orleans with ten gulf coast cities during the five months hurricane season, while radio will flash signals from co-operating vessels plying the Caribbean.

Black Hen Broth Found Cure in Hiccough Case

Beaumont, Texas.—Hiccoughers needn't suffer long from violent, nerve-racking spasms, P. W. Gillespie, seventy-five, who had them himself, writes.

He was exhausted after four days of violent hiccoughing. Medical aid failed to give him relief. His family appealed to the public for home remedies.

Responses came from Louisiana and Oklahoma by the hundreds. One person telephoned from Kansas City.

The remedies include: Press ears against head for two minutes; hold tongue out for a minute; drink water through linen handkerchief; place brown paper bag over face for five minutes; drink pineapple juice; hold head back and swallow water slowly; turn backward somersault; take night in airplane.

An unknown sympathizer telegraphed from Ada, Okla., that Gillespie drink black hen broth. He did and the attacks became intermittent and soon stopped.

Gillespie said he always would be grateful to a little black hen.

125-Year-Old Church Is Dissolved by Court Writ

Lisbon, Ohio.—The 125-year-old Trinity Reformed church in Hanover township, near here, was dissolved under an order issued by Columbiana County Common Pleas Judge W. F. Lones.

A 40-acre tract was divided. The synod was granted the church and its site. The parsonage was awarded to the Central Theological seminary and the cemetery adjoining the church was assigned to the Trinity Reformed Church Cemetery association.

The parish was established in 1810 by Rev. John Stauzh, a German Lutheran minister. He served as pastor until 1847.

Says One Out of Three Children Auto Victim

Philadelphia, Pa.—W. L. Robinson, safety director of the Philadelphia Automobile club, estimates that at the present rate of traffic accidents one out of every three children born in the United States is destined to be killed or seriously injured by automobiles. He pointed out that 4,200 school children were killed and 140,000 injured in automobile accidents during the last year, an increase of more than 18 per cent.

Dog Beggar Accepts Only Good Nickels

Pauls Valley, Okla.—Plug nickels aren't good enough for Jack, blueblood bird-dog owned by Edgar Long, local hardware merchant.

With the bird season over Jack, to earn a living, becomes a panhandler. He treads the streets of Pauls Valley with a paper sack dangling from his teeth begging merchants from door to door to drop in a nickel so he can buy meat.

Shopkeepers try to dissuade the big English setter with pennies, plugs and washers but he won't accept them. The donation must be a nickel and it cannot go into his sack until he examines it.

When Jack acquires a nickel he goes immediately to a nearby meat market, enters the front door, approaches the meat case and points, true bird-dog fashion, to the meat he wants.

Butchers have learned not to "short weight" the dog nor to sell him tough steaks. He detects discrepancies as readily as does a housewife and refuses to trade with short weight artists.

School Bell

Harken to its Peals from the School on the Hill.

(Week of Dec. 9 - 13)

Editor — Lois Rude.
Contributing Editors — Mary Seiler and Barbara Stroebel.
Reporters — Clara Wade, Wylon Payne, Mary Lilak, Jacklyn Cook, Ruth Darbee, Jane Ellen Vance, Kathryn Kitsman, Shirley Bulow, and Jean Bugai.
Typist — Barbara Stroebel.
Sponsor — Miss Perkins.

How Good Is Your Speech?

An American woman, returning from abroad, was much impressed with the fact that although Americans may be charmingly gowned, poised, well-mannered, and perfectly groomed, their speech is not nearly so pleasing as people's of most other nations. Partly, perhaps, because they are always in a hurry to "go places" and "do things," Americans' voices are for the most part, harsh, shrill, rasping, grating, mumbled, rather than soft, well-modulated, and distinct.

A recent inquiry by the Ladies Home Journal disclosed women's voices to be more important in the opinion of men than even looks or dress. This is not to say that men never are guilty of having harsh, rasping voices, for of course they are. But it shows in some measure how very important a pleasing voice is.

Good speech, from the standpoint of clearness, correct pronunciation, and pleasing modulation can not be attained in a minute. It takes long, continued practice.

To start out on your better speech program, turn on the radio and listen to the announcer on nation-wide broadcasting chains. Hear how they use lip, tongue, and jaw to form pure sound. Try repeating some of the words after them, and be not too discouraged by the comparison.

Notice how the tones are not produced high up in the head, through the nose, or back in the throat. They are formed in the mouth.

Learn the correct pronunciation and formation of the different vowels, their values in various words, their sounds in different combinations.

Lastly learn to generate the power for speech in the diaphragm. This can be done by practicing inhaling and exhaling very slowly.

When you have at last mastered these phases of speaking correctly, you will have a much more pleasing and cultured voice. If you have the attributes mentioned earlier, you will indeed be an American of whom we can be proud.

Xmas Carol To Be Given

The fourth graders are preparing Dicken's play, "A Christmas Carol", to be given for the mothers on December 20.

The cast, which includes Dale Johnson as "Scrooge," Jack Conyer as Scrooge's nephew, Violet Ayers as the Christmas fairy, and Marilyn Davis, Arlene Hayden, Robert Bayliss, and Lewis Addis, will be garbed in costumes similar to those worn by the original characters.

Parties Brighten "Last Day"

Grade pupils are celebrating on December 20, the last day of school before Christmas vacation. All of the grades are to have Christmas trees, which will be brought and trimmed by the pupils. Some of the pupils are making ornaments.

Names have been drawn by the boys and girls; so we expect that December 20 will be for the grades a day of plays, presents, Christmas trees, candy, popcorn, and puffy cheeks.

The Question Box

What good does Chemistry do the average girl student?

The object of this question box is to find out what different people think on the question stated each time.

"Chemistry gives one a general knowledge of what the world about one is composed, and she takes more notice of things." — Ruth Hott.

"Chemistry gives a girl a fundamental knowledge of the general things of life. It teaches her what food and clothing and other things around her are composed of." — Mr. Eggert.

"In some occupations Chemistry is very useful to girls. For instance, if she intends to be a doctor or a nurse she certainly needs a knowledge of Chemistry." — Albert Richardson.

"I think that chemistry is a menace to humanity!" — Ruth Darbee.

Debators Gain 2nd Victory

Although the last debate was held on Friday the 13th, East Jordan emerged victorious. Of course, this may be explained by the fact that it was also Friday the 13th for the opposing team.

The Tuston team — Malcolm Van Antwerp, Leonard Brink, and Lois Van Antwerp — upheld the affirmative, while the East Jordan team — Lois Rude, Arthur Rude, and Barbara Stroebel — upheld the negative. Mary Seiler acted as chairman.

The Tuston team, two members of which have had two years of debating, and the third three years, gave our team a "good run for their money." In fact, the contest was so close that everyone was up to his ears in anxiety

waiting for the decision. The judges, who were Mrs. Dowd, the English teacher from Charlevoix; the Superintendent of the Boyne City Schools; and the Superintendent of the Mancelona Schools.

The decision proved to be two to one in favor of the negative.

After the debate, Miss Smitton served a very palatable lunch to the debaters.

The team will debate the affirmative at the next clash, which will be in January. Where they will go is not yet known, but it may be to Cheboygan or Onaway.

Writers' Club Organized

The English IV class and several other students have formed a club for original writing, meeting every other Friday, the fourth period.

The co-directors, Virginia Bartlett, and Mary Seiler, have selected as their program committee to work with them in arrangement of the various Fridays' meetings, Thelma Hegberg, Barbara Stroebel, and Keith Bartlett.

The club, the name of which has not yet been decided upon, has high hopes of achievement. Perhaps they will even obtain membership in the National Quill and Scroll, and incidentally the handsome pins of that society.

Senior Play Next February

Mr. Eggert is busily engaged in selecting a suitable play for the annual Seniors' presentation, which will occur in the first part of February.

From the ten different play books which he has secured for the purpose of selecting this play, all have been eliminated except two.

We trust that he will be able to decide between them in time for cast selection and about four weeks' rehearsal.

New Students Enrolled

The East Jordan High School is very glad to have three new students at the present time. The students are Hermina TerAvest, who is a senior, her brother, John, who is a Sophomore, and her sister, Jennette, a Freshman. They also have a younger sister, Evadrena, in the third grade.

Hermina says the school here is larger than the one at Coopersville, where they formerly lived. Her favorite subject seems to be shorthand. That is hard to understand when you realize she is the only girl in the physics class. It certainly is nice for the boys!

The high school students hope you like it here and have a pleasant year, newcomers!

Junior Class Rings Arrive

The class of '37' have just received their rings. Most of the rings are

yellow gold; a few are white gold.

The rings are very good looking, the girls' comparatively small, the boys a little larger. The top is rather high with the initials "E.J." in very large letters. Below that in small letters is "East Jordan" followed by "H.S." On one side appears the number "19" and on the other "37." On the inside is usually to be found the name or initials of the wearer (or his boy or girl friend).

Observations

Some pupils must be underfed at home, judging from the apples, oranges, and candy eaten during school hours.

From the cobwebs on the lights in the study hall, we think the janitors must believe in witches with brooms.

In his haste to get home at noon, Mr. Sleutel literally runsover anyone who happens to be in front of him.

It won't be long now, skaters, cause the lake's frozen over.

"Knit-Wits" bring their knitting to school.

No one likes the seat in room 14, first row next to the door, second from front.

A girl scout organization has been started and several fifty and five "centeses" have found their way to Mrs. Walcutt for manuals.

Whoever washes the boards in the commercial room ought to wash them crosswise, rather than lengthwise, so that the students wouldn't have to draw lines.

Bob Crowell is driving a new Plymouth (so the girls say).

If Miss Smitton would "stick to her guns" she would probably be safer than she is playing with knives.

When Mr. Roberts leaves the room during algebra class he puts all the chalk away so there won't be a chalk war in his absence.

Hilda Jackson is wearing a diamond, but no one seems very much surprised.

Mr. Roberts really ought to collect his own test papers!

Dog Tax Notice

Dog license taxes are due and payable at the office of the City Treasurer. If not paid by March 1st they will be returned to the County Treasurer and an additional fee added.

G. E. BOSWELL,
City Treasurer.

NEW DISCOVERIES ABOUT THE SAVIOUR'S BIRTHPLACE

Reporting that exquisite mosaics uncovered by workmen in the Church of the Nativity at Bethlehem in the Holy Land are believed to be remains of the earliest church built around the Sacred Manger. Read the article in Sunday's Detroit Times.

DR. B. J. BEUKER
Physician and Surgeon
Office Hours:
2:00 to 5:00 p. m.
Office Phone — 158-F2
Residence Phone — 158-F3
Office: First Door East of State Bank on Esterly St.

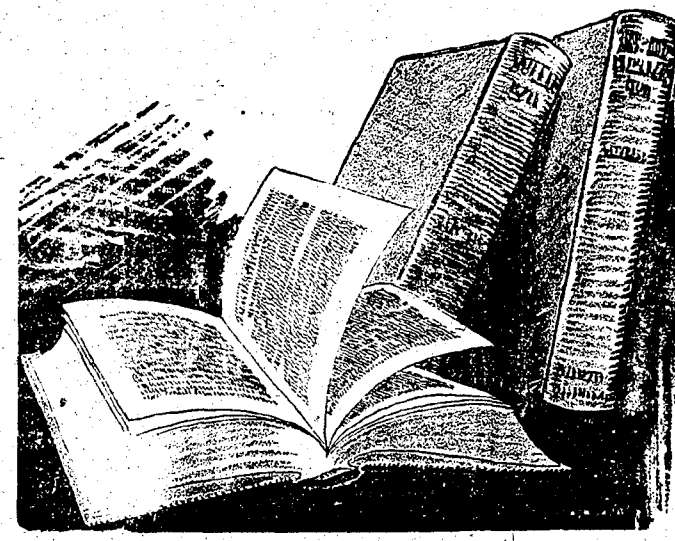
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MONUMENTS
EAST JORDAN, MICH.

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EVERY year this newspaper brings you at least three—sometimes more—of the finest stories in American fiction, in the form of serials which appear from week to week. Were you to buy these novels, from the pens of the highest paid writers of fiction in the world, they would cost you at least \$2 apiece in book form. Thus you get at least \$6 worth of top-notch fiction every year as only

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Charlevoix County Herald

Local Happenings

Mr. and Mrs. Ole Olson were Traverse City visitors Wednesday.

Lemuel Wilbur of Boyne City was an East Jordan visitor, Wednesday.

Mrs. Milissa Batterbee of Eastport was an East Jordan visitor Wednesday.

Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence Hayes were Sunday guests of Boyne City relatives.

Mrs. Mary Pringle will leave the last to the week for a visit with relatives in Flint.

Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Loveday left last week for Lansing where they will spend the winter.

Christmas trees, good ones, good sized, only 50c delivered, at Malpass Hdwe. Co. Phone 92. adv.

R. K. Gunther has purchased the City Shoe Shop on State St of Albert Tousch and is now in charge of same.

There will be a program given by the Sunday school at the M. E. church Christmas Eve. Everyone welcome.

Mrs. Cruthers suffered painful injuries and bruises last Sunday in a fall, while returning home from church.

Miss Deana Rinck, county nurse, spent last week in East Jordan, making several calls in East Jordan and vicinity.

Get some beautiful new, or used Furniture from Malpass' big stock. You can buy for cash or easy payments. adv.

Fred Ranney and a friend, Miss Catherine May of Traverse City were week end guests of his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Ranney.

Gertrude Sidebotham of M.S.C., Lansing, arrived Thursday to spend the holidays with her father, Rev. C. W. Sidebotham and wife.

A correction:— Mr. and Mrs. Ray Benson have moved on the Colden farm for a short time, instead of the S. Colter farm as reported last week.

Mr. Frank Brotherton, and Mrs. Mele Crowell, who have been in the Petoskey hospital since an automobile collision Saturday, Dec. 7, returned home Thursday afternoon.

A useful present that will be a lifetime. Get a beautiful Rockwood porcelain Range with the new fuel saving hot blast firebox. It's the newest out. On easy payments and you can trade yours in. Malpass Hdwe. Co. adv.

The Ladies Auxiliary of the American Legion will sponsor a New Year's Eve Dance at the Legion Ballroom. Both round and square dances. Ladies 10c, gentlemen, 25c. adv.

WISHING YOU

A Merry Xmas

AND

A Most Prosperous

New Year

STANDARD OIL CO.

J. K. BADER, Agent

FOR YOUR

MEALS and LUNCHES

GO TO THE

Home Restaurant

Managed by

Mrs. J. E. Chew

Now Under

New Management

CITY SHOE SHOP

Formerly Operated by Albert Tousch. We will now be able to give you service from 9 A. M. to 6 P. M. daily, except Friday afternoons and Sunday.

Miss Bertha Clark visited friends at Charlevoix last Saturday.

Mrs. Louis Robinson left last week for a visit with relatives in Youngstown, Ohio.

L. M. Kinsey left Thursday for Jackson, called there by the illness of his father.

If shopping in Petoskey leave your parcels at Gidley & Brudy's — 425 E. Mitchell St. adv.

Miss Faith Gidley was a week end guest of her sister, Mrs. Elmer Brudy and husband, at Petoskey.

Mrs. Clifton Heller left Thursday for Lansing and Kalamazoo where she will spend the holidays.

Clayton Montroy, who has been employed for some time near Rogers City, returned home Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. E. P. Dunlap are located for the winter at 127 N. Ocean Ave., Daytona Beach, Florida.

A new lot of Toys, Knives, Skates, Guns, Fishing Tackle for Christmas gifts at Malpass Hdwe. Co. adv.

Mr. and Mrs. John Porter and daughter, Suzanne left Tuesday for a visit with relatives in California.

Christmas program Christmas Eve. at the East Jordan Full Gospel Mission. Everyone is urged to attend.

Dale Clark and Max Bader of W. S.T.C., Kalamazoo, arrived home Wednesday to spend the holidays.

Mrs. John Sturgill and family, recently of Benzonia, have moved into the Sturgill residence on Second St.

Robert Joynt of M.S.C., Lansing, will be guest at the home of Mr. and Mrs. H. P. Porter during the Christmas vacation.

Mrs. W. H. Malpass returned home Sunday from Lockwood hospital, Petoskey, where she recently underwent a major operation.

Send a special holiday or Birthday Greeting by Postal Telegraph anywhere in the United States for twenty-five cents. adv.

Louis Gihak returned to Trout Lake Monday after a two weeks visit with his sister, Mrs. Roy Hurlbert and other relatives and friends.

Mrs. Francis Quinn and infant son returned from Lockwood hospital the fore part of the week and are at the home of Mr. and Mrs. M. Quinn.

Mrs. Esther Bliss and son, Harry of Buffalo, are expected Sunday to spend the holidays with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. P. Porter, and other relatives.

There were about 70 Grangers and friends attended the pastry walk and oyster supper at the Peninsula Grange Hall, Friday evening. Everyone enjoyed a fine time.

Mrs. G. A. Lisk fell on the icy pavement Sunday evening and received a fracture of the left wrist. She was at Petoskey, Monday, for an x-ray examination.

A beautiful Rockwood coal or wood porcelain cabinet Heater only \$24.50, brand new, also a \$125.00 large cabinet Heater, used, for \$17.50 for this week's bargains at Malpass Hdwe. Co.

Mr. and Mrs. Archie Howe and family of this city and Mr. and Mrs. Phillip Howe of Charlevoix, leave Sunday to spend Christmas week — the former at Jackson and the latter in Detroit.

Mr. and Mrs. H. P. Porter will go to Detroit to-day (Friday) where they will meet their daughter, Mary, a student at Oberlin College, Oberlin, Ohio, who will accompany them home to spend the Christmas holidays.

Many beautiful Christmas features and stories by James Hilton, Booth Tarkington, Joseph Auslander, Harlan T. Stetson, Patterson Dial, Ruth Comfort Mitchell and Ernest Poole appear in This Week, the Magazine with Sunday's Detroit News Watch for it!

Special communication of East Jordan Lodge No. 378 F. & A. M., Friday evening, Dec. 20th. Installation of officers. — W. H. Sloan, W.M.

Tourist Parties to Use Famed "40 and 8" Cars

Paris.—Freight cars of the type which American soldiers rode during the World war are to be utilized as "tramping camp cars" for tourist parties. It is announced.

Several hundred of the cars labeled, during the war, "horses, 8; men, 40" as an indication of load capacity, are to be painted white inside and outfitted with cookstoves and hammock hooks and rented to parties of from six to ten persons at about \$1.25 a day or \$23 by the month.

The cars will be hooked to freight trains for travel anywhere. But if desired, the campers may buy third-class tickets and have their cars attached to regular passenger trains. The old labels, "horses, 8; men, 40" will remain, and a third line added: "Campers, 10."

Church News

St. Joseph Church
East Jordan
St. John's Church
Bohemian Settlement
Rev. Joseph J. Malinowski, Pastor

Sunday, December 22nd, 1935.
8:30 a. m. — East Jordan.
10:30 a. m. — Settlement.
Wednesday, December 25th, 1935.
Christmas Day.
6:00 a. m. — East Jordan.
9:00 a. m. — Settlement.
11:00 a. m. — East Jordan.

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

Sunday session at 11:45.
Union meeting of the Sunday school classes above the primary, and the Young People's Society, and those who come to the usual 8 o'clock service, at 7 o'clock in the basement. There will be the singing of Christmas Carols and a brief program following a Fellowship lunch.

First M. E. Church
Rev. John W. Cermak, Pastor

12:00 m. — Sunday School.
11:00 a. m. — Church.
6:30 p. m. — Epworth League

Evangelical Lutheran Church
Rev. J. C. Johnson, Frankfort
Pastor

Sunday, December 1st, 1935.
11:00 a. m. — Norwegian Service
8:00 p. m. — English Service.
Mission Services.

Full Gospel Mission
Rev. Horace H. Snider, Pastor

Sunday School — 11 A. M.
Morning Worship — 12 M.
Evangelistic Service — 8 P. M.
Prayer meeting: Wednesday, Dec. 25, at Parsonage; Thursday, Dec. 26, at Lee Danforth's.

Watch night service Dec. 31, beginning at 8 p. m. and lasting until sometime in 1936.
Don't forget the Christmas program, Christmas Eve.
Come and worship with us.

Pilgrim Holiness Church
Rev. John C. Calhoun, Pastor

Sunday School — 10:00 a. m.
Sunday Preaching Services 11 a. m. and 7:30 p. m.
Thursday Prayer Meeting 7:30 p. m.

Letter Day Saints Church
C. H. McKinnon, Pastor.

10:00 a. m.—Church School. Program each Sunday except first Sunday of month.
8:00 p. m.—Evening Services.
8:00 p. m., Wednesday — Prayer Meeting.
All are welcome to attend any of these services.

Seventh-day Adventist
Pastor — L. C. Lee

Sabbath School 10:00 a. m. Saturday
Preaching — 11:00 a. m. Saturday

Harvard scientists have a new device that is capable of imposing a pressure of one million pounds per square inch. We should soon know how much the little taxpayer will stand before he screams.

RESTRICTIONS CUT GERMAN CRIME 50%

Habitual Criminals Are Sent to Training Camps.

Berlin.—Germany has no racketeers, but the Nazi police have now completed a system of crime prevention by the systematic observation and control of known criminals that is probably far more thorough than the new methods developed by the New York police. Not hindered by considerations of personal liberty, which are out of place in a totalitarian state, a system has been evolved in which every person suspected of being a habitual criminal is under control constantly.

The result has been a 50 per cent reduction in the number of arrests on criminal charges.

The control consists of various forms of what amounts to permanent custody. Sometimes the police merely order the suspect not to enter betting rooms, cafes or saloons which receivers of stolen goods are known to frequent. Others who have robbed stores and houses at night are ordered to stay at home every night from 11 p. m. to 5 a. m.

Criminals who traveled to avoid the police or to commit crimes were ordered not to leave their home cities except by permission of the police.

Criminals with long records of convictions are held in concentration camps known as training institutions. This form of detention is not the result of a court sentence and is not intended as punishment but is a preventive police measure. Theoretically the police can force a habitual criminal to serve a life term in such a camp. Internments are also ordered for those who disobey police orders about frequenting certain localities and going out at night.

SUMMER RESORT TO GLEAM WITH CANNON

Germany Plans New Stronghold in North Sea.

Washington, D. C.—Sylt Island may become a modern Helgoland of the North sea. Like Helgoland, whose cliffs gleamed with steel battlements until the close of the World war, Sylt may be made into a naval and air stronghold by the German government, according to recent news reports.

"Sylt, one of the North Frisian group of islands, is the largest German-owned land spot in the North sea," says the National Geographic society.

"A glance at a map of the island reveals its shape as that of a kangaroo facing the border line between Denmark and Germany. Its area is about one-half that of the District of Columbia with its widest portion only about seven miles wide.

Summer Resort.

"Recreation, not war, has recently been Sylt's dominant feature. Only seven miles of water separate it from the continent. Its palatial hotels and bathing beaches have long been popular among German and other northern Europe vacationists who also are lured to it by the simplicity of life among the rural Frisian inhabitants who live contented in their straw-roofed houses. Next to recreation, farming and stock-raising is the island's chief industry.

"In the summer frequent steamer service from Hamburg brings merry throngs to Sylt, and for those whose curiosity would lead them inland there is a railroad which runs almost the entire length of the island, touching important towns and villages. Spurs lead to quaint spots off the main right-of-way, where ancient Sylt customs survive. For the motorist there also are good roads that link the chief towns.

"Normally Sylt's population is about 6,000, but torrid sun's rays and hot breezes in continental cities cause several thousand people to make the island their summer retreat. Nearly half of the 6,000 live in the town of Westerland, the Sylt metropolis which lies about midway the western shoreline.

Oldest Oyster Banks.

"Off the southern coast are oyster banks which the natives will tell you are among the oldest in Europe. They were, it is averred, discovered 800 years ago by Knut the Great. Their commercial value led Frederick II, Duke of Holstein Gotorp, to seize and make them a royal possession.

"Sylt, also like Helgoland, annually gives up a portion of its unprotected coast to the storm tides of the North sea. Like a giant steam shovel the waves tear gaps into the island's rim annually. Many miles of walls have been built to protect the coastline, especially near the towns, while in sandy portions of the island dunes have been strengthened to curb the devastation of the relentless sea.

"Fohr Island, lying south of Sylt, is about 30 miles in area and has a population nearly equal to its larger neighbor. Fohr and Armmum, both of which also are popular playgrounds are the only other important islands of the North Frisian archipelago which includes many low, small, sandy as well as grass-covered land spots that appear as though they are floating on the North sea waves."

Indians Block Traffic in Paris; Provide Thrill

Paris.—Fourteen Sioux Indians, with war paint and all of the fixings, descended from the steamship Bremen boat train to block traffic and to give Parisians a real thrill. The French, after seeing American films, are convinced that 75 per cent of the population of the United States is made up of Indians and gangsters.

Outfitted with tepees and similar trappings, they came all the way from Pine Ridge, S. D., to set up a typical Sioux village at the Brussels exposition to show the world Indian customs and war dances.

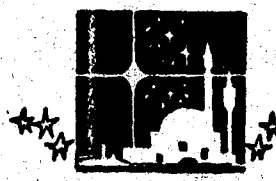
With typical Indian stolidity they marched past astounded porters and fellow passengers who lined the platform. They called a halt when accosted by a group of photographers and reporters, who were undaunted by the ferocious war paint. Daniel Black Horn, seventy-two-year-old chief, introduced Sam Lone Bear, their interpreter.

Lone Bear proved to be fluent in several languages. "I speak French and German as well as English," he announced. "I've visited Europe off and on for years, you know, and learn languages in my spare time. One of my first trips here was with Buffalo Bill in 1910. We were in a wild west show and went up the Eiffel tower. If we didn't have to leave Paris so soon I'd like to take a look at that tower again."

Inch Yearly of Top Soil Is Eroded From Farms

Pullman, Wash.—Natural wind and rain erosion in the rich central Washington wheat belt is carrying away as much as an inch a year of soil, according to W. A. Rockie, regional director of the 100,000-acre northwest erosion control project.

Where formerly only wheat was grown, farmers are now planting grasses and legumes and feeding sheep and cattle. Planting of trees and cover crops is expected to help curb the yearly damage to wheatlands, many of them lying fallow under the AAA wheat-acreage reduction program.



STEERING by the Christmas Star

● As the lost mariner, at night, with clouds obscuring his vision, watches for a glimpse of the pole-star, so each Christmas, storm-driven, errant humanity welcomes the beckoning light of the Christmas Star.

● Once more, may we set our souls on the one true course which promises deliverance, happiness, and freedom from human strife and greed.

● The officers, directors and employees of this bank wish you a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

STATE BANK of EAST JORDAN

Bullet-Proof Vests Are Found to Be Inadequate

Toledo, Ohio.—Bullet-proof vests with which peace officers are equipped are no longer a protection against some firearms and munitions, in the belief of Sheriff James O'Reilly of Lucas county.

For that reason government limitation on velocity of ammunition was urged by him in a letter sent by Prosecutor Frazier Reams to Congressman Warren J. Duffy of Toledo.

The sheriff, citing the making of super-powered firearms and munitions said that should officers arm themselves with equally powerful weapons, lives of bystanders would be endangered by ricocheted bullets.

Jury Indicts Dead Man on Charge of Murder

Cincinnati.—A dead man was indicted here recently by the Hamilton county grand jury on a charge of first-degree murder. Court attaches said it was the first action of its kind.

The indictment was against Lindsey Cyrus, Morrow, Ohio, shoemaker, who was killed in a gun battle with detectives during an attempted robbery. Cyrus was indicted in order that authorities might bring a charge of conspiracy to rob and murder against his alleged companion, Leland English.

We once knew a fellow who appeared happy before his wife decided to become one of the nation's 10 best-dressed women.

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 9th day of December, A. D. 1935.

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

In the Matter of the Estate of John Marvin, Deceased.

Lewis Marvin having filed in said court his final administration account, and his petition praying for the allowance thereof and for the assignment and distribution of the residue of said estate,

It is Ordered, That the 3rd day of January, A. D. 1936, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, at said probate office, be and is hereby appointed for examining and allowing said account and hearing said petition;

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

ERVAN A. RUEGGSEGER, Judge of Probate.



Plug In To A Merry Christmas

WITH AN—

- ELECTRIC IRON
- WAFFLE IRON
- PERCOLATOR
- TOASTER
- REFRIGERATOR
- OR RANGE

FROM THE

MICHIGAN PUBLIC SERVICE COMPANY

EAST JORDAN,

MICHIGAN

CAUGHT in the WILD

By **ROBERT AMES BENNET**

WNU Service
Copyright by Robert Ames Bennet

SYNOPSIS

As Alan Garth, prospector, is preparing to leave for his mining claim in the Far North, a plane lands at the emergency station. In it are Burton Ramill, millionaire mining magnate; his daughter, Lilith; and Vivian Huxby, pilot and mining engineer. Believing him to be only an ignorant prospector, the men offer to make an air trip to Garth's claim, although they refer to his samples of platinum-bearing ore as nearly "worthless." Lilith Ramill, product of the jazz age, plainly shows contempt for Garth. Through Garth's guidance the plane soon reaches the claim site. Huxby and Ramill, after making several tests, assure Garth his claim is nearly valueless, but to "encourage" young prospectors they are willing to take a chance in investing a small amount. Sensing treachery ahead, Garth secretly removes a part from the motor of the plane. Huxby and Lilith taunt Garth, but their tone soon changes when they try to start the plane. Returning to shore they try to force Garth to give up the missing part. Garth manages to set the monoplane adrift and the current carries it over the falls. He points out that he is their only hope in guiding them out of the wilderness. Garth begins the work of preparing for the long journey. He insists that the others help. Ramill and his daughter must be hardened for the hardships ahead in their trek to the outpost on the Mackenzie. Garth experiences difficulties in getting his companions into line. An experience with a bear helps. Returning from a long sleep in the woods, Garth finds the party has stolen the tea and sugar he has been saving for emergencies. He makes no objection, simply pointing out that he is accustomed to a strict meat diet, and that they are "hunting" only themselves. The work of getting ready for the trip continues. Huxby refuses to help, and works on the mining claim. Garth stores food in an ice cave.

CHAPTER VI—Continued

"You'll have two more days for it," Garth told him. "Only don't forget that an alloy of platinum and gold weighs more than lead. You'll be totting my 60 per cent. along with the 40 for yourself and Mr. Ramill. If you hide the loot in your pockets, you'll go down like a shot, first time you slip into a muskeg pool or quagmire. Think of the all-around calamity that would mean. You'd lose your life, Mr. Ramill would lose his Man Friday, Miss Lilith her fiancé, and I—I'd lose my 60 per cent."

Mr. Ramill interposed: "It's no joke, Vivian. I've seen a strong swimmer sunk by the gold in his money-belt. A bag can be thrown off the shoulders. Another thing, Garth is to receive his three-fifths of whatever you have panned out. That is understood."

"It was his bargain," Huxby replied.

He went to gorge on the leg of caribou that Garth had roasted over the fire on a twist-thong of rawhide. When he could eat no more, he hastened back to the placer trough to resume his panning.

The others had already feasted upon the tender venison, that was self-basted in its delicious fat. Lilith and her father had helped Garth pack it, with mere meat and the skins, down the long slope from the glacier.

Before sundown, Garth set several rawhide snares, each attached to a pair of downy saplings. For bait, he used raw pieces of caribou flesh. The beasts of the valley had never been trapped. When, at sunrise, he went the rounds of his snares, he collected a lynx, two red foxes, a wolverine, and a wolf.

Garth did not reset the snares. He had more skins than he needed. From the wolf-hide he made a knapsack for Huxby. The fox skins furnished smaller bags for Mr. Ramill and Lilith.

At the second sunrise, Garth bundled the lynx and wolverine pelts and a quantity of catgut with the caribou skins.

Huxby eyed the bundle ironically. "Mr. Ramill told me about your caribou parka talk. I take it, you aim to go back and live among the Eskimos."

"I might do worse," Garth replied. "Here's your wolf parka. Load our metal, and slant up from the placer. We'll meet you at the glacier."

At Mr. Ramill's nod, the engineer took the knapsack and started off. Garth put the small aluminum pot and the tin cup in the millionaire's bag. He drew his blanket from the leanto to strap it on his pack-board with the bundle of skins.

Lilith Ramill crept into the leanto for the last time. She came out with the pouches of salt and tea. Neither had been opened since Garth put them in her care, after the wasteful eating up of all the sugar.

Her worn boots lay at the foot of the leanto. She had on her moose-hide moccasins and lynx-skin leggings. As she backed from under the low roof she picked up the boots and eyed them with amused contempt. They had been fit only for show, not for use. But when she flung them down, Garth added them to his pack, along with the last small pieces of the moose hides.

"We might sew on rawhide soles," he said. "Now—all set. How about you, mates? Ready to hit the trail?"

The girl showed the whisky flask that he had left in her father's care. It was full of fly dope—spruce pitch mixed with caribou tallow. She put the flask into her foxskin bag, along with the pouches of tea and salt.

Mr. Ramill was already walking off.

Garth had made a tump-line for his pack. As he fitted the band across his forehead and stood up, rifle in hand, he glanced over his shoulder at the girl.

She turned and met his glance. Her lips curled in their old scornful smile. "What are you waiting for? Aren't we ever to get out of this beastly valley?"

He started off without any reply but with a glow of exultance under his outward show of indifference. Lilith Ramill thought she was about to escape from the Wild.

He had promised to guide them all to the Mackenzie. The probabilities were now in favor of even her father making it. The girl would go back to what she called civilization—to luxury and self-indulgence, to jazz and night-clubs—the rapid pursuit of sensation.

Yet a part of her would linger behind in this lost valley of the desolate subarctic Rockies. She had eaten of wild meat; she had smelled the tang of smoke from man's first friend, the camp fire. She had come face to face with the Primitive—and had lived it.

The real woman of her had awakened—had thrust aside the superficial self whose world was made up of artificiality and dissipation. She had been compelled to face the raw realities of life. And there were weeks more of it to come.

Fortunately, she had already been hard. Now she was fit. Under the smear of mosquito dope, the lines had smoothed from her face. The drawn look had disappeared. Instead of the scarlet of rouge, her lips were cherry red with healthy natural color. She had gained weight. Her body now looked lean rather than emaciated.

As Garth overtook the girl's father, he eyed him with a smaller yet no less genuine satisfaction. For every pound gained by the daughter, the father had been rid of three or more. Though still far from hard, the millionaire had worked and sweat into vastly better condition than at the start of his trip.

Huxby did not come into sight, out of the placer trough, until the others were well up the tundra slope, halfway to the glacier. That gave Garth an excuse to tell Lilith to ease her father along while Huxby was closing up with them.

Garth himself swung briskly ahead. So far, nothing had been said to Huxby about the cache cave in the ice tunnel of the glacier stream. He knew only that the caribou carcasses had been put on ice.

The one thing of which Garth felt most certain regarding the engineer was that he would never give over trying to get the platinum placer until every possible scheme had been bailed. Mr. Ramill might quit. He already possessed a fortune.

But Huxby was still a relatively poor man, and he had now made certain that the placer was worth at least a million dollars. Behind his polished front, he was no less unscrupulous than his millionaire partner, and he was absolutely cold-blooded.

Among the cards that the future was to deal in the game, the ice cave might prove to be anything from a two-spot to an ace. If the play should shift back to the valley, a cache full of meat would most benefit the player who knew about it. No less so, the caribou skins. In any event, it would do no harm and might prove of advantage to leave Huxby in doubt regarding the location of the cache.

Lilith made the last climb to Garth without effort. But Huxby plodded up almost as winded as Mr. Ramill. He lowered from his shoulders the small but heavy load in his wolfskin knapsack. The chunks of frozen caribou meat beside the bulky blanket-wrapped bundle on Garth's packboard drew his displeased attention.

"You can't expect me to carry any of that venison. I'm no pack jack of the woods. Forty pounds is quite enough to suit me."

Garth hefted the wolfskin sack. "My guess is forty-five. Figuring roughly, that makes forty-one troy pounds, or four, ninety-two troy ounces. Call it five hundred even. Platinum is around sixty dollars an ounce troy. The values of the alloy will average at least thirty. That gives us a total of say, fifteen thousand dollars. Not so bad for a few days' panning."

Huxby's face showed that this was no news to him. For all his cool self-control, his fingers clutched tight hold of the wolfskin as he drew it out of Garth's careless grasp.

Ever since coming into the valley he had spent the greater part of every long day scratching spots all over the great placer claim and panning samples of the gravel. Fifteen thousand dollars was no fortune. But if a few score panfuls of grassroot dirt could yield that amount, there could be no doubt of the vast treasure beneath. Even if bedrock lay at a shallow depth, the platinum placer was worth at least a million dollars.

Though Garth smiled at the engineer's betrayal of cupidity, he took note of it as an additional warning. He had said that Huxby was a commonplace wolf. But any wolf is apt to be deadly when ravenous.

Garth's sideward glance caught an amused twinkle in Mr. Ramill's shrewd eyes. The hard training had put the millionaire in better health than he probably had enjoyed for many years. Also, his mind was bigger and better poised than that of his prospective son-in-law. He could smile with Garth over Huxby's obsession—smile and put aside all thought of the placer until in a position to take it from its discoverer.

Lilith saw the situation from a still different angle. She opened the wolfskin sack to peer inside. At sight of the nodules, she dropped the flap, with a look of disgust. Mere value meant nothing to her. The alloy looked dull and uninteresting.

"Worth only fifteen thousand dollars," she bantered her fiancé. "You've dug dirt all this time for a trifle like that, and lugged it all the way up here. Don't tell me you're so dumb that you plan to pack it for the weeks Alan says we'll need to get back to the Mackenzie. Forty-five pounds of that stuff—how silly! From what Alan told us, we may have all we can do to carry ourselves on this cross-country hike."

"With my blanket and the meat that's in it, I'm starting off with something like two hundred pounds," Garth said. "Game was scarce on the other side of the pass when I went out the other time. The weight of our metal in meat may be worth more than the fifteen thousand dollars. Let Huxby choose which he prefers to pack."

The engineer compromised by shoving one of the twenty-pound chunks of caribou meat into the sack, on top of the metal. This left a second chunk of equal weight. Lilith bent over to put it in her own sack.

"Lay off," said Garth. "It is his choice. Besides, frozen meat soon



"Alan Garth, You're a Man."

spoils when it thaws. Fall into Indian file. Here goes."

He backed up to his boulder-perched pack, slipped the tump-line over his forehead, and started up the great cleft as if his 200-pound pack weighed no more than Huxby's 65 pounds of meat and metal.

He halted only when the other men were compelled to stop for breath. Huxby, though carrying a load only a third the weight of Garth's, had soon begun to strain and puff as hard as Mr. Ramill. He was larger than Garth and seemingly stronger-muscled. But he lacked Garth's wind and endurance and the knack of back-packing. At every halt he sank down on the ice or a moraine stone, panting.

Garth merely eased his back-breaking pack upon a boulder, slipped the tump-line from his forehead, and waited for the other men to recover. Lilith Ramill's pack was too light to hamper her. She climbed with the agility of a goat.

In places the pitch of the glacier became too steep for ordinary climbing. Garth had to draw his belt-ax and chop foot holds. The last of these steep rises was far up towards the head of the pass.

The remaining distance to the summit was not so steep, and there were no dangerous crevasses. Garth made the climb at a swinging pace. He was halfway down before he met Huxby plodding slowly upwards with Mr. Ramill. The engineer looked at him with cold-eyed rancor.

Mr. Ramill panted a wistful question: "Wh-when—do we—eat?"

"At the top. Take your time."

Lilith had chosen to wait for Garth down where he had left them all. His pack lay on the snow below the boulder upon which he had set it. She pointed her slender finger at the fallen bundle.

"I tried to find out if you were lying about the weight. I couldn't even lift one end. But you see how the top of the stone slopes. The beastly thing slid off."

"That's all right, Miss Ramill. Easy enough to up-end it again."

"Easy!" Her blue eyes glowed with an odd light. "You carried Dad back

to camp that day. But it was downhill. Now—to pack this frightful load all the way up here! Alan Garth, you're a man!"

"Well, it's a bit of a stiff pull-up," he admitted. "But we'll soon make the downslope. I left the knife on the knapsack. Go up and slice that caribou meat."

The girl whom her own father could not command met the order with a cheerful nod. She started briskly off up the gap. Garth's steady climbing brought him to the top of the pass a few paces behind Huxby and Mr. Ramill. Lilith was sprinkling salt on slices of the raw meat.

The pass was barren even of caribou moss. The meat had to be eaten cold or uncooked, or not at all. Six hours had passed since the party left the camp in the valley bottom. After the long, hard climb, even the girl was hungry enough to have eaten rawhide. The caribou meat was tender, and the first taste of salt since the party had come to the valley, turned the meal into a feast.

Less than half of the 20-pound chunk of caribou remained by the time even Mr. Ramill found he could eat no more.

All were so refreshed by the food and rest that no one objected when Garth gave the word to start on. There would be no more slogging up-hill, with lungs bellowsing for air. One would only have to hold back.

But that was the rub—the holding back. The south side of the pass was far steeper than the north, and there was no glacier to offer stretches of smooth footing. The bed of the sharply tilted cleft frequently dropped over small cliffs. Between these high ledges were slides of frost-shattered rocks. Patches of ice here and there made the footing doubly treacherous.

In places Garth had to drop his pack down before him. Not infrequently, even Lilith had to be given a hand down slippery chutes, or caught in Garth's upraised arms when Huxby lowered her off the edge of a sharp drop. Still oftener, her father had to be helped by both Garth and Huxby.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Shovel-Tusked Elephants Used Big Jaws as Dredge

Nature never made any real mechanical steamshovels except indirectly through her agent, man, but 20,000,000 years ago, before the Gobi desert had reached its present barrenness and before man had put in his appearance on earth, she had a creation far more remarkable. It was an animated dredge—a great elephant whose tusks had taken the form of shovels extending from a scoop-like lower jaw. These mastodonts dredged the muddy bottoms of prehistoric swamps for water lilies and other swamp growths which formed their food. It has been several years since the fossils were first discovered in the Gobi desert, but interest has reverted to them through the discovery and identification of plant fossils which prove that swamps existed in the Gobi during their time—a fact previously doubted and which doubt raised a question as to these animals' food and the purpose of their shovel tusks. This doubt, however, is now cleared. Other discoveries have shown that these long-extinct elephants also lived in America and dredged the swamps of California, Nebraska, and Kansas.—Pathfinder Magazine.

Spiders and Stars

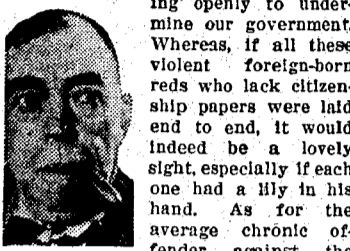
Spiders' webs have many uses. Without them astronomers would find it harder to make accurate observations. The eye pieces of their telescopes are marked into sections by very fine lines, which are really pieces of web held in place by spots of varnish. Webs are used because it is impossible to have finer as well as equally distinct lines by any other method. There are other uses, too, for webs. An instrument maker in York employs a man specially to collect spiders and webs. Only a special kind of spider is caught, the "eperia drademata," which is usually found on gorse bushes and has a cross on its back. The spiders are made to wind their webs on special forks, each insect winding about 40 feet before the supply gives out. These webs are used in the manufacture of the most delicate types of scientific instruments.—Tit-Bits Magazine.

Animal Prophets

A pit-horse at Markham colliery proved wiser than the man who drove it, says Tit-Bits Magazine. Suddenly, for no apparent reason, the horse, which had worked underground for seven years, bolted and refused to return. When its driver returned alone, the roof fell on him almost immediately. Animals often sense danger and the authorities in England know, for instance, that pit-horses are aware of danger long before the miners. Not long ago, a New Forest dog pulled its master from under the radius of an old oak, which crashed a few seconds after he reached safety. In Burma, where elephants carry logs, one of these beasts refused to cross a certain bridge with its load. Eventually the logs were loaded on carts and dragged by bullocks, but the bridge collapsed when they were halfway across.

what Irvin S. Cobb thinks about:

Parole Boards at Large.
OXNARD, CALIF.—Did it ever occur to you this might be a happier, or, anyhow, a safer land for the rest of us to live in if those in high places were just a bit fussier about the criminals they let out and the aliens they let in? Apparently almost any known radical from overseas can drop in without being registered or finger-printed or naturalized or anything, and make himself at home even to the extent of trying openly to undermine our government. Whereas, if all these violent foreign-born reds who lack citizenship papers were laid end to end, it would indeed be a lovely sight, especially if each one had a lily in his hand. As for the average chronic offender against the laws—well, on his way into the penitentiary, he's likely to meet himself coming out, with release papers in his pocket and hope in his heart. For him a sentence is just a pleasant week-end back among the boys at the old manse.



Irvin S. Cobb

Here today and gone tomorrow—that's the grand idea. Might I make so bold as to suggest there would be more habitual criminals staying in prison if we had fewer parole boards going at large?

Old-Fashioned Ideas

SECRETARY OF STATE HULL makes a statement on the heels of a similar statement by the British foreign secretary, and, if you dig down through the diplomatic spinach under which such utterances are always buried, you'll find that neither nation is deeply tickled over the plan of Japan to gobble up north China by what is called politely an "autonomy movement"—But if that wasn't its fashionable name it could pass anywhere for an armed invasion. Unless you're a statesman, you wouldn't be able to notice the difference.

For some days the impression has been getting around that the Chinese weren't so hot over the idea, either. Well, the rabbit that's about to be absorbed by the python rarely does show any real enthusiasm.

Here's the curious thing, though—apparently both our Mr. Hull and his English brother still labor under the whimsical belief that a treaty by a stronger nation guaranteeing the integrity of a weaker nation is meant to be kept. How quaintly old-fashioned.

Prison Petulance.

THAT on the same day three jail-breaks should occur at places as widely separated as Boston in Massachusetts, Nashville in Tennessee and Muskogee in Oklahoma is only to be accounted for as proof of a growing wave of dissatisfaction with prison life on the part of the boys.

How much better we manage in some states I might name where it would seem a boarder has merely to mention to the parole board that he's getting bored with the accommodations and craves to go and sin some more. "Well, so long warden," says the departing one. "Hold any mail that comes and try to keep my old room for me—the one with the southern exposure and the radio set. It's not good-by, just au revoir."

But no, those chaps who blasted their way out got so irritable they just couldn't wait. It all goes to show that petulance never pays in this world. Kindly be patient, fellows, and, sooner or later, the sentimentalist will perfect a plan to turn practically everybody loose immediately after conviction, thus curing the present unavoidable annoyance of a round trip to the hoosegow.

Joint Debates on Religion.

A CONTROVERSIAL gentleman, who thinks he read between the lines of one of these squibs a hidden meaning which I certainly never meant to put there, writes in, challenging me to a joint debate on socio-religious grounds, whatever they are. Much obliged, but the answer, briefly and in a word, is no.

So far as I've observed, the only person who ever wins a joint debate is the one who takes no part in it. Furthermore, government statistics show that the sum total of results wherein a listener at a religious argument became converted on the spot from one side to the other consists of the case of a gentleman named Erasmus K. Doowhittle, residing near Wolf Tail, Indian territory, in the year 1889; and he switched right back again at the next change of the moon, being kind of feeble-minded to start with.

A Laugh on Berlin.

WOULDN'T it seem to sort of put the laugh on somebody if we sent a lot of Jewish athletes—and there are many splendid ones scattered around—to Berlin on our Olympic team, and our team mopped up? Everybody in Hollywood turned out for a party to H. G. Wells. I think they thought he was a visiting producer. Sure sign of returning prosperity—women have started in again, marrying the Midway boys. IRVIN S. COBB, North American Newspaper Alliance, Inc.—WNU Service.

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