

# Charlevoix County Herald.

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## E. J. Cannerns "Can" 6th & 7th

### DEFEAT CENTRAL LAKE AND ELLSWORTH HERE

The Central Lake Independent basketball quintet absorbed a 39 to 14 licking at the hands of the local Cannerns macking here last Monday evening. Luckily the Green and White were up against a weak opponent for their playing was not as good as the score might indicate, their passing was wild and their basket shooting was nothing short of being terrible and had they been up against a first class team they would have undoubtedly taken a licking.

The locals, slow in getting started, ended the first period with a 4 to 4 deadlock and not until the second period did they turn on the pressure running the core up to 27 and 10 at the intermission. Both teams resorted to a tighter defensive attack in the last half, as the visitors were held to two field goals while the locals tallied 12 points.

Capt. M. Cihak led the Cannerns offensive attack with 13 points. Mathers and Ruggles, each with 6 points were high for the losers. LaPeer and C. Somerville, local guards, both did fine jobs on defense, the former holding down the visitors high scorer in good shape. His defense work has become to be outstanding for he is always given the opponents best offensive man.

The locals will be handicapped in their game at Petoskey, Thursday evening as they will be without the services of Capt. M. Cihak and Lanky Spike Russell. These two boys have become mainstays in the local attack during the past two seasons.

Can Do Better

E. J. Cannerns (39)	FG.	FT.	TP.
C. Taylor, l. f.	0	0	0
Bowman, r. f.	1	0	2
Hegerberg, c.	3	1	7
M. Cihak (c) l. g.	5	3	13
LaPeer, r. g.	1	0	2
Sommerville, l. f.	1	1	3
Saxton, c.	6	0	12
Stanek, r. g.	0	0	0
Totals	17	5	39

Central Lake (14)	FG.	FT.	TP.
Ruggles, l. f.	3	0	6
Mathers (C) r. f.	3	0	6
Boice, c.	0	0	0
Oliver, l. g.	0	0	0
Watkins, r. g.	0	0	0
Sommerville, l. f.	0	0	0
Harder, l. g.	1	0	2
Smith, r. g.	0	0	0
Totals	7	0	14

**Ellsworth Packers "Canned"**  
Paced by Capt. "Spin" Cihak, who established some sort of high scoring record on the local floor with 27 points, Coach Alex Sinclair's Cannerns trounced the Ellsworth Packers 62 to 33, here Tuesday evening. Spin hit the hoop from all angles as he tossed in one after another passes from Hegerberg, Saxton, Somerville and LaPeer. Bowman, Stanek, and C. Taylor also had a hand in the one-sided smashing victory.

In coming through for their seventh straight victory the locals showed an abundance of power in their fast breaking offensive attack, but showed considerable weakness in their defense setup. Teamwork stood out as the locals passed the ball freely, laying off possible wild shots.

The Green and White got underway fast as LaPeer sank a one hand shot from side court to start the high scoring barrage which followed. At the intermission the locals were away out in front with a commanding 35 to 17 lead.

Johnson was high scorer for the losers as he led his teams offensive attack with 14 points. LaPeer again did a fine job on defense for the locals.

Full Blast

E. J. Cannerns (62)	FG.	FT.	TP.
C. Somerville, l. f.	3	0	6
G. Saxton, r. f.	5	3	13
Hegerberg, c.	2	1	5
M. Cihak (c) l. g.	12	3	27
LaPeer, r. g.	2	1	5
Stanek, l. f.	1	0	2
Bowman, l. g.	1	0	2
C. Taylor, r. g.	1	0	2
Totals	27	8	62

Ellsworth (33)	FG.	FT.	TP.
Rude, l. f.	4	0	8
Edson, r. f.	0	0	0
Bolser, c.	4	0	8
Johnson, l. g.	7	0	14
Peebles (c) r. g.	0	1	1
H. Elzings, c.	0	0	0
Drenth, l. g.	1	0	2
Parsons, r. g.	0	0	0
Totals	16	1	33

America's front-rank political commentator turns her pen to witty fiction and scores a sensational hit! Read Dorothy Thompson's great tale of a social climber, "Too Many Brotha Spoil the Cook." It appears in This Week, the color-gravure magazine with next Sunday's Detroit News.

## Christmas Program In St. Joseph Church

The services in St. Joseph Church, Saturday, December 25th will begin at 6:00 o'clock a. m. At 5:50 a. m. the choir will sing "Angel's Message" by J. B. Herbert and "Holy Night." Following the Christmas carols High Mass will begin at 6:00 o'clock during which an appropriate sermon will be preached.

The Whole Mass, that is, the Kyrie, Gloria, Credo, Sanctus, Benedictus, Agnus Dei will be taken from the "Jubilee Mass" by W. Bonk. During the Offertory the choir will sing "Adeste Fideles."

The second Mass in St. Joseph Church will be at 10:30 a. m. During this Mass the entire choir will again sing Christmas carols. Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament will follow the Mass.

"O Salutaris" by P. F. Del Campiglio.

"Tantum Ergo" by W. Latham. Mass in Bohemian Settlement Saturday, December 25th, at 8:30 a. m.

## South Lake Lodge No. 180, K. of P. Elect Officers

At a regular meeting of South Lake Lodge No. 180, Knights of Pythias, held Wednesday, Dec. 8th, the following officers were elected—  
Chancellor—Commander—Ira Bartlett  
Vice. Ch. Com.—Hugh Whiteford  
Prelate—Teddy Kotovich  
M. of W.—Walter Kemp  
M. of F.—Walter Davis  
M. of Ex. C.—Chas. Whittington  
K. of R. & S.—Milton Meredith  
I. G.—Ed. Streeter  
O. G.—Chas. Dennis  
F. C.—Ira D. Bartlett  
Delegate to N. Convention—Alex. Sinclair  
Alternate Delegate—Geo. Jaquays.

## Yardstick Set Up For Measuring Farm Productive Capacity

Through an error the soil conservation committee members selected from Melrose and Evangeline townships were omitted from last weeks list for which we offer our humble apologies. Following are the committee members, the first named being chairman and a member of the county Board of Directors.

**Melrose and Evangeline—**  
F. A. Jensen, chairman, Boyne City.  
C. Clute, vice chairman, Boyne City.  
A. Holmberg, 3rd mbr, Clarion.  
R. Cilke, 1st alternate, Boyne Falls.  
R. B. Tainter, 2nd alt., Boyne City.

The Agricultural Adjustment Administration has set up a yardstick to measure the productive capacity of farms under the 1938 Agricultural Conservation Program, Charles D. Shepard, Chairman of the Charlevoix County committee declared today.

"Score cards" or appraisal sheets have been prepared and distributed or will be distributed soon, to all counties in the State. Chairman Shepard said, information received from Maurice A. Doan, Chairman of the Michigan Agricultural Conservation Committee, showed the appraisal work is completed in most of the northern counties, while in the southern half of the State the work has just started, or is scheduled to begin soon.

"Field appraisal under the 1938 Program," Mr. Shepard said, "is in line with the major shift of emphasis in the Program from reduction in production to establishment of definite production goals."

"Next year a farmer will have a goal to shoot at, rather than a base to reduce from. In this way, he will be able before the planting season to map out his cropping system for the year. He will know just how much he can earn in payments, and he will know the practices to follow to earn those payments."

"The producing ability of the land will be taken into consideration by the county committee in establishing the goals for individual farms under the 1938 Program."

"But because of the different conditions which force some farmers to farm the way they do—taxes, debts, drought, flood, etc.—other things, such as the old historic bases, will be taken into consideration in establishing individual farm goals."

"The field appraisal for 1938 will give a clearcut picture of the producing ability of our land today, along with a comparison of the producing ability of farms. In addition, the appraisal will show us what must be done in years to come, if we are to restore and maintain the ability of our farms to produce."

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

# Christmas WITH OUR FRIENDS

## May The Seasons Best Joys Be Brought Together For You This Yuletide

Not in the sense of custom nor precedent, but because we are thinking of our friends in this glad season, we send out this message in the hope that it may add cheer in the household of these friends. For while we cannot be with each of you to extend a personal greeting, let us assure you that in our hearts and minds we are spending this Christmas with our friends.

Worth more than the coin of the realm or stocks or bonds or merchandise, what friends we have in the world mean most to us. And we are glad of the Christmas season as it comes to remove our thoughts from the routine of daily life and remind us of the best that life affords. So we greet you, friends of our's and say it in a way we hope will make you know we mean it—we wish you a Merry Christmas and a Happy, Prosperous New Year.

# Charlevoix Co. Herald

Postoffice Block East Jordan, Mich.

## Pleads Not Guilty; Must Stand Trial

Willard L. Yates, 25, of Mancelona, pleaded not guilty to a charge of bigamy when he appeared Saturday before Circuit Judge Parm C. Gilbert at Charlevoix. Yates was ordered bound over to the March term of court. He also faces a charge of robbery armed at Muskegon.

## Amateurs Enrolling Fast

The New Years Eve Mid Night Frolic at the Temple is attracting amateur talent from a very large section of the North and as we go to press entrants include numbers from Charlevoix, Boyne City, Elmira, Bellaire, Central Lake, East Jordan and Ellsworth. Inquiries are being received also from many other localities so that the show this year will likely be representative of the entire northern-section of the state. It has been indicated that there may possibly be a representative of the Paramount Studios in attendance to cover the event, which may mean the "lucky break" for some one!

## County Wide Bangs Disease Program Now Complete

As we near the end of 1937 one of our big objectives has been reached and that is to have all cattle in Charlevoix county free from both Bangs Disease and tuberculosis. Charlevoix county now becomes the second county in Michigan to have a clean slate and due to this is receiving considerable publicity all through the state. Out of state buyers are being advised to come to this section for their purchases, which means continued good prices for dairy stock.

A crew of 6 state inspectors has been busily engaged in making these tests since November 8. The job was finished on December 13. A complete check shows 8,297 cattle tested in 1,054 herds, resulting in 27 reactors and 20 suspects being found. These reactors either have been or are being sold and will not be a source of infection any longer. These reactors are sold under Federal supervision in Detroit and the proceeds of the sale coming back to the owner. In addition the Federal indemnity is paid so that the owners are pretty well compensated for their loss. On a percentage basis it means only .0035 of 1 per cent. In the case of T. B. tests only 1 reactor was found in 11,636 cattle. So we are indeed proud of the efforts being devoted to keeping our cattle free from disease.

While we realize that many dairymen have been inconvenienced by the frequency of these tests, I am sure that we are all glad the job is done and in all probability it will not have to be done for a three year period.

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

## Christmas Turkey Shoot At Alibi Gun Club

For the past week and continuing until Christmas Day the Alibi Gun Club Recreation is enjoying a Christmas Turkey Shoot. Shooting for turkeys every day—a bird awarded for every twenty targets. If you enjoy rifle, pistol or revolver practice, call and try your luck.

## CARD OF THANKS

We wish to express our sincere appreciation for the many acts of kindness extended by friends and neighbors during our recent bereavement—the death of our beloved husband, son and brother, Lisle M. Kinsey.  
Mrs. Ida M. Kinsey  
Mrs. Lena Kinsey  
Lawrence Kinsey  
Mrs. Bessie Cross  
Mrs. Veda Day.

## Fishermen May Use Two Lines—Four Hooks

Beginning Jan. 1, ice fishermen may use two lines with a total of not more than four hooks on all lines. Lines must be under immediate control at all times. The regulations are the same as for fishing in open water. These changes were included in the amendments to the inland fishing law enacted at the last legislative session and made effective a of Jan. 1, 1938.

Ice fishermen formerly were restricted to not more than two lines with a single hook on a line.

# This Week FEATURES YOU WILL LIKE

Another installment of "Christmas Bride," the story of Gregory Sterling and Margaret McLaren, two kindred spirits lost in the vastness of metropolitan life.

"Christian Consecration," a timely subject discussed by Rev. Harold L. Lundquist in his Sunday School Lesson for December 26.

William Bruckart severely criticizes administration of the Wagner-labor relations act in his "Washington Digest." Changes would make law workable, he maintains.

Everybody reads "Picture Parade," the new all-photo feature which shows, today, how Japanese girls are freeing themselves from traditions and customs of the Far East.

Irvin S. Cobb, popular columnist, finds wild animal and fowl life on uptrend thanks to wise legislation.

Japanese-American conflict over sinking of U. S. gunboat continues in international spotlight. Details in E. W. Pickard's "Weekly News Review."

# MARRIAGES

## Inman — Northrup

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Inman announce the marriage of their daughter, Edna M. Inman to Murray Northrup of Boyne City, Saturday, Dec. 4. Mrs. Northrup is a graduate of the local high school and for the past two years has been enrolled at C.S.T.C. at Mt. Pleasant. They have the best wishes of their many friends for a long and happy wedded life.

## Frost — Donaldson

Lois Marie Frost, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. D. Frost, was united in marriage to Howard E. Donaldson, son of Mr. and Mrs. Chester Donaldson of Ellsworth, Sunday, Dec. 12, at the home of the brides parents.

Rev. Theron Bearup of Ellsworth performed the ceremony.

They were attended by Miss Mary Frost, sister of the bride, and Milton Donaldson, brother of the groom.

The best wishes of their friends are extended for a long and happy married life.

## Miscellaneous Shower Given Last Week

Miss Eloise Davis was hostess at a miscellaneous shower, Tuesday, Dec. 14, honoring Mrs. George Shook (Frances Ranney).

Guests included Mrs. Geo. Shook, Mrs. Ralph Ranney, Mrs. Wm. Shepard, Mrs. Archie Howe, Mrs. Russell Barnett, Mrs. Leon Peterson, Mrs. K. Bader, Mrs. Gabriel Thomas, Mrs. Geo. Sherman, Mrs. Nell Blair, Mrs. Walter Davis and Miss Lois Bartlett.

Mrs. Shook received many beautiful gifts.

Delicious refreshments were served including a large wedding cake.

Mrs. Shook was also guest of honor, before leaving Petoskey, at a shower given by Miss A. Hauck, Miss Helen Best and Miss Upton of Lockwood hospital, Petoskey, where she has been employed the past two years.

## E. J. H. S. Quint Lose Hard-Fought Game At Harbor Springs

Coach Cohn's Crimson Wave still seeking its first victory in Class C. competition dropped a hard-fought skirmish to the Blohm coached quintet at Harbor Springs last Wednesday evening 26 to 21. The highly rated Harborites after a slow opening period in which they trailed the Jordanites 8 to 4 came to the front in the second quarter to take over the lead, dominating the play throughout the final three periods of play. Harbor led at the intermission 12 to 10.

The Cohnmen attempting to stop Brower, high scoring center of the winners, left some of the other Harborites open for easy shots, which eventually led to defeat. Starting fast the locals on successive baskets by Antoine and Saxton, took the lead almost as the game was getting nicely under way, but from here on the green and inexperienced Red and Black were forced to set up a tight defense in order to stop the aerial bombardment at the hoop by the Harbor sharp shooters.

Hanna, substitute forward of the winners, was high scorer of the evening with three field goals and two foul tosses for eight points. Saxton, with three field goals, was high man for the Jordanites with six. J. Isaman of the locals did a fine job on defense as well as coming in for five points. The locals showed fine spirit and plenty of fight, although they were beaten.

The Jordan reserves appear to be in for a good year again this winter, as they won over the Harbor reserves 20 to 17.

The Cohnmen will be idle until they open up with Gaylord there, Friday, Jan. 7.

Always Trying

East Jordan (21)	FG.	FT.	TP.
Saxton, l. f.	3	0	6
Antoine, r. f.	1	2	4
Isaman, c.	2	1	5
Holley (c) l. g.	1	0	2
Gibbard, r. g.	1	0	2
Cihak, l. f.	1	0	2
Bulow, r. f.	0	0	0
G. Gee, r. g.	0	0	0
Totals	9	3	21

Harbor Springs (26)	FG.	FT.	TP.
Moser, l. f.	1	0	2
Shepherd, r. f.	1	0	2
Brower (c) c.	2	1	5
Bradfield, l. g.	2	1	5
Newman, r. g.	2	0	4
Hanna, l. f.	3	2	8
King, r. f.	0	2	0
Totals	11	4	28

Referee — F. Aldred — Boyne City.

## DOES EAST JORDAN WANT TO LOSE ITS RAILROAD?

In last issue of this newspaper the value of the East Jordan & Southern Railroad to this community was briefly sketched; the havoc that would be raised with our future outlook should the railroad discontinue its operations was explained; and an appeal was made to all readers to get behind the railroad and express their desire to keep it by signing petitions which are available at the Herald Office, the City Building, the Co-ops and the State Bank. There is still room for more signatures. Each one of you who realizes that East Jordan's future would be imperiled without a railroad is urged to get behind the movement to block the cancellation of its mail contract. East Jordan, first last and always, should be our motto. East Jordan first, but not last and always will be the motto of many of you unless something drastic is done at once to keep our Uncle Sam's Post Office Department from making a foolish move and forcing our railroad to quit.

It has been rumored that the railroad is merely bluffing when it threatens to quit if it loses its mail contract. Whether or not it is a bluff is hardly material. We can hardly afford to run the risk of it not being a bluff. Common sense and a little understanding of what it means to operate a business at an annual loss should tell us that it is not a bluff. The facts are that the railroad's annual loss exceeds \$3,000, and, it, the railroad, is on record as stating that it will not continue operations and pay an additional annual loss of \$2,100 which would result if it lost its mail contract. It is not so much the problem of you readers to save the railroad an additional loss of \$2,100 as it is to save the railroad for ourselves. No company can or will continue to operate when its only prospect is to see its annual loss increase instead of decrease. It is therefore only reasonable to assume that the railroad will quit if it loses its mail contract — The rumors that the railroad will not quit despite anything that may happen are entirely without foundation.

Irrespective of who owns the railroad or what its policies are, it is vital to each and every one of us that it continue to operate. It is the one thing upon which we can base our hopes for maintaining or improving our present status as a community. The question is of grave importance to every man, woman and child who calls East Jordan home or does his trading here. If the railroad is wanted it is up to the people to see to it that it keeps its mail contract. It is the duty of each and every resident of East Jordan and the surrounding vicinity to do what can be done to help. It would be better to do it now before it is too late.

## Gala Holiday Week At The Temple

Christmas Week at the Temple is purposefully one of carefree, joyous entertainment with every program packed with novelty and surprise. The picture selected for Christmas Day (Saturday) is "Thorobreds Don't Cry" starring Mickey Rooney, Judy Garland, Frankie Darro and Sophie Tucker. Novelties include a Laurel and Hardy comedy and the News of the Day.

The Sunday and Monday bill includes a Charlie McCarthy comedy, a George Price musical and Rex Beach's glamorous story of the Yukon, "The Barrier." Leo Carrillo, Jean Parker, Andy Clyde and Robert Barrat head the cast of this red-blooded story of the gold rush.

Family Nites on Tuesday and Wednesday bring Ann Sothern, Jack Haley, Edward Everett Horton and Walter Catlett in "Danger — Love At Work." Buster West and Tom Patricia are in a new comedy and the Cabin Kids are featured in a musical comedy.

Thursday and Friday gives us Jack Benny, Martha Raye and the Yacht Club Boys heading the cast of "Artists and Models," one of the years best musical-comedies. A new Pete Smith comedy and a Historical novelty complete this program. It would be well to note that on Friday evening the box office will close at 9 p. m. and will remain closed until the ticket sale starts at 10:30 for the New Year's Eve Mid-Nite Frolic... so if you plan on seeing "Artists and Models" on Friday plan to attend before 9 o'clock.

## To The Taxpayers of Eveline Township

I will be at Advance and Ironton on the following dates for your convenience in paying taxes—  
Advance — (Beal's Store) Tuesday, January 4, 1938.  
Ironton — (Meyers' Service Station) Thursday, January 6, 1938.

GODFREY MacDONALD  
adv. 52-2 Treasurer.



News Review of Current Events

JAPS SINK U. S. SHIP  
American Gunboat Panay Bombed by Japanese on the Yangtse... Stern Protest by Roosevelt

Edward W. Pickard  
SUMMARIZES THE WORLD'S WEEK  
© Western Newspaper Union.

Latest Jap Outrages

JAPANESE aviators, strafing fleeing Chinese, bombed and sank the United States gunboat Panay on the Yangtse river above Nanking. The boat's storekeeper and an Italian journalist were killed.

At the same time and place the Japanese attacked and sank three Standard Oil steamers.

Several British gunboats speeding to the aid of the Panay were shelled, one enlisted man being killed and a number wounded.

Washington and London lodged stern protests in Tokyo.

Tokyo apologized with expressions of deep regret.

In America and Britain there was intense indignation over the latest outrages. No responsible person hinted that the United States or Great Britain should go to war with Japan on their account; but the man in the street felt there should be some way, short of war, by which the Japanese could be forced to cease their murderous attacks. Apologies may satisfy the diplomats but they do not restore lives.

President Roosevelt's protest was directed through Secretary Hull to Ambassador Hiroshi Saito with the request that it be sent to the Emperor Hirohito of Japan. It demanded apologies, full compensation and guarantees against repetition of similar attacks. The British foreign office was in touch with Washington by cable but Foreign Minister Eden denied that the British would take the lead in international action.

Even Tokyo was stunned by the attacks on American vessels, and the planned celebration over the capture of Nanking was called off.

Before the American protest reached Tokyo the Japanese officials and commanders began apologizing and explaining. To prove its sincerity the government promptly recalled Admiral Teizo Mitsunami, in charge of naval aviation and relieved him of his post. He immediately resigned.

Survivors of the bombing, most of them wounded, told how the Panay went down with colors flying and its gunners firing to the last at the Japanese airplanes. They agreed that the attacking planes were flying so low that it was impossible for their pilots not to know they were bombing foreign ships. They said the Japanese excuse that visibility was poor over the Yangtse that day was false.

Early Tax Revision

SUMMONING house ways and means committee members and treasury economists to a conference in the White House, President Roosevelt directed that revision of the taxes that oppress business be carried through as soon as possible. Those called were Robert L. Doughton of North Carolina, chairman of the house committee; Fred Vinson of Kentucky, chairman of a subcommittee on taxes; Secretary of the Treasury Morgenthau and Undersecretary Roswell Magill.

On leaving the White House Mr. Doughton gave out the cheering assurance that the best possible tax bill would be formulated quickly and that the taxpayer would be given every consideration.

If the contemplated measure can be rushed through congress it may be made effective on January 1, starting out what business and industry hope will be a Happy New Year for them and for all the nation.

In his press conference the same day the President gave business additional encouragement, asserting that the interstate commerce commission should take action to preserve the solvency of the railroads. He declared himself in favor of private ownership and operation of the railroads, but said receiverships of the lines cannot continue without financial adjustment.

Shortly after this the commerce commission put in a sour note by overruling the carriers' petition for 15 per cent immediate increase in freight rates.

First Flight Celebrated

FRIDAY, December 17, was the thirty-fourth anniversary of the epochal air flight of the Wright brothers at Kitty Hawk, N. C., and the day was fittingly observed by all aviation interests in the country. Under orders from the army general staff every military flying post sent up all its available aircraft at the exact hour when the two inventors first made their plane fly. About one thousand fighting planes were in the air at the same time.

Steel Workers Meet

MEMBERS of the Steel Workers Organizing Committee, affiliated with the C. I. O., opened their first convention in Pittsburgh and



Hugh R. Wilson (pictured above), a veteran of the American diplomatic service and now assistant secretary of state, is to be our new ambassador to Berlin, succeeding William E. Dodd, whose resignation was submitted to the President.

were asked by Chairman Philip Murray to give their officials full powers to negotiate wage agreements to replace those expiring February 28 with 445 firms.

Murray said he had "every reason" to believe 100,000 steel workers out of 125,000 now working in sheet, bar, plate, sheets and black plate mills will be displaced by machinery.

Sloan's Great Gift

ALFRED P. SLOAN, JR., chairman of General Motors corporation, announced he was donating securities worth approximately \$10,000,000 to the Alfred P. Sloan foundation with the hope of promoting a wider knowledge of "basic economic truths."

In his announcement Mr. Sloan said he deemed it proper to turn back part of the proceeds of his industrial activity to aid in bringing about "a broader as well as a better understanding of the economic principles and national policies which have characterized American enterprise down through the years, and as a result of which its truly marvelous development has been made possible."

Once the proper understanding is achieved, he said, the people may promote "the objectives that all have so much in mind."

These he listed as: More things for more people, everywhere.

An opportunity for achievement. Greater security and stability.

Mr. Sloan established the foundation on July 6, 1936, incorporating it in Delaware as a non-profit membership corporation.

Hungary Pays A Little

ONLY eleven nations defaulted on their war debt payments to the United States due on December 15. Hungary lined up with Finland in the honest list and sent to the treasury a check for \$9,828 as partial payment. The installment due from Hungary was \$51,240; her total debt is more than 33 millions.

Finland made its customary semi-annual payment to the treasury. A check for \$232,142 was turned over to this government by the Baltic republic.

Pope Pius Anxious

AT A secret consistory in which he created five new cardinals, Pope Pius read an allocution expressing his "grave anxieties" because of the wars in Spain and China, and his fears for the future "because of the upheavals which are the natural concomitants of armed conflicts."

The new cardinals are: Archbishop Giuseppe Pizzardo, vatican undersecretary of state; Archbishop Ermengildo Pellegrinetti, papal nuncio to Jugoslavia; Archbishop Giovanni Piazzi, patriarch of Venice; Archbishop Pierre Gerlier of Lyons, France, and Archbishop Arthur Hinsley, Catholic primate of England.

Italy Leaves League

ITALY finally made up its mind to quit the League of Nations. No one was surprised when Mussolini announced this decision of his Fascist council, and no other nation expressed any regret over the action.

The Duce in a characteristically bombastic speech told the people about it, and delighted cheers greeted his defiance of the opponents of fascism. For some time Italy has taken no part in the doings of the league, and her resignation really is not of much immediate importance.

Washington Digest  
National Topics Interpreted  
by William Bruckart  
National Press Building Washington, D. C.

Washington.—Authorities generally agree that good administration can make even a good law better in its results and bad administration can definitely ruin it. The same is true, of course, of any law. A bad law's effect can be doubled or trebled by irresponsible administration of its provisions. Of this, I believe there can be no doubt. Certainly, we have fresh evidence on the point over which we can ponder and the truth of the above statements seems inescapable.

Workable Labor Law

I have been among those who have criticized the national labor relations act, and the national labor relations board created by it. It has always impressed me as being a half-baked statute. That it has many weaknesses, there is no doubt. That it has worked out in biased form and that it has done grave damage to the feeling of the general public toward labor organization, there certainly can be no doubt. Or, to summarize the situation, it has been made painfully evident that Senator Wagner, New York Democrat, who sponsored the law, took prejudiced advice when he drafted the measure. He was given only one side of the picture.

But I suspect the law can be made workable and I entertain no thought at all that it should be abandoned entirely. We need a national labor policy expressed in statute form. Changes in its provisions ought to be made, but to my way of thinking there is a more urgent circumstance. The urgent need is improvement in administration of the law in order that the benefits of even a weak and biased law will not be denied to the country's economic life.

It is the recent administrative acts under the law that have brought it into the spotlight again. These acts should be reviewed to bring the whole situation into proper focus for examination, and I shall refer to two of them in this connection. They will substantiate my earlier criticisms.

Early in December, we learned of how the national labor relations board subpoenaed the editor of a magazine. It called for the editor to supply all of the background of information upon which he based an article that was critical of the board. Since the article was critical of the board and its methods, officials of the board regarded the background information as "essential." The article in question had been reprinted and circulated among workers in several mills, according to the board, and this fact was used by the board as a basis for bringing the editor under the board's jurisdiction.

Ten days after the first unusual exercise of power by the board, it took another unprecedented step. Rather, one of its attorneys took the unprecedented step, but since the attorney was an employee of the board, it seems clear the action is chargeable to the board because it is the responsible, policy-making head of the agency.

The second case resulted from the refusal of an editor of a small daily newspaper to tell a trial examiner for the board who wrote an editorial in his newspaper, the St. Mary's (Pa.) Daily Press. Harry T. O'Brien, the editor, declined to answer the question put to him by a board attorney in a public hearing. He stood pat and the trial examiner, Charles H. Bayly, and the attorney, Jerome I. Macht, called his attention to provisions of the Wagner act requiring him to answer. The question of freedom of the press as guaranteed by the Constitution was mentioned, but according to the stenographic record of the hearing, the trial examiner and the attorney each held to the provision of the law as being superior to the other guarantee. Or at least, that is my impression of the proceedings.

As far as I am informed, the board has taken no further action in the O'Brien case. It has moved, however, to enforce its subpoena in the case of Hartley W. Barclay, the magazine editor. A federal court has been asked by the board to enforce the subpoena which Mr. Barclay ignored. He probably will be compelled to appear. At least, he should be compelled to appear in response to the subpoena. No one can ignore a subpoena. As for supplying the information—that is a different matter. His refusal to supply confidential information and imperil the freedom of the press is, indeed, quite a different matter.

As one writer, I hope Mr. Barclay and Mr. O'Brien stick by their guns. I hope, too, that the board will not imperil its existence and the good points in the law by attempting to assert power which I do not believe it possesses. There is no excuse, legally or morally, for a crew of officious individuals to undertake the sort of things disclosed in these two instances. They abuse confidence and besmirch the titles which they bear.

Further, they have forced an issue that ought never to be raised. It is a sad day in our country when government officials, great or minor, try to break through the guarantees which the Constitution gives you and me. It portends more evil things.

Consider, for example, my own personal situation. If the board's attorneys get away with the sort of thing represented in these two instances, how long, I ask, will I be permitted to write as I am now doing, freely, frankly? And if they get away with it, how long will it be until you, who do me the honor to read my reports, will find yourselves without any honest expressions in anything you read? It is not blackjacking the press yet, but if it goes further, that will be the proper term to apply.

Returning now to the original premise, namely, that a good law may be destroyed or the effects of a bad law may be made worse by bad administration, it appears to me the conditions related demonstrate the theory as a fact. I have noted some comment on the floors of congress that the board was not aware of what was happening in these two cases; that it had issued no such orders, etc. Such observations require no answer. Anything that is done by any employee of a government agency is done by that agency because it is to that agency, not to any particular person who may be on its payroll, that congress gave authority to act.

Farm Problem

I am beginning to doubt that the American farmer is going to have his problem solved, or even partially bettered, by the present tactics.

The word "tactics" is used advisedly. Congress has not acted with the full freedom that ought to obtain insofar as the current crop control legislation is concerned. It is suffering from an overdose of some strange medicine, currently called "Wallace's formula." There is real doubt whether the ailment from which agriculture suffers is as bad as the Wallace prescription of medicine for its cure.

Use of the word "tactics" can be further justified if the legislation is considered from the angle at which the problem is approached. I refer in this to the projected limitation on production. That is to say, I believe in processes that will allow all of the production that is possible and that there are ways for handling the surplus without turning over a great industry, like agriculture, to have its fate decided by one man or group of men. The fact is that while Secretary Wallace and his advisers are learned men, they are still human beings. I hold to the old-fashioned belief that even those learned men are not equipped to tell farmers how much they ought to plant and what they ought to plant. It stretches my credulity too far for someone to ask me to believe any government official or anybody else can forecast next month what the demand is going to be next year. And that is almost an accurate statement of what is proposed by the current model of farm relief.

The reason I called the influence "Wallace's formula" goes back several months. It is my recollection without checking up the dates that I reported, some goings-on by Mr. Wallace last summer. At that time, I said the agriculture secretary and numerous of his subordinates were traipsing about the country, telling the farmers what was good for them. It was quite evident then, as facts have since proved, the Department of Agriculture was staging a gigantic propaganda for Mr. Wallace's type of farm legislation. He persuaded a couple of senators to go into the interior and hold hearings and it was from these hearings that Senators McGill of Kansas, and Pope of Idaho, both Democrats, obtained their ideas for the bill that the senate considered.

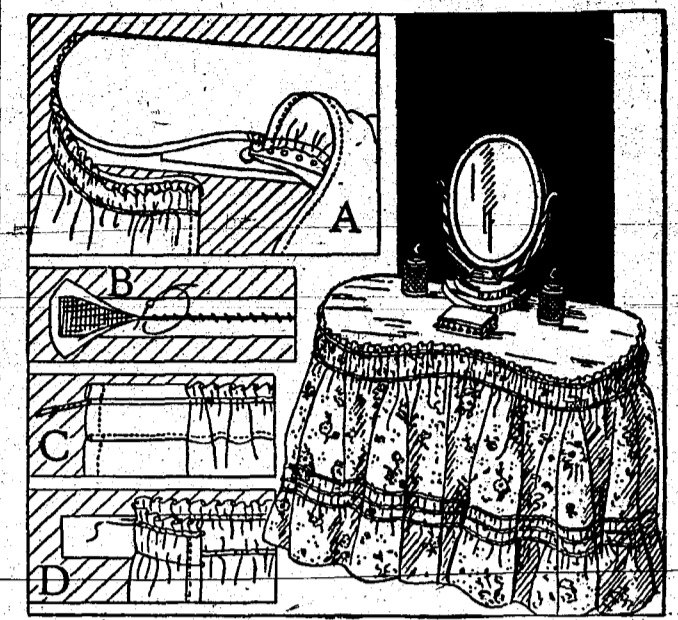
Unless the usual signs at the capitol fail me, the vast majority of the farmers of this country do not want to have their production limited. Probably, the best general statement that can be made on that phase of the legislation was made by Senator Borah of Idaho, who attacked the theory of compulsion vehemently in a speech. Aroused to use of his full oratorical powers, Senator Borah declared to the senate:

"This bill, if enacted, will accomplish two things. First, it will place the farmer under complete bureaucratic control. Second, it will bring about a reduction of crops when millions are hungry and in need."

That thought will be echoed more after the country has tasted of the fruits of the bill than now according to my way of thinking. Therefore, it seems to me that rather than face economic suicide as Senator Borah predicted, congress could very well lay plans to permit unrestricted growth of crops and couple with that the means of taking the surplus off the hands of the farmer.

© Western Newspaper Union.

HOW TO SEW  
by Ruth Wyeth Spears



A Dressing Table Skirt With Corded Shirring

THIS dressing table has a curved front and hinged arms on which to mount the skirt so that it can be opened to permit access to the drawer. To mount the skirt it must first be sewed to a band of covered buckram. Cut the buckram in a strip 2 1/2 inches wide. Cover it with a straight piece of material as shown here at B.

Make the heading at the top of the skirt just the depth of the thickness of the table edge so that it will cover the edge of the table when the arms are closed. Use 1/4-inch cable cord for the shirring. This is sewed to a safety pin and run through tucks stitched in the material as shown here at C.

The top of the ruffle is also shirred with cords. When the shirring are all finished, sew the top of the skirt to the covered buckram strip as shown at D and then thumb tack it in place as at A.

Every Homemaker should have a copy of Mrs. Spears' new book, SEWING. Forty-eight pages of step-by-step directions for making

Oh Wad the Powers the Giftee Gie Us—

The pompous old gentleman in the railway carriage had been boring his fellow travelers for an hour or two with tales of his success and his superiority to everyone else.

When the ticket collector came into the carriage, the old gentleman merely looked annoyed and handed a ticket to the collector, who looked at it and remarked: "Where are you going, sir?" "Good gracious, man, can't you read?" shouted the passenger. "You've got my ticket, haven't you?"

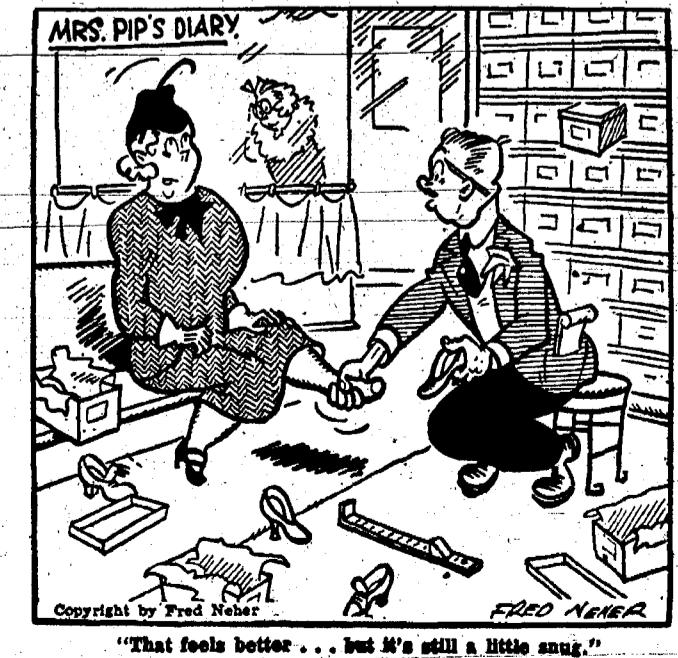
"Yes, but it's for a watch."

We Misjudge

Believe me, every man has his secret sorrows, which the world knows not; and oftentimes we call a man cold when he is only sad.—Longfellow

TRADE MARK  
**PEACE**  
When a cough due to a cold plagues you, give your throat peace with a Smith Brothers Cough Drop, Black or Menthol-5¢.  
Smith Bros. Cough Drops are the only drops containing VITAMIN A  
This is the vitamin that raises the resistance of the mucous membranes of the nose and throat to cold and cough infections.

LIFE'S LIKE THAT By Fred Neher



"That feels better... but it's still a little snug."



## AN OLD TIMELY WISH FOR A MERRY CHRISTMAS

— AND —  
**A HAPPY NEW YEAR**

Our forefathers wished each other a  
**MERRY CHRISTMAS**

and a  
**HAPPY NEW YEAR**

Just as we are wishing you

We hope you feel our sincerity in be-  
stowing this old fashioned wish

# BRABANT'S

Main Street

East Jordan, Mich.

## GREETINGS:

May We Say

### Merry Christmas

— AND —

### Happy New Year

IN THE GOOD OLD FASHIONED WAY

## The COFFEE CUP

Phone 9047

East Jordan, Mich.

## We Take This Means of THANKING YOU!

We would like to see each of you personally and tell you how much we thank you for the part you have played in our successful year. We cannot do this so we take this means of thanking you and wishing for you and yours happiness through Christmas and New Year.

### Meredith Barber Shop

Under Post Office

East Jordan, Mich.,

## The Best We Have Is Yours

It has been our pleasure to serve you to the best of our ability in the past. We trust we may be able to render more service to you. And now at this holiday season we extend to you our very best wishes for all the good things of life.

### Klooster's Dairy

Phone 163-F21

East Jordan, Mich.

## Season's Greetings

### ALIBI GUN CLUB RECREATION

THE LAST TURKEY SHOOT OF THE SEASON is now in progress at the Alibi Gun Club. Rifle, Pistol and Revolver Shooting for Turkeys every day and evening until Christmas.

Loveday Building

East Jordan, Mich.

### Martha Entertains

By ADA L. HUNTINGTON  
© McClure Newspaper Syndicate.  
WNU Service.

MARTHA BRADLEY was beating up four eggs in a mixing bowl. To use four eggs in one cake was an unheard of extravagance, but this was an unusual occasion. She stepped into the cool pantry for some butter to grease her cake tin. Her eyes just couldn't help turning towards the roasting pan, where the last rooster, which she had been saving for their anniversary dinner, lay with its trimmings of salt pork all ready for the oven.

It hadn't seemed right to kill that bird, with their anniversary so near. She hadn't even asked Henry what he thought of it. She just did it, and that was all there was to it. If she ever did ask his opinion in regard to anything of the sort he would always say, "Do just as you please. Your judgment is better than mine."

When Henry had returned from town, the afternoon before, he had said, "Company tomorrow, Martha. I met Arthur Brown today. He said he hadn't seen you since we were married, and he'd like to come over. I urged him to have dinner and spend the night with us, and he accepted."

"I like his nerve," exclaimed Martha. "Fishing for an invitation, after going with me for a year, and then sending me a note, telling me he had decided we weren't suited to each other. Also saying he thought it was better for us to break off before I got to thinking too much of him."

"The deuce he did! You never told me that, Martha."

"Well, I wasn't so proud of it that I cared to advertise it."

"The big stiff I hope you didn't answer it."

"I certainly did, by return mail. I told him I agreed with him perfectly in thinking we weren't suited to each other. But I was sorry he'd been disturbed about my regard for him, as I prized my affections too highly to be so careless as to bestow them on someone who bored me as he did."

"Good for you. When did all this happen, Martha?"

"A short time before I met you." Henry went out to finish his work and Martha planned her dinner. She decided she must sacrifice all the good things she had planned for the celebration of their fourth wedding anniversary. And now she was making the lightest of sponge cakes, because Arthur had never been so at peace with the world as when he was eating lemon sherbet and sponge cake. In fact, he had always seemed a bit more interested in what went into his stomach than what nourished his brain.

The cooking dishes were washed and every one in its proper place when the telephone rang. Martha hoped it wasn't anyone who thought the telephone a convenience for making social calls, but it proved to be Clara West, one of her most loquacious friends.

When the enthusiastic conversationalist finally rang off, a distinct odor of scorched food was in the air. Martha rushed to the kitchen and opened the oven door wide. Instead of the sponge cake of feathery lightness, there was a scorched ruin that not even a pig could relish. Just as she was taking it from the oven Henry came in.

"Wouldn't that discourage a saint!" Martha exploded. "One of Clara's famous telephone visits was the cause of that ruin. And I put four eggs in it. I don't care. I'm going to make another one, if I can't afford it. I think I shall plug the telephone when I put it in the oven."

The second cake was a success, and Martha felt assured that her dinner was going to be very satisfactory.

Trouble with his car kept Arthur on the road for some time, making it rather late when he arrived at the Bradleys. When he came in with Henry, Martha greeted him very graciously. While Arthur was removing the effects of his auto repairs, she put the rest of the dinner on the table, and then stepped back to get a stranger's impression of the result of her hard day's labor. How could one be otherwise than pleased at the sight of the snow-white linen, in its rare old hand-woven pattern, the pretty old china, delectable fruit salad, chicken roasted to a perfect brown, squash, onions and mashed potatoes?

Henry had served Martha and was just about to put a choice piece of white meat on Arthur's plate when the guest said: "If you are serving that for me, Henry, allow me to say that I never eat anything for my evening meal but lettuce and salted nuts."

It took quite a bit of courage for Martha to confess, "I'm terribly sorry, Arthur, but I put the last bit of lettuce in the salads, and I haven't a salted nut in the house."

"Oh, that's all right," was the prompt reply. "I thought you might be out, so, to save you embarrassment, I brought a supply in my grip." As Arthur left the room, Martha, with a comical expression, exclaimed in a low voice, "My poor anniversary dinner! Pride directed me to make a splurge! Justice has dealt harshly with me, and my punishment is so complete I shall never be tempted to commit a second offense of this kind."

### Maverick's Melody

By KARIN ASBRAND  
© McClure Newspaper Syndicate.  
WNU Service.

MAVERICK was old, so old that people were beginning to look at him with pitying eyes, and to tap their heads significantly as he passed them. The snows of many winters lay on his hair, but the dreams of many summers slept in his eyes.

Maverick had written songs in his day—songs which people had liked, yet over which none had become enthusiastic. But Maverick loved them. He hummed snatches of them over and over again to himself, as he sat in his big armchair by his daughter's fire, and watched his children go by. He sang them over and over again to himself, as he sat in the summer-house.

"Some day," he would say, "I shall compose a song which the world will love."

His daughter, Hannah, would sigh softly, and, like the others, tap her head significantly. Elsa, his prettiest grand-daughter, was the only one besides Rupert who never tapped her head. She curled at his feet like a kitten to listen to his tales of the good old days, to his reminiscences of the Civil war, to his snatches of love songs of his own composition, while his tired old hands played with the gold of her hair, and his soul basked in the sunshine of her smiles.

Very often Rupert, enamored of Elsa, would sit there also, and listen. All the world loves a lover, and Maverick loved Rupert and Elsa, not only because they were lovers, but because they were a part of himself. They understood him. Perhaps it was partly because Rupert also sang snatches of song of his own composition. Rupert was young. Some day, perhaps, he would write songs that would set the world afire.

Hannah did not think so, however. She would have none of Rupert. A dreamer. A prodigal of time, who would never make enough to support a wife. So she sent Elsa of the understanding heart away to school, and a great void was cut in Maverick's life.

He became queerer than ever and drew into himself as an oyster draws into its shell. One day, however, he said very excitedly to his daughter, Hannah:

"Listen, Hannah. I have found the melody. Listen!"

"Very nice, father," she said, patting his blue-veined hand. Then she hurried on and forgot all about it. A pall of disappointment fell over Maverick's heart. He yearned more than ever for Elsa. It was because of Elsa that his melody had come to him, because of his longing for her.

He sang the song for his son-in-law, who said to him: "You must not bother your head about things like that any more. You don't need to. You have a good home, and everything you need."

He knew a music publisher of great renown, who spent his summers here in the town. Gravely he picked up his cane, put on his hat and set off for the publisher's house. At the door a maid told him the great man was busy and could not be seen.

His mind worked very fast. The windows were all open, and outside one of the front windows he stood and sang his melody in his quavering falsetto. Then he paused. Evidently nobody had heard him. He tried again. Somebody raised a screen and thrust his head through the window opening. It was the publisher. Eagerly Maverick turned.

"Listen, my good man," he heard. "I am very busy and you bother me. Please take this and go somewhere else."

He handed Maverick a quarter. The old man threw back his head, flung the quarter into the gutter before the publisher's astonished eyes and, head still held high, set off down the street.

There were hurrying steps after Maverick. Rupert caught up with him, his eyes shining like stars.

"Listen, granddad," he cried, excitedly. "I've heard your melody. I have the words to it. It's inspired. All about Elsa, you know—anybody's Elsa. I've missed her so. I couldn't help write the words. Come to my room and sing me the music again and again. I'll write it up. We'll get Elsa to sing it for the publisher. Your name is made. It's a song that will melt the coldest heart, thrill the smallest child. Pathos, beauty, love. Come, granddad."

Feverishly, Rupert wrote the song and sent for Elsa.

"It is a song in a thousand," he said. "We will make it a hit. You will sing it over the radio, Elsa, just as you have sung it to me. The world will love it."

And he made up a contract with them that quite overpowered them both and made them glad for Maverick. Hand in hand, they hurried home, so that he, who had been too weary and weak to come, might sign on the dotted line.

In the summer-house in the garden they found him, asleep like a tired child, a smile on his thin, cold lips. They could not rouse him. In one blue-veined hand he held a paper, on which had been written in his fine old script:

"Maverick's Melody—I hereby dedicate and bequeath it to Rupert and Elsa."

## Greetings-- And Thank You

We appreciate greatly your friendliness and your patronage during the past year.

We extend greetings at this time and wish for you a merry Christmas and a happy New Year.

### LORRAINE -- PRINTER

Phone 16

East Jordan, Mich.,

## A Sincere Wish

Our relationship with our patrons during the past year has been very pleasant and we feel that they are worthy of a sincere wish for a joyous Christmas and a prosperous New Year.

### JORDAN VALLEY CO-OP CREAMERY

Phone 143

East Jordan, Michigan

## We Extend Our Greetings

We feel that you have helped in a large way to make our business a success. We feel it's a privilege to serve you and with deep appreciation to you we extend our greetings for the season.

Merry Christmas and Happy,  
Prosperous New Year To All.

### GUERNSEY DAIRY

Donald Hott — Proprietor.

Phone 176-F4

East Jordan, Mich.,

## GREETINGS TO OUR FRIENDS

We feel that our friends mean more to us than material things. To us our patrons are our friends. We hope that we may keep their friendship and good will during the future. This will make us very happy.

We wish for you a holiday season of mirth and good cheer and may prosperity be yours during the coming year.

### CLYDE W. HIPPI

132 Main Street

East Jordan, Mich.

### MERRY CHRISTMAS And Happy New Year To Our Friends and Patrons

### A. & P. EMPLOYEES

205 Main Street

East Jordan, Mich.,

WISHING YOU SPIRITUALLY  
AS WELL AS MATERIALLY

**A Happy Christmas**

— AND —

**Prosperous New Year**

**Dr. BEUKER**

Phone 158-F2

East Jordan, Mich.

**May This Christmas  
Be A Happy One For You**

May this season with its mirth and cheer be a happy one for you.

May the New Year lavish its richest blessings on you.

We give you our best wishes because we feel that your loyal support and good will deserve the best we have.

EAST JORDAN

**Post Office Employees**

206 Main St.

East Jordan, Mich.

**We Greet You With Best Wishes  
For The Season And Hope The  
New Year Will Be One of  
Prosperity and Happiness**

**D. W. Clark Cabinet Co.**

Main Street

East Jordan, Mich.

**A VERY MERRY  
Christmas**

— AND —

**A Happy New Year  
To You**

We thank you for favors of the past. We will consider it an opportunity to be able to serve you during 1938

**GIDLEY & MAC**

Phone 9

East Jordan, Mich.

**GREETINGS AT YULETIDE**

May Your Christmas Be Jolly and Your  
New Year Bountiful

**East Jordan Beauty Salon**

Violet Boyce, Proprietor

Phone 247

East Jordan, Mich.

Charlevoix County Herald  
G. A. LISK, Publisher.  
Subscription Rate—\$1.50 per year.



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**SOUTH WILSON**  
(Edited by Mrs. Luther Brintnall)

Wilson Grange which usually meets every second and fourth Saturday of the month held their meeting Wednesday evening, Dec. 22, instead of the 25th, after which they had a Xmas tree and entertainment.

Mr. and Mrs. George Brown were callers at Mr. Brown's sisters, Mrs. Lewis Fuller and husband.

Mike Hitchcock of East Jordan is spending a few days with Bill Duncanson.

Mr. and Mrs. Carl Schmitt of Petoskey were Sunday callers of the latter's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Peter Zoulek.

John Pesek called at the Frank Rebec home Tuesday.

Loyal Barber of the Hitchcock farm was a caller at Luther Brintnall's, Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Zoulek and family and Donald Zoulek were Sunday dinner guests of Mr. and Mrs. Fred Zoulek of Echo.

Mr. and Mrs. Clem. Kenny and family of East Jordan were Friday callers at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Rebec.

Mr. and Mrs. James St. Arno of East Jordan, and Mr. and Mrs. Luther Brintnall and family were Sunday afternoon callers at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Schultz of N. Wilson.

Edward C. Henning and son Edward, Jr., left for Chicago Sunday morning.

John Hayek called on Frank Rebec, Thursday.

James Chanda, who is at the C.C.C. camp at Raco, Mich., came home Tuesday evening, Dec. 21 to spend Xmas vacation with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Jas. Chanda and family.

**PENINSULA**

(Edited by Mrs. E. Hayden)

The little daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Godfrey McDonald, who has been ill for some time with ear trouble is very much improved.

The work at the Charlevoix Co. Nurseries is completed for this year.

Rep. D. D. Tibbits and son Donald of Cherry Hill attended the basketball game at Mancelona, Friday evening.

John A. Reich, who is laid off from his job in Detroit, until after the holidays, arrived home to Lone Ash farm, Sunday, from Petoskey where he has been for several days visiting his sister, Mrs. Frank Lesher and family. The Leshers brought him home and spent the day at Lone Ash farm.

The special meeting of the Extension Club, which was postponed from Dec. 9 to -16 because of the storm, met with Mrs. Loren Duffy as per schedule and planned the New Year Dinner to be held at the Star School house. Any one wishing to come can learn what the committee would like to have them bring can get information from 240-F3 or 240-F230 or any member of the Club. All are invited.

Miss Gladys Staley, who is attending college in Traverse City, arrived home to Stoney Ridge farm Friday evening to stay until after the holidays.

Master Buddy Staley celebrated his 16th birthday Dec. 16, with a coasting party on Bunker Hill and games and refreshments at Stoney Ridge farm later in the evening. They all had a nice time.

Mr. and Mrs. Roy Loomis and son Clare of Gravel Hill, north side spent Sunday with the Henry Wagner family at Charlevoix.

Clayton Healey of Willow Brook farm has purchased the Comlocoy milk route in Boyne City and will begin delivering milk December 20 from Willow Brook farm.

Charles Healey of Willow Brook farm is the first to report the arrival of little pigs.

Mr. and Mrs. F. D. Russell of Ridgeway Farms spent Friday evening with Mr. and Mrs. Charles Arnot at Maple Row farm.

The Rawleigh man was on the Peninsula, Monday.

The winter city of black shanties is already started on the South Arm of Lake Charlevoix.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Myers of Mountain Dist. were supper guests of the Gaunt families in Three Bells Dist. Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Crowell of Dave Staley Hill were also afternoon guests.

There will be a Christmas program at Peninsula Grange Hall, Wednesday evening.

Will Gaunt and son Jr. caught a

**BASKET BALL!**

**TUESDAY, DEC. 28th**

**Boyne City Gymnasium**

— 7:30 p. m. —

**GRAND RAPIDS UNION HIGH**

vs.

**BOYNE CITY HIGH**

Game Called at 8:30

**Boyne Falls High vs. Boyne City Reserves**

Game Called at 7:30

**BOXING MATCHES BETWEEN HALVES**

**North Michigan's Finest Basketball Entertainment**

**No Reserved Seats**

**Admission 25c**

At this time of the year we lay business aside to wish you

**A Very Merry Christmas**

— AND —

**A Happy New Year**

May you be able to look over the past year and say within your utmost heart

**WELL DONE**

**Sacks Sanitary Market**

Phone 52

Boyne City, Mich.

fine mess of perch through the ice of South Arm Lake, Sunday.

The school buses run Thursday evening and took all who wished to go to the School Christmas program at East Jordan, Thursday evening.

Mrs. F. H. Wangeman and son A. J. of Cheboygan, and Clarence Mullett of Fremont arrived Saturday to the F. H. Wangeman farm. Mrs. Wangeman and A. J. returned to

Cheboygan Sunday evening. Mr. Mullett remained until Monday.

The mail has made the Ridge all week and the cream truck made the regular route, Friday.

Farmers took advantage of the sleighing to haul stove wood all last week.

The Charles Arnot children are better from their severe colds of a week or more.

**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 1/2 cent for subsequent insertions, with a minimum charge of 15 cents. These rates are for cash only. Ten cents extra per insertion if charged.

**LOST AND FOUND**

Strayed—Young Beagle came to my house three weeks ago. Owner may have same by—paying for this ad. SAM BENNETT, R1, East Jordan. 52x1

DOG LOST—Color white and yellow. Slim dog; walker; brass collar on neck. Lost between East Jordan and Boyne City. Reward. Telephone East Jordan No. 213F23. ADAM SKROCKI. 49x4

**HELP WANTED**

WOOD CUTTERS WANTED—Fifty men to cut chemical wood. Inquire Fred Haney, 2 miles south and 3 miles east of East Jordan. \$1.75 per cord, payable weekly. — PENNY ATKINSON, Mancelona. 39f

**WANTED**

WANTED—Boy 16, wants place to work for board and go to School. Inquire BENSON'S GAS STATION. Phone 9044. 52-2

WANTED TO BUY—Young Sow, also Feeder Pigs. Write or see AMOS NASSON, East Jordan, Route 2, 2 1/2 miles southwest of Ironton. 51-1.f

WANTED—Old Horses and Cows for fox feed. Highest prices paid. — CROCKETT'S FOX RANCH, Williamsburg, Mich. 41x11

**FOR SALE—MISCELLANEOUS**

FOR SALE or TRADE for Live Stock—Twenty tons of Hay, Young Jersey Cow, fresh; also Potatoes and Apples. JOHN TERAVEST, The Auctioneer., Phone 122F32, R3, East Jordan. 52-1

FOR SALE—Nickle trim Renown Circulating Parlor Heater, wood or coal; Low price. See ALEX SINCLAIR at East Jordan Canning Co. 52-3

FOR SALE—Pair of ice shoe skates Size 11 1/2. Phone 141 GERALD BARNETT. 52-1

FOR SALE—Good Farm Team MRS. JAMES ZITKA, R. 4, East Jordan. 51x2

FOR RENT—Nine-room residence on Main St. In good condition with hardwood floors throughout. For particulars, inquire at The Herald office or write SUPT. A. J. DUNCANSON, Sandusky, Mich. 50-3

FOR SALE—Green buzz wood, chunk wood, slab wood. Get our prices. No piling on delivery. We sell for Cash only. H. C. Durant, E. 1, East Jordan. 49x4

**The Christmas Spirit**

If we have the true Christmas spirit (and we feel we do) we are grateful to our friends and patrons for their favors and courtesies and wish you all the blessings and joys of the season and trust we may have the privilege of serving you throughout the coming year of 1938.

**East Jordan Co-operative Co.**

Phone 204

East Jordan, Mich.



# Local Happenings

Mrs. Robert Davis is visiting relatives in Flint.

Bobby Boice is spending the holidays with relatives in Detroit.

Gerald Simmons has been visiting Cadillac relatives the past week.

Mrs. Mary R. Smith is spending the holidays with Detroit relatives.

Mrs. John Monroe left last week for a visit with relatives in Detroit.

Clair Batterbee of Detroit is visiting his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Earl Batterbee.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Jankoviak and son left last Friday for Ironwood for the holiday season.

Mrs. Clara Liskum leaves this Thursday for an extended visit at Detroit and Chicago.

William Kitsman of Perry, Oklahoma, is guest of his parents, Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Kitsman.

Born to Mr. and Mrs. Percy Batterbee, a daughter, Dorothy Cecile, Saturday, December 18.

A crew of about forty men started last week on the Richardson hill P. W. A. project of grading.

Mrs. Rebecca Smith left recently to spend the winter with her sister, Mrs. Harry LaTour at Detroit.

Dr. and Mrs. James Fairchilds and son of Detroit are guests of Mrs. Fairchilds' father, Robert Atkinson.

John Vogel, student at U. of M., Ann Arbor, is spending the holidays with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Fred Vogel.

Marcella Muma of C. S. T. C., Mt. Pleasant, is spending the holidays with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. G. Muma.

Rodney Rogers, a student at Mt. Pleasant, is spending his vacation with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. S. E. Rogers.

Rev. James Leitch supplied the pulpits in the M. E. Churches in Boyne City and Boyne Falls, December 12 and 19.

Arthur Quinn of W. S. T. C., Kalamazoo, is spending the holiday season with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. M. Quinn.

Mrs. Alice Keats leaves today (Thursday) to spend Christmas with her daughter, Mrs. Albert Knop, and family in Muskegon.

Max Bader of W. S. T. C. Kalamazoo, is at the home of his parents, Mr. and Mrs. K. Bader, for the Christmas vacation.

Mrs. Josephine Vogel leaves today (Thursday) for Muskegon Hts., where she will spend several weeks; later going on to Lansing.

Dale Clark, a student at W.S.T.C., Kalamazoo, arrived home last week to spend the holidays with his parents Mr. and Mrs. Mason Clark.

Mrs. Anna Carr left today (Thursday) for Grand Rapids where she will spend the holidays with her daughter Mrs. Harold Usher and family.

Thomas Joynt left last Saturday for Grand Rapids to spend the Christmas holidays with his sister, Mrs. Sam Malone and husband.

Grace Matthews, arrived home last Friday, from her studies at Alma to be with her parents, Rev. and Mrs. J. C. Matthews, through the holidays.

Mr. and Mrs. Allen Kunze of Columbus, Ohio, are holiday guests of the latter's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Healy, and other relatives.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. F. Bashaw and daughter, Miss Bernice, left this week for Dowagiac to spend the holidays at the home of their son and brother Francis Bashaw.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Larsen and Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Larsen left last Saturday for Petaluma, Calif., to spend Christmas with the daughter of the former, Mrs. T. S. Day and husband.

Mr. and Mrs. Norman Bartlett and sons, Leon and Gary, of Pontiac, are spending the holidays with their parents, Mr. and Mrs. Ira D. Bartlett and Mr. and Mrs. Adam Skrocki.

Mr. and Mrs. Kit Carson and the latter's mother, Mrs. McBride, left Wednesday for Charlotte, where they will spend Christmas with their sister and daughter, Mrs. Kenneth Brown and family.

Mrs. Edith Bartlett and Mrs. C. H. Pray left Saturday for Ann Arbor where they were joined by Mrs. Bartlett's sisters, Mrs. Burr and Mrs. Waterman, and will go on to Florida to spend a few weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. Leslie Miles and son, Bruce, returned last Friday from a visit with the sister of Mrs. Miles in Kansas City, Mo. They were accompanied by Mrs. Miles' sister, Mrs. Wellerman Sills and children, of Suttons Bay.

Will nature destroy mankind as it did the huge dinosaurs? Scientists point out that the human race has traveled the same path of evolution. A feature in the American Weekly, the magazine distributed with next Sunday's Chicago Herald and Examiner.

Mrs. Jean Bartlett is visiting friends at Levering.

Kenneth Headfield was a Detroit visitor first of the week.

Mr. and Mrs. Abe Cohn left Wednesday to spend the holidays with relatives at Eaton Rapids.

Howard Malpass is spending the holidays with his parents from his studies at M. S. C., East Lansing.

Wm. Swoboda, Jr. of M. S. C. is spending the holidays with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Swoboda.

Robert Pray of Pontiac and Dave Pray of M. S. C., East Lansing, are spending the holidays at their home here.

Roscoe Crowell arrived home last week from Mt. Pleasant, where he is attending school, for the holiday season.

Lois Rude of C. S. T. C., Mt. Pleasant, is spending the Christmas vacation with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. Rude.

Jean Bechtold, student at Hillsdale College, is spending the holidays with her parents, Dr. and Mrs. G. W. Bechtold.

Elizabeth and Harvey Harrington, students at M. S. C., East Lansing, are guests of their parents, Dr. and Mrs. H. M. Harrington.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Vanderbelt and daughter June of Grand Rapids are visiting Mrs. Vanderbelts' parents, Mr. and Mrs. Mke Guniderson.

Miss Gertrude Sidebotham is spending the Christmas holidays from her studies at M. S. C. with her parents, Rev. and Mrs. C. W. Sidebotham.

Walter Sedwarf of Chicago has joined his wife and infant daughter here for the holidays at the home of Mrs. Sedwarf's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Walter Langell.

Miss Helen Malpass and Miss Hazel Johnson, of Calumet, student nurses at Sparrow hospital, Lansing, were guests of the former's parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Malpass first of the week, returning to Lansing, Wednesday.

The public school teachers have gone to their various homes for the Christmas season—Merton Roberts to Sand Creek, John Smith to Otisville, Marjorie Smitten to Grand Rapids, Mildred Kjellander Miss Neimi and Beryl McDonald to their homes in Upper Peninsula, Miss Wheeler to Detroit Miss King to West Virginia and Gertrude Morrison to Ann Arbor and Wyandotte.

The ideal Gift for Christmas Greetings is a years subscription to the home-town newspaper, The Charlevoix County Herald.

## To Gas Purchasers

All gasoline stations in East Jordan will be closed on Christmas Day between 12:00 o'clock, noon, and 6:00 p. m. Open from 6:00 to 8:00 p. m. on that day.

## City Tax Notice

County and School Taxes of the City of East Jordan are due and payable at my office in the Municipal Building on and after Dec. 10th. If paid on or before January 10th, 1938, no collection fee will be added. Thereafter a charge of four per cent will be made.

G. E. BOSWELL,  
City Treasurer.

## 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 17th day of December, A. D. 1937.

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

In the Matter of the Estate of Michael Addis, Mentally Incompetent.

James Leitch, a Superintendent of the Poor of said County having filed in said court his petition alleging that said Michael Addis is a mentally incompetent person, and praying that Elmer Hotz or some other suitable person be appointed as guardian of his person and estate,

It is Ordered, That the 14th day of January A. D. 1938 at ten o'clock in the forenoon, at said probate office, he and is hereby appointed for hearing said petition;

It is Further Ordered, That notice hereof be given by personal service of a copy of this order upon said Michael Addis and upon such of his nearest relatives and presumptive heirs-at-law as reside within said county, at least fourteen days previous to said day of hearing;

And it is Further Ordered, That notice thereof be given to all others of his nearest relatives and presumptive heirs-at-law by a 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. RUEGSEGER,  
Judge of Probate.



May This Christmas Bring You Joy and Happiness and May It Bring Each Little Girl and Boy all the Fun and Gladness of that Long Waited For Day

MICHIGAN PUBLIC SERVICE COMPANY

SEASONS GREETINGS

## Our New Year's Resolution

We resolve to show our appreciation for your patronage in the past by serving you better in the future than we have ever served before.

MAY THE HOLIDAY SEASON BE A HAPPY ONE FOR YOU

## PHILLIPS BARBER SHOP

119 Main Street East Jordan

## MA YOUR HOME BE FILLED WITH CHRISTMAS CHEER

May we share our Christmas wishes and good will with you and yours in the home. It is a pleasure to serve you at any time and we solicit your continued support during the New Year.

## HITE DRUG CO.

Phone 65 East Jordan, Mich.,

## Before Christmas Goes By

MAY WE EXPRESS OUR APPRECIATION FOR YOU WHO HAVE MADE OUR BUSINESS POSSIBLE BY YOUR LOYAL SUPPORT. OUR BEST WISHES ARE FOR A CHRISTMAS AND A NEW YEAR OF JOY AND CONTENTMENT.

## Ramsey Beauty Studio

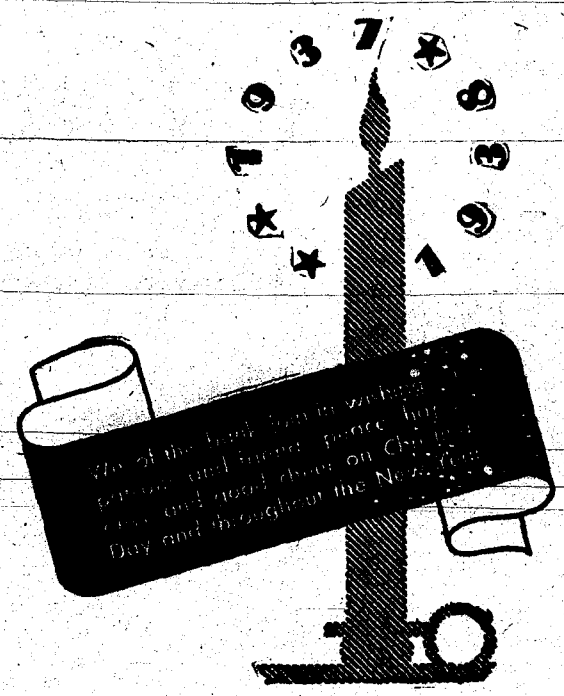
Phone 196-F4 East Jordan, Mich.,

## A SIMPLE BUT SINCERE WISH

Our wish is simple but sincere. "Merry Christmas, Happy New Year." We appreciate your patronage and hope that we may continue to serve you in the future.

## DUCK INN

101 Main Street East Jordan, Mich.,



## STATE BANK of EAST JORDAN

MEMBER FEDERAL DEPOSIT INSURANCE CORPORATION

## Merriest, Happiest Christmas

WE PRESENT THIS GALA WEEK OF SUPERB ENTERTAINMENT

SAT. ONLY, XMAS SPECIAL, Matinee & Night  
MICKEY ROONEY — JUDY GARLAND  
SOPHIE TUCKER — FRANKIE DARRO

## Thoroughbreds Don't Cry

Laurel and Hardy Comedy Latest News

SUN. MON. Dec. 26-27 Sunday Mat. 2:30 10c-15c  
Eves. 7 and 9 p. m. 10c-25c  
Rez Beach's Epic of The Gold-Mad Yukon!

## THE BARRIER

LEO CARRILLO — JEAN PARKER — ROBERT BARRAT  
ANDY CLYDE — SARA HADEN — OTTO KRUGER  
EXTRA! EXTRA! EXTRA!

## CHARLIE MCCARTHY COMEDY

TUES. WED., FAMILY NIGHTS, 2 for 25c  
ANN SOTHERN — JACK HALEY — MARY BOLAND  
EDWARD EVERETT HORTON — WALTER CATLETT

## Danger---Love At Work

West and Patricia Comedy Cabin Kids Musical

THURSDAY — FRIDAY, — DECEMBER 30 - 31  
JACK BENNY — MARTHA RAYE  
YACHT CLUB BOYS — RICHARD ARLEN — BEN BLUE

## Artists and Models

Pete Smith Comedy Historical Novelty

Please Note: Friday Nite Box Office Closes at 9 p. m.  
Mid-Nite Frolic Ticket Sole Opens at 10:30 p. m.

## THE YEARS GREAT WHOPEE PARTY

## New Year's Eve Midnite Frolic

— FRIDAY, DEC. 31st, 11:30 p. m. —

A Stage Pageant of the North's Best Amateurs. Entrants Enrolled From Boyne City, Ellsworth, Central Lake, Bellaire, Charlevoix, Elmira and East Jordan.

SURPRISE FEATURE PICTURE  
FAVORS — BALLOONS — NOISE MAKERS — SERPENTINE!  
ORGANIZE YOUR PARTY NOW! ALL SEATS 35c

## THE SHOW PLACE OF THE NORTH TEMPLE THEATRE EAST JORDAN

## May We Extend Our Heartiest Wish

For This Yuletide and The New Year

## May We Express Our Appreciation

For Your Patronage during the year just past.

## Young & Chaffee Furn. Co.

Phone 25 Boyne City, Mich.

TRY HERALD WANT ADS FOR RESULTS!



**CLASSIFIED DEPARTMENT**

**DRAFTING**

DRAFTING, first 3 lessons, \$1 per lesson, other lessons 50c each. Beginning or advanced students. Individual work. Minimum equipment cost. Extension Institute, 1018 16th Ave. S. E., Minneapolis, Minn.

**Ask Me Another**  
A General Quiz

1. How many bachelor Presidents has the United States had?
2. What does the abbreviation "non sec" stand for?
3. How does a twelve-year-old dog correspond to age in a human being?
4. What is wind?
5. Who was the Greek cynic philosopher who lived in a tub?
6. What is the procedure when a bank certifies a check?
7. What was the last federal territory to be admitted into the Union as a state?
8. What states have women as secretaries of state?
9. In what year did the first financial panic in the United States occur?
10. What proportion of the adult population of the United States has gone to college?

**Answers**

1. Two—James Buchanan and Grover Cleveland, but Cleveland was married while he was in the Presidential office.
2. Non sequitur (it does not follow).
3. A dog twelve years old is as old as a man at eighty-four.
4. Air naturally and horizontally in motion with a certain degree of velocity.
5. Diogenes.
6. It withdraws the amount of the check from the drawer's account, and holds it for the purpose of paying the check which it guarantees.
7. Arizona.
8. There are two women who are secretaries of state, the Hon. Goldie Wells of South Dakota and the Hon. Elizabeth F. Gonzales of New Mexico.
9. In 1791, following the boom in business after the close of the Revolutionary war.
10. Three per cent of the country's adult population has graduated from college, and four per cent more has attended some college.

**Love of Animals**

Instill into children the love of animals and never allow them to tease an animal in any way. Not only is it bad for their character building, but even the best tempered animals can be goaded into resenting pain by the only protection they know, biting or scratching.

**HELP KIDNEYS**

**To Get Rid of Acid and Poisonous Waste**  
Your kidneys help to keep you well by constantly filtering waste matter from the blood. If your kidneys get functionally disordered and fail to remove excess impurities, there may be poisoning of the whole system and body-wide distress.  
Burning, scanty or too frequent urination may be a warning of some kidney or bladder disturbance.  
You may suffer nagging backache, persistent headache, attacks of dizziness, getting up nights, swelling, puffiness under the eyes—feel weak, nervous, all played out.  
In such cases it is better to rely on a medicine that has won country-wide acclaim than on something less favorably known. Use Doan's Pills. A multitude of grateful people recommend Doan's. Ask your neighbor!

**DOAN'S PILLS**

**Happy Fellow**

Happy is the man who has both money and sense; for he knows how to use his wealth aright.—Democritus.

**666 checks COLDS and FEVER**

LIQUID, TABLETS first day SALVE, NOSE DROPS Headache, 30 minutes. Try "Rub-Ny-Tiss"—World's Best Linctus

WNU—O 51—37

**WATCH the Specials**

You can depend on the special sales the merchants of our town announce in the columns of this paper. They mean money saving to our readers. It always pays to patronize the merchants who advertise. They are not afraid of their merchandise or their prices

**The Christmas Bride**

By Grace Livingston Hill

**SYNOPSIS**

Young Gregory Sterling, having made a fortune in the West, reluctantly returns to his home town, and takes a luxurious room at the Whittall House. In a park, he sees a girl sitting on a bench suddenly keel over, and rushes to her rescue. He takes her to a hospital, where the doctor pronounces the cause starvation. Gregory engages a private nurse and a special nurse, Miss Gowen. While Gregory considers endowing a hospital room in memory of his mother, for the free use of strangers, he finds a purse beneath the park bench where the girl had sat. Opening it, he finds it empty except for a letter addressed to Miss Margaret McLaren, 83 Rodman street, with a blurred Vermont postmark. Reaching Rodman street, he talks to a disagreeable landlady, who insinuates Miss McLaren's rent is overdue. Gregory pays the rent. He then reads the letter, signed Grandmother, thanking Margaret for the money she sent. When he reaches the hospital to make arrangements for the endowment, he finds the patient improved but insists on leaving immediately to find a job. He tells her of the room endowment, and guarantees to get her a good job by Monday. Gregory goes on methods of doing good with his money. After church, he goes to the hospital, tells Margaret he is giving her a job himself, and that in the morning they will go off to seek the missing Margaret. The following morning the head nurse returns from a vacation, ignorant of the endowment, and insultingly questions Margaret's rights there, and tells her to get out. Margaret, still weak, leaves and finds refuge in a railway station, considering her next step. Meanwhile, on a small Vermont farm, Margaret's feebly old grandparents worry about her, and lament the wickedness of the city, and the need for Margaret to work there in order to pay the interest on the mortgage held by her old Elias Horner. Horner arrives to demand full payment by four days after Thanksgiving. Back at the hospital, Miss Gowen discovers the circumstance of Margaret's flight, insulted by the head nurse and calls Greg. When he arrives, the bronze memorial tablet is being installed, to the head nurse's great embarrassment. Greg and Miss Gowen go off to seek the missing Margaret, and finally rent the prospective offices and a room for Margaret in the same house.

**CHAPTER V—Continued**

They came out actually cheered because they had secured those nice rooms, but then they went on hunting. Scouring every street within walking distance of the hospital. "She couldn't really have gone any farther than this without money," said Nurse Gowen. "I had her up in a chair yesterday, and she felt tingly and dizzy."  
A quick look of anxiety passed over Greg's face.  
"I know," he said, "that's what I've been thinking. But, you see, she did have money. Didn't she tell you?"  
"No," said the nurse.  
"But I put some bills in her pocketbook when I brought it back. Didn't she get her pocketbook? It had the receipt for her room rent in it. You remember I told her it was there. And I had put \$25 inside the envelope that had the letter."  
"She didn't say a word about it. I don't think she even looked at her pocketbook, though I think she must have taken it with her, for it was gone."  
Greg looked troubled.  
"Well, I'm glad I put it there," he said with a sigh.  
For three long, weary days Greg carried on the search, only to find in every case nothing.

He had gone back to the hospital that first afternoon and had an interview with the powers that be. He had said things to the head nurse and her overlords that had brought down her pride and sharpness and caused the hospital officials to make great apology. They were mortified that the gift, which had indeed been generous, should have been so unfortunately received. The head nurse was in real trouble. Apologies had been demanded of her by the board of directors, but the rich young donor would receive no apologies himself. He said that when the insulted patient was found it would be time for apologies, and he wanted them made to her, not to himself.  
So the days dragged by in fruitless search, each morning dawning with new hope and fear. Greg began to lose his fresh color of the wilderness and took on a haggard grayness about the eyes.  
Going back to the hotel one night about a week after the disappearance of the girl who had come into his life so unexpectedly, and gone out with such seeming finality, he sat down disheartened.  
Suddenly the telephone rang.  
With a quick beating of his heart he strode to the instrument and picked it up.  
"Is that you, Greg?" came a strangely familiar voice thrilling over the wire. "This is Alice!"  
Greg found himself breathless. Was something really coming to him at last out of his past?  
"Yes!" he managed to respond, trying to find his way out of the bewilderment that her call had wrought. Then she spoke again.  
"Is that really you at last, Greg, after all these years of silence? I never thought you'd cut me cold like that. Don't you know me, dolling? This is Alice. Have you forgotten your old sweetheart, Alice Blair?"  
"Alice Blair?" For an instant the wild thought went through his brain, perhaps it had been a mistake. Per-

haps she never ran away and married Murky Powers! Perhaps the report had been false.  
"Alice Blair!" he repeated dazedly, eagerly, again.  
"Oh, you've come alive at last, have you, dolling? Well, you've taken your time to it. Here I've simply been languishing at home for days expecting you to come to call on me, and at last I've been driven to put my pride in my pocket and call you up. I positively couldn't stand it to wait any longer. Why haven't you come, Greg? You haven't forgotten me, have you, dolling?"

Greg found himself stirred by various emotions as he struggled to answer her. He was trying to think out quickly what might have happened in those ten years of his absence. Murky Powers wasn't dead. He was sure of that. He had seen his name on the sports page of the paper just the other day.  
"Why—I—thought you were married!" he blundered out at last.  
A silvery laugh trilled over the wire and rippled in his ear, making pleasant little shivers down his back. "It was as if suddenly all his disillusionment had rolled away and Alice Blair was just a little golden girl again that his mother didn't quite understand.  
"Married!" she lifted. "Oh, that's precious, Greg. Are you really as innocent as that yet? Now don't tell me you've been kept a babe in arms! Married! What's that got to do with it? Of course I'm married. Twice married for the matter of that. I divorced Murky, that prince of brutes, before a year was up, and I'm just back from Reno now getting rid of his successor. Safe and sane and disillusioned. But that's neither here nor there. Once sweethearts is always sweethearts, isn't that so, Greggie dolling? Or am I mistaken? Is it?"  
Greg found himself bewildered by her chirping. He hesitated an in-

stant and she went on, her tone graver now with a hint of tears behind it.  
"But seriously, Greg, aren't you coming to see me right away? I need you. I really do. I've been through terribly hard experiences and I need a real friend. As soon as I heard you were in town, I rejoiced, for I knew you were just what I needed."  
"I didn't know you lived here," Greg's voice sounded blunt again. He felt strangely embarrassed at the way this grown-up Alice was taking things for granted, calling him darling and telling him of her divorces. "Last I heard of you, you were living in New York."  
"Oh, but that's ages ago. I went to Paris for two years, and then Florida for the winter. Took a trip to the little old Panama canal incidentally. Oh, I've been around a bit. But now I'm home at last. For a while at least. Mother's still living here, you know. She took a house on the West Side. What's that? No, I'm not with Mother. Her ways are not my ways, never were, you remember." A careless little laugh rippled over to him. "No, I couldn't be bothered living where I'm watched every move I make. I have an apartment in the Claridge. It's really quite swell. And that brings me to the point. I want you to come over and take dinner with me, just us two, you know. Come about seven and we can have a real talk. You better dress because there'll be others dropping in later in the evening, and we'll likely get around to a night club or two before morning. We always do, so come prepared. Now, you won't fail me, will you, Greggie dolling? It's so nice to have you back!"  
Greg turned from hanging up the receiver and looked about his room. It was the same strange room but somehow it looked less lonesome.



"Oh, You Dolling! Aren't You Perfectly Stunning!"

There was somebody in town who cared. He was going out to dinner! He was going to see Alice again! His heart was warm and eager.  
The disturbing thought came that she had married again after one sharp experience, and was again divorced.  
He was full of anticipation as he prepared for the evening, even whistling a wild bar or two of a non-descript song.  
When he stood at last in the ornate vestibule of Alice's apartment waiting to be let in, his manner was cool, repressed, self-contained.  
Greg entered the strangest-looking room he had ever seen. There were hangings of black velvet and silver cloth, and a lot of queer, triangular mirrors in unexpected places. There were flowers everywhere, rare hothouse flowers. It suddenly occurred to Greg that he ought to have sent her flowers.  
It occurred to him to wonder who had sent her these roses. Great yellow ones with a glow of crimson in their hearts, dozens of them in a copper bowl reflected in a slab of mirror on a low table. Crimson roses in a tall crystal vase. Did Alice buy these roses for herself? Was she rich enough now to revel in luxuries of this sort, or did other men send them to her? The uneasy question shot like a pang through his heart, and then he saw her coming and forgot everything else.  
She was wearing a frail evening frock of green satin. Her face was like a lovely flower, and her pale gold hair was drawn back smooth and close about her small symmetrical head and gathered into a knot in her neck, leaving her pretty little ears uncovered, and giving her an innocent, childlike air which the vivid dash of carmine on her small petulant lips only half belied.  
A necklace glittered on the whiteness of her neck, there were jewels flashing from her small white hands.  
A moment she stood poised at the upper end of the long room, letting him get the full effect of her entrance, fairly taking his breath away with her loveliness, appraising him with a delighted glance. Then, with all the gush of the Alice of old, only with perhaps a new touch of artificiality she cried out joyfully:  
"Oh, you dolling! Aren't you perfectly stunning!"  
Then she rushed forward and before he had any idea what was coming she had seized his face in both her slim, smooth hands and kissed him smartly on his mouth.  
He started back from her. It was too soon, he told himself. She seemed a stranger. He stiffened and met her onslaught almost stolidly.  
"Dolling!" she reproached tenderly, holding him off and looking at him fondly. He stood warily regarding her.  
She led him to a great deep velvet chair beside the table with the mirrored roses.  
"You're perfectly stunning there, you know," she declared, and then she suddenly stooped and kissed him again, this time on his forehead just where the hair fell over the whiteness of the flesh.  
He knew he did not like this either. Not so soon.  
But Alice divined his mood. She sat down quietly, opposite him, sat so her lovely profile was turned toward him. Sat with a sudden sweetness upon her and a quiver of her delicate chin, while she told in hushed sentences, with downcast eyes, of the sorrows that had been hers since last he saw her. A little well-trained tear or two stole out and down her soft cheek like dew on a rose petal and trembled there on a rose petal and trembled there.  
Sterling sat and watched her, his heart warming to her. Ah! This was the Alice that he had always dreamed his mother would discover in his girl some day! And this dear

sorrowing girl had kissed him twice when he came in! Why had he taken it so coolly? His senses stirred as he watched her now in her sweet gentleness. He would like to go and sit over there beside her, put his arm around her, draw her head down on his shoulder and tell her how his heart ached for her. Little, delicate, lovely Alice Blair! To think that men would dare to marry her and put her through so much!

Dinner was announced while they were talking, and the subdued mood seemed to last. She seated him opposite to her with a quaint dignity and a gentle deference that put him within an atmosphere of intimacy. More and more as the meal went on and he looked into her eyes as she raised them meaningfully to his, he was thrilled with the fact that he was sitting here with Alice, dining with her, just as if they belonged together, as if they had always belonged together.

But the quiet, intimate dinner was over at last, and almost at once a caller was announced. An older man with baggy pouches under his eyes. He who answered to the name of "Mortie" greeted her with outstretched hands and patted her cheek, called her "Blair, dear," and dared to kiss her fingers. Greg distrusted him from the moment he saw him, hated him, registered a vow to stick around and protect Alice from his attentions.

Then others began to drop in, blase men who eyed Greg indifferently, noisy girls in abnormal costumes, an artist or two and a musician who had already been drinking.  
Alice introduced them in a group as "the gang" and called Greg "an old sweetheart of mine." They stared at him briefly and all began clamoring for drinks.  
Greg settled down sternly in a corner to watch this new development. When he looked up again Alice was sitting beside that obnoxious Mortie on the couch lighting a cigarette from his. Everybody was drinking and Alice was drinking, too. She seemed to have forgotten him. He was the only one in the room who was not drinking. Alice noticed him at last and called across the room to him.  
"Greg, dolling, aren't you having anything to drink?"  
Greg answered nothing and presently arose and looked about him.  
No one seemed to be paying the slightest attention to him. Why should he not go?  
But Alice perhaps divined his thought, and waving her hand, called:  
"Come, folks, we're going out to find a nice place to spend the evening!" and she floated over to Greg and nestled up beside him.  
"You're going to take me!" she confided to him with almost the sweet and gracious air she had worn at dinner, conferring her greatest favor upon him.  
Something stirred within Greg again, the old attraction. He knew he didn't belong to this orgy. Yet he did not seem able to resist that look in Alice's eyes. After all, why blame her so? She had lived in Paris. She had lived with men who did these things. He hesitated.  
And while he hesitated the man named Mortie came over to her with the white fur wrap her maid had brought.  
"Come on then, Blair, dear!" he said possessively, holding out her wrap and folding it intimately about her shoulders.  
Alice let him put the wrap about her, but she lifted her azure eyes to Greg's face.  
"You may put on my wrap, Mortie precious," she said languidly, "but I'm going with my old sweetheart, Gregory Sterling!" and she slipped a little jeweled hand inside Greg's arm. "Come on, folks," she called. "We're going out to find a night club."  
(TO BE CONTINUED)

and French knots, either in a combination of colors or the same color throughout. Pattern 1553 contains a transfer pattern of an alphabet 2 1/2 inches high, two 1 1/4 inches high and one 3/4 inch high; information for placing initials and monograms; illustrations of all stitches used.

Send 15 cents in stamps or coins (coins preferred) for this pattern to The Sewing Circle, Needlecraft Dept., 82 Eighth Ave., New York, N. Y.

**HOUSEHOLD QUESTIONS**

**Preventing Rust in Oven.**—After using the oven, leave the oven door wide open, to allow it to cool down thoroughly. This allows all moisture to escape and prevents rust.

**Watch Your Step.**—Painting the bottom step of the cellar stairs white makes it more conspicuous and often helps to prevent accidents.

**Salt and Pepper Shaker.**—A large shaker containing six parts salt to one part pepper and kept on the stove will save steps when seasoning cooking foods.

**Split Pea Soup.**—Six quarts water, one and one-half pounds beef shank, one pound pig knuckle, one pound split peas, two onions, sliced. Crack the bones and cover with cold water. Add the peas and bring slowly to a boil. Boil steadily for about four hours, removing the scum as it rises. As the soup begins to thicken, cook slowly in order not to scorch. Add the onions about one hour before the soup is done.

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Name..... Street Address..... City..... State.....

**Exploitation of Michigan's Great Copper Deposits Goes Back to Prehistoric Ages**

The history of the exploitation of Michigan's copper deposits undoubtedly goes back to the prehistoric ages, through the period of Indian domination, the early pioneer days of the first white settlers, with 1850 marking the beginning of large-scale operations on a profitable commercial basis, writes Albert Stoll, Jr., in the Detroit News.  
This thought of Michigan copper was inspired by a statement made during 1884. The copper market reached its peak price, 55 cents a pound, and a number of persons made a profit by melting down copper pennies and selling the metal. A check revealed that this would have been impossible, even though they happened to be the over-sized pennies the coining of which was discontinued in 1858. Our present penny contains about 95 per cent copper and the rest zinc and tin. It would take about 140 of these to make a pound of metal and at 55

cents a pound the investor would be losing two-thirds of his money.  
Since 1850 our mines have produced over one and one-quarter billion dollars' worth of this red metal, perhaps a record unequalled in any other copper-bearing district as restricted as this in the entire world. The bottom on price was reached in 1932 when copper brought only five cents a pound. Since that time it has reached 14 cents. Up to 1936 the copper country of Michigan has produced 3,882,000,000 pounds with the record year falling in 1917 with 270,000,000 pounds. About 1,000,000 pounds were produced in 1935.  
In 1887 Michigan led all states in copper production, but today she is fourth with Arizona, Montana and Utah in the lead.  
A Tremendous Power  
The inertia of habits is one of the most tremendous powers on earth.

There was somebody in town who cared. He was going out to dinner! He was going to see Alice again! His heart was warm and eager.

The disturbing thought came that she had married again after one sharp experience, and was again divorced.

He was full of anticipation as he prepared for the evening, even whistling a wild bar or two of a non-descript song.

When he stood at last in the ornate vestibule of Alice's apartment waiting to be let in, his manner was cool, repressed, self-contained.

Greg entered the strangest-looking room he had ever seen. There were hangings of black velvet and silver cloth, and a lot of queer, triangular mirrors in unexpected places.

There were flowers everywhere, rare hothouse flowers. It suddenly occurred to Greg that he ought to have sent her flowers.

It occurred to him to wonder who had sent her these roses. Great yellow ones with a glow of crimson in their hearts, dozens of them in a copper bowl reflected in a slab of mirror on a low table.

Crimson roses in a tall crystal vase. Did Alice buy these roses for herself? Was she rich enough now to revel in luxuries of this sort, or did other men send them to her?

The uneasy question shot like a pang through his heart, and then he saw her coming and forgot everything else.

She was wearing a frail evening frock of green satin. Her face was like a lovely flower, and her pale gold hair was drawn back smooth and close about her small symmetrical head and gathered into a knot in her neck, leaving her pretty little ears uncovered, and giving her an innocent, childlike air which the vivid dash of carmine on her small petulant lips only half belied.

A necklace glittered on the whiteness of her neck, there were jewels flashing from her small white hands.

A moment she stood poised at the upper end of the long room, letting him get the full effect of her entrance, fairly taking his breath away with her loveliness, appraising him with a delighted glance.

Then, with all the gush of the Alice of old, only with perhaps a new touch of artificiality she cried out joyfully:

"Oh, you dolling! Aren't you perfectly stunning!"

Then she rushed forward and before he had any idea what was coming she had seized his face in both her slim, smooth hands and kissed him smartly on his mouth.

He started back from her. It was too soon, he told himself. She seemed a stranger. He stiffened and met her onslaught almost stolidly.

"Dolling!" she reproached tenderly, holding him off and looking at him fondly. He stood warily regarding her.

She led him to a great deep velvet chair beside the table with the mirrored roses.

"You're perfectly stunning there, you know," she declared, and then she suddenly stooped and kissed him again, this time on his forehead just where the hair fell over the whiteness of the flesh.

He knew he did not like this either. Not so soon.

But Alice divined his mood. She sat down quietly, opposite him, sat so her lovely profile was turned toward him. Sat with a sudden sweetness upon her and a quiver of her delicate chin, while she told in hushed sentences, with downcast eyes, of the sorrows that had been hers since last he saw her.

A little well-trained tear or two stole out and down her soft cheek like dew on a rose petal and trembled there on a rose petal and trembled there.

Sterling sat and watched her, his heart warming to her. Ah! This was the Alice that he had always dreamed his mother would discover in his girl some day! And this dear

sorrowing girl had kissed him twice when he came in! Why had he taken it so coolly? His senses stirred as he watched her now in her sweet gentleness. He would like to go and sit over there beside her, put his arm around her, draw her head down on his shoulder and tell her how his heart ached for her.

Little, delicate, lovely Alice Blair! To think that men would dare to marry her and put her through so much!

Dinner was announced while they were talking, and the subdued mood seemed to last. She seated him opposite to her with a quaint dignity and a gentle deference that put him within an atmosphere of intimacy. More and more as the meal went on and he looked into her eyes as she raised them meaningfully to his, he was thrilled with the fact that he was sitting here with Alice, dining with her, just as if they belonged together, as if they had always belonged together.

But the quiet, intimate dinner was over at last, and almost at once a caller was announced. An older man with baggy pouches under his eyes. He who answered to the name of "Mortie" greeted her with outstretched hands and patted her cheek, called her "Blair, dear," and dared to kiss her fingers. Greg distrusted him from the moment he saw him, hated him, registered a vow to stick around and protect Alice from his attentions.

Then others began to drop in, blase men who eyed Greg indifferently, noisy girls in abnormal costumes, an artist or two and a musician who had already been drinking.

Alice introduced them in a group as "the gang" and called Greg "an old sweetheart of mine." They stared at him briefly and all began clamoring for drinks.

Greg settled down sternly in a corner to watch this new development. When he looked up again Alice was sitting beside that obnoxious Mortie on the couch lighting a cigarette from his. Everybody was drinking and Alice was drinking, too. She seemed to have forgotten him. He was the only one in the room who was not drinking. Alice noticed him at last and called across the room to him.

"Greg, dolling, aren't you having anything to drink?"

Greg answered nothing and presently arose and looked about him. No one seemed to be paying the slightest attention to him. Why should he not go?

But Alice perhaps divined his thought, and waving her hand, called: "Come, folks, we're going out to find a nice place to spend the evening!" and she floated over to Greg and nestled up beside him.

"You're going to take me!" she confided to him with almost the sweet and gracious air she had worn at dinner, conferring her greatest favor upon him.

Something stirred within Greg again, the old attraction. He knew he didn't belong to this orgy. Yet he did not seem able to resist that look in Alice's eyes. After all, why blame her so? She had lived in Paris. She had lived with men who did these things. He hesitated.

And while he hesitated the man named Mortie came over to her with the white fur wrap her maid had brought.

"Come on then, Blair, dear!" he said possessively, holding out her wrap and folding it intimately about her shoulders.

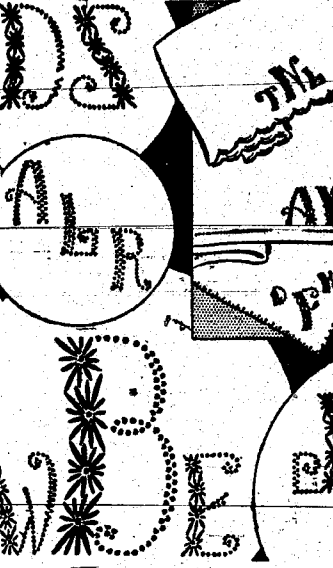
Alice let him put the wrap about her, but she lifted her azure eyes to Greg's face.

"You may put on my wrap, Mortie precious," she said languidly, "but I'm going with my old sweetheart, Gregory Sterling!" and she slipped a little jeweled hand inside Greg's arm. "Come on, folks," she called. "We're going out to find a night club."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

**Initials on Linens Stamp You as Chic**

It's smart to "be personal" when marking linens, for towels, pillow slips, sheets and even personal "dainties" make known your ownership when embroidered with your very own initials. These are quickly worked in single stitch



Pattern 1553.

and French knots, either in a combination of colors or the same color throughout. Pattern 1553 contains a transfer pattern of an alphabet 2 1/2 inches high, two 1 1/4 inches high and one 3/4 inch high; information for placing initials and monograms; illustrations of all stitches used.

Send 15 cents in stamps or coins (coins preferred) for this pattern to The Sewing Circle, Needlecraft Dept., 82 Eighth Ave., New York, N. Y.

**HOUSEHOLD QUESTIONS**

**Preventing Rust in Oven.**—After using the oven, leave the oven door wide open, to allow it to cool down thoroughly. This allows all moisture to escape and prevents rust.

**Watch Your Step.**—Painting the bottom step of the cellar stairs white makes it more conspicuous and often helps to prevent accidents.

**Salt and Pepper Shaker.**—A large shaker containing six parts salt to one part pepper and kept on the stove will save steps when seasoning cooking foods.

**Split Pea Soup.**—Six quarts water, one and one-half pounds beef shank, one pound pig knuckle, one pound split peas, two onions, sliced. Crack the bones and cover with cold water. Add the peas and bring slowly to a boil. Boil steadily for about four hours, removing the scum as it rises. As the soup begins to thicken, cook slowly in order not to scorch. Add the onions about one hour before the soup is done.

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# What Irwin S. Cobb Thinks about

Vanishing Wild Life.

**VARNER PLANTATION, TEX.**—Thanks to wise legislation, the wild fowl are coming back to this gulf country. True, the flocks may never again be what they were; yet, with continued conservation, there'll again be gunning for one and all.

But when I think back on the ducks I saw down here 10 years ago—in countless hosts—I'm reminded of what Charley Russell, the cowboy artist, said to the lady tourist who asked him whether the old-time r's exaggerated when they described the size of the vanished buffalo herds.

"Wellum," said Charley, "I didn't get up to this Montana country until after the buffaloes started thinning out. But I remember once I was night-herding when the fall drift got between me and camp and I sat by and watched 'em pass. Not having anything else to do, I started counting 'em. Including calves, I counted up to 3,009,625,294, and right then was when I got discouraged and quit. Because I happened to look over the ridge and here came the main drove."



Irwin S. Cobb

## Becoming a Head Man.

LET an unshorn dandruff fancier claim he's divine and, if nobody else agrees with his diagnosis, the police will jug him as a common nuisance and the jail warden will forcibly trim his whiskers for him or anyhow have them searched. But if enough folks, who've tried all the old religions and are looking for a new one, decide he is the genuine article, then pretty soon we have a multitude testifying to the omnipotence of their idol.

Let another man think he is a reincarnation of Julius Caesar or Alexander the Great, and if few or none feel the same way about it he's headed for the insane asylum. But if a majority, which is a large body of persons entirely surrounded by delusions, agrees with him that he is what he says he is he becomes a dictator and rules over the land until common sense is restored, if at all.

Let the writer of a daily column begin to think his judgments are perfect and his utterances are infallible—but, hold on, what's the use of getting personal?

## Grandma's Togs.

WE LAUGH at our grandmothers who believed that, for a lady to be properly dressed, she should have a little something on anyway.

Maybe those mid-Victorian ladies sort of overdid the thing—bustles that made them look like half-sisters to the dromedary, skirts so tight they hobbled like refugees from a chain gang, corsets laced in until breathing was almost a lost art, boned collars so high they seemed to be peeping over an alley fence. Still, wearing five or six starched petticoats, the little woman was safe from Jack the Pincher unless he borrowed some steamfitter's pliers.

And later when, for a season, blessed simplicity ruled the styles, her figure expressed the queenly grace that comes from long, chaste lines. Probably the dears never figured it out. Just the natural cunning of their sex told them 'twas the flowing robes which gave majesty and dignity to kings on the throne and judges on the bench and prelates at the altar—and shapely women-folk.

How old-fashioned those times seem today when every dancing floor is a strip-tease exhibit and every bathing beach a nudist show; and a debutante, posing for snapshots, feels she's cheating her public unless she proves both knees still are there.

## Reading Dickens.

I'VE been reading Dickens again. This means again and again. I take "Pickwick Papers" once a year just as some folks take hay fever. Only I enjoy my attack.

Dickens may have done caricatures, but he had human models to go by. He drew grotesques, but his grotesques had less highly-colored duplicates in real life. And readers recognized them and treasured them as symbols of authentic types. The list is almost endless—Sam Weller, Sairy Gamp, Daniel Quilp, Uriah Heep, Mrs. Nickelby, Mr. Micawber, Mr. Pecksniff—oh, a dozen more.

What writer since Dickens has been able to perpetuate one-tenth so many characters? There is Tarkington with his Penrod and his Alice Adams; there was Mark Twain with his Huck Finn and Colonel Mulberry Sellers. There lately has been Sinclair Lewis with two picturesque creations, wit: Babbitt—and Sinclair Lewis.

IRVIN S. COBB  
Copyright.—WNU Service.



## Dolls Of Yesteryear

by Frances Grinstead



TWENTY-FIVE years ago a little girl's letter to Santa Claus went something like this:

Dear Santa:  
Please bring me a new head for my dolly. Her name is Christina. She still has a nice body, but her head has so many dents it won't last another year. I would like one this time with real hair made into curls; and eyes that open and shut.

Your trusting friend,  
What has become of those Christmas dolls whose bodies could outlast half a dozen heads? When the curls went straight, or the wig



Mother Took the Little Girl to See the Dolls.

dropped off, or little brother Johnnie picked the wax off the eyelids, and sister was consoled by promising her a new head. Mother took her to a department store where there was as large a display of doll heads as of dolls. There were china heads, metal heads, and heads of papier-mache. There were heads with wigs and some without. There were those with parted lips and dainty teeth showing, while others hid their smiles behind firm mouths and staring eyes.

One thing these varied heads had in common. Their necks widened into four-square bibs front and back with holes at the corners for applying the needle to the old body. The bodies in those days were of cloth, their inner substance sawdust. Where now are those torsos that could withstand endless repairing, fresh sawdust, and new heads?

They probably found their way to the attic in time and sister was promised a whole new doll. Then her trip to the department store was a matter of deciding between a "dressed" and an "undressed" dolly. Mothers preferred the latter because they would bear closer inspection as to materials and workmanship. Dolly's clothes were easily made out of the family scrap-bag or by the willing hands of the family seamstress, who did the job for recreation. Moreover, the undressed doll cost a little less. But sister liked to linger over those in silks and satins with poke-bonnets and plumes covering their golden curls. They wore petticoats and often they held their fragile fingers in tiny muffs of mink and sable.



## CHRISTMAS GLADNESS

THE chimes in the spires,  
The singing of choirs,  
Are telling these tidings anew;  
May all their glad ringing  
And all their sweet singing  
Fill Christmas with gladness for you!



IT WAS foolish to waste time and material making them, John Carlson told his mother when she said she would like to make some "gingerbread dolls" for the Christmas display in the window of his bakery. No one was interested in such things any more.

Yes, he was a very good son to her—he had given her a good home. She had nothing to worry her now—no responsibility. But she would enjoy making the dolls; that wouldn't seem like work. She would furnish the materials and make them in her own kitchen. Of course if she wanted to make them she could, John said.

That he was wrong, John had to admit. "We have never had so much interest shown in the window display and never sold more than we have since we put those gingerbread dolls in the window," John told a customer who had returned for a second purchase of dolls. Hulda Carlson had made not one type of doll, but different ones, and grouped them into families. "Her idea of grouping them into families is new. That's what attracted attention," the customer said.

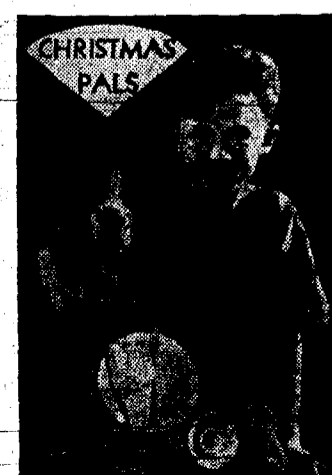
When John told his mother this, she smiled. It was the love and happy thoughts—glad memories—



"That's What Attracted Attention," the Customer Said.

which went into the making that was the cause, she told herself. Her children had loved the sweet bits she had made for them at Christmas. Her children and grandchildren had outgrown such pleasures, but weren't there others who would enjoy those things? There proved to be many. And what joy it had brought her. No profit in money, but large dividends in joy—real Christmas joy—that of serving and giving happiness.

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## IMPROVED UNIFORM INTERNATIONAL SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON

By REV. HAROLD L. LUNDQUIST, Dean of the Moody Bible Institute of Chicago. © Western Newspaper Union.

### Lesson for December 26

#### CHRISTIAN CONSECRATION

LESSON TEXT—Philippians 1:12-26.  
GOLDEN TEXT—For to me to live is Christ, and to die is gain.—Philippians 1:21.  
PRIMARY TOPIC—Our Best Friend.  
JUNIOR TOPIC—Answering Jesus.  
INTERMEDIATE AND SENIOR TOPIC—Choosing a Life Purpose.  
YOUNG PEOPLE AND ADULT TOPIC—What Christian Surrender Means.

Consecration is one of the words expressing Christian truth which has been so much used and so often misused that it has lost its savor. The writer remembers many a "consecration service" which meant nothing to those present except the fulfilling of a certain formula or program. The purpose of the meeting was excellent, but results were lacking because it had become a mere formality.

Paul the apostle knew nothing of any theory of consecration. He knew and lived and proclaimed such an abandonment of self to Christ and his cause as really required no statement in words—it was his life.

We close today a three-month series of studies in the Christian life. We began at the right point by considering "Christian Sonship," for no one can live until he is born and no one can live a Christian life until he is born again. We have considered together God's grace in keeping, renewing, guiding, blessing, and communing with his own. All these precious truths call us to devote ourselves to Christ in glad and full consecration.

Men give themselves thus to the building of a fortune, to the propagation of a political or social theory, to the pursuit of an occupation or profession. Why should not the Christian give himself in like measure for Christ and his holy cause?

Paul, in the verses of our lesson, shows that spirit and boldly declares that he follows Christ regardless of trying circumstance—he does so now, "in the body," not later in glory. And it matters not whether it be by life or death—"Christ shall be magnified."

I. "What Then?" (v. 18).  
Paul was imprisoned for the gospel's sake. Did that stop him? no; he made the very guards who were assigned to watch him in his house into missionaries of the cross. He won each one as he took his designated period of service and sent him out as a testimony to "the whole praetorian guard and to all the rest" (v. 13 R. V.).

Then, some of his Christian associates taking advantage of the fact that he was imprisoned, went out to preach just to show that they were as good as he. They made their very preaching an expression of their envy of his popularity and hoped to heap more sorrow upon him. Did he get angry and bitterly fight back? No; he thanked God that Christ was preached. We need more of that spirit in our day.

II. "In My Body."  
One of the glaring fallacies of human thinking is the idea that at some favorable time in the future we shall be able to enjoy life, do mighty deeds or serve the Lord. For example parents fail to enjoy their children because they are always looking forward to the next stage of their development. The time to enjoy and help our children is now. The time to serve the Lord Jesus is now. The day will come when we shall be glorified with him, but it will then be too late to speak to our neighbors about Christ.

III. "To Live Is Christ and to Die Is Gain" (v. 21).  
Humanly speaking when a matter is one of "life or death" it is a question whether death may not intervene. The hope is that this may not be the case and every effort is made to prevent it. How different with Paul. He rightly points out that to a Christian death means entering into perfect fellowship with Christ and unlimited service for him. Every human limitation will then be put aside—knowledge, service, communion, will all be perfect and complete.

He would not, however, turn away from his present privilege and duty. Since it is God's will that he should abide in the flesh he will do it in such a way as to make it literally true that to him "to live is Christ." Every life has a purpose and that ruling passion which controls and directs a life is what should be written into the sentence, "To me to live is . . ." What is it—money, position, pleasure, sin? Or is it Christ? If he is your life, then you enter into the New Year with the assurance that it will be full and satisfying, and gloriously useful.

Spiteful Words  
A spiteful word cuts both ways. A slander hurts the man or woman who spreads it in a more deadly, though unseen, way than it hurts its intended victim. Victor Hugo nobly says, "Every sword has two edges; and the man who wounds with one, wounds himself with the other."

Only One Real Failure  
There is only one real failure possible; and that is, not to be true to the best one knows.—Canon Farrar.

## Catch Up on Chic



IF YOU'RE a bit behind in the thrilling game of Sew-Your-Own, Milady, why not take advantage of the holiday season and catch up? Today's trio is especially right for "vacation sewing" because it consists of simple practical pieces that require little time and trouble. Make all three and you'll have gone a long way toward putting the old punch back in the game.

**Streamlined Styling.**  
The slip at the left is all you could wish for from the standpoint of styling. It offers superb lines from the moderately low cut V neck, through the dart-fitted waist right down to the very hem. The clever overlapping back is light proof and provides an action pleat so necessary for complete satisfaction. Important, too, is the fact that you may choose the material you wish in your own color. Better make it in duplicate for many meticulous months ahead.

**Pretty in Sheer Wool.**  
The two-piece in the center is, like the slip, heavy on style. The defined waist is effectively young as is the flowing skirt and little round collar. It is just the frock to give one lots of git-up-and-git for the second semester, or "to break the ice" whenever one is anxious about one's appearance. It can be the height of chic in sheer wool—very pretty in flat crepe.

**Modern Home Dress.**  
When it's home you're thinking of you naturally turn to a frock like the third member of the trio at the right. This button-all-the-way model is different enough to delight you and simple enough to set you sewing at sight. It is cut for comfort but with an ever watchful eye on that elusive little thing called chic. Crisp contrast may be had in the collar and cuffs and in that trim row of buttons

that march down the line—and then back again. Look fresh in your version in pretty percale.

**The Patterns.**  
Pattern 1946 is designed for sizes 14 to 20 (32 to 44 bust). Size 16 requires 3 1/4 yards of 39 inch fabric. Requires 3/4 yard of ribbon in required for shoulder straps.

Pattern 1404 is designed for sizes 12 to 20 (30 to 38 bust). Size 14 requires 4 1/2 yards of 39 inch material.

Pattern 1390 is designed for sizes 34 to 48. Size 36 requires 4 1/2 yards of 35 inch material. The collar and cuffs in contrast require 1 1/4 yards material.

Send your order to The Sewing Circle Pattern Dept., Room 1020, 211 W. Wacker Dr., Chicago, Ill. Price of patterns, 15 cents (in coins) each.

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## Smiles

In Figures  
Mother-in-law—Why don't you and Nellie stop scrapping? A man and his wife should be as one.  
Hankins—But we really are 10.  
Mother-in-law—How's that?  
Hankins—Well, in Nellie's mind she's the one and I'm the naught.

Not One of 'Em  
Mrs. Duff—Some things go without saying.  
Duff—Yes, my dear, but not your tongue.

Man, to chemist—Could you make this hair blonde and put it on my shoulder? I'm trying to make my girl jealous!

Tell Willie  
Willie—Please, teacher, what did I learn today?  
Teacher—Why, Willie, what a peculiar question!  
Willie—Well, that's what they'll ask me when I get home.



## Uncle Phil Says:

**Respect Due Precedent**  
Respect for precedent has a solid basis. Don't be contemptuous of precedent, but study its claims to authority.

If you want to enjoy retrospection, recall your happiness; not your sorrows.

Gossip thrives less among men particularly because it means a black eye if not worse.

Men have had but one burst of extravagance in clothing in the last 30 years. It was when they paid \$8 for a silk shirt.

It is hard to conceal contempt. Something besides words gives you away.

Why is it easier to start a forest fire with the mere stub of a cigarette than to set a furnace going with two pounds of kindling wood?

## Constipated?



What a difference good bowel habits can make! To keep food wastes soft and moving, many doctors recommend Nujol.

INSIST ON GENUINE NUJOL

## CHEW LONG BILL NAVY TOBACCO 5¢ PLUS

## The Housewife . . .

**"Research Professor of Economy"**  
SHE'S not a Ph.D. or an LL.D. She hasn't a diploma or a cap and gown. Her research is not done in the laboratory or the library. As a matter of fact, her findings are made, usually, in the street car, in the subway, in the suburban commuter's train.  
She reads the advertisements in this paper with care and consideration. They form her research data. By means of them she makes her purchases so that she well deserves the title of "Research Professor of Economy." She discovers them after them, as the years roll on, combining high quality with low.  
It is clear to you at once that you . . . and all who make and keep a home . . . have the same opportunity. With the help of newspaper advertising you, too, can graduate from the school of indiscriminate buying into the faculty of fastidious purchases!



## GREETINGS

### To Our Friends On Christmas

Our patrons are our friends. We could not get along without our friends. It makes us feel good to know that you stood by us in the past and we solicit your friendship for the coming year.

A Yuletide of Joy and a  
New Year of Happiness

## Boyne Avenue Greenhouse

Phone 55

Boyne City, Mich.

### Council Proceedings

Special meeting of the Common Council of the City of East Jordan, held in the Council Chambers of the City Hall, on December 18, 1937. The following members of the Council were present: Bussler, Kenny, Shaw, Strehl and Mayor pro tempore, Crowell. Absent, Carson and Lorraine.

Motion by Bussler and supported by Strehl, that the city sponsor a movie show at the Temple Theatre as a Xmas gift to the school children at a cost not to exceed \$20.00. Carried, all ayes.

W. LANGELL, City Clerk.

Regular meeting of the Common Council of the city of East Jordan, held in the Council Room, December 20, 1937.

Mayor Carson called the meeting to order at 7:30 p. m. and the following members of the Council were present: Crowell, Kenny, Lorraine, Shaw, Strehl and Mayor Carson.

No objection was raised to the minutes of the previous meeting and after the reading of the minutes were held approved.

The following bills were presented:

Merle Crowell, labor paym't	\$ 10.90
E. J. Co-ops, 4800 lbs. coal	17.20
LeRoy Sherman, supplies	7.26
Mich. Pub. Service	15.75
Owosso Merchandise Co., toilet supplies	7.50
E. J. Co-op, 16500 lbs. coal	66.00
Mich. Bell Tel.	13.59
Earl Bussler, work	11.40
Gaius Hammond, salary	80.00
Mich. Pub. Service, final reading	3.08
Badger Meter Mfg. Co, meters	492.00

Motion by Kenny and supported by Crowell that the bills be paid. Motion carried, all ayes.

Motion by Lorraine and supported by Shaw, that the WPA crew wreck the Carney house, pile the lumber and the material to be disposed of by the Common Council. Motion carried: ayes Crowell, Kenny, Lorraine, Shaw, Strehl and Mayor Carson. No nays.

Motion to adjourn carried.

W. LANGELL, City Clerk.

### JUST PLAIN IDIOTS?

An Associated Press news dispatch from Lansing a few days ago declared that 709,854 bushels of the best grade of potatoes raised in Michigan during the past summer will be destroyed or fed to livestock. This, it is reported, is in keeping with the "government crop control" program. State Agricultural Commissioner John B. Strange said his department had requested federal assistance, and as the result the government will pay to potato growers \$107,000 and take away from hungry men, women and children of Michigan nearly three-fourths million bushels of potatoes. This price is not enough to pay the farmers for his seed and planting.

Wouldn't it be a million times better for the farmers of Michigan if these public officials paid the growers somewhere near the prevailing market price for their crops and then turned the potatoes over to the professional social welfare workers to deliver to those in distress? By peddling potatoes to the needy as they ramble about the state in their automobiles at five cents per mile of tax pennies these "degree" social workers would be doing something at least to earn the thousands of tax dollars they collect in salaries every month.

Crop destruction in times of widespread unemployment and when there are large numbers reported to be actually hungry just does not seem to be common sense. Is there any one except just the plain idiotic who would approve of such a thing?

Such news at a time when all Michigan should be rejoicing in the happiness of the Christmas season is almost beyond belief. Hungry little children look pleadingly into the faces of their parents, begging for food, while fool public officials, dump hundreds of thousands of Michigan's best potatoes into gullies to ROT!

What is our self-advertised "great humanitarian Governor" thinking of to permit such a thing to happen in times like these? He dares NOT say that he is without authority to prevent such a wanton destruction of food when actual hunger faces so many of our good people.

Oh yes, it was perfectly alright for Lansing officials to plan to dip their hands into state funds a while back and take out a hundred thousand dollars or thereabouts to buy a "man-

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## MICHIGAN PUBLIC SERVICE COMPANY

less public job holders and indolent welfare workers, and buy potatoes from the farmers at a price they are ENTITLED to get for their crop! Then see to it that the hungry receive the food that our officials plan now to let ROT in the fields or feed to hogs.

(By E. R. Eaton in this week's issue of The Plymouth Mail.)

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# OUR CHRISTMAS MESSAGE TO OUR PATRONS

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To our friends who have been with us through the years and have been kind and considerate and to our new friends who have not been with us long we extend the season's greetings. We do not look upon you merely as customers but as friends ..... we are all one big family of friends. We like to feel that our business is essential to you and that we are rendering worthwhile service. It is our pleasure to serve you.

We Wish for you the best that Christmas holds of mirth and cheer and a New Year of happiness and prosperity.

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