

NEVER BEFORE SO NEAR A WARLESS WORLD

"There Never Was Such a Christmas," Declared Mr. Libby in Address Sunday.

"There never was such a Christmas," declared Frederick Libby, executive secretary of the National Council for Prevention of War, in his address at the union service held at the Presbyterian church Sunday evening. For many years, Mr. Libby has addressed a Cass City audience each holiday season on the peace movement and his talk last Sunday evening was the most optimistic of any he has given.

While the possibilities of war are not overcome, mankind was never before so near a warless world, the speaker said. With President Herbert Hoover, Ramsey McDonald, premier of England, M. Briand, French prime minister, and great statesmen of equal rank in Japan and Germany working for peace, the outlook is most encouraging.

As in previous addresses, Mr. Libby spoke of the need of reducing armament to lessen the possibilities of war and reduce the tax burden. The reduction of naval equipment of the big world powers is the first step attempted by those favoring peace, he said, because it was the easiest step. After that, will come the campaign to a similar reduction in the armies of the world and their air forces.

The almost uselessness of battleships in modern warfare and the needless expense of building and maintaining them were pointed out by the speaker. "The bill of maintenance is \$40,000,000 for this naval equipment," he said, "and this sum might better be used in constructive work in improving the Mississippi river and the inland waterways."

HAPPENINGS IN THE NEIGHBORING TOWNS

Carefully Selected from Interesting Exchanges for Chronicle Readers.

William Steigman, owner of the Huron County Silver Fox Farm, north of Pigeon, made a shipment of silver fox pelts from his farm recently which was valued at \$8,000. Among the lot were several pelts which were valued at \$300 to \$500 each. These pelts will be sold at the two big New York auctions of Silver fox furs on January 6th and January 20.

Chas. Glass, purchasing manager of the Owendale Dry Goods Co., Inc., has leased the corner section of the Steinkopf building, at Brown City and will open a store there. Carpenters are now at work making the necessary alterations.

Fifty years of married life, all of which were spent in Huron county and in the communities of Ruth and Minden City, is the exceptional record of wedded happiness of Mr. and Mrs. John Etzel, who celebrated their golden wedding Saturday at their home near Minden City.

The Eastside garage of Harry Wotring of Sandusky was burned at 6 a. m. Sunday, with the loss placed at \$8,000. There is insurance for \$1,500. The origin of the fire is undetermined. The fire department kept the flames from spreading to other buildings.

Ground has been broken for a new one-story building with basement at the Narcotic farm near Capac. The building will cost \$28,000. The first building on the farm was built in 1926 and the farm now has 16 patients. The institution is maintained by the State Narcotic association to help in the cure of drug addicts.

Removal of ice from pavements of Sanilac cities and villages will be carried out this winter by the Sanilac road commission as the result of a successful experiment attempted in Sandusky after a recent sleet storm. Using a tractor grader ice formed on the pavement was successfully removed, and the service will be extended, County Engineer Ralph Ulbright said. City and village pavements were doubly hazardous after the sleet storm, and this condition generally prevails during winter months, it is said.

Conservation Officer George Trigg released 100 male pheasants sent from the conservation department to re-stock Sanilac marshes as the result of the hunting season. The birds were released in the following townships: Forester, Washington, Marion, Bridgehampton, Watertown, Chester Brown, 88, who made his home with his parents three and a half miles south of Owendale was kicked in the stomach by a horse while doing chores Friday evening.

While being taken to a hospital at Bay City Sunday, he died on the way.

As a result of the recent robberies in Brown City, the town has hired Marshal Wm. Wilkie and Elmer Smith to act as night watchmen. The officers are on duty all night, patrolling Main street, in the business section, and the streets and alleys directly off of it.

It takes a Scotchman to be shrewd in financial matters, according to reports. We have heard of Abe and Ike on the railroad train when Abe wanted to settle his accounts with Isaac as the train was being robbed, but a report from Yale at the holdup in the oil station Saturday night is almost as funny but a Scotchman named George McIntyre is hero of the episode. When George saw the robbers doing their stuff at the station he knew that he would have to hold up his hands, but before doing so he dropped \$170 on the floor of the oil station, put his foot on the money and then held up his hands for the robbers. Any robber who could relieve a Scotchman of more than \$170 would hold the world's record.—Peck Times.

CHURCHES WILL UNITE IN WEEK OF PRAYER

Devotional Program Will Continue for Five Nights Commencing January 6.

Cass City churches will unite in the observance of the "Universal Week of Prayer" at the opening of the new year. The services will commence Monday evening, Jan. 6, at the Baptist church, at which Rev. Geo. Hill will preside; Tuesday night at the Presbyterian church with Rev. C. W. Lyman in charge of the program; Wednesday night at the Evangelical church when Rev. Allured will preside; Thursday night at the M. E. church with Rev. Ferguson in charge; and Friday night, Jan. 10, at the Presbyterian church with Rev. Curtis presiding.

The services will embrace subjects as follows:

Monday, Jan. 6.
Thanksgiving and confession.
Thanksgiving—For the mercies of the past year, national and personal.
For the continued manifestation of the Holy Spirit's presence.
For quickened desires after Christian Unity.

For infallible proofs that the Gospel of Christ is still the power of God unto Salvation.
That recent discoveries confirm the historical truth of the Bible.
Confession—Of the weakness of Christian witness through the bitterness of divisions.

Of materialism and worldliness in the churches.
Of the comparative dearth of conversions.
Of the indefinite witness in many pulpits to the fact of sin and the need of salvation.

Prayer—That the whole church may be awakened to the practice and power of prayer, individual and united.
Scripture Readings—Psalm 65, Daniel 9, verses 3-9 and 17-19, 1 John 1.

Thursday, Jan. 9.
The Church Universal.
Thanksgiving—For all the saints who from their labour rest.
For deepening realization that
Turn to page two.

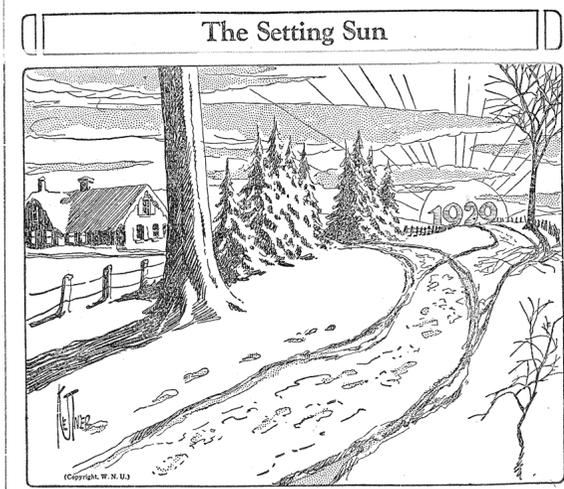
LUCKY SEVEN PARTY FOR YOUNG PEOPLE

The young people of the churches of Cass City are invited to a "Lucky Seven" party to be held at the Methodist church New Years Eve under the auspices of the Epworth League. Time, 8:30. A social time is to be followed by a pot luck supper for which seven cents will be charged, except to the lucky 7th.

At 11:15, a watch night service will be held, to which an invitation is extended to all.

DON'T JUGGLE WITH YOUR CREDIT.

Your real character is worth more than gold, keep it good. Credit is the faith man has in his fellow men. It represents integrity, honor, honesty and is the foundation stone of character. This is the season of the year when men who have been given credit should go to the limit in an endeavor to clean their slate and be prepared to start the coming year with all old bills paid up. If a man cannot pay all his bills, he should pay part of the principal if possible. Acts of this kind are far reaching in importance and have much to do with one's standing in the community.



CARROLL CLARK WEDS MISS CAROLYN HUGHES

Miss Carolyn Hughes and Carroll Clark, both of Flint, were united in marriage Friday, December 20, in that city by the Rev. Ralph D. Kerns. Mr. Clark is a son of Dr. C. W. Clark of Caro and well known to many Cass City people. He was graduated from the Caro high school in 1923, received a degree from Alma college and last summer attended Columbia University. He is now teaching his third year as social science teacher in Central High school in Flint. Mrs. Clark has been employed in the office of the Flint Chevrolet Sales and Service.

MRS. URQUHART HURT IN AUTOMOBILE CRASH

Hip and Back Were Badly Bruised and Wrenched and One Ear Cut.

Mrs. Daniel Urquhart was injured Tuesday afternoon in an automobile accident seven miles south of the McConnell school, on M-53.

Mr. and Mrs. Urquhart and Mr. and Mrs. Fred Emigh and daughter, Lois, left Cass City about noon to spend Christmas with Mr. and Mrs. Oakley Pletchplace at Ypsilanti. Mr. Emigh was driving and when meeting a car driven by a man from Rap-son the Emigh car was struck as the other car skidded on the icy road. The high snow banks kept the car from being overturned but it was shoved up the high bank. Mrs. Urquhart was sitting in the back seat on the side where the cars met. It was at first thought her hip was broken. A son, Leonard Urquhart, driving a car just ahead of the Emigh car, brought his mother to Pleasant Home hospital where an X-ray was taken. No bones were found broken but the hip and back are badly bruised and wrenched. One ear was also cut.

At the time of the crash, the car door opened and Mr. Emigh was thrown out but was not hurt. All were badly shaken up but no one else was injured. Both cars were badly damaged. Mrs. Urquhart was later taken to her home on South Seeger street.

GIFT OF \$5,000 MADE TO CARO HOSPITAL

Through the generosity of Mr. and Mrs. Robert Park, sr., the Caro Community Hospital now has an endowment fund, the interest of which will be used for maintenance in future years. The couple who have spent most of their married life in Caro have given \$5,000 in bonds for this purpose.

The donors specified that the principal sum should be left intact as long as the hospital functioned as an accredited institution, and if it should cease to exist, the amount should be turned over to the Presbyterian church of Caro.

78 CASES ON COURT CALENDAR IN HURON

A long list of cases, including 29 criminal actions, are on the calendar for the January term of circuit court to open in Huron county Monday, Jan. 6, before Judge X. A. Boomhower. There are 78 cases in all.

Two veterans of the Civil War in Tuscola county answered the last roll call last week, Ladurne C. Wilber, the last member of the G. A. R. post at Akron, and Wilbur C. Lockwood of Kingston.

Advertise in the Chronicle.

THIS COMMUNITY SEES HOPEFUL NEW YEAR

Adults and Children End the Christmas Season with Various Thoughts.

Santa Claus has made his annual visit to this community, filled the stockings of hundreds of youngsters and then scurried back to his legendary home at the North Pole. The kiddies whose hearts he made leap with joy and surprise on Christmas morning are picturing his return as a date so far away in the distant future that it is almost impossible for them to make accurate calculations.

To the parents of those youngsters it is just another mile post along the road of time, and as one after another of them is passed, the next succeeding one seems just a wee bit closer, until after so long a time, this annual event which means so much to the children comes around one after another almost without warning.

Those crisp, brightly painted toys which peeped over the top of the stocking on Christmas morning have already begun to lose their newness with bits of paint knocked off here and there. Some of the games have been played over and over so many times that they have lost their charm and have been tucked away until the youngsters of the home take a new notion to play them again.

Dolly had been lugged around in the neighborhood from one home to another and placed on display until her crisp new frock is beginning to look just a little bedraggled, and soon she will be patted to sleep in her crib until weeks from now her little mother thinks it time to devote a little more attention to her. Most of the fruit and candy has all gone where it properly should, and Christmas to the kiddies now is just a memory, and not one of exultant anticipation.

The older folks of the family got a lot of pleasure planning the surprises for the youngsters. Each in turn was remembered by the others of the household. No one was forgotten. Of course some of the gifts were of the expensive kind, which went to different members of some of the families here, but for the most part the usual record breaking sale of handkerchiefs, socks, neckties, neck scarfs, shirts and the like are reported by the merchants here about. This is evidence conclusive that the different members of the various households have been supplied for some months to come with the necessities in this direction.

Between friends there was the usual exchange of greeting missives of one kind or another, and of course the business houses of the city remembered their customers with messages conveying the holiday spirit. These with hundreds of parcels with the instructions on the outside; "Not to be opened until Christmas," kept the postal clerks busy for some days prior to the great event.

All of this bustle and hustle for the weeks before Christmas, and then the last minute purchases for those who were unintentionally overlooked, selecting gifts for this one and that is all in commemoration of the birthday of one who Christianity wishes the world to know was the greatest gift to all mankind in the history of the world.

Grandfather, Son and Grandson Work Together in Barber Shop Here

Back in 1881, when Cass City boasted of plank sidewalks, ten cent shaves and fifteen cent haircuts, David Tyo went into business here. He will be 71 years of age on Jan. 13 next, and is the only man "on the street" today who has been continually in business in Cass City during that period of 48 years.

Automobiles have taken the place of the ox-carts of '81, a fine pavement has replaced the dirt highway and the cobblestone gutters of Main St., men have stopped growing beards and gone to the extreme of shaving daily, and women have bobbed their hair and then wished they hadn't, in that period of nearly a half century that Mr. Tyo has been faithfully following his calling here.

David Tyo started in as a barber back in 1879 when along with his brother, Alex, he opened up for business in Caro, Mich. He settled in Cass City in 1881. Here he reared his family of six children. When his son, Clement, was picking a career for himself he decided that he would follow his father's calling. Twenty-two years ago, when Clement was eighteen years old, he became a full-fledged barber. He has worked at it ever since.

Then along came Alex Tyo, the son of Clement and the grandson of David Tyo. He, too, decided that barbering should be his chosen career. He is just sixteen years of age, a high

The great event has passed, home coming of distant relatives is at an end, and some have already returned, while others will leave shortly, and within a few days now Cass City will drop back into normal once again and look forward with an eye for greater activities and achievements during the year of 1930.

The New Year follows close upon the heels of Christmas, and in fact is part of the holiday season. Following the spirit of joy and pleasure many will look soberly to the future and in their minds will try and fathom what the incoming year holds in store. For some it will be the advent perhaps of greater activities which will net handsome rewards. For others it will hold disappointments.

Whatever it holds for this community it is just another link in the chain which connects the past with the future, and which goes to make up the life story of each one here. If Turn to page 8.

REPORT HURT SALE OF DAIRY PRODUCTS

Herd Owners Asked to Correct Stories about Sources of Undulant Fever.

All persons interested in the prosperity of the dairy interests of the State of Michigan should aid in correcting printed reports which have stated that raw milk is the principal means of distributing the germs of undulant fever, according to statements by members of two departments at Michigan State College.

A bulletin written by the animal pathology and the dairy departments at the college shows that undulant fever is probably not a new disease, and that attacks relatively few people, and that there is evidence to prove other causes are much more important than raw milk in its spread.

The germ which causes undulant fever is apparently identical with the one which causes contagious abortion in cattle and the theory has been advanced by some individuals that the fever is caused only by drinking raw milk from herds which are infected with abortion.

Studies made in Michigan and by members of the University of Iowa disprove this theory. Dairymen of this state are asked by the authors of the Michigan bulletin to continue their campaign to clean up abortion in their herds to avoid economic loss but they are advised to make no radical changes in their business plans because of stories concerning undulant fever.

TRACTOR SNOWPLOW CLEARS SIDE ROADS

Even on the J. D. Tuckey farm is not on a snow-plowed state highway the residents of that neighborhood are not kept from using their automobiles by snow-drifted roads. Mr. Tuckey's sons, Luke and John, constructed a snowplow with planks which they attached to the front of their tractor and then plowed the side roads so that automobile travel was as good as on a state highway. Several farmers have examined the plow and probably there will be several of these useful contrivances in this community this winter.

Advertise in the Chronicle.

Grandfather, Son and Grandson Work Together in Barber Shop Here

Back in 1881, when Cass City boasted of plank sidewalks, ten cent shaves and fifteen cent haircuts, David Tyo went into business here. He will be 71 years of age on Jan. 13 next, and is the only man "on the street" today who has been continually in business in Cass City during that period of 48 years.

Automobiles have taken the place of the ox-carts of '81, a fine pavement has replaced the dirt highway and the cobblestone gutters of Main St., men have stopped growing beards and gone to the extreme of shaving daily, and women have bobbed their hair and then wished they hadn't, in that period of nearly a half century that Mr. Tyo has been faithfully following his calling here.

David Tyo started in as a barber back in 1879 when along with his brother, Alex, he opened up for business in Caro, Mich. He settled in Cass City in 1881. Here he reared his family of six children. When his son, Clement, was picking a career for himself he decided that he would follow his father's calling. Twenty-two years ago, when Clement was eighteen years old, he became a full-fledged barber. He has worked at it ever since.

Then along came Alex Tyo, the son of Clement and the grandson of David Tyo. He, too, decided that barbering should be his chosen career. He is just sixteen years of age, a high

The
**Crippled
Lady**
of
Peribonka

By James Oliver
Curwood

WNU Service
(Co. 1925) Doubleday
Dorsey & Co., Inc.

The human element of this story is enriched by a study in heritages—genealogy. Noble blood of two races united. In one case, primitive and savage, but none the less royal; in the other, civilized and cultured to the highest degree. This phase is based on the historical union, some century and a half ago, between the Indian maiden known as Molly Brant, sister of Thayendanegea that greatest of Mohawk chiefs, and Sir William Johnson, representative of King George III in the colonies.

Down through the years to a descendant, to a Molly Brant of the present time, married to a Croesus and living in a palace in the city of New York. Through her son, a throw-back to type, the blood of the original Molly Brant comes into its own. This blending of the primitive and the modern is one of the greatest fascinations of the story. It is given an appropriate setting—in a village far back in Quebec where the Eighteenth century touches elbows with the Twentieth. The American melting pot is symbolized in the Crippled Lady herself.

CHAPTER I

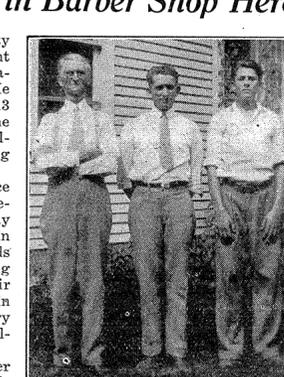
This story is going to start like a lesson in geography. This is because it is largely a chronicle of real events in human lives. History, whether of things or people, rests upon the basic necessity of possessing certain aspects of situation which we encompass within the terms of latitude and longitude. The following narrative would quite profoundly miss its real drama if it were to ignore the points of the compass and the manner in which Fate played with them to bring about an unusual combination of ends.

We will begin with Peribonka. Peribonka is a quaint little French-Canadian village which nestles on the shore of the glorious Peribonka river, four miles above Lac St. Jean, in the province of Quebec. It is made up almost entirely of a single row of thirty or forty houses, all of which face the river. Should one adventure a little farther into the wilderness after having made the wonderful Saguenay trip up from Quebec to Ha Ha bay or Chicoutimi and come to know Peribonka for himself, he will understand why the houses are situated with no neighbors or obstructions between them and the river. For the river is a living, breathing, God-sent thing to the French-speaking people of the place, about whose drowsy lives there still remains, like a sweet-scented veil of old lavender lace, the picturesque simplicity of a hundred and fifty years ago.

In contrast to the roaring, passionate Mistassin, fifteen miles away, the Peribonka is peculiarly like the men and women and children who inhabit a few acres of its shores. It has, I believe, given to them much of their character, for of all the people in the habitant country those of Peribonka are the gentlest and most lovable. Even in the floodtimes of spring it is not an angry or menacing river, and in winter it is so genially smooth and well frozen that the habitant farmers use it for their horse-and-cutter races, or as a trail by which to come to town. In spite of its great size and the vast forces behind it, the kindness and gentleness of its nature must have made its people what they are. The men are truthful, their morals are right, they believe in God as well as in spirits, they are clean and courteous and hospitable. The women are bright eyed, clear skinned, unrouged, unbobbed, pretty. These people are always looking toward the river, in the evening when they go to bed, in the morning when they get up. They have built their picturesque little church facing it, and the good Father sleeps with his bedroom window opening upon it. The local cemetery occupies an acre of hallowed ground within a hundred feet of the water's edge. A venerable monastery is built at the mouth of it.

Until quite recently the two happiest people in the village of Peribonka were Maria Chapdelaine and her husband Samuel. They are still

Turn to page six.



David, Clement and Alex Tyo.

school student, who works in the shop out of school hours.

This is quite a record. For fifty years the elder Mr. Tyo has been barbering. For twenty-two years his son, Clement, has been working with him. And now the grandson, Alex, is taking his place in the shop along with his father and grandfather.

The elder Mr. Tyo has another son who is also a barber. This son whose name is also David, is in business in Detroit.

Breezes from the Hill

OFFICIAL ORGAN OF THE CASS CITY PUBLIC SCHOOLS.

Home Economics.

Seventh Grade—The 7th grade home economics class made a study of cotton, its manufacture and uses and a like study of wool. In connection with this they make Textile books, collecting samples. Most of the headbands, holders, and aprons are nearing completion.

Ninth and Tenth Foods—In planning the luncheon menu, the hot dish is very important. We have therefore made souffles, Welsh Rabbit, baked dishes, and luncheon loaves, and studied the principles of deep fat frying, making croquettes and doughnuts. As candy lessons are very expensive, we bought the material for various candies, made them and sold them to pay for the expenses. Then the girls brought their own materials and took the candy made home. Gingerbread was made to illustrate the principle of leavening with soda and sour milk. The remainder of the fifty dollars left by the A. B. C. Girls for furnishings for the rest room has been spent, and the freshmen girls are going to thoroughly clean, the rest room and fix it up. They are also making the pop corn balls for the all school Christmas party.

Eleventh and twelfth grades have finished their historic costume notes, and silhouette and due to bad weather, hot lunches have been made since Thanksgiving. Seven girls make the lunches for a period of two weeks and two of the girls are in charge for one week at a time, making the menus, ordering the materials, and taking the change. The other girls have been working on their dresses.

Kindergarten.

Barbara Jean Bardwell very pleasantly surprised us Tuesday by bringing a miniature Christmas tree, beautifully decorated for our Christmas Art Shop. She also brought a toy candy pail of prosperous dimensions, filled with red and green suckers for the children. We felt that Christmas was partly here and were very grateful to our little friend, Barbara. We have folded the paper and done our own cutting and pasting in the making of Christmas chains and lanterns. We are very proud of them and have no apology to make for the appearance of our room, if we are just kindergartners.

First Grade.

Without a word of doubt the same old bewiskered red-faced chubby gentleman that has visited us in years past will hurry down our chimneys again this year, (at least we think so). Our preparations for his coming have been rather elaborate. There will be his triumphal entry through a side window, into our grade room, where breathless kindergartners with us, will await his coming. Inasmuch as we know Santa is familiar with Orr's woods, we're sure he'll come from that direction. Only he can half guess what the cutting out and coloring of bells, chains or candles can mean to us little folks.

We have read the Christmas story "The Kind Tree" and like the little tree, we will gladly let a little bird rest in our branches. With the New Year we will begin our Elson Readers, Book I.

Second Grade.

December is the most important month of the year to boys and girls for no one means more to them than Santa Claus. At the beginning of this month, we decided it would be nice to make Christmas presents for our mothers and fathers. Each child chose one thing to make for mother and one for father. Some made holders for mother and they were very nicely sewed. Others painted bottles for vases, some green and some red, trimmed in black. Last of all, some boys and girls made real candles. The children took paraffin, melted it and colored it with red wax crayons. Then each child was given a piece of string, the right size for the wick and kept dipping it in until the candles were as large as they wanted them. For fathers, match scratches and shaving pads were made. To complete this project, they decorated white tissue paper to wrap the presents in and also made tags to put on them.

We are now busy trimming our Christmas tree and looking forward to a good time Friday morning.

Third Grade.

The shop windows aren't the only places to display the holiday colors. We have a canopy of chains made by the children who stay at noon. We have curtained the windows with

crepe paper. A forest of heavily loaded trees have grown on our bulletin board. Even the fireplace is ready with candles and Christmas plant. For the visit from St. Nicholas. We played the poem "A visit from St. Nicholas" and had great fun dressing St. Nick in accordance with the poem. We were weighed this week, but find we gain or lose very little. We wish everyone a very Merry Christmas and Happy New Year.

Fourth Grade.

Our room is in gala attire for the holidays. Poinsettas may be seen in our windows. The bulletin board has a border illustrating with cut paper, the Christmas story. In the center is the Little Town of Bethlehem with the star over head, at one side may be seen the sheep and shepherds on the hillside, and on the other side the desert scene with the "Three Wise Men," guided by the star to Bethlehem.

The sandtable has been transformed into a tiny village. A real typical Christmas scene, snow on roofs and chimneys. It is just ready for a visit from Good Old Saint Nick. Our Christmas tree is beautifully adorned with blinking electric lights, garlands of pop corn, bright ornaments and all sized of Christmas packages to gladden the heart of each boy and girl in the room.

The Language class are writing original stories and illustrating them for their Christmas booklet.

We are studying the South Central states, for geography, and we have learned much about the manufacture of cotton cloth. Mr. Campbell loaned us some fine specimens of raw cotton.

We have been enjoying the book "The Birds Christmas Carol." In fact our new books are welcomed and enjoyed by all of us. The fourth grade wish to our parents and friends, a Very Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year, and we hope you will come and visit our room when we return from our holiday vacation.

Sixth Grade.

To be on the honor roll a child must have no mark lower than B. The following people are on the roll for November: Theda Bardwell, Thelma Barnes, Millicent Graham, Dorothy Holcomb, Helene McComb, Margaret Merchant, Norris Stafford, and Esther Turner. Our castle is finished. A double wall, moat, and drawbridge protect it from the enemy. There are many towers from which the tar and boiling pitch can be thrown down upon those who are unwelcome. Within the walls is the castle proper, the home of the lord. Many ladies have been made from cloths and crepe paper. We have had much fun creating it. Fay McComb and Lloyd Donnelly have made us a beautiful fireplace. We are enjoying it very much.

Fifth Grade.

We have begun a spelling contest. The pupils gaining one hundred percent averages for last week are Enid Barnes, Mary Frank, Myrtle Greenleaf, Gladys Davidson, Delma Kehoe, and Terry Schwaderer. The English class has completed some interesting booklets containing "The Christmas Story." The A. class in Arithmetic have begun the work on fractions and are making excellent progress. For the last two weeks we have been decorating our room for Christmas. Several interesting black board drawings have been completed by the pupils. The class were able to sell more than our quota of Red Cross Christmas seals. We appreciate the new books that have been added to our library.

For all who work among young men and women, seeking their physical and spiritual welfare.

That in universities, colleges and schools, the study of the scriptures may be conducted with reverence.

For blessing upon Bible reading unions and associations among the youth of all lands.

Scripture Readings—Deut. 11, 8-21. Psalm 112, 2 Tim. 3, 14-17 and 4, 1-8.

Of national forgetfulness of God, of the sanctity of His day of rest, and of His commandments.

Prayer—For all sovereigns and rulers, and for those set in authority under them.

For the League of Nations, and all the efforts directed to international goodwill and peace.

That strong nations may learn to help the weak and so fulfil the law of Christ.

That all oppression may be denounced, and religious liberty become the enjoyment of all peoples, especially in Russia and Spain.

For a righteous solution of all labor problems, and for industrial peace.

That intemperance, impurity, and gambling may be checked.

For the press, and all who guide public opinion.

For soldiers, sailors, policemen, and other national and municipal servants.

Scripture Readings—Psalm 46, 1 Chron. 16, 23-36. 1 Tim. 2, 1-8.

Wednesday, Jan. 8.

Missions. Thanksgiving—For this day of opportunity to preach the Gospel of Christ.

For growing evidences of unity and co-operation in the mission fields.

For the influence of the Jerusalem Missionary Conference, and the impulse given to more effective co-operation.

Confession—Of prevalent resort to secular in place of spiritual motives. Of failure because of unbelief.

That the evangelization of the world is hindered by home divisions and pre-occupations.

Prayer—That the church everywhere may realize the need of the whole world of Christ.

For an increase in prayer on behalf of missions.

For more sacrificial giving, and a deeper realization of the stewardship of money.

That a greater number of men and women may offer themselves unreservedly for service in the mission fields.

That the purpose of God to call out of the world "a people for His name" may soon be accomplished, and the whole earth be filled with His glory.

For all unevangelized peoples and realms of every tongue.

That the preaching of the Gospel may overtake the influence of Mohammedanism and all brethren religions.

For medical missions, women's work among women; native pastors and evangelists.

For all Bible and Tract Societies, engaged in translating and distributing the Word of God.

Scripture Readings—Psalm 67, Isaiah 55, Eph. 3, 1-12.

Friday, Jan. 10.

Family, school and university life. Prayer—That parents may realize the duty of Christian example and responsibility in the home.

For teachers and Sunday school workers, that instruction may aim at early conversion to God.

That the Bible may be faithfully taught in all elementary and secondary schools and colleges.

For all who work among young men and women, seeking their physical and spiritual welfare.

That in universities, colleges and schools, the study of the scriptures may be conducted with reverence.

For blessing upon Bible reading unions and associations among the youth of all lands.

Scripture Readings—Deut. 11, 8-21. Psalm 112, 2 Tim. 3, 14-17 and 4, 1-8.

Louisa's Letter

Do What You Can For the Poor Today.

Dear Girls: We mortal men and women are peculiar creatures. We read in the large city papers of the destitute cases and our hearts are filled with pity.

"Oh," we think, "if only we had the money how gladly would we give the five hundred or a thousand dollars needed to keep this poor family whose father is ill and mother struggling to make ends meet until he can recover. How gladly would we give to help the poor old woman who lives

in a cold tenement room and suffers for the proper food. What a joy it would be to help any of these unfortunates of whom we read. And how can the wealthy people in these places enjoy their luxuries with so much suffering at their doors."

The peculiar part of this trend of thought is not of course, our pity for the poor. That is commendable, but isn't it queer that we should expend so much sympathy on suffering so far away, when there is so much in our own community. We never see the poor little school children with threadbare clothes who pass our homes on their way to school. Some of these probably come from homes as poverty stricken as any we read about but we do not cry over them because we know nothing about them. And what is more we make no effort to find out. It is too much trouble and it upsets us if we do discover anything deplorable. We notice occasionally, the wan-faced little woman who coughs so much, but the only track our sympathy takes in that case is to avoid any possible germs by going on the other side of the street. We hear that Mr. K. is out of a job and the family have no means of support, but we make no effort to lend a helping hand.

We criticize the rich when we know nothing at all about them. Of course a great many of them are extravagant and so are many of us. As a matter of fact New York has more than enough money subscribed each holiday season for its hundred neediest cases. Some of the people who give large sums cannot afford it any better than we could afford to give five or ten or twenty-five dollars and yet it never occurs to us to do our share.

We take our charity out in saying how we should love to give a whole lot if we had a whole lot but we are not willing to share a part of that which we have.

Let us remember the widow's mite and bear in mind that the little we can give may mean just as much to the one who receives it as more to others who are the recipients of larger gifts.

Let us not forget the joy that comes to a gracious giver.

LOUISA.

Nearby and Yonder.... by T. T. MAXEY

The Shrine of St Roch PICTURE a tiny shrine, laboriously built, stone by stone, by the hands of a priest, in fulfillment of a vow, now lighted by stained-glass windows and overhung with ivy, within, seats for but two dozen worshippers at a time, its walls cluttered with testimonial offerings—crutches, braces, casts and what not, left by faithful visitors who have been relieved of their sufferings, high above all else a statue of the good St. Roch, his dog by his side, located in one of the older sections of that historic and romantic southern city of New Orleans—and you have a vision of the Shrine to St. Roch, the Guardian Saint of Health, to which, in perpetuation of the custom in creole days, pilgrimage after pilgrimage is made by persons from many climes.

The good father it seems, made a vow that if his parishioners were fortunate and spared from attack by the fearful epidemic of yellow fever which raged there in 1866, he would build a chapel and dedicate it to a saint. His prayers were answered and he made good his vow, dedicating his shrine to St. Roch, who, it is said, was at one time stricken with the plague and left to succumb in a lonely woodland, but his dog obtained and carried food to him, saved his life and thereafter they became inseparable companions.

There is another cherished and deeply-rooted tradition that is interwoven with this shrine. It is the belief that if a girl will go to nine churches, say a prayer and make an offering in each and then go to St. Roch and make the stations of the cross, she will have a husband before the year is out. Needless to say, many maidens make their way to the shrine of St. Roch.

(© 1929 Western Newspaper Union.)



Greetings of the Season and a Happy and Prosperous New Year.

We want you to know that we have appreciated your patronage during the past year and hope that you will continue to visit us during the coming year and bring your friends with you.

WOOD'S REXALL DRUG STORE



YOU TOO---

HELLER'S BAKERY Cass City



We are reminded of our great obligation to those who have by their loyal patronage made our business a success throughout the year. There is nothing so valuable as friends and nothing so necessary as to keep them. We desire to maintain our mutual co-operation with you during the coming year with the very best wishes that the New Year may bring you happiness and continued prosperity.

YOUNG & MAIER



The season is at hand when we gladly welcome the opportunity to extend to you the hand of Good Fellowship and to express our appreciation of that intangible and invaluable asset—Good Will—which you have so kindly bestowed upon us during the past year and which we fully appreciate.

Please accept our hearty wish for a Happy and Prosperous Year in 1930.

THE KROGER GROCERY AND BAKING COMPANY O. Hendrick, Manager.

That Egg Basket Smile



It's bringing happiness to thousands of poultry-keepers who feed Wayne Egg Mash.

Are you getting as many eggs as your hens should produce? Think what your extra profits would be if all your hens were doing their best.

Don't put off feeding Wayne Egg Mash any longer!

Sold By

Elkland Roller Mills Cass City, Mich.

Phone No. 15

LOOK FOR THE SUNRISE BAG

Churches Will Unite In Week of Prayer

Concluded from first page. Christian unity to be effective must be based on truth and love.

For new steps towards Christian unity among the protestant and reformed churches.

Prayer—That all efforts directed to Christian reunion may be guided to the "keeping of the unity of the spirit, in the bond of peace."

That denominational prejudices may give place to desires for the unity of the larger church, which is the whole body of believers.

That a more definite stand may be taken for a spiritual church membership.

For a new effusion of the Holy Spirit, leading to the unity which characterized the Church at Pentecost.

For more willingness to make personal and corporate sacrifices for the unity and good of the whole church and family of God.

Scripture Readings—Psalm 133, 1 Cor. 13, Eph. 3, 14-21. Acts 1:1-14. Acts 2:1-21.

Tuesday, Jan. 9.

International friendship and co-operation.

Thanksgiving—For the blessings of continued international peace.

For the new spirit of co-operation manifest among masters and men.

For all evidences of the Christian principles of friendship and co-operation in international relationships.

Confession—Of all remaining international jealousies and suspicions.

Happy New Year

May peace and prosperity attend 1930 and may that year be generous to your prospects as you have made 1929 generous to ours. Our greetings are heartfelt.

FARM PRODUCE CO. Lumber Department

Pastime Theatre

E. Fitzgerald, Manager. Cass City

FRIDAY AND SATURDAY, DEC. 27-28. RAMON NAVARRO AND RENEE ADOREE IN THE PAGAN

The haunting beauty of the tropics filmed in the South Seas amid the gorgeous sunsets, blue waters and exotic greenery—the filmization of John Russell's famous novel. Comedy—"Close Shave." Classic, "West of the Golden Gate." 10-25c

SUNDAY AND MONDAY, DECEMBER 29 AND 30. GRETA GARBO IN

THE SINGLE STANDARD

A smashing picturization of the sensational Adela Rogers St. John's best seller. "Garbo,"—what else matters? Comedy—"His Wife's Secret." News Reel. 10 and 25c.

NEW YEARS EVE AND NIGHT—DEC. 31 AND JAN. 1.

BROADWAY

The greatest melodrama ever produced—the mightiest motion picture ever screened, with extravagant girle revue staged on the largest sets ever constructed and photographed in natural colors. Comedy—"Mickey's Brown Derby." 15 and 35c.



As we look back over the years that have passed and think of the many Holiday time greetings we have received from our many friends we cannot help but think that friendship is a great comfort to everyone.

Just now we are wishing you a HAPPY NEW YEAR.

CASS CITY GRAIN CO.



We take this opportunity to extend to you and yours our very best wishes for a Happy and Prosperous Year in 1930.

We trust that 1929 has been a prosperous year for you and we assure you that we have appreciated the business you have given us. May our future relations be as pleasant as the past has been.

CORPRON'S HARDWARE



Our wishes for everyone of you are that you may have the best of health, prosper in all your dealings and that the coming year may be the best of all the years that have past.

Again wishing you a Happy New Year, we are

FOLKERT'S BARGAIN STORE CASS CITY



Our wishes for every one of you are that you may have the best of health, prosper in all your dealings and that the coming year may be the best of all the years that have passed.

Again wishing you a Happy New Year, we are

GAGE & HAVEN CASS CITY

DAIRY FACTS

REDUCING LOSSES ON LIVE STOCK

Heavy Toll Caused by Shipping Fever and Other Ills.

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.) Precautions to take in shipping live stock are contained in Leaflet 38-L, Maintaining the Health of Live Stock in Transit, just issued by the United States Department of Agriculture. The leaflet deals chiefly with the prevention of hemorrhagic septicemia, or shipping fever, and related maladies that have caused serious losses among cattle received at public stock yards and country feeding points.

The key to the reduction of shipping losses, according to the author, Dr. A. W. Miller, assistant chief, bureau of animal industry, is greater care in handling, which in turn conserves the vitality of stock so they can better resist the hardships of travel. Among the devitalizing influences to be especially avoided are exposure to severe weather, changes in the routine of feeding and watering, excitement and overexertion.

The leaflet contains recommendations on the care, feeding and watering of cattle before, during and after shipment. The use of biological products for preventing shipping fever is likewise discussed. Numerous illustrations supplement the text, showing desirable means of handling stock as well as conditions to be avoided.

The leaflet is part of a systematic endeavor by the national live stock and traders' exchanges, railroads, the National Live Stock Producers association, government live stock specialists, and others to reduce the heavy toll of losses caused by shipping fever and kindred ailments. Conservative estimates have placed the loss at fully a million dollars annually, and in some years it has been as high as four million dollars.

Copies of the leaflet may be obtained by writing the office of information, United States Department of Agriculture, Washington, D. C.

Special Care of Dairy Tinware of Importance

New tinware, such as milk cans, dipper, buckets, etc., as well as new separator tinware rusts more easily than old used tinware. The reason is simple. Metal surfaces do not have a perfectly impervious glaze like glassware or crockery. They are more or less porous. With use these pores soon become filled up with a sort of a film grease, which then serves as a protective coating for the metal.

It is very important, therefore, that the tinned parts of a cream separator be given extra care the first month or two. That is, they should be thoroughly dried either with a dry cloth or by being hung in a warm, dry place, or both. This matter is one of special importance nowadays, since a very large proportion of cream separator sales are replacements, and where a farmer gets a new separator in trade for his old one, in most cases he will follow with the new machine the same washing program he had been following with his old one, with the result that the new tinware rusts where the old tinware did not. He does not realize that new tinware requires greater care than old, and he particularly does not realize that when his old separator was new it was regarded as something out of the ordinary and the best care possible was none too good for it.

Hay Roughage Useful in Winter Ration for Cows

Feed all the roughage the cow will clean up. This will be approximately three pounds corn silage and one pound of hay, or five to six pounds of roots and one pound of hay, or one pound of dried beet pulp soaked 12 to 24 hours before feeding and one pound of hay, or two pounds of legume hay or other dried roughage, for each 100 pounds of live weight. Where at all possible it is desirable that both a succulent and a leguminous hay be used in the roughage portion of the ration. The most economical production of milk is not ordinarily otherwise possible.

Feed the grain mixture according to the amount of milk produced. This means about one pound of concentrates for each three to three and a half pounds of milk produced in the case of a Jersey or Guernsey, or for each three and a half to four pounds of milk produced when feeding an Ayrshire, Brown Swiss, or Holstein.

Succulent Feed

Corn silage has become a standard ingredient in the winter ration in most of the larger dairies. It provides succulence—succulence is a general term used to describe the tonic or conditioning properties of green feeds forming the bulk of the usual winter ration. It not only supplies succulent feed but also affords a convenient and economical way of harvesting, storing and feeding the corn crop. A dairy farm without a silo is almost an unknown quantity these days.

LOCAL HAPPENINGS

E. L. Heller came Sunday to spend Christmas with his family here.

Walter Mann spent a few days last week in Saginaw on business.

Dr. I. D. McCoy and A. D. Leach were Saginaw visitors Friday and Saturday.

Merrill Martin of Beaufort spent the first of the week with his aunt, Mrs. J. H. Bohnsack.

Miss Erma Flint, a teacher in the Lansing schools, is spending the holidays at her home here.

Curtis Hunt of Almont is spending the week with his grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. Chris Schwaderer.

Born Friday, December 20, to Mr. and Mrs. Alex McLachlan, a baby boy who will answer to the name of Frederick.

Miss Lorena Wilson of Northville is spending the week with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. James Wilson, west of town.

Miss Louise Strange of Cedar Rapids, Iowa, came Sunday to spend the week at the home of her sister, Mrs. P. J. Allured.

Rheo Hainstock and Darwin Bailey of Harbor Beach were guests at the Lester Bailey home Sunday. Mr. Bailey remained to spend the week.

The Evangelical Missionary meeting was postponed from last week until today (Friday) and will be held at the home of Mrs. D. C. Elliott.

Mr. and Mrs. M. E. Auten are entertaining Mr. Auten's uncle and aunt, Frederick Libby of Washington, D. C., and Miss Alice Libby of Oxford, Ohio, for the week.

Maxine Read, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Percy Read, living south and west of Cass City, has been quite ill with pneumonia. Last reports are that she is slowly gaining.

George Burt and son, Clarence Burt, were callers in Saginaw Sunday where they met Miss Ida Burt of Jackson, who is spending Christmas holidays with Cass City relatives.

Holiday guests at the home of Rev. and Mrs. George Hill are Mr. and Mrs. E. O. Mutchler and two children of Grand Rapids, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Eckman, Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Ball and little daughter of Detroit, George Hill of Evanston, Ill., and Miss Dorothy Hill of Munising.

The South Novesta Farmers' club which was to have met Friday, Dec. 20, was postponed because of the

weather and the condition of the roads until the January meeting, which will be held Friday, January 17 at the home of Mr. and Mrs. William Bentley at Deford. A good crowd is desired at this meeting as there will be election of officers.

The Sunday School teachers of the Presbyterian Sunday-School met at the church Wednesday evening and enjoyed a six o'clock supper and a social time. Rev. Glen Carpenter of Bad Axe was a guest and W. L. Jenkins of Detroit, field representative for Michigan of the Presbyterian Board of Christian Education, was the speaker of the evening and held a conference and discussed the new graded lessons.

The members of the Art Club were entertained at the home of Mrs. Richard Edgerton on South Seeger street Wednesday. Each person received a beautiful gift from the Christmas tree and each one had her fortune told from a tea cup. During the business meeting, the officers elected for the coming year were: President, Mrs. E. A. Livingston; vice president, Mrs. B. F. Benkelman; secretary-treasurer, Mrs. I. W. Hall; reporter, Mrs. Richard Edgerton. A three-course luncheon was served by the hostess. The next meeting will be held with Mrs. G. W. Landon as hostess.

SIX CYLINDER SENTENCES

By DR. JOHN W. HOLLAND

Think before you come to the brink.

Respect others and respect will flow back to you.

Indulgent parents "do" their children by doing too much for them.

No man has ever been born so strong but that lust will "bust" him.

Cut down the quality of your work and you cut down your own future.

The man who cannot see God in the face of a trusting child, will never see Him elsewhere.

(© 1929, Western Newspaper Union.)

Visible Stars

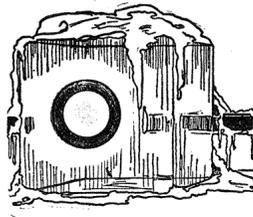
The number of stars visible that can be seen by a person of average eyesight is only about 7,000. The number visible through the telescope has been estimated by J. E. Gore at 70,000,000 and by Professors Newcomb and Young at 100,000,000.

Greetings

To our friends of long standing—Greetings! To our new acquaintances—Greetings! And to those we have yet to meet and know—Greetings!

I. SCHONMULLER

Cass City



The Cold Snap

Loses its snap when the coal snaps merrily in your furnace or grate. But you want good coal that heats more than it snaps; and, in these days of costly living you want to buy your coal at reasonable prices. Our coal, our prices and our service always give satisfaction.

Farm Produce Co.

Phone No. 54.

Sets Time for World "Greenwich time," famed throughout the world, is determined by the movement of a certain star which arrives due south once every twenty-four hours.

Alligator Flesh is Edible

Alligator flesh is white and tender, but it has a musky taste and is therefore not relished by most people. Some of the Indians were very fond of it.

Congressional Committees

Members of congress are permitted to express a preference for committee assignments, but the committee on committees has the final decision as to the membership of these committees.

O'd Things Best

I want a sofa, as I want a friend, upon which I can repose familiarly. If you can't have intimate terms and freedom with one and the other, they are of no good. Thackeray.



Greetings of the Season

We wish to take advantage of this opportunity to thank you for the nice business you have given us during the past year and also for the courtesies you have extended to us from time to time.

We sincerely wish you one and all, a HAPPY NEW YEAR.

New Years Greeting Cards.

Call and see this complete line of cards—5c to 25c.

BURKE'S DRUG STORE

Greetings of the Season---

We take this means of telling you that your good will and patronage have been appreciated during the past year and that we trust we may have your continued friendship throughout the coming year.

ALMER'S BAKERY



This is just to wish each and every reader the merriest holiday season that ever came into your life. And may its joys be with you each and every day of the New Year from dawn to close.

Thanks for your past patronage and remember we will be just as glad to serve you in the future as in the past. We hope we have merited your further confidence and support.

GEORGE C. HOOPER

Advertisement for MADISON AND LENOX HOTELS, MADISON AVENUE, DETROIT. Rates \$2.00 to \$4.00 Single. Ernest H. Piper, Gen. Mgr.

CASS CITY CHRONICLE
Published Weekly.

The Tri-County Chronicle and Cass City Enterprise consolidated Apr. 20, 1906.

All Subscriptions Are Payable in Advance.

In Michigan—One year, \$1.75; six months, \$1.00.

Outside Michigan—In United States, one year, \$2.00. In Canada, one year, \$2.50.

Advertising rates made known on application.

Entered as second class matter Apr. 27, 1906, at the post office at Cass City, Michigan, under the Act of Congress of March 3, 1879.

H. F. Lenzner, Publisher.



STABILIZING BUSINESS.

A committee of 20 of the most prominent business executives has been named, as the result of the national business conference recently held in Washington. A permanent organization will probably grow out of this movement, the purpose of which will be to keep business running regularly.

The so-called business cycle, the tendency of industrial activity to rise and fall like the tides of the sea, has been a defect of our business system. During some years business would be so active that it was not possible to get orders delivered promptly. Then a recession would come, throwing millions out of work, and causing distress.

We have not had adequate machinery for coping with such situations. It was taken for granted that these depressions had to come, and that there was nothing to do when they came but to wait patiently for the clouds to roll by.

This new movement says that something can be done to prevent these waves of depression. It is held that by a forceful initiative from business leaders, people can be induced to start new and needed lines of production.

Construction jobs are a kind of activity that will help to fill any gaps that may occur in business progress. When things go slow for any reason, a nation wide movement to start new building projects would be a wonderful help.

There is not at the present time anything that resembles the depressions of the past. But the stock market collapse of November put a certain amount of fear in some minds. It is the job of this business stabilization movement, to start so many new activities that the remnants of this fear, which has so little real basis in fact, may be completely dissipated.

BUSINESS IS HOPEFUL.

Never before in history has American business showed such a determination not to be crippled by a stock market crash as has been the case in the past few weeks.

The National Association of Credit Men is the latest in the list of business organizations to insist that business is going to go forward in spite of Wall Street's gyrations.

A bulletin from this organization declares that the freeing of funds formerly tied up in broker's loans has brought about a positive improvement in the basic credit situation.

"The shakedown has done at least one good thing for business, in that it has scared away from the brokerage offices a lot of people who had no right to be spending their time and money there in the first place," adds the bulletin. "When these people resume their normal activities as depositors in savings banks and purchasers of commodities, business will quickly feel the effect of the transition."

There are many complaints of mail delays at Christmas time, but the January 1 bills usually get through on time.

The man who complained that his wife did not spell spinach correctly, received the reply that anyway she knew how to cook it, which is more important.

Somehow the people who pay no income tax, do not seem to show proper enthusiasm over the reduction of this assessment.

SIX CYLINDER SENTENCES

By DR. JOHN W. HOLLAND



We never really understand until we under-go.

Parents who rear their children in luxury are courting broken hearts.

If a man develops a yellow streak, society will hand him a yellow slip.

Young people who fall, usually slip on the banana peel of a cheap friendship.

Young man, hitch the fiery steeds of your passion to the log-wagon of wisdom.

(© 1929 Western Newspaper Union)

WHY Artificial Limbs Are Known as "Cork Legs."

Artificial limbs are called cork legs because such limbs were formerly made of steel or other metal uprights covered with layers of cork to give them the required resilience. In 1901 an elderly manufacturer of artificial limbs at Exeter, England, stated that limbs constructed partly of cork were still used in his month. This explains why many reference works contain statements to the effect that cork is still used in the manufacture of artificial limbs. Because no cork is used for this purpose now many curious theories attempting to account for the popular name have been advanced by persons who did not know that cork was actually used at one time in the manufacture of artificial limbs. Cork legs, according to one writer, were so called after their inventor, Dr. Richard Cork; and according to another, the name arose from the fact that the great manufacturers of such articles were established in Cork street, London. Still another derives the name from the alleged fact that these limbs were first made in Cork, Ireland. These theories are not confirmed by any evidence whatever and in all probability they are pure fiction.—Pathfinder Magazine.

Why Almost All Plants Take Twist to the Left

Some people have an erroneous idea that north of the equator vines and plants grow with a counter-clockwise twist and that south of the equator this twist is clockwise. But the truth is that plants and vines which climb by twining invariably twist in the same direction—to the left.

The twining of any vine, of course, is due to its efforts to follow the sun. Exceptions to the left rule include hop and honeysuckle, which twist to the right. The reason given is that the side of the shoot turned toward the sun grows faster than that which is in the shadow. The result is that the stalk is forced into a "clockwise" curve. But most other plants turn in the opposite direction. In the runner bean's case the side of the shoots facing the sun shrinks under the heat and warps the whole stalk into a counter clockwise curve.

Why Dynamite Explodes

The following reasons are given for the explosion of dynamite: "What causes dynamite to explode has been very much discussed by experts, but they have not yet agreed. The best opinion is that it is due to the heat produced by concussion. A small quantity of dynamite, even up to a stick in size, may burn if unconfined, but if it becomes confined in the least by wood or coal falling upon it the combustion will change to "detonation." The report caused by dynamite and the discharge from a rifle or gun is believed to be due to the sudden expansion and contraction of the air and gases. The difference between the reports of dynamite explosion and the discharge from a rifle would only be in the intensity."

Why Widows Join Mates in Death

Suttee is the self-burning of widows. The custom began in India, when one of the wives of Brahma, the son of God, sacrificed herself at his death that she might attend him in heaven. Seventeen widows have burned themselves on a funeral pyre of a rajah, and in Bengal alone over 700 have been known to perish in this way in a year. The English government abolished suttees in December, 1828, but they have since occasionally taken place.

Why "Cousins German"

A cousin german is a first cousin or own cousin; namely, the child of one's uncle or aunt. The word "german" here signifies that the person in question is from the same "germ" or stock. Many persons erroneously speak of cousins "germane." "Germane" differs from "german" both in meaning and pronunciation.—Pathfinder Magazine.

Why Aliens Are Counted

The inclusion of aliens in apportioning representatives in legislatures is based on Amendment 14 of the Constitution, which says in part, "Representatives shall be apportioned among the several states according to their respective numbers, counting the whole number of persons in each state, excluding Indians not taxed."

Why Rain Brings Coolness

The weather bureau says that one reason why it is cooler after rain—often the chief if not the only one—is the fact that evaporation occurs from the wet surface and objects on it. Evaporation consumes very much heat and hence is a cooling process.

Why Called "Stake Plain"

Staked plain is a literal English translation of Spanish "Llano Estacado," the name of a large plateau in western Texas. It was originally so called because of the large number of bare yucca stems found there. They resemble stakes.

Why Eggs Get Moldy

Moldiness of eggs is caused by dampness. Since eggshells are porous, mold naturally penetrates to their contents. Eggs should be kept in a cool, dry place.

Why Robins Stop Singing

The singing of robins is connected with the breeding season and ceases when the season is over. This is generally long before fall.

LOCAL HAPPENINGS

Richard Edgerton was a business caller in Unionville Friday.

John Whale spent Friday and Saturday with relatives in Detroit.

Miss Marguerite Henry spent a few days last week with Miss Agnes Ferguson at Pontiac.

Junior Donnelly left Monday to spend his vacation with relatives in Detroit and Pontiac.

Miss Pauline Sandham was the guest of her uncle, Dr. H. C. Striffler, at Pontiac a few days last week.

Miss Helen Corkins of Detroit came Saturday to spend Christmas and New Years with her father, J. C. Corkins.

St. Pancratius church held special services at the church on Christmas Day and enjoyed a beautifully decorated tree.

Mrs. Charles Donnelly left Tuesday to spend the remainder of the week at the home of her son, Neil Donnelly, at Saginaw.

Mrs. Celia Palmateer left Saturday to spend some time with relatives at Auburn Heights, Detroit, Ann Arbor and other places.

Mrs. Thomas McCool left Monday for her home at Shabbona after spending a week at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Percy Read.

Miss Lottie West of Pontiac and Alfred West of St. Clair are spending Christmas and New Years with their parents, Mr. and Mrs. George West.

Mr. and Mrs. Harold Benkelman and two children of Almont and Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Pease of Ravenna are spending the week at the B. F. Benkelman, sr., home.

Mrs. Edward Sutton and Gertrude Stokes spent from Tuesday until Sunday with friends and relatives in Detroit. Miss Stokes remained for the holidays.

Mr. and Mrs. G. A. Tindale spent Tuesday in Detroit. Miss Dorothy Tindale, who is employed in Detroit, returned to Cass City with them to spend Christmas.

Mr. Gleason, Mr. Schuman and Miss Catherine Wallace of Richland Center, Wis., came Sunday to spend Christmas and New Years with the parents of Miss Wallace, Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Wallace.

Mrs. Robert Milligan was hostess to the Malfem Club at her farm home Wednesday afternoon. A social time was held and gifts exchanged. A delicious supper was served.

Hugh McBurney, son, Wesley, and daughter, Miss Luella, motored to Detroit Sunday where Wesley has a position. Mr. McBurney and daughter returned to Cass City Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. Otto Nique of Decker and Miss Eleanor Nique of Philadelphia were Sunday guests of Mr. and Mrs. A. A. Ricker. Mrs. Sophia Striffler accompanied them to Decker Sunday evening to spend a few days there.

Scott Campbell of Caro was a caller in town Thursday. His aunt, Mrs. Z. Cleaver, accompanied him to Caro where she spent Christmas. Mrs. Cleaver will also visit relatives in Akron and Saginaw, spending the winter there.

A delightful party was held Monday afternoon, December 23, in honor of Lulu Belle, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Durward Heron, on the occasion of her fourth birthday. A number of her little friends were entertained in her home at games and enjoyed a beautifully decorated Christmas tree.

Friends of Mrs. W. J. Allis (Helene Foe) will be sorry to hear that she is still at an Ann Arbor hospital where she has been a patient for eight weeks. Although some better, she is still very ill. Mrs. Allis' mother, Mrs. William Foe, of Cass City is at the home of her daughter in Flint where she is helping to care for Mrs. Foe's two grandchildren.

It looked like old-time traveling Monday afternoon when parents came in bobbleights to the Paul school in Novesta township to witness the Christmas program presented by pupils of Miss Irene Hall, teacher of the school. Santa Claus was present, of course, and made the youngsters happy by the distribution from the tree laden with holiday gifts.

Miss Ila White and Miss Lucile Riley of Mount Morris and Joseph Gast of Saginaw spent from Monday until Christmas night with Miss White's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Fred White. On Tuesday all enjoyed a birthday dinner in honor of the birthdays of Miss Ila White and brother, Buddy. A beautiful birthday cake was the centerpiece on the table. Mr. and Mrs. John Ball and son, Grant, were also Christmas guests at the White home.

D. C. Elliott and his helper, John Haley, brought in a load of 42 cans of milk to the plant of the Nestle's Food Co. on Thursday, Dec. 19. Mr. Elliott was the only truck driver to make his way through the snowdrifts and deliver a load that day. The next day, he brought in a load of 55 cans. Mr. Elliott is in his 73rd year. Another man in this community who does not let old age keep him from real-work is Chris Schwaderer, who is around the 76th milestone. If one doubts that statement, let him follow Mr. Schwaderer across the farms of this community and climb fences with him as this veteran cattle buyer goes to view herds of cattle.

Born Monday, Dec. 23, to Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Robinson, a daughter. Stephen Parrish spent Sunday with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. William Parrish.

Born Thursday, Dec. 19, to Mr. and Mrs. M. Lorenzen, a baby boy, Bruce Howard.

Miss Bessie Albrant of Caro is spending a few days with her sister, Mrs. Harold Dickinson.

Miss Florence Smith of Gageton spent Sunday and Monday with Rev. and Mrs. William Curtis.

Mrs. Bessie Bricker of Detroit spent several days this week with her mother, Mrs. T. H. Wallace.

Mrs. Sadie Phelps of Detroit came Monday to spend some time with her daughter, Mrs. Durward Heron.

Dr. and Mrs. F. L. Morris and Miss Mary Jeffery spent from Saturday until Monday evening in Detroit.

Mr. and Mrs. Leo Asher and daughter, Doris, of Caro spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. Manley Asher.

Mrs. W. D. Lane and son of Pt. Huron are spending the holidays with Mrs. Lane's mother, Mrs. Robert Cleland.

Miss Thelma Hunt of Ionia came Monday to spend the holidays with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Harry L. Hunt.

Mrs. Stewart Ballagh and son, Earl, of Rochester spent a few days last week with Mr. and Mrs. Dan McCloy.

Mr. and Mrs. Evans Rose and son, Delano, and Alden Henderson of Caro were callers Sunday at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Hugh McBurney.

Lester Bailey, son, Darwin, and daughter, Catherine, were callers at the home of Dr. and Mrs. C. W. Clark at Caro Wednesday afternoon.

Mr. and Mrs. Morton McBurney and daughter, Margaret Rosella, left Sunday to spend Christmas and the holidays with relatives and friends in Rochester.

Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Gardner and daughter, Barbara Jean, of Monroe came Wednesday to spend a few days with Mrs. Gardner's parents, Rev. and Mrs. William Curtis.

The Presbyterian Missionary Society has changed the date of the January meeting. It will be held on Thursday, January 9, instead of January 2 and will be at the home of Mrs. Elmer Seed.

Mr. and Mrs. B. F. Benkelman, jr., left Tuesday to visit Mrs. Benkelman's parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Smith, at Grand Ledge. Mr. Benkelman returned Thursday. Mrs. Benkelman remained until Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Norman Ross of Rochester and Mrs. Percy Starr of Argyle spent several days the first of the week with Mrs. Mary Gekeler and to be near their mother, Mrs. David Kitchen, who is a patient at Pleasant Home Hospital.

From the Sanilac County (Sandusky) News: "That excellent newspaper, the Cass City Chronicle, came out last week all in green in honor of good Saint Nick and the coming pleasant holiday. Consisting of 12 pages the Chronicle was full to the brim with nicely set ads, a credit to the thriving community it so well represents."

Lloyd Osburn, who left the Deford community a few months ago to live in Marlette, was in Cass City the first of the week greeting friends. Mr. Osburn claims to have seen a robin Saturday in Marlette, one of the red-breasted variety, who appeared as happy as on a day in June even though Marlette boasted as high snowbanks as any town in the Thumb.

Frank Cranick, a janitor at the school, smelled smoke in a corridor of the school building yesterday morning and had a difficult time locating the trouble. It was finally found issuing from a waste basket in the second-floor corridor where spontaneous combustion had ignited the dirt and dust taken from a school-room floor after using a floor sander in polishing.

Archie Leitch of International Falls, Minn., greeted old-time friends in Cass City this week after an absence of 32 years. He was born on a farm 1/2 mile east of New Greenleaf and was a member of one of the early pioneer families in Greenleaf township. Mr. Leitch was much disappointed that drifted sideroads kept him from calling on his old neighbors in the "Scotch settlement" but hopes to do so within a few months. He is spending the winter in Pontiac.

Due to drifted roads and poor telephone service since the storm of last week, correspondents have had little news to send to the Chronicle for this week's number. People have found it hard to travel, social gatherings have been few in number and news items are almost as scarce as hen's teeth. One correspondent whose weekly contribution usually runs a column in length writes: "Have not been able to get many news items therefore I will not send the four items this week."

Friday, Dec. 27, will be "open night" at the Cass City Community Club when Frederick Libby, executive secretary of the National Council for Prevention of War, will deliver an address on "1929 Developments." As an entertainment feature, the program committee has arranged for the presentation of a farce, "Barber Shop Chord," to be given by local talent. The program commences at eight o'clock at the high school auditorium. Club members are requested to invite their gentlemen and lady friends to this gathering.

Miss Margaret Landon and Miss Mabel Crandell were guests of Miss Landon's aunt, Mrs. E. F. Kreiman, at Saginaw from Friday until Sunday morning.

Much is said about the buying power of the American people, but their borrowing power seems to be even greater.

SIX CYLINDER SENTENCES

By DR. JOHN W. HOLLAND



No man can keep his best pace without God's grace.

It is an evil day for a hen when she stops scratching.

Adopt ideals as you buy tires, "look ahead" for ten thousand miles.

Advertise your goods and you sell them, advertise your goodness and you lose it.

The most unfortunate person in the world is he who cannot bear misfortune.

Men are like pins: They both need good heads to keep them from getting in bad.

(© 1929 Western Newspaper Union.)

Royal Vanity

England's Queen Elizabeth left 3,000 different dresses in her wardrobe when she died; and during many years of the latter part of her life would not suffer a looking-glass in her presence lest she notice the ravages of time on her face.

Romance and Adventure

Read our latest serial, "The Crippled Lady of Peribonka," by the late James Oliver Curwood. It blends the romance of two centuries with modern adventures in the author's beloved northland. It is the story by which he will probably be most affectionately remembered.

First Installment Appears in

This number of The Chronicle



ANOTHER YEAR

May it too be blessed by your friendship and co-operation.

In sending our greetings to you, we wish to express our thanks to you for having made our good progress possible.

M. D. Hartt

CASS CITY



Happy New Year

We may not have the pleasure of meeting and greeting everyone in this community during this holiday season so we are taking this means of sending our message of Good Cheer to you.

We want you to know that you are appreciated and that we are always glad to see you. We trust that during the coming years we may see you more than we have in the past. You will always find a welcome here.

May & Douglas



We extend our wishes for a Happy New Year. We are not only wishing you this happiness for the day but for the whole year. There is no reason why every day should not be a merry one. It would be for you if we could arrange it for you. We will do our best when you come our way.

In the coming year we are going to try harder than ever to merit your good will and confidence. We try to serve you in a way we like to be served ourselves. Quality goods, reasonable prices, quick service and dependable guarantees mark every transaction you make at this store.

Kenney's Grocery and Creamery



For your past favor—and with a hope for your continued friendship—we pause to send forth earnest greetings and a wish for a year of contentment and happiness.

N. BIGELOW & SONS
Cass City

While New Year Bells Are Ringing

we take occasion to thank our many patrons and friends for their encouragement and support during the past year, and at the same time to wish everyone in the community a "Happy New Year."

CASS CITY CHRONICLE

Grist Screenings

Published Every Friday

Vol. 5. December 27, 1929. Number 20.

Published in the interest of the People of Cass City and vicinity by the

Elkland Roller Mills
Roy Taylor, Editor

We wish we could say something more at this time than just "Merry Christmas and Happy New Year!"

So many people are saying that!

Sometimes we think it doesn't mean much—as greetings go—any more.

What we want to say is that the Elkland Roller Mill Company is mighty thankful to the Cass City community for your kindness and patronage during the past year.

That may not sound as pretty as the messages you get on your Christmas cards, but we mean every word of it just the same.

It has been a busy year with us, and maybe we have slipped a little in our service once in a while.

But those slips, if they happened, are unintentional, and next year we'll try even harder to please.

We don't know, of course, what the coming year has in store for you and for us.

But we're hoping that next Christmas this company will be wishing "Merry Christmas" to even more friends and customers.

Every year we realize just a little more, how much the Christ-

mas season means to this old world.

We need it—we couldn't get along without it in this kind of a life we're living. It reminds us of things which, otherwise, we would probably forget.

It gives us a chance to do things that we would probably overlook if it weren't for Christmas.

Most of all—it makes us realize how much we appreciate our friends—how much we need them.

And so, here's a Happy New Year from our organization!

Elkland Roller Mills
Phone 15 Cass City

This Week

by Arthur Brisbane

The Prince Receives Chucunaques Dying Mellon Knows How Wanted, More U. S. Prisons

The British motto is "Business first." No past disappointment, or prejudice of today, must interfere. The prince of Wales amid a brilliant company in St. James' palace, received the ambassador from Russia to Great Britain, saying pleasant things about the glory of the Russian people, etc.

King George did not receive the Russian, for two reasons. The present Russian government killed the czar, who was the king's cousin.

And the king, official head of the established Church of England, doesn't like Russia's effort to make religion ridiculous, calling it "the opium of the people."

However, the prince did the receiving well, the ambassador is satisfied and the British will do business with Russia.

F. A. Mitchell-Hedges, British explorer, back from Panama, says the interesting Chucunaques, survivors of a great Indian nation, will soon vanish. Spaniards long ago landed among them, robbing, killing, and since then they have excluded white people.

The Britisher, pretending to be a god, lighting fires around his tent at night, going through an elaborate, meaningless religious ritual, impressed them. They tolerated him.

Only about 1,000 Chucunaques are left, and disease will soon kill them all.

Their worst diseases are ignorance and superstition, the diseases that have killed off many races and nations, allowing others less ignorant and superstitious to take their places.

Heavy fogs in the East tied up shipping, causing great loss, interfered with Atlantic cables, stopped the air mail completely for days.

Perfection of the helicopter airplane would overcome fog difficulties.

In one day, in this prosperous country, there was a "turn over" of one billion eight hundred million dollars in tax payments and treasury financing alone. Not a ripple on the surface of the financial waters.

Interest rates didn't go up. "Call money," the kind used for Wall Street speculation, remained at 4½ per cent, with unorganized lenders "on the outside" offering to lend at 4 per cent.

Secretary Mellon knows how to handle big finance smoothly. To him a billion dollars is only a billion dollars. Perhaps that's because he has a billion or so of his own.

A mother with a baby handles other babies easily.

Mr. Mitchell, President Hoover's Democratic attorney general, wants \$7,000,000 to build new prisons for the United States. He says the problem of prisons is the major one before the Department of Justice.

In Great Britain they are closing prisons, renting prison buildings for other purposes, because crime is diminishing.

The air mail brings to President Hoover a petition signed by the presidents of seven Haitian political organizations asking him to keep our marines in Haiti and supervise the presidential election coming in April.

This year little Haiti has 100 candidates for the presidency. They are all fighting men, and their followers are fighting followers. They want the marines to stay and keep them from doing to each other things that they might do.

How many times do you breathe in one minute? Guess, offhand. Many that know about the revolutions of an airplane propeller, or a steamship screw, take little interest in their own machinery.

The breathing question is suggested by the case of Miss Margaret McIntyre, Plainfield (N. J.) school teacher, who breathes only five times a minute, twelve seconds to a breath. Scientists call her a "physiological miracle." You, probably, breathe the fifteen to eighteen times per minute, the average for adults.

However, Miss McIntyre has one advantage. She breathes very deeply. Experiments show that she takes in three pints of air at a breath. The average adult takes in only one pint. We all inhale too little oxygen. That is why we need exercise, making us breathe more rapidly and deeply.

Just before the war, Northcliffe offered \$50,000 for a flight across the English Channel, less than fifty miles. The other day, Coste, French flyer, set a new record by flying nearly 5,000 miles without stopping or taking on fuel.

Great progress in a few years, from fifty miles to 5,000. Who doubts that ten years hence flying across the Pacific, at any point, will be pilots' "child's play," and flying the Atlantic for student flyers?

By this time this country will have to think seriously of hostile air visits from Europe or Japan. Even our greatest "statesmen" will get their minds off archaic battleships.

(© 1929, by King Features Syndicate, Inc.)

CHURCH CALENDAR.

Baptist—Wm. Curtis, Pastor. Preaching on Sunday at 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Sunday School at 11:45 a. m. and B. Y. P. U. at 6:30 p. m. The Junior choir will sing at the evening preaching service. Prayer meeting on Thursday at 7:30.

Methodist Church—Class meeting, 10:00. Morning worship, 10:30. Sunday school, 11:45. Epworth League, 6:30. Evening service, 7:30.

Watch night service New Year's eve.

Bethel Church—Sunday school, 11:00. Preaching service, 12:00.

Salem Evangelical Church—Chas. W. Lyman, minister.

Weather permitting, the postponed Christmas exercises by the Sunday school will be held Sunday evening at 7:30.

Sunday school session at 10:00 a. m.

Other Sunday services:

At 11 a. m., morning worship hour, Mr. Lyman will deliver his annual New Year sermon message. He will speak on "Facing the New Year." The pastor is hoping that all members and friends of the church may hear this specially prepared message. Hour for Christian Endeavor devotionals, 6:45 p. m. Topic, "Youth's Needs that Christ Can Meet." Lucile Elsie Buehly, superintendent of the Juniors.

Prayer meeting Thursday evening at 7:30.

Chair practice Friday evening.

Woman's Missionary Society will hold the regular monthly social and business meeting at the home of Mrs. D. C. Elliott. The annual election of officers will take place, and a full attendance of members is desired.

All who have been assigned parts in the Christmas anniversary program to be given by the Evangelical Sunday school the coming Sunday evening, are urged to be at the church Saturday afternoon at two o'clock, for the final rehearsal. Mrs. Lyman, chairman of the program committee, states that this practice is necessary to the success of the fine program prepared.

St. Pancratius Church—Services are held each Sunday morning at 11 o'clock.

Rev. Fr. Fitzpatrick, Pastor.

Decker M. E. Circuit—Shabbona Church—Sunday school at 10:30 a. m. Evening service at 7:30 p. m. Prayer service on Thursday at 8:00 p. m.

Decker Church—Sunday school at 10:30 a. m. Morning service at 11:30 a. m.

Elmer Church—Morning service at 10:00 a. m. Sunday school at 11:00 a. m.

Prayer service on Wednesday at 8:00 p. m.

J. H. James, Pastor.

Presbyterian Church—Paul Johnson Allured, Minister. Sunday, Dec. 29:

Morning worship, 10:30. Sermon theme: "The Faith Cure for Some Modern Fears." Bring with you the guests and the returned members of the family to these last Sunday services of the year.

Church school at noon. Adult lesson: "Fellowship through Worship." Christian Endeavor, 6:30. "Youth's Needs That Christ Can Meet."

Evening service, 7:30. Illustrated lecture-sermon "Alaska, the Last Frontier." The story of fifty years' work among the native peoples and white settlers, and the Christian transformations which have in turn created new needs.

January 5, communion service. Preparatory devotional service, Thursday, January 2.

DEFORD

Mr. and Mrs. Seth Spencer, Mrs. Benj. Gage and Alvah Spencer called in Caro on Wednesday.

Howard Retherford spent from Sunday to Thursday with his daughter, Mrs. Mark Smith, in Detroit.

Alvah Spencer and Miss Christena Kline of Fairgrove were supper guests at the Chas. Tedford home on Thursday afternoon.

Mr. and Mrs. Lawson Stinger left on Monday for the former's parental home at Alliance, Ohio.

The Happy Hour Club was entertained at the home of Mrs. L. Vanderkoooy on Wednesday afternoon. A very nice time was enjoyed by all. A six o'clock dinner was served.

Word was received on Thursday of the death of Mrs. Eldon Clark of South Dakota. She formerly resided here.

Mrs. Ryan is confined to the house by sickness.

Mr. and Mrs. Newel Hubbard and the latter's sister, Miss Slack, and Mr. and Mrs. Benj. Gage spent Friday evening at the Wm. Gage home.

Mr. and Mrs. Ward Roberts of Pontiac called in Deford on Sunday. Wm. Randall, the latter's grandfather, accompanied them home and will remain until New Year.

Miss Christena Kline of Fairgrove spent from Wednesday until Sunday in Deford at the Geo. Spencer home.

Geo. Ashcroft of Wilmot ate dinner at the Benj. Gage home on Monday.

Ethlyn Ross was united in mar-

NOVESTA.

Yes, we have lots of snow. John Woolley is very low at this writing.

Mrs. Stella Martin is improving at this writing.

Mr. and Mrs. Jos. Arsenault (Leona Randall) of Detroit are the proud parents of a son born on Dec. 15.

Bernice Gage left on Tuesday morning for Oxford where she will spend Christmas with her uncle, F. B. McCain.

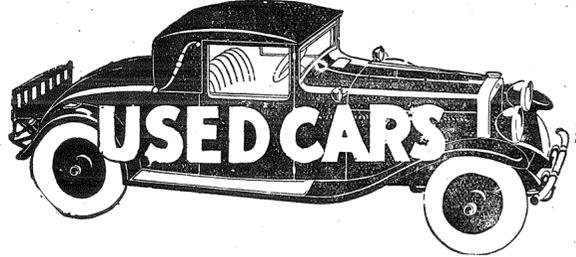
Mrs. Colin Ferguson and sons, Harold and Ernest, spent Sunday at the Eldon Bruce home.

Miss Madeline Burse gave her pupils a treat by way of a sleigh ride on Monday afternoon, through the kindness of Ernest Ferguson. School

closes on Tuesday, until Jan. 2, 1930. Mr. and Mrs. Henry Hergenider and family of Flint came Saturday to spend Christmas at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Zollner, the parents of Mrs. Hergenider.

Increase in Speech Rapidity

Shortland reporters are authority for the statement that in the last 20 years the speech of the average American has increased ten words per minute.



Exceptional Values in Guaranteed Used Cars

A host of values now offered for your selection here. Make the most of this opportunity.

Take your pick—sedans and coaches—at astoundingly low prices.

Perhaps just the car you have in mind is included in this partial list of our offers:

- '27 Chevrolet Coach
- '29 Chevrolet Coach
- '28 Chevrolet Coach
- '26 Ford Sedan
- '26 Essex Coach
- '29 Chevrolet Sedan

A. B. C. Sales and Service

CASS CITY

The Thumb Gazette Offers

\$50,000 PRIZE

for

AIR DERBY

to take place in

Cass City, Jan. 9

A prominent professional man and one of our charming shieks have registered for the contest so far. The landing field is at the Cass City schoolhouse at 8:00 p. m. January 9.

Do not fail to see this air derby and see one of our citizens win \$50,000.



We will be dedicated to your service

every day of the New Year as we were every day of the old—and we want to take this occasion to wish you the best of all things good during the coming year.

R. CHAIN STORE, INC.
A. Henry, Manager.

Quality — Service — Price. We Deliver.

INDEPENDENT GROCERY

M. D. HARTT

- SLICED PINEAPPLE NO 2 CAN 24c
- POST BRAN PER PACKAGE 11c
- QUAKER OATS PER PACKAGE 10c
- PIONEER MACARONI, SPAGHETTI AND NOODLES, 2 PKGS. 15c
- SEEDLESS RAISINS 2 LB. PKGS. 21c
- JIM DANDY COFFEE PER POUND 28c
- LARGE SIZE CHIPSO 20c
- RELIABLE MATCHES PER CARTON 19c

Fruit Specials

- BANANAS 3 LBS. FOR 25c
- SUNKIST ORANGES 200's, PER DOZEN 49c
- FANCY GRAPES 2 LBS. FOR 25c
- CARROTS PER BUNCH 8c

To attract buyers to your farm sale, advertise it in the Chronicle

The Crippled Lady Of Peribonka

By James Oliver Curwood
W.N.U. Service
Copyright, 1929. By Doubleday Doran and Co. Inc.

Continued from first page.

happy, although Samuel is a bit overcast at present because of a financial loss which has come to him. For years Samuel has run his little store and Maria her kitchen, in which she prepares delectable meals for the few transients who come their way, and until this recent time to which I have referred, there is good reason to believe she was the happiest woman in her little world.

Order for Publication—Final Administration Account—State of Michigan, The Probate Court for the County of Tuscola.

At a session of said Court, held at the Probate Office in the Village of Caro in said County, on the 7th day of December, A. D. 1929.

Present: Hon. Guy G. Hill, Judge of Probate.

In the Matter of the Estate of Janet T. Strange, Deceased.

Central Trust Company having filed in said court its final administration account, and its petition praying for the allowance thereof and for the assignment and distribution of the residue of said estate.

It is Ordered, That the 2nd day of January, A. D. 1930, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, at said probate office, be and is hereby appointed for examining and allowing said account and hearing said petition;

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

GUY G. HILL, Judge of Probate. A true copy. Minta E. Hill, Registrar of Probate. 12-13-3

Three Ailments Banished By New Konjola

"Through Deeds, Not Words, Has Konjola Won Me for a Life-Long Friend," He Says.

"Through deeds, not words, has Konjola won me for a life-long friend," said Mr. Delbert Rittenhouse, 2029 De Hoop Avenue, Grand Rapids. "For a long time I was in in-



Mr. Delbert Rittenhouse.

tense distress from indigestion, liver and kidney trouble. These three ailments combined to make life miserable. I could not eat a meal without suffering afterward. My sleep was disturbed at all hours of the night by irregular bladder actions. I was subject to dizzy spells and headaches.

"Two bottles of Konjola did me more good than all the other medicines and treatments I tried put together. Day by day my condition improved. Today, after a brief treatment, all traces of those three ailments are gone. I eat, sleep and feel better than for many years. There is no doubt in my mind but what Konjola is the Master Medicine."

Konjola is sold in Cass City at Burke's Drug Store, and by all the best druggists in all towns throughout this entire section.—Advertisement.

TOOK SODA FOR STOMACH FOR 20 YEARS

"For 20 years I took soda for indigestion and stomach gas. Then I tried Adlerika. One bottle brought complete relief."—Jno. B. Hardy.

Adlerika relieves GAS and sour stomach in TEN minutes! Acts on BOTH upper and lower bowel, removing poisons you never knew were there. Don't fool with medicine which cleans only PART of the bowels, but let Adlerika give stomach and bowels a REAL cleaning and see how good you feel! Burke's Drug Store.—Advertisement 1

Now there is another. They call her the Crippled Lady. She is often seen sitting on the wide veranda of a quaint little home in a garden of flowers just this side of the church. There is a road which completely encircles Lac St. Jean, connecting the villages and farms in its narrow rim of civilization, and during the tourist season occasional automobiles pass through Peribonka. Their occupants always stare at the Crippled Lady if she happens to be on her porch. She is a vision of loveliness which one cannot easily forget. Women talk about her, and men silently bear away a picture of her in their hearts. Her beauty, if one has only a moment's contemplation of it, strikes almost with a shock. It is Slavic—thick, dark, shining hair drawn smoothly back, a face clearly white as a nun's, unforgettable eyes, a slim, beautiful figure in a big chair—and something else. It is that other thing which photographs her so vividly and so permanently upon one's consciousness. Perhaps it is some time before one realizes that what he has seen is not beauty alone but happiness. The Crippled Lady, who cannot walk, who cannot stand alone, is happy, and she covets nothing which God has not already given her. Her voice tells you that.

The people of Peribonka love this charming foreigner, who has made her home among them. The women are not jealous of her. She makes the significance of purity and beauty nearer and more comprehensive for the men. The Church prayed for her when she was very sick. She is of all religions, just loving God, so that even the sternest of the monks in their grim white walls down near the lake speak and think of her tenderly. The children worship her, and the big, wide porch of her home has become a shrine for them. In Peribonka youth still continues to grow up into manhood and womanhood believing with great faith in the visible existence of spirits, both good and bad, and in the varied and frequent manifestations of a divine interest and watchfulness. So the children have come to believe that it was a miracle which sent the Crippled Lady through the doors of death and then brought her safely back again, that she might remain with them always. Even the mothers and fathers believe this, just as surely as they believe it is a sin to steal from one's neighbor or speak falsehood against him. "This works the hand of God," the good Father has said. So the Church believes it, too.

They all know her story. And that story is an epic which will live for a long time in the country about Lac St. Jean. I doubt if it will die until the so-called progress of industrially active man thrusts up its grimy hand and inundates it, along with the quaintness and beauty and satisfying nearness to God of living up there.

It is this story I have set out to tell, with a bit of geography to begin with—who the Crippled Lady is and why she is there, how she bravely tried to give up her life for another woman's husband, and why she lives today so happily in Peribonka.

CHAPTER II

It is unusual that an Indian should be born in one of the wealthiest families in New York.

Yet it happened.

A traveler to the city of Brantford, Ont., will find within a few miles of the town a little church built for the Indians by King George the Third, and close about it an old cemetery, in which rests the dust of the last of the great Iroquois warriors and chiefs. In a tomb built of stone, which is green with age and moss, lies Thayendanegea, greatest of all the Mohawks, and more commonly known as Joseph Brant. Readers of the romance, as well as the fact of history, may recall the day when Sir William Johnson, the king's right arm in the Colonies, first saw Thayendanegea's sister. He was attending a muster of his county militia when an officer came galloping by with a beautiful Indian girl of sixteen riding laughingly behind him. Sir William, whose wife had recently died, caught a vision of lovely dark eyes and of flowing black hair streaming in a cloud behind a form of rare symmetry and grace, and in that moment the heart of the lonely and susceptible widower was smitten so deeply that evening found Molly Brant in Johnson castle, where she remained, thenceforth, his mistress and the idol of his proprietor.

Geography and history skip a hundred and thirty-five years after this event until they arrive at the birth of the Indian boy on Fifth avenue.

When James Kirke married Molly Craddock neither thought very much about the strain of Indian blood in

Molly's veins, except that Molly was always secretly proud of it. Kirke was not the kind of man to boast of ancestors, or even to think about them, for he had one consuming ambition from the beginning, and that was to pyramid his inherited millions into ever-increasing financial power. He became so completely absorbed in this task that after a few years Molly was left very largely to whatever dreams she may have had of the picturesque and romantic past, and to an absorbing love for her young son, Paul. She told him many of the pretty stories and some of the tragic ones which deeds had written in the lives of their ancestors, and twice she went with him to the ancient burial place near Brantford and sat beside the tomb of Thayendanegea, and tried to make him see as clearly as herself the stirring days when Molly Brant came with tresses flying before Sir William Johnson.

From the hour Paul opened his eyes to the light of life he had in him the soul of an Indian. After a hundred and thirty-five years the blood of the lovely Molly Brant had come into its own. One would not have guessed it from the boy's physical appearance, for he was light rather than dark, with blue eyes and blond hair. But the modern Molly, who lived in a palace, with a Croesus for a husband, saw what was happening as the years

passed by. Her boy grew lean of face and figure. His cheek bones were a little high. His love for the outdoors became a passion. She made it possible for him to spend his vacations in the woods, and each time he returned she knew that something had been taken away from him and a little more of the other thing put in its place. The servants thought he was queer, and loved his quiet and stoical kindness, which was many years older than his age. Most boys would have lived up to the princely grandeur of his environment. To Paul it meant less than a tree with birds singing in its branches.

In his thirteenth year came three events of vital importance in the shaping of his future. First his mother died. No one would ever know the terrible, unhealing wound it cut in Paul's heart. It was James Kirke, the hardened and power-seeking juggernaut of flesh and blood who went to pieces when he discovered that death had been fearless enough to cross his path. His agony was like a storm tragic for a time, and quickly over. He settled back into the fierce strife of his money getting by the time Paul began to grieve. But the shadow and the fact of death changed him a little. He saw himself alone, except for his son. And this son, after years of passing interest on his part, became the kernel of his plans and ambitions. He was now king. Some day his boy would be king. And it was his desire and his decision that he should be a greater king than himself. Pride fired his resolution.

But here the geographical genius of Fate again stepped in with humors of its own. In another Fifth avenue home a baby girl was born to the wife of Kirke's most implacable financial enemy, Henry Durand. A few months later, three thousand miles or more away, an immigrant ship left for America. On board this ship was a clear-eyed, hopeful woodcutter from the mountain country of central Europe. With him were his wife and baby. They were an unimportant three. The sea might have swallowed them and no one would have cared very much, for their adventure was only one of millions of a similar kind. The immigrant baby's fortune began and ended with the few little clothes she wore. The other baby was worth millions one second after she came into the world.

Paul continued to grow up, and with equal steadiness his father continued to amass fortune and influence. It was his passion to smash and break down, then devour and build up—until some one called him the Anacanda, a name which fitted him so well that the newspapers would have used it had they dared. Kirke was always within the legal boundaries of his country's laws. He absorbed shipping companies, railroads, coal mines and timberlands, and sent out his engineers to corner vast water-power rights. From an industrial point of view he was constructively an asset, for wherever he broke down or consumed small activities he built up larger ones. But morally and ethically his brain was

inspired by a covetous and avid desire to rule. He was intolerant of rivalry, and this brought him each year in closer and more deadly contact with the equally far-reaching interests of Henry Durand. The titanic struggle between these two Goliaths of financial and industrial activities is a part of Wall street history. The more interesting story of Paul and the two babies is known only to a few, chiefly about Lac St. Jean.

That his father married again soon after Molly Kirke's death and had another son did not hurt Paul, except that it made him grieve more deeply for his mother and added to his loneliness. He got along only fairly well in college, because he could never completely shake his mind to duties that were confined within stone and brick walls. It took him an extra year to finish an engineering course, and after that he was never happy except when in the open spaces. In a business way he was interested only in his father's timberlands and such water-power projects as were situated in the wilderness. As a whole he was a disappointment to his parent.

One restless night the greatest of all his ideas came to James Kirke. The next day he went boldly and in friendly spirit to the office of Henry Durand, and for hours the two colossal talked over Kirke's suggestion that their interests be combined into one giant force of countless millions. They were seen at the clubs together. Later the all-powerful Kirke-Durand corporation became a reality. The fifty odd warriors worked hand in hand, their assets multiplied. Their palatial homes were scenes of mutual intercourse. Their wives were intimate. Their children became acquainted.

In his thirty-second year Paul married Claire Durand. In his thirty-eighth year, the son of one of the richest men in New York, he was officially in charge of the huge engineering work on the Mistastiqui river in the wilderness north of Lac St. Jean and had been three years on the job.

During these three years he had known Carla Haldan.

He was thinking of Carla as he looked from a window of his bungalow office on the hill down over the vast and naked workings of an engineering achievement which was costing fifty million dollars. He felt no exultation or thrill of pride, and in his eyes was a far-back, somber gloom. What he saw was to him an unending and monotonous drizzle of rain was falling. There were fifteen hundred men on the job below him working in three eight-hour shifts, and neither darkness nor storm could stop them. He could see them moving and crawling about like ants at their labor. In his mind they added nothing to the scene, unless it was to give grim reality to a hell that was smoking and boiling over. Everywhere a rumble and din, everywhere the fierce and heartbreaking labor of men, everywhere the ugliness and madness of a man-made place of torment.

Paul was thinking this even with Carla Haldan in his mind. He dykes with their cement and steel walls, and the monster sections of the almost completed dam, which was to harness northern waters to the production of light and power for twenty million people. Three years of human effort and millions in capital lay under his eyes. Yet about it all was only one excusable and beautiful thing for him. That was the rim of wilderness, the green and black and purple boundaries of the forest which clung like a frame about the workings.

His contemplation of the scene in the valley was interrupted by a voice at his office door, and he turned to greet the most intimate of his friends in the field, Colin Derwent, who was the company's medical man. Even on rainy days, and with his boots clogged with mud, Derwent was a cheerful soul. With his Frenchy little mustache, his smooth cheeks, his liveliness of movement, and his appreciation of all phases of life, he continued to bear the appearance of a boy, though he had filled an important chair in medicine in Johns Hopkins.

He nodded to Paul, dropped off his rubber coat, and began to fill his pipe as he looked out over the workings.

"I wish all the boys in the world could stand in this window and see what's going on down there," he said. "That idea gets into my head every time I come here. It would fill 'em with ambition, show 'em what can be done, give 'em something to live and work for. Rotten day, isn't it?"

"Rotten," agreed Paul.

"But for a man who's done that—it ought to be sunshine all the time," added Derwent, lighting his pipe and puffing at it with great contentment. "Splendid work, Paul. Something to be proud of all your life. Something—"

"I hate it," interrupted Paul. "I've hated it from the beginning. I've hated it for three years."

Derwent nodded. "I know it."

Paul turned from the window with a fiercely eloquent gesture. At thirty-eight his lean, lithe figure was more like an Indian's than when he was a boy. "There was something in the cut of his chin, his neck, his shoulders, and the look in his eyes which seemed to set him widely apart from the scene he had moodily surveyed a moment before. Shadows were hidden behind them, restless and troubled shadows, which revealed themselves only now and then like ghosts whose grief could not always be kept behind walls of flesh. His eyes were a deeper blue than when his mother had known

him, and they held a chained something which was forever struggling against the powerful will of the man. Occasionally the prisoner was released, and when this happened there was a singular, far-seeing, almost poetic beauty in them, and the steel went out of his flesh, so that he seemed all at once to come under the passing warmth of an influence other than that which had become so deep ly rooted in his life.

Derwent's analytical mind had arrived at the truth of the matter a long time ago. He nodded again and repeated: "I know you don't like it. But it's a great work, just the same."

Paul looked at him with a grim smile, and Derwent surrounded him self with a cloud of smoke.

"Do you think I am quite a fool, Colin? Do you really believe I could be on a job of this kind for three years without getting a pretty accurate measurement of myself? The fraud of it all makes me sick! The flattery of my friends—everybody treating me as if I were an omnisciently powerful godhead of some kind! I tell you it's all a lie, and I hate it. I'm glad I didn't build that outrage down there. I'm glad there isn't a mark of my hand upon it. Good G—d! I would die by inches rather than destroy a beautiful river for a thing like that—desecrate a masterpiece for a few dollars' profit, prostitute a gift which God put there when the world was made, that a few worms like you and me may turn it to our selfish ends. If there is a Power that mounts the storm and walks upon the wind it ought to strike us dead for transforming a paradise into that!"

Weeks and months and years of gnawing torment had at last broken through the dam Paul had built up about his emotions, and he spoke words which yesterday he would have throttled in his breast.

"Fifty million dollars in and about that hole before it is finished. Derwent," he said. "My father's money. That is why I am here. A score of engineers are on this job, and every one of them is better fitted to fill my place than I. They have done the work, not I. Respectfully they submit suggestions when they know they should be commands. Yet they are slaves to my whims and desires as long as they remain on this work. I am the strutting figurehead of a financial monarchy. I hate that pit down there. I hate the millions going into it. I take no pride in what seems to thrill you all. If I filled my proper place I would be among the men digging and messing myself with clay, earning my six dollars a day. But I'm here instead. I do not have to succeed simply because I cannot fail. My father's millions attend to that. The millions cannot lose. They are all-powerful next to the Lord Jehovah. They get you and hold you, and you cannot break away. My father has never got away from them for a day's play in his life. And they've got me. I hate them, but that doesn't help. No matter where I go they follow me. haunt me, tie me hand and foot, grimace at me, and mock me. Sometimes I have had a terrible thought. I would like to see those millions shrivel up and die. I would like to feel the necessities of life with my naked hands. I would like to feel the joy of knowing that I had to work or go hungry. What a thrill that must give one!"

He turned toward Derwent again, trying to stem the tide of his emotion with a smile.

"ardon me. It's a gloomy day and I feel like raving. But I did love that glorious river before we cut it into ribbons. If my father would head his millions the other way and save such things instead of destroying them, I'd be quite happy. As it is, I suppose I must carry on until the d—d thing's finished."

"You owe yourself an apology," Derwent remonstrated, pocketing his pipe. "The engineers and your father's money are making the job a success, of course. But do you ever think of morale? That's a big thing, a mighty big thing. And it is what you have kept alive in the camps up and down the river for the last three years. You're too serious, you don't laugh enough, you don't join much in our parties and excitements, but people like you. That is what pulls the trick. Even the old heads, the engineers who worked in Egypt and Panama, love to be with you. There isn't a jealous man in the workings. To have made that condition possible is an achievement which makes you the most valuable human asset in the organization."

"It is good of you to say that," acknowledged Paul. "Funny why I should feel so strangely out of humor today. I think Carla's mother is getting on my nerves. Have you seen her recently?"

"This morning."

"And you still insist there is no hope?"

"Positively. I had Doctor Thiedmere come up from Quebec, as you requested. He gives her even less time than L. Doctor Rollins agrees with him. It can't be more than three or four months, I think. Mrs. Haldan knows she is going to die and talks to us very calmly about it. She isn't afraid. The thought of it doesn't seem to cast a shadow over her motherly sweetness. She is keeping herself that way for Carla's sake. If it were not for Carla the thing wouldn't be such a tragedy."

"I know. It's Carla," said Paul. "Sudden sickness and death, like my own mother's isn't so terrible. But seeing it coming, waiting for it, counting the days and weeks—must be horrible. Carla is losing everything

she has when her mother goes. I'm wondering what she will do."

"Go on working among the children. She told my wife that yesterday. When the company's school closes here she will find another. I cannot understand her—quite. She is lovelier than Hebe, and so lovable that half the men I know worship her. Yet she favors one no more than another. She is twenty-five, Lucy-Belle says. They like each other and have had their confidences. Lucy-Belle says there is a love affair in Carla's life a broken one, which makes it impossible for Carla to love any other man or marry. Carla told her that."

Paul looked out of the window again, with his back to Derwent.

"What a rotter I am to blow up as I did a few minutes ago," he exclaimed. "But I was thinking of Carla and the obstinacy of life. Mine has been one way, Carla's another. I was born rich; she came over an immigrant baby. I did nothing but grow up; she fought with the pertinacity of her race for an education after her father died, got it, and has been fighting for her own and her mother's existence ever since. I'm a man. She's a woman. I stand here and sympathize with myself and curse my luck for being what I am while she bears up like a soldier under her burdens. I saw her this morning. It was wet, soggy, gloomy, but she smiled. The sadness of all the world is back of that smile, but it doesn't spoil its sweetness or its cheer. She makes me feel how small I am and how inconsequential all this work is down in the pit. I would give all this down here—if it were mine to give—could I save her mother for her!"

Derwent put on his raincoat.

"We all feel that way about it. And—we're helpless. Lucy-Belle wants you to come over to supper. Will you?"

"Thanks. Tell Lucy-Belle she is an angel to think of me so often. I'll come."

CHAPTER III

Paul sat at his desk after Derwent had gone. From his chair he could look through another window to a clean and unbroken sweep of country where the forest had stood, and where now were rows of cottages built for the men whose wives and families had come with them to the workings. He could see Lucy-Belle Derwent's home, and not far from it the cottage in which Carla Haldan and her mother lived. He had often felt an emptiness of heart and a great longing when his eyes rested upon these half hundred homes of the women whose love and loyalty had urged them to follow their husbands' fortunes. His wife was not among them. Only twice in three years had she come up to what she had called "these horrible woods," and then she had departed after a day or two. Her picture was on his desk. He knew she was beautiful, in a vivid, golden way. But her beauty had never touched him deeply. It had been for him like a beauty of a flower made by a master craftsman from paper or glass, without the rare, sweet perfume which should have been a part of it, and for which he had yearned all his life. He had thought of her as a lovely bird in a gilded cage—and the cage was the palace which he called his home. It was a

at first he wanted to believe she had put it there. Then he recalled that previous to this letter it had been five weeks since she had communicated with him. So there was no sentiment about it. Just accident. With Carla it was different. Flowers which she cut from her garden were always on his desk. A vase of gorgeous autumn nasturtiums was there now. Usually Carla sent them over by one of her school children, but occasionally she brought them herself. She made no display of the act, nor was there a motive in it, except the one inspired by kindness. Paul knew she would have done the same thing if his wife had been there. The two had met. Carla had seemed to bear in her heart a warm and tender feeling for the woman to whose husband she brought flowers. A curious fact had come out between them. They were the same age—twenty-five—both born on the same day. Funny, Paul had thought, how much two women could learn from each other in a short time.

Paul was looking at the Haldan cottage as he sat thinking, and saw Carla come out into the rain and turn down the cinder path toward his office. In a little while he knew she was on her way to visit him. He stood up to watch the slim figure in its close-fitting silken raincoat and hood. He knew how she would come in through his door, hiding her grief as much as she could from the world, that its gloom might not oppress or embarrass others. To have a mother at home, dying, and then to smile, was—Carla.

He met her at the door, and Carla had wet, fresh nasturtiums in her hand. A glow of greeting was in her eyes and the smile was on her lips, as he knew they would be. He helped her off with her coat and hood.

She objected a little to taking off her raincoat.

"I want to talk with you for only a few moments, if the inconvenience isn't too great," she said.

"And I want to talk with you—for a long time," he replied. "I am not working, not even dictating, and I have let my secretary go. I have felt peculiarly the desire to do nothing this afternoon. The day has been empty and blue, and it brightened only when I saw you coming down the path. I have been thinking about you—quite a bit."

He had never said as much as this, with the steely shutters let down from his eyes so that the other man within him was looking through. A flush so faint that Paul did not notice it gathered in Carla's cheeks.

"Thinking of me?" she inquired. "That is kind of you. I like to be thought about—pleasantly. And you could not think otherwise of me when I bring you flowers."

He was glad she had spoken about her flowers.

"They have been an encouragement and an inspiration to me for a long time," he said. "No matter how annoying my work or how gloomy the day, they are always like a cheering friend smiling at me from my desk."

The warmth in her cheeks deepened into a delicate rose flush of color.

"I am glad my flowers have seemed friendly to you. They are always that to me. I love them just as I love trees. If it were not that their crowning mission is to bring us comfort and solace, I should hate to pick them. Sometimes it seems to me like killing beautiful things with souls in them. I feel the same way when I see a tree cut down."

Her gaze rested upon the picture of his wife.

"I often think of Mrs. Kirke when I pick my nasturtiums," she added. "She is of their beauty, colorful, vivid, full of gold and life. Is she well?"

"I believe so. She is in Paris. I received a letter from her yesterday in which she speaks of you. She says she has not forgotten her threat to come up and paint you some day. That will be exciting, her third visit in three years."

She caught the inflection of irony in his voice, though he was not trying to reveal it. The knowledge of his loneliness sometimes oppressed her. It was one reason why she picked flowers for him. And she was always saying something nice for the woman whose picture was on his desk and whose life was so apart from his, so infinitely separated from everything in which he might have found happiness.

"I have tried to grow hyacinths about my cottage," she said. "But they won't live. They die. I love them and have given them every care, and I make myself believe they would like to grow for me if they could. I told Mrs. Kirke of my experience when she was here a year ago, and you should have seen her eyes light up. 'I am like that,' she said. 'I would die if I had to live up here. Paul wouldn't understand. You won't. Yet—I would die—and I believe that, too. It isn't her fault any more than it is the hyacinth's. They are very much alike. A wonderful flower—and a wonderful woman. I think your wife is the more wonderful of the two—giving you up as she is doing, all because of your work.'"

Behind her courage was a smoldering depth of pain. Paul thought she looked like an angel as she sat opposite him, with the desk between them—like an exquisite, white-faced nun he had seen in the Ursuline convent in Quebec.

"Yes, she is a wonderful woman," he said, thinking only vaguely of his wife. "All women are wonderful. And especially—mothers."

He knew she had come to talk to him about her mother. Carla did not flinch when he brought her mission home to her in this way. She bowed her head a little, then her eyes came

she has when her mother goes. I'm wondering what she will do."

"Go on working among the children. She told my wife that yesterday. When the company's school closes here she will find another. I cannot understand her—quite. She is lovelier than Hebe, and so lovable that half the men I know worship her. Yet she favors one no more than another. She is twenty-five, Lucy-Belle says. They like each other and have had their confidences. Lucy-Belle says there is a love affair in Carla's life a broken one, which makes it impossible for Carla to love any other man or marry. Carla told her that."

Paul looked out of the window again, with his back to Derwent.

"What a rotter I am to blow up as I did a few minutes ago," he exclaimed. "But I was thinking of Carla and the obstinacy of life. Mine has been one way, Carla's another. I was born rich; she came over an immigrant baby. I did nothing but grow up; she fought with the pertinacity of her race for an education after her father died, got it, and has been fighting for her own and her mother's existence ever since. I'm a man. She's a woman. I stand here and sympathize with myself and curse my luck for being what I am while she bears up like a soldier under her burdens. I saw her this morning. It was wet, soggy, gloomy, but she smiled. The sadness of all the world is back of that smile, but it doesn't spoil its sweetness or its cheer. She makes me feel how small I am and how inconsequential all this work is down in the pit. I would give all this down here—if it were mine to give—could I save her mother for her!"

Derwent put on his raincoat.

"We all feel that way about it. And—we're helpless. Lucy-Belle wants you to come over to supper. Will you?"

"Thanks. Tell Lucy-Belle she is an angel to think of me so often. I'll come."

CHAPTER III

Paul sat at his desk after Derwent had gone. From his chair he could look through another window to a clean and unbroken sweep of country where the forest had stood, and where now were rows of cottages built for the men whose wives and families had come with them to the workings. He could see Lucy-Belle Derwent's home, and not far from it the cottage in which Carla Haldan and her mother lived. He had often felt an emptiness of heart and a great longing when his eyes rested upon these half hundred homes of the women whose love and loyalty had urged them to follow their husbands' fortunes. His wife was not among them. Only twice in three years had she come up to what she had called "these horrible woods," and then she had departed after a day or two. Her picture was on his desk. He knew she was beautiful, in a vivid, golden way. But her beauty had never touched him deeply. It had been for him like a beauty of a flower made by a master craftsman from paper or glass, without the rare, sweet perfume which should have been a part of it, and for which he had yearned all his life. He had thought of her as a lovely bird in a gilded cage—and the cage was the palace which he called his home. It was a

at first he wanted to believe she had put it there. Then he recalled that previous to this letter it had been five weeks since she had communicated with him. So there was no sentiment about it. Just accident. With Carla it was different. Flowers which she cut from her garden were always on his desk. A vase of gorgeous autumn nasturtiums was there now. Usually Carla sent them over by one of her school children, but occasionally she brought them herself. She made no display of the act, nor was there a motive in it, except the one inspired by kindness. Paul knew she would have done the same thing if his wife had been there. The two had met. Carla had seemed to bear in her heart a warm and tender feeling for the woman to whose husband she brought flowers. A curious fact had come out between them. They were the same age—twenty-five—both born on the same day. Funny, Paul had thought, how much two women could learn from each other in a short time.

Paul was looking at the Haldan cottage as he sat thinking, and saw Carla come out into the rain and turn down the cinder path toward his office. In a little while he knew she was on her way to visit him. He stood up to watch the slim figure in its close-fitting silken raincoat and hood. He knew how she would come in through his door, hiding her grief as much as she could from the world, that its gloom might not oppress or embarrass others. To have a mother at home, dying, and then to smile, was—Carla.

He met her at the door, and Carla had wet, fresh nasturtiums in her hand. A glow of greeting was in her eyes and the smile was on her lips, as he knew they would be. He helped her off with her coat and hood.

She objected a little to taking off her raincoat.

"I want to talk with you for only a few moments, if the inconvenience isn't too great," she said.

"And I want to talk with you—for a long time," he replied. "I am not working, not even dictating, and I have let my secretary go. I have felt peculiarly the desire to do nothing this afternoon. The day has been empty and blue, and it brightened only when I saw you coming down the path. I have been thinking about you—quite a bit."

He had never said as much as this, with the steely shutters let down from his eyes so that the other man within him was looking through. A flush so faint that Paul did not notice it gathered in Carla's cheeks.

"Thinking of me?" she inquired. "That is kind of you. I like to be thought about—pleasantly. And you could not think otherwise of me when I bring you flowers."

He was glad she had spoken about her flowers.

"They have been an encouragement and an inspiration to me for a long time," he said. "No matter how annoying my work or how gloomy the day, they are always like a cheering friend smiling at me from my desk."

The warmth in her cheeks deepened into a delicate rose flush of color.

"I am glad my flowers have seemed friendly to you. They are always that to me. I love them just as I love trees. If it were not that their crowning mission is to bring us comfort and solace, I should hate to pick them. Sometimes it seems to me like killing beautiful things with souls in them. I feel the same way when I see a tree cut down."

back to him with a misty glow in them.

"I don't like to add to your worries," she said. "But it seems necessary. I don't want to go to any other—but you. I think you will help me—a little."

"If my life could save your mother I would give it," said Paul.

His words broke through her calm for a moment.

"I have come to ask if you will take me over to Peribonka tomorrow and help me arrange for a little plot of ground," she said, tightening her hands in her lap. "My mother loves Peribonka. In so many ways it has reminded her of the village where she was born and from which my father brought her to America. We have dreamed of living there some day, for I love it, too. Now that mother is going to die, she wants to be buried there. Tomorrow I want to arrange for a place in the cemetery, as near the river as possible. She told me today just where she would like to rest, in a little corner that was overgrown with wild honeysuckle when we were there last. She is so eager to get it, so happy and smiling and unafraid in planning for it—so wonderful—such a mother—that last night I asked God to let me die and go with her."

Looking into her bravely clear and tearless eyes, Paul felt himself, for a moment, unable to answer her. Then he said:

"We will go tomorrow, Carla. But it will be a long time before anything



"We Will Go Tomorrow, Carla. But It Will Be a Long Time Before Anything Happens."

happens. It may be—it won't happen at all. Doctors are not infallible. Sometimes—"

Carla smiled at him. Her look of gratitude transfigured her face.

"Thank you," she said gently. "It gives me greater courage to know that you are hoping for me like that. My mother says the doctors are wrong. That is why I want to go to Peribonka tomorrow. Mother wants to be with me as long as she can, but she insists that the time is very short, much shorter than the doctors have said."

"You believe that?"

"I must," Carla was looking beyond him, as if in the distance were a vision which it would be impossible for him to see. "I try not to believe, but it comes over me and holds me. It isn't just fear."

"I am going to write for Miss Wixom to come and take charge of the children," said Paul. "You must be with your mother without interruption."

Carla drew herself together with a little shock.

"Please don't. I must have the work—the pleasure—the inspiration of the children. Mother wants it that way too. She sits in her window, and I can see her from the schoolhouse, and we wave our hands at each other every little while. She can see the children, and they are always thinking about her. Even during hours they don't forget. You see, they are as much mother's as mine, and we cannot turn them over to Miss Wixom. Mother and I need them. You won't send for Miss Wixom—until it is necessary?"

"No."

As she rose from her chair she took the picture of Paul's wife from the desk and stood looking at it with her back turned to the light coming through the window. Thus Paul could see them both—the profile of Carla, her exquisitely cut features, the grace and beauty of her head, and his wife smiling up at her out of the picture. After a moment Carla smiled gently in return.

"When is she coming home?" she asked.

"I don't know. She doesn't keep me in touch with her plans. Some time before Christmas, I think."

He wondered why the note of bitterness persisted in coming into his voice when he spoke of his wife. It annoyed him. He tried to keep it back. Yet it would come out.

"She likes to surprise me," he added, walking around the end of his desk to stand beside Carla. "When the time comes I will get a telegram from her saying she is on board ship or in New York. Home, Paul," she said last time. "When are you coming to see me? I wish she loved children as you love them."

"All women love children," replied Carla mysteriously.

"No, she doesn't. I've wanted a lot of them. Boys, mostly. Claire could be such a wonderful mother."

"She will be some day," said Carla. "I saw the painting of it in her face when she was here, and I see it now—shining in her eyes—in this picture. She has a soul as deep as the sea, Mr. Kirke, and she must love children!"

She replaced the picture on the desk, and Paul helped her again with her raincoat.

"May I go with you?" he asked.

"Like the children, I love your mother."

"Oh!"

The word escaped her lips, and the eagerness of it made his heart tingle.

"You mean that? You are not saying it just to be good to me? You love my mother?"

"Yes. Next to my own mother, who has been away from me so long."

He could not understand what he saw in her face. It was as if a flame had suddenly thrown a glow upon it.

They went out into the rain, and on the narrow cinder path Carla's arm touched Paul's. A soothing and pleasurable sensation accompanied the gentle pressure of it, and he glanced down at her head near his shoulder, imprisoned in its hood. He could see the silken mesh of her long lashes gathering the rain mist.

A few minutes later the mother welcomed him from her chair near the window, from which she could see Carla's school. Carla had taken his hat and coat. A new spirit had entered the house with her. She was smiling, kissed her mother, chirruped a few notes to a bird in a cage as she went for a moment into the kitchen. What a magnificent sight! The cottage was filled with birds and flowers. Out where Carla had gone a canary was singing. A sleepy cat was purring on a cushion at Mrs. Haldan's feet. In a small grate a fire was burning. Contentment and happiness, and not the shadow of death, seemed triumphant about him.

Mrs. Haldan was the soul of this cheer. Twenty-five years in America had taken from her the ruggedness of her native mountains but had left the spirit of their beauty. She looked at Paul with the same eyes that Carla had. Her hair was heavy, like Carla's, and almost white. Paul had a vision of her back in her mountains, a quarter of a century before. How much she must have looked like Carla then! What beauty grew in those out-of-the-way places, like flowers lost in rugged rock crevices, with ages of history and the struggle of life behind it to give it character. A beauty with indelible memories along with other things. Memory of love, most of all. He knew that Carla's father had died twenty years before, but one could always see him clearly in the eyes of Carla's mother, and when she talked about him it was as though he had gone away on a little visit only yesterday.

Carla would be like that. One love, one man, forever.

There was no pretense in her mother's gladness that he had come. They visited for an hour, and Carla made tea and served little cakes.

Never had Paul seen Carla so beautiful as during this wonderful hour he spent with her mother. When he was about to leave, and stood with her alone for a few moments, it seemed to him he could feel the throbbing of her body near him. Her fingers pressed his hand a little convulsively when he said good-by.

"You have made me happier than I have been in a long time," she said.

The words repeated themselves in his mind after he had gone. No woman had ever told him that he had made her happy, except his mother Carla—and his mother. He took a long walk in the rain—up through the jack pines into the heavier evergreen timber, where the drizzle penetrated only in a mist—and the two women walked at his side. Then his wife joined them. Three wonderful women: his mother, Carla, his wife—with a fourth waiting for death back in her chair. The world must forever continue to be beautiful with such women in it. It was Claire, his wife, who turned him about and took him back to Derwent's home. He talked about her that evening. But he said nothing about the other three. They were locked in his heart, and it seemed sacrilege to open the door upon them

To be continued.

KINGSTON-NOVESTA TOWN LINE

Delayed letter.

Mrs. W. O. Coleman is spending some time in Pontiac.

Mark Smith of Detroit spent Monday with Mr. and Mrs. Howard Retherford.

Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Cook were Monday afternoon callers of Mr. and Mrs. A. T. Hiser in Elmwood township.

Mr. and Mrs. Archie Hicks and sons spent Sunday with the former's parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Hicks, at Deford.

Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Lockwood of New York spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. James Osburn.

Mr. and Mrs. Hazen Warner and children and Mrs. Emily Warner were entertained for Sunday dinner at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Cunningham.

Mr. and Mrs. Clark Montague and children visited Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Kitchen in Evergreen.

Mr. and Mrs. Howard Retherford and Miss Evelyn Retherford were at the home of Mr. and Mrs. M. C. Wentworth of Cass City.

Mrs. John Collins visited her sister, Mrs. J. D. Funk, Friday.

Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd Osburn and family of Marlette spent Sunday evening at the J. D. Funk home.

Howard Retherford spent a few days of this week at the home of his daughter in Detroit.

Levi Bardwell of Cass City and L. R. Stewart of Caro were Town Line callers Monday afternoon.

PROBLEM OF VACCINATION AGAINST CATTLE ABORTION

In an article on this subject of "Problem of Vaccination Against Cattle Abortion" by E. T. Hallman in the November number of the Michigan Quarterly Bulletin, published by the Agricultural Experiment Station of Michigan State College, Mr. Hallman says in part:

"The possibility of controlling cattle abortion by vaccination has been extensively studied by several Experiment Stations during the past fifteen years. Two products have been most extensively studied, a living abortus bacillus vaccine and a dead abortus bacillus bacterin. A third product, serum, has also been studied to some extent. It is the opinion of most students of this problem that neither of the two latter products possesses any value in protecting cattle against infection. It has been shown, however, that vaccination of non-pregnant cattle with living virulent vaccines has resulted in lowering the incidence of abortion in vaccinated animals. In many other respects, the results from the use of living virulent vaccine have been unsatisfactory.

"1st. Such vaccination does not protect all vaccinated animals against abortion and other manifestations of infection.

"2nd. The protection afforded by vaccination, in most cases, is not of long duration. Many advocates of vaccination consider it necessary to revaccinate all animals annually.

"3rd. Vaccination occasionally results in the establishment of the infection in the udder. Some vaccinated animals that develop sufficient resistance to prevent abortion or disease of the fetal membranes may continue to harbor the microorganisms and disseminate them from the udder.

"4th. In some cases it is difficult to get vaccinated animals with calf.

"5th. Vaccinated animals react to the agglutination test for abortion disease and consequently cannot be sold as non-reactors.

"6th. Certain cities prohibit the sale of raw milk from reacting cattle and 15 states have laws or regulations governing the introduction of reactors into the state.

"7th. The use of living virulent vaccine in a herd from year to year perpetuates the infection in the herd as long as it is used.

"8th. In the commercial production of living vaccines, it is difficult to keep the microorganism alive for extended periods of time, consequently, the microorganisms are frequently dead and, therefore, useless at the time the vaccine is used."

Eel's Peculiarity

The Smithsonian Institution says that the eel has an organ in its tail that pulsates, and fishermen consider it a second heart. This, however, is not a real heart. On the other hand, if an eel is struck in this region it has the same fatal effect as a blow across the heart.

Directory.

P. A. SCHENCK, D. D. S.
Dentist.
Graduate of the University of Michigan. Office in Sheridan Bldg., Cass City, Mich.

SHELDON B. YOUNG, M. D.
Cass City, Mich.
Telephone—No. 80.

DENTISTRY

I. A. FRITZ, Resident Dentist.
Office over Burke's Drug Store. We solicit your patronage when in need of work.

I. D. MCCOY, M. D.
Surgery and Roentgenology.
Office in Pleasant Home Hospital. Phone, Office 96; Residence 47.

KNAPP & DOUGLAS
Funeral Directors and Licensed Embalmers. Mrs. Knapp, Lady Assistant with license. Night and day calls receive prompt attention. City phone.

A. McPHAIL
Funeral Director.
Lady Assistant.
Phone No. 182. Cass City.

E. W. KEATING
Real Estate and Fire and Automobile Insurance.
CASS CITY, MICH.

R. N. McCULLOUGH
AUCTIONEER
AND REAL ESTATE DEALER
CASS CITY.
Farm sales a specialty. Dates may be arranged with Cass City Chronicle, Office at I. Schommuller's Store, Cass City.

TURNBULL BROS.
Jim Auctioneers Bill
Age, experience — Youth, ability
We sell anything anywhere. If you don't employ us, we both lose money. Write for dates and instructions to Deckerville, Mich. Phone 56-15.

SLATS' DIARY.

BY ROSS FARQUHAR

Friday—Mrs. Hix called on us at are house this p. m. and they was all talking about thissen that and Mrs Hix sed she diddent all ways tell the Truth about evry thing a speshully if she thot meby it woud beel some hauty dys feelings if she told the truth. Yackly. A lotta truth in this old crool wild wood hert if nown. I gess all you fokes will not argy that.

Saturday—Pa was a tawking about modern marryges and he sed he thot a lot of dishapness was cawsed on acct. of a fella falling in love with a gerl witch's danceing was lovely and then he wood go a hed and marry the whole entire girl.

Sunday—The Sunday skool teacher told us today that we shud ought to put sum thing into the colleckshun box to help clothe sum poor little children away out east over the Oshun. So I tuk my wife and cut a cupple buttens off of my coat and put them in thec colleckshun box. I give all I could give—till it hurt if ma finds out about cutten off the buttens.

Munday—ma was not in a very good yumor today on acct. of pa was snoreing neerly all nite long. she told him if he wood keep his mouth shut he woodent make so mutch noise and he replied and sed he gess that wood wirk with a lot of fokes he knowed. They ack like they are both about ½ sore.

Tuesday—I got a little cold sum place and tonite ma sent me to the Drug store to get sum Caster oil but it dont all ways do no good so to be on the safe side I brung sum Lickerish home in sted of Caster oil. that is

the reason I am writing my diry in bed tonite. It is very erly in the evening to.

Wednesday—Mr. Gillem and pa was discussing sum things this evning and pa ast him if he thot a man cud love 2 wimen at onct and Mr. Gillem sed No not if the wimen new about it he cuddent, not and get away with it.

Thursday—We was evnited out to supper tonite onley the fokes witch's house we went to called it dimer. I gess they must of mad a mistake when they dealt out the silver wear and etc. becu I run out of spoons before the desert was gave to me. Ma acted like she was imbarased about it.

True Greatness

It is easy in the world to live after the world's opinions; it is easy in solitude to live after our own; but the great man is he who in the midst of the crowd keeps with perfect sweetness the independence of solitude.—Emerson

HAPPY NEW YEAR

Just three words, "Happy New Year"—but behind them are all our thanks to you for your friendship and patronage during the past year, and all our hopes for your continued encouragement and support.

A. H. HIGGINS
Jeweler and Optometrist



YOUR PATRONAGE AND FRIENDSHIP

during the past year has made us very happy indeed, and it is with a full heart and the greatest sincerity that we extend our greetings and say to you: "Happy New Year."

KRUG AND PATTERSON

Sore Throats? Don't Gargle

This Doctor's Prescription Gives Quicker, Better Relief.

Don't suffer the pain and discomfort of sore throat. Use a doctor's prescription called Thoxine guaranteed to relieve with the very first swallow. Gargles and salves are too slow and if they do relieve, it is usually only temporary.

Thoxine has a double action—it relieves the soreness and goes direct to the internal cause. It contains no harmful drugs and is safe and pleasant for the whole family. There is nothing better to stop coughing due to irritated throats. Just ask for Thoxine, put up ready for use in 25c, 50c and \$1.00 bottles. Money back if not relieved. Sold by Burke's and all other good drug stores.—Advertisement 3.

the reason I am writing my diry in bed tonite. It is very erly in the evening to.

Wednesday—Mr. Gillem and pa was discussing sum things this evning and pa ast him if he thot a man cud love 2 wimen at onct and Mr. Gillem sed No not if the wimen new about it he cuddent, not and get away with it.

Thursday—We was evnited out to supper tonite onley the fokes witch's house we went to called it dimer. I gess they must of mad a mistake when they dealt out the silver wear and etc. becu I run out of spoons before the desert was gave to me. Ma acted like she was imbarased about it.

True Greatness

It is easy in the world to live after the world's opinions; it is easy in solitude to live after our own; but the great man is he who in the midst of the crowd keeps with perfect sweetness the independence of solitude.—Emerson

the reason I am writing my diry in bed tonite. It is very erly in the evening to.

Wednesday—Mr. Gillem and pa was discussing sum things this evning and pa ast him if he thot a man cud love 2 wimen at onct and Mr. Gillem sed No not if the wimen new about it he cuddent, not and get away with it.

Thursday—We was evnited out to supper tonite onley the fokes witch's house we went to called it dimer. I gess they must of mad a mistake when they dealt out the silver wear and etc. becu I run out of spoons before the desert was gave to me. Ma acted like she was imbarased about it.

True Greatness

It is easy in the world to live after the world's opinions; it is easy in solitude to live after our own; but the great man is he who in the midst of the crowd keeps with perfect sweetness the independence of solitude.—Emerson

HAPPY NEW YEAR

Just three words, "Happy New Year"—but behind them are all our thanks to you for your friendship and patronage during the past year, and all our hopes for your continued encouragement and support.

A. H. HIGGINS
Jeweler and Optometrist



YOUR PATRONAGE AND FRIENDSHIP

during the past year has made us very happy indeed, and it is with a full heart and the greatest sincerity that we extend our greetings and say to you: "Happy New Year."

KRUG AND PATTERSON

Sore Throats? Don't Gargle

This Doctor's Prescription Gives Quicker, Better Relief.

Don't suffer the pain and discomfort of sore throat. Use a doctor's prescription called Thoxine guaranteed to relieve with the very first swallow. Gargles and salves are too slow and if they do relieve, it is usually only temporary.

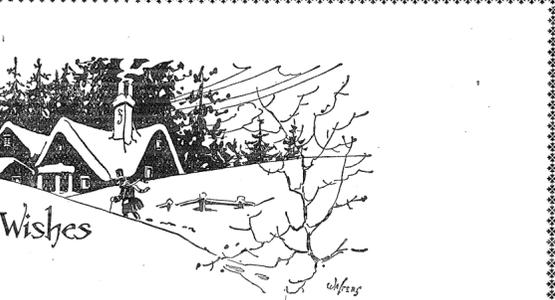
Thoxine has a double action—it relieves the soreness and goes direct to the internal cause. It contains no harmful drugs and is safe and pleasant for the whole family. There is nothing better to stop coughing due to irritated throats. Just ask for Thoxine, put up ready for use in 25c, 50c and \$1.00 bottles. Money back if not relieved. Sold by Burke's and all other good drug stores.—Advertisement 3.

Happy New Year

May the good fortune we wish you this New Year be with you throughout time.

S. D. GOWEN
Ice Cream and Confectionery

Chronicle Liners Cost Little; Accomplish Much.



With the coming of another New Year, we want to pause long enough to extend to you the Season's Greetings.

And, too, may we say a word of thanks for the business you have so kindly sent our way during the year now drawing to a close? This business has been, and is, sincerely appreciated—and we sincerely hope to number you as a friend and customer throughout the years to come.

So with a feeling of gratitude, we wish you a happy holiday season, and hope that 1930, in its entirety, may be full of happiness for you.

WANNER & MATTHEWS
Cass City

AUCTION SALE OF HORSES

We will sell at public auction a carload of North Dakota farm horses, at the stock yards in CASS CITY

Saturday, Dec. 28

beginning promptly at 1:30 p. m.

This is a choice lot of farm horses weighing up to 1,600 lbs., ages from 1 year to 8 years. Several well broken pairs and good young pairs with plenty of bone and quality. All are Percheron bred and a few large mares to foal in spring. These horses are shipped to Michigan at a great expense and will be put in the auction ring to be sold—not invoiced.

This sale was advertised for Dec. 19, but was changed to Dec. 28 on account of the bad roads.

Usual bankable terms.

Gatewood & Evans, Mgrs.

Worthy Tait, Auctioneer. Pinney State Bank, Clerk

CHRISTMAS GUESTS.

H. P. Lee spent Christmas with his family in Detroit. Mrs. M. M. Moore spent Christmas with her son, Garrison Moore, in Detroit. John Benkelman, Jr., of Detroit spent Wednesday at his parental home here. Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Knapp and son, Clark, were Christmas guests of Mr. and Mrs. A. A. Hitchcock at Romeo. Mr. and Mrs. Hugh McBurney and daughters, Miss Luella and Mavis, visited relatives in Port Huron on Christmas. Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Howell and family of Detroit spent Christmas with Mrs. Howell's sister, Mrs. Elizabeth Carolan. Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Crafts, Stanley Crafts and Miss Mae Bailey, all of Detroit, spent Christmas with Mrs. Eunice Crafts. Mr. and Mrs. H. E. Talmadge and three children of Sandusky were Christmas guests of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Talmadge. Mr. and Mrs. Wallace Zinnecker and Park Zinnecker, all of Pontiac, spent Christmas with Mr. and Mrs. William Zinnecker. Arthur Randall of Pontiac, Mrs. John McGrath, sr., and Mrs. Clara Spaven spent Christmas with Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Randall. Mr. and Mrs. A. A. Brian entertained Mr. and Mrs. Harry Crandell, daughter, Miss Mabel, and son, Harry, for Christmas. Mr. and Mrs. Arnold Callan and daughter, Joan, of Caro spent Christmas with Mrs. Callan's parents, Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Wallace. Grant Pinney of Detroit spent Christmas with his mother, Mrs. Elizabeth Pinney. Other Christmas guests were Mr. and Mrs. James Lewis of Cass City. Mr. and Mrs. Stanley Fike and daughter, Charlotte, of Cass City and Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Van Vliet and son of Decker spent Christmas with Mrs. Fike's sister, Mrs. Delbert Buss, at Elmer. Mr. and Mrs. James Crane and children, Mr. and Mrs. Lorn Brown, Mrs. Violet Bearrs, Samuel Crane, Miss Flossie Crane and Albert Whitfield enjoyed Christmas dinner with Mrs. Bay Crane. Mr. and Mrs. George Bergen and son, Clare, of Flint, Mr. and Mrs. William Jackson and two daughters and Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Little and son spent Christmas with Mr. and Mrs. William Little. Mr. and Mrs. Leon Brooks entertained for Christmas Mr. and Mrs. Wesley Northrup, Mr. and Mrs. G. Brown and children, William Brown and Miss Frances Northrup, all of Marlette. Mr. and Mrs. D. E. Turner entertained at dinner on Christmas day Mr. and Mrs. Aaron Turner and two sons, Mr. and Mrs. J. D. Turner and three daughters, Clare Turner, and Mr. and Mrs. Mack Little. Mr. and Mrs. Isaac Cragg had as guests for Christmas Mr. and Mrs. C. R. Montague, Mr. and Mrs. Clark Montague and two children, Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Bullock and daughter, Marion, all of Deford, and Mr. and Mrs. Floyd Ottoway. Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Bigham had as guests on Christmas, Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd Bigham and son, Junior, Miss Norine Bigham and Walter Pierson, all of Pontiac. Mr. and Mrs. L. Bigham and son remained to spend the latter part of the week in Cass City. Christmas guests at the home of Mr. and Mrs. M. D. Hartt were Mr. and Mrs. F. H. Morgan and three children and Miss Della Martin of Belleville, Mr. and Mrs. Jack Ryland and son, Robert, Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Smith and son, Donald, of Saginaw. Mr. and Mrs. Levi Bardwell had as guests for Christmas Mr. and Mrs. Alex Marshall and son, John, of Kingston, Mr. and Mrs. John Marshall and son, John, of Cass City and Miss Helene Bardwell of Mason. Miss Bardwell remained to spend the holidays. Miss Bernice Hitchcock of Detroit came Sunday to spend Christmas and New Years with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. G. L. Hitchcock. Other guests for Christmas were Mr. and Mrs. Nico Hitchcock and two sons of Kalamazoo and Mr. and Mrs. Lyle Hitchcock of Detroit. Mr. and Mrs. Leonard Buehrly entertained their entire family for Christmas. Guests included Mr. and Mrs. Burt Elliott and two sons, Mr. and Mrs. S. C. Striffler and two sons, Mr. and Mrs. Fred Buehrly and two children, Mr. and Mrs. Edward Buehrly, Carlton Gardner and Mr. and Mrs. Laurence Buehrly. Miss Adeline Gallagher of Highland Park came Saturday to spend the holidays at the home of her brother, Albert Gallagher. Other Christmas guests were Mr. and Mrs. P. H. Knight and two children of Sterling; Mr. and Mrs. Floyd D. Johnston and daughter, Betty Lou, of Detroit; Mr. and Mrs. G. E. Krapp and Mr. and Mrs. D. C. Elliott. A family gathering was held at the home of Mr. and Mrs. F. A. Smiley at Drayton Plains on Christmas Day. Those present were Mrs. Sophia Striffler, Mr. and Mrs. A. A. Ricker, Mr. and Mrs. Calvin Striffler of Cass City; Mr. and Mrs. Otto Nique of Decker, Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Weaver and two children of Flint and Miss Eleanor Nique of Philadelphia.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Cranick had as Christmas guests Mr. and Mrs. Henry Blades and Mr. and Mrs. William McKenzie and daughter. Mr. and Mrs. William I. Moore and R. B. Crosby were guests of Mr. and Mrs. Francis Soudan at Greenleaf for Christmas dinner. Mr. and Mrs. James Cole, Edward and Ralph Kosanke, all of Detroit, spent Tuesday evening and Christmas with their parents, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Kosanke. Mr. and Mrs. George Palmer entertained Mr. and Mrs. Fred Breish and son, Frederick, Miss B. L. Carpenter, all of Detroit, and Mr. and Mrs. Henry Zemke of Deford. Christmas guests at the G. W. Landon home were Mr. and Mrs. Hugh Giesel, Mr. and Mrs. Julius Ippel, Mrs. E. F. Kreiman and Miss Vera Kreiman, all of Saginaw.

GREENLEAF.

Merry Christmas to all. Some "western" blizzard the past week. We are "digging out" as fast as possible. Mrs. D. H. McColl underwent an emergency operation for appendicitis Sunday. Everyone was sorry to hear of Mrs. John McCallum's accident. She is reported to be improving. Her daughter and children were visitors last week at the hospital. The Misses Moss spent one night last week with the teacher, Miss Ida Vogel. Everyone will be glad that a load of coal arrived for John McLellan during the big storm. Mrs. Elizabeth Simkins spent Monday in Cass City. Mrs. E. Mills is reported to be improving since her recent accident. Mrs. H. D. Livingston was reported to be under a doctor's care last week. She is improving at present.

HOSPITAL NOTES.

Mrs. Lavina Cook of Port Hope entertained the hospital Tuesday, Dec. 17, and underwent an operation the following Tuesday. Evelyn Otis, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Eugene Otis was brought to the hospital Dec. 20, and underwent an emergency appendicitis operation the next morning. Mrs. David Kiechin was brought to the hospital Monday and underwent an emergency operation for ruptured appendix and peritonitis and is in a very critical condition. Mrs. Luke Tuckey of Cass City entered Christmas eve and underwent an emergency appendicitis operation the same evening. Other patients at the hospital are Andrew Seeger of Cass City, Harlan Hobart of Gageton and Theodor Keeler of Bay Port, all doing nicely. Madeline Wright of Fairgrove is still very ill. William Murdock of Bad Axe is still a patient and gaining slowly. Mrs. Anna Baranski of Port Huron, who underwent an operation two weeks ago for removal of spleen, is doing nicely.

RESOLUTION ADOPTED BY THE VILLAGE COUNCIL

Moved by Auten, seconded by Sandham, that the following resolution be adopted, "Resolved that an expression of gratitude be paid to the memory of Mrs. Frances E. Pinney by the Council of the Village of Cass City for the sum of money so thoughtfully provided in her will for the establishment of a permanent rest room and that a copy of this resolution be published for three successive weeks in the Cass City Chronicle." Carried.—Adv. 12-20-3

MARRIAGE LICENSES.

George Kenneth Cross, 23, Caro; Tillie Amelia Southgate, 18, Caro. Norman E. Parker, 19, Akron; Ann E. Schaar, 18, Unionville. George M. Briggs, 22, Flint; Lillian Grimes, 17, Caro. Eugene Rogers, 25, Bad Axe; Ethel Riley, 30, Caro. Andrew Hergenreder, 23, Caro; Helen Witkovsky, 21, Caro. Edwin A. Sloyanski, 28, Bay City; Elizabeth Kocis, 20, Caro.

OIL PRODUCTION HAS NOT REACHED CLIMAX

Concluded from first page. ted land. There was a resulting orgy of over-drilling. In some cases, there were two wells to an acre where one well to 8 to 10 acres would have been ample. The orgy of drilling brought so much gas to the surface before there was time to develop a market or even to build pipe lines to Muskegon, a mile distant, that the producers blew the gas into the air to obtain the oil below. The Muskegon field, though not large, had an abundance of gas and many of the wells were very productive. The initial production of a number ranged from 1,000 up to 2,000 barrels or more a day. The blowing and wasting of the gas resulted in the destruction of a number of the wells. It resulted in a rapid decline of gas pressure and a corresponding decline in production, so that in about 18 months practically all of the wells had ceased to flow and had to put on pumps. There were no laws or regulations which could be used to stop the wastage of gas or the over-drilling until it was too late to save the

field. There are now about 300 producing wells in the field, but many have small production. The field has long since passed the peak production. Mr. Smith said, and production is constantly declining. There is, however, a possibility that deeper drilling will result in production from lower lying oil formations. Plans are under consideration for making one or more deep tests in the more favorable portions of the field. The Mt. Pleasant field, lying about 3 miles east and northeast of the city is in the territory where there are no platted subdivisions. Nearly all of the leases are 40 acres or more in size so the field has seen very sane, orderly and systematic development. There are between 70 and 75 wells with daily production of around 10,000 barrels. There are also about 50 rigs drilling. The oil formation is about 3,500 feet below the surface which means high drilling costs. The oil is high grade and operators apparently have recognized the senseless waste resulting from drilling unnecessary wells, he stated. The rule is one well to ten acres instead of one to two wells to an acre as was the case in portions of Saginaw, Port Huron, and Muskegon fields. This sane drilling program will unquestionably result in much longer life and a high percentage of ultimate recovery of oil, Mr. Smith believes. Operators, however, will need to watch the drilling and production costs because of the excessive depth of oil formations. There is every reason to believe that operators using good business and operating practice will obtain profitable results. Wells are now being drilled in several new possible fields, especially in the vicinity of Clare, Deerfield in Monroe county, Williamston in Ingham and in Newaygo county and in southwestern Michigan.

CASS CITY MARKETS.

December 26, 1929. Buying Price— Mixed wheat, bu. 1.16 Oats 48 Rye, bu. 92 Corn, shelled, bu. (56 lbs.) 1.00 Peas, bu. 1.65 Beans, cwt. 6.20 Dark red kidney beans, cwt. 9.00 Light red kidney beans, cwt. 7.25 Barley, cwt. 1.40 Buckwheat, cwt. 1.75 Butter, per pound 38 Eggs, per dozen 43 Hogs, live weight 9 Cattle 6 9 Calves, live weight 13 Broilers 15 20 Hens 12 20

THIS COMMUNITY SEES HOPEFUL NEW YEAR

Concluded from first page. it be a year of success, for some, let those who are so fortunate lend a helping hand to their less fortunate neighbors. Forget the selfish interest

Chronicle Liners

RATES—Liner of 25 words or less, 25 cents each insertion, Over 25 words, one cent a word for each insertion. I WILL be at Pinney State Bank on Tuesday afternoon, Dec. 31, to collect the taxes of Ellington township. John J. Hayes, twp. treasurer. 12-27-1 I WILL be at the Cass City State Bank each Saturday afternoon of Dec. 21, Dec. 28 and Jan. 4 to collect taxes for Greenleaf Township. John Guisbert. 12-20-3 FOR SALE—20 acres in northeast corner, section 33, Elmwood; 10 acres timber, balance pasture with running water. See Chas. Seeley, one mile northeast of Caro. 12-27-2p FOR RENT—One five-room apartment in Post Office Block. Well heated at all times, with toilet, bath and electricity. The Cass City State Bank, Agent. 9-27-tf ELLIOTT MOTOR Lines Schedule— Bus leaves Cass City for Pontiac daily at 8:20 a. m. and 5:00 p. m., fast time. Bus leaves Cass City for Bad Axe at 11:40 a. m. and 4:45 p. m. On Sunday (one bus each way), leaves Cass City for Pontiac 4:05 p. m. and leaves Cass City for Bad Axe at 10:45 p. m. * OLD HORSES WANTED for fox feed. Otto Monteil, Fairgrove, R. 2, or Caro phone 954-R5, reverse charges. 12-6-tf ALL KINDS of junk wanted at the best prices. Honest deals. I also buy furs and hides. Pay top prices. A. Kline, first house north opera house block. 11-15-tf FOUND—Auto tire and rim found near Ford Garage. Owner may have same by proving property and paying for this notice. 12-13- FOR SALE—2 grade 2-yr.-old Holstein heifers and 1 cow. Philip McComb. 12-13-tf LOST—A new leather glove for left hand between Cass City and the home of Edw. Marks, one mile north of town. John Simkins. 12-27-1*

which narrows the individual and makes him a hindrance rather than a help to his community. Build with your neighbors for a bigger and better community and while the reward may not take the form of accumulated wealth, in cash, it will be something of far greater value, and something which will bring from the lips of those who knew you, words of praise and commendation and build for you a monument which will go down in the year to follow.

Nearby and Yonder.... by T. T. MAXEY

Churchill Downs CHURCHILL DOWNS, that celebrated mile-and-a-quarter-long race track near Louisville, founded in 1874, annually has been the scene of a famous horse race. It is the home of the Kentucky derby which, to the United States, is what the Epsom derby is to England and is laid out on ground formerly owned by the Churchill family. Downs is an English term often applied to a race track—hence the somewhat peculiar name. The Kentucky derby is more than a horse race. It has become an institution, where the horse is king for a day, the crowds gay and the experience thrilling. This outstanding annual sport event is the culmination of the love of horsemanship which has come from practically every nook and corner of this country—as many as a hundred thousand on one occasion, to witness a single contest between aristocratic thoroughbreds of the horse world. Horse racing and the fondness therefor is an English pastime which gained a foothold in America some 300 years ago. It broke out in Virginia, worked its way over the mountains and lodged in the Bluegrass state when interest in horses and racing ran high about 150 years ago. The history of the Kentucky derby and that of the turf in America are largely one and the same thing. Obviously, the derby is the goal of horse and horseman alike, because to win it is an honor extraordinary. Strange as it may seem, it seldom has been won by a favorite. (© 1929 Western Newspaper Union.)

Evading British Law There is only one place in which you can safely play poker in the British Isles—that is a carriage of a moving train. But you must stop playing the moment the train stops. The law against gaming was passed before the days of trains, and speaks of "gaming in a particular place," but a train in motion cannot be classed under this heading.

FOOD priced to make your New Year happy. Now that Santa's annual visit is over, and with but a few days left to the old year,—We, the R-Chain Stores, Incorporated, feel that this is an opportune time to express our appreciation and our hearty good wishes for the coming year. It is predicted that 1930 will be a phenomenally successful year for the State of Michigan. Our sincere wish is that you may all share in this prosperity. Through our efforts to supply high-grade foods and supplies at low prices, the R-Chain stores are meeting with enthusiastic public approval and acceptance. Naturally, we are very happy about this. Now we stand at the threshold of the New Year,—ready to carry on our policy of "High Grade Foods at Low Prices!" "Chippewa" Ginger Ale 3 12-oz. Bottles for 35c. Mixed Nuts 23c Pound R Grocer Coffee 34c Pound R Grocer Butter 42c Pound BREAD Large 1 1/2-lb. loaf 8c Del Monte Red Alaska Salmon 25c Tall can Rolled Oats, Light House, 55-oz pkg. All quality. No premium 19c Flour, National Seal or Mary Ann 2 1/2 lb. sack 95c "Ever Sweet" Oleo In 2-lb. prints, 2 lbs. 35c Toilet Paper, Soft Tissue, large rolls, 3 for 14c Pop Corn, 2 10-oz. pkgs. 17c Sugar, Granulated 10 lbs. 55c Spaghetti, short lengths High Quality, 3 lbs. 19c Super Suds 3 pkgs. 25c Ivory Soap, medium bar 3 for 20c Also See Specials on Fresh Vegetables and Fruits !! Look for the Orange Store Fronts, with the Diamond R on the Windows. CHAIN STORES, INC.

Chattel Mortgage Sale! The undersigned will sell at auction sale to the highest bidder on the farm 4 miles west of Cass City, or 4 miles south of Gage-town, on TUESDAY, DEC. 31 Commencing at one o'clock: Black mare 16 years old, weight 1300 Bay mare 17 years old, weight 1300 Jersey cow 4 years old, due March 5 Black cow 5 years old, fresh, due Sept. 10 Guernsey cow 7 years old, fresh, due Sept. 10 Hereford cow 9 years old, calf by side Spotted cow 7 years old, due June 9 White cow 5 years old, due April 14 Black cow 7 years old, due June 25 Durham cow 7 years old, due June 26 Durham cow 6 years old, due April 17 Spotted cow 5 years old, due April 9 Hereford cow 3 years Steer 3 years old Bull 2 1/2 years old Brood sow 75 hens Quantity of cod liver oil Osborn corn binder Osborn grain binder Set double harness Keystone hayloader McCormick side rake, new John Deere mowing machine, new John Deere spreader, new Grain drill, 13 hoe, new Van Brunt fertilizer Land roller Bean puller Hay rope and slings, new Sleigh 2 pulleys, new Letz feed grinder Oliver riding cultivator 2-section spring tooth harrow 3-section spring tooth harrow Wagon and rack, new Spike tooth harrow Cream separator, new Range Rug 9x12 Child's bed Bed spring and mattress and springs 10 ft. extension table Quantity hay Quantity of bean pods About 200 bu. barley About 700 bu. oats About 550 bu. corn 2-door Ford sedan Numerous other articles THIS FARM IS FOR SALE AT A BARGAIN TERMS—All sums of \$10.00 and under, cash; over that amount, 9 months' time on good approved endorsed notes at 7 per cent interest. Robt. McKenzie and F. Cranick, Owners R. N. McCullough, Auctioneer Pinney State Bank, Clerk