## The Tawas Herald

TAWAS
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## News Review of Current Events the World Over

Supreme Court Takes Up Gold Clause Abrogation CaseSenate Committee Favors World Court AdherenceCongress Gets the Budget.

By EDWARD W. PICKARD

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sea, you watch Miami and Miami Beach silhouette their towering archi-
tectural masses against a sunset sky.
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puny men from the sand pits and manAlways the contrast persists. Ten
miles west, the Everglades; a crane
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THE FEATHERHEADS o
Sound Effects

## OUR COMIC SECTION

## THE WORLD AT ITS WORST

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS


WHEN YOU OFFER TO AMUSE THE CHILD OF THE HOUSE RESULT OF YOUR GOOD INTENTIONS BEING THAT THE CHILD HAVIN TAKEN A FANCY TO YOUR NECRTIE, BURSTS INTO WAILS WHEN YOU TRY TO KEED HIM FROM CHOKING YOU TO DEATH; THAT
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Gold Hunters Rush to Mojave Desert

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By Charles Sughroe


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STOMACH TROUBLE?


DON'T HEGLECT YOUR KIDMEYS!

## Ir your kidneys are not working




## The Man From Yonder

$B y$ HAROLD TITUS

CHAPTER I

ve come to town more to see this
match than anything else on the card "Why, nothin'?" he answered his 1naries and a semi-final between the
winners of them matches. Then this

The Thrill, the Action, the Adventure That Are Part of an Outdoor Story

You Will Find Them All in This Gripping Tale of the North Woods
Harold Titus has no peer in the field that he has chosen to make his own-the American woods. He has won a large following with his "Code of the North," "Below Zero," and other novels, as well as with many stories in the leading magazines of the country. In "THE MAN FROM YONDER" he has written a fastmoving tale that ranks among his best.

| ther Brandon's bull 'nd thin drowns him, so I do!" <br> Others came up, greeted Stuart and eyed him with true concern. Any could see that heavy sickness was on him. <br> Birney was bending over the stranger as he drew taut the laces of his river boots. <br> "Well, gents. we got one more to try for this prize money. Mister Bull Duval, king of the Mad Woman, will now take on Mister Ben Ellioit <br> Mr. Ben Elliott of-Where'd you sas you come from. Elliott?" <br> The stranger, so addressed, was hefting a peavey judiciously. He turned that good-natured smile on the spokesman and waved one hand in an indefinite but inclusive gesture. <br> "Yonder." he said and grinned. <br> "Mr. Ben Ellintt of Yonder will now roll against Mr. Bull Duval for the grand prize of twenty-five bucks! That rope around the log marks the middre, Ellintt. Stay on your own end, don't touch the other mav and anything else goes!" <br> As a helper used a pike pole to drag the cedar with Duval upon it close, Elliott stood still and surveyed his adversary. His glance held that light of good nature and did not linger long on the Bull's glowering countenance. Rather, it dwelt on his pants and the river boots, shedding water in oily beads. After this, he looked Duval in the eye and grinned broadly. <br> A sound like a oreath which is almost a laugh ran through the crowd. A likeable grin, that was, good-natured, frank, fearless; men take to a grin of its kidney and on the instant, Ben Elliott, the stranger, had the crowd with him as against Bull Duval, said to be king of the river. <br> The cedar came against the boom stick and Elliott took his place on it with a light leap. It was a good $\log$, nearly two feet through at the small end, twenty feet long, with a small taper, dry and peeled; a sprightly $\log$, indeed, for such a contest. a log to try the mettle of any man matched this, Bull Duval, the best river hog in Tincup, who hefted his peavey and glowered at the stranger. <br> 'I give $y^{\prime}$ two ninutes," he growled. <br> "Thanks, buddy!" Elliott retorted. <br> "I'd say that's sweet of you!" <br> "Are you two ready?" Birney cried from shơre. <br> Both nodded. <br> "Then let her go!" | couragement for the stranger, some shouts of admonition for their towns- man. The Bull would have no cinch in this contest! <br> Now it was Elliott who started the log, cautiously and slowly, watching Duval. <br> On the shore Bird-Eye pranced up and down, swinging his arms. <br> "Duck him, Elliott!" he yelled. "Duck th' big chunk! Sure 'nd he needs him a bath!" <br> The smooth bole gathered momentum swiftly and Elliott began to skip and dance, breaking the steady measure of his run. As his weight came and went irregularly upon the cedar it commenced to teeter, causing Duval's feet to splash in ankle-deep water. Again without warning, the Bull leaped. He went higher, this time, but instead of driving his spikes into the far side of the log and stopping its spin as he had done before, he drove them into the near side, increasing rather than checking the momentum. <br> "Got you, vig boy!" Elliott cried as he, too, came down running . . . and grinning. <br> That was quick thinking, instantaneous action. To leap was simple; but to determine the opponent's move and meet it with complacence and poise was another matter. To have come flung the challenger to wet defeat. <br> "Ah, th' big chunk av a Bull's goin' to get thut bath he needs!" Bird-Eye shrilled into the roar. <br> But this was only one man's enthusiasm, his animosity for Duval tinding voice. The outcome was far from a certainty. Tincup knew that; and Ben Elliott knew it as well. He-like the town-was waiting for the king of the Mad Woman to draw more items from his bag of tricks hefore he should assume the offensive. <br> Without a flicker ot warning uuval dropped the pick of his peavey, twisting the shaft in his hands, Hipping the hook open. The point l. unked into the water, the hook bit into the $\log$ simultaneously and as the handle swung upward in a swift are the man drove his weight on it. His body twisted, he grunted and his face wrenched into a lightning expression o: great strain as the cedar, in a quarter turn, stopped dead. . . . And Ben Elliott, back bowed acutely, peavey high above his head, teetering back to balance on one foot, laughed aloud! <br> "Quick work, big boy!" he cried. "Almost got me!" <br> But Duval had nowhere near gotten him; he knew it, and Elliott's manner was infuriating to him. He cursed | spread. Now he swung the point upward and outward and as he ran the spinning $\log$ drew it back and tossed it toward shore. Tossed it high and far, sending with it his chance for a quick and certain victory. <br> The silence was that of amazement. This was like letting a man you had knocked down get to his feet and have another chance; this was opportunity handed to truculent Bull Duval on a silver platter. This was the sportsmanship one read about . . . And then came an excited clatter of tongues, rising to an even greater roar. The outsider was through fooling, through with trickery and through with strategy. He was going to run the Bull off his feet! <br> Fast and faster spun the log. Spray from it drenched the men to their knees, rained behind them into the pond. Elliott still kept his face turned toward his opponent but the Bull, fists clenched, arms widely extended, only watched Elliott from the tail of his eye. <br> The $\log$ was hissing in the water. Rigidity ran from the Bull's shoulders down his back. He was upright, now, where Elliott was poised forward. And his scowl was gone. His brows no longer gathered but were upraised; his eyes were wide open in the distress of fatigue and he breathed through his mouth. <br> to be continued. <br> 100,000 Butterflies <br> The most enthusiastic butterfly hunter who ever lived, a Swiss named Hans Fruhstorfer, made a wonderful collection of 100,000 butterflies, and this has been lent to the Natural History museum in Paris. He began his collection in Brazil when he was twenty-two; then took his net to Java, where he spent three years; then he followed his pursuit for two years in the Malay archipelago. He traveled through South America, Japan, China and Siam, darting about with that abstracted look of the butterfly-hunter here, there and everywhere until he had brought his net over some of the rarest creations in the world. His 100.000 specimens have nearly 7,000 varieties. <br> First to Adopt Christianity <br> The armenians, not the Romans, were the first people to adopt Christianity as a national religion, says Colher's Weekly. The Armenian king, Tiridates, established the Georgian Armenian (Christian) church in 3)1, which was 33 years before Constan- |
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## A Doctor Knows!



Now Relieve Your Cold
"Quick as You Caught It"


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2. Drink a full lasas of water Repeat




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