

News Review of Current Events the World Over

James M. Beck's Interesting Suggestions to Congress—Butler May Be G. O. P. Chairman—British Parliament in Action.

By EDWARD W. PICKARD

OUR eminent statesmen are converging on Washington already in preparation for the session of congress that opens in December, and each one seems to have his own ideas of what should be done to save the nation. The remedies they are ready to propose are as various as the men themselves, and at least some of those that are not too evidently put forward for the purpose of further embarrassing an already troubled administration may be worth considering. President Hoover, it is reliably reported, hasn't yet made up his mind what it best to be done, and his cabinet members hold widely divergent views.

James M. Beck, Republican representative from Pennsylvania, is always listened to respectfully, and now, on his return from a trip to Europe, he has a lot to say. He decided the plight was due to "excessive taxation for socialistic purposes and fears the United States is in grave danger of being led into the same road. Mr. Beck suggests that the present example of the British should be followed by the formation of a coalition leadership of Republicans and Democrats in congress for the purpose of "abolishing unnecessary and meddlesome bureaus" and effecting other economies.

The Pennsylvanian estimates that probably two billions of dollars annually could be saved by temporarily suspending sinking fund requirements and by scrapping such governmental machinery as the farm board, numerous bureaus of the Departments of Agriculture, Commerce and Labor and various commissions consecrated to paternalistic care of the citizenry in their occupations and in their homes. He favors only one additional kind of tax. He would have congress pronounce light wines and beer nonintoxicating in fact, which he says can be done constitutionally, and then impose an excise tax on such beverages, which he estimates would bring in half a billion dollars of revenue annually.

THAT amazing story of the defalcations of Walter E. Wolfe, manager of the coupon department of the Continental Illinois bank of Chicago, was made almost complete by an announcement from Arthur Reynolds, chairman of the board of directors. He said that during twelve years Wolfe had stolen \$8,666,929.06, which makes his embezzlement the second largest in American banking history.

The bank is covered by insurance up to \$2,000,000 and a charge against special reserves for the balance of \$1,666,929 was made. Mr. Reynolds stated. He expressed the opinion, however, that this entire amount, over and above the insured sum, would be recovered in time.

GOSSIP about national politics now includes discussion concerning the man who shall succeed Senator Simeon D. Fess of Ohio as chairman of the Republican national committee. It is granted that Mr. Hoover can have a nomination if he wishes it, so his choice will prevail as to the manager of the campaign. The one definite statement to date is that of the Boston Post, to the effect that former Senator William M. Butler of Massachusetts will be approached by close friends of President Hoover regarding his acceptance of the place. He was chairman during the administration of President Coolidge and directed his campaign. The Post says Mr. Butler was recently a week-end guest at the Rapidan camp and recommended Charles D. Hilles for the place. It was after this that he was himself asked if he would accept the chairmanship.

Some of the statesmen in Washington are talking of the availability of Lawrence C. Phipps, former senator from Colorado, as chairman. Those who favor him urge that his great wealth would help the committee in raising the large campaign fund that will be needed. Mr. Phipps maintains a handsome home in Washington. All this is long-distance talk, for the national committee does not meet until December, when it will choose a date and city for the 1932 convention.

NATIONAL Relief Director Gifford and his committee are as busy as bees co-ordinating the efforts of state and municipal governments to

meet the job of caring for the unemployed next winter. President Hoover has added many names to the advisory board, so it now includes a great number of the country's leading men in all lines. It was believed these advisers would soon be called in session.

Labor day gave occasion for numerous expressions concerning the situation by labor leaders, cabinet members, congressmen and others. In general the dole idea was condemned, but many agreed with William Green, head of the American Federation of Labor, who asserted that work must be provided the idle by industry. Governor Murray of Oklahoma, speaking at Chicago, vehemently attacked Wall Street and the international bankers, charging them with having upset the economic structure of the country. He called for a new deal in 1932 for the laborers and common people and freer lending to the producing classes. His talk so ended as if he were suggesting himself for President, as the candidate of a new party, for he assailed Republicans and Democrats alike. So watch out for "Alfalfa Bill."

WHILE the London Bobbies with rubber batons struggled to disperse a mob of jobless men and Communists, British parliament opened its special session called to try to balance the budget. After the usual speech from the throne had been read, Prime Minister MacDonald, head of the new national government, offered a motion that the house resolve itself into a committee of the whole for the speedy passage of the economy measures devised by the cabinet. He insisted on a division, stating the resolution was considered as a test of confidence. The result of the voting gave the government a majority of 59, the figures being 309 for and 250 against it. The Conservatives and

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WILL GIVE REPORT ON SWINE FEEDING

Livestock Men Invited To Michigan State College, Friday September 25.

Surplus milk and cheaper grains have drawn the attention of many Michigan farmers to the possibility of increasing their farm income by feeding swine, and the animal husbandry department at Michigan State College invites these livestock owners to visit the College, Friday, September 25, to see the hogs which have been finished on different rations. This is the first time the department has set a separate day to report the results of the swine feeding experiments. Tests with beef cattle are reported at an annual feeder's day but that date falls at a time when the tests with hogs have not been completed.

The trials this year include 16 lots containing more than 200 hogs. These are all fat stock except two lots of breeding gilts which have been carried on alfalfa pasture. Members of the department will discuss the feeds given to each lot of swine and the records of gains made with the different rations. The program will begin at 1:00 p. m. Eastern Standard Time.

CARRIERS OF TWO COUNTIES MET FRIDAY.

Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Landon, B. A. Elliott and son, Leonard, attended a meeting of the Sanilac-Tuscola Rural Letter Carriers' Association at Caro Friday night.

A business meeting was held after the banquet and program in the Baptist church. Officers elected were: President, Reid Kirk, Fairgrove; vice president, William Arnot, Crosswell; secretary, Morton D. Shaver, Caro; treasurer, B. D. Maxwell, Vassar.

Auxiliary officers elected were: President, Mrs. William Nims, Marlette; vice-president, Mrs. Reid Kirk, Fairgrove; secretary, Mrs. Guy W. Landon, Cass City; treasurer, Mrs. J. D. Graham, Akron.

The association accepted the invitation to meet in Cass City in October. Herbert Leon Cope, Caro humorist, entertained with stories and a philosophy on the depression. "We will be bigger men when these times are over, and we will get a proper value of things," he said.

Senator Herbert P. Orr, Caro, greeted the carriers and auxiliary members, urging optimism and a spirit of "doing the best you can with what you have."

G. W. Landon, president of the Michigan State Carriers' Association gave a report of the National convention which was held in Los Angeles in August.

B. A. Elliott and son furnished music on the program.

ENROLLMENT AT C. C. H. S. STILL CLIMBING

The enrollment at the Cass City High School has reached 264. Of this number, 169 are non-resident pupils. This enrollment of 264 in the four grades in high school is larger than it has been in the past two years.

WIN \$1,180 IN PRIZES AT MICH. STATE FAIR

Cass City Boys' Exhibits Placed Well in Open as Well as Club Classes.

Cass City boys, who won 30 blue ribbons and 11 purple ribbons on their live stock exhibits at the Michigan State Fair, as well as eleven championship places, will realize approximately \$1,180 in prize money. Profits on steers sold at the fair will add about \$220, making a total of \$1,400. Of the \$1,180 in prize money approximately \$380 were secured on open class exhibits and the remainder in club class showings.

In the open class, Clarence Merchant was awarded junior champion on his year old Holstein bull, Pieterje Sara Ormsby Boy Second, in competition with nearly 50 other animals. This animal also qualified as reserve grand champion. Merchant also won second place on produce of dam and second on three-year-old Holstein bull. Clayton Moore's Shorthorn steer placed third and Lewis Horner showed the Shorthorn reserve champion steer. Audley Horner won fifth place on his Holstein junior yearling bull and Wynn Wilson second prize on his two-year-old Ayrshire bull. These awards were all made in the open classes.

A complete list of the winnings of local exhibitors in club classes at the state fair was printed in the Chronicle last week.

R. D. KEATING GETS GOLD SERVICE BUTTON

When H. H. Keating, manager of the Saginaw Division of the Standard Oil Co., was in Cass City recently, he presented R. D. Keating, Cass City agent, with the company's gold service button.

The button was presented in recognition of ten years of faithful service. Mr. Keating entered the service of the company as cartage agent at Cass City, and has completed his term of service in that position. The button awarded is a neat emblem bearing the company's monogram, the inscription "Recognition of Service" and stars indicating the length of time employed.

NUTRITION CLUB RE-ORGANIZES FOR NEXT YEAR

The first meeting of the Bethel Nutrition Club was held Monday, Sept. 14, at the home of Mrs. A. H. Maharg, for the purpose of electing officers and making plans for the coming year. The following officers were elected to succeed themselves for another year: Pres., Mrs. Wm. Profit; vice-pres., Mrs. John Doerr; sec.-treas., Mrs. Alton Mark. Project leaders—Mrs. Twilton Heron and Mrs. Delbert Profit. The project for this year is Home Furnishing with Miss Reis of M. S. C. as specialist. The club begins with twenty members on the roll and is looking forward to fine interesting lessons on the work.

Mrs. Heron and Mrs. Profit go to Caro Sept. 23 to receive Lesson No. 1. The local group will meet with Mrs. Wm. Profit Friday afternoon, Sept. 25.

Rev. and Mrs. Paul J. Allured, son, Donald, and daughter, Miss Janet, left Monday morning for Wooster, Ohio, where Miss Janet will major in music at Wooster College. On the return trip, Mr. and Mrs. Allured and Donald were guests at the home of Rev. J. Norman King at Bluffton, Ohio. Messrs. King and Allured were classmates at Princeton College.

EZRA KELLEY WINNER IN HORSESHOE MATCH

Cass City Man Declared Best Man When Contest Ended After 1:00 A. M.

Followers of horseshoe pitching had an unusual opportunity to see some fine work in that sport on Thursday, Sept. 10, when 18 of the best pitchers of the Thumb of Michigan district gathered at Cass City to decide the championship of that territory. These honors fell to, Ezra Kelley of Cass City, with I. Belknap of Mayville in second position.

Mr. Kelley won the most games in the finals and had the highest double ringer score in any one game.

Honors in the various events were won in the following order: Elimination—1st, Ezra Kelley, Cass City; 2nd, I. Belknap, Mayville.

Double ringers—1st, Ezra Kelley, Cass City; 2nd, F. Quinlan, Port Huron; 3rd, Geo. Wood, Port Huron; 4th, I. Belknap, Mayville.

Single ringers—1st, F. Sugden, Elkton; 2nd, H. Haska, Fairgrove; 3rd, I. Vader, Cass City; 4th, Wm. Harlacker, Uby.

Finals—1st, Ezra Kelley, Cass City; 2nd, I. Belknap, Mayville; 3rd, Wm. Harlacker, Uby; 4th, F. Quinlan, Port Huron.

High double ringers in finals—1st, Ezra Kelley, Cass City; 2nd, I. Belknap, Mayville; 3rd, Wm. Harlacker, Uby; 4th, F. Quinlan, Port Huron.

High single ringers in finals—1st, Wm. Harlacker, Uby; 2nd, Ezra Kelley, Cass City; 3rd, A. Peet, Mayville; 4th, Geo. Wood, Port Huron. The following players were entered in the contest: I. N. Wilson, Fairgrove; C. Reitz, Mayville; Roy Wagner, Applegate; F. Quinlan and H. Harris, both of Port Huron; Ezra Kelley, Cass City; Wm. Harlacker, Uby; I. Belknap, Mayville; A. Peet, Mayville; E. Flint, Cass City; W. Haska and H. Haska, both of Fairgrove; Geo. Wood, Port Huron; M. Wilson, Cass City; G. Port, Mayville; F. Sugden, Elkton; Geo. Dillman, Detroit; I. Vader, Cass City.

Players in the finals continued the contest until after one o'clock Friday morning before it was decided who had carried off the honors of the match.

HAPPENINGS IN THE NEIGHBORING TOWNS

Carefully Selected from Interesting Exchanges for Chronicle Readers.

Levi Byler was instantly killed on the farm of his brother, Jess Byler, one-half mile south and one and a half miles west of Pigeon during the electrical storm about ten o'clock Tuesday morning. Mr. Byler with his brother was standing near a tree in the field when the bolt of lightning struck the tree and instantly killed his brother. Mr. Byler was knocked to the ground but a few minutes later gained consciousness. A horse standing nearby was also felled to the ground but later recovered.—Pigeon Progress.

A new wharf is being built at Port Sanilac to replace one that was destroyed by the storms three years ago. The wharf is being extended 100 feet from the shore and piles are being driven to provide a new foundation for foot planking. The wharf formerly extended about 500 feet.

The ownership of the Dow House changed hands last Saturday morning when Ignace Pawlowski purchased the property from Harry Ryan and Charles Frame.

It has been owned by the latter two for the past several years. It has been closed the past two winters and only operated in the summer time. Mr. Pawlowski states that his plans have not been fully developed up to the present time but extensive repairs and renovating will take place in the building this winter. The operation of the dining room is another matter to be decided in the near future.—Harbor Beach Times.

Walter Schmitt of Detroit was in Sebewaing Monday to spend the day with his father, Fredrick Schmitt, and other relatives. Walter, who for the past four years has been employed in the export department of General Motors Corporation, during which time he spent more than a year in South America, and about the same length of time in Japan and China for General Motors, has now entered the employ of the Standard Oil Company. He is leaving Detroit this week for New York, where he will spend two months in familiarizing himself with his new work prior to leaving for Europe as a sales manager for the Standard Oil Company. As yet he does not know in what part of Europe he will be stationed. He expects

to go overseas some time in December.—Sebewaing Blade.

The other day the writer dropped into a cream station and while there he overheard one of our farmers kicking about the price of cream. The next day we noticed this same farmer purchase three pounds of oleo at one of the local stores. What was he doing towards raising the price of butter-fat?—Pigeon Progress.

WOMAN'S CLUB ENJOYS MUSICAL AFTERNOON.

The first meeting of the Woman's Study Club for the year 1931-1932 was held at the home of Mrs. Alfred J. Knapp on Tuesday afternoon.

Guest artists who delightfully entertained the club members with vocal and instrumental solos were Vernita Knight, Harriett Tindale, Virginia Day, and Pauline Sandham.

Following the business meeting the hostess served tea in honor of the soloists and Miss Florence Bigelow and Miss Bertha McKenzie, guests of the afternoon.

DECLINE IN MICHIGAN FIELD CROPS

Potatoes, Beans and Pasture Have Suffered the Most Severely

Another decline in Michigan field crop prospects occurred during August. A deficient amount of rainfall, coupled with an unusually dry sub-soil, has effectively reduced the yields of all late-season crops according to the monthly report issued by Herbert E. Powell, State Commissioner of Agriculture and Verne H. Church, U. S. Agricultural Statistician. Potatoes, beans, and pastures have suffered the most severely. Corn, oats, barley, buckwheat, and sugar beets show declines in conditions of from five to ten points. Fruit is abundant, low in price, well colored, and of fine flavor.

While the corn crop is slightly below average, it promises a production of 43,000,000 bushels. This is greatly in excess of the extremely poor crop of 25,276,000 bushels raised in 1930. Many fields are well eared and the ears are well filled. In many others, the ears are short and poorly filled. The crop matured early and silo filling has been nearly completed.

Oats and barley are very poor in the northern half of the State, but the yield increased southward and was very good in some of the extreme southern counties. The grain is lighter in weight than usual.

The condition of field beans dropped from 75 to 48 per cent of normal during August. This indicates a yield of only seven bushels per acre, and a total production of 5,894,000 bushels as compared with 4,602,000 bushels last year. Early plantings generally yielded the best. Many fields planted around the average date have few or

WHERE YOUNG PEOPLE WILL ATTEND COLLEGE THIS YEAR

Cass City students will attend college this year at the following places: Michigan State College at Lansing—Harriett Tindale, third year, public school music; Pauline Sandham, third year, public school music; Mabel Crandell, third year, liberal arts and journalism; Virginia Day, third year, public school music; Catherine Hunt, third year, home economics; Esther Schell, third year, liberal arts; Barbara Taylor, second year, home economics; Evelyn Robinson, first year, liberal arts; Deloris Sandham, first year, public school music; Vernita Knight, fourth year, liberal arts; Clifford Heller, floriculture; Donald Schell, second year, electrical engineering; Marshall Burt, finishes applied science course; Andrew Schweger, fourth year, applied science.

Central State Teachers' College at Mt. Pleasant—Mildred Karr, second year, teacher's course; Blanch Stafford, first year, teacher's course; J. C. Blades, second year, coaching; Geo. Bohnsack, second year, coaching; Frederick Brown, first year, coaching; Caswell Hunter, first year.

Ypsilanti—Darwin Bailey, fourth year, B. S. teaching degree and B. C. S. accounting; Marjorie Boyes, first year at Cleary College. University of Michigan, Ann Arbor—Margaret Jondreau, third year; Edwin Fritz, first year, dentistry; Louis Pinney, first year, dentistry. Hillsdale College—John Morris, first year, law.

North Central College, Naperville, Ill.—Phyllis Lenzer, first year, music. Big Rapids—Raymond McCullough, senior at School of Pharmacy. Tuscola County Normal—Lucile Anthes and Helen Battel. Wooster College, Wooster, O.—Janet Allured, music. Grand Central Art School, New York City—Esther Caister, first year, art.



The author of HEART OF THE NORTH, whose stories of the great wilderness are sweeping the country, because of their authentic romance of the last great frontier, has known the forests since he was old enough to set a trap for a foxhound and a coon dog.

My earliest memory," he says, "is of a bigger brother carrying me above his head while he broke the ice across a river to get an otter from a trap. I learned to shoot and trap before I could read and I shot a bear once when I had to prop up that heavy old tigon Winchester with a forked stub." But Mowery did learn to read and write—especially write. He acquired education so avidly and with such good effect that a few years ago he was drafted by one of the largest institutions of learning in the country—the University of Illinois—to be an instructor in English.

Every time he got a vacation he spent it in the North country, principally along the Mackenzie river from its headwaters clear down to the Arctic ocean. He became an authority on the forest and muskox wilderness. Finally the fascination lured him to drop everything else and devote himself to making literature of the region. His stories are thrilling in the highest degree and have the unique quality of combining great charm, authenticity and refreshing character studies with the thrills.

One of Mowery's happiest achievements is in the very real, but none the less interesting, manner in which he depicts the police service known as the Northwest Mounted. The hero of HEART OF THE NORTH is a sergeant of that service; a man of today, truly drawn, but of a courage and chivalry that might grace the pages of knight-errantry.

CHAPTER I

The Killers

Father Claverly, leaning against the rail of the Midnight Sun, suddenly straightened up, stiff with shock, and stared incredulously at the six men. For moments he could not believe he actually was witnessing a robbery. Here in this Canadian Northland where outlawry was rare and futile, here on the mighty Mackenzie where river boats time and again carried unguarded cargoes of half a million in furs and gold, a brazen daylight attack upon a big steamer was simply unthinkable.

A few minutes ago the six men in a pair of birch-bark canoes had skirled out of the tributary river, the Big Alooska, and hailed the steamer as though they were merely trappers or a trading party wanting passage up south. A ladder was innocently let down for them, and they had come aboard, taking a despicable advantage of the friendly, accommodating spirit extended from man to man in this North country.

Now, under the leadership of a high red-bearded fellow, they stood on a pile of deck cargo amidships, watching each way. With repeating rifles alert in their hands, they loomed ugly and menacing over the crowd.

Father Claverly, quickly recovering from his shock, stared sharply at the six men, trying to identify them. One was a 'breed; the other five were nondescript whites. All of them were unknown to him.

While he was wondering what their next move would be, a girl among the passengers suddenly cried out: "Bandits! They're bandits! Oh-oh-!"

To half the people aboard the Midnight Sun the girl's cry was a first warning of the holdup. Whirling, the passengers stood transfixed, staring at the six vicious strangers who had them covered.

Fearful of bloodshed, Father Claverly glanced around at the crowd. Realizing that a fight would turn this deck into a shambles, he prayed that somehow, by quick thinking, he could avert a battle.

There were courageous men among those fifty on deck; but only one man had the quiet deadly courage to draw a long belt-gun against six rifles. He was Jimmy Montgomery, mate of the steamer.

Crouched beside a bale of wolfskins, Jimmy had been pointing out things ashore to his four-year-old daughter. At the cry he glanced up, saw the bandits, understood instantly, and his face hardened. He was mounted-trained, Jimmy was seven years

with the scarlet-and-gold Maintainers of the Right. Showing his baby girl behind the wolf peltry, he whispered, "Lie down, sweet; keep down, down," and rose to his feet.

His first bullet, fired from the hip, sang between two bandits and whanged into the "pines beyond. His second knocked the floozy stetson from a bandit's head. His third was never fired. A Savage spoke out sharply. Jimmy grabbed at his breast, his revolver dropped to the boards, he swayed a moment, then sank down, shot cleanly through the heart.

Father Claverly heard a mutter arising among the crowd; heard the shuffling of feet, the half-hysterical sobbing of women, the snarling oaths of men. Out of the corner of his eye he saw men glancing at one another, waiting for one of their number to raise the long yell; and he realized that this ominous, swelling mutter was the prelude of a concerted rush.

The bandits realized it, too. It was plain to Father Claverly that they had not bargained on a battle, and were covering at the prospect of rifle talk. But there was no retreating now; they would be forced to fight. In a flashing thought he visioned this deck as it would be a few moments hence: the criminals, rifle-armed, shooting from cover of the cargo piles; the blood-spattered promenade, with women and children caught in that swath of death.

In the next instant Father Claverly saw how he might stop the slaughter. Stepping forward from the rail, he uplifted his arm to draw the eyes and attention of the bandits. Oblivious to personal danger, thinking only of the innocent lives he might save, Father Claverly walked up closer, closer, till the criminals could have touched him with their guns. Either his calm mien or his black robe and hat had power over those rifles, for the muzzles swerved aside from him.

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DIG POTATOES SOON TO AVOID FREEZING

Frosted Tubers Cost Growers Huge Sum and Discourage Buyers.

Michigan Farmers who paid 4,000,000 dollars last year for the privilege of harvesting their potatoes late in the season are urged by the farm crops department to harvest early enough this year to avoid the enormous loss caused by freezes before the potatoes are dug.

Field frosted potatoes do not keep well in storage, and, to this loss from rot, the damage done to the quality of the stock must be added. Frosted potatoes have discolored flesh; a sweet flavor, and do not cook well. Housekeepers who once buy frosted stock discriminate against all other potatoes raised in the same section.

Harvesting dates recommended by the crops department are before Sept. 30 for the territory north of Cadillac, before Oct. 10 from Cadillac to Lansing, and before Oct. 20 for the southern three tiers of counties.

Earlier planting dates observed by Michigan potato growers this year has enabled the crop to mature well and early harvesting will permit the marketing of much better potatoes than have been sold from the state during the past two years. Care in harvesting to avoid cutting or bruising the tubers will add to their market value.

Grading of Michigan table stock potatoes to conform to the standards of U. S. No. 1 is recommended by the College crops department. Growers who harvest especially good potatoes should grade to U. S. Fancy. The 150 members of the Standard potato club will use this grade.

Mr. and Mrs. L. D. Randall attended the monthly meeting of the Evergreen Community Club at Shabbona Tuesday evening. Mr. Randall spoke on the subject, "Youth Is the Hope of the World."

Between 500,000 and 600,000 persons who are now using automobile driver's licenses secured prior to Jan. 1, 1925, must secure new licenses before Nov. 1 if they continue to drive their automobiles lawfully, Department of State records show.

PETER THE GREAT

By FANNIE HURST

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(WNU Service.)

THE thing that broke Peter Tarbell's spirit was a ringing blow across the right cheek, administered to him, within full view of a crowded back-stage, by an extravaganza queen then in the full glory of her monarchistic reign.

As doorkeeper and general guardian of the constant runnel of traffic of one sort or another through the small office that led to the wings of the theater, Peter constituted a one-headed cerberus who stood guard against claimants for the attention of the high-handed musical comedy despot of the moment, Hilda Tappay.

A riot of colorful naughtinesses, temperamental outbursts, generosity, tempers, affabilities and nonsense of a brand that had captivated Broadway, to be in her troupe or associated in any way with her in the theater, was to be victim of her despotisms as well as recipient of her repentant favors.

Those who played with her, however, feared her more than they loved her, and it could not be said, even in the indulgent mood of wildest charity, that Hilda was kind to the lesser people about her. Impressed by greatness, she was capable of paying constant homage to those whose professional rank towered above hers. Little people she despised because, apparently, to be able to express her contempt emphasized her sense of power.

Thus it happened that on a spring morning during a rehearsal, Peter, admitting to the wings a young man whom he had been instructed by the great Tappay never to deny admission, found himself suddenly the public victim of her great wrath.

"How dare you!" she screamed at Peter, hurrying a distaff which she had been carrying in a dance number at him—"how dare you admit that swine to my presence? I never want to see him again!" and there in the full view of the assembled company, swung out an arm, full width, and let her hand bang resoundingly against the young doorkeeper's cheek.

It was one of those events that can come to a sleeper during nightmare; it was public humiliation of a sort that can cause the throat to close and the eyes to flash into blindness. There, in the presence of at least sixty people, many of the stage hands his personal friends, a woman, without the slightest just provocation, had slapped him in the face.

For an instant his impulse had been to leap at her and crush his fingers into her ornamental throat, but that impulse died almost as it was born. Aside from the impregnable solidity of her throne, and the power of her slightest word, there was only further indignity and humiliation and self-abasement to be gained by letting go of his wrath.

Peter Tarbell, then thirty, well salaried, ambitious, eager for advancement, turned without a word on his heel and walked out, while to the strain of the interrupted melody, extravaganza's darling, prancing distaff in hand, resumed rehearsal of the dance number she had been practicing.

There were fifty dollars for a half month's wages due Peter, which he never claimed. There were personal objects, books, papers, small baggage lying about the office which he never returned to collect. The one idea was to get away securely, permanently, quickly from the scene of his humiliation, to forget, if possible, the fiendish onslaught against his dignity and his peace of mind.

The theater and everything pertaining to it became anathema to the quiet-faced, unobtrusive young man, who from that day, for many a year to come, was to carry the sting from a woman's hand across his face and heart, and whose fingers, throughout the years, were to itch to throttle the white neck of Hilda Tappay.

It is, of course, difficult to hypothesize what would have been the destiny of Peter Tarbell had he remained in the atmosphere of the theater. It is, however, fair to assume he had been on the way to higher position, since his rise had been steady from call-boy to general manager of affairs of rear stage.

Be that as it may, from the day Peter walked out, his destiny fell along lesser lines. At forty he was superintendent of a huge apartment house on the residential upper west side of New York. Eleven men worked under him, electricians, janitors, elevator boys and furnace-room men, but in reality, Peter's position, while the salary was practically that of the stage-door regime, was little above that of a managing janitor. His jobs were chiefly menial chores. Locks to be repaired on apartment doors; foyers and elevators to be kept in show state; vacant apartments to be shown to prospective tenants and altercations of one sort or another to be adjusted between his help.

There were compensations, of course. He had married, meanwhile, a quiet, enormously strong and quite personable girl who had been employed as housemaid in one of the apartments of the building in which

he was employed. There were no children. Peter would have liked it, had there been. With the strange pride of the frustrated, strong Tessa would never admit her disappointment.

At fifty, Tessa, with one of those quick corrosive changes which can sometimes attack the strong, began to succumb to a cruel form of rheumatism which knotted her joints so that within a period of two years she became practically bed-ridden. It was terrible to be forced to behold the slow disintegration of the magnificent body that had been Tessa's, and with the physical, there began slowly and surely to sink into desuetude the mental. A companionable, sweet-natured and helpful woman began to slump into a querulous, bed-ridden invalid, half frantic most of the time with pain; intolerant of it, all of the time.

Poor Peter! The spectacle of Tessa, slipping into her invalidism was one which he could only watch with a sense of helpless despair. More and more, her predicament became a drain upon his time and energies.

At fifty-five he had lost the position of superintendent over the large upper west side apartment house, and on smaller pay, and in quarters much more cramped, was presiding over the tawdry destinies of a six-story tenement house on the lower east side. This time his living quarters were two rooms below the level of the sidewalk, and his monthly stipend less than half of what it had been in the larger building. And yet in some ways life was easier. The little apartment he shared with the now completely bed-ridden Tessa, meant fewer hours to devote to the chores of keeping the household moving.

And yet, there was about the environment of this house something so depressing that it seemed to Peter, struggling always with the problem of keeping aloft the sinking spirits of Tessa, as if the rows of days were simply too drab to face. It was not alone his own plight, but day after day there marched before his troubled eyes the woes of the poverty-stricken, the lame, the halt, the blind, who dwelt around them. Evictions, for reasons of poverty or sickness, were not unusual in the house where he acted in the capacity of janitor-of-all-work. Usually this unsavory task fell to him.

It was a grim, bitter job, this business of being janitor to the poverty-stricken families of the building. Sickness lurked under that roof, crime, grime and sometimes even hunger. One old woman, as a matter of fact, had been found dead in her rear apartment of a simple complaint easily diagnosed. Hunger. Little wonder that Tessa, who had always been sensitive to pain of others, lay there not only drenched in her own misery, but seeming to feel, with the antennae of her intuition, the poverty that lay everywhere around her.

Babies cried in the tenements at night. Late unsteady footsteps lurched upstairs. Women in labor pains cried out in the agony of bringing more life into these lusterless homes. From time to time there sped in horror through the dank and narrow house news of a child run over by a truck; the wage-earning head of a household falling from a scaffolding; the son of a household turning gangster and facing the death house.

Lean mean years filled with terror of one sort or another, but through it all Peter and Tessa clinging fast to the murky nest of the two rear rooms they called home and as time moved on Peter becoming more and more obsessed with the fear of losing his job through having to give more and more time to the task of tending Tessa.

The night that he found a ruin of a woman propped up against the door as he was about to enter his apartment proved a memorable one. She was a gin-fogged creature with deep runs of suffering and dissipation down the still white flesh of her face. A wreck of a woman with a strange suggestion of splendor left to her.

It was while he was picking her up to carry her out to the curb and turn her over to the mercies of the corner policeman, that recognition came to Peter. Recognition, and a flash of anger so blinding that it seemed to him for a moment that here, now nothing could prevent his digging talons into the throat of the creature before him. Pent up in him, all through the years, were passions about to be released. Here in his arms a derelict, a remnant, a skeleton of comic opera, was the object of his lifetime of hatred.

Somehow again, once more, it did not work out that way. Peter's talons did not sink in to bluish that last remnant of the beauty of Hilda's throat. He has given her roof, and in her fogged way she knows that a janitor, whom at heart she despises for being a menial has come to her succor.

There are two women for Peter to tend now. The helpless Tessa and the curious temperamental derelict whom they have taken into their home. Sometimes she sings and creates the furore of cracked melody and pitiful dance in the little tenement they all share together.

Sometimes she rises in wrath and strikes the old janitor whose humble lot she shares.

ELLINGTON AND NOVESTA.

Mrs. Wm. Little is spending the week with her daughter, Mrs. Wm. Jackson.

August Hergenreder of Daytona spent Sunday afternoon at the Luke Turkey home.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter Kelley entertained on Sunday, Mr. and Mrs. A. L. Bruce and Arlean Retherford of Deford.

George Bergen and son, Clare, of Flint spent the week end at the Wm. Little home. Mrs. Bergen, who had spent a month here caring for her mother, returned to Flint with them on Sunday.

ELMWOOD.

Delayed letter.

Miss Lettie Loomis and little niece, Dorothy Loomis, of Gageton spent several days with the former's sister, Mrs. Warren O'Dell.

Mr. and Mrs. Aaron Turner entertained on Sunday Mr. and Mrs. Leorie Demo of Unionville and Miss Carrie Dickinson of Flint.

Mr. and Mrs. Pat Mullin entertained friends from Detroit over the week-end and Labor Day.

Mr. and Mrs. Orson Hiser and children of Unionville were Sunday visitors at the Frank Seeley home.

Mr. and Mrs. Leon Belknap and three children of Detroit called at the John Gray home Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. John Gray and Mrs. Jennie Fiddly drove to Marlette Sunday. Mrs. Henry Dodge of Los Angeles, California, who had spent some time here with relatives and friends, returned to the home of her daughter, Mrs. Rambo, at Marlette.

Miss Marion Leishman opened her school in the Salbaugh district in Wells on Monday.

While driving home from school Friday, the front wheel came off the car driven by Clare O'Dell, ditching the car. His sister, Miss Iva, and Miss Wilma Jackson were with him. Miss Jackson's fingers were cut slightly but not seriously.

Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd and three sons of Caro were Sunday callers at the Frank Wright and Ray Rondo homes.

Mrs. Ray Rondo and daughters and Mrs. A. C. Metcalf spent Thursday of last week in Saginaw and Bay City.

River Back in Old Bed

The prediction made years ago that the river Turkestan-Tarim in Chinese Turkestan would abandon its course and return to an ancient channel farther north was recently proved and the Tarim is running where it did 1,600 years ago.

Mortgage Sale.

Whereas, Floyd H. Morgan and Irene L. Morgan, on March 31, 1922, made a certain mortgage to Della P. Martin, recorded April 4, 1922, in the office of the register of deeds for Tuscola county, Michigan, in liber 154 of mortgages on page 377, default being made in the payment of principal, interest and taxes, the mortgagee elects and claims twenty-seven hundred thirty-two dollars now due, no suit or proceedings at law having been instituted to recover the debt secured by said mortgage or any part thereof.

Pursuant to the covenants thereof the lands described below will be sold at public auction, at the front door of the court house in Caro, Michigan, on November 10, 1931, at one o'clock in the afternoon, to satisfy the amount due, costs of foreclosure and the attorney's fee provided therein.

The southeast quarter of the southwest quarter of Section thirty, Township fourteen North Range eleven East, all in the township of Elkland, Tuscola County, Michigan.

August 14th, 1931.

DELLA P. MARTIN, Mortgagee.
John C. Corkins, Attorney for Mortgagee, Cass City, Michigan. 8-14-31

Mortgage Sale.

Default having been made in the conditions of a certain mortgage made by Horace W. Cook and Lillie M. Cook, his wife, to Wilbur S. Ostrander, dated the 24th day of June, A. D. 1926, and recorded in the office of the register of deeds for the County of Tuscola in liber 156 of mortgages on page 45, on which mortgage there is claimed to be due at the date of this notice for principal and interest the sum of Three hundred sixty-seven dollars and sixty-five cents (\$367.65), and the sum of One hundred eighteen dollars and fifty-eight cents (\$118.58) for taxes paid by the mortgagee, and an attorney's fee of twenty-five dollars (\$25.00) as provided for by law, and no suit or proceeding at law having been instituted to recover the money secured by said mortgage, or any part thereof, notice is hereby given that by virtue of the power of sale contained in said mortgage, and the statute in such case made and provided, on the 14th day of November, A. D. 1931, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, Central Standard Time, the undersigned will, at the front door of the Court house in the city of Caro, in Tuscola County, Michigan, that being a place where the Circuit Court for the County of Tuscola is held, sell at public auction to the highest bidder, the premises described in said mortgage, or so much thereof as shall be necessary to pay the amount so as aforesaid due on said mortgage, with seven (7) percent interest and all legal costs together with said attorney's fee, which said premises are described in said mortgage as follows:

The west one half (1/2) of the southwest one quarter (1/4) of Section thirty (30) Town thirteen (13) North, Range eleven (11) East, Novesta Township, Tuscola County, Michigan, containing 80 acres more or less.

Dated August 11, A. D. 1931.

WILBUR S. OSTRANDER
Mortgagee.
Wm. C. Brown, Attorney for Mortgagee, Business Address: 415 Hollister Bldg., Lansing, Michigan.
8-14-31

Turning Back the Pages

Items from the files of Cass City Newspapers of 1896 and 1906.

Twenty-five Years Ago
Sept. 21, 1906.

Aaron T. Bliss, governor of Michigan, 1901-1904, died Sunday morning in Milwaukee.

A number of the Class of 1906 are attending school at different places this year. Four are at Alma, two at Albion, one at the State Normal and three at Cass City.

E. J. Wettlaufer left Wednesday for Detroit to resume college work at the D. C. of M.

The local Moore Telephone system has installed night service with Miss Anna Zinnecker as night operator.

Frank Striffler has gone to Deford where he will enter the employ of J. Frutchey in the elevator at that place.

There will be entertainment at the opera house every night during the week of the fair by a repertoire company managed by Frank Dean.

On Monday evening, the lady teachers of the Cass City Public School were entertained at the home of Miss Bertha McKenzie in honor of Mrs. F. A. Tiedgen.

Rev. R. N. Mulholland left this week to attend the annual M. E. conference at Ishpeming.

At the Democratic county convention held at Caro, the following officers were nominated: Representative, Clare T. Purdy, Gageton; sheriff, H. T. Greenleaf, Denmark; clerk, Jonathan F. Berry, Wells; treasurer, Frank Stone, Fairgrove; prosecuting attorney, Byron L. Ransford, Caro; register of deeds, Hector L. McDermott, Elkland; circuit court commissioner, John Bergendegast, Indianfields; coroners, W. C. Meredith, Caro, and J. Handy, Watrousville; surveyor, Roswell Surine, Columbia.

Richard Lazenby, a former resident of this place, died at Caro last Sunday after many years of illness.

Thirty-five Years Ago
Sept. 24, 1896.

A. Frutchey & Co., wholesale dealer.

HOTTER Sparks BETTER Lighting— with Firestone BATTERIES

Let us show you Firestone Batteries with both rubber and wood insulation, extra height or high oversize plates and other features for extra long and dependable service under hard driving conditions.



BATTERIES — TIRES

Cass City Oil and Gas Co.

Stanley Asher, Manager

Hotels MADISON and LENOX DETROIT



No Glitter—Just Solid Comfort
In the heart of the city, yet away from the noise

\$150 —AND— UPWARD
Garage Adjacent

Vernon W. McCoy, Gen. Mgr.
MADISON AVE. NEAR GRAND CIRCUS PARK

ers in eggs, have shipped from this point 6,100 crates of eggs since Mar. 1. They have 1,100 on hand and expect to receive from 300 to 400 more before the end of the month.

The Star of Bethlehem elected the following officers Monday: Past com., S. Jamieson; com., Wilson Harrison; vice com., Lady Perkins; scribe, Geo. E. Perkins; treasurer, Jos. Wallace; marshal, Jas. W. Armstrong; chaplain, Lady Sherman; I. S., Lady Hillman; O. S., Frank Herr.

M. M. Wickware and N. C. Monroe left Monday morning for Detroit to resume their studies in the Detroit College of Medicine. Mrs. H. L. Edwards left the same day for the Michigan School of Medicine at Detroit to complete her medical course.

Cass City sent a strong delegation to the Union Silver county convention at Caro Monday when the following ticket was nominated: Probate judge, T. J. Eveland, Mayville; sheriff, Henry Dodge, Elmwood; clerk, Jas. McPherson, Tuscola; treasurer, Jas. Colling, Watertown; register of deeds, J. A. McDougall, Cass City; prosecuting attorney, W. J. Gamble, Caro.

A movement is now on foot in Detroit, to adopt the single standard time, instead of standard and local as now used.

Geo. Heberton, section 10, Evergreen, died on Monday, Sept. 21, at the age of 87 years.

CURRENT COMMENT.

The Home Town Newspaper.

How much is a good newspaper worth to a community? That is a question not easily answered, but it is our guess that any village the size of Cassopolis, without the publicity afforded by a newspaper would do far less business than it does with one. The editor of a newspaper may not be of any personal value to his community—and we may not be—but his newspaper is of value to it just the same. The editor may pass on or pass out, but his newspaper goes on just the same telling the world about the community, and the business interests of that community would not have it otherwise. Even those who never make use of the newspaper for publicity purposes in their own business would hate to see their town without one. They may wish the editor in Hong Kong, but they still wish his paper to continue in the home town.—Cassopolis Vigilant.

New Serum Offsets Fatigue

A serum has been found to counteract the poison in the muscles of the body to which fatigue is attributed by some scientists.—Popular Mechanics Magazine.

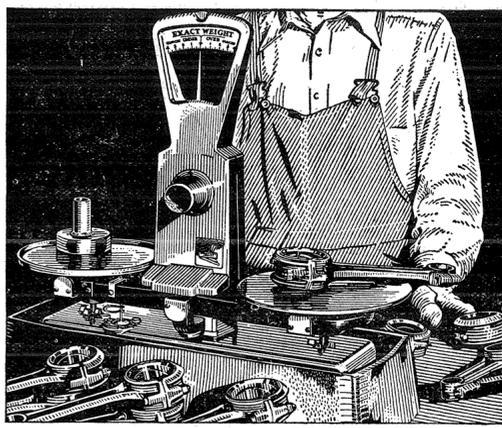
QUALITY SERVICE PRICE WE DELIVER. Independent Grocery

M. D. HARTT Telephone 149

Certo, per bottle - 25c
Rice Krispies 2 pkgs. for 19c
Kellogg's Whole Wheat Biscuit, per box - 10c
Parowax, per lb. pkg. - 9c
Short Cut Macaroni, 2 lbs. for 15c
Schust's filled cookies, per lb. 19c
Pride Washing Powder per package - 17c
Quaker Coffee per lb. 35c

Everything in the Fresh Fruit Line at Attractive Prices!!

Possessing the basic goodness of sound design and fine manufacture



From the selection of raw materials to the completion of the finished Chevrolet product, each process of building, assembling and checking the Chevrolet Six is marked by extreme care and precision. An exhaustive system of test and inspection makes certain that every part meets specified dimensions exactly. Many of these parts are held to limits of one ten-thousandth of an inch. No manufacturer in the industry uses more care or precision in building and testing than Chevrolet.

In planning the motor, Chevrolet engineers were not content to offer the public anything less than tried and proved design. They knew that the only satisfactory way to get smooth, flexible power in a car is to use at least six cylinders. So they adopted the six-cylinder engine without compromise. And this is what you get in today's Chevrolet Six.

As a result of this sound designing and sound manufacturing, you can buy a Chevrolet and know you are getting a genuinely good automobile—soundly designed, soundly built, basically and technically right.

Twenty beautiful models, at prices ranging from \$475 to \$675
All prices f.o.b. Flint, Mich., special equipment extra. Low delivered prices and easy C.M. A.C. terms.

NEW CHEVROLET SIX

See your dealer below

A. B. C. SALES AND SERVICE, Cass City
Associate Dealer—Comment Chevrolet Sales, Gageton, Mich.

Belief Long Held
The earliest expression of the idea that man has moral responsibilities, and that felicity in the next world depends upon character in this, is found in inscriptions inside Egyptian coffins dating back to 2000 B. C.

Pre-War Cases
A court of criminal appeals has held that a man cannot be fined for catching his own fish out of his own pond. And what other cases were held up while that momentous decision was being reached?—Oakland Tribune.

Local Happenings



Store News from Berman's Kingston

We have just returned from the New York Market and we are now receiving daily large shipments of the newest fall and winter Coats, Dresses and Millinery.

Outstanding Dress Values at \$5.95
Puffed sleeves . . . new and youthful necklines . . . moulded hiplines . . . bias cut skirts . . . clever individual details. Canton crepe and Travel Tweed. For school and college wear, for street and afternoon. All sizes 14 to 50. See these new dresses now.

Smart New Sport Coats at \$10
The new woollens this season make these coats by far the smartest that they have ever been, even at considerably higher prices. Featured in the new brown and white mixtures with novel collar and cuff styles. Sizes 14 to 20.

Other New Sport Coats at \$16.75
Self trimmed or with fur collars, silk crepe line and heavily interlined. Styles that are simply adorable. Sizes 14 to 38.

OPENING COAT SPECIAL OF FUR TRIMMED COATS AT \$16.75
Made in the new pebbly woollens, silk crepe lined, with real Manchurian Wolf Collars and Cuffs. Exceptionally smart styles. Sizes 14 to 50. Last year's price of this same quality was \$25.00.

NEWEST MILLINERY, all personally selected late styles featuring the new bicornes and tricornes. Trimmed with feathers, plumes or ribbon. All headsizes priced at \$1.95 \$2.25 \$2.95 and \$3.95.

BERMAN'S DEPT. STORE
KINGSTON, MICH.
Store open evenings: Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday.

Miss Margaret Muntz and Miss Mildred Kriewal were Saginaw visitors Saturday.

Mrs. A. Doerr left Thursday to spend several days with her daughter, Mrs. Norman Fisher, in Royal Oak.

Miss Elyonore Bigelow and Miss Goldie Wilson were Saginaw visitors Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. Audley Kinnaird spent the week-end at their cottage at Oak Bluff.

Mr. and Mrs. Grover H. Burke spent the week-end at their cottage at Caseville.

Mrs. Sarah Ewing left Thursday to spend some time with her son, Charles Ewing, at Pinnebog.

Mr. and Mrs. O. G. Squires of Flint visited their daughter, Mrs. Stanley McArthur, Friday and Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. James Doerr and family of Sandusky visited at the A. Doerr home last week Wednesday.

Eber Gale of Flint came Monday to spend some time with his sister, Mrs. Harry Young.

Mrs. H. Cheeseman of Yale is spending some time with her sister, Mrs. Robert Warner.

Mr. and Mrs. Warren Wood and Mr. and Mrs. B. F. Benkelman Jr. spent the week-end at the Wood cottage at Caseville.

Mrs. Angus McPhail and son, Albert, Misses Pauline and Deloris Sandham and George Glaspie spent Thursday in Saginaw.

Mrs. Willis Campbell entertained at dinner Saturday night in honor of Miss Florence Bigelow. The evening was spent in playing bridge.

Mr. and Mrs. Willard Ball and children of Wickware were Sunday guests at the home of Mrs. Mary Palmer.

Mr. and Mrs. Wallace Nowland and three children of Akron visited at the home of Mrs. Henry Nowland Sunday.

Mrs. James Read and daughters, Miss Marion and Miss Crystal, of Detroit were callers at the Andrew Cross home Friday.

Mrs. Lydia Starr, Mr. and Mrs. Stanley McArthur and Mr. and Mrs. Leo Ware were visitors at North Lake Sunday.

Delmar Striffler left Monday morning to spend several days at the home of his sister, Mrs. George Southworth, at Elkton.

Mr. and Mrs. George Morin of Minden City were Sunday guests of Mr. and Mrs. Ben Kirton. Mrs. Morin and Mrs. Kirton are sisters.

Mr. and Mrs. John Jackson and Mr. and Mrs. Frank Drace, all of Rochester, were callers at the home of Mrs. Harriet Dodge Saturday.

Miss Pauline Knight, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. R. J. Knight, has accepted a position as Home Economics teacher in the Fairgrove school.

Mrs. Stanley McArthur's Sunday School class of little folks of the Baptist church will enjoy a weenie roast this afternoon (Friday) at the church.

Born Monday, September 7, to Mr. and Mrs. Carl Bruckner a daughter, Clara Belle. Mrs. Bruckner will be remembered in Cass City as Lillian Rogers.

Mr. and Mrs. Lester Jersey and two children of Lansing spent from Friday until Sunday evening with Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Wallace, parents of Mrs. Jersey.

Miss Bertha McKenzie of Detroit is spending a few weeks at the home of Mrs. Mary Gekeker on South Seeger street and visiting Cass City friends.

Mr. and Mrs. G. A. Tindale and daughters, Misses Dorothy and Harriet, spent the week-end as guests of Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Sandham at Caseville.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Foster and son, Delwyn, of Millington spent Sunday night and Monday at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Robert Warner and other friends.

The Misses Mabel Crandell, Harriet Tindale, Catherine Hunt, Margaret Landon and Pauline Sandham spent Sunday night and Monday at the Sandham cottage at Caseville.

Lois, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Fred Emigh of Hay Creek, is a patient at the Ann Arbor hospital where she is receiving treatment and may undergo an operation on her hip.

Rev. and Mrs. T. S. Bottrell and Mrs. Harriet Dodge left Tuesday to attend the annual Methodist Ministerial conference held at the Central Methodist church in Detroit this week.

Mr. and Mrs. Joe Lee and family of Decker visited Mrs. Lee's mother, Mrs. Sarah Dorland, Sunday. Lorn Lee, who spent the week-end at his home in Decker, returned to Cass City with his parents Sunday.

Miss Hester Cathcart entertained a few friends at a dinner Friday night at the Verona Hills club house in honor of Miss Florence Bigelow of New York City, who is spending a few weeks' vacation at her home here.

Mr. and Mrs. Otto Nique and daughter, Miss Eleanor, spent Sunday in Detroit. Miss Eleanor left Detroit to resume her duties as assistant chemist in the Woman's Medical college at Philadelphia, Pa. This will be her third year at Philadelphia.

HOLBROOK.
Delayed letter.
The weiner roast at the Horseshoe Bend on Friday night was largely attended and was a very enjoyable affair to all.

Miss Violet Jackson returned on Saturday from her trip with the Apple Blossom Club of Mt. Pleasant. She had a very enjoyable as well as interesting trip, sight-seeing in New York and Washington, D. C. Keith Forbush of Frederick returned here with her to spend a few days, before returning to Mt. Pleasant. Miss Jackson commenced teaching in the Shabbona school on Tuesday.

Mr. and Mrs. N. Ray of Chicago visited at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Lewis.

Mr. and Mrs. Jesse Swartout left on Tuesday for Arizona. Mr. Swartout's health is very poor.

Alfred Strowd of Battle Creek, Mr. and Mrs. Trathen, Mrs. Ruthig and Mrs. Worm of Ubyly were visitors at the Loren Trathen home on Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. Leonard Johnson of Cadillac were visitors of Mrs. Edith Jackson on Monday.

James Hacker and family of Mt. Clemens and John Hacker and family of Detroit visited Mr. and Mrs. John Buggs on Labor Day.

Mr. and Mrs. Volley Rathbun, Mr. and Mrs. Vern Rathbun and family and Mr. and Mrs. Stevens of Detroit and Mrs. John Rathbun and son of Ubyly were visitors at the Jeff Rathbun home Sunday.

Fred Swartout was a visitor among friends in Pontiac and Walled Lake on Sunday.

Miss Emily Tanner and Miss Aletha Morrish visited with their parents over the week-end and returned to Bay City on Monday where they are attending business college.

Lynn and Myron Spencer went to Detroit Friday to exhibit their Hereford steers at the state fair.

Appendicitis
The year 1838 was distinguished by the first operation for disease of the appendix as such. The first decisive step in the direction of modern methods was taken by a London physician named Handcock. The first operation on the appendix performed in the United States was done by R. J. Hall of New York on May 8, 1886.

Freezing Hot Water
Strange things happen to substances under tremendous pressure; for example, water heated to 180 degrees Fahrenheit has been frozen quickly by a pressure of 145 tons per square inch.—Collier's Magazine.

Kindly Errors
Photographs seldom do us justice, being fortunately tempered with mercy.—Florence (Ala.) Herald.

Unreasonable
"It is most important that a golfer should learn to address the ball properly," says a professional. How can he expect it to reach its proper destination if he doesn't?—Humorist.

HEART OF THE NORTH

BY WILLIAM BYRON MOWERY

W.N.U. SERVICE

GOOD RECENT FICTION

Copyright by William Byron Mowery

NOVESTA.
Delayed letter.
Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Phillips and family were Cass City callers on Saturday.

Henry Zollner is working for Elisha Randall for a few days.

Mr. and Mrs. Roy Bunker of Port Huron visited Sunday at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Cunningham.

Arthur Henderson is filling silos for Cecil Lester and Alva Hillman this week.

Miss Madeline Burse spent Sunday night and Monday at the home of Mr. and Mrs. A. H. Henderson. She began her duties as teacher in the Brown school on Sept. 8.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. C. Champion and daughter, Marjorie, of Detroit visited at the A. H. Henderson home on Monday.

A serious accident was missed by a narrow margin Saturday morning when Mr. and Mrs. John Slack came head-on with their car and the milk truck belonging to Clinton Bruce and driven by "Bus" Curtis. The smoke and fog was so dense that neither driver saw the other approaching until only about six feet separated them. Mrs. Slack was the only one injured. A doctor dressed the wound in her hand and she is getting along nicely. Mr. Slack's car was badly wrecked but slight damage was done to the truck. Both were driving slowly or more damage would have resulted. The impact happened near the Slack home.

Varieties of Elms
There are about 20 species of elms known. They are natives of the North Temperate zone and of the southern portions of the Arctic zone. Their southern limits seem to be the Himalayas in Asia and the mountains of southern Mexico. No elms were found native on the Pacific slope of North America.

Real Dollar Bird
While the term "dollar bird" may be used as a slang name for the American eagle, the real dollar bird is an Australian roller, prevailing blue and black in plumage. It is so called from the large roundish spot of white on its wings, shown in flight.

Narrow Way Best
The narrow way commands an incomparably wider, and so far as I am concerned, an incomparably fairer prospect than the primrose path.—Aldous Huxley.

DEFORD

Mrs. A. W. Campfield of Crosswell and Mr. and Mrs. Eldon Leovell of Detroit were Sunday visitors of Mr. and Mrs. Geo. A. Martin. Mrs. Campfield remained for a few weeks' visit.

Mrs. G. A. Martin attended an executive board meeting of the district W. C. T. U. Thursday at the home of Mrs. Bell Waters of Lum.

Mr. and Mrs. Ed. Pearson of Detroit came on Monday to visit the latter's brother, Ben Gage.

On Sunday evening an electric storm visited our little town and struck the Charles Kelley garage. It was slightly damaged.

Mr. and Mrs. John Hicks of Decker called at the Benj. Hicks home on Sunday afternoon.

Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Roberts of Pontiac spent Saturday evening with Ward Roberts.

Mr. and Mrs. Ward Roberts spent Sunday with an aunt, Mrs. L. Plains, of Mayville.

Mr. and Mrs. David Nutt of Colling, spent Sunday at the home of a sister, Mrs. Howard Silverthorn.

Mr. and Mrs. Herman Rock and family spent Sunday at the Melvin Phillips home.

Mrs. Ward Roberts spent from Sunday until Tuesday in Detroit.

Eva Hizer of St. Ignace came on Saturday to stay with her aunt, Mrs. Carrie Lewis, and attend school.

Little Mable Zemke has been on the sick list the past week.

Mr. and Mrs. C. L. Gage of Wilmot ate dinner on Friday of last week with their son, Ben Gage.

Mr. and Mrs. C. L. Gage and son, Chas., of Wilmot and daughter; Mr. and Mrs. E. Pearson of Detroit; Mr. and Mrs. Ben Gage and daughter, Bernice, and a niece, Mrs. Leona Arsenault, left on Tuesday for a trip in northern Michigan.

Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Phillips announce the birth of a son, on Monday of last week.

Miss Della Clark, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John Clark, and Mr. Voloney Wright, were united in marriage on Sept. 9 at the Nazarene parsonage in Deford, by Rev. Mellish. They were attended by Clarence May and Miss Winnifred Kelley. Mr. and Mrs. Wright will live in Caro.

Taste in Butterflies
Butterflies taste with their legs, which are 1,600 times as sensitive as the human tongue.

Proof Against Fire and Weather

Winthrop Tapered Asphalt Shingles

A roof that snuggles against the sheathing tight and weather proof, that can not rot, rust, crack nor blow away, that is proof against sparks, that is thick where exposed yet light as a whole, that offers pleasing combinations of color and the attractive shadow lines of the old wooden shingle—

Isn't That Your Idea of a Perfect Roof?

That is what we are offering at our yard in Winthrop Tapered Asphalt Shingles—the only shingles of the kind in the world.

You can tell Winthrops by their quality, their tapered shape and their trade mark. Let us quote you a price, today on that re-roofing job. Winthrops go on perfectly right over old roofs.

MICHIGAN BEAN COMPANY
"Where you can trade with confidence."
CASS CITY DEFORD GREENLEAF

Here in this Canadian Northland where outlawry was rare and furtive, here on the mighty Mackenzie where river boats time and again carried unguarded cargoes of half a million in furs and gold, a brazen daylight attack upon a big steamer was simply unthinkable. Yet the attack had come—the unthinkable had occurred. The law would act speedily, and in this connection but one man was mentioned: "Baker! Alan Baker! Sergeant Alan Baker—at Fort Endurance!" One passenger was heard to comment: "If Alan goes after the bandits, or whoever goes, he'd better take his luck along!"

One of Many Exciting Moments From Great Serial Story Starting in

The Cass City Chronicle

It's time for a **New Watch** and certainly this is the time to buy it. Be "on time" this year with an up-to-date and accurate watch.

A. H. HIGGINS
Jeweler and Optometrist.
Cass City

Here you can be fitted perfectly in **ENNA JETTICK SHOES FOR WOMEN**

ENNA JETTICK

AAAAA to EEE SIZES 1 to 12 \$5 AND \$6

Listen to ENNA JETTICK MELODIES Sunday Evenings Coast-to-Coast Broadcast over WJZ and Associated Stations

YOU NEED NO LONGER BE TOLD THAT YOU HAVE AN EXPENSIVE FOOT

The New ENNA JETTICK SHOES are decidedly smarter . . . yet just as comfortable as ever

177 Sizes and Widths

Your Size in Stock

UHLMAN'S CARO, MICHIGAN.

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, \$1.50; 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.

Locals

Alfred Kitchen spent Sunday with friends in Brown City. Mrs. Hiram Lewis visited relatives in Flint Wednesday night. Darwin L. Bailey spent the week-end with friends in Harbor Beach.

Mr. and Mrs. Chas. E. Steers spent Wednesday night with friends in Flint.

Mrs. Pauline Miller of Birmingham visited her brother, Wm. Akermann, on Friday.

Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Ward spent Sunday with Mrs. Myrtle Jarvis at Canboro.

Mrs. R. Sheldon of Vicksburg spent last week with her sister, Mrs. Thomas Kelly.

Mrs. J. B. Cootes and Miss Margaret Jondreau left Monday to spend a few days in Detroit.

Born Tuesday, September 8, to Mr. and Mrs. Charles Wallace of Owendale, a daughter.

Mrs. William G. Moore was the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Archie Welch at Elkton Sunday.

Miss Katherine Kelly spent last week in Port Huron as the guest of relatives and friends.

Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Landon attended a meeting of the Macomb County Letter Carriers Association at Armada Saturday night.

Mr. and Mrs. Harve Klinkman and family spent Sunday at the home of Mrs. Klinkman's sister, Mrs. William Cooper, in Flint.

The Cass City Music Study club will meet Wednesday, September 23, with Mrs. Charles Day. This is the first meeting of the year.

Miss Vera McCarron, George, James and Jack Meisner, all of Port Huron and Miss Katherine Kelly spent Thursday in Detroit.

Charlotte, two-months old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Arthur O'Dell, passed away Sunday, September 13. Short services were held Monday, with burial in Elmwood cemetery.

Thomas Hall, who has been employed at Pontiac during the summer, returned to Cass City the last of the week where he makes his home with his sister, Mrs. Anna Patterson.

James Cole of Detroit was a weekend guest at the Charles Kossanek home. Mrs. Cole and daughter, Doris Jean, who had spent the week here, returned to Detroit with him Sunday evening.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Tate and three children, Jean, Buddy and Georgene, spent Sunday with Mrs. Tate's mother, Mrs. Maude Leeson, at Brown City where they celebrated the first birthday of Georgene Tate.

Glen Benkelman returned to his home in Cleveland Sunday after spending a week with relatives here. His mother, Mrs. John Benkelman, accompanied him to Cleveland and will spend two weeks there.

George Bergen and son, Clare, of Flint spent from Friday until Sunday evening with relatives here. Mrs. Bergen, who has spent several weeks caring for her mother, Mrs. William Little, returned home with them.

E. O. Kohlhaas and daughter, Mrs. Frank Cuthbert, of Detroit were guests at the C. L. Graham home Sunday. Mrs. Kohlhaas, who had spent several weeks with her sister, Mrs. Graham, returned to Detroit with them.

Mrs. Alex Graham and son, Raymond, of Detroit were weekend guests of Cass City relatives. Mrs. D. R. Graham, who had spent two weeks with relatives in Rodney, Canada, and in Detroit, returned to her home here with them.

Mrs. Samuel Champion, Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Champion and son, James, spent from Thursday until Sunday evening in Toledo, Ohio, when they attended the funeral of Mrs. Samuel Champion's sister, Mrs. Madge King. Mrs. King was forty years of age and had been ill for several years. Funeral services were held Saturday.

Supt. L. D. Randall of Cass City has received an invitation to the convention of the Michigan conference of City School Superintendents to be held at the Park Place hotel in Traverse City Sept. 25 and 26. Economics in school finance will be the principal topic of discussion. Aside from their meetings, the superintendents will be guests at the Northwestern Michigan Fair on the first day of the convention and will be the guests, at the Cedar Lodge golf course on Northport Point for a golf tournament on the second afternoon.

The Parent-Teachers Association held the first meeting of the 1931-32 school year Friday evening, Sept. 11, in the high school auditorium. The occasion was a reception for the teachers of the local school, only three of whom are new this year—Miss Reed, music and art; Miss Countryman, sixth grade; Miss Kriewal, second grade. After introductions were completed, light refreshments were served by a committee of mothers. An informal program was then presented during which the following gave brief talks: Rev. P. J. Allured, who presided as chairman; John A. Sandham, president of the board of education; Supt. L. D. Randall, Rev. W. R. Curtis, Robert Warner, Mrs. A. J. Knapp, Mrs. H. L. Pocklington of Algonac and Mrs. A. A. Ricker. Miss Reed presided at the piano during community singing.

Mr. and Mrs. Reynolds spent the week-end with relatives in Saginaw. Miss Lura DeWitt of Detroit is spending a few weeks in Cass City. Frederick Brown and Caswell Hunter were callers in Mt. Pleasant Tuesday.

Miss Helen Kelley left last week to enter Mercy hospital at Bay City as a student nurse.

Mrs. Robert Orr of Pigeon visited her parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. D. Striffler, Tuesday.

The W. C. T. U. will meet at the home of Mrs. Lewis Law on Friday, Sept. 25, at 2:30 p. m.

Born Wednesday, September 9, to Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Spencer of Deford a son, Charles Emanuel.

Mrs. Celia Edgerton visited her son, Dr. A. C. Edgerton, at Clio on Wednesday night and Thursday.

Roy McKenzie and daughter of Buffalo, New York, was a caller in Cass City Saturday and Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Reid, Mrs. Harriet Boyes and daughter, Miss Marjorie, spent Tuesday in Saginaw.

Mr. and Mrs. Ward Kelley and children of Fairgrove were Sunday guests of Mr. and Mrs. Dan DeLong.

Miss Luella McBurney spent from Wednesday until Friday at the home of her uncle, Edward Rose, at Argyle.

Mr. and Mrs. Grant Pinney of Detroit were weekend guests of Mr. Pinney's mother, Mrs. Edward Pinney.

Mr. and Mrs. Hugh McBurney and daughter, Mavis, visited at the Edward Rose home at Argyle Sunday evening.

Mr. and Mrs. R. M. Hunter of Detroit spent last week with Mrs. Hunter's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Walter Mark.

Mr. and Mrs. Leonard Brown and son, D. A., and Mrs. Amelia Bueschlin of Kilmanagh were callers in Cass City Sunday.

The Jolly Farmers' Club will meet at the Robert Warner home on Thursday evening, Sept. 24. A pot luck lunch will be served.

Harold Hulbert had the misfortune to break his collar bone while practicing with the football team Wednesday afternoon.

Mr. and Mrs. A. C. Meredith and Mr. and Mrs. Manke of Caro were callers at the home of Rev. and Mrs. C. F. Smith Monday.

Miss Carolyn Hurley of Detroit came the first of the week to spend some time with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Jacob Hurley.

Mr. and Mrs. Manley Mason of Goodrich and George Mountney, of Flint, were Sunday visitors at the Milton Sugden home.

Mr. and Mrs. William Adams of Brooklyn, Michigan, visited Rev. and Mrs. C. F. Smith from Monday until Wednesday. Mrs. Adams is a sister of Mrs. Smith.

Mrs. Wm. Glendenin of Flint spent several days last week with her niece, Mrs. M. Sugden. Thursday, Mrs. Glendenin, Mrs. Sugden, and son, J. D., spent the day with relatives at Sandusky.

Mrs. P. A. Schenck entertained a number of friends Tuesday afternoon of last week. Bridge was played at three tables, prizes being won by Mrs. A. J. Knapp and Mrs. Edward Pinney.

Mr. and Mrs. George Waite and Miss Margaret Smith of Flint spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. Clifford Guyette. Mrs. Guyette is a daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Waite. Miss Smith remained to spend the week here.

Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Carpenter of Flint spent the week-end with Mrs. Carpenter's parents, Mr. and Mrs. B. F. Benkelman, Sr. On Sunday, Mr. and Mrs. Benkelman and their guests spent the day at the Benkelman cottage at Caseville.

Mr. and Mrs. Levi DeLong entertained Sunday Mr. and Mrs. William Carnegie and two sons, Willard and Roff, of Palmyra, Ontario, Mr. and Mrs. Everett Wright and little son, Howard, of Detroit. Mrs. Carnegie and Mrs. Wright are daughters of Mrs. DeLong.

The Chronicle starts a new serial story, "Heart of the North," in this number. The story was purchased from the Western Newspaper Union at Detroit. Betty K. Gustner, a representative of that company, in acknowledging the receipt of the order, writes: "If Chronicle readers like the serial as well as I did, it's going to be mighty popular—it's a dandy story!"

Gerald, seven year old son of Mr. and Mrs. E. W. Kercher, had an experience Friday afternoon which he will not care to try again. Gerald and a boy chum were walking east on the pavement. As they were about to pass a car parked at the side of the road, the car started and the boys decided to catch the bumper and run along with the car. Gerald, to go his companion one better, jumped up onto the bumper to ride and was thrown when trying to get off. He was taken to his home by a passing motorist when it was found he had received many bruises and a severe shaking up. The occupants of the car knew nothing of the accident. Gerald was able to attend school Monday.

Gap Famous in History Snickers gap is famous because it was through it during the Civil war that the Army of the Shenandoah marched on Richmond. The gap marks the abandoned course of a small stream. Through what is known as stream piracy, the head waters of Beaver creek were stolen by the Shenandoah river.

Churches

Presbyterian Church—Paul Johnson Allured, Minister, Sunday, Sept. 20: Morning Worship, 10:30. Sermon: "A Balanced Ration for a Healthy Soul." Church School at noon. Adult lesson: "The Council in Jerusalem." Acts 15:22-29.

Young People's Meeting 6:30. Joint evening service, 7:30 in this church. "Mahatma Gandhi—the World's Most Christ-like Non-Christian."

Thursday, Sept. 17—7:45, Devotional conference based on this quotation: "Life needs evermore closer contact with God, clearer wisdom from God, a deeper fellowship with God."

Decker M. E. Circuit—Shabbona Church—Sunday School at 10:30 a. m. Morning service at 11:30 a. m. Young people's service at 8:00 p. m. Prayer Service on Tuesday at 8:00 p. m.

Decker Church—Sunday School at 10:30 a. m. Morning services at 11:00 a. m. Prayer Service Tuesday at 8:00 p. 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.

L. Blackmer will preach at the Shabbona Church, and Mrs. James at the Elmer and Decker churches.

J. H. James, Pastor

Evangelical Church—Sunday school 10:00 a. m. Sermon 11:00. Theme "Salt." Senior and junior leagues, 6:45 p. m. Holy communion service conducted by Rev. C. A. Wilkie, 7:30. Prayer service, Thursday, 8:00 p. m. C. F. SMITH, Pastor.

Mennonite Church—Sunday morning, preaching at Riverside at ten o'clock; subject, "The Supplanter Uprooted." Sunday school at ten thirty.

At the Mizpah church, preaching at eleven thirty, topic, "Following Christ at a Distance."

The evening service will be at Mizpah with devotional exercises at eight o'clock followed by sermon on the threefold crucifixion.

The pastor is sufficiently recovered from his recent operation to have charge of all services again.

G. D. Clink, Pastor.

First M. E. Church—There will be no services in this church Sunday on account of the annual conference held in the Central M. E. church in Detroit.

Contrary to the notice given last Sunday, the primary classes will meet as usual.

T. S. Bottrell, Minister.

St. Pancratius Church—Services at 8:00 o'clock on Sunday morning. Sunday school immediately after services. Rev. William X. Fitzpatrick, Pastor.

Baptist Church—Preaching Sunday morning at 10:30. Theme, "Ruined for Want of Attention." Sunday School at 11:45. Cecil Brown, superintendent.

B. Y. P. U. at 6:30 in charge of the Stewardship commission, John Curran, director.

Preaching at 7:30. Theme, "The Man Who Came to His Downfall by Getting Sore at a Very Small Affair."

Happy-Half-Hour at 8:30. There is to be special music for this service.

Prayer meeting and Bible study on Thursday evening at 7:00.

Choir rehearsal Thursday evening at 8:30.

Brotherhood meeting at Fairgrove Presbyterian church next week Sunday afternoon and evening.

The house was well filled last Sunday evening to listen to the drama given by the Millington Methodist people. Each part was well played, and the costumes very fitting to the parts. The drama very forcefully drove home the denial of Peter and his final return with great victory. All said "That was a very strong sermon."

Expressive Gestures Highly emotional people frequently express themselves by gestures. Primitive man used gestures to make himself understood, as languages were simple and did not express the full meaning he wanted to convey. Gesturing as an accompaniment to speech seems to be more natural and inherent in the Latin races, and may be termed a racial characteristic.

Moral Indignation "What an anomaly, that so-called Christian people should ever show anger!" exclaims a writer. Quiet anger that aims its blows against evil has its place. Spluttering, blustering anger for selfish ends is a different thing.—Exchange.

Lasting Honeycomb Bees make their honeycomb to last for years. If it is not disturbed by man, it is handed down through many generations. It is not unusual for a comb to be in use 20 years or more if periodically cleaned and repaired by the bees.

and Mrs. Frank Hegler. Sunday dinner guests were Mr. and Mrs. George Hartsell of Grant.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Ball returned home after a week of absence visiting at Clyde, Howell and Lansing.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Bentley entertained on Sunday Mr. and Mrs. Bemis Bentley, son, William, and boy friend of Lapeer and Mr. and Mrs. Ellison Biddle of Fairgrove.

Mr. and Mrs. Oscar Jenereaux and children of Pontiac, and Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Phillips of Flint spent Saturday night and Sunday at the home of their grandfather, Geo. Hillman.

Mr. and Mrs. John Burse of Cass City spent Sunday afternoon at the Duncan McArthur home.

Mr. and Mrs. James Richter and son, Miss Iva Biddle and Miss Teresa Sangster were Sunday visitors at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Patch.

The Hack and Huffman reunion held at the "Old Mill Pond," one mile south of Dryden, was attended by a large number. There were plenty of good eats and a very good time was reported by all.

Mr. and Mrs. Sam Gowan of Marlette and Miss Anna Gowan and boy friend of Detroit were Sunday evening callers at the Arthur Perry home.

Mrs. Arthur Perry and daughter, Mrs. Hollis Burgam, visited the former's mother, Mrs. Wallace Withely, at Cass City on Sunday.

CASS CITY MARKETS. September 17, 1931. Wheat No. 2, mixed 46. Wheat, red 44. Oats, bu. 19. Peas, bushel 1.25. Rye, bu. 32. Beans, cwt. 8.40. Light red kidney beans 4.00. Dark red kidney beans 6.00. Barley, cwt. 75. Buckwheat, cwt. 1.25. Butter, lb. 30. Eggs, dozen 20. Hogs, live weight 5. Cattle 3.5. Calves 8. Hens 12.19. Broilers 14.17. Geese 10. White ducks, 5 lbs. and up, lb. 15.

"DoubleCrossing" Doctor Vizetelly says that a New York boss in the early 1930s testified before an investigating committee that when a constituent asked a favor he made a record of the name and fact that if he intended to grant the petition he marked a cross after the name. Sometimes he would change his mind, in which case he added a second cross. In his testimony he would say, "I crossed Smith; I double-crossed Jones." Possibly this is the origin of the expression "double-cross" as used today.

Larger Than National Capitol The Capitol at Washington is 746 feet long and 270 feet wide. The palace of the Dalai Lama at Lhasa is 1,000 feet long, four stories in height, surmounted by a large dome covered with gold, as are also the peristyle pillars in front. It contains 490 rooms and 1,333 windows. The building was commenced 1,200 years ago and the most recent addition is 200 years old. A hamaserie nearby shelters 7,500 lamas.

Being Happy Fashionable Saying one is happy seems to be the proper thing in China, according to Dr. Randolph Sailer, psychologist at Yenching university. Of 500 workers questioned, only 60 admitted that their happiness was below par, and none was a complete pessimist. Happiness is not affected by money, education or jobs, Doctor Sailer and his co-workers found. Smokers and non-smokers both were happy. And married men were happier, as a rule, than bachelors.

Warfare on Ants Ants infesting house timbers, which have not been previously impregnated with creosote, may sometimes be reached and killed by the abundant use of kerosene injected by means of a syringe, or where the timbers are accessible, by spraying or soaking them with kerosene. All timbers which have been mined and weakened should be replaced with timbers protected with creosote.

John Retherford of Midland was a visitor Monday at the home of his parents, Mr. and Mrs. L. M. Retherford.

John Clark was a visitor Monday at Imlay City.

Mr. and Mrs. Eldon Bruce and children of Fairgrove visited Friday at the R. E. Bruce home. Betty Jean and Martha remained until Sunday.

After a couple of weeks' stay at the Chas. Tedford home, Chas. Tedford, Sr., returned to his home at Lum.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Hegler of Highland Park were guests, Wednesday to Friday, at the home of Mr.

Grist Screenings ELKLAND ROLLER MILLS TOLD BY ROY You Must be Satisfied. Published Every Friday. Vol. 7. Sept. 18, 1931 No. 11. Published in the interest of the People of Cass City and vicinity by the Elkland Roller Mills Edited by Roy. One young man of our acquaintance told us the other day his ambition was to be a cake tester at the state fair. The reputation of Cavalier coal is well known in the community. Better order yours now. Our price is right. The trouble with those radio bed-time stories is that the children usually have forgotten all about them by the time they go to bed. Exchange your wheat for flour and save the difference. Buying cheap products to save money is like stopping the clock to save time. After all, it's quality and satisfaction that really counts more than price. And Cavalier is the chief of all coals—

Lower Prices on Fertilizer We have a fresh supply of these well known brands Welch Chemical Co. Farm Bureau Double AA Quality Royster's At from \$4.00 to \$5.00 less per ton than last spring's prices. Farm Produce Co. TELEPHONE 54

1,000 Feeding Pigs at Auction Caro, Michigan, on Monday, Sept. 21 Commencing at 1:30 p. m. These pigs are a very fancy lot, weighing from 40 to 125 pounds. Have been double treated more than 21 days prior to shipment. Mostly purebred Polands, Hampshires, Durocs, etc. Were bought in the dried-out section of South Dakota and shipped directly to Caro. If you have never seen 1,000 pigs together, attend this sale. Don't give your feed away. Buy these good pigs and market your grain for three times what you can get by selling it. SALE POSITIVELY WILL BE HELD RAIN OR SHINE Terms announced on day of sale. Out of town buyers please make your own banking arrangements. Biers Pig Company Mendota, Illinois

Mr. Farmer, advertise your Auction in the columns of the Chronicle.



WORRIES.

In the official bulletin of the American Educational Association, I read an essay on "Worries", which was very interesting and true. "Worry is not a feeling of down-heartedness at actual obstacles and difficulties," it reads, "It is not fear of real danger. It is fear of the unknown. It is not the danger we face that sends cold shivers galloping up and down our spines. It is the danger we cannot see. And this danger that we imagine lurks right around the corner may have no other existence than that which we give it in our imaginations."

"I am an old man," said a philosopher, "and I have had many troubles but most of them never happened." And so it is with all of us. Our trouble is that we persist in forming judgment before we have the facts upon which we form it. We are afraid something unpleasant or unfortunate may happen, and immediately we begin to take it for granted that something unpleasant or unfortunate is bound to happen. And so we give way to worry.

Such state of mind tells two things. It tells first that one lacks a sense of humor, and second, that one lacks common sense enough to suspend judgment until whatever is really going to happen has a chance to show itself.

Worry is a term that describes more than our reflections to material influences. It applies to personal affairs, also. For example, we often say of a person who does not quite fit our ideas, that we are worried about what he may do next. Possibly this worry, as we call it, does not arise out of anything he has ever done. It is simply that we do not understand what is going on in his mind, and what his intentions may be. Ten to one he is using better judgment and effort than we give him credit for and what he does will not harm us—may even be of benefit. But we do not understand, and, therefore, we worry about it.

Sometimes we worry about our work. We are afraid that the plant may close down or go on half time, or that our job is going to be handed to somebody else, or that someone else is going to get a certain promotion. So we allow ourselves to be so perturbed in mind that it seriously interferes with getting things done, and helps to bring on the very trouble we fear.

Worry is never helpful in forming judgment according to facts. It does not assist in bringing about the best that can happen. Worry jumps at conclusions, passes judgment in advance of events, and does its damage before reason has a chance to come to the rescue.

To persist in worrying is to deal a death blow to health and vitality.

Doctors are very frank in their declaration that worry poisons the whole human machine. It not only plays havoc with the nerves, but serves in turn to interfere with the natural working of all bodily functions. The great tragedy of worry is that it is so futile as a force in combating the unknown. Events do not yield to worry. They can only be met by thoughtful preparations. The person who wastes no energy in worry has more strength to meet the problems of each successful day.

Some people find it easier to worry and fret about other's success than to prepare for their own good, and about the possible ill fortune of tomorrow than to get busy and make sure that tomorrow will bring good fortune instead of ill. But worry is never easy on its victim. It is a feeling to fight off and put out of mind.

Anticipation of misfortune invites it. Action averts it. The person who worries is simply suffering from what has not happened. The logical course is to wait for events to happen and meanwhile work to help make things come out right.

The way to master a situation is not by sitting down and making the worst of it. It is by standing up and making the best of it.—James H. Anderson, Editor Kansas City Labor News.

The Real Question The question for each man to settle is not what he would do if he had means, time, influence and educational advantages, but what he will do with the things he has.—Anon.

LIGHTS of NEW YORK

Theodore Roosevelt practically never forgot a name. Perhaps that is why he was President. Personally, I couldn't even run for a train on that platform. I cannot remember names, and my mother is no better at it than I am.

In this regard, any association of ideas is a snare and a delusion. One reason is that when you want to remember a name you usually are in a hurry. Either you are trying to introduce somebody or you unexpectedly meet some one out of his accustomed niche.

Those with a good memory for names regard you with pity and tolerance. The fact that you do not forget persons seems to carry little weight. If you say, "You know the chap I mean—that bearded author who goes about with Gene Tunney—the tall old Irish fellow who writes plays," they exclaim in shocked tones: "Surely, you are not speaking of Bernard Shaw!"

Persons are such egoists that they rarely help you out on names. Few, for example, step up and say, "I'm Manuel, former king of Portugal. Do you remember me?" That's Old world courtesy. Most of them are like the man of whom Jim Corbett tells his famous story, the member of a crowd of several thousand who met Jim at the station when he was champion, and who later said, "Of course, you remember me. I was the man in the brown derby."

I hate to blow the whistle on Jack Dempsey, but Jack has been getting away too long with a reputation for a great memory. The truth is that he has a system. He just says, "Hello, pal" to everybody. I heard him do that once to a particularly annoying butter-in. "Is he your pal?" I asked him a bit severely. "I never saw the dumb cluck before," said Jack cheerfully, "but they're all my pals."

Few have the moral courage to admit that they don't remember. Frequently I stall until I have had a chance to go over the alphabet and try the theory of association. Then usually I triumphantly address "Mr. Tiger" as "Mr. Lion, or "Mr. Pick-erel" as "Mr. Pike." Gene Tunney used to be honest. He would say, "I am sorry. I don't remember you, but I am glad to see you." Then some one who had probably shaken hands with him at a training camp would go away calling him ill-mannered and "high hat."

George Creel has the courage of his convictions. He was standing with a senator once in Washington, when a man rushed up and said, "You don't know my name." "Why should I?" demanded Mr. Creel. "I don't even remember you." The senator sighed. "I wish," he said, "I had the nerve to do that." Franklin P. Adams is fond of such things as crossword puzzles, but refuses to spend his time in guessing contests. If some one calls him on the telephone and says, "I bet you don't know who this is," he replies promptly, "You win," and hangs up the receiver.

Women, even the most beautiful and interesting, are hardest to remember because of the faculty they have of completely changing their appearance with a hat or gown. I still grow warm with embarrassment when I think of a woman I met one morning on Fifth avenue. It was in the days when they wore those hats they pulled down over their noses. "You don't remember me," she said laughingly. I knew I had seen and talked with her somewhere, but couldn't for the life of me call her by name. It developed that I had sat next to her at a dinner the previous evening.

I am told that the government of Porto Rico is making every effort to encourage athletics. It has decided to erect a grandstand and lay out a baseball diamond in Munoz Rivera park at a cost of over \$60,000. The Brooklyn baseball team played in Cuba this spring, and has apparently just about recovered from the trip. Perhaps next season it can be induced to go to Porto Rico.

They have a new press box at the Polo grounds. It hangs suspended, like a bird cage, from the upper stand. Those of us who knew the old press box, on ground level, never are going to like this one. The old press box was a sort of club, where in the old days you could find Irvin Cobb, Will Irwin, Charlie Van Loan and any number of actors and old ball players. You could hear much of what the players said as they crossed to and fro, and sometimes they would stand by the netting and join in the conversation. The new press box is as strictly for work as a cashier's cage. It has none of the friendliness or atmosphere of the old. Stories written there may gain in accuracy, but they will never have the color.

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MAYBE TRUE

Walter Damosch was praising negro spirituals. "Our negroes are wonderful," he said. "Their talk is as good as their music." "I heard two colored porters quarreling in a railroad station. "Ah knows wot Ah's talkin' about," said the first porter. "Does yo' fink Ah ain't got no brains?" "Brains, nun?" said the second porter. "Nigga, if brains was dynamite yo' couldn't blow off yore cap."

Natural Art The Victorian grandparent disapprovingly gazed on his young granddaughter. "Art, my dear," he observed sentimentously, and pointing an accusing finger to her lipstick, "art cannot improve on nature." "Oh, rot, old bean," she cried cheerfully. "Think how perfectly comie yo'd look without your false teeth."

ONE LITTLE GOOSE



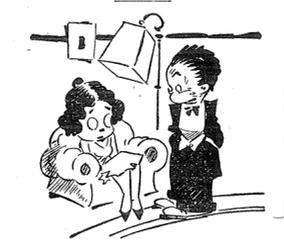
He—You certainly are a little goose. She—Well, I'll admit I've led you a wild-goose chase all right.

Sex You! The shots in golf That ring our soul Are the almost putts That rim the hole!

Keeping the Home Cheerful "Who won the game?" asked the woman. "We did. Are you a baseball enthusiast?" "Not exactly. But I make it a rule to find out about the game so as to know whether to mention it to my husband when he gets home."—Washington Star.

Making It Easier Nervous Patient—For weeks I've been fighting a terrible desire to kill myself. Doctor—Tut, tut! Nervous Patient—But I've decided that suicide is a sin; so I've come to you.

CAME IN HANDY



"Did Donald take it very much to heart because Marion gave back his ring." "No, he took it to a pawnshop."

Why Is It My radio works perfectly when we are at home alone, but if a skeptic happens in The wave lengths moan and groan.

Quite Popular Movie Actress—Any mail for me today? Secretary—Only an advertising circular from an electric fan company. Movie Actress—How wonderful! I've received some fan mail at last!

Not His Fault Minister—I see from your black eye, Williams, that you have been fighting again. What you need, my poor friend, is self-control. Williams—What I need isn't self-control—it's wife control.

Expensive First Farmer—That rainmaker is going to charge us \$1,000 for that shower yesterday. Second Farmer—H'm, I suppose that's what they mean by saving up for a rainy day.

Making History "That man is one of those who make history." "Yes," replied Senator Sorghum; "but he insists on trying to make it to suit himself."—Washington Star.

Good News Young Composer—I've had great news today. Friend—Sold your new song? Young Composer—No, I discovered a publisher I hadn't sent it to!

Sometimes Necessary Reid—Do you believe it bad luck to put up an umbrella in the house? Lewis—It's going to be bad luck for my landlord if he doesn't fix our roof so we won't have to!

No Trouble "Tommy gets along with his wife very well." "Why shouldn't he? His dad owns a millinery house."

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This Week by ARTHUR BRISBANE

Watch Snowden, Fighter Gandhi Threatens Belgium Laughs Last The Most Useful Age

Phillip Snowden, fighting chancellor of the British exchequer, possesses qualities that England needs. "Come the world against us, England yet shall stand."

That is Snowden's challenge as he announces taxes enormously increased, a slash in the dole, in the pay of teachers, army, navy and police, higher taxes on beer, gasoline, tobacco.

Those that dance must pay the piper. Gandhi, the "peaceful one," bound for England, lands at Marseilles with the not very peaceful remark that the British government, in such deep trouble, must necessarily yield to his demands. If it does not yield, says he, there will be a new boycott and greater bloodshed.

But the Mahatma may be disappointed. Englishmen possess a quality that sometimes disappoints those that expect them to back down. And if there is increased bloodshed, it will be largely Hindu blood, of whom there are 300,000,000 in India, against 100,000 British forces.

Who laughs last, laughs best. Belgium had a sad time when the war started. You remember about "not more than one lump of sugar, one small pat of butter, etc., for Belgium's sake." Now Belgium finds herself prosperous in the middle of the world's slump, her bonds above par, with a high "gold coverage" of 86 per cent of her notes. Her antiquated industrial plants that were destroyed by Germans have been replaced, at Germany's expense, with new, modern plants of greater capacity.

The head of the Belgian National bank, Paul Van Zeeland, considers Belgium's economic status "the most secure in all Europe."

The census bureau reports more old and fewer young people than ten years ago. At present 47,608,991 are under nineteen years, 36,152,869 are between twenty-five and forty-four years of age, called "the most useful years." Fortunately for those older, some are found useful long after forty-four; for instance, Goethe, who finished the second part of "Faust" at seventy-two; Voltaire, Michelangelo and Titian, who did great work after eighty, and Von Moltke, Pope Leo and Gladstone, in their prime of usefulness past eighty. A cabbage is most useful at three months, an oak tree later.

Bestow, please, an approving thought on William Lee, twenty-six-year-old Chinese, who lives in Brooklyn. Three thugs surrounded Lee, commanding: "Hand over your money." Under such circumstances the proud Caucasian usually hands it over. Lee hit one Caucasian thug on the nose, kicked the other in the shins, pushed the third into the gutter and ran. They overtook him, threw him down, kicked him in the head, stabbed him in the left side and in the back, and when he was unconscious, robbed him, getting \$4 cash and a wrist watch. But Mr. Lee got the glory and set a good example to proud Caucasians.

Belize, capital of British Honduras, was struck by a tropical hurricane, buildings wrecked, 400 killed. The same hurricane, typhoon, gale or cyclone, call it what you will, or another like it, struck Porto Rico, killed two, taking roofs from hundreds of houses in San Juan.

Danger in these tropical hurricanes consists in the whirling power of the cyclone, which usually moves slowly, about fifteen miles an hour, over land or water. Flyers and steamers easily escape by turning from their path.

Men are still barbarians, where religious controversies are concerned. At Jonesboro, Ark., martial law is needed because Rev. Mr. Jeffers, evangelist, accuses the pastor of the First Baptist church of unbecoming conduct.

Five thousand prayerful persons crowded the revival tent to hear more about that, while National Guardsmen with fixed bayonets stood outside. The evangelist said: "I get my sermons from God, not the governor or any one else," and announces that martial law won't influence him.

Our government might send a commission to Chile, to report on Chile's experience with airplanes. Rebellious sailors took possession of Chile's navy. The government sent a tiny but loyal airfleet after them with bombs. Some sailors jumped overboard, others held up their hands and quit. That mutiny is over. Airplanes were too much for floating ships, and Chile announces: "An increased air budget," as the navy surrenders to bombers.

Our government might divert to airplane building some of the millions now thrown away on floating targets called battleships.

King George of England, of his own accord, contributes \$250,000 a year from his "civil list" to help British finances. His wife, Queen Mary, and their son, the prince of Wales, contribute in proportion.

King George and his advisers are wise. That is why he is still on the throne.

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GAGETOWN

Mr. and Mrs. M. P. Freeman transacted business in Saginaw Friday. Miss Nina Munro of Owosso spent the week-end at her parental home here.

Mrs. Anna Wilson and Mrs. Martin Walsh were among our sick folks the past week.

Jas. Secor and the Misses Irene Dupree and Mildred McDonald were Bay City callers Saturday.

A number from here attended the funeral of Frank Harrison at the Bad Axe Presbyterian church Monday. The body was brought from Detroit and interment was made in Bad Axe cemetery. The Masonic order of the Bad Axe Chapter took charge of the funeral services at the grave. Mr. Harrison was well known here. He leaves his widow and little daughter. Mrs. Harrison and daughter and mother, Mrs. John Quinn, spent the summer here on the Quinn farm.

Miss Lucile Bartholomy entertained Misses Beatrice Freeman and Pauline Hunter at bridge Monday evening in honor of her guest, Miss Florence Rau, of West Branch.

Mrs. Jules Goslin and daughter, Eileen, and son, Jimmie, spent the week-end in Detroit visiting friends.

Mrs. Mary LaFave of Detroit is spending two weeks visiting friends here.

Miss Helen O'Mally is spending the week in Detroit.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry LaFave and Mr. and Mrs. Leo Kehoe spent Sunday in Detroit.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank O'Neil and Patrick Kehoe of Pontiac spent the week-end with Mr. and Mrs. Patrick Kehoe.

Mr. and Mrs. John O'Rourke spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. Dan O'Rourke and family.

A company of friends gathered at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Edward Kehoe Saturday evening to celebrate his birthday.

Mrs. Peter Bartholomy and Miss Lucille Bartholomy were callers in Bay City Tuesday.

Mrs. J. Reynolds and sons, James and Thomas, of Detroit are visiting Charles Rocheleau.

Mr. Rocheleau has purchased the eighty-acre farm of William and Albert Bartholomy adjoining Arthur Carolan's place.

Mr. and Mrs. Peter Bartholomy attended the gentleman's evening and dinner of the Brookfield Woman's Furnishing Club Monday evening at the John Gettel home, west-of-Owendale.

A large number of spectators gathered on the street in front of the Gagetown Hardware Co.'s store to witness the log chopping contest promoted by the Plum Axe Co., between Will Simmons, the representative of Gagetown, who chopped the log in five minutes and fifty-five seconds, and Mr. McArlen, the representative of the Plum Axe Co., who chopped the log in one minute and fifty seconds. Mr. Simmons received a Plum axe for his efforts.

Early Congresses Congress moved from New York to Philadelphia December 6, 1790; and stayed there until May 14, 1800. The Capitol at Washington was first used by congress when it reconvened in October, 1800.

Simple Gambling Game The game of cracklool is a form of gambling in which the participants pitch coins to or toward the ceiling in such a manner that they will fall as near as possible to a crack in the floor.—Exchange.

Pastime Theatre

CASS CITY HARRY HOBOLTH, Manager A DELUXE THEATRE NEW SOUND SYSTEM

Fri., Sat., Sept. 18-19 10c and 25c Tom Keene, Marion Shilling and Nick Stuart in

"SUNDOWN TRAIL" A romantic thriller of the West. Also Slim Summerville in "Here's Luck," Aesop's Fables, "The Fly Guy."

Sun., Mon., Sept. 20-21 10c and 25c Rose Hobart in one of the Finest Pictures of Today

MOTHER'S MILLIONS Comedy, "She Snoops to Conquer." Kracy Kat Cartoon. News.

Tues., Wed., Sept. 22-23 Helen Twelvetrees' greatest triumph

A WOMAN OF EXPERIENCE Also two reel comedy and cartoon.

ELKLAND AND ELMWOOD TOWN LINE

Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Simmons, son, Elmer, Mr. and Mrs. A. Anthers and sons, and Mr. and Mrs. O. H. Karr spent Sunday at Waterworks Park near Bay City.

Mrs. E. A. Livingston and Mrs. Yokom spent Friday with Mrs. James Purdy.

Mr. and Mrs. Richard Karr and family spent Sunday at the Elmer Butler home.

Mrs. Yokom spent Wednesday with Mrs. Hattie Boyce in Cass City.

Mr. and Mrs. Harold Evans and family and Myrtle Walters spent Sunday in Caseville.

Mr. and Mrs. Selah Butler, Mrs. E. Butler and Dorus Butler called on Mrs. Yokom Sunday afternoon.

Miss Florence Smith of River Rouge spent the week-end at her home here.

ARGYLE

Mr. and Mrs. Bruce Garber and family of Pontiac were week-end visitors at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Bert Brooks.

John McKichan and family of Ap-

plegate and Mr. and Mrs. Herb Campbell of Dunfield, Ont., were Sunday guests at the homes of Archie McKichan and Miss Jane McKichan.

happy parents of a little daughter who arrived at their home Thursday. The many friends of Kenneth McNaughton are glad to know he is recovering after several days of severe illness.

Mr. and Mrs. John-Gruber are the

Advertise it in the Chronicle.

A YEAR'S SUBSCRIPTION FOR THREE BUSHELS OF WHEAT

Following the lead of the Huron County Tribune, the Cass City Chronicle is offering to trade a year's subscription for three bushels of wheat. Wheat growers who wish to take advantage of this offer to pay their subscriptions for another year are asked to bring their wheat to the elevator of the Farm Produce Co. or the Michigan Bean Co. at Cass City, or the Elkland Roller Mills. A receipt will be given by the grain dealer for the three bushels and this should be brought to the Chronicle office where subscription credit will be given. Bring in the wheat. The equivalent in cash will not be accepted. This offer may be for a limited time only.

Stock-up at These Special Prices!! Quality and Low Prices are always found together at our store. Peanut Butter, 2 pound pail - 33c Quaker Milk, 3 tall cans - 19c Penobscot Sardines - 2 for 9c Macaroni, bulk - 2 pounds for 15c Certo, per bottle - 25c Parowax, per package - 9c P & G Soap - 3 bars 10c Famo Pancake Flour 5 lb. sack 25c Alex Henry Telephone 82

GUARANTEE THE coal you have purchased is Genuine Cavalier. Its quality and your satisfaction are absolutely guaranteed. GENUINE CAVALIER COAL LOOK FOR THIS GUARANTEE ON YOUR WEIGHT TICKET This guarantee sticker is our mark of quality—your assurance of complete heating satisfaction. Now you can be sure that you are getting the genuine Consolidation Cavalier—the ideal coal for home heating. Cavalier is over 95 per cent pure combustible and contains less than a bushel of ash to the ton. And, at present prices, it's a bargain buy. Order your supply of Cavalier Coal today. CAVALLIER Coal ELKLAND ROLLER MILLS Roy M. Taylor, Prop. Cass City, Michigan Phone 15 Authorized Dealer Cavalier Coal.

DRABNESS THAT LIES WITHIN

By FANNIE HURST

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THERE is an all too large proportion of human beings who find life a dull business.

Certain definite conditions of our civilization contribute to that pathetic end and help bring about the sin and the shame of it. Life, so short at its best, should be, if the little god-of-things-as-they-ought-to-be is at all merciful, an interval crowded with light. But we go ahead and cram man into the sometimes too tightly fitting shoe of civilization, cramp him mentally and physically into routine work, stultify his imagination by crucifying him on the cross of day-by-day stark reality and unless the individual develops the power and glory of resistance to mere externals, the result is dangerously apt to be drab.

Nor is this quality of drabness necessarily confined to special social planes. It can hang in a pall over the rich and the poor alike. Conspire as all these eternal conditions of society may, against the individual, it is undoubtedly a matter which lies within his power whether he will succumb or resist the deadness of finding life drab.

As a matter of fact, even though so many of our lives seem tinned and classified, the way out is via the intellect, more than through release from routine. But the difficulty lies in its obviousness.

There is a certain experiment which is commonly practiced on college classes in psychology. The professor holds up a chart containing various pictures, sentences, figures, objects, characters and colors. The class is permitted to gaze upon the chart for the period of a moment or two and at the end of that time each member recites what he has seen.

The almost invariable result is a fine commentary upon the varying degree of thoroughness with which individuals observe. The majority of the class usually observes minimum. Some few have been alert to most of the objects, colors and characters, but only a select minority really sees in detail and with power of observation the contents of the chart.

Life can be drab because most of us are so busy missing the most of it, the aspect of it that is free for all. The adventure of the adventure that lies in our reach; the excitement of curiosity. The desire to know. Intellectual curiosity, meaning the desire and the vitality and the interest to delve into every minute aspect of life that presents itself, is the gateway to experience. Practically all the great figures of history have been blessed with it. To Caesars, Napoleons, Roosevelts, life cannot be commonplace, because so little appears to them as commonplace. Vigorous, seeking minds are not easily bored.

It is fair to assume that just as much of life is lying about us in our daily routine, as there is compressed between the leaves of books. Anyway it is worth seeking, and the way to seek is to take nothing for granted.

A subway jam contains enough of the possibility of adventure to blow up New York harbor. Scratch the cuticle of your desk neighbor and you will find the mystery of a pulsating, desiring, planning, scheming human being. Intellectual curiosity about people, places, street scenes, books, and above all, the desire to study and know the people who happen to be inhabiting this planet called earth, during your same interval here, simply will not permit life to become drab.

That must be why the sort of human beings in whom you are impelled to confide your difficulties, problems, amours, seem always so filled with a certain power and strength. They are interested in people. They command confidence by wanting it. Nobody is just a person. Men and women are people! Exciting, problematic, subtle, dangerous, appealing, provocative, magnetic, repellent, alluring and human. And in the midst of this melee of the excitement of being human among humans, each of us is privileged to live his life. Just around the corner is no more to me, than it is to you. The unknown lurks there for one and for all. Intellectual curiosity is a magic carpet which can whisk you out of yourself, and yet how appalling, when one stops to consider, the lethargy toward life that falls to the lot of so many. The books that are never opened. The confidences that are never given or received. The friendships that are never made because two particular human beings had not the curiosity to want to know!

When it is said of a man that he is a good mixer it usually means that his life is crammed with interests of various sorts. Who wants to know people, because he knows that within them lies the secret of keeping life quick with interest. He does not find life drab, chiefly because he is not drab. The same applies to the light that lies in the eyes of the bookworm. Strange thrills are his, strange reactions to beauty, because he has had the curiosity to go seeking them.

It is not only to those destined to walk high places or to roam the world that

excitement of life can come. On the contrary, if the drabness lies within you, for those who see not, it is as equally boring to roam the world as it is to ride daily in the subway toward your job.

If not, then you are one of those to-be-envied persons who sees with joyous, alert eyes the color, the shape, the significance of every object on the professor's chart and it requires no genius nor special equipment to do so. Just a deliberate love of life and a will to live it for all it is worth (and to such a person it is worth a great deal) and since we are all of us occupied with the business of living it, how joyful to be living it joyfully!

There is great deal of bubbling optimism which manifests itself in the so-called drab places of life; one is inclined to think just as much, if not more, than there is in the make-up of the synthetic kind of joys manufactured by the rich. Men digging ditches look no more oppressed with the heaviness of life than men sitting in opera boxes. No one can fairly blame his internal drabness upon externals, at least if we are to judge by the interchangeableness of human reactions. The rich can be drab; the poor can be drab and both can be drab.

Dull days come more readily to some than to others. You hear people say they are never bored. They cannot be drab inside. What they find in life may make them suffer as easily as it may bring them joy, but the unhappy medium is boredom. To be neither pained nor surprised; delighted nor depressed with life because the interior is a vast moor—gray—unlighted with interest or intellectual curiosity, is to be dead on your feet.

Boredom is the emotion of a vegetable.

Civility as Practiced by Ordinary Citizen

He meets you on the street and asks how you have been and you tell him, with due emphasis on the pain in the small of the back, the headache of Wednesday and the eyestrain of the day before.

Nothing daunted, he inquires about your wife and you describe fully her state of health, her present interests and occupations. Then he expresses a desire to know about your children, which leads you to launch forth upon a discourse relative to their tonsils and adenoids and general physical condition, their lack of appetite, methods of discipline and punishment and problems that arise from school and play. Thanks to his continued attention, you are reminded of some of their bright sayings which you think bear repeating.

Next he asks after your business, and you enter at considerable length upon a summary of your achievements, of your future prospects and the discouragement resulting from association with men of decidedly limited vision.

He expresses an interest in the performance of your motor car and you recite to him numerous statistics relative to the cost of operation, the number of miles attained on a gallon of gas, the mileage got out of your tires, the periodic replenishment of oil, and other less important details.

Before he leaves you he inquires also after your parents, your brothers and sisters and other intimate matters. But when he has departed it suddenly occurs to you that in your enthusiasm in talking about yourself and your own affairs you have neglected to reciprocate by asking after himself, or his health, or his family, or his business or his possessions, which gives the impression of your having been most ungracious.

However, there is at least one consolation—in all probability he has not listened to half you said to him anyway.—Baltimore Sun.

Episcopal Altar Vestments

In altar vestments in the Episcopal church white is used on all feasts and at all seasons relating to our Lord, such as Christmas, Epiphany, Easter, etc.; to the Blessed Virgin, and to those saints who were not also martyrs; at dedication and harvest festivals; at wedding and confirmations, and generally at the burial of infants. Red is used on the feasts of martyrs and at Whitsuntide. Green is used after the Epiphany and for the long summer season of Trinity and on all days which are not feasts or fasts. Violet is used throughout Advent, Septuagesima and Lent and on Vigils, Ember days and Rogation days. Black is used only on Good Friday, on All Souls' Day and at Offices for the dead.

Dancing Pavilion at Sea

A dancing pavilion at Elnore, Calif., is constructed on the lines of a boat and when the party is assembled the boat moves out to sea on a track which has been laid under the water, but the "boat" never leaves the rails. The dancers get the romance of the sea and the moon and all that as well as the refreshing breeze from the water. The experience answers all the purposes of a moonlight excursion.

Goose Got Homesick

Mrs. Charles Coe, resident of Manteca, Calif., has discovered that the domestic goose has a strong homing instinct. She bought a bird from Joe Vines at Atlanta, five miles distant, and took it home and penned it. In the morning she found the goose gone. After a search she went to Vines' farm. She had been there only a few minutes when the goose flew in and joined the other fowls.



PRETTY APOLOGY

Coleridge, whenever he read a book, would write in the margin any thought that might occur to him.

In one of the books which he borrowed from Charles Lamb (a copy of Donne's poems) appears this glimmer, at least, of conscience:

"I shall die soon, my dear Charles Lamb, and then you will not be angry that I have described your book."—Golden Book Magazine.

All for the Best

"A woman has no sense of humor," said the man who assumes a superior pose.

"Did you ever watch a man propose?" asked Miss Cayenne.

"Then you don't realize that a feminine appreciation of the humorous would overcloud the world with spinsters."—Washington Star.

An Old Trick

A bridegroom of seventy-five, marrying his third wife, was called upon to sign the register.

The pen was a bad one, and, after making several attempts to sign, he said to the clerk:

"This is the third or fourth time you've played me this trick. Next time I'll bring my fountain pen!"

LIKE THE CAT



Jack—See this engagement ring? I call it "the cat."

Ferd—Why so?

Jack—Because it always comes back.

That's the Spirit

Let others listen to
The ghost that talks;
Our interest is confined
To the one that walks.

A Model Car

Heck—What kind of a car does Sutfin drive?

Toon—I think it's a Regulator.

Heck—What kind of a car is a Regulator?

Toon—One that all the others go by.

Satisfied With Less

"You sometimes find a pearl in an oyster stew," remarked the waiter, pleasantly.

But the customer only grunted.

"I'm looking for oysters."—Oil Weekly.

Domestic Censor

Teacher (who has found Tommy out before)—Did your father write this essay on "Why I love teacher?"

Tommy—No he didn't; mother stopped him.—Boston Transcript.

That Guilty Feeling

"My dear, that gown is perfectly stunning! Does your husband know you've bought it?"

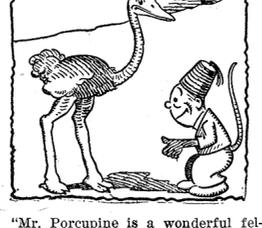
"Well, he stayed out all night. He knows I've bought something!"

A Gentle Hint

Reggie—You say you detest Lewis? Did he lend you the \$5 you asked him for?

Clarence—Yes, but he lent me his memory course along with it.

ALL GOOD POINTS



"Mr. Porcupine is a wonderful fellow, isn't he?"

"You're right! He hasn't a single weak point!"

Has Been

Mary had a little cat,
It warbled like Caruso.
A neighbor swung a baseball bat
And now it doesn't do so.

Some Lad!

Clara—So George is in love with you! The poor fish!

Mae—Well, I wish he was a devil-fish so he'd have six more arms, that's all!

Following Directions

Mrs. Overwaite—Why are you sitting on the floor?

Overwaite—The doctor told me to touch it ten times every morning.

KINGSTON.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Siple of Charlotte called on friends and relatives here Thursday.

Mrs. Anna Best is visiting relatives in Pontiac.

Mr. and Mrs. Albert Peter Sr. spent Sunday at Rose Island.

C. S. Berman returned home Friday from New York City where he spent the week purchasing merchandise for fall trade.

Mr. and Mrs. Geo. A. Jeffery were entertained at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Milton Moyer in Imlay City Wednesday evening.

Dr. and Mrs. Marsdon and two daughters of Pontiac spent Sunday with Dr. and Mrs. Gilliland.

Rev. Carless is attending M. E. conference in Detroit this week.

Born to Mr. and Mrs. Freeman Clark, Friday, a daughter.

Mr. and Mrs. George McCamic returned home Friday from visiting relatives in Ohio, Pennsylvania and West Virginia.

Mr. and Mrs. Theron Gibbs of Caro attended the funeral of Mrs. Millikin Monday afternoon.

Keith Elliott spent Saturday and Sunday in Detroit.

Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Martin of Deford spent Sunday afternoon with Dr. and Mrs. Bates.

O. D. Myers of Bad Axe transacted business in town Wednesday.

Mrs. Frank Francis and son, Donald of Pontiac spent Wednesday here with relatives.

Miss Erie Tewksbury returned to Saginaw Friday after visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Harvey Tewksbury.

Mrs. Jane Millikin, widow of Andrew Millikin who died in 1922, passed away at the home of her son in Caro on Sept. 12. She was 82 years old and had been ill for several years. The funeral service was held at the Kingston M. E. church on Monday and interment was made in Kingston cemetery. Rev. Carless conducted the service. Mrs. Millikin was born in Oakland county and came to Tuscola county 48 years ago. She was a member of the M. E. church at Kingston, and leaves two children, Mrs. Arthur McClellan of Roscommon and C. E. Millikin of Caro.

GREENLEAF.

Mr. and Mrs. Thos. Smith of Caseville and Mrs. Stanley Hoffman and baby of Pontiac called at the home of Wm. Ballagh last Wednesday.

Mrs. Wm. Ballagh, sons, Earle and Harold, and daughters, Ella Mae and Beatrice, visited relatives in Rochester.

The Misses Jane and Violet Gillies called at the John McCallum home on Monday, enroute to their home in Detroit.

The Misses Alexandra and Lorna McRae and Miss Jennie Klans are leaving this week for Mt. Pleasant

WILMOT.

Delayed letter.

Mrs. Dennie Moul of Yale is calling on old friends here.

Mr. and Mrs. Allie Wilcox of Toledo, Ohio, are visiting their mother, Mrs. W. S. Ferguson.

Mr. and Mrs. L. W. Barrons and Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Miner called at the Robt. Plain home to see the new guest (a girl), daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Barrons, Jr.

Shirley Ashcroft, youngest daughter of Roy Ashcroft, had a narrow escape Friday afternoon. While crossing the road, she was knocked down by an approaching car. Cuts were not serious.

Mike Novak entertained company from Detroit over the week-end.

Rev. and Mrs. H. A. Wilcox called on friends here Friday.

Rev. and Mrs. Hazzard have moved here from Carsonville. Mr. Hazzard is the new pastor of the Free Methodist church here.

Dr. Bates and Mrs. Carrie Clark took little Dorothy Clark to Ann Arbor for treatment.

Mrs. Ben Clement spent Thursday in Cass City.

WICKWARE.

Rev. H. Hitchins is attending annual conference of Methodist Episcopal church in Detroit this week.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Nicol and son, Dean, of Caro were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. James Nicol Sunday.

The Wickware M. E. Ladies' aid will meet with Mrs. Guy Cleland Wednesday, Sept. 23. Everyone welcome.

Mr. and Mrs. Vern Watson and children were guests of Mr. and Mrs. Leland Nicol Sunday.

Miss Gladys Nicol is visiting relatives and friends in Royal Oak and Detroit this week.

Mrs. E. S. Nicol called on her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Cooke, Monday.

EVERGREEN.

Joe Towle visited his father at Plymouth the last of the week. Mr. Towle is still in a serious condition.

Miss Helen Craig has returned to her school work in Pontiac.

Mr. and Mrs. Jason Kitchin and family, visited friends near Capac, recently.

Silo filling is finished in this neighborhood for this year.

The much needed rain came Sunday night. Four inches on the level.

Mr. Thomas is quite poorly at present.

Mr. and Mrs. S. Clink of Yale, called on their brother, Elder G. D. Clink, Friday.

WILMOT.

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Done!

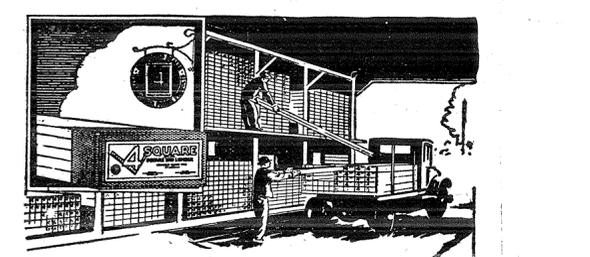
A French expert on deafness says that high-pitched conversation on the part of a wife should be grounds for a divorce. How about adding the whining tenor husband to the list?

Antagonist Is Your Helper

He that wrestles with us strengthens our nerves and sharpens our skill. Our antagonist is our helper.—Burke.

An Auctioneer

who is heard by thousands of people 20 to 30 miles apart! His name is MR. LINER COLUMN; his address is CASS CITY CHRONICLE; his rates are one cent a word (in advance) for liner ads in a weekly paper that covers the Cass City Community. He is ready every week to cry your sales, small or large.



4 SQUARE lumber is ready for you at our yards

4-SQUARE Lumber is the new kind of lumber—the packaged lumber of guaranteed quality.

You know exactly what you are really getting when you buy it—the species and grade are plainly marked on the label.

4-Square Lumber is wonderful lumber. It is thoroughly seasoned—finely dressed—cut to exact lengths—and trimmed square at both ends.

When you need lumber come in and look at our 4-Square stock.

MICHIGAN BEAN CO.
Where you can trade with confidence.
Cass City Deford Greenleaf

4 SQUARE LUMBER DEALER

8 O'CLOCK COFFEE

MILD AND MELLOW

3 lbs 53c

The World's Largest Selling Coffee at a Special Price THIS WEEK ONLY

A&P'S REGULAR LOW PRICES

- Quaker Maid Baked Beans 4 cans 23c
- Waldorf Toilet Tissue 3 rolls 14c
- Cigarettes 2 pkgs 27c tin of 50 33c
- Grandmother's Bread large loaf 7c
- Whitehouse Milk 2 tall cans 17c
- Master Dill Pickles quart 15c
- Blue Rose Rice lb 5c
- Peanut Butter 1-lb pail or glass 19c
- Lux Flakes small pkg. 10c large pkg 23c
- Rajah Salad Dressing quart jar 29c
- "Daily Egg" Scratch Feed 100-lb bag \$1.69
- "Daily Egg" Mash 100-lb-bag \$2.39

Friday & Saturday Only

Sunnyfield Sliced **BACON** 25c Lb.

Carload of Flour Coming—Call and see us.

THE GREAT ATLANTIC & PACIFIC CO.

HEART OF THE NORTH.

Continued from first page.

"Don't shoot again," he bade quietly, as one with authority. "You have killed a man. You have murdered."

The dark-faced bandit who had fired the shot flinched before that steady accusing gaze, and turned his eyes away from Father Claverly's.

"I was compelled to kill him. He should not tried to interfere with us."

Father Claverly scorned so flimsy a justification of a brutal killing. Turning away from the bandits, he faced the crowd. Steady, clear, his voice rose:

"Men! Don't stir! Don't make a shambles of this deck. There's nothing aboard this boat as precious as the lives that would be lost. Let them take what they want and go peacefully."

His appeal fell on deaf ears. A slow vengeful wrath was gathering. . . . Jimmy Montgomery, known and loved all along the Mackenzie, lay murdered there on the deck. . . . Those killers were going to pay for that barbarous crime.

The snarling oaths rose again; the muttering swelled audibly; hands crept down and closed upon belt-gun butts. . . .

It was the bandit leader who stopped the rush, who stopped it dead short at one stroke. Swinging his gun at a young schoolmistress, Margaret Fournier, one of the passengers, he ordered her, "Step up here, sister; step



He Cocked His Weapon With an Audible Snick and Pointed It at Her Breast.

up close;" and when she obeyed him, wild-eyed with terror, he cocked his weapon with an audible snick and pointed it at her breast.

His voice rose so that the whole deck heard.

"Now shoot! You can't get me here. I can't get you! First move I see made with a gun, I'll give her what that gent there on the boards just got!"

Without turning or swerving his rifle from the girl, he bade two of his men:

"Andre, you and John go below. Git the dust. Sort out some furs, too, good furs, six or seven hundred pounds—martens, mink, dark fox. You know what's light and valuable."

The two bandits stepped down and seized one of the crew and made him take them down the companionway.

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- Beginning of Pony Express**
On April 3, 1860, the first pony express riders left Sacramento, Calif., to ride east, and St. Joseph, Mo., to ride west.

Coming up presently, they lowered their booty into the two birchbark canoes that bobbed against the side of the steamer.

As though every man aboard realized that the bandits held the whip-hand, that no one dared stir, that retribution must come from elsewhere, a whisper started, spontaneously, from a dozen points at once:

"Baker! Alan Baker! Sergt. Alan Baker!"

This whisper went from neighbor to neighbor, from group to group; and men smiled grimly as they heard this mere mention of a man's name:

"Baker! Sergt. Alan Baker—at Fort Endurance."

Another of the bandits, protected by that rifle pointing at Margaret Fournier's breast, walked boldly out among the passengers; and securing a fire ax, he went from boat to boat on deck, smashing their frail sides so that there could be no pursuit, no retribution, if the two canoes could only get out of rifle range of the steamer.

Seeing now that the threat to Margaret Fournier's life had checked all thought of a rush, Father Claverly walked toward the stack of wolf skins, crossing himself as he stepped over the dark stream of blood that trickled slowly toward a scupper. Bending, he picked up the little Montgomery girl, who was looking with wide, uncomprehending eyes at the body of her father. Mercifully taking her away from there, he walked over to the rail, holding the little tot so that she could not look back.

The man beside him said in a low voice: "Look at that devil smashing the boats! They must have planned that 'caution beforehand, so we couldn't chase 'em. But don't that big red-haired devil know we'll be splattering their canoes afore they get ten rods gone? G—d!—what we'll do to them six!"

The whisper spread. . . . "Wait! Wait! They start away. . . ." Men folded their arms, and watched quietly, biding their moment of vengeance.

And then, when the canoes were loaded with their booty, the red-bearded leader played his last and best card. Flipping his gun at Margaret Fournier, he ordered her:

"Git down into one of them canoes, sister. We're going to carry you a couple miles up this Big Alooska here and set you off on a bar, see? We ain't meaning to harm you at all. Just start anking over and climbing down into a boat. . . . That's right; that's a sensible girl. . . ."

He raised his voice so that every one could hear; he spoke to Margaret Fournier, but his words were intended for the men aboard:

"Some of these fellows is figuring to shoot h—ut out of us afore we can git clean gone, see? But they'd better think twice about that. And I guess they will. First hunk of lead comes whistling our direction, you'll git a bullet squar' atween them pretty eyes, sister!"

CHAPTER II

A Northern Man

At Fort Endurance, in his big three-room cabin overlooking the rest of the post, Alan Baker was changing uniform and making himself regimental again, after a four-day patrol to a camp of drunken Hares.

Just turned thirty, tall and lanky and powerful of body, Baker had shaken off the last vestige of an unhappy boyhood and his three harrowing years across. He was in the prime of a virile and hardened manhood. Coming here to Endurance as a corporal seven years ago, with Jimmy Montgomery and Curt Spaulding as his constable, he had speedily showed his worth as a "northern man" and a detachment leader able to cope with frontier problems. To him it was like coming into his own. In his boyhood he had daydreamed of hunting big game; and here, at this post just beneath the Arctic circle, these daydreams had been realized, though in a strange way. For here he had hunted the biggest of big game—human game that had intelligence to match against his; that carried a rifle in its hands, and wore a belt-gun, and must be captured alive, at risk of his own life.

During the years that he had been officer commanding here, he had built up an enviable reputation. With his gradually increasing pack of northern men he had successfully brought his big territory through Indian troubles and epidemics, and had smashed those lawless elements that came in with the oil-prospecting rushes farther south.

With a record like that and with Superintendent Williamson as his friend, Alan had expected to get his commission last fall when the post was raised to an inspectorate. No one in all the Three Rivers country doubted that Baker would be the chosen man. To them, to Alan, the blow came unexpectedly. A political appointee named Haskell, a newcomer to the Force, a worse than raw newcomer to the North, got the inspectorship and command of this coveted detachment.

In these last months, Alan had been very thoughtful about his future. Here, at thirty, he found himself in a blind alley, a non-com on meager pay, with no hope of promotion. He had turned down the opportunity of going into a big mining company that was prospecting by planes through the Athabasca country. He had refused half a dozen offers that held prospect of advancement and fine money. And then the Force that he had given such loyalty to had betrayed him. Worst of all, most stinging of all, he was forced to manage this territory still, straightening out the mistakes and enduring the arrogance of the man who had

got the place he himself had earned.

As he brushed his sandy hair and dressed quickly, Alan's glance strayed down the slope to Mrs. Drummond's flower garden. Elizabeth Spaulding, his fiancée, the sister of his dead partner, was there.

And Inspector Haskell was there with her. . . . That blue and gold of his uniform, through the shrubbery. . . . Alan wondered how many hours Haskell had spent with Elizabeth in these last four days.

Commanding all the other buildings at Fort Endurance, Alan's cabin, which he and Curt Spaulding had built for themselves one summer, was light and airy, homelike with fireplace, bookshelves, radio, flower pots on the ledges; and comfortable with good furniture which Jimmy Montgomery had turned over to him when Jimmy's young wife died. But in spite of its comforts after barrack life, the cabin was lonely to Alan. Eighteen months rolling by had not made him forget a dead partner. Every log and every nail in the building held some memory of Curt Spaulding; and Curt's picture, his chevrons, his empty gun, were poignant reminders of that fatal patrol a year ago last January.

When he finished dressing, Alan stepped over to a deep alcove, a sort of library and study—a tiny niche for a man so tall and lanky. Above the work table hung a shelf of dog-eared books and three pictures framed in carved walrus ivory. One was of Elizabeth Spaulding taken two years ago when she came down north to this Waterways country to live with Curt, her brother. Another was of Jimmy Montgomery in jaunty "walking-out" uniform, taken before Jimmy got his raw deal from headquarters and bought out of the Mounted.

The third was of Curt Spaulding. And that picture, flanked with the chevrons and the belt-gun, hung more prominently than even the other two, as though, with that face always in front of him, Alan felt less lonely for his dead partner and could imagine Curt here in this cabin still.

In Curt's death he had lost the best and truest friend he had ever had or ever would have; and he knew that through all the years of his life he would be lonely for that strong hand-clasp and a voice he once had known.

From a little pigeonhole between two logs—a secret mailbox for himself and his hard-working men—Alan pulled out a scrawled note from Corporal Bill Hardsock. He had to smile as he read, for the note was so like Bill.

"Somebody found an awfully dead Smoky on a mud bar down river this side the Big Alooska, Alan. He probably got drowned in the break-up but I'm going down to see who he is so he won't be drawing treaty money by proxy for the next 20 years."

Alan sat down to write out the report of his last patrol. But his thoughts strayed to Elizabeth in the garden; to Haskell, there with her. He knew that these trips he constantly was sent on, these trivial assignments that took him away for days at a time, were deliberate on Haskell's part, to get him out of the road. With anger at this gross abuse of authority, he thought: "If Haskell could come within a mile of managing this post himself, he'd frame some detail to keep me out in the bush altogether. Any person who'll wield his official power in a personal matter like this. . . . They used to cut off a knight's spurs with an ax!"

There was little passion in Alan's emotions toward Elizabeth, but there was a sturdy loyalty and a certain blind idealization of her as a girl. In that fatal patrol he and she had suffered a mutual loss of partner, brother. During the eighteen months since then, he had been her only friend here at Endurance, for even Mrs. Drummond, with whom she was living, did not like her. To have a girl so dependent upon him, not only for friendship but for maintenance itself, aroused a very tender and protective attitude in Alan.

But at times, deep in his heart, he was troubled about his engagement to Elizabeth. At times the fear rose in him that their marriage was going to be a terrible mistake. Something lacked in their betrothal; they weren't the deep and intimate friends they should be.

It shocked him to realize he was going into marriage with a girl knowing he did not love her wholeheartedly. In brooding hours, when he thought of another girl in his life, of Joyce MacMillan and his comradely intimacy with her, the old longing for that deeper and richer relation surged through him. He grew bitter at the secret powerful circumstances which had separated him from Joyce; which he kept locked within himself, telling no one, neither Joyce nor Elizabeth.

To other folks at Endurance, Alan's engagement to Elizabeth Spaulding had come as a staggering surprise. Knowing nothing of the all-powerful reason which had driven him to that engagement, they felt he had treated Joyce MacMillan rather badly; and not even their friendship for him would make them accept Elizabeth.

Father Claverly, alone, of all the people at Endurance, knew that there was something back of that engagement which Alan had kept to himself—some hidden reason, some unalterable fact, that would explain it. At first he had thought that the profound shock of a partner's death had caused Alan to turn to Elizabeth; but with the passing months he became convinced the reason was not that. It was something deeper and more lasting.

With infinite sorrow Father Claverly had seen Alan's fine comradeship with Joyce break up and had watched the engagement come about. He saw that Elizabeth was a wise, cool-headed girl,

very clever at managing relationships for her own ends. In the good priest's opinion the marriage of this cool-headed, calculating girl to a man so sincere and warm-hearted, would be a sorry, sorry pass.

When Elizabeth came in the door, she merely nodded to Alan's warm greeting. In her precise tones she said:

"I want to talk to you, Alan, about something very important to us both. Unless you're too busy. . . ."

Her rebuff hurt Alan. Her coldness, her lack of any passion, were always bewildering to him.

Waiting, painfully aware he could never answer her arguments, he glanced out the window at the river and shimmering pine hills. A mile down the broad Mackenzie a canoe, a small patrol craft with outboard motor, came whipping around a headland.

Alan thought: "That's Bill Hardsock coming. And coming wide open. Something's happened."

Elizabeth saw the craft, too. But she glanced only once at it, entirely uninterested. Police work—patrols, arrests, map surveys, treaty money, pelts to be stamped, bickering Indians—all this bored her, now that the novelty of it had worn off.

She loved Alan—with reservations. She admired his natural-born leadership over other men; admired his rugged honesty, especially in contrast to Haskell's lack of it. In their life together Alan would always be loyal to her; she could always depend upon Alan Baker. And he could get her what she wanted of life. Much better than he himself did, she realized he had qualities that would take him far in any other profession: a good intellect, ambition, the ability to work hard, and—most valuable of all—a rare capacity for friendship.

All in all, Elizabeth felt that if only he did not choose to bury himself here in this northern backwoods Alan Baker was by far the likeliest man, of the four or five she had known well, to lift her out of genteel poverty to a more agreeable plane of life.

She said, "You know what I want to talk about." She asked pointedly, "When your term is up next month, are you going to re-enlist or not?"

Alan knew that Elizabeth was determined, heart and soul, that he should get out of the Mounted and take a good salaried position down in Victoria which Colonel Steele, commander of his regiment in the World war, had been wanting him to accept. But he was loath to take a job on a friendship basis; he preferred to stand on the more self-respecting ground of honest work honestly performed. And to leave this land where he had found freedom and happiness was an intolerable prospect. He loved this northern Mackenzie country as intensely as he hated the hectic stifling oppression of city life; and his comradeship with men like Bill Hardsock was precious to him.

If he tore himself away from all this, if he became a mere cog in an industrial machine, he would be uprooted and miserably unhappy.

But as things stood, he was in a blind alley. Haskell was riding him hard for personal reasons; a rank injustice had been done him. . . . There were a dozen powerful arguments on the other side, too.

After a moment he said slowly: "I suppose I oughtn't to sign on again. But it's hard to decide, Elizabeth."

"What is there to decide about? How can you tolerate this situation any more? You're a subordinate, taking orders; you're liable to be demoted any day; you're compelled to do another man's work for him! You don't know your situation is going to change? You aren't expecting a commission any more now, I hope? Then why under heaven do you want to stay?"

Alan started to answer, but he checked the words. His reasons were deep and intangible things—his friendships, the freedom he'd found here, the sense of being rooted in the country, his ramified duties that held him with invisible bonds, his unwillingness to desert comrades when they sorely needed him, his reluctance to give the impression of having quit just because a commission was not forthcoming.

Down on the river Bill Hardsock came skimming full-tilt up to the landing, swerved the canoe around in a complete circle to stop it, leaped out upon the planking, tossed the painter to a sleepy Loucheux. He did not seem to notice Inspector Haskell only a couple rods away. At a lope he headed up the terrace, straight for Alan's cabin, as though Alan was the man to hear his news.

"If you had nothing to turn to," Elizabeth persisted, "it would be a little different. But you've got a position waiting, at four times your present salary, with advancement sure, with a chance to make even more on the side." She broke off: "But what's the use of going over and over these arguments? We've gone over them a dozen times. I didn't come for that."

She paused a second, to emphasize her next words. "If you intend to stay in the Mounted, I wish you would tell me so frankly, so that I can plan. . . ."

It was an ultimatum. She meant it so; Alan understood it so. But she saw too that it had antagonized him a little. Though she must be firm now, she must head off any antagonism.

Dropping her coldness, she got up and stood beside him where he sat on the corner of the table.

"Alan! Don't you realize how intolerable it is for me—not being with you two hours in a whole week? And if we were married, he—Haskell—he'd make it even worse. You know why he's sending you out on these patrols and letting you be here just long enough to manage the post. When you're gone he forces his company on

me. If I'd repulse him, he'd—he'd take it out on you! I've got to let him—"

A slow red crept into Alan's face and his fist clenched. He had wondered, sometimes with nameless suspicions, why she allowed Haskell to be so much in her company. Mrs. Drummond and others had hinted about it to him, implying it was not very honest of her. Here was the reason! It had never occurred to him that Elizabeth had been permitting it for his sake.

He thought: "I can't blame her for not wanting to live here in the North."

Echoing this very fear, Bill said: "They'll have to pass MacMillan's place, Alan. Ten chances to one, Dave's gone out somewheres after spring peltry and Joyce is there all by herself. . . ."

"But maybe they won't stop," Alan argued. His words were more a prayer for Joyce. "They'll probably try to sneak past. . . ." He broke off: "Bill, go down to barracks, find Ped, tell him to get the launch in shape to travel. While you're doing that, I'll go tell Haskell."

Halfway down the slope Alan came upon Constable Larry Younge, who was spreading Haskell's bed clothing on the grassy terrace to sun.

An older man, past forty, a native of this Waterways country, Larry had spent his boyhood years living with Cree and Chipewyans; and by easy odds he was the best bush detective in the whole division. But in matters of discipline he was worse than Bill Hardsock, for he was older, more set in his ways, more resentful of personal affront. Months ago Haskell had busted him from a corporal; and by humiliating him with orderly duties, he had been trying to make Larry knuckle under. Waiting for another month's pay so he could buy out of the Mounted, Larry was going about his "squaw work" with stoical face, chalking up his personal score against the day when he would be out of service and could settle with Haskell in man-to-man fashion.

Alan bade him: "Larry, drop that. Go and help Bill out. He'll tell you what's up."

It was rare that Inspector Haskell allowed his temper to get the upper hand. He had learned self-control in the hard army school, and he considered that any exhibition of temper was a plebeian thing. But when Alan Baker came into the cabin, Haskell was thoroughly and hotly angered.

A dozen things had happened this morning to irritate him. Constable Whipple, his stool pigeon, a thin clerkish recruit whom he had brought along to Endurance, had repeated several infuriling jokes about him which the men were tossing back and forth in barracks. A few minutes ago Bill Hardsock, plainly carrying important news, had brushed past him as though he had not existed, and had taken the news straight to Alan Baker. And just now through the open door he had seen Baker order Larry Younge to drop work assigned by a superior officer and do something else.

To be so plainly ignored by his own men when any matter of importance came up, made him appear a nobody. To have Baker issuing orders and getting a patrol ready without first consulting him, seemed to him a gross violation of discipline. He had formerly been forced to let Baker have his way in managing the post; but now, shocked at realizing how very little he himself amounted to here, and confident that his six months of experience made him capable of running the detachment himself, he had sworn he was going to come down on these men and come down hard.

But the secret and real source of his anger was a deep smoldering jealousy of Baker because of Elizabeth Spaulding. More clearly after every talk with her, he saw she trusted Baker, liked him, and was going to marry him. Her cool impassibility maddened Haskell; and her comparison between him and a ninety-a-month sergeant cut his pride to the quick.

Pretty, cool, a trifle haughty, she was just the kind of girl who suited him, and was the only person here at Endurance whom he cared to associate with. His admiration had mounted, it had quickened with passion, it had become a fire in his blood—the first and only passionate affection he had ever known. His life, formerly so leisurely and purposeless, had taken on an aim, a goal. That goal was to smash her engagement and wrest her away from Baker.

As Alan now hurried into the cabin, Haskell swung on him:

"Don't you know better than to come bursting into an officer's quarters without knocking and asking permission? Go out and try it again."

His words went past Alan unheeded. Alan's mind was too much a turmoil. . . . Jimmy murdered, Joyce alone there on the lonely savage Alooska, those six bandit strangers escaping with their loot. . . . There was but one thought in his mind—to overhaul those two canoes before they were lost beyond all pursuit.

Forgetting even his salute, he came across to the desk. As though checked by the look on his face, Haskell did not repeat the reprimand. Instead he listened silently while Alan reported the robbery, murder, escape.

"They're heading up the Big Alooska toward a muskeg country lying back there in the northeast," Alan explained quickly. "It's called the Thal-Azzah, the Land of Many Waters. It's ten thousand square miles of crisscross waterways—lakes, channels, slow creeks, and soup-thin bog all covered with flags and willows. They're heading for the Thal-Azzah. That's why they staged the robbery at the Alooska mouth—so they'd have a straight shoot into that muskeg. If they reach it we might never get them. I'm going to take the launch and the five men I've got—"

Haskell stiffened. In sarcastic tones he interrupted: "You've got? Just a second, Baker. It would be a little better form to give your report and possibly make suggestions, and then allow me, as officer commanding here, to issue orders."

Alan stared at him in surprise. After all the long months of the winter past when he had initiated every patrol that went out, he was totally unprepared for this testy reprimand.

Alan's face went pale. The news of the robbery had been dazing enough to him; but now, this crashing shock of Jimmy's death. . . . His lips fashioned silently, "They killed Jimmy. . . . A rifle bullet. . . . He was the only one who drew a gun—"

But he could not speak; he could only stare at Bill.

"And if Father Claverly hadn't stepped in and helped stop a rush, Alan, they'd have shot up the whole deck. They slung the dust and furs into their canoes, and. . . Did they get away? What brought me bustling up the river? I hope they did—clean, slicker'n a whistle!"

In the pause then, Alan fought to shake off his daze. He had to make the plans, fling out a patrol, get into action. It was all in his hands—the pursuit, the capture, the whole heavy responsibility.

He demanded: "Who were they? Trappers, did you say?"

"Un't know who, Alan. But strangers. Five whites and one 'breed."

"Strangers? Can't be! Not in this country."

"But that's what they were. Nobody on the boat had ever seen a single one of 'em."

Alan did not believe this, but for the moment he passed it up.

"Which way did they go? Have motors on their canoes?"

"No. Paddle craft. They whipped up the Big Alooska."

For a little space Alan stood thinking. Why had those bandits staged their robbery there at the mouth of the Alooska, instead of farther down north, at some lonely reach along the Mackenzie? In an instant he saw the answer to that question. They had chosen with an eye to a quick escape, an escape to the best hiding place in all Mackenzie territory.

As he imagined them whipping up the Big Alooska, whipping up that lonely spruce-buried river past MacMillan's trading post, his thoughts leaped to Joyce, and a fear came into his eyes.

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"And if Father Claverly hadn't stepped in and helped stop a rush, Alan, they'd have shot up the whole deck. They slung the dust and furs into their canoes, and. . . Did they get away? What brought me bustling up the river? I hope they did—clean, slicker'n a whistle!"

In the pause then, Alan fought to shake off his daze. He had to make the plans, fling out a patrol, get into action. It was all in his hands—the pursuit, the capture, the whole heavy responsibility.

He demanded: "Who were they? Trappers, did you say?"

"Un't know who, Alan. But strangers. Five whites and one 'breed."

"Strangers? Can't be! Not in this country."

"But that's what they were. Nobody on the boat had ever seen a single one of 'em."

Alan did not believe this, but for the moment he passed it up.

"Which way did they go? Have motors on their canoes?"

"No. Paddle craft. They whipped up the Big Alooska."

For a little space Alan stood thinking. Why had those bandits staged their robbery there at the mouth of the Alooska, instead of farther down north, at some lonely reach along the Mackenzie? In an instant he saw the answer to that question. They had chosen with an eye to a quick escape, an escape to the best hiding place in all Mackenzie territory.

As he imagined them whipping up the Big Alooska, whipping up that lonely spruce-buried river past MacMillan's trading post, his thoughts leaped to Joyce, and a fear came into his eyes.

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225 LAWS BECOME EFFECTIVE TODAY

Of the 336 laws passed by the 1931 legislature and signed by the governor, 225 will become effective Sept. 18.

The act which has the greatest effect on a majority of Michigan citizens is that making Eastern time official in all parts of the state.

A new activity of the Department of State will start on Sept. 18 by virtue of the law providing for the licensing of airplanes.

Dad's Consolation

Jud Tunkins says the father who intended to make a great professional man of his son usually manages to conceal his disappointment when the boy signs up for a neat salary as a ball player.

Nutty

"When You Think of Nuts, Think of Me," is the sign of a Los Angeles peddler. That's what we call honest advertising.

NEWS REVIEW OF CURRENT EVENTS THE WORLD OVER

Concluded from first page. Most of the Liberals lined up with MacDonald, as did twelve members of the Labor party.

The economy budget, as presented by Chancellor Snowden and accepted by the house, caused groans from the Laborite benches.

Taxes

Income—Standard rate raised six pence, bringing it to five shillings in the pound (about \$1.25 in \$5), or 25 per cent.

Beer—Increased one penny (two American cents) a pint.

Leaf tobacco—Increased eight pence (16 cents) a pound; other forms of tobacco proportionately.

Gasoline—Increased two pence (4 cents) a gallon.

Entertainment—Movies and legitimate theaters, increased 16 2-3 per cent.

Total new taxes this year, \$202,500,000; next year, \$400,000,000.

Savings—Cut 10 per cent.

Police wages—Cut to a sliding scale upward from five shillings (about \$1.25) a week.

School teachers' wages—Cut 15 per cent.

Civil servants of all kinds, from cabinet ministers down—Pay cuts ranging as high as 20 per cent.

Heavy reductions in outlay for defense services, education and road fund.

An interesting incident was the announcement by King George that he desired a reduction of \$250,000 in his civil list of \$2,350,000, which is the annual income paid by the government to the crown.

Queen Mary and other members of the royal family joined the king's request for cuts in their parliamentary grants, and the prince of Wales, who derives his income solely from his duchy of Cornwall, estimated to be about \$800,000 per year, announced he intended to contribute \$50,000 to the national exchequer.

LOWELL Bayles of Springfield, Mass., who a few years ago was a minor working underground, is the new American king of the air, for he won the Thompson trophy race at the national air races in Cleveland, making the new record of an average speed of 236 miles an hour in his Gee Bee supersportster over the 100 mile closed course. His money reward was \$9,300.

Among the seven rivals he beat was Maj. Jimmy Doolittle, whose achievements at the meet earned for him \$10,000.

Of the women flyers Mrs. Mae Hazlip of St. Louis was the biggest money winner, her share being \$7,750.

John Livingston of Aurora, Ill., captured six trophies and a lot of coin.

TROUBLE between Japan and China, always in the offing, seems to be getting nearer.

The immediate reason is the shooting of Capt. Shinzato Nakamura, Japanese, as a spy by Chinese troops in Manchuria some weeks ago.

The Japanese cabinet met early in the week to consider the matter and Minister of War Jiro Minami set forth the army's attitude.

Recently he urged the government to take

a firm stand in dealing with the Chinese rulers of Manchuria, who have sought pretexts to delay answering queries from Tokyo.

Six military planes of the Ninth division at Kanazawa dropped 100,000 handbills that called the attention of the nation to the danger of Japanese interests in Manchuria being jeopardized.

This is the first time the army has taken such unusual measures. The handbills said:

"Countrymen, awaken. The national defense is endangered."

WHAT the members of the League of Nations assembly termed a "lamentable error" was rectified when the assembly met in Geneva and almost immediately adopted a resolution inviting Mexico to join the league.

The first business was the election of a president, and this honor was conferred on Nikolas Titulescu of Rumania, former foreign minister and now Rumanian ambassador to Great Britain.



N. Titulescu.

Lord Cecil of England said the admission of Mexico would rectify an error in the formation of the league, adding "I must admit I personally had a part in committing this error."

While the statesmen were paying tribute to Mexico, her observer at Geneva, Martinez de Alba, walked about the auditorium smiling and shaking hands with the leading delegates.

The Mexican senate accepted the invitation and cabled its action to Geneva. The Mexicans feel that her position in the league will give Mexico prestige in the eye of other Latin American nations.

FOLLOWING close on the announcement that the farm board will sell 15,000,000 bushels of its wheat to China comes the news that Germany is dickering for the purchase of 200,000 tons from the same source.

Of the wheat for China one-half will be turned into flour before it leaves the United States, in order to pacify the American millers.

MORE than sixty experts on rural problems met at the University of Chicago to try to formulate an economic policy for farm relief.

CHILE's naval mutiny ended almost as suddenly as it began and peace once more reigns in that country, officially at least.

Mrs. Ross passed away Sunday, September 13, at her home four miles north and two miles east of Cass City at the age of 98.

Mary McIntyre was born in South Uist, Scotland, in 1833. She came from Scotland to Hamilton, Ontario, and later to Park Hill, Ontario, where she was married to Hugh Ross February 5, 1866.

Those from a distance who attended the funeral were: Mr. and Mrs. Angus Ross and family, Mrs. Nellie Ross and family, Mrs. James McKaig, Mrs. Mary Decker and Mrs. Malcolm McIntyre, all of Detroit; Mrs. Mary Uebelhor, Neil McIntosh and John Obce of Toledo; Mr. and Mrs. William Baker of Stratford, Ont.; John McIntyre of Park Hill, Ont.; Mrs. Mary Davis and Mrs. Kate Lynch, Port Huron; Mr. and Mrs. Oscar O'Kelley of Caro.

A military funeral from the Hazel Park Odd Fellow hall was held Saturday, Sept. 12, at 10:00 a. m., for Wm. H. Campbell, aged 38, who died on Wednesday morning at the United States Veterans' hospital at Waukesha, Wisconsin.

Mr. Campbell was the Hazel Park road overseer, entering the hospital three weeks ago. He served with the Polar Bears in North Russia as a member of the 310th Engineers.

There is snow on the Rocky mountains all the year around. Sometimes, if the summer has been exceptionally hot, it will only be found in crevices and shadowed places which the sun seldom reaches.

"Unlucky" Bridge Players

Watch the cards held by the habitually unlucky player and without doubt they would be found average cards; but when he holds a good hand he does nothing with it, and when he has a bad hand he loses every trick it is possible to lose.

Deaths

Daniel Striffler.

Funeral services for Daniel Striffler were held Saturday afternoon at two o'clock from the home.

Daniel Striffler was born October 19, 1895, at Argyle and came to Cass City with his parents when 14 years of age.

He is survived by his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Wm. D. Striffler, two brothers and five sisters.

Mrs. Hugh Ross passed away Sunday, September 13, at her home four miles north and two miles east of Cass City at the age of 98.

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GIGANTIC SWINDLE PLOT BROKEN UP

Millions Were Involved in Fake Sweepstakes Lottery.

Boston.—A huge lottery swindle in which residents of the United States, Canada and Mexico would have been robbed, it is said, of \$2,500,000, was believed to have been smashed recently by a police raid on a luxurious suite of offices.

Boston, because of its large Irish-American population, had been chosen as headquarters by the swindlers who purported to represent the Irish Free State government in a hospital charity sweepstakes on the Cambridge-shire to be run at Newmarket on October 28.

A cablegram received from Dublin informed the police that the Irish government is not planning a sweepstake on the Newmarket race and that the last authorized was on the derby at Epsom Downs in which Joseph Kennedy, a Boston negro, won \$145,000.

A squad of police inspectors is looking for Thomas O. Mahoney, self-styled diplomat and representative of the Irish government, who had ordered 180 plates from an engraving firm in the name of the free state.

The first batch of tickets, selling at ten shillings (\$2.50) each, has been distributed in Worcester, Springfield and other New England cities and in New York.

It is believed that thousands of dollars have been collected for the worthless slips.

The police are on the trail of a well-known Boston gangster, formerly prominent in the defunct "Leader" pool, who is believed to have assisted in arranging for distribution of the tickets.

Lipstick Once Classed With Witchcraft Art

London.—Use of lipstick was once a punishable offense in England, according to Dr. Margaret Fishenden, scientific investigator in the department of scientific and industrial research.

Cosmetics were introduced into England by the knight crusaders, she declared in a radio broadcast on "Chemistry and the Housewife."

In 1780, she said, it was decreed that any woman who should "seduce, or betray into matrimony any of his majesty's subjects by scents, paints or cosmetic washes should incur the penalty of the law in force against witchcraft and that the marriage, upon conviction, should stand null and void."

College Boy Orchestras to Play on U. S. Lines

Boston.—Collegians will be employed to play in the orchestras of ships of the United States lines during the summer months, according to plans being completed by the Intercollegiate Alumni extension service.

Orchestras from the following colleges have already been engaged for the summer: University of Pennsylvania, University of California, Massachusetts Institute of Technology, Penn State, Ohio State, Columbia, Fordham, and University of Maryland.

School to Recess So the Pupils Can Dig Potatoes

Bethlehem, Pa.—The Moore township district in Northampton county planned a school schedule to include a two weeks recess during the potato digging season.

When the potato season arrives the directors will close the schools for the two week period to permit children to assist at their homes in digging the potatoes.

Owl "Hypnotizes" Man; Claws Out One of Eyes

Edmonton, Alta.—"Hypnotized" by a vicious mother owl, which clawed his face and body, Albert Hughes of Wainwright, Alta., was at a hospital here after an operation for removal of his right eye.

"I was walking underneath a tree," said Hughes, "when the owl suddenly fluttered from her nest. I didn't fight back or run. I couldn't. All I could see was those two big eyes. I was hypnotized."

Asked If He Wants to Go to Jail, Mute says "No"

Seattle.—William Leonard, twenty-three, was taken to Police court, charged with begging. He professed to be deaf and dumb.

Petrified Rattlesnake Found on Mountain

Westfield, Mass.—Evidence of what may have been a prehistoric rattlesnake has been found on Mount Teko.

The apparently petrified reptile appears on the face of a cliff a score of feet from the nearest footpath.

Scientists who have viewed it estimate that it was about seven feet long and four inches in diameter.

DECLINE IN MICHIGAN FIELD CROPS

Concluded from first page.

no pods, and some acreage is too poor to warrant the expense of harvesting. Late fields were blooming at the end of August and may produce at least a partial crop if September is favorable.

The nation's crop is placed at 18,725,000 bushels as compared with 21,907,000 bushels harvested last year.

Sugar beets have withstood drought conditions better than other field crops and the indicated production is 412,000 tons, which is an average of 7.5 tons per acre.

Heat and drought have greatly lowered Michigan's potato prospects. Sections that have been favored with rains have a fair setting of tubers, but they are small in size, and dependent upon more moisture soon if they are to reach marketable quality.

Many fields are already past further improvement. The outlook is best in the northern half of the State. Prospects are poor in Minnesota and North Dakota, somewhat doubtful in Wisconsin, and rather poor in Maine and Pennsylvania where late blight prevails quite generally and where the crop is ripening more or less prematurely.

The total production for the United States is estimated at 361,636,000 bushels as compared with 343,236,000 bushels in 1930. With the existing unemployment situation and consequent low buying power of consumers, the price outlook is less favorable than last year if this production is actually attained at the end of the season.

Michigan peaches and apples are far more plentiful than in any recent year. There is about 56 per cent of a full crop of peaches, 60 per cent of a crop of grapes, 62 per cent of a crop of plums, and 70 per cent of a melon crop.

Prices are low and the quality of all fruits is excellent. This is a year when housekeepers can economize through extensive home canning, and thereby assist Michigan growers in disposing of their abundant fruit crop.

POSTAL REGULATIONS CHANGE

Commencing September 1, 1931, the rate of postage on letters for dispatch to Canada and Newfoundland (including Labrador) by the ordinary means will be 3 cents for each ounce or fraction thereof, and the rate on single post cards will be 2 cents.

Commencing September 1, 1931, the international rates of postage will be applicable to letters and post cards mailed in the United States and addressed for delivery in Great Britain and Northern Ireland, and the Irish Free State; that is, the rate on letters will be 5 cents for the first ounce or fraction thereof and 3 cents for each additional ounce or fraction thereof, and the rate on single post cards will be 3 cents.

MANY ARE WITHOUT NEW DRIVER'S LICENSES

One half million motorists will be barred from the highways of this state after November 1, unless there is a substantial increase in the number of new operator's licenses issued within the next few weeks.

Lawrence A. Lyon of the Michigan State Police, said today at a conference of state police and executives of the Automobile Club of Michigan.

"To date, only 225,000 new operator's licenses have been issued, and within the remaining six weeks, an additional 650,000 motorists must obtain new licenses to permit them to operate their automobiles," Captain Lyons said.

"In Wayne County alone today, 350,000 operators have failed to renew their licenses."

The State law requires that all Michigan motorists who received driver's licenses prior to January 1, 1925, must renew this license before November 1 this year.

Licenses issued up to January 1, 1928, must be renewed before May 1, 1932, and driving permits issued after January 1, 1928, must be renewed by November 1, 1932.

It was also pointed out that a number of persons have made false application for new driver's license, failing to record arrests for reckless or drunk driving or various felonies.



"Loco Weed" The Mariguana plant is a species of plant which grows in Mexico and is prepared as the tobacco in the United States, wrapped and smoked. It is extremely intoxicating. Its manufacture, sale, or transportation is forbidden and punishable by law.

Chronicle Liners

RATES—Liner of 25 words or less, 25 cents each insertion. Over 25 words, one cent a word for each insertion.

CARPENTER WORK—Any kind, large and small jobs. Free estimates. S. B. Hyke, Cass City. 9/18/31

FOR SALE—Wood, kindling and about 2,000 ft. hardwood plank. Chas. McConnell, Cass City. 9/18/31

FOUND—White and tan collie pup. Owner inquire of V. Logan. 9/18/31

LOST—Auto license No. 900-702 between Cass City and Ray Martin's place Friday. Finder please leave it at the farm or Chronicle office and oblige. Ray Martin. 9/18/31

WE BUY cream, eggs and poultry at our store on East Main St. M. C. McLellan. Phone 6. 2-27-tf

FOR SALE—Home, formerly belonging to Elmira S. Wright, 1 1/2 lots just outside corporation, garage, garden and orchard. Price, \$1000. Enquire at Cass City State Bank. 7-3

FOR SALE—80 acre farm with brick house and a fine barn 40x60 and a silo. Four miles west and one mile south and one mile west of Cass City. W. C. Burse. 9/18/31

FOR SALE—Four male collie pups; \$3 each. Natural heelers. John Gushbert, 5 miles east, 1 1/2 miles north, 1/2 mile east of Cass City. 9/18/31

NOW YOU can buy Pure Pennsylvania Motor Oil for 50c and 60c per gallon. Have your oil changed now. Free crankcase service. Also tractor oils and grease. Modern Oil Co., Frank Ward, Manager. 9/18/31

FOR SALE—One Eastman movie camera. Maier's Studio. 6-26-tf

ELLIOTT MOTOR LINES Schedule—Bus leaves Cass City for Pontiac daily at 8:00 a. m. and 4:30 p. m., fast time. Bus leaves Cass City for Bad Axe at 12:00 p. m. and 5:00 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.*

FOR RENT—Garage, the old Ford stand. Lots of work guaranteed. Good opportunity for right party. Inquire of Henry Schnepf, Owendale. 9/18/31

LOST—Black water-proof cover for Kari-Kent Auto trunk, on M-81 west of Cass City Monday. Finder please phone P. J. Allured 9/18/31.

CIDER MILL at Cass City will open Saturday, Sept. 26, and run on Wednesdays and Saturdays thereafter. Milo Shagena. 9/18/31

I WILL BUY poultry every day at Gillies' Creamery at Cass City (Phone 184) and at Ellington on Wednesdays (Caro phone 90813). Joe Molnar. 2/6

DRESSMAKING and remodeling. Coats made and relined. Mrs. Andrew Cross, corner of Third and Sherman Streets. 9/18/31

FOR SALE—250-3000 Savage. New condition. Remington Model 10, 12 gauge pump. New condition. Albert Mackie, 5 miles south, 1/2 east Cass City. 9/18/31

GARAGE WORK—Automobile repairs made at my residence on West St., one block south of Garfield Ave. Conrad Willy, Cass City. 9-4-3

OLD NEWSPAPERS for sale at the Chronicle office at 5c per bundle.

FOR RENT—The De Mode house on Third St. Mrs. Ben Gimmell. 9/18/31

FOUND—Milo Warner Post G. A. R. badge. Owner please call at the Chronicle office. 9/18/31

1927 CHEVROLET coupe. A good car for children to drive to school. Cheap. A. B. C. Sales and Service, Cass City. 9/18/31

CARD OF THANKS—I hereby desire to thank my friends for the many tokens of kindness being sent to me while I am sick. Mrs. Helen Mulholland.

WE WISH to express our thanks to friends and neighbors for their kindness during our recent bereavement. Also to those who sent flowers. Angus and John Ross and families.