BLUE MARK NOTICE
A blue mark around this notice will call your attention to your address label, which shows that it's time to renew. It costs no more to pay a year in advance and saves annoyance for all concerned. Please do this now.

THE LOWELL LEDGER
and THE ALTO SOLO

NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS
Read the date on the address label of this paper. It is the date your subscription is paid to. If it is a date prior to the date of this issue, your time is out and you should renew at once. Kindly observe and oblige the publisher.

Volume Thirty-Five, No. 31 — Lowell, Mich., Thursday, Dec. 29, 1927

Ryerson Public Library

Happy New Year

In these brief words we wish to thank all of our customers and friends for their loyalty and active influence in our behalf during the past year and it is our sincere desire to repay your kindness with a full measure of helpful service during 1928.

In this spirit we salute the New Year with you and wish you happiness and good fortune.

City State Bank
Lowell Michigan
Member of the Federal Reserve Banking System.

May 1928 Bring Only Happy Hours
That the New Year will hold for you nothing but Health, Happiness and Prosperity.

This is our wish for you.

That we may continue to merit the patronage of all of our friends---and make many new ones---this is our New Year wish.

W. J. GIBSON

Gifts for every one in the home---Beautiful pictures, End Tables, Smokers, Children's Chairs and Tables, Hoover Sweepers, Card Tables, Victrolas and Records, Bridge Lamps, Floor Lamps.

This is only a few things we can suggest. Come to our store and see the many things we have for Christmas.

We Furnish the Home Complete

O. J. YEITER
Phone 22
Furniture and Undertaking

Ringing In
A Glad Year!

Let the gods of Health, Wealth, Happiness and Mirth shine upon you!

Let your cup of cheerfulness be filled to overflowing.

Lalley's
Home of Sweet Treats

After Christmas Thoughts

If you have overlooked some Christmas presents we still have some bargains that are worth your time to look over and get ready for New Years. Thanking you for your generous patronage we remain,

Very Truly,

Winegar & Hartman

Santa Claus Fund Goes Over the Top

The Clover Leaf club Santa Claus Girls report receipts in addition to those already acknowledged for their Christmas fund are as follows:

Previously acknowledged	$ 84.00
Ledger employees	5.50
Mrs. Reed	1.00
Mrs. Bacon	1.00
Miss Minnie Meek	1.00
Mrs. P. J. Fineis	2.00
Mrs. M. Coulter	1.00
Norman Borgerson	2.00
Mrs. P. C. Althen and Philip	1.00
Mrs. John Wetvrongel	.50
A Friend, R. R. No. 3	1.00
Paul Wachterhouser	1.00
Mrs. L. Kropf	1.00
Mr. and Mrs. O. J. Brezina	1.00
Garfield Forfl	1.00
Tiamila Camp-fire Girls	3.00
C. H. Runciman and Family	5.00
Mrs. C. M. Himebaugh	2.00
Mrs. Thomas	1.00
Mr. and Mrs. D. G. Mange	5.00
Nadanena Campfire Girls	4.00
Fred Barnes	1.00
Mrs. M. Peterson	.50
W. I. Burdick	1.00
E. T. White	1.00
Frank T. King	5.00
Fred W. Harker	1.00
D. A. Wingeier	1.00
Georgina Perry	1.00
Mr. and Mrs. Pat Bowes	1.00
Jack and Marjorie Bergin	2.00
F. P. MacFarlane	1.00
Dr. E. D. McQueen	5.00
Lowell Board of Trade	25.00
Lowell State bank	25.00
City State Bank	25.00
M. Hauserman and Family	1.50
Mrs. Lee Lampkin	1.50
Total received	221.50
Total required	150.00
Excess for next year	71.50

All merchandise was purchased from local merchants at a discount, all of which was greatly appreciated by the club.

The Clover Leaf club voted to make this an annual affair.

Vigilantes Ready To Protect Banks

Kent county banks, members of the Michigan State Bankers association, now have a subordinate official force of armed guards with a membership of 45. At a meeting in charge of Bert VanderMeulen, assistant cashier of the Grand Rapids National bank, held Tuesday evening at the bank building the members of the body were instructed as to their duties. He informed them that their duties not only were to capture bank bandits but to assist in apprehending principals in any major crime which takes place anywhere in the Nnited States.

Subject to Call.

Sheriff Byron J. Patterson will have charge of the Vigilantes and will be assisted by Hugh Blacklock as captain-in-chief. When occasion demands all members will be subject to call by the sheriff. In such cases each member will report to his captain.

At Tuesday night's meeting Sheriff Patterson instructed the members in the use a nd care of firearms and urged great caution be exercised. Superintendent of Police A. A. Carroll gave promise of co-operation on the part of the city police department and cited the good spirit which now exists between his men and those of the sheriff's force, as well as the prosecutor's office. The work of forming local units was in charge of Joseph Rylands, Chicago, a national organizer.—(Grand Rapids Press, Dec. 21.

ANNUAL MEETING AMERICAN MUTUAL AUTOMOBILE INSURANCE COMPANY.

The annual meeting of the American Mutual Automobile Insurance company will be held at the home office of the company, 701-702, Building & Loan building, Grand Rapids, Mich., Jan. 10, 1928.
Signed, E. B. Caldwell,
Secretary-Treasurer. (c 31-32

FIRST M. E. CHURCH.

All are invited to church New Year's Sunday.

Morning worship, 10:30 o'clock.
Church school, 12:00 noon.
Epworth League, 6:00 o'clock.
At 7:30 p. m., a sacred New Year's concert will be given by the Yinger quartette, of Albion college. This will be a high class program and all are cordially invited to enjoy it.
Mid-week service Wednesday at 7:30 p. m.

VERGENNES M. E. CHURCH.

Preaching service at 2:00 o'clock, Sunday school at 3 o'clock. This is a community church. All are invited. The Yinger quartette, of Albion college will give a sacred New Year's concert at the Lowell M. E. church at 7:30 p. m. Sunday.

SEVENTH DAY ADVENTIST.
Woodman Hall.

Sabbath school, Dec. 31 at 2 p. m. Subject: "The Review."
We have a review of all the lessons gone over this fourth quarter.
Prayer meeting on Friday evening at the home of Mrs. Sam Fahrni on Vergennes Road.
Sunday evening services at 7:45. Subject: "Spiritualism, What Is It?" Come and bring a friend.

CHRISTIAN SCIENCE.

Services are held every Sunday at 11 o'clock over the Lowell State bank. Subject for the lesson sermon for the first: "God."
Every one is cordially invited.

GERMAN M. E. CHURCH.

Preaching services in English Sunday at 10 o'clock. Bible school at 11 o'clock.
You are cordially invited.

CARD OF THANKS.

We wish to thank the Rebekah lodge, our neighborhood and other friends for the beautiful flowers and fruit and many other expressions of sympathy and good will in this our time of trial.
Mr. and Mrs. M. H. Vanderhoof. (p 31

NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Calling the attention of regular correspondents to The Ledger magazine Bargain offer. Fill in the blank with your name and address plainly written and check five magazines of your choice and they will be sent to you one year free with The Ledger. Get yours in early.
Editor Ledger.

Advertisements brought to The Ledger office Monday mornings will receive prompt and favored attention. tf

Lowell Items of 30 Years Ago Dec. 30, 1897

Vergennes Dancing club split in two factions. Rival dances announced for New Year's eve at Train's Opera house and Music hall.

Phil Reutelster's house burned.

Maccabee officers: John Crawford, Chauncey Townsend, Perry Gardner, M. Langworthy, S. B. Avery, Alaska Jay, Ernest Bailey, Charles Force, Charles Buckley, David Wilcox, Henry Teale.

Grand Rapids parties organizing for trip to Klondike.

Emma Craw home from Albion.

Kate Edmonds home from Detroit.

Married—Wm. C. Andrews, of Bowne, and Ella Houlihan, Rev. L. N. Pattison, officiating.

Mrs. Jennie Touhey, of Grattan, died.

Married—Auda C. Blakeslee to Mr. Sylvester Seeley.

Junior League program at J. B. Yeiter home: Participants: Hattie Slone, Misses Yeiter and Hine, Paul McCarty, Lotta Ruben, Clara Lawrence, Winnie Johnson, Ora McCall, Bernice Ecker, Martie Hine, Addie Phillips, Marion Hill, Laura Nicklin.

Miss Jessie Tilden resigned as teacher at Central school.

Born, son to Mrs. Albert Stauffer, of Bowne.

Familiar names: Mrs. M. Bisby, Mamie Walsh, Lina Bostwick, Geo. M. Winegar, Ecker & Son, G. V. McConnell, C. H. Alexander, H. A. Sherman, Winnie Patterson, Grace Blakeslee, G. W. Crosy, D. S. Blanding, Sheldon Parker, Della James, Quo Vadis at Look's.

THEIR FIFTIETH.

Sparta, Dec. 22.—Mr. and Mrs. Robert C. Day will celebrate their fiftieth wedding anniversary with relatives and friends Saturday.

Both were born near Paris, Ont., were married at Woodstock, Ont., and came here eight years later. They have two daughters, Mrs. Carlton E. Ehle, of Detroit and Mrs. J. Harrison Smith, of Tustin, and two sons, Walter, of Marion and Harry, of Lowell, and six grandchildren.—(Grand Rapids Press.

KING MILLS CLOSE JAN. 2.

The King mills will be closed Monday, January 2, 1928—legal holiday.

NOTICE.

To ex-service men and heirs or parents of deceased soldiers of the World War:

By an act of Congress all ex-service men of World War are entitled to an adjusted compensation certificate, valued according to time of service and the heirs of deceased men are entitled to same. But application for same must be made before December 31, 1927.

If you are entitled to this get in touch with J. C. Scott, Welfare officer of American Legion at once.

KEENE TAX NOTICE.

The undersigned will be at the City State bank, Lowell, December 15, and each Thursday until January 5, and at the Saranac State bank each Saturday until January 7, and at my home every Friday, for the collection of Keene township taxes.
E. H. Compton, Treas.
(p 29--30-31

Sebewa Farmer Meets Death in Hunting Accid't

Ionia, Dec. 22.—Search conducted by men from farms for miles around today resulted in the finding of the body of Ross Merrill, 48, well known Sebewa township farmer, in a swamp a quarter-mile directly in line with his own home, shot through the left breast by a charge from his own shotgun.

Mr. Merrill left yesterday afternoon to take a turn through the swamplands, his favorite hunting grounds, and failed to return.

Early this morning Mrs. Merrill called her sons in Lowell and they organized searching parties. The search continued all morning and ended when Guy Blanchard, one of the searchers, found the body of Mr. Merrill lying beside a fence over which he apparently had climbed, his shotgun lay close at hand, one barrel discharged. Coroner Boynton, of Ionia, who was called to the scene, believes death to have been instantaneous.

According to members of the family Mr. Merrill recently has had trouble with the safety catch on his gun. It is thought that he slipped when climbing the fence, discharging the gun as he fell.

For years Mrs. Merrill has felt a premonition that her husband would come to his death in the very swamp where the fatal accident occurred and had often expressed this fear.

Mr. Merrill is survived by his wife, two sons, Royce and Monroe, and a daughter, Miss Olive Merrill, who is night supervisor of nurses at Edward W. Sparrow hospital, Lansing.

Funeral services will be held at 1 p. m. Saturday.—(Grand Rapids Herald.

PORTER SAYLES, OLD RESIDENT DIES.

Porter Sayles died in Grand Rapids about the midnight hour Saturday night, aged 70 years. Funeral services were held at the home of his sister, Miss Emily Sayles at 2 o'clock p. m., Tuesday, Rev. A. T. Cartland, officiating; burial at Pinckney cemetery in Keene.

He was born in Keene township and spent his entire life in this vicinity. His last illness was of short duration, less than two weeks. He was a member of the Woodman order, had lived in Lowell for thirty years, and was a familiar figure about town.

Mart Warner, Mrs. Edith Van Den Bosch, of Ann Arbor, Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Hull and daughter Margaret, of Grand Rapids, were here to attend the funeral.

LONG ILLNESS ENDS.

Charles Van Dusen, invalid husban, of Mrs. Van Dusen, of the Bridge Variety store, died early Monday morning at his home in the Mrs. G. W. Rouse residence. Funeral services were held at Owosso at 2 o'clock p. m., Wednesday. Mr. and Mrs. Van Dusen have lived in Lowell several years, and he was often seen around town in his wheel chair.

Only $5.00 for The Grand Rapids Press and the local edition of The Ledger for one year at this office. With the larger Ledger the price is only $5.50. tf

Lowell State Smoked Into New Quarters

Fire broke out in the basement of the Lowell State bank Tuesday at about 8:30 a. m., and the building and contents were so damaged by smoke and water that removal of the equipment was necessary. Same was immediately effected with the aid of volunteer assistants and business was resumed with a loss of but an hour's time in the City hall using the ticket office and coat room for cashier's department and the council room for consultation purposes. Already heated, lighted and furnished, the temporary quarters are ideal for the purpose.

The bank records were preserved intact as well as most of the working equipment, including fire-proof cabinets and supplies, and the damage to the building was fully covered by insurance, so there will be little, if any financial loss.

Immediate remodeling, refitting, and refinishing of the bank building will be made and it is expected will be completed within thirty to sixty day. The fire was caused by an over-heated furnace. The bank had been closed during the Christmas holiday and week-end and a quick wood fire had been built at 7 o'clock. At 8 o'clock everything seemed all right, but half an hour later fire broke out and the building was full of dense smoke which made the work of the firemen difficult.

MRS. J. T. HUSTED DIES AT HOME OF DAUGHTER.

Mrs. J. T. Husted, widow of Rev. J. T. Husted, who for many years held pastorates in Lowell, Grand Rapids and other places throughout the state died yesterday at the home of her daughter, Mrs. Lucia G. Watkins in Muskegon. One son, Charles Husted, of New York, also survives. The body will be brought to Grand Rapids for burial. Funeral arrangements have not been completed.—(Grand Rapids Press.

Woman Delivers Big Turkey Load

Mrs. John Corrigan, Grattan township farm woman, delivered Tuesday afternoon one of the largest loads of dressed turkeys, if not the largest, ever hauled into Grand Rapids. The net weight of the big holiday birds was 4,937½ pounds, and she received $2,244.45 for the load.

Not all of the turkeys were produced upon her farm. The load represented a new co-operative venture in poultry marketing. Neighbors and relatives pooled their 1927 turkey crop with Mrs. Corrigan, who has established a reputation in Grand Rapids for the production of fine turkeys.

436 Turkeys in Load.

The turkeys were hauled to Mrs. Corrigan's farm Monday where the "dressing bee" was staged under her supervision. There were 436 turkeys in the load. Byskamp Bros., local produce dealers, were the highest bidders.

Mrs. Corrigan is a neighbobr of W. J. Lessiter, producer of the 11-month-old "baby beef" steer which brought the record price of 24 cents a pound, liveweight, in Grand Rapids last week. Lessiter received a $196 check for the animal. "Mr. Lessiter has become so chesty over his sale that I wanted to bring in the largest load of turkeys just to let him know that some of the rest of us in Grattan township can do things in a big way, too," said Mrs. Corrigan.—(Grand Rapids Press, Dec. 24.

LOWELL POST-OFFICE HANDLES RECORD CHRISTMAS MAIL.

During this Christmas season the local post-office handled the largest volume of mail in its history. The number of stamps sold indicate that there were about 20,000 Christmas greetings mailed by Lowell people and the volume of parcel post was also greater than in previous years. Although the business was greater there was less congestion than usual because of a better observance of the "mail early" campaign and the co-operation shown by the business men in withholding circulars and calendars from the mails during the holiday season. The incoming mails were also extremely heavy, but by hard and conscientious work of the mail carriers not a single parcel that arrived in time for delivery was left in the office on Christmas Eve.

REAL COMPLETE REVIEW OF 1927 IN THIS WEEK'S ISSUE.

What were the high points of 1927?

What did the year just past add to the History of the World?

The complete story of 1927 will be found on another page of this issue of The Ledger. Important and international affairs, achievements in industry and labor, disasters and a complete necrology of noted men and women—you will get all this and more in this interesting feature. Turn to it now. Read it and clip it out for the scrap book.

NOTICE—VERGENNES TAXES.

I will be to the City State bank, Lowell, Mich., Dec. 10, 17, 24, 31, and Jan. 7, to collect taxes for Vergennes township.
Frank Biggs, Treasurer.
(p 28-32

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph G. West and daughter, Patricia Ann, of Lansing, Mr. and Mrs. Amil Ferick, of Belding, J. A. Hotchkiss, of Evart, were Christmas guests of Mr. and Mrs. C. E. West.

Stamped towels, aprons, buffet and luncheon sets, scarfs, laundry and shoe bags, centers, kitchen curtains, children's dresses at less than cost, not a big lot of everything, so don't wait too long. Sale on now. Mrs. White.

The Clover Leaf club of Lowell, are fortunate in securing Miss Wheaton, English teacher at Central High school, Grand Rapids, for their meeting January 3rd. Miss Wheaton will give an interesting illustrated lecture, City hall, Jan. 3rd at 3:30 o'clock.

Charles Buttrick and family, of Cascade, entertained twenty-six guests at a Christmas dinner Monday. Those present were: Mr. and Mrs. Ben Peck, Mr. and Mrs. Hatley Buttrick and son Austin, Mrs. Neva Willette and Doris, all of Kalamazoo, Mr. and Mrs. Peter Hansen, Mr. and Mrs. Leo Buttrick, Mr. and Mrs. Vivian Beebe and family, and Dr. C. C. Warner, all of Grand Rapids, Mr. and Mrs. Grant Warner, Mr. and Mrs. John Scott and Dorothy, Mrs. Charles Beebe and son Harold, of Lowell, and Mr. and Mrs. Merrill, of Cascade.

Strand Theatre Program

FRIDAY and SATURDAY, DEC. 30 and 31
"The 13th Hour"
A Thrilling Melodrama.
Also a Two Reel Comedy, "Hats Off."
Matinee, Saturday, Adm., 10c and 20c. Evening Adm., 15c and 25c

SUNDAY and MONDAY, JAN. 1 and 2
"No Place To Go"
featuring Mary Astor and Ralph Hughes.
Robinson Crusoe couldn't help himself—he was shipwrecked. But this couple of romantic nuts stranded themselves on a desert island just for a thrill. Here's your chance to see the funniest crime ever committed in the name of romance!
Also A Two Reel Comedy,
Mabel Normand in "One Hour Married."
Admission 15c and 35c.

TUESDAY and WEDNESDAY, JAN. 3 and 4
FRED THOMSON in
"Don Mike"
A Thrilling Western Drama.
Also A Two Reel Comedy,
Lloyd Hamilton in "Somebody's Fault."
Admission15c and 25c.

THURSDAY, JAN. 5
Florence Vidor and Clive Brook in
"Afraid To Love"
Also A Two Reel Comedy."
Admission 15c and 25c.

Coming Friday and Saturday, Jan. 6 and 7---"7th Heaven."
Coming Soon---"The Harvester."

NOTICE TO STOCKHOLDERS

Until further notice I will be at the Lowell Cleaning and Dyeing Works during the afternoon to receive monthly payments.

Lowell Building & Loan Association

We Wish You A Happy New Year

That the year bring great prosperity ---that you shall know no adversity--- that every day in the New Year shall cast new joys in your path---this we wish to you when we say, "Happy New Year All."

D. G. Look — V. E. Ashley
Raymond Borgerson — Dan Sinclair

Happiness and Prosperity
is our wish for everyone during 1928

Stocking's
Radior — Jewelry — Sporting Goods

UNINTERUPTED BUSINESS

Without the loss of any records, our stock of supplies intact, we are doing business as usual in the City Hall, in spite of the fact that our business was visited by a fire Tuesday morning, which was mostly confined to the basement.

We wish to take this opportunity to thank all who have assisted us in this emergency, to the firemen for their efficient service and to the Comon Council for their kindly cooperation in offering us the use of the Council Rooms in the City Hall as our temporary quarters.

We wish all a Happy and Prosperous New Year.

Lowell State Bank
LOWELL, MICH.
C. H. Runciman, President. — P. C. Peckham, Vice President
D. G. Mange, Cashier — D. A. Wingeier, Ass't. Cashier

The quality goes in before the name goes on
ZENITH
LONG DISTANCE RADIO

Have you promised the family "a good radio set" this year? It is a good investment in culture and you should not delay the day.

GOULD'S GARAGE

To You and Your New Year

WE THANK YOU for your generous patronage---for your confidence in our integrity and in our ability to serve you. And now, as the old year passes, and whistles and bells and the blowing of horns herald the coming of 1928, we extend to you and yours the sincerest of Good Wishes for Happiness and Success.

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.

CHEVRONS

By LEONARD NASON
Illustrations by Irwin Myers, D. S. C.

Copyright by George H. Doran Company. WNU Service

CHAPTER I

—1—

Hungry Men at Vaucouleurs

Two men sat by a roadside in attitudes of deep dejection. Their faces were white and their eyes haggard. They were clothed in uniforms of faded olive drab, with blouse and breeches that did not match, with glaringly new shoes, and a ridiculous shapeless cap. A mounted patrol of military police had passed that way a short time before, but one keen glance at the two men had satisfied the police. Those faded uniforms, neatly patched here and there, and with buttons that were not mates, were salvage uniforms taken from wounded men, cleaned, repaired, and issued out again to men leaving the military hospital. The white faces, the new shoes, the second-hand clothes, were old features to the police. They meant that the wearers were wounded men who discharged from hospital and sick to death of the monotony, the hideous quarters and the frightful food of the replacement camps, had slung their packs on their backs and, selecting a night when the guards would be under cover, had gone over the hill and were trying to rejoin their organizations. As long as these men had their faces turned toward the front, and as long as they behaved themselves, the police would not bother them.

One of the men looked behind him, at the way the two had come. A white road, baking under the hot sun of early September, went up and down over the hills and so out of sight. He looked the other way, toward the opposite horizon. The road looped its way, shimmering in the heat, an equal distance. Between the two horizons were trees, newly mowed fields, and clumps of bush, but no other living thing.

"Sergeant," said the man, "you sure we're on the right road?"

The other man turned on his side to get his hand into his breeches pocket. He had a sergeant's stripes sewed rather askew on one sleeve, and a rusty looking gold V on his right cuff showed that he had been wounded in action. He drew out a creased and dirty envelope and extracted a sheet of thin paper therefrom.

"Sergeant Robert Eadie," began the typewritten paper, "Base Hospital 23, Vittel, Vosges. Dear sergeant: The regiment will be at Vaucouleurs until September 12. It is hoped that you can rejoin us there." There was an indistinguishable scrawl and the typewritten words, "Personal Officer, Seventy-ninth F. A." On the strength of this thin sheet of paper these two men had traveled across France.

The sergeant got stiffly to his feet and inspected a milepost near where the two had sat down.

"Yep, Darcy," said he, "'Vaucouleurs, 7 Kilos,' it says. Well, we're half way. That's cheering."

"Oh, G—!" said the other man. "Is that all we are?"

"Only about four miles more," said the sergeant comfortingly. He looked at his watch. "It's twelve o'clock," he added. "Now if we should hustle even, we wouldn't get in in time for chow. Well, they'll have something they can give us for a handout. Let's start out anyway."

The two started out. They went down the hills and clambered up the other side. The heat grew, and they sat down often, for they were hot, they were thirsty, and their new shoes hurt. The sergeant felt that strange weakness, that washed-out feeling in the legs that comes from a stay in hospital. Each hill they climbed they expected to see the roofs of Vaucouleurs before them, but when they had panted up to the top, and looked despairingly around, they could see nothing but more hills and the white road glimmering over the crests.

"Cheer up," said the sergeant at last, after Darcy had cast himself full length on the dusty grass and buried his face in his hands. "We only got two more kilos to go and I bet from the top of the next hill we can see the

He Drew Out a Creased and Dirty Envelope and Extracted a Paper Therefrom

town. Maybe the outfit is camped outside the town on our side of it. We'll be back with it in another half hour and then that will be the end of eating handouts of cold goldfish and of running around France."

"Good," said Darcy, sitting up. "I'm glad we're gettin' there. I'm about outta gas. Do you really think maybe they'll have somethin left from dinner?"

"Sure," said the sergeant. "I know Capodanno. If he hasn't been turned to duty for lapping up all the lemon extract, he'll have something to eat. Let's stir our stumps."

"Come on," said Darcy. "Let's get it over with." He leaped to his feet and the two started off. The heat of the road burned through their hobnails, the glare of the sun from the white chalk surface made their eyes sting, but the next hill was the last and over it was their home, their battery, their friends, and food. They bravely breasted the ascent, the stones slipped under their feet and sweat poured down their faces, but they kept on. The summit of the hill drew nearer.

"What'll you bet we can see the camp from the top?" asked Eadie.

"It'll be the gladdest sight I ever seen," replied the other.

They reached the top, took two or three paces, and sure enough, at the bottom of the next slope, though quite a distance yet down the valley, rose the moss covered roofs, the weather beaten gray walls, and the high church towers of a town of considerable size. Half way down the slope was an aviation camp, with a number of huge canvas tents, used as hangars.

"That's us," said the sergeant. "That's Vaucouleurs."

The two marched forward almost briskly, without taking their customary rest. As they descended the slope they passed soldiers, but they saw no familiar faces, nor did they see anything that looked like a camp of field artillery.

"It would probably be in the woods somewhere," said Eadie, "on account of air raids. We wouldn't be able to see it from the road anyway."

"Why don't yuh ask a M. P.?" suggested Darcy. "This looks to be quite a town and we might go right past the road to our camp."

"I'll do it," said Eadie. "He won't say anything about a pass. A man doesn't need a pass to take a walk on a Sunday in the town his outfit is stationed in."

There was an M. P. talking to a girl a few houses down the street and the two went toward him.

"Hey, soldier," said Eadie, moving up to the M. P. sideways, so that both his sergeant's chevrons and wound stripe could be seen, "can you tell us where the Seventy-ninth Field Artillery hangs out?"

The M. P. turned majestically from his conversation with the girl. He bent lowering brows upon the two. Could they not see he was busy?

"The what?" asked the M. P.

"The Seventy-ninth Field," answered the sergeant.

"I never heard of 'em," said the M. P.

"Well, this is the Third Division headquarters, isn't it?" asked Eadie.

"Search me," said the M. P. "They come an' go. I don't keep track of 'em." He turned and continued his conversation with the girl. "Er voo," said he, "sweet heures, let."

The two soldiers moved sadly away. "Don't let's get excited," said Eadie, "because these M. P.'s never know their right hand from their left. The next guy I see I'm going to ask where the division P. C. is and then we'll go there and find out where our outfit is."

"Here comes a guy," cried Darcy suddenly, "an' he's got a 4 on his collar. He's outta the Fourth Infantry. Hey, guy, where at's the division P. C.?"

The other man did not stop in his stride. "Yuh come by it," he called. "Go back and take the second street to your right."

The two turned around and walked forward with more spring in their gait than formerly, though Eadie had a sinking feeling about the heart. There was a sign that said "Headquarters Third Division, U. S. Army. Keep gate clear." The two soldiers went in, one hundred and twenty steps to the minute.

In the hall of the house sat an officer, smoking a cigar and fanning himself with a newspaper. He looked calmly at the two soldiers who came to a halt before him, banged their heels and saluted.

"Sir," said Eadie, "could the captain tell us where the Seventy-ninth Field Artillery camp is?"

"The Seventy-ninth," repeated the officer, still looking curiously at the two. "Hmmm. Oh, Claflin," he called. There was the stir of a chair being pushed back in one of the rooms and another officer entered. This officer twisted his tiny mustache and looked very sternly at the two soldiers.

"The Seventy-ninth," said he in a judicial tone. "What division are they with?"

Eadie's heart fell suddenly to his boots as a stone falls down a well. Darcy's rifle butt rattled on the floor. These two men were tired, they were hungry, they had battled their way from one corner of France to the other, pinning their hope on that one letter from the personnel officer, and now that they had arrived at their destination, it began to look as if they were as far from their regiment as they had been in the replacement camp. In addition, they had made a fourteen kilometer hike in the blazing heat and on empty stomachs, and trifles assume very serious proportions after such exertion. Then Eadie heard the other officer, the captain, speaking.

"No, no, lieutenant," said the captain, and there was something of reproach in his tone. "The Seventy-ninth is in this division. Don't you know where their mail goes?"

"I leave all that to Sergeant Pappas," replied the lieutenant. "He must be around here. I saw him myself not five minutes ago. These men want to get back to their outfit, don't you? Sure you do."

The lieutenant clanked away and the men in the hall heard the far away hum of a buzzer.

"Hot walking?" asked the captain blowing cigar smoke.

Before the men could answer a sergeant hurried in, buttoning his blouse.

"Oh, sergeant, where is the Seventy ninth?"

"The Seventy-ninth, sir?" The sergeant consulted a book that he drew from his pocket. "They're up in the woods the other side of Toul. They've been gone about ten days, sir."

"We're all moving up," added the captain. "If you'd come in tomorrow at this time you wouldn't even find the headquarters here. We're moving to Toul. I wonder how I can get you men back. Come back tomorrow and we'll see if we can't give you a ride as far as Toul."

"Thank you, sir," said Eadie. He and Darcy saluted and went out of the door into the hot street again. They went down it aimlessly, for they had nowhere in particular to go and neither wanted to be the first to sit down. When they came to the railroad track they halted.

"Let's get ourselves a feed," said Eadie. "Don't let's forget that you and I are soldiers of the United States army, entitled to three meals a day, a bed, and medical attendance free of charge. Let's go claim our rights. We're liable to strike some hospitable place like we did at Saint Dizier where they don't feed unless you produce travel orders. Maybe there's a Red Cross round here, but those girls have begun to get hard-boiled now and—"

"Listen!" interrupted Darcy. From behind a door in the wall at their back came a sudden sharp sound, a rending crack. Again the sound was repeated, again and again.

"There's some one in there choppin wood," said Darcy. "What'll you bet it's a kitchen?"

Eadie cautiously pushed open the door in the wall. Within was a courtyard, shaded on three sides by sheds. Under one of these sheds was a stove, not a rolling kitchen, but a real field range, large and capable looking. Beside it a fat man with his apron rolled up about his waist split wood and hummed a song. His eye lighted on the two newcomers.

"Hi, fellars," said he pleasantly, "been hikin' this afternoon?"

"I'll say we have," said Eadie. "We hiked in from the main line. It was a hot walk. You the cook?"

"I'm the cook," said the fat man.

"I suppose they feed well here," remarked Eadie.

"Feed well? Huh!" The cook, sitting down on a box, took his knee in both hands and leaned back comfortably. "For dinner today we had duck, roast duck stuffed with chestnuts—Duck an' champagne. It goes good. An' what champagne is left, the waiters splits with me. An' if they don't they d—n soon gets relieved off the detail."

"Is that steak I see there?" asked Darcy.

"That's for tonight," said the cook. "Steak an' French fries. We eats light of a Sunday night."

Eadie shifted his weight from one sore foot to the other and looked at the steaks hung in the shade, with some big leaves over them to keep the flies off. Roast duck, champagne, chestnuts, steaks! He knew now what it meant to water at the mouth. He could have wept. He tried to think when he and Darcy had eaten last. At Saint Dizier, at Condrecourt? No, at Ligny. At Ligny, the afternoon of the day before, they had stolen a can of hash from the compartment of a passing troop train. Eadie looked at the field range, the wood, and the ax beside it.

"How come you have to split wood this time of day?" he asked.

"Well," said the cook, "some Britishers and Frogs come over to call sometimes of a Sunday afternoon and the officers here serves 'em a drop of tea. I get a little extra for makin' it an' fixin' up toast an' stuff."

"We haven't had a thing to eat," began Eadie, "since yesterday afternoon. We were wondering what the chances might be on a little handout."

"Well," said the cook. He leaned forward, elbows on knees. "Hmmm," said he. His eye wandered to the wood and the ax, and then back to Eadie and Darcy. Again Eadie regarded the wood. He also looked with a bold full glance at those thick red steaks, ready for the frying, peeping coyly from under their green leaves.

"If you'd like to give us a bite," said Eadie, "we wouldn't mind chopping a little wood for you."

"Good," said the cook heartily, "that's fine. Sure, I'll give you fellars a feed. I wouldn't never turn no man away hungry, not if I had to give him my rations myself. There's the wood grab the ax and turn to."

Eadie and Darcy took turns at the wood. It was tough, green stuff, and the ax was none too sharp. Eadie chopped until his back ached and he could no longer see from the sweat running into his eyes and then Darcy took hold.

"Well, cook, what do you say?" asked Eadie after a while. "How much wood do you want? Isn't that enough?"

The cook rolled a red eye at the pile of chopped wood. "Oh, no," said he, "why, that wouldn't boil a cup o water. I've got to have more than that."

"You're crazier'n h—l," panted Darcy. "Why, there's enough wood there to bake bread for a battalion!"

"Naw, there ain't," said the cook. "Why, I eat more than that myself!"

"We're just out of hospital," said Eadie, "and wood cutting isn't in our line. What do you have to do to make tea but boil a little water?"

"I gotta cook supper too," said the cook, "an' all that steak to fry. Go on, there's two of yuh. Cut us a little more wood an' I'll give yuh a nice feed."

Eadie took the ax from Darcy and went at the wood again. When his hands felt as though they had been fried and he could see the white heads of blisters beginning to show he handed the ax to Darcy. Every muscle in his back ached and his head swam from the heat, but he thought of the steaks about to be fried and decided it was worth it. He needed something to bolster his courage and there was nothing like a steak to give a man heart.

"Whaddyuh say?" called Darcy, breathing heavily. "That enough?" He pointed to a really sizeable pile of wood. The cook looked at it grudgingly.

"Yeh, that's enough," he said. Darcy at once dropped the ax and he and Eadie withdrew to the shade of the shed roof.

"How long do you suppose it'll take him to cook it?" asked Darcy.

"Not long. Steak doesn't take a minute to fry up. I just happened to think he may have some of that duck left over."

"Duck?" cried Darcy, and said no more. The vision of eating duck had removed his power of speech.

The cook had opened a huge box and was rattling therein. He drew out a loaf of bread and cut slices from

Darcy Leaped Past Eadie, Planted His Fist on the Cook's Jaw.

it. Again his head and shoulders disappeared in the box and more rattling ensued. Eadie decided that the cook was getting out gridirons, forks, and other tools for the proper preparation of steak. The cook put something before him on the table and reached overhead for a cleaver. There was the sound of two sharp blows and the cook came over to the two men.

"Here, fellars," said he, "dig in."

In one hand he extended two slices of bread and in the other a small round object, a tin can with a red label, the top opened in a jagged triangle. Eadie took the can in stupefied amazement and looked into it. There was a mysterious mass of red and black therein, with bits of white bones and pieces of vertebra sticking out.

"What the h—l is this?" asked Eadie in a choking voice.

"Canned sammun," said the cook.

"But you're goin' to cook us a steak, too, aren't you?" Eadie tried to wrench his mouth into a grin, but was unsuccessful.

"Cook a steak?" cried the cook. "Them steaks is for officers. I ain't puttin' out steaks to every bum that comes moochin' a handout. Here I give you a good feed of bread an' sammun an' you want steak, too. If you don't want that sammun, give it back to me an' get to h—l out of my kitchen!"

Eadie drew back his hand and hurled the can of salmon with all his might into the cook's chest. "Take your d—d goldfish!" said he. The cook staggered back a step and Darcy, leaping past Eadie, planted his fist on the cook's jaw. The cook went down with a thud. It is not considered the act of a gentleman to hit a man when he is down, much less kick him, yet it was Sergeant Eadie's foot that thumped against the prostrate cook's ribs. It was Darcy, however, who mounted upon the cook's frame and did a little double-time thereon with his hob-nails. The cook began to bellow.

"Give me that goldfish, Darcy," said Eadie calmly. He reached out and took the can and as the cook struggled to his feet, calmly knocked him down again. "It's Sunday," said the sergeant, "and there aren't many people around. Hold his hands, Darcy."

Eadie thereupon sat astride the cook's chest and while Darcy held the other's hands Eadie gagged the cook with a few handfuls of goldfish, and then proceeded to rub the rest of the contents of the can into the cook's hair, eyes and ears. This was quite painful, for army goldfish was full of bones, quite sharp and strong. The cook writhed. He made gurgling sounds. Though he had been taken by surprise, he was no weakling and he succeeded in wrenching his hands free from Darcy at last.

"Let's be going," said the sergeant. Eadie realized that he and Darcy were weak from hospital and that their strength was furthermore undermined by lack of food so that once the cook got free he might make it interesting for them. The cook got to his feet, and wheezing and choking, coughed goldfish from his throat and dug it out of his eyes and ears. At last he could see and speak. A prolonged howl for help was his first act. Then he made for the table and seized a cleaver. Again he yelled and looked about for his antagonists. They had disappeared.

"Sons o' ——," gasped the cook. "They can't get outta town." He started for the house at the end of the court at a staggering run.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Marrying in Missouri

As a result of an incident of a recent marriage performed by him, a justice of the peace in Missouri has posted the following sign in his office: "Brides must not kiss the Justice of the Peace" —Kansas City Star

THE BAT

A Novel from the Play

By Mary Roberts Rinehart and Avery Hopwood

WNU Service

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CHAPTER X

—15—

The Hidden Room

A few moments later Jack Bailey, seeing a thin glow of candle-light from the attic above, and hearing Lizzie's protesting voice, made his way up there. He found them in the trunk-room, a dusty, dingy apartment lined with high closets along the walls—the floor littered with an incongruous assortment of attic objects—two battered trunks, a clothes hamper, an old sewing machine, a broken-backed kitchen chair, a pair of dilapidated dress-suitcases and a shabby satchel that might once have been a woman's dressing-case—in one corner a grimy fireplace in which, obviously, no fire had been lighted for years.

But he also found Miss Cornelia holding her candle to the floor and staring at something there.

"Candle-grease!" she said, sharply, staring at a line of white spots by the window. She stooped and touched the spots with an exploratory finger.

"Fresh candle-grease! Now who do you suppose did that? It leads straight to the fireplace!" she murmured in tones of Sherlockian gravity. Bailey repressed an involuntary smile. But her next words gave him genuine food for thought.

"It's been going through my mind for the last few minutes that no chimney flue runs up this side of the house!" she said.

Bailey stared. "Then why the fireplace?"

"That's what I'm going to find out!" said the spinster grimly. She started to rap the mantel, testing it for secret springs.

"Jack! Jack!" It was Dale's voice, low and cautious, coming from the landing of the stairs.

Bailey stepped to the door of the trunk room.

"Come in," he called in reply. "And lock the door behind you."

Dale entered, turning the key in the lock behind her.

"Where are the others?"

"They're still searching the house. There's no sign of anybody."

"They haven't found—Mr. Anderson?"

Dale shook her head. "Not yet."

She turned toward her aunt. Miss Cornelia had begun to enjoy herself once more.

Rapping on the mantelpiece, poking and pressing various corners and sections of the mantel itself, she remembered all the detective stories she had ever read and thought, with a sniff of scorn, that she could better them. She rapped on the wall above the mantel—exactly—there was the hollow echo she wanted.

"Hollow as Lizzie's head!" she said triumphantly. The fireplace was obviously not what it seemed—there must be a space behind it unaccounted for in the building plans. Now what was the next step detectives always took. Oh, yes—they looked for panels; panels that moved. And when one shoved them away there was a button or something. She pushed and pressed and finally something did move. It was the mantelpiece itself, false grate and all, which began to swing out into the room, revealing behind a dark, hollow cubbyhole, some six feet by six—the hidden room at last!

"Oh, Jack, be careful!" breathed Dale, as her lover took Miss Cornelia's candle and moved toward the dark hiding place. But her eyes had already caught the outlines of a tall iron safe in the gloom, and in spite of her fears, her lips formed a wordless cry of victory.

But Jack Bailey said nothing at all. One glance had shown him that the safe was empty.

The tragic collapse of all their hopes was almost more than they could bear. Coming on top of the nerve-racking events of the night, it left them dazed and directionless. It was, of course, Miss Cornelia who recovered first.

"Even without the money," she said, "the mere presence of this safe here, hidden away, tells the story. The fact that some one else knew and got here first cannot alter that."

But she could not cheer them. It was Lizzie who created a diversion. Lizzie who had bolted into the hall at the first motion of the mantelpiece outwards, and who now with equal precipitation came bolting back. She rushed into the room, slamming the door behind her, and collapsed into a heap of moaning terror at her mistress' feet. At first she was completely inarticulate, but after a time she muttered that she had seen "him" and then fell to moaning again.

The same thought was in all their minds, that in some corner of the upper floor she had come across the body of Anderson. But when Miss Cornelia finally quieted her and asked this, she shook her head.

"It was the Bat I saw," was her astounding statement. "He dropped through the skylight out there and ran along the hall. I saw him, I tell you. He went right by me!"

"Nonsense," said Miss Cornelia, briskly. "How can you say such a thing?"

But Bailey pushed forward and took Lizzie by the shoulder.

"What did he look like?"

"He hadn't any face. He was all black where his face ought to be."

"Do you mean he wore a mask?"

"Maybe. I don't know."

She collapsed again, but when Bailey, followed by Miss Cornelia, made a move toward the door, she broke into frantic wailing.

"Don't go out there!" she shrieked. "He's there, I tell you. I'm not crazy. If you open that door, he'll shoot."

But the door was already open and no shot came. With the departure of Bailey and Miss Cornelia, and the resulting darkness due to their taking the candle, Lizzie and Dale were left alone. The girl was faint with disappointment and strain; she sat huddled on a trunk, saying nothing, and after a moment or so Lizzie roused to her condition.

"Not feeling sick, are you?" she asked.

"I feel a little queer."

"Who wouldn't, in the dark here, with that monster loose somewhere near by?" But she stirred herself and got up. "I'd better get the smelling salts," she said heavily. "God knows I hate to move, but if there's one place safer in this house than another, I've yet to find it."

She went out, leaving Dale alone. The trunk room was dark, save that now and then as the candle appeared and reappeared the doorway was faintly outlined. On this outline she kept her eyes fixed, by way of comfort, and thus passed the next few moments. She felt weak and dizzy and entirely desparing.

Then—the outline was not so clear. She had heard nothing, but there was something in the doorway. It stood there, formless, diabolical, and then she saw what was happening. It was closing the door. Afterward she was mercifully not to remember what came next; the figure was perhaps intent on what was going on outside, or her own movements may have been as silent as its own. That she got into the mantel room and even partially closed it behind her is certain, and that her description of what followed is fairly accurate is borne out by the facts as known.

The Bat was working rapidly. She heard his quick, nervous movements; apparently he had come back for something and secured it, for now he moved again toward the door. But he was too late; they were returning that way. She heard him mutter something and quickly turn the key in the lock. Then he seemed to run toward the window, and for some reason to recoil from it.

The next instant she realized that he was coming toward the mantel room, that he intended to hide in it. There was no doubt in her mind as to his identity. It was the Bat, and in a moment more he would be shut in there with her.

She tried to scream and could not, and the next instant she was in a dead faint on the floor.

Bailey meanwhile had crawled out on the roof and was carefully searching it. But other things were happening also. A disinterested observer could have seen very soon why the Bat had abandoned the window as a means of egress.

Almost before the mantel had swung to behind the arch-criminal, the top of a tall pruning ladder had appeared at the window, and by its quivering showed that some one was climbing up, rung by rung. Unsuspiciously enough he came on, pausing at the top to flash a light into the room, and then cautiously swinging a leg over the sill. It was the doctor. He gave a low whistle, but there was no reply, save that, had he seen it, the mantel swung out an inch or two. Perhaps he was never so near death as at that moment, but that instant of irresolution on his part saved him, for by coming into the room he had taken himself out of range.

Even then he was very close to destruction, for after a brief pause and a second rather puzzled survey of the room, he started toward the mantel itself. Only the rattle of the doorknob stopped him, and a call from outside.

"Dale!" called Bailey's voice from the corridor. "Dale!"

"Dale! Dale! The door's locked!" cried Miss Cornelia.

The doctor hesitated. The call came again.

"Dale! Dale!" and Bailey pounded on the door as if he meant to break it down.

The doctor made up his mind.

"Wait a moment!" he called. He stepped to the door and unlocked it. Bailey hurled himself into the room, followed by Miss Cornelia with her candle. Lizzie stood in the doorway, timidly, ready to leap for safety at a moment's notice.

"Why did you lock that door?" said Bailey, angrily, threatening the doctor.

"But I didn't," said the latter, truthfully enough. Bailey made a movement of irritation. Then a glance about the room informed him of the amazing, the incredible fact. Dale was not there! She had disappeared!

"You—you," he stammered at the doctor. "Where's Miss Ogden? What have you done with her?"

The doctor was equally baffled.

"Done with her?" he said indignantly. "I don't know what you're talking about—I haven't seen her!"

"Then you didn't lock that door?" Bailey menaced him.

The doctor's denial was firm.

"Absolutely not. I was coming through the window when I heard your voice at the door!"

Bailey's eyes leapt to the window—yes—a ladder was there—the doctor might be speaking the truth after all. But if so, how and why had Dale disappeared?

The doctor's admission of his manner of entrance did not make Lizzie any the happier.

"In at the window—just like a bat!" she muttered in shaking tones. She would not have stayed in the doorway if she had not been afraid to move anywhere else.

"I saw lights up here from outside," continued the doctor easily. "And I thought—"

Miss Cornelia interrupted him. She had laid down her candle and revolver on the top of the clothes hamper and now stood gazing at the mantel fireplace.

"The mantel's—closed!" she said.

The doctor stared. So the secret of the hidden room was a secret no longer. He saw ruin gaping before him—a bottomless abyss. "Damnation!" he cursed, impotently, under his breath.

Bailey turned on him savagely.

"Did you shut that mantel?"

"No!"

"I'll see whether you shut it or not!" Bailey leapt toward the fireplace. "Dale! Dale!" he called desperately, leaning against the mantel. His fingers groped for the knob that worked the mechanism of the hidden entrance.

The doctor picked up the single lighted candle from the hamper, as if to throw more light on Bailey's task. Bailey's fingers found the knob. He turned it. The mantel began to swing out into the room.

As it did so the doctor deliberately snuffed out the light of the candle he held, leaving the room in abrupt and obliterating darkness.

"Doctor, why did you put out that candle?"

Miss Cornelia's voice cut the blackness like a knife.

"I didn't—I—"

"You did—I saw you do it."

The brief exchange of accusation and denial took but an instant of time, as the mantel swung wide open. The next instant there was a rush of feet across the floor, from the fireplace—the shock of a collision between two bodies—the sound of a heavy fall.

"What was that?" queried Bailey, dazedly, with a feeling as if some great winged creature had brushed at him and passed.

Lizzie answered from the doorway.

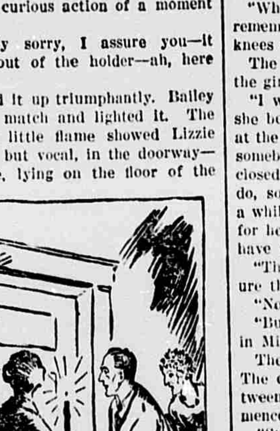
"Oh, oh!" she groaned, in stricken accents. "Somebody knocked me down and trampled on me!"

"Matches, quick!" commanded Miss Cornelia. "Where's the candle?"

The doctor was still trying to explain his curious action of a moment before.

"Awfully sorry, I assure you—it dropped out of the holder—ah, here it is!"

He held it up triumphantly. Bailey struck a match and lighted it. The wavering little flame showed Lizzie prostrate but vocal, in the doorway—and Dale, lying on the floor of the



"Dale!" Called Bailey's Voice From the Corridor.

hidden room, her eyes shut, and her face as drained of color as the face of a marble statue. For one horrible instant Bailey thought she must be dead.

He rushed to her wildly and picked her up in his arms. No—still breathing—thank God! He carried her tenderly to the only chair in the room.

"Doctor!"

The doctor, once more the physician, knelt at her side, and felt for her pulse. And Lizzie, picking herself up from where the collision with some violent body had thrown her, retrieved the smelling salts from the floor. It was onto this picture, the candle light shining on strained faces, the dramatic figure of Dale, now semi-conscious, the desperate rage of Bailey, that a new actor appeared on the scene.

Anderson, the detective, stood in the doorway, holding a candle—as grim and menacing a figure as a man just arisen from the dead.

"That't right!" said Lizzie, unappalled for once. "Come in when everything's over!"

The doctor glanced up and met the detective's eyes, cold and menacing.

"You took my revolver from me, downstairs," he said. "I'll trouble you for it."

The doctor got heavily to his feet. The others, their suspicions confirmed at last, looked at him with startled eyes. The detective seemed to enjoy the universal confusion his words had brought.

Slowly, with sullen reluctance, the doctor yielded up the stolen weapon. The detective examined it casually and replaced it in his hip pocket.

"I've something to settle with you pretty soon," he said through clenched teeth, addressing the doctor. "And I'll settle it properly. Now—what's this?"

He indicated Dale—her face still and waxen—her breath coming so faintly she seemed hardly to breathe at all, as Miss Cornelia and Bailey tried to revive her.

"She's coming to—" said Miss Cornelia, triumphantly, as a first faint flush of color reappeared in the girl's cheeks. "We found her shut in there, Mr. Anderson," the spinster added, pointing toward the gaping entrance of the hidden room.

A gleam crossed the detective's face. He went up to examine the secret chamber. As he did so, Doctor Wells, who had been inching surreptitiously toward the door, sought the opportunity of slipping out unobserved.

But Anderson was not to be caught napping again.

"Wells!" he barked. The doctor stopped and turned.

"Where were you when she was locked in this room?"

The doctor's eyes sought the floor—the walls—wildly—for any possible loophole of escape.

"I didn't shut her in—if that's what you mean!" he said defiantly. "There was some one shut in there with her!" He gestured at the hidden room. "Ask these people here."

Miss Cornelia caught him up at once.

"The fact remains, Doctor," she said, her voice cold with anger, "that we left her here alone. When we came back, you were here. The corridor door was locked, and she was in that room—unconscious!"

She moved forward to throw the light of her candle on the hidden room as the detective passed into it, gave it a swift professional glance, and stepped out again. But she had not finished her story by any means.

"As we opened that door," she continued to the detective, tapping the false mantel, "the doctor deliberately extinguished our only candle!"

"Do you know who was in that room?" queried the detective, fiercely, wheeling on the doctor.

But the latter had evidently made up his mind to cling stubbornly to a policy of complete denial.

"No," he said sullenly. "I didn't put out the candle. It fell. And I didn't lock that door into the hall. I found it locked!"

A sigh of relief from Bailey now centered everyone's attention on himself and Dale. At last the girl was recovering from the shock of her terrible experience and regaining consciousness. Her eyelids fluttered—closed again—opened once more. She tried to sit up, weakly, clinging to Bailey's shoulder. The color returned to her cheeks—the stupor left her eyes. She gave the hidden room a hunted little glance and then shuddered violently.

"Please close that awful door," she said in a tremulous voice. "I don't want to see it again."

The detective went silently to close the iron doors.

"What happened to you? Can't you remember?" faltered Bailey, on his knees at her side.

The shadow of an old terror lay on the girl's face.

"I was in here alone, in the dark," she began slowly—"Then, as I looked at the doorway there, I saw there was somebody there. He came in and closed the door. I didn't know what to do, so I slipped in—there, and after a while I knew he was coming in, too, for he couldn't get out. Then I must have fainted."

"There was nothing about the figure that you recognized?"

"No. Nothing."

"But we know it was the Bat," put in Miss Cornelia.

The detective laughed sardonically. The old duel of opposing theories between the two seemed about to recommence.

"Still harping on the Bat!" he said, with a little sneer.

Miss Cornelia stuck to her guns.

"I have every reason to believe that the Bat is in this house," she said.

The detective gave another jarring, mirthless laugh.

"And that he took the Union bank money out of that safe, I suppose?" he jeered. "No, Miss Van Gorder."

He wheeled on the doctor now.

"Ask the doctor who took the Union bank money out of that safe!" he thundered. "Ask the doctor who attacked me downstairs in the drawing room, knocked me senseless and locked me in the billiard room!"

There was an astounded silence. The detective added a parting shot to his indictment of the doctor.

"The next time you put handcuffs on a man, be sure to take the key out of his vest pocket," he said biting off the words.

Rage and consternation mingled on the doctor's countenance—on the faces of the others astonishment was followed by a growing certainty. Only Miss Cornelia clung stubbornly to her original theory.

"Perhaps I'm an obstinate old woman," she said, in tones which obviously showed that if so she was rather proud of it, "but the doctor and all the rest of us were locked in the living room, not ten minutes ago!"

"By the Bat, I suppose!" mocked Anderson.

"By the Bat!" insisted Miss Cornelia inflexibly. "Who else would have fastened a dead bat to the door downstairs? Who else would have the bravado to do that? Or what you call the imagination?"

In spite of himself Anderson seemed to be impressed.

"The Bat, eh?" he muttered, then, changing his tone, "you knew about this hidden room, Wells?" he shot at the doctor.

"Yes." The doctor bowed his head.

"And you knew the money was in the room?"

"Well, I was wrong, wasn't I?" parried the doctor. "You can look for yourself. That safe is empty."

The detective brushed his evasive answer aside.

"You were up in this room, earlier tonight," he said in tones of apparent certainty.

"No, I couldn't get up!" the doctor still insisted, with strange violence for a man who had already admitted such damning knowledge.

The detective's face was a study in disbelief.

"You know where that money is Wells, and I'm going to find it!"

This last taunt seemed to goad the doctor beyond endurance.

"Good God!" he shouted recklessly. "Do you suppose if I knew where it is, I'd be here? I've had plenty of chances to get away! No, you can't pin anything on me, Anderson! It isn't criminal to have known that room is here."

"Oh, don't be so d—d virtuous!" said the detective brutally. "Maybe you haven't been upstairs—but, unless I miss my guess, you know who was!"

The doctor's face changed a little.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

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Going to Market With Hand-Made Baskets.

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

As one approaches Jamaica from the United States his ship rounds South East point, the eastern extremity of the island, and turns its nose westward. On it sails past Port Morant and Yallahs bay, with as fair a palm-studded plain off the starboard rail as you could ever wish to see, guarded in the background by the splendor of the Blue mountains, rising to an ultimate height of nearly a mile and half above the strand.

Then heaves in sight the historic Palisadoes, that narrow spit which separates Kingston harbor from the Caribbean sea and beyond which lies the capital city of the British West Indies.

As you round the head of the Palisadoes you view what you may of Port Royal, that vanished city of "battle, murder and sudden death"—well known to us in song and story of pieces of eight, of golden doubloons, and pearls of price plundered from his Spanish majesty's citizens of the New World who followed in the wake of the Great Admiral.

Port Royal is, in good truth, not much to look at today. Fort Charles, the coast defense of Kingston, stands there, with its inscription that gives instant pause to visiting feet: "In this place dwelt Horatio Nelson. You who tread his footprints, remember his glory." There, also, is the paved platform over which the future hero of Trafalgar so impatiently paced to and fro while, spyglass in hand, he watched with tired young eyes for the dreaded French fleet that was expected to attack Port Royal in 1779.

Once the City of Gold.

Before 1692 Port Royal was the City of Gold. In the words of Henderson: "Bearded seamen, bronzed and weather-stained, but decked with priceless jewelry and the finest silks of the Orient, swaggered along its quays and gambled with the heavy gold coins whose value no one cared to estimate. The drinking shops were filled with cups of gold and silver, embellished with flashing gems torn from half a hundred cathedrals. Each house was a treasure store. The place was a gilded hades, and mammon held sovereign sway over its people. Common seamen hung their ears with heavy gold rings studded with the costliest gems. Dagger thrusts were as common as brawls, and the body of a murdered man would remain in a dancing room until the dancing was over. Gold and precious stones were cheap, but life was cheaper. And every man in that crowd of pirates lived beneath the shadow of the gallows."

This was not to go on forever, for these pirates counted without the law of compensation and retribution. On June 7, 1692, with the council of the island in session, a tremendous earthquake shook Port Royal "from turret to foundation stone." In the council minutes describing the catastrophe it is reported that "in the space of two minutes all of the churches, the dwelling houses, and sugar works of the whole island were thrown down; two-thirds of Port Royal swallowed up by the sea; all its forts and fortifications demolished, and a great part of its inhabitants miserably cleer 'knockt o' th' head or drowned.'"

A brief sail takes one's ship from old Port Royal to the dock at Kingston, the Jamaican capital, born of Port Royal's misfortune. For after the second great earthquake at Port Royal in 1692, followed by disasters of fire and hurricane, its people, fearing further revolt of Mother Earth, moved to the mainland and established Kingston, with its great harbor, nine miles long and about two miles broad.

Kingston a Pleasant City.

Kingston is the center of island activity from the standpoint of both government and business. The streets are clean, well ordered, and dotted with traffic officers, for even in this Garden of Eden the fiery gasoline steed races its way about. The shops are many and varied, and those catering to the white trade have excellent qualities of merchandise, home grown as well as imported, from England.

There is no bargaining in these emporiums, for the prices are fixed and fair and you are waited upon by grave-miened colored clerks who have all the suavity and dignity of a Regent street draper. It is a different story, however, in the cheaper stores, for in this stratum bargaining seems to be the natural order.

Visitors in foreign climes usually feel it necessary to visit the market place; why, no one really knows, but here it is worth while. The market women are a cheery lot, and while displaying their small stock of really tropical products—pepper pods, cocoa, sour sops, breadfruit, mango, pimento, and "Jackass rope," as native tobacco is termed, together with a score of fruits and vegetables unknown except by name to the Northern visitor—they carry on a cross-fire of good humor. They can spot a Yankee with the eye of a sharpshooter, and will smilingly assert that they "love America" and that you would "look most handsome in one of the fine Jipijapa straw hats!"

All sorts of strange things are offered here, from a shark's backbone strung on metal and turned down until it is fashioned into a cane, lace bark whips—the butt and long-plaited lash made from one piece of wood—to dagger-work fans, coolie bangles and fern albums, and few visitors can long resist the salesmanship of the native Jamaican in her own market.

A Ride Into the Suburban Region.

The duty of seeing the market over, it is a joy to step into a "buggy," as the horse-drawn taxi is locally known, and ride out into the suburban area, where the odors of tropical fruits and flowers and the songs of brightly colored birds are welcome after the turmoil of the marts of trade, and if interested in human nature one can learn much of the humble life of the island by encouraging his Jehu to talk. He is generally willing if you don't make fun of him or his island home.

We pass the lordly Myrtlebank hotel, fronting on the beautiful harbor, with its tropical architecture, its enticing gardens, shade, and creature comforts—both liquid and solid—and presently are driving up South Camp road. What lovely little villas and bungalows, each with its own rose-embowered gate and its own winsome name! Far ahead rises Blue mountain peak, back of you the azure Caribbean, to your right a broad marine plain, and to your left the white and green capital city.

The sunshine is hot, but the doctor comes valiantly to your relief. Don't know the doctor? Well, every Jamaican loves him. For he is the fresh wind that blows from the sea to the Blue mountains every day—a sort of perpetual electric fan, whose breezes temper the white sunshine. At night the undertaker takes the doctor's place—a cooling wind from the mountain. But the undertaker deserves no such lugubrious name.

One does not drive around the environs of Kingston very long without noticing that most of the inhabitants are negroes. Even then he is hardly prepared for the statement that of the 860,000 inhabitants of the island only 15,000 are white people.

Both statistically and socially the negroes are subdivided into blacks and "colored," the former being of pure negro blood and the latter having an admixture of white blood.

Of the nonwhites 160,000 are of mixed blood and 650,000 are of native African descent. The former hold the minor white-collar jobs in the island because most of them have a better education and appearance than their ebon brethren.

Yet, for all the disproportion of nonwhites, the white population governs. The British have very cleverly solved the situation which once threatened to overturn things in the island. They let the negroes have a certain representation in the legislative council, but rest the final control in the hands of the whites so thoroughly that British rule is never menaced.

Common Sense

What is "common sense?" Following are a few of the explanations as given in the Forum:

Intelligence tested in overalls.

A heterogeneous mass of borrowed opinions applied at haphazard in framing a conclusion by a mental jack-of-all-trades.

Common sense is horse sense, which an ass does not have.

Common sense is like common law; that sense "whereof the memory of man runneth not to the contrary."

Realistic thought. That all-desirable ability to detect values, to know the big things from the little ones.—Kansas City Star.

Came From India

Bungalows get their name from an Indian word meaning "of Bengal. One-storied houses are the rule in that province, and when Anglo-Indians returned they copied the style and coined the name.—London Tit-Bits.

IDLE ISLAND

By ETHEL HUESTON

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STORY FROM THE START

On the verge of nervous collapse, due to overwork, Gay Delane, successful New York artist, seeks rest at Idle Island. She rents a cottage, the "Lone Pine," from an island character, the "Captain," and his sister, Alice Andover, "administrator." Gay finds the cottage is tenanted by an elderly lady, "Auntalmiry," who consents to move to another abode, the "Apple Tree." Awaking from sleep, Gay imagines she sees the face of a Chinaman peering in the window. She settles down in her new home anticipating months of well-earned rest and recuperation. On an exploration of the island Gay, standing on the seashore, is horrified by the appearance of the drifting body of a drowned man, which she nerves herself to bring to the shore. A bullet wound in the temple shows the man to have been murdered. Gay makes her way to the "Captain" with the story. Returning with him to the shore they find no body there, and Gay's story of the incident is set down to an attack of "nerves."

CHAPTER IV—Continued

—5—

"Is this the quiet good little place they brag about?" she asked herself. "Where they come and—steal dead bodies—from under your very eyes?" Both tears and laughter came at the whimsical notion. But in spite of her attempt to be facetious and unconcerned, she was highly nervous and quite unstrung. A sudden clear call "Hallo there," from behind, startled her into a frightened scream and she sprang to her feet. Quite beyond power of reason as she was, the call had seemed to come from the valley of death.

Glancing up, she saw on the piazza of the Little club a man who leaned out over the railing and beckoned to her. He was a stranger, she knew at once, one of the summer people, no native son.

"I beg your pardon," he called pleasantly, "but will you kindly show me the way down? I cannot find the path."

"There is no path. There is no way down."

"But—I beg your pardon—you are down, are you not?"

Gay smiled up at him. "Yes, but I slid right down those steep rocks, and it is hard sliding, I assure you. I am coming up. I will show you the way through the woods and the lane will lead you direct to the landing. I go that way. Wait for me."

He crossed from the piazza to the top of the rocky cliff and waited to assist her, descending with difficulty a few steps to give her a hand when she had gained that height.

"Nice little shack," he said, tapping the corner of the Little club as they passed. "Were you sketching it?"

"No, I was sketching— Oh, listen!" Gay stopped short, and turned toward him eagerly. A sudden longing for sympathy, for understanding, the reaction of one of her own kind in her emotional strain, overwhelmed her. In a torrent of words, staring darkly into his interested eyes, Gay told him the whole story; of the body that had come to her on the waves, the wound in the temple, the fine white hands; how she had gone for help, and returned to find it—gone.

"By George, what a story," he said thoughtfully. "I suppose the tide carried it out while you were away."

"Well, you see," she admitted fairly, "the tide really couldn't. I pulled the body above the water line. The tide didn't reach him. That's the strangest thing about it."

He put out his hand, deeply interested for the sketch, and she showed it eagerly, her eyes still fixed upon his sympathetic face.

"Oh, by George, that is fine work," he said warmly. "What a hand! What a face!—oh, nonsense, you could never make up such a figure, of course you saw it. What are you going to do with this?"

"I shall send it to the police department, I think. That boy belongs to somebody. Perhaps the police can trace him. Perhaps it will relieve some anxious hearts—though a sad relief it will be."

They walked on together, slowly, the stranger still carrying the sketch, glancing at it often with interested wondering eyes.

"Don't you rather hate to get mixed up in such an affair? There will be an inquest—at least an inquiry, and you will be called as a witness and—"

"Oh, there will be no trouble about it. It is obviously suicide—"

"It is obviously murder," he corrected gently. "The poor chap might have shot himself, or might have drowned himself. Not both."

Gay stopped suddenly, shivering again. "True," she said faintly. "I knew it. I tried so hard not even to think—of murder."

Her face was white.

"I wish you would give this to me," he said persuasively. "Or sell it to me, rather, for I can see that your pencil is your profession. I should be glad to buy it. I can make a ripping story of it. I am in newspaper work, and I can do wonders with this. I will have it photographed. If you like, and send a copy to the police."

Gay reached out, quickly, and took the pad. "I cannot do that," she said firmly. "I feel responsible for the thing. I feel as though I were led down that hard and painful path on purpose to receive it—the poor body—swept to my very feet. It seems to make me—his avenger, don't you see? I dare say you think me very childish, but I feel that this has been sent straight to me, and I cannot evade it. I am sorry. But I must do it myself."

Suddenly they had cleared the forest and stood on the brow of the hill. The Lone Pine was directly at hand.

"This is my cottage," she said. "Just cross right down the slope to the lane and follow it down to the pier. I am sorry about the drawing, but you see how it is."

"Oh, you are quite right, of course. It has been very fascinating—meeting you like this. I wish there was some place we could go for tea—"

"There is a place. There are lots of places. The Island is full of tea But I shan't go, thanks. Marching off to tea with a Perfect Stranger in the Good Little Island would be even more damning than the discovery of a nonexistent corpse. Even worse, I think, than living alone, which seems the very height of depravity here. It ain't accordin' to natur'—it makes women queer. They think that's what is wrong with me, living alone."

"What do they advise? An orphan for adoption, or a husband for attachment?"

"Heaven knows. But anyhow I shouldn't live alone." She laughed pleasantly. "Good-by. I say it with sorrow, for you seem almost one of my own."

He held out his hand, and Gay dropped hers in it.

"Good-by. The best of luck to you. For myself I wish no better luck than the joy of seeing you again."

"Now, now," she reproved him, smiling. "Don't flatter. Consider the stately pines, the rugged coast and the surging surf. Flattery doesn't go with the Good Little Island."

"It doesn't go with you, either. I assure you I mean every word of it. Come soon, good luck. Good-by."

Gay walked toward the Lone Pine smiling. He was pleasant. It had been nice, the momentary contact with one of her own kind. But the smiles died on her lips as she turned the door of the Lone Pine. The house seemed still, big, empty. Very still. The stillness was like death. Gay thought of the sea-washed body with palely gleaming hands flung out beneath the waves, and shuddered. She did not look at the drawing on the first page of her sketch book, but thrust the pad quickly into the drawer of the desk and closed it tight.

She grew increasingly ill at ease as dusk descended, and on a sudden impulse, at last went out, quickly, ran down the hill and called to Auntalmiry.

"Won't you keep a poor timid nervous old maid all night?" she asked pleadingly. "I don't want to stay alone. I've got the—you know—heebee jeebees! My house is haunted. I'm afraid of ghosts, and things. Do you think it was just a ghost, Auntalmiry?"

Auntalmiry gave her a cozy chair and made her a cup of tea. That was Auntalmiry's unfailing resource in case of nerves.

"Now drink your tea, dearie and don't say a word about it. We'll have a nice cozy evening, just like a party."

She was evidently determined to soothe Gay, determined to humor her keep her quiet. She petted her, talked pleasantly of inane and pleasant things.

When at last they made ready to retire for the night, she said Gay should have the solitary bed, and she herself would sleep on the couch.

"She's afraid of me, I do believe," Gay thought to herself. "She wants the room between us, in case I turn violent." Her lips twitched with amusement at the thought as she crept between the white covers.

Auntalmiry turned out the lights, and went about the room from window to window raising the blinds. When she came to the window that showed the Lone Pine at the top of the hill she gave a sudden little exclamation.

"Did you leave a light on?" she asked.

"No!" With a bound Gay was out of bed and at her side by the window, both staring up the hill at the cottage. From the wide window of the living room there showed a round circle of misty light, pale, wavering and uncertain, but a light.

"It's no earthly light," Gay said moodily. "It's a ghost. I tell you, Auntalmiry, the spirits are abroad this night. Say what you like, queer things are going on. I feel it. I am all creepy, and—oh, look! Oh, it is the hand. Oh!"

Her voice sank away breathlessly. Watching, suddenly outlined in the misty orb of light had been the reflection of a hand, reaching out, slim shadowy and ghastly.

"Oh," Gay murmured sickly, "oh, it is his hand!"

Auntalmiry was shaken. Her arm beneath Gay's hand trembled. But she was firm. She did not believe in ghosts.

"I saw it" she said weakly. "It was just the reflection of a leaf or a spray of twigs, moving in the wind. Look, it is gone. There is no light there is no hand. It was the light from a boat reflecting against the leaves. Just a reflection, dearie. They often fool me."

"Have it your own way," Gay said moodily. "Call it a leaf if you like. I call it a hand, his hand."

"I think—maybe—I will sleep with you," Auntalmiry said faintly.

Gay laughed then, and squeezed the little figure gayly as she clambered into bed beside her.

"You'd rather take a chance on me turning violent, than be by yourself when the spirits walk, wouldn't you?" she teased.

"You shouldn't say such things. 'Tisn't reverent."

They arose early, and after a quiet breakfast Gay kissed Auntalmiry, thanked her and set out for home. Auntalmiry offered to go with her, but she refused, bravely smiling.

"Oh, no. I am not afraid now it is daylight. Spirits are all nicely back in their snug little graves again."

She went up to the cottage, unlocked the door and entered the room. Over it lay the quiet little hush that broods in an empty house. But she was not afraid. Even when she saw that the window shades in the living room were lowered to the bottom, she was not afraid.

"I didn't pull them down," she said, aloud, "because I went out before dark. Oh, well! Perhaps I did it from habit, without thinking. Heaven knows I had other things on my mind."

She sat down at once to her desk. It was her plan to go to the city on the first boat, to relieve herself of all responsibility in the matter. And then, suddenly, she decided that she would not go at all, but write instead. She would describe the entire incident to the last detail, enclose her sketch, and that would be an end of it. She reached into the drawer and pulled out paper, envelopes and her sketching pad. To measure for the size of envelope, she opened the pad to remove the drawing. The page that met her eyes was virginal and white, no pencil line to mar its purity. Gay turned the pad about in her hand, studying it slowly, and then she turned every page, one after the other, and examined every one.

The page had been neatly extracted from the book, and her penciled sketch of the scene in the cove was not there.

Its disappearance settled the affair of the Little Club cove as far as Gay was concerned. With nothing to substantiate her seemingly wild story, she felt the less said of it the better. Gay knew, however, that she was the subject of endless discussion, endless neighborhood wit, in her absence, and for a few days she confined herself as largely as possible to the seclusion of her cottage.

One afternoon, perhaps a week after her discovery and betrayal in the cove, tiring suddenly of her work, she shoved the easel into the corner and decided to clean house. Hastily she bundled her slim knickered figure into a great bungalow apron that made a fat and stodgy housewife of her, twisted a bright silken scarf turbanwise about her small head and fell to work. She dusted, she swept, she rearranged. With brush and pan in hand, she was on her knees at the fireplace, coughing distastefully with the dust of ashes as she cleared out the cinders of last night's driftwood, when suddenly a hand slipped beneath her chin from behind, tilting her head backward, while two firm lips pressed down on hers from above, pressed firmly, warmly, for one long breathless moment.

And then a tremendous, electrifying silence. Gay dropped pan and brush among the ashes and stood up, very tall, very businesslike even with the huge apron bulkily enveloping her, deeply outraged. The man who stood before her, in a silence as great, an amazement as profound as her own, was one she had never seen before, nor seen his like before, she knew at once. Travel-worn boots he wore, travel-worn knickers. Bareheaded, his blond hair, a little tousled, showed sunburn. But in that first glance it was really his eyes she saw, eyes dark and gray, with little mocking glints that shone through his amazement, gray eyes beneath black lashes, thick and long, that curled upward, veiling the gray with black.

Amusement soon supplanted the astonishment in his face, amusement and interest. His sang froid was perfect.

"Pleased to meet you," he said, with a mockingly deferential inclination of the bare and sunburned head.

"So it seems," Gay's voice and eyes were frigid.

"Who art thou, pretty maiden, and where, may one inquire, is the revered and venerable Auntalmiry who one time made this hut her home?" There was laughter in his eyes now, the gayer for her coldness.

"Oh, you wish to see Auntalmiry," she said still with some stiffness, self-consciously, though melting surely beneath the warmth of the gray eyes. "She lives in the Apple Tree now. I live here. Will you sit down?" she asked very formally, and took off the great bungalow apron.

The daring gray eyes explored the revelation of her, slim and straight in the stout shoes, the smart knickers, and the silken blouse; came to rest, contentedly, on the sleek, dark, proud little head.

"You don't live alone, do you?" he asked with interest.

"Yes, I do," Gay's voice was curt with the defiance she felt in defense of her lone estate. "I live alone, and I like it and I am not afraid. I know it makes women folks queer, and it's not accordin' to natur', but I do, and if it suits me, there's an end of it."

"My esteemed female relatives wished me to sit and hear the report of the Island," he said thoughtfully, "and I put them off. I should have waited. I fancy they had news of vast import."

"Yes, they did. And most of it is about me. I know who you are," she said, smilingly. "You are Rand. Are you not?" Her smile was very warm indeed in joy of her discovery.

He shivered slightly, covered the dark eyes with his hand. "Danger. My prophetic sense says danger," he whispered.

"Every one has been saying, 'When Rand comes home, and now you have come. The boys wanted the old pier to make a float for swimming, and the Island wouldn't give it to them, and they said, 'When Rand comes home, he'll dynamite it, and we'll salvage the remains.' And when the summer people wanted to tear down the old fishing shack to make a place to launch their boats, the natives frowned upon them, but everybody said to everybody else, 'Wait till Rand comes, he'll burn it down.'"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Earliest City Subways

The first Boston subway was begun in 1894. It was an underground tunnel for the surface electric lines entering the business district of the city of Boston. The original New York subway, as contracted for in 1900, comprised some 20½ miles of line, three-quarters of which is in tunnel.

SEEK TO DEVELOP BETTER HEADLIGHTS

In an effort to develop a more satisfactory type of automobile headlight, experts at the bureau of standards in Washington are experimenting with this fantastic-appearing arrangement of lights. The lights on the rear simulate lights of an approaching vehicle. The rectangular target on the right side represents an obstruction, and tests are made of the distance at which it is first visible, first with the lights of the moving car only, and then with the lights of the car carrying the target lighted. Another car, behind, carries an army type range finder which permits rapid measurements of the distance between the cars. H. H. Allen of the bureau staff is shown in the photograph.

SPARK PLUG OF BIG IMPORTANCE

Some Attention Would Prolong Its Life and Eliminate Trouble.

The spark plug is of the greatest importance but, because of the excellent performance it gives, with hardly any attention, the average driver lets it alone. When the plug finally does go bad he simply inserts a new one and throws the old one away, thinking that it has given sufficient service for his dollar. But, as a matter of fact, a little intelligent attention to that plug would not only prolong its life, but give it added power and enable the car to run much sweeter.

Easy to Clean.

You don't have to be an ignition expert to clean a spark plug. Any one can do it with a little practice, using old plugs to experiment with at first. Because of the various grades of gasoline sold these days more and more trouble is encountered with fouling plugs.

Naturally the first operation in cleaning a spark plug is to remove it from the engine cylinder. Many motorists use any old tool as long as the plug comes out. Don't do this. Get a spark plug wrench that will fit your particular type of plug and use it.

The plug is then placed in a vise and the vice jaws set up on the hexagon nut at the base of the plug. Here another good wrench must be used to remove the packing nut or gland, working it off slowly so that you won't injure either the porcelain or gasket between the porcelain and shell. Possibly your type of plug won't have this gasket. The majority do have gaskets and it is a good plan to keep new gaskets on hand along with new porcelains to replace those that are defective.

Don't Use Knife.

Now that the plug is taken apart, a rag and gasoline come into play. Remove all semblance of carbon and oil from the surface of the porcelain. Do not use a knife, file, steel scraper, sandpaper or any other abrasive substance on the plug porcelain. This porcelain is glazed and is intended by the plug manufacturer to be perfectly smooth so that carbon cannot lodge upon it easily. Consequently any abrasive that will cut this glassy surface should never be used. The gasoline and rag will do the work.

Uniform Traffic Rules Favored for All Cities

Illinois requires that automobile lights be dimmed when cars approach one another at night. Our neighboring Northern states permit glaring headlights at night. Peoria has parking rules of one kind and Springfield has parking rules that are very different. One city may permit left hand turns without signals. Mechanical signals differ so much that a motorist is apt to get confused unless he is in his own city. Blowing of horns is penalized in some cities while in other cities the motorist who does not blow his horn under same circumstance is violating an ordinance. All of which illustrates the fact that traffic laws and traffic ordinances are in a confused state and that uniform traffic rules are demanded, says the Peoria (Ill.) Star.

But order may yet come out of this traffic chaos. Subcommittees appointed some time ago by the national conference on municipal traffic codes are studying the situation and are expecting to be in a position to make a report early next fall. Herbert Hoover is among those interested. And when Hoover gets interested something is apt to happen. If cities can get together and suggest uniform and standardized traffic rules the states may be expected to fall in with the parade.

Runs on Acetylene Gas

Run your auto on acetylene gas and cut your gas bill in two, says M. Jaquelin, a French inventor, who claims to have invented a method of doing so. In a generator on the running board of the car, dripping water releases the gas from the calcium carbide fuel, and a carburetor of special design mixes air with the gas to feed an explosive mixture to the cylinders. Jaquelin is now running his American car by the new process, and it is satisfactory.

Decision Given on Back-Seat Driver

Back-seat drivers, beware! And everybody give three cheers for Supreme Court Justice Curtiss.

The venerable judge has decreed that, "A passenger in an automobile should sit still and say nothing, because any other course is fraught with danger.

"Interference by laying hold of an operating lever or by exclamation, or even by direction or inquiry, is generally to be deprecated, as in the long run the greater safety lies in letting the driver alone."

Plug and Jack Is Handy for Auto Trouble Lamp

A plug and jack, such as used in radio sets for phones and loud speakers, can be installed in the car for use with a trouble lamp. A jack of the single-circuit type is obtained and is installed on the dashboard, or any other handy place on the car. Two or three jacks can be mounted at other points. A small hole is drilled and the jack is fastened with the

Radio-Plug and Jack Installation on Auto Makes Handy Trouble-Lamp Arrangement.

large nut. This nut serves as one connection to the battery through the metal parts of the car. The other connection is made with a single wire to the battery. A phone plug is connected to the trouble lamp with an extension cord. Pushing the plug into the jack immediately lights up the lamp. When finished using it, pull out the plug.—Herman R. Wallin, Brooklyn, N. Y., in Popular Mechanics Magazine.

Leaks in Vacuum Tank Float Easily Remedied

If the vacuum tank float leaks and becomes filled with gasoline it will not function until repairs are made. These are simple and require but little time. The cover of the tank should be removed and the float detached. To determine the position of the leaks immerse the float in hot water. The bubbles will indicate the location of the leaks. Drain the fuel from the float by punching two small holes in it if shaking fails to produce the desired result. After making certain no fuel is left in the float, solder all holes, using as little solder as is practicable.

AUTOMOBILE NOTES

Wheels that are out of alignment cause uneven wear on the tires. So do loose wheels.

• • •

When the price of autos take another drop the pedestrian prepares to take another jump.

• • •

The young girl who said she could not have been speeding 40 miles an hour, as she had only been out 20 minutes, caught the traffic cop unprepared with an answer, and he had to let her go.

• • •

Twenty-five thousand people have been killed the past two years by automobiles. This is our bumper crop.

• • •

Automobile enamels have been so improved in recent years, it is said a wolf scratching at a limousine door no longer mars the finish.

• • •

Automobile club officials are combatting truck owners in their effort to nullify the Wagy bill in California, which imposes a higher tax on heavier trucks and reduces the tax on light trucks for use of highways.

A Few Little Smiles

AN IMITATIVE PET

"Well, you have the house all to yourself while Mrs. Peckton is away."

"Not quite," said Mr. Peckton. "I share the premises with Mrs. Peckton's poodle, who was left in my care. I'm afraid the intelligent animal has modeled its behavior on that of its mistress."

"How so?"

"When I try to make myself comfortable with a cigar and a newspaper it eyes me with marked disfavor."

UNTHINKABLE

He—She's so dumb she thinks the queerest things.

She—I thought she was too dumb to think at all.

Got the Name Wrong

A man traveling to New York by automobile, being near the state line between Virginia and North Carolina, wished to know exactly whether he had crossed.

Seeing a negro girl on the side of the road, he called out:

"Say, is this Virginia?"

She replied: "No, sah; this here's Lucy."

Feminine Logic

It was dusk as she stopped at the roadside garage.

"I want a quart of red oil," she said.

The man gasped and hesitated.

"Give me a quart of red oil," she repeated.

"A qu-quart of r-r-red oil?"

"Certainly," she said. "My tail light has gone out!"

Yep, It's Ended

"Don't you think, darling, it would spoil the curtains if I were to smoke in here?" asked Newlywed as he entered the drawing-room.

"Oh, what a dear, thoughtful boy you are. Yes, perhaps it would."

"Very well, then, pull 'em down."

Place, Not Parent

An English motorist was touring Scotland. One day, not being sure of his location, he slowed down to question a girl he saw approaching.

"Matherwell?" he asked laconically.

"Yes, sir, thankee," said the girl, "how's yer own?"

DOESN'T READ NIGHTLY

He—Do you read nightly?

She—I've never heard that author's name before.

New Parasite

Lady (to small boy with two dogs)—Have you licenses on both those dogs?

Small Boy—No'm. The big one's all right, but the little one's just full of 'em.

For Chicken Thieves, Too

"Do you think Liz minded that awful lawsuit she was mixed up in?"

"Why, my dear, I think she rather enjoyed it—I know she told me they had a grand jury."

The Man of It

Mrs. Pryer—My husband has awful deaf spells at times.

Mrs. Guyer—Oh, my husband does, especially when I try to call him up in the morning, or try to talk money matters to him.

How De-e-elightful!

Jerry—And when the boat sank I was forced to swim ten miles to shore.

Marie—Splendid! I just love to swim.

That's the Time

First Clubman—I wish I could tell a good story—one that would go over all right, you know.

Second Clubman—O, I wish I could, especially when I arrive home at three o'clock in the morning.

Fruitful Performance

First Actor—Your efforts to win over your audience in Coldtown were not entirely fruitless, I understand?

Second Actor—Alas, no. Not vegetable-less.

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

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One year	$1.50
Six months	.75

No newspaper can succeed without advertising, therefore we solicit the patronage of our readers for those who by their advertising help to make this paper possible.

From Our Point of View.

RESOLUTIONS

There is no good reason why New Year's affords a better time to make good resolution than any other season of the year. Any date on which one may reach the conclusion that one would be better for desisting from some practice to which one is addicted, or to adopt a habit which one has not hitherto followed, is a good time to begin. How ever, New Year's is a favorite date because it is the start of another year. The slate is wiped clean and a new account is opened. It is easier to make a resolution and to keep it. Resolutions have to do with improvement. It doesn't do any resolution to be worse than one did in the old year. A worse course offers few difficulties in execution. To do better is the one which requires fortitude and persistence.

Despite resolutions we may make most of us do not change greatly from year to year. It's the trend, though, that makes the chief difference. With some the direction is on an ascending plane while with others it is on a down grade and the latter is the easier course to pursue, though the difference between the two may not be especially perceptible. Most of those who improve little do not do so consciously, while many of those who grow worse do not do so at a rapid rate.

The result depends on the kind of a groove in which one is running, for we do run in grooves very largely. The person moving on a plane surface without any ruts to hold him in his course is an exception.

We do not deem New Year's resolutions. Good ones made and broken may be much better than none made at all. Yet, one never thinks of change of habits and policies except if the impulse of another year will not get very far in personal profit. These dates come too infrequently and there are not enough of them in a life time.

THE "NEW" YEAR.

The New Year will be a repetition of old experiences, a recombination of old laws, a readjustment of the common sayings which is that human nature changes little that human relationships are much the same today as they were when the first philosophical writer set his thoughts down on the stone tablets whereon were written the observations and records of that far-off time when the human race first began to discover the antiquity of the planet and the unswerving laws that govern it.

We enter upon the new Year, let us hope, but in it we shall be responsive to the same forces as heretofore. We will be rewarded if we put ourselves into harmony with divine statutes and punished as we disregard them. There are but two lamps by which our feet may be guided, history and experience and science. If we profit by one and hearken to the other, we shall avoid many of the pitfalls that have been the same old pitfalls in the same old places and hidden in the same old manner. If we play the game in accord with the rules laid down by that Still, small warning voice within, we shall escape the old retrogressions or the repetition of errors that men and women have been making for thousands of years.

CHANCES.

The city industrial worker has one chance in eight of living to be 70 years old. The farmer has one chance in three. So reports a committee of the United hospital fund, New York.

There is a nutshell, you have a graphic picture of what civilization is doing to us.

Health is close to the soil.

The time is not far off when cities will in large part break up, factories moving to the open country and taking workers with them. Either that or man heads for extinction.

The congressional shopper is gradually filling up with bills, and for most of them that's all that will happen.

SCHOOLING.

Most Americans get their schooling between the ages of 6 and 16, says Prof. Dallas L. Sharp, of Boston University.

That is true.

To begin to get our real education until we leave school. Experience remains the greatest teacher.

When a school graduate strikes out in the world for himself, one of the first things he has to do is to unlearn much of what he has been taught. The delusion that takes most time to get out of the head is youth's inflated conception of the possibilities of success.

And about the first thing he should learn is LOYALTY. Without it not much else is worth while.

PALISADES PARK, YES.

Our very good friend, J. E. Toover, is circulating a petition, which we have been glad to endorse, asking that the new county park in that place be named Palisades park in honor of its pioneer citizens, Silas and Wesley Fallas, who took up government land and settled there in 1838, when Lowell was but an Indian village. This is but a deserved tribute to those sturdy pioneers, whom we do well to honor.

McPherson, for whom it was proposed to name the park, modestly declines the distinction, and steps his fame just in the making, does not need it. So, here goes for Fallasburg park, well and rightly named.

When President Coolidge said that the government should get out of all kinds of private business and stay out, he probably included printing envelopes. If not, he should have included us. One of the most damnable iniquities of the present system is sending out bills and publications at the postal deficit caused in part by free carriage of government printed envelopes in direct and wilful contention with the loyal American business men who are paying the cost of the whole city business is that a lot of our public men haven't the courage to stand up for themselves against the contemptible penny-pinching Behmer-and-Sebpickhaus gang.

Hickman, Kidnapper-hatchet of innocent little Marion Parker, confessed, has confessed his crimes. It is time for the world to know that their crime-promoting practice of sending the fate of such monsters "to the jury of their peers" is responsible for a down grade and the latter is the easier course to pursue, though the difference between the two may not be especially perceptible. Most of those who improve little do not do so consciously, while many of those who grow worse do not do so at a rapid rate.

The result depends on the kind of a groove in which one is running, for we do run in grooves very largely. The person moving on a plane surface without any ruts to hold him in his course is an exception.

We do not deem New Year's resolutions. Good ones made and broken may be much better than none made at all. Yet, one never thinks of change of habits and policies except if the inception of another year will not get very far in personal profit. These dates come too infrequently and there are not enough of them in a life time.

Mechanical Defects?

No motor car can run properly with the slightest of these. Have it rectified without delay, and whatever the derangement, you may be certain that we understand how to remedy it quickly and thoroughly, for which task our long practical experience eminently qualifies us.

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Indianapolis News—An American has been kept in Russian prisons 14 months without a trial. Had he been a Russian he would have got the trial long and twenties are just beginning to come to him.

Statisticians say that nearly a third of the population of China is without bathtubs. But then, nearly a third of the people of China are without heads, or at least houses.—Arkansas Gazette.

It's about time for Attorney Darrow to volunteer to defend Nicola Sacco and Bartolomeo Vanzetti, unless, or until, he finds one who is willing to pay him a fee.

We like the man who impulse is way yes much better than the one who is always ready to say no, but impulse is that too often it is not anything else.

From the bottom of our hearts we want this community to enjoy prosperity, and hence we thank you, all of you, for your appreciation of our efforts to give you the very best service possible. We will strive to continue to deserve your confidence.

And to each and every one of you we sincerely wish a Healthy, Prosperous and Happy New Year.

LOWELL BOARD OF TRADE
LOWELL CREDIT EXCHANGE

OBITUARY—PEARL L. THOMAS.

Pearl L. Thomas, daughter of Charles and Mary Thomas was born Aug. 14, 1902, and departed this life Dec. 16, 1927 from the hospital in Benton Harbor, where she was engaged as a teacher. She was a graduate of the Central High school, Grand Rapids, and also from the Western Normal, of Kalamazoo. She had been a teacher in different schools five years before going away. When she was about twelve years old she joined the West Lowell M. E. church, and when she went to Benton Harbor she also joined church there.

She leaves to mourn her going, her mother, the father having passed on several months ago. Besides her mother she leaves a large circle of relatives and friends. Her mother was with her during her last moments at Benton Harbor. Funeral services were at the Alto Methodist church.

CARD OF THANKS.

I wish to express my sincere thanks and appreciation to my many relatives, friends and neighbors for the kindness and sympathy shown me during the illness and bereavement of my daughter. I also wish to thank Rev. Westbrook for the words of comfort, those who sent floral offerings and all who aided in any way.

Mrs. Charles N. Thomas.

CARD OF THANKS.

I wish to express my sincere thanks to all who so kindly remembered me at Christmas time, the Cheerful Doers, Eaodian Sunday school class and especially my Keene and Saranac neighbors and friends. May you all have a prosperous and Happy New Year.

Mrs. Allen Hawley.

New Year. Mrs. Allen Hawley, (p 45

SEELEY CORNERS.

A well rendered program was given at Snow church to a very appreciative audience Friday night and a tree laden full was enjoyed by all.

Mr. and Mrs. William Hesche entertained the latter's mother, Mrs. Emma Onan, of West Lowell, and all of her descendants, also Mr. and Mrs. James Green, of West Lowell, and Miss Dorothy Eckman, of Grand Rapids at a Christmas dinner Saturday.

Mrs. Seymour Dalstra will entertain the United Brethren Ladies' Aid society at her home on Wednesday January 4th for dinner.

Mr. and Mrs. S. P. Reynolds entertained for the holiday week-end Mr. and Mrs. R. H. Rubrecht and daughter Dorothy, and Paul Rubrecht, Miss Mae Griffith, Mr. and Mrs. Geib and children, of Grand Rapids, Mrs. Peter Geib, of Ada, and Mr. and Mrs. F. B. White, of Caledonia.

Mr. and Mrs. Seymour Dalstra and daughter spent Monday with Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Green.

Mr. and Mrs. William Hesche attended the Christmas services at the German M. E. church Sunday evening.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Houseman and children attended and assisted with the Christmas services at Zion Reformed church Sunday evening.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Lewis entertained the Quiggle and Lewis families at a Christmas dinner Sunday. About fifteen were present.

The children enjoyed a Christmas tree at Snow school Friday afternoon.

LOWELL DISRICT NO. 5.

Mrs. James Needham, Sr., is entertaining her nephew and wife, Mr. and Mrs. Sam Conover, of Philadelphia, Pa., through the holidays.

The Christmas exercises in the school at District No. 5 Thursday evening were well attended. The little ones reciting their parts well shows the time and patience, Mrs. O'Harrow, teacher, has spent with them.

Mr. and Mrs. Emmett Needham called on the latter's sister, Mrs. Mrs. Nick Vanderwarf in Grand Rapids on Wednesday and found him sick in bed under a doctor's care.

Mr. and Mrs. Morris Sowerby and children and William Sowerby, all of Harvard, took Christmas dinner with their sister, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Graham.

Mr. and Mrs. Ted Murphy, nee Esther Wingeier, of Lansing, are rejoicing over the arrival of a baby boy as a Christmas present.

Mrs. Isabelle Needham and Mrs. Ella Grover attended church in Lowell on Sunday.

Just supposin' every Ledger reader would subscribe for the paper a year for a friend—wouldn't that be great, for the friends, Lowell and We, Us & Co.? Beautiful Christmas cards will be furnished for the asking and mailed free. 29-30-31

CENTAUR TRACTOR

CUTS CULTIVATING COST

From the Cultivating of Narrow Row Crops to large acreage of Corn, Cotton, Orchards and Vineyards, the Centaur Tractor is being used to the complete satisfaction of farmers.

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"Good Equipment Makes Good Farmers Better"

A Happy New Year

As the old year dies and the new one is born it is time to take stock again as we hang up a new calendar. We want to thank our fellow citizens of this community for their generous patronage during 1927, for their confidence in our ability to serve. That confidence means much to the community, and to each individual in the community. Money that is spent here will be respent and by its circulation from neighbor to neighbor adds to the community's general prosperity.

And you help yourself as well as each other when you patronize home town merchants. You make your work and your pay more secure. Make your purchases from your home merchants and guarantee your prosperity for the New Year.

MORSE LAKE.

The Morse Lake P. T. A. and friends enjoyed a very nice Christmas program given at the Morse Lake school Friday evening.

The District should be congratulated in having such an efficient teacher, Mrs. William Fairchild and the pupils also should have much praise.

Mr. and Mrs. Leon Blakeslee were the cause of Mr. and Mrs. Sylvester Seeley being reminded that they had been married thirty years last Thursday evening. It was a real surprise, thirty-five being present. They left leaving many useful and beautiful gifts and wishing them many more years of happiness.

Mr. and Mrs. Sylvester Seeley and family attended the Family Christmas tree at their son's, Mr. and Mrs. Vernor Seeley's last Saturday evening.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Fairchild entertained their family to Christmas dinner and also Christmas tree.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Houghton entertained their family Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd Houghton, Mr. and Mrs. Howard Houghton, Mr. and Mrs. George Houghton, Miss Franey M. Houghton to a Christmas tree.

Monday of Mr. and Mrs. F. Houghton and family and Mr. and Mrs. George Lewis were entertained at the home of Anna, Joe and Jim Easterby for Christmas dinner.

Frank Fairchild and son Richard delivered a nice pulpit cup to Mr. Corwin, of Ashley, last Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles H. Foote attended the 500 Christmas party at Mr. and Mrs. Fred Pattison's Thursday evening.

Mr. and Mrs. George Houghton were dinner guests of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Fairchild Tuesday evening.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles H. Foote were entertained at the home of Mr. and Mrs. George Skidmore for Christmas.

Mrs. Dennis Shiver and son, of Detroit, were guests of Mr. and Mrs. Fred Moore and family Tuesday.

Miss Jessie Moore is home for vacation from Detroit.

Mr. and Mrs. Elmer Yeiter entertained for Christmas dinner her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Corwin Porritt and family, their uncle, A. J. Porritt and family and cousin, Mr. and Mrs. Don Wright and daughter Florence, of Dowling.

Mrs. Hoy Jones, brother and wife, and nephew, of Detroit, visited them Friday night, and Saturday the two families went to Pierson to spend Christmas with Mrs. Jones' parents.

Mr. and Mrs. Matt Metternick and family went to Hudsonville Sunday to spend Christmas with Mrs. M.'s parents, Mr. and Mrs. Vonker.

Mr. and Mrs. Donald Curtis entertained for Christmas, M. and Mrs. W. E. Lansing, Dr. and Mrs. R. T. Lustig and daughter, of Detroit, Dr. and Mrs. R. E. Gladieux and daughter, June, of Grand Rapids, Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Smith and family and Mr. and Mrs. Dale Curtiss.

BOSTON CENTER.

Mr. and Mrs. Floyd Tapley spent Christmas in Grand Rapids.

Mr. and Mrs. C. S. Baker spent Christmas with her mother and brothers, also a cousin and his wife from Philadelphia.

Miss Esther Lewis went to Grand Rapids Sunday evening.

Mr. and Mrs. L. E. McIntyre and Keith entertained Fern McIntyre and Mrs. Pant and little son, of Grand Rapids, also Mrs. Weisner and Bertha, of Hastings, for Christmas.

The school children will have a nice vacation. They do not return to school until Jan. 3.

Miss Velma Tapley and the Wigfield young people attended the Christmas tree in Clarksville Saturday night.

Henry Tapley and family spent Christmas with her people near Caledonia.

Mr. and Mrs. Gordon Travis and family spent Christmas day with Leon Mead and family, of Saranac.

Burton Austin and Ruth Patterson spent Christmas at the George Glick home.

George Glick is sick in bed with a hard cold.

The Boston Center school had a nice tree and a fine program. There was a large crowd there.

Ledger want ads pay. 20 words for 20c, cash with order.

STATE OF MICHIGAN.
THE CIRCUIT COURT FOR THE COUNTY OF KENT.
IN CHANCERY.

Henry Petersen,
and
Amelia Petersen,
Plaintiffs,
-vs-
Randall Monk,
James Baird,
Francis P. Simmons,
Lorin Chapin,
William C. Booth, and
their known and unknown heirs, devisees, legatees and assigns,
Defendants.

At a session of said Court held at the Court House in the City of Grand Rapids in said County, on the 24th day of December, A. D., 1927.

Present:
Hon. Major L. Dunham,
Circuit Judge.

In this cause on filing the Bill of Complaint of Henry Petersen and Amelia Petersen and it appearing to the satisfaction of the Court now here that the plaintiffs have, after diligent search and inquiry been unable to ascertain whether Randall Monk, James Baird, Francis P. Simmons, Lorin Chapin or William C. Booth, be living or dead, and if dead who are their heirs, devisees, legatees or assigns if any there be, or where they reside. That all such are named as defendants in said Bill of Complaint to be brought before this Court in manner provided by law, but there may be unknown heirs, devisees, legatees and assigns, whose names and addresses cannot, after diligent inquiry be determined. And it appearing that all such persons are necessary parties to this proceeding, THEREFORE, on motion of Leo R. Springett, Attorney for Plaintiffs, IT IS DECREED that the unknown heirs, devisees, legatees and assigns of the said Randall Monk, James Baird, Francis P. Simmons, Lorin Chapin and William C. Booth do file their respective claims of their respective appearances within three months from the date of this order and that in case of their appearances that they cause their answer to the Bill of Complaint to be filed and a copy thereof to be served on the attorney for the plaintiffs within fifty days after service on them of a copy of the Bill of Complaint and notice of this order, and in default thereof that the said bill be taken as confessed by said defendants and each of them.

It is further ordered that within forty days from the date of this order the plaintiffs cause a copy of this order to be published in the Lowell Ledger, a newspaper printed, published and circulated in said County of Kent, and said publication be continued therein once in each week for six weeks in succession or that they cause a copy of this order to be personally served upon each above named defendant at least twenty days before the time above prescribed for their appearance and that a copy of this order shall be mailed to such absent, concealed and non-resident defendants at their last known post-office address by registered mail and a return receipt demanded therefor.

Hon. Major L. Dunham,
Circuit Judge.

Attest, A true Copy.
Louis Neumann,
Clerk.

Examined, countersigned and entered by me.
Louis Neumann,
Clerk.

R. E. Springett,
Lowell, Michigan,
Attorney for Plaintiffs.

THE LOWELL LEDGER and ALTO SOLO

Offers It's Readers This Week MAGAZINES AT COST

Your Choice Of Any 5 Magazines and This Newspaper FOR ONLY $2.75

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- ☐ Farm & Fireside
- ☐ Farm Life
- ☐ Fruit Growers
- ☐ Fruits & Gardens
- ☐ Gentlewoman Magazine
- ☐ Good Stories
- ☐ Household Magazine
- ☐ Modern Homemaking
- ☐ Needlecraft
- ☐ Open Road (Boys)
- ☐ People's Home Journal
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- ☐ Sportsman's Digest
- ☐ Successful Farming
- ☐ Woman's World

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If you take the local edition of The Ledger-Solo, you get all the home news and the price is 50c less; but if you want lots of good reading matter besides all the home news, the large paper is cheaper at $2.00.

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Call Phone 202.
I make a specialty of HOT AIR HEATING
PHIL KRUM
Opposite Lighting Station

Greek Gathering Place

In ancient Greece the Agora was the place of assembly, usually the market place.

When Elephants Charge

An African elephant when about to charge gives vent to a shrill, loud trumpet, while the Indian elephant curls up its trunk and charges in silence.

Thought for Today

Kindness gives birth to kindness.—Sophocles.

Ancient Church Revealed

What is believed to be the remains of a round church of the Knights Templars of Hospitalers has been revealed by the demolition of a Seventeenth century chapel at Hereford, England.

INTERESTING ITEMS AROUND LOWELL

Hansom Vaughan, of Saranac, was in town Tuesday.

Alois Daller, of Belding, made The Ledger a call Tuesday.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Foreman were in Grand Rapids Sunday evening.

Miss Flora Ellis is visiting relatives in Grand Rapids this week.

Claude Wardell, of Grand Rapids, spent over Christmas with his mother.

Mr. and Mrs. R. Cook, of Grand Rapids, called on Lowell relatives Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. George M. Parker spent Sunday with their son, Don and family in Ionia.

Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Johnston and family, of Lansing, enjoyed dinner with Mrs. Hattie Scott.

Miss Charlotte Martin and Al Blaser spent Monday with the former's parents at Fruitport.

The United Brethren Ladies' Aid society will meet with Mrs. Seymour Dalstra Wednesday, January 4.

Miss Irene Parker, of Owosso, is visiting her grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. George M. Parker this week.

Mr. and Mrs. P. Finnis and family left Friday for Canton, Ohio, and spent over Christmas with relatives there.

Miss Freda Bailey, of Grand Rapids, is spending this week with her cousin, Miss Ruth Bailey, of Lowell.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles L. Williamson entertained over Christmas Mr. and Mrs. Harry Williams and son Donald, of Ionia.

Mr. and Mrs. Lee Benson and Miss Beulah Rogers, of Jackson, spent over Christmas with Mrs. H. Wilson and Mr. and Mrs. L. Ayers.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Sexton, of Grand Rapids, were Christmas day dinner guests of Mr. and Mrs. R. L. Charles and Mrs. Sexton's mother.

Mr. and Mrs. R. L. Charles and Mrs. Margaret Dennis were Monday afternoon callers at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Jim Martin in South Lowell.

Monday dinner guests of Mr. and Mrs. Jay Ellis were: Mrs. Donaldson, Charles B. Donaldson, Mr. and Mrs. Ward Ellis and family, all of Grand Rapids.

Mrs. Katherine Stone, of Grand Rapids, spent Christmas with her son Will Stone and family, who accompanied her back to Grand Rapids Monday.

Misses Inez and Ida Belle Rutherford, of Grand Rapids, Mr. and Mrs. John Rutherford were Christmas dinner guests of Lawrence Rutherford and family.

Mr. and Mrs. A. A. Lane, Mrs. Julia Shoemaker, Miss Swope, of Pontiac, were week-end callers and visitors of Mr. and Mrs. M. Hoole and Mr. and Mrs. C. O. Lawrence.

The Winger Quartette, of Albion college, will give a musical concert at 7:30 o'clock Sunday evening Jan. 1, at the Methodist church. This will be a high class program and all are invited to enjoy it.

The Christmas family reunion at the F. M. Johnson home included the families of H. C. English of Grand Rapids, G. Oberlin, of Belding and R. B. Johnson, of Lowell, also Mrs. F. A. Dickerson, by whom a portion of the dinner was prepared and served in dinner Sunday. The parties were Christmas day guests of a mass board numbered seventeen. Mrs. Ferris Oberlin and children remained several days for a further visit with the home folks.

Charles Doyle was in Grand Rapids Thursday.

Fred Kellogg, of Pontiac, spent Cristmas with Lowell relatives.

Dr. and Mrs. H. P. Gotfredsen were in Grand Rapids Thursday.

Joe Miller, of Ann Arbor, spent a few days the past week in Lowell.

Mrs. S. S. Lee and Mrs. J. M. Hutchinson were in Grand Rapids Friday.

Miss Mary Rutherford has returned from Blodgett hospital and is feeling fine.

Mr. and Mrs. Jack Hartley, of Detroit, spent over Christmas with Lowell relatives.

Mr. and Mrs. C. Ogden of Detroit, spent over Christmas with his mother, Mrs. M. E. Odgen.

Mrs. Harold Ottman, of Pontiac, spent from Saturday until Tuesday with Lowell relatives.

Roy Van Deusen spent Christmas at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Ansel Fairchild in Vergennes.

Christmas dinner guests of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Rogers were Mrs. Fred Rogers and Frank Beckwith, of Vergennes.

Mr. and Mrs. Harold Bargewell, of Muskegon, spent over Christmas with the latter's relatives, Mr. and Mrs. Phil Krum.

Mr. and Mrs. P. E. Vos came Saturday evening from Flint to spend a few days with Mrs. Vos' parents, Mr. and Mrs. R. A. Charles.

Mrs. Elizabeth Lalley entertained with a Christmas dinner Monday Mrs. Lalley's mother, Mrs. Anna Katherine Lalley, Mr. Will Lalley and Loyal Lalley.

Emerson Wieland, of Dallas, Texas, came Friday to spend Christmas with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. L. G. Wieland, returning to Detroit Tuesday morning.

Mr. and Mrs. Ted Elliott, of Holland, spent several days including Christmas with her mother, Mrs. Ida and sister, Mr. and Mrs. Boye Ford and family, of Vergennes.

Mr. and Mrs. George M. Parker entertained with a Christmas dinner Wednesday, Mr. and Mrs. Claude Parker and two children, of Owosso, and Mr. and Mrs. Don Parker and two children, of Ionia.

Mrs. C. Williamson entertained the West Side Euchre club Thursday afternoon. Honors went to Mrs. Susie Sayles, Mrs. Phil Krum and Mrs. W. Morgan. A delicious lunch was served.

Mr. and Mrs. Butler entertained Christmas dinner Mr. and Mrs. E. Fahrni and Mr. and Mrs. A. C. Hinchcliff. After a wonderful chicken dinner the afternoon was whiled away with music and visiting.

A family Christmas dinner was enjoyed at the home of Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Reynolds with his brother, H. G. Reynolds and family, of Grand Rapids, as guests. Miss Margaret Reynolds returned home with them for a week's visit.

Lester Mange, who spent his vacation with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. D. Mange, motored to Detroit Thursday, returning Saturday, accompanied by his friend, Ed Sandy, who, with the home folks, spent Christmas day with Miss Ida Cogswell, of Grand Rapids.

Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Collins and son, Donald, of Detroit, spent Christmas day, Mrs. Grace Collins, daughter, Ethel and son Gerald and Zeno Buttermore attended a Christmas party given by Mr. and Mrs. Edson O'Harrow at their home in Freeport Saturday night.

Harry Phelps and family spent Christmas at Cedar Springs with his parents.

Mr. and Mrs. Chris Leonard were Christmas guests at the Jack Manning home.

Mr. and Mrs. Davarn and children, of Pewamo, spent Christmas with her mother, Mrs. John Kropf.

Mr. and Mrs. Wayne Dunham and son Charles, of Grand Rapids, were Christmas guests of J. H. Gaunt's.

Mr. and Mrs. O. L. Beebe and son Russell, were Christmas guests of the former's parents at Orangeville, Ill.

Mr. and Mrs. S. G. Fryover were Christmas dinner guests of their daughter, Mrs. Ben Sackrison and family.

Mr. and Mrs. Dayton Davidson, of Grand Rapids, spent Christmas with their daughter, Mrs. H. L. Weekes and family.

Mr. and Mrs. John Satler, of Grand Rapids, spent last Wednesday afternoon at the home of Mr. and Mrs. G. Friedli.

George Cortland and friend, Russell Garrett, of Alpena, spent the Christmas holidays at the Methodist parsonage.

Mrs. Agnes Hoffman is spending the Christmas holidays with her daughter, Mrs. Harry Willoughby in Grand Rapids.

Mr. and Mrs. Willard Hunter, and Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Hunter and family were Christmas guests of Mr. and Mrs. Floyd Steed.

Mr. and Mrs. S. G. Fryover, Mrs. J. H. Gaunt, and Mrs. W. A. Collins and children were in Grand Rapids and Grandville Friday.

Emerson Colby and sister, Charles Colby and lady friend, of Grand Rapids, were Monday dinner guests of the C. G. Wieland home.

Alfred Thomet and family, of Brooklyn Corners and Rudolph Gasser were Christmas guests of their sister, Mrs. John Kropf.

Mrs. Gerritt Staal slipped and fell on her way last evening hurting herself quite badly. She is now at the home of her daughter, Mrs. Will Kerskes.

Mr. and Mrs. Lynn Fletcher and children were entertained for a Christmas dinner Sunday at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Young, of Pratt Lake.

Mr. and Mrs. Philip Sayles and mother, Mrs. Susie Sayles, drove to Bateman Saturday visiting Mrs. Sayles' sister, Mrs. Sarah Sayles, and called upon Mr. and Mrs. Frank Fenlessee.

Miss Alma Burdick and sister Florence, of Grand Rapids, and Ben Burdick, of Olivet college, were Christmas guests with the home folks, Mr. and Mrs. Will Burdick and sister Beth.

Miss Inez Frazee, teacher at Tucson City, and friend, Miss Margaret Terwilliger, are spending their Christmas vacation at the home of the former's parents, Mr. and Mrs. John Frazee.

Mr. and Mrs. Chas. McIntyre and children, Mr. and Mrs. Clarence McIntyre and children, and Mr. and Mrs. Clyde Sullivan were Christmas guests at the farm home of Mr. and Mrs. Nate Hall.

Mr. and Mrs. E. A. Thomas entertained Mr. and Mrs. W. S. Winegar, Mrs. Jennie Thomas, Benis Doyle and sons, Tom and Earl for Christmas dinner. A Christmas tree was a part of the enjoyable party.

Mr. and Mrs. Neil Blakeslee and son Roy, Mr. and Mrs. Loveland and son were Christmas guests at the home of the former's sister and brother-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. Ira Kingsley, of Vergennes Road.

Charles Thorpe and family, E. C. Walker and wife and Audrey Chase were Christmas guests at a turkey dinner with Mr. and Mrs. Elwood Steinbeckomb. All made up a theater party in the evening seeing "The Valley of the Giants."

Miss Ruth Layer, teacher of Detroit, is spending her Christmas vacation with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. D. F. Layer, who entertained with a Christmas dinner her other daughter and family, Mr. and Mrs. Freeman Whitman, of Okemos.

Philip Sayles, wife and nephew, Jack Whorley, of Columbus, Ohio, motored down to spend the Christmas holidays with his mother, Mrs. Orin Sayles. All were at Mr. and Mrs. Jerome Frost's for Saturday night supper and Christmas tree, and were Christmas day dinner guests Monday, Mrs. Sayles entertaining for dinner.

Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Schneider entertained with a family Christmas tree Sunday his father and mother, Mr. and Mrs. M. Schneider, Mr. and Mrs. Art Schneider and children and Mr. and Mrs. Phil Schneider. A bountiful chicken dinner was enjoyed by the fifteen members of the family and the loaded tree by the younger ones.

LOWELL MARKET REPORT.
Corrected, Dec. 29, 1927.

Wheat, red	1 26
Wheat, 60th test, white	1 26
Beans—Light Red Kidney	6.00
Beans, Red Kidney Beans	6.00
Pea Beans	4 00
Potatoes, per bu	.70
Rye, per bu	.90
Flour, per bbl	8 00
Eggs	16-18
Butter fat	.50
Oats, per bu	.50
Corn and oats, feed wt	2 10
Corn Meal, per cwt	2 00
Corn, Ear	1.00
Bran, per ton	38 00
Cracked Corn	2 20
Hogs, dressed	10-11½
Hogs, live	7-8
Fowls, dressed	14-15
Calves, live	9-13
Beef, dressed	12-16
Beef, live	5 to 8
Fowls, per lb	14-20
Butter	40

Early European Mint

The records show that there was a mint for making coins at Eneinta in Portugal established by the Siseto Gotts between the years 420 and 457. It is therefore quite possible that jewelry and coins of Portugal are marked with dates of more than 1000 years ago.

First Use of Periscope

The earliest record of the use of a periscope was in the Bellerophon Gauge during the Red river expedition in 1864. The instrument was devised by Thomas Dougby, acting chief of engineers of the United States navy.

English Sparrows Edible

The flesh of English sparrows is palatable and although they feedjus new small their numbers make up for their size. In the old world they have been served for centuries.

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISING

Mail or office call orders, with cash or stamps only, 20 words for 20c, one cent per word over 20. Nothing less than 20c. No phone orders taken on any pretext. This is final and means what it says.

FOR SALE OR RENT—McCords garage, 40x60. Good location. Empire R. E. Colby, McCords, Mich. (p 49 tf

FOR SALE—15-25 H. P. case tractor in fine shape. Art Schneider. (c 8 tf

FOR SALE—Dry hard wood by the stove length. Call E. D. Vedder. Phone, Alto exchange (31-33

FOR SALE—Set 1 year Montgomery, cherry trees, Ben Davis early to bought now. Much higher later and less discounts. Apply Wisconsin Nursery Sales, Wm. Wolfe Geib Nurseries, Geddes, Mich. (c 26 35

FOR SALE—My Guernsey herd sire of well known blood lines, also one mule for sale. Loren Dygert, Alto, Mich. (p 29-33

FOR SALE—Five year old Guernsey cow, also calf. Leon McCarty. (p 31

FOR SALE—Genuine Parks' strain Barred Rock cockerels. Will Stone, Lowell, Mich. (c 31

FOR SALE—Two grade Jersey milch cows and one heifer calf, reasonable. Call Ira A. Arnold, two miles south of Lowell, R. R. 3. (p 31-33

FOR SALE—Bean pods, good quality. T. H. Chaffee, Lowell, Phone 68, F. 1-3, 4 miles north-west of Lowell. (p 31

FOR SALE—Coal burning brooder stove with 52-inch galvanized hover. C. H. Grant, 1004 River side drive, Lowell, Mich. (p 31

FOR SALE—Guernsey cow, calf by side, good milker, price right. Phone 206, 5-ring. (p 31

FARM TO RENT—Box 46, route 4, general delivery, Lowell. (p 31

TO RENT—Good warm furnished room. Mrs. Charles McIntyre, 322 Monroe St. (p 31

LOST—In Lowell Friday, a table cloth and piece of linoleum, possibly in front of Lowell Inn. Finder please leave at Coons' store. W. Schwarder. (p 31

POULTRY WANTED—Will pay the highest market price. Will call for it. Phone C. H. Alex, under, Lowell 115-F-2. (c 24 tf

CUSTOM SAWING—Lumber and crates. Prices right. Am in the market for poplar timber. R. H. L. Earl Vosburg, Ada, Mich. (p 32

Fashion Note

Men are the best judges of what looks well on a woman.—American Magazine.

Requisite for Success

Vigilance is not only the price of liberty, but of success of any sort.—Dresher

FOLEY'S Safe and Reliable
For all coughs and all agents to quiet a sore cough only use
ASK FOR THE LARGE SIZE A REAL ECONOMICAL BUY
SOLD AND RECOMMENDED EVERYWHERE

Male Gorilla on Guard

The male gorilla generally sleeps at the foot of a tree to guard his family.

Nice, Sad Life

"She wouldn't trade places with Mary Queen of Scots." Begins a story in Women's Home Companion. "She never was really happy in her life until she was nine years old."

Any Number of Joyous Days of Happiness for you this New Year.

May each day be better than the one before.
May you say, sincerely, at the end of 1928,
That it was the best year you have ever known.

Robert D. Hahn

Come Rain or Shine

By DUFORD JENNE

(CONTINUED)

"NOW look here, youngster, do you know anything about this chap who seems to interest you so much?" asked Lane asked, his heavy brows setting.

His daughter smiled. "I know I like him. Isn't that enough?" she queried.

"A woman's intuition. Huh, is all right as far as it goes, but it doesn't go far enough. You don't know what he does for a living by your own confession, and I heard you say that you can't get track of him during the daytime."

"The point is, father," she said, "I like him. I met him at the Art school. I like his ways—and he seems to like mine. He probably has some reason for not telling me where he lives, and for keeping under cover during the day. I'll ask him, some time—though I trust him enough never to ask him."

"Well, prove it—bring him here to dinner tomorrow night. And I'll bet you the string of pearls you wanted that he won't."

"I'll take you."

Ruth was not so sure of the situation; and when she met him that night at a little hidden restaurant she resolved to confer to meet her, he hesitated at her request.

"I'm afraid you're ashamed of me," he said hastily.

"Why, Dutch, Ruth, I don't know. I am—" He paused.

"You aren't afraid of my dad are you?"

A little light flickered in his gray eyes. "No, but it might be embarrassing—" Again he paused.

She put a small hand over his lean, finely modeled hand. "Dick, you know I am learning to think large of you and in the way of things you must let father meet you; and besides, I must win that string of pearls." She told him about the wager.

He laughed. "Come rain or shine: I'm with you."

So it came about the next evening that Ruth greeted the tall young man whose eyes were tender

WEST VERGENNES ITEMS.

Mrs. Iva Hudson and children, of Kansas, are visiting with Mr. and Mrs. G. M. Hudson and wife.

Mr. and Mrs. Bert Huber and family ate Christmas dinner with relatives in Grand Rapids.

Mr. and Mrs. John Krum and children spent Christmas day with her sisters in Grand Rapids.

Keith Himebaugh and wife and Harold Himebaugh visited their parents, Mr. and Mrs. C. M. Himebaugh over Christmas.

Mr. and Mrs. Ted Elhart spent over Christmas with her sister, Mrs. Roy Ford and family.

The community sympathizes with Mrs. Emma Bennett (Wilcox) and children in the loss of husband and father in a railroad accident at Durand.

Mr. and Mrs. Howard Krum and son Roger, spent over Christmas with Mr. and Mrs. D. D. Krum and wife and other relatives.

Carl Bush entertained his children and their families with a Christmas dinner and also a Christmas tree.

Miss Maaret Ford is spending her vacation at home.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Abel and family spent Christmas with their daughter, Mrs. Charles Kingdon and family.

Mr. and Mrs. Chris. Wittenbach entertained their family with a Christmas dinner.

EAST CASCADE.

Mr. and Mrs. Charlie Butterick entertained about thirty for dinner Christmas.

Herman Heenstra and lady friend were in Lowell last Wednesday.

Mr. and Mrs. Morris J. Bar are spending a few weeks with his parents.

Charlie Butterick was in Grand Rapids Saturday.

Miss Doris Willett, of Kalamazoo, spent a few days last week with her grandmother, Mrs. W. S. Merrill.

Mr. and Mrs. C. E. La Fave entertained their children and grandchildren Sunday.

Mrs. H. Heenstra and son Herman were in Grand Rapids Thursday.

Mrs. Fred Phillips and son were in Lowell Wednesday morning.

John Venneman was with Alaska Friday.

Miss Jennie Van Nord has a new car.

Mr. and Mrs. Roy Vandenberge were Grand Rapids visitors Saturday.

FALLASBURG. EAST.

M. B. McPherson was a caller at L. D. Ferris last Friday.

D. L. Garfield and E. E. Towsley were in Ionia on business last Friday.

W. H. Hodson and Mr. Bullard, of Grand Rapids, are here at the factory for Mr. Hodson.

Herman Jones, of Grand Rapids, was home over Christmas with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Jones and their sister, Mrs. Sophia Barbrow.

Christmas has passed with its usual wonderful felicity of the season, for which thanks are due to our Father in One Above for all given us, to appreciate for His great love and care for His children, for Christ's sake, Our Name.

Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Tower were Christmas guests of the home of their nephew, George Tower, of Lowell and family, of Grand Rapids.

Christmas time and all the joys of it with all the radio Christmas music and sermons and talks were fully enjoyed. Mrs. Tower returned with her husband.

Mr. and Mrs. Ward went to Grand Rapids Thursday to visit her sister, Mrs. Albert Stekelee.

Mr. and Mrs. William Booth enjoyed Christmas dinner with their son, Claude and family, of Keene and spent the evening with her brother, Leonard Bozung and family, also of Keene.

Charles Owen, of Grand Rapids, and M. B. McPherson, of Vergennes, were callers here in this vicinity Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. Richmond, of Grand Rapids, called on Mr. and Mrs. Frank Hunter last Wednesday night and spent the evening at the Jones home.

Fred Jones accompanied his sister, Mrs. Orpha Bartone back to her home in Buffalo, New York, this Monday and then he went on to Niagara, N. Y., to visit relatives for the Winter.

Fred Jones had Christmas dinner with Bert Ford and family, of Alton. Bert Ford, who is caretaker at the Whinnery home and goes to school, spent Christmas at his father's home, Bert Ford's.

Our school closed with Christmas eve. Miss Bertha Ford teacher.

Ralph Wainners and Mrs. Janie Sherrard spent last Wednesday in Belding.

Mr. and Mrs. Wesley Miller and family were Christmas guests of her brother, Eben Royston and family, of Pacific park, Grand Rapids.

Mr. and Mrs. D. L. Garfield were at Lake Odessa for Christmas.

Mr. and Mrs. Chester Gardner, his mother, and their son Warren Gardner and family, of Belding, spent Christmas with their sister, Mrs. R. Whinnery and family.

Mr. and Mrs. Ed Smith were all at McCords for Christmas with Mr. and Mrs. Elmer Steinburg and family.

SOUTH-WEST NEWS.

Mr. and Mrs. Aldrich and son Russell, spent Monday with Mr. and Mrs. Clayton Linderman, of Grand Rapids.

Mrs. H. Heenstra and son Herman were in Grand Rapids Thursday.

Mrs. Fred Phillips and son were in Lowell Wednesday morning.

John Venneman was with Alaska Friday.

Miss Jennie Van Nord has a new car.

Mr. and Mrs. Roy Vandenberge were Grand Rapids visitors Saturday.

After His Own Heart

By AD SCHUSTER

(Copyrighted)

WHEN Adam Laird discovered he had been cut to the heart by the perfidy of Minerva Jones he decided to become a confirmed bachelor. Adam was wealthy enough to play the part and romantic enough to embellish the role with those touches and grace which fiction gives it.

At forty Adam Laird was known as a woman hater. He was known also as a handsome man who owned a large home in which he lived a life of ease. The few men who had been invited to join him at cards or discussion reported his library was as comfortable and handy a place as a man could wish. In Tannerville there were many who, in the stress of domestic troubles, wanted more than once for a retreat like that of Adam Laird. It was assumed by these men that Adam was ridiculously happy.

Adam tried to take comfort in his sadness. He was fond of imagining said Minerva Jones would look when the wreck she had made of his life and sled bitter hour. "I am assured, also to no one but myself," he mused, "and therefore I am happier than any man in Tannerville." But for all of that, the hours were slow in passing.

The bachelor took to chess as a companion to his bachelorhood. With a pale book, he studied the moves and on a board before him conducted games with an imaginary opponent. Then he subscribed to a chess magazine and in time considered he was an expert. There was no one in Tannerville with whom he could play.

An idea came to Adam when reading a chess problem in the magazine. It was signed C. Y. Riddle. Somewhere a name he had seen recently had to do with another communication in which Adam wrote Riddle proposing that they carry on a game by mail. He even offered a silver cup for the winner.

Before the month was out the game was on, and it was a game worthy the name of the ardent chess fan. It proved a whole day in which to decide its move. Adam had a special card table and card to Riddle carrying the decision and waited until he received a card which told him what move which his play was considered.

Riddle was a good chess player. Adam considered himself a better player. If his life and reputation were at stake, he would have played his best. If his life and reputation were at stake, he would have played his best that game and Riddle won. Exhausted Adam went for a vacation in the Adirondacks. The wager was paid by revenue.

Adam sat before his chess board undecided as to the move he should make. He had I have put Minerva out of his mind. I must live for a higher purpose." Adam had made that game and Riddle won. Exhausted Adam went for a vacation in the Adirondacks. The wager was paid by revenue.

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The bachelor was enough of the chess player to realize that C. Y. Riddle was a player other than his own. As the game progressed there came the desire to meet the man to play with him face over a contested move. Adam wrote, including the words, "You are a player after my own heart." And Riddle responded in addition the other would make the trip.

"I find," wrote Riddle, "I will be able to leave Minneville. Let me know when you expect to come."

The adventure started off in a disconcerting way. When Adam reached Bell at the Minneville address he was welcomed by a curmudgeon woman of thirty.

"I am looking for C. Y. Riddle, a gentleman with whom I was playing a game of chess."

The woman smiled. "I am Cassyn Y. Riddle," she answered, "and you are Adam Laird! You cannot imagine how I have enjoyed our game."

Adam gasped. His chess game to happiness was blocked by a woman. He should have guessed it. He had himself. They were everywhere. But this woman who smiled with so much of understanding could play the game as well, if not better than he. She was—and this was his consolation—an extraordinary woman.

"I thought you were a man," he apologized, "and yet I might have known by the—delicate way you handled your rooks." He blushed and told himself he was talking like an idiot.

"Surprise," said C. Y. Riddle, "we start on that game."

Adam at the chess table looked at the waving brown hair brought almost into his face as the girl leaned over his board. He could not fix his mind for a long time, a girl to sit opposite him at a table, at chess, breakfast—any kind of table.

Every evening for a week he called to continue the game and all the while he knew he was beaten.

"It is all up," he said when she checkmated him. He looked at her and thought he read his future in the gaze she returned.

"I think"—and he heard himself speaking as if from a distance—"I think that you now have to marry me and come to Tannerville we could have some fine games of chess."

The girl laughed. "All right, partner," she said, "you know you said I was a player after your own heart."

Genuine BAYER

ASPIRIN

SAY "BAYER ASPIRIN" and INSIST!

Unless you see the "Bayer Cross" on tablets you are not getting the genuine Bayer Aspirin proved safe by millions and prescribed by physicians for 25 years.

DOES NOT AFFECT THE HEART

Safe — Accept only "Bayer" package which contains proven directions. Handy "Bayer" boxes of 12 tablets. Also bottles of 24 and 100—Druggists.

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LOWELL LEDGER and ALTO SOLO

A Brand New

VALET AUTO-STROP Safety Razor Outfit

to all who pay all arrears and a year in advance and also to all new subscribers who pay a year in advance for either the $1.50 or $2.00 edition. The outfit is well worth $1.00 of anyone's money. This offer is good while our present stock of premium razor outfits lasts. Don't wait too long and then complain that you're too late. Get yours while the getting is good. Bring or send all orders to

THE LEDGER OFFICE
LOWELL, MICH.

If a subscription is already paid a year in advance, a further extension of six months will be required to secure the premium.

HAPPENINGS IN AND AROUND ALTO

Mrs. Jennie Johnson is quite ill at present.

Stanley Parrott called on his grandmother Christmas day.

Mrs. Menzies, of Lake City, called on John Brannon Monday.

Miss Marian Colby is visiting relatives in Grand Rapids this week.

Miss Frances Klahn and mother called on Miss Sada Wilson Tuesday.

Mr. and Mrs. Leander Kline were Christmas guests at the C. Parrott home.

Mrs. John Linton and daughter, Vada, were Grand Rapids visitors Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. Worthy Silcox called on relatives in Freeport Saturday afternoon.

Miss Emilia Rice, of Grand Rapids, is spending the week with Miss Betty Brannan.

Mr. and Mrs. Bert Sydnam, of Grand Rapids, called at the Kline and Parrott home Friday.

Mr. and Mrs. Reed Cooper and children were Christmas dinner guests at the Ed. Davis home.

Mr. and Mrs. Carl Freyermuth, of Lowell, were Tuesday evening supper guests at the Earl Colby home.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Bancroft entertained their children and grandchildren at a Christmas dinner Monday.

Misses Addie and Mary Sinclair entertained Mr. and Mrs. Sam Newman, of Sand Creek, of Freeport, Christmas day.

Mrs. Anton Madsen and daughter Ruth are spending the week with the former's sister, Mrs. John Linton and family.

Mr. and Mrs. Claud Loring and daughter Mabel, of Caledonia, were Christmas guests of Mrs. Lucy Duell and brother.

The Christmas tree and exercises held in Baptist church Sunday morning were very much enjoyed by those attending.

Mr. and Mrs. Axel Erickson and sons were Christmas guests at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Sandahl in Grand Rapids.

Rev. and Mrs. W. E. Beckett spent the Christmas holidays with the former's sister, Mrs. Scott McDonald, husband and family at Bath.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank McNaughton were entertained Christmas at the home of the former's brother and sister, Mr. and Mrs. McNaughton, near Grand Ledge.

Christmas guests at the Fred Fitzpatrick home were Mr. and Mrs. Ward Fitzpatrick, of Caledonia, Mr. and Mrs. Ben Fitzpatrick, of Grand Rapids, and Don Siegel.

Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Kelley, son Jerry, of Grand Rapids, and R. J. Kelley, of Caledonia, were Christmas dinner guests at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Elmer Velter.

Mr. and Mrs. William Lind and family and Mr. Van Amberg, of Woodland, ate Christmas dinner with the former's sisters, Mrs. Natie McNaughton and Miss Mina North.

Mr. and Mrs. John Allerding and Leo Allerding were Christmas guests at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Allerding. Mr. and Mrs. Leon Henny, of Grand Rapids, were callers at the Allerding home also.

Mr. and Mrs. John Linton and daughters were Christmas dinner guests at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Joe Baley, Mr. and Mrs. George Linton, of McCords, were guests there also.

Mrs. Carrie Campau spent Wednesday night with Mrs. Charles Bancroft and daughter, Mrs. Cecile Campau, and son, and attended the school Christmas exercises at the Grange Hall.

Mrs. Burns, of Chicago, and Miss Loretta Burns, of Duluth, were Christmas guests of their brother-in-law and sister, Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Anderson. Miss Burns remaining for several days' visit.

Mr. and Mrs. Mack Watson and daughters were Christmas guests of the former's father and mother, Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Watson, wife and family, of Freeport, spent Sunday with their parents.

Mr. and Mrs. John Brannan were hosts Christmas day to their son, Harry and wife and daughter, Their daughter Reba and husband, all of Grand Rapids, also the Misses Etheleen and Eulalia Rice.

Mr. and Mrs. N. P. Crabb, of Pewamo, spent Sunday at the A. L. Duell home and Mr. and Mrs. George Hoerner, of Lansing, were Monday guests. Mrs. Crabb and Mrs. Hoerner are sisters of Mrs. Duell.

Mr. and Mrs. Earl Colby and family joined the other Colby relatives at the home of Mrs. Delia Colby for a family Christmas dinner. Family relatives were present, all children and grand children of Mrs. Colby.

Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd Houghton and daughter Suzanne, of Clarksville, Bernice Vanderlip and Russell Garr, of Lowell, and Mrs. Ida Messecar, of Grand Rapids, were Monday evening supper guests at the Elmer Dintaman home.

Mr. and Mrs. Grover Harris, of Chicago, Will Harris, of Grand Rapids, and Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence Heatherworth, of Clarksville, were entertained Sunday at the home of their parents, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Harris.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Slater entertained Mr. and Mrs. William Schrader and Thomas Forward, Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Lind and daughter Lillian, and Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Bates and two sons, Donovan and Kenneth Christmas day.

Mr. and Mrs. Claud Sikes, Wm. Bunker and daughter, Orpha and Valda Chatterton, and Mr. and Mrs. Seymour Heeche, also Mr. and Mrs. Elmo Dygert and children enjoyed their Christmas dinner and tree at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Cummings, of Lansing, Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Pattron entertained the Five Hundred with a Christmas party Thursday evening. Five tables played of Five Hundred were in play. Those winning prizes were: Mrs. Ed. Chapple and Elmer Dintaman. A beautifully decorated Christmas tree containing presents for all the guests was the center of attraction.

Mr. and Mrs. Basil Hayward and daughters, Eleanor and Cleone spend Christmas eve and Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. Charles Van Vraken, of Hastings, and attended a Hayward family gathering at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Lew Warner, of Hastings, Sunday evening. Eleanor and Cleon are spending a few days with their grand parents at Delton.

Lyndell Duell was quite badly injured Tuesday forenoon when the car in which he was riding collided with a truck on a curve at Whitneyville. His collar bone was fractured and he was quite badly cut and bruised making it necessary for him to be taken to the hospital in Grand Rapids for treatment. Mr. and Mrs. A. L. Duell accompanied him to the city and the last report from them indicated that he was doing as well as could be expected. Miss Pauline Clark, of Grand Rapids, who was accompanying Lyndell to Grand Rapids was uninjured.

REPORT OF THE ALTO-KENT CO. TESTING ASSOCIATION.

Under the three-year-old class of dairy cows: The first is a purebred Holstein owned by Earl Thomas which produced 1,170lbs of milk and 39.3lbs of fat.

The second highest cow is owned by Fred J. Moore. It is a purebred Guernsey with 792lbs of milk and 32.3lbs of fat.

The third high cow is a grade Holstein which produced 717lbs of milk and 32.3lbs of fat. It is owned by Charles Bowen.

Under the four-year old class the first cow in this particular class is a purebred Jersey owned by Daniel J. Denisen, which produced 999 lbs. of milk and 56.9lbs of fat.

The second cow is a purebred Holstein owned by Earl Thomas which had 1,083lbs of milk and 48.8 lbs. of fat.

The third highest cow is a grade Holstein owned by Earl Thomas which produced 891lbs of milk and 36.3lbs of fat.

Under the five-year-old class:

The first and second place cows belong to Fred J. Moore. The first is a grade Holstein, which produced 978lbs of milk and 53.8lbs of fat, and the second place cow is a purebred Holstein which produced 1,018lbs of milk and 50.3lbs of fat respectively.

The third highest cow is a purebred Jersey owned by Daniel J. Denisen which produced 885lbs of milk and 45.1lbs of fat.

Under the mature class of dairy cows the first, second and third places in this class go to John P. Freeman.

The first producing 1,215lbs of milk and 62lbs of fat, (grade Jersey) The second, 1,030lbs of milk and 61lbs of fat, (grade Durham).

The third, 1,177lbs of milk and 50.6lbs of fat, (grade Holstein.)

High herds in the cow testing association.

Under the six-year old cow herd class are the following.

Fred Moore, with a herd of pure bred Holstein which have a herd sire fat average of 826.5lbs.

The second high herd is Alfred Lux with a mixed herd which have a herd sire fat average of 22.5lbs.

Under the seven-fifteen cow herd class Fred Moore has the first high herd which produced a herd average of 342.2lbs of fat.

The second herd is owned by William Klahn with a herd of grade cows which produced a herd average of 33.3lbs of butterfat.

Tester in charge, Memo Wolters.

ALASKA ATOMS.

Mr. and Mrs. Bert Brown entertained the Fox and Brown relatives to the number of twenty-seven Christmas day. A Christmas tree was one of the features.

Bert Brown came from Louisville, Ky., to spend the holidays with his wife.

Mr. and Mrs. Joe Coon and Mr. and Mrs. Jess Cole and son spent Christmas in Nashville with Claude Cole and family.

Mr. and Mrs. C. W. King and children spent Sunday at the Frank Cline home in Grand Rapids.

Mr. and Mrs. A. T. Dean entertained their children and grandchildren for Christmas dinner.

Mr. and Mrs. C. Harris entertained their son, Earl and wife from Chicago for Christmas.

Mr. and Mrs. William McConnell had for Christmas guests Mr. and Mrs. Hatley Bultrick and little son Austin, of Kalamazoo.

Mrs. Ella Rowland spent Christmas with her daughter, Mrs. Bert Neimeyer.

Mr. and Mrs. Ed. Reynolds entertained with a Christmas tree Saturday evening the family and friends.

The Christmas exercises at the school house Friday were very fine and enjoyed by a good crowd.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Fox and sons, Mr. and Mrs. A. T. Dean, Mrs. Grace Vanderlip and mr. and Mrs. Ira Dean and son spent Sunday evening at the C. Harris home.

ELMDALE ETCHINGS.

A Happy and Prosperous New Year to The Ledger editor, assistants and all its readers.

Manuel Troyer and wife, of Grand Rapids, were guests Monday of Sam Rumbaugh and family.

Miss Irene Schwab and pupils gave an excellent Christmas program to a packed house at the Starr school Thursday night.

Mr. and Mrs. E. L. Grant entertained their son, Miles and family, of Lansing, Jack Acheson and wife, of South Lowell, and Guy Willard and family, of Clarksville, to Christmas dinner.

Ora L. Miller and family entertained a number of Mrs. Miller's brothers and sisters Christmas day.

William Johnson, foreman of the Dove Marquette section crew of this place won the $25.00 prize for the best maintained section the past year.

Israel Harris and wife entertained their daughter, Mr. and Mrs. Albert Johnson and children, Leona and Katherine, of Marne, over the holiday season.

Will Lott and family entertained Christmas day, Clarence Benedict and wife, of near Freeport, Mayford Heaven and wife, of Zion Hill, Hanson Moore and family, of Belding.

Jay Leece and family spent the holiday season with his parents, G. Leece and wife.

Sam Gaster, wife and sons, Alfred and Roscoe ate Christmas dinner with his brother, Stephen, and family.

M. D. Miller, Addison Erb and Al Miller accompanied Chauncey Miller to White Cloud Saturday where they attended the funeral of Mrs. Eli Schultz. They returned the same day.

Frank Shriner and family, Ora D. Miller and family, A. Miller and family, Chauncey Miller, M. D. Miller and daughter were among those who were entertained Christmas day at the home of Add. Erb and wife.

The annual family Christmas dinner at the Weaver family was held at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Dan Weaver. About forty of the relatives enjoyed the bountiful meal and festivities of the day.

Will Hoffman and wife spent Monday evening at the home of Miss Mary Miller.

Earl King and family entertained Sherman Neil and wife to dinner Christmas.

Mrs. Wilbur Raymond, of near Detroit, spent the past week with her parents, Will Johnson and wife.

Sunday evening a wonderful and most appropriate program was given at the Brethren church. The instructors chose some fine readings and recitations and exercises which were ably handled by the Juniors and little folks. The choruses which were given by the young people of the community were greatly enjoyed, and last, but far not the least was the piano which brought forth the compliments of the musical part of the program. The electric lights were a great factor in giving the exact effect to the different scenes, which were represented. Well done must be the credit which the committee should receive for their efforts which brought forth such a fine program.

CARD OF THANKS.

I wish to thank my many friends and also the Aid society for the many remembrances sent me during my illness. Mrs. Margaret Bergy.

LOCAL HAPPENINGS AROUND McCORDS

McCORDS MATTERS.

Harold Wood, of Flint, is spending the holidays with his parents, folks.

Clark and Williams family entertained the following guests for Christmas dinner: Mr. and Mrs. F. Brown and daughter Hilda, of Grand Rapids, and Mrs. Blake Fuller-lip and father, of Comstock park, Mr. and Mrs. Ed. Fuller and daughter Pauline and Landel Duell, of Alto.

Mr. and Mrs. B. E. Colby spent Christmas with the former's mother, Mrs. Colby.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Clark visited at the Clark and Williams home Friday night.

Miss Beulah Wood was a guest of Evelyn Williams, Friday.

M. H. Vanderlip visited at the home of his daughter and family in Lowell, Friday.

Mr. and Mrs. Allen Lasby spent Christmas in Lowell.

IA BARGE RIPPLES.

Mrs. Gertrude Gardner, of Middleville, will spend the week with her son, Mr. and Mrs. Don Cain and daughter.

Mr. and Mrs. Claude Loring and daughter were Christmas guests of mother, Mrs. Lucy Duell, of Alto.

Mr. and Mrs. Dutch Moore and daughter spent Christmas with their parents, Mr. and Mrs. Lester Nevers near the city of Grand Rapids.

Mr. and Mrs. Roy Doan and family, of Flint, came Saturday to spend Christmas with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Ellsworth Harper. Mr. Mrs. Luther Sterzick and family, of Alto, were also there.

Mrs. Henry Harper and sons, Clarence and Richard returned Saturday to Stanton to spend Christmas with her daughter, Mr. and Mrs. Melvin Peel and family.

Marshall Allen, formally of this place, now of Ionia, was at the Hastings Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Will Knight, Mr. and Mrs. Fred Gantzell and Mr. and Mrs. Joe Gantzell enjoyed a Christmas supper and tree at the home of the former's son, Mr. and Mrs. Roy Gantzell, of Home Acres Saturday evening.

Miss Bertha Juppenso, Everette Barnum and Mr. and Mrs. Claude Sanders were guests Sunday evening with Loha Belle Cain.

Mr. and Mrs. Colon Campbell entertained with a family dinner Christmas to the following: Mr. and Mrs. Ed. Robbins, Grand Rapids, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Witz, of West Grand Rapids, Mr. and Mrs. Will Frisbie and family, Mrs. Barnes, Mrs. Campbell and B. Campbell.

Mr. and Mrs. Claude Lawrence, of Caledonia, spent Sunday with their parents, Mr. and Mrs. Vern Loring and family.

Mr. and Mrs. Vern Loring and family and Mabel Lamberke spent Sunday evening with their parents, Mr. and Mrs. Andy Stewart. Mr. Ward Stewart returned daughter Helen, of Bradley, were also there.

Mrs. Clarence Loring, of Caledonia, and Mrs. Andrew Ferguson, of Urbandale, called on Mrs. Chas. Loring at the Vern Loring home Monday.

New "Sun" in Tropics

A machine whose function is to replace the sun is being used on a large tea estate in Ceylon. Even in the tropics sunshine is too unreliable to stay on the job withering tea, an essential grower. A natural either by the sun takes 20 hours, whereas the machine can do the work in 30 minutes equally well.

R. E. COLBY McCords and Alto

A Full Tide Of Fortune To You

AS 1928 comes sailing in, we are hoping that it will hold for you greater happiness than you have ever known---that it will make up to you in full for any unhappiness or misfortune you may have had in 1927---that it will be in truth,

A Happy New Year!

Happy Allen's General Store
McCORDS, - - - MICHIGAN
OUR MOTTO: Is and will be, Many Sales and Small Profits

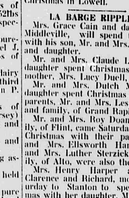
VITALE'S WIDOW VIEWS HIS DISINTERRED BODY.

Grand Rapids, Dec. 2.—The 19-year-old widow of Cicero Vitale looked this morning upon a body after it had been exhumed at Woodlawn cemetery, and assured officers it was that of her husband, who was killed May 30, when shot down in the dark near his home. Her identification was regarded as necessary to complete evidence against Giacomo De Simone, of Detroit, held on a murder charge.—Detroit Free Press.

BEATING WIFE WHO HAS ONE ARM BRINGS TERM.

Grand Rapids, Dec. 22.—Willett Hall, 51 years old, who has already served two 90-day jail sentences for beating his one-armed wife, was sent back to the county jail again for 90 days when he pleaded guilty to a similiar charge—Detroit Free Press.

Prideful printing promptly printed, properly priced, promptly promoted—The Ledger office.



Freedom from Colds.

If you—build up your resistance. It is not cold weather, dampness or change of weather that is responsible for colds; it is the internal weakness which makes you susceptible to these things.

This resistance can be built up by having all organs, particularly the eliminative, working in harmony and efficiency. This means increased supply of vital energy through the easy removal of spinal irritation on these nerves.

By my Chiropractic Health Method I correct diseases of the eyes, ears, nose, throat, lungs, stomach, kidneys, bowels and lower organs.

Green & Green
LICENSED CHIROPRACTORS
Lowell---Tues., Thurs., Sat., 4 to 8 p. m.
No charge for examination and consultation.

VICTIM'S MOTHER FACES MOTORIST

Grand Rapids, Dec. 22.—At the request of Mrs. Mary Hanson, whose only son, Lester Hanson, 3 years old, was killed June 12 in an automobile collision on the Alpine road, Prosecuting Attorney Earl W. Munshaw today caused circuit Judge Willis B. Perkins to dismiss a charge of negligent homicide against Paul C. Miller, 25, Sparta township highway commissioner. Miller, who was driving an automobile which collided with Lester Hanson's car turned to look at a road scraper at the roadside. While his attention was diverted his car passed over the center of the pavement and into the path of Hanson's machine.—Detroit Free Press.

SHORT TALKS BY THOUGHTFUL MOTHERS.

A Pennsylvania Mother says: "I know the worth of Foley's Honey and Tar Compound. We used it for years and it never failed us. For croupy children, feverish children with coughs and colds, it gives us a feeling of security to have Foley's Honey and Tar Compound in the house." No opiates, no chloroform. Foley's Honey and Tar Compound relieves the coughs appeal to thoughtful mothers everywhere. Ask for it. Sold everywhere.

LIFE LEASE TO PROPERTY IS RESCINDED BY WIFE.

A life lease given by Llewellia Layer to her husband, Jacob Layer, in an 80-acre farm in Bowne township was set aside yesterday by Circuit Judge Perkins in conformance with an agreement made by the parties. On Jan. 28, 1909, Layer, entering into a property settlement with his wife, gave her a deed to the property and on the same day she conveyed to him a life lease with the understanding that if they remarried to live together as husband and wife she was to have complete control of the property.—Grand Rapids Herald.

Only 85.00 for the Grand Rapids Herald and the local edition of The Ledger for one year at this office. With the larger Ledger the price is 85.50. tf

IN MEMORIAM

In sad and loving memory of our dear husband and father, who died one year ago, Dec. 29, 1926.

Dear Daddy, we are sad and lonely
Since we miss your smiling face
We'd be so happy could we only
Have you in your dear old place.
Today our hearts are filled with longing
For your presence, daddy dear,
But the Father knows we sorrow
He will help our hearts to cheer.

Mrs. Blanche Van Wormer,
and Children. (p 31

RUM RUNNING LAID TO 8 IN GRAND RAPIDS COURT.

Grand Rapids, Dec. 2.—Eight alleged rum runners have been nabbed by federal officers in the past two days in their efforts to check the flow of Christmas liquor into Chicago. Charles Genaldi, 26 years old, and Philip Liberti, 25, both of Benton Harbor, demanded examination when arraigned before United States Commissioner Oscar E. Waer. Walter Anadale, 35, and Frank Callahan, 44, both of Omaha, each lost an automobile and several cases of liquor when they were arrested in Southern Michigan.—Detroit Free Press.

This paper is going to adopt the Dutch system of subscription plan. All our friends will cheerfully comply and all others will be required to do so if they get the service. Your kind co-operation is urged.

As We Turn Over a New Leaf

Let us be glad for the good things that 1927 brought us

Let us forget everything unpleasant.

Let us start 1928 with the best of wishes for all

Let us strive to be worthy of the good-will and continued patronage of our friends

These are our resolutions for 1928!

JOHN BORGERSON
Home of Good Groceries
Phone 75. We Deliver.

NORTH CAMPBELL.

Mr. and Mrs. Leroy Heaven and son were dinner guests at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Will Lott in Elmdale Christmas.

Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence Headworth were Grand Rapids visitors Tuesday.

Mr. and Mrs. Carl Roth and Sheila, and Will Headworth were Christmas dinner guests of Mr. and Mrs. Sabin Drew.

Mr. and Mrs. George Townsend were in Ionia Thursday. That lady's mother returned home with them for a few days' visit.

Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence Headworth were Christmas dinner guests of the latter's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Harris, of Alto.

Mr. and Mrs. Carl Roth and Sheila were Grand Rapids visitor Saturday.

Frank Shriner and family were Christmas dinner guests of Mr. and Mrs. Ad. Erb, of Elmdale.

John Sullivan and family, of Clarksville, were dinner guests at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Roy Heaven Friday.

Is the best too good for you? If not, get your job printing at The Ledger shop. tf

New Loves for Old

By H. IRVING KING

(Copyright)

MISS SELINA BRIGGS lived on the outskirts of the village of Sandport. The home she lived in was the real thing in early Colonial architecture—it had a "leach-to." The family was small, consisting only of herself and her orphaned niece, Hen Briggs. Miss Selina had smoothed her savages in giving Etta an education, even sending her through Normal.

And now Henrietta was twenty-two, proficient in all accomplishments but domestic ones, and anxious to be married being in money. She laid a thousand plans for becoming a wage-earner, but her aunt "put her foot down" on every one of them. Etta fretted—but what could she do? She would not forsake Selina, even if she could get employment somewhere else—which was extremely doubtful.

"I wonder if I shall ever be married," thought Etta.

That summer there returned to the boyhood home a Mr. Frank P. Ellsworth, a millionaire from New York. Frank P. had not been seen in Sandport for forty years until he had sold the property and moved there. Jesse Briggs, Bijah Crandal place, and began the erection of a great stone mansion. He had been twenty-five when he had gone away and, by consequence, was sixty-five now. There were plenty of people who remembered him as the tall, thin, scrangy young man, full of ambition and a hard worker, whose parents were among the town's poor and shiftless. But not one of them would have recognized in the large portly, prosperous-looking, autocratic and reserved plutocrat, the Frank Ellsworth of long ago.

Every man and woman in the place, it seemed, who was old enough to make out a social register, greeted Frank P. like a long-lost brother and intimated that they had been his earliest friend and benefactor. But the gentleman from New York was not an easy person to "get next to."

"I wonder if he will go and see Miss Selina?" the older people whispered to each other. For between Frank Ellsworth, the poor, struggling and low-born youth, and Selina Briggs, the pretty daughter of one of the proudest of the "old families" there had been, it was rumored at the time, a little love affair—which, of course, came to nothing on account of the vast difference in the social status of the lovers. Some said that was why Frank had suddenly left Sandport.

Be that it may, the golden, returned wanderer did not call upon Miss Selina and Miss Selina appeared to be only languidly interested in his return. By the following summer the new house was completed and was occupied by the millionaire and his family. The only son, Egbert, was only twenty-five, but the age his father had been at the time of his flitting from Sandport. By the time fall was beginning to draw to its end and the summer folks were departing, Egbert and Etta were fully aware that they loved each other—and so was the rest of the community.

It was the second Sunday after he had taken possession of his new home that Frank Ellsworth, coming out of church with his wife and son, ran plump into Miss Selina coming out with Etta, and for the first time for forty years lifted his hat and spoke to his boyhood "flame." Introductions naturally followed—and there's how Egbert and Etta became first acquainted. As for Selina and Frank after that when they met they spoke, of course—generally about the weather—but that is all they saw of each other. Not so Egbert and Etta—they were together with an increasing frequency from their first meeting on.

Miss Selina watched the growing intimacy between her niece and young Ellsworth approvingly. Frank watched it disapprovingly. Mrs. Ellsworth, being a modern wife—old style model—was prepared to think just as her husband thought. Egbert saw matters drawing to a crisis, felt the coming storm and talked it over with Etta, who talked it over with her aunt who said: "If you want to be married why don't you do so. You are both old enough to know your own minds if you are ever going to. But what shall I do when you are gone?"

"Oh, we shan't go away, auntie," replied Etta. "Egbert likes Sandport. He wants to fix up the old house and live here."

"All right," said Miss Selina.

Egbert told his father in a most offhand manner what had been decided upon. The old man had made his fortune by his single-minded policy. He looked at Egbert, saw that square-set jaw, and knew that in this he could not move him. "Very well," said he. "Family not good enough for me once?" and then, grimly, "It will be a bit of revenge for me, anyhow." For a full hour after Egbert had left him Frank sat there musing.

Possibly Selina mused, too. But if they mused of what might have been neither Frank nor Selina ever spoke. What was lurking in their minds as they watched the happiness of Egbert and Etta no one ever knew.

KEENE CENTER.

Martha Bourgeoyer and nephew, Jimmie Knapp, of Grand Rapids, and Chrac of Belding, were home for Christmas. Clara will spend a week there.

Ray Parker and wife entertained Mr. and Mrs. Gherer and Ed. N. Parker, of Lowell, on Christmas day.

Mr. and Mrs. Ward and family spent Christmas in Grand Rapids with Mr. and Mrs. Charlton Spurling.

A Happy New Year to all.

Frank Daniels and wife were Christmas guests of his father and family and family and will be at the home of Mrs. Mach for 6 o'clock dinner tonight, (Tuesday).

James Lind and family had their mother, Mrs. E. Lind, of Lowell, for Christmas.

Will Converse and family were at Moseley at the Peterson home for a family dinner on Christmas.

Christmas day at the Wing B.'s grandmother Biller at Ivart this place.

Mr. and Mrs. John Allen, of

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.

MR. CLINTON DALE cordially surveyed the mind on his new resolution. An admirable idea! he said, regardless of the thus which referred in the first day of the year, and he then proceeded.

"I shall make another resolution," said Mr. Dale, as he tried to flick the tenacious ash from his cigarette.

Entering his office in the little pride-town where he was known as "an interpreting realtor," Mr. Clinton Dale seated himself at his desk and took from his pocket a memorandum book. It opened at a page described as "New Year Resolutions," and Mr. Dale smiled grimly as he read the one and only entry. "Other resolutions stances will I allow myself to be married to any female during this year.—C. D."

That entry had been made in a jocund moment. At just two o'clock he arrived, and he was met by one of the Old Timers' bull, he had passed at his office to place his decision on record. It was the humorous idea of the behavior of Miss Adaline Hill, who, after protesting to Mr. Dale that he proposed to her, had flirted with eight times with Amery Hodge, proprietor of the Dalesville garage.

"Hello, Hill," Mr. Dale greeted, old, bitterly. "That's the feeling we will be feeling in the Dalesville Progress, whether we like it or not."

He took up his pencil and made a second entry. "I shall be careful to observe the proper distance and not to splash mud on pedestrians," he wrote.

At that moment his telephone rang. "Hello, Hill," Mr. Dale answered. "Are you glad I got you—

"You are, eh? Well, you haven't got me, yet, and you never will. If you get here first," she said, and then she added, sincerely, "I'm very sorry, Mr. Dale, I'm very sorry."

Mr. Dale pulled himself upon a pain of prompt decision and approached the office of the Dalesville Progress for hots. He resigned his editorial office himself to his car and sped home to find the Old Timers' bull.

The Old Timers' bull was not home. He was in the hospital, suffering from a bullet in his leg, received in a duel with Amery Hodge, proprietor of the Dalesville garage.

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"Well, Dale," Mr. Dale commented

That New Year Resolution

On the new leaf you've turned over to save money in 1928 you might write down our name.

Then whenever you need clothing or furnishings or hats, we'll show you how easy it is to live up to your resolution.

Only last week we received another shipment of those

Prepton Hall Blues

Rich, dark blue unfinished worsted suits for the young fellows---University models with two trousers at

$25.

Men's and Young Men's Suit Special

Suits from our $35 and $40 lines. All sizes but not many of any one size.

Wonderful values at

$26.75

Extra trousers $5.

Coons

ITEMS OF THE TOWN

Mrs. Phil Dennis spent Christmas in Sturgis with her sister, Mrs. Conklin.

Miss Maude Van Arsdale, of Pontiac, is spending her holiday vacation at her home in Lowell.

Mrs. A. H. Stormzand, Mrs. W. Washburn and daughter Florence spent last Friday in Grand Rapids.

Roland Crane, of Lansing, was a Christmas Monday dinner guest of his aunt, Mrs. V. Ashley and family.

Mrs. Cora Godfrey and daughter Mildred, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Godfrey, Mr. and Mrs. Wilder Godfrey and son Lewis, of Grand Rapids, and Mrs. Lydia Smith were Christmas guests of Mr. and Mrs. Morrison Brighton.

Miss Hazel Ross, of Albion college, is spending this week with the home folks.

Stanley Moore, of Y. M. C. A. college, Chicago is spending his vacation with the home folks.

Harry Waters and wife spent Saturday in Ionia, and Sunday they visited her mother in Saranac.

Mr. and Mrs. Olsen, of Muskegon, spent a few days last week with her son, Neil Blakeslee and family.

Mr. and Mrs. Coles and Inez spent Christmas with her people in Ionia. Mr. Coles and Inez went on to Detroit to spend the week with his mother and son Clarence.

Rural route subscribers can get The Ledger-Solo and Grand Rapids Herald a year for $5.50. If you take the local edition of this paper the price is even $5.00 a year for all.

10% and 15% Discount

On all Overcoats Made to Your Measure

Lowell Cleaning and Dyeing Works

Opp. Post Office D. S. Simon, Prop.

Let Simon Simonize Your Clothes

This Car has been carefully checked and reconditioned where necessary

- Motor
- Radiator
- Rear Axle
- Transmission
- Starting
- Lighting
- Ignition
- Battery
- Tires
- Upholstery
- Top
- Fenders
- Finish

OK by

for Economical Transportation

CHEVROLET

USED CARS

"with an OK that counts"

Oakland Sedan, 1926
Chevrolet Sedan, 1927
Chevrolet Coach, 1926
International Truck, 1926
Ford Sedan, 1923
Ford Tudor, 1924

McQueen Motor Co.

SALESMAN WANTED

QUALITY AT LOW COST

Livestock Shippers

On account of Christmas holidays we will ship livestock on December 31st.

Lowell Livestock Association

C. H. Runciman, Manager

E. D. McQueen was in Grand Rapids Thursday.

A clean up sale of all stamped goods at Mrs. White's.

Mrs. Cornelius Verburg is quite ill and confined to her bed.

Mrs. E. E. Sigler and son David were in Lowell Saturday.

Morris Peckham, of Grand Rapids, was in town Monday evening.

J. B. Nicholson, of Grand Rapids, was in town on business Tuesday.

Ralph Kyser, wife and baby spent Christmas with friends in Belding.

Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Hatch and Fred Kellogg, of Pontiac spent Tuesday at Niles.

Fred Biemer, wife and children were in Grand Rapids visiting relatives Christmas day.

Mr. and Mrs. William Hartman spent over Christmas with Mr. Hartman's parents at Niles.

Mr. and Mrs. A. Gazella and two sons attended a theater in Grand Rapids Monday evening.

Miss Mary Horn, of Bad Axe, came Friday to spend the holidays with her mother, Mrs. C. Horn.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Sissem, of Lansing, spent Monday with her sister, Mrs. Charles Kyser and family.

Mrs. Charles Kyser spent Christmas day at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Wayne Sharp, of South Boston.

Ned Kyser and family were Christmas guests of her brother, Ralph Story and family, of South Boston.

The Althouse-Ashley families were Christmas evening dinner guests at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Ashley, of Coral.

Mr. and Mrs. John Frazee and daughter Inez, and guest, Miss Terwilliger, spent last Friday in Grand Rapids.

Mrs. A. M. Andrews and Janet Marie spent Christmas with the former's daughter and granddaughter in Grand Rapids.

Mr. and Mrs. V. E. Mathews and two sons spent Christmas day with Mrs. Gazella's parents, Mr. and Mrs. John Wheaton in Ionia.

Mr. and Mrs. Jack Fahrni and daughter, Jacqueline, were Christmas guests of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. D. W. Lind, of Ionia.

Mrs. E. L. Kinyon entertained her sister, Mrs. Tom Leese and daughter Doris, and Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Rexford for Christmas dinner.

Mrs. B. C. Chandler, of Akron, O., and F. R. Taylor, of Durand, spent a few days including Christmas with their sister, Mrs. F. F. Hosley and family.

Mr. and Mrs. E. R. A. Hunt and Mr. and Mrs. H. P. Reason, of Lansing, spent Christmas with Mr. and Mrs. E. O. Wadsworth and Mrs. C. C. Winegar.

Mr. and Mrs. John Rittenger, Mr. and Mrs. Ray Rittenger and son Glen, spent Christmas with Mr. and Mrs. Carl Rittenger at their home at Ravenwood, Grand Rapids.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Gramer and daughter Theo, of Detroit, Mr. and Mrs. Will Gramer and daughter Mary were Christmas dinner guests of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Cook.

Mr. and Mrs. Myrl Kingdom entertained with a family Christmas dinner and tree Sunday, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Able and children, of Keene, and Mr. and Mrs. Gus Able.

Monday night supper guests at the Gaunt-Collins home were Mr. and Mrs. H. W. Erwin and son, of Coopersville, Mr. and Mrs. H. J. Graff, sons Kenneth and Warren and Mrs. Mary Gaunt, of Grandville.

Mrs. Mary Stinton and daughter Ethel, of Maple Rapids, were at the home of the former's son, Floyd Stinton and family, of Three Rivers over Christmas. Miss Ethel will spend the week here with her mother.

Mr. and Mrs. E. E. Kiel entertained their children and families at a Christmas dinner Monday. The Frank Kiel family, of Jackson, and Allen Behler family, of Lake Odessa, were guests a few days at the paternal home.

Lloyd Yeiter and two children have been quite ill the past week, the last word from the little daughter Marion is that she has pneumonia. Mr. Yeiter has been caring for the oil station during his son's illness.

Christmas guests of Mr. and Mrs. C. Wieland, of South Lowell, were Mr. and Mrs. John Allen, of Lansing, Richard Murphy, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Acheson, Mrs. Anna Acheson, Mr. and Mrs. Walter Wieland and Emerson Wieland.

Miss Mary J. Williams and a party of friends from Washington, D. C., and John Andrews, of W. R. Roach and Co., of Grand Rapids, were guests during the past week of Mr. and Mrs. R. P. Waters at Hotel Edward, Indianapolis.

Christmas dinner guests of Mr. and Mrs. Ben Andrews were Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Dee and daughter Irene, of Grand Rapids, Mrs. A. L. Pant, of Muskegon Heights, Mr. and Mrs. Clifford Pant and family and Jerry Weemum, of Grand Rapids.

Mr. and Mrs. Carl Freyermuth entertained for Christmas family dinner Mr. and Mrs. E. E. Kiel, Miss Gladys Kiel, Ionia, Edward Kiel, of M. S. C., Mr. and Mrs. Charles Freyermuth, of South Lowell, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Kiel and son Don, of Jackson, Mr. and Mrs. Allen Behler and children, of Lake Odessa.

A family gathering was held at the home of Mrs. David Flanagan Monday, Orlando Odell and family, Orville Austin and family, Mrs. Ella Burnett, Charles Austin and friend from Jackson, D. Lane and Mrs. Tassa Lane and two sons, of Pontiac, were guests. After dinner the Christmas tree was unloaded of its season's fruit.

Russell, 8-year-old son of Mr. and Mrs. Howard Kyser escaped a very serious injury, if not death, while coasting on Peck's hill. An auto ran into him knocking him from his sleigh, completely demolishing it and throwing him some distance, which probably saved his life. As it was, he was badly injured about the face and head.

The Chris. Fahrni, Sr., home was made lively Monday with a family reunion of sons, daughters and grandchildren who enjoyed the Christmas time and mother's wonderful dinner were C. Fahrni, Jr., and family, Guy Tallant, wife and daughter Bernadine, Fred Fahrni and family, of South Boston, Jack Fahrni and family, Mr. and Mrs. Willard Dennie and Ernest Fahrni.

Mr. and Mrs. Herrick Gibson entertained with a family party for Christmas turkey dinner Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Hughes and children, of East Lansing, Misses Florence, Ethel and Hazel Borgerson, of Detroit, Lee Exford, also of Detroit, who, with Mr. Hughes returned home Tuesday morning, and Mr. and Mrs. Norman Borgerson. A big Christmas tree with a million gifts took old Santa a long time to unload.

Mrs. Helen Avery entertained the following guests to a Christmas dinner Monday, Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Avery and son Morris, of Grand Rapids, Norton L. Avery, wife and sons, Kleth and Hoyt, of Lansing, Harvey G. Avery, wife and son Donald, of Sturgis and Mr. and Mrs. S. B. Avery. Harvey and wife left Monday night to spend Tuesday in Grand Rapids, and took their little son, who had spent several weeks with his grandparents with them.

A clean up sale of all stamped goods at Mrs. White's.

Warner Roth spent Christmas day with a friend in Lansing.

Pat Bowes received a box of native fruit from his daughter, Mrs. Harold Meal, of Los Angeles.

Chas. Gunn and wife spent Christmas with their brother and sister, Mr. and Mrs. Welton, of Middleville.

Jurl Armstrong and wife, of Bay City, were Christmas guests of his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Armstrong.

Harvey Balcom, of Camp Custer, is spending his fourteen days' furlough with his mother, Mrs. Pat Bowes.

Mr. and Mrs. Clifford Klumpp and the Misses Sarah June and Alice Engle were Grand Rapids visitors Friday.

Mr. and Mrs. Martin Houseman attended a family Christmas party at the home of her mother, Mrs. J. Reynhouse, of Grand Rapids.

Mr. and Mrs. O. Sterkins and daughter Mary, and Mr. and Mrs. Harvey Haysmer and daughter Gracia attended the theater in Grand Rapids Monday evening.

Mrs. Agnes Stevens and Mrs. Ella Andrews spent from Saturday until Monday with the former's son-in-law and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas J. Byrne and family, of Grattan.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank McTavish and children, Mr. and Mrs. Carl Wingeier and children, of South Boston, and Miss Elsie Velzy, of Grand Rapids, were Christmas guests at the A. Velzy home.

Mr. and Mrs. William Haysmer, Mr. and Mrs. Harvey Haysmer and daughter, Gracia, were Christmas guests of their grand daughter and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. Phil Schneider at their farm home.

Mr. and Mrs. Will Kerekes were host and hostess at a wonderful Christmas dinner and according to all reports it required the second siege to conquer Turkey, so another attack was made the 26th by the same party, consisting of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Davis, of Ionia, Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Rivet, of Detroit, and Mrs. Gerett Staal.

Mr. and Mrs. William Huffman and children, of Potters Corners, Mr. and Mrs. Harold Cummins and children, Mr. and Mrs. Leighton Dresser and children, of Grand Rapids, Miss Peggy Wingeier and friend, Harvey Curtiss, Miss Alma Wingeier teacher at Petoskey, were Christmas day guests of their parents, Mr. and Mrs. John O. Wingeier, Sr. Miss Alma is remaining for the week's holidays.

Hot Music! Dance!

--at--

Annual Holiday Party

VERGENNES GRANGE

Thursday, Dec. 29

All remaining hats at cost at Mrs. White's.

Rev. H. H. Harris, of Middleville, was in town Tuesday.

W. H. Watts, of Alto, was doing business in Lowell Tuesday.

Buy stamped good now and save money, work later. Sale now on at Mrs. White's.

Mrs. Severy extends her thanks to those who kindly remembered her at Christmas time.

Mr. and Mrs. Clyde Spencer spent the week-end at the home of their parents, Mr. and Mrs. Warner Spencer.

Mr. and Mrs. Le Roy Hill, of Grand Rapids, were Christmas guests of their parents, Mr. and Mrs. James Muir.

Mr. and Mrs. James Hilton, of Ionia, are spending the holidays with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. E. T. White.

Bernice and Betty Venlet, of Grand Rapids, are spending the week with their grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. Milo Johnson.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Alger attended the annual Christmas gathering at the pretty home of Mr. and Mrs. C. Guy Perry in Grand Rapids.

Mr. and Mrs. Carl Glady, Mr. and Mrs. Niles, Mr. and Mrs. Clyde Spencer, of Ionia, and Orville Spencer attended Keith's in Grand Rapids Sunday evening.

Mr. and Mrs. A. L. Jones and family, Mr. and Mrs. Theo Bailey and two daughters, Mr. and Mrs. E. T. White, Ruth and Mrs. S. H. White, and Mr. and Mrs. James Hilton, of Ionia, enjoyed a family dinner at Lone Pine Inn Christmas day.

Mr. and Mrs. C. L. Morse and sister Helen, returned from Pittsburg, Pa., last Friday and spent Christmas with their parents, Mr. and Mrs. Will Morse. Clifford left Monday for New York where he will attend a salesmen's conference and Mrs. Morse is visiting her parents at Muir.

The annual Christmas reunion of the Richmond family was held at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Earl Vosburg, near Ada. The Christmas tree and Santa Claus there to present the presents with the dinner and all the good things to eat were participated in by the following Mr. Vosburg, Sr., and son Verne, Leo Richmond, Mrs. Lulu Read, and son Junior, Mr. and Mrs. Albert Houserman, son Harold, Henry Houserman, Harry Richmond, Irma Ickhoff, J. C. Richmond and Mr. and Mrs. Elmer Richmond. Afternoon callers were Mrs. Carrie Gilland, Mr. and Mrs. Cecil Smith and son Bobby, all of Grand Rapids.

A dinner dance was enjoyed Tuesday night by the Rod and Gun club at their club house.

John Hastings, of Saginaw, is spending a few days at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Moses Erb.

James and Janet Hill are spending the week with their aunt, Mrs. Harry Paterson, of Alma.

Margie Bergin has been absent from school two weeks on account of a severe attack of bronchitis.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Rogers entertained Mrs. Fred Rogers and uncle, Frank Beckwith Christmas.

Mr. and Mrs. Wagoner, (Helen Flogaus,) were Christmas guests of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. John Flogaus.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Doyle and son Billy, attended the Michigan Union Opera in Grand Rapids, Dec. 23rd.

Dr. Bruce Stocking and wife and her parents, of Chicago, were Christmas guests at the Stocking-Kropf home.

Don Phillips and family attended a family gathering Christmas day at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Peter Miller, near Freeport.

Mrs. Laura Van Allsburg, of Coopersville, is spending a few days with her sisters, Mrs. Austin Coons and Mrs. Eugene Engle.

Mrs. E. M. Foster and sister, Mrs. Edith Lewis, of Coldwater, were Saturday afternoon visitors at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Walter Foster.

Mrs. Helen Avery returned from Lansing Saturday, where she had been spending several weeks with Norton Lewis Avery and family.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Leary, and Mr. and Mrs. Verne Leary and families were Christmas guests at the home of their father and mother, Mr. and Mrs. Chet Leary.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Peterson, Mr. and Mrs. Will Gramer and daughter, Mary, Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence Booth and son Dick were Christmas guests of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Kraft.

Mrs. Margaret Stowell, with R. T. Ford and family, spent Christmas with their sister, Mrs. Aldrich, of Leslie. Mrs. Stowell remained for the week in Leslie and Lansing.

Mr. and Mrs. Roy Hill, of Grand Rapids, were Christmas dinner guests of his brother, Art Hill and family, and called on her parents, Mr. and Mrs. James Muir in the afternoon.

Mr. and Mrs. Allen Bennett entertained with a family Christmas dinner, Mr. and Mrs. James Wright, Miss Mary Clark and Mr. and Mrs. Duane Kieth, Grand Rapids, and Ed. Clark, of Caledonia.

Lawrence Maxson and wife were Christmas guests of his sister, Mrs. Tom Buntain and family, of Lansing, and will spend a few days with his brother, Cecil Maxson and family, of Galesburg.

Mr. and Mrs. C. D. Maxson and daughter, Miss Eva, teacher of Otsego, who is home for the Christmas holidays motored to Rockford Monday to spend the day with the former's mother and other relatives.

Those who spent Christmas at the Foster home were Walter Foster, of Marshall, Edith Foster and Helena Gano, of Grand Rapids, Mr. and Mrs. Wesley Johnson, Sally Lou Gano, Helen and Alvan Hayden and Floyd Foster, of West Lowell.

Mrs. Will Buck is home from a two weeks' stay in Greenville, Miss Irma Buck, of M. S. C., is spending her vacation at home and all were Christmas guests of their daughter and sister, Mrs. Raymond Neilsen and family, of Grand Rapids.

Mrs. Neil Cameron accompanied Donald Weekes to Whitehall Thursday, returning Friday with Miss Mary Cameron, who is spending her vacation at home. Mr. and Mrs. J. R Wickham, of Grand Rapids, were Christmas guests at the Cameron home.

Mrs. Carrie Coulter entertained her children and grandchildren for Christmas dinner Sunday. Her sons, Clair, Claud, O. J., and Harold and families, and Mrs. Carl Horn and families. Old Santa presented the gifts from a well laden Christmas tree.

Mr. and Mrs. Ferris Taylor were Christmas dinner guests of Mr. and Mrs. Harry McPharlin in Grand Rapids, Mr. and Mrs. Fred Scott, of Lansing, were also guests Monday. The party came to Lowell and were guests of their mother, Mrs. Ferris Taylor and husband.

A Christmas family gathering of forty-two guests, children, grandchildren and great grandchildren was held at the P. C. Freeman home, East Lansing, Grand Rapids and South Boston were represented. A Christmas basket loaded with gifts was enjoyed by old and young.

Christmas guests at the Howard Bartlett farm home were Mrs. Hannah Bartlett, of Lowell, Mr. and Mrs. Clinton Eyke, of Portland, and Mr. and Mrs. Frank Freeman and son Perry, Mr. and Mrs. Reuben Lee and family. A big dinner was served after which the Christmas tree was enjoyed.

Mr. and Mrs. Guy Tallant entertained with a Christmas dinner, supper and tree Sunday, Mr. and Mrs. Will Fox, Mr. and Mrs. Lyle Bovee and children, Mr. and Mrs. Ed. Hotchkiss and children, Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Chase, Mr. and Mrs. Will Diamond, of Ionia, and Eversdyke and family, of Grand Rapids.

Mr. and Mrs. H. J. Coons entertained with a Christmas dinner Mrs. A. L. Coons, Sr., Mr. and Mrs. N. L. Coons, Mr. and Mrs. F. F. Coons, Mr. and Mrs. Austin Coons, with their families, and Mr. and Mrs. Marcus Putnam and daughter, Mary, of Ionia. In the evening all repaired to the home of F. F. Coons for their Christmas tree and exchange of gifts.

A New Year To Crow About

We aren't Crowing because 1927 was a successful year for us, but we want to thank you who made it so by your patronage and good will. To our friends, to our cherished new friends, and to all those whose friendship we are striving to gain, we wish a Happy New Year and an abundance of good things. We hope we will be permited to serve you for many years to come.

Weaver's Quality Market

Try Ledger job print.

Fred Kellogg, of Pontiac, is visiting relatives in Lowell during the holidays.

Mr. and Mrs. Harley Hunter, of Keene, were Christmas guests of her sister, Mrs. Mert Sinclair and family.

Mr. and Mrs. Michmerhuizen and daughter Mary, of Grand Rapids, were Christmas guests of F. F. Rosewarne and family.

The Frank McMahon family entertained with a turkey Christmas dinner for twenty guests. A tree and merry time were enjoyed.

Allie Stone and wife had for Christmas guests Mr. and Mrs. Fred Barnes, Mr. and Mrs. Philip Rittinger, daughter Phyllis, Miss Jessie Pittenger and Mrs. Kennedy, of Grand Rapids.

Mr. and Mrs. Chris. Klumpp and Mr. and Mrs. Eugene Engle and children were Christmas evening guests at a luncheon and Christmas tree at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Clifford Klumpp.

Soot by the Ton

Tangible evidence as to the magnitude of the smoke problem has been gathered by weighing the annual fall of soot in several large cities. In the dirtiest of ten centers observed recently, it was found that 794 tons of soot and dust fell a square mile for the year, while in the cleanest community the deposit was 101 tons a square mile.—Gas Progress.

W. M. VanderHoff

Auctioneer.

Guaranteed.

Alto R. F. D. No. 2

or call Caledonia at my expense.

Donald Pant is spending this week with his cousin, Miss Eileen Gage at Muskegon.

Harold H. Scott, of Waukesha, Wis., is visiting relatives in and near Lowell for a short time.

Jerry Weemum, of Grand Rapids, spent the week-end at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Clifford Pant.

Mr. and Mrs. Howard Rittenger and daughter spent Christmas with Mrs. Rittenger's brother at Lansing.

Anna May Engle, of Kalamazoo Normal, is spending her vacation with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. E. Engle.

Mr. and Mrs. Newton Warner, of Lansing, were Christmas day and Monday guests of their son, Royden Warner and family.

Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Friedli and daughter, of Saranac, spent last Thursday with his father and mother, Mr. and Mrs. G. Friedli.

Howard Kyser, wife and children were Christmas guests of her father, mother, brother and sisters, Mr. and Mrs. Wittenbach and children.

Mr. and Mrs. William Wachterhouser entertained Mrs. Belle Hodges and Mr. and Mrs. Clint Hodges at a Christmas dinner Monday.

Mrs. Charles Doyle was the guest of Mrs. Alice Peckham to the Michigan Alumni at Oakwood Manor, Grand Rapids, Wednesday evening, December 28.

Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Valler, Don Vallar and Miss Aurelia Hess, of Detroit, were Christmas guests at the home of the former's daughter, Mrs. Harry Day and family.

Mr. and Mrs. George Hunter and son George, Jr., of Ashtabula, Ohio, are spending the Christmas and New Year season with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Will Denick.

Joe Scott and family spent from Sunday until Tuesday at the home of his father, J. O. Scott and family, Ted Scott and Max Warner, of Ann Arbor, were also guests.

Mrs. A. J. Blair spent Christmas in Allegan with her children. Rev. Blair remained for his Sunday service and was a dinner guest at the F. P. MacFarlane home.

Mr. and Mrs. Herrick Gibbson entertained the Brezina family for Christmas dinner and a tree, J. J. Brezina, Oscar Brezina and family, Mr. and Mrs. Wesley Roth and son, and Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Brezina, of Grand Rapids, were present.

Mrs. Lawrence Booth entertained with a six o'clock dinner her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Lewis Graff and son Kieth, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Kraft, Hollis Andrews, Mrs. Hazel Bangs, Mr. and Mrs. Dory Graff and Luke Bougwnian, of Grand Rapids.

Christmas callers on Thurston Springett were Clare Townsend, of Grand Rapids, James Marsh, of Chicago, Gerald White and Victor Peckham, of Ann Arbor, Howard Peckham, of Olivet, Gerald Henry and Miss Dunn, of Grand Rapids, Vassar Rosewarne, of Notre Dame, Carl Claus, of Wheaton, Ill., Jack Verdeveldt and friend, Miss Fay Speese, of Grand Rapids.

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New and Used Pianos for Sale. Terms.

The good will of our patrons and friends

is one of our most valuable assets. The spirit of the season brings to us renewed appreciation of old associates

and of

the value of new friends. May your Christmas be happy and success attend your new year

is the cordial wish of

R. VAN DYKE & ASSOCIATES

Nationally Advertised Merchandise—Money Saving Prices

C. THOMAS YELLOW FRONT STORES

PURITY NUT	OLEO	2 pounds	35c
Early June PEAS	2 cans 25c	Shredded WHEAT	Package 10c
Cream CHEESE	lb. 33c		
BEST PINK	SALMON	Tall Can	17c
PURE BUCKWHEAT	FLOUR	5-lb. Sack	22c
KARO SYRUP Crystal White	5-lb. pail	30c	
Golden Yellow CORN	Per Can 15c	Solid Pack TOMATOES	2 Large Cans 25c
Fancy Whole BEETS	No. 2 Can 14c		

THOMAS SPECIAL

WESTERN MICHIGAN'S FAVORITE COFFEE lb. 31c

DELICIOUS FRESH	FIG BARS	pound	10c
CAMPBELL'S TOMATO	SOUP	3 cans	25c
FRESH ROLLED	OATS	6 pounds	25c