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THE LOWELL LEDGER
and THE ALTO SOLO

NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS.
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Volume Thirty-Five, No. 17 Lowell, Mich., Thursday, Sept. 22, 1927

Swanson Public Library

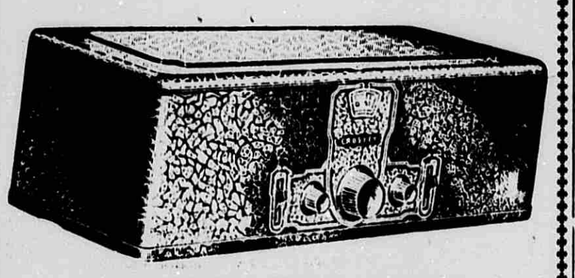
Winning a Competence

It is in the power of every man of fair ability to win a competence, by hard work and persistent saving, and to the man who sets that as his goal, this bank can give valuable help.

4 Per Cent Paid on Savings Accounts

City State Bank
Member of the Federal Reserve Bank System

CROSLEY RADIO
"You're *there* with a Crosley"



MULDER TIRE SHOP

SEE HOWARD WHITE
for these Exceptional Bargains
TRADE or TERMS
At the New Hudson and Essex Salesroom, in the Yeiter Block, across the Street from The City State Bank.

1925 Essex Coach
1922 Dodge Touring
1923 Studebaker Touring
1924 Ford Touring
1924 Chevrolet Touring

O. J. YEITER
Hudson and Essex Dealer

Out of Town Pupils

are invited to bring their lunch and spend their noon hour with us. Tables for all.

We Serve Sandwiches and Hot Drinks

Lalley's

Fly Time

Don't let flies or other insects make you uncomfortable. We have all the things that get rid of them.

Fly-tox, Flit, Black Flag (Powder or Liquid)
Sticky Fly Paper, Daisy Fly Killers,
Elvampiro Powder, Fly Swatters,
Sprayers, Etc.

Winegar & Hartman

BUSINESS IS PICKING UP

FIFTY WOMEN PICKING BEANS AT RUNCIMAN ELEVATOR---- SPECIALTY CO. FACES CAPACITY RUN.

Last week we reported the starting up of the Fallas Canning factory with 25 people employed at the opening and prospects for more.

This announcement was closely followed by the calling of fifty bean and pea pickers to the Runciman elevator, where extra bean cleaning machinery have been installed and picking room enlarged and equipment increased. The bean crop is extra clean this year and the women and girls are employed on a time basis, with 8-hour days at a rate that will spell a lot of comfort to the cheerful bevy of workers and their homes during the Michigan Winter that is just around the corner. The Thomas elevator is now being made ready for another lot of workers and the former Ford garage building has already been fitted for the further use of the Brown Seed Company business. When it comes to starting things "Runci," is certainly no slouch.

Perhaps the best news that has come to Lowell for many a day is that the good old reliable Specialty company which has been running rather light for several months, expects to resume full tilt operations within a month on orders already in hand that will keep the factory busy for a long time to come. Only the arrival of a carload of supplies is needed to set all the wheels merrily in motion. The Specialty company is the best thing in the manufacturing line that ever happened here and Lowell is deeply indebted to it.

The Superior Furniture company is progressing nicely and is now mostly manned by Lowell workmen, many of them those who lost their jobs during the "Decline and Fall" of the Peckham Furniture company and others are on the waiting list.

Speaking of work it should not be forgotten that the Consumers Power Co., which is in a sense a local concern, is employing eighty men in the rebuilding of its Lowell Power dam just north of the village limits, where work will be provided for that large body of men for months to come.

So, if any one asks you how things are and "goin' to be" in Lowell this Fall and Winter, "not bad at all," says you. "Pretty good and then some," says I.

DEATH OF IONIA COUNTY GIRL, 20, IS BEING INVESTIGATED.

The death Monday night in Blodgett hospital of Miss Wanda Story, 20, of Ionia county, has resulted in an investigation which may cause charges of an illegal operation being made. Miss Story was brought to the local institution Monday noon unconscious, and she died that evening without regaining consciousness.

Following the young woman's death, Dr. Simeon LeRoy, coroner, was called and after an examination referred the case to T. W. Drake, prosecuting attorney of Montcalm county. The name of a physician was furnished, but no one corresponding to that name could be located in that county, and further investigations will be made, according to Drake.

No warrants will be issued here, according to Prosecutor Earl W. Munshaw.---(Grand Rapids Herald, Sept. 21.

Funeral services will be held this Thursday at 2:30 p. m. at Ashley church, Grattan Center. Burial in Grattan Center cemetery.

CHRISTIAN SCIENCE.

Services are held every Sunday at 11 o'clock over the Lowell State bank. Subject for the lesson sermon for Sept. 25, is "Reality."

Everyone is cordially invited.

FIRST M. E. CHURCH.
A. T. Cartland, pastor.

Rev. A. T. Cartland, the new pastor, will conduct the regular morning services and Sunday school for the Lowell and Vergennes churches. No evening service at this time.

The Phila A. Clark circle will hold a due paying pot luck supper at the church house Friday, Sept. 23.

The Fellowship class will hold their regular monthly meeting Monday evening, Sept. 28, at the Church house. The teachers in the public schools will be their guests. This will be a picnic supper, followed by a program.

CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH.
A. J. Blair, Pastor.

Divine worship Sunday morning at 11 o'clock. Special music. All who have no church home are cordially invited.

Church school at 10 o'clock. Don't forget the appeal to invite others. Let us prove what a word in season will do.

Devotional service on Thursday evening. Subject: "Learning to Live With God."

The annual meeting of the Aid society will be held at the Parish house Friday, September 30 at 3 p. m.

The ladies' will hold a public supper at the Parish house Wednesday, September 28. Will begin serving at 5:30 p. m. All are welcome.

SEVENTH DAY ADVENTISTS.
Woodman Hall.

Sabbath school Sept. 24, at 2 p. m. This Sabbath we have a review of all the lessons gone over this quarter. Each and every one of the truths covered by the quarter's lessons call forth a people who stand apart from the world, a people in the world, but not of the world, to whom have been committed the holy oracles as a sacred trust to be communicated to the world. Let us remember that truth must go forth as a lamp that burneth.

Divine worship at 3 p. m.

Prayer meeting on Friday evening at the home of Mrs. Brainard on Pleasant street near East Main street. Mr. Elmer Cunningham, leader.

OLIVER STOCK AND FIXTURES SOLD.

The jewelry and watch stock and fixtures of the late A. D. Oliver have been sold to Ede Nylaan, of Grand Rapids, who will move them away and the removal has already begun.

Mrs. Oliver has kept the business running for six weeks since her husand's death in an attempt to sell the business that was established by Mr. Oliver 47 years ago, but has been unable to do so.

Hence, the sale of the stock and fixtures for removal.

We understand the store building will be occupied soon by another

Lowell Board of Trade Meeting at City Hall

The next meeting of the Lowell Board of Trade will be held at the City hall Monday noon, Sept. 26, and dinner will be served by the Ladies of the Greene Circle.

President Day urges that every member be in attendance as several matters of importance needing the attention of the Board will be brought up at this time.

With a membership of 150 enthusiastic business and professional men the Lowell Board of Trade means much to the business and social welfare of this community. A well balanced program of activities during the Fall and Winter months is necessary if we live up to our slogan---"Lowell a Friendly Town With Every up-to-date Feature."

Spend an hour or two now and then at the festive board with other men. 'Twill ease your mind, broaden your view; Make the cock-eyed world look brighter too.

OLD SOLDIER SOUGHT IN VAIN FOR CIVIL WAR COMRADES.

Lowell's oldest Civil war veteran, Ira Heriman, who will be 94 next month, attended the reunion of his regiment the First Michigan Engineers and Mechanics at the National G. A. R., encampment in Grand Rapids. He was the only member of Company K present and of the original regiment of 1,800 men but 19 were at the encampment. Mr. Heriman was next to the oldest old soldier attending, the other being 97. Mr. Heriman took a motor trip to Grand Haven, Holland, Saugatuck, Benton Harbor, Plainwell and Wayland in search of some old comrades but failed to find them, all having gone to the Eternal camping ground, most of them 15 or 20 years ago.

KENT ASKS STATE TO BUILD 3 NEW BRIDGES.

Application for three new bridges in this county were filed with the state highway commission last week by the county road commission. They include the Rogue river bridge near Plainfield, the Rogue river bridge east of Sparta on the Edgerton-Sparta road and the covered bridge over the Thornapple river at Ada on the Cascade-Ada road. Plans are being drawn for a new bridge over the Grand river at Plainfield. All of the present bridges are considered hazardous because they are too narrow to accommodate present traffic.—(Grand Rapids Herald.

CLOVER LEAF CLUB ENTERTAINS.

The Clover Leaf club will entertain their husbands, the Board of Education and their wives and the teachers of the local schools at their first meeting Tuesday, Sept. 27, at 8 o'clock at their new club rooms in the City hall. All members ar urged to attend.

NOTICE---LOWELL CHANGES TIME.

Turn your clocks back one hour Saturday, September 24 at midnight. Lowell returns to standard time for the Winter months. By order of the Common Council.

O. J. Brezina, Clerk.

TWO DIE IN AUTO CRASH

CARS NEAR IONIA MEET ON US 16 CROSSING NEAR IONIA KILLING TWO MEN AND A WOMAN.

Ionia, Sept. 20.---Two persons were killed, a third probably fatally injured and three others seriously hurt when two automobiles met at the Lake Odessa-US16 intersection six miles south-west of here shortly before 10 o'clock Tuesday morning.

The dead are Mrs. U. B. Hobbs, of Williamsburg and Peter Hansen, 53, of Moran.

Edison Tompkins, 30, of Cadillac, is seriously injured. Little hope is held for his recovery.

The injured are Mrs. Mary Flowers, of St. Johns; Charles Hansen, 29, of Moran and Charles Hobbs, 23, of Detroit. All are in Ionia Community hospital.

The automobile driven by Charles Hobbs and bearing his mother, and Mrs. Flowers was proceding west on U S16 when a lighter coupe driven by Peter Hansen and containing his son, Charles Hansen, and Tompkins, coming north on the Lake Odessa-rd., Ionia county road No. 17, came upon the main highway directly in the path of the speeding Hobbs machine. The Hobbs car struck the coupe squarely in the middle and bowled it over a fence some 25 feet away.

Mrs. Hobbs and Hansen were dead when help arrived. Tompkins and young Hobbs were unconscious.

Tompkins is suffering a fractured skull and serious internal injuries. Hobb is badly cut and was still unconscious at an early hour this afternoon.---(Grand Rapids Press, Sept. 20.

Tompkins died early Tuesday afternoon in Ionia Community hospital.

STRANGER'S BODY FACES MEDICAL COLLEGE DISSECTION.

A young man giving the name of George Gray, of Ann Arbor, died Sunday night at the farm home of Hermance and Gross near here. The man had been employed there a week. He was of dark complexion, about 5 feet, 6 inches in height and weighed about 160 pounds. The body is being held at Yeiter's chapel, while efforts have been made to locate relatives, so far unavailing. If none are found late this week th body will probably be shipped to the medical college at Ann Arbor.

LEGION DOINGS.

Regular meeting Monday, Sept. 26, at 8:00 p. m. Election of officers, refreshments and entertainment. Come out and give the officers a good send-off.

Mr. and Mrs. W. Hoag and daughter Jean, of Ferndale, Mrs. Ida Manning, of Detroit, and Mrs. Ida Conner, of Grand Rapids, were week-end guests of F. P. MacFarlane and family. Mrs. Manning, who is Mrs. MacFarlane's sister, remained for a week.

The Phila A. Clark circle will hold its annual dues paying party with a pot luck luncheon at the church house Friday, Sept. 23, at 2:30 o'clock. A cordial welcome to all.

Ionia-Lowell Football Game Here Friday

The biggest game of the year will be played here Friday at Lowell at 3:45. The representatives from the prison city will be the opponents. Coach Middlesworth will lead a veteran team to Lowell confident of settling the game of last year which ended in a 6-6 tie. Last week the Ionians romped over Lake Odessa to the tune of 81-0. Approximately this same team defeated Owosso last year 34-0. The locals are not predicting a victory. They know that their opponents will outweigh them about ten pounds to the man, and they know that Ionia has a wealth to pick from. In the game last week Middlesworth used four complete teams in defeating Lake Odessa. But Lowell is not ready to concede defeat. They promise to play a clean hard game and to fight to the last chalk mark. There will be plenty of rivalry. A regular caravan will follow the visitors here. It is hoped that local fans will outnumber the visitors, but in order to do so they will have to turn out in large numbers. In a game of this kind the crowd is very apt to get excited. Competent officials have been engaged to handle the game. Paul Goebel, Churm and Stryker will undoubtedly handle the game as good as any officials would be able to do. The players have been taught to abide by the referee's decision. It is hoped that the crowd will do the same. The city council has graciously consented to place a cable around the field. The cable will act as a restraining line and it is merely suggestive to the crowd that they remain behind it. The rules clearly specify that no spectators shall be allowed on the playing field. The officials are supposed to penalize the home team for an infraction of this rule. They will be instructed to enforce this rule.

Coopersville Defeated Last Week.

Last Friday the local knights of the gridiron journeyed to Coopersville to settle the dispute of a year ago when the two teams battled to a 0-0 score. Lowell was impolite enough to show their hosts just how the game should be played and emerged on the long end of a 18-6 count. Coach Finch used over twenty players in order to find the right combination. He is satisfied that he will have a strong line. Coopersville failed to make a single first down from scrimmage. Lowell will also have a fair backfield. The ball-toters, however, lack experience. Captain Ray Alexander will find it a difficult task to take Miller's place in directing the team but he will develop into, what is expected, a good field general. Watters at full, Frieshner at half, and Sterkins at center are the new members of the team who look good. The other regulars will probably be Gulembo, Parsons, M. Alexander, Marsh, Richmond, Morse and Haysmer. There are many other chaps who will be ready and anxious to get into the line-up including Arehart, Ross, Weekes, Klahn, Bowler, Lawyer, Holland, Butterfield, Collins, Dawson, Fineis, Wardell, Geo. Sterkins and Spencer. These boys will not win all of the games on the schedule, but they are ready to make any opponent hustle.

PROCEEDINGS OF LOWELL VILLAGE COUNCIL.

Regular meeting of the common council of the village of Lowell held held in the City hall Tuesday, Sept. 6, 1927.

Meeting called to order by President Yeiter at 7:45 p. m.

Trustees present: Arehart, Beebe, Day, Doyle, Hahn, Thomas.

The minutes of the regular meeting of August 15 were read and approved.

The street commissioner's reports for the weeks ending August 20, August 27, and Sept. 3, were read and placed on file.

On motion by Trustee Thomas supported by Trustee Arehart the building permit of R. J. Maxson was granted as per application on file.

On motion by Trustee Thomas, supported by Trustee Arehart the building permit of R. J. Maxson was granted as per application on file. Yeas 6. Carried.

Unfinished business. Vote on motion regarding traffic cop.

Nays 5. Yeas 1. Motion not carried. Roll call.

On motion of Trustee Arehart supported by Trustee Day the collection of taxes was extended from the first of August to Sept. 20th, second extension from Sept. 20th to third Monday of October, 1927. Yeas 6. Carried.

On motion by Trustee Arehart supported by Trustee Thomas that the Light and Power committee, with the L. & P. Supt. investigate, with power to act, the E. Pierson, automatic control; with the understanding that no settlement be made unil said control is satisfactory to the committee. Yeas 6. Carried.

On motion by Trustee Day supported by Trustee Doyle the following bills were allowed and ordered paid. Yeas 6. Carried.

Light and Power	$1,949.01
General	2,169.33
Water Works	150.88
City Hall Oper.	50.40
Street	439.50
Total	4,759.12

On motion by Trustee Arehart supported by Trustee Thomas the Council adjourned. Yeas 6. Carried.

Read and approved. Sept. 19, 1927.

O. J. YEITER,
Village President.

O. J. BREZINA,
Village Clerk.

Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Chase, Mr. and Mrs. Guy Tallant and daughter Bernadine, Mr. and Mrs. Fred Jacobi and Ernest Fahrni were Sunday dinner guests and callers at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Fred Fahrni, of South Boston.

Mrs. Walter Foster and daughter, Mrs. R. J. Maxson and baby were Sunday afternoon callers on the former's father and mother, Mr. and Mrs. Wesley Johnson, of Hickory Corners.

Better drive by the Shattuck gardens and see the brilliant display of flowers there before the frost gets them. It will be worth while. Mr. Shattuck has certainly made the desert blossom like the rose.

Mr. and Mrs. Hall, of Hastings, and Mrs. and Mrs. Ernest Fryover and son Billie, of Grand Rapids, were Sunday visitors of Mrs. Caroline Kerkes.

Frank Sissem, of Lansing, spent the week-end with Mrs. Charles Kyser. Mrs. Sissem, who had been in the village a week, returned home with him.

Mondays and Tuesdays are adsetting days at The Ledger office, preferably the first. tf.

Strand Theatre Program

Friday and Saturday, Sept. 23 and 24
Men Feared Her Because She Was So Beautiful!
What a woman!—She had Paris for her foostool—then kicked the stool over . . . dancing on the wild winds of dissipation!
NORMA TALMADGE ..... in ..... "CAMILLE"
A MODERN VERSION
Now you you can know some of the greatest moments Drama has ever produced, in this historic romance of a historic romance of a notorious beauty who whirled star-bright accross the skies of Paris, tasting the supreme ecstasy and tragedy of Love in her brief flight!
Also A Two Reel Comedy, "Hesitating Horses."
Matinee, Saturday, Adm., 10c and 20c. Evening Adm., 15c and 35c.

Sunday and Monday, Sept. 25 and 26
JACKIE COOGAN in
"The Bugle Call"
It's brand new: It's red hot. See it ahead of your city cousins. No, it hasn't even run in Detroit yet. And it's said to be Jackie's most important picture. It will make your hair raise as Jackie stands off a band of honest to goodness Indians.
Also Will Rogers in Paris
and "The Barefoot Boy," a Colored Classic."
Also "The International News."
DON'T MISS THIS SHOW.
Admission 15c and 25c

Tuesday and Wednesday, Sept. 27 and 28
The Most Unusual Picture of The Year
"The Enchanted Island"
Intense—Human—An Absorbing Drama of the lives of three men and a Girl on an island in the Pacific.
With a Cast Including Charlotte Stevens, Henry B. Walthall, Pierre Gendron, Pat Hartigan, Floyd Shackleford.
Also A Two Reel Comedy, "Beauty A La Mud."
Admission 15c and 25c.

Thursday, Sept. 29
"God Gave Me Twenty Cents"
It Is a Great Picture! It has everything! Love, interest, suspense, drama.
It cast Jack Mulhall, Lois Moran, William Collier and Lya de Putti.
Also A Two Reel Comedy.
Admission 15c and 25c.

Coming, Friday and Saturday, Sept. 30, Oct. 1—
Richard Dix in "Knockout Reilly."
Coming, Friday and Saturday, Oct. 7 and 8—
Ken Maynard in "The Red Raiders."

YOU NEED US
BUY A HOME.
Build a New House. Repair Your Home.
WE CAN HELP YOU
Lowell Building & Loan Association
D. S. Simon, President — Safety and 7% — H. L. Shuter, Secretary

Now That—

the children are all off to school again you will have time to paper those little rooms that you did not get done at the spring cleaning time. Just now we have some room lots at very attractive prices. Give us the size of your room and you will be surprised at the small cost.

Look's Drug Store
One of the 10,000 Rexall Drug Stores.

Atwater Kent Radios
will be more popular than ever after you listen to
RADIO INDUSTRIES PROGRAM---SEPT. 21st
Biggest Radio Program of the year.
TUNNEY-DEMPSEY FIGHT---SEPT. 22nd
For World's Heavyweight Championship.
World's Baseball Series---Oct. 6th.
Fall Football Games.
Battery or Electric Installations.
R. D. Stocking
ATWATER KENT RADIOLAS

Just a Minute, Please—

Have you a dollar?

A dollar of your money and a minute of your time will open a savings account here—start you on the savings habit, ...one habit in all human experience that no one has ever regretted.

Your savings pass book is waiting for you, *right now.* Of course you can open your account with more than a dollar, if you wish —but it won't take you more than a minute.

The Bank for Savings.

Lowell State Bank
LOWELL, MICH.

USED CAR BARGAINS
Terms or Trade.

1925 Essex Coach
1925 Overland Sedan
1926 Dodge Sedan (new tires)
1924 Dodge Touring (glass inclosure)
Ford Roadster Box
Ford 1 Ton Truck Panel Body

GOULD'S GARAGE
Sales and Service
Have your car refinished.
Fender and body repairing.

Good News for the Housewife

Uncle Sam, in Technical Paper No. 242, Department of the Interior, tells how you can enjoy more leisure; how you can have more time for your club, more time for the radio or the movie, more time to read, more time to rest.

Here is what the Government says: "When burning coke a furnace requires much less attention than when burning soft coal. The time usually given to poking fires, cleaning the furnace flues and cleaning the house can be spent much more profitably in some other way. The cleanliness of coke will appeal especially to the housewife."

One immaculate housekeeper calls coke "little Silvery Nuggetts of Heat." Call 34 today so that you can enjoy the difference, too.

C. H. RUNCIMAN

.: OUR SPECIAL PAGE OF SERIAL STORIES .:

Two interesting serial stories appear regularly on this page. We choose only the best of literature for our readers.

THE BAT

A Novel From the Play

By Mary Roberts Rinehart and Avery Hopwood

WNU Service

"The Bat," copyright, 1920, by Mary Roberts Rinehart and Avery Hopwood.

CHAPTER I

—1—

The Shadow of the Bat

"You've got to get him, boys—get him or bust!" said a tired police chief, pounding a heavy fist on a table. The detectives he bellowed the words at looked at the floor. They had done their best and failed. Failure meant "resignation" for the police chief, return to the hated work of pounding the pavements for them—they knew it, and, knowing it, could summon no gesture of bravado to answer their chief's. Gunmen, thugs, hijackers, loft robbers, murderers, they could get them all in time—but they could not get the man he wanted.

"Get him—to h—l with the expense—I'll give you carte blanche—but get him!" said a haggard millionaire in the sedate inner offices of the best private detective firm in the country. The man on the other side of the desk, man-hunter extraordinary, old servant of government and state, sleuth-hound without a peer, threw up his hands in a gesture of odd hopelessness. "It isn't the money, Mr. de Courcy—I'd give every cent I've made to get the man you want—but I can't promise you results—for the first time in my life." The conversation was ended.

"Get him? Huh! I'll get him—watch my smoke!" It was young ambition speaking in a certain set of rooms in Washington. Three days later young ambition lay in a New York gutter with a bullet in his heart and a look of such horror and surprise on his dead face that even the ambulance doctor who found him felt shaken. "We've lost the most promising man I've had in ten years," said his chief, when the news came in. He swore helplessly. "D—n the luck!"

"Get him—get him—get him—get him!" From a thousand sources now the clamor arose—press, police and public alike crying out for the capture of the master-criminal of a century—lost voices hounding a specter down the alleyways of the wind. And still the meshes broke and the quarry slipped away before the hounds were well on the scent—leaving behind a trail of shattered safes and rifled jewel cases—while ever the clamor rose higher to "Get him—get him—get—"

Get whom, in God's name—get what? Beast, man or devil? A specter—a flying shadow—the shadow of a Bat.

From thieves' hangout to thieves' hangout the word passed along stirring the underworld like the passage of an electric spark. There were bright stars and flashing comets in the world of crime—but this new planet rose with the portent of an evil moon.

The Bat—they called him the Bat. Like a bat he chose the night hours for his work of rapine—like a bat he struck and vanished, pouncingly, noiselessly—like a bat he never showed himself to the face of the day. He'd never been in stir—the bulls had never mugged him—he didn't run with a mob—he played a lone hand and fenced his stuff so that even Ikey the Fence couldn't swear he knew his face. Most lone wolves had a moll, at any rate—women were their ruin—but if the Bat had a moll, not even the grapevine telegraph could locate her.

Rat-faced gunmen in the dingy back rooms of speak-easies muttered over his exploits with bated breath. In tawdrily gorgeous apartments, where gathered the larger figures, the proconsuls of the world of crime, cold, conscienceless brains dissected the work of a colder and swifter brain than theirs, with suave and bitter envy. Evil's Four Hundred chattered, discussed, debated—sent out a thousand invisible tentacles to clutch at a shadow—to turn this shadow and its distorted genius to their own ends. The tentacles recoiled, baffled—the Bat worked alone—not even Evil's Four Hundred could bend him into a willing instrument to execute another's plan.

Where official trailer and private sleuth had failed, the newspapers might succeed—or so thought the disillusioned young men of the Fourth Estate—the tireless foxes, nose-down on the trail of news—the trackers who never gave up till that news was run to earth. Star-reporter, leg-man, cub, veteran gray in the trade—one and all they tried to pin the Bat like a caught butterfly to the front page of their respective journals—soon or late each gave up, beaten. He was news—bigger news each week—a thousand ticking typewriters clicked his adventures—the brief, staccato recital of his career in the "morgues" of the great dailies grew longer and more incredible each day. But the big news—the scoop of the century—the yearned-for headline, "Bat Nabbed Red-Handed," "Bat Slain in Gun-Duel With Police"—still eluded the ravenous maw of the linotypes. And meanwhile the red-scored list of his felonies lengthened, and the rewards offered from various sources for any clue which might lead to his apprehension mounted and mounted till they totaled a small fortune.

Columnists took him up—played with the name and the terror—used the name and the terror as a starting-point from which to exhibit their own particular opinions on everything from the immortality of the soul to the merits of the Lucy Stone league. Ministers mentioned him in sermons—cranks wrote fanatic letters denouncing him as one of the seven-headed beasts of the Apocalypse and a forerunner of the end of the world—a popular revue put on a special Bat number wherein eighteen beautiful chorus-girls appeared masked and black-winged in costume of Brazilian bat-fur—there were Bat club sandwiches; Bat cigarettes and a new shade of silk hosiery called simply and succinctly "Bat." He became a fad—a catchword—a national figure. And yet—he was walking Death—cold, remorseless. But death itself has become a toy of Publicity in these days of limelight and jazz.

A city editor, at lunch with a colleague, pulled at his cigarette and talked. "See that Sunday story we had on the Bat?" he said. "Pretty tidy—huh—and yet we didn't have to play it up. It's an amazing list—the Marshall jewels—the Allison murder—the mail-truck thing—two hundred thousand he got out of that, all negotiable, and two men dead. I wonder how many people he's really killed—we made it six murders and nearly a million in loot—didn't even have room for the small stuff—but there must be more—"

His companion whistled.

"And when is the Universe's Finest Newspaper going to burst forth with 'Bat Captured by Blade Reporter'?" he inquired, sardonically.

"Oh, for—lay off of it, will you?" said the city editor, peevishly. "The Old Man's been hopping around about it for two months till everybody's plumb cuckoo. Even offered a bonus—a big one—and that shows how crazy he is—he doesn't love a nickel any better than his right eye—for any sort of exclusive story. Bonus—huh!" and he crushed out his cigarette. "It won't be a Blade reporter that gets that bonus—or any reporter. It'll be Sherlock Holmes from the spirit world."

"But look here, Bill—you don't mean to tell me he'll keep on getting away with it indefinitely?"

The editor frowned. "Confidentially—I don't know," he said with a chuckle. "The situation's this: for the first time the super-crook—the super-crook of fiction—the kind that never makes a mistake—has come to life—real life. And it'll take a cleverer man than any Central Office dick I've ever met to catch him!"

"Then you don't think he's just an ordinary crook with a lot of luck?"

"I do not." The editor was emphatic. "He's the Chapman type—but he's brainier than Chapman. Got a ghastly sense of humor, too—look at the way he leaves his calling card

The Super-Crook of Fiction.

after every job—a black-paper bat inside the Marshall safe—a bat drawn on the wall with a burnt match where he'd jimmied the Cedarburg bank—a real bat, dead, tacked to the mantelpiece over poor old Allison's body. Oh, he's in a class by himself—and I very much doubt if he was a crook at all for most of his life."

"You mean?"

"I mean this. The police have been combing the underworld for him—I don't think he comes from there. I think they've got to look higher—up in our world—for a brilliant man with a kink in the brain. He may be a doctor, a lawyer, a merchant, honored in his community by day—good line that, I'll use it some time—and at night, a bloodthirsty assassin. Well—that's our man."

"But, Bill—"

"I know. I've been going around the last month, looking at everybody I knew and thinking—are you the Bat? Try it for a while—you'll want to sleep with a light in your room after a few days of it. Look around the University club—that white-haired man over there—dignified—respectable—is he the Bat? Your own lawyer—your own doctor—your own best friend. Can happen, you know—look at those Chicago boys—the thrill-killers. Just brilliant students—likable boys—to the people that taught them—and cold-blooded murderers, all the same."

His companion laughed uncertainly. "How about you, Bill—are you the Bat?"

The editor smiled. "See," he said, "it's got you already. No—I can prove an alibi—the Bat's been laying off the city, recently—taking a fling at some of the swell suburbs. Besides—I haven't the brains—I'm free to admit it." He struggled into his coat. "Well—let's talk about something else—I'm sick of the Bat and his murders."

His companion rose as well, but it was evident that the editor's theory had taken firm hold on his mind. As they went out the door together he recurred to the subject.

"Honestly though, Bill—were you serious—really serious—when you said you didn't know of a single detective with brains enough to trap this devil?"

The editor paused in the doorway. "Serious enough," he said. "And yet there's one man—I don't know him myself—but from what I've heard of him, he might be able—but what's the use of speculating?"

"I'd like to know, all the same," said the other, and laughed nervously. "We're moving out to the country next week ourselves—right in the Bat's new territory."

"We-ell," said the editor, "you won't let it go any further? Of course it's just an idea of mine—but if the Bat ever came prowling around our place, the detective I'd try to get in touch with would be—" He put his lips close to his companion's ear and whispered a name.

The man whose name he whispered, oddly enough, was at that moment standing before his official superior in a quiet room not far away. Tall, reticently good-looking and well, if inconspicuously clothed and groomed, he by no means seemed the typical detective that the editor had spoken of so scornfully. He looked something like a college athlete who had kept up his training—something like a pillar of one of the more sedate financial houses—he could assume and discard a dozen manners in as many minutes, but, to the casual observer, the one thing certain about him would probably seem his utter lack of connection with the seamier side of existence. The key to his real secret of life, however, lay in his eyes. When in repose, as now, they were veiled and without unusual quality—but they were the eyes of a man who can wait and a man who can strike.

He stood perfectly easy before his chief for several moments before the latter looked up from his papers.

"Well, Anderson," he said at last, looking up, "I got your report on the Wilhenry burglary this morning. I'll tell you this about it—if you do a neater and quicker job in the next ten years you can take this desk away from me—I'll give it to you. As it is, your name's gone up for promotion today—you deserved it long ago."

"Thank you, sir," said the tall man, smiling and sitting down. He took a cigar and lit it. "That makes it easier, sir. Because—I've come to ask a favor."

"All right," said the chief, promptly. "Whatever it is, it's granted."

Anderson smiled again. "You'd better hear what it is first, sir. I don't want to put anything over on you."

"Try it," said the chief. "What is it—vacation? Take as long as you like—within reason—you've earned it—I'll put it through today."

Anderson shook his head. "No, sir—I don't want a vacation. I want to be assigned to a certain case—that's all."

The chief's look grew searching. "H'm," he said. "Well—as I say—anything within reason. What case do you want to be assigned to?"

The muscles of Anderson's left hand tensed on the arm of his chair. He looked squarely at the chief. "I want a chance at the Bat!" he said, slowly.

The chief's face became expressionless. "I said—anything within reason," he said, softly, regarding Anderson keenly.

"I want a chance at the Bat!" repeated Anderson stubbornly. "If I've done good work so far—I want a chance at the Bat!"

The chief drummed on the desk. Annoyance and surprise were in his voice when he spoke.

"But look here, Anderson," he burst out finally. "Anything else and I'll—but what's the use? I said a minute ago, you had brains—but now, by Judas, I doubt it! If anyone else wanted a chance at the Bat—I'd give it to them gladly—I'm hard-boiled. But you're too valuable a man to be thrown away!"

"I'm no more valuable than Wentworth would have been."

"Maybe not—and look what happened to him! A bullet-hole in his heart—and thirty years of work that he might have done thrown away! No, Anderson—I've found two first-class men since I've been at this desk—Wentworth and you. He asked for his chance—I gave it to him—turned him over to the government—and lost him. Good detectives aren't so plentiful that I can afford to lose you both."

"Wentworth was a friend of mine," said Anderson, softly. His knuckles were white dints in the hand that gripped the chair. "Ever since the Bat got him—I've wanted my chance. Now my other work's cleaned up—and I still want it."

"But I still tell you—" began the chief in tones of high exasperation. Then he stopped, and looked at his protege. There was silence for a time.

"Oh, well—" said the chief, finally, in a hopeless voice. "Go ahead—commit suicide—I'll send you a 'Gates Ajar' and a card—'Here lies a d—n fool who would have been a great detective if he hadn't been so pigheaded.' Go ahead!"

Anderson rose. "Thank you, sir," he said in a deep voice. His eyes had light in them, now. "I can't thank you enough, sir."

"Don't try," grumbled the chief. "If I weren't as much of a d—n fool as you are, I wouldn't let you do it. And if I weren't so d—n old, I'd go after the slippery devil myself and let you sit here and watch me get brought in with an infernal paper bat pinned where my shield ought to be. The Bat's supernatural, Anderson—you haven't a chance in the world—but it does me good all the same to shake hands with a man with brains and nerve," and he solemnly wrung Anderson's hand in an iron grip.

Anderson smiled. "The cagiest bat flies once too often," he said. "I'm not promising anything, chief, but—"

"Maybe," said the chief. "Now wait a minute—keep your shirt on—you're not going out bat hunting this minute, you know—"

"Sir? I thought I—"

"Well, you're not," said the chief, decidedly. "I've still some little respect for my own intelligence and it tells me to get all the work out of you I can, before you start wild-goose chasing after this—this bat out of hell. The first time he's heard of again—and it shouldn't be long from the fast way he works—you're assigned to the case. That's understood. Till then, you do what I tell you—and it'll be work, believe me!"

"All right, sir," Anderson laughed and turned to the door. "And—thank you again."

He went out. The door closed. The chief remained for some minutes looking at the door and shaking his head. "The best man I've had in years—except Wentworth," he murmured to himself. "And throwing himself away—to be killed by a cold-blooded devil that nothing human can catch."

He turned back to his desk and his papers. But for some minutes he could not pay attention to the papers. There was a shadow on them—a shadow that blurred the typed letters—the shadow of bat's wings.

CHAPTER II

Miss Van Gorder

Miss Cornelia Van Gorder, indomitable spinster, last bearer of a name which had been great in New York when New York was a red-roofed Nieuw Amsterdam and Peter Stuyvesant a parvenu, sat propped up in bed in the green room of her newly rented country house, reading the morning newspaper. Patrician to her finger-tips, independent to the roots of her hair, she preserved, at sixty-five, a humorous and quenchless curiosity in regard to every side of life, which even the full and crowded years that already lay behind her had not entirely satisfied. She was an Age and an Attitude, but she was more than that—she had grown old without growing dull or losing touch with youth—her face had the delicate strength of a fine cameo—and her mild and youthful heart preserved an innocent zest for adventure.

Wide travel, social leadership, the world of art and books, a dozen charities, an existence rich with diverse experience—all these she had enjoyed, energetically and to the full—but she felt, with ingenuous vanity, that there were still sides to her character which even these had not brought to light. As a little girl she had hesitated between wishing to be a locomotive engineer or a famous bandit—and when she had found, at seven, that the accident of sex would probably debar her from either occupation, she had resolved, fiercely, that some time before she died she would show the world in general and the Van Gorder clan in particular that a woman was quite as capable of dangerous exploits as a man.

She threw down the morning paper disgustedly. Here she was at sixty-five—rich—safe—settled for the summer in a delightful country-place—a good cook—excellent servants—beautiful gardens and grounds—everything as respectable and comfortable as—as a limousine! And out in the world—people were murdering and robbing each other—floating over Niagara falls in barrels—rescuing children from burning houses—taming tigers—going to Africa to hunt gorillas—doing all sorts of exciting things! She could not float over Niagara falls in a barrel—Lizzie Allen, her faithful old maid, would never let her! She could not go to Africa to hunt gorillas—Sally Ogden, her sister, would never let her hear the last of it. She could not even, as she certainly would if she were a man, try and track down this terrible creature, the Bat!

She smiled disgustedly. Things came to her much too easily. Take this very house she was living in. Ten days ago she had decided, on the spur of the moment, to take a place in the country for the summer. It was late in the renting season—even the ordinary difficulties of finding a suitable spot would have added some spice to the quest—but this ideal place had practically fallen into her lap, with no trouble or search at all. Courtleigh Fleming, president of the Union bank, who had built the house on a scale of comfortable magnificence—Courtleigh Fleming had died suddenly in the West, when Miss Van Gorder was beginning her house-hunting. The day after his death her agent had called her up—Richard Fleming, Courtleigh Fleming's nephew and heir, was anxious to rent the Fleming house at once—if she made a quick decision it was hers for the summer, at a bargain. Miss Van Gorder had decided at once—she took an innocent pleasure in bargains. The next day the keys were hers—the servants engaged to stay on—within a week she had moved. All very pleasant and easy no doubt—but adventure—pooh!

And yet she could not really say that her move to the country had brought her no adventures at all. There had been—things. Last night the lights had gone off unexpectedly, and Billy, the Japanese butler and handy-man, had said that he had seen a face at the kitchen window. Servants' nonsense, probably—but the servants seemed unusually nervous for people who were used to the country. And Lizzie, of course, had sworn that she had seen a man trying to get up the stairs—but Lizzie could grow hysterical over a creaking door. Still—it was queer! And what had that affable Doctor Wells said to her—"I respect your courage, Miss Van Gorder—moving out into the Bat's home country, you know!" She picked up the paper again—there was a map of the scene of the Bat's most recent exploits and—yes—three of his recent crimes had been within a twenty-mile radius of this very spot. She thought it over and gave a little shudder of pleasurable fear. Then she dismissed the thought with a shrug. No chance! She might live in a lonely house, two miles from the railroad station, all summer long—and the Bat would never disturb her—nothing ever did.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Were Not Handicapped

When they were building the pyramids in Egypt it took 2,000 able-bodied men three years to move one of the huge stones from the quarry to the scene of construction, but fortunately there were no efficiency experts around then to make a preliminary survey, so they finally got it done.—Ohio State Journal.

CARIB GOLD

By ELLERY H. CLARK

WNU Service

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STORY FROM THE START

In the small New Jersey village of Straitsmouth, in the year 1749, Richard Lindsay, who tells the story, gives an exhibition of his markmanship before some villagers and a stranger, with whom they afterward dine at the tavern. The conversation turns on a notorious pirate, whose ship, the Black Panther, is thought to be in the vicinity. Next morning Lindsay, after wild ducks, is sitting in a "blind" when three strangers land on the beach near him. They bury a chest and then one of them, Burford, recognized by Lindsay as the man he talked with the day before, kills one of his companions. Lindsay's presence is discovered. The third man is Captain Barclay of the Black Panther. The three go aboard.

CHAPTER III—Continued

—5—

What I saw gave me no great impression of the discipline on board a pirate ship; for I could think only of animals gorged and glutted with slaughter as I observed the score of villainous figures sprawled about the decks, drinking and carousing, and shouting snatches of ribald sea songs. To my relief, all traces of carnage were absent; whether they had butchered their victims outright, or had imprisoned them in the cabin of the bark before setting her on fire, I could only conjecture. From the looks of these men, with their colored handkerchiefs bound round their heads, their savage unshorn faces, their clothing an odd mixture of rags and tattered finery, I could see, unless the captain gave me his protection, that I should have small chance of surviving the first drunken brawl.

Walking off, the captain, as he passed me, indicated by a gesture that I should follow him. After what I had seen of the state of affairs forward, I was only too happy to obey, and had reached the companionway when the captain turned to Burford with the curt command, "Bring McAllister below."

A moment or so later, when my eyes became accustomed to the altered light, I perceived that the captain's cabin was much in keeping with the man himself, adorned as it was with silks and satins and the skins of magnificent wild beasts. One thing in particular, as I remembered afterward, caught my eye at once, and that was an ugly looking whip, hanging near the door of the cabin and suggesting all sorts of tortures to my mind. Yet all of this I saw, as it were, mechanically and without comprehension, my thoughts all lying in the direction of my own affairs and of what I felt might well be my impending fate. Meantime the captain, somewhat to my surprise, stepped to a cupboard and with his own hands set out upon the table a huge slab of beef, a loaf of bread and a great flagon of wine. Then, absent-mindedly, he seated himself, motioned to me to do likewise, and waited, his eyes brooding, as if busy with thoughts which took him far from the Black Panther and her savage crew.

Presently the companionway was darkened and Burford entered, followed by a taller figure with his arms strapped securely behind his back. I looked up as they advanced; then, forgetting all else in my astonishment, I fairly leaped from my chair and stood staring at the newcomer, while he, in equal amazement, stared back at me. And now indeed much of what my captors had said became plain as day, for barring the fact that this youth was a trifle taller than I, and that he had a crooked scar on his left cheek, I might almost have been looking at my reflection in the glass. He was, to be sure, better dressed, as befitted a station in life evidently somewhat above my own; but otherwise, as far as face and figure went, we might have passed not only for brothers but for twins.

The voice of the captain broke the silence, and little as I care to pay him compliments, I must acknowledge that the entrance into his cabin transformed him, at least for the time being, into a courteous and considerate host. "Mr. Robert McAllister," he said slowly, "I wish to introduce to you Mr. Richard Lindsay. Mr. Lindsay, Mr. McAllister. Burford, kindly release Mr. McAllister's arms. Thank you. Gentlemen, I pray you to be seated and to accept my humble hospitality."

Completely puzzled, and yet with a great dread of what was to come, I again seated myself at the table, was helped to a generous portion of meat and bread, and being by this time exceedingly hungry, I improved the occasion to the utmost and I dare say proved myself the best trencherman of the four. Presently the captain poured us wine, and bowing in turn to the three of us, said courteously, "To your good health, gentlemen, and to your continued prosperity."

As he spoke, his face was grave; no sneer curved his lips; yet I could have sworn that he was amusing himself, as a cat does with a mouse, and that beneath his words lurked a meaning now hidden from us, but which we should shortly understand.

We set down our glasses, I, for my part, feeling a slight revival of courage with the welcome draught. The captain, I remember, leaned back in his chair, one hand toying absently with the flagon before him. It was a strange scene. I knew, from the gentle motion of the vessel that outside the waves were dancing in the sunlight and that the seagulls were soaring aloft in the blue; yet here, by some whim of Fate, this other youth and myself, who had only a few hours ago been free and happy, were now sitting in this cabin, our lives depending on the mood of this dark-faced, inscrutable captain, this "Black Panther" of the deep.

My meditations came abruptly to an end as I realized that the captain was speaking, and that as he spoke he looked at me. "Mr. Lindsay," he observed, with what seemed to me an ironical politeness, "I must needs venture, with Mr. McAllister's permission"—and now I felt that this ironical politeness included the other young man as well as myself—"must needs venture to tell you something of his personal affairs. Letters, you must know, though carefully dispatched, do not always reach their mark. They may sometimes be intercepted, and much information of value may come into the hands of those for whom it was never intended."

He paused, moistened his lips with wine, and continued, with the air of a man who feels certain of the attention of his audience, "Such a misfortune has happened in the case of Mr. McAllister. And although I was never meant to know it, I am now aware that Mr. McAllister has an uncle who lives on the island of Jamaica, that this uncle is named—let me see"—he affected to think, as if this process somehow gave him pleasure—"Ah yes, now I recollect; the uncle's name is Capt. Andrew McAllister. He is a

He Seated Himself and Motioned Me to Do Likewise.

man of wealth, of position, of large interests; like the centurion in Holy Writ he saith to this man 'go' and he goeth, and to this man 'come' and he cometh." He paused again; then added with a sharp and stern fierceness, "Am I not right in what I say?"

The young man, somewhat unwillingly, I thought, and as if aware that the captain was somehow trifling with him, admitted that he had an uncle in Jamaica by this name, and that he understood that he was a person of some consequence there.

The captain smiled blandly. "Too modest," he cried. "Too modest by half. Your uncle himself, with all his modesty, would scarcely rate himself so low. And why, then," he went on with a sudden change of manner, "why then, under such circumstances, should not Capt. Andrew McAllister be happy and free from care? Alas! no man is entirely blest. It seems that he has an enemy, cruel and vindictive, who seeks to do him harm. He does not write this to his nephew, but from other sources I know it to be so. Thus it is his misfortune to live in dread on an island, in what is practically a fort, garrisoned by a little band of devoted followers. And alas! since none of us can stay young forever, Andrew McAllister has the further misfortune to grow old, and hearing of the talents of his nephew in America, he writes to him to come and join him. He hears"—and he bowed low to the young man—"much good of him; that he is young, strong, brave, and—your pardon—save for a scar upon his cheek, a handsome youth. He hears also that he is a wonderful shot with rifle, pistol or fowling piece. Also Captain McAllister has an adopted daughter of rare beauty; perhaps the nephew and she may wed and succeed to the wealth of the uncle. And thus Mr. Robert McAllister, hearing of all these things, and having seen the young lady's picture, decides—perhaps unfortunately for him—to try the venture. He starts out, but scarcely has he begun his voyage when he has the ill luck to fall in with pirates, and is captured. I believe, Mr. McAllister, I state the truth."

"Yes," the young man assented, and it seemed to me that he bore himself manfully and with dignity, "that is the truth, except that, as you say, I had no knowledge of an enemy of whom my uncle lives in fear. Of that I know nothing, for in his letters he has made no mention of it."

The captain smiled a sardonic smile. "Doubtless," he answered with suavity, "your uncle had the best of reasons for not communicating the fact. And now," he added, again turning to me, "having explained these facts with regard to Mr. McAllister, I fear that I must trespass still further on your kindness, and tell you something of an incident in my own life."

Again, with that same hateful irony, he paused, looking around him as if tacitly begging our permission to proceed. And yet all the time he must have known that we would hang breathless on his every word. Since, in spite of his talk of hospitality, we were virtually his prisoners, it was only too evident that he was not talking to amuse us, but that his words bore directly on our fortunes, and in all probability on our lives. And thus we sat staring while he, quite casually, turned and glanced at the door leading from the cabin. The movement was so unstudied that at the time I paid no heed to it; but later I was to remember and understand.

At length he resumed: "Do not fear that I shall weary you with my adventures; it is of one incident only that I shall speak, and that, believe me, not because its memory is pleasant to me, for it is the blackest in my life; but rather because, as you will shortly see, you have a right to know of it. Three years ago I ranged these seas in the company of another vessel, whose captain I called my friend. Like two gray wolves we harried our prey, one on either flank, and lucky was the merchantman who escaped our fangs. Ours, of course, was the fortune of war; sometimes we made rich captures; sometimes our gains were not worth the loss in killed and wounded, and only the sharks would profit by our enterprise. But on one great day we captured and sacked a real treasure ship, a prize as rich as those which fell to the lot of the old buccaneers. There was spoil and to spare—for once our crews were glutted with gold—but of the bulk of the treasure and of the jewels only four persons really knew, the captain of the consort ship and his mate, and I myself—and one other—"

He paused, and over his face stole an expression I had never before seen there—a yearning, I would have said, for something that had gone from his life forever, but of which even the memory could almost bring back to him past joys. Then the light faded from his eyes again, and he went on: "A lady sailed with me in those days, the most beautiful lady in all the world. Not a lady of the court, too fine to soil her dainty fingers or dirty the tip of her silken shoe, but a daughter of the sea and of the storm, one who could wield cutlass and pistol, one who was all life and fire and daring and who feared not man nor devil—no, nor God Himself!"

Once more he paused, and his hand went to his throat as if to ease its constriction. I would have said that he had forgotten us, and that for the first time I saw the man's soul laid bare. But in another instant he had recovered himself, and went on: "There was trouble aboard my vessel at the time—a grumbling mate who dreamed of commanding in my place. He may indeed be commanding, but if so it's in another world. Yet just then he was in my way, and the captain of my consort persuaded me and my lady to board his vessel while we gave my mate his head and sent him away, proud of his chance, to capture another prize. His prize was a knife thrust in the throat. And in the dark of the night, near a lonely island in the Antilles, far off the track of vessels, the four of us rowed ashore and over that heavy chest we vowed to keep faith with one another, to come back as soon as might be in a vessel of our own, and then to leave the sea and spend the rest of our lives at ease. Thus we started to bury the treasure, and then—a mighty roaring in my ears, and all was dark. It was the sun on my face that wakened me, to find that I lay on the islet in a great pool of my own blood, and by my side my dear lady looking up at the sky with sightless eyes, shot through the heart. Why they had not made sure of me, I do not know. Doubtless they thought my wound was mortal, and left me for dead. And indeed I should have died, by rights, but I found strength to plant a stick with a rag on it; some fishermen, passing, found me raving for water, and took me with them and nursed me back to life."

Again he moistened his lips with wine, and again went on: "One thing in the world is stronger than love, and that is hate. Hate made me live, was medicine for my body, meat and drink for my soul. To live to revenge myself on that false-hearted craven; to make up to him one-tenth of what he has made me suffer; to feel, if possible, his breath going out in his throat under my grasp—that is what is left of my life. If I could go through hell with him side by side, suffer each pain that he suffered till they wrenched my heart apart—every second of that agony would be like balm, if only I could see his every torment, watch his every pang."

There was no mistaking his terrible earnestness; the man was talking from the depths of his being. Yet why, I wondered, did he tell all this to us, for he did not give the impression of one who would reveal affairs so private even to those whom he knew best, much less to strangers so youthful and so unversed in the ways of the world. But my unspoken question was to be answered far sooner than I imagined. "That," he said, "is my story, save for one detail. I have not told you the names of the captain and the mate. The mate is a bald-headed scum of the earth named John Shively; the captain's name"—he turned to the youth beside him, then distinctly and with deliberation added—"the captain's name is Andrew McAllister."

In spite of myself, I started as though I had been shot; now, indeed, the whole affair became startlingly plain. But the effect on Robert McAllister was even more pronounced, for it was his own uncle whom he heard accused; and half-leaping from his seat, with crimsoned face, he cried boldly, "You lie!"

I drew an involuntary breath of dismay at the words, for I deemed them his death warrant, and indeed, for an instant, the captain's hand sought his belt; but immediately he mastered himself, and with shrugged shoulders muttered to himself the one word, "Youth!" There followed an ominous silence. Then the captain spoke again. "You would naturally defend your uncle, but I speak the truth. Now I shall ask you one question, which I presume you will answer in only one way; but I must ask it in fairness to you, for on your answer depends your future."

There was purpose in his words; to me it seemed that they were a threat, scarcely veiled, of death. Yet young McAllister, whatever his feelings, carried himself manfully and sat motionless, with no sign of flinching upon his face, awaiting the question. At last it came.

"Will you, believing that I have told the truth, become an inmate of your uncle's household, learn his secrets, and at the proper time deliver him and his treasure into my hands?"

There was not a second's hesitation. The young man's quiet "Never!" betokened inexorable resolution.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Capernaum Holy City to Early Christians

Naturally, Capernaum was a place dear to the early Christians, who loved to plant their feet where Jesus had once trod. A church was built there which was enlarged as years went on. When Hadrian permitted Jews to re-enter the Holy land (about 137 A. D.) Capernaum was one of the cities granted to them, though its name was changed from Kefra nahum to Tell Hum, the Hill of Hum. Hadrian is said to have given some assistance to the rebuilding of parts of the city destroyed by the invading Romans. By the year 600 A. D. the church had been enlarged into a basilica, and was said to cover the site of the house where Peter enjoyed the felicities of family life.

But the city never recovered from the destruction that Moslemism brought up on the once fertile plain of Gennesareth, a strip of land on the northwestern side of the sea of Galilee (really a fresh-water lake) five miles wide by six miles long, on or about which were when Jesus lived on earth thriving cities, Chorazin, Bethsaida, Tiberias and Capernaum. To this day Moslems hold the sea and the district to be accursed, and it remains, as does the city where once Jesus dwelt, a place of desolation as though literally it had been "brought down to hell."

Pleasure in Hot Dishes

"One of the delights of a summer in a country boarding house was getting meals piping hot," said a city woman. "I had about forgotten how delicious a dish was when it was served smoking hot. For so long I have had dishes brought to the table by the maid only warm or at the best merely hot. Now, there is a wide difference between a piping hot dish and a hot dish, a difference which may make a meal a huge success or an indifferent affair.

"But in these days of gas stoves it is not a simple matter to keep vegetables hot, and so one has almost become accustomed to them just past the warm stage. But when a smoking meal is dished up right from the coal stove into a waiting covered dish there is a heartiness, a geniality about the entire meal which makes for good digestion and sociability."—Springfield Union.

Middle Course Best

Some men are gluttons for work; others may be called epicures.—Boston Transcript.

Champion Legislator

John A. Yeager, representative from Lamar county in the Mississippi legislature, believes himself to be a "legislative champion." The Mississippi acts of 1926 contain 412 chapters, all bearing the name of John A. Yeager as author. They represent 412 necessary bills, made in one session of less than three months. The United States Supreme court made validation of all road-district bonds by legislative act necessary. Mr. Yeager prepared the bills in the space of three weeks and they were passed on one roll call.—Indianapolis News.

Editor Must Never Err

When a plumber makes a mistake, he charges twice for it. When a lawyer makes a mistake, it is just what he wanted, because he has a chance to try the case all over again. When a carpenter makes a mistake, it's just what he expected. When a doctor makes a mistake, he buries it. When a judge makes a mistake, it becomes the law of the land. When a preacher makes a mistake, nobody knows the difference. But when the editor makes a mistake—good-night!—The Outlook.

Dog Rings Salute

At Gilkey's Harbor (Maine) light station is a dog, the pet of the keeper, who is ecstatically joyous over the passing of every boat. Many of the fishermen who pass daily he has learned to recognize and in response to a whistle his joy knows no bounds until he rushes to the foghouse bell and tugs at the rope which rings the bell. A recognized feature of every excursion is to run close enough to the Gilkey light to see the dog ring a salute.

Qualities of the Great

The willingness to wait with patience, to let time and the law of averages work for you, is a distinguishing quality of great men. — William Feather.

OUR OTHER STORY PAGE

We can't print on one page all the interesting stories we have selected for our readers. You will find here an additional serial, or a short tale, a bit of history, or perhaps a column of humor.

Victoria Falls

Perspective View of Victoria Falls.

(Prepared by the National Geographic Society, Washington, D. C.)

THE best-known scenic attraction in Africa is undoubtedly the Victoria falls of the Zambesi, on the line between southern and northern Rhodesia. This is one of the three greatest waterfalls in the world, worthy to rank with Niagara and with Iguazu in South America.

From immemorial times an atmosphere of mystery and superstition has hung over these African falls, so profound that Livingstone, who discovered them in 1855, had the greatest difficulty in persuading his followers to accompany him, as they believed the region to be the home of monsters and devils of destruction. Vestiges of these traditions still exist, although the Cape-to-Cairo railroad, which crosses the river less than half a mile below the falls, is rapidly dispelling them.

Going by rail from Bulawayo one sees, some 10 miles before reaching the falls, five enormous columns of vapor shooting their roseate-tinted shafts hundreds of feet heavenward. This is a marvelous scene in the early morning. With the first rays of the rising sun comes a picture of color of wondrous loveliness. Delicate tints of violet, crimson, and beryl play through the mounting spray as it shoots higher and higher, ultimately disappearing as virgin clouds in heaven, while the ever-increasing thunder of the waters lends an added solemnity to the view.

Notwithstanding the magnitude of Victoria Falls, the first view of them is disappointing. Although nearly a mile in width and 400 feet in height, the grandeur of their proportions is eclipsed by the sudden disappearance of the river as it plunges into a narrow, rocky fissure extending across its entire width. Only at a single central point is there a breach in this fissure through which the falls can be seen and appreciated in their full proportions, where the converging waters rush madly to the zigzag canyon below. So restricted is this view that there is an entire absence of that awe-inspiring and almost paralyzing effect which strikes the visitor dumb with wonder and amazement when Niagara bursts on his near vision. On first sight of the Victoria falls one involuntarily exclaims, "Oh, how beautiful!" but they lack the majesty of Niagara.

Must Be Seen Many Times.

No single visit can adequately reveal the fullness of their charms, but repeated excursions must be made to their islands and precipices, their grottos and palm gardens, their rain forests and projecting crags, their rainbows and cataracts and many-sided views of their exquisite setting in the emerald framework of tropic forests, before their indescribable beauty can be appreciated. The fascination of discovering new and hidden charms from different points of view grows on the visitor and becomes one of the greatest attractions.

As the rainy season commences in Rhodesia in November and continues in the form of tropical showers until April, the most advantageous time to see the falls is in May, when the seething torrents are at their flood. November also has its attractions, when the river is low, for then the chasm is comparatively free from mist, disclosing vistas and views of the great abyss of rare beauty which before were wholly obscured by the whirling columns of spray.

The bridge of the Cape-to-Cairo railroad is the favorite point selected by artists, as the picture through the narrow gap at Danger point exhibits the full extent of the angry waters as they leap from the precipices to the abyss below.

There is a hotel near the railway. From its verandas a magnificent panorama of the canyon and Batoka gorge can be seen. A walk of half a mile brings one to "the place where the rain is born," as the natives call the Rain Forest. This is a phenomenon of rare beauty, especially to the botanist, for here the tropic heat and constantly falling spray produce a wealth of vegetation of wonderful luxuriance and variety. Every living thing bursts forth spontaneously here, from the delicate maiden-hair fern to the feathery-leafed palm and the hoary baobob, 70 feet in circumference.

From the western extremity of the Rain Forest the leaping waters of the cascade can be seen to best advantage, while its entire front, bordering on the great crevasse into which the river hurls itself, furnishes a superb view of the crest of the falls from end to end, except when interrupted by the whirling masses of spray that shoot from the seething cauldron below.

View From Danger Point.

But the most thrilling scene is from the eastern extremity of the Rain Forest at Danger point, where the treacherous vines and grasses, clinging to the rocks with hungry, desperate roots tempt one to the very verge of the precipitate cliffs that seem to tremble with the terrific shock of the cataract. So dense here at times is the mass of vapor hurled from the seething cauldron that the sun's rays can no longer penetrate it, and complete darkness envelopes one as he is deluged by the downpour, while the terrific thunder of the falls drowns all other sounds and makes his own voice inaudible.

Occasionally a violent blast opens a rift through the blackness and mist, disclosing a momentary view of the lashing waters in the boiling cauldron, whose heaving, battling surface and pyramids of emerald foam change with kaleidoscopic rapidity.

An interesting spot is the kloof, or palm garden, hidden in the first of the serpentine curves of the canyon below the falls and reached from the bridge by a zigzag pathway, which descends in comparatively easy stages through a tangled primeval jungle to the rushing waters of the gorge below. Here again nature, with lavish hands, has shown her prodigality. Palms of enormous size and variety, bathed by eternal spray, mingle so densely with other forest growths as completely to shut out the direct rays of the sun and form a safe refuge for the richly plumed parrots and monkeys that frolic in their branches. From the edge of the waters of this tropic jungle an upward view of the falls enables one to appreciate them in their full height and beauty, and to carry away a lasting impression of their majestic grandeur as seen from below.

The lip of the falls is broken by four islands, which interrupt its flow just as Goat island divides Niagara. The natives appropriately named the first of these Boruka isle—"divider of waters." Between this point and the shore the river channel is deep and shelving, and the leaping waters of the cascade rush with fearful impetuosity, shooting clear from the precipitous walls in their mad flight to the abyss 250 feet below, while the echoing woods ring with the thunder of their boisterous glee.

Formed by Erosion.

Livingstone, who discovered the falls, believed that some geologic cataclysm had opened a crack in the basalt plateau over which the Zambesi flows and that the river, pouring into this cleft, worked its way out on a lower level, leaving the great falls in the narrow gorge.

Geologists of the present day, however, deny Livingstone's theory regarding the phenomenon of the formation of the falls, claiming that it is due entirely to the processes of erosion, and that the river, by increasing friction through innumerable ages, has gradually frittered to granular atoms the dense rock and engraved the deep channels of the tortuous canyon. The basaltic rock which forms the greater portion of Rhodesia is of volcanic origin, proof of which is evidenced in the great lava-flows, which have been poured out in successive waves, covering the country in differing strata of varying porosity hundreds, if not thousands, of feet deep. Through this the percolating waters have deposited in the cavities the beautiful agates, chalcedony of various hues, quartz crystals, and zeolites that are found in abundance along the projecting surfaces of these amygdaloidal rocks, many specimens of which are found in the exposed gravel of the river bed.

It is said that these Katoka lavas, in consolidating, created a system of shrinkage cracks, with occasional long lines of "faultings," or fractures, which constituted planes of weakness that materially facilitated the erosive action of the river.

If this theory is correct, it is possible that the fissure into which the river plunges at the falls is due to a fault-plane, where a vertical belt of comparatively soft material breaks the continuity of the harder basalt, and this belt or vein, connecting with others of the same or similar character, has been washed out or excavated by the undermining action of the river, thus explaining the complex phenomena of the falls and zigzag canyons.

In Praise of Angling

No life is so happy and so pleasant as the life of a well-governed angler; for when the lawyer is swallowed up with business, and the statesman is preventing or contriving plots, then we sit on cowslip banks, hear birds sing, and possess ourselves in as much quietness as these silent, silver streams, which we now see glide so quietly by us. Indeed, we may say of angling as Doctor Boteler said of strawberries, "Doubtless God could have made a better berry, but doubtless God never did," and so, if I might be a judge, God never did make a more calm, quiet, innocent recreation than angling.—Izaak Walton.

More Important Than Laws

There is a movement on foot to establish uniform traffic laws throughout the country, but the biggest job will be to get them uniformly observed after they have been established.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

A Few Little Smiles

SERVED HIM RIGHT

"Hello, Hayseed," said the facetious youth. "How's it for a lift to Centerville?" He jumped into the car without waiting for an answer. Twenty minutes passed.

"Quite a distance to Centerville isn't it?"

"Uh, huh."

Twenty minutes more.

"Say, how far is it to Centerville?"

"Few thousand miles if you go this way; 'bout twenty if you get off and walk back."—Rehoboth Sunday Herald.

SEVERAL OTHERWISE

"A beautiful and loving woman can bring down heaven."

"True—and I know several who can raise hades."

Whatever That Is

To have too little money, Bo,
I know, alack, is doggone tough,
And yet there is danger in too much,
So I'd like to have just enough.

The First Stage

"How did you burn your nose like that?"

"I thought I was lightin' a cigarette and I didn't have one in my mouth."

Can't Be Done

Teacher—Use the right verb in this sentence: "The toast was drank in silence."

Pupil—The toast was ate in silence.

Short One, Maybe

"That girl is wearing the last word in bathing suits."

"Well, if the police ever catch her, it will be a sentence."

A FINE PRICE

Mrs. Jones—Fine feathers don't make fine birds.

Jones—No, but they make a fine bill, when I have to pay for those you have on your hat.

The Flyer

The flyer sails above the earth,
Across the summer sky,
And shouts in accents fraught with mirth,
"Well, how is this for high?"

Explained

Hubby—Why is dinner late?

Wife—I prepared it by the clock you set when you came in last night.

Everybody Happy

Mr. Stayathome—How did you manage to see Paris in two days?

Mr. Gadabout—Well, my daughter visited the monuments and the museums, my wife the stores, and I the music halls and cafes.—Pathfinder.

Open to Advice

"But surely you would not marry this woman just because of her money would you?"

"Well, how else could I get it?"

Never Falls

"I had no idea," said Lizette Nies to a friend, "that profanity was so rife until I drove a car."

"Do you hear much of it on the streets?" asked her friend.

"Yes. Nearly every time I bump into some one he swears shockingly."

Willing to Hear

Jerry—You have heard of the fight between David and Goliath?

Mae—I don't read the sport page, but if it's some more scandal, let's hear.

Eddie's Ego

Eddie—I am paid for what I know, not for what I do.

Fannie—Don't you get any salary at all?

Business

"Are you engaged to him?" asked Miss Cayenne.

"Yes," answered the prudent girl. "But I have requested time to verify reports on his title and fortune."

"That is not an engagement. That is an option."

Some Game

"How do you like married life?"

"Well, my wife's just like an umpire. She never thinks I'm safe when I'm out."—Pathfinder.

Men Marooned

By GEORGE MARSH

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CHAPTER VIII—Continued

—12—

Facing the drive of the wind, the team fought its way slowly down over the frozen tundra. With night the frost stiffened, and the needle-pointed barrage of snow crystals stung the faces of men and dogs like the lash of myriad whips. Heads down to avoid the agony, men and dogs swung away from the thrust of the wind, until the half-breed, straightening again, felt the bleat of the blizzard on his right cheek, and changed their course.

Often, unable to face the burst of edged torment on their noses, the dogs lay down, backs to the drive, refusing to move. Then, Garth and Etienne, lifting them to their feet, dragged the team and sled until the huskies again leaned into their collars. Blindly into the murk walling them in plunged the tireless half-breed, leading the way to the shelter of the far timber and food. With face frostbitten from exposure in feeling for direction, hands numb from untangling with mittenless fingers the frozen harness of the dogs, Etienne plunged down the sloping tundra. His face buried in his hood and constantly fighting to save his numbing fingers, Garth followed. There flashed through his mind tales told at the post of Crees caught, as they were, on the high barrens, and found stiff in the snow. But, as he doubled against the drive of the blizzard, blinded, unable to see the man ahead; often swinging off the trail while, holding true, the canny lead-dog passed him with the team, Garth Guthrie never doubted that they would win to the timber and shelter.

Two grinding hours of slavery on lacerated feet into the pin-pointed fury, and turning in their harness, the spent dogs lay down, refusing to move. Numb to threats or urging, the heart-broken huskies, crusted with ice, had made their choice. Rather than the torture which flayed their faces, they would lie, backs to the barrage, while the withering wind slowly stiffened them to ice.

There was nothing the men could do. The dogs were done.

"I turn dem loose. We hunt de timber," Etienne shouted into Garth's hood. With his knife he slashed the dogs from their frozen harness, but the huskies lay while the snow beat over them, refusing their freedom. Shot, white-coated from nose to tail, gingerly muzzled the motionless shapes. Castor, alone, resented the act by a feeble snap. Lifting their heads, and shaking them, Garth in turn called their names, but the numbness of the white death already was in their blood. Gently he lifted Castor to his feet, but the leader sank limply to the snow.

"Good-by, boys!" he called to the white shapes by the sled. "You gave us all you had. Good-by!"

"Dey weel freeze in ten minute—nevair feel eet now," shouted Etienne, his voice breaking as he turned from a last word with his favorite Castor.

Shelter and fire! All thought of the food frozen under the sled cover had left them. The windbreak of the spruce meant fire, warmth, life—but how far was the timber? With the ax from the sled the two men started, Shot at their heels. A hundred yards and Etienne stumbled, stopped—while Garth lunged into him.

The man on his knees turned to the other. "De spruce—eet ees here!" His snowshoes had fouled a dwarf spruce on the edge of the timber. Swiftly now they plunged ahead, seeking the heavier growth. In a hundred yards they were in thick bush.

While Guthrie scraped out a fire-hole with a snowshoe, Etienne gathered dry spruce twigs and started a fire; then slashed down saplings and soon had a comforting heat in the snow-hole behind the wind-break. With the warmth the men rubbed the circulation into numbed hands and faces. But out on the tundra in the drive of the blizzard lay five loyal friends, stiffening under the drift.

Leaving the fire Garth and Etienne started to back-track to the sled. Guthrie, with Shot alternately plunging ahead and returning to find his master, had gone but a short distance into the blackness with its shot-like hail of fine snow, when he found that he had drifted away from the half-breed. Too dark to locate tracks in the snow which filled at once with drift, he kept on with the wind on his left shoulder. Suddenly he missed Shot. He stopped and shouted, hoping the dog was near, but the airedale was lost, or had left him. Why?

Continuing down wind, counting his paces, at last Guthrie knew that he had passed the sled in the blind murk, so circled. Etienne had said the dogs would freeze in ten minutes—and he had missed them; lost the chance to save the huskies who had given him their all that grim December day—. Then a white body shouldered into his legs—Shot!

"Where did you go?" he shouted into the dog's ear. But the excited beast left him to plunge into the storm—then returned to seize Garth's mittened hand.

Following the dog for a space he stumbled against a mound in the snow—the sled! He groped for the heaps that marked the frozen dogs, but in vain. They were gone. Etienne? He had got them up into the spruce.

In his joy Garth knelt and hugged the ice-sheeted body of the great airedale whose tongue found his master's face.

Food!

The sled-load was untouched. Etienne had had but one thought—to save his dogs. So, Garth slashed the frozen lashings and reached a grub-bag, tea pail and kettle; then started for the camp, following blindly the dog who nosed out the tracks of the team. The dull glow of the fire through the blur of snow led them over the last yards. There, on his knees, Etienne was working over his huskies' legs.

"Grub and a pail!" shouted Garth, as he scooped up snow for tea. "Good old Castor! You feel better now?"

The husky, sprawled near the blazing logs, lifted his tail in response.

"Der moccasin save der feet," said Etienne. "Good t'ing dey eet feet on de bush so we put on de shoe."

"But how did you get them up to follow you? They were close to frozen when we left them."

Etienne grinned as he pinched and rubbed a pair of hairy paws. "Dis husky ees ver' smart feller. Dey were all tire out—but not start to freeze w'en we left dem. Een leetle tam, dey so tire and hungree, dey freeze. But Etienne tell dem dat supper start soon, and dey come to life, toute suite. Den I drag dem here."

"I'll go back for blankets," said the much relieved Guthrie, and with Shot, went to the sled and returned with robes, and the whitefish for the famished huskies.

Later, snug before their fire in the wind-break of the timber, two men and six dogs slept the sleep of exhaustion, while the norther drove across the white tundra.

* * * * * * * *

Although the wind ceased and the snow ceased by noon of the following day, the crippled dogs held Guthrie to his camp. With his glasses he located the smoke of cooking fires in the scrub across the basin, and in the early afternoon Etienne slipped his moccasins into the thongs of his snowshoes and started for the camp of the hunters, while Garth, whose knowledge of Cree was limited, stayed with the dogs.

As Garth watched a boiling kettle of salt wavy, and bannock baking in a tilted frying pan, the dogs announced the return of Etienne through

With the Warmth the Men Rubbed the Circulation Into Numbed Hands and Faces.

the dusk. Much depended upon what the head man had learned, and Guthrie probed the immobile features as the half-breed thrust his shoes in a drift and stepped to the fire.

"Well, what news?"

From the gravity of his expression it was clear that Savanne was struggling with a problem difficult and baffling.

"Ver' queer t'ing—ver' queer!" was the unresponsive answer as Etienne dropped his mittens on their neck thong to warm his hands at the fire.

"What is?"

"What dose Cree tell me. Dere are eight hunter wid camp een dis valley here; some from Elkwan and some from down de coast. I talk to dem all. W'at dey say ees ver' strange."

"Well, for heaven's sake shoot!"

"Souci has been here two—t'ree day back. He invite dem to the Canoe Riviere w'ere he mak' de beeg medicine."

"Did he get them to promise to take their fur to the schooner?"

"No! Mokoman, he talk to dem strong, too, but dey not know w'at dey do w'en I say de strait froze. Dey have mooch fox—silver, black and cross."

"They are going to Souci's pow-wow?"

"Yes, and hunter down de riviere—all weel go."

"How far is it?"

"Not far—ten mile—mebbe more, ovair de hill."

Garth's mouth shut hard. "Well, Etienne, we haven't been invited, but we'll surely attend that party."

Etienne nodded. "But dees Souci, w'y he tak' de troubl' to do dees t'ing?"

"He's going to tell the hunters that the spirits are the friends of McDonald and they must take their fur to the schooner."

"I feex dat for heem. I tell de Cree ovair dere dat you and I watch de schooner at night, an' see fire come out of her an' de devil dance on de mast. I scare dose squaw so bad, one had de fit."

"How about the men?"

"Dey wait to see Souci—but dey are scare."

"Where is this Mokoman?"

"He has gone to de Canoe. He was not wid Souci."

"Well, we head for the Canoe at daylight. Will the dogs be able to travel? If not, we go without them."

"Ah-hah, de dogs can walk to de Canoe."

"We may not persuade the hunters to cross the ice with us, but we can make it hot for sorcerer Souci when he tries his mumbo-jumbo. Will he dare make his medicine when he sees us?"

Savanne scratched his head before replying. "Somet'ing een dis dat ees queer. Dey say Souci has not met Mokoman, an' he was here on de islan' long tam. Dere was troubl', too, wid French companee, down de Rabbit."

"What kind of trouble—fighting?"

"Ah-hah! Dis Blackbeard run de French Cree ovair de ice—drive dem off de islan'."

"He did, did he? Well, that will cook McDonald's goose for next year. The government will have the police up here waiting for that schooner on her return. Run 'em off the island? Good! I only wish he'd try that with us. I wouldn't mind meeting up with Monsieur Breault of St. Johns."

Etienne drew a long skinning knife from his inside sash. "I would lak to cut dem whiskeer wid dis—ver' short, een de neck."

"I'll bet you would, you old knife-fighter! Like the job you did on One-Eyed Louis, up at God's lake."

Etienne squinted along the edge of the knife—then ran a thumb over it.

"Breault insult ma femme," he said quietly, and returned the knife to its sheath.

In the blue dawn the dog-team pulled out of camp bound down river to the west fork, which would take them north through a gash in the barrens to the watershed of the Canoe. The norther had left much drifted snow and the stiff legs of the huskies cut the pace to a walk. Shot, exuberant after his two days of enforced idleness, ranged to the front and flanks in search of ptarmigan, rabbit and mouse. Along the river, the broken drift in the old trail marked the hunters on their way to the rendezvous on the Canoe. It was evident that the Cree trappers in the north of the island were bound for the medicine lodge of the old shaman. Twenty to thirty hunters with a catch of at least one hundred foxes would gather to witness the necromancy of the conjurer. On the power of the old man's magic would depend the destination of twenty thousand dollars' worth of fox pelts. Whether Elkwan or the schooner at Seal cove was to enjoy a rich Christmas trade would be determined by the ability of Saul and his spirit coadjutors to nullify the superstitious fears aroused by the sinister rumors of the crafty Etienne. It would be a battle worth watching, thought Garth, keen for the meeting in the lonely valley of the Canoe between the grasping Cree who had betrayed him and the resourceful Savanne. But one condition he had imposed on the half-breed—that there should be no bloodshed. They had come to Akimiski to save the trade, of the future, as well as the present, and under no circumstances was the head man to abuse or threaten either Saul or his sons. He, Guthrie, would have something to say concerning the long arm of the company in its future dealings with the man who had deserted to the enemy; but the command was—no fighting.

"W'at you do with dat Mokoman?" had demanded Etienne with a grimace.

"If he shows up at the pow-wow, and interferes, I'll leave him to you."

"I tak' good care of heem," grunted the other.

At the fork they left the main river trail to follow the branch leading north.

"Dey all go to Souci's party," laughed Etienne. "Four, five team pass here dis morning."

As the tender-footed huskies drew the sled at a walk or slow trot, Shot reveled in the game sign of the scrub along shore. On a foray into the timber, the trail of the snowshoe-rabbit, which had first lured him, was crossed by that of a more enticing fox. Keen with the lust for the hunt, Shot followed the trail back through the scrub and out into the open barren on the shoulders of the valley. There, far from the river, he stopped. Before him the webbed imprint of snowshoes cut the fox tracks he followed. The dog sniffed curiously, but it was a vague, unfamiliar scent that the fresh trail carried. Slowly at first, then at a lope, he followed it down through the timber. As he neared the river the voices of Garth and Etienne drifted faintly in from the ice. The dog was puzzled. From his rigid war training he had learned silence when business was afoot. And this seemed business. By the hour he had watched shell holes—from trenches—had patrolled forest, as at present, in absolute silence. In some occult way the keen-witted dog seemed that again, there in the white north far from Flemish battle fields. He was at his old trade, guarding with quivering nostrils, eyes and ears tense, the safety of the man out there on the ice.

On he went, weaving in and out of the thick scrub, relentless as a wolf. Suddenly the airedale stiffened, hair rising like brush bristles along his spine. Near the shore in the thicket ahead was something dark, motionless.

The war dog froze, stiff as the spruce above him, one paw suspended in air. A vague scent reached his working nostrils. Then, like a lynx through the dusk, the airedale drifted up the trail.

Out on the river ice the voice of Garth called, "Here, Shot!" But the head of the dog did not turn. His small, terrier eyes never left the shape on the snow. He knew that the lean, brown barrel thrust before the dark body was a rifle—a maker of fire and death.

Three—four steps nearer, then gathering beneath him the steel springs which were the muscles of his legs, the airedale leaped. As Shot's fangs ripped into the shoulder of the Indian's capote, the rifle exploded. A bullet ricocheted from the frozen sled cover and whined away over the river. Two men dropped behind the sled, as the team stopped. Reaching up, Etienne wrenched his cased rifle from its lashings and fired twice below a shred of blue smoke hanging in the spruce where an enraged dog silently grappled with an unknown enemy. But his fire was not returned. There, under the trees, an Indian frantically fought to turn his rifle on the maddened brute who had ripped parka to ribbons and hurled him backward to the snow. Parrying the snap of punishing fangs with a blow of his gun butt, the Indian gained his feet, to meet another lunge before he aimed his gun. Again the dog leaped, carrying the man with him. Fangs slashed at bared throat—a choked cry—the airedale's jaws shut on the flesh—ripped—and the would-be assassin lay on the snow with a torn throat.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

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The Other Possibility

Children—No, we're not twins.

Teacher—But if you are both six years old on the same day of the same year you must be twins.

Children—But, we're not! There's another one of us; we're triplets.

Those who squander time would, if they had it, do the same with money.

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Handicapped

A certain big-game hunter, who was contemplating a trip to Africa, called at a sporting goods store and bought a large quantity of cartridges.

"I usually deal with your head office," he remarked to the man in charge. "But I dare say you will be able to send these for me?"

"Certainly, sir."

"Well, I want them to go to Nigeria."

The other looked blankly for a minute or so, then:

"I think you'd better give the order to our head office, sir," he ventured. "You see, we've only a small boy with a bicycle here."

Record Reduced

The first record for traveling around the world was made by Magellan's expedition, which completed the circuit September 8, 1522, having been gone 12 days less than three years. The present record is 28 days, 14 hours, 36 minutes and 5 seconds.

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Grateful user writes: "Have tried everything. After 3 applications of Absorbine, found swelling gone. Thank you for the wonderful results obtained. I will recommend Absorbine to my neighbors."

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Midsummer Opening

"I came to Madrid with 1 cent and now I have ten thousand in the bank."

"And I know some one who came with nothing at all and in a few days he had opened a jeweler's shop."

"Marvelous! Where is this fellow?"

"In jail."—Madrid Buen Humor.

Revenge, we find, is the abject mind.—Juvenal.

When is the age of discretion? Of perfect discretion, never.

Afterglow

"Dear," she gushed, "isn't this romantic?"

"What? That box of matches?"

"Yes, they were licensed the very year we got married."—American Legion Monthly.

Truth may sometimes be very bitter, but it is never poisonous as falsehood is.

Children Cry for

MOTHER:— Fletcher's Castoria is a pleasant, harmless Substitute for Castor Oil, Paregoric, Teething Drops and Soothing Syrups, especially prepared for Infants in arms and Children all ages.

To avoid imitations, always look for the signature of Chas. H. Fletcher. Proven directions on each package. Physicians everywhere recommend it.

THE LOWELL LEDGER AND ALTO SOLO

Published every Thursday morning from the Moose Lodge building, 210 East Main street, Lowell, Michigan.

F. M. JOHNSON
Editor and Proprietor
Thirty-fifth year on the job.

Member National Editorial association and Michigan Press Association, also of Lowell Credit Exchange.

Citizen's Phones: Office, No. 200; Residence, No. 239

Entered at the postoffice, at Lowell, Michigan, as second-class matter

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STUDENT SUITS
Special for Fall, with two trousers
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JUNIOR GOLF SUITS
with two golf knickers.
100% wool cloths.
Ages 8 to 12 years.
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If you want to see the snappiest line of Young Men's Clothes you've ever seen, come in look over our new Fall Suits, at

$35
with two trousers

Fabrics you would expect to find only in higher priced clothes are offered at this popular price or with one pair of trousers at $30.

Coons

From Our Point of View.

WAYNE B. WHEELER.

One of the most "cast and discust" men ever to hold a non-political position was Wayne B. Wheeler, general counsel and legislative agent for the Anti-Saloon League, who has joined the long list of well known men to recently give up their mantle to the grim reaper.

Whatever may be one's personal convictions on the Prohibition issue, all will agree that this ardent dry advocate held the reins of a moral issue between his teeth during all the fervent years since the Eighteenth Amendment to the United States Constitution began shaping into reality. Typical of what has become to be known as a "Dry," Wheeler stayed at Washington where he could watch developments. He always had an answer to any proposition submitted to dampen the Volsteadin atmosphere. His answers were not always convincing, often bordered into the mere platitude of an advocate, but very often carried the conviction that rsulted in the acclaim and approval of even millions of people. But he always had an answer.

It was always "news" to read what Wayne Wheeler had to say about any suggestion, bill or measure put forward against the Prohibition cause. Among those of his own thought he was a leader of the strongest type, who always human and kindly through the struggle for bone-dryness. To his opponents in political and moral strategy, he was a man to be feared if not admired. Temperance workers will feel his loss keenly, and it is doubtful if he can be duplicated at this time. But he will be. God can always find a man for a job he wants done.

o—o—o

A PLEASANT PRESCRIPTION.

Those who are "on a diet" or have been advised to go on one may be interested, if not instructed, by the conclusions of the medical correspondent of the London Times who has been looking into the subject. His belief is that dieting often does more harm than good, since it usually consists of omissions of what the system has been accustomed to, and his advice is that the foods you like are likely to be those that will do the most good. Conversely, he argues that what we do not want will never do us any good.

He reminds that the records are full of discredited and discarded diets. Even the anti-diabetic theory of withholding sugars and starchy foods is trembling in the balance. It is a debatable point whether there is an excess or a failure to assimilate properly. There is therefore danger of starving rather than improving, which he argues would be akin to changing the fuel of an engine instad of righting it, with the likely result of its running worse.

Having got this far, he boldly charges that many cases of rapid loss of health have been traced directly to dieting, which he brands as "a mixture of prejudice and pseudo-science." Yet he thinks we eat too much. But ceasing to overeat is safer and very different from radical changes in diet which may not only lessen the nourishment but lower the defensive power of the system. "Most men on strict diets," "look ill, look anxious, as though their minds are not at ease, as if they were engaged in a risky experiment and their apprehensions are justified."?—Ionia County News.

o—o—o

That the removal of the speed limit by the last Legislature would cause an increase of accidents might have been foreseen. You remember that under the new law the driver is to be held responsible for results. Well, apply that provision to the Wayland case where a car turned over three times at a dip in the roads—entirely because of high speed—with resultant loss of life. Now, then, how much good will it do to hold the driver responsible? Will it restore a second of life to the slain? Better hold the Legislature responsible for making such a law.

—o—o—

A clothing trade journal declares that women were never so well drest as they are to-day, which may be the truth, but it is stretched pretty thin.—Columbus Dispatch.

WHY?

Why should I grieve at sorrow?
Why should I hold a fear?
I've faith in love's tomorrow,
I know life's skies are clear.
Because some grey goes creeping
Between the sun and me,
That's not a cause for weeping,
Dark days are love's decree.
For if one's life were sunshine
The whole long journey through,
I know we soon would weary
And long for something new.
And so when clouds are hovering
Between me and the sun,
I search for silver linings,
And treasure every one.
The brave heart fears no sorrow
The hero sheds no tear,
But trusts in God's to-morrow,
And stands without one fear.
Edna Smith De Ban.
---Michigan Tradesman.

—o—o—

In the departure of Rev. and Mrs. L. H. Nixon, the Lowell Methodist church and the entire community are losing to their Grand Rapids neighbors splendid Christian workers and live wire citizens. Mr. Nixon is an able and forceful preacher, never lacking for words, which he is not inclined to mince to except present company. He is a rising young man with a future in which to meet the needs of a growing family and has been called up higher. Mrs. Nixon is all that a minister's companion should be. While we regret to lose them as towns-people we are glad that they are going to Grand Rapids and we expect to see them often in days to come. As it was the writer's privilege to extend to Mr. and Mrs. Nixon the community welcoming hand three years ago, so, now as a community editor we bid them a cordial good bye and Godspeed.

o—o—o

The Michigan conference reports a loss in Methodist church membership and seems at loss to account for it, in view of the immense sums of money raised. It evidently does not occur to the Methodist powers that be that the latter fact may account for the former. More stress on membership and less on burdensome finances might show different results.

o—o—o

People generally seem to think that promiscuous amateur ocean flying trips should be discouraged—not awarded a premium. Surely, the United States navy has other business than conducting futile ocean-wide searches for first-page notoriety candidates. Lindy's example has apparently inspired a flock of would-be imitators.

—o—o—

Eastern coast cold storage companies might profit from the fact that a recently measured iceberg was found to contain enough ice to supply every refrigerator in this country for a year. If the heat of the Sahara and the ice of the Arctic could be utilized the extreme of heat and cold suffered by humanity might be greatly moderated.

—o—o—

You can't expect a professional politician to make up his bed and then lie in it. He's more likely to make up his bunk and then lie out of it.---Alva (Okla.) Record.

—o—o—

There is no doubt now about the need of a large navy. Missing flyers must be searched for.

HOME TOWNLETS.
(All rights reserved.)

It is better to have played to the grandstand than never to have played at all.

If the world will build strong characters the rest of the problems will take care of themselves.

Elder Blair says even if a fellow doesn't always practice what he preaches the preaching is often worth the effort.

Dr. Lee says money isn't everything, and when a man's life is at stake it may not be anything.

How much does one's own affairs include? If one doesn't take an interest in his own affairs surely nobody else will. One's affairs extend out beyond one' private business into the community, and as much farther as he is capable of making his personal and business influence felt. Such a policy will build greater businesses, larger incomes and more prosperous communities. Lowell should be proud that it and the surrounding population have many of such men and women of influence and worth to their community; men and women who can look out and away from their desks, counters, work benches, kitchen ranges and cultivators and see and feel the needs of their community and help in its betterment.

o—o—o

Science is Leading Us Closer to God," is the title and substance of a heartening article by Albert Edward Wiggam in the American Magazine for September, the result of an interview with Michael Pupin, president of the American Association for the Advancement of Science, which is delared to be one of the highest scientific honors in the world. Those who regard science as an attempt to explain away God, to account for the universe and all its wonders without an intelligent first Cause and Creator, should read this article. They will find their imagined antagonism between science and basic religion to be unfounded in reason. Given more popular enlightening literature regarding the true mission of science we may see an end to bigoted attempts to trottle science in American schools and colleges, even in mistaken Tennessee.

—o—o—

A good example of what should not be published in a family magazine is the "feature," "I Believe in Companionate Marriage for My Daughter," by Adelaide Humphreys in Hearst's Cosmopolitan for October, the writer of which attempts to portray free love and trial marriages in a new and more favorable light; but presents the same old rotten ideas under another name. As the boy said to the doctor who had hung a skeleton in his office door to frighten the lad: "Oh, no, doctor, I've seen you with your clothes off!"

—o—o—

Rev. A. T. Cartland gave the opening sermon of his new pastorate at the Methodist church in Lowell Sunday morning and made the expected good impression, as some of his congregation remembered him when he supplied for Rev. R. H. Bready during the latter's vacation trip eighteen years ago. If Mr. Cartland is somewhat older than then, we observe that he is like good wine, ripened and mellowed by time. Since Lowell had to lose Mr. Nixon, we are pleased that conference has sent us so good a successor.

—o—o—

See where Assistant Secretary of the Treasury Lowman announces a new policy of co-operating with the public in enforcing the Prohibition law. By George, there's one government official who remembers that the public made his job possible and pays his salary.

—o—o—

Dr. Edward A. Ross says that the earth's population is increasing at a rate of 50,000 a day, and he fears congestion. But it must be remembered that automobiles are increasing almost that rapidly.—Ashville times.

—o—o—

A Nebraska preacher who was convicted of having 2½ pints of liquor in his grip, says it was planted here. What a lot of fellows will want to know is, where can you get the seed.—American Lumberman.

—o—o—

Some people show little or no interest in the old home paper except when they have an axe to grind.

—o—o—

The trouble with aviation is, too many that hop off kick off.

The only reason a great many American families don't own an elephant is that they have never been offered an elephant for a dollar down and easy weekly payments.—Nashville Banner.

o—o—o

Just to make a sap of the scientist who claims that the clinging-vine type is passing, we understand that many women are taking up wrestling.—New York Evening Post.

—o—o—

That international bridge between the United States and Canada represents all the bridges the two nations have burned behind them to arrive at perpetual peace.

o—o—o

Perhaps the political parties can have a plank in their platforms that is dry on one side and wet on the other.—Boston Shoe and Leather Reporter.

o—o—o

A Glen Cove man want to find some place where women don't smoke cigarets. Well, there's the north pole.—New York Evening Post.

—o—o—

It is probably not true that Mr. Coolidge is relinquishing the Presidency to devote all his time to being an Indian chief.---Detroit News.

—o—o—

A doctor tells us that the less a woman wears the more she eats. That helps to explain Eve and the apple.—Punch.

—o—o—

Bankers to drink in Canada Scen-ery.—Boston Herald head-line. Well, that's legal isn't it?—New York World.

—o—o—

Does it pay to have a still? Ask the man who owned one.

o—o—o

Poverty is a disease known as gas-oilandupkeep.

—o—o—

SEELEY CORNERS.

Wedding bells will soon be ringing.

Roy Duddles, of Cadillac spent Friday with his uncle and aunt, Mr. and Mrs. D. J. Dinsen.

Mr. and Mrs. James Durkee, Sr., of Grand Rapids, spent Thursday night and Friday with their aunt, Mrs. Helen Reynolds. Mrs. Gabe Onan, of West Lowell, was a dinner guest Friday at the Reynolds home.

Seymour Hesche is in charge of the Swine department at West Michigan State fair this week.

Mr. and Mrs. Stanley Weller and Mrs. Eldora Pease spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. D. J. Dinsen.

Mr. and Mrs. Mart Schneider, of South Lowell, were Sunday visitors at the Claude Cole home.

Mrs. Helen Reynolds is spending the week with her daughter, Mrs. Gabe Onan, of West Lowell.

Mrs. I. J. Tidd and children, of Lowell, spent Sunday with her brother, S. P. Reynolds and family.

Mr. and Mrs. H. L. Coger and daughter, Ellen, of Gove Corners, were Sunday afternoon callers at the Reynolds home.

NORTH KEENE.

Miss Louise Clemens, who has been ill for some time with tuberculosis, died Sunday evening, age 19 years. A sister, Miss Marie Clemens, is ill with influenza.

John Campbell is having his house reshingled.

John and Ernest Scheidt, of Detroit, spent part of last week with their grandmother, Mrs. Mary Heecher.

Albert Laux and family, of Marion, spent Friday evening at Alfred Laux's.

Mrs. Winnie King, of Grand Rapids, spent last week with Mr. and Mrs. Royal King and family.

Grace and Helen Breimeyer are attending High school in Belding.

Sunday afternoon and evening callers at Albert Houserman's were Mr. and Mrs. R. A. Hunt, of Lowell, Alfred Laux, Mrs. Hazel Baxter and son, Mr. and Mrs. Jerry Devine and daughter, of Whites' Bridge and John Houserman, of Smyrna.

Mr. and Mrs. John Tebble, of Smyrna, were callers recently at John Campbell's.

Vernon King helped with the farm work at Floyd Sparks' last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Albert Houserman and son Harold and Henry Houserman and Vernon King spent Friday evening with Mr. and Mrs. Earl Vosburg, of near Ada.

FALLASBURG FACTS.

Mrs. Hiram Garrison and her son, Harry Vaughan and family, who have lived in the home here for about two months went to the son's home in Grand Rapids Saturday and Mrs. Garrison will spend a time there.

W. H. Rexford, wife, mother and son Glenn, of Grand Rapids, came out to the cottage and spent until Sunday morning taking home a nice load of vegetables he raised in his garden here—says the vegetables come in pretty nice as well as the good catches of fish he has enjoyed getting here.

Frank Shook, of Grand Rapids, was a caller at the Hunt home last week.

Herman Jones, who is working in Grand Rapids for the Thomas Co., as assistant office manager invited the office force of about twenty gentlemen and ladies here last Friday to enjoy a weenie roast, muskmelon and other refreshments. Fishing and boating were among the good things for the evening's pleasure of the club, and all report a fine time.

Wesley Miller and family spent Sunday in Grand Rapids visiting relatives.

Mrs. Boynton returned to her home in Grand Rapids last Tuesday after spending some time here with her daughter, Mrs. Wesley Miller and family.

Miss Marion Rexford went to Kalamazoo Sunday to take up her school course at Normal. Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Rexford, her parents, took her there.

KEENE CENTER.
Keene Church News.

Morning worship, 9:30 fast time, church school following. Rev. J. C. Bateman, pastor.

Mrs. Laura Tucker, nephew, Henry Morrison, came from Albion, Mich., and took her back with him Sunday for a week's visit. He is the youngest son of John Morrison.

Louise Clemenz, who has been sick for some time with tuberculosis passed away Sunday afternoon. Funeral services at Keene church Wednesday at two o'clock. She was a nice young lady and surely will be missed here. Sympathy for her father, mother and family is expressed here.

Mrs. Laura Tucker received a letter from her brother, Fred Morrison, of Vancouver, Washington, that his wife died of heart trouble July 25. Fred was one of our Keene boys back in the sixties and seventies.

Mrs. Marie Parker and daughter, of Saranac, was Thursday guests of Mrs. Ed. Parker.

Callers Sunday at Mrs. Wilkinson's were Henry Morrison, from Albion, Mich. In the afternoon Mr. and Mrs. Floyd Sparks and two children, Mrs. Julia Northway, from Smyrna, Mrs. Eva Hull, Mr. and Mrs. Martin Hoxie, of Lowell and his sister, Mrs. Bishop, of Ionia and Ed. Parker.

Milton Wilkinson, of Saranac, took his mother and Mrs. Tucker to Lowell and back.

Mrs. J. B. Sturgis was taken very severely with neuritis and had to go to Ionia Monday for treatment.

Robert Blair, of Syracuse, New York, was a supper guest of Mrs. Wilkinson Monday, and they called on the Sturgis and Bowen families. Mr. Blair went to Grand Rapids Monday evening.

SOUTH LOWELL NEWS.

Wilbur Yeiter spent the week-end with his sister, Mrs. Ed. Goodsell and family, of Morrison lake.

Sunday callers at Charles Yeiter's were Mr. and Mrs. Vern Yeiter, Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Estelle and children, all of Grand Rapids.

Mrs. George Montague will visit her mother, Mrs. Sarah Behler this week.

Mrs. Sarah Behler spent Saturday and Sunday at Lincoln lake.

The South Lowell Ladies' Aid meeting was held at Mrs. Charles Sterzick's last Thursday afternoon. Proceeds $10.50. The next meeting will be held with Mrs. Charles Rittenger, Sept. 29.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Sterzick took dinner with their son John and family Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Sterzick visited in Grand Rapids last week.

Mrs. David Sterzick and Mrs. Fred Sterzick visited in Lowell Tuesday.

Luther Sterzick and family spent Sunday in Caledonia with the latter's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Ellsworth Harper.

Mrs. Charles Yeiter returned last Monday from Detroit.

ADA NEWS.

James Turner left Tuesday, Sept. 13, for Lake Forrest Academy, Ill., to attend school.

Mrs. W. Turner and sister, Mrs. Crow, motored to Saginaw Sunday.

Mrs. Peter Jasperse is expected home from Kansas City, Mo., this week.

The Odd Fellows will hold a county rally Tuesday evening at Ada.

Three of our old residents have moved to Lowell from Ada.

NORTH VERGENNES VERSES.

Miss Grace Moon, of Cook's Corners, spent last week with Mrs. Priscilla Richmond.

Congratulations to Luella Richmond and Will Hotchkiss. The bride lived in this neighborhood some years ago, but now both of Grand Rapids.

Mr. and Mrs. Shreves and family, of Grand Rapids, were recent visitors of Martin Eickhoff.

Mr. and Mrs. John Wright and daughter Vern spent Sunday with their daughter and sister, Mrs. Jennie Townsend.

School started in Valley district Tuesday after labor day with Miss Dorothy Vandenbroeck as teacher.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter Rogers and Mr. and Mrs. Elmer Richmond spent Sunday week ago in Grand Rapids. They called on Elmer's sister, who is in St. Mary's hospital.

Mrs. Priscilla Richmond, who has been on the sick list is some better.

Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Dennis is spending the Winter with their daughter, Mrs. Miles O'Harrow.

Mr. and Mrs. John Wright, Jr., and son Billy, spent Sunday with her folks, Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Meyers.

Mr. and Mrs. Elmer Richmond, sons J. C. and Leo spent Sunday with their daughter and sister, Mrs. Earl Vosburg. A big fish dinner was enjoyed. In the afternoon Mr. and Mrs. Elmer Richmond, Mr. and Mrs. Earl Vosburg and son Ernest visited St. Mary's hospital where Elmer's sister went for an operation. She is gaining slowly.

A. W. HILZEY
THE AUCTIONEER
DUTTON, MICH.
Your Sale Will be Appreciated.

Tuesday, Sept. 27.—Schumacher Bros., North Dorr, general sale with good hogs and young cattle.

Thursday, Sept. 29.—Mrs. John De Young, Grand Rapids, general sale with 22 good cows and young cattle.

TOWN LINE ITEMS.

Joe Batey and daughters, Beatrice Scott and Mrs. Laura Ligneel attended the dance at Green lake Saturday night.

Howard Bigler called to see Howard Linton Monday at the Butterworth hospital in Grand Rapids.

Mr. and Mrs. Clyde McClintock and Floyd Winslow, of Bradley, spent Sunday with Lee Winslow.

Mr. and Mrs. Joe Batey took dinner Sunday with Russell Wells and family at Saranac.

Mr. and Mrs. Florent Ligneel and three children, who have been picking cucumbers for Chas. Foote and Joe Batey started for Detroit Monday, where they will spend a few days and then start for Ohio, where they will work in the beets.

Mr. and Mrs. Levi Cooper and Mr. and Mrs. Ed. Bigler were at Byron Center Thursday.

Raymond Linton called at Ed. Bigler's Monday night.

Mr. and Mrs. J. O. Scott, son and daughter spent over the week-end at their farm.

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Cash Buyers of
POULTRY and EGGS
J. C. Chaterdon
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Fastest Four in America Proves Its Claim to Title - - -

Dodge Averages 67.35 miles per hour in Beating All Other Fours in Atlantic City A. A. A. Race

The Atlantic City (N.J.) Speedway Association, without Dodge Brothers instigation or knowledge, bought a Dodge Brothers Four and entered it in a Labor Day race for Four cylinder stock cars. Four cars of other makes also competed. All were strictly stock cars as required by the rules of the association.

The race was for 25 miles—to determine which was "The Fastest Four in America."

The Dodge won.

Its average speed for the entire race, from a standing start, was 67.35 miles per hour (officially timed by A. A. A.).

Generous confirmation, to say the least, of the modest claim of "Mile-a-minute Performance!"

Even more remarkable than the speed, however, is the fact that the car had been driven only 10 days and yet was able to withstand this difficult test without once stopping.

Thus the race not only offers conclusive proof of the Dodge's superiority in speed, but stands also as a glowing tribute to the rugged materials and excellent workmanship that go to make it—

America's Fastest and Finest Four!

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$875
F.O.B. DETROIT FULL FACTORY EQUIPMENT

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BUICK for 1928

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The beauty of this improved instrument board, the quality and style of the instruments themselves—typify the luxury and refinement which characterize every detail of Buick for 1928.

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Consequently our prices are reasonable and our cars are *right.*

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Phone 269 321 East Main St.

A USED CAR IS ONLY AS DEPENDABLE AS THE DEALER WHO SELLS IT

ITEMS OF THE TOWN

Dr. Denton's sleeping garments, age 1 to 9 years at Weekes.' adv.

Lynn Fletcher was a Grand Rapids business visitor Saturday.

C. E. Clark returned last week from a year's stay in Nebraska.

Miss Theo. Gramer, of Grand Rapids, spent the week-end at her home.

Frank Schwacha and family spent Sunday at John Ball park, Grand Rapids.

Charles Doyle left Saturday for New York city and will visit Henry Peckham.

Mrs. E. L. Kinyon spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. D. R. Parish, of Grand Rapids.

Phil Schneider played ball with the Parnell team against Ada at Lowell, Sunday.

Mrs. M. C. Bishop, of Ionia, was a week-end guest of her brother, Martin Hoxie and wife.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Davis, of Belding, were Monday evening visitors of Mr. and Mrs. M. Day.

Mrs. Charles Rollins and little niece, of Grand Rapids, were Friday visitors at the Jay Ellis home.

Mr. and Mrs. W. D. Fletcher, of Grand Rapids, were Sunday guests of Mr. and Mrs. Lynn Fletcher.

Mrs. Mary Scott and Mr. Filkins, of Grand Rapids, were Sunday visitors at the James Wright home.

Miss Gertrude Verberg, of Detroit, was a Tuesday guest at the home of her brother, Cornelius Verberg.

Mrs. C. Verberg was called to Grand Rapids Sunday on account of the serious illness of her stepfather.

Mr. and Mrs. Elmer Adams and Mrs. Loomis, of near Muir were Friday visitors at Mrs. E. L. Kinyon's.

Mrs. C. A. Lee, of Saranac, has returned home after spending a few days with her sister, Mrs. Celia Lincoln.

Misses Pauline and Dorothy Whitfield and Florence Clark were in Grand Rapids Saturday and attended a theater.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Wylie, of M. S. C., Lansing, were Sunday callers of her grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. P. C. Freeman.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Dennie visited relatives in Saranac Saturday. Sunday they were guests of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Meeker, of Alton.

Mrs. Mary White and Mrs. Belle Ecker attended the G. A. R. convention in Grand Rapids and visited friends and relatives there last week.

Finest Christmas greeting cards you ever saw—Butler's Chicago line. See samples and get prices at The Ledger office before ordering elsewhere. tf

Mrs. John Fahrni entertained the Chatter Box club at her home Wednesday in honor of the birthday of one of the members, Mrs. Donna Dolloway.

Betty Jane, six-year-old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Clifford Klumpp underwent a tonsil and adenoid operation in Dr. Shephard's office Wednesday morning.

Miss Maryon Draper and friend, Leon Michelson, of Grand Rapids, were Sunday evening and luncheon guests of her grandmother, Mrs. Andrews and Janet.

Dr. and Mrs. George M. Bradish and daughter, Miss Eloise Bradish, of Grand Rapids, were Saturday evening dinner guests of Mr. and Mrs. Edwin Fallas.

Mr. Foster and William Foster, of Marshall, Miss Bessie Foster, of Lansing, Edith Foster, of Grand Rapids, spent the week at their home, 407 Division stret.

Mr. and Mrs. C. P. Smith, of Greenville, visited at Charles Cook's Sunday. Mrs. Rose Gramer, who has been at the home of the former three weeks returned with them.

Albert Roth, Jr., of Detroit, underwent an operation on his nose, Sept. 9. Dr. W. O. Merrill performed the operation. The patient is again at his office and has practically recoverd.

Mr. and Mrs. William Graham, of Grand Rapids, and Mrs. Katie Wilson joined a picnic party at Caledonia Sunday, also called upon Mr. and Mrs. William Porritt, of West Lowell.

Mr. and Mrs. Royden Warner and children visited his brother, Alvah Warner and family at Grand Ledge Saturday. Sunday they were guests of his brother Claude and family at Lansing.

Mr. and Mrs. Will Clark entertained Sunday afternoon the Misses Emma, Ann, Marie and Molly Prange, Mrs. Hilda Hintz, Mrs. Charles Worden and Miss Lydia Wiseman, all of Grand Rapids.

Mr. and Mrs. George Golds and Mr. and Mrs. John King went to Sparta Sunday and were guests of Mrs. King's sister, Mr. and Mrs. John Croninger to dinner and supper, spending a delightful afternoon.

R. E. Springett and wife are taking a part of their vacation at Wampler's lake, State camp, near "Irish Hills." Their son Wayne, of Chicago, will join them, all going North or South as the weather man dictates.

Mr. and Mrs. Clifford Klumpp returned Friday from a ten days' motor trip to Chicago, where they spent the time with friends and visited the burial place of Mrs. Klumpp's mother in the National cemetery.

Mrs. John Wingler died at her home in Los Angeles Sept. 12. Mr. and Mrs. Wingler moved from Lowell to Montana about 20 years ago and from there to Los Angeles about five years ago. Mr. Wingler died about three years ago leaving the widow and one daughter.

Mrs. F. W. Braisted, of Detroit, was called early in June to Ludington to help care for her sister, Mrs. L. B. Lyon, a former resident of Lowell, who passed away August 30, at her home, 405 Filer street, of cancer of the liver. Mrs. Braisted will stay at the home of L. B. Lyon, as that was her sister's wish. Mrs. Braisted has mourned the loss of a mother, aunt and sister inside of six months.

New costume velvets, $5.00 at Weekes.' adv.

Mrs. H. C. Scott spent Thursday in Marshal.

L. Ayres was in Saginaw a couple days last week.

W. E. Hall spent the week-end with his family.

Mr. and Mrs. R. M. Shivel were in Constantine Friday.

Mrs. Jennie Townsend was in Grand Rapids Friday.

Born, Sept. 17, to Mr. and Mrs. Hans Tischlaar, a son.

Mrs. A. S. Bennett and Mrs. Houseman were in Grand Rapids Thursday.

W. H. Schneider and family are spending a week camping on Grand river.

Albert Osborne, of Grand Rapids, is visiting his sister, Mrs. Angie Hooker.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Rogers spent Sunday with Frank Beckwith in Vergennes.

Verne Leary and family, of Hastings, were guests at the Chet Leary home Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Herbert McWilliams, of Grand Rapids, spent Sunday with Mrs. J. J. May.

Mrs. Reynolds, of Grand Rapids, has been assisting her son, Ed. Reynolds and wife.

Mrs. G. A. Plumb, of Grand Rapids, called on her aunt, Mrs. Fred Malcolm Friday.

Mrs. and Mrs. B. L. Charles and Mr. and Mrs. F. A. Malcolm were in Grand Rapids Sunday.

Miss Freda Bailey, of Grand Rapids, spent the week-end with Mr. and Mrs. Clyde Collar.

Dan Whitney, of Canada, is visiting his brother-in-law and sister, Mr. and Mrs. C. Hodges.

Mrs. Earl Thomas entertained the neighborhood Bridge club at a 6 o'clock dinner Thursday.

Arthur Steward and family, of Grandville, spent the week-end at their home in the village.

Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Hatch spent over Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. U. B. Williams at Lake George.

Mr. and Mrs. Albert J. Stryker, of Grand Rapids, spent Sunday with Dr. and Mrs. J. R. Stryker.

Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Lee, of Saranac, were Tuesday dinner guests of Mr. and Mrs. Martin Hoxie.

Mrs. P. E. Vos, of Flint, spent a few days last week with relatives and friends in Grand Rapids.

Mr. and Mrs. Clare Townsend, of Grand Rapids, spent over Sunday with Mrs. Jennie Townsend.

Mr. and Mrs. John Pattison are enjoying several days motor trip in the Northern part of the State.

Miss Rose Wood and friend, of Grand Rapids, spent Sunday at the home of Mr. and Mrs. M. C. Wood.

Mrs. Hattie Bouse spent three days last week in Grand Rapids attending the G. A. R. encampment.

Mr. and Mrs. John Wright and daughter Verne, of Vergennes, were Sunday guests of Mrs. Jennie Townsend.

Everything in bed blankets, cotton fleeced, $2 to $4.00 a pair, part wool and all wool, $5.00 to $12.50 at Weekes.' adv.

Mrs. Fred Jacobi was badly burned a week ago at the Rod and Gun club dance and is doing as well as can be expected.

Mr. and Mrs. George M. Parker and grand children, Virginia and Douglas Parker, of Ionia, were in Clarksville Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Clint Hodges, Mrs. Belle Hodges and Dan Whitney, of Calgary, Canada, were dinner guests at Lone Pine Inn, Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. George Golds, Mr and Mrs. John King spent Sunday at Sparta with Mrs. King's sister and family, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Fisher.

Mr. and Mrs. Merritt Day spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. Delbert House and Mr. and Mrs. Willie Condon at their cottage at Murray lake.

Mr. and Mrs. C. Cholerton left Saturday evening for their home in Milwaukee after spending several days with Lowell relatives and friends.

The Misses Bertha and Cora Foster, Anna Howard and Irma Buck left for Kalamazoo to resume their studies at the Michigan State Teachers' college.

Mr. and Mrs. Verne Nash, of Muskegon, visited their brother and sister-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. Martin Hoxie Thursday, enroute for an Eastern motor trip.

P. E. Vos, of Flint spent Sunday at the home of Mr. and Mrs. B. A. Charles. Mrs. Vos accompanied her husband home after spending a week with her parents.

Mr. and Mrs. Edwin Fallas entertained Mrs. A. M. Andrews and Janet Marie for Sunday dinner, after which they, with Miss Emily Sayles visited Townsend park.

Mr. and Mrs. George M. Parker entertained at the week-end their grand children, Virginia and Douglas Parker, daughter and son, of Mr. and Mrs. Don Parker, of Ionia.

Mr. and Mrs. James W. Coates and son James, Jr., of Constantine, spent the week-end with Mrs. Helen Burger. Mr. Coates is Supt. of the American Can Co., of Constantine.

Mr. and Mrs. Merritt Day and Mr. and Mrs. Charles Rogers spent Saturday in Grand Rapids. Called on Mrs. Lulu Read on Lake Drive and attended the theater in the afternoon.

Mr. and Mrs. C. Johnson and two children, Mr. and Mrs. G. Johnson, all of Grand Rapids, were in Lowell Sunday. Mr. and Mrs. G. Johnson are spending the Winter with their son in Grand Rapids.

Mrs. L. Ayers and Mrs. Henry Wilson returned Saturday from Jackson where they have been guests of Mr. and Mrs. L. Benson. Mr. and Mrs. L. Benson and Miss Beulah Rogers accompanied them home, returning to Jackson Sunday evening.

Mr. and Mrs. Loren Barber, their daughter-in-law, Mrs. Adrian Barber and son Bobbie, and Mr. and Mrs. Herman Smith were guests at the Moses Erb home Sunday afternoon and evening. Mr. and Mrs. John Klahn, of Lake Odessa, were also callers.

McPHERSON MEMBER TAX COMMISSION

KENT FARMER AND AGRICULTURAL LEADER WILL ASSUME DUTIES OCT 1.

Lansing, Sept. 14.---The appointment today of Melville B. McPherson, of Vergennes township, a leader for many years in farm associations and a member of the state board of agriculture, to the recently created state tax commission, completes the reorganization of that department, anticipated with the advent of the new administration.

Mr. McPherson becomes a member of the commission Oct. 1, 1927, while William S. Linton, of Saginaw, now a member of the commission, becomes both a member and the secretary on Sept. 30.

Linton to Close Cases.

Fred W. Green, in making the early announcement, explains that the arrangement allows Mr. McPherson to make necessary adjustments in his personal affairs and gives Mr. Linton time to close up cases on which he has been working as commissioner, prior to assuming exclusively the work of secretary.

The appointment of John H. Morgan, of Detroit as chairman and member, and Alvin Richards, of Marquette, as a member, as announced today constitutes a technical procedure transferring them to the jurisdiction of the new law creating the commission that went into effect Sept. 5, 1927.

Mr. McPherson had been mentioned prior to the resignation of Geo. Lord, of Detroit, former chairman of the commission, as a possible appointee to the vacated chairmanship. His close affiliation with farm matters and acquaintances with the farmers of the state, Gov. Green believes, will be extremely valuable to the commission in considering its problems.---(Grand Rapids Herald.

Freeport Home-Coming on October 8

Freeport, one of the old-old towns in Michigan is going to have a Home-coming celebration Saturday, October 8. Every former resident of the town or community will receive an invitation to come home and meet the friends of yesterday.

Besides special out door attractions, the entertainment will consist of music of all kinds furnished by men and women who grew up in Freeport and are now prominent in musical circles in cities and towns all over the nation.

Forty valuable prizes will be given away on that day, the first or capital prize being $75.00 in gold.

Should the weather be inclement, four halls will be open to shelter the people and the entertainment will be moved from one to the other so that all may enjoy it in comfort.

Freeport is demonstrating that it is possible to keep a small town on the map. Every Wednesday evening the streets are lined with cars and parking space is at a premium, the result of a 'buy at home' campaign being conducted by the Freeport Civic club. The business and professional men do not believe that the time has come when the small town will go out of existence. One year ago Freeport looked like the 'deserted village;' empty buildings on the main street, several unsightly lots, high taxes and higher insurance rates, farmers going to the city or patronizing mail order concerns; today no vacant buildings, a splendid fire department, new Masonic Temple, clean paved streets and a general air of prosperity.

COVILL REUNION.

The first reunion of the descendents of Obijah and Mary Covill, was held at Otsego Sunday, Sept. 18, at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Daniel Rose. Mrs. Rose was elected president and Mrs. Lewis, secretary-treasurer. It was voted to meet the last Sunday in July, 1928, at John Ball park, Grand Rapids. Among those present were Mr. and Mrs. Daniel Rose, of Otsego, Mr. and Mrs. Will Nichols, Mr. and Mrs. Will Covill and Robert Covill, Mr. and Mrs. Guy C. Lewis, of Grand Rapids, Mr. and Mrs. Pat Bowes, and Mr. and Mrs. Lewis Morse, of Lowell.

SOUTH BOSTON.

Burial services for Alonzo Tucker, aged 22 years, son of the late Morrison Tucker, were held in the South Boston cemetery last Tuesday afternoon. This man was one of two victims of monoxide gas while they were cleaning a well in St. Clair county.

Rev. Adams, of Benton Harbor, filled the pulpit at the church here Sunday morning in the absence of Rev. Williams, who preached at Portland.

Mrs. Verne Klahn and Mrs. N. M. O'Bierne will entertain the Congregational Ladies Aid society Thursday at the former's home.

Miss Margaret Roth visited relatives here last week.

Mrs. Hattie Rogers, of Hastings, Mrs. Jessie Boekeloo and Wilda and Ward Morgan, of Kalamazoo, and the N. M. O'Bierne family were Sunday dinnr guests of Mr. and Mrs. T. J. Parsons and family.

Glen Parsons, Betty Lee, Bonita Tucker, Gerald and Helen Kyser and Dorothy Schwab are attending the Lowell High school and Elma Noyes, Robert Stuart, Maynard Tucker, Doris Leece and Norman King are enrolled in the Clarksville High school this year.

Miss Anna Alderink spent the week-end with her brother Harold and family in Saranac.

Elmer Fulwiler had an auction sale of hogs and Jersey cattle at his farm Sept. 15.

Dr. G. M. Thorndike, of Alto, was in this vicinity Monday morning.

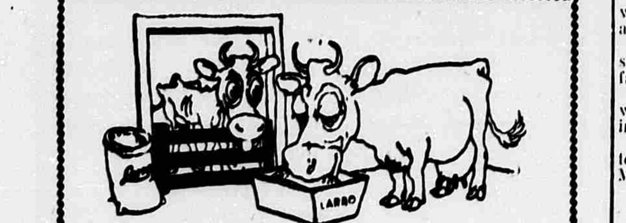
Chris. Fahrni, Jr., and family attended the Dairy meeting at Alto Monday evening.

Chinese Exports

The chief exports of China are animals, beans, bristles for brushes, chinaware, earthenware and pottery, cotton, both raw and manufactured, fireworks, fish and fishing products, fruit, hemp, hides, mats and matting, medicinal herbs, oil, paper, silk, vegetables, straw braid, sugar, tea, tobacco and wool.

Record Strongest Man

The bulkiest strong man known to history for the past thousand years was the one who visited the United States—Higaschi, champion Sumo wrestler of the world—weighing 450 pounds, who ate ten meals a day and could throw a dray horse with ease.



This Summer— Feed Grain for Gain

There's profit in feeding grain to dairy cows in summer, just as there's profit in fertilizing the soil for farm crops. Not only will you get more milk than on grass alone, but grain keeps cows in good flesh and condition, and will count heavily on your fall and winter profit sheet. Feed a regular ration of Larro *with* pasture all summer—and collect a premium in milk during the year ahead.

J. J. BREZINA
Farm Implements Feeds

A MAN WHO CAN

by O. LAWRENCE HAWTHORNE

Let me be known as a man who can—
As a man who is eager to try!
I may not finish what I began,
But the spirit of do-it-or-die
Will take me far in whatever game
I chance to play in pursuit of fame.

Let me be ready for any test,
Any problem that duty shall bring.
I may not win, though I do my best,
But defeat has a less bitter sting
For him who knows that men do succeed
Whose hearts are true to a noble creed.

Let me be willing to fight my way
To the goal I have chosen to gain.
The path may prove to be hard each day
And my efforts may seem all in vain,
But I shall know what it means to feel
The ceaseless urge of a great ideal.

Let me so live that the world will see
In the record I'm leaving behind,
No sign of fear or despondency,
But high courage of heart and of mind.
Consistent with a progressive plan,
Let me be known as a man who can!

© 1926, O. Lawrence Hawthorne

EUNICE ALDEN PASSES.

Eunice Alden, aged 62 years died at her home in Boston township Saturday following an illness of two years of cancer of the liver.

She was one of the county's pioneers as well as being a daughter of pioneers and had always lived in Boston township. Her church affiliations were with the South Boston church. She is survived by a daughter, Mrs. Guy W. Edwards, of Missouri Valley, Iowa.

The funeral services were held from the residence and conducted by Rev. C. A. Glass and Rev. and Mrs. Glass sang the hymns. The burial was in South Boston cemetery.---(Saranac Advertiser.

SEVEN DRUNK DRIVERS FINED AT GRAND RAPIDS.

Grand Rapids, Sept. 19.---Seven motorists pleaded guilty in police court today to charges of driving while drunk. Three of them were fined $25 in addition to the usual $100 and costs because they did not have drivers' licenses. Justice Harry Creswell was on the bench in the absence of Judge A. Hess.---(Detroit Free Press.

Advertise in The Ledger.

IN MEMORIAM

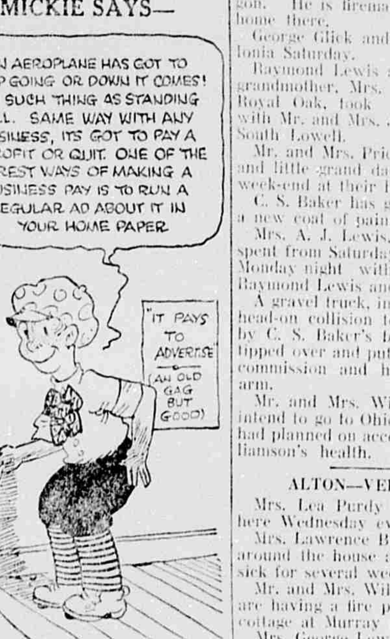
In memory of a year ago the 19th of September 1926.

A precious one from us has gone,
A voice we loved is stilled;
A place is vacant in our home
Which never can be filled.
Mr. and Mrs. James Collins and Family. (p 17

Life Sure Is a Gamble

Sinical Sam says: "Life is just one wish after another that you'd done something else."

MICKIE SAYS—

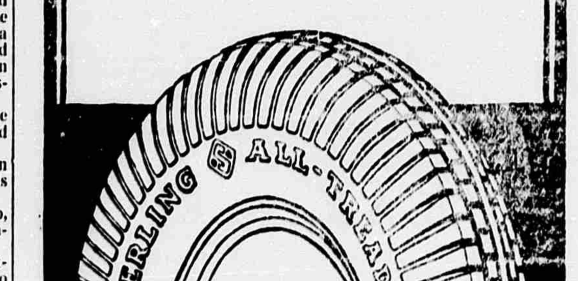


PUT HALF OF IT BACK IN YOUR POCKET

- FOR ACTUALLY,
- SEIBERLING ALL-TREADS
- COST YOU LITTLE
- IF ANY, MORE MONEY
- THAN JUST ORDINARY TIRES

SEIBERLING ALL-TREADS

- A FIRST SAVING
- WHICH COMPOUNDS
- ITSELF



McQueen Motor Co.
Phone 124, Lowell

MORSE LAKE.

The family of Mrs. Agnes Huizinga has the sympathy of their many friends in their sad bereavement in the loss of their mother.

Charlie Thibus, of Grand Rapids, Mrs. Lizzie Reynolds, of Snow, Mrs. Ed. Kinyon, Mr. and Mrs. Clyde Kinyon and family and lady friend, of Lowell, were callers of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Fairchild Sunday.

Mrs. Cecil Warner, of Grand Rapids, and cousin, of Des Moines, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Clark were callers of Mr. and Mrs. Earl Curtiss Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Smith and family took Mrs. R. L. Lustig and little daughter to Grand Rapids Sunday for a few days visit.

Mrs. Elmer Yeiter and little son visited her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Corwin Porritt last Wednesday.

Mr. and Mrs. Wesley Yeiter, son Donald, Mr. and Mrs. Glen Yeiter attended the fair in Grand Rapids Tuesday.

James and Anna Easterby and Mr. and Mrs. Loren Lewis visited Mr. and Mrs. George Lewis Sunday.

Mrs. Alvin Norris, of Detroit, visited her sister, Mrs. Charley Paulus last week.

Mrs. Frank Houghton attended the shower given Mrs. Howard Houghton last Saturday.

BOSTON CENTER.

Mrs. McIntyre's brothers, of Martin, came to visit them Sunday. One brother and wife returned Sunday evening. The other brother remained for a few days.

Charley Orth and family have traded their farm for Grand Rapids property and expect to move there this week.

Keith McIntyre is painting their new house.

Mrs. Bailey, of Cleveland, returned home Saturday after a short visit with her cousin, Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Baker.

Mr. Houghout, of Rochester, N. Y., is visiting his sister and mother, Mr. and Mrs. Allie Austin and Mrs. Houghout.

Charles Orth and C. S. Baker were in Ionia Monday on business.

Albert Johnson gave up his position with the King Milling Co., and has taken his old job back at Muskegon. He is fireman at the County home there.

George Glick and family were in Ionia Saturday.

Raymond Lewis and family and grandmother, Mrs. A. J. Lewis, of Royal Oak, took Sunday dinner with Mr. and Mrs. Jack Acheson, of South Lowell.

Mr. and Mrs. Price, son, daughter and little grand daughter spent the week-end at their home in Decatur.

C. S. Baker has given their house a new coat of paint.

Mrs. A. J. Lewis, of Royal Oak, spent from Saturday afternoon until Monday night with her grand son, Raymond Lewis and family.

A gravel truck, in order to avoid a head-on collision took to the ditch by C. S. Baker's barn Saturday, it tipped over and put the truck out of commission and hurt the driver's arm.

Mr. and Mrs. Williamson do not intend to go to Ohio at once as they had planned on account of Mrs. Williamson's health.

ALTON—VERGENNES.

Mrs. Lea Purdy visited relatives here Wednesday evening.

Mrs. Lawrence Burgess is up and around the house again after being sick for several weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. William T. Condon are having a fire place put in their cottage at Murray lake.

Mrs. George Lewis, Mrs. Godfrey Kropf, Mrs. Chris Kropf, Mrs. Gordon Frost and Mrs. Clyde Condon attended the opening meeting in Grand Rapids last week of Kent County's Extension work from M. A. C., which will be the "Nutrition and Home Management courses. Miss Sorensen will teach the leader classes in Lowell. Join the class nearest you and learn more about how we can have better health and build better bodies.

Mrs. Claude Condon accompanied her mother to Ann Arbor the 9th for another treatment at the hospital there. Her mother went to her home at Lakeview Sunday for a little while.

Miss Lena Marie Huffman spent Thursday night with Essie Condon.

A brother of Mrs. William Miller came to visit her about two weeks ago and was stricken with apoplexy soon after he came but is better now.

Bill Miller entered college at Mount Pleasant this week and will specialize in Algebra and Geometry and keep up his athletic work for a coach.

Word from Mr. and Mrs. Dell Condon say they are enjoying their Western trip and saw one Lowell party in Yellowstone park. They were in the park four and a half days and have visited Mrs. Harry Hathorn and family in Cambridge, Idaho, and Mrs. Aggie Trumbull and son, Fred and family at Ione, Washington. They attended the annual round-up at Pendleton, Oregon last week.

Miss Lucille Hardy was a guest of Roxie Condon Monday night.

Mr. and Mrs. Church and Mr. and Mrs. Peterson and children visited Mr. Peterson's father at Sparta Sunday.

Mrs. Arch Condon tripped over a wire around their lawn and fell breaking her right arm just below the elbow and spraining the wrist badly.

Mr. and Mrs. Pete Peterson and family and Mr. and Mrs. Church spent Monday evening at Will Converse's. Mr. and Mrs. Will Huffman were also callers there.

George Benedict, of Grand Rapids, called on Mr. and Mrs. Church Saturday afternoon.

LOWELL DISTRICT NO. 5.

Our continued long dry spell seems broken as the long looked for rain has at last arrivd, but too late to help the Summer crops.

Mr. and Mrs. James Needham, Jr., visited Sunday at the home of her brother, Frank Graham.

Farmers in this vicinity are busy with their bean harvest, wheat sowing and silo filling.

It is reported the Robert Ford farm is about to change hands again in a short time. You will know who the new owner is.

We hear George Hazel, who has served for so many faithful years as moderator in school district No. 5 has resigned.

Mrs. Edith Miller, of Indianapolis, is visiting Don Miller and family.

Quite a number from this neighborhood attended the stock food entertainment at the Alto Grange hall Monday evening.

Mr. Williams and son have purchased a new silo filler and expects to do some custom filling.

NORTH CAMPBELL.

Born, to Mr. and Mrs. George Townsend, September 16, a 6½-lb daughter, Florence Lucille.

Margaret Roth visited several days last week with her brother, Carl Roth and family.

Mr. and Mrs. Miner King, of Freeport, Mr. and Mrs. Carl Roth and Sheila were Sunday dinner guests of Mr. and Mrs. Silas.

Chester and Lorene Berkey spent Sunday afternoon at the Mishler home in Bowne.

Mrs. Velma Drew and Bernie Bedell were dinner guests of Mr. and Mrs. Leroy Heaven Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Benedick and Mr. and Mrs. Mayfred Heaven spent Thursday evening with Leroy Heaven and family.

Bertha Fullwyler, of Grand Rapids, spent the week-end with her parents.

EAST LOWELL.

Mrs. De Feyter has sold her place here to Harry Kinsley, of Lowell. He is to take possession the first of the month. Mrs. De Feyter and brother, Hugh Ritter, are ideal neighbors and all around young people. We will miss them. Our best wishes go with them to their new home. We also extend a welcome to Mr. and Mrs. Kinsley.

The Warners had a sister visiting them recently.

Lawyer Shivel was out looking over the fire damage at Mrs. Ray Sherman's last week.

We were surprised and grieved to hear of the death of our correspondent, Eunice Alden.

They are talking of putting a cream route through here to Alto.

Mesdames De Feyter, Balkwell and Hubbel went for a ride Monday evening and saw Mrs. D.'s new home in Lowell, the "Three Oaks."

WEST VERGENNES.

The West Vergennes class in the study of "Nutrition" will meet with Mrs. Frank Bergin on Tuesday afternoon, September 27, to organize. Any one interested in this extension work from our Michigan State college may attend.

"Ladies"

I like immensely a lot of young women whom I should not think of calling ladies—they post-date the word. And when I most want to call a woman a lady I hesitate because the word is not good enough for her.—Katherine Fullerton, in Harper's Magazine.

Home Life of the Ancients

Discoveries in an ancient tomb invariably disclose the fact that jewelry and furniture were abundant while the "comforts of home" were scarce.—Washington Star.

LOWELL MARKET REPORT.

Corrected, Sept. 22, 1927.

Wheat, 60-lb	1 20
Wheat, 60-lb test, white	1 20
Beans—Light Red Kidney	6.00
Dark Red Kidney Beans	5.00
Pea Beans	5 00
Potatoes, per bu	90
Rye, per bu	80
Flour, per bbl	8 00
Eggs	34
Butter Fat	44
Oats, per bu	42
Corn and oats, feed wt	2 20
Corn Meal, per cwt	2 20
Middlings, per ton	40 00
Bran, pr ton	34 00
Cracked Corn	2 50
Hogs, dressed	12-14
Hogs, live	11c
Calves, dressed	14-20
Calves live	9-15
Beef, dressed	8c to 14c
Beef, live	5 to 8
Fowls, per lb	16-20
Butter	35

You Never See Gasoline

RED CROWN GASOLINE

It goes into your tank through a hose—you take it on trust. You can't examine it. Only a chemist can analyze it. The brand and the company back of the brand are all you have to go on.

If you buy unbranded gasoline, you buy a product which no company vouches for. You may save a few pennies in the purchase price, but it will cost you more in the end.

It is wiser to buy a known product—a branded product—with the backing of a company with a reputation to sustain. Your car represents a big investment. It is worthy of your care. It requires dependable fuel.

You are protecting your car investment to the utmost when you buy Red Crown Ethyl Gasoline or Red Crown Gasoline. The Standard Oil Company (Indiana) is back of them. It is proud to claim them and proud to assume responsibility for the way they work in your car.

Red Crown Ethyl Gasoline makes the engine quick to obey, powerful, speedy and smooth. It costs a few cents more but it "knocks out that knock".

Our famous economy fuel, Red Crown Gasoline, will give you a maximum of power at a minimum of expense without the anti-knock factor.

It pays to buy brands known for dependability—Red Crown Ethyl and Red Crown.

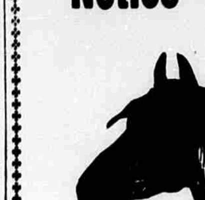
At Any Standard Oil Service Station and at Most Garages

RED CROWN GASOLINE

Standard Oil Company
(Indiana)
LOWELL, MICHIGAN

4736

Notice to Stock Owners



Do you know, by telephoning us, we call for your Dead Horses and Cattle with Auto Truck within 25 miles of Grand Rapids free of charge to you? We pay all long distance phone calls if you have them reversed when giving order.

Grand Rapids Tankage Works
827 Michigan St., N. E.
Grand Rapids, Michigan
Phone 68846

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISING

Ledger advertising rates. Charged and phoned want ads, 40c for 20 words, or 20c cash or stamps with order. Charged ads are not wanted at any price. Reason is, such accounts are not worth the cost to collect, and we have lost many hundreds of dollars that way and we cannot afford to hire a bookkeeper to waste his time and our postage on 20 cent accounts. Recently people have persuaded the printers to advance them money on promise to reimburse them. These promises have almost invariably been broken. So, what's the use? Don't ask us to charge 40 cents to the town pump. We can't do it.

FOR SALE—Saddle horse or single driver, also new heavy work harness. Mrs. William McCrea, 54, F. 1-4. tp 17

FOR SALE OR RENT—McCords grocery, 10x40. Good location. Enquire R. E. Colby, McCords, Mich.

FOR SALE—Modern 9-room house. Inquire of Warner & Scott Phone 251. tc 17.

FOR SALE—Barred rock pullets at 75c each. Mrs. Grant, 1004 Riverside drive, Lowell. tp 17

FOR SALE—Pork barrels. Edwin Fallas & Co.

FOR SALE—15-27 H. P. case tractor in fine shape. Art Schneider.

FOR SALE—One National cash register, very one good condition, one steel range, very good shape, four 20-ft. show cases, good shape. Claude Studt. tp 17-18

TYPING PAPER—Good bond paper for typing, only 20c per lb., will take you some time at this. Five voluminous letter writers. Ledger office.

FOR SALE—150 Chickens, 50 cents each, Buff Rocks and White Leghorns. Miss Sheldon, route 2 Lowell, Mich. tp 17

FOR SALE—One hay gelding. Inquire of Q. M. Hudson. tp 17

FOR SALE—118 acre farm. Horses and tools included. Inquire Mrs. Q. M. Hudson, Lowell, Mich. 17-18-19-20

FOR SALE—10 8-weeks-old pigs, 100 farrow sows, 25 fall yearlings, 6 months old. Fred Grotz, Alto, R. 3. Alto phone, 16-F. 1. tp 17

FOR RENT—Garage. Mrs. John S. Bergin.

FOR RENT—Three furnished rooms with bath for light housekeeping, on ground floor. Mrs. E. J. Brainard, 118 Grove street. 8. tf 17

WANTED—Piano tuning and repairing. Boyden Murray. Phone 370. tp 17-18

WANTED—Any old person or child desiring a good home and services with A. J. Mapes, R. No. 6, Lowell. tf 17

WANTED—Lady to sell Davis product in Lowell and vicinity. Write E. E. S., 2253 Harlon Ave. Grand Rapids, Mich.

POULTRY WANTED—Will pay the highest market price. Will call for it. Phone C. H. Alvander, Lowell 11G-F2. tc 17

WANTED—Custom baling. Baled straw for sale. Miles O'Harrow, R. F. D. 2. tf 17

BUILDING—CEMENT WORK. Let us help plan your building. No job too large or too small. David E. Sherrick, contractor—Lowell building and concrete work. Lowell, Mich. R. 2. tp 15-26-17

FOUND—Spare tire and rim. Owner can recover at Ledger office by proving property and paying for this ads. tc 16 tf

LOST—Parker Duofold fountain pen. Reward. Dr. B. H. Sheperd. tc 17

LOST—Leather Bindfold Gentian Blanket, size 84 inch. Reward. Dr. B. H. Sheperd. tc 17

DAVIS LAKE.

Mr. and Mrs. Will Davis and family, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Timpson and son were dinner guests of Mr. and Mrs. Fred Davis Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Turrer entertained their club Sunday evening.

Mr. and Mrs. Loren Dygert took their daughter Barbara to Kalamazoo Saturday. She will attend school there this year. Mrs. Albert Dygert returned home with them and spent the week-end.

Mr. and Mrs. Melville Bass and family spent the week-end at Edwin Fallas.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Cleveau and family, of Home Acres, and Ira Johnson spent Sunday at Joe Cedevks.

Mr. and Mrs. Ray Sherman and Mr. and Mrs. George Sherman spent Friday evening at William Schrader's.

Mrs. Amos Ives, of Rockford, is visiting Mrs. Mina McCombs.

Callers at the home of Mr. and Mrs. William Schrader Sunday were Mr. and Mrs. Dan Bucan and family, Art Van Horn, Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Whitford and family, Mrs. Bertnest Bates, and son Donovan, of Grand Rapids, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Slater and family, of Alto and Leander Pilsch, of Lowell.

Mr. and Mrs. Ed. Hall were Sunday guests of Mr. and Mrs. Lew Schrader, of Grandville.

The neighbors and friends of this vicinity extend their sympathy to the Hoffman family in their bereavement.

Mother Pilsch, of Lowell, spent Sunday with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Nick Pilsch.

ALASKA ATOMS.

The Geyer Lake Club, of Grand Rapids and Deb Fox and daughter, of Wyoming, were Sunday afternoon callers at the home of Mr. and James Bowman.

Mr. and Mrs. Bert Baker and Mrs. John Veenstra and children, Mrs. Hattie Cronkhite and Mrs. Ethelyn Baker were callers at Ira Dean's Sunday afternoon.

Mr. and Mrs. Joe Coon entertained the Choir Lake family, of Nashville, Sunday.

C. W. King had the misfortune to smash his hand quite badly last Friday.

Mrs. Ira Dean is laid up with a badly sprained ankle. They have a house rented on Greggs street and expect to move this week.

Mrs. Will Bass, of Lake Sunday evening, September 25, on the difficult operation of Dr. Kellogg's Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints and the Club Mormon Church of Salt Lake City. Report says she is doing nicely. 7-30.

Mr. and Mrs. Vern Nowlan and two children, of Grand Rapids, called at the home of C. W. King Sunday afternoon. Kenneth returned to Grand Rapids with them.

BOWNE BUGLE BUNDLE.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Hobbins, Clarence Hobbins, Mr. and Mrs. H. W. McDiarmid, of Grand Ledge, were Sunday guests of Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Hobbins.

George L. Saldsbury passed away Thursday night at the home of his daughter, Mrs. Dr. Northrup in Grand Rapids. Funeral services were held here at his home Monday afternoon. Interment in Bowne cemetery.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Clarke spent Sunday with Mr. Martin and family, of Alto.

Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Colby spent Wednesday evening with Mr. and Mrs. Charles Clarke.

Word received from this vicinity attended the shower for Mrs. Howard Houghton at the Carlson home in Grand Rapids. The Houghtons received many beautiful and useful gifts from their friends. Our teacher, Miss Doris Elvey, who boards with Mrs. Frank Brewer visited the week-end at her home in Grand Rapids.

N. C. THOMAS

AUCTIONEER

CALEDONIA, MICHIGAN.

WATCH THIS SPACE EACH WEEK

Tuesday, Sept. 27—Mary DeFeyter, Lowell.

Wednesday, Sept. 28—O. R. Dougand, Dutton.

Thursday, Sept. 29—O. R. Dougand, Dutton.

Friday, Sept. 30—Holstein cows.

Two in a Posy Garden

By DOROTHY DOUGLAS

(Copyright)

JOHN SCOTT, novelist, had a mere **garden acquaintance with the girl next door—an over-the-fence hospital** acquaintance that occasionally about flowers, **shrubs, etc.** When their separate garden operations brought them near enough the dividing line to make conversation a neighborly courtesy they exchanged ideas.

It was therefore with a sense of sudden loss that Scott watched his fair neighbor and her aunt leaving apparently for a long journey—lodging by the amount of baggage, steamer tagged, which crowded the station taxi. He felt sorry for her garden, too; with no omnibus it would be unable to battle against the heat and would present a sad aspect when its owner returned.

He was relieved, a few days later, to see a comfortable-looking couple coming to the house—apparently it had been let furnished. That night insure care being given the garden.

Early next morning and Scott watched with sickening feelings the rapid deterioration of the loved garden on which its fair owner had expended so much care. He longed to see her, up early in the morning, tending and nourishing the flowers so dearly bought or coaxing home after business hours laden with improved blooms. Scott supposed she had to buy at bargain prices, but it was nothing less than a miracle the way they responded to good care and nourishment.

He fretted and fretted, as day by day the girl's garden suffered and drooped. No water, no mulching, no trimming, and not even the profusion of blooms picked.

Scott took the matter into his own hands and knocked at the door of his neighbor's house.

"Madam," asked Scott, "would you object if I take a few mornings caring for the garden? I have much spare time and know the young lady who left would appreciate it. She's tremendously keen on her garden."

The tenant of the house said she was pleased, because, as she said, "We are city folks, and don't know a thing about gardening."

So Scott set to work that evening with hose and hoe and clippers and enjoyed his neighborly task immensely. He enjoyed it even more when he realized suddenly that there was a charming daughter in the family and that she was sometimes close side him offering him her assistance.

"I'm not much of a gardener," she said shyly, "but would just love to help you if you would show me how."

Her eyes were so pleading and so blue that Scott was certain he would

"You might start by cutting some sweet peas—and taking off all the withered ones" he said her, and she turned obediently. He watched her tear at the vines until he couldn't stand it and swiftly handed her his blunt little scissors. "Better to cut them gently," he said.

And when she learned he was a novelist she bought one of his books.

Before many weeks had passed Scott was beginning to think the owner of the house and garden and to look forward with joy to Ethel Wade's return from the office and their evenings together. He wondered if he were fickle or whether the other interest had been merely that of two garden lovers.

Helen Fairfax and her aunt returned on the same day that her tenants went back to the city. She was enraptured with the beauty of her garden and her eyes glowed happily.

"Yes," said Ethel, "I have worked terribly hard taking care of it all by myself. She looked at Helen swiftly, then added, "I asked to borrow a hoe from that man next door, but he was so boorish about it that I wouldn't take it."

Helen glanced back in amazement. "Oh, he didn't look like that type of man. I won't borrow from him, then." Which of course was exactly what Ethel wanted.

But next morning early when the sun was just over the house tops, Helen slipped out into her garden and was touching all her plants with loving fingers, pressing her face into the big roses, when she was startled to hear the voice of Scott welcoming her home.

She smiled gayly and returned his greeting. "I am glad to get back to my flowers," she told him, "and that young girl says she has worked like a slave so it would be nice for me to come back to. Wasn't it kind of her?"

Scott couldn't quite believe his ears, but certainly no one could doubt the truth in the lovely eyes looking with such curious directness into his own.

"Very," he said. His fingers found a bit of paper on which the address of Ethel was written and he calmly lit his pipe with it.

"I could hardly stand it to leave my garden, but I couldn't afford to turn down the very flattering offer my employer made me to go abroad with him as his secretary. But oh, how glad I am to be home."

"You're not half so glad as I am," said Scott to himself, and after that early morning meeting things developed rather swiftly for them. It was kind neighbors, however, who put Helen straight as to who took care of her garden.

Ancient Church Organ

Frederick Miller, an ex-art on organ history, says that the oldest pipe organ in America is in an Episcopal church at Clyde, N. Y. It was built for Queen Anne of England and presented by her to Trinity church in New York, which eventually passed it along to the congregation in Clyde. It is a genuine antique, with only 110 pipes and no pedals.

The Choice

We do not know what way will lead to happiness either for ourselves or for our friends. We cannot see the outcome of any earthly choice, but we know that in the end right always pays better than wrong, and that even here and now good deeds bring more comfort than any evil deeds could bring us.

Tree's Many Names

"Dogwood" is supposed to be a corruption of "dagwood," a name equivalent to its other name, "prickwood," "skewerwood"—so called because, being firm, hard and smooth, it is used to make butchers' skewers.

HAPPENINGS IN AND AROUND ALTO

Mr. and Mrs. O. D. Dygert were Grand Rapids visitors Thursday.

Miss Geneva Bunker is visiting her sisters in Lansing this week.

Don Siegel, of Lansing, was a week-end guest of his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Pattison home.

Mrs. Kate Curley was a Saturday evening caller at the Natie McNaughton home.

Rev. C. E. Maltman and wife, of Courtland visited at the Rev. Beckett home Friday.

Mr. and Mrs. Claude Loring and daughter were Sunday guests of Mrs. Lucy Duell.

Miss Jessie O'Harrow, of Detroit, was an overnight guest of Mrs. Mary Kline Wednesday.

Rev. Scott McDonald and family, visited Sunday with Rev. W. E. Beckett and wife Thursday.

Mrs. Ella Bailey, of Kalamazoo, was a Monday forenoon caller at the O. D. Dygert home.

Miss Leona Colby will leave Tuesday for Kalamazoo to assume her school duties at W. S. N. S.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Yarger, of Hastings, were Friday guests of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Alverding.

Mrs. Mary Pratt, of Clarksville, visited from Wednesday until Sunday with Mrs. Helen White.

Mr. and Mrs. Earl Colby and family were Sunday dinner guests of the former's mother, Mrs. D. Colby.

Mr. and Mrs. Basil Hayward and daughters visited the former's parents at Delton Sunday evening.

Notice: The West Lowell Ladies' Aid society will have a sale at Elmer Dinkmann's at Alto, Saturday, Sept. 24. (p 17

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Brooks, of South Lowell, were Sunday evening callers of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Allerding.

Forest Kinyon, of Middleville, is working in the A. L. Duell garage and boarding at the Worthy Sikes home.

Mr. and Mrs. T. C. Willette and Mrs. Neva Willette spent last week Saturday evening at the Frank Allerding home.

Mr. and Mrs. Victor Erickson visited the former's brother-in-law and sister, Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Sandahl, Sunday afternoon.

Edward Pattison and Miss Dorothy Schroder and Mrs. Hilbert Dull were Sunday guests at the Fred Pattison home.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Cummings and daughters, of Lansing, were Sunday dinner guests at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Claude Sikes.

Mr. and Mrs. Peter Anderson and Sofie, of Detroit, were week-end guests of Mrs. Anderson's parents, Dr. and Mrs. G. M. Thornhike.

Miss Merle Pattison attended an announcement dinner for Miss Dorothy Schroder given at her home near Caledonia Saturday evening.

William Watts, Mr. and Mrs. Valdo Watts and John Jackley, of Traverse City, spent Sunday at the home of Mrs. Lucy Duell.

Rev. and Mrs. C. E. Maltman, of Courtland were calling on Alto friends Friday. They were dinner guests of Mr. and Mrs. Frank McNaughton.

Mr. and Mrs. George Skidmore were Sunday dinner guests of Mrs. Helen White. They drove to Clarksville Sunday afternoon to take Mrs. White to her home.

Sunday visitors at the Charles Dygert home were their son, Elmer, wife and children, of East Lansing, and Mr. and Mrs. Ed. Dygert and Mrs. Hawkins, of Grand Rapids.

Mr. and Mrs. Axel Erickson and children attended a family gathering of the Sandahl family at the home of Mrs. Erickson's brother, Charles Sandahl in Grand Rapids Wednesday.

Mr. and Mrs. Bert Sydnam, of Grand Rapids, were Sunday and Monday morning and Mr. Parrott and Mr. Jennie Johnson accompanied them to Grand Rapids to watch the G. A. R. parade.

Mrs. Claude Sikes accompanied by Mrs. John Brannan and Mrs. C. Coode were in Grand Rapids Wednesday where they attended the first meeting of the Womens' Extension Nutrition Project and also saw the G. A. R. parade.

Mrs. Lucas Alexander and baby of Lowell, were week-end guests of the Glen Loveland home. Mr. and Mrs. Loveland and Mrs. Alexander called on the lady's sister, Mrs. Austin Livingston, of Clarksville Friday evening.

Among the Alto people who attended the funeral of G. L. Salsbury at Bowne Center Monday were: Mr. and Mrs. Frank McNaughton, Addie Sinclair, Mr. and Mrs. George Skidmore, Mrs. Helen White, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Bunker and Arlie Draper.

Mr. and Mrs. Elof Erickson and Mrs. Axel Erickson were at Allegan Friday to make the acquaintance of the new daughter who arrived at the William Sandahl home that day. Mrs. Elof Erickson remained to care for Mrs. Sandahl and baby.

Mr. and Mrs. G. H. Clark and daughter, Pauline, of Grand Rapids, were Sunday dinner guests of Mr. and Mrs. Albert Duell, and they all drove to Hastings in the afternoon and called on Mr. and Mrs. Hollis Duell and family.

About sixty ladies attended the shower given in honor of Mrs. Howard Houghton at the Par Carlson residence Saturday afternoon. Mrs. Houghton received a large number of useful and beautiful gifts. The afternoon was spent in playing several interesting games and after delicious refreshments served by the hostess, Mrs. Howard Smith, the guests departed, leaving their best wishes with the bride.

Christmas greeting cards—best ever, at Ledger office.

Arby Woods was a Sunday guest at the Siegel Norman home at Parnell.

Mrs. Cecile Campau and Mrs. Ella Campau were in Grand Rapids Wednesday.

Neil Cameron and wife, of Lowell, were Sunday guests at the Swift Wineger home.

Mr. and Mrs. Dygert and baby and Mrs. May Damouth were in Grand Rapids Monday.

Floyd Moore, of Mishawauka, Ind., called on Mr. and Mrs. Elmer Ellis Sunday forenoon.

Mr. and Mrs. Owen Nash and children were Sunday dinner guests at the Elmer Ellis home.

Mr. and Mrs. Will Wilkinson, of Grand Rapids, were Sunday guests of Mr. and Mrs. Dale Curtiss.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Alverding were Sunday dinner guests of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Yarger, of Freeport.

Mrs. Gertie Bryant and daughter Vivian were Monday dinner guests at the Charles Bancroft home before leaving.

Mrs. May Damouth and Mrs. O. D. Dygert called at the Charles Dygert home on Caledonia Rd. Sunday afternoon.

Mrs. Hattie Bancroft, Mrs. May Damouth and Mrs. O. Dygert and children visited at the S. P. Norman home near Parnell Sunday.

Miss Jessie O'Harrow, of Detroit, Miss Ida Merriman, and Mrs. Ernest Ruth, of Lowell, called at the Mina Watts home Monday afternoon.

Mrs. May Damouth and Mrs. Hattie Bancroft visited Mrs. Frank Damouth at the Barnes home at Harris Creek Tuesday afternoon. Mrs. Cecile Campau and son Edward joined them for the drive. The afternoon and all remained for supper with Mrs. Frank Damouth.

SOUTH BOWNE BUBBLES.

Carl Johnson and family, of Nashville, visited Sunday with his Uncle Ed Johnson and family.

Miss Correne Erbb and Jane Eash, of Grand Rapids, spent the week-end with their parents and uncle, Abe Eash and family.

Miss Alma and Erma Eash attended a miscellaneous shower on Mrs. Dortha Houghton Smith Saturday afternoon at the home of Mrs. Earl Coon.

W. H. Pardee and wife accompanied their daughter, Marion, to Elkhart, Ind., Sunday where they were met by Mr. and Mrs. Paul Pardee and family. On Monday Marion left for Chicago, where she has a position in music.

Mrs. Harvey Richards and Bobby visited her sister, Mrs. Ben Gobel and brother, Fermey Haskins, of Grand Rapids, Saturday.

Mrs. Ida M. Gaugler, of Grand Rapids, formerly of this place, has been chosen leader of Daughters of Veterans.

Miss Alma and Erma Eash gave a chicken pie supper Friday evening in honor of Miss Marion Pardee before leaving for her new work in Chicago. Those present were Miss Lucille and Alice Johnson, Mrs. Dortha Houghton, Thelma Mishler, Louise Wolcott and Betta Siegel. In the evening they all attended the Strand theater in Hastings.

Grandpa Ferney, of Clarksville, and Mrs. Ann Wolfram, of Freeport, visited Harvey Richards and wife Sunday.

William Cosgriff and wife, Mrs. W. H. Pardee and daughter Marion were in Grand Rapids Friday.

Jake Gless, wife and daughter, Mrs. Vivian Anderson, and Mrs. Ida visited Lavern Seger and wife, of Grand Rapids, Saturday evening.

George L. Salsbury, aged 80 years passed away Thursday after a short illness with acute indigestion at the home of his daughter, Mrs. Dr. Northrup, of Grand Rapids. Funeral services were held Monday afternoon at the Bowne M. E. church under the Masonic order. Burial at Bowne cemetery.

Fred Wagner and family, of Hastings, Henry Johnson and wife, Helen and Junior all called at the Ora Pardee home Sunday afternoon.

Mrs. George Barnaby and son Edwin, of Shelbyville, spent the week-end with her people, D. D. Holcomb and family Saturday evening. They also attended the Strand theater in Hastings.

Ralph Sherwood and family, of Lowell, Fred Blasen, wife and daughter, Leona, of Grand Rapids, visited Sunday afternoon with Wm. Cosgriff and wife.

Harold Yoder and family were Sunday afternoon callers at Frank Miller's.

William Mishler, wife and Gwendolyn visited the homes of his father and mother, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Mishler, of Logan, sister and brother-in-law, John Thayler and family, father and mother, Mr. and Mrs. Jake Roush, of Campbell, Sunday.

J. W. Portill and family, Homer Dieffenbaker and family, William Graham and wife, of Grand Rapids, and Mrs. Katie Wilson, of Lowell, picnicked at Caledonia park Sunday.

NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS

This paper will stop at once if paid to date and so ordered by the subscriber. Not forced on anyone who quits square. Regular 10-page edition $2.00 per year, or 6-page local edition $1.50 per year, in advance. Please observe and oblige the publisher.

Odd Photography

An English photographer recently exhibited a picture that had been taken through the eye of a dragonfly. The insect's eye had been so placed in the camera as to take the place of the lens.—Grit.

Children Cry for

Fletcher's CASTORIA

MOTHER:—Fletcher's Castoria is especially prepared to relieve Infants in arms and Children all ages of Constipation, Flatulency, Wind Colic and Diarrhea; allaying Feverishness arising therefrom, and, by regulating the Stomach and Bowels, aids the assimilation of Food; giving healthy and natural sleep.

To avoid imitations, always look for the signature of Chas. H. Fletcher. Absolutely Harmless—No Cocaine. Physicians everywhere recommend it.

Strand Theatre, Lowell

Friday and Saturday, Sept. 23 and 24

NORMA TALMADGE in

"CAMILLE"

Also A Two Reel Comedy, "Hesitating Horses."

Matinee Saturday, Admission 10c and 20c

Evening Admission 15c and 35c

Sunday and Monday, Sept. 25 and 26

JACKIE COOGAN in

"The Bugle Call"

Also Will Rogers in "Paris," and "The Barefoot Boy," a colored classic.

Also "The International News."

Don't Miss This Show.

Admission 15c and 25c.

GEO. SALSBURY TAKEN BY DEATH

SPENT MORE THAN HALF CENTURY AT FARM HOME IN BOWNE.

George L. Salsbury, old resident of Bowne township, died Thursday night at the home of his daughter, Mrs. William Northrup, 651 Fullerave., S. E. Mr. Salsbury was 80 years of age having celebrated his last anniversary at home with friends and members of the family. He had resided in his farm home in Bowne township for the past 50 years and previous to his death was the oldest living member of Masonic Bowne lodge, Lowell, of which he had been a member for 57 years.

He is survived by six children: Walter Salsbury, of Wisconsin; Lant C., Memphis, Tenn., Mrs. Henry Kellogg, of Alto, Mrs. William Northrup, of Grand Rapids, Mrs. Albert Schaffer, of Lansing and Miss Josephine Salsbury, of Bowne township, eight grandchildren, Dayton Salsbury, of Jackson, Mrs. Ray Sipple, Mrs. Gerald Schenkelberg and Mrs. Don Duffy, of Grand Rapids, Mrs. Sheilds Abernathy, of Memphis, Tenn., Robert, Katherine and Cynarintha Kraft, of Lansing, and four great grand children.

Funeral services were held at his farm home in Bowne township Monday afternoon at 2 o'clock. Burial was in Bowne Center cemetery.

Lowell lodge No. 90, F. & A. M., had charge of the funeral service. Masons were also present from Lowell, Alto and Ada.

CARD OF THANKS.

We wish to express our sincere thanks and appreciation to our many friends and neighbors for the assistance and kindness, also for the beautiful flowers given during the sickness of our dear mother.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Huizinga,
Mr. and Mrs. R. E. Colby,
Mr. and Mrs. Arch E. Wood.

ALTO PARISH.

Schedule for Sunday school, September 25:

	Ch.	S. S.
South Lowell	9:30	10:30
Bowne Center	10:45	9:45
Alto	12:00	11:00
Snow	9:30	10:30
West Lowell	10:45	9:45
Whitneyville	12:00	11:00

Epworth league at Alto at 7:00 and evening church service at 8:00.

Beginning October 2, the Alto, South Lowell and West Lowell congregations will be joined in one service at Alto. This was decided upon by a joint meeting of the official Boards of the three churches Monday evening. The hour of service will be 10:00 o'clock. A joint meeting of the Sunday school teachers and officers will be made and program for the Union church school.

The churches will go on a new time schedule the first Sunday in October. Announcement next week.

LOGAN LOCALS.

William Mishler and wife, from near Hastings called on Mrs. Mishler's cousin, Mrs. Melinda Lile Sunday.

Joe Berkey, wife and Dorothy, of Lowell, Joseph Berkey, of Alto, Mrs. Frank Jones, wife and son, of Grand Rapids, and Lizzie Stutz were dinner guests of Harvey Blough and family Sunday.

Mrs. Florence Brewer visited her friend, Miss Irene Schwab, of Elmdale, Friday night. Then went to the home of her parents, Edwin Brewer and wife, of near Byron Center, returning to this place Saturday evening.

Fred Wingeier and family entertained friends from Wayne county, Ohio, and Missouri over the week-end.

Elmer Shaffer and family visited Noah Shaffer, of North Bowne Sunday.

Ruth Stahl and cousin from Pennsylvania, are visiting their grandmother, Mrs. John Lehman and other relatives here.

John Berkey and wife, of Hopedale, Ill., are visiting their sister, Mrs. George Stahl and family a few days.

Mrs. John Stahl accompanied John Overholt, wife and Mrs. Lile to Lansing Saturday, where they went to see Mrs. David Heffelbower who underwent a serious operation at the Sparrow hospital Saturday morning.

Will Mishler and family, of South Bowne, visited the former's parents here Sunday.

Orton Seese is spending a few days at the home of his aunt, Mrs. Lee Bryant, of Alto.

Lee Bryant, wife and daughter, Leona, of Alto, and Carl Squires, of Detroit, visited at the Ray Seese home Sunday.

Hulda Wingeier, of Grand Rapids, spent Sunday with the home folks.

Mrs. Lydia Karcher, of South Bowne, spent Sunday at the home of Merl Hostetler.

A number of the young people of the Mennonite church were entertained to dinner at the home of John Mishler Sunday.

Attempt, Anyway

Far better is it to dare mighty things—to win glorious triumphs—even though checkered by failure—than to take rank with those poor spirits who neither enjoy much nor suffer much—because they live in the gray twilight that knows not victory nor defeat.—Theodore Roosevelt.

LOCAL HAPPENINGS AROUND McCORDS

N. McCORDS—E. CASCADE.

Mr. and Mrs. Cheney, of Chicago, and Mr. and Mrs. Harvey Lapp and daughter were guests at the John Cox home Friday night.

Howard Le Roy and wife, of Lansing, were week-end guests at the Fred Housman home Tuesday.

Mrs. Mary Thomas accompanied Miss Emma Johnson to the funeral of Mrs. Huizinga at her late home in Nashville, Friday.

Miss Pearl Thomas, of Benton Harbor, spent the week-end with her mother, Mrs. Mary Thomas.

John Cox and family visited at the Morris Chadwick home Tuesday night.

M. Housman, Sr., and son were in Grand Rapids Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. Bert Baker and son called on John Cox and family Sunday day.

J. Fischer and wife and Arthur Karrer and wife attended the funeral of their brother, Henry Fischer held at his late home in Caledonia Saturday.

The man who wants Lowell and vicinity publicity and who doesn't use The Ledger needs a guardian. tf

LA BARGE RIPPLES.

Mr. and Mrs. Irving Schooley spent Sunday with Mrs. Schooley's niece, Mr. and Mrs. George Noffke, of Grand Rapids.

Mr. and Mrs. Colon Campbell motored to Muskegon where they visited for the week. Mrs. Campbell, of Grand Rapids, looked after the household.

Mr. and Mrs. Claud Loring and daughter spent Sunday afternoon with the latter's mother, Mrs. Lucy Duell, of Alto.

Mr. and Mrs. Perry spent a couple of days last week in Grand Rapids.

Mr. and Mrs. Perry spent Sunday with Mrs. Vern Loring and family.

Mr. and Mrs. Milo Robbins spent last Wednesday in Grand Rapids with brother, Robert Campbell and sister, Mrs. Will Pratt.

Mrs. Vern Loring and daughter Gertrude and Eleanor called on her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Andy Sheldon Sunday. Other visitors were Mr. and Mrs. Will Willey, Washburn, two sons, Mrs. John Draper, Mrs. Potterseville, Mr. Hinsey, Mr. and Mrs. Ed Loring, of Grand Rapids, Mr. and Mrs. Jess Coppens and daughter, of Alto.

Mrs. Salina Loring and Mrs. Vern Loring accompanied Mr. and Mrs. Perry to Lake Odessa last Tuesday where they attended the funeral of Perry's cousin, Stephenfine.

Mr. and Mrs. Luther Sprague and family, of Alto, spent Sunday with their parents, Mr. and Mrs. Grant Rathworth Harper.

Lombert Murshaw and Anna Westcomson, Mr. and Mrs. Ganzell, of Westcomson, Mr. and Mrs. Fred Ganzell, of Alaska, were Sunday dinner guests visiting with Mr. and Mrs. W. Knight.

Mr. and Mrs. Ivan Denise and baby spent Sunday with their parents, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Dieffenbacher.

Mrs. Mary Pratt, of Clarksville, spent Sunday with neighbors and friends around East Caledonia the past week.

Sun's "Loaning"

The phenomenon of the sun setting and then coming into view again for a few minutes or hours is called "loaning"—the coming into sight of objects normally below the horizon—and is due to the downward bending of rays of light from the distant object by a shadow surface layer of cold, hence dense, air.

Ethiopia

The ancients vaguely called everything south of Egypt "Ethiopia" (the land of the dark races, or swarthy faced). It probably extended from the southern boundary to the same degree of north latitude, while its limits to the east and west were doubtful.

World's Largest Pearl

The largest pearl known is in the Hamdorf Duke's collection at South Kensington, England. It is more than two inches in length and nearly one in circumference. It weighs 1,800 grains.

Just Deserts

There will always be movie patrons who think most of the actor who gets shot and killed in the last reel.—Dayton News.

THE BLUE PENCIL AGAIN.

The Ledger is reluctantly compelled to—Submit the blue pencil, for delinquent subscribers, a few of whom have allowed their payments to accumulate for a long time. Hundreds have thanked us for persistently sending the paper on behind and have cheerfully paid arrears and well in advance, all of which is appreciated. But the Post Office department has notified us that it expects us to comply with the law and we have no choice but to obey. Beginning with the first issue in October we shall commence the blue penciling for delinquents the subscriptions of which is found at the head of the paper. Those who wish to avoid this will please pay up their arrears and continue advance payment before that date.

Later—Subscription renewals are coming in so fast that we have decided to postpone blue-marking delinquents one issue longer. This will give everybody a chance to get subscriptions paid a year in advance. According to custom all subscriptions not paid in advance will be placed on the blue marked. Our thanks are due to the many who have responded promptly to the request to pay subscriptions in advance.

Editor.

BILL-DING MATERIAL for Farm or Home

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Air or Gas.

For Summer Use. Flame twice as hot as city gas. Heat stops when you through with it. Keep the heat of your home in hot weather.

PRICES from $22.50 for two burner, up to $65 for three burner with oven and high range back and shelf. Try us for your needs in

HARDWARE GROCERIES,

Cookies, Crackers, Cakes, Etc.

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All 10c Tobaccos.....3 for 25c.

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insures your peace of mind, eliminates worry about strikes, storms or shortage.

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give you excellent service now. You can save save money too. We have all kinds of fuel. Also full line of all kinds of feed.

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Over Mrs. White's Millinery, Lowell

Tuesday, Thursday, Saturday

Hours: 5:00 to 8:00 P. M.

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Consultation and a careful analysis of the spine may be had without cost or obligation

FEET
HEAD
ARMS
ARMS
BACK
BACK
SPINE
SPINE
SPINE

THE LEDGER'S SPECIAL PAGE FOR WOMEN

Interesting and up-to-date information, printed especially for our lady readers. We offer a valuable fashion service, household hints of known value, and kindred features.

YOURSELF and YOUR BODY

By WILFRED T. GRENFELL

SPECIAL SENTINELS OR CONTROLS THAT HELP US GUIDE OUR MACHINE

The Cells of the Lining Membranes Are Connected by Wires With Cells in Central.

"THERE is one other thing you ought to understand, and that is how you are to use it. Nothing to run near or too little into your machinery. You cannot measure the amount of fuel you are supplying to your machinery by feet or inches, or by pounds and pints, or by dollars and cents. We have to have a new kind of measurement. So we have been obliged to invent something which we call calories. Since man must have calories, but of course we can measure the amount that it can heat, whether it is an egg or a turnip.

"It takes about three thousand calories a day to keep my body right, ordinary weather. Big jobs, hard work, and cold weather use up more fuel. Soda, warm weather, quiet loafing. But it is easy for anyone to tell how much they need for their body, because you can get a list which shows you exactly how many calories anything gives you. Friends, since yesterday I've given you a list of foods, and also gave you a list of how much you need to take for your body and energy.

"You have seen how the machinery of the body or you could not do your small energy. So-called sentinels, or self-control, did pass through a billion against your will, and you have never known it.

"The controls are of two kinds, the ones you and I have a share in and those we do not know about. We have six controls, seeing, hearing, smelling, touching, tasting and voluntary muscle control. In the prolonging, breathing, eating, drinking and vessel management, and many others, we have little control or none. They need an architect we could not give.

"Now let's look at the small control first. Are you with me so far? I've told you everything we know of in this world depends on movement for existence, and all these controls depend on movements that make pictures, like my hand moving my pen along makes these words, which form pictures in your eyes and are then wired to your brain, and you interpret what I want. You call that 'reading.' Now the smelling control is a very accurate and very simple machine. Some animals trust to it more than to any other. Clever as Reynard the fox is, I have seen him walk right down and over an open space where the very arme, almost, of a hunter, who was kneeling perfectly still and making a slight noise, like a mouse in the grass. The wind was blowing the smell particles that come off every the cleanest man, like of everything else, in the opposite direction. And Reynard was trusting entirely to his nose and not to his eyes. I have him out in a flat marsh and shot at a herd of deer. The smoke of my rifle was quite easy to see. But the deer stopped—looked at it and then came right on near us, with their eyes wide open and their ears alert. The smell particles were again blowing the other way, and they did not trust their eyes. No one control should be trusted. Look at this glass of water—will you drink it?"

"Yes, by its looks."

"Well, if you did you would very likely die of typhoid fever. Your eye can't see the germs."

"Each control is a machine, and an imperfect one, and each is dealing with violent forces. Thus the light particles of a brilliant lightning flash can destroy the eye, the smell particles of a skunk can kill a dog, the sounds waves of an explosion can burst an eardrum.

"Our controlled machines are closely guarded. Like King Tut's tomb. In the steel machine small particles are protected by a very tough two ounce cellulose material, which can open and close, like a steel guard. Then the steel machine is made of heart lining to filter or keep out big scrangers that might do damage, like thicker dirt. All sorts of things are used to make a big airtight machine, and we have invented something which we call a cellulose wire, which can open and close, and yet is so fine that you are supplying to your machinery by feet or inches, or by pounds and pints, or by dollars and cents, have to have a new kind of measurement. So we have been obliged to invent something which we call calories. Since man must have calories, but of course we can measure the amount that it can heat, whether it is an egg or a turnip.

"Now, friends, I've given you a list of how much you need for your body and energy. Now, I've given you a list of how much you need for your body and energy. Now, I've given you a list of how much you need for your body and energy. Now

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all bearing the name Wilson Brothers, which insures authentic style and unfaltering quality---that's what we offer the men of this community, who appreciate better furnishings.

Let us assist you with your selections for the new Fall season.

Coons

ITEMS OF THE TOWN

Select your Winter coat now at Weekes.' adv.

Mrs. Alice Visser was in Grand Rapids Monday.

E. R. Knithn and wife were in Grand Rapids Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. Phil Krum were in Grand Rapids on business Saturday.

Figure with us on rugs and linoleums. A. W. Weekes' & Son.

Mr. and Mrs. Phil Sayles, of Columbus, are visiting Lowell relatives.

Mr. and Mrs. Jurl Armstrong, of Bay City, have been visiting Lowell relatives.

Mr. and Mrs. Ferris Taylor spent Sunday with friends at Lakeview and Alma.

Harry Paterson, of Alma and D. G. Look spent a few days last week in Detroit.

Mr. and Mrs. Karl Kronenberger are expected to return to their home in Lowell October 1.

Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Hatch called on Mrs. Lucy Marsh at the Masonic home at Alma Saturday.

Mrs. Mary Hodges and brother, Dan Whitney, of Calgary, Canada, spent Monday in Battle Creek.

Mrs. Anna Balcom and three children, of Plainfield, spent Wednesday evening with Mr. and Mrs. Pat Bowes.

Pauline and Dorothy Whitfield spent Saturday in Grand Rapids. George Whitfield returned to M. S. C. Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. James Crane and Mr. and Mrs. L. M. Carl, all of Lansing, were Sunday guests at the Althouse-Ashley home.

Mr. and Mrs. Earl Behler and two children and Mr. and Mrs. Chively, of Grand Rapids, were Thursday evening guests of Mrs. Ida Young.

Newest rain coats, $3.95 and $8.00 at Weekes.' adv.

Mr. and Mrs. E. S. White were in Grand Rapids Thursday.

Will Hartman entertains the Pool and Poker club Thursday.

Mrs. G. W. Rouse has been visiting relatives in Grand Rapids.

Mrs. Hummel and two sons were in Grand Rapids Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. T. Gazella and two sons were in Ionia Sunday evening.

Miss Dorothy Brainard has returned to Lansing after a few days in Lowell.

M. W. Gee, of Grand Rapids, was in town Saturday. He now owns a store at Freeport.

Myron Henry, of Ionia, spent over Sunday with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. M. N. Henry.

Orval Jessup, of Kalamazoo, spent over Sunday with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. F. Jessup.

Mr. and Mrs. Glen Robinson and family, of Lansing, spent over Sunday with Mrs. Ella Robinson.

Mr. and Mrs. B. M. Johnston and daughter, of Lansing, spent over the week-end with Lowell relatives.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Graner, of Whites Creek, spent the week-end with their parents, Mr. and Mrs. Chris. Gehrer.

Crepe de chine silks, $2.00, charmeuse, $2.50, flat crepes, $2.75, crepe satins, $3.00, in all shades at A. W. Weekes' & Son. adv.

Harlo and Wilfred Gray, of Battle Creek, spent Wednesday and Thursday at the Fred Barnes home and called on Mr. and Mrs. Bert Carr.

Mr. and Mrs. John Taylor, of Florida, his mother and sister, Mrs. Will Taylor, and Mrs. Emma Johnson, Mr. and Mrs. Clayton Gunn were Sunday and evening guests of Mr. and Mrs. Will Fox.

Public supper at Congregational church, Sept. 28. adv.

Paul McCarthy is spending this week in Chicago.

Mr. and Mrs. R. W. Finch spent Saturday in Rockford.

Mr. and Mrs. John Roughley spent the week-end at Cedar Lake.

Frank Gould is visiting friends at his old home in Rochester, N. Y.

Mrs. Mary Blakeslee, of Carson City, is visiting Mrs. D. O. Shear.

Stanley Moore is entering the Y. M. C. A. college in Chicago this year.

Norma Talmadge in "Camille" at Strand theater Friday and Saturday.

The Garden Lore club have a floral exhibit at the West Michigan fair this week.

C. H. Runciman left Wednesday for a three days' bean convention at Detroit.

Mrs. Ida Young entertained Rev. Nixon and family for Monday evening dinner.

Dressmaking, coats relined, hemstitching and pleating. Mrs. Jay Ellis, phon 267. (c 17

Miss Myrtle Taylor visited Mrs. H. R. Chamberlain at her home in Keene Thursday.

Mr. and Mrs. Garret Staal left last Thursday for California to be gone until June 1928.

Immanual Yeiter and wife were Sunday afternoon guests of Mrs. Caroline Coulter.

Jackie Coogan in his latest picture "The Bugle Call" at Strand theater Sunday and Monday. adv.

Jurl Armstrong is home for a while as his father is in the hospital but doing very nicely.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Bardell, of Ohio, were recent guests at the Henry Alexander home.

Omer Scott, wife and son Elmo, of Lansing, visited the former's sister, Mrs. Melissa Laux Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Elmer Byer, of Grand Rapids, were week-end guests of Mr. and Mrs. Myrle Kingdom.

Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Holmes and Myrle spent Sunday at Lake Odessa with Mr. and Mrs. Ara Weeks.

Mrs. Lydia Laux and brother John Kahn, of Otisco, were Thursday visitors at the W. Laux home.

Mr. and Mrs. Harold Sissem, of Lansing, spent the week-end with her mother and sister in the village.

The Ledger office is enjoying a nice run of job printing. Good work and fair prices bring the business.

The Clover Leaf club year books for the 1927-8 club year are being printed at The Ledger office this week.

Mr. and Mrs. Newell Russell and children and Corwin Porritt and family, of Bowne, were Sunday visitors.

Mrs. M. N. Henry and brother, Paul McCarty were recent guests of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Sayles, of Ravenna.

Mr. and Mrs. William Beauchamp were Sunday dinner guests of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Webb, of Grand Rapids.

Mrs. Carrie Coulter attended the funeral of an old family friend, George Salsbury at Bowne Center, Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. Bert Stevens, son and daughter, of Grand Rapids, were Sunday guests of Dr. and Mrs. L. E. Matthews.

Silk and wool hosiery, $1.00 up at Weekes. adv.

Mrs. Bundio, who has been visiting in Ohio, returned Monday night to the home of her daughter, Mrs. C. D. Maxson.

See Christmas card samples at Ledger office. tf

Miss Francis Sydnam spent the week-end with friends in Grand Rapids, and Miss Viola Roller at her home in Muskegon.

Mr. and Mrs. R. L. Young, of Paw Paw, Lyle Laux and Leo Jencks, of Lyons, were week-end guests of Mr. and Mrs. Will Laux.

George Griffith, a G. A. R. veteran, of Galesburg, Ill., spent several days recently at the home of Dr. and Mrs. L. E. Matthews.

Oct. 5th, annual public supper at Lowell M. E. church. (p 17-18

The P. Fineis family with their guests met friends from Portland, and had a picnic dinnr Sunday at Riverside park, Ionia.

Mr. and Mrs. George Haverkate, Miss Oleson and Mr. Jenson, all of Muskegon, spent the week-nd at the home of Mrs. Matie Rivette.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Hesche and daughter Mary, were in Grand Rapids Sunday the guests of his niece, Mrs. Bert Gregory and family.

Attorney and Mrs. Shivel attended the golden wedding anniversary of his uncle and aunt, Mr. and Mrs. Simmons at Constantine Friday.

Dance every Saturday night at Islank Park resort, Murray lake, boat livery, live bait, confectionery and groceries. S. Mullis, proprietor. 5 tf

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Peterson, Mrs. William Gramer and Mrs. Charles Kraft spent Tuesday in Grand Rapids calling on friends and shopping.

Mr. and Mrs. George Hunter and son George, of Ashtabula, Ohio, Mr. and Mrs. Harley Hunter, of Keene, were Saturday night and Sunday visitors of Mert Sinclair's.

Russell Butterfield and family, Mrs. Waltz and Mr. and Mrs. H. M. Roberts, all of Grand Rapids, were Sunday guests at the home of Mr. and Mrs. F. W. Butterfield.

The Congregational ladies will hold a public supper at the Parish house Wednesday, Sept. 28. Serving begins at 5:30 p. m. The public is cordially invited to attend.

Otis De Wolf is staying at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Kraft for a time as his father is a traveling salesman and will not be home permanently until in December.

The Misses Inz and Ida Belle Rutherford entertained their nephews, John and Dick Rutherford at a 6 o'clock dinner and theater party at Majestic Gardens Friday evening.

Parties wishing postal cards printed at this office will please furnish the postal cards. We can trust for the work but Uncle Sam won't trust us for the postals. (tf

MICKIE SAYS—

October 5, annual public supper at Lowell M. E. church. (p 17-18

Mrs. J. J. May has been suffering with intestinal flu the past week.

Wayne Young and wife were Sunday guests of Mrs. Ida Young.

Mrs. Hattie Rice is caring for Mrs. George Fonger and new little son.

Deputy Sheriff Bowes is on duty at the West Michigan fair this week.

Mesdames Floyd Steed and Verne Ashley were Friday visitors in Lansing.

Mrs. Archie Velzy has been confined to her bed the past ten days with illness.

Mr. and Mrs. Ferris Taylor spent Friday afternoon with friends in Grand Rapids.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Phelps were week-end guests with friends in Grand Rapids.

Under Sheriff Cook, of Ionia, was a Thursday evening visitor at the Pat Bowes home.

Mr. and Mrs. Neville Davarn and children were week-end guests with Mrs. John Kropf.

Miss Ethel Stinton, teacher at Maple Rapids, spent the week-end with her mother.

Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Stone entertained Mr. and Mrs. John Wallen, of Milwaukee Tuesday.

Rev. A. T. Cartland and daughter, Miss Clara, were entertained at the F. F. Coons home Sunday.

V. W. Hunter and father, S. P. Hunter visited Charles Westbrook and family at Greenville Sunday.

Satin crepe and flat crepe silk dresses in the wanted navy blues and blacks, $10.75, $16.75 at Weekes'.

Mr. and Mrs. Raymond Bergin spent the week-end in Chicago with Mr. and Mrs. Glenn Conklin on their way home from their Western trip.

The Misses Anna Mae Tysse and Carroll Van Hartesbeldt attended the game at Coopersville Saturday, going on to Holland, their home, for the week-end.

Mrs. J. Bannon and children and Mrs. Tony Gazella and children spent Saturday with the former's sister, Mrs. Ed. Pottruff at her cottage at Bostwick lake.

Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Friedli, son Paul, of Saranac, Mr. and Mrs. Chris. Gehrer, and Mr. and Mrs. Adolph Strauhm were Sunday evening guests of G. Friedli and family.

Clifford Cholerton and wife returned Saturday to their home in Milwaukee after a two weeks visit with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Cholerton and friends in Detroit.

The Mange family returned to their Lowell home Sunday night, after a three months stay at their cottage Chippewa Cove, near Harbor Springs. Lester Mange will reenter the Art Institute in Chicago, leaving this week.

Rev. L. H. Nixon and family were Monday dinner guests of Mr. and Mrs. F. F. Coons. They left Wednesday morning for their new home in Grand Rapids with the best wishes of their Lowell friends in and out of the church. He has served three years.

Stanley Taylor and Lyle Laux are home from their auto trip in the Western and Southern states. The extreme heat in the South sent them home sooner than they had intended. They report a wonderful experience in their six weeks of camp life. Stanley visited at the home of his uncle, Howard Burt and family Sunday.

Public supper at Congregational church, Sept. 28. adv.

Mrs. E. A. Thomas entertained the neighborhood club for dinner last Thursday.

Mr. and Mrs. Richardson and Mr. and Mrs. Will Morse spent Sunday evening in Saranac.

The picture you cannot afford to miss "Camille" at Strand theater Friday and Saturday. adv.

Mrs. Ralph Sherwood and Florence Haysmer spent Monday shopping in Grand Rapids.

Mr. and Mrs. Will Blasen, from Grand Rapids, spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Sherwood.

Fred Butler and Clyde Grandy, of Champaign, Ill., visited the latter's parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Grandy recently.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Hawkins, Mr. Bender and Mrs. Biddle, of Hastings, were Sunday guests of Mr. and Mrs. James Muir.

Mr. and Mrs. George Esser and Mrs. Peter Bell, of Milwaukee spent several days last week with L. P. Morse and wife.

Perrin McQueen left Monday for New York city after the week-end with his father, E. D. McQueen and brother, Bruce and wife.

Howard Peckham and Andy Burdick left Sunday for Olivet. This is the former's first year, and the sophomore year of the latter.

If you could see only one motion picture in 1927 that picture should be Norma Talmadge in "Camille" at Strand theater Friday and Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. Elmer White visited her sister and brother-in-law, Dr. and Mrs. Charles Hathaway, of Grand Ledge several days last week.

Mr. and Mrs. N. Borgerson, Raymond Borgerson and Mr. and Mrs. Bruce McQueen were in Grand Rapids Tuesday to see the Tilden vs Hennessey tennis game at Kent county club court.

Mr. and Mrs. Mart Schneider visited her father, Arthur Shilton at Cascade Sunday. The Schneiders are contemplating coming back to Lowell to reside. Their son Phil and wife having demonstrated their ability to run the farm and the elders will leave the field.

Donald Weekes, of University of Michigan, spent the week-end with the home folks. He was accompanied by Kenneth Schaffer and Norman Blair, university friends from Youngstown, Ohio. H. L. Weekes motored with them to Ann Arbor Sunday evening.

Mrs. W. C. Stone and daughter Mabel, entertained the Shu-tau-ka Camp Fire Group Thursday evening, September 8, at a farewell party in honor of Miss Martha Barkema, assistant guardian of the group, who has taken a position as a member of the faculty of Hope college. Games and music were enjoyed, after which ice cream and cake were served.

Jackie Coogan in his latest picture "The Bugle Call" at Strand theater Sunday and Monday. adv.

Howard Morse, of Yale, son of Mrs. Fred Morse, of Segwun, was injured in an automobile accident last week. He, in company with Margaret Pollock, Eva Griffith and Hobart Andrea, of Yale, were driving near Port Sanilac, when the steering wheel locked and went into the ditch. Howard received a badly cut face and fractured jaw, but is improving nicely from his injuries.

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MASON FRUIT JARS Pints Doz. 69c Quarts Doz. 79c

Van Camp's MILK 3 cans 27c

FRESH GRAHAM FLOUR 5 lbs. 21c

POTATOES 15-lb. Peck 37c

RUMFORD BAKING POWDER 12-oz. Can 23c

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Large 40-50 PRUNES Sweet and Juicy 3 lbs. 25c

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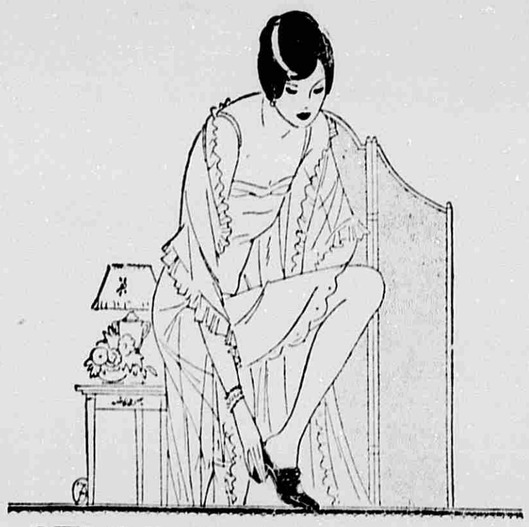

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Smoked Hams, half or whole, per lb. 28c
Picnic Hams, lb. 18c
Silvernut Oleo ..... 2 lbs. 43c
Small Fresh Pork Shoulders, per lb. 17c

Home-made Bologna, Liver Sausage, Head Cheese, Veal Loaf.

Coffee--A good Bourbon Coffee, lb. ..... 32c.

(3½ Lbs. $1.00.)

For Quality and Service, Phone 156. *We Deliver*

Mrs. Sarah Welsh, of Detroit, is the guest of Mrs. Emma Austin this week.

H. F. Dawson and Mrs. Emma Austin attended the G. A. R. convention in Grand Rapids last week.

Mrs. L. Rutherford is entertaining her niece, Miss Julia Spight, post graduate student of the University of Chicago.

Miss Jenne McGuffie was the guest for the week-end with Miss Marion Bushnell at her home in Clarksville.

Favorable reports are received from Mrs. Harry K. Andrews, following her recent trouble from milk infection.

Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd Failing and Miss Mae Spencer, of Craig, Colo., spent a part of last week with their grandfather, H. F. Dawson.

Mr. and Mrs. Phillip Sayles, of Columbus, Ohio, spent from Friday to Monday with his mother, Mrs. Orrin Sayles and sister, Mrs. Gorden Frost.

Miss Jessie O'Harrow, of Detroit, and Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Roth were Thursday evening dinner guests of Mrs. Hannah Bartlett and Miss Edna Allen.

Is the best too good for you? If not, get your job printing at The Ledger shop. tf

SUMMER GRAIN RAISES WINTER YIELD OF MILK

Dairymen usually cannot count on summer as a time of extremely high milk production. As the lactation period advances for fall calving cows, there is the natural shrinkage in milk flow, and to this hot, dry and unfavorable weather may materially contribute.

Dairy authorities urge owners to regard the summer months, however, as a sort of "training" period during which these cows should be put in the best possible health and condition for fall and winter. Indeed, they really require good care and feeding in summer, though, as a rule, they actually get far less at this time than at any other.

Right after a winter of heavy production, when cows are again in calf, is not the time to put them on diet of grass alone, because it will not give them nourishment enough to keep up their own condition, grow their calves and also produce milk.

It is for this reason more than any other that the best feeding authorities regard a daily grain ra-

tion as the best feed investment a dairyman can make in summer. They emphasize the fact that "grass alone is not enough"—that no cow can possibly eat enough pasturage straight through the summer to get the nourishment she needs.

Of course, it would be folly to advise any dairyman not to use the pasture that nature provides. When grass is plentiful and fresh, it is the best possible ration to supplement grain. Cows like it. It tones them up and stimulates the digestive apparatus.

But that dairyman is unwise who feeds pasture to the exclusion of grain, for sooner or later the insufficient diet is going to show its bad effects on body weight, condition and milk flow. Feed your cows at least one pound of grain for each five pounds of milk they produce, even with the best pasture. It will pay dividends later in the year.

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PRICE: The lowest pricing of merchandise to allow a fair profit and no more.

QUALITY: Dependable goods, backed by the responsibility of a national manufacturer.

SERVICE: A sincere attention to the individual, which subordinates selling to service in putting these principles above all others. We must depend for success on your appreciation of fair dealing. Will you not give us an opportunity to vindicate our policy?

R. VAN DYKE

MEN'S WEAR