A Blue Mark around this notice shows that this subscription runs out on the first of the following month and should be renewed at once to avoid break in service.

THE LOWELL LEDGER

and THE ALTO WEEKLY SOLO

The Paper that stops when the time is up. Not forced on any one. That's worth the money and then some, $2.00 per year in advance.

VOL. XXVIII, NO. 23 — LOWELL, MICHIGAN, NOV. 11, 1920 — VOL. XVI, NO. 42

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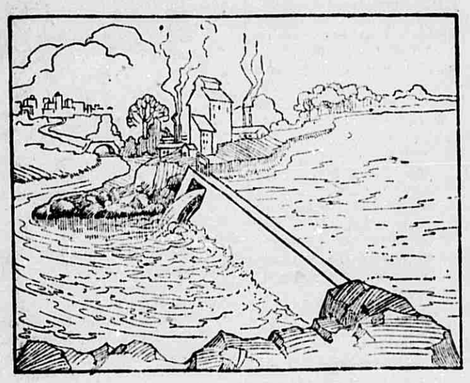


Money is Like a Stream of Water

Did you ever stop to think of a stream of water — how it flows through your city or past your home — day after day and year after year. But the moment a dam is built and the water stopped — or even part of it — the stream becomes a constantly widening and deepening reservoir of power, with all its significant possibilities of usefulness.

Saving money is like building a dam across a stream. You can let your money come and go, as water in a stream, or by forethought you can stop some of the outgo and pile up for yourself week by week or month by month, the savings which in later years will add to your independence, to your ability to take advantage of new opportunities, and to the comfort you can get out of life.

There never was a time when it was so worth your while to save as now. The dollars put away today will buy just that much more when prices come down. Come in and let us work out some plan to take advantage of today's unusual opportunity for saving.

City State Bank
Lowell, Mich.

Member of the Federal Reserve Banking System — MEMBER FEDERAL RESERVE SYSTEM

Stockholder in the Federal Reserve Bank of Chicago

When You Think
of
Watches and Clocks
and repairs for same
or
Jewelry and Silverware
or
Fancy China and Cut Glass
or
Dinner and Glass Ware
or
Kodaks and Bric a Brac
Then
Think of OLIVER
Jeweler and Optometrist
"Eyes Examined and Glasses Fitted"

Talk is Cheap
Ridicule Cannot Alter a Fact

Quality tells and cannot be contradicted. My Coffees are all sold on a money back guarantee. It does the talking and believe me, it is mighty convincing, for I am getting new customers every day.

All grades are down, and are going still lower---soon.

White's Market & Coffee Ranch
Come on, Folks, follow the crowd.

TO THE PUBLIC

Owing to the decline in wheat, the retail price of "Pure Gold" is
$1.40 for 1-8 barrel sack
$2.80 for 1-4 barrel sack
EVERY SACK GUARANTEED

If your dealer will not supply you at above prices, we will deliver direct from the mill.

KING MILLING COMPANY

Our Cough Syrup
Is Still the Leader

We sell twenty bottles of our
White Pine and Tar
to one of any other kind. It's the cough syrup that stops coughs and when all others fail. It knocks out the little nervous hacking coughs and the chronic coughs, too.

Price, 25c and 50c bottles

W. S. Winegar

A TRIP TO LOWELL

Town Has a Sweet Name and a Hard One Too—Stone.

The Methodist Ladies' Aid society met at the home of Mrs. Harold Weekes Friday afternoon, Nov. 5. A very pleasant and profitable meeting was enjoyed by all present. One of the pleasing features was an original exercise written by one of the members.

"A Descriptive Trip to Lowell and Vicinity." The questions were read by one of the ladies, and the answers by another, as follows:

QUESTIONS.

This is my first trip to Lowell and vicinity. I am so glad I met you. You seem to be dressed like a McQueen in colors, White, Brown and Greene.

1. How is your town laid out?
2. What have you here?
3. What have you in the Parks?
4. What grows on the Hills?
5. Is the season long enough for them to mature?
6. How is your town run?
7. How many months do you have?
8. Is it an expensive place to live in?
9. What is the chief occupation?
10. What do they Hunt with?
11. How do they travel?
12. What kind of Carrs have you?
13. Are the people Crooks?
14. Look, what do I see hanging on the line?
15. I don't think I will come again.

ANSWERS.

1. It is Miles, Long.
2. We have a number of bodies of Watters, both large and small Hills, two Parks and a Lake.
3. Campbells, Coons, Bucks, a Beaver, some Parrotts, and other Birds.
4. Pease, Rice, and Lillies.
5. No, we have Frosts the year around.
6. We have Kings, Kysers, and Shephards to watch over us.
7. Just May, but a number of Weekes and three Days.
8. No, we have Sayles every day.
9. We have some Taylors, Barbers, Drapers, Potters, Cooks, Gardners, Hunters and some real Shuters.
10. Mostly Gunns.
11. Some are Walkers, some Ryders.
12. Hudsons, Nash, but mostly Fords.
13. Some are, and some are All, Wright.
14. Stockings, Collars, and Pants.
15. I don't Kerekes if you don't.

METHODIST NEWS.

The furnace has been repaired and in the near future the church will be warm, minus smoke. Come and worship with us if you have no other church home. We will be glad to see you.

The boxes that the Euodian Sunday school class sent to the Philippine Island Sunday school, contained a variety of articles, whistles, dolls, balls, lead pencils, rattles, beads, candy, and articles of clothing for pastor, his wife and baby.

Missionary meeting. When? Friday afternoon, Nov. 12. Where? At the home of Mrs. Hugh Young. Who are invited? Every one who wishes to get a better idea of the World's progress and needs.

Remember the prayer meeting Thursday evening. Come and let us pray and rejoice together, because of the peace in the nation, and peace in our own hearts.

The 48 ladies who attended the November meeting of the Ladies' Aid society, held at the home of Mrs. Harold Weekes last Friday transacted business along various lines of the church work. Also had a very enjoyable time. The committee and daughters of the hostess wore Puritan bonnets and kerchiefs. The devotional services were conducted in a way that impressed those present of the thanks that they owed to their Creator. Mrs. Newton Coons, contributed two original poems, and a description of Lowell, using the names of the local people. Mrs. Orlo Yeiter gave a reading in a very interesting manner. One of the games, tested our knowledge of Puritan history. Some very excellent musical selections were rendered. All greatly enjoyed the afternoon, and one of the happiest was the three-year-old daughter of the hostess, who wishes her mamma would have a party like that every day.

A good attendance at Vergennes last Sunday. We still have room for more. Meet us there next Sunday.

LEARN HOW TO COOK.

Cooking Classes to be Conducted at Yeiter & Company Store.

Want to get some new ideas in cookery? Want to learn some of the new frills and the practical way of reducing cost, eliminating waste and other things for which good cooks are noted?

The answer will be found at the cooking class to be conducted at the Yeiter & Company store, where Mrs. J. A. McCarty, lecturer from the home economics department of the Corn Products Refining Co., will give a course of lectures on cooking, illustrated with practical demonstrations.

These lectures, it is promised, will cover many of the vital problems confronting housewives, bringing out interesting and valuable solutions by scientific and practical methods. Numerous recipes used in the preparation of foods will be given out and the prepared dishes will be served to the audience. Special efforts will be made to answer all questions asked pertaining to foods and cooking.

Interesting and instructive programs will be given, having special subjects each day.

See Yeiter and Co.'s ad. for details and daily programs.

KENT VOTERS APPROVE 3 AMENDMENTS; REJECT 2.

The anti-parochial school amendment was defeated in Kent county by a majority of 6,824 votes, official figures of the board of election canvassers show. These figures show that 23,996 persons voted for the amendment and 30,820 against it.

The amendment regulating the salaries of certain state officials carried by a scant majority of 50,-22,933 voting "yes" and 22,883 "no." Official figures on the other amendments are:

Condemnation, 26,441, "no;" 21,-161 "yes;" defeated by 4,280. Elective franchise, 25,111 "yes;" 19,689 "no;" carried by 5,422. Employment, 24,775, "yes;" 23,587, "no;" carried by 1,188.—[Herald.

Ever-sharp pencils at Stocking's.

PASTOR'S TROUBLES

Mrs. Vincent Webb, Lowell, Files Crossbill in Court.

From Grand Rapids News—

The second chapter of the martial difficulties of Rev. Vincent Webb, formerly a Baptist clergyman at Alto, and now a pastor at Lowell and Lyons, comes to light in the form of a cross bill filed by the preacher's wife, in which she sets forth that in making the charges of "paying too much attention to other women," she "accused him of nothing but the truth."

Webb's bill of complaint set forth that because Mrs. Webb circulated reports about his behavior he was compelled to leave the church at Alto and seek another field to work in, and that he was finding it hard to earn enough to support his three children.

Mrs. Webb says in her cross bill that the preacher has been paying her $10 a week to support herself and the three children and she finds it impossible to get along. She denies that she wrote her husband anonymous letters and called him on the telephone in an assumed voice. She likewise denies the statement in his original bill that he was exonerated of all the charges against him by the state officials of the Baptist church.

Says He Signalled With Lights.

She sets forth that "early in 1920 he developed a passion and attachment for a certain woman in Alto" and that along about that time he began to sleep alone in a downstairs bedroom and that from her room she observed "signalling by lights and shadows with a woman across the street."

The affair at Alto according to the cross bill was the culmination of the preacher's "fondness for women," which she claims had continued over a long period. She charges that in the summer of 1914, while they were living in South Haven, he went bathing with other women and the defendant one day heard him make a date with another woman for 9 o'clock that night."

Since taking up the pastorates at Lowell and Lyons some months ago she says he has developed a fondness for a member of his flock at Lyons.

Mrs. Webb's crossbill also claims that she has in her possession letters written by the pastor to other women and that she has confessions from the parson and the woman in Alto that "they loved each other," and that he had hugged and kissed her."—[Grand Rapids News.

AREHART—BERGIN.

Two well-known Lowell people, John A. Arehart, and Miss J. Eva Bergin, were married this (Thursday) morning at Greenville by Rev. Father Elig. Best wishes.

HALE'S ANNUAL CARNIVAL AND CONFETTI DANCE.

City hall, Lowell, Nov. 18. Two barrels of confetti, 25,000 yards of serpentine, hundreds of hats, horns, balloons, etc. See adv. on last page. adv.

Boys' Flannelette
Niterobes and Pajamas
$1.85 $1.95 $2.45
Coons
"The Value Store in Lowell"

Strand Theatre Program

Friday and Saturday, Nov. 12-13
ROY STEWART in
"The Sagebusher"
A special 7-act western drama
Admission 17c and 28c

Sunday, Nov. 14
GLADYS BROCKWELL in
"The Rose of Nome"
Extra Added Attraction—2-reel Sunshine Comedy
Also a Fox News
Admission 17c and 28c

Tuesday, Nov. 16
"The Valley of Doubt"
The strongest Northland story ever told. Love, Romance, Adventure.
Admission 11c and 22c

Wednesday, Nov. 17
A Special 5-act Drama
Admission 11c and 22c

Idle Hour Theatre

Saturday, Nov. 13
MADLAINE TRAVERS in
"The Tattlers"
Admission 11c and 22c

COMING SOON
Fatty Arbuc[illegible] "The Hayseed"
"The L[illegible] of the Irish"
"The Va[illegible] of the Giants"

TO-DAY'S PROGRAM

Armistice Day Exercises This Afternoon at City Hall.

The following program will be given at the City hall, Lowell at 2 p m., Thursday, Nov. 11.

Invocation, Rev. H. H. Harris.

Selection—High School Girls' Glee Club.

Instrumental music, Walter Moore, Gerald White, Thurston Springett.

Charles W. Clark Post American Legion, Chaplain, E. R. Cochrun.

Vocal Solo, "Ring Out Sweet Bells," Mrs. Charles Doyle.

Reading, Optional, Mrs. Allen Bennett.

Vocal Solo, "Christ in Flanders," Mr. R. L. Dyk.

Address, Captain Tom Thoits, Grand Rapids.

"America" audience.

This program is arranged and given by a community committee and every member of the community is urged to be present.

In the evening Hale's orchestra will furnish music for a community dance free to the public.

Mrs. R. M. Shivel will have charge of suitable card games and entertainment for those who do not care to dance.

Mrs. E. V. Tuckey will arrange games for the children who come with their parents.

A smoking room in charge of C. H. Runciman will be provided for the men.

Let us make this a day worthy of its importance in our lives.

Lester C. Doerr, Chairman.

OUR BEST FRIENDS

Receipt of Subscriptions is Herewith Acknowledged.

Continuing its custom of acknowledging receipts of subscriptions, both new and renewals, The Lowell Ledger and Alto Weekly Solo appreciatingly reports the following:

A. J. Watson, M. Langworthy, George De Meer, Leonard Bozung, Edward Kyser, Walter Gibson, Mrs. Royal King, James Woodcock, Mrs. Helen Baley, Fanny Wenger, James Green, Mrs. Almira A. Godfrey, J. A. Carey, John Callier, F. A. Shurte, J. L. Thomas, Mrs. Herman Baimer, Orley Rulason.

Oliver Pennington.

Who will be next?

FORMER LOWELL PASTOR MAYOR PROTEM OF PONTIAC.

Pontiac, Nov. 9.—At the first meeting of the new city commission of seven men, elected Nov. 2, Thaddeus D. Seeley, prominent realty dealer, was elected mayor to succeed F. G. Ely. Rev. B. H. Bready, who received the largest vote in the election was made mayor pro tem. The new commission begins work under what is regarded as the broadest powered charter in the country. The former commission left office at noon Monday and until Mr. Seeley was elected last night the city was without a mayor.

LITERARY CLUBS

The Lowell Literary Club Had an Antique and Heirloom Program.

Mrs. D. G. Look was hostess of the Lowell Literary club last Wednesday afternoon, assisted by Mesdames Bergin and Hartman.

The day was given to the subject of Antiques and Heirlooms and as roll was called each one responded with the history of their costumes and display of relics.

Mrs. Dyk had a native's dress of the Isle of Pacific, made of the inner bark of the hibiscus tree.

Mrs. Hooker wore a wedding dress, veil, mitts and shawl over sixty years old, and read to us from a Lowell Weekly Star printed Nov. 14, 1860, by G. S. Packard.

Mrs. L. J. Post had a spinning wheel which she used during the Civil war and Miss Audie had a very elaborate dress brought to her by Dr. Post from Japan.

Mrs. Clyde Collar wore a dress made from a paisley shawl, and read a paper printed at the time of George Washington's death in the year 1799. Mrs. Lee had a letter written in 1846 before any stamps or envelopes were used. Mrs. Charles Doyle had a beautiful piece of luster ware many years old, as the secret of making it has been lost, and is now very scarce.

Mrs. Garner had a house wife, (similar to those we made for the late war,) which her father carried all through the Civil war.

Mrs. Shivel had a mallet found in Alaska by her father, T. J. Doyle, which was used for cracking corn, also a thorn of a gum tree found in Arkansaw in 1894.

There was a large collection of silver ware of all kinds, linens, jewelry, needle cases, fancy collars and dresses worn by the ladies present. The meeting closed with a reading by Mrs. Elmer White.

The next meeting will be held Nov. 17, at the home of Mrs. C. P. Neff. Topic, "Some National Problems." Each one is requested to answer roll call with something in regards to civics. [Rep.

THE C. L. C. HEARS REPORT OF STATE FEDERATION.

The regular meeting of the Clover Leaf club of Nov. 9, was held at the home of Mrs. F. Jacobi and proved to be a most interesting one. Aside from the Victrola selections interpersing the program, the report of the President, Mrs. A. M. Andrews, on the meeting at Saginaw, of the State Federation of Women's clubs was the principal feature of the afternoon. Beginning with pertinent observations by the way, as she made the trip, Mrs. Andrews gave a complete synopsis of the program from Oct. 12 to 15 in her vivid portrayal, not only of lectures and musical features, but of the personality of the leaders in club work.

The principal themes were citizenship and Americanization.

Mrs. T. B. Catlin led in a discussion of Civics, asserting that clubs can be a dominant power for community betterment. The President, Mrs. Burritt Hamilton, in an admirable paper, dwelt on making the Americanization of education so thorough that the flag above the building shall typify the spirit within.

The report of the Third District Vice President, Mrs. G. G. Hunter, was most optimistic, for she claims for our district the greatest growth, there being 400 clubs now in the state, comprising 40,000 club women. In the United States there are 25,000,000 women who are club members.

Mrs. M. O. Blakeslee presented an interesting paper on music in the club, and the development of music in America.

Prof. Zueblin, of Boston, gave a stirring lecture on the "Duties and Privileges of Citizenship," dwelling at length on the new responsibilities of women in this connection.

Miss Ackermann, F. R. S. G. S., of Pekin, China, in discussing "The Psychology of Mobs," showed how crowds may be swayed for either good or evil, so that with right leadership much may be accomplished by members.

The address of Thomas E. Johnson, Superintendent of Public Instruction, dwelt on needed school legislation.

He urged consolidation of schools and more efficient training of teachers.

Miss Featherston on the "Problem of the Malnourished Child," sounded a warning note when she stated that Michigan stood next to last in the Union in child welfare work.

After an automobile ride round the city, and the annual reception to the new officers, including an organ recital, the closing act of the Federation was to pass resolutions in favor of citizenhip laws, Americanization, and compulsory education of foreigners in the English language.

A rising vote of thanks was tendered Mrs. Andrews for her most interesting report, and the club adjourned to meet next on Nov. 23, with Mrs. S. S. Lee.

Press Reporter.

HIGH SCHOOL NOTES.

Lowell High school's undefeated football team travels to Rockford Friday to battle with Rockford High's team.

Lowell this year presents the strongest eleven it has had in years. The team deserves the support of everyone in Lowell. A number of High school students are anxious to go, who can find no means of transportation. The school would appreciate it if those townspeople who are planning on seeing Friday's game would help the team out by carrying over a few rooters.

The Lowell team is in fighting trim and eager for Friday's battle. Any injuries received in Friday's game will not keep the players out of the Rockford game.

Newaygo cancelled the game with Lowell to have been held here last Friday. Lowell received the news too late to secure a game with an outside team for that date. A town team, composed of former players, was organized and opposed the High school. In the town team Captain C. H. Runciman starred. The score at the end of the game was 19 to 0 in favor of the High school.

NOTICE—AUCTION CHANGED.

The date of my auction has been changed from Nov. 26 to Nov. 24 at 1 o'clock. Full announcement next week. Glen Barnes.

The annual meeting of Ionia Pamona grange will be held with Berlin Center grange, Nov. 18. Business session 1:30. Good program. Each member bring two articles of food for dinner. No evening session. This is the last meeting for 1920. Everybody attend.

WALL PAPER

Brighten up your rooms for the long winter days with a new coat of wall paper :: ::

It does not cost much and it adds a lot to the attractiveness of the home :: :: ::

We have several room lots ready for you, and the price is much less than present prices on wall paper. :: :: :: :: ::

We have only enough for about 25 rooms, so you had better get *yours* early. ::
Let us show you.

D. G. LOOK
One of the 8000 Rexall Drug Stores.

Buy White Sewing Machines
of Your Home Dealer and Save Money

I also have other standard makes at $25.00 to $35 less than city prices.

Compare our prices with others and see for yourself.

R. D. Stocking
Agent for White Sewing Machines in Lowell.

A Farmer's Special Requirements

In dealing with the farmers of this locality we have found that wide differences exist between the problems of one farmer and those of another.

It is our policy to bear this in mind---our service to farmers is individualized.

A checking account with this institution assures you of the complete facilities of a banking service which will co-operate with you very closely in meeting your requirements.

LOWELL STATE BANK
Lowell, Mich.

Lowell Granite Works

A Monument or Marker
will remain for generations to remind passers by that the sleeper was loved and remembered.

A Memorial
to your loved oues if selected from our large stock will be pleasing to you.

J. H. HAMILTON ESTATE
Citz. Phone No. 20 — Lowell, Mich

Phone 37 — For Guaranteed Groceries — Phone 37

WE CLAIM
To have the best coffee in Lowell. Try it. If you don't think so, we will cheerfully refund your money. it is Miller's "M & J" bulk coffee.

YOU SAVE
20 to 25% on your investment of $1.35 in a case of National Biscuit Co. Crackers. Guaranteed to keep fresh and crisp in a sanitary container. Why buy less and pay more?

E. A. ANDERSON

STORIES from Here and There

Chaulmoogra Oil Cures Hawaiian Leper

HONOLULU.—Twenty-five years a leper, but now discharged by the United States physician in charge of the Kalihi leprosy investigation station here without an apparent trace of the disease, is the record of Mrs. Rosalie Bialdsell. Refined chaulmoogra oil is credited by the public health officials with having arrested the disease in three years, five months and seven days of treatment. Mrs. Bialdsell today is living at her home here.

Mrs. Bialdsell is a full-blooded Hawaiian, last of a long line of "priestesses of the flame" in the old Hawaiian temple worship.

"My grandmother told me to observe our old 'taboo' (rules of conduct) or I would be stricken with leprosy," said this daughter of a race that believed in a divine trinity 3,000 years ago and taught the power of mind over matter centuries before the Christian era. "I did not heed her warning and in 1905 a red, burning spot on my right cheek announced that my punishment had come. It reappeared off and on, but not in aggravated form until 1908.

"From then on I became worse. Eruptions appeared every three months and my feet and other parts of my body became swollen and inflamed during these periods.

"In March, 1917, I was sent to the Kalihi hospital. From that time until I was released the other day I took different kind of treatment, each marking a step of progress in the manner of refining and administering the curative essence of chaulmoogra oil.

"During the earlier stages of the week of Kalihi chaulmoogra oil was hard to take. At present an injection is administered once a week, while the remedy is taken internally three times a week.

"Thirty of the Kalihi patients were released on parole some time before I came out, also on parole, and not one has been returned to the station on account of recurrence of the disease. Seventy-eight patients in all have been released on parole within the year."

Chicago Has Nothing At All on Emporia

EMPORIA, KAN.—Chicago has nothing at all on Emporia, Lem C. McCarthy, county attorney of Lyon county, has arrested some chorus girls who appeared barelegged at the Emporia opera-house a few days ago, and now the town is arguing the matter. Defenders of the barelegged girls have pointed to Chicago's acceptance of an Aphrodite clad in tulleum powder, but the county attorney says such arguments are worthless.

"Emporia isn't Chicago," he says. "Emporia is a college town. There is a lot of innocent farmer boys at the College of Emporia and the state normal. I went to the show, and while it didn't hurt me any, I decided it would be bad for those boys. They all said the girls were good lookers. I enjoyed the show."

William Allen White, editor of the Emporia Gazette, is on the prosecutor's side, except that he refuses to recognize a distinction between farmer boys and others.

"Attorney McCarthy is righter than a rabbit in his general proposition that legs around the couple of counties are getting too warm for Emporia, and should be dropped," the editor wrote in his contribution to the controversy. "But we can't follow him in his psychology. Legs is legs, whether they flash upon the adolescent eyes of the young pumpkin hucker or sail across the ken of the languid youth in the silk shirt who turns the crank at the gasoline station. Legs will kick 'em, above what may be called the legal two and seventy-five-hundredths per cent, remain legs, no matter who looks at them."

The defense countered by moving from the zone of morals to the economic terrain.

"Legs," they said, "are to be seen elsewhere. If our college students can't see legs here they'll go where they are more liberal in the department of anatomy."

"Let 'em go," the country attorney retorted.

Meanwhile the chorus girls say they'll move those debated legs in a hurry, if he'll give them a chance.

Mother's Prayer Brings Her Son Back

LAKE FOREST, ILL.—Tacked to a tree at the head of the grave of John Erickson in Oakwood cemetery at Waukegan are four metal plates bearing the names of his children. They were placed there by his widow, now Mrs. Margaret Bright of Lake Forest. Below these are plate giving the name and address of the mother.

"I put them there," Mrs. Bright explained, "so that if my boy, John, ever should return and find his way to his father's grave, he may come to me. Each night I pray that he may still be alive and come home."

John Stanley Erickson, now twenty-one years old, the son she had not seen in 19 years, has come home.

The boy, with two brothers and a sister, Martha, was placed in the Lake Bluff orphanage 10 years ago, following the death of the father in an accident at Waukegan. Each was adopted by a different family.

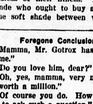
John was legally adopted by a German farmer named Horn, near Chicago, and was rechristened Manford Horn. His foster parents moved to Nebraska. There Manford was educated in German and French.

When Manford was sixteen years old he demanded that his foster parents tell him he was an adopted son, and revealed his name and birthplace.

The boy tried to run away, but his foster parents watched him too closely. Then came the war. The boy decided to enlist, but his foster parents vened vengeance if he should fight against the kaiser. In 1918 Manford escaped and sought protection at an American citizen at the consulate. It was afforded him, but there was much red tape to be unwound, and it was not until April 20, 1919, that young Erickson reached America.

He was penniless when he arrived and unable to speak a word of English. He worked his way to Missouri and went to work for a Swedish farmer. He wanted to save some money to buy some presentable clothes before seeking his mother. Then he began his search.

Anybody Want a Swell Family Skeleton?



CHICAGO.—A man's skeleton, found by two boys playing in the barn of Robert H. Stevens, colored, 301 West Chestnut street, excited the neighborhood to mob violence. Three hundred men surrounded his home, forced entrance, and were conducting a room to room search for Stevens when the East Chicago avenue police station. He was hiding in a box in his cellar. He and the skeleton were conveyed to the station.

Stevens and another colored man, whose name, he says, is Henry Ford, were arrested. Asked if he knew its identity prior to shuffling off his mortal coil, he said:

"No, boss, but I'se done with it. I don't want no more family skeleton around my house. If Henry Ford wants it, he's welcome to it. But he's gotta move it out of my barn."

The skeleton therefore repposes at the police station awaiting some relative, heir, or lawful claimant. Long, or when, its home of this atom men call earth, bone knows.

But this we know. It can't be Adam's because it has twelve ribs on either side.

Who wants a swell family skeleton?

Odds and Ends—And Out of the Ordinary

HOUSTON, TEX.—All divorce records in Texas were shattered here in one day recently when district judges of two courts divorced 214 couples in less than three hours. Judge Harvey, in charge of decrees of 1,200 divorce cases, made 368 persons single again when he granted 184 divorces. His previous record for a day was 150 cases. Judge Boyd came next with the remainder of the cases. While the two judges were busy making knots over property to be new ones, Jim Wolf, county judge, was busy marrying couples.

Pedro Witsek and Mrs. Emma Oberpriller were married. Rosie White and Harry Jones, negroes, were a little too hasty. They put a license to be married before their respective cases were called, and failed to get divorces.

BURNS, WYO.—Rover, the conscientious watchdog at the home of Ray C. Good, a banker, is "in earnest." Mrs. Good undertook to lower a kitchen window and her hands were caught between the sashes. Fifteen painful minutes elapsed before she managed to attract the attention of Mrs. O. E. Kipp, a neighbor. Rover declined to permit her to enter the house. Nor would Rover permit anyone else to enter until his master was summoned from the bank. After what seemed hours to his suffering spouse, Good arrived and released her.

LINGLE, WYO.—Ten children in 10 years, twins in the second year, is the record of Mr. and Mrs. Clarence J. Walker. The climax occurred when Mrs. Walker gave birth to three healthy girls.

OUR FEATURE SECTION

Department Devoted to Attractive Magazine Material

The SANDMAN STORY

Louise Fazenda

THE INQUISITIVE ROSE

ONE summer day a Rose Bush heard the trees and shrubs talking about Jack Frost.

"How different it will be in this garden in a few months!" said the Big Tree, leaning over the wall.

"Yes," answered the Shrub growing by the wall. "Not even the beauty of the beautiful Rose can save her when it is time for Jack to have his sway here."

"But Jack Frost is a wonderful artist," said the Big Tree. "I sometimes think when the sun is shining after Frost fellow shall fall under the spell of my beauty."

The Big Tree and the Shrub were warned free to go when the summer days were over, but inquisitive Rose Bush would not heed them. "I want to see this wonderful artist," she told them, "and show you also that he will become my slave."

So one night after all the other flowers in the garden had gone to bed Rose Bush kept one beautiful big blossom awake and waited to see Jack Frost. Over the mountains and tree tops he came softly and without his Mother—North Wind—so that no one knew of his presence until he leaped the garden wall.

He espied the beautiful blossom on Rose Bush the first thing, and quickly he touched her soft petals with his long, icy fingers.

"I knew he could not resist me," thought Rose Bush, though she shivered under his touch, but she saw, too, that she looked very beautiful in the moonlight, all frosty from his caresses.

The next morning, as the sun peeped over the wall, Rose Bush looked so beautiful that the Big Tree and the Shrub gazed on her with admiration.

"You see, my friends, he did not leave me to die," said Rose Bush; "he made me more beautiful than before."

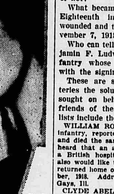
But the Big Tree and the Shrub did not reply. They knew what would happen when the sun shone on her in a little while.

By and by the warmth melted the frost and poor Rose Bush began to droop, then her petals curled, and before night she had withered.

"Poor Rose!" sighed the Big Tree, "she was so inquisitive she had to see for herself."

"I am not sure whether it was her vanity or because she was inquisitive," said the Shrub, "but it is just as we said—not even her beauty could save her from Jack Frost's frosty touch."

(Copyright.)



Even a "movie" queen must have a first night in a real theatre. Some have this experience before they are "movie" queens but it's really more exciting to be a real queen before and have the first Pullman ride come as a sequel to fame. That is the way Louise Fazenda arranged her life. She went to San Francisco recently for her first visit; it was a sort of a vacation for her, following four years of hard work in studios of Los Angeles.

he has been here in the night that the garden is more beautiful than in the summer time."

"Yes, Jack Frost is a wonderful fellow," answered the Shrub, "and not all are lucky enough to see his work. I think you and I are very fortunate."

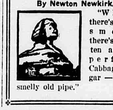
"When does this wonderful fellow come to the garden?" asked the Rose Bush.

"After all you flowers are asleep," answered the Shrub. "You will never see him, Rose, and even your beauty could not save you. He would be sure to nip your petals and leave you withered and dead."

Rose Bush tossed her head. "I am Queen of the garden," she said, "and I will show you that even this Jack

What the Sphinx Says

By Newton Newkirk.



"Where there's much smoke there's often an imperfect Cabbage—a gar—or a smelly old pipe."

Off Again On Again

SPRICKLAND W. GILLILAN.

(Copyright.)

Adajectives.

Did you ever stop and consult the dictionary while reading advertising matter written by experts?

Sometimes we nearly giggle our fool heads off over some of the adjectives employed.

The other day we were asked point blank, in type big enough for a farm sale bill, if we had ever seen such "startling values" as were shown in somebody's kind of underwear!

"Startling"—get it? Good old "startling" is worn threadbare and nobody would notice it, so it had to be "startling."

To begin with, can you imagine yourself, unless delirious, being "startled" by underwear's value?

You might be "pleased," if it was your own underwear.

You wouldn't care two whoops about it if it was the underwear of some one else, would you?

You wouldn't even so much as know about it, if you are the modest and polite person we hope you are.

Can you imagine one's being "startled" by underwear, but not in that way.

The sudden display of anyone's intimate garments in public is not the kind of "startling" thing we know of.

When we find we have been walking for four or five blocks on a well-lighted street, with a young lady behind us that we had a nervous displeasant suspicion hope of impressing favorably—then we have found that one our (speaking plainly) garters was dragging the pavement, we have been "startled," and we would rightly elsewhere have been if we had said roughly what our impulse dictated.

We have seen been worse than "startled" when we involuntarily glanced toward the observing young lady and noted that she looked elsewhere but smiled pleasedly.

But was the young lady "startled" by the quality of our garter?

No. When she first saw it trickling along like a purple electric zemesis, she may have been "startled."

But not at the value of the thing. The young man who attempted to pull a thread from the young lady's shoulder and ultimately, as discovered by her mother, entirely removed the young lady's union suit by ravelling—that young man may have been "startled" and suspicious at the length of the thread he pulled out.

But "startled" at the value of some one's underwear?

A brace of nays.

Good value is never "startling" to us except when we get it in dealing with a man we had thought was crooked.

Some advertisers should change their stock of adjectives.

A Musical Discovery.

A lance quantity of rusty plate-wire, says a news item, has been found in a valuable milk cow at Boston Lincolnshire. There is hope that the "Tune the Cow Died of" may now be positively identified.—Punch, London.

Peanut Pietro

KAYEM GRIER

WHEN I first come dress country longs time ago I tink was pretty good place. Everything costa so mooch and I makn plenty leeving weeth dolla sexa bits a day I was rallaroad.

But lasa fiva; seexa year he go on da bum. Everything go up gen da price lika fly mosquito. I see one dat ain ship makn tall spin one day he go da head. When he come down was broke tousand piece een da smash.

And da food price gotta so high now as dat airship. I dunno for sure, but I tink he go on da smash. Dat I play too moocha stunt weeth da wages. Eef he try makn tall spin time, gets an ordinary sort of blue suit with the most commonplace instead of distinguished in appearance. The tall, dark woman with the same rich coloring, finds the same style suited to her, and buys and wears an identical dress. Ten to one she should be wearing a brown color and tones that differ while the small blonde should have something fluffy and frilly.

If you buy your clothes ready-made you can only pick the best of the limited choice. If you have them made to order you can select styles and colors to please yourself. If you are colorless, pale skin, and mouse-colored hair, avoid neutral shades, and black. A soft color combined with something quite vivid is best for this type, which can stand neither too dull nor too bright colors.

If you are dark, rose pinks, browns, pastels of any color, black if your skin has color; cream white, yellow, will be lovely. If you are blonde yellow is impossible. Black, deep blue, violet, dark brown, gray blues, pinks, lavender, green of soft tone—these are most becoming. If you are lucky enough to have auburn hair, greens of any shade, rich browns, gray, gray-blue and green-blue, lavender, orchid, coral pink, never plain pink, cream white if touched with color. Study yourself to see which shades are best.

(Copyright.)

Must Be Guided by History.

The surest way to reach the Unknown is by multiplication of the Known. Just as there are no shortcuts in science, so there is no way whereby we can ignore the tried formulas of a political history in developing a truly representative government.—Exchange.

BEAUTY CHATS

by Edna Kent Forbes

WHICH IS YOUR COLOR?

ONE of the disadvantages which it offers the many admirers of the medieval court trials in the country is, that all women wear certain

colors, which are supposed to be most becoming to them, and the result is a monotonous sameness of appearance. Even the most distinguished in appearance, the tall, dark woman with the same rich coloring, finds the same style suited to her, and buys and wears an identical dress. Ten to one she should be wearing a brown color and tones that differ while the small blonde should have something fluffy and frilly.

If you buy your clothes ready-made you can only pick the best of the limited choice. If you have them made to order you can select styles and colors to please yourself. If you are colorless, pale skin, and mouse-colored hair, avoid neutral shades, and black. A soft color combined with something quite vivid is best for this type, which can stand neither too dull nor too bright colors.

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(Copyright.)

Try several colors against your face until you find the most becoming.

set styles and color combinations, regardless of their fitness. The small blonde who ought to buy a dress of some soft shade between violet and

Foregone Conclusion.

"Mamma, Mr. Cotrot has proposed to me."

"Do you love him, dear?"

"Oh, yes, mamma, very much. He is worth a million."

"Of course you do. How stupid of me to ask such a question."

Cribbed the Game.

Somebody broke into the post office Saturday night while the town slept and knocked over the checker board. —Memphis Commercial-Appeal.

THE AMERICAN LEGION

(Copy for This Department Supplied by the American Legion News Service.)

SEEK NEWS OF MISSING MEN

Effort Being Made to Solve War Mysteries on Behalf of Relatives and Friends.

Was William Ross Beck of the One Hundred and Nineteenth Infantry, reported killed in action October 9, 1918, seen later in a British hospital or not?

What became of Clyde Abel of the Eighteenth Infantry after he was wounded and taken to hospital on November 7, 1918?

Who can tell what happened to Benjamin F. Ludwig of the Sixtieth Infantry when letters were stopped with the signing of the armistice?

These are some of the war mysteries the solution of which is being sought on behalf of relatives and friends of the lost soldiers. Recent inquiries include the following cases:

WILLIAM ROSS BECK, Co. M, 119th Infantry, reported wounded Oct. 5, 1918, and died the same day. His mother has heard that an acquaintance saw him in a British hospital a month later. She also would like to hear from soldier who returned home on S. S. Sierra in December, 1918, inquiring Mrs. W. W. Beck, Gaya, Ill.

CLYDE ABEL, pvt., 8th division, was transferred to Co. E, 18th infantry, First division, and was wounded and taken to hospital Nov. 7, 1918. Nothing heard of him since. His father, Edward Abel, Route 2, Buchanan, Mich., would like to hear from someone who knew him, especially officers of the company.

BENJAMIN F. LUDWIG, pvt., Hdq. Co., 60th infantry, 5th division, has not been heard from since the armistice. He left for France July 18, 1918, and his mother received several letters from him after his arrival. With the signing of the armistice communication stopped. Write Frank C. Levy, 406 City Hall building, Syracuse, N. Y.

ABRAM NEARBON, 322nd infantry, reported killed in action, Nov. 9, 1918. His mother lived in Kansas at that time and he had enlisted she started for this country. It took four months to get a ship, and when she arrived her son had sailed for France. She did not know he was killed. Anyone with information should address Mrs. Elizabeth Rodgers, 53 North Waiola avenue, La Grange, Ill., and she will communicate with the mother.

"Poor Rosie" signed the Big Tree, "she was so inquisitive she had to see for herself."

"I am not sure whether it was her vanity or because she was inquisitive," said the Shrub, "but it is just as we said—not even her beauty could save her from Jack Frost's frosty touch."

(Copyright.)

ARMED WITH MOPS, BROOMS

Fayette (Mo.) Post Turns Out and Transforms Community Into Spotless Town.

When the streets of Fayette, Mo., seemed to be collecting enough too much refuse and dust to be slightly the Legionnaires of Roger White post turned out in a body and armed with mops and brooms, soon transformed the community into a spotless town.

The former soldiers and sailors, who gathered themselves in denim overalls and olive drab shirts for the occasion, remarked that it wasn't exactly an overwhelming task as some of the "policing" jobs they had been set to do while in the service.

Oldest and Youngest Members.

After extensive research, Kansas members of the Legion believe that they have found the oldest and youngest Legion members in the state. Ezra B. Fisher, member of the Leavenworth post, is seventy-one years old and has four wars to his credit—the Civil, Indian, Spanish-American and World wars. Colonel Fuller is still on duty at the staff college, Fort Leavenworth. James W. Weed of Lawrence had just passed his fourteenth birthday when the United States entered the war. One year later Weed, so the story goes, slipped by the recruiting officials and was accepted in the navy, where he served as seaman, second class. Weed, who has just reached his eighteenth birthday, is now a member of the post.

GALBRAITH IS NEW LEADER

Ohio Man Chosen National Commander of American Legion at Cleveland Convention.

F. W. Galbraith, Jr., of Cincinnati, wearer of the Distinguished Service Cross and two French decorations for heroism in the Meuse-Argonne offensive, in which he was wounded while commanding the One Hundred and Forty-seventh infantry, was unanimously elected national commander of the American Legion at the recent convention in Cleveland.

Mr. Galbraith was commissioned major in the First infantry, Ohio National Guard, in 1916, and the same year was promoted to colonel. He was assigned to the One Hundred and Forty-seventh infantry in 1917 and remained in command of that organization until the end of the war. He took part in the St. Mihiel drive and served in the Baccarat and Vpres-Lys sectors. Since 1908, Mr. Galbraith has been treasurer of the Western Paper Goods company of Cincinnati. He is forty-six years old.

The convention elected the following vice commanders: John G. Emmy, Grand Rapids, Mich.; E. J. Wittlett, Saberville, Ala.; Thomas J. Goldingay, Newark, N. J.; C. G. Pendill, Kenosha, Wis., and J. G. Scranton, Reno, Nev. John W. Inzer of Montgomery, Ala., was elected national chaplain.

The convention overwhelmingly indorsed the Legion's fourfold optional compensation bill, known as the Fordney bill, passed by the house at its last session and now pending in the senate. The delegates voted to make no change in the political neutrality clause in the Legion constitution, and reiterated the organization's position of "strict neutrality" in all disputes between capital and labor.

Resolutions advocating complete exclusion of aliens from citizenship and denial of citizenship to "these unassimilable people" were adopted, together with a number of other recommendations regarding legislation designed to foster and safeguard 100 per cent Americanism.

2 DELEGATES ALSO G. A. R.'S

Special Welcome Extended to Representatives at Convention Who Had Served at Other Wars.

Two distinguished delegates to the American Legion national convention at Cleveland received a special welcome from Franklin D'Olier, the retiring commander, when it was learned that they were also members of the Grand Army of the Republic. They were Lieut. Col. Samuel H. Weed, U. S. A., retired, of Boise, Idaho, and Dr. Wesley Thompson of Hillsboro Park, Cal.

Lieutenant Colonel Weed, who is seventy-four years old, was wounded twice in the Civil war, served in the Spanish-American and Indian wars and was on active duty during the World war. He served as chief of commander of a Legion post at Boise.

Doctor Thompson, a spry young man of seventy-six, served for four years in the Civil war. He attempted to enlist at the start of the World war, but was at first rejected. In October, 1918, he succeeded in obtaining a commission as a first lieutenant in the medical corps and served for a some time in army camps in southern California.

GREETINGS FROM V. OF F. W.

Veterans of Foreign Wars Send Message to Legion Reorganization's National Encampment.

Greetings to The American Legion from the Veterans of Foreign Wars were extended in the following message during the encampment of the latter organization:

"Whereas, the twenty-first national encampment of the Veterans of Foreign Wars of the United States is now in session at Washington, D. C., and

"Whereas, the ideals and principles of this organization are kindred to those of The American Legion, now

"Therefore,

"Be it resolved, that the national encampment of the Veterans of Foreign Wars extend its cordial greetings to The American Legion."

Legion-Labor Union Co-Operation.

As a result of the hundred-fold policy of the American Legion in regard to labor disputes, there is evidence of a closer co-operation between Legion posts and labor unions in the Northwest. A number of posts have called celebrations in conjunction with those of labor unions. A post of the Legion at Thief River Falls, Minn., recently staged a joint baseball game and motorcycle race meet with the Central Labor union and both organizations raised a considerable sum of money.

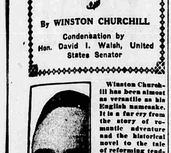
To Have Training Ship.

The U. S. cruiser Cheyenne has been ordered to Baltimore where it will be at the disposal of members of J. Allison Mulr, Jr., naval post of the American Legion as a training ship. Regular drills are to be held aboard the ship and short courses will be taken by the Legionnaires.

Birds' Songs on Record.

Phonographic records of birds' songs have been successfully made for future reference.

TAKE TIME TO SMILE



THE WISE POLITICIAN.

"I think I'll give up making speeches, and hereafter conduct my campaigns for office silently."

"What's the idea?"

"I've grown tired of furnishing the opposition ammunition to use against me by shooting off my mouth too rapidly and discovering afterwards that I have said something I shouldn't have said."

Only One Obstacle.

Her Suitor—You surprise me! I did not think you would interrupt any objection to my marriage to your daughter. Why, I thought you liked me!

Her Father—I do, my boy. But there is one thing insuperable in the way.

"What in the world—"

"My daughter doesn't like you."—Stray Stories.

Licensing Fights.

Redd—When professional pugilists are to fight do they have to get a license?

Greene—Why, certainly.

"And when a couple are to be married they have to get a license, don't they?"

"Certainly. When there's to be any kind of fighting a license is required, I believe."

Drawing the Line.

"Pop!"

"Yes, my son."

"When a man talks a good deal what is he called?"

"An orator, my boy."

"And when a woman talks a good deal what is she called, pop?"

"A nuisance, my son."

Postpone It.

Today is second time.
If money you would borrow;
But if you've called upon to lend
Postpone it till tomorrow.

The Poor Worm.

Mrs. Flinthum—Do your husband turns to look at women who pass him on the street?

Mrs. Benscushurst—Oh, yes. "But, don't you care?"

"Why should I? I can't prevent what is natural."

"What do you mean by natural?"

"Why, you know, the worm will turn."

Misunderstanding.

"Poor old Smyth got into trouble with his wife by a memorandum she found in his pocket from the mechanic who repaired his machine at the office."

"How could she resent that?"

"She misunderstood him for supplying his typewriter with a new dog."

An Annoyance.

"Here comes Green! Let's keep out of his way. I don't want to see him."

"Which way shall we go? I thought you were the best of friends?"

"We are. But his wife's away and he wants to see me bad, and he won't want me to go somewhere with him."

Choice.

Late Diner (at resort)—Well, what have you to offer?

Waitress—Boiled ham and fish—but the fish is all out. Which'll you have?

Ideal.

"They're an ideal couple."

"That so?"

"Truly. They even quarrel in a refined sort of way."

An Old Story.

"Here's a line scenario about a girl who sent a letter of forgiveness to her lover and, receiving no reply, married his rival out of spite."

"It won't do," answered the movie director. "We're not criticizing the postal system."

His Attitude.

"What is your attitude on the liquor question?"

"Well, I'll tell you. You don't happen to know where we can get some—do you?"

Usual Thing at the Opera.

Myles—And you saw Mrs. Styles at the opera?

Fyles—Yes; she sat just in front of me.

"Covered with diamonds, as usual, I suppose?"

"No; her back was quite bare."

Corresponding Prices.

"I saw where a hotel in New York has fixed a place on its roof where aviators can descend and register."

"I suppose they charge them high rates."

Not Particular.

Mrs. Myles—Is that so about your husband?

Mrs. Styles—What's that?

"I heard today he had bowed to the inevitable."

"Oh, I guess so. He'd bow to anything."

Sardonic Rejoinder.

"How many hours a day ought a musician to practice?"

"To what do you refer," inquired the applicant for increased compensation; "music or economy?"

PUT ONE OVER

"Bobbie, what are you laughing at?"

"Teacher licked me today 'cause I whispered, but she didn't see me throw a spit-ball."

CONDENSED CLASSICS

RICHARD CARVEL

By WINSTON CHURCHILL

Condensation by Hon. David I. Walsh, United States Senator

Winston Churchill has been always versatile as his English namesake. It is a far cry from the story of romantic adventure and the historical novel to the tale of reforming trolleyeacles, political, social and religious. He has an acute knowledge of what will interest the great people of life, and writes a story about it in such a way that he becomes a phenomenal best seller. He has learned the process of writing novels by novel reading and he learned to perform it by careful study of those he wanted to use. He has acquired the power of characterization that is almost photographic. He knows what interests most people of great appeal to a large body of intelligent people. He has a type known to many. All this shows the seriousness of the man. That he is political novelist, for instance, are real stories of politics he shows to be true that a former president of the United States and two former governors of Massachusetts have consented to retell them in shortened form.

Winston Churchill has written his best book, so far, in the opinion of most readers, Richard Carvel. It covers a vital phase of American political life. It has had a great influence in improving the conduct of our public affairs. In Joshua Rowan he has acquired his greatest character, as yet—one that will probably live as permanent rank in American literature.

I TAKE no shame in the pride with which I write of my grandfather, Lionel Carvel, Esq., of Carvel Hall, in his lordship's county of Anne Arundel, albeit he favored his majesty. He was so pulverizing turncoat like my uncle Grafton, whom I knew for a great rascal who had been banished to his estate in Kent county for saying in my grandfather's presence that my mother had not been fit to marry a Carvel. But if Grafton was a shadow on my boyhood, there was also a great light, and this was Mistress Dorothy Manners, my constant playmate.

Dorothy bloomed early, and too soon became a great beauty, with all our Annapolis macaronis at her feet. Thanks to her foolish fancy for Harmsdale Manners, she gave me to know that none but an English earl could serve her for husband.

My boyhood was passed in stirring times. 'Twas in the summer of 1765, onde memoriale by the Stamp Act, but I first came into touch with the deep-set feelings of the period, although I had always been a great friend, Mr. Henry Swain, a lawyer and a man of note among our patriots, the doctrines he was teaching in his revolt. My friendship with Patty Swain, his daughter, had begun early, and it was as the result of my love for hope that Dorothy, for all her fine airs, still thought sometimes of her childhood playmate.

Not until my uncle Grafton poisoned his ear against me did my grandfather learn how strong was the Carvel spirit that stirred me. "A Carvel against the king!" was all he said. But when that Grafton's poisoning was to tell the truth it was no pleasant thing for me to set my face against the king for whom my father had died.

About this time Dorothy's wish was fulfilled and she went to London. Soon Lord Comyn came to Annapolis with news that every macaroni in London, including himself, was in love with her and that the Duke of Harmsdale, a great rake, appeared to lead the race. There was sadness in the pride this gave me; nevertheless I was drawn to Lord Comyn, a true man.

My grandfather falling seriously ill, my uncle offered a recommendation from Lord Comyn that Grafton was plotting to cheat me of my birthright and make himself the Duke of Kent.

Even sander was tried. One night I was drawn into a duel with Lord Comyn on a pretext. Comyn, as bade to fight as I, wounded me in the fight only made us closer friends. Soon after Comyn had sailed for England a second attempt to kill me changed the course of my life. I was kidnapped by pirates, and only the fact that I was a scion of a fighting sailor I should have been slain. From the pirate I was rescued by a British man-of-war, commanded by one John Paul, who, for the discipline he maintained, might have been a naval commander. He recognized me as a gentleman and told me how he was returning to Scotland to say goodbye to his mother, for he said, Scotland had not treated him well. After that he proposed to go to London. I jumped at the, for now not Dorothy there? So, Paul's sad errand done, to London we went, choosing always the best coaching inns, Paul being for playing the gentleman. At London we put on a bold front and went to the Star and Garter in Pall Mall. I at once set out to find Mr. Manners, and caught him at his door, and he feigned not to know me, upon Mr. Dix, my grandfather's agent, declared I was an impostor and had us both thrown into jail.

After three weeks rescue came from an unexpected quarter—from Jack Comyn, who brought Dorothy to meet us at the prison gates. I was overwhelmed. Dorothy greeted me so warmly that I almost believed Comyn and Patty to have been right when they vowed that Dolly loved only me. Paul declared he was "an American, the compatriot of the beautiful Miss Manners."

I was minded to go back to America of new and reward Paul, but Comyn would not hear to this, declaring that I alone could save Dolly from Charteris. I knew that Comyn, in telling Dorothy that I loved her, had sacrificed himself. When I met Mr. Manners he declared that he had not seen me on the former occasion, but I knew he lied. As for Paul, when he saw how the land lay, he gave us the slip and sailed for America as captain of the Betsy bark.

In the betting books of White's and Brooks' is the record of much of my life in London, for I traveled in fast company. My friendship with Charles James Fox is a story in itself. He admired highly my defense of the colonies, although he did not then openly espouse our cause. Fox warned me that Chartersea was plotting against me, and proved true when the duke wagered that I could not ride Baltimore's horse Pollux, for Pollux was a man killer. Nevertheless, I rode the beast, and when Chartersea tried to follow me Pollux threw him into the serpentine. Thus foiled, Chartersea waylaid me at Vauxhall, and I knew that Manners had helped to trap me. Comyn came to my rescue and was wounded, but I was unhurt.

Manners showed his hand when he brought me news that my grandfather was dead and Grafton was master of Carvel Hall. I struck him. Mr. Dix objected. They also are an old in the conservation of fertilizer and in the sanitation of the feed lot. The fall days, before hard frosts are on, offer an excellent time for the construction of such a floor.

The site of the feeding floor should be well drained and situated conveniently with respect to the feed supply, water, and shade. The ground level requires, drainage foundations are unnecessary. If the location selected is sandy the feeding stall should be made for good underdrainage. The floor must be graded so that water will not stand in it to infect and freeze on it in winter and so that manure washings may be caught and carried, by means of gravity, into a watertight concrete manure pit.

The methods of constructing the several kinds of concrete feeding floors for cattle, hogs and sheep are quite similar. The structure should be made five inches thick. In constructing feeding floors for hogs the concrete apron around the edge should extend deep enough into the ground so that hog wallows will not undermine the floor and cause it to break up.

Use Clean Sand and Gravel.

Sand for concrete should be clean and should have grains grading in size from fine to coarse. With dirty sand no amount of cement will make strong concrete. Bank-run gravel, just as from the pit or taken from the stream bed, seldom runs even and rarely has the right proportions of coarse and fine bits for making the best concrete. The mixture most suitable has one part cement and two parts sand and gravel by volume, in which all sizes passing through a quarter-inch screen are considered sand. The gravel is generally too much sand for the gravel, it is advisable to separate the sand from the gravel and later remix them in proper proportion.

THE LEDGER'S FARM DEPARTMENT

Carefully Compiled Information That Will Be Of Help To The Progressive Farmer

CONCRETE FLOORS FOR FEEDING CORN TO HOGS WILL SAVE MONEY

Forms for a Concrete Feeding Floor.

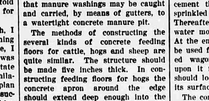
The high prices of foodstuffs have turned the farmer's attention to means whereby the cost of feeding corn to hogs may be decreased. It has been found that there is a saving in corn when it is fed on a properly constructed feeding floor. Old plank or wood floors are not desirable, as they furnish harborage for rats and mice. Concrete feeding floors do not have this objection. They also are an aid in the conservation of fertilizer and in the sanitation of the feed lot. The fall days, before hard frosts are on, offer an excellent time for the construction of such a floor.

The site of the feeding floor should be well drained and situated conveniently with respect to the feed supply, water, and shade. The ground level requires, drainage foundations are unnecessary. If the location selected is sandy the feeding stall should be made for good underdrainage. The floor must be graded so that water will not stand in it to infect and freeze on it in winter and so that manure washings may be caught and carried, by means of gravity, into a watertight concrete manure pit.

The methods of constructing the several kinds of concrete feeding floors for cattle, hogs and sheep are quite similar. The structure should be made five inches thick. In constructing feeding floors for hogs the concrete apron around the edge should extend deep enough into the ground so that hog wallows will not undermine the floor and cause it to break up.

Use Clean Sand and Gravel.

Sand for concrete should be clean and should have grains grading in size from fine to coarse. With dirty sand no amount of cement will make strong concrete. Bank-run gravel, just as from the pit or taken from the stream bed, seldom runs even and rarely has the right proportions of coarse and fine bits for making the best concrete. The mixture most suitable has one part cement and two parts sand and gravel by volume, in which all sizes passing through a quarter-inch screen are considered sand. The gravel is generally too much sand for the gravel, it is advisable to separate the sand from the gravel and later remix them in proper proportion.



Feeding Floor Partially Complete, Showing Trough to Manure Pit.

PREPARED LAND BEST FOR EASY IRRIGATION

Best Returns From Crops Where Soil Has Been Leveled.

Spots Too High to Receive Water Should Be Cut Down and Used to Fill in "Potholes"—Fall Is Best Time for Work.

The best returns from cereals grown under irrigation can be obtained only when the land has been well leveled. Properly leveled lands permit easy, thorough and complete irrigation. Poorly leveled lands are expensive to irrigate, require more water and more labor than land well leveled, and return a less yield per acre. Spots too high to receive water should be cut down and used to fill up "potholes," where water naturally collects. Some attention to removing the high spots is made, because the subsoil is thrown up occasionally unproductive spots result. However, a spot too high for watering is just as unproductive, and provides permanent "dead spots" in southern Idaho subsoil, if exposed through leveling, can soon be made productive by the use of manure and alfalfa. Before the leveling operation is begun, the general contour of the land should be well noted. The natural drainage should be left open so far as possible. The leveling should conform so far as possible to the natural contour of the land.

The best time to do leveling is in the fall before the land is plowed, as the leveled and plowed land can settle during the winter and be in ideal condition for seeding in the spring. It is not advisable to plow the entire field before leveling is begun. More horsepower is required to pull the scraper over plowed land than over firm land. Furthermore, it is much more difficult to be sure when the land is level, because fresh plowing is easily trapped down in scraping and looks lower than adjacent untrapped plowing. Fresh plowing is also only the high spots and haul the dirt from these to adjacent unplowed lower ground.

Write United States department of agriculture, Washington, D. C., for "Farmers' Bulletin 1105, Preparing Irrigated Grain in Southern Idaho."

HOPS ARE IN GREAT DEMAND

Exports From This Country During Year Beginning July, 1919, Were 31,000,000 Pounds.

Those who are wondering why this country keeps on producing hops, should know that they have been in great and active demand on the eastern side of the Atlantic since the termination of the war made this possible. The exports of domestic hops from this country during the year, beginning with July, 1919, amounted to nearly 31,000,000 pounds, while the

THE LOWELL LEDGER and ALTO WEEKLY SOLO.
Published every Thursday afternoon at Lowell, Michigan.
F. M. JOHNSON, Editor and Prop.
Twenty-eighth year under one management.
Citizen's Phones: Office, No. 200; Residence, 239. Local news taken at latter by Mrs. Johnson.

Entered at the postoffice at Lowell, Mich., as second class matter

Foreign Advertising Representative
THE AMERICAN PRESS ASSOCIATION

MAKE A SUCCESS OF YOURELF.

Make a success of yourself,
Don't worry too much about fame,
Or power in the struggle for pelf.
Just make a success of your name.
Be one that is rated at par
In the markets of men every day;
Be all that the good fellows are,
Don't live in a slovenly way.

Men judge by the work that you do
The skill of your brain and your hand,
But your real task's to fashion a "you"
That is fit with the highest to stand,
You may toil to the top of your bent
And succeed in that one-sided way,
But your glory will bring discontent
If you let yourself wander astray.

Make yourself live as you should,
Make yourself carry a smile;
Be sure that your character's good,
Be sure that your word is worth while.
Play fair though you win or you win or you lose,
Be kindly and true to the end,
Be the same sort of a man that you'll choose
To have as a comrade and friend.

The battle of life's not so hard
If only you'll fight as a man;
There are many to stand by and guard
And help you as much as they can.
But it's you that you offer for sale,
With your traits ranged like goods on a shelf,
And the first thing to do, without fail,
Is to make a success of yourself.

(Copyright, 1920, by Edgar A. Guest.—[Detroit Free Press.

THE RETREAT OF THE PIRATES.

Senator Calder and Senator Edge—particularly interested in coal prices—have joined in a solemn warning that profiteering coal prices must stop! More power to their elbows! The greatest hold-up in American economic history has occurred at the mine pits of the nation during the last seven months. The average coal retailer has been as helpless as the consumer. Primarily, the mine operator has deliberately picked the pockets of American consumers to the tune of daily millions. Nine or ten dollars a ton is about the measure of this piracy. A rather sudden and substantial drop in these mine prices has just been reported in the east. Whether this is due to a senatorial threat or whether it is a reflex from last Tuesday's assurance that there is soon to be a new Attorney-General of the United States, makes no great odds. Evidently we are in for some measure of relief. This is a refreshing novelty—but it doesn't soften the desire in several million breasts to see the government exact retribution from those who have outrageously robbed the American Budget.—[Grand Rapids Herald.

A PLEASING SLAUGHTER.

The rejection by the people of Michigan of the proposed school amendment to the state constitution is emphatic and complete, and there is room for confident belief that the project is buried beyond any likelihood of disinterment. This is gratifying, for the amendment was distinctly undesirable from every viewpoint, and had it passed it would have been productive of much expense to the taxpayers, it would have stood as an assault on the rights of parents and it would have been a sore spot that would have caused endless irritation of the body politic and would have produced class and religious dissension.

The unfortunate thing is the fact that the verdict against the amendment was not even more pronounced, and this is the more regrettable because it might easily have been more emphatic. Mistakes in campaigning were undoubtedly responsible at the last, for the swing of a good many votes to the amendment on the strength of considerations that had nothing at all to do with the real merits and demerits of the issue.—[Detroit Free Press.

The Literary Digest reprints a suggestive cartoon that should have influence with those who have the fixing of public expenses. The picture shows a pump in the well of public revenue. Hanging to the handle and pulling down for dear life are men labeled "Congress" and "Legislature." The bucket into which they are squeezing the last few drops of public funds is overflowing into a pool labeled "Waste," which covers a wide space. For local application, The Ledger would add another figure labeled "Board of Supervisors," standing on the handle and jumping with might and main. The Ledger has no ill will towards any one in this matter; but it does believe that it is time office holders learned that public money is no longer to be taken from the taxpayers to be lavishly wasted in princely salaries or Overland cars for county officials. It is time to stop some of the grafting.

We have had "From log cabin to White house" presidents. "From rail splitter to president," and from "From towpath to president," statesmen; and we are now to have a "From printer's devil to White house," president. The election of Harding should be an inspiration to boys everywhere and lead to a new interest in the printing and publishing industry. The time is coming again when the man with a good trade that is at the same time an educator, will come into his own. There may be better places for ambitious, worthy, boys than a well-equipped country newspaper and printing office; but we do not know where they are.

Finger print signatures have been accepted as legal; and thus is Mark Twain's Pudd'nhead Wilson vindicated; showing again how the fiction of one generation becomes the history of another. The old-time "mark" so long used by the illiterate may now have a better successor.

Some very good Bryan people are inclined to resent his recommendation for the resignation and retirement forthwith of President Wilson. They have not forgotten the latter's many great achievements, nor the fact that he has sacrificed his health for his ideals, and that he has been punished enough for faults or failures that were largely chargeable to others. Let us have an end to hateful politics and begin now the era of good feeling that Mr. Harding's administration is expected to herald.

Another Clothing Reduction

Down Again to Still Lower Levels are Our Already Low Prices of Yesterday

Hart Schaffner & Marx Fine Suits and Overcoats

grouped in one lot at $47.75

Copyright 1920 Hart Schaffner & Marx

Fine hand-tailored Suits and Overcoats—all Hart Schaffner & Marx high grade clothing. One great group of remarkable values in Suits and Overcoats. Now all reduced to

$47.75

Another great group of Suits and Overcoats, Men's and Young Men's Models. Every garment all-wool and guaranteed. All included in this lot at the very low reduced price of

$33.75

Follow this store for values—but don't lag so far behind that you miss your share of the values you'll get here at these much lowered prices

4 Specials

Picked at random throughout the store, these specials only emphasize the uniformly lower prices of our goods.

Wool Sox

We bought heavily of some very fine quality, heavy wool sox. Easily worth $1.00. Now they're 25 per cent less at

75c

Again Reduced

Men's Heavy Flannellette shirts for winter wear. Oxford and khaki shades of heavy soft material. Double stitched throughout. Regular collars with extension neck band. Full size roomy garments. All sizes, 14 to 17½. Again reduced from $2.25 to

$1.85

Superfine Lisle Hose of good weight. Mighty durable. Grey, black, cordovan and navy. Ordinary 50c value. Lower here, at

35c the pair

What's left of 6 dozen pure silk hose that were $1.50. Brown, grey, black, navy. Now, only

$1

Stephenson Mills celebrated wool spun unions in silver grey color. Heavy weight, warm and durable. Just the right weight for winter. Fine, soft garments, and we very strongly recommend these unions. Specially priced, very low.

$3.75 each

Values in Underwear

that are as far above the ordinary as the prices are below.

Shirts and drawers of very heavy fleeced cotton yarns. Genuine High Rock Mills make. Shirts single or double-breasted. Drawers with double cuffs and tape supports. None better made. Priced very low.

$1.47 per garment

Cotton unions of medium weight. Elastic ribbed, made by Stephenson. Ecru and silver colors.

$2.50 and $2.65

Extra heavy fleeced unions of light brown color. High Rock make. Warm, thick, soft garments of great durability. They're worth easily more than we ask.

$2 85

Overalls Reduced

They were $2.50

Now they're

$1.95

The old reliable WINNER brand

22 per cent off

Boy Need a Suit?

20 per cent Saving

from our former low prices on

DUBBELBILT BOYS' CLOTHES

Boys' Overcoat Specials

Bright new Fall Overcoats at prices so low that the coats are easily the best values you can find anywhere.

Little Fellows' Overcoats, made from heavy mackinaw cloth, in blue and brown mixtures. Double-breasted. Convertible collars. Belt all around. Fancy cuff finished sleeves. Taped seams. Yoke lined. Sizes 3 years to 9 years.

$8.45

Boys' Melton Overcoats with plush collars and cuffs. Belt all around, double breasted coats, with heavy weight, fancy plaid linings. Twill serge yoke and sleeve linings. Handsome brown melton, coats in ages 4 to 10 years. Very strong value at a close price

$10 65

Boys' Wisconsin Mackinaw in very neat plaid mixtures. Heavy weight genuine mackinaw cloth. Double sewed seams, very neatly taped. Double breasted with shawl collars and fancy cuff finished sleeves. Belted coats. Pleasing colors and very fine values.

$9.85

Uncle Sam heavy cotton work sox, last week's value 25c
Now 20c, 3 pair for 50c

Sweater Prices are lower

The values are greater because the prices are so low.

Here's a great value

Men's sweater coats of a very pleasing heather mixture. Strictly all wool. They're unreasonably low at

$4.35

Men's heavy work sweater coats with large shawl collars. Very strong coats at a low price

$1.45

Men's Pullovers

Many color combinations. All sizes. Big, easy, durable, wool sweaters. Low at

$7.50, $8.85, $11.65

Boys' Pullovers

Bright colors and all sizes. Great values at

$3.25, $5.45, $6.45 and $6.95

Here are 3 Real Values in Flannel Shirts

In an almost unlimited assortment it's an easy matter at our low prices to pick out a real bargain. These 3 values speak for themselves. The others are as good.

Navy Blue Flannel Shirts of heavy weight. Celebrated Kenwood make of good wool percentage. Lined collars. Double sewed. Blue flannel shirts of this quality are exceedingly hard to find this fall. Reduced again from $2.85 to

$2.45

Military Flannel Shirts of fine quality with two large flap pockets, and regular collars. Greens, browns and heather mixtures. Bright, clear shades. Very serviceable garments of extra quality. Sizes 14½ to 17.

$3.85

Genuine California Flannel shirts in many colors and styles. Both heavy and medium weights. Military shirts with regular collars and 2 pockets with flaps. Lined collars and genuine pearl buttons. Sightly shirts as well as very serviceable. Brown, green blue and heather colors. Great values at a low price.

$4.85

GORDON

2 Work Coat Specials

at lowered prices.

Double breasted brown duck coats of good weight. Warm blanket lining thruout. Two pockets with corduroy collars. Re-enforced under arms. This garment priced very low. All sizes.

$4.85

Drab Whip Cord Work Coats, in double-breasted styles. Re-enforced under arms, corduroy collars and corduroy bound pockets. Heavy blanket lined thruout. A very special value in sizes 36 to 46.

$6.65

Coons

"The Value Store in Lowell"

With their increased salaries, some of our county officers are said to feel that the Ford cards formerly furnished by the county do not comport with their new dignity; and they want to turn the Fords in toward new Overlands. Are the supervisors in for this also?

In spite of a concerted attempt to bring the Federal Prohibition law into contempt, it has already proven itself far superior to a licensed liquor traffic, and the open saloon. Those who have hoped and worked for a return of the old conditions are doomed to disappointment. Present wrongs will be righted, and wrong-doers will be punished.

The recommendation of Michigan teachers that church and private schools be subject to state supervision and a declaration from Catholics that they will promote such a movement are hopeful signs that we will have no more school amendment campaigns. With all schools, public and private, under state supervision and teaching in English up to the eighth grade, all reasonable people should be content. We believe the language provision should be required; that the lessons of the great war require it.

Federal Judge Anderson, of Indianapolis, is after Attorney General Palmer with a "sharp stick" over the latter's actions in coal mine strike injunction cases. If the Judge can show why "investigations" seldom or never get anywhere, he will be a public benefactor.

The Detroit Free Press in the midst of its rejoicing over the election of a Republican Senate to back him up, should be reminded that President Harding will still have Senators Borah, Johnson, La Follette, and more Republicans of similar stripe who will probably make him more trouble than many of the Democrats. It is well not to forget some things. Mr. Wilson has had his trials. Mr. Harding's are coming; and here's good fortune for both.

Our friend, Mr. Blotter says: "The more you know, the more you know you ought to know." Likewise, the less one knows, the less he knows how much there is to know.

Greenville plow makers are out on a strike because of reduced wages. Probably they will change their minds before plows are needed again.

The coal operators say they are not to blame. Well, if what we've had is the best they can do, let them vacate the properties and give humanity a chance.

Ledger Job Print is best.

ELMDALE.

Nov. 10.—Charles Youngs and wife entertained his mother and husband, also some other friends to Sunday dinner.

Myrtle Howk and Helen Wagoner, of Freeport, spent Saturday with the former's uncle and aunt, H. E. Krauss and wife.

Ira Blough and wife, of Lansing, and I. M. Sines and family, of Vermontville, who have been visiting relatives of this locality, returned to their homes Sunday.

A goodly number from this vicinity attended the revival services at Freeport, Sunday.

The Misses Elsie Lumbert and Nora Stahl spent Saturday night and Sunday with Freeport friends.

Clinton Schwab and family entertained his brother Milo and family to Sunday dinner.

Russel Long's famous hunting dog, old Pete, went along hunting on a hunting trip last Sunday, and after eating his dinner, died very suddenly, and Saturday, the 6:30 flyer going east killed Dan Weaver's dog.

Mose Hoffman and baby is very sick with a gathering in the head.

THE LOWELL LEDGER and The Alto Weekly Solo

A Few More

ITCH!

Money back without question if HUNT'S Salve fails in the treatment of ITCH, ECZEMA, RINGWORM, TETTER or other itching skin diseases. Try a 75 cent box at our risk.

M. N. Henry, Druggist.

WHITE'S BRIDGE.

Nov. 9.—Ed. Mosure has gone North for a few days deer hunt.

Mr. and Mrs. Randall Miller, of Lowell, are spending the week with their son, Merle Miller and family.

Mr. and Mrs. William Dailey were Thursday evening visitors of Charles Bowen and family.

Mrs. Ed. Mosure and Mrs. Jerry De Vine were Lowell visitors last Tuesday.

Ernest Leech and daughter Esther and Mrs. Lansing, of Alma, were Sunday visitors at the former's brother, Vern Leech and family.

Mrs. Joseph Shear and daughter Ethel, were Friday visitors of Mrs. Lodowic Shear.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Bowen were Lowell visitors last Friday.

Mr. and Mrs. Lodowic Shear and baby and Mr. and Mrs. Jerry Devine and Miss Addie Shear attended the reception given for Mr. and Mrs. Homer Morris Saturday evening.

There is more Catarrh in this section of the country than all other diseases put together, and for years it was supposed to be incurable. Doctors prescribed local remedies, and by constantly failing to cure with local treatment, pronounced it incurable. Catarrh is a local disease, greatly influenced by constitutional conditions and therefore requires constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Medicine, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, Ohio, is a constitutional remedy, is taken internally and acts thru the Blood on the Mucous Surfaces of the System. One Hundred Dollars reward is offered for any case that Hall's Catarrh Medicine fails to cure. Send for circulars and testimonials.
F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, Ohio.
Sold by Druggists, 75c.
Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

MOSELEY.

Nov. 8.—Mrs. John Howard, of Lowell, spent Friday and Saturday with Will Howard and family.

Gordon Frost visited his mother at the Blodgett hospital last Thursday.

John Wingeier, Jr., was home from Grand Rapids, last week.

Glen Ford started his cider mill last week.

Miss Cora Kropf and Dell Ford were in Grand Rapids, Friday.

Alvin and Charles Davis spent Friday at Will Engle's.

Mrs. Hattie Culver is spending a few days with her nephew, Frank Keech and family.

Burr Davis and family, and Mr. and Mrs. Maurice Trumbull attended the friendship club at Smyrna, Thursday.

N. C. Thomas, of Caledonia, auctioned the Merritt Day property Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. Tom Reed, Jr., have bought Mr. and Mrs. Merritt Day's farm, and Mr. and Mrs. Day are moving to Lowell.

Mr. and Mrs. Will Engle and son spent Sunday with George Kellogg and family.

Miss Elva Fairchild spent Saturday and Sunday with her cousins, Frankie and Marian Kellogg.

Mr. and Mrs. Burr Davis and son Martin, spent Saturday and Sunday with Richard Lowne and wife, of Mecosta.

George Lewis and wife entertained guests from Grand Rapids, Sunday.

Mrs. Glen Francisco's mother from Lansing, is visiting her.

Mrs. L. A. Davis and family, spent Sunday with Earl Slayton and wife, of Cook's Corners.

The Ladies' Aid have postponed the cleaning of the Alton church until Nov. 18. Every one come prepared to work. They will serve a picnic dinner and every one is cordially invited.

BOWNE CENTER.

Nov. 9.—Mrs. Lewis Boulard is in Grand Rapids for a few days, expecting to take treatment while there for rheumatism.

Guy Smith finished digging his potatoes Saturday. He harvested over 1,000 bushels.

John Thomas, wife and son, Minnie Clemens, of Detroit, ate Sunday dinner with Mr. and Mrs. J. S. Thomas.

Miss Pearl Eckert, of Grand Rapids, visited Mrs. Anna Smith from Friday until Sunday.

Ladies' Aid cleared over $60 last Tuesday.

J. S. Thomas is assisting W. H. Watts in his department store.

Be Strong

THE strong and vigorous man or woman is envied by less fortunate humanity afflicted with aches, pains, infirmities and ailments. The sufferer says to himself, "If I could only be well, how happy I would be," for health is more essential to the joy of living than is wealth.

The kidneys almost literally wash the blood and keep it clean and free from impurities. When the kidneys are out of order, they fail to filter out this waste and poisonous matter. It remains in the system to cause backache, rheumatic pains, sore muscles and stiff joints.

Foley Kidney Pills

help the system eliminate this poisonous waste. They soothe, strengthen and heal sore, weak and diseased kidneys and bladder. When the kidneys are working properly, appetite returns, refreshing sleep is possible, and health and strength come again.

C. W. Smith, 1205 No. 4th St., Salina, Kas., writes: "I am very much pleased with Foley Kidney Pills. I am working in a coal yard and have been very much troubled with my back. I have taken several doses of Foley Kidney Pills and they have already helped me."

For sale by all Druggists.

Mrs. John Porritt leaves Tuesday for Ann Arbor, where she will receive treatment. Mrs. Porritt has been a sufferer for some time and her friends are hopeful that she may be better soon.

Mr. and Mrs. Johnson, of Grand Rapids, had quite an accident Sunday night on their way to Bowne. Some one ran into them, taking the front wheel off their car. Both cars were badly damaged. No one was hurt.

Howard Smith and several of his friends, of Grand Rapids, were out in Bowne Sunday, hunting.

Thelma Boulard, who had the misfortune to get her hand and arm caught in a wringer recently is getting along nicely, but carries her arm in a sling yet.

Lawrence Johnson and Lloyd Smith motored to Grand Rapids Sunday, accompanied by Misses Lucile Johnson, Dorothy Smith and Pearl Eckert.

NORTH BOWNE.

Nov. 9.—Miss Laura Krebs returned home Saturday, after assisting Mrs. Krieser with her house-work for several weeks.

Henry Klahn and wife attended services at the M. E. church at Lowell, Sunday evening.

Mrs. John Krebs had dental work done in Grand Rapids Friday.

Dr. Barman, wife and son, and Dr. Lyman were visitors at the home of John Krebs and wife one day recently. The men enjoyed a hunting trip while here.

Daniel Layer and wife, of Logan, and Mrs. Mary Draper and friend from Grand Rapids, were Sunday visitors at the A. Klipfer home.

Otto Anderson, wife and three children were visitors at the home of her mother, Mrs. Johnson, Sunday.

Miss Orpha Bunker, of Alto, was a Friday night guest of Miss Mary Seese.

Born, to Mr. and Mrs. Carl Oesch, a boy, recently. Answers to the name of John Joseph.

Miss Inez Klaan spent Sunday with Helen Hunt, of West Lowell.

Charles Billinger and family, of Lowell, spent Monday at the home of Jacob Layer and family.

Mrs. Ransom Vaughn is visiting relatives at this place for a few days.

Eli Kaufman and wife entertained Robert Woods and wife Sunday.

M. Joy Lee visited from Friday until Monday with her cousin, Harriet Billinger, of near Lowell.

WEST VERGENNES.

Nov. 9.—Mrs. Himbaugh is visiting her parents at Vicksburg, Mich.

The annual Thanksgiving dinner of the Vergennes Ladies' Aid society will be held at the Vergennes Grange hall, Nov. 18. Chicken pie, pumpkin pie and all the rest. You are invited.

Mr. and Mrs. Don Collar are moving to Lowell for the winter. They will live with Mrs. Belle Hodges.

C. M. James is recovering from his recent serious illness.

Mrs. Allen Bennett attended the Shiawassee County Pomona Grange held in Owosso last week.

Wednesday, Nov. 3, Mrs. Theo. Bailey and Mrs. Wilcox Bennett visited Miss Eva Hale, who teaches at Potters Corners.

Miss Freda Bailey, who teaches in Grand Rapids, visited home over Sunday.

NORTH VERGENNES.

Nov. 8.—School started this week, after a month's vacation, two weeks' potato digging and on account of the teacher being sick.

Miss Mildred McDiarmid, of South Lowell, visited Nola Richmond, Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. John Wright spent Saturday and Sunday in Greenville, visiting Mr. and Mrs. Henry Warner.

Mr. and Mrs. Tom Read Jr., have moved from their farm to the Merritt Day farm, recently purchased by them.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter Rogers, son Lester, of Lowell, and Mrs. Homer Gilland and daughter Lottie, were Sunday evening callers at Elmer Richmond's.

Nola Richmond and Earl Vosburg motored to Grand Rapids Sunday evening.

DISTRICT NO 5.

Nov. 9.—Mr. and Mrs. George Fausset, and Mr. and Mrs. Ed. Potter, of Grand Rapids, were Sunday guests of Mr. and Mrs. Robert Ford.

Messrs. Hapeman, Castor and Blough each have a large crop of very fine apples, which at present prices they will not harvest at a very large profit considering the cost of production.

Mrs. James Needham and son Emmett spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. C. Baker.

Mr. Martin's new barn is being hurried very rapidly under the management of L. Karcher, of Freeport.

Clarence Schwarder and Emmett Needham attended the dancing party at the Academy in Grand Rapids Wednesday evening.

Frank Graham is improving his house with a coat of paint.

The way things have been proceeding in the past no one is very much surprised over the election returns.

Recently we read of a man that used to earn $1.25 per day, and now he earns $8 and $9 per day, and how freely he parted with $15 to ride ten minutes in an airship. Now he is kicking about the high cost of living.

SOUTH BOSTON.

Nov. 8.—The Congregational services have been changed to afternoon. Sunday school 1 o'clock, sun time, church following.

Born, Oct. 20, a daughter, Freda Alice, to Mr. and Mrs. Chris Fahrni.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Freeman are moving back to the P. C. Freeman farm, and Mr. and Mrs. Emery Freeman will live in John Freeman's tenant house for the present.

Little Emery Freeman is quite sick.

Ionia county granges planned a surprise for John C. Ketchum, State Master of Hastings, but because of various reasons, not many attended. Those who stayed away sure missed a good time, good dinner and good talk by Mr. Ketchum. Messrs. and Mesdames N. M. O'Beirne, Ruben Lee, John and Emery Freeman and Will Draper, Mesdames George and Ed. Tucker and Miss Myrtle Boyd, from South Boston went.

Albert Sneathen is going to have another operation.

South Boston feels honored to have a 93 year-old woman voter, Mrs. S. J. Story, who cast her first vote for Harding.

SEGWUN.

Nov. 9.—Mrs. Theo. Bailey, of Vergennes, spent Friday with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd Jones.

Mr. and Mrs. Bert Talcott, of Saranac, were guests of Mr. and Mrs. E. T. White Saturday and Sunday.

Louis Jones was in Grand Rapids Saturday for an operation.

Miss Viola Anderson was home from Grand Rapids Saturday and Sunday. She says the walking is fine.

SOUTH LOWELL.

Nov. 8.—John Schwarder and Earl McDiarmid visited in Grand Rapids, Friday.

Mildred McDiarmid and Hester Yeiter spent the forepart of last week in Lansing visiting friends and relatives.

The Sunday school convention was well attended at the South Lowell church.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Murphy called on Charles Yeiter and family Sunday.

Wilbur Yeiter spent Sunday with his cousin, Vernon King.

Charles Sterzick leaves Tuesday for the Upper Peninsula for the hunting season.

Visitors at Joe Sterzick's Sunday were Mary Sterzick, of Grand Rapids and John Sterzick and family, of South Boston.

Miss Gladys Yeiter spent Sunday with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Yeiter.

The Behler Brothers and wives attended the funeral of their uncle, Henry Helrigel, of Middleville, Wednesday.

George Schwarder is working on the county road now in place of W. J. Foster.

ROSCOMMON O FICIAL PRAISES STATE POLICE

Hiram R. Smith, prosecuting attorney of Roscommon county, recently wrote a letter to Major R. E. Marsh, commanding the Michigan State Police, in which he expressed his thanks for the able service rendered by the State Police in connection with the disappearance of Gordon Turner, Continuing, Mr. Smith said:

"The activities of your men in no way conflict with the duties of of great assistance to local officials but it occurs to me their work is of great assistance to local o cials and, of course, in case of neglect of duty, keeps tab on them and does not permit wrong to be cloaked by such officials. In this case, the sheriff of Crawford county, I personally know, spent much time and effort and considerable skill in this matter and from his conversation I know he greatly appreciates the work your men did. He is a good official and his whole desire is to secure results.

"There is one recommendation I wish to make and that is that the state give more encouragement to the work of these men. I understand the state does not even pay their expense such as auto hire, etc. If the state would abolish a large number of offices, such as salt commissioners and oil commissioners and retrograde "labor" commissioners and make some provision for real public officials engaged in a great public work, it would be a fortunate thing for the people of this state. Is there not some way in which the expenses of these men might be cared for? If not, it is time provision was made. Thanking you again, I am

Very sincerely,
HIRAM R. SMITH,
Prosecuting Attorney.

Indirect Success—"Was your garden a success this year?"

"Very much so! My neighbor's chickens took first prize at the poultry show."—The Passing Show, (London.)

This is the Stove Polish YOU Should Use

IT'S different from others because more care is taken in the making and the materials used are of higher grade.

Black Silk Stove Polish

Makes a brilliant, silky polish that does not rub off or dust off, and the shine lasts four times as long as ordinary stove polish. Used on sample stoves and sold by hardware and grocery dealers.

All we ask is a trial. Use it on your cook stove, your parlor stove or your gas range. If you don't find it the best polish you ever used, your dealer is authorized to refund your money. Insist on Black Silk Stove Polish. Made in liquid or paste—one quality.

Black Silk Stove Polish Works
Sterling, Illinois

Use Black Silk Air-Drying Iron Enamel on grates, registers, stove-pipes. Prevents rusting. Use Black Silk Metal Polish for silver, nickel or brass. It has no equal for use on automobiles.

"A Shine in Every Drop"

LOWELL MARKET REPORT.

Corrected, Nov. 10, 1920.

Wheat, (red) 60 lbs.	1 90
Wheat, (white) 60 lbs	1 88
Corn meal, ton	50 00
Oats, per bu.	.50
Rye, per bu.	1 40
Corn and Oats Feed	50 00
Middlings, per ton	40 00
Bran	38 00
Flour, per hundred	5 60
Butter, per lb.	.55
Eggs	.70
Pork, live	14 00
Pork, dressed	18 00
Lambs, dressed	28 00
Sheep, live	7 00—8 00
Chickens, spring and old, live	14-18
Calves, alive	12 00
Calves, dressed	16 00—18 00
Beef, dressed, cwt.	12 00—15 00
Beef, live	6 00—8 00
New potatoes, per bu.	1 20
Butter fat, per lb.	54 00

N. C. THOMAS
The Auctioneer
will be pleased to cry your sale.

References—Caledonia, Middleville, Wayland, Farmer's and Merchant's Bank, Grand Rapids; Lowell City State Bank and scores of satisfied customers. Call William Condon, Lowell, or Citizens telephone No. 61, Caledonia. Watch this space each week for the date.

Wed., Nov. 10.—F. S. Cozzezns, Paris.
Thurs., Nov. 11.—Orange Thomas, Caledonia
Fri., Nov. 12.—Jesse W. Clark, Coit Road.
Sat., Nov. 13.—Herbert Gold, Coopersville.
Mon., Nov. 15.—Mrs. James Lyons, Barlow Lake.
Tues., Nov. 16.—Henry Simmons, Caledonia. (14 Head Registered Holstein cattle.)
Wed., Nov. 17.—Byron Center.
Thurs. Nov. 18.—Mr. Chase, Yankee Springs.
Fri. Nov. 19.—Harry Van Hill, E. Caledonia.
Sat., Nov. 20.—Mr. Fales, Wayland.

M. C. Greene, M. D.
Physician and Surgeon
Office in Negonee Blk., Lowell, Mich

H. P. GOTFREDSEN
Physician & Surgeon
OVER CITY STATE BANK
Lowell, Mich.
Phones | Office 222-2 | House 222-3

GLENN G. TOWSLEY, M. D.
EYE, EAR, NOSE and THROAT
Offices: 504-505 Ashton Bldg.
GRAND RAPIDS
Citizens phone 62479.

S. S. LEE, M. D.
Physician and Surgeon
Office Hours:
11 to 12 a. m. 2 to 4 p. m. 7 to 8 p. m.
Sundays, 3 to 4 p. m.
OFFICE: LEE BLOCK
Office Phone, 93 House, 11

DR. B. H. SHEPARD
Physician and Surgeon
Lowell, Michigan
The Doctor McDannell Office in Negonee Block.
Office hours: 10-12 a. m., 2-4 and 7-8 p. m.
Citz. phone: 36, Office: 47, Residence.

Money to Loan
on easy monthly payments. Let your rent money pay for your home.
DO IT NOW.
Lowell Building and Loan Association
Talk it over with
M. C. GREENE, Pres., or J. B. YEITER, Sec.

Election is Over! Now Back to Business!
YOU, Mr. Lowell business man, are going to forge ahead with the rest of the world. ARE YOU ALL SET?
Consult us regarding your office equipment and supplies.
We carry only the best in
TYPEWRITERS, DUPLICATING MACHINES and Everything for the Modern Office, including Rebuilt and Rental Machines.
Write us for catalogs. We can help you.
Taylor Typewriter Store
135 Ottawa St, N. W., Grand Rapids, Mich.
We want a Lowell representative—Good proposition.

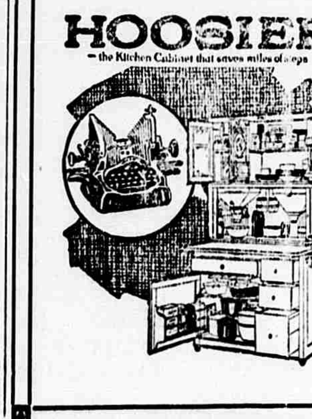
W. E. EDDY COMPANY
Ford Sales and Service
temporary headquarters at the BUICK GARAGE, where we are prepared to care of
Repair Work
Ford Cars and Fordson Tractors
Citz. Phone 350 Lowell

The Women of Lowell are Invited to the
Free Cooking Class
Starting Tuesday, Nov. 16 to Saturday, Nov. 20
Sessions Daily from 2:00 to 4:30 p. m.
Conducted by
MRS. J. A. McCARTY, Lecturer
Under the auspices of the Home Economics Department of the
Corn Products Refining Company
To be held in our West Side Store
Yeiter & Company

Practical demonstrations of methods of food economy in the solution of home economic problems of the average housewife. All phases of cookery will be thoroughly discussed and indidivual difficulties worked out.

Daily Programs are as follows:

Tuesday—Subject, Breads. Demonstration, Baking Powder Biscuit, Graham Muffins, and Southern Corn Cake.
Wednesday—Subject, Cookies, Cakes, Fillings and Iceings. Demonstrations, Sugar Cookies and Spice Cake.
Thursday—Subject, Salad Dressings, Salads and Sandwich Fillings. Demonstrations Mayonaise and Cooked Dressings, with various Salads to show their uses, also Sandwiches.
Friday—Subject, Pies and Doughnuts. Demonstration, Apple and Banana Cream Pies, Sweet Milk Doughnuts.
Saturday—Subject, Making and Serving of a Complete Meal. Demonstrations, Cream of Corn Soup, Creole Steak, Mashed Potatoes, Baked Apples and Pie.


HOOSIER — the Kitchen Cabinet that saves miles of steps

Free to All---Don't Miss This Rare Opportunity.

The Modern Kitchen that simplies the work of the Expert Lecturer is equipped with the Famous Hoosier Kitchen Cabinet.

The Red Star Oil Stove is furnished by Ford's Hardware.

I have the above brands of Fertilizer and they can't be beat for price and quality.

C. H. Runciman

Get Your Job Printing at the Ledger-Solo Office.

ready for any kind of sport. There were about twenty in the party. After games had been played, and some music and songs by the girls enjoyed, they all marched to the dining room, where lunch was served by the hostess, Mrs. W. W. Proctor. Lunch consisted of sandwiches, doughnuts, pickles, tarts and coffee, of which all partook of freely. After lunch the little folks went home, declaring they had had a grand good time.

You Get ALL FOUR of These MAGAZINES and OUR NEWSPAPER
For One Year Each FOR $2.75 Order Now
THIS EXCEPTIONAL OFFER IS GOOD FOR A SHORT TIME ONLY
Subscriptions may be new or renewal. All renewal subscriptions will be extended for one year from present date of expiration.

Building Your Wealth

A bank works for you night and day, week after week, adding cents to your dollars. Little by little the amounts grow till each addition is a respectable sum.

Where does the gain come from? Not from your pocket, nor from ours. It is the result of production. Money placed in a bank is given an opportunity to work and to produce.

Thus a bank builds your wealth.

Start with a small deposit if you will. Add to it when you can—regularly if you can do so. It will not be long till you can fairly see it grow.

Make THIS BANK Your Best Servant
Open an Account With Us Today---NOW

Farmers State Bank
Alto, Mich.
4% on Savings

Geo. J. Shannon
Auctioneer
Satisfaction Guaranteed
Citz. Phone 29 *Ada, Mich.*
References: Lowell State Bank, Farmers' and Merchants' Bank, Ada.

THE SUGAR BOWL
Makers of Home-made
Candies and Ice Cream
Every Day Fresh
GOOD SERVICE FINE SUNDAES
ALL KINDS of SOFT DRINKS
Try us for Smooth Ice Cream.
JARVIS BROS., Props.
Phone 109

Stop, Look and Listen
We have
Cement, Hard and Soft Coal, Fence Posts and all kinds of Building Material
at both McCords and Alto Yards
Fred A. Worden Lbr. Co.

Lion Brand High Tops for Men and Boys

GREAT service for any weather—soft as a glove—tough as a pig's nose. They lace up snugly and fit perfectly from sole to the very top. Best of all, the *Hardy Hide* leather in Lion Brand shoes is made especially for hard service. You will like them better every day you wear them.

W. H. Watts, Alto, Mich.

THE LOWELL LEDGER and ALTO WEEKLY SOLO.
Published every Thursday afternoon at Lowell, Michigan.
F. M. JOHNSON, Editor and Prop.,
Twenty-eighth year under one management.
Citizen's Phones: Office, No. 200; Residence, 239. Local news taken at latter by Mrs. Johnson.

Entered at the postoffice at Lowell, Mich., as second class matter

Foreign Advertising Representative
THE AMERICAN PRESS ASSOCIATION

MAKE A SUCCESS OF YOURELF.

Make a success of yourself,
Don't worry too much about fame,
Or power in the struggle for pelf.
Just make a success of your name.
Be one that is rated at par
In the markets of men every day;
Be all that the good fellows are,
Don't live in a slovenly way.

Men judge by the work that you do
The skill of your brain and your hand,
But your real task's to fashion a "you"
That is fit with the highest to stand,
You may toil to the top of your bent
And succeed in that one-sided way,
But your glory will bring discontent
If you let yourself wander astray.

Make yourself live as you should,
Make yourself carry a smile;
Be sure that your character's good,
Be sure that your word is worth while.
Play fair though you win or you win or you lose,
Be kindly and true to the end,
Be the same sort of a man that you'll choose
To have as a comrade and friend.

The battle of life's not so hard
If only you'll fight as a man;
There are many to stand by and guard
And help you as much as they can.
But it's you that you offer for sale,
With your traits ranged like goods on a shelf,
And the first thing to do, without fail,
Is to make a success of yourself.
(Copyright, 1920, by Edgar A. Guest.
—Detroit Free Press.

THE RETREAT OF THE PIRATES.

Senator Calder and Senator Edge—particularly interested in coal prices—have joined in a solemn warning that profiteering coal prices must stop! More power to their elbows! The greatest hold-up in American economic history has occurrred at the mine pits of the nation during the last seven months. The average coal retailer has been as helpless as the consumer. Primarily, the mine operator has deliberately picked the pockets of American consumers to the tune of daily millions. Nine or ten dollars a ton is about the measure of this piracy. A rather sudden and substantial drop in these mine prices has just been reported in the east. Whether this is due to a senatorial threat or whether it is a reflex from last Tuesday's assurance that there is soon to be a new Attorney-General of the United States, makes no great odds. Evidently we are in for some measure of relief. This is a refreshing novelty—but it doesn't soften the desire in several million breasts to see the government exact retribution from those who have outrageously robbed the American Budget.—[Grand Rapids Herald.

A PLEASING SLAUGHTER.

The rejection by the people of Michigan of the proposed school amendment to the state constitution is emphatic and complete, and there is room for confident belief that the project is buried beyond any likelihood of disinterment. This is gratifying, for the amendment was distinctly undesirable from every viewpoint, and had it passed it would have been productive of much expense to the taxpayers, it would have stood as an assault on the rights of parents and it would have been a sore spot that would have caused endless irritation of the body politic and would have produced class and religious dissension.

The unfortunate thing is the fact that the verdict against the amendment was not even more pronounced, and this is the more regrettable because it might easily have been more emphatic. Mistakes in campaigning were undoubtedly responsible at the last, for the swing of a good many votes to the amendment on the strength of considerations that had nothing at all to do with the real merits and demerits of the issue.—[Detroit Free Press.

The Literary Digest reprints a suggestive cartoon that should have influence with those who have the fixing of public expenses. The picture shows a pump in the well of public revenue. Hanging to the handle and pulling down for dear life are men labeled "Congress" and "Legislature." The bucket into which they are squeezing the last few drops of public funds is overflowing into a pool labeled "Waste," which covers a wide space. For local application, The Ledger would add another figure labeled "Board of Supervisors," standing on the handle and jumping with might and main. The Ledger has no ill will towards any one in this matter; but it does believe that it is time office holders learned that public money is no longer to be taken from the taxpayers to be lavishly wasted in princely salaries or Overland cars for county officials. It is time to stop some of the grafting.

We have had "From log cabin to White house" presidents. "From rail splitter to president," and from "From towpath to president," statesmen; and we are now to have a "From printer's devil to White house," president. The election of Harding should be an inspiration to boys everywhere and lead to a new interest in the printing and publishing industry. The time is coming again when the man with a good trade that is at the same time an educator, will come into his own. There may be better places for ambitious, worthy, boys than a well-equipped country newspaper and printing office; but we do not know where they are.

Finger print signatures have been accepted as legal; and thus is Mark Twain's Pudd'nhead Wilson vindicated; showing again how the fiction of one generation becomes the history of another. The old-time "mark" so long used by the illiterate may now have a better successor.

Some very good Bryan people are inclined to resent his recommendation for the resignation and retirement forthwith of President Wilson. They have not forgotten the latter's many great achievements, nor the fact that he has sacrificed his health for his ideals, and that he has been punished enough for faults or failures that were largely chargeable to others. Let us have an end to hateful politics and begin now the era of good feeling that Mr. Harding's administration is expected to herald.

With their increased salaries, some of our county officers are said to feel that the Ford cards formerly furnished by the county do not comport with their new dignity; and they want to turn the Fords in toward new Overlands. Are the supervisors in for this also?

In spite of a concerted attempt to bring the Federal Prohibition law into contempt, it has already proven itself far superior to a licensed liquor traffic, and the open saloon. Those who have hoped and worked for a return of the old conditions are d... Present... and wi...

The recommendation of Michigan teachers that church and private schools be subject to state supervision and a declaration from Catholics that they will promote such a movement are hopeful signs that we will have no more school amendment campaigns. With all schools, public and private, under state supervision and teaching in English up to the eighth grade, all reasonable people should be content. We

Federal Judge Anderson, of Indianapolis, is after Attorney General Palmer with a "sharp stick" over the latter's actions in coal mine strike injunction cases. If the Judge can show why "investigations" seldom or never get anywhere, he will be a public benefactor.

The Detroit Free Press in the midst of its rejoicing over the elec-

Senators Borah, Johnson, La Follette, and more Republicans of similar stripe who will probably make him more trouble than many of the Democrats. It is well not to forget some things. Mr. Wilson has had his trials. Mr. Harding's are coming; and here's good fortune for both.

Our friend, Mr. Blotter says: "The more you know, the more you know you ought to know." Likewise,

Greenville plow makers are out on a strike because of reduced wages. Probably they will change their minds before plows are needed again.

The coal operators say they are not to blame. Well, if what we've had is the best they can do, let them vacate the properties and give humanity a chance.

Ledger Job Print is best.

Ano...

Hart S...

Copyright 1920 Hart Schaffner & M...

4 Specials

Picked at random throughout the store, these specials only emphasize the uniformly lower prices of our goods.

Wool Sox

We bought heavily of some very fine quality, heavy wool sox. Easily worth $1.00. Now they're 25 per cent less at

75c

Again Reduced

Men's Heavy Flannellette shirts for winter wear. Oxford and khaki shades of heavy soft material. Double stitched throughout. Regular collars with extension neck band. Full size roomy garments. All sizes, 14 to 17½. Again reduced from $2.25 to

$1.85

Superfine Lisle Hose of good weight. Mighty durable. Grey, black, cordovan and navy. Ordinary 50c value. Lower here, at

35c the pair

What's left of 6 dozen pure silk hose that were $1.50, Brown, grey, black, navy. Now, only

$1

Dancers, Attention!

Hale's Big Orchestra

Announces It's Big Second Annual

Carnival and Confetti Dancing Party

to be given in the

City Hall, Lowell

Thursday, Evening, Nov. 18

The Biggest Fun Dance Ever Held in Western Michigan

Two Big Barrels of Confetti, 25,000 yards of the Fun Maker Serpentin, Hundreds of Hats, Horns, Balloons, Etc., passed out free to the dancers.

Five Hours of Solid Fun

Do You Remember the Last Season's Carnival Dance? This is a Million Times Better. Nuff Sed.

Dancing at 9. Same Old Prices

Everybody Cordially Invited

Spectators will be sold balcony seats at 15c

KEENE CENTER.

Nov. 8.—Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Pinkney and two sons spent Sunday evening with Mr. and Mrs. Lew Hunter.

Mrs. Arthur Werner has been in very poor health, and her children have been staying with their grand parents, Mr. and Mrs. A. Daller for nine weeks. Their mother was here with them last week and all went home this Sunday. Mrs. Werner was operated on a few weeks ago and is quite improved now.

Mr. and Mrs. Alois Daller went to the Blodgett hospital Sunday, in Grand Rapids, and Mrs. Daller was to have an operation Monday.

Mrs. Laura Tucker is spending a week with her cousin, Mrs. George Golds.

Inez Bradley, of Grand Rapids, a long distance telephone operator, was a guest Friday night and Saturday of Jennie Golds, and Saturday night and Sunday at the Wilkinson home, and returned to her home Sunday night.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Kramer, from Kalamazoo, was Saturday night and over Sunday guest at the J. B. Sturgis home.

Charlie Lampkin's sister, Mrs. Ella Evans, from Sandusky, Ohio, will be here Monday night to visit him.

Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Lampkin, Mr. and Mrs. Lee Lampkin and children were Sunday afternoon guests at the home of Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Lee.

The Wilkinsons feel like rejoicing. They finished five weeks of hard work Saturday night. They have had eight to ten in the family most of the time. The apples went to the Kent Storage Co., Grand Rapids, in fine shape, with the least handling of any time yet.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Daniels were Sunday guests of his sister, Nellie Brown, who has to lie in bed from a severe attack of heart trouble. It is thought she is improving slowly. Mrs. Treece, from Greenville, is there, looking after the work.

Mrs. Martha Adams is in bed yet, and not gaining very fast at this writing. It is hoped that her friends will remember her with cards or letters, or calls. It will be a great comfort

months' visit at the home of her brother, Frank Jones.

Westley Miller and family and some friends of Grand Rapids, spent Sunday at his farm.

Mrs. Carl Benham has her mother from the City here visiting. She came last Monday.

Corn shredders were at the Benham farm last Friday and Saturday. They are husking in Fallasburg this week.

Will Booth was unfortunate in losing last week, a valuable young horse, recently purchased, from acute indigestion.

Clint Miller and family, of Keene, have moved from the Bradley farm to Ionia.

Walter Rogers and family, of Lowell, Mrs. Carrie Gilland and daughter Lottie, of Grand Rapids, visited Sunday at Mrs. Frank Sherrard's.

R. B. Boylan, of Lowell, called at J. E. Tower's last Friday.

Bert Ford, of Alton, and Claude Booth were in the Rapids on business last Saturday.

Frank Jones accompanied his sister, Mrs. Orpha Davis and children to Elmira, N. Y., and returned Saturday.

Visitors at Mr. and Mrs. Carl Benham's Sunday were her sister, Mrs. Neal Hager and husband, Mr. and Mrs. Bod Coleman and Ed. Campbell, all of Grand Rapids.

Mr. and Mrs. Hugh Cavanaugh and sons, Billy and Kenneth and Mr. and Mrs. Pete Vander Veen, of the Rapids, motored out in the afternoon and were called at the Benham farm.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Sayers, of Grand Rapids, spent last Friday at the Benham home.

Word comes from Mrs. Carl Benham that her uncle, Mr. Ostrom, of Grand Rapids, who was hurt recently by an electric car throwing him from his buggy, when he went home from here, is getting worse, and cannot walk, had two doctors last Friday.

Mr. Garrison is on the sick list, had a bad spell of asthma last Friday night.

FALLASBURG.

Nov. 8.—Mrs. Wilbur Moon, of Grand Rapids, a former resident here some years ago, was laid to rest last Friday at 1:30 p. m., by the side of her husband in our cemetery. In loving memory some of the old friends and neighbors here and of Keene, were present to pay their last respects to one who was so well known and helpful to all around her, for the betterment of life, quiet and unassuming in her way, yet with a kind heart and the Christian spirit that makes the beautiful life. We sympathize with the family, especially the daughters left, but we can cherish the memory.

Edwin Fallas, of Lowell, and Mrs. Lura Moon Harvey, of Benton Harbor, were here last Wednesday to make arrangements for the burial of their sister and mother, Mrs. Moon.

Mrs. Louisa Stanton returned home last Wednesday from Mrs. Hardy's, of Lowell, where she has been the past three weeks.

Mrs. Orpha Davis and three children left last Wednesday for her home at Elmira, N. Y., after a two

STATE TROOPERS GUARD BANKS

Capt. Ralph G. Strope, has inaugurated a system of furnishing bank guards to a number of small banks in the Western Michigan district.

TROOPER SAVES LIFE

Smothering the flames which had enveloped a woman visitor at the West Michigan State Fair Grounds at Grand Rapids, Trooper Charles P. Walker, of the Michigan State Police, probably saved the woman's life. She was passing a concession tent when someone threw out a burning gasoline stove. It struck the woman and set fire to her clothing. Trooper Walker extinguished the flames with his bare hands.

ECZEMA!

Money back without question if HUNT'S Salve fails in the treatment of ITCH, ECZEMA, RINGWORM, TETTER or other itching skin diseases. Try a 75 cent box at our risk.

M. N. Henry, Druggist.

Try Our

Canned Goods and Preserves

at the old prices while they last. You'll find them right.

Try a Sack on Our Guarantee

Borgerson Grocery

LIFE OF A PIONEER

A Tribute to the Memory of Mrs. Wilber H. Moon.

Satira R. Fallas was born at Dryden, Tompkins County, N. Y., November 11, 1839, the daughter of William Fallas and Wealthy Winslow, his wife, both of New England parentage.

The home into which she was born was an intelligent Christian home, and early in life she personally accepted the teachings of the home, and joined the church of her parents, the Methodist church. During her whole life, the activities of the church formed her chief interest, outside of her own home and its welfare.

The family moved to Michigan, the western frontier of the time, when she was six years of age, and located at the little village which bears the name of the family, Fallasburg, near Lowell. The home, built overlooking the beautiful Flat river and valley, became a center of educational and church life in the community, and the welcome haven of the circuit rider of the day.

Here she grew to womanhood, in the midst of the sturdy and purposeful pioneer life, which undoubtedly contributed to the development of her strong character, which always adhered unswervingly to principle, and never consciously evaded a duty.

Ambitious for an education she availed herself of the best educational advantages provided in those pioneer days, attending the High school of Grand Rapids, and later Albion college, then in its infancy. From the latter institution she was called home, two months before the time of her graduation in 1863, by the death of her parents. With the self-sacrificing spirit characteristic of her whole life, she relinquished the great ambition which she had entertained of being among the first women college graduates of the world, to care for two little orphaned sisters, whom her parents' death so suddenly left in her charge. As her fiance, Mr. Wilber H. Moon, who was serving in the old Michigan Third regiment of the army, was stationed about this time, as quarter-master, at Grand Rapids, it seemed best that they establish a home at once, to provide for these little sisters.

At the close of the war they moved to a farm in the township of Keene where the remainder of their active life was spent, until the husband died in the spring of 1912. In the home established here, the husband and wife labored together, not only for the highest development of their own family, but for the moral, educational and religious interests of the community.

Mrs. Moon was for more than thirty years the district treasurer of the Woman's Foreign Missionary society, and was often president of the Ladies' Aid and superintendent of the Sunday school of the local church, always giving freely of her time and strength for the welfare of the community. With her husband she was also keenly interested in all political matters of state and nation, retaining her interest even during the last presidential campaign, her last public act being to send her ballot by mail for the election on the day of her death, November, 2.

To this home were born four children, three daughters and a son, all of whom, as also the two sisters, for whom she cared so lovingly during their childhood, are still living, and "arise up and call her blessed."

The children are Mrs. Festus C. Cole, of Iron Mountain, Mr. Frank A. Moon, of Jackson, Dr. Cora A. Moon, of Grand Rapids, who tenderly cared for her mother during the latter years of her life, and in whose home she died, and Mrs. William P. Harvey, of Benton Harbor. The two sisters are Mrs. H. A. Mills, of Cornell College, Iowa, and Mrs. L. H. Murlin, of Boston University, Massachusetts. A brother, Mr. Edwin Fallas, also survives her.

The funeral service was conducted by President Murlin, of Boston University, and the interment was in the old family lot at the Fallasburg cemetery, the men of the family acting as pallbearers. [Com.

RED CROSS ALWAYS READY IN DISASTER

The Red Cross is always prepared. When disaster hits a community this organization can be depended upon to follow right at its heels with help for the stricken people.

Red Cross relief is always forthcoming—food, clothing, shelter and funds; doctors, nurses and special workers with long experience in handling similar. No matter what the disaster may be—fire, flood, earthquake, explosion, bad wreck or tornado—the Red Cross is always able to cope with the situation.

During the last year there was an average of four disasters a month in the United States. One hundred and fifty communities in twenty-seven states suffered. The largest and most destructive of these were the tidal wave at Corpus Christi, Tex., and tornadoes in Mississippi, Louisiana, Alabama, Georgia, Ohio, Indiana and Illinois.

In these events of horror, 850 persons were killed, 1,500 were injured, 13,000 were made homeless, about 30,000 families needed help, the property loss was nearly $100,000,000 and almost $1,000,000 in relief funds, not including emergency supplies, was expended.

To the sufferers from all disasters during the year the American Red Cross sent $120,000 worth of supplies, 110 Red Cross nurses and seven special relief trains. To meet the needs of the stricken, the organization set up ten relief stations, operated thirty food canteens and as many emergency hospitals. One hundred and twenty-five Red Cross chapters gave disaster relief service.

If disaster ever strikes this town or county, the citizens can be absolutely sure the Red Cross will be on hand to help them in every way.

Another Sphere of Usefulness.—What we wish is that Henry Ford dealt in porter-house steak.—Ohio State Journal.

Make Your Employer Respect Your Judgment

Investing your money in Preferred Stock of a sound Public Utility Company will command the respect of your employer.

An employe who knows how to care for his *own* money wisely, is apt to be trusted to care for the interest of his employer. This trust will mean a big position and big pay. *Your* employer knows this. Ask him.

Consumers Power Company Preferred Stock Paying 7.37 per cent

is the kind of an investment recommended by bankers and big business men.

For Information Write

Consumers Power Co.
129-131 Pearl Street
GRAND RAPIDS, MICH.

a complete line of

Fisk Tires, Tubings and Accessories

at

Murphy's Garage

Vulcanizing done and work guaranteed.

OAK GROVE.

Nov. 8.—Will Thompson and wife, of Keene, were at Tom Russell's one day last week, and Mr. Thompson assisted Mr. Russell with his potato digging while Mrs. Thompson helped her mother with the house work.

Fred Huss and friend, of Owosso, called on H. Bryant, Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Jones, of South Boston, and Mr. and Mrs. Brower, of Saranac, visited at Otis Whitby's Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Russell visited friends in Keene, Sunday.

Mr. Grall has had a new roof put on his house.

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISING

Price for ads in classified department 1 cent per word per insertion, cash or stamps with order. Each initial or number counts as a word. No ad less than 15c. At this low price we cannot make book account and spend money for collection postage. Count your ads and send money or stamps. We have lost hundreds of dollars in small charged accounts and must call it quits. Don't ask for credit on want ads. Send the money. No phone orders.

FOR SALE—Good six octave organ, cheap. Inquire at Kuhn's grocery. p 23

FOR SALE—Gold Nugget pop corn, guaranteed to pop. Claude Murray. p 23

FOR SALE—White Leghorn Roosters from the Ferris 220 to 260 strain, $3.00 each. Address Mrs. O. Hokias, City. p 24

FOR SALE—Having decided to quit the dairy business I offer all my fine young herd of cows for sale, Durham, Holstein and Jerseys. All due to freshen soon. Come quick, a real bargain. E. F. Dean, Alto. Citz. phone, Alto Ex. p 24

TO RENT—Living rooms. Mrs. Halstead, near Central school.

FOR SALE—Jersey heifers, calves from tested dams, full bloods, but not eligible to register. J. W. Yeiter, Lowell, Mich., City phone, Alto, 24 1 1 1 s. p 24

FOR SALE—Good four-year-old Jersey cow, also splendid driving and performing pony, including fine buggy with canopy top, electric lights, harness and cutter. Price is right. One Crown men's bicycle in excellent condition, cost $40, will sell for $22. Mrs. M. Blunt, Lowell, Mich. p 23

FOR SALE—New pork barrels. Edwin Fallas Canning Co. 15 tf

FOR SALE—Poland China boars. A few choice spring boars, 2 herd boars. Registered or transferred free to buyer. Be quick. Priced to sell. Wm. H. Lind, Citz. phone, Alto, Mich. p 22-23

FOR SALE—Registered brown Swiss bull one year old. E. W. Rollins, Lowell, route, No. 2. p 23

FOR SALE—40 registered Shropshire rams, yearlings, and two-year olds. Citz. phone 24, 1 s, 1 l. Wesley Yeiter, Lowell, R. R. 2. c k 23

CALVES WANTED—The undersigned is in the market for calves three days old and older. Frank Schwarder, Lowell, phone No. 67, 1-3. p 23

WANTED—Men or women to take orders among friends and neighbors for the genuine guaranteed hosiery, full line for men, women and children. Eliminates darning. We pay 75c an hour spare time, or $36.00 a week for full time. Experience unnecessary. Write International Stocking Mills, Norristown, Pa. p 26

LOST—Bill fold, containing about twenty-two dollars with owners name in. Please return same and receive reward. p 23

LOST—Horse blanket, Nov. 5 in Lowell or on road. Finder notify Orley Rulason, phone 101. p 23

LOST—A Fisk Red Top tire, size 31-4, south of Bowne Center. Finder please return to Floyd Flynn, Alto. p 24

HORSE TO LET—For winter for its keep. Inquire of D. Simon, opposite Lowell Post-office. c 23

WANTED—Plain sewing. Mrs. B. A. Perry, east Main street, foot of Peck's Hill. 23

WANTED—Users of this column to call at office or send ads by mail, not by phone. Rate 1c per word, but no ad less than 15c. Send money or stamps with order. We charge no want ads, as 15c accounts are not worth making statements and paying postage for. Please do not ask us to violate this rule.

SOUTH CASCADE.

Nov. 8—Orve Kellogg and Addie Krum visited over Sunday with Mrs. Kellogg, who is still confined to the hospital.

Miss Dorothy Lawyer, of Lowell, visited Saturday and Sunday at home.

After spending several days at home, Miss Maybelle Van Amburg has returned to her work in Grand Rapids.

Howard Ritter, of McCord, spent Sunday with John Krum.

L. H. Van Amburg is not very well at this writing. We wonder if losing his mustache has anything to do with it.

Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Forbes spent Sunday with the former's grandmother at Belmont.

Subscribe for this paper. Don't borrow.

NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS.

Perhaps half of The Ledger subscriptions run out during the next two months. Please look at the date on your address label, and if you find it Nov. or Dec. 1920 or Jan. 1921, it will accommodate us if you will kindly renew in advance and avoid the rush; and save us the trouble of marking so many papers. Also you will avoid a break in service by the discontinuance of unpaid subscriptions. All subscriptions stop on the first of the month named on address label unless previously renewed.

The first editorial in this issue, shows why it is necessary to follow the rules that were mandatory during the war.

Yours, anxious to please.
F. M. Johnson, Publisher.

PROBATE NOTICE.

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

At a session of said court, held at the probate office in the city of Grand Rapids, in said county, on the 25th day of October, A. D., 1920.

Present: Hon. Clark E. Higbee, Judge of Probate.

In the Matter of the Estate of Edgar M. Rolf, Esther Rolf, Bertha Rolf and Ella Rolf, Minors.

Orlo J. Yeiter, having filed in said court his petition, praying for license to sell the interest of said estate in certain real estate therein described.

It is Ordered, That the 19th day of November, A. D., 1920, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, at said probate office, be and is hereby appointed for hearing said petition, and that all persons interested in said estate appear before said court, at said time and place, to show cause why a license to sell the interest in said estate should not be granted.

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

A true copy. Clark E. Higbee,
John Dalton, Judge of Probate
Register of Probate.
21-23

PROBATE NOTICE.

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

At a session of said court, held at the probate office in the city of Grand Rapids, in said county, on the 22nd day of October, A. D., 1920.

Present: Hon. Clark E. Higbee, Judge of Probate.

In the Matter of the Estate of Leona Malcolm, Deceased.

Roland M. Shivel, having filed in said court his final administration account, and his petition praying for the allowance thereof and for the assignment and distribution of the residue of said estate,

It is Ordered, That the 19th day of November, A. D., 1920, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, at said probate office, be and is hereby appointed for examining and allowing said account, and hearing said petition;

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

A true copy. Clark E. Higbee,
John Dalton, Judge of Probate
Register of Probate.
21-23

Plumbing, Hot Water and Hot Air Heating

General Repair Work. Call Phone 202. I make a specialty of hot air heating.

Phil Krum.
Opposite Lighting Station

...husband, also some other friends to Sunday dinner.

Myrtle Howk and Helen Wagoner, of Freeport, spent Saturday with the former's uncle and aunt, H. E. Krauss and wife.

Ira Blough and wife, of Lansing, and I. M. Sines and family, of Vermontville, who have been visiting relatives of this locality, returned to their homes Sunday.

A goodly number from this vicinity attended the revival services

...and Sunday with Freeport friends.

Clinton Schwab and family entertained his brother Milo and family to Sunday dinner.

Russel Long's famous hunting dog, old Pete, went along hunting on a hunting trip last Sunday, and after eating his dinner, died very suddenly, and Saturday, the 6:30 flyer going east killed Dan Weaver's dog.

Mose Hoffman and baby is very sick with a gathering in the head.

A Few More

Room Lots and Bundle Paper

Our Wall Paper Sale is still on

Yours for Wall Paper, Paint, Varnish and Curtains,

Chas. E. Brown

Both Phones. Druggist.

Preserve the Wood and Paint Your Buildings

Lindseed Oil and White Lead and all Prepared Paints at sacrifice price this week.

Have declines on several articles of Dry Goods, etc.

Men's Work Shoes at a very low price.

Have those shoes all fitted with rubbers in advance of rainy weather and save those wet feet which bring on colds and sickness.

R. E. Colby
McCords, Mich.

BIG DOLL FREE

Stands Nearly Sixteen Inches High

Opens and Closes Her Eyes Like a Real Live Baby

Can You Solve the Dolly PUZZLE?

In the picture of Dolly on the left is a number of hidden faces. See how many you can find. Some are looking at you—some show sides of faces—you'll find them upside down; in the folds of Dolly's dress, and every way. Mark each face you find with an X. If you find 10 hidden faces you have solved the Dolly Puzzle.

I Have a Big Doll Like This for You

This is not a cloth doll to stuff, but a regular baby doll. She stands nearly sixteen inches high and is all dressed up in a dear little "go-to-school" dress. You'll be the proudest girl in the neighborhood with a nice sleeping dolly like this. The big blue eyes which open and shut, the peaches and cream complexion and the little rosebud mouth makes this the handsomest and sweetest doll you could possibly imagine. You'll just love her to death, she is so cute and pretty.

Every Little Girl Can Have One of These Big Sleeping Dolls for Her Very Own.

Mark all the faces you can find. Don't give up too easily, if at first you find it a little hard to solve the puzzle. When you have found 10 faces, write your name and address on the coupon, clip out Dolly's picture and mail without delay with the Puzzle Coupon below for my Big Free Doll Offer.

DOLLY PUZZLE COUPON

K. KENNEDY, Manager,
68 E. 4th St., ST. PAUL, MINN.
I have solved the Dolly Puzzle, and am sending you my name and address for your BIG FREE DOLL offer.

Name ....
Postoffice ....
Street ....
State .... Rural Route No. ....

Rain and Sleet are Coming

Get Your Side Curtains and Tops Repaired

Celluloid sewed in right. Curtains refitted.

Also—See us about the winter care of your battery. "We know how."

Batteries Repaired, Rented, Charged and Sold. All Work Guaranteed.

Bennett's Garage
Buick and Ford Service

Increase Your Crops with

Fertilizer

Darling's Big Harvest 1-8-3	$48.00
Darling's Grain Grower 1-9-1	$43.00
Darling's Half and Half 1-23-0	$52.00
Globe Potash Special 0-10-2	$38.00
Globe Black Soil Special 0-12-4	$47.00
Globe High Grade Phosphate 16%	$33.75

I have the above brands of Fertilizer and they can't be beat for price and quality.

C. H. Runciman

Get Your Job Printing at the Ledger-Solo Office.

THE LOWELL LEDGER and

The Alto Weekly Solo

ALTO WEEKLY SOLO.
Peter F. Kline local reporter and agent for advertising and job printing. Subscriptions and local items gladly received by mail, phone or call. tf
Office at Alto Furniture Store.

SOLO BUGLE NOTES

The Sayings and Doings of Our Own Home Folks

Frank Flynn, of Grand Rapids, was in Alto, Tuesday.

George Broadbent and son Fred, were home over Sunday.

Fred Worden, of McCords, is the new man at the Alto bank.

Deb Draper began work for L. J. Boulard Tuesday of this week.

The Baptists are holding a week of meetings at the Baptist church.

Claude Loring and family, of Holy Corners were in Alto Sunday.

E. J. Ferney, of Clarksville, was in Alto one day last week calling on friends.

It is rumored that Fred Hunt will open up a livery barn in Alto in the near future.

Mrs. Tina Scott, of Grand Rapids, was in Alto Saturday evening, calling on friends.

The Shippers' Association of Alto and vicinity shipped a mixed car of stock Tuesday.

James Rawlings spent Sunday with his family, returning to work Monday morning.

Mrs. Henry Johnson and family spent Sunday evening with Clayton and Lena Johnson.

Sam Wingeier has been doing carpenter work for his son-in-law, R. D. Bancroft, of Alto.

Quite a goodly number are beginning to attend church again as Alto has a good minister.

John Ellis will have to give up his hunting trip on account of his eye, which bothers him yet.

Eleven women have picked over 12,000 bushels of apples from the Alto apple orchard this season.

Miss Delaine, a former teacher of the Curley school, was a week-end visitor of Mrs. Bessie Clarke.

J. S. Thomas, of Bowne Center, is working in W. H. Watts' store for a few days while Mr. Watts is away.

Misses Leota Bancroft and Grace Timpson picked up 150 bushels of potatoes at E. L. Timpson's in 4½ hours.

Ed. Headworth was home over Sunday from Grand Rapids, where he is working for the Grand Trunk railway.

Conundrum: Why is it that city folks seem to have more country cousins in the fall than in the spring?

The Alto hunters left Tuesday evening for their hunting grounds in the Uppe Peninsula. We wish them good luck.

On Monday morning Clayton Johnson resumed his duties as one of the jurors in the Federal court at Grand Rapids.

E. C. Dygert, of Grand Rapids, was in Alto Tuesday, picking up a mixed load of potatoes, chickens, ducks and dishes.

Earl Vanderlip and W. H. Watts went to Six Lakes last Saturday to hunt birds and rabbits with Ed. Highby, formerly of Alto.

E. C. Rosenberg went to Grand Rapids Monday night to stay all night with his boy friend, Charles Bancroft and take in the show.

Mrs. Orley Burns was taken to the Blodgett hospital Wednesday for an operation for appendicitis, but the operation was postponed.

O. J. Yeiter was in Alto Friday of last week looking over the stock and getting an estimate of Christmas goods to be bought this season.

E. C. Dygert, of Grand Rapids, was in Alto Monday on his way to the City with a large load of potatoes to be delivered at the Ohio house.

The sale at Mr. McGeary's was well attended and goods sold well. The McGeary's are getting ready to go to Denver, Colorado in the near future.

Mr. and Mrs. Roy McNaughton, of Mulliken, are visiting the latter's mother and brothers, also Mr. McNaughton's brother Frank and wife, of Alto.

Mr. and Mrs. Francis Lawrence and son Raymond, of Mendon, made a short visit with their niece and cousin, Mrs. Bert Willett and family, of Alto.

George Wilson and sister Sadie expect to start for New York soon to visit their sister, who resides there. They expect to remain for Thanksgiving.

Walter Ellis and son Claude, Irving Dintaman and Alfred Ellis were in Grand Rapids Monday, securing their deer licenses. They expect to start the last of the week.

Frank Chesley, former Bowne Center boy, and wife, (daughter of Rev. Bennett, a former pastor of Freeport,) and two children of Grand Rapids, were Sunday guests of Mr. and Mrs. Robert Johnson.

Harry Johnson and friend, Mr. Witter, of Grand Rapids, picked apples at Robert Johnson's Saturday afternoon. William Lowe and wife were there in time for dinner on Sunday.

A remarkable record. George Salsbury, who has been visiting his daughter in Grand Rapids, returned to his home in Bowne Center to cast his 60th annual vote, having cast his first vote for Stephen A. Douglas 60 years ago.

Bowne Center Grange will hold their next meeting Friday night, Nov. 12. They will have a program to commemorate "Armistice Day." Refreshments will be served at the "Army Kitchen" by the young ladies, who will act as Red Cross girls. If convenient we want our soldier boys to be attired in uniform. Let every one be present as we anticipate a royal good time.

Last week, Wednesday evening, a very pleasant surprise was held at Hotel Proctor, in honor of Stanley McGeary, by a bunch of his school mates, as he is going to leave for Colorado for a new home in a few days. He will be missed by his playmates, as he was a jolly good boy, always full of fun, and ready for any kind of sport. There were about twenty in the party. After games had been played, and some music and songs by the girls enjoyed, they all marched to the dining room, where lunch was served by the hostess, Mrs. W. W. Proctor. Lunch consisted of sandwiches, doughnuts, pickles, tarts and coffee, of which all partook of freely. After lunch the little folks went home, declaring they had had a grand good time.

ALTO BAPTIST CHURCH.

There was a fine attendance at church and Sunday school last Sunday. W. T. Roberts was the speaker and also spoke in the evening. He is to be with us all the week. All the members are asked to make a special effort to be present Thursday evening to respond to "roll call." Friday evening there will be a social gathering at the church. A short program will be given and apples and pop corn will be served. Every one come and help make it a real social gathering. Please remember, Mr. Roberts will be with us next Sunday morning and evening.

The Hallowe'en party at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Colby was voted a great success, the children all declaring that Mr. and Mrs. Colby cannot be beaten as entertainers.

MEETINGS YOU WILL LIKE.

Meetings announced under the above caption, are in progress at the Baptist church, Alto. Rev. W. T. Roberts, director of City Extension of the Michigan Baptist convention, is the speaker.

The meetings are held in connection with a simultaneous campaign in all the churches on the Grand River Baptist association, about twenty in number, in which the directors of departments and convention pastors are assisting.

Good congregations have been in attendance and have enjoyed these meetings. Some of the topics being discussed are "The High Cost of Loving;" "The Investment of a Life;" "How Much Are You Worth?" A special address of the advanced public school students on "Making the Most of Life," etc. A roll call of the church is scheduled for Thursday evening, and a social gathering for Friday evening. A full day's service is planned for Friday, Nov. 14. At the morning service, Mr. Roberts will speak on "The Coming of the Kingdom," and Sunday evening will discuss the question: "If Jesus Should Come to Alto."

McCORDS AND WHITNEYVILLE.

Nov. 9.—Henry Slater and family, of Alto, called on Mr. and Mrs. Louie Douglas Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. George Peel spent from Friday until Monday with Miss Ella Braman, of Grand Rapids.

Those on the sick list are Mrs. Rhoda Dean and Mrs. Hulbert.

Fred Worden is the new banker at Alto. Mrs. Worden has charge of the McCords bank, and Ted Rollins, of the Worden's store.

Mrs. George Peel and daughter, Mrs. Carl Graham and children spent Sunday of last week at Arthur Brown's, of East Caledonia.

Mrs. D. A. Wood visited the forepart of last week with her daughter, Mrs. Fred Eardley, of Fox.

The District Superintendent, Mr. Kendrick, preached a fine sermon here Sunday. He also preached at Snow and Alaska.

Mr. and Mrs. Percy Sears visited her brother, Arthur Thompson and family, of Grand Rapids, Saturday evening.

Mrs. Morris Eckert and baby, of Grand Rapids, spent Wednesday and Thursday with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Levi Cooper, and attended the Ladies Aid society at the church.

Ernest Bates and family left Friday for a visit with his brother Howard and family, of Chicago.

Joseph Poffhausen and Helen Ish were married at Alaska by Rev. Buburgh.

Lucy Wilford, of Ohio, visited her uncle, George Peel and wife.

Mrs. Huizinga has been ill, but is improving.

Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Thompson, of Grand Rapids, spent Saturday night and Sunday with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Gress.

Mrs. Earl Thomas is at her home after thirteen weeks spent at the home of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Julius Fischer.

Mr. and Mrs. Duane Brown entertained relatives from Lansing last week.

NORTH BOWNE.

Nov. 9.—Jacob Krebs, wife and daughter Laura, were Sunday guests of Chris Fahrni and family, of South Boston.

Jacob Layer and wife, daughter, Mrs. Rosenberger and son Alwin, Herm Layer, wife and son, and R. Lee, spent Sunday with Roy Chambers and family, of Pratt Lake.

Mrs. Alma Mishler called on her mother, Mrs. W. J. Mishler, who has been quite ill, last Sunday.

Ray Seese is seriously ill at this writing.

Homer Lee, of Edmore, called on relatives here, Sunday.

Miss Josephine Salsbury was in Lansing Sunday celebrating her nephew, Robert Kraft's birthday.

Notice to hunters.—I am prepared to write your hunting licenses now.
Peter F. Kline, Dept.

Mr. and Mrs. McGeary, of Alto, will leave for Colorado in about a week. The Solo wishes them a pleasant trip and a right joyous good time.

Uncle Duncan Ross, of West Bowne, was in Alto Tuesday, accompanied by his daughter and husband, Mr. and Mrs. U. S. Hunter, of West Bowne.

There was an auto accident north of Alto Sunday evening near Frank Frank Willett's residence, but no one was hurt. The automobiles both lost a wheel.

W. M. BURLING, M. D.
Physician and Surgeon
OFFICE HOURS: 8:00 a. m., to 9:00 a. m. 2:00 p. m., to 4:00 p. m.
Sundays by appointment.
PHONES: Citizens, No 7
Bell Line, No. 5-1L-2s.
Alto, Michigan.

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For One Year Each FOR **$2.75** *Order Now*
THIS EXCEPTIONAL OFFER IS GOOD FOR A SHORT TIME ONLY
Subscriptions may be new or renewal. All renewal subscriptions will be extended for one year from present date of expiration.

LOGAN.

Nov. 8.—Emanuel Troyer and wife, with John Yoder and family, visited Samuel Rodabush and wife, of Freeport, Sunday.

Wilbur Tyler and family, with his mother and sister Mamie, attended the Union revival services held at Freeport Sunday afternoon and evening and visited at the home of John Myers.

Jonas Birman and family, of near Ionia, have been staying at the home of the former's brother, John, for two weeks, while Jonas was helping his brother with some carpenter work.

Andrew Zerbe, wife and son, of Middleville, were guests at the home of D. W. Layer, Oct. 31.

Mark Troyer, with Orville Deardorf, and Daniel Kaufman, of near Elmdale, started Saturday, for an over Sunday visit at the home of S. S. Weaver, of North Manchester, Ind.

Jesse Burt and wife, with their daughter and husband, of Ada, visited Mrs. Burt's relatives here over Sunday.

Miss Emma Weaver entertained the Aid society, of the church of the Brethren at her home Nov. 3. About a dozen ladies were present and quilted a quilt for Mrs. M. Heavens, of Zion Hill.

Edwin Yoder and family entertained to dinner Sunday, Jesse Burt and wife, with their daughter and husband, of Ada, Joe Berkey, wife and daughters, Jacob Blough, Mrs. E. Blough and son Harvey and family.

Mrs. A. Nearnberger, Mrs. Melinda Lite and Clara Vande Werker attended the Union revival services held at Freeport several evenings and attended the closing services Sunday evening. A packed house listened to one of the excellent sermons preached by Rev. De Weerd. The altar was filled with those seeking a better life and much good has resulted from these fine services.

Wednesday, Nov. 3, was a day of celebration in the family of Fred Weiland. It was the twenty-sixth wedding anniversary of Fred and wife and the 21st birthday anniversary of their son, Charles. Charlie celebrated the day in an original way, and received a valuable present to help him remember the event for on Wednesday afternoon he was united in marriage to Miss Cletus Winey, at the home of the bride's parents, Elmer Winey and wife, of Campbell, Rev. Peter Messner, of Campbell, officiating. Only the immediate relatives and friends of both families were present to witness the ceremony. Charlie and bride have a large circle of friends who will be glad to wish them a bountiful supply of success and happiness in their wedded life.

CASCADE.

Nov. 8.—Mr. and Mrs. Milo Patterson have a baby girl. Congratulations.

Miss Leona Watterson is in a hospital in Grand Rapids, having had her tonsils and adenoids removed.

Mrs. Maude McClellan and children have gone to Frankfort to be with her husband for the winter. Mr. McClellan is a sailor on the Great Lakes.

The Loyal Berean class meeting will be Wednesday evening, Nov. 17, with Mrs. Fox.

Mrs. Mae Johnson and children are home for a few days.

Mrs. William Wood has undergone an operation for cataract on one of her eyes.

Chicken pie supper and apron sale in the church parlors Friday evening, December 3.

Mr. and Mrs. Leon Slater and children, of Ludington, spent a few days recently with his parents here.

Mrs. W. I. Niles seems to be gaining, but very slow.

N. McCORDS AND EAST CASCADE

Nov. 9.—William Finkbeiner and family visited at Arthur Harris' Sunday.

Mrs. John Brower and children, of Grand Rapids, visited at Martin Houseman's a few days last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Julius Fischer and son, and Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Karrer and daughter, attended the chicken pie supper at Caledonia Friday night.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Quiggle are visiting their daughter and husband in Cheboygan.

Clarence and Orlow Tillyer spent Saturday and Sunday at Mr. Reed's at Stanwood.

Mrs. Earl Thomas has returned to her home, after staying thirteen weeks with her parents. Her mother is caring for her. We all hope she is on the gain.

GOITRE.

Caused Serious Condition. Battle Creek Lady Saved From Operation by External Remedy.

Note: It would be illegal to publish these statements if they were not true.

Mrs. Roy E. Ashley, 316 Cherry St., Battle Creek, Mich., says in her own home paper, the Enquirer News: "Sorbol Quadruple has saved me from an operation. It relieved me of terrible headaches, nervousness, staggering, choking and fainting spells. I was hoarse at times and had many sleepless nights. My goitre had been growing seven years. After I had used Sorbol Quadruple 3 weeks it was 3½ inches smaller. I cannot praise Sorbol Quadruple too much. My neck does not bother me any more. I will be glad to help anyone by answering inquiries."

Sorbol Quadruple comes in small bottles containing enough for most cases. It will not stain or irritate. Does not interfere with regular work. Leaves parts in healthful, normal condition. Requires 10 minutes daily.

Get further information at Henry's drug store, or write Sorbol Company, Mechanicsburg, Ohio.

MORSE LAKE.

Nov. 8.—Mr. and Mrs. Floyd Yeitter were at Courtland last Monday. Mr. and Mrs. George Lane and Mr. and Mrs. Charles Crampton, of Ada, were guests of Mr. and Mrs. John Freyermuth, Jr., Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Arch Wood entertained for Sunday, Dr. and Mrs. Shepard, of Lowell, Mr. and Mrs. R. E. Colby, Mr. and Mrs. Fred Pattison and family, and Mrs. Agnes Huizenga.

Fred Pattison leaves for the north Tuesday, for the annual deer hunt. Mr. and Mrs. Hilbert Moffit will stay with Mrs. Pattison while he is gone.

Mr. and Mrs. Dale Curtiss called on their mother, Mrs. Earl Curtiss, of Lowell, Saturday evening.

Visitors at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Fairchild Sunday were Mr. and Mrs. Harold Fairchild, Mr. and Mrs. Clifford Courtright and Bobbie, Arthur Squire and friend, of Grand Rapids, and Miss Leona Ross, of West Bowne.

Mr. and Mrs. John Campbell, with Mr. and Mrs. Charles Campbell, were in Grand Rapids Saturday on business.

Mrs. Bert McDiarmid visited her sister, Mrs. Phil Jones and mother, Mrs. Coonrod, of Alto, last Thursday.

Mrs. Alvie Norris, visited her sister, Mrs. Charles Paulus, one day last week.

SOUTH BOWNE.

Nov. 9.—Mr. and Mrs. Myron Thompson were Grand Rapids visitors Saturday.

The election dinner given by the Ladies' Aid was well attended. Proceeds $63.00.

Miss Clara Sisson spent a few days last week with Mrs. H. Thompson.

Mr. and Mrs. Wayne Benton were in Grand Rapids, Friday.

Mrs. Asahel Thompson and Mr. and Mrs. Hiram Seese entertained relatives from Kansas a few days last week.

Mr. and Mrs. John O'Neil entertained their daughter and husband from Grand Rapids, over Sunday.

Edith Brew was in Grand Rapids Saturday, having dental work done.

Mr. and Mrs. John Thomas, and Mrs. Harry Clemens spent Sunday at J. S. Thomas.'

Mr. and Mrs. Will Watts are visiting their brother, Edwin and family, of Alma.

John and Watt Thomas, with their families, attended the movies at Hastings, Sunday evening.

Miss Eckert, of Grand Rapids, spent from Friday until Sunday at Guy Smith's.

Born, Sunday, Nov. 7, to Mr. and Mrs. Alvin Helrigle, a baby girl.

BOWNE M. E. CIRCUIT.

Preaching services next Sunday at following hours: West Bowne, 10 a. m., West Lowell, Sunday school 10 a. m., preaching 11:15 a. m.. Sunday school. Bowne Center, 7 p. m., following by song service and preaching. You are invited to attend these services.

Alfred Thompson.

Notice to Farmers

We are in the market for

POTATOES

all the time and will pay the HIGHEST PRICE for same Also

POULTRY

every TUESDAY forenoon. Highest market price paid for same.

Floyd G. Hunt, Prop.
ALTO, MICH.

Building Your Wealth

A bank works for you night and day, week after week, adding cents to your dollars. Little by little the amounts grow till each addition is a respectable sum.

Where does the gain come from? Not from your pocket. Nor from ours. It is the result of production. Money placed in a bank is given an opportunity to work and to produce.

Thus a bank builds your wealth.

Start with a small deposit if you will. Add to it when you can—regularly if you can do so. It will not be long till you can fairly see it grow.

Make THIS BANK Your Best Servant
Open an Account With Us Today—NOW

Farmers State Bank
Alto, Mich.
4% on Savings

Geo. J. Shannon
Auctioneer
Satisfaction Guaranteed
Citz. Phone 29 *Ada, Mich.*
References: Lowell State Bank, Farmers' and Merchants' Bank, Ada.

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Makers of Home-made

Candies and Ice Cream

Every Day Fresh

GOOD SERVICE FINE SUNDAES
ALL KINDS of SOFT DRINKS
Try us for Smooth Ice Cream.

JARVIS BROS., Props.
Phone 109

Stop, Look and Listen

We have

Cement, Hard and Soft Coal, Fence Posts and all kinds of Building Material

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Fred A. Worden Lbr. Co.

Lion Brand High Tops for Men and Boys

GREAT service for any weather—soft as a glove—tough as a pig's nose. They lace up snugly and fit perfectly from sole to the very top. Best of all, the *Hardy Hide* leather in Lion Brand shoes is made especially for hard service. You will like them better every day you wear them.

W. H. Watts, Alto, Mich.

The VALLEY of the GIANTS

By PETER B. KYNE

Author of "Cappy Ricks"

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"SOMETHING NICE—"

Synopsis.—Pioneer in the California redwood region, John Cardigan, at forty-seven, is the leading citizen of Sequoia, owner of mills, ships, and many acres of timber, a widower after three years of married life, and father of two-year-old Bryce Cardigan. At fourteen Bryce makes the acquaintance of Shirley Sumner, a visitor at Sequoia, and his junior by a few years. Together they visit the Valley of the Giants, sacred to John Cardigan and his son as the burial place of Bryce's mother, and part with mutual regret. While Bryce is at college John Cardigan meets with heavy business losses and for the first time views the future with uncertainty. After graduation from college, and a trip abroad, Bryce Cardigan comes home. On the train he meets Shirley Sumner, on her way to Sequoia to make her home there with her uncle, Colonel Pennington. Bryce learns that his father's eyesight has failed and that Colonel Pennington is seeking to take advantage of the old man's business misfortunes. John Cardigan is despairing, but Bryce is full of fight. Bryce finds a burl redwood felled across his mother's grave. He goes to dinner at Pennington's on Shirley's invitation and finds the dining room paneled with burl from the tree. In a diplomatic way, unperceived by Shirley, the two men declare war. Pennington refuses to renew his logging contract with the Cardigans, believing his action means bankruptcy for the latter. Bryce forces Rondeau to confess he felled the tree in the Valley of the Giants at Pennington's order. After punishing the man Bryce hurls him at Colonel Pennington, who has tried to foul him in the fight. Pennington is humiliated, and the girl, indignant, orders Bryce to leave and forget their friendship. He leaves, but refuses to accept dismissal. Returning to Sequoia, the logging train on which Shirley and her uncle and Bryce are traveling breaks away from the locomotive, and Bryce, who could have escaped, at the risk of his life cuts out the caboose and saves them from certain death, being painfully injured in doing so. Shirley tries to put their friendship back on its old basis, but Bryce tells her he intends to smash her uncle at all costs. So it's all off again between them. Bryce renews acquaintance with Moira McTavish, daughter of his woods-boss.

CHAPTER IX—Continued.

—10—

"I think so, Mr. Bryce. I copied it from Colonel Pennington's niece, Miss Sumner."

"Oh," he replied briefly. "You've met her, have you? I didn't know she was in Sequoia still."

"She's been away, but she came back last week. I went to the Valley of the Giants last Saturday afternoon—"

Bryce interrupted. "You didn't tell my father about the tree that was cut, did you?" he demanded sharply.

"No."

"Good girl! He mustn't know. Go on, Moira. What was she doing in our timber?"

"She told me that once, when she was a little girl, you had taken her for a ride on your pony up to your mother's grave. And it seems she had a great curiosity to see that spot again."

"I've met Miss Sumner three or four times. That was when she first came to Sequoia. She's a stunning girl, isn't she?"

"Perfectly, Mr. Bryce. She's the first lady I've ever met. She's different."

"No doubt! Her kind are not a product of homely little communities like Sequoia. And for that matter, neither is her wolf of an uncle. What did Miss Sumner have to say to you, Moira?"

"She told me all about herself—and she said a lot of nice things about you, Mr. Bryce, after I told her I worked for you. And she insisted that I should walk home with her. So I did—and the butler served us with tea and toast and marmalade. Then she showed me all her wonderful things—and gave me some of them. Oh, Mr. Bryce, she's so sweet."

"I can see that you and Miss Sumner evidently hit it off just right with each other. Are you going to call on her again?"

"Oh, yes! She begged me to. She says she's lonesome."

"I dare say she is, Moira. I'm glad you've gotten to know each other. I've no doubt you find life a little lonely sometimes."

"Sometimes, Mr. Bryce."

"How's my father?"

"Splendid. I've taken good care of him for you."

"Moira, you're a sweetheart of a girl. I don't know how we ever managed to wiggle along without you." Fraternally — almost paternally — he gave her radiant cheek three light little pats as he strode past her to the private office. He was in a hurry to get to his desk, upon which he could see through the open door a pile of letters and orders, and a moment later he was deep in a perusal of them, oblivious to the fact that ever and anon the girl turned upon him her brooding, Madonna-like glance.

That night Bryce and his father, as was their custom after dinner, repaired to the library, where the bustling and motherly Mrs. Tully served their coffee. John Cardigan opened the conversation with a contented grunt:

"I believe you have something on your mind."

Bryce clipped a cigar and held a lighted match while his father "smoked up." Then he slipped into the easy chair beside the old man.

"Well, John Cardigan," he began eagerly, "fate ripped a big hole in our dark cloud the other day and showed me some of the silver lining. I've been making bad medicine for Colonel Pennington."

"What's in the wind, boy?"

"We're going to parallel Pennington's logging-road."

"Inasmuch as that will cost close to three-quarters of a million dollars. I'm of the opinion that we're not going to do anything of the sort."

"Perhaps. Nevertheless, if I can demonstrate to a certain party that it will not cost more than three-quarters of a million, he'll loan me the money."

The old man shook his head. "I don't believe it, Bryce. Who's the crazy man?"

"His name is Gregory. He's Scotch."

"Now I know he's crazy. When he hands you the money, you'll find he's talking real money but thinking of Confederate greenbacks."

Bryce laughed. "Pal," he declared, "if you and I have any brains, they must roll around in our skulls like buckshot in a tin pan. Listen, now, with all your ears. When Bill Henderson wanted to build the logging railroad which he afterward sold to Pennington, and which Pennington is now using as a club to beat our brains out, did he have the money to build it?"

"No. I loaned it to him."

"How did he pay you back?"

"Why, he gave me a ten-year contract for hauling our logs at a dollar and a half a thousand feet, and I merely credited his account with the amount of the freight bills he sent me until he'd squared up the loan, principal and interest."

"Well, if Bill Henderson financed himself on that plan, why didn't we think of using the same time-honored plan for financing a road to parallel Pennington's?"

John Cardigan sat up with a jerk. "By thunder!" he murmured. That was as close as he ever came to uttering an oath.

"All right, John Cardigan. I forgive you. Now, then, continue to listen: To the north of that great block of timber held by you and Pennington lie the redwood holdings of the Trinidad Redwood Timber company."

"Never heard of them before."

"Well, timber away in there in back of beyond has never been well advertised, because it is regarded as practically inaccessible. You will remember that some ten years ago a company was incorporated with the idea of building a railroad from Grant's Pass, Ore., on the line of the Southern Pacific, down the Oregon and California coast to tap the redwood belt."

"I remember. There was a big whoop and hurrah and then the proposition died abornin'. The engineers found that the cost of construction through that mountainous country was prohibitive."

"Well, before the project died, Gregory and his associates believed that it was going to survive. They quietly gathered together thirty thousand acres of good stuff and then sat down to wait for the railroad. And they are still waiting. Gregory, by the way, is the president of the Trinidad Redwood Timber company. He's an Edinburgh man, and the fly American promoters got him to put up the price of the timber and then mortgaged their interests to him as security for the advance. He foreclosed on their notes five years ago."

"And there he is with his useless timber!" John Cardigan murmured thoughtfully. "The poor Scotch sucker!"

"He isn't poor. The purchase of that timber didn't even dent his bank roll. But he would like to sell his timber, and being Scotch, naturally he desires to sell it at a profit. In order to create a market for it, however, he has to have an outlet to that market. We supply the outlet—with

"We're Going to Parallel Pennington's Logging Road."

his help; and what happens? Why, timber that cost him fifty and seventy-five cents per thousand feet stumpage—and the actual timber will overrun the cruiser's estimate every time—will be worth two dollars and fifty cents—perhaps more.

"He loans us the money to build our road. We build it—on through our timber and into his. The collateral security which we put up will be a twenty-five-year contract to haul his logs to tidewater on Humboldt bay, at a base freight rate of one dollar and fifty cents, with an increase of twenty-five cents per thousand every five years thereafter, and an option for a renewal of the contract upon expiration, at the rate of freight last paid. In addition we sell him, at a reasonable figure, sufficient land fronting on tidewater to enable him to erect a sawmill, lay out his yards, and build a dock out into the deep water.

"Thus Gregory will have that which he hasn't got now—an outlet to his market by water; and when the railroad to Sequoia builds in from the south, it will connect with the road which we have built from Sequoia up into Township nine to the north; hence Gregory will also have an outlet to his market by rail. He can easily get a good manager to run his lumber business until he finds a customer for it, and in the meantime we will be charging his account with our freight bills against him and gradually pay off the loan without pinching ourselves."

John Cardigan's old hand came gropingly forth and rested affectionately upon his boy's. "You forget, my son, that we cannot last in business long enough to get that road built, even though Gregory should agree to finance the building of it. The interest on our bonded indebtedness is payable on the first—"

"We can meet it, sir."

"Aye, but we can't meet the fifty thousand dollars which, under the terms of our deed of trust, we are required to pay in on July first of each year as a sinking fund toward the retirement of our bonds. Bryce, it just can't be done. We'd have our road about half completed when we'd bust up in business; indeed, the minute Pennington suspected we were paralleling his line, he'd choke off our wind. I tell you it can't be done."

But Bryce contradicted him earnestly. "It can be done," he said. "If we can start building our road and have it half completed before Pennington jumps on us, Gregory will simply have to come to our aid in self-defense. Once he ties up with us, he's committed to the task of seeing us through. I can do it, I tell you."

John Cardigan raised his hand. "No," he said firmly, "I will not allow you to do this. That way—that is the Pennington method. If we fall, my son, we pass out like gentlemen, not blackguards. We will not take advantage of this man Gregory's faith. If he joins forces with us, we lay our hand on the table and let him look."

"Then he'll never join hands with us, partner. We're done."

"We're not done, my son. We have one alternative, and I'm going to take it. I've got to—for your sake. Moreover, your mother would have wished it so."

"You don't mean—"

"Yes, I do. I'm going to sell Pennington my Valley of the Giants. It is my personal property, and it is not mortgaged. Pennington can never foreclose on it—and until he gets it, twenty-five hundred acres of virgin timber on Squaw creek are valueless—nay, a source of expense to him. Bryce, he has to have it; and he'll pay the price, when he knows I mean business."

With a sweeping gesture he waved aside the arguments that rose to his son's lips. "Lead me to the telephone," he commanded; and Bryce, recognizing his sire's unalterable determination, obeyed.

"Find Pennington's number in the telephone book," John Cardigan commanded next.

Bryce found it, and his father proceeded to get the Colonel on the wire. "Pennington," he said hoarsely, "this is John Cardigan speaking. I've decided to sell you that quarter-section that blocks your timber on Squaw creek."

"Indeed," the Colonel purred. "I had an idea you were going to present it to the city for a natural park."

"I've changed my mind. I've decided to sell at your last offer."

"I've changed my mind, too. I've decided not to buy—at my last offer. Good-night."

Slowly John Cardigan hung the receiver on the hook, turned and groped for his son. When he found him, the old man held him for a moment in his arms. "Lead me upstairs, son," he murmured presently. "I'm tired. I'm going to bed."

When Colonel Seth Pennington turned from the telephone and faced his niece, Shirley read his triumph in his face. "Old Cardigan has capitulated at last," he cried exultingly. "He just telephoned to say he'd accept my last offer for his Valley of the Giants."

"But you're not going to buy it. You told him so, Uncle Seth."

"Of course I'm not going to buy it at my last offer. It's worth five thousand dollars in the open market, and once I offered him fifty thousand for it. Now I'll give him five."

"I wonder why he wants to sell," Shirley mused. "From what Bryce Cardigan told me once, his father attaches a sentimental value to that strip of woods; his wife is buried there."

"He's selling it because he's desperate. If he wasn't teetering on the verge of bankruptcy, he'd never let me outgame him," Pennington replied gayly. "I'll wait until he has gone bust—and save twenty-five or thirty thousand dollars."

"I think you're biting off your nose to spite your face, Uncle Seth. The Laguna Grande Lumber company needs that outlet. In dollars and cents, what is it worth to the company?"

"If I thought I couldn't get it from Cardigan a few months from now, I'd go as high as a hundred thousand for it tonight," he answered coolly.

"In that event, I advise you to take it for fifty thousand. It's terribly hard on old Mr. Cardigan to have to sell it, even at that price."

"You do not understand these matters, Shirley. Don't try. And don't waste your sympathy on that old humbug. He has to dig up fifty thousand dollars to pay on his bonded indebtedness, and he's finding it a difficult job. He's just sparring for time, but he'll lose out."

As if to indicate that he considered the matter closed, the Colonel drew his chair toward the fire, picked up a magazine, and commenced idly to slit the pages. Shirley studied the back of his head for some time, then got out some fancy work and commenced plying her needle. And as she plied it, a thought, nebulous at first, gradually took form in her head until eventually she murmured loud enough for the Colonel to hear:

"I'll do it."

"Do what?" Pennington queried.

"Something nice for somebody who did something nice for me," she answered.

About two o'clock the following afternoon old Judge Moore of the Superior court of Humboldt county, drifted into Bryce Cardigan's office, sat down uninvited, and lifted his long legs to the top of an adjacent chair.

"Well, Bryce, my boy," he began, "a little bird tells me your daddy is considering the sale of Cardigan's Redwoods, or the Valley of the Giants. How about it?"

Bryce stared at him a moment questioningly. "Yes, judge," he replied, "we'll sell, if we get our price."

"Well," his visitor drawled, "I have a client who might be persuaded. I'm here to talk turkey. What's your price?"

"Before we talk price," Bryce parried, "I want you to answer a question."

"Let her fly," said Judge Moore.

"Are you, directly or indirectly, acting for Colonel Pennington?"

"That's none of your business, young man—at least, it would be none of your business if I were, directly, acting for that unconvicted thief. To the best of my information and belief, Colonel Pennington doesn't figure in this deal in any way, shape or manner; and as you know, I've been your daddy's friend for thirty years."

Still Bryce was not convinced, notwithstanding the fact that he would have staked his honor on the judge's veracity. Nobody knew better than he in what devious ways the Colonel worked, his wonders to perform.

"Well," he said, "I can name you a price. I will state frankly, however, that I believe it to be over your head. We have several times refused to sell to Colonel Pennington for a hundred thousand dollars."

"Naturally that little dab of timber is worth more to Pennington than to anybody else. However, my client has given me instructions to go as high as a hundred thousand if necessary to get the property."

"What?"

"I said it. One hundred thousand dollars of the present standard weight and fineness."

Judge Moore's last statement swept away Bryce's suspicions. He required now no further evidence that, regardless of the identity of the judge's client, that client could not possibly be Col. Seth Pennington or anyone acting for him, since only the night before Pennington had curtly refused to buy the property for fifty thousand dollars. For a moment Bryce stared stupidly at his visitor. Then he recovered his wits.

"Sold!" he almost shouted, and after the fashion of the West extended his hand to clinch the bargain. The judge shook it solemnly. "The Lord loveth a quick trader," he declared. "Here's the deed already made out in favor of myself, as trustee." He winked knowingly.

"Client's a bit modest, I take it," Bryce suggested.

"Oh, very. Of course I'm only hazarding a guess, but that guess is that the Colonel is in for a razooing at the hands of somebody with a small grouch against him."

"May the Lord strengthen that somebody's arm," Bryce breathed fervently. "If your client can afford to hold out long enough, he'll be able to buy Pennington's Squaw creek timber at a bargain."

"My understanding is that such is the program."

Bryce reached for the deed, then reached for his hat. "If you'll be good enough to wait here, Judge Moore, I'll run up to the house and get my father to sign this deed. The Valley of the Giants is his personal property, you know. He didn't include it in his assets when incorporating the Cardigan Redwood Lumber company."

A quarter of an hour later he returned with the deed duly signed by John Cardigan and witnessed by Bryce; whereupon the judge carelessly tossed his certified check for a hundred thousand dollars on Bryce's desk and departed whistling "Turkey in the Straw." Bryce reached for the telephone and called up Colonel Pennington.

"Bryce Cardigan speaking," he began, but the Colonel cut him short.

"My dear, impulsive young friend," he interrupted in oleaginous tones, "how often do you have to be told that I am not quite ready to buy that quarter-section?"

"Oh," Bryce retorted, "I merely called up to tell you that every dollar and every asset you have in the world, including your heart's blood, isn't sufficient to buy the Valley of the Giants from us now."

"Eh? What's that? Why?"

"Because, my dear, overcautious and thoroughly unprincipled enemy, it was sold five minutes ago for the tidy sum of one hundred thousand dollars, and if you don't believe me, come over to my office and I'll let you feast your eyes on the certified check."

He could hear a distinct gasp. After an interval of five seconds, however, the Colonel recovered his poise. "I congratulate you," he purred. "I suppose I'll have to wait a little longer now, won't I? Well—patience is my middle name. Au revoir."

The Colonel hung up. His hard face was ashen with rage, and he stared at a calendar on the wall with his cold, phidian stare. However, he was not without a generous stock of optimism. "Somebody has learned of the low state of the Cardigan fortune," he mused, "and taken advantage of it to induce the old man to sell at last. They're figuring on selling to me at a neat profit. And I certainly did overplay my hand last night. However, there's nothing to do now except sit tight and wait for the new owner's next move."

Meanwhile, in the general office of the Cardigan Redwood Lumber company, joy was rampant. Bryce Cardigan was doing a buck and wing dance around the room, while Moira McTavish, with her back to her tall desk, watched him, in her eyes a tremendous joy and a sweet, yearning glow of adoration that Bryce was too happy and excited to notice.

Suddenly he paused before her. "Moira, you're a lucky girl," he declared. "I thought this morning you were going back to a kitchen in a logging camp. It almost broke my heart to think of fate's swindling you like that." He put his arm around her and gave her a brotherly hug. "It's autumn in the woods, Moira, and all the underbrush is golden."

She smiled, though it was winter in her heart.

"Stop it, boys. No fighting, if you please."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Beginning of Life Insurance.

Life insurance grew out of marine insurance, for merchants sending goods by sea in early times usually accompanied the ship themselves, and were liable to capture by pirates, especially by the Moorish and Turkish pirates who then infested the Mediterranean sea. In order to provide the necessary ransom for their release, if captured, it became the practice of traveling merchants to pay a premium to certain individuals, called underwriters, who guaranteed the payment of the ransom in the event of the merchants being caught. The practice was gradually extended to insuring the lives, first of mariners and then of other persons, the underwriters agreeing, in return for a certain premium, to pay a fixed amount if the person insured died within a certain time. Out of this was evolved the various forms of contracts of life insurance in use today.

The New Terms.

"The man you see yonder is a highwayman."

"Good gracious! such a gentlemanly-looking man a robber?"

"Not at all. An aviator."

Yellow Men Sleep

By JEREMY LANE

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THE DESERT GUARDS.

Synopsis. — John Levington, a poet, visionary and impractical, and Mary Martin, the daughter of rich and worldly parents, hear the call of love and unite their lives. They go to a small Michigan city, where John finds work in a stove factory and on Sundays writes verses. The Martins try in vain to get the happy wife to leave her husband. Mary begins to breathe for two. John loses his job. He appeals in vain to the Martins. Mary goes to the hospital and never returns. Thus comes into the story Cornelius Levington. The father leaves town and the city farms out the child. After two years the father returns and takes his little son with him on his world-wanderings. The father becomes the slave of a mysterious drug, koresh, with odors of wine and cinnamon, and returns with little Con to die on his wife's grave. Con is again farmed out, grows up in the underworld and is saved for better things by Andrew March. So much by way of introduction to the hero of the strange adventures of "Yellow Men Sleep." These begin when Con takes by force a small leather sack from Chee Ming, the Chinese cook of an acquaintance. This sack contains a Chinese map of the Gobi desert, which is precious beyond price to Andrew March. Eighteen years before armed men in the Gobi had taken March's wife and infant daughter from him. Now he sends Con in search of them. On the voyage Con finds Chee Ming a fellow passenger. Chee Ming drugs Con and steals his map, but Con presses on toward Shan-sung. Con is shot by a poisoned dart, and while he is in the consequent stupor his map is stolen. On the river boat to Peking he again sees Chee Ming, and realizes they are seeking the same destination. Con keeps faith with Andrew March and starts on his mission westward with a caravan. After weeks of difficult travel he reaches the little settlement of Shan-sung and reads instructions from Andrew March to the effect that Con has been made a federal agent to search out Chee Ming, who has brought quantities of koresh, a deadly drug, to San Francisco. At Shan-sung Con is unexpectedly joined by March. The two Americans press forward into the desert.

CHAPTER V—Continued.

—7—

When the night was well advanced, near eleven by a white man's reckoning, they went into camp, and the drivers were still sullen.

"Will they get used to it?" asked Con.

March shook his head, and at dawn, before camp was broken, roused himself from a light sleep to find the drivers in secret activity. It rather looked as if they were trying to get away with the camels. A gun cracked, and March turned sharply to see Con sitting up from his blanket, his carbine smoking. He, too, had been watching the preparations. He had shot in the air, but both the yellow men fell face downward upon the sand. March went to them at once, paid them well in gold, gave them two big draws at the water-bags, and started them off together, eastward. Shan-sung was within walking-distance.

"I should have known better," he said.

They did not see the old Chinese, who would no doubt make a wide detour before touching the real trail. The country, although perfectly open and without trees, was irregular. From the hillocks of naked earth one could see for leagues in the four directions, but no Chee Ming.

They paced the camels through the morning, halted for a long noon, and continued into the evening. At sundown of this second day on the wind rose, with its menacing rattle of sand, but it died before dark.

At dawn they started again. The desert was less hilly, but great rocks emerged from the sand, and here were glittering lizards in the morning light, still asleep. The heavens were glassy. A wind held from the northwest, and the nostrils of the beasts were stung to bleeding by the sand. Grit had sifted into Con's clothing, next to his skin, and riding was a hardship. Dust grated in his teeth.

That night Andrew March lit the watch-fire and it was Con's time for sleep. Their world was empty, soundless, infinite, unknown. March did not call Levington at two in the morning, as agreed, but permitted his young friend to sleep until dawn. None could have known the reveries of this unusual man in the midnight hours—thoughts as remote as the stars, and as hard to gage. He had loved life, and the sweets of it had been taken from him long ago. It had been difficult for him to pass through Peking, city of his birth and earliest influence. The quest that had drawn his father Stephen as a boy, across the American plains, onward across the Pacific, and yet onward to China, Peking and the dread Sha Mo was wrought into the very texture of the mind and soul of the son, Andrew. The yearning of his mother was woven there, also, as she had hoped, loved, prayed, resented, and finally mourned for Stephen until he returned, late by two years. This Gobi desert mastered him. The heart of China would not let him go. He could not live down the terrors that Peking had stamped upon him in infancy. Now he looked long at Con, sleeping beside the fire, relaxed, graceful, breathing steadily, something boyish and pure about him. Andrew March's eyes shut against sudden tears. He arose silently and walked out, away from the camels, so far that the fire was only a red spark to him.

The night spaces whispered in vague conspiracy. At daybreak the whole world was without color, only dead gray hills and gullies, rocks and shadows and vacant air. Levington wakened, glanced up at Andrew, who was making the morning tea; and it seemed as if the air were powdered with the delicate rooty aroma that Con associated with John Levington and all manner of evil fate. Then he realized that the faint spice of it was clinging about March. He said nothing but it was a black moment for him.

They studied their map, and held a field compass beside it. Their difficulty was to hold a direction, by reason of the twisted formation of desert surfaces. Each crooked line of rise or dip misled the eye, and the camels persisted in staying low, preferring to pass around a hill rather than take the safe straight line across it. March was watchful, usually silent. For their third camp they halted in a little valley wedge, out of the gale. All night the sand sifted in upon them, like gray snow, but this was preferable to facing the whip of it on the levels above.

The fourth day they saw a different formation of rock. Closer, it showed to be the collapse of a city, yet one in no wise related to the villages they had left behind, for these buildings had once been of solid gray rock. Strangely, through a crack in the middle of a slab came the greenish-yellow line of a flame. It was gas from the depths of the world, and it burned slowly, waving like a transparent plume in the sheltered place. Of all that city of long ago, this eternal flame remained.

The walls had been shaken down with terrible age; every block of stone was rounded smoothly by the blowing sand. The original level of the city had been much below the present. Levington shivered. He felt around him the faded life of another time, lingering human shadows tied to the stones. March moved solemnly over the tumbled pile, pausing before the languid green fire issuing from the rock. In the emptiness overhead they saw a bird, high up and black, sailing steadily, watching these two white intruders upon his dominion, seeming to wait with perfect patience until they should perish, and leave to him once more the crumbling, forgotten empire.

Now, the black bag contained a saving grace—the razor, a holy instrument, keen with decency. Con rubbed a bit of fat over his jaws and scraped with unction. Water was too precious to waste in lather. The oil was tolerable and cleansing. His cheeks were taut, the line of chin and jaw vividly marked. Sometimes his thoughts seemed about to surprise the ending of the story that Bill the cook had not finished that night in Elopura harbor. Sometimes he talked to March of the mother he had never known. Yearning came to the surface, eagerness for far trails and nameless destination. Distance was to him like the thought of home to other men. The horizon, shrouded afar, drew him on.

In this rhythm of desert travel, his body did not wear down any further but went into a state resembling that of the prairie wolf, who goes on and on without change.

The silver-haired friend sometimes hummed to himself, ending with a shudder; or stared into the living ethers of twilight until his eyes would glow like sunset fire.

"It seems to me," said Con, "that we are always near some one, some

Riders Were Down Upon Them, an Avalanche of Ferocity.

other traveler, not Chee Ming. I don't know how to explain it. Other travelers—other kinds of travelers."

"Where are they going?" asked March.

"Are you laughing at me?"

"Judge for yourself," replied the elder man, and his manner conveyed no pleasantry.

"Well, what do you hear, when the wind goes past?" pursued Levington.

"Oh, the dust, I suppose, grating."

"Did you ever hear the rumble of wheels?"

"I'm not saying."

Their path touched another, smaller ruin, more deeply sunken. One of the great blocks of stone remained on top, unbroken. This ancient city had been builded upon a river, for the course of it was still outlined between erosions. A gray skull, retaining all its teeth, was perched upon a point of rock, and the dusty sockets stared forever eastward. Andrew March regarded it thoughtfully.

"This Mongol was a good boy, but he's a modern compared to the rest of this."

"I said we weren't always alone."

Only a few stones were here in view, and a river-bed long dry; yet Con peered about uncertainly. Old violence lurked in the sunshine.

The sand was changing in tint as they rode westward, and to the north, showing patches of rust color. Small cliffs raised above the shallows, their strata bronze and a flaky blue.

Through long days they traced out the route indicated upon the map. The moon diminished and darkened again, and still they were able to cross off the angles of the parchment only a bit at a time.

On certain evenings the northern horizon seemed to shift and crawl. Far flying shapes peopled the hills on the world's rim. Smaller presences, too, darted away from the watch-fire, like shadowy butterflies. Con never quite saw these things. They always moved just out of range of vision, and he could never turn sharply enough. They were like the nimble hands of old Chinese Bill.

"Why are you staring at me?" he asked of March.

"What do you see?" countered the other.

"Nothing," said Con.

"That's what I thought," laughed March.

But his laughter was empty, and it seemed oddly to be caught up by the breathing of the camels, and then tossed out overhead.

"I suppose that rushing cloud off there is the dust," said Levington after a while.

"No doubt," replied March, "but I don't see it."

In the fifth week they found water, a little greasy marsh. Thus far there had not been one glimpse of Chee Ming, and there were no signs here.

Eight more days westward, sometimes to the north, and they reached a spring of clear water. The beasts cried and sucked and trembled. Other camels had been here before them, recently; their marks were in the mud. If the map had been gaged properly, Con perceived that they were nearing the end.

A starving wolf sidled in toward the water-hole. He had never learned fear. He stalked the led camels and lazily found his position to leap, when they shot him. The camels were in a frenzy.

Beyond, there were no more ruins above the surface. The sky belonged to another world. These plains and ridges of red sand were the husks of the planet. Levington's eyes ached with the distances in the glare of day sun. Two of the camels were killed, to provide sustenance for the others, and the two men shared with the beasts.

Now the high winds came in a bruising torrent, as if the elements had turned enemy, and this was their threat. The beasts gave up, and were driven into a roaring gully where the blast was broken somewhat. It whined and rushed overhead, and began to bury them with sand.

In this choking confusion the capture came quickly—a brief affair in which the white men were too late with their guns. Riders were down upon them, an avalanche of ferocity. The storm had obscured their coming. On horses demoniac and primal they had sped down through the sandstorm as if it were an April rain. These were monster men with silvery eyes. Their beards were hanging mats of sand, their mouths caked with dust. Close-fitting leather helmets enlarged their heads.

Leather thongs whipped out and circled Con's arms, and he was helpless. In a moment strong hands were undressing the white men. The frightened camels were being driven away. The strangers worked in a nervous heat, chanting a song or prayer, their voices mingling with the savage wind. Everything was taken from the prisoners, and dagger points were sent ripping through their garments.

March was shouting, pleading with rich offers, but he received no reply—only his ruined clothing. Then the remainder of the party leaped and spurred their hairy beasts up the slope. The showering sand hid them again. Levington's face and shoulders were numb with the pelting of little stones. It was all finished in a moment.

"Are you all right?" asked Marsh.

"Yes. They didn't leave anything."

With extreme difficulty the two travelers stepped into and adjusted their rags. The map was gone, along with guns, gold, camels, provisions, water, and all sense of direction. Their eyes were red with pain. The wind blustered in dry fury, as if the riders might materialize out of it a second time.

"They must have had us in view all day, perhaps yesterday, or they could not have found us in this weather," said March, hitching the remains of his trousers to a bit of shirt.

"Those horses weren't real," said Con. "And how did they get me all tied up with leather before I could draw?"

They spoke with levity that was not felt, each hoping by his calmness to cheer the other. The actual situation was too plain. Levington added:

"At least we seem to be in the right neighborhood."

"We can wait here until we get straight by the stars," said March. "I maintain that we did fairly well, to have come this far before they found us."

"Yes."

March pretended not to notice the trembling of his voice. Both were busy with new ways of assembling tattered garments. Then Con saw that his friend was smiling.

"Boy," said March, "we may not find much to eat or drink, but we are not quite done for."

Levington nodded without comprehending, and his companion added: "We are not altogether lost."

"How is that?"

For answer, March balanced himself against Con's shoulder, and lifted up one foot, as if to look at a bruise, and dusted it carefully. A duplicate of the map was clearly tattooed on the sole of his right foot.

The Gray Sentinel saves the lives of Con and March.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Flow of Language.

A colored preacher, one of the men who are never at a loss for words, was commending to his congregation one of the organs of the church, and this is how he did it: "The missionary bulletin of this church needs subscribers. It is young and unfinancial, but through the instrumentality of backbone and grit it will become an ideal. It was ushered into existence out of purely innocent contemplation of moral and religious good, which would, in all probability, result from carefully agitated principles of righteousness. The bulletin will be observed mingling in social convolutions to furnish with sheaves of harvests of those reasonable products common to social contingencies. The tone of the whole will be missionary work."

Fitness.

"Most of the poetry you write about spring weather is no good."

"Well," answered Mr. Penwiggle, "most of the spring weather is no good."

Stop That Backache!

Those agonizing twinges, that dull, throbbing backache, may be warning of serious kidney weakness—serious if neglected, for it might easily lead to gravel, dropsy or fatal Bright's disease. If you are suffering with a bad back, look for other proof of kidney trouble. If there are dizzy spells, headaches, tired feeling and disordered kidney action, get after the cause. Use Doan's Kidney Pills, the remedy that has helped thousands. Satisfied users recommend Doan's. Ask your neighbor!

A Michigan Case

Austin C. Hinkley, switchman, 719 W. "C" St., Iron Mountain, Mich., says: "I was in bad shape with my kidneys and my back ached nearly all the time especially mornings when I got up. Every time I tried to bend over, sharp pains caught me in my back and my kidneys were out of order. Doan's Kidney Pills soon cured me of the trouble."

Get Doan's at Any Store, 60c a Box

DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS

FOSTER-MILBURN CO., BUFFALO, N. Y.

A Beautiful Complexion & Admiration

Ladies—A few days' treatment with CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS will do more to clean up the skin than all the beauty treatments in creation. An imperfect complexion is caused by a sluggish liver.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS

Millions of people, old, young and middle age, take them for Biliousness, Dizziness, Sick Headache, Upset Stomach and for Sallow, Pimply and Blotchy Skin. They end the misery of Constipation.

Small Pill—Small Dose—Small Price

When your head feels like a basket of broken bottles—you need

BEECHAM'S PILLS

Stomach or bowel disorder poisons the blood and thus irritates the rest of the body.

Largest Sale of Any Medicine in the World. Sold everywhere. In boxes, 10c., 25c.

Doing Away With Autocracy.

"I noticed some crepe on the front door of your boarding house."

"Yes, our star boarder died yesterday."

"Who will succeed him?"

"We don't know yet. Ordinarily the landlady appoints a successor, but we have a soviet boarding house. We are going to name the new star boarder by a secret ballot."—Birmingham Age-Herald.

Cuticura Soothes Itching Scalp

On retiring gently rub spots of dandruff and itching with Cuticura Ointment. Next morning shampoo with Cuticura Soap and hot water. Make them your every-day toilet preparations and have a clear skin and soft, white hands.—Adv.

No Wonder Mona Smiled.

If Whistler's conceit was a pose he assumed it quite early in his career. We are told that as an art student he used to copy famous paintings at the Louvre, and on one occasion a brother artist came upon him as he was finishing a copy of "Mona Lisa."

"You've done a fine thing there," said the other.

"Yes, I'm quite pleased with it," agreed Whistler, and then in his quizzical way he added: "I wonder what they'll do with the poor old original now?"—Boston Transcript.

Important to Mothers

Examine carefully every bottle of CASTORIA, that famous old remedy for infants and children, and see that it

Bears the Signature of Chas. H. Fletcher

In Use for Over 30 Years.

Children Cry for Fletcher's Castoria

A Chronic Ailment.

"Pa put in six cases of whisky before the country went dry, so as to have a supply in the event of sickness."

"Well?"

"I don't believe he's had a well day since."

A man may bow to the inevitable, but he doesn't lift his hat.

Doctor Cupid

That love sometimes cures disease is a fact that has been called to the attention of the public by a prominent physician. Love is not, however, the cure for all women. Many a woman is nervous and irritable, feels dragged down and worn out for no reason that she can think of.

Doctor Pierce's Favorite Prescription gives new life and new strength to weak, worn-out, run-down women. "Favorite Prescription" makes weak women strong and sick women well. It is now sold by all druggists in the United States in tablets as well as liquid form.

MANKATO, MINN.—"I have three daughters who are all strong and healthy today due, I am sure, to the use of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. When they were in their teens they were all very delicate. I always gave them this medicine and it never failed to give relief.

"I am in hopes that this will be the means of aiding some who are suffering."—MRS. MARY GOODRICH, 218 West Rock Street.

Send 10c to Dr. Pierce's Invalids' Hotel in Buffalo, N.Y., for trial pkg.

Children's Coughs

may be checked and more serious conditions of the throat often will be avoided by promptly giving the child a dose of safe

PISO'S

"DANDERINE"

Girls! Save Your Hair! Make It Abundant!

Immediately after a "Danderine" massage, your hair takes on new life, lustre and wondrous beauty, appearing twice as heavy and plentiful because each hair seems to fluff and thicken. Don't let your hair stay lifeless, colorless, plain or scraggly. You, too, want lots of long, strong, beautiful hair.

A 35-cent bottle of delightful "Danderine" freshens your scalp, checks dandruff and falling hair. This stimulating "beauty-tonic" gives to thin, dull, fading hair that youthful brightness and abundant thickness—All druggists!—Adv.

Air Propellers on Cars.

Before long we are likely to see many motorcars driven by air propellers like those of airplanes. Experiments are being made with such air-driven cars in Europe, and they are said to have worked out very satisfactorily. The power utilizable in this way for a vehicle on land is so great that it has been found practicable to run freight cars on railroads at high speed with an air propeller in front and another behind.—Kansas City Star.

BREAKS A COLD IN JUST A FEW HOURS

"Pape's Cold Compound" instantly relieves stuffiness and distress

Don't stay stuffed-up! Quit blowing and snuffling! A dose of "Pape's Cold Compound" taken every two hours until three doses are taken usually breaks up a severe cold and ends all grippe misery.

The very first dose opens your clogged-up nostrils and the air passages of the head; stops nose running; relieves the headache, dullness, feverishness, sneezing, soreness and stiffness.

"Pape's Cold Compound" is the quickest, surest relief known and costs only a few cents at drug stores. It acts without assistance, tastes nice, contains no quinine—Insist upon Pape's!—Adv.

Worthless.

"Got any property about here?" asked the tax collector at the farm house door.

"Yes, I got a small lot," replied the buxom woman with the gingham apron, who answered the knock.

"Where is it?"

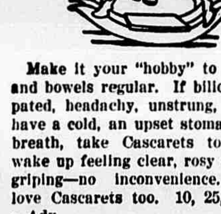
"About two miles down the road from here."

"Is it improved?"

"Well, I got a husband buried there, but I can't say it improves it any."

CASCARETS

"They Work while you Sleep"



Make it your "hobby" to keep liver and bowels regular. If bilious, constipated, headachy, unstrung, or if you have a cold, an upset stomach, or bad breath, take Cascarets tonight and wake up feeling clear, rosy and fit. No griping—no inconvenience. Children love Cascarets too. 10, 25, 50 cents. —Adv.

Looked for a Change.

She—I told you yesterday that I would not marry you.

He—I know. That's why I ask you again today. You would not be so lacking in originality, I hope, as to repeat today what you said yesterday?

USE "DIAMOND DYES"

Dye right! Don't risk your material in a poor dye Each package of "Diamond Dyes" contains directions so simple that any woman can diamond-dye a new, rich, fadeless color into old garments, draperies, coverings, everything, whether wool, silk, linen, cotton or mixed goods.

Buy "Diamond Dyes"—no other kind—then perfect results are guaranteed. Druggist has "Diamond Dyes Color Card"—16 rich colors. Adv.

Only One.

Mrs. Wiggs—Cook has only broken one dish today, dear.

Mr. Wiggs—That's better. How did that happen?

Mrs. Wiggs—It was the last one.—Pearson's Weekly.

Catarrh Can Be Cured

Catarrh is a local disease greatly influenced by constitutional conditions. It therefore requires constitutional treatment. HALL'S CATARRH MEDICINE is taken internally and acts through the Blood on the Mucous Surfaces of the System. HALL'S CATARRH MEDICINE destroys the foundation of the disease, gives the patient strength by improving the general health and assists nature in doing its work. All Druggists. Circulars free. F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, Ohio.

Modern.

"Building a modern house?"

"Yes, got the cellar fixed up like a grill room."

Use MURINE Night and Morning Keep Your Eyes Clean - Clear and Healthy. Write for Free Eye Care Book Murine Co. Chicago, U.S.

COMRADES OF PERIL

By RANDALL PARRISH

Copyright A. C. McClurg & Co.

"SOME SCHEME."

Synopsis.—Tom Shelby, a rancher, rides into the frontier town of Ponca looking for a good time after a long spell of hard work and loneliness on the ranch. Instead, he runs into a funeral—that of Dad Calkins, a retired army man of whom little is known. A girl, still in her teens, survives Calkins. McCarthy, a saloon keeper and Ponca's leading citizen, decides that the girl, now alone in the world, should marry.

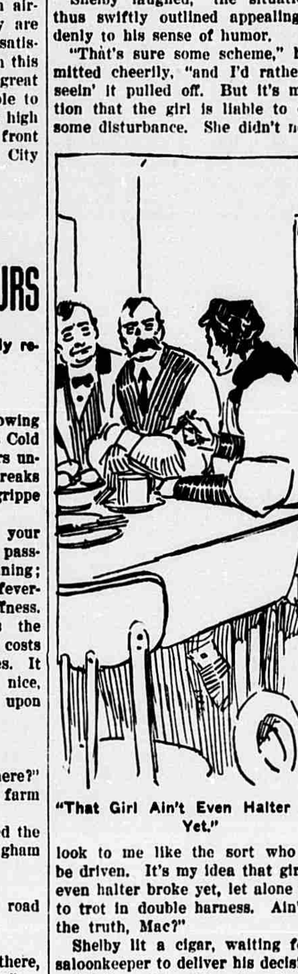
CHAPTER II—Continued.

—2—

"If you go at it right—yes. This is a sporting proposition. That's where it will make a hit. Say we limit the chances to a dozen, or maybe fifteen; those fellows will bite at it like hungry fish. Everyone of them duffers will think he's a lady's man. I know them, and there never was a young fellow in pants who didn't secretly believe he was a regular lady-killer. That's what's going to round them up in a bunch; we'll give the girl a chance to take her pick. That's fair enough, isn't it?"

Shelby laughed, the situation as thus swiftly outlined appealing suddenly to his sense of humor.

"That's sure some scheme," he admitted cheerily, "and I'd rather like seein' it pulled off. But it's my notion that the girl is liable to create some disturbance. She didn't noways



"That Girl Ain't Even Halter Broke Yet."

look to me like the sort who could be driven. It's my idea that girl ain't even halter broke yet, let alone willin' to trot in double harness. Ain't that the truth, Mac?"

Shelby lit a cigar, waiting for the saloonkeeper to deliver his decision.

"She's a bit odd, an' sorter bullheaded, yer might say," the latter said finally. "That's true enough, Tom. I had a time gettin' her to go through them ceremonies this afternoon. She just wanted Old Dad planted quiet-like. She's mighty liable to be offish when the preacher first puts this proposition up to her. Likely as not she'll throw a fit, but we'll fetch her up to the trough just the same. You ain't got any better scheme, have yer? The only way ter save a girl out in this country is ter marry her—ain't that so?"

"I reckon it is. Got yer gang lined up yet?"

"Not yet; there's a plenty to choose from an' I aim ter write out the list over at the saloon. How about you?"

"Me? Not on your life, Mac; this is not my funeral."

"You'll help us out, though?"

"Sure; I'll talk it over with the boys and get 'em interested. I'll even throw fifty dollars into the jack pot to give the happy couple a start. There's nothin' that will put more 'pep' into a prospective bridegroom than a bunch o' money in sight. You two fellows figure it out an' I'll go over to the saloon and, sorter quite-like, feel the boys out a bit. Where'll you be in an hour?"

"In my office. Who was you aiming to talk with?"

"Oh, Cady, Jim Mack, 'Rowdy' Egan an' that bunch. They are the boys yer aimin' to interest, I reckon. How much of a jack pot do you aim to raise?"

McCarthy pondered a moment, his chin cupped in his hand.

"Well, I'll blow in two-fifty an' I reckon there are those who would raise it to a right smart figure. You kin talk a couple o' thousand, Tom. As yer say, that'll be quite a feature, an' there ain't no reason why we shouldn't pull the affair off ternight."

The delicious and delicate humor of the situation was what particularly appealed to Shelby—the affair promised excitement and a good laugh. He was even convinced that the scheme might work and thus really prove a benefit to the girl, if she only chose wisely; but at present his main interest centered on the fun he expected to extract from the preliminaries.

He had already decided on a general course of action; he would approach those whom he considered worthy, in a strictly diplomatic way, judiciously hinting at the possibility of Old Dad Calkins' girl being an heiress and suggesting the advantage of her being sought in early marriage. It was merely an idea he proposed to advance, to be implanted in their minds, that she should not be allowed to escape from the community with all that money, nor snapped up by some mercenary stranger.

During the next half hour Shelby managed to interview at least a half dozen whom he considered eligible bachelors or lonely widowers, artfully selecting those known to be of a somewhat sportive disposition, to whom such a proposition as he had to offer might naturally appeal. A few of these treated the suggestion profanely; others were rather evasive, but the majority thus diplomatically approached evinced sufficient interest to yield much encouragement. His wares had been brought to a good market and Old Dad's girl, rendered particularly attractive by a "dot" running up into the thousands, would find plenty of eager suitors. Now that the rumor of her eligibility was being privately circulated from mouth to mouth, any unnecessary delay would only render the affair more complicated.

He would report at once the success of his mission and urge his co-conspirators to immediate action. It would sure be a fine sight to see these fellows lined up while that girl looked them over, deliberately making a choice. Suddenly his gaze rested on a young man, dejectedly hanging over the end of the bar, arguing with a bartender, who only shook his head impassively. Shelby moved along until he ranged up beside the fellow.

"What's your name?"

"Joe Macklin."

"They call you 'Kid,' don't they, 'round here?"

"Sure; mostly. What are yer drivin' at, anyhow?"

"Why, this. I got a ranch over on the Cottonwood, an' come in here to pick up a cow-hand. I got a half-breed, but I need another. That's where I stand."

"What'll it pay?"

"Forty dollars. You got a horse?"

"Well, the critter looks like one; turned out in Powell's corral, but I ain't got no money to pay fer his feed. Yer'll have ter blow me some coin."

"All right; here's ten and I'll pay Powell for the horse keep. You show up here sober at ten tomorrow, or else I'll leave you here; that's straight."

He strode away across the big crowded room and opened a door at the further end. Stepping across the threshold he closed the door behind him and faced McCarthy and the ex-preacher from Buffalo Gap, both of whom glanced up expectantly. Shelby leaned back against the wall and contemplated the two, chewing on the butt of a cigar.

"Well," he said bluntly, "the cards are stacked, gents; now, all you got to do is to play your hands."

"What do you mean? The boys are for it?"

"Hungry and snapping. I talked to quite a bunch. The one thing I'm afraid of is that some galoot may take a notion to hunt the girl up before we can get things into shape. That's why I hurried in here. We got to pull the affair tonight."

The preacher spread his hands, waving the suggestion aside.

"No, no; that really wouldn't be decent, so soon after the funeral. The poor girl must be given opportunity to mourn in peace."

"Shucks! It will give her something else to think about. Anyhow, that whole bunch will be after her by morning. What do you say, Mac?"

"I don't see no objections. The sooner it's cleaned up the better and there won't be no hard feelin's among the boys if we don't give 'em any time to mill around."

"You aim to run the bunch in on her with no notice?"

"No; that's up to the preacher. He invented this game and has got to take care of that end of it. I don't know nothin' 'bout females and don't aim to learn. We'll leave the girl to this gent from Buffalo Gap. Let him mosey right over and talk it out with her straight. He can put it sorter religious-like. Say we give him an hour an' then shoot the bunch over to the shack; that ought to be long enough for him to get the girl into the right frame of mind, if she's ever goin' to be. Maybe she'll take it all right and maybe she won't. You ready to try your luck, Dominie?"

"There is no question in my mind," he answered solemnly, "but that this is the proper method of procedure. I am therefore resigned to do my part. I shall undertake the mission in the high spirit of my calling."

"Well," said McCarthy who had been writing industriously, "here's the list of gazabos I've made out. There ain't no angels among 'em, but she sure ought to pull a prize out o' that bunch, if she looks 'em over."

The preacher got to his feet.

"Tis as the Lord wills," he said gravely. "I go humbly forth to do my part."

CHAPTER III.

The Choice of the Lady.

Shelby, accompanied by "Red" Kelly, who had been unceremoniously routed out of bed after a hard day's work, were the last to join the company of selects crowded into Dan McCarthy's office. The majority were unshaven and roughly dressed, inclined to look on the whole affair as a lark, but there were serious faces among them and altogether, in Shelby's judgment as he looked them over, they were not a bad lot. He pushed his way through the throng and joined Mac, who stood with his back to the desk.

"That's all of them," he said quietly. "Now give 'em your spiel an' we'll see what comes of it."

McCarthy cleared his throat and removed the stump of cigar from between his teeth.

"Is the door shut tight? All right. What I've got to say is just for you, boys, an' ain't ter be told 'round promiscuse. We started in ter give Ol' Dad Calkins a proper kind of a funeral an' sure pulled it off in some style, if I say it myself. Then we decided it was up to us to give the gurl a decent send-off an' this town chucked in about five hundred bucks an' never batted an eye. When that was over with, I sorter considered that Ponca had about done its share, but the preacher what come down from Buffalo Gap didn't think the same. He sed here was a poor girl left with no home an' no protection and that unless she was taken care of she'd maybe drift ter h—l an' back, an' he argued that it was Ponca's business to see that she got started off right. His idee was that she ought ter be married afore she had any chance ter drift and git reckless like a lot o' them females."

There was an uneasy movement among the crowd and Shelby was amused at the varied expression upon the faces before him. McCarthy paused as though gathering himself together for his main effort.

"All I got ter say is when I thought it all over I concluded the preacher sure had it sized up about right. That girl is decent an' has been brought up decent, even if Ol' Dad was a rounder. He kept her straight an' giv' her a good education. Now what's goin' ter become of her when she's left alone? I told the preacher I'd do my share an' see to it that Ponca came up to the scratch. I naturally can't marry her myself, seeing as how I've got a wife and five kids already, but I'll do the next best thing—I'll cough up enough coin to give the fellow who will give her a chance ter make good. She's goin' ter have cash ter back her."

"How much?"

"What's the figure, Dan?"

"Two thousand, besides the five hundred already subscribed. That's more'n some o' you ducks ever saw."

"Say, Mac, what was the plan? Cut the cards for furst chance?"

"No; this is a sportin' proposition, with everyone havin' a fair show," explained the saloonkeeper. "We sorter picked you boys out as the most likely runts 'round town and intend ter line you up an' then let her pick out the one she takes a fancy to. It's only fair she has a chance to take the duffer she'd rather have."

There was a confused murmur of voices, some reckless, others muttering opposition, but it was evident the proposition rather appealed to the majority, who saw in it a chance for some unusual fun and excitement, with only a vague probability of being caught. Shelby slipped in a word.

"I'll bet five to one," he said quietly, "that she turns down the whole gang."

"Ter h—l she will! Not after she gets one glimpse o' Cowan. She'll think he owns the town."

"That's it, boys! Come on, you fellers; the bunch o' us don't run no risk. She'll copper on Cowan an' if she misses him them sideburns o' Archibald's will sure get her goat."

"Is this yere two thousand a sure thing?" It was Cowan who asked somewhat anxiously. "It ain't got no string tied to it?"

A yell greeted the question, punctuated with various remarks.

"Takin' it seriously, old man?"

"Goin' to start an opposition store?"

"I guarantee the sum," said McCarthy, "every last cent of it. Whoever the girl chooses, when he marries her, I'll pay him the money. That's flat an' you boys know whose talking."

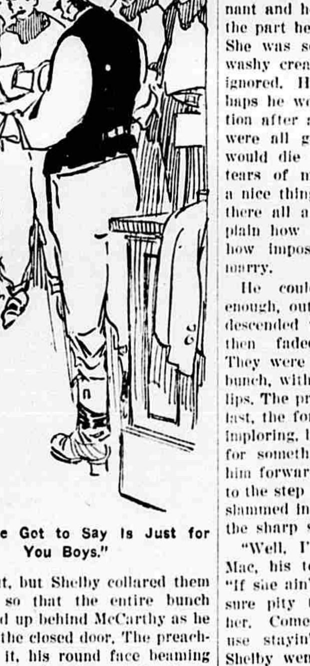
There was a surging forward indicative of readiness. Evidently the proposition had caught on, and the bunch was eager to learn the result.

"Lead us to it, Mac," someone cried gayly, "gittin' married is my long suit."

"All right, boys," and McCarthy glanced at his watch. "I reckon the preacher ought ter have her ready for the delegation by this time. How about it, Tom?"

They moved slowly out, jostling each other, and indulging in horse play and rude jokes, none taking the affair seriously, but eager to learn how it would terminate.

McCarthy led the way, directly across the main street, and down the path past the dance hall, which by this time was in full blaze. Beyond they were plunged into darkness, but could see ahead of them the faint gleam of a light through the window of Calkins' shack. One or two sought



"What I've Got to Say Is Just for You Boys."

to drop out, but Shelby collared them promptly, so that the entire bunch finally lined up behind McCarthy as he rapped on the closed door. The preacher opened it, his round face beaming benignantly in the glare of the single oil-lamp within, his bulk absolutely blocking the entrance. Beyond, those close at hand had a vague glimpse of the girl, who stood back against the wall, staring toward them with wide-open eyes. The Buffalo Gap man smiled blandly in welcome, impressed by the number of faces he saw, and stepped heavily aside.

"Come right in, gentlemen," he exclaimed, gesturing impressively with one hand, "our accommodations are not extensive, as you will perceive, yet ample, I trust. Just circle about the wall there—to the left, please. You have explained the circumstances, Mr. McCarthy?"

"Sure."

"Very well, then," his voice assuming a soothing tone. "We need waste no unnecessary time in preliminaries. I have very frankly laid the entire matter before the young lady and have finally convinced her of the righteousness of our purpose. Do I fitly express your state of mind, my child?"

She lifted her eyes slightly, a red flush burning on either cheek.

"I suppose so; that's what you told me to say."

Shelby, slipping in through the door last of all, had found a precarious seat on the sill of the window, where he had a full view of the room. His glance wandered appreciatingly along that solemn line of men backed up rigidly against the wall. They were an odd-looking bunch, crowded together under the glare of the oil-lamp, the most of them roughly dressed and unshaven and all of them visibly embarrassed and a little ashamed. The girl stood alone just before them and to Shelby she appeared younger and far better looking than in the afternoon. She would have been almost pretty but for the pathetic droop at the corners of her mouth and the rebellious, sullen look in her eyes. The preacher spread his hands in disapprobation of her remark.

"Oh, no, my dear," he protested. "I merely labored with you and urged this upon you as the better course. I even made it the subject of prayer that we might be divinely guided. It is now a matter entirely for your own decision."

She looked from him to the row of breathless men facing her, impatiently, her bosom rising and falling tumultuously.

"And I've got to choose which one I'd rather marry?"

"Well, yes, that is the idea crudely expressed. Not that you are compelled in any way; only we feel it highly desirable; that—well, perhaps I may say, it is the will of God that you make some such choice."

Her eyes wandered up and down the shrinking line, resting calmly on face after face. If she felt any humor in the situation, there was no expression of it visible. She retained an appearance of sullen indifference, which was almost insolent.

"There ain't no more of 'em?"

"No; this is all."

"And I got to pick from these?"

The preacher nodded his head, as she glanced inquiringly in his direction. The pent-up breath came in a sigh from between her lips.

"Well, if I've got to, I have, I suppose, and, so far as I can see, it don't make no difference. I'll take the fellow sittin' over there on the window; the one with the pink shirt."

Shelby was upon his feet instantly, so thoroughly startled by this sudden denouement as to scarcely find words.

"But say, hold on!" he exclaimed excitedly. "I don't belong to this bunch; I don't even live in Ponca. I just came along to help out."

The girl looked from face to face in bewilderment, which, judging from the expression of her eyes, was already verging on anger.

"What does the man mean?" she asked hurriedly of the preacher, who stood nearest. "You said I was to choose and now he refuses. Did this one not come pledged?"

"I am afraid not, my dear. I did not know, but he claims otherwise. He is not a Ponca man."

She fronted Shelby, standing straight, indignant, her eyes flashing coldly.

"And you won't marry me?"

"I—I can't—that's all," he stammered. "Oh, h—l! What did you want to pick me out for?"

The girl's eyes rested hard on his face, then wandered slowly down the line of the others and her lips set firmly.

"Well, then, this play has gone far enough," she said shortly. "I've been square with you all, but I ain't going to be made a fool of no longer. Now it is time for you gents to get out o' here. I pointed out the fellow I'd take an' there ain't another one o' the bunch I'll even look at. I ain't so crazy 'bout gettin' married; it's only because he said it was the will o' God that I have. Now I'm done. I picked my man an' there ain't nuthin' else here I'd touch with a pair of tongs, so you might as well save your breath and get out. I don't want to talk any more to any of you."

"But, my dear child—"

"Stop that! I'm no dear child; I'm a woman; an' this place is mine, even if it is a shack. You get right out o' here, the whole kit an' caboodle of you."

Shelby was the first to slide forth through the half-open door, glad enough to escape into the cool night air, his face burning as though on fire, his mind in a tumult of emotion. He had no sense of humor left, just an ill-defined feeling of mortification and regret. She had been justly indignant and he felt profoundly sorry for the part he had played. By heavens! She was some girl; no mere wishy-washy creature to be laughed at and ignored. He'd like to tell her so. Perhaps he would; there would be reaction after awhile, when those fellows were all gone. Her burst of anger would die away and she would shed tears of mortification. It would be a nice thing then if he could go back there all alone and comfort her; explain how it happened and show her how impossible it was for him to marry.

He could see the men plainly enough, outlined in the light, as they descended the steps one by one and then faded away in the darkness. They were a disconsolate, discomfited bunch, with downcast faces and silent lips. The preacher and McCarthy came last, the former still talking, his voice imploring, but evidently to no purpose, for something behind kept impelling him forward and even while he clung to the step for one final effort the door slammed in his face and Shelby heard the sharp snap of a lock.

"Well, I'll be d——d!" ejaculated Mac, his temper utterly giving way. "If she ain't a wildcat! Lord, but I'd sure pity the feller who did marry her. Come on, old buck, there is no use stayin' here. I wonder where Shelby went?"

"You an' her are in cahoots for that money."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Why He Liked That Club.

Bret Harte, though he was the historian of the "Argonauts of 1849," had no real love of yachting. Yet his favorite resort during the last years of his life was the Royal Thames Yacht club. He was once questioned about it, and explained:

"I never use a club until I am tired of my work, and want relief from it. If I go to a literary club I am asked all sorts of questions as to what I am doing, and my views on somebody else's last book, and to these I am expected to reply at length.

"Now, my good friends in Albemarle street talk of their yachts, don't want my advice about them, are good enough to let me listen, and I come away refreshed by their conversation."

Elephants Killed for Tusks

The tusk of the African elephant is the best and greatest source of the ivory of commerce, and it is estimated that 70,000 of these animals are killed annually for the purpose of securing the tusks. Some tusks reach the length of nine feet and weigh more than 200 pounds.

ANOTHER EXPERT O. K.'S HYPO-COD

Indorsed by Physicians—A Medicine of Great Merit. He Asserts.

PREFERABLE TO ALL OTHERS

In a statement reciting at length the splendid properties of many of the elements composing Earle's Hypo-Cod the eminent J. Henry Scruggs, Ph. G., P. D., confirms the conclusions arrived at and given in Professor Early's statement that was published in this paper last week.

"After carefully examining the preparation known to the public as Earle's Hypo-Cod and carefully watching the results of several cases in which it was used, it is in my opinion absolutely the best Cod Liver Oil preparation made.

"Its great merit explains its great popularity. The formula is one that is indorsed by many of the leading physicians in the United States today. Yours very truly, J. Henry Scruggs, Ph. G., P. D. (Graduate Atlanta College of Physicians and Surgeons.)"

At this season of the year we need richer blood to withstand the cold. We need a heartier appetite and digestion to handle the heavy heat-giving foods we need and should eat. Our lungs should be strengthened and the chest cleared of congestion, coughs and colds.

Drop in at the drug store tonight and take home a bottle of the genuine Earle's Hypo-Cod in the famous orange colored carton. Read the formula which is on each bottle. Look for name Earle Chemical Co., Wheeling, W. Va., which assures you of quality and full strength. The price is $1.25 plus 5c war tax for large bottle.—Adv.

Dad a Graduate, Too.

"So the boy is home from college?"

"Yes. Surprises me, too."

"That so?"

"Yes. Marvelous how much more they're teaching boys at that college now than they taught when I went there. I don't begin to know as much as he thinks he knows."—Detroit Free Press.

GREEN'S AUGUST FLOWER

A Marvelous Remedy for Indigestion.

Those who suffer from nervous dyspepsia, constipation, indigestion, torpid liver, dizziness, headaches, coming up of food, wind on stomach, palpitation and other indications of disorder in the digestive tract will find Green's August Flower a most effective and efficient assistant in the restoration of nature's functions and a return to health and happiness. There could be no better testimony of the value of this remedy for these troubles than the fact that its use for the last fifty-four years has extended into many thousands of households all over the civilized world and no indication of any failure has been obtained in all that time. Very desirable as a gentle laxative. Sold everywhere.—Adv.

Mica Indispensable.

The main importance of mica in modern industry lies in the fact that it is one of the best nonconductors of electricity and is, therefore, indispensable in electrical engineering. On this account the British government took over part of the mica field in India and worked it as a state industry in order to make sure of having a constant supply.

For The Best Shine Ask For The Big Can

E-Z

Liquid Stove Polish

Dustless-Ebony Shine

E-Z Iron Enamel for the Pipe

E-Z Metal Polish for the Nickel

E-Z Shoe Polish saves Shoes

Money Back Guarantee

MARTIN & MARTIN, Chicago

HEALS RUNNING SORES

"I feel it my duty to write you a letter of thanks for your wonderful Peterson's Ointment. I had a running sore on my left leg for one year. I began to use Peterson's Ointment three weeks ago and now it is healed."—A. C. Gilbrath, 703 Reed St., Erie, Pa.

For years I have been selling through druggists a large box of PETERSON'S OINTMENT for 35 cents. The healing power in this ointment is marvelous. Eczema goes in a few days. Old sores heal up like magic; piles that other remedies do not seem to even relieve are speedily conquered. Pimples and nasty blackheads disappear in a week and the distress of chafing goes in a few minutes. Mail orders filled. Peterson Ointment Co., Inc., Buffalo, N. Y.

Sleep? Does a dry cough keep you awake?

KEMP'S BALSAM

will stop the tickle that makes you cough

GUARANTEED

SLOW DEATH

Aches, pains, nervousness, difficulty in urinating, often mean serious disorders. The world's standard remedy for kidney, liver, bladder and uric acid troubles—

GOLD MEDAL HAARLEM OIL CAPSULES

bring quick relief and often ward off deadly diseases. Known as the national remedy of Holland for more than 200 years. All druggists, in three sizes. Look for the name Gold Medal on every box and accept no imitation

Girls! Girls!! Save Your Hair With Cuticura

Soap 25c, Ointment 25 and 50c, Talcum 25c.

GREATEST LIFE SAVER

Wards off colds, influenza, pneumonia and sickness

Bulgarian Blood Tea

Sweetens the stomach, tones the liver, flushes the kidneys and purifies the blood. Sold everywhere by druggists and grocers.

Resort Farm 96 acres: sacrifice $2,300, terms. Bldgs., fruit trees; fine fishing, bathing. Near school and large market. Chas. F. Sheels, Holton, Mich.

Thousands of Happy Housewives in Western Canada

are helping their husbands to prosper—are glad they encouraged them to go where they could make a home of their own—save paying rent and reduce the cost of living—where they could reach prosperity and independence by buying on easy terms

Fertile Land at $15 to $30 an Acre

—land similar to that which through many years has yielded from 20 to 45 bushels of wheat to the acre. Hundreds of farmers in Western Canada have raised crops in a single season worth more than the whole cost of their land. With such crops come prosperity, independence, good homes, and all the comforts and conveniences which make for happy living.

Farm Gardens—Poultry—Dairying

are sources of income second only to grain growing and stock raising. Good climate, good neighbors, churches, schools, rural telephone, etc., give you the opportunities of a new land with the conveniences of old settled districts.

For illustrated literature, maps, description of farm opportunities in Manitoba, Saskatchewan, and Alberta, reduced railway rates, etc., write Department of Immigration, Ottawa, Can., or

M. V. MacINNES
176 Jefferson Avenue, Detroit, Mich.
Canadian Government Agent

Stove & Furnace REPAIRS

Do you know we have in stock repair parts for 6,872 different stoves and furnaces? No matter when or where your stove or furnace was made we can supply the parts. We specialize in carrying a complete line of parts for all stoves, ranges and furnaces.

Fix Your Old Stove Up and Make It As Good As New

Send Name, Number of Stove and Manufacturers' Name

DETROIT FURNACE & STOVE REPAIR CO.
30-32 Macomb Street

Bad Stomach Sends Her to Bed for 10 Months

Eatonic Gets Her Up!

"Over a year ago," says Mrs. Dora Williams, "I took to bed and for 10 months did not think I would live. Eatonic helped me so much I am now up and able to work. I recommend it highly for stomach trouble."

Eatonic helps people to get well by taking up and carrying out the excess acidity and gases that put the stomach out of order. If you have indigestion, sourness, heartburn, belching, food repeating, or other stomach distress, take an Eatonic after each meal. Big box costs only a trifle with your druggist's guarantee.

YOU CAN'T CUT OUT A BOG SPAVIN OR THOROUGHPIN

but you can clean them off promptly with

ABSORBINE
TRADE MARK REG.U.S.PAT.OFF

and you work the horse same time. Does not blister or remove the hair. $2.50 per bottle, delivered. Will tell you more if you write. Book 4 R free. ABSORBINE, JR., the antiseptic liniment for mankind, reduces Varicose Veins, Ruptured Muscles or Ligaments. Enlarged Glands, Wens, Cysts. Allays pain quickly. Price $1.25 a bottle at druggists or delivered.

W. F. YOUNG, Inc., 310 Temple St., Springfield, Mass.

TYPEWRITERS $20 UP

Oliver, Remington, Smith, Underwood, Royal, Fox, Corona. Real bargains, guaranteed—free trial. Agents wanted; good profit; catalog free. Write Detroit Typewriter Co., 160 Jeff. Ave., Dept. 101, Detroit, Mich.

YOUR OPPORTUNITY TO EARN $18 TO $90 A WEEK. Great new business. Box 663, Dept. B, Mobile, Alabama.

FRECKLES POSITIVELY REMOVED by Dr. Berry's Freckle Ointment—Your druggist or by mail, 65c. Free book. Dr. C. H. Berry Co., 2975 Michigan Avenue, Chicago

W. N. U., DETROIT, NO. 43--1920.

The Housewifes Burden

When a woman is almost distracted from overwork, her home is in disorder, crying children, and on top of all is suffering from backache, bearing down pains, or some other form of feminine ills, then she should remember that hundreds of women in just her condition have been restored to health and regained their youthful strength by taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and not rest until she has given it a fair trial.

Proof that it Restored the Health of These Two Women

Cairo, Ill.—"Some time ago I got so bad with female trouble that I thought I would have to be operated on. I had a bad displacement. My right side would pain me and I was so nervous I could not hold a glass of water. Many times I would have to stop my work and sit down or I would fall on the floor in a faint. I consulted several doctors and every one told me the same but I kept fighting to keep from having the operation. I had read so many times of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and it helped my sister so I began taking it. I have never felt better than I have since then and I keep house and am able to do all my work. The Vegetable Compound is certainly one grand medicine."—Mrs. J. R. MATTHEWS, 3311 Sycamore Street, Cairo, Ill.

Chattanooga, Tenn.—"I used Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound before my baby came when I could no longer keep up. It strengthened my back and relieved me of the ill effects which so often develops at such times. That was my first experience with the Vegetable Compound. Years afterwards I took it during the Change of Life and got along so well I scarcely ever had to lie down during the day and seldom had dizzy, fainting spells. I am now well and strong, can do all my housework with perfect ease and it is a comfort to me to be able to say to other suffering women 'take Lydia E. Pinkham's medicine and be strong.' I will be glad to have you use my name if it will be the means of helping any one."—Mrs. R. A. FAIRBURN, 606 Orchard Knob Ave., Chattanooga, Tenn.

Ailing, Overworked Housewives Should Rely Upon

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

LYDIA E. PINKHAM MEDICINE CO. LYNN, MASS.

GRAND RAPIDS PUBLIC LIBRARY

Lower Prices Now—*not* February 1st

IN anticipation of lower clothing costs next spring, we now make a complete revision of our prices to a lower level. Not a sale but a definite downward revision. The same high quality of merchandise, but at substantially lower prices right now.

Suits and Overcoats
Priced at $65 and $60 ..... Revision Price $49.75
Priced at $55 and $50 ..... Revision Price $39.75
Priced at $45 and $40 ..... Revision Price $31.75
Priced at $35 and $30 ..... Revision Price $24.75

Boys' Suits and Overcoats
Priced at $25 and $22.50 ..... Revision Price $17.75
Priced at $20 and $18.00 ..... Revision Price $13.75
Priced at $15 and $12.00 ..... Revision Price $ 9.75
Priced at $10 ..... Revision Price $ 7.25

Leather Lined and Pelt Lined Coats
Reduced 20 per cent

Racine Flannel Shirts
The Best Made.
All Colors and Styles
Reduced 20 per cent

Men's and Boys' PatrickMackinaws and Sweaters
Reduced 20 per cent

The old standard McMILLAN All-wool Pant
and all other heavy wool Pants
Reduced 20 per cent

Eagle Shirts
Silks, Fibres, Percales, Cords and Madras
Reduced 20 per cent

CARTER'S Union Suits and all 2-piece Underwear
Reduced 20 per cent

Men's Work Clothing
Leather Vests
Beach Coats
Beach Vests
Corduroy Coats and Duck Coats
Reduced 20 per cent

This action represents our sincere effort to meet your desire and our desire for lower prices on good clothing.

Greatest Values of the Season

All Hats
Stetson's included
Beaver Hats
Fur Hats
Cloth Hats
Reduced 20 per cent

SPECIAL
25 dozen Boys' Heavy Weight Black Stockings
Reduced 25 per cent

John J. Lalley
The House of Kuppenheimer Good Clothes

SPECIAL
100 pieces Men's Flat Wool Shirts and Drawers
Reduced 25 per cent to close out the lot

HEARD ABOUT TOWN

Bits of News About People and Things You Know

Frank Randall is quite ill.

Velvet coats steamed. Will C. Stone.

Mrs. C. E. Leonard, of Ionia, visited Lowell relatives Monday.

George Lucas went to Ann Arbor Monday to be treated for hernia.

Lowell business places will close at 12:30 Thursday for armistice day observance.

Mrs. Homer Gilland and daughter Lottie, were week-end visitors at Mrs. Walter Rogers.

Keene township paid the old School Master a compliment, giving him 158 votes to 144 to Groesbeck.

An amended decree was denied in the divorce case of Bessie N. Nicklin against Earl B. Nicklin in circuit court.

Miss Leath Rogers, who is attending business college at Grand Rapids, spent Saturday and Sunday with the home folks.

"The Valley of Doubt," a thrilling tale of the lumberlands at Strand theater Tuesday, Nov. 16. adv.

Mr. and Mrs. R. F. Pierce and two children, of Grand Rapids, spent Sunday with Mrs. Sarah Pletcher and other relatives here.

Dan Lind, who lost one leg some years ago, lead the Ionia county ticket for register with a vote of 4,882. If he can run like that with one leg some folks wonder what he would do with two.

The Alpine avenue road, which has been closed for nearly a year because of improvements, has been opened up by the Kent County Road commission. Three miles of cement road has been laid.

Car of Cement just received. Westfield & Fall River Lbr. Co. [c 22

P. F. Kline, of Alto, was in town Tuesday.

Mrs. Hattie Culver is visiting friends at Moseley.

Fur collars cleaned and glazed. Lowell Cleaning & Dyeing Works.

Orlo Yeiter has been in Chicago on business a few days this week.

Watch for "The Valley of the Giants," coming soon to the Strand theater. adv.

Mrs. Worthy Willard and daughter Edith, and Mrs. Kenneth Merriman were in Grand Rapids Friday.

Do not miss seeing "The Valley of Doubt," at Strand theater, Tuesday, Nov. 16. adv.

W. C. Doyle, M. N. Henry and J. C. Smith were in Grand Rapids Friday in the interests of the Lowell Board of Trade.

"The melancholy days have come;" but they are long behind schedule. Michigan's 1920 fall was a record-breaker for enjoyable weather.

Don't forget Lowell observation of Amistice day Thursday, Nov. 11, 2 p. m. Program at City hall, 8 p. m. Dancing, games, and a good community party at City hall.

The old carpet of the Congregational church will be on sale Saturday, Nov. 13 at Mrs. R. L. Dyk's from 2 to 4 p. m. If stormy the sale will occur Nov. 15 or 16. Com.

One Remington and one Winchester, automatic shot guns arrived too late for our customers who have gone north hunting. These we will sell at cost rather than return them. Ford's Hardware. adv.

Miss Ida Wildfong, of Lowell, and William Stevens, of Grand Rapids, were quietly married at the home of the groom's sister, Mrs. Ed. Goodsell, of Chicago, Tuesday, Nov. 2. Rev. J. W. McClanahan, officiating, and a few friends and relatives attending.

Coming to Strand theater Friday and Saturday, Nov. 19 and 20, "The Luck of the Irish." adv.

Applicants are numerous in Lowell for rooms, furnished and unfurnished. Those having such to rent should make it known through want ad department. Turn your idle rooms into revenue producers.

"The Valley of Doubt," is a big absorbing drama of the wooded tracts of the great Northwest—a story of human beings, told in a strictly human, sympathetic way at Strand theater Tuesday, Nov. 16.

A careful driver running slowly nearly ran down a little child on the Hudson street pavement Sunday. If the child had been killed the driver would not have been blamable. Keep the little ones off the roads.

"The Valley of Doubt," a play staged mid the most beautiful snow scenes ever filmed at Strand theater, Tuesday, Nov. 16. adv.

Mrs. Oren Sayles returned Sunday from a week's visit with her sister, Mrs. Montie Sayles, at Marne. She called on Mrs. George Frost and Miss Agnes Perry at Blodgett hospital on her way back and reports both as doing nicely.

Middleville merchants will entertain the Merchants' Mutual Benefit association Thursday, Nov. 18. At 4:30 inspection of Middleville stores and factories. 6 p. m., banquet, followed by special program. All Lowell business and professional men are invited to attend.

Mr. and Mrs. W. T. Lewis, of Lansing, were guests of Mr. and Mrs. F. M. Johnson Sunday and Monday. Sunday afternoon both couples called on W. V. Burras and family in West Lowell. The Johnson and Lewis families were neighbors at Mayville thirty or more years ago.

Coming to Strand theater Friday and Saturday, Nov. 19 and 20, "The Luck of the Irish." adv.

An enjoyable time was held at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Tom Morris last Saturday evening in honor of their son Homer and wife. The young couple received many useful and beautiful presents. The guests numbering about sixty, left at a late hour, wishing the newlyweds much joy and happiness.

Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Avery and young son, Morris Goold, of Grand Rapids, spent the week-end with the home folks. Mr. Avery, who for several years has been a session room teacher in the Union High school Grand Rapids, has lately been made head of the commercial department of the same school to succeed the late G. O. Dillingham.

Contest of the action of the Kent county board of supervisors in abolishing the county board of auditors has begun by Charles L. Brown and Edmund C. Woodworth successful candidates for this office at Tuesday's election. Brown resigned from the board of supervisors to be eligible for this office. Copies of the ordinance abolishing the board have been furnished the attorney general for an opinion as to the legality of this action.—[Grand Rapids Herald.

Coming to Strand theater Friday and Saturday, Nov. 19 and 20, "The Luck of the Irish." adv.

Born, Tuesday, Nov. 9, to Mr. and Mrs. A. H. Stormzand, a daughter.

Mrs. K. Barber, of Flint, has been visiting Lowell friends the past week.

Mrs. Will Richardson, of Remus, is visiting her mother, Mrs. Frances Aldrich.

Miss Nora Howe, of Grand Rapids, spent Monday with Mrs. Caroline Yeiter.

Misses Fannie Osborne and Nola Richmond motored to Grand Rapids Friday.

Mrs. Lyle Denick and son Bobbie, have been visiting relatives in Belding this week.

Joe Scott is quite ill and will go to a Grand Rapids hospital next week for treatment.

Suits and overcoats made to your measure. Extra pants free, Lowell Cleaning & Dyeing Works. adv.

Division No. 3, of the Congregational church will have a rug and apron sale, Nov. 26 and 27. Look for special notice next week.

Nola Richmond, of Vergennes, spent Friday and Saturday with Miss Fannie Osborne and other friends at Seeley's Corners.

Mr. and Mrs. Rufus Gregory, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Marsh and children, Richard and Lucretia spent Sunday with Rev. and Mrs. Lash at Lake Odessa.

Smyrna Maccabee hive and tent will entertain the membership of the Ionia County Maccabee association at a program, supper and dance on Friday night.

Apex underwear sold only at Collar's, direct from the mills. Fine quality, best in price. Ladies' union suits, $1.50 to $2.75. Children's and Misses' $1.00 to $2.50. adv.

It was bad enough when men were shot for deer, but now that one has been mistaken for a rabbit and shot, hunting will have to be classed with foot ball as a dangerous sport.

Mr. and Mrs. Eugene Andrews have sold their farm just east of the village to Dr. Matthews, of Grand Rapids, who will take posession at once. Mr. and Mrs. Andrews will move to Chippewa Lake.

New georgette and crepe de chein blouses, just received. Price $5.50. See them at Collar's. adv.

Mesdames A. G. Peckham and R. M. Shivel attended the Kent county conference of Social Workers at the Association of Commerce in Grand Rapids, Tuesday. A luncheon was served at noon followed by a program.

J. L. Thomas will have an auction of farm personal property on the Lee farm two miles north and west of Lowell on Monday, November 20, at 1 p. m., sharp. See advertisement in this paper next week for full particulars.

John Whitlock, of Ionia, was fined $50 and costs in Judge Lapham's court, Belding, for attacking the Nightwatch Frank Antcliff. Arthur Lynch, a companion of Whitlock, was fined $10 and costs. The trouble happened when the officer attempted to arrest Whitlock on a drunk and disorderly charge.

For job printing at The Ledger office, come Fridays, Saturdays, and Mondays.

Hunting licenses and supplies at Ford's hardware. adv.

Mrs. F. N. White is visiting her daughter, Winifred, in Detroit.

Miss Hazel Rittenger spent Sunday at her home in South Lowell.

Prices right on coats at Collar's, from $3.00 to $60.00. adv.

Mrs. Howard Payne, of Youngstown, Ohio, was in town yesterday.

Big line of new purses, real leather. Be sure and see them at Collar's. adv.

Mrs. I. W. Halstead has rented her rooms to Mr. and Mrs. Shinabarger.

Melvin McGinnis arrived home last week from Ellendale, North Dakota.

Watch for "The Valley of the Giants," coming soon to the Strand theater. adv.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Avery, of Grand Rapids, spent Sunday with Mrs. Helen Avery.

Bed blankets galore at Collar's. All colors, all sizes, price from $3.25 to $10.00 per pair. adv.

Mr. and Mrs. B. J. Williams and two children left Tuesday for Ashville, North Carolina.

Mrs. Hannah Bartlett, of Grand Rapids, is visiting Mrs. Belle Hodges and other Lowell friends.

Alcohol process used in steaming and cleaning plush coats. Lowell Cleaning and Dyeing Works. adv.

Gossard front lace corset, best in quality, best in price. You get full value. Sold only by E. R. Collar. adv.

Mr. and Mrs. Elmer Lawrence, of Grand Rapids, spent Sunday at the home of Mr. and Mrs. A. B. Chaffee.

Mr. and Mrs. Howard Solomon and baby, of Grand Rapids, spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. H. L. Shuter.

Have your accordion pleating done by Will C. Stone. adv.

R. Murphy, of Evart, is moving to the Ruegseggar farm, near the Keene church, which he has purchased.

Mrs. Mary Leslie has returned after a visit at the Soldiers' Home. She was accompanied home by Mr. Clemens.

Coming to Strand theater Friday and Saturday, Nov. 19 and 20, "The Luck of the Irish." adv.

David Merriman and son Boyd, of Grand Rapids, visited the former's sister, Miss Ida Merriman, Monday night.

Among the latest scarlet fever patients are: Mrs. C. H. Runciman and daughter Jane, John Ellis and Jack Peckham.

Accordian, knife and sunburst pleating done. Lowell Cleaning and Dyeing Works. adv.

Real estate transfer: John A. Arehart to Ira S. Harriman and wife, lot 16 blk 4, Richards & Wickham plat, Lowell, $900.

Miss Alice Henry goes to Ann Arbor to a house party Friday, and will attend the Ann Arbor-Northwestern foot-ball game.

Subscriptions taken for over 2,000 magazines and newspapers. Clubbing offers of any reliable concern duplicated. Lasby & Son. tf.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank O'Harrow and Mr. and Mrs. John Freeman, of South Boston, visited at Mr. and Mrs. Frank Alger's, Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Dave Newland, of Lincoln Lake, and Mr. and Mrs. Dennis Kennedy, of Rockford, spent Sunday with Mrs. A. Emmons.

Only one electric sweeper left to sell at $29.50. R. D. Stocking. adv.

Ten of the girl friends of Miss Marian De Weert, from the Reed factory, gave her a surprise, the occasion being her 20th birthday anniversary.

Hale's orchestra announces its second annual carnival and confetti dance at the City hall, Thursday evening, Nov. 18. See display adv. on insert page for full particulars. adv.

Watch for "The Valley of the Giants," coming soon to the Strand theater. adv.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Freyermouth, of Bowne Center, have been in town this week, getting their residence here ready for rent to the family of W. E. Eddy, of the Ford garage.

Dyeing, dry cleaning, pressing and repairing. Will C. Stone. adv.

J. A. Gilbert took Mr. and Mrs. L. L. Taylor to Saranac Tuesday, and after visiting relatives there and at other places for a few days they will go to the home of their daughter, Mrs. Claude Hinman, in Lansing, to spend the winter.

To the public. Owing to the decline in wheat the retail price of "Pure Gold" flour is $1.40 for ⅛ barrel sack, $2.80 for ¼ barrel sack. Every sack guaranteed. If your dealer will not supply you at the above prices we will deliver direct from mill. **King Milling Co.**

The Grand Rapids Herald has raised its subscription rate to $5.00 per year on rural routes. The Ledger clubbing rate will be $6.75. Same rate with The Press. adv. tf.

Velvet collars put on overcoats. Lowell Cleaning and Dyeing Works.

Among those who attended the Kreisler concert at the Colisseum in Grand Rapids Tuesday evening were: Mr. and Mrs. F. F. Coons, Mrs. H. L. Weekes, Misses Myrtle Taylor, Lucile Conrad, Minnie Meek, Fair, Sheulke, and Lester Dorr, L. K. Buck and Lester Mange.

Watch for "The Valley of the Giants," coming soon to the Strand theater. adv.

Kent county ex-service men who have failed to furnishe their war records to the committee in charge of this work are requested to do so before Dec. 15, when records of 8,000 former soldiers, sailors and marines will be forwarded to Lansing for preservation by the state. Of the 10,000 who enlisted in this county, about 2,000 have failed to forward their records.—[Herald.

Velvet and fur collars put on. Will C. Stone. adv.

Illustrating the house shortage. Dr. Lee has had four chances to rent for house-keeping purposes the small store room north of Parrott's restaurant. Help relieve the shortage. Repair unused houses. Move up closer and rent furnished rooms. Don't be lonesome, living all alone in 6, 8, 10 or more rooms, when you can get some good, easy money on the side and help Lowell at the same time.

Coming to Strand theater Friday and Saturday, Nov. 19 and 20, "The Luck of the Irish." adv.

Phone us the news. If machinery noise bothers call No. 239.

CHRISTIAN SCIENCE SERVICE.

Every Sunday morning at eleven o'clock over Lowell State Bank.

Sunday school at 12:00 noon.

Subject for Sunday, November 14, "Mortals and Immortals."

Christian Science Testimonial meetings every Wednesday at 8 o'clock p. m.

Christian Science Reading rooms are open every Saturday and Wednesday afternoon from 3 to 4 o'clock where all authorized Christian Science literature may be borrowed, and read by the general public.

TROOPER OFFERS TO AID MOTORISTS AND FINDS JUGS OF RUM.

Lowell Men Resent "Butting In" and Attack Officer. He Claims.

From the Grand Rapids Herald:

Muskegon, Nov. 6.—Trooper W. Ritter, of the state police, made another haul of liquor last night. Ritter, when returning to his billet on the Fruitport road, saw a car apparently stranded, and thinking that possibly he might be of service to the occupants, he advanced and switched his flashlight into the interior, discovering a couple of jugs which looked extremely suspicious.

Two men were in charge of the car, but both disowned it, so the state policeman promptly confiscated the car and the two jugs, which he stated contained some exceptionally good whiskey.

Show Fight, Claim.

The two men gave their names and said their residence was Lowell, and were proceeding, according to Ritter, from Muskegon to Grand Rapids. The men, when Ritter started to lift the jugs out of the car made a rush for him, and were only held off when the trooper pulled his gun on them before, he declares, the men had torn his shirt and tried to assault him.

The two men were allowed to go after their names had been taken. Ritter declared they would be arrested as soon as he could get a warant.

Prison for Violators.

Circuit Judge John Vanterwerp today set a new precedent in liquor cases heard in Muskegon county by sending two men to the Ionia state reformatory for its violation, and a third to the county jail for 90 days.

Sam Stam, twice arrested by the police and convicted on one charge in the circuit court, was sentenced to serve from six months to one year for violating the prohibition law. The court recommended that he serve the full year. Hiram Muske was sentenced to serve from six months to one year, and the court recommended that his stay at Ionia be for eight months. Louis Tomanio, who conducts a store on Ottawa st., and was convicted of having violated the liquor law, was sent to the county jail for 60 days. He must also pay $160, and if he does not do so, must serve 60 more days.

Francis Hurst, 17, was sent to Ionia to serve from two to five years. The court recommended two years. The young man robbed several Muskegon homes, it was charged. August Lender was placed on probation for 18 months, while Theodore Peterson and Louis Meyers were also placed on probation for the same period. Peterson and Meyers were charged with operating a still. Both pleaded guilty.

COUNTY BOYS ARE TO SEEK INSPIRATION OF CITY'S BUSINESS MEN.

The older boys of Kent county will be given an opportunity to choose a life work in a practical manner by a campaign which is being planned by the county Y. M. C. A. According to the plans of the campaign announced by W. E. Milliman, county secretary, 320 local boys will be started along the right path of business by personal interviews with 32 Grand Rapids business men.

The interviews will be considered a part of the school work, and when the boy has made an appointment with a business man he will be expected to fill the engagement with as much earnestness as if it were a part of his school work. The advantages of a college education will be discussed and the ability of the boy to take up a certain line of business in which he is interested will be talked over.

The campaign will be started Wednesday afternoon at 2, when Dr. W. S. Hess, pastor of the Westminster Presbyterian church, addresses a group of boys at Sparta and later at Kent City.

The committee in charge of the campaign is: Harold Saur, chairman, Kent City; O. E. Balyeat, Sparta; C. W. Appleton, Lowell; E. H. Chappelle, Rockford; W. G. Willard, Kent City; M. O. Maynard, Caledonia, and W. E. Milliman, Grand Rapids.

Lowell will be brought into the campaign sometime during December, it is said. The other towns will be included in the drive as soon as it is started.—[Herald.

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"What to Give for Christmas"

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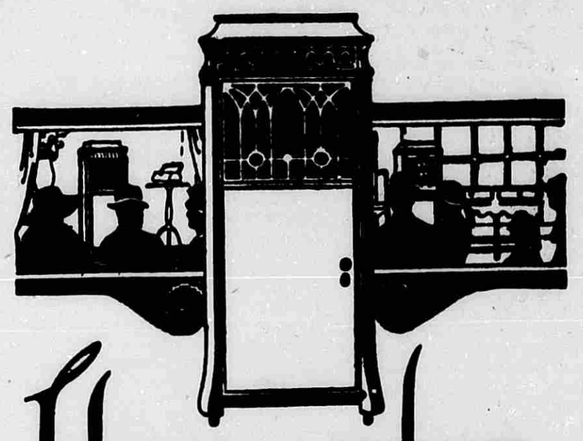
Lowell, Mich.



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A sale of this nature is unprecedented in the history of our business and we wish you to pause and consider what this means. We have always sold at rock bottom prices, and this discount means that we are sacrificing all our profits and hard labor in getting these stoves ready for sale. Please note that these prices are for CASH ONLY and do not include cheap heaters. Come early while the stock is complete and select your stove.

Sale ends Saturday, Nov. 20, 1920

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