

**TAWAS CITY****BLAST WRECKS  
BOILER ROOM AT  
NATIONAL CITY**

A coal gas explosion at about three o'clock last Saturday afternoon wrecked the brick walls of the boiler and blew down the north and south walls of the boiler room at the National Gypsum company mine-plant board plant. No one was injured by the explosion.

The fires under the boilers are fed powdered coal with an air blast. Saturday afternoon the fires were down and some coal was fed to the flames. Combustion did not start at once and a large amount of gas was generated. When ignited sufficient pressure was formed to wreck the walls. The boilers were uninjured. Part of the south wall fell through the board plant roof. Four men employed in the boiler room and two working in the board plant near the point where the wall fell through escaped without injury. A man unloading a coal car near the boiler room also escaped from injury.

The work of cleaning up the wreckage and repairing the plant started Monday. It is thought that by January 6 the boiler plant will be in operation again.

**OIL PRODUCTION IN  
MICHIGAN HAS NOT  
REACHED ITS CLIMAX**

Although there are now but two extensively operated oil fields in Michigan, the Mt. Pleasant and the Muskegon, conditions would indicate that others just as large, if not larger, will be developed in the future in the state.

This is the belief of R. A. Smith, state geologist, whose division in the Department of Conservation supervises the oil fields of the state. From small beginnings in oil production in the vicinity of Port Huron years ago oil production grew in the Saginaw region, then the Muskegon district and now the Mt. Pleasant fields which are growing rapidly in importance. Mr. Smith does not believe that oil production in the state has reached its climax.

For more than 20 years oil was produced from several wells at Port Huron. The field was small, but it was only necessary to drill 600 feet and the wells paid to operate. The oil was used in making lubricants. However, the field was well within the city limits and property became more valuable for building and now residences cover the field.

The near discovery of the Saginaw field occurred in 1912-1913, when ten wells were drilled around the pool without its being discovered.

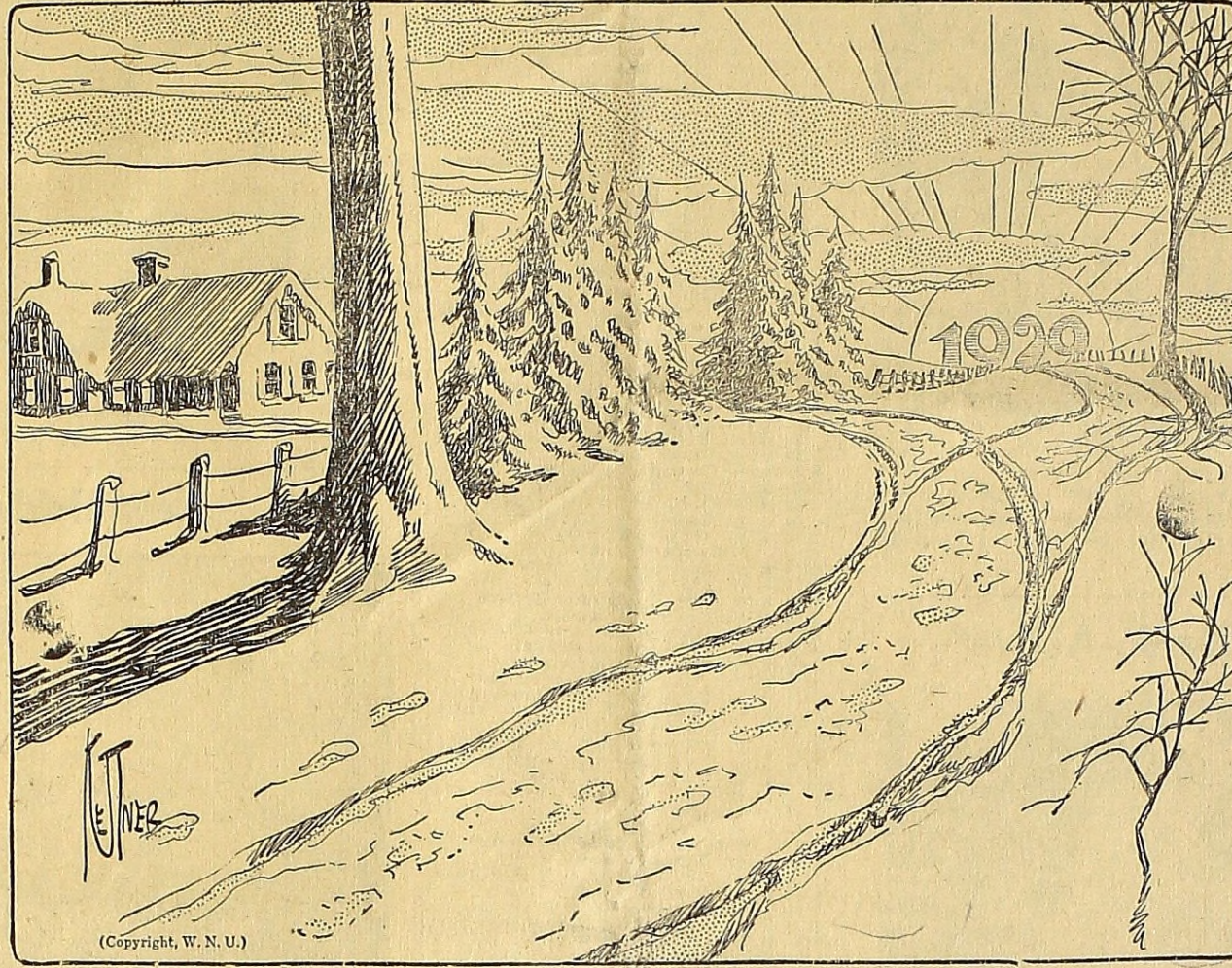
In 1925, however, some Saginaw men drilled a well directly over the so-called Saginaw anticline and discovered the field. Some 325 wells were drilled, but the initial production of most of them ranged between 15 and 30 barrels a day. There were two wells that had initial production of 200 and 500 barrels a day, respectively. Unfortunately, Mr. Smith said, the field was in platted territory and there was much lot drilling with much injury to field and the decline was rapid. In one block five wells were drilled when one well to two blocks were ample, he said.

In December, 1927, the discovery well of the Muskegon field was drilled. Again the field, adjacent to North Muskegon, was on much platted land. There was a resulting orgy of over-drilling. In some cases there were two wells to an acre where one well to 8 or 10 acres would have been ample. The orgy of drilling brought so much gas to the surface before there was time to develop a market or even to build pipe lines to Muskegon, a mile distant, that the producers blew the gas into the air to obtain the oil below. The Muskegon field, though not large, had an abundance of gas and many of the wells were very productive. The initial production of a number ranged from 1,000 up to 2,000 barrels or more a day. The blowing and wasting of the gas resulted in the destruction of a number of the wells. It resulted in a rapid decline of gas pressure and a corresponding decline in production, so that in about 18 months practically all of the wells had ceased to flow and had to be put on pumps. There were no laws or regulations which could be used to stop the wastage of gas or the over-drilling until it was too late to save the field. There are now about 300 producing wells in the field, but many have small production. The field has long passed the peak production, Mr. Smith said, and production is constantly declining. There is, however, a possibility that deeper drilling will result in production from lower lying oil formations. Plans are under consideration for making one or more deep tests in the more favorable portions of the field.

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**L. D. S. CHURCH**

7:30 p. m.—Friday evening, December 27, business meeting.  
10:00 a. m. Sunday—Religious School and business session.  
11:00 a. m.—Prayer Services.  
7:30 p. m.—Fellowship.  
M. A. Sommerfeld, Pastor.

**The Setting Sun**

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**ASK TO SEE COPY OF STATE  
LICENSE BEFORE PAYING  
MONEY TO STRANGERS**

"Before paying money to strangers soliciting funds for a charitable organization operating at a distant place, people should insist on seeing a copy of the state license issued to the organization," asserts Mayor L. H. Braddock. He also said that a solicitor for such an organization must have a license from the mayor of the city, president of the village council or supervisor of the township and that these would be given only to accredited organizations.

There are a number of racketeers trying to operate from Detroit and other cities. Some of these are being investigated by the police departments of those cities, but to prevent being duped into giving money to ephemeral and questionable charities, the prospective donor should insist on seeing a copy of the state license and the license issued by local authorities.

Your local authorities would appreciate a prompt notice of anyone attempting such solicitation.

**HAD TWO RIFLES IN  
HUNTING SHACK; ARRESTED**

Lee Sheppard was arrested by the Department of Conservation for having two rifles in his hunting shack near the Five Channels dam and he will be tried before Justice W. C. Davidson today (Friday). The shack is located in deer territory. Sheppard claims it is his home. He is from Turner.

Sheppard was convicted for refusing to fight fire last summer.

**BOARD OF COMMERCE  
WILL HOLD IMPORTANT  
MEETING MONDAY NIGHT**

A meeting of the East Tawas Board of Commerce and Kanotin club will be held at the Hotel Holland next Monday evening. A dinner will be served at six o'clock. Matters of importance relative to the development of the Tawas will be discussed.

**ST. JOSEPH'S ALUMNI  
BANQUET AT HOTEL IOSCO**

St. Joseph High School Alumni association held its annual banquet at the Hotel Iosco, Tawas City, on Thursday night. A large number were present.

**NEW OFFICE BUILDING  
IS NEARLY COMPLETED**

The new H. J. Keiser office and store building is nearly completed. Carpenters are now putting on the interior finish. The building when completed will contain three office suites and a large sales room.

**FAMOUS PLAY BECOMES  
SUPERB TALKING FILM**

One of the most famous plays of the stage is the latest in talking picture entertainment. It is the romantic version of "Madame X," which Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer presents at the State Theatre New Year's day and Thursday with a matinee New Year's day, as an all-talking drama. The play was adapted by mixing technique of both stage and screen into a vivid and swiftly moving piece of drama, the adaptation being by Willard Mack, famous playwright. Ruth Chatterton, celebrated stage star, Lewis Stone, Raymond Hackett and others of note are in the cast.

This marks the second time that "Madame X" has been presented on the screen. Several years ago the old Goldwyn company made it as a silent film with Pauline Frederick in the title role.

**THREE FAMOUS  
AMERICANS BORN ON  
NEW YEAR'S DAY**

Do you know what three Americans, famous in the days of the Revolution, were born on New Year's day?

Do you know what important event connected with the history of our flag took place on January 1?

Do you know the connection between New Year's day and the naming of America?

These questions are answered in an illustrated feature article by Elmo Scott Watson in this issue of The Herald. It also tells of many other interesting events which took place on the first day of the year. Be sure to read "January 1 in American History" in this issue.

**DEER HUNTER SHOOT  
DOE WITH HORNS**

A deer hunter killed a doe, subjected it to the inspection of a conservation officer, took the meat home and ate it—and did it all legally, despite the fact that others have paid fines for doing the same thing.

It had been drilled into this particular hunter: "don't shoot until you see its horns." He was thinking of that while he was roaming the woods of Marquette county.

There was a stir in the bushes. A patch of brown was visible. It moved.

"It has horns—it has horns," the hunter muttered to himself as he aimed his gun and fired. The deer leaped into the air, ran a few feet, and dropped.

But it wasn't a buck, it was a doe with horns. One horn was ten inches long. The other was a stub. The hunter was in a quandry. He killed a doe, which was against the law—but it wasn't a doe, it was a buck. He decided to let an officer solve the puzzle for him.

Ernest W. Libby, district conservation officer, ruled that a doe with legal length horns has lost all her maidenly or matronly privileges and if she is mistaken for a buck it is her own fault. The hunter was allowed to keep the deer.

**"BULLDOG DRUMMOND" ONE  
OF BEST TALKING FILMS**

"Bulldog Drummond" is gorgeous entertainment. One of the most diverting comedies and one of the best talking films yet presented to an appreciative audience. The role of the charmingly debonaire Bulldog Drummond suits Colman perfectly, and Colman is perfect in the role. He has an excellent speaking voice in any of his past films. The entire picture in fact has everything that goes to make up an enjoyable evening. The story is delightful, the cast is well chosen, and the direction reveals both intelligence and a sense of humor. As to the talking, the highest praise one can—and does—offer to the film is that, unlike many other talkies, it neither gives the impression of a stage play being photographed or a movie given the addition of sound. The pacing of the action is so natural and even that the result is an unusually gratifying example of the new medium. What's more, the picture is just the right length, too. Don't miss it at the State Theatre Sunday, Monday and Tuesday.

**NO FUNDS AVAILABLE  
FOR POOR SCHOOL DISTRICTS  
BEFORE MARCH**

No funds will be available to poor school districts before March 1 and probably later than that, despite the fact that the Turner Act passed by the last legislature calls for payment before January 1, Webster H. Pearce, superintendent of public instruction, admitted today. He said that information that the payment will be delayed was given him by Governor Green at a recent conference between them.

The Turner Act appropriates \$2,000,000 annually to be divided on a combined basis of school tax rate and the number of students to each district. A similar measure was passed by the legislature in 1927 providing \$1,000,000 for the same purpose but no division of funds was made under it because it carried no tax clause.

Meanwhile the task of computing the amounts which will go to the districts if and when the money is made available is proving a difficult one for employees of the department of education.

The act is so worded that it specifies that no district's tax shall be reduced below \$10 per \$1,000 valuation, and in addition it provides that payment be made on a basis of the district's school population compared with the average throughout the state.

"It is pretty much a proposition of trial and error," Pearce admitted. "We have to keep changing basis figures until we shall strike the correct formula which will carry out the provisions of the act."

**BURLEIGH GIRL FREED OF  
KILLING STEP-FATHER**

Miss Clara LaGrant, who beat her step-father, George Gordon of Burleigh township to death with the barrel of a shotgun on December 9, was examined before Justice W. C. Davidson last Monday and the case discharged. It was determined that Miss LaGrant acted in self-defense.

The following witnesses were examined: Chas. Crydenman, Chester Weisbuh, Clara Hinkley, Jennie Hinkley, Wm. Hinkley, Harvey Priest, Dave Edmunds, Mrs. Dave Edmunds, Alma Gordon, Stephen LaGrant, Thos. Stewart, Geo. Velie.

**JURY DISAGREES IN  
BRONSON vs. HILL CASE**

In the case of Samuel Bronson of Burleigh township versus W. T. Hill of East Tawas, in circuit court last Friday, the jury disagreed. William R. Austin of Burleigh township was admitted to citizenship. After an examination, Judge Herman Dehnke complimented Mr. Austin upon his knowledge of American history and civil government.

**MUST REPORT FURS TO  
CONSERVATION DEPARTMENT**

All trappers, dealers and others having furs in their possession must make a report to the State Department of Conservation as to what furs they have in their possession within 10 days after the season on any fur animal closes. Blanks for making the report may be secured from the local conservation officer.

**BAPTIST CHURCH**

10:00 a. m.—Morning Worship.  
11:15 a. m.—Bible School. Theme—"Fellowship Through Worship."  
6:45 p. m.—B. Y. P. U. meets.  
7:30 p. m.—Gospel Service.  
Henlock Road.  
2:00 p. m.—Bible School.  
3:00 p. m.—Prayer Service.  
Frank Metcalf, Pastor.

**RETURN SLIDE  
FOR TOBOGGANS  
AT GREENBUSH**

Tobogganing with a return slide—that's Michigan's answer to the inertia of all of us that shrugs, "Oh, tobogganing's thrilling all right—but all that climb between slides!" That's how Greenbush Inn, at Greenbush in Alcona county, has improved over the glamorous good-old-days! And that's why Greenbush this year is going to compete in crowds with even the most popular of the famous eastern winter resorts.

It's new, this return slide. And it works like a charm. From the tip-top of the natural hill, from the door of the Swiss cottage that is a haven of warmth and refreshment, down you go on your exhilarating sweep of more than 2,000 feet, giving no thought to the old bogey of the return trip. For at the bottom, your toboggan is taken by a moving ramp up to the top of a second hill and raised slide, and you skoot up yourself, as easily as you shot down with that elevator-drop-breathlessness that makes children of us all. Which means that tobogganing at Greenbush Inn this season will be as much a center of winter sociability as the skating and iceboating.

And not a small part of the tobogganing, as well as the other sports, is the surrounding country of gorgeous landscape that your eye takes in at every point. No man-made pleasure ground could have built so fascinating a setting as this natural place of hills and valleys that is so typically northern-eastern Michigan. Not even in summer, when views are often cut off by the densely foliated trees, is the prospect so enchanting. Now, snow-covered, you can enjoy the full beauty of graceful dip and rise of line, as inspiring as anything the movies show you of the hills of eastern or European resorts that seem so alluring but so far out of your reach.

Skating, which attracts the hardy and skillful, also finds a more than satisfying natural setting at Greenbush Inn. For even in your most exciting moments of the downward rush, you can't help catching a glimpse of the fairy-white woods and hills around you, and of the unbelievable stretch of Lake Huron's noble frozen surface far ahead of you. As one recent observer of this wonderland of winter remarked, "Why, one would never again be content with a mechanically concocted hill within or near any city. This is the stuff of dreams!"

**PIANO STUDENTS GIVE  
SPLENDID RECITAL**

A piano students' recital was given by the pupils of Mrs. F. H. Richards of East Tawas Monday evening, December 23. The following numbers appeared on the program:

Arrival of Santa Claus (Engelmann)—Helen Neilson, Grace Merschel.

Slow Waltz (Presser)—Rosemary Hickey.

Sleigh Bells (N. Louise Wright)—Edna Hill.

Song of the Drum (Anna Priscilla Risher)—Janet Keiser.

Andante (Haydn)—Evelyn Hill.

The Sleigh Ride (M. L. Preston)—Violet Harwood.

Around the Christmas Tree (Marie Crosby)—Marilyn Haglund.

a. The Muffin Man (Gaynor Blake); b. Christmas Chimes—Robera Schreck, Gayle Adams.

The Sicilian Mariner's Hymn (Arrangement by H. Thomas)—Irene Warren.

Christmas Day (Spaulding)—Margaret Durant.

Santa Claus Is Coming (Paul Hickey)—Lulu Robinson.

Santa Claus March (Nurnberg)—Rhythmic Orchestra.

Christmas Bells (Karoly)—Helen Neilson.

The Chapel by the Sea (G. D. Wilson)—Hettie Jean McKay.

Chimes at Christmas (Greenwald)—Grace Merschel.

Christmas Chimes (Goerdeler)—Lillian Newberry.

Christmas Fantasia (Mueller)—Fay Gurley.

Hark, the Herald Angels Sing (Transcription by Goerdeler)—Dora Mark.

Silent Night (Transcription by C. Kohlmann)—Golda M. Sherk.

O Holy Night (Arrangement by J. C. Hess)—Helen Turner.

Christmas Symphony (Wilhelm Doelb)—Piano, Fay Gurley, Golda Sherk; Violin, Helen Turner.

Toy Instruments—Violet Harwood, Marilyn Haglund, Marian Haglund, Helen Neilson, Grace Merschel, Hettie Jean McKay, Esther Osgerby, Irene Warren, Margaret Durant.

**A. C. BROWN PURCHASES  
FIRST 1930 AUTOMOBILE  
LICENSES SOLD HERE**

A. C. Brown of this city was the first purchaser of automobile license plates in the county for the coming year. Mr. and Mrs. Brown are now at Kissingmee, Florida.

Register of Deeds Frank F. Taylor states that the sale of automobile licenses has been light so far this season. About 200 have been sold since sales opened December 1.

**EAST TAWAS NEWS**

The following spent Saturday at Bay City: Mrs. G. Herman, Mrs. Edna Acton, Mrs. R. Hickey and daughter, Rosemary, Mrs. M. Bolen. Herman Butler spent Saturday in Bay City.

Mrs. J. Flint of Bay City came Saturday to spend a few days with her mother, Mrs. J. Anshuetz.

Donald DeFrain, who attends Notre Dame college, South Bend, Ind., is spending the holidays in the city with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. L. DeFrain.

Ed. Haglund left Sunday for South Bend, Ind., for a few days.

Richard Hewson left Sunday for Washington, D. C., where he will spend the holidays at the Whaler home.

The picture you'll never forget—"Madame X." State Theatre, New Year's day and Thursday. adv

Misses Winnifred Burg, Irene McDonald and Regina Utecht spent the week end in Alpena at their homes.

Mrs. Harriett Grant spent Saturday and Sunday in Alpena with her sister, Mrs. J. McRae.

Robert Elliott spent Saturday in Bay City.

Miss Thelma Stewart, who is attending college in Detroit, came on Saturday to spend the holidays with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. John A. Stewart.

Mrs. E. Emerson left Monday for Elsie, Mich., where she will spend the holidays with her children.

Miss Louise Burgeson of Detroit is spending the holidays with her parents in Baldwin, and with her sister, Mrs. Pochert.

Mr. and Mrs. Will Woods and children of Saginaw came Saturday to spend the week at the home of Mrs. Woods' parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. Bygden.

Miss Hazel Jackson, a teacher at Detroit, came Saturday to spend the holidays in the city with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. A. Jackson.

Miss Evelyn Bonney of Detroit came Saturday to spend a week with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. A. C. Bonney.

Mrs. M. McMullen, Mrs. McMurray and Mrs. E. Schreiber spent Friday in Alpena.

Miss Winnifred Herman spent Friday and Saturday in Bay City.

Maek LaBerge, who is employed in Midland, is spending a few days with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. R. LaBerge.

Mrs. J. Harrington spent Friday and Saturday in Bay City.

Mrs. G. Sase spent Friday at Bay City.

Mrs. Emil Schrumm spent Friday and Saturday in Bay City.

Misses Mary and Helen Hales of Detroit came Sunday to spend a few days with their aunt, Mrs. J. Harrington, and husband.

Francis Schriber of Saginaw spent the holidays in the city with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. Schriber.

Eugene Provost left Tuesday for Detroit to spend Christmas with his wife and daughters.

Mrs. C. C. Harwood and daughter, Vivian, who have been visiting Glenn Harwood at a hospital in Chicago, Ill., returned home.

At a meeting of the Woman's Relief Corps on Tuesday in the home of Mrs. Jenny Legacy, the following officers were chosen for next year: President, Mrs. Jenny Legacy; Jr. President, Mrs. Anna Matthews; Chaplain, Mrs. Elizabeth Brown; Con., Mrs. Earl Williams; Pat. Ins., Mrs. Dora Colburn; Guard, Mrs. Jennie Forst. A pot luck lunch was served. The Corps will meet January 14th at the home of Mrs. Legacy for installation of officers.

Donald Price, who has employment in Detroit, is at the home of his parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Price, over the holidays.

Mr. and Mrs. Glenn Murray and son of Detroit are spending the holidays in the city with the Misses Cora and Edith Davey.

Misses Cora and Denesce LaBerge spent Christmas in Saginaw with their sister, Mrs. R. McMurray, and family.

Ralph Harwood, who is attending school at Alma, is spending the holidays with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. C. C. Harwood.

Arthur Evans, who is attending school at Ypsilanti, is spending the holidays in the city with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Evans.

Ed. Grosbeck and Mr. and Mrs. Byron Grosbeck and son of Lansing are spending the holidays in the Tawas.

H. C. Maaske is spending the holidays in Chicago with relatives.

Frank Fairfield and Paul Robert, Jr., who have been sailing on the Great Lakes the past season, are spending the holidays in the city with their parents.

Carl Siglin of Detroit is spending a week in the city with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. S. Siglin.

Mr. and Mrs. H. K. McHarg, Jr., who are spending the winter in Washington, D. C., are in the city for the holidays.

Arthur Jackson spent Saturday in Bay City.

Miss Julia Nolan of Bay City spent Christmas with her mother, Mrs. E. Nolan.

Miss Evelyn Bonney, who spent Christmas in the city with her parents, returned to Detroit Thursday.

H. Curtis spent Christmas at Flint.

(Turn to No. 2, Back Page)

President Poses With White House Hunting Dogs



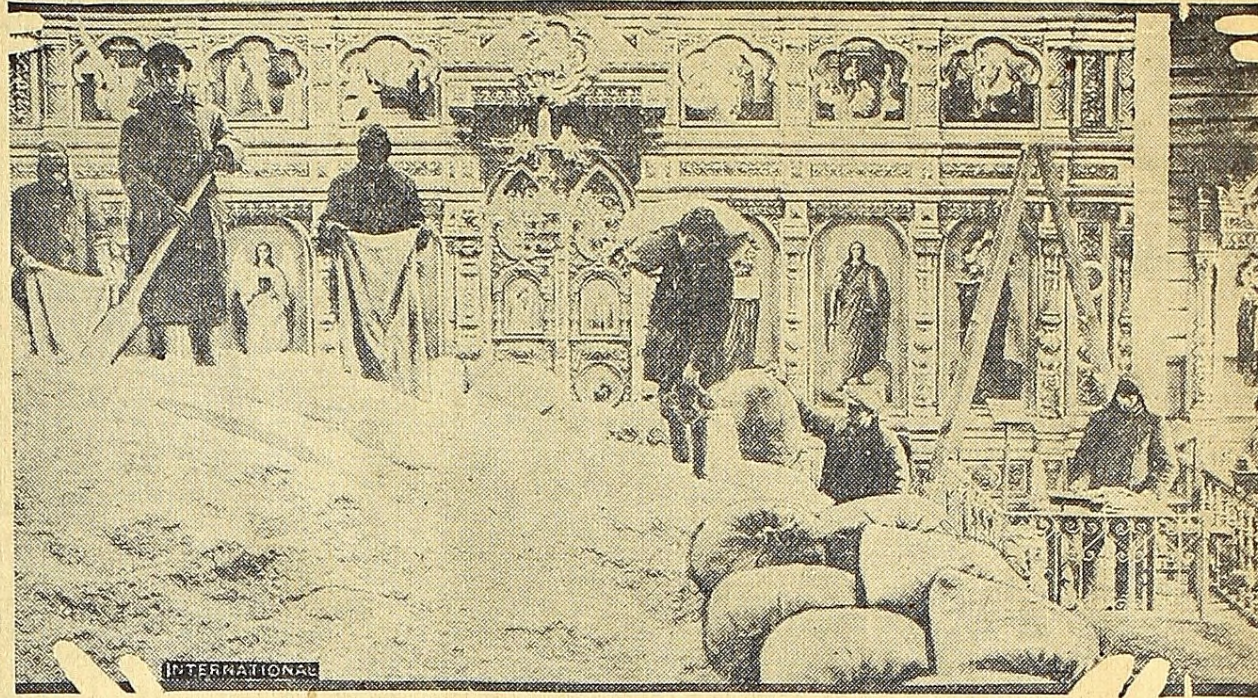
President Hoover with some of the champion hunting dogs of the White House. Left to right: Mr. Hoover with Englehurst Gillette, a black Gordon setter; Mrs. B. F. Lewis, holding Englehurst Patches, Delaware Kate and Here with J. P., and behind her, B. F. Lewis holding Southboro Sunny, prize English setter, belonging to Lawrence Ritchie, secretary to the President.

LEADING RADIO PROGRAMS

(Time given in Eastern Standard; subtract one hour for Central and two hours for Mountain time.)

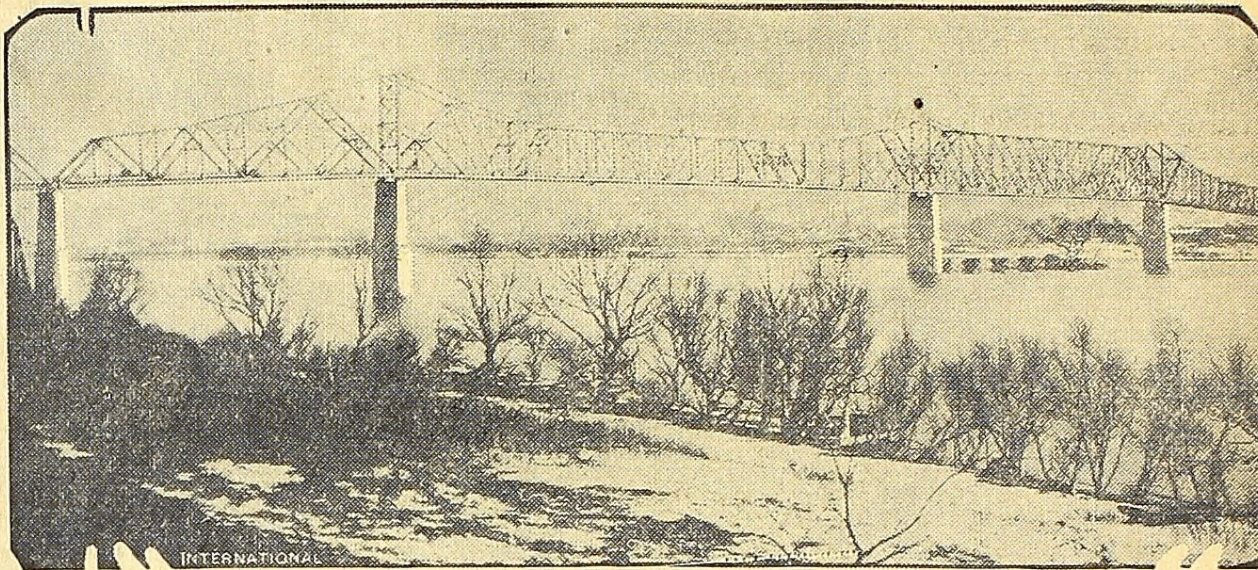
- N. B. C. RED NETWORK—December 29. 3:00 p. m. Chicago Symphony. 7:00 p. m. Heroes of the World. 7:30 p. m. Maj. Bowes. 8:30 p. m. Chase & Sanborn. 9:00 p. m. David Lawrence. 9:15 p. m. Atwater Kent. 10:15 p. m. Studebaker Champions. N. B. C. BLUE NETWORK. 1:00 p. m. The Lyceums. 2:00 p. m. Rocky Stroll. 5:00 p. m. Duo Disc Duo. 7:30 p. m. At the Baldwin. 8:00 p. m. Ernst Jettick Melodies. 8:15 p. m. Collier's. 9:45 p. m. Fuller Man. COLUMBIA SYSTEM. 9:30 a. m. Morning Musicals. 10:00 a. m. Children's Hour. 1:30 p. m. The Aztecs. 3:00 p. m. Symphonic Hour. 5:00 p. m. McKeessor News Reel of Air. 5:30 p. m. Sermon by Rev. Barnhouse. 7:00 p. m. Our Romantic Ancestors. 8:30 p. m. Sonatron Program. 9:00 p. m. Majestic Theater of the Air. 10:00 p. m. Jesse Crawford. 11:00 p. m. Back Home Hour. 12:01 a. m. Coral Islanders. 12:30 a. m. Midnight Melodies. N. B. C. RED NETWORK—December 30. 10:30 p. m. Doctor Goudiss. 11:15 a. m. Radio Household Institute. 8:00 p. m. Voice of Firestone. 8:30 p. m. A. & P. Gypsies. 9:30 p. m. General Motors. 10:00 p. m. Whittall Anglo Persians. N. B. C. BLUE NETWORK. 9:00 p. m. Aunt Jemima. 1:00 p. m. National Farm, Home Hour. 7:00 p. m. Pepsodent—Amos 'n' Andy. 7:30 p. m. Roxa and His Gang. 8:30 p. m. Ingram Shavers. 9:00 p. m. Edison Records. 9:30 p. m. Real Folks. 10:00 p. m. Strombers, Carlson. 10:30 p. m. Empire Builders. COLUMBIA SYSTEM. 8:30 a. m. Morning Devotions. 10:00 a. m. Ida Bailey Allen. 11:30 a. m. The Children's Corner. 12:00 Noon Columbia Revue. 1:30 p. m. Harold Stern and Orch. 2:00 p. m. Patterns in Prints. 3:00 p. m. Columbia Ensemble. 3:30 p. m. Closing Market Prices. 4:45 p. m. Browsing Among Books. 7:30 p. m. Purities Bakeries Program. 8:30 p. m. Ceco Couriers. 9:00 p. m. Physical Culture Magazine. 9:30 p. m. "An Evening in Paris." 10:30 p. m. Voice of Columbia. 11:30 p. m. Paul Specht's Orchestra. 12:01 a. m. Abe Lyman's Orchestra. 12:30 a. m. Midnight Melodies. N. B. C. RED NETWORK—December 31. 10:15 a. m. National Home Hour. 11:15 a. m. Radio Household Institute. 4:30 p. m. Auction Bridge Game. 7:15 p. m. Universal Safety Series. 7:30 p. m. Sycorand Sketches. 10:00 p. m. Citequot Club. 11:00 p. m. Radio Keith Orpheum. N. B. C. BLUE NETWORK. 9:00 a. m. Aunt Jemima. 11:00 a. m. Forecast School of Cookery. 1:00 p. m. National Farm, Home Hour. 7:00 p. m. Pepsodent—Amos 'n' Andy. 8:00 p. m. Pure Oil Band. 8:30 p. m. Around World with Libby. 9:00 p. m. College Drug Store. 9:30 p. m. Dutch Masters Minstrel. 10:00 p. m. Williams Oil-O-Matics. COLUMBIA SYSTEM. 8:30 a. m. Morning Devotions. 10:00 a. m. Ida Bailey Allen. 12:00 Noon Columbia Revue. 3:00 p. m. Columbia Ensemble. 4:00 p. m. Columbia Symphony Orch. 5:00 p. m. Rhythm Kings. 5:30 p. m. Ambassador Tea Dance. 6:30 p. m. Alice Foote Tompkins. 7:00 p. m. Carborundum Hour. 8:30 p. m. True Romances. 9:00 p. m. Old Gold—Paul Whiteman. 9:30 p. m. Night Club Remo. 11:30 p. m. Hotel Paramount Orch. 12:01 a. m. Lombardo, Royal Canadians. 12:30 a. m. Midnight Melodies. N. B. C. RED NETWORK—January 1. 10:15 a. m. National Home Hour. 11:15 a. m. Radio Household Institute. 8:00 p. m. Mobloll. 9:00 p. m. Halsey Stuart. 9:30 p. m. Palmolive Hour. 10:30 p. m. Headline Huntin'. N. B. C. BLUE NETWORK. 9:00 a. m. Aunt Jemima. 10:30 a. m. Mary Hale Martin. 11:00 a. m. Forecast School of Cookery. 1:00 p. m. National Farm, Home Hour. 7:00 p. m. Pepsodent—Amos 'n' Andy. 7:30 p. m. Westinghouse Salute. 8:00 p. m. Yeast Foamers. 8:30 p. m. Sylvania Foresters. 9:00 p. m. Real Folks. COLUMBIA SYSTEM. 8:30 a. m. Morning Devotions. 10:00 a. m. Ida Bailey Allen. 12:00 Noon Columbia Revue. 3:00 p. m. Columbia Ensemble. 4:00 p. m. Musical Album. 5:15 p. m. Twilight Troubadors. 6:00 p. m. Closing Market Prices. 6:30 p. m. Lombardo, Royal Canadians. 8:00 p. m. Grand Opera Concert. 10:00 p. m. Kolster Radio Hour. 10:30 p. m. In a Russian Village. 11:00 p. m. Hank Sinner's Show Boat. 12:30 a. m. Midnight Melodies. N. B. C. RED NETWORK—January 2. 10:30 a. m. National Home Hour. 11:15 a. m. Radio Household Institute. 8:00 p. m. Radio Keith Orpheum. 7:30 p. m. Coward Comfort Hour. 8:00 p. m. Fleischman Sunshine Hour. 9:00 p. m. Seiberling Singers. 9:30 p. m. National Sugar Refining Co. 10:00 p. m. Radio Victor Program. N. B. C. BLUE NETWORK. 9:00 a. m. Aunt Jemima. 10:45 a. m. Barbara Gould. 11:00 a. m. Forecast School of Cookery. 1:00 p. m. National Farm, Home Hour. 7:00 p. m. Pepsodent—Amos 'n' Andy. 8:30 p. m. Champion Sparkers. 9:00 p. m. Smith Brothers. 10:00 p. m. Atwater Kent. COLUMBIA SYSTEM. 8:30 a. m. Morning Devotions. 10:00 a. m. Ida Bailey Allen. 11:30 a. m. Du Barry Beauty Talk. 11:45 a. m. Columbia Noon Day Club. 1:30 p. m. Harold Stern and Orch. 3:00 p. m. Columbia Ensemble. 5:00 p. m. Dr. Hodson's Health Talk. 6:00 p. m. Columbia Symphony Orch. 8:15 p. m. Politics in Washington. 9:00 p. m. True Detective Mysteries. 10:30 p. m. National Forum from Wash. 11:00 p. m. Dream Boat. 12:01 a. m. Lombardo, Royal Canadians. 12:30 a. m. Midnight Melodies. N. B. C. RED NETWORK—January 3. 10:45 a. m. National Home Hour. 9:00 p. m. An Evening in Paris. 9:30 p. m. Broadway Band. 10:00 p. m. Planters Peanuts. N. B. C. BLUE NETWORK. 1:00 p. m. National Farm, Home Hour. 7:00 p. m. Pepsodent—Amos 'n' Andy. 7:30 p. m. Dixie Circus. 8:45 p. m. Craddock Terry. 9:00 p. m. Interwoven Pair. 10:30 p. m. Armour Hour. COLUMBIA SYSTEM. 8:30 a. m. Morning Devotions. 9:30 a. m. Morning on Broadway. 10:00 a. m. Ida Bailey Allen. 11:00 a. m. Nell Vlnick. 11:30 a. m. The Week-Enders. 12:15 p. m. Columbia Salon Orchestra. 1:30 p. m. Savoy Plaza Orchestra. 3:00 p. m. Columbia Ensemble. 5:00 p. m. Dr. Clark—French Lessons. 5:15 p. m. Ambassador Tea Dance. 6:15 p. m. Closing Market Prices. 6:30 p. m. Paul Specht's Orchestra. 8:00 p. m. True Story Hour. 11:00 p. m. Jan Garber's Orchestra. 12:30 a. m. Midnight Melodies. N. B. C. RED NETWORK—January 4. 11:15 a. m. Radio Household Institute. 7:00 p. m. New Business World. 7:30 p. m. Skellodians. 8:30 p. m. Lauderland Lyrics. 9:00 p. m. General Electric. 10:00 p. m. Lucky Strike. N. B. C. BLUE NETWORK. 9:00 a. m. Aunt Jemima. 1:00 p. m. National Farm, Home Hour. 6:30 p. m. Gold Spot Pals. 7:00 p. m. Pepsodent—Amos 'n' Andy. COLUMBIA SYSTEM. 8:30 a. m. Morning Devotions. 11:00 a. m. Adventures of Helen. Mary. 12:00 Noon Columbia Noon Day Club. 1:30 p. m. Tucker, Barclay Orchestra. 3:00 p. m. Columbia Ensemble. 5:00 p. m. Club Plaza Orchestra. 6:00 p. m. Abe Lyman's Orchestra. 6:30 p. m. Nit Wit Hour. 7:00 p. m. Levitov and Ensemble. 8:00 p. m. Lombardo, Royal Canadians. 8:30 p. m. True Detective Mysteries. 10:00 p. m. Paramount-Publick Hour. 11:00 p. m. Lombardo, Royal Canadians. 12:30 a. m. Midnight Melodies.

Russians Store Wheat in Churches



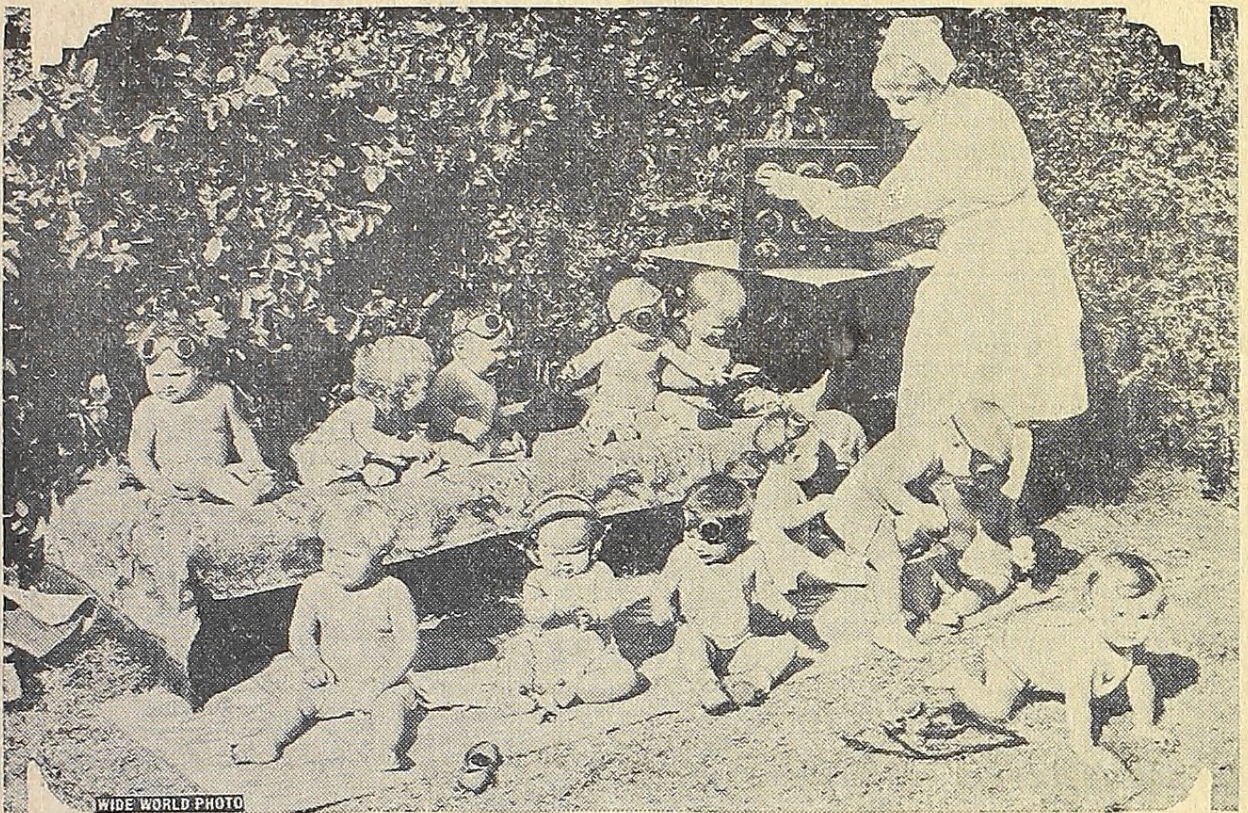
While the saints in this Russian church at Petrovsky look down benignly, peasants bring in their wheat crop, have it duly recorded by a commissar and then take it to the huge mound of wheat in the nave. So great is the crop this year that ordinary means of storing it have been exhausted. Officials were forced to use churches.

New Bridge Links Indiana and Kentucky



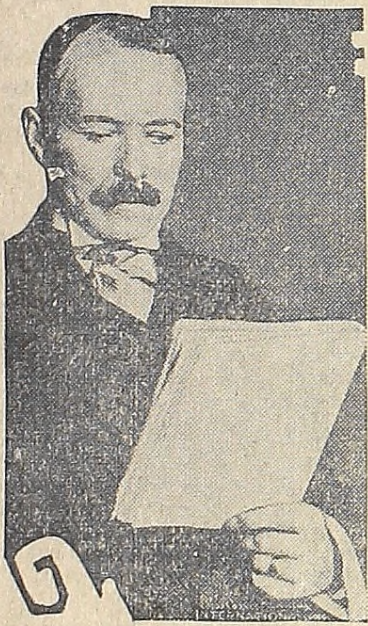
The new Madison-Milton bridge, costing \$1,800,000, which shortens the distance between Indianapolis and Frankfort, the capital cities of Indiana and Kentucky, by forty miles. It also opens a new short route from Chicago and the Northwest to Florida and the South coast. The bridge spans the Ohio river between Madison, Ind., and Milton, Ky.

Making the Babies of Los Angeles "Radio-Active"



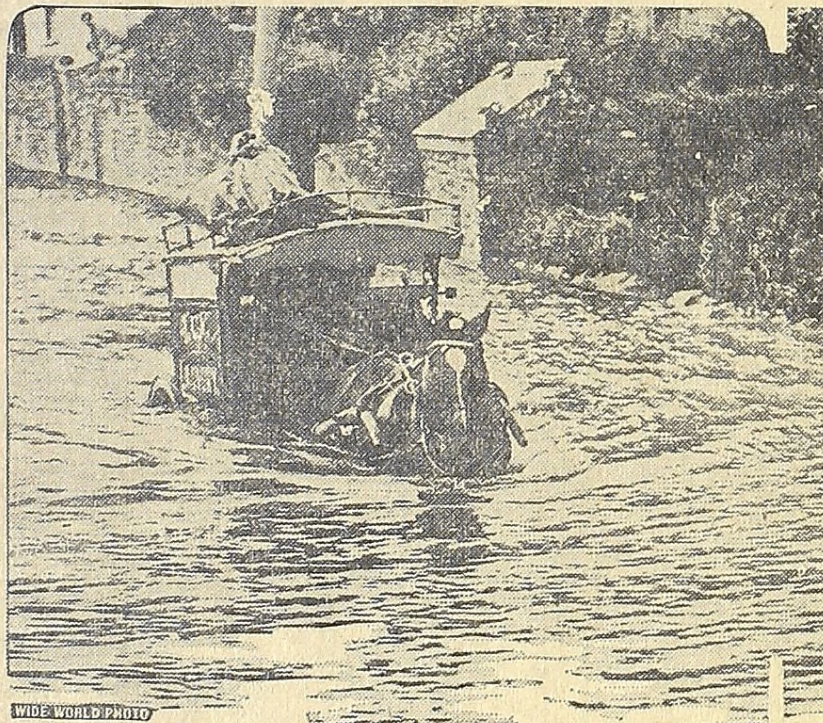
These little Los Angeles tots are simultaneously receiving beneficial ultra-violet rays from the midwinter sun and sweet lullabies through the earphones which are part of the equipment of the novel mothers' educational center conducted by the municipality. Dr. Maude Wilde, managing director, devised the radio connections to keep her charges amused.

SWISS PRESIDENT



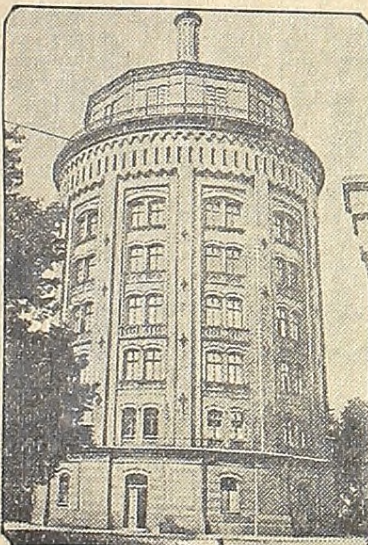
Dr. Jean Maria Musy, former finance minister of Switzerland, who was elected to succeed Doctor Haab as president of the oldest republic. Doctor Musy has been head of his country's finances since 1925.

Rivers of England Overflowing



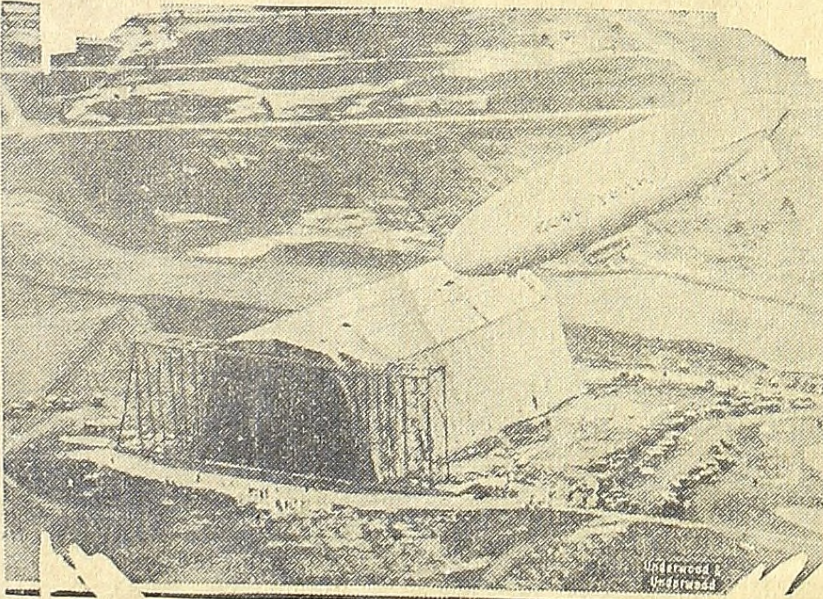
A laundry horse and cart making their way with difficulty along the main street of Trehaod in the Rhondda valley of England during the serious floods that have been prevailing there.

WATER TOWER FLATS



One of the strangest apartment houses in the world is this rebuilt water tower near Berlin, Germany. It is conducting an economy campaign at present, and rather than tear down old structures, as in America, they are rebuilding them for residence purposes.

Miami Is Winter Home for Blimps



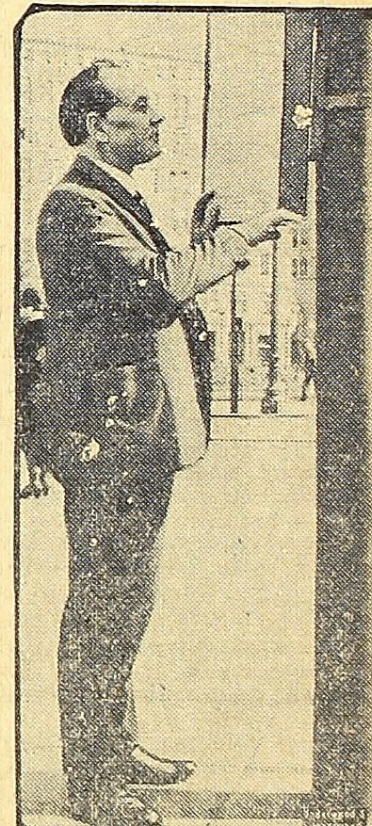
Miami, Fla., has established itself as a winter home for blimps by constructing a fine big hangar for the airships. This view shows the Goodyear blimp Defender about to land at the hangar after a flight from Akron, Ohio.

Princess Eagle Eye Is Crowned



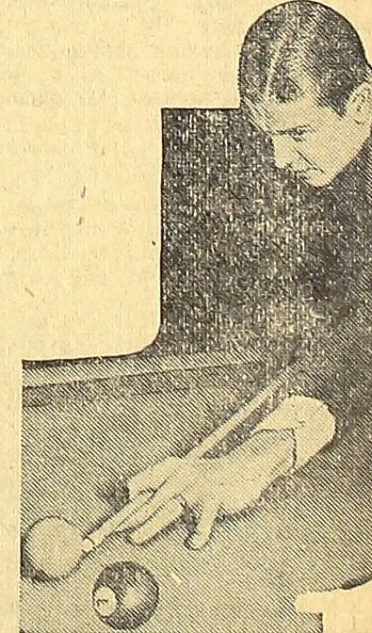
Arylne Brown, thirteen, who won championship honors at the national revolver matches at Toledo and Camp Perry, being crowned Princess Ma-Ca-Cheer or "Eagle Eye," by Chief Sweet Grass of the South Dakota Sioux tribe in St. Louis recently.

"WELCOME, STRANGER"



The city of Oakland, Calif., has installed a novelty for the benefit of strangers. At the corners of the principal streets, chained to posts, are city directories—books with steel leaves on which are maps and directions to points of interest.

RECORD FOR GREENLEAF

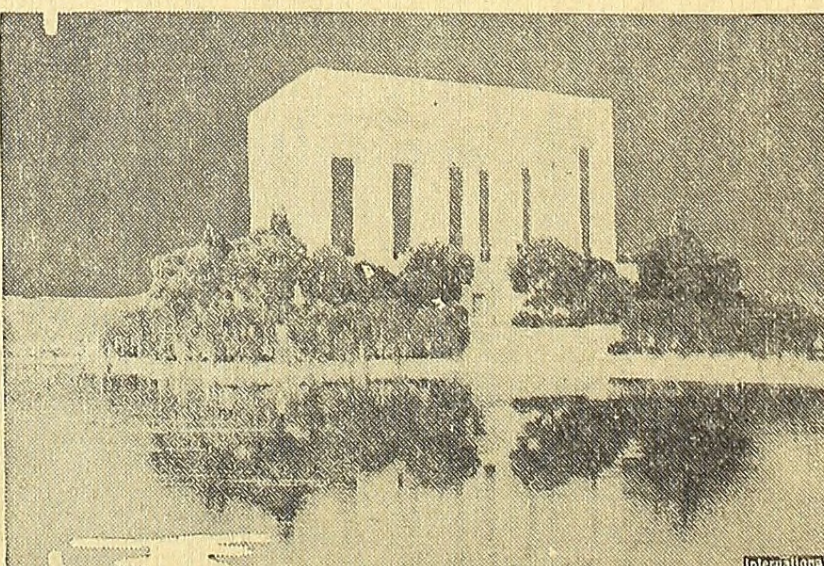


A world's record was established in the pocket billiard tourney held at Detroit when Ralph Greenleaf scored 125 points in the second inning of the game against Frank Taberski.

Early Town Clock

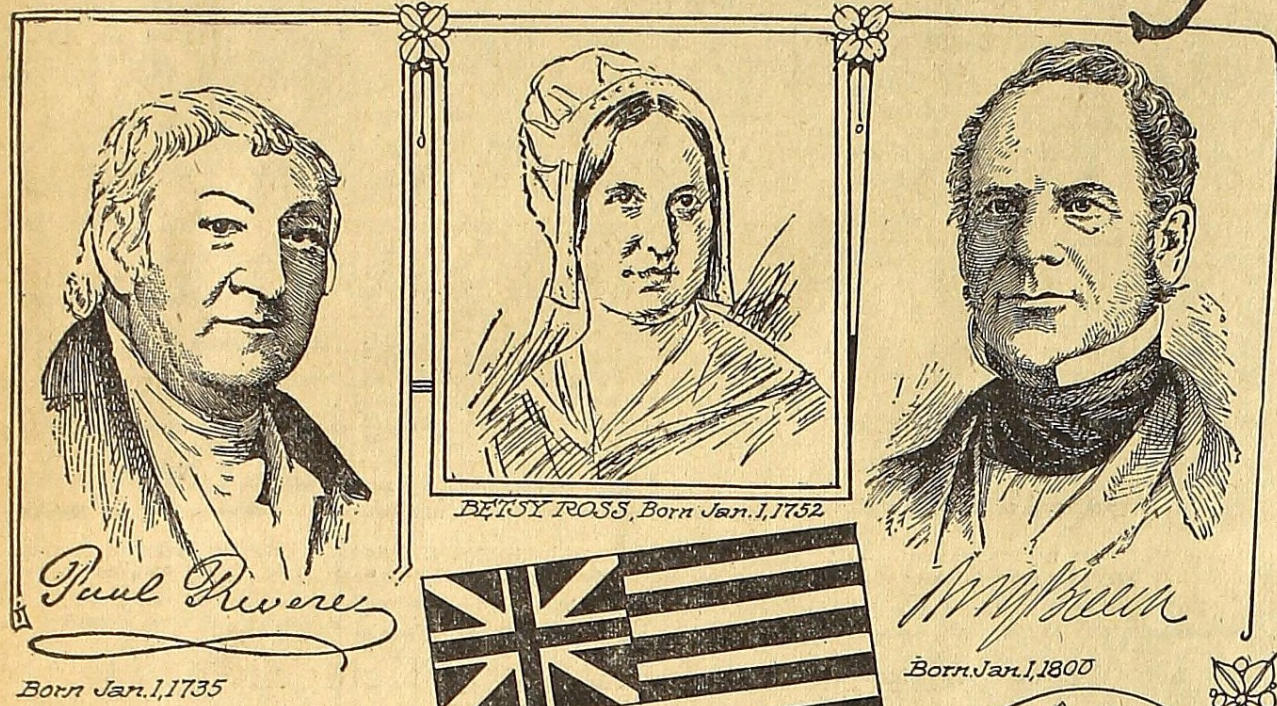
The first tower clock in the United States, which was for the general benefit of the townspeople, was the one, according to N. Hudson Moore, in the church at Ipswich, Mass., The new meeting house was built in 1699 and in 1704 the clock and dial was added.

Design for Chicago War Memorial



Here is the prize winning design for the war memorial which Chicago will erect on an artificial island off the lake front. It is the work of Roger Bailey and Eric Gugler, architects of New York.

# January 1 in American History



By ELMO SCOTT WATSON

HE association of New Year's day with important events in American history goes back to its very beginning. In fact, the very name "America" came into being through association with an event which took place on January 1. In the latter half of the fifteenth century a Florentine named Amerigo Vespucci drifted to Spain and, hearing of the discoveries of Christopher Columbus, resolved to seek his fortunes in the New world. So he visited Espanola (Hayti), went on a pearl hunting expedition with the Spaniard, Ojeda, in 1499, and on January 1, 1502, he discovered the Bay of Rio Janeiro in South America.

Sometimes during his voyage he wrote a letter in which he called the western lands "Mundus Novus," instead of Asia, and some historians assert that Vespucci, before Columbus, discovered the mainland, that he was the first to realize that "Mundus Novus" was wholly distinct from Asia and that therefore he has some claim to the title of "discoverer of America." But whether he deserved that honor or not, the fact remains that the new continent was to be known as "America" rather than "Columbus." And this is how it came about:

At St. Die in the Vosges mountains there was at the time Vespucci was making his voyage a little collegiate institute which was a center of geographical learning. Two of its faculty members, Mathias Ringman, a Latinist, and Martin Waldseemuller, a geographer, were preparing a new edition of Ptolemy's "Geographia." Before it was published, however, they printed a little essay under the title of "Cosmographiae Introductio," to which they added the letter of Vespucci. It was in this essay that Waldseemuller, after describing the three continents of Europe, Asia and Africa, then gave an account of the voyages of Vespucci and closed by saying "The fourth part of the world having been discovered by Americus it may be called the land of Americus or America." The suggestion met with favor, and although at first the name was confined to South America, it was later applied to both western continents. And thus, whether rightly or not, was the fame of Americus Vespucci perpetuated on the maps of the world.

The next great epoch in American history in which several important events were linked with New Year's day was the American Revolution. On January 1, 1735, there was born in Boston to a French goldsmith named Apollon Rivors (who, however, changed that to Paul Revere soon after his arrival in America and his marriage to Deborah Hitchborn) a son who was named after his father. Young Paul followed his father's trade and became an expert in it and in many other things.

But, although few Americans may know of Paul Revere in any of these roles, few indeed are they who do not know of him as a courier bearing "a word that shall echo forever more!" For it was his famous "midnight ride" in April of 1775, which warned the patriots of the approach of the British and rallied them to make their stand at Lexington and at Concord, where "the shot heard round the world" was fired.

On the day that Paul Revere celebrated his tenth birthday, there was born on a farm in Chester county, Pa., another boy who was destined to achieve even greater fame in the great struggle for liberty. Anthony Wayne was his name, and when he grew to young manhood he became as well known as a surveyor in Pennsylvania as Washington was in Virginia. He attracted the attention of Benjamin Franklin who had him appointed to look after the interests of a number of Philadelphia business men who owned lands in Nova Scotia. Upon his return from this work in 1767 he married Polly Penrose, the daughter of a prominent Philadelphia merchant, and they settled in Chester county where young Wayne made a good living as a farmer and surveyor.

In 1774 he was made one of the provincial deputies and he was also a member of the Pennsylvania convention held at Philadelphia to discuss the impending trouble between the colonies and the mother country. But Anthony Wayne was a man of action, not merely a man of words, and New Year's day of 1776 found him at his home, Waynesborough, impatiently awaiting word from Philadelphia, where the Pennsylvania committee of safety was about to choose the colonels for the four battalions, which were to be sent to the aid of General Washington and his Continentals before Boston. Unable to restrain his impatience, Wayne, two days later, bade his Polly and their children a hasty good-bye and set out for Philadelphia, there to learn that he had been appointed colonel of the first battalion.

So the military career of Anthony Wayne began and how brilliant that career was is told in one of the most interesting biographies of recent months—Thomas Boyd's "Mad Anthony Wayne," published by Charles Scribner's Sons. No better characterization of Wayne can be given than in the scene, as Boyd describes it, which took place after the long, bitter winter at Valley Forge when Washington summoned his generals to a council to decide whether or not to allow the British, who were preparing to leave Philadelphia for New York, to pass across New Jersey unmolested. Gen. Charles Lee spoke longest and loudest and his advice was to let the British alone. Then:

Anthony Wayne had sat apart, holding a book beyond which he had looked with bright-eyed scorn as ten of his fellow officers had agreed with Charles Lee. He raised his head. "Well, general," asked his Excellency, "what do you propose to do?" Wayne answered quickly, "Fight, sir!"

But that reply could scarcely have surprised the commander-in-chief or any of the others. For when hadn't the leader of the Pennsylvania line voted in favor of attack? At Brandywine? At Germantown? At White Marsh last November? Never. Attack, attack! It was the only word he knew.

And those two words "attack" and "fight" were the keystones of his whole career, both in the Revolution and during the Indian war afterwards. It would have been appropriate if he could have died on the field of battle. Instead, he was stricken by illness in December of 1796 at the fort at Presque Isle on the shores of Lake Erie, and there after great suffering the end came on December 15.

The third member of the trilogy of Revolutionary notables who had New Year's day as their birthday was a woman. Born on January 1, 1752, Elizabeth Griscom of Philadelphia, was married to John Ross, a Philadelphia merchant, who was also an upholsterer. His most able assistant was his wife who had become widely known for her excellent materials and the unusual skill with which she shaped them.

Among her patrons were the foremost citizens of Philadelphia and she numbered among her friends such men as Washington, Franklin, Adams and Rittenhouse. So perhaps it was natural that when the Continental congress on June 14, 1777, "Resolved, that the flag of the thirteen United States be thirteen stripes alternate red and white; that the Union be thirteen stars, white on a blue field, representing a new constellation," the committee which was appointed to carry out this resolution should go to "the widow Ross" to have her make it for them. Whether or not Betsy Ross designed the first Stars and Stripes or whether that honor belongs to Francis Hopkinson of New Jersey is a matter for dispute among historians. At any rate Betsy Ross seems to have been connected in some way with the early history of our national banner and the "Betsy Ross legend," if legend it be, seems to be firmly fixed in our national tradition of the origin of our flag.

There is one event connected with

## LIVING IN KITCHENS AND CASTLES

(By D. J. Walsh.)

JEAN'S blue eyes shone as she opened the book of samples. "Look, Donald, isn't this fabric lovely? I do want to fix up the kitchen and have it look like something. Everything is old and drab."

Her husband shot a hungry glance toward the table. "I had a hard day at the office," he said, unconscious that he uttered a marital bromide, "and I want my dinner. Put that stuff away."

The young face clouded and, had Donald cared to look, he'd have seen that her mouth drooped like that of a scolded child. After all, at nineteen a girl is scarcely more than that and Jean had never had the bride's joy of a new home. She had married Donald for love and the necessities for the wife who does her own work would, she had vaguely supposed, naturally follow the honeymoon. Poor Jean had never done anything more strenuous than ride horseback and dance and she soon discovered that her husband had no intention of replacing the worn furnishings that his mother had purchased as a bride. "My mother selected everything here herself and surely, Jean, you should be satisfied. I'm afraid you'll never be the housekeeper that she was," he sometimes ended.

The shabbiness was bad enough. The slur of her attainments unendurable, or so she felt. Donald was perfectly able to refurnish the suburban cottage if he chose. He did not, however, choose to humor what he said frankly was an extravagant whim. "Show me that you can keep house with what you have—then talk about this queer color scheme you rave about. I never heard mother speak of having a turquoise blue dishpan or a blue double boiler. Oatmeal tastes good no matter whether it's put in a blue pan or one of pink. Fads it is, no sense."

The question of dainty brightness became an obsession with Jean and she skipped her work shamelessly. The old sink grew accustomed to a load of soiled dishes and the tin dishpan grew more and more battered from Jean's reckless handling. The question of acquiring of some yards of turquoise fabric to cover the scarred table and cupboard brought the family jar to a climax. The material was surprisingly inexpensive. Jean held her sample against the dubious wood of the corner cupboard and, closing her long-lashed blue eyes, dreamed of a gay kitchen to match the bit of blue.

"Uncle Jim wrote that he'd take me on his trip to Scotland if you could spare me. He'll come back on the return trip of the Empress. And," Jean cried recklessly as she saw the familiar negative shake of the sandy head opposite, "I'm going. Going, do you hear? Why should I stay here and spoil my hands when I could be seeing Edinburgh castle again? I love to look at it by moonlight. Uncle Jim and I are kindred spirits. He loves poetry and ocean trips and things like I do."

Donald cast a grim look down at his plate. His mouth was set in a stubborn line that matched the pink, primmed lips of Jean. Once Jean's mouth had seemed made for laughter, but the misunderstandings and the bleak atmosphere of the faded old home had changed her. She felt as though Donald's mother still lived, in spirit, in that house and that that model housekeeper thoroughly disapproved of the tired little bit of modernity who longed for a gay and suitable environment.

"Go, if you wish," the words shot out abruptly. "I've felt lately that you were not satisfied."

It wasn't until she had been away from home for three days that she began to regret her hasty departure. Her uncle had been unexpectedly detained in Chicago and Jean, resentful of her husband's lack of argument against her fitting, had not notified Donald of her unexpected stay at the Congress. Donald had put her in a taxi to go to the station, where she would meet her Uncle Jim and had then hurried off to his office. "As though," she had told herself fiercely, "he were glad to be rid of me." She had scarcely glanced at the cluster of spicy carnations he had bought for her—had been ungracious when he handed her the latest Galsworthy book to read on her trip. "As though I wanted to read anything to improve my style," she had reflected. Jean sometimes wrote poetry which Donald smiled at. "Any way the title fits the case for 'Swan Song' is what I'd sing if I felt like singing anything. I'd have liked something frothier."

But Chicago without the quiet but companionable Donald seemed a desert to the spoiled girl and even the evenings of theaters and concerts had not consoled her. Her Uncle Jim had listened without comment to her lame excuses for not insisting that Donald spend his evenings with them, but she had the impression that he disapproved.

"The skyline is wonderful," she heard a woman at the next table say, "like great gray castles against turquoise, those buildings are."

Jean fell into one of her dreams promptly. Again she was in Edinburgh looking down first at the gay flowers in the square and then up at the rocky hill that led to her favorite castle.

"I'd like to live in a castle," she

meditated, then her common sense caught back her vague flight on the unsubstantial back of Pegasus. A castle of that age would not be apt to be equipped with the modern luxuries that American women consider necessities. There would, likely, be mice and dubious drains. Jean smiled at this fancy. Ladies of a castle do not worry much, she felt, about the furnishings of the remote kitchens. Still, homemaking had opened a new vista to Jean's mind and she felt that the kitchen was the heart of the home. A castle might be romantic, but—Jean's smile vanished. Her mind had leaped ahead again. She loved Scotland, although she had only a faint strain of Scottish blood in her. But she was thinking of that factor of a Scotchman's character. Loyalty was the word. Loyalty to ideals and to life. She saw herself, as she sat in the flower-scented room that thrilled with music, as a shirker; one who had accepted wifehood but who denied any responsibility in the joint work of marriage. She had done her work carelessly, touching her dishes with lazy, abhorrent fingers, dropping her tea-towels about instead of scolding them and putting them out in the sunshine. She had sulked and drooped and complained instead of telling her husband frankly that she was flitting off to Europe to play while he remained at work. He had told her that one more year of the strenuous, almost incredible work he staggered under would put him on Easy street. Jean hadn't cared much, scarcely listened.

"I don't care," said Jean aloud, then bit her lip. No one had heard, though, for some one near, her hummed the words to "Laugh, Clown Laugh." "I'm going to laugh," she told herself, "and I'm going back home tonight. Donald might not want me back," she worried, her mind suddenly alert to the danger of leaving a husband alone. And the spicy carnations suddenly assumed a new value in her mind. Sturdy and sweet and enduring they were. Donald was like that. Contribute and frightened, she planned, shaking her head when a man asked her to dance, glad when her uncle suggested going back to the hotel. "I guess this gay crowd bores you, Jean."

Breathlessly she told him of her change of mind and he agreed to take her out to La Grange that night.

When their taxi stopped before the old house that Jean called a bungalow because it was on one floor she looked out eagerly through the snowy trees. There was a light.

"Run on in, Jean, I'll follow presently," was the tactful command.

Donald sat hunched over the dining room table and Jean's heart sank. He was working and might be cross.

"Donald, I'm sorry. I came back," she cried, hurling herself across the littered room and landing in the arms he swiftly opened to receive her. "Castles and heather and moonlight can't make up for—home."

His tired eyes twinkled as he caught the familiar smell of violet that always heralded this fragrant if lazy little bride and he held her close a moment before speaking. "I'm sorry, too, Jeanie. After all a woman's home is her kingdom and we're going to buy in the spring. Meanwhile, I've been making out a list of some things you want for your kitchen. Maybe," he finished quaintly, "you can make believe it's a castle."

Pasted to the lengthy list was the scrap of turquoise fabric that would, in the generous estimate he had made, turn that shabby kitchen into beauty.

## Yellowed Old Missive Has Historic Interest

On February 25, 1853, hardly a decade after the first successful operation of a telegraph line, a telegram was sent from Natchez, Miss., to New Orleans. For more than 76 years, says International System News, the telegram lay forgotten in the home of the addressee. The paper became yellowed, the writing faded. Recently this telegram of ante-Civil war days was found, rescued from oblivion, and once again started on its travels. But this time no telegraph key rattled the message. Reincarnated as a postal photograph, it was sped from Atlanta to New York for reproduction in the International System News.

In 1853 the telegraph was still a novelty. If the crinolined shade of Mrs. S. C. Irvin, who sent the message, or of the gaitered Walter Irvin, who received it, could see their telegram thus transmuted by the alchemy of modern science, to what bounds would their amazement not carry them? The message, which reads, "All well. Get Fulton's bookkeeping double and single entry" was sent over the telegraph line which extended from Natchez to New Orleans, via Woodville, Miss., operated by a company which gloried in the name of the "New York, Philadelphia, Pittsburgh, Cincinnati and Louisville; the United New Orleans and Ohio People's; St. Louis, Indiana and Lake Erie Telegraph Lines." The company and the line have alike vanished; the line was destroyed in 1865 by federal troops.

The blank was found at the Briers, one of the oldest residences at Natchez. The Briers is of historic interest as the house in which Jefferson Davis was married. M. W. Fassmann, husband of the great-granddaughter of the Mrs. Irvin, found the message, which he claims to be the oldest telegram extant in the South.

## Very

"Do you carry accident insurance?" "Yes. Been insured twenty years and never had an accident."

"That's an efficient company for you."

## FLECKED TWEED IS POPULAR; LACE GIVES CHARM TO VELVET

HAD you thought about flecked tweed for little daughter's mid-winter coat? It's really a suggestion well worth following up, for they are ever so good looking, these colorful coatings which are flecked usually with white or with cream or a darker tone.

The beauty of these sturdy tweeds which have quite captured the heart of school faring youth, is their handsome colorings which include in ad-

Any fabric just so it is velvet is apparently the prevailing sentiment when it comes to material for the frock to be worn during the afternoon social hours. Indeed, minus a velvet costume, no wardrobe can qualify this season, as being all there.

About the greatest difficulty encountered in selecting the velvet frock is to decide as to whether it shall be black or in some one of the delectable dahlia or eggplant shades, or forest



Girl's Coat of Flecked Tweed.

dition to the usual browns and tans a range of pastel greens, blues, capucine and soft violet tones.

The coat in the picture is a serviceable little model of tan tweed flecked with brown. It is collared and cuffed with a pile fabric in semblance of fur. There is quite a little fabric fur being used this season, a favorite type simulates kimmer while still another looks the part of handsome beaver. The kimmer pile-fabric is especially effective on pastel tweeds. Matching muffs and hats of the simulated fur add an attractive note to these outdoor outfits. Sometimes entire coats are made of the pile fabrics which look like fur.

In unfurred coats, cape effects are contesting the supremacy of scarfed models. On tiny-tot coats made of broadcloth or suede sometimes the triple-layer capes are used. Some of

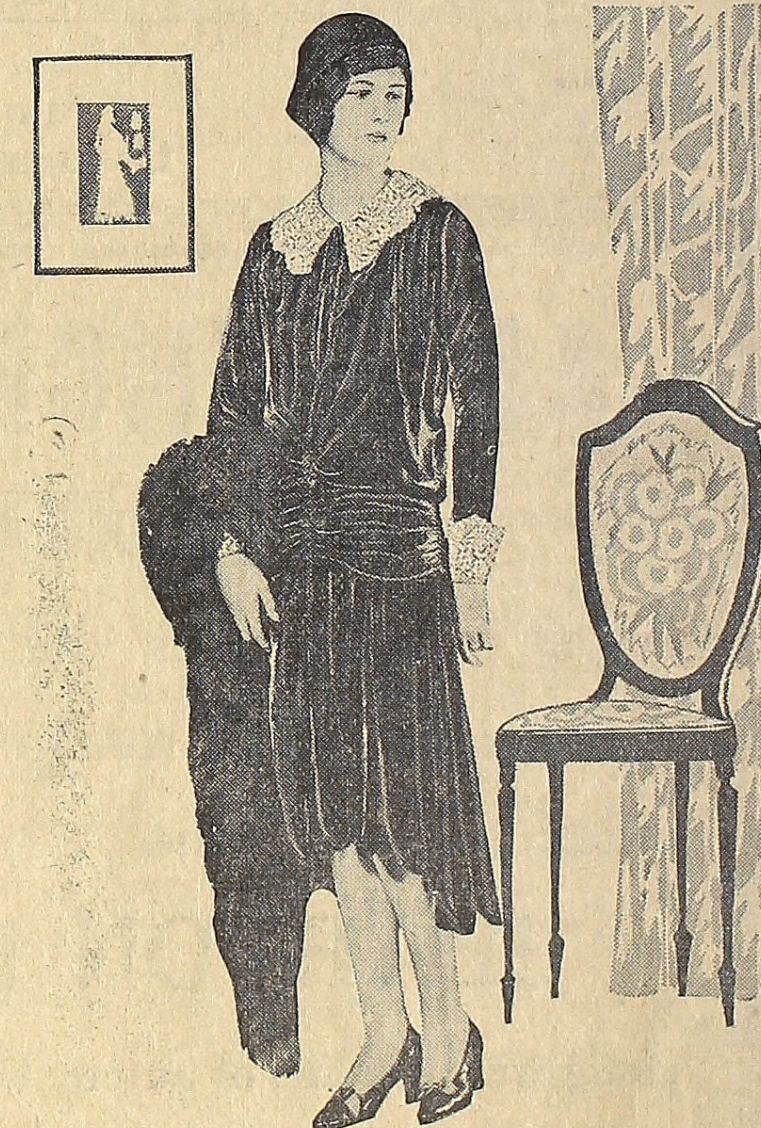
greens, or a radiant brown or some other of fashions glamorous hues. For the frock in the lower picture the designer settles the question by deciding upon a lovely violet-toned transparent velvet.

Nowadays, the first thing one looks to in connection with a gown under scrutiny is its hemline, for it seems that a dress is known by its hemline this season. What a tantalizing telltale way hemlines have of establishing the identity of a gown, as to whether it be of this season's vintage or not. The hemline in the picture, while it is thoroughly smart and correct, succeeds in making a very happy compromise with those exaggerated types which are being so reluctantly accepted by the majority of women.

The widened hemline which reaches below the knees in front, gracefully sloping in a downward course to the back, as here pictured, is meeting with general approval. It adds a feminine touch for the hemline to be scalloped especially where the material is velvet, as it is in this instance. However, for the more tailored cloth versions, the scallops are likely to be omitted, following otherwise just such a slope as is defined by the hemline in the picture.

The shirred girdle fitted snugly to the hips, such as distinguishes this gown, is also a featured detail in the newer modes. The interest which holds for this dress is the fact that while achieving unmistakable chic it at the same time maintains that fine conservatism which appeals to discriminating taste.

The exquisite lace collar-and-cuff set worn with this dress also bespeaks



Smart Velvet Frock.

the tweed coats with capes also add fur collars thus insuring warmth and comfort.

The vogue for flared hemlines extends to coats for girls. The fullness is achieved, in various ways, either through circular cut or princess lines, or through the introduction of godets employed in like manner as in adult styles.

Plaided blanket coats with self fringe are practical, colorful and moderately priced. For school wear and hard outdoor usage they are ideal, look charming, too, in their mixture of gay yellows, greens and reds.

that ladylikeness which is sought for in the new fashions. Note the word "exquisite" used in referring to the very lovely lace which enhances this gown. The prefix has been employed advisedly, for one of the conditions impressed on fashion's followers is that lace to be smart must be of the very finest and refined types, no recognition being given to inferior grades. Real laces are consequently being brought out from their lavender-scented wrappings to re-enact their former triumphs.

JULIA BOTTOMLEY.  
(©, 1929, Western Newspaper Union.)

# We Wish You A Happy New Year

## J. A. Brugger

### Tawas Breezes

VOL. IV DECEMBER 27, 1929 NUMBER 10

Published in the interest  
of the people of Iosco  
County

Wilson Grain Co.  
BURLLEY & LEE, Editors

Corn, \$1.30 per bu.; cracked corn, \$2.50 per 100 lbs.; oats, 65c per bu.; ground oats, \$2.20 per 100 lbs.; corn and oat chop, \$2.30 per 100 lbs.; scratch feed, \$2.40 per 100 lbs.; bran, \$2.20 per 100 lbs.; middlings, \$2.50 per 100 lbs.; chicken wheat, \$2.50 per 100 lbs.; screenings, \$2.20 per 100 lbs.; Hex-ite, \$2.25 per 100 lbs.

Salt: Barrel salt, \$2.75; 25 lb. sack, 35c; 50 lb. sack, 55c; 100 lb. sack, \$1.05; 50 lb. salt block, 50c; packers' salt, \$1.25 per sack.

Sup't: "It is our custom to let a prisoner work at the same trade in here as he did outside. Now what is your trade; shoemaker, blacksmith, or—"  
Prisoner: "Please sir, I was a traveling salesman."

Egg coal, \$8.00 per ton, and lump coal \$8.50 per ton, delivered in either town.

Freddy: "Ma, didn't the missionary say that the savages didn't wear any clothes?"  
Mother: "Yes, my boy."

Freddy: "Then why did papa put a button in the missionary box?"

Just received a car of corn.

Guide (to our party of automobile plant): "Do you know what would happen if that man on the right side ever missed a day at work?"

Guide: "Twenty-two hundred and sixty-one autos would go out of the factory without springs."

Interested On-looker: "Say mister, that fella's been sick a lot, ain't he?"

"Did you get a hair cut?"  
"No; I just had my ears moved down half an inch."

We are still grinding every day.

**Wilson  
Grain  
Company**

**THE TAWAS HERALD**  
P. N. THORNTON, Publisher  
Published every Friday and entered  
as second class matter at the Tawas  
City, Michigan, Postoffice  
One year .....\$2.00  
Six months ..... 1.00  
Three months ..... .75

#### RENO

Mr. and Mrs. Bueschen were Christmas shoppers in Bay City on Monday.

Alex Robinson was at Flint on business the first of the week.

Elwin Robinson has gone to Flint for an indefinite stay.

A. T. Vary was a business visitor at Detroit the first of the week.

Mr. and Mrs. A. T. Vary left for Marshall to spend the holidays with relatives and friends there and at other points.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter Ross and family spent Christmas in Bay City with relatives.

Sherman Johnson spent the past week in Flint with relatives.

Chas. Harsch was a business visitor at Detroit the first of the week.

Mrs. Chas. Thompson spent several days at the home of her son, Seth, in Whittemore, the past week.

The Christmas program presented at the Taff school Monday evening was a decided success. A full house was present to enjoy this delightful entertainment.

The Christmas program at the Corrigan school was well rendered to a full house and brought Christmas cheer to all present.

The Christmas program for the Cottage school was held Friday evening. A good crowd was in attendance to enjoy an evening filled with the Christmas spirit.

Miss Clara Latter came home from Detroit Friday for the holiday vacation.

Mr. and Mrs. G. Provost and baby of National City and Miss Ida Hiltz of Selkirk were Sunday visitors with Mr. and Mrs. H. Seafert.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Seafert entertained about thirty relatives and friends Saturday evening in honor of their sons, Joe and Albert, who leave for Detroit the first of the year. The evening was spent in dancing.

Mrs. LaBerge of East Tawas, Mr. and Mrs. Carl Bueschen and daughters, Alma and Wilma, were callers at the Bentley ranch Sunday.

The Misses Hilda and Ella Bueschen visited at the Papple home on Sunday.

Miss Florence Shortt spent the past week with Mrs. Sherman Johnson.

**COUNCIL PROCEEDINGS**  
Regular meeting of the Common Council held November 18th, 1929.

Meeting called to order by Mayor Braddock. Present Aldermen: Schriber, Musolf, Britting, and Lanski. The minutes of the last regular meeting were read and approved.

The committee on claims and accounts presented the following:  
Fred Rollin, labor, 77½ hrs.  
at 40c .....\$31.00  
Jas. Preston, team, 47½ hrs.  
at 70c ..... 33.25  
Jas. Preston, team and labor  
on city park grounds ..... 50.00  
American LaFrance F. E. Co.,  
3 adaptors, connections and  
gaskets ..... 67.80  
Moved by Schriber and seconded  
by Lanski that bills be allowed as  
read and orders drawn for same.  
Roll call. Yeas: Lanski, Britting,  
Musolf and Schriber. Nays: none.  
Carried.

Moved and seconded that meeting adjourn. Carried.  
W. C. Davidson, Clerk.

**Something Left to Learn**  
Science is laggard. It hasn't yet told us the number of vitamins in a hot dog.—Baltimore Evening Sun

#### WHITTEMORE

Born to Mr. and Mrs. Theodore Belleville last Wednesday, a seven pound son.

The Campfire Girls were entertained by Glade Charters last Monday night with a Christmas party. At the close of the meeting ice cream, cake and cocoa were served.

School closed Friday for a week's vacation.

Frank Horton and Mrs. John O'Farrell served on the jury at Tawas City last week.

Ernest Barlow and John O'Farrell were in Lansing on business last week.

Arthur Johnson spent a few days last week in Detroit.

Ozamel O'Farrell, who injured his knee some time ago while playing basketball, has been confined to his bed the past week from infection in the injured part.

A large crowd attended the Christmas pageant at the M. E. church Sunday night.

The teachers of the high school are spending the Christmas vacation at their homes.

**STATE OF MICHIGAN**  
In the Circuit Court for Iosco County, in Chancery.

Edward F. Loud, Henry N. Loud and Estate of George A. Loud, Pliffs., vs. Allen Sheldon, and his unknown heirs, devisees, legatees and assigns, Defendants.

Cause pending in the Circuit Court for Iosco County, in Chancery.

In this cause, it appearing by affidavit on file, and bill of complaint filed therein, that the Plaintiffs, and the affiant, attorney herein, do not know, and have been unable after diligent search and inquiry to ascertain whether said defendants are living or dead, or where they may reside, if living, or whether the title, interest, claim or possible right acquired by said defendants has been assigned by them in said premises, or conveyed to any other person or persons; or, if they are dead, whether they have personal representatives or heirs living, or where they may be living, or whether such title, interest, claim or right in said premises has been disposed of by will; and do not know, and have been unable after such inquiry and search to ascertain the names of the persons, who might claim under said defendants, and who are included as such unknown and unascertained defendants herein, or where their residence or present address may be.

On motion of N. C. Hartingh, attorney for Plaintiffs, it is ordered that the appearance of each and all of said defendants above named and their heirs, legatees, devisees and assigns, be entered in said cause within three months from the date of this order; and in case of such appearance that they respectively cause their answer to the bill of complaint in this cause to be filed therein, and a copy thereof to be served upon Plaintiffs' attorney within fifteen days after service of a copy of said bill of complaint upon them, and a notice of this order, and that in default thereof said bill be taken as confessed by them.

It is further ordered that within forty-five days from the date of this order, Plaintiff cause a copy thereof to be published in the Tawas Herald, a newspaper printed and published and circulated in Iosco County, for six successive weeks, once in each week; or that Plaintiff cause a copy of this order to be served personally upon said defendants, at least twenty days before the time above stated for their appearance, and cause a copy of this order to be mailed to each such absent, concealed or non-resident defendant (except such unknown heirs and defendants) at his or her last known post-office address, by registered mail.

This suit is brought to quiet title to—

"A piece of land in Lot 5, Section 3, Town 23 North, Range 9 East, Iosco County, Michigan, bounded as follows: Commencing at a stake 162 feet south from the north line of said Lot 5, on the west side of said lot, thence south 528 feet to centre of bridge over AuSable river; thence south 132 feet to a stake; thence east parallel with north line of Lot 5 to Lake Huron; thence north to a stake set 162 feet from said north line of Lot 5, being the ¼ line of said Section 3; thence west to point of beginning."

Dated November 30th, 1929.  
Herman Dehnke,  
6-49 Circuit Judge.

**NOTICE**  
To the owner or owners of any and all interests in or liens upon the land herein described:

Take Notice, that sale has been lawfully made of the following described land for unpaid taxes thereon, and that the undersigned has title thereto under tax deed or deeds

**Wants, For Sale, Etc.**

**FOR RENT**—Furnished cottage. Phone 201. H. McCormick.

**FOUND**—Bunch of keys, in Stark's Planing Mills. Rudolph Stark.

**BRING YOUR FURS AND HIDES** to Caminsky, East Tawas. adv

**LOST**—Red Bone hound, \$25.00 Reward for return. David Sims, East Tawas.

**FOUND**—Hound. Owner can have same for board and ad. Leo Slimko, Tawas City R. 1.

**FOR SALE**—Organ, sewing machine, mare, cow, pair sleighs, 2 male hound pups, male hound, 2 wagons, mowing machine, hay rake, wood machine, Ford coupe. Inquire David Sims, East Tawas.

issued therefor, and that you are entitled to a reconveyance thereof, at any time within six months after return of service of this notice, upon payment to the undersigned or to the Register in Chancery of the county in which the lands lie, of all sums paid upon such purchase, together with one hundred per cent additional thereto, and the fees of the sheriff for the service or cost of publication of this notice, to be computed as upon personal service of a declaration as commencement of suit, and the further sum of five dollars for each description without other additional costs or charges. If payment as aforesaid is not made, the undersigned will institute proceedings for possession of the land.

**DESCRIPTION**  
Northeast quarter of Northwest quarter, Section 33, Township 23, North of Range 6E. Amount paid, taxes for years 1922, 1923, 1924, 1925—\$41.26. Amount necessary to redeem—\$87.52.

All located and being in the county of Iosco, state of Michigan.  
Dated September 27, 1929.  
(Signed) Frank R. Dease,  
Place of business: Tawas City, Mich.

The Sheriff of Saginaw county has been unable to ascertain the postoffice address or whereabouts of John C. Brown. 4-48

**MORTGAGE SALE**  
Default having been made in the conditions of a certain mortgage made by Paul Potter and Elizabeth B. Potter, his wife, of Cleveland, Ohio, to Frank Paulin, of the same place, dated the 6th day of April, A. D. 1926, and recorded in the

office of the Register of Deeds for the county of Iosco and State of Michigan, on the 7th day of April, A. D. 1926, in Liber 22 of mortgages, on page 529, on which mortgage there is claimed to be due at the date of this notice, for principal and interest, the sum of Eight Thousand Five Hundred Fifteen and 50/100 Dollars (\$8515.50), and an attorney's fee of Thirty-five (\$35.00) Dollars, as provided for in said mortgage, and no suit or proceedings at law having been instituted to recover the moneys 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 Saturday, the 15th day of February, A. D. 1930, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon, the undersigned will, at the Court House in the City of Tawas, City, that being the place where the Circuit Court for the county of Iosco is held, sell at public auction, to the highest bidder, the premises described in said mortgage, or so much thereof as may be necessary to pay the amount so as aforesaid due on said mortgage, with six (6) per cent interest, and all legal costs, together with said attorney's fee, to-wit: Lots Numbered Six hundred ten to Six hundred sixteen, inclusive, Lots Six hundred three, Six hundred four, Six hundred five, Six hundred seven and Six hundred eight, Lots Seven, Nine, Ten, Twenty-eight, Thirty-one, Thirty-five, Thirty-seven, Forty-eight, Forty-nine, Sixty-three, Ninety-six, Ninety-seven, Ninety-eight, One hundred

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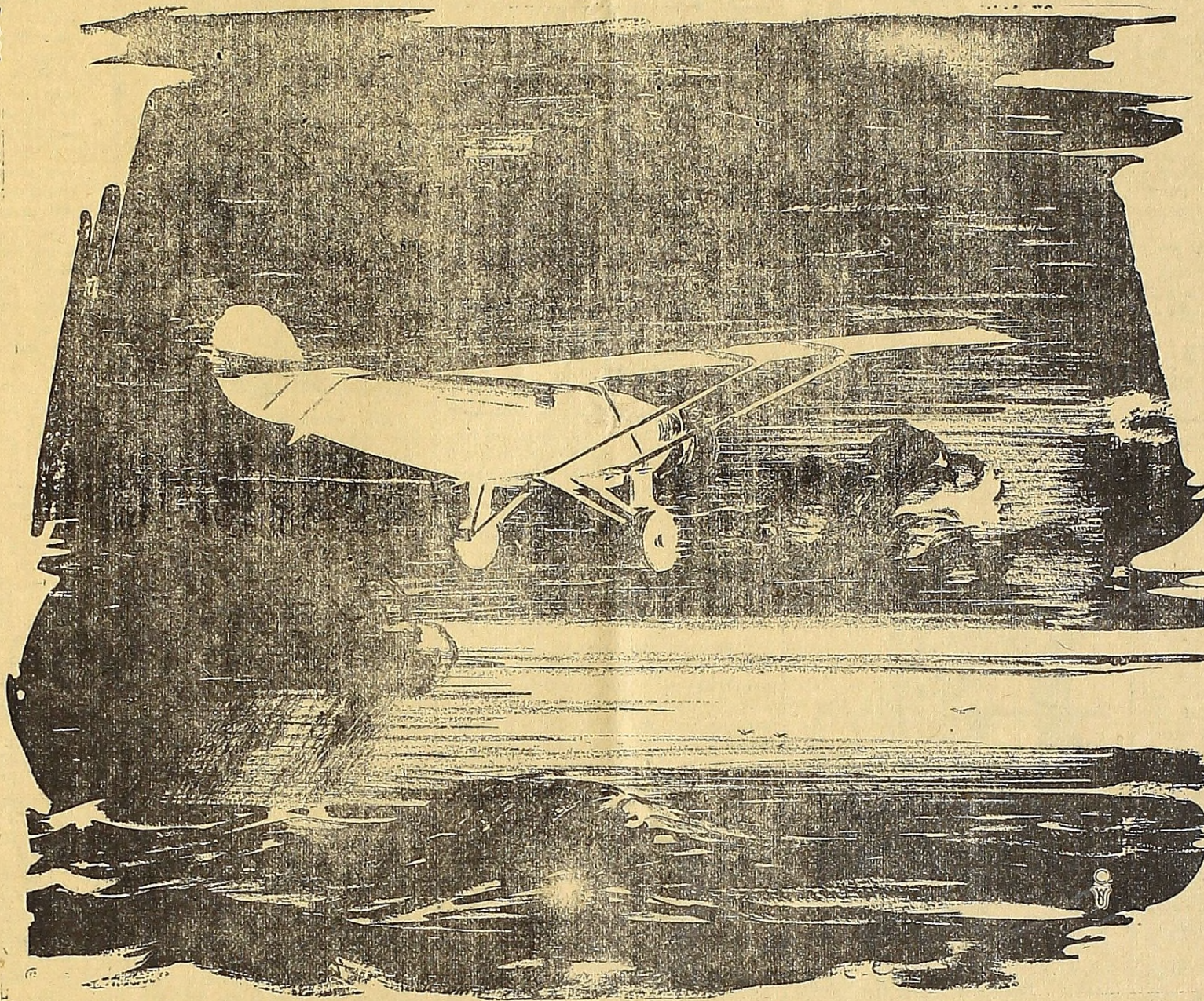
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# ONWARD INTO THE DAWN OF A NEW YEAR



**A**S WE FORGE ONWARD into the dawn of a new year, we wish to thank the people of the two cities and surrounding county for the business extended to us during the past year. We wish you Happiness, Health and Prosperity during the year 1930.

RED CROSS PHARMACY  
H. J. Keiser

AUSTIN A. McGUIRE  
Jeweler

Wm. HATTON  
Barber

S. FERGUSON  
Groceries

JAS. H. LESLIE  
Ford Sales & Service

W. F. CHOLGER  
Gasoline, Oils & Battery Service

STATE THEATRE  
Movietone-Vitaphone Productions

Barkman Mercantile & Outfitting Co.  
Clothing, Furniture and Stoves

ROACH MOTOR SALES  
Hudson-Essex-Dodge-Plymouth

B. M. LONG  
Recreation Room

RAY SMITH  
Barber

FRED REMPERT  
Garage

A. STEINHURST & SON  
Electric Shoe Shop

JAS. ROBINSON  
Gas, Oils & Accessories

C. L. McLEAN & CO.  
Dry Goods, Clothing & Shoes

E. H. BUCH  
Groceries

H. E. FRIEDMAN  
Cash Dry Goods Store

W. A. EVANS FURNITURE CO.  
Furniture-Radios

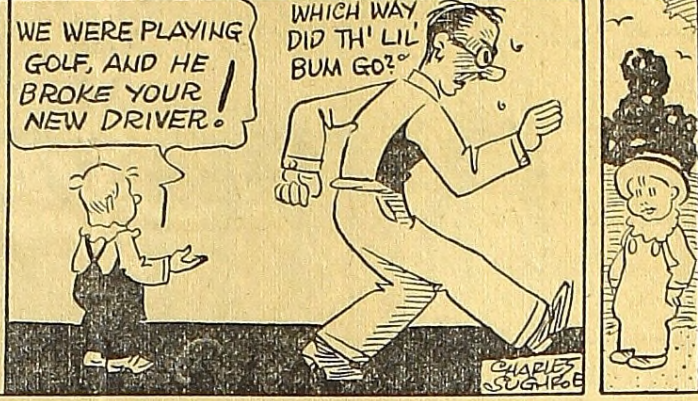
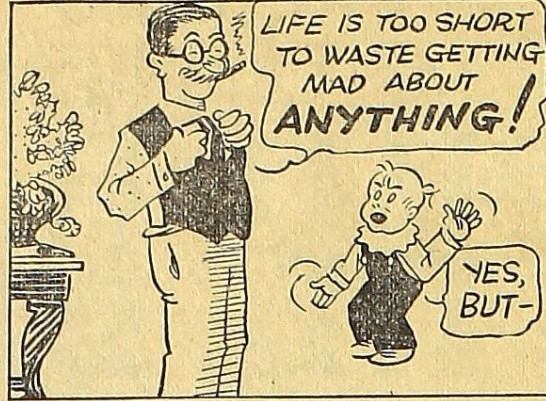
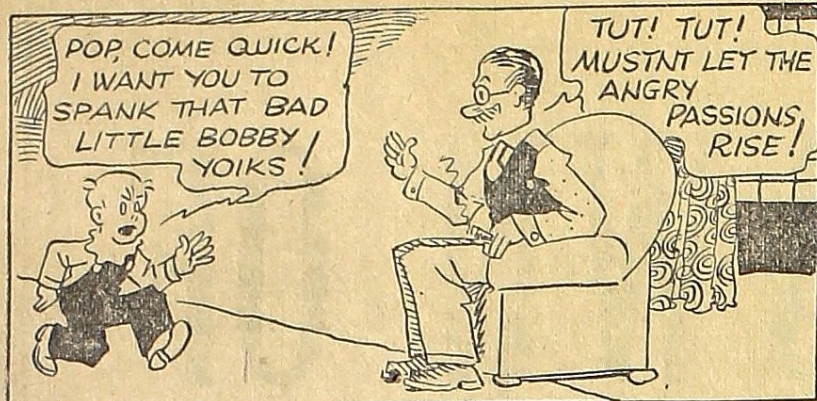
JOHN LANSKI  
Recreation Room

EUGENE BING  
Hardware

THE TAWAS HERALD  
Commercial Printing

SUCH IS LIFE — That's Different

By Charles Sughroe



FUEL COST PROBLEM IS NEAR SOLUTION

Passenger Carrying May Be Made Profitable.

Chicago.—Air transportation, following the tremendous expansion program of the year just closing, is casting about for some means of cutting down the heavy fuel bill, and is looking to the development of the Diesel engine to reduce operating costs to the point where increased passenger traffic does not present the problem of an increasing deficit, says David Rotroff in the Chicago News.

Cheaper fuel in smaller quantities for an engine providing horse power equal to the present day air-cooled, radial gasoline-driven motors will, engineers point out, do much to develop air transport.

A traffic manager of one of the air lines operating out of Chicago when congratulated on the increased travel over his particular route, produced figures to show that a full load of passengers on any one of the planes used on that line represented a profit of only \$22 to the company when the haul was completed.

Each plane every day is not filled to its carrying capacity, he further pointed out, some flights as a consequence, showing a loss rather than a profit. The problem of air transport, his figures showed, is in the cost of operation, of which a large part is caused by charges for fuel.

Gasoline Prices High. Aviation gasoline costs the operators wholesale from 12 to 20 cents a gallon, the prices varying with nearness to supply and facilities for handling in bulk from tank cars and on contracts made with competing dealers.

When one company made an experimental flight last summer with two planes of the same manufacture, one powered with a radial air cooled gasoline driven engine and the other with a new aviation Diesel engine, burning crude furnace oil, air transport circles watched with interest.

Fuel Cost Cut 75 Per Cent. Information gained from the company discloses that the new Diesel had been given exhaustive tests during the summer and fall and that more than 600 hours have been consumed in flights from which data of inestimable value to the air industry has been gained.

The Diesel type showed a weight reduction of over 20 per cent over the gasoline driven motor, and 33 per cent less in fuel volume is required while there is a 75 per cent saving in fuel cost.

Because two big corporations are said to own several Diesel type engine patents while the engine has been developed to high perfection in the industrial and marine field, and new alloys now make possible a power plant of light construction yet capable of oil combustion under high pressure such as the Diesel, the industry has great hopes for its ultimate general use in planes.

Further block test experiments this winter are expected to prove whether the new Diesels will stand up under high speeds for prolonged periods.

Uniform Regulations by States Needed. Adoption by the various states and territories of the United States of the air regulations prescribed by the Department of Commerce is today one of the crying needs of aviation.

A survey recently made by the Department of Commerce shows an already bewildering variety of regulations by the different states. Only 21 of the 52 states, territories, districts and insular possessions of the United States required federal licenses for all aircraft and airmen, according to Clarence M. Young, assistant secretary of commerce for aviation.

Of the remaining 31, ten require federal licenses only for aircraft and airmen engaged in commercial flying, six require either state or federal licenses for all aircraft and airmen, six more require state licenses exclusively for all aircraft and airmen, while nine states require no license of any kind.

130 Coast Guards Check on Airplanes. Washington.—One hundred and thirty coast guard stations along the Atlantic coast now are furnishing checking service to private airplanes. The service, established in May, consists of taking a record of the airplane's number, speed and time sighted as it passes the station and forwarding the information to the next station. To date no planes which availed themselves of the service have been lost. It is planned to establish additional stations along the New England coast and Pacific and Gulf coasts if future demands prove heavy enough.

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Survey Planes Find Big Lake in Alaska

Washington.—With the aid of airplanes, a lake as been discovered in Alaska which it is estimated will develop 45,000 horsepower without even building a dam, it was reported to the Navy department by Lieut. Com. Arthur W. Rudford, who was in command of an aerial survey in Alaska last summer.

As seen from the air the lake is on the eastern shore of Taku inlet between Greeley point and Jaw point, about twelve and a half miles from the beach. It has an area of 900 acres and the water leaves the basin with a fall so abrupt that a dam would not be needed, his report states.

Results of the aerial survey are expected to be of prime importance to departments of the government interested in mineral resources of Alaska, water and power supply and trail building activities.

PAY FOR MARINES DROPPED BY PLANES

Washington.—There would be no pay days in Nicaragua for many of the United States Marines but for the airplane.

At isolated outposts, out in the bush, looking for bandits' nests and in danger of being "stuck-up" at any time by outlaws, there is one bright spot every four weeks in the lives of the leathernecks. This is when the paymaster's plane hovers overhead and drops the month's pay roll. With their money, all in small change, the marines at the first opportunity go out foraging in the native settlements for chickens and eggs.

The Marine corps paymasters have been confronted with an old problem ever since they have been in Nicaragua; how to deliver money promptly to scattered detachments in isolated localities, where the ordinary means of communication are difficult and dangerous, and sometimes next to impossible. The men must be paid promptly, or their morals and military efficiency might suffer. The officers in command accomplish this by "bombing" their outlying patrols and stations, not with T. N. T. but with currency.

When funds are ready for delivery the paymaster concerned ascertains from the operations officer of the aircraft squadron when an air patrol is scheduled to cover the stations for which the payments are intended. The packages containing the currency are then delivered to the flying field, receipts being given by the operations officer, if in Managua, otherwise by the pilot.

Stations make their identity known to the pilots by panel, the air liaison ground code governing the methods of communication between station and plane. If in doubt as to identity, the pilot first drops a message. The packages of currency are tied to dropping sticks, one inch square by fifteen inches long, with a cloth streamer. The plane flies within a few feet of the panel and drops the package, which ordinarily lands within a few feet of the mark.

MAY FLY PACIFIC. Harry Y. Sanada, a Japanese aviator, who has been making a tour of the United States and Europe inspecting airplane manufacturing plants, plans to fly next spring from Honolulu to Yokohama in a seaplane. He will be accompanied by two of his countrymen.

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Parisian Art Dealers "Stung"

Paris.—This is a new version of the story about what happens when Greek meets Greek.

There came a few days ago into the bewildering whirl of Paris a simple Greek peasant from the misty, myth enshrouded isle of Delphos, where all that is known of art is centered in the surviving work of Greeks of many centuries ago.

When the Greek youth descended from the train he was met by a fellow countryman, an ex-officer in the Greek army, a man of wide knowledge and great warm heartedness. He hurried his young compatriot to the hotel, where they had arranged to stay and there the innocent youth from Delphos revealed the treasure, the only one which he had brought from Greece with him. It was a Greek statue in gold.

As the ex-officer explained when he went about the experts next day trying to sell the statue—for the peasant was anxious to realize its worth—the thing was a glittering piece of Grecian beauty. And when interested would-be purchasers asked to see it, the officer replied:

"But you must come to my hotel. My young countryman is suspicious of the worldly wise people of Paris. He will not allow the statue to leave his possession."

So two of the would-be buyers went along to the hotel and gazed with

dazzled eyes upon the work of art. Never had they seen such a gem.

"May we take the statue away with us to examine the gold?" they asked. The Greek peasant frantically shook his head. Never that. The statue was all he had in the world. He could not afford to risk letting it out of his sight. But, if the experts wished, they could take samples of the gold from a part of the statue which was not visible—say under the arms. This

was finally agreed to, the samples were taken, and the experts carried them off and examined them to their complete satisfaction. They returned next day and handed over the 250,000 francs demanded, congratulating themselves on the youth's simplicity, for the statue was evidently worth a cool million.

The buyers carried off their prize and the ex-officer bid them good-by, saying he would see his compatriot off to Marseilles on the boat that would take him back to dear old Delphos. "I will return," he said, "for my commission."

But he never did. He sailed with his countryman for the homeland. The buyers of the statue know why. The pair were a couple of smart crooks—Greeks right enough—who thought out the simple scheme of putting some gold under the arms of a statue of a woman, a statue which was worth perhaps two dollars as an ordinary study. Apart from the tiny pieces under the arms the metal was worthless throughout.

Father Sage Says: No man is so absent-minded that he ever pays his gas and electric bill the day before it is due.

ed the remainder of the mail for further delicacies, he reluctantly dropped it into the arms of the waiting man below and with a contented grunt settled himself down on the limb until such time as his tormentor should retire.

Miners to Wear Goggles for Accident Prevention. Shamokin, Pa.—Mine workers of the Lehigh Coal & Navigation company may soon be wearing goggles at their work. The accident report of the company for 1928 shows that 366 men suffered injuries to their eyes as the result of being struck by flying particles of coal and rock.

Lessens Use of Spuds. Spalding, England.—The craze for a slim figure has caused a notable decrease in the consumption of potatoes, an official of the board of agriculture stated at a potato show luncheon here.

QUITTING WORK. By THOMAS ARKLE CLARK, Dean of Men, University of Illinois.

My father went to work very young. There were no laws limiting child labor in England when he was young, and before he was ten he was doing something to add to the all too meager family income. All through middle life and until old age stared him in the face, he looked forward to the time when he should have accumulated a competence and be able to give up the hard work to which he had been accustomed since boyhood. Leisure, he thought, would be very sweet.

He had picked out a little house in the village near which we lived which he said would suit him perfectly when he could quit work. There was a pleasant front yard with trees and flowers and vines, and at the back ample space for a vegetable garden. The house itself had four rooms with

horses that still exist in the country ultimately becomes a charge upon the individual.

"Food and shelter lead in the cost of living," says Millar, "but the cost of cleanliness is higher than that of clothes, education, amusements, owning an automobile and many other things that figure more prominently in the household budget."

Wooden Shoemaker Busy in Iowa Town. Orange City, Iowa.—The sturdy sons of the Netherlands in this little Flemish community clutter about in their wooden slippers at their tasks on their farms and truck gardens. J. Van Hoff has built up quite a wooden shoe business. He turns out a pair in 45 minutes. And he sells 'em for \$1.

Doubt Book's Title. London.—A Birmingham antiquarian going through some old papers has discovered a publisher's advertisement of "Nickel and Nickelbery," by "Bos." Now the question has been raised whether that or "Nicholas Nickleby" was the title Dickens intended for his novel.

DIPPING INTO SCIENCE. Fur Seals. The male, or bull, fur seal often weighs as much as 400 pounds but the female is scarcely a fourth as big. Baby seals weigh about 10 pounds at birth. As the old bulls will not allow the young males to acquire families until about seven years of age, the males live in large colonies together and are the first ones killed for fur.

View in the city of Lokhasusa, on the River Sungari near the Siberian Manchurian border after its destruction by the invading Soviet Russian troops

Chinese Town Wrecked by Russians. View in the city of Lokhasusa, on the River Sungari near the Siberian Manchurian border after its destruction by the invading Soviet Russian troops

130 Coast Guards Check on Airplanes. Washington.—One hundred and thirty coast guard stations along the Atlantic coast now are furnishing checking service to private airplanes. The service, established in May, consists of taking a record of the airplane's number, speed and time sighted as it passes the station and forwarding the information to the next station. To date no planes which availed themselves of the service have been lost. It is planned to establish additional stations along the New England coast and Pacific and Gulf coasts if future demands prove heavy enough.

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Bear Robs United States Mail

Yellowstone Park, Wyo.—Yellowstone park's "holdup bears" have developed a new branch of the desperado business.

One of them recently robbed the United States mails. Park Naturalist Dorr Yeager tells of the occurrence, which befell one of his colleagues, Dick White:

"It seems that some days ago Dick stopped at the West Thumb road camp for lunch. The season being closed and the regular mail delivery having ceased, Dick was obligingly carrying a bundle of mail with him for the members of the different road crews around the loop. He left the mail in the car and, after enjoying a good meal, returned to continue his journey to Lake.

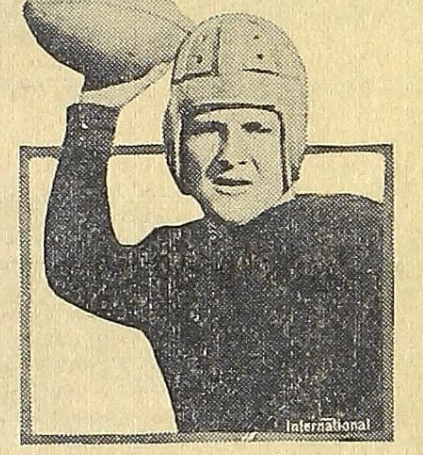
"Imagine his surprise, however, to find the package of mail not in the car, but between the paws of a black bear in a near-by tree. Bruin was examining the packet intently, sniffing and turning it over in an inquisitive manner.

"Suddenly he began to tear at it and, disregarding the shouts and threats of the man below, continued until he had extracted a box from its contents. The tree was shaken, clubs and threats were hurled, but the bear utterly unmindful of the commotion he was causing, tore open the box and

feasted happily on the contents, which proved to be chocolates.

"Having emptied the box thoroughly, licked his paws and minutely inspected the remainder of the mail for further delicacies, he reluctantly dropped it into the arms of the waiting man below and with a contented grunt settled himself down on the limb until such time as his tormentor should retire."

SMART FOOTBALL WORK. Jack Elder's 97-yard dash to triumph for Notre Dame over West Point was due just as much to "smart" defensive football as it was to any fortuitous circumstance or "lucky break" to judge from the inside story of the famous play. The final score was 7 to 0.



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RICH CARACUL COAT



This two-toned gray caracul kid coat shows the "dressmaker" flare that is being emphasized on the newer coats this season. The dress is of black satin with an "agnes" model turban.

a wide porch running across the front on which father could sit during a summer afternoon reading his book and smoking his pipe with nothing pressing to interrupt his leisure.

It was a very attractive life which he pictured to himself as he was engaged in the heavy tasks incident to farm life, but it was one which he never realized. He died with the harness still on. Almost to the last day of his life the days were taken up with hard toil. It seemed sad that the little house in town with nothing more strenuous to do than to read an interesting book and to smoke a quiet pipe of tobacco never was more than an unrealized dream. But he was happy no matter how hard the work might be, and possibly leisure to which he had never been accustomed would shortly have grown very dull and tiresome. I am not sure that quitting work is likely to bring happiness no matter what competence a man may have.

Pratt, an acquaintance of mine, started out in life in good circumstances, and, being a shrewd business man, by the time he was fifty-five he was considered the richest man in town. Why should he toil from morning until night, he asked himself, when it was not necessary. He would quit work and enjoy himself, he decided, and he gave up his business and proceeded to do nothing. For ten years he sought happiness and satisfaction everywhere that money would take him, but he finally drifted back to his home town. He bought a small bank, he is president of it, he has something regular to engage his time and his interest, and he is quite happy. He never intends to quit work, he says. There is no happiness in idleness.

As I write this a freighter is crossing the Pacific from San Francisco to Japan. An old man of nearly seventy-five is in command of the boat. He quit work a few years ago after more than fifty years on the sea. He meant to enjoy himself. But leisure brought him no happiness. He has gone back to work. He can die happy only when he is still in command.

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WINS BEAUTY HONORS



This is Dolly Jarvis, who was picked as the most beautiful mannequin in Hollywood, Calif. This was not considered a hollow honor, for many of the world's best designers are busy there making the movie colony one of the fashion centers, and they know beautiful models when they see them.

Costs Money to Keep Clean

New York.—Ten cents of every dollar spent by the average American family is for the purpose of keeping clean, a survey of this little-discussed phase of daily life by Ronald Millar, New York statistician, shows.

Basing his calculations upon a family of four, Millar estimates that \$1,000 a year is the least price of cleanliness that can be quoted. Of this amount, \$469.35 is the minimum yearly total for personal and household cleanliness; \$45 for the services of cleaners whether employed directly or indirectly, and \$72.50 for civic cleanliness.

In personal and household cleanliness the statistician includes soap, polishes, shaving equipment and materials, hot water for washing or bathing, haircuts for husband and only, toothbrushes and dentifrices, handkerchiefs, towels, linen and power or upkeep for whatever cleaning devices that may be used. The housewife is granted, under the second group, 35 cents an hour at the rate of two hours a day for 300 days in the year. Whether or not she receives any actual pay, the work is still chargeable since it is time which any woman might employ for cash profit. Likewise, says Millar, the cleaning of railway cars, automobiles and even the grooming of 19,000,000

The Children's Hour



Illustration by Ino. Cassel

# HATE

By ARTHUR D. HOWDEN SMITH

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ARTHUR D. HOWDEN SMITH

## CHAPTER IX—Continued

"They're off!" shouted the merchant.

"Off? Nonsense, sir, my lookouts—"  
"No, no! I mean Ben and the girl—and that creature that tends her I saw 'em, Fellowes. Saw 'em pile out of their house, bag and baggage. They came in a coach, but I beat 'em. By G—d, I ran a race!"

Knuckles battered the door, and Tom Grogan rolled into the cabin.

"Mr. Spencer's compliments, cap'n, and that's two smallboats comin' alongside the True Bounty, and her hands aloft on the yards."

"You're right," exclaimed Fellowes jumping for the companionway.

The night had turned clear when he reached the deck, and the stillness in the air indicated one of those calms which precede a radical shift of wind. Spencer, the first lieutenant, a gruff, bearded sea-dog—whose proud boast was that he'd "sailed with Bowditch, the navigator"—sniffed uneasily like a dog hunting a trail.

"Aye, aye, Captain," he responded to a question. "Something's brewin', but don't ask me what. I'd say a nor'wester, if 'twasn't for them stars."

Breed, the Virginian second lieutenant, who seldom spoke, held up a forefinger for attention.

"What's that?" he asked in his soft voice.

"That," was a distant murmur in the air, and glancing across the roofs and trees of the city toward the Hudson, Fellowes noticed a low bank of clouds drifting above the Palisades.

"Here she comes! Topmen aloft. Mr. Spencer," he ordered crisply "Double-reef tops'ls. Mr. Breed, make haste with that anchor."

There was a rush of men to their stations, ratlines twanging under the push of sea-bots. Peering downstream through nightglasses, Fellowes caught a momentary glimpse of the upper yards of the True Bounty, ghostly with drooping canvas, before the thickening darkness blanketed her.

"But—but—you're really going? Joshua quavered beside him.

"Yes, sir, and we'll be hugging the True Bounty's taffrail," Fellowes assured his employer. "But you must be going, sir. The river will be wet for you when that wind strikes us."

Joshua paused at the gangway, and grasped Fellowes' hand, a look of concern on his rubicund features.

"You must hate, remember," he pleaded. "With all of yourself. Not just one of 'em. The whole lot. And if you feel you're slacking up on one of 'em, why, bear down harder on her—all—him."

"I dare swear I'll be able to, sir," Fellowes answered sadly. "Good-by, and bid your wherrymen row for their lives."

"Lives, h—!" rejoined Joshua, mercifully elated. "Nothing can happen to me—not until after I've caught Ben." His voice was indistinct as he descended the Jacob's ladder. "You're safe—if—hate—enough. Hah, damme!" A bump announced his arrival in the wherry "Good luck! A fat cruise! And hate, man, hate. Hate will see us through."

Fellowes turned from the gangway. A moan came out of the west, and a sunnier of clouds blotted the sky. The moon lightened to a screech, and the gale hit them, physically vindictive, a monster that belloved and clashed and yammered in the rigging, bent on piling the brig against the walls of Castle William that towered on seen above the Governors island shore. But the Centurion bore up nobly, light as a cork for all her burden of men and armament, faithful to her helm.

Rearing like a racehorse on the choppy combers, she edged safely around the west tip of the island, and squarer away for the run down the Upper bay, a bowl of empty night save for the True Bounty and the whooping wind. Fellowes was charged to find he could no longer discern the True Bounty. In desperation, he summoned Cuffee, whose vision, he knew, was better than any white man's—and Cuffee made short work of the difficulty.

"Cuffee no see him lan', Mars'r Fellowe, but dar him Chater ship."

"Good! You take the wheel. Follow the True Bounty as closely as you can."

"Yah, Mars'r Fellowe."

The brig bucked and sidled, swaying to the conflicting pressure of wind and wave and tide in the gut; but Cuffee held her to the course. Apparently, Chater steered by feel here. Fellowes realized, with his first thrill, that the Centurion was at sea. Of the blockaders there was not a trace.

"Do you still see the True Bounty?" he asked Cuffee again.

"Yah, Mars'r. Him dar."

But an hour or so after midnight a frown distorted the negro's scarred features, and he exclaimed angrily in his jungle dialect.

"Lost him?" cried Fellowes.

"Yah, him juju, Mars'r. One time Cuffee see him, den him gone."

"He's no fool, Chater," Fellowes said grimly. "Mr. Spencer, take the deck, if you please. I'll turn in for a few hours."

## CHAPTER X

### Savor of Vengeance

Morning brought a dull, gray sky, an untiring wind—and empty horizons. Fellowes knew he must have long since outdistanced the cumbrous True Bounty, and shortened sail as much as he dared, but the Centurion fled before the gale at a fair twelve knots.

All that day and the next the nor'wester stormed after them, but during the second night it blew itself out in a snow-squall, and Fellowes wore ship to retrace his course. Studying charts, he decided the True Bounty would steer north of the usual track to the Peninsula. Chater would hug the routes of the British convoys to Canada, choosing rather to risk being overhauled by an enemy cruiser than by his own countrymen—very a trail.

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The Centurion Fleed Before the Gale at a Fair Twelve Knots.

possibly trusting to some form of protection from Admiral Cockburn. So for four days more the Centurion beat to the northward on a zigzag course that covered many miles of sea, but it wasn't until the fifth day that the cry of "Sail to" from the maintop sent all hands to their stations.

The strange sail made a clumsy attempt to run away, but the brig overhauled him in less than two glasses, and a musket-shot across his bows sent him flapping into the wind. An hour later the George and Anne, of Liverpool, loaded with shrouds, Yorkshire woolsens, crockery and hardware, was diverted from Halifax to New York, with a Yankee prize crew in charge of her, and the Centurion bore off on her mission.

Northeast Fellowes steered on a slanting course that would carry him far to seaward of the coasting routes where the enemy cruisers kept watch and ward, far to seaward, too, of the Grand banks; but a week after the George and Anne had dwindled over the skyline a cold clammy fog wrapped the Centurion, and the privateer crawled along, with double lookouts at each masthead and on poop and fo'c's'le, the magazine open and the gun-crews mustered. That day they sailed as remote as though they had entered another world. Once a whale almost collided with them, and sounded indignantly beneath their keel. The night was so silent that the swish of the brig's cutwater could be heard aft on the poop. And the morning was as still. But noon saw a streak of sunshine overhead, and suddenly the fog-curtain was rent in tatters, and stoppers seemed to come out of their ears—for they heard all about them a muffled clam-

or: horns growling, tin-pans clanking, bells tolling, men shouting. A bristle of masts projected from the lingering shreds of mist, hulls took shape, scores of hulls, a stately seventy-four, flying an admiral's pennant, a brace of frigates.

"A Canada convoy," exclaimed Spencer. "We be good as stewed, cap'n."

"Not by a d—n sight," snapped Fellowes. "Aye, not if 'tis Admiral Warren, himself. Where's that signalman? Signalman, bither! Break out the Royal Navy ensign. Haste, man, haste! Now, the Stars and Stripes. Aye, you fool, on the same halcyons. Run 'em up! Run 'em up!"

He leaped on the breach of a gun as the seventy-four, nearest of the men-o'-war, came squattering down from windward.

"Ahoi! What ship's that?" hailed an officer from her lofty poop, crowded with figures in blue and gold lace.

"Down, you men," Fellowes snarled at his curious crew. "Flat on the deck." And lifting speaking-trumpet to lips, returned the hail: "Aye, aye, sir! This is the American privateer Centurion, nineteen guns, Captain Lion Fellowes, out of New York—prize to the Semele frigate, Captain Lord Sandys."

Like all American privateersmen, Fellowes had been primed with the information available as to the cruising stations of the British men-o'-war, and he happened to recall that the Semele, a thirty-two, was a unit of the Jamaica squadron. The watch-officer of the seventy-four knew as much, and retorted promptly: "Where did you leave your ship, sir?"

"Off the Mona passage."

There was a moment of consultation on the enemy's poop, then the same officer hailed again: "And your name?"

"Lieutenant Broderick, sir." Fellowes answered desperately, casting a wary eye about him for an opening to slip clear.

"Broderick, eh? You ain't rated to the Semele, sir—not by my Annual."

"I am newly transferred to her, sir," Fellowes improvised. "From the Cape."

"Ha, sir! I find no Broderick listed as a lieutenant—"

A pair of Tyne traders, heavy-loaded, blundered out of a swathing of mist, and staggered aboard the Centurion. Fellowes, swift to seize the opportunity, pretended to great anxiety.

"Luff up, there, d—n ye," he balled the first of the merchantmen, with all the typical arrogance of a navy officer. "What d'ye mean, my man? Luff up, I say! Here, you, the helm'sman—"

"bear away from the rascals. By the Fiend, they'll run us down!" Skillfully, he interposed the hapless traders between the brig and the seventy-four, and urged his topmen aloft.

"Jump, lads!" he shouted. "Get every stitch on her, if you'd not see Dartmouth."

The Centurion's hands responded with yelps of appreciation, swarming the yards, regardless of a ragged fire of musketry from the seventy-four, which had begun to smell a rat. The fog, still swirling at different levels, obscured the situation for other ships. The frigates, mindful of their special duty, the guarding of the convoy's flanks and rear, contented themselves with discharging warning-guns for the laggards to move up. The seventy-four, cramping on all sail, tried to wear past the officious traders; but she was an old Spanish prize, broad-beamed and slow, and before she could bring her forward divisions to bear the privateer had interposed other vessels of the convoy to cover herself. The confusion was prodigious. Individual ships changed their courses; a slovenly Irish brig rammed a Southampton ship, and was roundly cursed; cannon boomed, and every fog-horn, tinpan, drum or bell in the fleet was set to work.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

## Incubators in Use in Egypt Ancient Models

The incubator for hatching chickens is probably as old as history, which in the Mediterranean region runs back more than 4,500 years. There were, doubtless, incubators in Egypt before Moses was born, and to this day in that country they are just what they were in the lifetime of the great Hebrew leader.

The art of hatching chickens is handed down from generation to generation, from father to son, a secret craft. Baby chicks are an important article of trade, and they are produced by millions for rearing.

The typical Egyptian incubator is a rude and cumbersome affair when compared with the modern device. It is a building of considerable size, of sundried brick. Through it run one or more passages, and on both sides of each passage are ovens (so to call them) in two tiers. The oven at the

ground level has a small door; the one directly above it is entered from the beneath through a manhole. The ovens are arranged in pairs, one below and the other above. The eggs are placed in the lower oven, and a fire is lighted on the floor of the oven overhead, to furnish the warmth requisite for hatching.—San Francisco Chronicle.

### Nickel Steel Rail Joints

For increasing the comfort of the traveler and lengthening the life of the rails, the dips or hollows at the points where the rails connect are fused by electric arc welding. This melts the rail to a depth of one-eighth of an inch and fuses thereon a more passage, and on both sides of each passage are ovens (so to call them) in two tiers. The oven at the

## WHY WE BEHAVE LIKE HUMAN BEINGS

By GEORGE DORSEY, Ph. D., LL. D.

### Why Adrenin Bucks Us Up

IN crises our body goes on a "war footing"—as our country did a few years ago. Piano manufacturers began to make airplanes. Artists turned from painting coral advertisements to camouflaging battleships. Our sugar rations were cut that the fighters might have enough. The entire plant of the nation turned from peaceful pursuits to speed up the fuel for the engines of war. Life had become a dog fight.

Ever try to take a bone from a dog? Or observe a cat when a dog suddenly appears? Or a mother when some one injures her child? How do you feel when you are "horror-stricken," "sick with disgust," "paralyzed with fear," "crazy with pain," or so mad you "choke?" Tongue cleaving to the roof of the mouth, "cold-sweat," pupils of the eyes dilated, pounding heart, hurried breathing, hair on end, muscles of face and especially of the lips trembling and twitching: such are among the obvious symptoms of pain, of horror, of fear, etc.

We recognize many emotional states and are subject to them in varying intensity: pain, anger, fear, rage, horror, sorrow, anxiety, grief, terror, disgust. An insulting word may literally alter our entire nature. We feel these states; we observe the results in others. What is not so obvious is that the body itself often undergoes profound physiological change.

The mechanism by which our nature can be suddenly altered is to be found in the middle or sympathetic division of the autonomic nervous system and—according to the theory—the secretion of the medulla of the adrenal gland. The way these two work together and the striking, sudden, and far-reaching consequences of their actions, form the basis for Cannon's claim in 1914 that adrenin is nature's reply to the crises, the unexpected, or die emergencies of living animals. Emotional behavior gets its kick from adrenin. With adrenin, cowards may fight for their lives, brave men may surpass themselves, and all of us can run as we never ran before; or shed tears of sorrow over the loss of friends.

There are three divisions of the autonomic nervous system. The upper, or cranial, is concerned with the joys and sorrows of life. Its nerves conserve the body, building up reserves and fortifying the body for times of crises. By narrowing the pupils they shield the eye from too much light. By slowing the heart-beat they give the heart muscles longer periods for rest. By causing the mouth to water they set the juice flowing and supply muscular tone for the alimentary canal's ceaseless movements. The lower, or sacral, division covers the emptying mechanisms of large intestine and urogenital system; relief and comfort acts.

Between cranial and sacral is the sympathetic division—enormously important. It dilates the pupils of the eyes, hurries up heart-beat, stands hairs on end by causing each smooth hair-muscle to contract, opens sweat glands (pouring out excess heat), stops movements in stomach and intestine, releases sugar (the best fighting fuel) from the liver, and releases adrenin. The medulla of the adrenal, alone of all of the endocrine glands, is connected with the autonomic nervous system.

Here is the point: Adrenin itself, injected into the blood, will dilate pupils, stand hairs on end, constrict blood vessels, stop the vegetative activities in alimentary canal, and release sugar from the liver. Remove the liver from the body, keep it alive artificially; adrenin will cause it to release sugar.

The real business of the adrenal glands, according to Cannon's theory, is emergency function. When we must fight or run for our lives, our body has no time to fool with a mouth watering for its appetite or several yards of alimentary canal activity.

When a joy is so strong or a sorrow or a disgust so deep that it breaks over the threshold of the cranial division and enters the sympathetic, we lose our appetite; no saliva, no gastric or pancreatic juice, no movement in the intestine. Even an empty stomach stops growling and holds its peace when war is on.

And war is on when any of life's instinctive acts with emotional trimmings are thwarted. Anger. The body is prepared to fight. All its life long it has had to know how to kill, how to avoid death. It has had to learn to count on its muscles and its nerves when the test comes. Adrenin is supposed to be the answer.

According to Cannon's theory, adrenin bucks us up. It speeds up the heart-beat. Draws blood from spleen, kidneys, intestines, and other inhibited organs of the abdomen—thus also reducing their size. Drives blood to the skeletal muscles, brain, and lungs. Relaxes the smooth muscles of the tiny air sacs in the lungs, thus facilitating the exchange of carbon dioxide waste for the greater oxygen required in great effort. Orders the liver to give the blood more sugar, the optimum source of muscle energy. Drives fatigue from the muscles. Contracts the blood vessels of the skin and makes the blood coagulate more quickly, so lessening our liability of bleeding to death in case of wound. Adrenin wins battles and makes men brave; lack of it may make them cowards.

(© by George A. Dorsey.)

## ORCHARD CLEANINGS

### BRIDGE-GRAFTING ON GIRDLED TREE

#### Important to Keep Cion Wood Dormant by Burying.

The one way to save girdled trees is by bridge-grafting, says Prof. G. W. Peck of Cornell University.

Bridge-grafting is done with cion wood, cut from a hardy tree such as McIntosh or Northern spy. One-year-old sprouts are best, and if these are not obtainable, water sprouts may be used. Professor Peck says that even those trees which are only slightly girdled should be bridge-grafted. The age of the tree apparently in no way affects the success of the operation, since trees thirty years old, or older, have been saved by grafting.

It is important to keep the cion wood dormant; this may be done by burying the shoots in well-drained sandy soil. The most favorable time for bridge-grafting is in the spring when the buds are swelling.

"One of the most serious mistakes made by the amateur," said Professor Peck, "is the use of too few cions. As many as possible should be used, placed at distances from one and one-half to two inches apart. I have known as many as twenty-three cions to be bridge-grafted on one tree."

Probably the most effective way to prevent girdling by rodents is to place many poisoned baits about the trees. These must be placed in closed traps so that birds cannot get at them. Another method is to sink a cylinder of galvanized wire mesh around the trees, but this is not wholly dependable. If the roots are too badly girdled, it is wiser to let the tree go, than to attempt to save it with doubtful success, and at great expense.

### Pruning Apple Orchard Rather Difficult Job

In pruning old apple orchard, try to avoid cutting off any large branches. Large pruning wounds heal over very slowly and often allow decay to enter the heart of the tree. Cutting off large branches will create "holes" in the bearing surface. Such holes often mean seriously reduced yields, sun-scalded branches, and a jungle of water-sprouts. Our advice would be that you cut off all dead wood and then thin out the smaller branches in such a way that each branch will have its own small quota of "room and sunlight. The tree should not be too thick and neither should it be too open. By thinning out the smaller branches, you will make a fine-mesh sieve of your tree, through which the sunlight can filter. The top of the tree should receive the most attention because a thick top will act as an umbrella which will keep the sunlight out of the rest of the tree. Do not leave any stubs, but make all cuts close to the parent branch. Our final advice is that you do not prune too much. Do not cut off a branch unless you know why you are doing so, and when in doubt as to whether a branch should come off or not give it the benefit of the doubt and leave it on the tree.

### Strawberry Beds Should Be Mulched When Frozen

Strawberry beds should not be mulched until the ground has frozen at least two inches deep. If the mulch is applied before this time, the soil will not have been cooled sufficiently to stop root growth, and after the mulch has been applied and snow falls upon it, this warmth in the soil will come up and warm the soil around the roots and start growth. Then when severe winter sets in, the ill effects will be much worse than if the mulch had never been applied at all.

### Horticultural Facts

Small trees must be protected from injury by jack rabbits.

Cut a poor tree when it is young to permit a good one to replace it.

Keep poor apples off the market because they will spoil prices in spite of the short crop and increased demand.

Care of the spray machine equipment includes thoroughly cleaning the hose line, nozzle and cut-off and storing in a dry place.

Mark the weak trees in the orchard so that you will know next spring which ones should have a generous supply of a nitrogen fertilizer.

Assist stored apples to breathe correctly by furnishing plenty of air. Proper ventilation will aid in keeping the fruit longer in storage. If the humidity is not right, the floors should be sprinkled.

If the soil is in condition to work without injury to its texture, the last of February and the first week of March is the best time to plant orchard trees. The latest safe date is April 1. Sour cherry trees are not of much value if set that late unless they have been in first-class storage.

### Whiskers Not Likely to Return to Fashion

Some men (a few) look well in whiskers, but fashion doesn't care a whit for that. It says, Nay. The uncovered face makes a clean sweep. A few mustaches survive, small reminders of the period following the Civil war, when they gradually superseded the beards the generals and many soldiers in the ranks brought back from the camp and the battlefield.

President Harrison was the last of the Presidents to wear a beard. There was a general ruck of hair in the later 1860's; even college students in photographs can be seen wearing more or less transparent burnsides. The depollation began soon after that. The hair on the caput became shorter, also; and the manfolk generally began to be "down on hair." It was a wrench for the elder masculine population to give up their chin whiskers, but they yielded and compromised on keeping the upper lip unshaven. Now, few men living know what their whiskers would look like if they "turned them out," curious as many of them are about it.

The hirsute tide may turn almost any year, and the physiognomic decorations of our granddads bloom again.—F. H. Collier in the St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

### Vessels May Be Older Than St. Patrick's Time

An interesting archeological discovery was made by men clearing an old ditch at Mornington, county Louth, Ireland, a village at the mouth of the Boyne.

Mornington is connected by tradition with St. Patrick, who in 432, after unsuccessful efforts to effect a landing in other parts of Ireland, entered the Boyne there and ran his vessel into what was then known as the harbor at Colpa, now called Colp.

In a ditch into which living memory the Boyne used to flow, forming a natural harbor, workmen unearthed the timbers of several oaken vessels lying at an angle to the stream and apparently of great age. The length of the vessels cannot be ascertained until after further excavations.

The fact that sandy soil will preserve oak for thousands of years opens up the possibility that the vessels may be even older than St. Patrick's time. Steps have been taken to protect them until they have been seen by an archeological expert.

### Champion Egg Tester

The "egg wizard" is the name given Miss May Norton of the United Dairies, London. She can toss them about as a juggler does billiard balls, but her specialty is passing them in front of a light at the rate of 1,440 an hour. Miss Norton's official title is egg tester. It is her job to see whether an egg is new laid, fresh, or on the stale side. She does it by a present-day candling method, which consists of putting a black metal box with a hole at one end around an electric globe and letting the rays strike through the eggs when held up to the aperture. In response to a challenge by a farmer, Miss Norton once tested 360 eggs in 12 minutes. Since she started she has not had a single break.

### Virtues of "Sneeze" Gas

The danger of asphyxiation by illuminating gas would be virtually eliminated through the use of a "sneeze" gas which she has invented, Miss Mary L. Sherrill of Mt. Holyoke college faculty believes. The new gas, when mixed with illuminating gas, produces fumes which would arouse a sleeper and bring from him an involuntary cry of alarm, according to the inventor.

### Mechanical Violin

Said to play with an uncanny human touch, a mechanical violin has been invented by two engineers in France. It has a number of keys which press the strings like the left hand of a player, and a revolving bow which permits different degrees of pressure. The violin is driven by two motors. One takes the place of the player's arm and the other imparts the swift movements of the wrist.

### Substance and Shadow

It was a saying of Demetrius Phalerus, that "Men having often abandoned what was visible for the sake of what was uncertain, have not got what they expected, and have lost what they had—being unfortunate by an enigmatical sort of calamity."—Athenaeus (cited A. D. 200). "The Deipnosophists."

### The Capital

Teacher—Why do you insist on spelling bank with a capital "B"? Johnny—Well, Pa said a bank was no good unless it had a big capital.—Chicago Tribune.

### Cities' Many Bridges

In its course of seven miles through the city of Paris the Seine is crossed by thirty-two bridges. In London there are twenty bridges across the Thames.

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Representing  
Metropolitan Life Insurance Company

## No. 2 Continued from the First Page

Mrs. L. Sauve is visiting in Alpena with her son, Emil, and family.

Misses Della McConnell and Thelma Boucher are spending the holidays in Lincoln at their homes.

George Oakes of Cadillac is spending the holidays in the city with his daughter, Mrs. W. H. Price.

Mr. and Mrs. G. McKenzie of Alma and Miss Ruby McKenzie of Grand Rapids are spending the holidays in the city with their daughter and sister, Mrs. W. A. Evans.

Mrs. G. B. Little and baby of Detroit are visiting at the home of her father, E. E. Kunze.

Miss Irene Applin of Detroit is visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. Applin.

Mrs. Muriel Evans of Detroit is spending the holidays with her mother, Mrs. R. Evans.

Mrs. G. Matthews and daughter of Bay City are spending several days with her mother, Mrs. R. Evans.

Miss Leila Osgerby of Bellville is spending the holidays in the city with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. K. Osgerby.

Mrs. H. Grant and son, Wallace, Mrs. Sadie Bridge and daughter and Mrs. T. Warren and daughter spent Christmas in Alpena with Mr. and Mrs. J. McRae.

Mr. and Mrs. R. Cornett left on Monday for Toledo, Ohio, where they will spend a couple of weeks with their son and family.

Mrs. Fred Adams and daughter, Faye, spent Monday in Bay City.

Mrs. Will Richards left Monday for Detroit, where she will spend the winter with her daughter.

Mrs. J. Stimson spent Monday in Bay City.

George O'Brien and sister, Mrs. Clara Fisher, of Pittsburgh, Pa., spent a few days in the city with their sister, Mrs. Emma Lomas, and family. They left Tuesday to spend Christmas in Bay City with relatives.

Misses Florence Green and Margaret Sase spent Monday in Bay City.

Clara Miller spent Monday in Bay City.

Miss Jane McHarg, who attends college at Washington, D. C., is spending the holidays at her home in the city.

Miss Grace Richards of Chicago is spending the holidays with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Fred Richards.

Mrs. G. Munro of Detroit is spending the holidays in the city with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. A. Marontate.

Mr. and Mrs. G. Bergevin and children left Tuesday for Bay City and Toledo, Ohio, for the holidays.

Joy McMurray of Saginaw is spending the holidays in the city with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. H. McMurray.

James McMurray left Tuesday for Mt. Clemens to spend Christmas with his wife and daughter.

John Dimyick, who attends the Naval Academy at Annapolis, is spending the holidays in the city with his mother, Mrs. Chas. Dimyick, and brothers.

Mr. and Mrs. Carl Acton of Detroit are in the city with relatives over the holidays.

Miss Neva Butler, who is employed at Flint, spent Christmas with her parent, Mr. and Mrs. H. N. Butler.

Misses Cora and Denesge LaBerge left Tuesday for a few days in Saginaw.

Mrs. Sadie Bridge and daughter of Detroit are spending the week in the city with their sister and aunt, Mrs. H. Grant.

Mrs. B. Green and son left Thursday for Bay City, where they will remain for a few days.

Mrs. Harry Hagstrom of Detroit was called here by the serious illness of her mother.

James Larkins left Tuesday for Detroit, where he will spend the holidays with his daughter.

## No. 1 Continued from the First Page

The Mt. Pleasant field, lying about eight miles east and northeast of the city is in the territory where there are no platted subdivisions. Nearly all of the leases are 40 acres or more in size so the field has seen very sane, orderly and systematic development. There are between 70 and 75 wells with daily production of around 10,000 barrels. There are also about 50 rigs drilling. The oil formation is about 3,500 feet below the surface which means high drilling costs. The oil is high grade and operators apparently have recognized the senseless waste resulting from drilling unnecessary wells, he stated. The rule is one well to ten acres instead of one to two wells to an acre as was the case in portions of Saginaw, Port Huron, and Muskegon fields. This sane drilling program will unquestionably result in much longer life and a high percentage of ultimate recovery of oil, Mr. Smith believes. Operators, however, will need to watch the drilling and production costs because of the excessive depth of oil formations. There is every reason to believe that operators using good business and operating practice will obtain profitable results.

**NOTICE**

To the owner or owners of any and all interests in or liens upon the land herein described:

Take Notice, that sale has been lawfully made of the following described land for unpaid taxes thereon, and that the undersigned has title thereto under tax deed or deeds issued therefor, and that you are entitled to a reconveyance thereof at any time within six months after return of service of this notice, upon payment to the undersigned or to the Register in Chancery of the county in which the lands lie, of all sums paid upon such purchase, together with one hundred per centum additional thereto, and the fees of the sheriff for the service or cost of publication of this notice, to be computed as upon personal service of a declaration as commencement of suit, and the further sum

of five dollars for each description without other additional costs or charges. If payment as aforesaid is not made, the undersigned will institute proceedings for possession of the land.

**DESCRIPTION**

E½ of SE¼, Section 32. Paid for 1923, 1924 and 1925 taxes, \$77.60; for 1926 tax, \$20.39; for 1927 tax, \$20.15; for 1928 tax, \$20.26. Total paid—\$138.40. Tax title interest in James Tapp.

SW¼, Section 33. Paid for 1925 tax, \$39.59; for 1926 tax, \$39.69; for 1927 tax, \$40.27; for 1928 tax, \$40.49. Total paid—\$160.04. Tax title interest in Michael Murphy.

E½ of NW¼, Section 34. Paid for 1920, 1923, 1924 and 1925 taxes, \$105.02; for 1926, \$21.69; for 1927 tax, \$18.26; for 1928 tax, \$19.28. Total paid—\$164.25. Grantees in last recorded in regular chain of

title on all above lands, Harrison Miller, Ephraim Kelton and Ferdinand Johnson.

W½ of SE¼, Section 33. Paid for: 1920, 1923, 1924 and 1925 taxes, \$104.65; paid for 1926 tax, \$21.69; for 1927 tax, \$18.26; for 1928 tax, \$19.28. Total paid—\$163.88. Tax title interest in Daniel E. Guiley, and last grantees in regular chain of title to SW¼ of SE¼, Fanny Whitney and Fanny J. Pettibone, and to NW¼ of SE¼, James Tolbert.

Present claimants and owners of all above lands are George N. Voegel and Ida, his wife.

All located and being in Town 23 N., R. 5 East, in county of Iosco County, State of Michigan.

Dated December 10th, 1929.

(Signed) N. C. Hartingh,  
Place of business: Tawas City, Michigan. 4-52

## STATE THEATRE

VITAPHONE MOVIE TONE

Today and Saturday  
**LINA BASQUETTE**

## "Come Across"

Thrilling picture of a beautiful society girl who danced her way into a gigantic blackmailing plot and who beat the crooks at their own game.

HEAR THEM TALK! SEE THEM ACT!  
Admission 10c-30c

Sunday, Monday and Tuesday  
Matinee Sunday at 3:00 Fast Time

UNITED ARTISTS'

## "Bulldog Drummond"

WITH  
**Ronald Colman**

ALL TALKING MELODRAMA

THE PICTURE THE WHOLE COUNTRY IS CRAZY ABOUT. BOOSTED BY THE BIG NEWS-PAPERS ALL OVER.



Also  
SHORT SUBJECTS

ADMISSION  
10c-40c

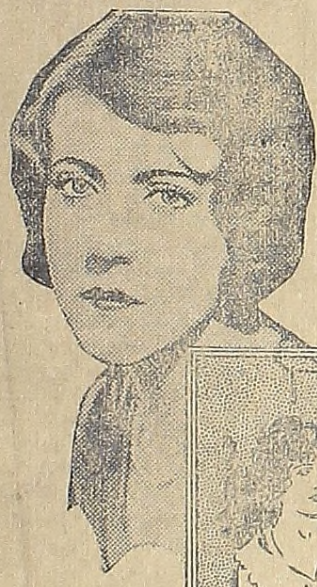
New Year's Day and Thursday

OUR FIRST ANNIVERSARY SHOW

RUTH CHATTERTON gives the greatest performance of her career in the sensational all-talking portrayal of Madame X.

You'll be swept off your feet by this moving drama of a woman in a world of men!

with  
**RUTH CHATTERTON**  
LEWIS STONE  
RAYMOND HACKETT



**Madame X**

A  
Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer  
ALL TALKING  
PICTURE

Admission 10c and 40c

COMING!

The tremendous production that has been road showed all over

"HALLELUJAH"

## 2 Holiday Dances 2

Saturday Night, Dec. 28th  
AND  
Tuesday, New Year's Eve

MUSIC BY

**GEO. BORN and His Hot Red Peppers**

ADMISSION

Couple \$1.00 Ladies 25c Gent Spectators 50c

Start 1930  
With Extra Interest  
On Your Savings!

Mail us your deposit NOW. If it is received on or before January 10th, you'll get 4% FROM JANUARY 1st.

Just as easy as mailing a letter, to get your money safely to the ALPENA TRUST & SAVINGS BANK. Mail your deposit today. (Always use registered mail if you send coin or bills.)

**The Alpena Trust & Savings Bank**  
of Alpena

4% ON SAVINGS 4%

## To Our Customers

We are very thankful for the patronage given us the past year. We hope to live through 1930 and be able to serve you.

A HAPPY  
NEW YEAR  
TO YOU

**C. H. Prescott & Sons**

TAWAS CITY

HARDWARE

MICHIGAN



**ATWATER KENT**  
RADIO  
SCREEN-GRID

TODAY in your own home, hear the world's finest entertainers as though they were in your home. Screen-Grid as Atwater Kent uses it, at last makes possible reality in radio reproduction.

Screen-Grid is a tremendous step forward in radio. A great majority of radio makers have followed Atwater Kent in adopting it. But Atwater Kent's experience and workmanship are something no one else can copy.

So great is the demand for Atwater Kent Screen-Grid that new economies in production are possible—and you get the saving—a \$27 price reduction! Come today!

Delivered to  
your home  
for only

\$10  
DOWN

**W. A. Evans Furniture Co.**

EAST TAWAS

TAWAS CITY